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Alfred Russel Russell

in remembrance of

Dear Papa

July 1855

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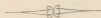
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THE  
SELECT  
POETICAL WORKS

OF  
SIR WALTER SCOTT.



LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL,  
MARMION,  
LADY OF THE LAKE,  
AND  
ROKEBY.

LONDON:  
SIMMS AND M'INTYRE,  
ALDINE CHAMBERS, PATERNOSTER ROW;  
AND DONEGALL-STREET, BELFAST.

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1846.

THE

POLITICAL WORKS

OF

THE

REVOLUTION

OF

FRANCE

BY

THE

REVOLUTIONARY

COMMISSION

1793

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THE  
LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL,  
A POEM.

BY  
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET.

*Dum relogo, scripsisse pudet ; quia plurima cerno,  
Me quoque, qui feci, judice, digna lini.*

BELFAST:  
PUBLISHED BY SIMMS AND M'INTYRE,  
DONEGALL STREET.

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1841.





## AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

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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 changes 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 16th century, when most of the personages actually flourished. The time occupied by the action is three nights and three days.



# THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

## INTRODUCTION.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,  
The Minstrel was infirm and old ;  
His withered cheek, and tresses grey,  
Seemed to have known a better day ;  
The harp, his sole remaining joy,  
Was carried by an orphan boy.  
The last of all the bards was he,  
Who sung of Border chivalry ;  
For, well-a-day ! their date was fled,  
His tuneful brethren all were dead ;  
And he, neglected and oppressed,  
Wished to be with them, and at rest.  
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,  
He carolled, light as lark at morn ;  
No longer, courted and caressed,  
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,  
He poured, to lord and lady gay,  
The unpremeditated lay ;  
Old times were changed, old manners gone,  
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne ;  
The hignots of the iron time  
Had called his harmless art a crime.  
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,  
He begged his bread from door to door ;  
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,  
The harp a King had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower  
Looks out from Yarrow's hirschen howe :  
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—  
No humbler resting-place was nigh—  
With hesitating step, at last,  
The embattled portal-arch he passed,  
Whose ponderous grate, and massy bar,  
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,  
But never closed the iron door  
Against the desolate and poor.  
The Duchess \* marked his weary pace,  
His timid mien, and reverend face,

\* Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representative of the ancient Lords of Buccleuch, and widow of the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1685.

And bade her page the menials tell,  
That they should tend the old man well ;  
For she had known adversity,  
Though born in such a high degree ;  
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,  
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tom !

When kindness had his wants supplied,  
And the old man was gratified,  
Began to rise his minstrel pride :  
And he began to talk anon,  
Of good Earl Francis, † dead and gone,  
And of Earl Walter, ‡ rest him God !  
A braver ne'er to battle rode :  
And how full many a tale he knew  
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch ;  
And, would the noble Duchess deign  
To listen to an old man's strain,  
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,  
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,  
That, if she loved the harp to hear,  
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained ;  
The aged Minstrel audience gained.  
But, when he reached the room of state,  
Where she, with all her ladies, sat,  
Perchance he wished his hoon denied ;  
For, when to tune his harp he tried,  
His trembling hand had lost the ease,  
Which marks security to please ;  
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,  
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—  
He tried to tune his harp in vain.  
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,  
And gave him heart, and gave him time,  
Till every string's according glee  
Was blended into harmony.  
And then, he said, he would full fain

† Francis Scott, Earl of Buccleuch, father to the Duchess.

‡ Walter, Earl of Buccleuch, grandfather to the Duchess, and a celebrated warrior.

He could recal an ancient strain,  
 He never thought to sing again.  
 It was not framed for village churls,  
 But for high dames and mighty earls;  
 He had played it to King Charles the Good,  
 When he kept court at Holyrood;  
 And much he wished, yet feared, to try  
 The long forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,  
 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 lightened up his faded eye  
 With all a poet's ecstasy!  
 In varying cadence, soft or strong,  
 He swept the sounding chords along;  
 The present scene, the future lot,  
 His toils, his wants, were all forgot;  
 Cold diffidence, and age's frost,  
 In the full tide of song were lost;  
 Each blank, in faithless memory void,  
 The poet's glowing thought supplid;  
 And, while his harp responsive rung,  
 'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

## CANTO FIRST.

### I.

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

### II.

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

### III.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame  
 Hung their shields in Branksome Hall;  
 Nine-and-twenty squires of name [stall;  
 Brought them their steeds from bower to

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 corslet laced,  
 Pillowed on buckler cold and hard;  
 They carved at the meal  
 With gloves of steel,  
 And they drank the red wine through the  
 helmet barred.

### V.

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mall-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 saddle bow.  
 A hundred more fed free in stall—  
 Such was the custom of Branksome Hall.

### VI.

Why do these steeds stand ready dight?  
 Why watch these warriors, armed, by night?  
 They watch, to hear the bloodhound 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  
 gulle,  
 Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's  
 powers,  
 Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,  
 From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry  
 Carlisle.

### VII.

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall.  
 Many a vallant knight is here;  
 But he the Chieftain of them all,  
 His sword hangs rusting on the wall,  
 Beside his broken spear.  
 Bards long shall tell,  
 How lord Walter fell!  
 When startled burghers fled, afar,  
 The furies of the Border war;  
 When the streets of high Dunedin  
 Saw lances gleam, and falchions redden,

And heard the slogan's \* deadly yell—  
Then the Chief of Branksome fell.

## VIII.

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

## 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 dropped nor flower nor tear!  
Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,  
Had locked the source of softer woe;  
And burning pride, and high disdain,  
Forbade the rising tear to flow;  
Until, amid his sorrowing clan,  
Her son lisped from the nurse's knee—  
"And, if I live to be a man,  
My father's death revenged shall be!"  
Then fast the mother's tears did seek  
To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

## X.

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

\* The war-cry or gathering word, of a Border clan.

## XI.

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

## XII.

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

## XIII.

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

## XIV.

From the sound of Teviot's tide,  
Chafing with the mountain's side,  
From the groan of the wind-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.

## RIVER SPIRIT.

"Sleepest thou, brother?"

† Scaur, a precipitous bank of earth.

## MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

———" Brother, nay —

On my hills the moonbeams play.  
From Craik-cross to Skelf-hill pen,  
By every rill, in every glen,  
Merry elves, their morrice pacing,  
To aerial minstrelsy,  
Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,  
Trip it deft and merrily.  
Up, and mark their nimble feet :  
Up, and list their music sweet !"

## XVI.

## RIVER SPIRIT.

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

## XVII.

## MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

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

## XVIII.

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

## XIX.

The Lady sought the lofty hall,  
Where many a bold retainer lay,  
And, with jocund din, among them all,  
Her son pursued his infant play.

A fancied moss-trooper, the boy  
The truncheon of a spear bestrode,  
And round the hall, right merrily,  
In mimic foray \* rode.  
Even bearded knights, in arms grown old,  
Share in his frolic gambols bore,  
Albeit their hearts, of rugged mould,  
Were stubborn as the steel they wore.  
For the gay warriors prophesied  
How the brave boy, in future war,  
Should tame the Unicorn's pride,  
Exalt the Crescents and the Star.†

## XX.

The Lady 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 called to her William of Deloraine.

## XXI.

A stark moss-trooping Scott was he,  
As e'er couched 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 bloodhounds ;  
In Eske, or Liddel, fords were none,  
But he would ride them one by one ;  
Alike to him was time, or tide,  
December's snow, or July's pride ;  
Alike to him was tide, or time,  
Moonless midnight, or matin prime.  
Steady of heart, and stout of hand,  
As ever drove prey from Cumberland ;  
Five times outlawed had he been,  
By England's king and Scotland's queen.

## XXII.

" Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,  
Mount thee on the wightest steed ;  
Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride,  
Until thou come to fair Tweedside ;  
And in Melrose's holy pile,  
Seek thou the Monk of St Mary's aisle :  
Greet the father well from me ;  
Say, that the fated hour is come,  
And to-night he shall watch with thee,  
To win the treasure of the tomb :  
For this will be St Michael's night,  
And though stars be dim the moon is bright :

\* Foray, a predatory incursion.

† Alluding to the armorial bearings of the Scotts and Cars.

And the cross of bloody red  
Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.

## XXIII.

"What he gives thee, see thou keep;  
Stay not thou for food or sleep.  
Be it scroll, or be it book,  
Into it, knight, thou must not look;  
If thou readest, thou art lorn!  
Better hadst thou ne'er been born."

## XXIV.

"Oh swiftly can speed my dapple-grey steed,  
Which drinks of the Teviot clear;  
Ere break of day," the warrior 'gan say,  
"Again will I be here:  
And safer by none may thy errand be done,  
Than, noble dame, by me:  
Letter nor line know I never a one,  
Wer't my neck-verse at Hairibee."\*

## XXV.

Soon in his saddle sate he fast,  
And soon the steep descent he passed,  
Soon crossed the sounding barbican,†  
And soon the Teviot side he won.  
Eastward the wooded path he rode;  
Green hazels o'er his basnet nod:  
He passed the Peel ‡ of Goldiland,  
And crossed old Borthwick's roaring strand;  
Dimly he viewed the Moat-hill's mound,  
Where Druid shades still fitted round:  
In Hawick twinkled many a light;  
Behind him soon they set in night;  
And soon he spurred his courser keen  
Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.

## XXVI.

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark—  
"Stand, ho! thou courier of the dark."  
"For Branksome, ho!" the knight rejoined,  
And left the friendly tower behind.  
He turned him now from Teviotside,  
And, guided by the tinkling rill,  
Northward the dark ascent did ride,  
And gained the moor at Horslichill;  
Broad on the left before him lay,  
For many a mile, the Roman way. §

\* *Hairibee*, the place of executing the Border marauders at Carlisle. The neck-verse is the beginning of the 61st psalm, *Miserere mei*, &c. anciently read by criminals claiming the benefit of clergy.

† *Barbican*, the defences of the outer gate of a feudal castle.

‡ *Peel*, a Border tower.

§ An ancient Roman road, crossing through part of Roxburghshire.

## XXVII.

A moment now he slack'd his speed,  
A moment breathed his panting steed;  
Drew saddle-girth and corslet-band,  
And loosened in the sheath his brand.  
On Minto-crag the moonbeams glint,  
Where Barnhill hewed his bed of flint;  
Who flung his outlawed limbs to rest,  
Where falcons hang their giddy nest,  
Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eye  
For many a league his prey could spy;  
Cliffs doubling, on their echoes borne,  
The terrors of the robber's horn;  
Cliffs which, for many a later year,  
The warbling Doric reed shall hear,  
When some sad swain shall teach the grove,  
Ambition is no cure for love.

## XXVIII.

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

## XXIX.

At the first plunge the horse sank low,  
And the water broke o'er the saddle-bow;  
Above the foaming tide, I ween,  
Scarce half the charger's neck was seen;  
For he was barded ¶ from counter to tail,  
And the rider was armed complete in mail;  
Never heavier man and horse  
Stemmed 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 gained the landing-place.

## XXX.

Now Bowden Moor the march-man won,  
And sternly shook his plumed head,  
As glanced his eye o'er Halidon; ¶  
For on his soul the slaughter red  
Of that unhalloved morn arose,  
When first the Scott and Car were foes;  
When royal James beheld the fray,  
Prize to the victor of the day;

¶ *Barded*, or *barbed*, applied to a horse accoutered with defensive armour.

¶ *Halidon-hill*, on which the battle of Melrose was fought.

When Home and Douglas, in the van,  
Bore down Buccleuch's retiring clan,  
Till gallant Cesaforth's heart-blood dear,  
Reeked 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 lichens grey,  
Seemed, dimly huge, the dark Abbaye.  
When Hawick he passed, had curfew rung,  
Now midnight lauds \* were in Melrose sung.  
The sound upon the fitful gale,  
In solemn wise, did rise and fall,  
Like that wild harp, whose magic tone  
Is wakened by the winds alone:  
But when Melrose he reached, 'twas silence  
    all;  
He meety stabled his steed in stall,  
And sought the convent's lonely wall.

Here paused the harp; and with its swell  
The Master's fire and courage fell:  
Dejectedly, and low, he bowed,  
And, gazing timid on the crowd,  
He seemed to seek, in every eye,  
If they approved his minstrelsy;  
And, diffident of present praise,  
Somewhat he spoke of former days,  
And how old age, and wandering long,  
Had done his hand and harp some wrong.

The Duchess, and her daughters fair,  
And every gentle lady there,  
Each after each, in due degree,  
Gave praises to his melody:  
His hand was true, his voice was clear,  
And much they longed the rest to hear.  
Encouraged thus, the Aged Man,  
After meet rest, again began.

## CANTO SECOND.

## I.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;  
For the gay beams of lightsome day  
Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey.  
When the broken arches are black in night,  
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;

\* *Lauds*, the midnight service of the Catholic church.

When the cold light's uncertain shower  
Streams on the ruined central tower;  
When buttress and buttress, alternately,  
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;  
When silver edges the imagery,  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die,  
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,  
And the owl to hoot o'er the dead man's  
    grave;  
Then go — but go alone the while —  
Then view St David's ruined pile;  
And, home returning, soothly swear,  
Was never scene so sad and fair!

## II.

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

## III.

Bold Deloraine his errand said;  
The porter bent his humble head;  
With torch in hand, and foot unshod,  
And noiseless step, the path he trod;  
The arched cloisters, far and wide,  
Rang to the warrior's clanking stride;  
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,  
He entered the cell of the ancient priest,  
And lifted his barred aventayle,†  
To hail the Monk of St Mary's aisle.  
"The Lady of Branksome greets thee by me;  
Says, that the fated hour is come,  
And that to-night I shall watch with thee,  
To win the treasure of the tomb."  
From sackcloth couch the Monk arose,  
With toll his stiffened limbs he reared;  
A hundred years had flung their snows  
On his thin locks and floating beard.

## IV.

And strangely on the Knight looked he,  
And his blue eyes gleamed wild and wide,  
"And, darest thou, warrior! seek to see  
What heaven and hell alike would hide?"

† *Aventayle*, visor of the helmet.



My breast, in belt of iron pent,  
 With shirt of hair, and scourge of thorn;  
 For threescore years, in penance spent,  
 My knees those flinty stones have worn:  
 Yet all too little to atone  
 For knowing what should ne'er be known.  
 Would'st thou thy every future year  
 In ceaseless prayer and penance drie,  
 Yet wait thy latter end with fear—  
 Then, daring warrior, follow me!"

## VI

"Penance, father, will I none;  
 Prayer know I hardly one;  
 For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,  
 Save to pater an Ave Mary,  
 When I ride on a border foray:  
 Other prayer can I none;  
 So speed me my errand, and let me begone."

## VII.

Again on the Knight looked 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, cloistered round, the garden lay;  
 The pillared arches were over their head,  
 And beneath their feet were the bones of the  
 dead.

## VIII.

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

## IX.

By a steel-clenched postern door,  
 They entered now the chancel tall;  
 The darkened roof rose high aloof,  
 On pillars, lofty, and light, and small;

The key-stone, that locked each ribbed aisle,  
 Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille;  
 The corbells\* were carved grotesque and  
 grim;  
 And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,  
 With base and with capital flourished around,  
 Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had  
 bound.

## X.

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

## XI.

The moon on the east oriel shone,  
 Through slender shafts of shapely stone,  
 By foliated tracery combined;  
 Thou would'st have thought some fairy's  
 hand,  
 "Twixt poplars straight, the osier wand,  
 In many a freakish knot, had twined;  
 Then framed a spell, when the work was done,  
 And changed the willow wreaths to stone.  
 The silver light, so pale and faint,  
 Showed 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 moon-beam kissed the holy pane,  
 And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

## XII.

They sat them down on a marble stone,  
 A Scottish monarch slept below;  
 Thus spoke the Monk, in solemn tone—  
 "I was not always a man of woe;  
 For Paynim countries I have trod,  
 And fought beneath the cross of God;  
 Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear,  
 And their iron clang sounds strange to my  
 ear.

## XIII.

"In these far climes, it was my lot  
 To meet the wondrous Michael Scott,

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

A wizard of such dreaded fame,  
That when, in Salamanca's cave,  
Him listed his magic wand to wave,  
The bells would ring in Notre Dame!  
Some of his skill he taught to me:  
And, warrior, I could say to thee  
The words, that cleft Eildon hills in three,  
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone:  
But to speak them were a deadly sin;  
And for having but thought them my heart  
within,  
A treble penance must be done.

## XIV.

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

## XV.

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

## XVI.

"It was a night of woe and dread,  
When Michael in the tomb I laid!  
Strange sounds along the chancel passed;  
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 spurred a steed;  
Yet somewhat was he chilled 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 wonderous 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 withered  
hand,  
The grave's huge portal to expand.

## XVIII.

With beating heart to the task he went;  
His snowy frame o'er the grave-stone bent;  
With bar of iron heaved amain,  
Till the toll-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;  
Streamed 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,  
Showed the Monk's cowl, and visage pale;  
Danced on the dark-brow'd Warrior's mail,  
And kissed his waving plume.

## XIX.

Before their eyes the Wizard lay,  
As if he had not been dead a day;  
His hoary beard in silver rolled,  
He seemed some seventy winters old;  
A palmer's amice wrapped him round,  
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,  
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea.  
His left hand held his Book of Might;  
A silver cross was in his right;  
The lamp was placed beside his knee:  
High and majestic was his look,  
At which the fellest fiends had shook;  
And all unruffled was his face—  
They trusted his soul had gotten 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;  
Yet now remorse and awe he own'd;  
His breath came thick, his head swam round,  
When this strange scene of death he saw.

Bewildered and unnerved, he stood,  
 And the priest prayed fervently, and loud;  
 With eyes averted prayed he,  
 He might not endure the sight to see,  
 Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

## XXI.

And when the priest his death-prayer had  
 prayed,

Thus unto Deloraine he said—

“Now speed thee what thou hast to do,  
 Or, warrior, we may dearly rue;  
 For those, thou mayest 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  
 frowned:

But the glare of the sepulchral light,  
 Perchance, had dazzled the warrior's sight.

## XXII.

When the huge stone sank o'er the tomb,  
 The night returned, 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 passed,  
 They heard strange noises on the blast;  
 And through the cloister-galleries small,  
 Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,  
 Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,  
 And voices unlike the voice of man;  
 As if the fiends kept holiday,  
 Because these spells were brought to day.  
 I cannot tell how the truth may be;  
 I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

## XXIII.

“Now, hie thee hence,” the Father said;  
 “And when we are on death-bed laid,  
 Oh may our dear Ladye, and sweet St John,  
 Forgive our souls for the deed we have done!”

The Monk returned him to his cell,  
 And many a prayer and penance sped;  
 When the convent met at the noontide  
 bell—

The monk of St Mary's aisle was dead!  
 Before the cross was the body laid,  
 With hands clasped fast, as if still he prayed.

## XXIV.

The knight breathed free in the morning  
 wind,

And strove his hardihood to find:  
 He was glad when he passed the tombstones  
 grey,

Which girdle round the fair Abhaye;  
 For the mystic Book, to his bosom prest,  
 Felt like a load upon his breast;  
 And his joints, with nerves of iron twined,  
 Shook, like the aspen leaves in wind.  
 Full fain was he when the dawn of day  
 Began to brighten Cheviot grey;  
 He joyed to see the cheerful light,  
 And he said Ave Mary, as well as he might.

## XXV.

The sun had brightened Cheviot grey,  
 The sun had brightened the Carter's \* side;  
 And soon beneath the rising day  
 Smiled Branksome towers and Teviot's  
 tide.

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

## XXVI.

Why does fair Margaret so early awake,  
 And don her kirtle so hastille;  
 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 pat the shaggy blood-hound,  
 As he rouses him up from his lair;  
 And though she passes the postern alone,  
 Why is not the watchman's hughle blown?

## XXVII.

The ladye steps in doubt and dread,  
 Lest her watchful mother hear her tread;  
 The ladye caresses the rough blood-hound,  
 Lest his voice should waken the castle round;  
 The watchman's hughle is not blown,  
 For he was her foster-father's son;  
 And she glides through the greenwood at  
 dawn of light,

To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight.

\* A mountain on the border of England, above  
 Jedburgh

## XXVIII.

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

## XXIX.

And now, fair dames, methinks I see  
 You listen to my minstrelsy ;  
 Your waving locks ye backward throw,  
 And sidelong bend your necks of snow : —  
 Ye ween to hear a melting tale  
 Of two true lovers in a dale ;  
 And how the knight, with tender fire,  
 To paint his faithful passion strove ;  
 Swore, he might at her feet expire,  
 But never, never cease to love ;  
 And how she blushed, and how she sighed,  
 And, half consenting, half denied,  
 And said that she would die a maid —  
 Yet, might the bloody feud be stayed,  
 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 grey, my limbs are old,  
 My heart is dead, my veins are cold —  
 I may not, must not, sing of love.

## XXXI.

Beneath an oak, mossed o'er by old,  
 The Baron's Dwarf his courser held,  
 And held his crested helm and spear :  
 That Dwarf was scarcely an earthly man,  
 If the tales were true that of him ran  
 Through all the Border, far and near.  
 'Twas said, when the Baron a-hunting rode  
 Through Reedsdale's glens, but rarely trod,  
 He heard a voice cry, " Lost ! lost ! lost !"  
 And, like tennis-ball by raquet tossed,  
 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 dismayed ;  
 '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 elfish Dwarf with the Baron staid ;  
 Little he ate, and less he spoke,  
 Nor mingled with the menial flock ;  
 And oft apart his arms he tossed,  
 And often muttered, " Lost ! lost ! lost !"  
 He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,  
 But well Lord Cranstoun served he :  
 And he of his service was full fain ;  
 For once he had been ta'en or slain,  
 An' it had not been his ministry.  
 All, between Home and Hermitage,  
 Talked 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 gathered a band  
 Of the best that would ride at her command ;  
 The trysting place was Newark Lee.  
 Wat of Harden came thither amain,  
 And thither came John of Thirlestaine,  
 And thither came William of Deloraine ;  
 They were three hundred spears and three.  
 Through Douglas-burn, up Yarrow stream,  
 Their horses prance, their lances gleam.  
 They came to St Mary's lake ere day ;  
 But the chapel was void, and the Baron away.  
 They burned the chapel for very rage,  
 And cursed Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-Page.

## XXXIV.

And now in Branksome's good green wood,  
 As under the aged oak he stood,  
 The Baron's courser pricks his ears,  
 As if a distant noise he hears.  
 The Dwarf waves his long lean arm on high,  
 And signs to the lovers to part and fly ;  
 No time was then to vow or sigh.  
 Fair Margaret, through the hazel grove,  
 Flew like the startled cushat-dove : \*

\* Wood pigeon.

The Dwarf the stirrup held and rein ;  
Vaulted the knight on his steed amain,  
And, pondering deep that morning's scene,  
Rode eastward through the hawthorns green.

While thus he poured the lengthened tale,  
The Minstrel's voice began to fall :  
Full stily smiled the observant page,  
And gave the withered hand of age  
A goblet, crowned with mighty wine,  
The blood of Velez' scorched vine.  
He raised the silver cup on high,  
And, while the big drop filled his eye,  
Prayed God to bless the Duchess long,  
And all who cheered a son of song.  
The attending maidens smiled to see  
How long, how deep, how zealously,  
The precious juice the Minstrel quaffed ;  
And he, emboldened by the draught,  
Looked gaily back to them, and laughed.  
The cordial nectar of the bowl  
Swelled his old veins, and cheered his soul ;  
A lighter, livelier prelude ran,  
Ere thus his tale again began.

## CANTO THIRD.

## I.

AND said I that my limbs were old ;  
And said I that my blood was cold,  
And that my kindly fire was fled,  
And my poor withered heart was dead,  
And that I might not sing of love ? —  
How could I to the dearest theme,  
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,  
So foul, so false a recreant prove !  
How could I name love's very name,  
Nor wake my harp to notes of flame !

## II.

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

## III.

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,  
While, pondering deep the tender scene,  
He rode through Branksome's hawthorn  
green.

But the Page shouted wild and shrill —  
And scarce his helmet could he don,  
When downward from the shady hill  
A stately knight came pricking on.  
That warrior's steed, so dapple-grey,  
Was dark with sweat, and splashed with clay ;  
His armour red with many a stain :  
He seemed in such a weary plight,  
As if he had ridden the live-long night ;  
For it was William of Deloraine.

## IV.

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

## V.

In rapid round the Baron bent ;  
He sighed a sigh, and prayed a prayer :  
The prayer was to his patron saint,  
The sigh was to his ladye fair.  
Stout Deloraine nor sighed nor prayed,  
Nor saint, nor ladye, called to aid ;  
But he stooped his head, and couched his  
spear,  
And spurred his steed to full career.  
The meeting of these champions proud,  
Seemed like the hursting thunder-cloud.

## VI.

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent.  
The stately Baron backwards bent :  
Bent backwards to his horse's tail,  
And his plumes went scattering on the gale ;  
The tough ash spear, so stout and true,  
Into a thousand flinders flew.  
But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail,  
Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's  
mail ;  
Through shield, and jack, and aceton, past,  
Deep in his bosom, broke at last.  
Still sate the warrior saddle-fast,  
Till, stumbling in the mortal shock,  
Down went the steed, the girthing broke,  
Hurled on a heap lay man and horse.  
The Baron onward passed his course ;

Nor knew — so giddy rolled his brain —  
His foe lay stretched upon the plain.

## VII.

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

## VIII.

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode ;  
The Goblin-Page behind abode :  
His Lord's command he ne'er withstood,  
Though small his pleasure to do good.  
As the corslet off he took,  
The dwarf espied the Mighty Book !  
Much he marvelled a knight of pride,  
Like a book-bosomed priest should ride :  
He thought not to search or staunch the  
wound,  
Until the secret he had found.

## IX.

The iron band, the iron clasp,  
Resisted long the elfin grasp ;  
For when the first he had undone,  
It closed as he the next began.  
Those iron clasps, that iron band,  
Would not yield to unchristened hand,  
Till he smeared the cover o'er  
With the Bordrer'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 cobwebs, on a dungeon wall,  
Seem tapestry in lordly hall ;  
A nut-shell seem a gilded barge,  
A sheeling † seem a palace large,  
And youth seem age, and age seem youth —  
All was delusion, nought was truth.

## X.

He had not read another spell,  
When on his cheek a buffet fell,

\* Magical delusion. — † A shepherd's hut.

So fierce, it stretched him on the plain,  
Beside the wounded Deloraine.  
From the ground he rose dismayed,  
And shook his huge and matted head ;  
One word he muttered, and no more —  
" Man of age, thou smitest sore !"  
No more the Elfin Page durst try  
Into the wonderous book to pry ;  
The clasps, though smeared with Christian  
gore,  
Shut faster than they were before.  
He hid it underneath his cloak.  
Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,  
I cannot tell, so mot I thrive ;  
It was not given by man alive.

## XI.

Unwillingly himself he addressed,  
To do his master's high behest :  
He lifted up the living corse,  
And laid it on the weary horse ;  
He led him into Branksome hall,  
Before the beards of the warders all ;  
And each did after swear and say,  
There only passed a wain of hay.  
He took him to Lord David's tower,  
Even to the Ladye's secret bower ;  
And, but that stronger spells were spread,  
And the door might not be opened,  
He had laid him on her very bed.  
Whate'er he did of gramarye, †  
Was always done maliciously.  
He flung the warrior on the ground,  
And the blood welled freshly from the wound.

## XII.

As he repassed the outer court,  
He spied the fair young child at sport,  
He thought to train him to the wood,  
For, at a word, be it understood,  
He was always for ill, and never for good.  
Seemed to the boy, some comrade gay  
Led him forth to the woods to play ;  
On the draw-bridge the warders stout  
Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.

## XIII.

He led the boy o'er bank and fell,  
Until they came to a woodland brook ;  
The running stream dissolved the spell,  
And his own elvish shape he took.  
Could he have had his pleasure vilda,  
He had crippled the joints of the noble child ;

† Magic.

Or, with his fingers long and lean,  
Had strangled him in fiendish spleen :  
But his awful mother he had in dread,  
And also his power was limited ;  
So he but scowled on the startled child,  
And darted through the forest wild :  
The woodland brook he bounding crosse<sup>d</sup>,  
And laughed and shouted, " Lost ! lost ! lost ! "

## XIV.

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

## XV.

And hark ! and hark ! the deep-mouthed bark  
Comes nigher still, and nigher ;  
Bursts on the path a dark blood-hound,  
His tawny muzzle tracked the ground,  
And his red eye shot fire.  
Soon as the wildered child saw he,  
He flew at him right furiouslie.  
I ween you would have seen with joy  
The bearing of the gallant boy,  
When, worthy of his noble sire,  
His wet cheek glowed 'twixt fear and ire !  
He faced the blood-hound manfully,  
And held his little hat on high ;  
So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,  
At cautious distance hoarsely hayed ;  
But still in act to spring ;  
When dashed an archer through the glade,  
And when he saw the hound was stayed,  
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 checked his fellow's surly mood,  
And quelled the ban-dog's ire :  
He was an English yeoman good,  
And born in Lancashire ;

Well could he hit a fallow deer  
Five hundred feet him fro ;  
With hand more true, and eye more clear,  
No archer bended bow.  
His coal-black hair, shorn round and close,  
Set off his sun-burned face ;  
Old England's sign, St George's cross,  
His barret-cap did grace ;  
His huge horn hung by his side,  
All in a wolf-skin baldric tied ;  
And his short faulchion, sharp and clear,  
Had pierced the throat of many a deer.

## XVII.

His kirtle, made of forest green,  
Reached scantily to his knee ;  
And, at his belt, of arrows keen  
A furbished sheaf hore he ;  
His huckler scarce in breadth a span,  
No larger fence had he ;  
He never counted him a man,  
Would strike below the knee ;  
His slackened bow was in his hand,  
And the leash that was his blood-hound's  
hand.

## XVIII.

He would not do the fair child harm,  
But held him with his powerful arm,  
That he might neither fight nor flee ;  
For when the Red-Cross spied he,  
The boy strove long and violently.  
" Now, by St George," the archer cries,  
" Edward, methinks we have a prize !  
This boy's fair face, and courage free,  
Shows 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 Suthron, 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 hanged to feed the crow ! "

## XX.

" Gramercy, for thy good will, fair boy !  
My mind was never set so high ;  
But if thou art chief of such a clan,  
And art the son of such a man,  
And ever comest to thy command,  
Our wardens had need to keep good order ;

My bow of yew to a hazel wand,  
Thou'lt 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 seemed to stay,  
For so the Dwarf his part did play;  
And, in the shape of that young boy,  
He wrought the castle much annoy.  
The comrades of the young Buccleuch  
He pinched, and beat, and overthrew;  
Nay, some of them he well nigh slew.  
He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire,  
And, as Sym Hall stood by the fire,  
He lighted the match of his bandelier,\*  
And woefully scorched the hackbuttee.†  
It may be hardly thought, or said,  
The mischief that the urchin made,  
Till many of the castle guessed,  
That the young Baron was possessed!

## XXII.

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

## XXIII.

She drew the splinter from the wound,  
And with a charm she stanchèd the blood;  
She bade the gash be cleansed and bound:  
No longer by his couch she stood;  
But she has ta'en the broken lance,  
And washed it from the clotted gore,  
And salvèd the splinter o'er and o'er.  
William of Deloraine, in trance,  
Whene'er she turned it round and round,  
Twisted, as if she galled 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.

\* *Bandelier*, belt for carrying ammunition.  
† *Hackbuttee*, musketeer.

Full long she toiled; for she did rue  
Mishap to friend so stout and true.

## XXIV.

So passed the day—the evening fell,  
'Twas near the time of curfew bell;  
The air was mild, the wind was calm,  
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm;  
E'en the rude watchman, on the tower,  
Enjoyed and blessed the lovely hour.  
Far more fair Margaret loved and blessed  
The hour of silence and of rest.  
On the high turret, sitting lone,  
She waked at times the lute's soft tone,  
Touched a wild note, and all between  
Thought of the bower of hawthorns green;  
Her golden hair streamed 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?—  
Oh, 'tis the beacon-blaze of war!  
Scarce could she draw her tightened breath;  
For well she knew the fire of death!

## XXVI.

The warder viewed it blazing strong,  
And blew his war-note loud and long,  
Till, at the high and haughty sound,  
Rock, wood, and river, rang around;  
The blast alarmed the festal hall,  
And startled forth the warriors all;  
Far downward, in the castle-yard,  
Full many a torch and cresset glared;  
And helms and plumes, confusedly tossed,  
Were in the blaze half-seen, half-lost;  
And spears in wild disorder shook,  
Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

## XXVII.

The Seneschal, whose silver hair  
Was reddened by the torches' glare,  
Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,  
And issued forth his mandates loud—  
"On Penchryst glows a bale‡ of fire,  
And three are kindling on Priesthaughswire;  
Ride out, ride out,  
The foe to scout!

‡ *Bale*, beacon-faggot.



Mount, mount for Branksome,\* every man!  
 Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan,  
 That ever are true and stout.  
 Ye need not send to Liddesdale;  
 For when they see the blazing bale,  
 Elliots and Armstrongs never fail.  
 Ride, Alton, ride, for death and life!  
 And warn the 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 coursers' tread,  
 While loud the harness rung,  
 As to their seats, with clamour dread,  
 The ready horsemen sprung;  
 And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,  
 And leaders' voices, mingled notes,  
 And out! and out!  
 In hasty rout,  
 The horsemen galloped forth;  
 Dispersing to the south to scout,  
 And east, and west, and north,  
 To view their coming enemies,  
 And warn their vassals and allies.

## XXIX.

The ready page, with hurried hand,  
 Awaked the need-fire's † slumbering brand,  
 And ruddy 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 height, and hill, and cliff, were seen;  
 Each with warlike tidings fraught;  
 Each from each the signal caught;  
 Each after each they glanced to sight,  
 As stars arise upon the night.  
 They gleamed on many a dusky tarn, ‡  
 Haunted by the lonely earn; §  
 On many a cairn's ¶ grey pyramid,  
 Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid;  
 Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,  
 From Soltra and Dumpender Law;  
 And Lothian heard the regent's order,  
 That all should bowne ¶ them for the Border.

## XXX.

The livelong night in Branksome rang  
 The ceaseless sound of steel;

\* *Mount for Branksome* was the gathering word of the Scots.

† *Need-fire* beacon. ‡ *Tarn*, a mountain lake.  
 § *Earn*, a Scottish eagle. ¶ *Cairn*, a pile of stones.  
 ¶ *Bowne*, make ready.

The castle-bell, with backward clang,  
 Sent forth the larum peal:  
 Was frequent heard the heavy jar,  
 Where massy stonæ and iron bar  
 Were piled on echoing keep and tower,  
 To whelm the foe with deadly shower;  
 Was frequent heard the changing guard,  
 And watchword from the sleepless ward;  
 While, wearied by the endless din,  
 Blood-hound and ban-dog yelled within.

## XXXI.

The noble dame, amid the broil,  
 Shared the grey Seneschal's high toil,  
 And spoke of danger with a smile;  
 Cheered the young knights, and council sage  
 Held with the chiefs of riper age.  
 No tidings of the foe were brought,  
 Nor of his numbers knew they ought,  
 Nor in what time the truce he sought.  
 Some said that there were thousands ten;  
 And others weened, that it was nought  
 But Leven Clans, or Tynedale men,  
 Who came to gather in black mail; \*\*  
 And Liddesdale, with small avail,  
 Might drive them lightly back agen.  
 So passed the anxious night away,  
 And welcome was the peep of day.

Ceased the high sound—the listening throng  
 Applaud the Master of the Song;  
 And marvel much, in helpless age,  
 So hard should be his pilgrimage.  
 Had he no friend—no daughter dear,  
 His wandering toll to share and cheer;  
 No son, to be his father's stay,  
 And guide him on the rugged way?—  
 "Ay! once he had—but he was dead!"  
 Upon the harp he stooped his head,  
 And busied himself the strings withal,  
 To hide the tear that fain would fall.  
 In solemn measure, soft and slow,  
 Arose a father's notes of woe.

## CANTO FOURTH.

## I.

SWEET Teviot! on thy silver tide,  
 The glaring bale-fires blaze no more:  
 No longer steel-clad warriors ride  
 Along thy wild and willowed shore;

\*\* Protection-money exacted by freebooters.

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 rolled 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 stained with past and present tears.

Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,  
It still reflects to memory's eye,  
The hour, my brave, my only boy,

Fell by the side of great Dundee.  
Why, when the volleying musket played,  
Against the bloody Highland blade,  
Why was not I beside him laid! —  
Enough — he died the death of fame;  
Enough — he died with conquering Græme.

## III.

Now over Border dale and fell,

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

The frightened flocks and herds were pent  
Beneath the peel's rude battlement;  
And maids and matrons dropped 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,  
Showed southern ravage was begun.

## IV.

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried —  
"Prepare ye all for blows and blood!

Watt Tinnin, from the Liddle-side,  
Comes wading through the flood.

Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock  
At his lone gate, and snave 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 twanged the yew.  
Right sharp has been the evening shower,  
That drove him from his Liddle tower;  
And, by my faith," the gate-ward said,  
"I think 'twill prove a warden raid."\*

\* An *inroad* commanded by the warden in person.

## V.

While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman  
Entered the echoing barbicane.  
He led a small and shaggy nag,  
That through a bog, from hag to hag, †  
Could bound like any Billhope stag;  
It bore his wife and children twain;  
A half-clothed serf ‡ was all their train:  
His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-browed,  
Of silver brooch and bracelet proud,  
Laughed to her friends among the crowd.  
He was of stature passing tall,  
But sparely formed, and lean withal;  
A battered morion on his brow;  
A leathern jack, as fence enow,  
On his broad shoulders loosely hung;  
A border-axe behind was slung;  
His spear, six Scottish ells in length,  
Seemed newly dyed with gore;  
His shafts and bow, of wonderous strength,  
His hardy partner bore.

## VI.

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

## VII.

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale  
Fast hurrying in, confirmed the tale;  
As far as they could judge by ken,  
Three hours would bring to Teviot's  
strand,  
Three thousand armed Englishmen.  
Meanwhile, full many a warlike band,  
From Teviot, Aill, and Ettrick shade,  
Came in, their Chief's defence to aid.

† The broken ground in a bog.  
‡ Bondsman. — § Musketvets.

## VIII.

From fair St Mary's silver wave,  
 From dreary Gamescleuch's dusky height,  
 His ready lances Thirlestane brave  
 Arrayed beneath a banner bright.  
 The treasured fleur-de-lace he claims  
 To wreath his shield, since royal James  
 Encamped by Fala's mossy wave,  
 The proud distinction grateful gave,  
 For faith mid feudal jars ;  
 What time, save Thirlestane alone,  
 Of Scotland's stubborn barons none  
 Would march to southern wars ;  
 And hence, in fair remembrance worn,  
 Yon sheaf of spears his crest has borne ;  
 Hence his high motto shines revealed,  
 " Ready, aye ready," for the field.

## IX.

An aged knight, to danger steeled,  
 With many a moss-trooper, came on ;  
 And azure in a golden field,  
 The stars and crescent graced his shield,  
 Without the bend of Murdleston.  
 Wide lay his lands round Oakwood tower,  
 And wide round haunted Castle-Ower ;  
 High o'er Borthwick's mountain flood,  
 His wood-embosomed mansion stood  
 In the dark glen, so deep below,  
 The herds of plundered England low ;  
 His bold retainers' daily food,  
 And bought with danger, blows, and blood.  
 Marauding chief ! his sole delight  
 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 spurned at rest,  
 And still his brows the helmet pressed,  
 Albeit the blanched locks below,  
 Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow :  
 Five stately warriors drew the sword  
 Before their father's hand ;  
 A braver knight than Harden's lord  
 Ne'er belted on a brand.

## X.

Whitslade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,  
 And warriors more than I may name ;  
 From Yarrow-clench to Hindhaugh-swaire,  
 From Woodhouselie to Chester-glen,  
 Trooped man and horse, and bow and spear ;  
 Their gathering word was Bellenden.  
 And better hearts o'er Border sod,  
 To siege or rescue never rode.  
 The Ladye marked the aids come in,

And high her heart of pride arose ;  
 She bade her youthful son attend,  
 That he might know his father's friend,  
 And learn to face his father's 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, Whitslade, shall teach him his weapon  
 to wield,  
 And o'er him hold his father's shield."

## XI.

Well may you think the wily Page  
 Cared not to face the Ladye sage.  
 He counterfeited childish fear,  
 And shrieked, and shed full many a tear,  
 And moaned and plained in manner wild.  
 The attendants to the Ladye told,  
 Some fairy, sure, had changed the child,  
 That wont to be so free and bold.  
 Then wrathful was the noble dame ;  
 She blushed blood-red for very shame —  
 " Hence ! ere the clan his faintness view ;  
 Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch ;  
 Watt Tinline, thou shalt be his guide  
 To Rangleburn's lonely side.  
 Sure some fell fiend has cursed our line,  
 That eoward should e'er be son of mine !"

## XII.

A heavy task Watt Tinline had  
 To guide the counterfeited lad.  
 Soon as his palfrey felt the weight  
 Of that ill-omen'd elvish freight,  
 He bolted, sprang, and reared amain,  
 Nor heeded bit, nor curb, nor rein.  
 It cost Watt Tinline mickle toll  
 To drive him but a Scottish mile ;  
 But, as a shallow brook they crossed,  
 The elf, amid the running stream,  
 His figure changed, like form in dream,  
 And fled, and shouted, " Lost ! lost ! lost !"  
 Full fast the urchin ran and laughed,  
 But faster still a cloth-yard shaft  
 Whistled from startled Tinline's yew,  
 And pierced his shoulder through and  
 through.  
 Although the imp might not be slain,  
 And though the wound soon healed again,  
 Yet, as he ran, he yelled for pain ;  
 And Watt of Tinline, much aghast,  
 Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

## XIII.

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood,  
That looks o'er Branksome's towers and  
wood,

And martial murmurs from below,  
Proclaimed the approaching southern foe.  
Through the dark wood, in mingled tone,  
Were Border-pipes and hughes blown ;  
The coursers' neighing he could ken,  
And measured tread of marching men ;  
While hroke at times the solemn hum,  
The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum ;  
And banners tall, of crimson sheen,  
Above the copse appear ;  
And, glistening through the hawthorns  
green,  
Shine helm, and shield, and spear.

## XIV.

Light forayers first, to view the ground,  
Spurred their fleet coursers loosely round ;  
Behind, in close array and fast,  
The Kendal archers, all in green,  
Obedient to the hugh-blast,  
Advancing from the wood were seen  
To hack 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,  
Arrayed beneath the banner tall,  
That streamed o'er Acre's conquered wall ;  
And minstrels, as they marched in order,  
Played, " Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the  
Border."

## XV.

Behind the English hill and bow,  
The mercenaries, firm and slow,  
Moved on to fight, in dark array —  
By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,  
Who brought the hand from distant Rhine,  
And sold their blood for foreign pay.  
The camp their home, their law the sword,  
They knew no country, owned no lord ;  
They were not armed like England's sons,  
But bore the levin-darting guns ;  
Buff-coats, all founced, and 'broidered o'er,  
And morsing-horns\* and scarfs they wore,  
Each better knee was bared, to aid  
The warriors in the escalade ;  
All, as they marched, in rugged tongue,  
Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.

## XVI.

But louder still the clamour grew,  
And louder still the minstrels blew,

\* Powder flasks.

When, from beneath the greenwood tree,  
Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry ;  
His men-at-arms, with glaive and spear,  
Brought up the battle's glittering rear.  
There many a youthful knight, full keen  
To gain his spurs, in arms was seen ;  
With favour in his crest, or glove,  
Memorial of his ladye-love.  
So rode they forth in fair array,  
Till full their lengthened lines display ;  
Then called a halt, and made a stand,  
And cried, " St George, for merry England !"

## XVII.

Now every English eye, intent,  
On Branksome's armed tow'rs was bent ;  
So near they were, that they might know  
The straining harsh of each cross-bow ;  
On battlement and bartizan  
Gleamed axe, and spear, and partizan ;  
Falcon, and culver, † on each tower,  
Stood prompt their deadly hail to shower,  
And flashing armour frequent hroke  
From eddying whirls of sable smoke,  
Where, upon tower and turret head,  
The seething pitch and molten lead  
Reeked, like a witch's cauldron red.  
While yet they gaze, the bridges fall,  
The wicket opes, and from the wall  
Rides forth the hoary Sceneschal.

## XVIII.

Armed he rode, all save the head,  
His white beard o'er his breast-plate spread ;  
Unhroke by age, erect his seat,  
He ruled his eager courser's gait ;  
Forced him, with chastened fire, to prance,  
And, high curvetting, slow advance :  
In sign of truce, his better hand  
Displayed 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 Dacre stout  
Sped to the front of their array,  
To hear what this old knight should say.

## XIX.

" Ye English warden lords, of you  
Demands the Ladye of Buccleuch,  
Why, 'gainst the truce of Border-tide,  
In hostile guise ye dare to ride,  
With Kendal bow, and Gililand brand,  
And all yon mercenary hand,  
Upon the bounds of fair Scotland ?

† Ancient pieces of artillery.

My Lady redes you swith return;  
 And, if but one poor straw you burn,  
 Or do our towers so much molest,  
 As scare one swallow from her nest,  
 St Mary! but we'll light a brand  
 Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland."

## XX.

A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,  
 But calmer Howard took the word —  
 "May't please thy Dame, Sir Seneschal,  
 To seek the castle's outward wall;  
 Our pursuivant-at-arms shall show,  
 Both why we came and when we go."  
 The message sped, the noble Dame  
 To the walls' outward circle came;  
 Each chief around leaned on his spear  
 To see the pursuivant appear;  
 All in Lord Howard's livery dressed,  
 The lion argent decked his breast.  
 He led a boy of blooming hue —  
 Oh sight to meet a mother's view! —  
 It was the heir of great Buccleuch.  
 Obsiance meet the herald made,  
 And thus his master's will he said.

## XXI.

"It irks, high Dame, my noble Lords,  
 'Gainst ladye fair to draw their swords,  
 But yet they may not tamely see,  
 All through the western wardenry,  
 Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,  
 Aud 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 Deloraine,  
 That he may suffer march-treason pain: †  
 It was but last St Cuthbert's even  
 He pricked to Stapleton on Leven,  
 Harried ‡ the lands of Richard Musgrave,  
 And slew his brother by dint of glaive;  
 Then, since a lone and widowed Dame,  
 These restless riders may not tame,  
 Either receive within thy towers  
 Two hundred of my master's powers,  
 Or straight they sound their warrison, §  
 And storm and spoil thy garrison;  
 And this fair boy, to London led,  
 Shall good king Edward's page be bred."

## XXII.

He ceased — and loud the boy did cry,  
 And stretched his little arms on high;

\* An asylum for outlaws. — † Border treason.  
 ‡ Plundered. — § Note of assault.

Implored for aid each well-known face,  
 And strove to seek the Dame's embrace.  
 A moment changed that Ladye's cheer,  
 Gushed to her eye the unbidden tear;  
 She gazed upon the leaders round,  
 And dark and sad each warrior frowned;  
 Then, deep within her sobbing breast,  
 She locked the struggling sigh to rest,  
 Unaltered and collected stood,  
 And thus replied, in dauntless mood: —

## XXIII.

"Say to your Lords of high emprise,  
 Who war on women and on boys,  
 That either William of Deloraine  
 Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason  
 stain,  
 Or else he will the combat take  
 'Gainst Musgrave, for his honour's sake.  
 No knight in Cumberland so good,  
 But William may count with him kin and  
 blood;

Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword,  
 When English blood swelled Ancram's ford;  
 And but that Lord Dacre's steed was wight,  
 And bare him ably in the flight,  
 Himself had seen him dubbed a knight.  
 For the young heir of Branksome's line,  
 God be his aid, and God be mine;  
 Through me no friend shall meet his doom;  
 Here, while I live, no foe finds room.

Then if thy lords their purpose urge,  
 Take our defiance loud and high;

Our slogan is their lyke-wake † dirge,  
 Our moat the grave where they shall  
 lie."

## XXIV.

Proud she looked round, applause to claim —  
 Then lightened Thirstane's eye of flame;  
 His bugle Wat of Harden blew;  
 Pennils and pennons wide were flung,  
 To heaven the Border slogan rung,  
 "St Mary for the young Buccleuch!"  
 The English war-cry answered wide,  
 And forward bent each southern spear;  
 Each Kendal archer made a stride,  
 And drew the bow-string to his ear;  
 Each minstrel's war-note loud was blown; —  
 But e'er a grey-goose shaft had flown,  
 A horseman galloped from the rear.

## XXV.

"Ah! noble Lords!" he breathless said,  
 "What treason has your march betrayed?"

† Lyke-wake, the watching a corpse previous to interment.

What make you here, from aid so far,  
 Before you walls, around you war?  
 Your foemen triumph in the thought,  
 That in the toils the lion's caught.  
 Already on dark Ruberslaw  
 The Douglas holds his weapon-echaw ; \*  
 The lances, waving in his train,  
 Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain ;  
 And on the Liddle's northern strand,  
 To bar retreat to Cumberland,  
 Lord Maxwell ranks his merry-men good,  
 Beneath the eagle and the rood ;  
 And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdala,  
 Have to proud Angus come ;  
 And all the Merse and Lauderdale  
 Have risen with haughty Home.  
 An exile from Northumberland,  
 In Liddesdale I've wandered long ;  
 But still my heart was with merry England,  
 And cannot brook my country's wrong ;  
 And hard I've spurred all night to show  
 The mustering of the coming foe."

## XXVI.

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

## XXVII.

"Yet hear," quoth Howard, "calmly hear,  
 Nor deem my words the words of fear:  
 For who in field or foray slack  
 Saw the blanche lion e'er fall hack?  
 But thus to risk our Border flower  
 In strife against a kingdom's power,  
 Ten thousand Scots 'gainst thousands three,  
 Certes, were desperate policy.  
 Nay, take the terms the ladye made,  
 Ere conscious of the advancing aid:  
 Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine  
 In single fight; and if he gain,  
 He gains for us; but if he's crossed,  
 'Tis but a single warrior lost:  
 The rest, retreating as they came,  
 Avoid defeat, and death, and shame."

\* *Weapon-echaw*, the military array of a county.

## XXVIII.

Ill could the haughty Dacre brook  
 His brother warden's sage rebuk ;  
 And yet his forward step he stayed,  
 And slow and sullenly obeyed :  
 But ne'er again the Border side  
 Did these two lords in friendship ride ;  
 And this slight discontent, men say,  
 Cost blood upon another day.

## XXIX.

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

## XXX.

Unconscious of the near relief,  
 The proffer pleased each Scottish chief,  
 Though much the Ladye sage gainsayed .  
 For though their hearts were brave and true,  
 From Jedwood's recent sack they knew  
 How tardy was the regent's aid ;  
 And you may guess the noble Dame  
 Durst not the secret prescience own,  
 Sprung from the art she might not name,  
 By which the coming help was known.  
 Closed was the compact, and agreed,  
 That lists should be enclosed with speed.  
 Beneath the castle, on a lawn,  
 They fixed 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.

## XXXI.

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,  
 In the old Douglas' day.  
 He brooked 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 stained with blood;  
 Where still the thorn's white branches wave,  
 Memorial o'er his rival's grave.

## XXXII.

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

He paused — the listening dames again  
 Applaud the hoary Minstrel's strain;  
 With many a word of kindly cheer,  
 In pity half, and half sincere, —  
 Marvelling 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 harbour now the hare;  
 Of manners, long since changed and gone;  
 Of chiefs, who under their grey stone  
 So long had slept, that fickle Fame  
 Had blotted from her rolls their name,  
 And twined round some new minion's head,  
 The fading wreath for which they bled —  
 In sooth, 'twas strange, this old man's verse  
 Could call them from their marble hearse,

The Harper smiled, well pleased; for ne'er  
 Was flattery lost on poet's ear:  
 A simple race! they waste their toll  
 For the vain tribute of a smile;  
 E'en when in age their flame expires,  
 Her dulcet breath can fan its fires;  
 Their drooping fancy wakes at praise,  
 And strives to trim the short-lived blaze.

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

## CANTO FIFTH.

## I.

CALL it not vain — they do not err,  
 Who say, that when the poet dies,  
 Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,  
 And celebrates his obsequies:  
 Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,  
 For the departed bard make 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 can mourn;  
 But that the stream, the wood, the gale,  
 Is vocal with the plaintive wail  
 Of those, who, else forgotten long,  
 Lived in the poet's faithful song,  
 And, with the poet's parting breath,  
 Whose memory feels a second death.  
 The maid's pale shade, who walls 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,  
 Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead;  
 Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,  
 And shrieks along the battle-plain;  
 The chief, whose antique crownlet long  
 Still sparkled in the feudal song,  
 Now, from the mountain's misty throne,  
 Sees, in the thanedom once his own,  
 His ashes undistinguished lie,  
 His place, his power, his memory die,  
 His groans the lonely caverns fill,  
 His tears of rage impel the rill;  
 All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,  
 Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

## III.

Scarcely the hot assault was stayed,  
The terms of truce were scarcely made,  
When they could spy, from Branksome's  
towers,

The advancing march of martial powers;  
Thick clouds of dust afar appeared,  
And trampling steeds were faintly heard;  
Bright spears, above the columns dun,  
Glanced momentary to the sun;  
And feudal banners fair displayed  
The bands that moved to Branksome's aid.

## IV.

Vails not to tell each hardy clan,  
From the fair Middle Marches came;  
The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,  
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name!  
Vails not to tell what steeds did spurn,  
Where the Seven Spears of Wedderburne  
Tbeir men in battle-order set;  
And Swinton laid the lance in rest,  
That tamed of yore the sparking crest  
Of Clarence's Plantagenet.  
Nor vails to tell what hundreds more  
From the rich Merse and Lammernmore,  
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!"

## V.

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

## VI.

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

## VII.

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

## VIII.

The blithesome signs of wassel gay  
Decayed 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 beaker's clang;

\* A sort of knife, or poniard.



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

## IX.

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

## X.

Margaret from hall did soon retreat,  
Despite the Dame's reproving eye;  
Nor marked 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 bannered hosts repose,  
She viewed the dawning day:  
Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,  
First woke the loveliest and the best.

## XI.

She gazed upon the inner court,  
Which in the tower's tall shadow lay;  
Where coursers' clang, and stamp, and snort,  
Had rung the live-long yesterday;  
Now still as death — till, stalking slow —  
The jingling spurs announced his tread —  
A stately warrior passed below;  
But when he raised his plumed head —  
Blessed Mary! can it be?  
Secure, as if in Ousenam bowers,  
He walks through Branksome's hostile  
towers,  
With fearless step and free.  
She dared not sign — she dared not speak —  
Oh! if one page's slumbers break,

His blood the price must pay!  
Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears,  
Not Margaret's yet more precious tears,  
Shall buy his life a day.

## XII.

Yet was his hazard small — for well  
You may bethink you of the spell  
Of that sly urchin Page;  
This to his lord he did impart,  
And made him seem, by glamour art,  
A knight from Hermitage.  
Unchallenged, thus, the warder's post,  
The court, unchallenged, thus he crossed,  
For all the vassalage:  
But, oh! 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 had  
That foul malicious urchin had  
To bring this meeting round;  
For happy love's a heavenly sight,  
And by a vile malignant sprite,  
In such no joy is found:  
And oft I've deemed, perchance he thought  
Their erring passion might have wrought  
Sorrow, and sin, and shame;  
And death to Cranstoun's gallant knight,  
And to the gentle Ladye bright,  
Disgrace, and loss of fame.  
But earthly spirit could not tell  
The heart of them that loved so well.  
True love's the gift which God has given  
To man alone beneath the heaven:  
It is not fantasy's hot fire,  
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;  
It liveth not in fierce desire,  
With dead desire it doth not die;  
It is the secret sympathy,  
The silver link, the silken tie,  
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
In body and in soul can bind.—  
Now leave we Margaret and her Knight  
To tell you of the approaching fight.

## XIV.

Their warning blasts the bugles blew,  
The pipe's shrill port\* aroused each clan,  
In haste the deadly strife to view  
The trooping warriors enger ran:

\* A martial piece of music, adapted to the bagpipes.

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 handled many a word of boast,  
About the knight each favoured most.

## XV.

Meanwhile full anxious was the Dame ;  
For now arose disputed claim,  
Of who should fight for Deloraine,  
'Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thirlestane ;  
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 seemed, and free from pain,  
In armour sheathed from top to toe,  
Appeared, and craved the combat due.  
The Dame her charm successful knew,\*  
And the fierce chiefs their claims withdrew.

## XVI.

When for the lists they sought the plain,  
The stately Ladye's silken rein  
Did noble Howard hold ;  
Unarmed by her side he walked,  
And much, in courteous phrase, they talked  
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 ;  
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  
Called Noble Howard, Belted Will.

## XVII.

Behind Lord Howard and the Dame,  
Fair Margaret on her palfrey came,  
Whose foot-cloth swept the ground ;  
White was her wimple, and her veil,  
And her loose locks a chaplet pale  
Of whitest roses bound ;  
The lordly Angus, by her side,  
In courtesy to cheer her tried ;  
Without his aid, her hand in vain  
Had strove to guide her broided rein.  
He deemed, she shuddered at the sight  
Of warriors met for mortal fight ;  
But cause of terror, all unguessed,  
Was fluttering in her gentle breast,

\* See page 18, Stanza XXIII.

When, in their chairs of crimson placed,  
The Dame and she the barriers graded.

## 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 longed to see the fight.  
Within the lists, in knightly pride,  
High Home and haughty Dacre ride ;  
Their leading staffs of steel they wield,  
As marshals of the mortal field ;  
While to each knight their care assigned  
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 despitous scathe and scorn.  
He sayeth, that William of Deloraine  
Is traitor false by Border laws ;  
This with his sword he will maintain,  
So help him God, and his good cause ! "

## XX.

## SCOTTISH HERALD

" Here standeth William of Deloraine,  
Good knight and true, of noble strain,  
Who sayeth, that foul treason's stain,  
Since he bore arms, ne'er soiled his coat ;  
And that, so help him God above ! —  
He will on Musgrave's body prove,  
He lies most foully in his throat. " —

## LORD DACRE.

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

## LORD HOME.

———— " God defend the right ! " —  
Then, Tevlot ! how thine echoes rang,  
When bugle-sound and trumpet-clang  
Let loose the martial foes.  
And in mid list, with shield poised high,  
And measured step and wary eye,  
The combatants did close.

## XXI.

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

## XXII.

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

## XXIII.

In haste the holy friar sped,  
His naked foot was dyed with red,  
As through the lists he ran;  
Unmindful of the shouts on high,  
That hailed the conqueror's victory,  
He raised the dying man;  
Loose waved his silver beard and hair,  
As o'er him he kneeled down in prayer;  
And still the crucifix on high,  
He holds before his darkening eye,  
And still he bends an anxious ear,  
His faltering penitence to hear;  
Still props him from the bloody sod,  
Still, even when soul and body part,  
Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,  
And bids him trust in God!  
Unheard he prays; the death-pang's o'er!  
Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

## XXIV.

As if exhausted in the fight,  
Or musing o'er the piteous sight,  
The silent victor stands;  
His beaver did he not unclasp,  
Marked not the shouts, felt not the grasp  
Of gratulating hands.

When lo! strange cries of wild surprise,  
Mingled with seeming terror, rise  
Among the Scottish bands;  
And all, amid the thronged array,  
In panic haste gave open way  
To a half-naked ghastly man,  
Who downward from the castle ran.  
He crossed the barriers at a bound,  
And wild and haggard looked around,  
As dizzy, and in pain;  
And all, upon the armed ground,  
Knew William of Deloraine!  
Each lady sprung from seat with speed;  
Vaulted each marshal from his steed;  
"And who art thou," they cried,  
"Who hast this battle fought and won?" —  
His plumed helm was soon undone —  
"Cranstoun of Teviot-side!  
For this fair prize I've fought and won" —  
And to the Lady led her son.

## XXV.

Full oft the rescued boy she kissed;  
And often pressed him to her breast;  
For, under all her dauntless show,  
Her heart had throbb'd at every blow;  
Yet not Lord Cranstoun deign'd she greet,  
Though low he kneeled 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 looked to river, looked to hill,  
Thought on the Spirit's prophecy,  
Then broke her silence stern and still —  
"Not you, but Fate, has vanquished me;  
Their influence kindly stars may shower  
On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,  
For pride is quelled, and love is free." —  
She took fair Margaret by the hand,  
Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might  
stand;  
That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she: —  
"As I am true to thee and thine,  
Do thou be true to me and mine!  
This clasp of love our bond shall be;  
For this is your betrothing day,  
And all these noble lords shall stay,  
To grace it with their company." —

## XXVII.

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

## XXVIII.

William of Deloraine, some chance  
 Had wakened from his deathlike trance,  
 And taught that, in the listed plain,  
 Another, in his arms and shield,  
 Against fierce Musgrave axe did wield,  
 Under the name of Deloraine.  
 Hence, to the field, unarmed, he ran,  
 And hence his presence scared the clan,  
 Who held him for some fleeting wraith,\*  
 And not a man of blood and breath.  
 Not much this new ally he loved,  
 Yet, when he saw what hap had proved,  
 He greeted him right heartilie :  
 He would not waken old debate,  
 For he was void of rancorous hate,  
 Though rude, and scant of courtesy ;  
 In raids he spilt but seldom blood,  
 Unless when men-at-arms withstood,  
 Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.  
 He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow,  
 Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe :  
 And so 'twas seen of him, e'en now,  
 When on dead Musgrave he looked  
 down ;  
 Grief darkened on his rugged brow,  
 Though half disguised with a frown ;

\* The spectral apparition of a living person.

And thus, while sorrow bent his head,  
 His foeman's epitaph he made.

## XXIX.

" Now, Richard Musgrave, best thou here  
 I ween, my deadly enemy ;  
 For if I slew thy brother dear,  
 Thou slewest a sister's son to me ;  
 And when I lay in dungeon dark,  
 Of Naworth Castle, long months three,  
 Till ransomed for a thousand mark,  
 Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee.  
 And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried,  
 And thou wert now alive, as I,  
 No mortal man should us divide,  
 Till one, or both of us, did die :  
 Yet, rest thee God ! for well I know,  
 I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.  
 In all the northern counties here,  
 Whose word is, Snaffle, spur, and spear,\*  
 Thou wert the best to follow gear !  
 'Twas pleasure, as we looked behind,  
 To see how thou the chase could'st wind,  
 Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,  
 And with the bugle rouse the fray !  
 I'd give the lands of Deloraine,  
 Dark Musgrave were alive again."—

## XXX.

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

The harp's wild notes, though hushed the  
 song,  
 The mimic march of death prolong ;  
 Now seems it far, and now a-near,  
 Now meets, and now eludes, the ear ;

\* " The lands, that over Ouse to Berwick furth do  
 bear,  
 Have for their blazon had, the snaffle, spur, and  
 spear."

Now seems some mountain side to sweep,  
 Now faintly dies in valley deep ;  
 Seems now as if the Minstrel's wail,  
 Now the sad requiem, loads the gale ;  
 Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,  
 Rung the full choir in choral stave.

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

The Aged Harper, howsoever  
 His only friend, his harp, was dear,  
 Liked not to hear it ranked 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.

## CANTO SIXTH.

## I.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land !  
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,

From wandering on a foreign strand !  
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;  
 For him no Minstrel raptures swell ;  
 High though his titles, proud his name,  
 Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim :  
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
 The wretch, concentred all in self,  
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
 And, dourly dying, shall go down  
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
 Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung !

## II.

Oh Caledonia ! stern and wild,  
 Meet nurse for a poetic child !  
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
 Land of the mountain and the flood,  
 Land of my sires ! what mortal hand  
 Can e'er untie the filial band,  
 That knits me to thy rugged strand !  
 Still, as I view each well-known scene,  
 Think what is now, and what hath been,  
 Seems as, to me, of all bereft,  
 Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;

And thus I love them better still,  
 Even in extremity of ill.  
 By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,  
 Though none should guide my feeble way ;  
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,  
 Although it chill my withered cheek ;  
 Still lay my head by Teviot stone,  
 Though there, forgotten and alone,  
 The Bard may draw his parting groan.

## III.

Not scorned like me ! to Branksome Hall  
 The Minstrels came, at festive call ;  
 Trooping they came, from near and far,  
 The jovial priests of mirth and war ;  
 Alike for feast and fight prepared,  
 Battle and banquet both they shared.  
 Of late, before each martial clan,  
 They hlew their death-note in the van,  
 But now, for every merry mate,  
 Rose the portcullis' iron grate ;  
 They sound the pipe, they strike the string,  
 They dance, they revel, and they sing,  
 Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

## IV.

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

## V.

Some bards have sung, the Ladye high  
 Chapel or altar came not nigh ;  
 Nor durst the rites of spousal grace,  
 So much she feared each holy place.  
 False slanders these — I trust right well,  
 She wrought not by forbidden spell ;  
 For mighty words and signs have power  
 O'er sprites in planetary hour :  
 Yet scarce I praise their venturous part,  
 Who tamper with such dangerous art.  
 But this for faithful truth I say,  
 The Ladye by the altar stood,  
 Of sahle velvet her array,  
 And on her head a crimson hood,

With pearls embroidered and entwined,  
Guarded with gold, with ermine lined;  
A merlin sat upon her wrist,  
Held by a leash of silken twist.

## VI.

The spousal rites were ended soon,  
'Twas now the merry hour of noon,  
And in the lofty-arched hall  
Was spread the gorgeous festival:  
Steward and squire, with heedful haste,  
Marshaled the rank of every guest;  
Pages, with ready blade, were there,  
The mighty meal to carve and share:  
O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,  
And princely peacock's gilded train,  
And o'er the boar-head, garnished brave,  
And cygnet from St Mary's wave,  
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,  
Rang trumpet, shalm, and psaltery;  
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaffed,  
Loudly they spoke, and loudly laughed;  
Whispered young knights, in tone more mild,  
To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.  
The hooded hawks, high perched on beam,  
The clamour joined with whistling scream,  
And flapped their wings, and shook their bells,  
In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.  
Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,  
From Bourdeaux, 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 humour highly crossed,  
About some steeds his hand had lost,  
High words to words succeeding still,  
Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill;  
A hot and hardy Rutherford,  
Whom men called Dickon Draw-the-sword.  
He took it on the Page's saye,  
Hunthill had driven these steeds away.  
Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose,  
The kindling discord to compose:  
Stern Rutherford right little said,  
But bit his glose, and shook his head—

A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,  
Stout Conrad, cold, and drenched 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 feared his master's eye  
Might his foul treachery espy,  
Now sought the castle buttery,  
Where many a yeoman, bold and free,  
Revelled as merrily and well,  
As those that sat in lordly selle.  
Watt Tinlinn, there, did frankly raise  
The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-braes;  
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 yon fair bride!"—  
At every pledge, from vat and pall,  
Foamed forth, in floods, the nut-brown ale;  
While shout the riders every one;  
Such day of mirth ne'er cheered their clan,  
Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,  
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en.

## IX.

The wily Page, with vengeful thought,  
Remembered him of Tinlinn's yew,  
And swore, it should be dearly bought,  
That ever he the arrow drew.  
First, he the yeoman did molest,  
With bitter gibe and taunting jest;  
Told how he fled at Solway strife,  
And how Hob Armstrong cheered his wife;  
Then, shunning still his powerful arm,  
At unawares he wrought him harm;  
From trencher stole his choicest cheer,  
Dashed from his lips his can of beer,  
Then, to his knee sly creeping on,  
With bodkin pierced him to the bone:  
The venomed wound, and festering joint,  
Long after rued that bodkin's point.  
The startled yeoman swore and spurned,  
And board and flaggons overturned;  
Riot and clamour wild began;  
Back to the hall the urchin ran;  
Took in a darkling nook his post,  
And grinned and muttered, "Lost! lost!  
lost!"

## X.

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

## XI.

ALBERT OREME.

It was an English ladye bright,  
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)  
And she would marry a Scottish knight,  
For Love will still be lord of all!

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

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,  
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle  
wall;  
Her brother gave hut a flask of wine,  
For ire that Love was lord of all!

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

## XII.

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

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

And then he took the cross divine,  
(Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle  
wall,)  
And died for her sake in Palestine,  
So Love was still the Lord of all!

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

## XIII.

As ended Albert's simple lay,  
Arose a bard of loftier port;  
For sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay,  
Renowned in haughty Henry's court:  
There rung thy harp, unrivalled long,  
Fitztraver of the silver song!  
The gentle Surrey loved his lyre —  
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?  
His was the hero's soul of fire,  
And his the bard's immortal name,  
And his was love, exalted high  
By all the glow of chivalry.

## XIV.

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

## XV.

Fitztraver! oh 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 called wrath and vengeance down.  
He left, for Naworth's iron towers,  
Windsor's green glades, and courtly bowers,  
And, faithful to his patron's name,  
With Howard still Fitztraver came;  
Lord William's foremost favourite he,  
And chief of all his minstrelsy.

## XVI.

FITZTRAVER.

'Twas All-soul's eve, and Surrey's heart beat  
high;  
He heard the midnight bell with anxious  
start,  
Which told the mystic hour approaching nigh,  
When wise Cornelius promised, by his art,  
To show to him the ladye of his heart,  
Albeit betwixt them roared the ocean grim;  
Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,

That he should see her form in life and limb,  
And mark, if still she loved, and still she  
thought of him.

## XVII.

Dark was the vaulted room of granarye,  
To which the wizard led the gallant knight,  
Save that before a mirror, huge and high,  
A hallowed taper shed a glimmering light,  
On mystic implements of magic might ;  
On cross, and character, and talisman,  
And almagest, 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 strayed her hazel bair,  
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 seemed her inmost soul  
to find —  
That favoured strain was Surrey's raptured  
line,  
That fair and lovely form, the Lady Ge-  
raldine.

## XX.

Slow rolled the clouds upon the lovely form,  
And swept the goodly vision all away —  
So royal envy rolled 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 plundered shrine,  
The murdered Surrey's blood, the tears of  
Geraldine :

## XXI.

Both Scots, and Southern chiefs, prolong  
Applauses of Fitztraver's song ;  
These hated Henry's name as death,  
And those still held the ancient faith. —  
Then, from his seat, with lofty air,  
Rose Harold, bard of brave St Clair ;  
St Clair, who feasting high at Home,  
Had with that lord to battle come.  
Harold was born where restless seas  
Howl round the storm-swept Orcades ;  
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 marked fierce Pentland  
rave,

As if grim Odin rode her wave ;  
And watched, 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 cull ;  
For thither came, in times afar,  
Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war,  
The Norsemen, trained to spoil and blood,  
Skilled to prepare the raven's food ;  
Kings of the main their leaders brave,  
Their barks the dragons of the wave.  
And there, in many a stormy vale,  
The Scald had told his wondrous tale ;  
And many a Runic column high  
Had witnessed grim idolatry.  
And thus had Harold, in his youth,  
Learned many a Saga's rhyme uncouth, —  
Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curled,  
Whose monstrous circle girds the world ;  
Of those dread Maids, whose hideous yell  
Maddens the battle's bloody swell ;  
Of chiefs, who, guided through the gloom  
By the pale death-lights of the tomb,  
Ransacked the graves of warriors old,  
Their falchions wrenched from corpses'  
hold,  
Waked the deaf tomb with war's alarms,  
And bade the dead arise to arms !  
With war and wonder all on flame,  
To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,  
Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree,  
He learned a milder minstrelsy ;  
Yet something of the Northern spell  
Mixed with the softer numbers well.



## XXIII.

HAROLD.

O listen, listen, ladies gay!

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

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

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

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

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

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,  
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,  
But that my sire the wine will chide,  
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."

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

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,  
It ruddled all the copse-wood glen;  
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,  
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,  
Where Roslin's cbeifs uncoffined lie;  
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,  
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,  
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;  
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,  
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

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

There are twenty of Roslin's harons boid  
Lie hurried within that proud chapelle;

\* Inch, Isle.

Each one the holy vault doth hold—  
But the sea bolds lovely Rosabelle!

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

## XXIV.

So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,  
Scarce marked the guests the darkened  
hall,

Though, long before the sinking day,  
A wondrous shade involved them all:  
It was not eddying mist or fog,  
Drained by the sun from fen or bog;

Of no eclipse had sages told;  
And yet, as it came on apace,  
Each one could scarce his neighbour's face,  
Each scarce his own stretched hand, be-  
hold.

A secret horror checked the feast,  
And chilled 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, muttered, "Found! found!  
found!"

Then sudden through the darkened air  
A flash of lightning came;  
So broad, so bright, so red the glare,  
The castle seemed on flame;  
Glanced every rafter of the hall,  
Glanced every shield upon the wall,  
Each trophied beam, each sculptured stone,  
Were instant seen, and instant gone,  
Full through the guests' bedazzled band  
Resistless flashed the levin-brand,  
And filled the hall with smouldering smoke  
As on the elvish Page it broke;  
It broke, with thunder long and loud,  
Dismayed the brave, appalled the proud,  
From sea to sea the larum rung;  
On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle withal,  
To arms the startled warders sprung.  
When ended was the dreadful roar,  
The elvish Dwarf was seen no more!

## XXV.

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, "GYLBYN, COME!"  
And on the spot where hurst 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 prayed and shook,  
 And terror dimmed each lofty look :  
 But none of all the astonished train  
 Was so dismayed as Deloraine ;  
 His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,  
 'Twas feared his mind would ne'er return ;  
 For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,  
 Like him, of whom the story ran,  
 Who spoke the spectre-bound in Man.\*  
 At length, by fits, he darkly told,  
 With broken hint, and shuddering cold —  
 That he had seen, right certainly,  
*A shape with amice wrapped around,*  
*With a wrought Spanish baldrick bound,*  
*Like pilgrim from beyond the sea ;*  
 And knew — but how it mattered not —  
 It was the wizard, Michael Scott !

## XXVI.

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 Bryde of Douglas make,  
 That he a pilgrimage would take  
 To Melrose Abbey, for the sake  
 Of Michael's restless sprite.  
 Then each, to ease his troubled breast,  
 To some blessed saint his prayers addressed :  
 Some to St Modan made their vows,  
 Some to St Mary of the Lowes,  
 Some to the Holy Rood of Lisle,  
 Some to our Ladye of the Isle ;  
 Each did his patron witness make,  
 That he such pilgrimage would take,  
 And monks should sing, and bells should  
 toll,  
 All for the weal of Michael's soul.  
 While vows were ta'en, and prayers were  
 prayed,  
 'Tis said the noble Dame, dismayed,  
 Renounced, for aye, dark magic's aid.

## XXVII.

Nought of the bridal will I tell,  
 Which after in short space befell ;  
 Nor how brave sons and daughters fair  
 Blessed Teviot's flower and Cranstoun's  
 heir :  
 After such dreadful scene, 'twere vain  
 To wake the note of mirth again ;

\* The Isle of Man. See Note.

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

## XXVIII.

With naked foot and sackcloth vest,  
 And arms enfolded on his breast,  
 Did every pilgrim go ;  
 The standers-by might hear unceasing,  
 Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath,  
 Through all the lengthened row :  
 No lordly look, no martial stride,  
 Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,  
 Forgotten their renown ;  
 Silent and slow, like ghosts, they glide  
 To the high altar's hallowed side,  
 And there they knelt them down :  
 Above the suppliant chieftains wave  
 The banners of departed brave ;  
 Beneath the lettered stones were laid  
 The ashes of their fathers dead ;  
 From many a garnished niche around,  
 Stern saints, and tortured martyrs, frowned.

## XXIX.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,  
 With sable cowl and scapular,  
 And snow-white stoles, in order due,  
 The holy fathers, two and two,  
 In long procession came ;  
 Taper, and host, and book they bare,  
 And holy banner, flourished fair  
 With the Redeemer's name ;  
 Above the prostrate pilgrim band  
 The mitred abbot stretched his hand,  
 And blessed them as they knelt ;  
 With holy cross he signed them all,  
 And prayed they might be sage in hall,  
 And fortunate in field.  
 Then mass was sung, and prayers were  
 said,  
 And solemn requiem for the dead :  
 And bells tolled out their mighty peal,  
 For the departed spirit's weal ;  
 And over in the office close  
 The hymn of intercession rose ;  
 And far the echoing aisles prolong  
 The awful burthen of the song,  
 DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,  
 SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA ;  
 While the pealing organ rung ;  
 Were it meet with sacred strain  
 To close my lay so light and vain,  
 Thus the holy fathers sung.

## 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,  
Swell the high trump that wakes the dead!

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

Hushed is the harp—the Minstrel gone.  
And did he wander forth alone?—  
Alone, in indigence and age,  
To linger out his pilgrimage?  
No;—close beneath proud Newark's tower,  
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;

A simple hut; but there was seen  
The little garden hedged with green,  
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean,  
There sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,  
Oft heard the tale of other days;  
For much he loved to ope his door,  
And give the aid he begged before.  
So passed the winter's day—but still,  
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,  
And July's eve, with balmy breath,  
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath;  
When throats sung on Harehead-shaw,  
And corn waved green on Carterhaugh,  
And flourished, broad, Blackandro's oak,  
The aged Harper's soul awoke!  
Then would he sing achievements high,  
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 rolled along,  
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

## NOTES.

## NOTES TO CANTO FIRST.

## NOTE I.

The feast was over in Branksome tower.—St I. p. 0.

In the reign of James I. Sir William Scott of Buccleuch, chief of the clan bearing that name, exchanged, with Sir Thomas Inglis of Manor, the estate of Murdistone, in Lanarkshire, for one-half of the barony of Branksome, or Branchholm,\* lying upon the Teviot, about three miles above Hawick. He was probably induced to this transaction from the vicinity of Branksome to the extensive domain which he possessed in Ettrick forest and in Teviotdale. In the former district he held by occupancy the estate of Buccleuch,† and much of the forest land on the river Ettrick. In Teviotdale, he held the barony of Eckford, by a grant from Robert II. to his ancestor, Walter Scott of Kirkcaldy, for the apprehending of Gilbert Ridderford, confirmed by Robert III., 3d May, 1424. Tradition imputes the exchange between Scott and Inglis to a conversation, in which the latter, a man, it would appear, of a mild and forbearing nature, complained much of the injuries which he was exposed to from the English borderers, who fre-

quently plundered his lands of Branksome.—Sir William Scott instantly offered him the estate of Murdistone, in exchange for that which was subject to such egregious inconvenience. When the bargain was completed, he drily remarked, that the cattle in Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale, and proceeded to commence a system of reprisals upon the English, which was regularly pursued by his successors. In the next reign, James II. granted to Sir Walter Scott of Branksome, and to Sir David, his son, the remaining half of the barony of Branksome, to be held in blank for the payment of a red rose. The cause assigned for the grant is, their brave and faithful exertions in favour of the king against the house of Douglas, with whom James had been recently tugging for the throne of Scotland. This charter is dated the 2d February, 1443; and, in the same month, part of the barony of Langholm, and many lands in Lanarkshire, were conferred upon Sir Walter and his son by the same monarch.

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

\* Branchholm is the proper name of the barony; but Branksome has been adopted as suitable to the pronunciation, and more proper for poetry.

† There are no vestiges of any building at Buccleuch, except the site of a chapel, where, according to a tradition current in the time of Scott of Satchell, many of the ancient barons of Buccleuch lie buried. There is also said to have been a mill near this solitary spot; an extraordinary circumstance, as little or no corn grows within several miles of Buccleuch. Satchell said it was used to grind corn for the hounds of the chieftain.

SCOTT OF KIRKCUOD KNVT BEGAN YE WORK UPON  
YE 24 OF MARCHE 1571 ZEIN GUILA DEPARTIT AT  
GOD'S PLEASURE YE 17 APRIL 1574. On a similar  
compartment are sculptured the arms of Douglas, with  
this inscription, "DAME MARGARET DOUGLAS HIS  
SPUIS COMPLETIT THE FORESAID WORK IN OCTOBER  
1576." Overjan arched door is inscribed the following  
moral verse:—

IN VARELD IS NOUCHT, NATURE HES VROUGHT,  
VAT. SAL. LEST. AV.  
THARFORE, SERVE, GOD, KRIP. VEIL. YE. ROD. TRY.  
FAME, SAL. NOCHT. DEKAY.  
SIR WALTER SCOT OF BRANKHOLME KNIGHT, MAR-  
GARET DOUGLAS 1571.

Branksome castle continued to be the principal seat  
of the Buccleuch family, while security was any object  
in their choice of a mansion. It has been the residence  
of the commissioners or chamberlains of the family.  
From the various alterations which the building has  
undergone, it is not only greatly restricted in its  
dimensions, but retains little of the castellated form,  
if we except one square tower of masonry thickness,  
being the only part of the original building which  
now remains.

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

## NOTE II.

Nine and twenty knights of fame  
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall.—St. III, p. 6.

The ancient barons of Buccleuch, both from feudal splendour,  
and from their frontier situation, retained in their  
household, at Branksome, a number of gentlemen of  
their own name, who held lands from their chief  
for the military service of watching and warding his  
castle. Satchells tells us, in his dogrel 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 bells rung and the trumpets sounded;  
And more than that, I do confess,  
They kept four and twenty pensioners,  
Think not I lie, nor do me blame,  
For the pensioners I can all name:  
There's men alive elder than I,  
They know if I speak truth or lie;  
Every pensioner a room \* did gain,  
For service done and to be done;  
This I'll let the reader understand,  
The name both of the men and land,  
Which they possessed, it is of truth,  
Both from the lairs and lord of Buccleugh."

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

\* Rooms, portion of land.

## NOTE III.

And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow.—St. V, p. 6.

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

## NOTE IV.

They watch against Southern force and guile,  
Lest Scroope, or Howard, or Percy's powers,  
Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,  
From Warkworth, or Naworth, or Mery Carlisle.—  
St. VI, p. 6.

Branksome Castle was continually exposed to the  
attacks of the English, both from its situation and the  
restless military disposition of its inhabitants, who  
were seldom on good terms with their neighbours.  
The following letter from the Earl of Northumberland  
to Henry VIII. in 1533, gives an account of a  
successful inroad of the English, in which the country  
was plundered, up to the gates of the castle. It  
occurs in the Cotton MS. Calig. B. VIII. f. 222.

"Fleasith ys your most gracious highnes to be ad-  
vertised that my countrillor with Raynald Carnaby  
desyred licence of me to invade the realme of Scot-  
land, for the annoyance of your highnes enemyes,  
where they thought best exploit by theyme might be  
done, and to haue to coeure with theyme the in-  
habitants of Northumberland, suche as was towards me  
according to theyre assembly, and as by theyre dis-  
cretions vpon the same, they shulde thinke most con-  
uenient; and soo they dyd mete vpon Monday, before  
nyght, being the iii day of this instant moneth, at  
Wawhop, vpon northe Tyne water, aboue Tyndall,  
where they were to the number of xv c men, and soo  
invadit Scotland, at the hour of viii of the clok at  
nyght, at a place called whele causay; and before xi  
of the clok dyd send forth a forrey of Tyndall and  
Ryddisdail, and laide all the residewe in a bush-  
ment, and actvely dyd set vpon a towne called  
Branxhom, where the lord of Buccleugh dwelthe, and  
purposed theymeselves with a trayne for hym  
like to his accustomed manner, in rryng, to all  
frayes; albeit, that knight he was not at home, and  
soo they brynt the said Branxhom, and other townes,  
as to say Whichestre, Whichestre-helme, and Whe-  
ley, and haid ordered theymeself soo, that sundry of  
the said Lord Buccleugh servants who dyd issue  
fourthe of his gates, was takyn prisoners. They dyd  
not leve one house, one stak of corne, nor one shyef,  
without the gate of the said Lord Buccleugh enbrynt;  
and thus scrymaged and frayed, supposing the Lord  
of Buccleugh to be within iii or iiiii myles to have  
trayned hym to the bushment; and soo in the bryk-  
yng of the day dyd the forrey and the bushment mete,  
and reculed homeward, making theyr way westward  
from theyre invasion to be over Lyddersdail, as in-  
tending, yf the fraye come theyre first entry by the  
Scottis watches, or otherwise by warning shulde haue  
bene gyven to Godworth and the country of Scot-  
land the rebouts of theyre invasion; whiche God-  
worth is from the whele causay, vi myles, that  
thereby the Scottis shulde haue comen furth vnto  
theyme, and more oste of ordre; and soo vpon sun-  
dry good considerations, before they entered Lydders-  
dail, as well accomping the inhabitants of the same  
to be towards your highnes, and to enforce theyme  
the more therby, as alsoe too put an occasion of sus-  
pect to the kinge of Scotts and his counsaill, to be  
takyn acause theyme, amongs theymeselves, maid  
proclamacions commaunding vppone payne of dethe,  
assurance to be for the said inhabitants of Lydders-  
dail, without any prejudice or hurt to be done by  
any Inglysmen vnto theyme, and soo in good ordre  
abowte the howre of ten of the clok before none,  
vppone Tuesday, dyd pas through the said Lydders-  
dail, when dyd come diverse of the said inhabitants  
there to my seruantes, under the said assurance, offer-  
ing theymeselves with any service they couthe make;  
and thus, thanke be to Godde, your highnes' subjects

about the howre of xli of the clok at none the same day, came into this youre highness realme, brynging wt theyme above xl Scottemen prisoners, one of theyme named Scot, of the surname and kyn of the said Lord of Buccleugh, and of his household; they brought alsooc keowle, and above lx horse and mares, keeping in a service from lose or burse all your said highness subjects. There was also a towne called Newbyggins, by diverse fozmen of Tyndail and Ryddesdail taken vp of the night, and spoyled, which was slayne ii Scottemen of the said towne, and many Scotts there burte; your highness subjects was xlii myles within the grounds of Scotland, and is frome my house at Werkworth, above lx miles of the most cv. li passage, where great auns were dothe lye i heretofore the same to wnes nowe brynt hairr not at any tyme in the myrd of man in any warre been enterprised unto nowe; your subjects were therio more encouraged for the better advancement of your highness service, the said Lord of Buccleugh byng always a mortall enemy to this your graces realme, and he dyd say within xliii days before, he woulde see who durst lye near hym, wt many other cruell words, the knowledge whereof was certaynly maid to my said servants, before theyre enterpryse maid vpon hym; most humbly beseeching your majesty that your highness thanks may concur vnto theyme, whose names be here inclosed, and to have in your most gracious memory, the paynfull and diligent service of my pore servaunte Wharton, and thus, as I am most bounden, shall dispose wt them that be vnder me f..... annoyssaunce of your highness enemy's."

## NOTE V.

Bards long shall tell

How Lord Walter fell.—St. VII. p. 6.

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

In the year 1526, in the words of Pitcottie, "The earl of Angus, and the rest of the Douglasses, ruled all which they liked, and no man durst say the contrary: wherefore the king (James V. then a minor) was heavily displeas'd, 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 the Douglasses hands, and to put him to liberty, to use himself among the laive (rest) of his lords, as he thinks expedient.

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

But when the lord Hume, Cressford, and Fernyhirst (the chiefs of the clan of Kerr) took their leave of the king, and returned home, then appeared the lord of Buccleuch in sight, and his company with him, in an arrayed battle, intending to have fulfilled the king's petition, and therefore came stoutly forward on the back side of Halidenshill. By that the earl of Angus, with George Douglas, his brother, and sundry other of his friends, seeing this army coming, they marvel'd 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 afeared, 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 unbeseat your grace from the gate' (i. e. interrupt your passage). I vow to God they shall either fight or flee; and ye shall tarry here on this know, and my brother George with you, with any other company you please; and I shall pass, and put you thieves off the ground, and rid the gate unto your grace, or else die for it.' The king tarried still, as was devised; and George Douglas with him, and sundry other lords, such as the earl of Lennox and the lord Erskine, and some of the king's own servants; but all the laive (rest) past with the earl of Angus to the field against the laird of Buccleuch, who joynd and countered cruelly both the said parties in the field of Darnelinvir, \* 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 Cressford and Fairnyhirst, to the number of fourscore spears, and set freshly on the lap and wing of the laird of Buccleugh's field, and shortly bare them backward to the ground; which caused the laird of Buccleugh, and the rest of his friends, to go back and flee, whom they followed and chased; and especially the lairds of Cressford and Fairnyhirst followed furtiously, till at the foot of a path the laird of Cressford was slain by the stroke of a spear by an Elliot, who was then servant to the laird of Buccleugh. But when the laird of Cressford was slain, the chase ceased. The earl of Angus returned again with great merriness and victory, and thanked God that he saved him from that chance, and past with the king to Melrose, where they remained all that night. On the morn they past to Edinburgh with the king, who was very sad and dolorous of the slaughter of the laird of Cressford, and many other gentlemen and yeomen slain by the laird of Buccleugh, 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:

## VALTERUS SCOTUS BUCLEUCHIUS.

Egregio suscepto facinore, pro libertate Regis, ac alijs rebus gestis clarus sub Jacobo V. A.º Christi, 1526.

Intentatus alijs, nullique auditis priusum

Audent, nec parvum morose mestuere quieti

Libertatem alijs soliti transibere Reges:

Subreptum hanc Regi restituisse paras.

Si vicinis, quanta o succedunt præmia dextræ

Sin victus falas spes jace, pone animam.

Hostica vis nocuit: stant altæ robora mentis

Atque decus. Vincet, Rego probante, fides.

INTRA quævis animis virtus, quosque aerior ardor?

Obsidet, obscuris nox premat an tenebris?

HEROES ex omni Historia Scotica lectissimis, Auctores Joh.º. Jonstonio Abredonense Scoto 1693.

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 latter end of James V.'s reign, for levying war against the Kerrs, and restored by act of parliament during the regency of Mary of Lorraine. But the most signal act of violence to which this quarrel gave rise was the murder of Sir Walter himself, who was slain by the Kerrs in the streets of Edinburgh, in 1552. This is the event alluded to in Stanza VII.; and the poem is supposed to open shortly after it had taken place.

## NOTE VI.

No! vainly to each holy shrine,

In mutual pilgrimage they drew.—St. VIII. p. 7.

Among other expedients resorted to for stanching the feud betwixt the Scotts and the Kerrs, there was

\* Darnwick, near Melrose. The place of conflict is still called Skinner's Field, from a corruption of Skirminsk Field.

a bond executed, in 1529, between the heads of each clan, binding themselves to perform reciprocally the four principal pilgrimages of Scotland, for the benefit of the souls of those of the opposite name who had fallen in the quarrel. This indenture is printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, Vol. I. But either it never took effect, or else the feud was renewed shortly afterward.

Such pactions 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 Ryoll, in Gascony, he remembered to have heard that his father lay there buried, and offered a hundred crowns to any who could show him his grave. A very old man appeared before Sir Walter, and informed him of the manner of his father's death, and the place of his sepulture. It seems the lord of Mauny had, at a great tournament, unhorsed, and wounded to the death, a Gascon knight of the house of Mirepoix, whose kinsman was b'ishop of Cambrai. 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 Ryoll, after accomplishment of his vow, he was beset and treacherously slain by the kindred of the knight whom he had killed. Sir Walter, guided by the old man, visited the lowly tomb of his father; and having read the inscription, which was in Latin, he caused the body to be raised and transported to his native city of Valenciennes, where masses were, in the days of Froissart, duly said for the soul of the unfortunate pilgrim.—*Chronicle of Froissart*, Vol. I. p. 123.

## NOTE VII.

While Cessford owns the rule of Car.—St. VIII. p. 7.

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

## NOTE VIII.

Before lord Cranstoun she should wed.—St. X. p. 7.

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 Buccleuch, in 1507, beset the laird of Cranstoun, seeking his life. Nevertheless, the same Cranstoun, or perhaps his son, was married to a daughter of the same lady.

## NOTE IX.

Of Bethune's line of Picardie.—St. XI. p. 7.

The Bethunes were of French origin, and derived their name from a small town in Artois. There were several distinguished families of the Bethunes in the neighbouring province of Picardie; 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

\* The name is spelled differently by the various families who bear it. Car is selected, not as the most correct, but as the most poetical reading.

Dame Janet Beaton, Lady Buccleuch, widow of Sir Walter Scott of Brankome. 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 imparted them to supernatural knowledge. With this was mingled, by fiction, 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 Darnley's murder "the Erie Bothwell, Mr. James Balfour, the person of Fliske Mr. David Chalmers, blak Mr. John Spens, who was principal deviser of the murder; and the Quene, assenting thairto, throw the perswasuon of the Erie Bothwell, and the witchcraft of Lady Buccleuch."

## NOTE X.

He learned the art, that none may name,  
In Pados, far beyond the sea.—St. XI. p. 7.

Padua was long supposed by the Scottish neasants 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 XI.

His form no darkening shadow traced  
Upon the sunny wall!—St. XI. p. 7.

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

## NOTE XII.

The viewless forms of air.—St. XII. p. 7.

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

"Airy tongues, that syllable men's names  
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

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 ye shall build the kirk of Deer!

But on Tapullery,  
Where many a corpse shall lie."

The site of the edifice was accordingly transferred to Tapullery, an eminence at some distance from the place where the building had been commenced.—MACFARLAIN'S MSS. I mention these popular fables, because the introduction of the river and mountain spirits, may not, at first sight, seem to accord with the general tone of the romance, and the superstitious of the country where the scene is laid.

## NOTE XIII.

A fancied moss-trooper, &c.—St. XIX. p. 8.

This was the usual appellation of the marauders upon the border; 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 is the condition of their living, if considered in their *Original, Increase, Height, Decay, and Ruine*."

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

2. "*Increase*.—When England and Scotland were united in Great Britain, they that formerly lived by hostile incursions betook themselves to the robbing of their neighbours. Their sons are free of the trade by their fathers' copy. They are like to Job, not in piety and patience, but in sudden plenty and poverty; sometimes having flocks and herds in the morning, come at night, and perchance many again next day. They may give for their motto, *circulus ex rolo*, stealing from their honest neighbours what they sometimes require. They are a nest of hornets; strike one, and stir all of them about your ears. Indeed, if they promise safely to conduct a traveller, they will perform it with the fidelity of a Turkish janizary; otherwise, we be to him that falleth into their quarters!

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

4. "*Decay*.—Caused by the wisdom, valour, and diligence, of the Right Honourable Charles Lord Howard, Earl of Carlisle, who routed these English Tories with his regiment. His severity unto them will not only be excused, but commended, by the judicious, who consider how our great lawyer doth describe such persons who are solemnly outlawed.—BACON, lib. 3, tract. 2, esp. 11. "*Ex tunc gerunt copet lupinum, ita quod sine judiciali inquisitione, rite present, et secum suum iudicium portant; et merito sine lege perent qui secundum legem vitare recusant.*"

"Thenceforward (after that they are outlawed) they wear a wolf's head, so that they lawfully may be destroyed, without any judicial inquisition, as who carry their own condemnation about them, and deservedly die without law, because they refused to live according to law."

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

How the brave boy, in future war,  
Should tame the Unicorn's pride,  
Exalt the Crescent and the Star.—St. XIX. p. 8.

The arms of the Kerrs of Cessford were, *Fert on a chevron, betwix three unicorn's heads erased argent, three mollets sable*. Crest, an unicorn's head erased proper. The Scotts of Buccleuch bore, *Or on a bend azure: a star of six points betwix two crescents of the first*.

## NOTE XV.

William of Deloraine.—St. XX. p. 8.

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 1555. Like other possessors, the lands of Deloraine were occasionally granted by them to vassals or kinsmen, for Border-service. Satchell mentions, among the twenty-four gentlemen pensioners of the family, "William Scott, commonly called *Cat at the Black*, who had the lands of Nether Deloraine for his service." And again, "This William of Deloraine, commonly called *Cat at the Black*, was a brother of the ancient house of Haining, which house is descended from the ancient house of Haszenden." 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 endeavoured to give William of Deloraine the attributes which characterised the borderers of his day; for which I can only plead Froissart's apology, that "it behoveth, in a lynnage, so to be folysh and outrageous, to maynteyne and sustayne the peassable." As a contrast to my Marchant, I beg leave to transcribe, from the same author, the speech of Amerget Marceil, a captain of the adventurous companions, a robber, and a pillager of the country of Auvergne, who had been bribed to sell his strongholds, and to assume a more honourable military life under the banners of the Earl of Armagnac. But "when he remembered alle this, he was sorrowful; his tresour he thought he wold not mynysshe; he was wrothe dayly to serche for newe pyllages, wherbye heerced his profyte, and then he sawe that alle was closed fro' hym." Than he sayde and imagined, that to thynge and to robbe (all thynge considered) was a good lyfe, and so repented hym of his good doing. On a tyme, he said to his old companions, "Sirs, there is no sporte nor glory in this world amonge men of warre, but to use suche lyfe as we have done in tyme past. What a joy was it to us when we rode forthe at adventure, and somtyme found by the way a riche priour or merchant, or a route of muelletes of Mountpeller, of Narbonne, of Lymens, of Fontagns, of Bezers, of Tholous, or of Carcasone, laden with cloth of Brussels, or peltre ware comynge fro the foyres, or laden with speerye fro Bruges, fro Damas, or fro Alysandour: whatsoever we met, alle was ours, or els ransomed at our pleasures; dayly we gatte newe money, and the vyllaynes of Auvergne and of Lymosyn dayly provyded and brought to our castell whete mele, good wyne, beefes, and fatte motons, pullayue and wyde foule; we were ever furnished as tho we had ben kings. When we rode furth, all the country trymbled for feare; all was ours goynge and comynge. Howe tok we Carlat I and the Bourge of Compayne, and I and Perot of Bernoys took Caluset: how day we seale, with lytell ayde, the strong castell of Marquell, pertayning to the Erl Dolphyn; I kept it nat past fyve days, but I receyved for it, on a feyre table, fyve thousande frankes, and forgave one thousande for the love of the Erl Dolphyn's children. By my fayth, this was a fayre and a good lyfe; wherefore I repute myselve sore deceyved, in that I have rendered up the fortres of Aloys; for it wold have kept fro alle the world, and the daye that I gave it up, it was furnished with vytylles to have ben kepte seven yere

without any re-vytaylyng. This Erl of Armysake  
hath deceyved me: Olyve Barbe and Perot le Ber-  
nos, shewed to me how I shulde repente myselfe:  
certayne I sore repente myself of that I have done."  
—FROISSART, Vol. II. p. 195.

## NOTE XVI.

By wily turns, by desperate bounds,  
E'ad baffled Percy's best bloodhounds.—St. XXI. p. 8.

The kings and heroes of Scotland, as well as the  
border-riders, were sometimes obliged to study how  
to evade the pursuit of bloodhounds. Barbour in  
forms us, that Robert Bruce was repeatedly tracked  
by sleuth-dogs. On one occasion, he escaped by  
wading a bow-shot down a brook, and thus baffled the  
scent. The pursuers came up:

"Rycht to the burn that passy ware,  
Bot the sleuth-band maid stotting thar,  
And waseyrt lang tyme ta and fra,  
That he na certain gait couth ga;  
Till at the last Jhon of Lorn,  
Perseuait 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 sacrific-  
ed on such occasions. Henry the minstrel tells a  
romantic story of Wallace, founded on this circum-  
stance. The hero's little band had been joined by an  
Irishman, named Fawdon, or Fadzcan, a dark, savage,  
and suspicious character. After a sharp skirmish at  
Black-Erne Side, Wallace was forced to retreat with  
only sixteen followers. The English pursued with  
only sixteen followers. The English pursued with  
a hound *sleuth-bratoc*, or bloodhound:

"In Gelderland there was that bratchel hred,  
Siker of scent, to follow them that fled;  
So was he used in Eke and Liddisall,  
While (i. e. *nil*) she gat blood no fleeing might avail."

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

"The sleuth stopped at Fawdon, till she stood,  
Nor farther would fra time she fand the blood."

The story concludes with a fine Gothic scene of terror.  
Wallace took refuge in the solitary tower of Gask.  
Here he was disturbed at midnight by the blast of a  
horn: he sent out his attendants by twos and twos, but  
no one returned with tidings. At length, when he  
was left alone, the sound was heard still louder. The  
champion descended, sword in hand; and at the gate  
of the tower was encountered by the headless spectre  
of Fawdon, whom he had slain so rashly. Wallace,  
in great terror, fled up into the tower, tore 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 Fawdon upon the battlements, dilated to immense  
size, and holding in his hand a blazing rafter. The  
Minstrel concludes,

"Trust ryght wels, that all this be sooth, indeed,  
Supposing it be no point of the creed."

The Wallace, Book V.

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

## NOTE XVII.

Dimly he viewed the Moat-hill's mound.—

St. XXV. p. 9.

This is a round artificial mound near Hawick,  
which, from its name (*Moat Ang. Sax. Conciunus*,  
*Conventus*), was probably anciently used as a place  
for assembling a national council of the adjacent  
tribes. There are many such mounds in Scotland,  
and they are sometimes, but rarely, of a square form.

## NOTE XVIII.

Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.—St. XXV. p. 9.

The estate of Hazeldean, corruptly Hassendean,  
belonged formerly to a family of Scotts, thus com-  
memorated by Satchells.

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

## NOTE XIX.

On Minto-crag the moonbeams glint,—  
St. XXVII. p. 9.

A romantic assemblage of cliffs, which rise sud-  
denly 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  
*Barthil's Bed*. This Barthil is said to have been  
a robber or outlaw. There are remains of a strong  
tower beneath the rocks, where he is supposed to  
have dwelt, and from which he derived his name.  
On the summit of the crags there are the fragments  
of another ancient tower, in a very picturesque situ-  
ation. Among the houses cast down by the Earl of  
Hartford, in 1545, occur the towers of Easter Bar-  
thills, 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-hook,  
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook:  
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;  
Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love,  
But what had my youth with ambition to do?  
Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow?"

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,  
And bid the wide world secure me from love.  
Ah, fool, to imagine that aught could subdue  
A love so well-founded, a passion so true!  
Ah, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook 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 XX.

Ancient Riddell's fair domain.—St. XXVIII. p. 9.

The family of Riddell had been very long in pos-  
session of the barony called Riddell, or Ryedale, part  
of which still bears the latter name. Tradition carries  
their antiquity to a point extremely remote; and it  
is in some degree sanctioned by the discovery of two  
stone coffins, one containing an earthen pot filled  
with ashes and arms, bearing a legible date, a. D.  
727; the other dated 936, and filled with the bones of  
a man of gigantic size. These coffins were found 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 sepulchre, 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  
I. to Walter Rydale, sheriff of Roxburgh, confirming  
all the estates of Lillesclive, &c., of which his father,  
Gervasius de Rydale, died possessed. 2dly, A bull  
of Pope Adrian IV. confirming the will of Walter de  
Ridale, knight, in favour of his brother Anschitill de  
Ridale, dated 9th April, 1155. 3dly, A bull of Pope  
Alexander III. confirming the said will of Walter  
de Ridale, bequeathing to his brother Anschitill the  
lands of Lillesclive, Whetunes, &c., and ratifying  
the bargain betwixt Anschitill and Huetredus, con-  
cerning the church of Lillesclive, in consequence of  
the mediation of Malcolm II., and confirmed by a  
charter from that monarch. This bull is dated 17th  
June 1150. 4thly, A bull of the same Pope, con-  
firming the will of Sir Anschitill de Ridale, in favour  
of his son Walter, conveying the said lands of Lilles-  
clive and others dated 10th March 1120. It is re-  
markable, that Lillesclive, otherwise Rydale, or



Riddell, and the Whettunes, have descended, through a long train of ancestors, without ever passing into a collateral line, to the person of Sir John Buchanan Riddell, Bart. of Riddell, the lineal descendant and representative of Sir Anselm. These circumstances appeared worthy of notice in a Border work.

## NOTE XXI.

As glanced his eye o'er Halidon.—St. XXX. p. 9.

Halidon 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 the fourth note on this Canto.

## NOTE XXII.

Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed ran.—  
St. XXXI. p. 10.

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

"Oh, the monks of Melrose made gude kale \*  
On Fridays when they fasted;  
They wanted neither beef nor ale,  
As long as their neighbours' lasted."

## NOTES TO CANTO SECOND.

## NOTE I.

When silver edges the imagery,  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die.—  
St. I. p. 10.

The buttresses, ranged along the sides of the ruins of Melrose, are, according to the Gothic style, richly carved and fretted, containing niches for the statues of saints, and labelled with scrolls, bearing appropriate texts of Scripture. Most of these statues have been demolished.

## NOTE II.

—St. David's ruined pile.—St. I. p. 10.

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 *good saint for the crown*.

## NOTE III.

—Lands and livings many a rood,  
Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose.—  
St. II. p. 10.

The Buccleuch family were great benefactors to the abbey of Melrose. As early as the reign of Robert II., Robert Scott, baron of Mardieston and Ranelburn (now Buccleuch), gave to the monks the lands of Hinkery, in Etrick forest, *pro salute anime sue*.—*Cartulary of Melrose*, 28th May, 1415.

\* Kale, Broth.

## NOTE IV.

Prayer know I hardly one;  
Save to pater an Ave Mary,  
When I ride on a Border foray.—St. VI. p. 11.

The borderers were, as may be supposed, very ignorant about religious matters. Colville, in his *Parvnesia, or Admonition*, states, that the reformed divines were so far from undertaking distant journeys to convert the heathens, "as I wold was at God that ye wold only go bot to the Highlands and Borders of our own realm, to gain our awin countrymen, who, for lack of preaching and ministratioun of the sacraments, must, with tyme, becom either infedells or athelists." But we learn, from Lesley, that, however deficient in real religion, they regularly told their beads, and never with more zeal than when going on a plundering expedition.

## NOTE V.

Beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.—  
St. VII. p. 11.

The cloisters were frequently used as places of sepulchre. An instance occurs in Dryburgh Abbey, where the cloister has an inscription bearing, *Hic jacet frater Archibaldus*.

## NOTE VI.

So had he seen, in fair Castille,  
The youth in glittering squadrons start;  
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,  
And hurl the unexpected dart.—St. VIII. p. 11.

"By my faith," said the Duke of Lancaster (to a Portuguese squire), "of all the festes of armes that the Castellians and they of your country doth use, the eastyng of their dartes best pleaseth me, and gladly I wold se it; for as I hear say, if they strike one aright, without he be wel armed, the dart will pierce him thurgh." "By my fayth, sir," said the squyer, "ye say trouth; for I have seen many a grète stroke given with them, which at one time cost us dere, and was to us great displeasure; for at the said skyrnische, Sir John Laurence of Coygne was striken with a dart in such wise, that the head perced all the plates of his cote of mayle, and a sacke stopped with sylke, and passed thurgh his body, so that he fell down dead."—*Froissart*, vol. II. ch. 44. This mode of fighting with darts was imitated in the military game called *Juego de las comas*, 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 Agadinger Dolyferne; he was always wel mounted on a redy and a lyght horse: it seemed, when the horse ranne, that he did flye in the ayre. The knyghte seemed to be a good man of armes by his dedes; he bare always of usage three fetthered dartes, and rychte well he coude handle them; and, according to their custome, he was cleve armed with a long white towell aboute his herd. His apparell was blanke, and his own colour browne, and a good horseman. The Crysten men say, they thought he dyd such dedes of armes for the love of some yonge ladye of his country. And true it was, that he loved entirely the king of Thunes' daughter, named the Lady Axala; she was inherytour to the realme of Thunes, after the decease of the kyng, her father. This Agadinger was sone to the Duke of Olyferne. I can nat telle if they were married together after or nat; but it was shewed me that this knyght, for love of the sayd ladye, during the sieg, did many feats of armes. The knyghtes of France wold fayn have taken hym; but they coude never atrappe nor inclose him, his horse was so swyft, and so redy to his hand, that alwaies he escaped."—Vol. II. ch. 71.

## NOTE VII.

—Thy low and lonely urn,  
Oh gallant chief of Otterburn!—St. X. p. 11.  
The famous and desperate battle of Otterburne was fought 15th August, 1388, betwixt Henry Percy, called Hotspur, and James Earl of Douglas. Both

the renowned champions were at the head of a chosen body of troops, and they were rivals in military fame; so that Froissart affirms, "Of all the batayles and encounters that I have made mention of here before in all this history, great or small, this batayle that I treat of now was one of the sorest and best-foughten, without cowardes or faynte hertes; for there was neythir knyghte nor squyer but that dyde his devoyre, and fought hande to hande. This batayle was lyke the batayle of Heberell, the which was valiantlye fought and endured." The issue of the conflict is well known: Prey was made prisoner, and the Scots won the day, dearly purchased by the death of their gallant general, the Earl of Douglas, who was slain in the action. He was buried at Melrose beneath the high altar. "His obsequy was done reverently, and on his body layde a tombe of stone, and his baner hanging over hym."—FROISSART, vol. II. p. 161.

## NOTE VIII.

—Dark knight of Liddesdale.—St. X. p. 11.

William Douglas, called the knight of Liddesdale, flourished during the reign of David II., and was so distinguished by his valour, that he was called the Flower of Chivalry. Nevertheless, he tarnished his renown by the cruel murder of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, originally his friend and brother-in-arms. The king had conferred upon Ramsay the sheriffdom of Teviotdale, to which Douglas pretended some claim. In revenge of this preference, the knight of Liddesdale came down upon Ramsay, while he was administering justice at Hawick, seized, and carried him off to his remote and inaccessible castle of Hermitage, where he threw his unfortunate prisoner, horse and man, into a dungeon, and left him to perish of hunger. It is said, the miserable captive prolonged his existence for several days by the corn which fell from a granary above the vault in which he was confined.\* So weak was the royal authority, that David, though 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 Etrick Forest, by his own godson and chieftain, William Earl of Douglas, in revenge, according to some authors, of Ramsay's murder; although a popular tradition, preserved in a ballad quoted by Godscroft, 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, Williams-cross, upon the ridge of a hill called William-hope, betwixt Tweed and Yarrow. His body, according to Godscroft, was carried to Lindsay 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 IX.

The moon on the east oriel shone.—St. XI. p. 11.

It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful specimen of the lightness and elegance of Gothic architecture, when in its purity, than the eastern

\* There is something affecting in the manner in which the old Prior of Lochleven turns from describing the death of the gallant Ramsay, to the general sorrow which it excited:

"To tell you thare of the manere,  
It is bot sorrow for til here;  
He was the grettest meynid man  
That our north have flowerit of than,  
Of his state, or of more he fare;  
All meynid him, both bettir and war;  
The ryche and pure him meynid both,  
For of his dede was mekil skailth."

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 bridle, which the author has since given to the Earl of Dalhousie, under the impression that it possibly may be a relique of his brave ancestor. The worthy clergyman of the parish has mentioned this discovery in his statistical account of the parish of Chastleton.

window of Melrose Abbey. Sir James Hall of Dun-  
glas, Bart. has, with great ingenuity and plausi-  
bility, traced the Gothic order through its various  
forms, and seemingly eccentric ornaments, to an  
architectural imitation of wicker-work; of which,  
as we learn from some of the legends, the earliest  
Christian churches were constructed. In such an  
edifice, the original of the clustered pillars is traced  
to a set of round posts, begirt with slender rods of  
willows, whose loose summits were brought to meet  
from all quarters, and bound together artificially,  
so as to produce the frame-work of the roof; and  
the tracery of our Gothic windows is displayed in  
the meeting and interlacing of rods and hoops,  
affording an inexhaustible variety of beautiful forms  
of open work. This ingenious system is alluded to  
in the romance. Sir James Hall's essay on Gothic  
architecture is published in *The Edinburgh Philo-  
sophical Transactions*.

## NOTE X.

They sat them down on a marble stone,

A Scottish monarch slept below.—St. XII. p. 11.

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

## NOTE XI.

—The wondrous Michael Scott.—St. XIII. p. 11.

Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie flourished during  
the 13th century, and was one of the ambassadors  
sent to bring the Maid of Norway to Scotland, upon  
the death of Alexander III. By a poetical anachro-  
nism, 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 1495; and several treatises upon  
natural philosophy, from which he appears to have  
been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial  
astrology, alchymy, physiognomy, and chiromancy.  
Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a  
skilful magician. Dempster informs us, that he  
remembers to have heard in his youth, that the  
magic books of Michael Scott were still in existence,  
but could not be opened without danger, on account  
of the spells who were thereby invoked.—*Dempsteri  
Historia Ecclesiastica*, 1627, lib. xii. p. 495. Lesly  
characterises Michael Scott as—"singulari philo-  
sophia, astronomia, ac medicina laude prestans; dis-  
cretus profundissimus magis veritas indagans." A per-  
sonage, thus spoken of by biographers and histo-  
rians, loses little of his mystical fame in vulgar  
tradition. Accordingly, the memory of Sir Michael  
Scott survives in many a legend; and, in the south  
of Scotland, any work of great labour and antiquity  
is ascribed, either to the agency of *Auld Michael*, of  
Sir William Wallace, or of the devil. Tradition  
varies concerning the place of his burial: some  
contend for Holme Coltrame, in Cumberland;  
others for Melrose Abbey. But all agree, that his  
books of magic were interred in his grave, or pre-  
served in the convent where he died. Satebells,  
wishing to give some authority for his account of the  
origin of the name of Scott, pretends, that, in 1629,  
he chanced to be at Burgh, under Bowness, in Cum-  
berland, where a person, named Lancelot Scott,  
showed him an extract from Michael Scott's works,  
containing that story.

"He said the book which he gave me,

Was of Sir Michael Scott's historie;

Which historie was never yet read through,

Nor never will, for no man dare it do.

Young scholars have pick'd out something

From the contents, that dare not read within.

He carried me along into the castle then,

And shew'd his written book hanging on an iron

pin.

His writing pen did seem to me to be

Of harden'd metal, like steel, or acumie;

The volume of it did seem so large to me,

As the book of martyrs and Turks historie,

Then in the church he let me see  
A stone where Mr. Michael Scott did lie;  
I asked at him how that could appear,  
Mr. Michael had been dead above five hundred  
year?

He shew'd me none durst bury under that stone,  
More than he had been dead a few years ago;  
For Mr. Michael's name doth terrify each one.  
*History of the Right Honourable name of Scott.*

## NOTE XII.

—Salamanca's cave.—St. XIII. p. 12.

Spain, from the reliques, doubtless, of Arabian learning and superstition, was accounted a favourite residence of magicians. Pope Sylvester, who actually imported from Spain the use of the Arabian numerals, was supposed to have learned there the magic for which he was stigmatised by the ignorance of his age.—*Walden of Malabar*, lib. ii. cap. 10. There were public schools, where magic, or rather the sciences supposed to involve its mysteries, were regularly taught, at Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca. In the latter city they were held in a deep cavern, the mouth of which was walled up by Queen Isabella, wife of King Ferdinand.—*L'Auton on learned Incredulity*, p. 45. The celebrated magician Maugis, cousin to Rinaldo of Montalban, called, by Ariosto, Malagigi, studied the black art at Toledo, as we learn from *L'Histoire de Maugis D'Agremont*. He even held a *professors* chair in the necromantic university; for so I interpret the passage, "*qu'en leur les sept ars d'enchantement, des charmes et conjurations il n'y avoit meilleur maistre que lui; et en tel renom qu'en le laissât en chaise, et l'appelloient en moine Maugis*." This Salamanca Domsdaniel is said to have been founded by Hercules. If the classic reader inquires where Hercules himself learned magic, he may consult "*Les faits et proces 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 judicial astrology. Such, according to the idea of the middle ages, were the studies, "*maximus quos docuit Atlas*." In a romantic history of Roderic, the last Gothic king of Spain, he is said to have entered one of those enchanted caverns. It was situated beneath an ancient tower near Toledo; and when the iron gates which secured the entrance were unfolded, there rushed forth as 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 war. Accordingly, his train being furnished with torches so artificially composed that the tempest could not extinguish them, the king, with great difficulty, penetrated into a square hall, inscribed all over with Arabian characters. In the midst stood a colossal statue of brass, representing a Saracen wielding a Moorish mace, with which it discharged furious blows on all sides, and seemed thus to excite the tempest which raged around. Being conjured by Roderic, it ceased from striking until he read, inscribed on its right hand, "*Fretched monarch, for thy evil hast thou come hither*;" on the left hand, "*Thou shalt be disposed by a strange people*;" on one shoulder, "*I invoke the sun 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 locked and barricaded; but, in the course of the night, the tower fell with a tremendous noise, and under its ruins concealed for ever the entrance to the mystic cavern. The conquest of Spain by the Saracens, and the death of the unfortunate Don Roderic, fulfilled the prophecy of the brazen statue.—*Historia verdadera del Rey Don Rodrigo por el sabio Alcaide Abulcain, traduccion de la lengua Arabiga por Niquel de Luna*, 1654, cap. vi.

## NOTE XIII.

The bells would ring in Notre Dame.—St. XIII. p. 12.

"*Tantanne rem tam negligenter*?" says Tyrwhitt of his predecessor Spaght; who, on his comment on Chaucer, had omitted, as trivial and fabulous, the story of Wade and his boat Guingelot, 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 retired to his study, opened his book, and evoked a fiend in the shape of a huge black horse, mounted upon his back, and forced him to fly through the air towards France. As they crossed the sea, the devil indignantly asked his rider, What it was that the old women of Scotland muttered at bed-time? A less experienced wizard might have answered, that it was the Pater Noster, which would have licensed the devil to precipitate him from his back. But Michael sternly replied, "What is that to thee? Mount, Diabolus, and fly!" When he arrived at Paris, he tied his horse to the gate of the palace, entered, and boldly delivered his message. An ambassador, with so little of the pomp and circumstance of diplomacy, was not received with much respect; and the king was about to return a contemptuous refusal to his demand, when Michael besought him to suspend his resolution till he had seen his horse stamp three times. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and caused all the bells to ring; the second threw down three of the towers of the palace; 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. Upon another occasion, the magician, having studied so long in the mountains that he became faint for want of food, sent his servant to procure some from the nearest farmhouse. The attendant received a churlish denial from the farmer. Michael commanded him to return to this rustic Nabab, and lay before him his cap, or bonnet, repeating these words,

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

When this was done and said, the enchanted bonnet became suddenly inflated, and began to run round the house with great speed, pursued by the farmer, his wife, his servants, and the reapers, who were on the neighbouring *har's rigg*. No one had the power to resist the fascination, or refrain from joining in pursuit of the bonnet, until they were totally exhausted with their ludicrous exercise. A similar charm occurs in *Huon de Bourdeaux*, and in the ingenious Oriental tale, called the *Caliph Fathek*.

Michael, like his predecessor Merlin, fell at last a victim to female art. His wife, or concubine elicited out of him the secret that his art could ward off any danger except the poisonous qualities of broth, made of the flesh of a *brave* 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 confidante.

## NOTE XIV.

The words, that cleft Eildon hills in three,  
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone.—

St. XIII. p. 12.

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 *cuuld*, or dam-head, across the Tweed at Kelso: it was accomplished in one night, and still does honour to the infernal architect. Michael next ordered that Eildon hill, which was then a uniform cor., should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its sum-

mit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of seaweed.

## NOTE XV.

That lamp shall burn unquenchably.—  
St. XVII. p. 13.

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 Licetus investigates the subject in a treatise, *De Laceris antiquiorum recemditis*, published at Venice, 1621. One of these perpetual lamps is said to have been discovered in the tomb of Tulliola, the daughter of Cicero. The wick was supposed to be composed of asbestos. Kircher enumerates three different receipts for constructing such lamps; and wisely concludes, that the thing is nevertheless impossible.—*Mundus Subterraneus*, p. 72. Delrio imputes the fabrication of such lights to magical skill, *Disquisitiones Magicæ*, p. 58. In a very rare romance, which "treateth of the life of Virgilius, a god of his death, and many marvels that he dyd in his life-time, by whyche-crafts and nygromancye, thorough the help of the devils of hell," mention is made of a very extraordinary process, 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 his 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 nails, twelve on each side of the porch. These enchanted statues struck with their nails 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 trusty servant, to whom he communicated the secret of the entrance, and thither they conveyed all the magician's treasure. "Then sayd Virgilius, my dere beloved frende, and be that I above alle men truste and knowe mooste of my secret," and then he led the man into the cellar, where he had made a *fyre lamp of all seasons burninge*. "And than sayd Virgilius to the man, 'Se you the barell that standeth here?' and he sayd, 'yea: therein must thou put me: fyrst ye must slice me, and hewe me smalle to peeces, and cut my head in thre peeces, and salte the head under in the bottom, and then the peeces there after, and my herte in the myddel, and then set the barell under the lampe, that myghte and daye the fat therein maye droppe and leake; and ye shall, ix dayes longe, ones in the daye, fyll the lampe, and fayle nat. And when this is alle done, than shall I be renued, and made yonge agen.'" At this extraordinary proposal, the confidant was sore abashed, and made some scruple of obeying his master's commands. At length, however, he complied, and Virgil was slain, pickled, and barrelled up, in all respects according to his own direction. The servant then left the tower, taking care to put the copper threshers in motion at his departure. He continued daily to visit the tower with the same precaution. Meanwhile, the emperor, with whom Virgil was a great favourite, missed him from the court, and demanded of his servant where he was. The domestic pretended ignorance, till the emperor threatened him with death, when at length he conveyed him to the enchanted tower. The same threat extorted a discovery of the mode of stopping the statues from widdling their nails. "And then the emperour entered into the castle with all his folke, and soughte all aboute in every corner after Virgilius; and at the last they soughte so long, that they came into the selder, where they sawe the lampe hang over the barell, where Virgilius lay in deed. Then asked the emperour the man who had made hym so hardy to put his mayster Virgilius so to dethe; and the man answered no worde to the emperour. And then the emperour, with great anger, drewe oute his swerde, and slewed he there Virgilius' man. And when all this was done, then sawe the emperour, and

all his folke, a naked chyldc ill tymes rennyng aboute the barell, sayng these wordes, 'Cursed be the tyme that ye ever came here!' And with those wordes vanyshed the chyldc awaye, and was never sene ageyn; and thus sayd Virgilius in the barell deed.—*Virgilius*, bl. 16f. printed at Antwerpe by John Doesborcke. This curious volume is in the valuable library of Mr. Douce, and is supposed to be a translation from the French, printed in Flanders for the English market.—See *Gouger Biblioua*, Franc. ix. 225. *Catalogue de la Bibliothèque Nationale*, tom. ii. p. 3. *De Bure*, No. 3807.

## NOTE XVI.

He thought, as he took it, the dead man frowned.—  
St. XXI. p. 13.

William of Deloraine might be strengthened in this belief by the well-known story of the Cid Ruy Diaz. When the body of that famous Christian champion was lying in state, a certain malicious Jew stole into the chamber to pull him by the beard; but he had no sooner touched the formidable wulkers, than the corpse started up, and half unsheathed his sword. The Israelite fled; and so permanent was the effect of his terror, that he became Christian.—*Haywood's Hierarchy*, p. 480, quoted from Sebastian Cobarruvius *Cronica*.

## NOTE XVII.

The Baron's Dwarf his courser held.—  
St. XXXI. p. 14.

The idea of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page is taken from a being called Gilpin Horner, who appeared, and made some stay, at a farm-house among the Border-mountains. A gentleman of that country has noted down the following particulars concerning his appearance:—

"The only certain, at least most probable account, that ever I heard of Gilpin Horner, was from an old man of the name of Anderson, who was born, and lived all his life, at Todshaw hill, in Eskdalemuir, 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 fore-feet together, to hinder them from travelling far in the night,) when they heard a voice, at some distance, crying, 'tint! tint! tint!' One of the men, named Moffat, called out, 'What de'il 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 any of them, and staid there a long time; but I cannot say how long. It was real flesh and blood, and ate and drank, was fond of cream, and when it could get at it, would destroy a great deal. It seemed a mischievous creature; and any of the children whom it could master, it would beat and scratch without mercy. It was once abusing a child belonging to the same Moffat who had been so frightened by its first appearance, and he, in a passion, struck it so violent a blow upon the side of the head, that it tumbled upon the ground; but it was not stunned; for it set up its head directly, and exclaimed, 'Ah, bah, Will o' Moffat, you strike sair!' (namely, *avee*). After it had said there long, one evening, when the women were milking the cows in the loam, 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

\* *Tint* signifies *eat*.

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 words *tint! tint!* Gilpin Horner was often heard to call upon Peter Bertram, or Be-terram, as he pronounced the word; and when the shrill voice called Gilpin Horner, he immediately acknowledged it was the summons of the said Peter Bertram, who seems therefore to have been the devil who had tint, or lost, the little imp.

## NOTE XVIII.

But the Ladye of Branksome gathered a band  
Of the best that would ride at her command.—  
St. XXXIII. p. 14.

"Upon 25th June 1557, dame Janet Beatonne, Lady Buccleugh, and a great number of the name of Scott, de-laitit (accused) for coming to the kirk of St Mary of the Lowes, to the number of two hundred persons bodin in feir of weire (arranged in armour), and breaking open the doors of the said kirk, in order to apprehend the laird of Cranstoun for his destruction." On the 20th July, a warrant from the queen is presented, discharging the justice to proceed against the Lady Buccleugh while new calling.—*Abridgement of Books of Adjournal in Advocates' Library.* The following proceedings upon this case appear on the record of the Court of Justiciary:—On the 25th of June 1557, Robert Scott, in Bowhill parish, priest of the kirk of St Mary's, accused of the convocation of the queen's lieges, to the number of two hundred persons, in warlike array, with jacks, helmes, and other weapons, and marching to the chapel of St Mary of the Lowes, for the slaughter of Sir Peter Cranstoun, out of ancient feud and malice prepense, 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 Burnefute, Robert Scott in Howfurd, Walter Scott in Todshawhauch, Walter Scott younger of Synton, Thomas Scott of Hayning, Robert Scott, William Scott, and James Scott, brothers of the said Walter Scott, Walter Scott in the Well, and Walter Scott, son of William Scott of Harden, and James Wemyis in Eckford, all accused of the same crime, is declared to be forfeited. On the same day, Walter Scott of Synton, and Walter Chisholme of Chisholme, and William Scott of Harden, became bound, jointly and severally, that Sir Peter Cranstoun, and his kindred and servants, should receive no injury from them in future. At the same time, Patrick Murray of Fallochill, Alexander Stuart, uncle to the laird of Traikware, John Murray of Newhall, John Fairrie, residing in Selkirk, George Tait younger of Fern, John Penne-cuke of Penneycuke, James Ramsay of Cokpen, the laird of Passayde, and the laird of Henderstounne, were all severally fined for not attending as jurors. Upon the 20th of July following, Scott of Synton, Chisholme of Chisholme, Scott of Harden, Scott of Howpastie, Scott of Burnefute, with many others, are ordered to appear at next calling, under the pains of treason. But no further procedure seems to have taken place. It is said, that upon this rising, the kirk of St Mary was burned by the Scotts.

## NOTES TO CANTO THIRD.

## NOTE I.

When, dancing in the sunny beam,  
He marked the crane on the baron's crest.—  
St. IV. p. 15.

The crest of the Cranstouns, in allusion to their name, is a crane dormant, holding a stone in his foot with an emphatic Border motto, *Thru shall want ere I want.*

## NOTE II.

Much he marvelled a knight of pride,  
Like a book-bosomed priest, should ride.—  
St. VIII. p. 16.

"At Unthank, two miles N. E. from the church (of Ewes), there are the ruins of a chapel for divine service in time of Popery. There is a tradition, that friars were wont to come from Melrose, or Jedburg, to baptise and marry in this parish; and, from being in use to carry the mass book in their bosomes, they were called by the inhabitants *Book-a-bosoms*. There is a man yet alive, who knew old men who had been baptised by these book-a-bosoms, and who, says one of them, called Hair, used this parish for a very long time."—*Account of Parish of Ewes, apud Macfarlane's MSS.*

## NOTE III.

It had much of glamour might.—St. IX. p. 16.

*Glamour*, in the legends of Scottish superstition, means the magic power of imposing on the eyesight of spectators, so that the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality. To such a charm the ballad of Johnie Fa' imputes the fascination of the lovely countess, who eloped with that gipsy leader.

See soon as they saw her wee-fa'rd 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 necromancer offered to "make the ayre so thicke, 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 castill se this bridge, they will be so afrayed that they shall seide them to your mercy." The duke demanded, 'Fayre master, on this bridge that ye speak of, may our people assuredly go thereto to the castill to assaile it?' 'Syr,' quod the ecchantour, 'I dare not assure you that; for if any that passeth on the bridge make the signe of the crosse on him, all shall go to nought, and they that be on the bridge shall fall into the see.' Then the duke began to laugh, and a certayn of yong knyghtes that were there present, said, 'Syr, for gods sake, let the mayster assay his cunning; we shall leve making of any signe of the crosse on us for that tyme.' The Earl of Savoy shortly afterwards entered the tent, and recognised in the enchanter the same person who had put the castle into the power of Sir Charles de la Fayx, 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 himself to be the same person, and added, that he was the man in the world most dreaded by Sir Charles de la Fayx. 'By my fayth,' quod the Erl of Savoy, 'ye say well; and I will that Sre Charles de la Fayx, shall know that he hath gret wronger to fear you. But I shall assure him of you; for ye shall never do enchantment to deceyve hym, nor yet none other. I wolde nat that in tyme to come we shulde be reproached that in so hygh an enterprise as we be in, wherein there be so many noble knyghtes and squyers assembled, that we shulde do any thyng he enchantment nor that we shulde wyn our enemies by suche craft. Than he called to hym a servaunt, and sayd, go and get a hang-man, and let him stryke of this mayster's head without delay; and as sone the erle had commaunded it, incontinyt it was done, for his head was stryken of before the erle'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 *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. iii. p. 119. In a strange allegorical poem, called the *Heulid*, 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 theme see, as it semyt, in samin hoore,  
 Hunting at berdis in hollis so hair;  
 Some sailand on the see schippis of toure,  
 Bernis batalland on burd brim as a bare;  
 He could carye the coup of the kingis Ges,  
 Syna leve in the stode,  
 Bot a blak bucwede;  
 He couid of a benis hede,  
 Make a man mes.

He cart the emperour trow, and trowlye behald,  
 That the cernowk, the pundare at hand,  
 Had poyndit all his pris hors in a poynd fald.  
 Because that eite of the corn in the kirkland,  
 He could wirk windaris, quhat way that he wald;  
 Mak a gray gus a gold garland,  
 A lang spere of a bitulle for a berne bald,  
 Nobillis of nutschellis, and silver of sand,  
 Thus joukit with juxters the jangleme ja,  
 Fair ladye in ringis,  
 Knychtis in caralyngis,  
 Bayth dansis and singis,  
 It semyt as aa.

## NOTE IV.

Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,  
 I cannot tell, so mot I thrive;  
 It was not given by man alive.—St. X. p. 16.

Some writer, upon Demonology, tells us of a person who was very desirous to establish a connection with the invisible world; and failing in all his conjurations, began to entertain doubts of the existence of spirits. While this thought was passing through his mind, he received, from an unseen hand, a very violent blow. He had immediately recourse to his magical arts, but was unsuccessful in evoking the spirit, who had made his existence so sensibly felt. A learned priest told him, long after, that the being who had so chastised his incredulity, would be the first whom he should see after his death.

## NOTE V.

The running stream dissolved the spell.—  
 St. XIII. p. 16.

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

## NOTE VI.

His buckler scarce in breadth a span,  
 No larger fence had he;  
 He never counted him a man,  
 Would strike below the knee.—St. XVII. p. 17.

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

A hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,  
 Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good;  
 All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,  
 His fellow's wanded horn not one of them but knew,  
 When settling to their lips their little buxles shrill,  
 The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill;  
 Their baldrics set with studs athwart their shoulders east,  
 To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast.

A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,  
 Who struck below the knee not counted then a man.

All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong.

They not an arrow drew but was a clothyard long;  
 Of archery they had the very perfect craft,  
 With broad arrow, or but, or lance, or roving shaft.  
*Poly-Oibion*, Song 26.

To wound an antagonist in the thigh, or leg, was reckoned contrary to the law of arms. In a tilt betwixt Gawain Michael, an English squire, and Joachim Cuthore, a Frenchman, "they met at the speare poyntes rudely; the French squyer justed right pleasantly; the Englishman ran too low, for he strike the Frenchman depe into the thygh. Wherwith the Eric Buckingham was ryght sore displeasid, and so were all the other lordes, and sayed how it was shamefully done."—*FRONDEUR*, vol. 1. ch. 366. Upon a similar occasion, "the two knights came a fote eche agaynst other rudely, with their speares lowe couched, to syrke eche other with in the four quarters. Johan of Castell-Morante strike the English squyer on the brist in such wys, that Sir Wyllyam Fermeton stombled and bowed, for his fote a lyttel fayled him. He held his speare lowe with bothe his handes, and coude nat amende it, and strike Sir Johan of the Castell-Morante in the thyghs, so that the speare went elene through, that the heed was sene a handfull on the other syde. And Syre Johan with the stroke reled, but he fell not. Than the English knyghtes and squyers were ryghte sore displeasid, and sayde how it was a foule stroke. Syre Wyllyam Fermetone excused himselfe, and sayde howe he was sorie of that adventure, and howe that yf he had knowen that it shulde have bene so, he woulde never have begoon it; sayenze howe he coude nat amende it, by cause of gausing of his fote by constraynt of the great stroke that Syr John of the Castell-Morante had given him."—*Ibid.* ch. 373.

## NOTE VII.

And with a charm she stanchd the blood,—  
 St. XXIII. p. 18.

See several charms for this purpose in Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, p. 273.

Tom Pots 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 stanchd the blood.

*Pieces of ancient popular Poetry*, London. 1791. p. 131.

## NOTE VIII.

But she has ta'en the broken lance,  
 And washed it from the clotted gore,  
 And salvd the splinter o'er and o'er.  
 St. XXIII. p. 18. †

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

"Mr James Howel (well known in France for his public works, and particularly for his *Dendrologie*, translated into French by Mons. Baudouin) coming by chance, as two of his best friends were fighting in duel, he did his endeavour to part them, and putting himself between them, seized, with his left hand, upon the hilt of the sword of one of the combatants, while, with his right hand, he laid hold of the blade of the other. They, being transported with fury one against the other, struggled to rid themselves of the assistance their friend made that they should not kill one another; and one of them roughly drawing the blade of his sword, cuts to the very bone the nerves and muscles of Mr Howel's hand; and then the other disengaged his hilt, and gave a cross blow on his adversary's head, which glanced towards his friend, who, heaving up his sore hand to save the blow, he was wounded on the back of his hand as he had been before within. It seems some strange constellation rained then against him, that he should lose so much blood by

parting two such dear friends, who, had they been themselves, would have bartered both their lives to have preserved his; but this involuntary effusion of blood by them, prevented that which they should have drawn one from the other. For they, seeing Mr. Howell's face besmear'd with blood, by heaving up his wounded hand, they both ran to embrace him; and having searched his hurts, they bound up his hand with one of his garters to close the veins which were cut, and bled abundantly. They brought him home, and sent for a surgeon. But this being heard at court, the king sent one of his own surgeons, for his majesty much affected the said Mr. Howell.

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

I ask'd him then for any thing that had the blood upon it; so he presently sent for his garter whereon 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 kinde 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 'twixt coiles 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 same 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 dayes the wounds were cicatrized, and entirely healed."—p. 6.

The king (James VI.) obtained from Sir Kenelm the discovery of his secret which he pretended had been taught him by a Carmelite friar, who had learnt it in Armenia, or Persia. Let not the age of animal magnetism and metallic tractors smile at the sympathetic powder of Sir Kenelm Digby. Reginald Scot mentions the same mode of cure in these terms:—"And that which is more strange . . . they can re-

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

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

Again, in scene 4th, Miranda enters with Hippolito's sword wrapt up.

*Hip*. O my wound pains me. [She unwraps the sword.]  
*Mir*. I am come to ease you.

*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, methinks, there's something laid just upon it.

*Mir*. Do you find no ease?

*Hip*. Yes, yes; upon the sudden all this pain Is leaving me. Sweet heaven, how I am eased!

## NOTE IX.

On Pechryst glows a bale of fire,  
And three are kindling on Priesthaughswire.—  
St. XXVII. p. 18.

The Border beacons, from their number and position, formed a sort of telegraphic communication with Edinburgh. The act of parliament 1455, c. 48, directs that one bale or faggot shall be warning of the approach of the English in any manner; two bales that they are coming indeed; four bales, blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force.

"The same tokenings to be watched and maid at Eggerhope Castell, fra they se the fire of Hume, that they fire right swa. And in like manner on Sowra edge, sall see the fire of Eggerhope Castell, and mak tokening in like manner: And then may all Louthiane be warned, and in special the Castell of Edinburgh; and their four fires to be maid in like manner, that they in Fife, and fra Strivling east, and the east part of Louthiane, and to Dunbar, all may se them, and come to the defense of the realm." These beacons (at least in later times) were "a long and strong tree set up with a long iron pole across the head of it, and an iron brazier fixed on a stalk in the middle of it, for holding a tar-barrel."—*STEVENSON'S History*, vol. II. p. 701.

## NOTE X.

Our kin and clan and friends to raise.—  
St. XXVII. p. 19.

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

"Upon the death of the old Lord Scoope, the queen gave the west wardenship 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 marks yearly, he would part it with me, and I should have the half. This 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 passed over my head but I was on horse-back, either to prevent mischief or to take malefactors, and to bring the Border in better quiet than it had been in times past. One memorable thing of God's mercy shewed unto me was such, as I have good cause still to remember it.

I had private intelligence given me, that there were two Scottish men had killed a churchman in Scotland, and were by one of the Grame relieved. This Grame dwelt within five miles of Carlisle. He had a pretty house, and close by it a strong tower, for his own defence in time of need. About two o'clock in the morning, I took horse in Carlisle, and not above twenty-five in my company, thinking to surprise the house on a sudden. Before I could surround the house, the two Scots were gotten in the strong tower, and I could see a boy riding from the house as fast as his horse could carry him; I little suspecting what it meant. But Thomas Carleton came to me presently, and told me, that if I did not presently prevent it, both myself and all my company would be either slain or taken prisoners. It was strange to me to hear this language. He then said to me, 'Do you see that boy that rideth away so fast? He will be in Scotland within this half hour; and he is gone to let them know that you are here, and to what end you are come, and the small number you have with you; and that if they will make haste, on a sudden they may surprise us, and do with us what they please.' Hereupon we took advice what was best to be done. We sent notice presently to all parts to raise the country, and to come to us with all the speed they could; and withal we sent to Carlisle to raise the townsmen; for without foot we could do no good against the tower. There we staid some hours, expecting more company; and within short time after the company came in on all sides, so that we were quickly between three and four hundred horse; and, after some longer stay, the foot of Carlisle came to us, to the number of three or four hundred men; whom we set presently at work, to get up to the top of the tower, and to uncover the roof; and then some twenty of them to fall down together, and by that means to win the tower. The Scots, seeing their present danger, offered to parley, and yield themselves to my mercy. They had no sooner opened the iron gate, and yielded themselves my prisoners, but we might see four hundred 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 stood at gaze. Then had I more to do than ever; for all our Borderers came crying with fust mouths, 'Sir give us leave to set upon them; for these are they that have killed our fathers, our brothers, and uncles, and our cousins; and they are coming, thinking to surprise you, upon weak grass nags, such as they could get on a sudden; and God hath put them into your hands, that we may take revenge of them for much blood that they have spilt of ours.' I desired they would be patient a while, and bethought myself, if I should give them their will, there would be few or none of the Scots that would escape unkill'd (there were so many deadly feuds among them), and therefore I resolved with myself to give them a fair answer, but not to give them their desire. So I told them that if I were not there myself, they might then do what pleased themselves; but being present, if I should give them leave, the blood that should be spilt that day would lie very hard upon my conscience. And therefore I desired them, for my sake to forbear; and if the Scots did not presently make away with all the speed they could upon my sending to them, they should then have their wills to do what they pleased. They were ill satisfied with my answer, but durst not disobey. I sent with speed to the Scots, and bade them pack away with all the speed they could; for if they stayed the messenger's return, they should few of them return to their own home. They made no stay; but they were turned homewards before the messenger had made an end of his message. Thus, by God's mercy, I escaped a great danger; and, by my means, there were a great many men's lives saved that day."

## NOTE XI.

On many a cairn's grey pyramid,  
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid.

St. XXIX. p. 19.

The cairns, or piles of loose stones, which crown

the summit of most of our Scottish hills, and are found in other remarkable situations, seem usually, though not universally, to have been sepulchral monuments. Six flat stones are commonly found in the centre, forming a cavity of greater or smaller dimensions, in which an urn is often placed. The author is possessed of one, discovered beneath an immense cairn at Roughlee, in Liddesdale. It is of the most barbarous construction; the middle of the substance alone having been subjected to the fire, over which, when hardened, the artist had laid an inner and outer coat of baked clay, etched 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 brads made of coal. This seems to have been a barbarous imitation of the Roman fashion of sepulture.

## NOTES TO CANTO FOURTH.

## NOTE I.

Great Dundee.—St. II. p. 29.

The Viscount of Dundee, slain in the battle of Killycrankie.

## NOTE II.

For pathless marsh, and mountain eell,  
The peasant left his lowly shed.—St. III. p. 20.

The morasses were the usual refuge of the Border herdsmen, on the approach of an English army.—(*Ministry of the Scottish Border*, vol. i. p. 49.) Caves, hewed in the most dangerous and inaccessible places, also afforded an occasional retreat. Such caverns may be seen in the precipitous banks of the Teviot at Sunlaw and Ancram, upon the Jed at Hundalee, and in many other places upon the Border. The banks of the Esk, at Gorton and Hawthornish, are hollowed into similar recesses. But even these dreary dens were not always secure places of concealment. "In the way as we came, not far from this place (Long Nidder), George Ferrers, a gentleman of my Lord Protector's... happened upon a cave in the ground, the mouth whereof was so worse with the fresh prints of steps, that he seemed to be certain they wear sun folke within; and gone doune to trie, he was redly reevyved with a hakebot or two. He left them not yet, till he had knowen whether they wold be content to yeld and come out, which they foodyly refusing, he went to my lord's grace, and upon utterance of the thyng, gat license to deale with them as he could; and so returned to them, with a skere or two of piousers. Three ventes had their cave, that we wear ware of, whereof he first stopt up on; another he fill'd full of strawe, and set it a fyre, whereat they within cast water apace; but it was so wel maynteyned without, that the fyre prevayled, and thei within fayn to get them beyke into another parier. Then devised we (for I hapt to be with hym) to stop the same up, whereby we should either smother them, or fynd out their ventes, if they hadde any more; as this was done at another issue, about a XII score of, we moughte see the fume of their smoke to come out; the which continued with so great a force, and so long a while, that we could not but thinke they must needs get them out, or smother within; and forasmuch as we found not that they dyd the tone, we thought it for certain thei wear sure of the other."—PATER'S ACCOUNT OF SOMERSET'S Expedition into Scotland, upon DALZIEL'S Fragment.

## NOTE III.

Southern ravage.—St. III. p. 20.

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

Some Scottish barons, says the earl, had threatened to come within "three miles of my pore house



of Werkworth, where I lye, and gif we light to put on my clothes at mydnyght; and alsoe the said Marke Carr said there oppynly, that saying they had a governor on the marches of Scotland, as well as they had in England, he shoulde kepe your highnes' instructions, gyffyn unto your garyson, for making of any day forrey; for he and his friends would burne enough on the nyght, letting your counsaill here defyne a notable acte at theyre pleasures. Upon which, in your highnes' name, I commaundet dewe watche to be kepte on your marches, for comyng in of any Scotts. Neutheless, upon Thursday at night last, came thyrty litle horsemen unto a litle village of myne, called Whitell, having not past sex howses, lying toward Ryddisdaill, upon Shilbotell more, and ther would have fyled the said howses, but ther was noo fyre to get ther, and they forgate to bryng any wythe theyre; and toke a wyf, being great with chylde, in the said towne, and said to hyr, When we can not gyve the lard lycht, yet we shall doo this in spyte of hym; and gyve hyr iii mortal wounds upon the heid, and another in the right side, with a dagger; wherupon the said wyf is dede, and the childe in her bely is lost. Beseeching your most gracious highnes to reduce unto your gracious memory this wyful and shameful murder, dooe within this your highnes' realme, notwithstanding all the inhabitants thereabout rose unto the said fray, and gave warnynge by becons unto the cuntry afore theyme, and yet the Scottmen dyde escape. And upon certeyne knowledge to my brother Clyforth and me, had by credible persons of Scotland, this abomyneable act not only to be done by diverse of the Mershe, but alsoe the afore named persons of Tyvidaill, and consented to, as by apperance, by the Erie of Murey, upon Friday at night last, let slyp C of the best horsemen of Glendail, with a part of your highnes' subjects of Berwyke, together with George Dowglas, whoe came into England agayne, in the dawning of the day; but afore theyre retorne, they dyd snar the Erie of Murey's provisions at Coldingham; for they did not only burne the said towne of Coldingham, with all the corne therunto belonging, which is esteemed wurthe iii marke Sterling, but alsoe burned two townes nyw adjoyned therunto, called Branerdeg and the Black Hill, and toke xiiii persons, ix horse, with ce bed of cattail, whiche nowe, as I am informed, hath not only been a staye of the said Erie of Murey's not comyng to the bordur as yet, but alsoe, that none inlande man will adventure theyre seifs upon the marches. And as for the tax that shoulde have bene graunted for finding of the said iii hundred men, is utterly denyed. Upon which the king of Scotland departed from Edynburgh to Stirling, and as yet ther doth remayne. And alsoe I, by the advice of my brother Clyforth, have devised that within this iii nyghts, Godde willing, Kelsey, in lyke case, shall be brent, with all the corne in the said towne; and then they shall have noo place to lye any garyson in, nygh unto the borderers. And as I shall atteigne further knowledge, I shall not fail to satisfye your highnes, according to my most bounden dutie. And for this burning of Kelsey is denyed to be done secretly, by Tyndail and Ryddisdaill. And thus the holy Trynite and \* \* \* your most royal estate, with long lyl and as much increase of honour as your most noble h-art can desire. At Werkworth, the xiiiiid day of October." (1522.)

## NOTE IV.

Watt Tintlin.—St. IV. p. 20.

This person was, in my young 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 Liddisdale. Wat was, by profession, a sutor, but, by inclination and practice, an archer and warrior. Upon one occasion, the captain of Bewcastle, 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. Wat Tintlin pursued him

closely through a dangerous morass: the captain, however, gained the firm ground; and seeing Tintlin dismounted, and floundering in the bog, used these words of insult—"Sutor Wat, ye cannot sew your boots; the heels *riep* and the seams *rive*." "If I cannot sew," retorted Tintlin, discharging a shaft which nailed the captain's thigh to his saddle. "If I cannot sew, I can *pek*."†

## NOTE V.

Bilhope stag.—St. V. p. 20.

There is an old rhyme, which thus celebrates the pique in Liddisdale remarkable for game.

Bilhope braes for bucks and rae,  
And Carrit haugh for swine,  
And Tarras for the good bull-trout,  
If he be ta'en in time.

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

## NOTE VI.

Of silver brooch and bracelet proud.—St. V. p. 20.

As the Borderers were indifferent about the furniture of their habitations, so much exposed to be burned and plundered, they were proportionally anxious to display splendour in decorating and ornamenting their females.—See LESLEY *de Meritis Limitancorum*.

## NOTE VII.

Belted Will Howard.—St. VI. p. 20.

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

## NOTE VIII.

Lord Dacre.—St. VI. p. 20.

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

\* Rip, creek. Rive, tear.

† *Peck*—to twitch, as shoemakers do, in securing the stitches of their work.

## NOTE IX.

The German haybot-men.—St. VI. p. 20.

In the wars with Scotland, Henry VIII. and his successors employed numerous bands of mercenary troops. At the battle of Pinkie, there were in the English army six hundred hack-butters on foot, and two hundred on horseback, composed chiefly of foreigners. On the 27th September 1549, the duke of Somerset, Lord Protector, writes to the Lord Dacre, warden of the west marches:—"The Almains, in number two thousand, very valiant soldiers, shall be sent to you shortly from Newcastle, together with Sir Thomas Holcroft and with the force of your wardentry (which we would were advanced to the most strength of horsemen that might be), shall make the attempt to Loughshamen, being of no such strength but that it may be skaled with ladders, whereof, beforehand, we would you caused secretly some number to be provided; or else unarm'd with the pyke-axe, and so taken: either to be kept for the king's majesty, or otherwise to be defenc'd, and taken from the profits of the enemy. And in like manner the house of Carlaverock to be used." Repeated mention occurs of the Almains, in the subsequent correspondence; and the enterprise seems finally to have been abandoned, from the difficulty of providing these strangers with the necessary "victuals and carriages" in so poor a country as Dumfriesshire.—*History of Cumberland*, vol. I. Introd. p. lxi. From the battle-pieces of the ancient Flemish painters, we learn that the Low Country and German soldiers marched to an assault with their right knees bare. And we may also observe, in such pictures, the extravagance to which they carried the fashion of ornamenting their dress with knots of ribband. This custom of the Germans is alluded to in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, p. 121.

Their plied garments therewith well accord,  
All jagde and frount, with divers colours deckt.

## NOTE X.

Their gathering word was Bellenden.—St. X. p. 21.

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

## NOTE XI.

His ready lances Thirlestane brave  
Array'd beneath a banner bright.—St. VIII. p. 21.

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

## "JAMES REX.

We James, be the grace of God king of Scottis, considerand the faith and good servis of of \* right traist friend John Scott of Thirlestane, quha command to our hoste at Soutra Edge with three score and ten launciers on horse-back of his freinds and followers, and beand willing to gang with us into

\* So in original.

England, when all our nobles and others refused, he was ready to stak a l at our bidding; for the quhilk cause, it is our will, and we doe straitlie command and charg our lion berauld, and his deputies for the time beand, to give and to grant to the said John Scott one Border of flour-de-luces about his coate of armes, sik as is on our royal banner, and also one bundell of launces above his helmet, with this words, *Ready, ay Ready*, that be and all his aftercomers may braik the samine, as a pledge and token of our guid will and kyndnes for his true worthines; and give our letters seen, ye nae wayes failie to doe. Given at Ffalta Maire, under our hand and privy casket, the xxvij day of July, mc and xxxiii zeires, By the King's graces speciall ordinance.

JO ARSKINE."

On the back of the charter is written,

"Edin. 14. January 1713. Registered, conform to the act of parliament made assent probative writs, per M<sup>r</sup> Kailie, pro. and produced by Alexander Barthwick, servant to Sir William Scott of Thirlestane, M. L. J."

## NOTE XII.

An aged knight, to danger steeld,  
With many a moss-trooper, came on;  
And azure in a golden field,  
The stars and crescent graced his shield.

Without the bend of Murcheston.—St. IX. p. 21.

The family of Harden are descended from a younger son of the laird of Buccleuch, who flourished before the estate of Murcheston was acquired by the marriage of one of those chieftains with the heiress, in 1296. Hence they bear the cognisance of the Scots upon the field; whereas those of the Buccleuch are disposed upon a bend dexter, assumed in consequence of that marriage.—See *GLADSTAIN OF Whitehouse's MSS.* and *SCOTT of Stobson's Pedigree*, Newcastle, 1783.

Walter Scott of Harden, who flourished during the reign of Queen Mary, was a renowned Border free-booter, concerning whom tradition has preserved a variety of anecdotes, some of which have been published in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and others in *LEYDEN'S Scenes of Infancy*. The bugle horn said to have been used by this formidable leader, is preserved by his descendant, the present Mr. Scott of Harden. His castle was situated upon the very brink of a dark and precipitous dell, through which a scanty rivulet steals to meet the Borthwick. In the recess of this glen he is said to have kept his 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 Infancy* is founded on a tradition respecting an infant captive whom Walter of Harden carried off in a predatory incursion, and who is said to have become the author of some of our most beautiful pastoral songs:—

Where Bertha hoarse, that loads the meads with sand,  
Rolls her red tide to Teviot's western strand,  
Through slaty hills, whose sides are shagged with  
thorn,  
Where springs, in scattered tufts, the dark green corn,  
Towers wood girt Harden, far above the vale,  
And clouds of ravens o'er the turrets sail;  
A hardy race, who never shrank from war,  
The Scott, to rival realms a mighty bar,  
Here fixed his mountain-home;—a wide domain,  
And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain;  
But what the niggard ground of wealth denied,  
From fields more blessed his fearless arm supplied.

The waning harvest-moon shone cold and bright;  
The wander's horn was heard at dead of night;  
And, as the mazy portals wide were fung,  
With stamping hoofs the rocky pavement rung,  
What fair, half-veiled, leans from her latticed hall,  
Where red the wavering gleams of torch-light fall?

'Tis Yarrow's fairest Flower, who, through the gloom,  
Looks, wistful, for her lover's dancing plume.  
Amid the piles of spoil, that strewed the ground,  
Her ear, all anxious, caught a wailing sound ;  
With trembling haste the youthful matron flew,  
And from the hurried heaps an infant drew ;  
Scared at the light, his little hands he flung  
Around her neck, and to her bosom clung ;  
While 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 shunned the fearful shuddering joy of war ;  
Content the loves of simple swains to sing,  
Or wake to fame the harp's heroic string.

His are the strains, whose wandering echoes thrill  
The shepherd, lingering on the twilight hill,  
When evening brings the merry folding hours,  
And sun-eyed daisies close their winking flowers.  
He lived, o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear,  
To strew the holly leaves o'er Hardeen'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 unsung.

## NOTE XIII.

The camp their home, the law the sword,  
They knew no country, owned no lord.—St. XV. p. 22.

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 Soltier, a natural son of Edward the Black Prince, thus addressed them :—" I counsaile, let us alle be of one alliance, and of one accord, and let us among ourselves reyse up the baner of St George, and let us be frendes to God, and enemyes to alle the worlde ; for without we make ourselfe to be feared, we gette nothyng." " By my fayth," quod Sir William Helmon, " ye saye ryght well, and so lette us do." They all agreed with one voyce, and so regarded among them who shulde be their captayne. Then they advysed in the case how they coude nat have a better captayne than Sir John Soltier. For they wold than have good leyser to do ywell, and they thought he was more unclerly thereto than any other. Than they raised up the penon of St George, and cried, " A Soltier ! a Soltier ! the valyauut bastard ! frendes to God, and enemyes to alle the worlde."—*FROISSART*, vol. i. ch. 393.

## NOTE XIV.

A gauntlet on a spear.—St. XVIII. p. 22.

A glove upon a lance was the emblem of faith among the ancient Borderers, who were wont, when any one broke his word, to expose this emblem, and proclaim him a faithless villain at the first Border meeting. This ceremony was much dreaded.—See *LESLY*.

## NOTE XV.

We claim from thee William of Deloraine,  
That he may suffer march-treason pain.—  
St. XXI. p. 23.

Several species of offences, peculiar to the Border, constituted what was called march-treason. Among others, was the crime of riding, or causing to ride, against the opposite country during the time of truce. Thus, in an indenture made at the water of Eske, be-side Salom, the 25th day of March 1384, betwixt noble Lords and mighty, Sirs Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Archibald of Douglas, Lord of Galloway, a truce is agreed upon until the 1st day of July ; and it is expressly accorded, " Gif ony stellas aithur on the 1st part or on the tothir, that he shall be henget or heidit ; and gif ony company stellas any gudes within the treixth beforesayd, one of that company shall be henget or heidit, and the remanent shall restore the gudys stollen in the dubble."—*History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, Introd. p. XXXIX.

## NOTE XVI.

William of Deloraine  
Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason stain.—  
St. XXIII. p. 23.

In dubious cases, the innocence of Border-criminals was occasionally referred to their own oath. The form of excusing bills, or indictments, by Border-oath, ran thus :—" You shall swear by heaven above you, hell beneath you, by your part of Paradise, by all that God made in six days and seven nights, and by God himself, you are whart out sackless of art, part, way, wisting, ridd, kenning, having, or recetting of any of the goods and cattels named in this bill. So help you God."—*History of Cumberland*, Introd. p. XXV.

## NOTE XVII.

Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword.—  
St. XXIII. p. 23.

The dignity of knighthood, according to the original institution, had this peculiarity, that it did not flow from the monarch, but could be conferred by one who himself possessed it, upon any squire who, after due probation, was found to merit the honour of chivalry. Latterly, this power was confined to generals, who were wont to create knights-baneretts after or before an engagement. Even so late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Essex highly offended his jealous sovereign by the indiscriminate exertion of this privilege. Amongst others, he knighted the witty Sir John Harrington, whose favour at court was by no means enhanced by his new honours.—See the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, edited by Mr. Park. But probably the latest instance of knighthood, conferred by a subject, was in the case of Thomas Ker, knighted by the Earl of Huntley, after the defeat of the Earl of Argyll in the battle of Beilines. The fact is attested, both by a poetical and prose account of the engagement, contained in a MS. in the Advocates' Library, and lately edited by Mr. Dalryell, in *Godly Songs and Ballads*, Edin. 1802.

## NOTE XVIII.

When English blood swelled Ancram ford.—  
St. XXIII. p. 23.

The battle of Ancram moor, or Peniel-heuch, was fought A.D. 1545. The English, commanded by Sir Ralph Evers and Sir Brian Latoun, were totally routed, and both their leaders slain in the action. The Scottish army was commanded by Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, assisted by the laird of Buccleuch and Norman Lesly.

## NOTE XIX.

The blanche lion.—St. XXVII. p. 24.

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

## The Description of the Armes.

Of the proud Cardinal this is the sheldie,  
Borne up betwene two angels of Sathan ;  
The sixe bloody axes in a bare feldie,  
Sheweth the crueltie of the red man.  
Which hath devoured the beautiful swan.  
Mortal enemy unto the whyte lion,  
Carter of Yorcke, the vyle butcher's sonne.

The six bulles hoddies in a feldie blacke,  
Betokeneth hys stordy furiousnes,  
Wherefore the godly lyght to put abacke,  
He bryngeth in his dyvylishe darenes ;  
The bandog in the middes dith expresse  
The mastif curre bred in Ypswich towne,  
Onawynge with his toth a kinges crowne.

The cloudbb signifieth cardinal's bys tyranny,  
Covered over with a cardinal's hatt.  
Wherein shal be fulfilled the prophery,  
Arise up Jecke, and put on thy salatt,  
For the tyme is come of barge and wal'ot.  
The temporall chevalry thus thrown doune,  
Wherfor preest take nede, and beware thy  
croune.

There are two copies of this very scarce satire in the library of the late Duke of Roxburghe.

## NOTE XX.

Let Musgrave meet fiere Deloraie  
In single fight.—St. XXVII. p. 24.

It may easily be supposed, that trial by single combat, so peculiar to the feudal system, was common on the Borders. The following indenture will show at how late a period it was there resorted to, as a proof of guilt or innocence.

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

*The Grounds of the Quarrel.*

1. Lancelot Carleton did charge Thomas Musgrave before the lords of her majesty's privy council, that Lancelot Carleton was told by a gentleman, one of her majesty's sworn servants, that Thomas Musgrave had offered to deliver her majesty's castle of Bewcastle to the king of Scots; and to witness the same, Lancelot Carleton had a letter under the gentleman's own hand for his discharge.

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

3. He chargeth him, that his office of Bewcastle is upon 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."

## NOTE XXI.

He, the jovial Harper.—St. XXXI. p. 25.

The person here alluded to, is one of our ancient Border minstrels, called Rattling Roaring Willie. This *soubriquet* was probably derived from his builing 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 of the Teviot, to decide the contest with their swords, and Sweet Milk was killed on the spot. A thorn-tree marks the scene of the murder, which is still called Sweet Milk Thorn. Willie was taken and executed at Jedburgh, bequeathing his name to the beautiful Scotch air, called "Rattling Roaring Willie." 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 worthlessness of the poetry. A verse or two may be taken, as illustrative of the history of Roaring Willie, alluded to in the text:—

Now Willie's gone to Jeddart,  
And he's for the *raide day* !\*  
But Stobs and young Fahnash,†  
They followed him a' the way;  
They sought him up and down,  
In the links of Ouseman water  
They fand him sleeping sound.

Stobs lighted aff his horse,  
And never a word he spak,  
Till he tied Willie's hands  
Fu' fast behind his back;  
Fu' fast behind his back,  
And down beneath his knee,  
And drink will be dear to Willie,  
When sweet milk t gars him die.

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

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

## NOTE XXII.

Black Lord Archibald's battle laws,  
In the old Douglas's day.—St. XXXI. p. 25.

The title to the most ancient collection of Border regulations runs thus:—

"Be it remembered, that on the 18th day of December 1468, Earl William Douglas assembled the whole lords, freeholders, and eldest Borderers, that best knowledge had, at the college of Lincolnton; and there he caused those lords and borderers bodily to be sworn, the Holy Gospel touched, that they justly and truly, after their cunning, should decree, deem, deliver, and put in order and writing, the statutes, ordinances, and uses of marche, that were ordained in Black Archibald of Douglas's days; and Archibald his son's days, in time of warfare; and they came again to him advisedly with these statutes

\* The day of the Road-Dir at Jedburgh.

† Sir Gilbert Elliot of Stobs, and Scott of Fahnash.

‡ A wretched pun on his antagonist's name.

and ordinances, which were in time of warfare before. The said Earl William, seeing the statutes in writing decreed and delivered by the said lords and Borderers, thought them right speedful and profitable to the Borders; the which statutes, ordinances, and points of warfare he took, and the whole lords and Borderers he caused bodily to be sworn, that they should maintain and supply him, at their goodly power, to do the law upon those that should break the statutes underwritten. Also the said Earl William, and lords and eldest Borderers, made certain points to be treason in time of warfare to be used, which were no treason before his time, but to be treason in his time, and in all time coming."

## NOTES TO CANTO FIFTH.

## NOTE I.

The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,  
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name!—St. IV. p. 26.

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 cognisance of the house of Douglas, assumed from the time of the Good Lord James, to whose care Robert Bruce committed his heart, to be carried to the Holy Land.

## NOTE II.

—The Seven Spears of Wedderburn.—St. IV. p. 26.

Sir David Home of Wedderburn, who was slain in the fatal battle of Flodden, left seven sons by his wife Isabel, daughter of Hoppringle of Galsahieles (now Pringle of Whitebank). They were called the Seven Spears of Wedderburn.

## NOTE III.

And Swinton placed the lance in rest,  
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest  
Of Clarence's Plantageer.—St. IV. p. 26.

At the battle of Bouge in France, Thomas, Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry V. was unhorsed by Sir John Swinton of Swinton, who distinguished him by a cornet 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 IV.

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!"—  
St. IV. p. 26.

The Earls of Home, as descendants of the Dunbars, ancient Earls of March, carried a lion rampant, argent; but, as a difference, changed the colour of the shield from gules to vert, in allusion to Greenlaw, their ancient possession. The slogan, or war-cry of this powerful family, was, "a Home! a Home!" It was anciently placed in an escroll above the crest. The helmet is armed with a lion's head crested gules, with a cap of state gules, turned up ermine.

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

## NOTE V.

Pursued the foot-ball play.—St. VI. p. 26.

The foot-ball was anciently a very favourite sport all through Scotland, but especially upon the Borders. Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael, warden of the middle marches, was killed in 1600 by a band of the Armstrongs, returning from a foot-ball match. Sir Robert Carey, in his Memoirs, mentions a great meeting appointed by the Scottish rulers to be held

at Kelso, for the purpose of playing at foot-ball, but which terminated in an incursion upon England. At present the foot-ball is often played by the inhabitants of adjacent parishes, or of the opposite bank of a stream. The victory is contested with the utmost fury, and very serious accidents have sometimes taken place in the struggle.

## NOTE VI.

"Twixt truce and war, such sudden change  
Was not unfrequent, nor held strange,  
In the old Border day.—St. VII. p. 26.

Notwithstanding the constant wars upon the Borders, and the occasional cruelties which marked the mutual inroads, the inhabitants on either side do not appear to have regarded each other with that violent and personal animosity which might have been expected. On the contrary, like the outposts of hostile armies, they often carried on something resembling friendly intercourse, even in the middle of hostilities; and it is evident, from various ordinances against trade and intermarriages between the English and Scottish Borders, that the governments of both countries were jealous of their cherishing too intimate a connection. Froissart says of both nations, that "Englyshemen on the one party, and Scottes on the other party; are good men of warre; for when they meet, there is a hardie fight without sparing. There is no hoo (*truce*) between them as longe as spears, swordis, axes, or daggers, will endure, but lay on eche upon other; and when they be well beaten, and that the one party hath obtained the victory, they than glorye so in theyre dedes of armes, and are so joyfull, that such as be taken they shall be ransomed, or that they go out of the felde; so that shortly eche of them is so content with other, that at their departing, curty-lye they will say, God thank you." *Banner's Froissart*, vol. ii. p. 153. The Border meetings of truce, which, although places of merchandise and merriment, often witnessed the most bloody scenes, may serve to illustrate the description in the text. They are vividly portrayed in the old ballad of the Reidquair. Both parties came armed to a meeting of the wardens, yet they intermixed fearlessly and peaceably with each other in mutual sports and familiar intercourse, until a casual fray arose.

Then was there sought but bow and spear,  
And every man pulled out a brand.

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

## NOTE VII.

And frequent on the darkening plain,  
Loud, holla, whoop, and whistle ran;  
As bands, their stragglers to regain,  
Give the shrill watch-word of their clan.—  
St. VIII. p. 27.

Patten remarks, with bitter censure, the disorderly conduct of the English Borderers, who attended the protector Somerset on his expedition against Scotland. "As we wear then a setting, and the tents a setting up, among all things else commendable in our hole journey, one thing seemed to me an intolerable disorder and abuse; that whereas allways, both in all tomes of war, and in all escapes of armies, quietnes and stillnes, without nois, is principally in the night, after the watch is set, observed (I need not reason why), our northern prikkers, the Borderers, notwithstanding, with great enormitie (as thought me), and not unlike (to be played) unto a masteries hounds howling in a hie way when he hath lost him be waited upon, sum hooping, sum whistlyng, and most with crying. A Berwyke, a Berwyke! a Fenwyke, a Fenwyke! a Bulmer, or so otherwise as theyr captains names wear, never lin'de these troublesome and dangerous noyses all the night-long. They said they would to finde their captain and fellows; but if the souldiours of our other countreys and sheres had used the same maner, in that

ease we should have oft tymes had the state of our camp more like the outrage of a dissolute hunting, than the quiet of a well ordered army. It is a feat of war, in mine opinion, that might right well be left. I could rehearse causes (but yf I like it, they are better unspoken than uttered, unless the fault wear sure to be amended) that might show the more always more peral to our armie, but in their one night's sojourn, than they shew good service (as sum say) in a houle voyage."—*Apud DALRELL'S Fragments*, p. 75.

## NOTE VIII.

Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,  
And with the bugle rouse the fray.

St. XXIX. p. 30.

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

## NOTES TO CANTO SIXTH.

## NOTE I.

She wrought not by forbidden spell.—St. V. p. 31.

Popular belief, though contrary to the doctrines of the church, made a favourable distinction betwixt 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 bonds were actually swindled by the magicians, as in the case of the bargain betwixt one of their number and the poet Virgil. The classical reader will doubtless be curious to peruse this anecdote.

"Virgilius was at scote at Tolentone, where he studied diligently, for he was of great understanding. Upon a tyme, the scolars had licence to go to play and sporte them in the fyldes, after the ussance of the ioolde tyme. And there was also Virgilius therbye, also walkynge among the hyl'es alle about. It fortunede he spied a grest hole in the syde of a grest hyl, wherein he went so depe, that he culd not see no more lyght; and than he went a lytell farther therein, and than he saw some lyght agayne, and than he went forth stryghte, and within a lytell wyle after he harde a voyce that called, 'Virgilius! Virgilius!' and lo-oked about, and he culde not see no body. Than sayd he (i. e. the voice), 'Virgilius, see ye not the lytell houlde lynde besyd you there marked with that word?' Then answered

Virgilius, 'I see that borde well enough.' The voice sayd, 'Doo awaye that borde, and lette me out there atte.' Than answered Virgilius to the voyce that was under the lytell borde, and sayd, 'Who art thou that calles me so?' Then answered the devyll, 'I am a devyll conjured out of the bodye of a certyne man, and banysched here tyll the day of judgement, without that I be delyvered by the hands of man.' Thus, Virgilius, I pray the, delyvere me out of this payn, and I shall shewe unto the many bokes of necromancye, and how thou shalt come by it lightly, and know the practise therein, that no man in t'e syence of necromancye shal passe the. And moreover I shall shewe and enforme the so, that thou shalt have alle thy desyre, whereby mythinke it is a grest gyfte for so lytell a doynge. For ye may also thus all your power frendly helpe, and make ryche your enemies.'—Thorough that great promyse was Virgilius tempted; he hadde the fynd show the bokes to him, that he might have and occupy them at his wyl, and so the fynde shewed hym. And than Virgilius pulled open a bourde, and there was a lytell hole, and therat wrang the devyll out lyke a reel, and cam and stode before Virgilius lyke a byrge man; wherof Virgilius was astoned and marveyled greatly thereof, that so great a man myght come out at so lytell a hole. Then sayd Virgilius, 'Shaldest ye well passe into the hole that ye came out of?' 'Yes, I shall well,' sayd the devyll. 'I holde the best plege that I have that ye shall not do it.' 'Well,' sayd the devyll, 'thereto I consent.' And than the devyll wrange himselfe into the lytell hole agayne; and as he was therein, Virgilius kyverd the hole agayne with the bourde close, and so was the devyll begyled, and myght not there come out agen, but abyedeth shutte styll therein. Than called the devyll dredefully to Virgilius, and sayd, 'What have ye done, Virgilius?' Virgilius answered, 'Abyde there styll to your day appointed;' and fro then forth abyedeth he there. And so Virgilius became very connyng in the practise of the black syence."

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 related in the life of Virgil are of oriental extraction. Among such I am disposed to reckon the following whimsical account of the foundation of Naples, containing a curious theory concerning the origin of the earthquakes with which it is afflicted. Virgil, who was a person of gallantry, had, it seems, carried off the daughter of a certain Soldan, and was anxious to secure his prize.

"Than he thought in his mynde how he myghte marye hyr, and thought in his mynde to founde in the middes of the see a fayer towne, with great landes belongynge to it; and so he dyd by his connyng, and called it *Napella*. And the fandacyon of it was of egges, and in that towne of *Napellis* he made a tower with iiii corners, and in the toppes he set an appyll upon an yron yarde, and no man coulde pull awaye that spell without he brake it; and thorough that yren set he a bolte, and in that bolte set he a egge. And he heuge the spell by the stauke upon a ceyne, and so hangeth it styll. And when the egge styrreth, so shalbe the towne of *Napellis* quake; and when the egge brake, than shalbe the towne sink. When he had made an ende, he lette call it *Napella*. This appears to have been an article of current belief during the middle ages, as appears from the statutes of the order, *du Saint Esprit, ou desir desir*, instituted in 1332. A chapter of the knights is appointed to be held annually at the Castle of the Enchanted Egg, near the grotto of Virgil.—*MONTFALCON*, vol. ii. p. 329.

## NOTE II.

A merlin sat upon her wrist.—St. V. p. 32.

A merlin, or sparrow-hawk, was usually carried by ladies of rank, as a falcon was, in time of peace, the constant attendant of a knight, or baron.—See *LATHAM on Falconry*. Godscroft relates, that when Mary of Lorraine was regent, she pressed the Earl of Angus to admit a royal garrison into his castle of

Tantalus. To this he returned no direct answer; but, as if apostrophizing a goshawk which sat on his wrist, and which he was feeling during the queen's speech, he exclaimed, "The devil's in this greedy glade, she will never be full."—Hvams's *History of the House of Douglas*, 1743, vol. ii. p. 131. Barclay complains of the common and indecent practice of bringing hawks and hounds into churches.

## NOTE III.

And princely peacock's gilded train.—St. VI. p. 32.

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

## NOTE IV.

And o'er the bear-head garished brave.—  
St. VI. p. 32.

The bear's head was also a usual dish of feudal splendour. In Scotland, it was sometimes surrounded with little banners, displaying the colours and achievements of the baron at whose board it was served.—PINKERTON'S *History*, vol. i. p. 432.

## NOTE V.

And cygnet from St Mary's wave.—St. VI. p. 32.

There are often flights of wild swans upon St Mary's Lake, at the head of the river Yarrow.

## NOTE VI.

Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Huanthill.—

St. VII. p. 32.  
The Rotherfords of Huanthill were an ancient race of Border lords, whose names occur in history, sometimes as defending the frontier against the English, sometimes as disturbing the peace of the country. Dickon Draw-the-sword was son to the ancient warrior, called in tradition the Cock of Huanthill.

## NOTE VII.

But bit his glove, and shook his head.—St. VII. p. 32.

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

## NOTE VIII.

—Arthur Fire-the-brass.—St. VIII. p. 32.

The person bearing this redoubtable name of *de guerre* was an Elliot, and resided at Thorleshope, in Liddesdale. He occurs in the list of Border riders in 1597.

## NOTE IX.

Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,

When in the cluch the buck was ta'en.—  
St. VIII. p. 32.

A tradition, preserved by Scott of Satebills, who published, in 1788, *A True History of the Right Honourable Name of Scott*, gives the following romantic origin of that name:—Two brethren, natives of Galloway, having been banished from that country for a riot, or insurrection, came to Rankelburn, in Etrick Forest, where the keeper, whose name was Brydson, received them joyfully, on account of their

skill in winding the horn, and in the other mysteries of the chase. Kenneth MacAlpin, then king of Scotland, came soon after to hunt in the royal forest, and pursued a buck from Etrickruech to the glen now called Buccleuch, about two miles above the junction of Rankelburn with the river Etrick. Here the stag stood at bay; and the king and his attendants, who followed on horseback, were thrown out by the steepness of the hill and the morass. John, one of the brethren from Galloway, had followed the chase on foot; and now coming in, seized the buck by the horns, and, being a man of great strength and activity, threw him on his back, and ran with this burden about a mile up a steep hill, to a place called Cracca-cross, where Kenneth had halted, and laid the buck at the sovereign's feet.\*

The deer being cured'd in that place,

At his Majesty's demand,

Then John of Galloway ran space,

And fetched water to his hand.

The King did wash into a dish,

And Galloway John he wot;

He said, "Thy name now after this

Shall ever be called John Scott.

The forest, and the deer therein,

We commit to thy hand;

For thou shalt sure the ranger be,

If thou obey command:

And for the Buck thou stoutly brought

To us up that steep heuch,

Thy designation ever shall

Be John Scott in Bucksleuch."

In Scotland no Bucksleuch was then,  
Before the buck in the cluch was slain;  
Night's-men † at first they did appear,  
Because moon and stars to their arm they bear.

Their crest, supporters, and hunting-horn,  
Shows their beginning from hunting-caine;  
Their name, and stile, the book doth say,  
John gained them both into one day.

Warr's *Ballads*.

The Bucksleuch arms have been altered, and now allude less pointedly to this hunting, whether real or fabulous. The family now bear Or upon a bend azure, a mullet bewixt 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 buck, or, according to the old terms, a *hart of leuch* and a *hart of greec*. The family of Scott of Howpasloy and Thirstiane

\* Froissart relates, that a knight of the household of the Compté de Poix exhibited a wooden feet of strength. The hall he had waxed low, and wood was wanted to mend it. This knight went down to the courtyard, where stood an ass laden with faggots, seized on the animal and his burden, and, carrying him up to the hall on his shoulders, tumbled him into the chimney with his heels uppermost; a humane pleasantry, much applauded by the court and all the spectators.

† "Missions of the moon," as Falstaff would have said.

The vacation pursued by our ancient Borderers may be justified on the authority of the most polished of the ancient nations. "For the Grecians in old time, and such barbarians as in the continent lived near unto the sea, or else inhabited the islands, after once they began to cross over one to another in ships, became thieves, and went abroad under the conduct of their more puissant men, both to enrich themselves and to fetch in maintenance for the weak; and falling upon towns unfortified, or unfortified; inhabited, rifled them, and made this the best means of their living; being a matter at that time no where in disgrace, but rather carrying with it something of glory. This is manifest by some that dwell upon the continent, amongst whom, so it be performed nobly, it is still esteemed as an ornament. The same is also proved by some of the ancient poets, who introduce men questioning of such an sail by, on all coasts alike, whether they be thieves or not; as a thing neither approved by such as were asked, nor upbided by those that were desirous to know. They also robbed one another within the main land; and much of Greece useth that old custom, as the *Levions*, the *Acronions*, and those of the continent in that quarter unto this day. Moreover, the fashion of wearing iron remaineth yet with the people of that continent, from their old trade of sheering."—Hobbes's *Theophrastus*, p. 4. Lond. 1620.

long retained the bugle-horn: they also carried a bent bow and arrow in the sinister cantle, perhaps as a difference. It is said the motto was *Best riding by moonlight*, in allusion to the crescents on the shield, and perhaps to the habits of those who bore it. The motto now given is *Amo*, applying to the female supporters.

## NOTE X.

—old Albert Gramme,

The Minstrel of that ancient name.—St. X. p. 33.

John Grahame, second son of Malice, Earl of Mentieth, commonly surnamed John with the Bright Sword, upon some displeasure risen against him at court, retired with many of his clan and kindred into the English Borders in the reign of king Henry IV. where they seated themselves; and many of their posterity have continued there ever since. Mr. Sandford, speaking of them, says (which, indeed, was applicable to most of the Borderers on both sides), "They were all stark moss-troopers, and arrant thieves: both to England and Scotland outlawed; yet sometimes connived at, because they gave intelligence forth of Scotland, and would raise four hundred 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), *Bide, Roslin, bide thy fate*: that is, the last piece of beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high time for him to go and fetch more."—*Introduction to the History of Cumberland.*

The residence of the Grammes being chiefly in the Debateable Land, so called because it was claimed by both kingdoms, their depredations extended both to England and Scotland, with impunity; for as both wardens accounted them the proper subjects of their own prince, neither inclined to demand reparation for their excesses from the opposite officers, which would have been an acknowledgment of his jurisdiction over them. See a long correspondence on this subject betwixt Lord Dacre and the English Privy Council, in *Introduction to History of Cumberland.* The Debateable Land was finally divided betwixt England and Scotland by commissioners appointed by both nations.

## NOTE XI.

The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall.—St. XI. p. 33.

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'<sup>r</sup>;  
And there she has her young babe born,  
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

## NOTE XII.

Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?

St. XIII. p. 33.

The gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of his time; and his sonnets display beauties which would do honour to a more polished age. He was beheaded on Towerhill in 1546; a victim to the mean jealousy of Henry VIII. who could not bear so brilliant a character near his throne.

The song of the supposed bard is founded on an incident said to have happened to the earl on 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 reclined upon a couch, reading her lover's verses by the light of a waxen taper.

## NOTE XIII.

—The storm-swept Orades;  
Where erst St Clairs held princely sway,  
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay.—St. XXI. p. 34.

The St Clairs are of Norman extraction, being descended from William de St Clair second son of Waldemar Comte de St Clair, and Margaret,

daughter to Richard Duke of Normandy. He was called, for his fair deportment, the Seemly St Clair, and settling in Scotland during the reign of Malcolm Ceanmore, 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 Roslin, Pentland, Cowland, Cardaine, and several others. It is said a large addition was obtained from Robert Bruce on the following occasion. The king, in following the chase upon Pentland hills, had often started a "white fauch deer," which had always escaped from his hounds; and he asked the nobles, who were assembled around him, whether any of them had dogs, which they thought might be more successful. No courtier would affirm that his hounds were fleetier than those of the king, until Sir William St Clair of Roslin, unceremoniously said, he would wager his head that his two favourite dogs, "Help and Hold," would kill the deer before she could cross the March-burn. The king instantly caught at his unwary offer, and betted the forest of Pentland moor against the life of Sir William St Clair. All the hounds were tied up, except a few ratches, or slow hounds, to put up the deer; while Sir William St Clair, posting himself in the best situation for slipping his dogs, prayed devoutly to Christ, the blessed Virgin, and St Katherine. The deer was shortly after roused, and the hounds slipped; Sir William following on a gallant steed, to cheer his dogs. The hind, however, reached the middle of the brook, upon which the hunter threw himself from his horse in despair. At this critical moment, however, Hold stopped her in the brook; and Help, coming up, turned her back, and killed her on Sir William's side. The king descended from the hill, embraced Sir William, and bestowed on him the lands of Kirkton, Logan-house, Earnraig, &c. in free forestrife. Sir William, in acknowledgment of Saint 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.—*M. S. History of the Family of St Clair*, by RICHARD AUGUSTIN HAY, *Comes of St Gerriere.*

This adventurous huntsman married Elizabeth, daughter of Malice Spear, Earl of Orkney and Strathern, in whose right their son Henry was, in 1379, created Earl of Orkney, by Hacon, king of Norway. His title was recognised by the kings of Scotland, and remained with his successors until it was annexed to the crown, in 1471, by act of parliament. In exchange for this earldom, the castle and domains of Ravensraig, or Ravensheuch, were conferred on William Saintclair, Earl of Caithness.

## NOTE XIV.

Still nods their palace to its fall,

Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall.

St. XXI. p. 34.

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

\* The tomb of Sir William St Clair, on which he appears sculptured in armour, with a greyhound at his feet, is still to be seen in Roslin chapel. The person who shows it always tells the story of his hunting-match, with some addition to Mr. Hay's account; as that the knight of Roslin's fight made him postulate that, in the last emergency, he should,

Help, hand, and ye may,  
Or Roslin will see his head this day.

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



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 melancholic 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 III. for faultless, after his brother Alexander, Duke of Albany, had married a daughter of my family, and for protecting and defending the said Alexander against the king, who wished to kill him as he had done his youngest brother, the Earl of Mar; and for which, after the forfeiture, he gratefully divorced my faultless ancestor's sister; though I cannot persuade myself that he had any misalliance to plead against a family in whose veins the blood of Robert Bruce run 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 in the sister of the same David, out of the familie of Douglas, which at that time did not much sully the blood, more than my ancestor's having not long before had the honour of marrying a daughter of the king of Denmark's, who was named Florentine, and has left in the town of Kirkwall a noble monument of the grandeur of the times, the finest church ever I saw entire in Scotland. I then had no small reason to think, in that unhappy state, on the many not inconsiderable services rendered since to the royal familie, for these many years by-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 stile more like friends than sovereigns; our attachment to them, without any other thanks, having brought upon us considerable losses, and, among others, that of our all in Cromwell's time; and left in that condition, without the least relief except what we found in our own virtue. My father was the only man of the Scots nation who had courage enough in protest in parliament against King William's title to the throne, which was lost, God knows how; and thus at a time when the losses in the cause of the royall familie, and their usual gratitude, had scarce left him bread to maintain a numerous familie 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 unluke state, when objects appear to men in their true light, as at the hour of death, could I be blamed for making some bitter reflections to myself, and laughing at the extravagance and unaccountable humour of men, and the singularity of my own case (an exile for the cause of the Stuart 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 familie faithfully, though obstinately, after so great a share of depression, and after they had been pleased to doom me and my familie to starve."—*M.S. Memoirs of John, Master of St Clair.*

## NOTE XV.

Kings of the main, their leaders brave,  
Their barks, the dragons of the wave.

St. XXII. p. 34.

The chiefs of the *Fisking*, or Scandinavian pirates, assumed the title of *Sokungr*, or sea-kings. Ships, in the inflated language of the Scalds, are often termed the serpents of the ocean.

## NOTE XVI.

Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curled,  
Whose monstrous circle girds the world.

St. XXII. p. 34.

The *Jormungandr*, or Snake of the Ocean, whose folds surround the earth, is one of the wildest fictions of the Edda. It was very nearly caught by the god

Thor, who went to fish for it with a hook baited with a bull's head. In the battle betwixt the evil demons and the divinities of Odin, which is to precede the *Ragnarock*, or Twilight of the Gods, this snake is to act a conspicuous part.

## NOTE XVII.

Of those dread maids, whose hideous yell  
Maddens the battle's bloody swell.

St. XXII. p. 34.

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

## NOTE XVIII.

Ransacked the graves of warriors old,  
Their falchions wrenched from corpses' hold.

St. XXII. p. 34.

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

## NOTE XIX.

—Rosabelle.—St. XXIII. p. 35.

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 Strathearn.

## NOTE XX.

—Castle Ravenshuch.—St. XXIII. p. 35.

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

## NOTE XXI.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,  
Where Roslin's chiefs unconfined lie;  
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,  
Sheathed in his iron pan-poly.—St. XXIII. p. 35.

The beautiful chapel of Roslin is still in tolerable preservation. It was founded in 1496 by William St Clair, Prince of Orkney, Duke of Orkneyburgh, Earl of Caithness and Strathern, Lord Saint Clair, Lord Niddesdale, Lord Admiral of the Scottish seas, Lord Chief Justice of Scotland, Lord Warden of the three marches, Baron of Roslin, Pentland, Pentlandmoor, &c. Knight of the Cockle and of the Garter (as is affirmed). High Chancellor, Chamberlain, and Lieutenant of Scotland. This lofty person, whose titles, says Godsecroft, might weary a Spaniard, built the castle of Roslin, where he resided in princely splendour, and founded the chapel, which is in the most rich and florid style of Gothic architecture. Among the profuse carving on the pillars and buttresses, the rose is frequently introduced in allusion to the name, with which, however, the flower has no connection; the etymology being *Ross-linnhe*, the promontory of the linn, or waterfall. The chapel is said to appear on fire previous to the death of any of his descendants. This super-

stitution, noticed by Slezer in his *Theatrum Scoticum*, and alluded to in the text, is probably of Norwegian derivation, and may have been imported by the Earls of Orkney into their Lothian domains. The tomb-fires of the north are mentioned in most of the Sagas.

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

"Sir William Sinclair, the father, was a leud 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 Presbyterians, who vexed him sadly, b-cause of his religion, being Roman Catholic. His son, Sir William, died during the troubles, and was interred in the chapel of Roslin the very same day that the battle of Dunbar was fought. When my good father was buried, his (n amely, Sir William's) corpse seemed to be entire at the opening of the cave; but when they came to touch his body, it fell into dust. He was laying in his armour with a red velvet cap on his head, on a flat stone; nothing was spoiled except a piece of the white furring that went round the cap, and answered to the hinder part of the head. All his predecessors were buried after the same manner in their armour; late Rosline, my good father, was the first that was buried in a coffin, against the sentiments of King James VII. 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 expences she was at in burying her husband, occasioned the sumptuary acts which were made in the following parliaments."

## NOTE XXII.

—"Gylbyn, come!"—St. XXV. p. 46.  
See the story of Gilpin Horner, p. 31.

## NOTE XXIII.

For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,  
Like him of whom the story ran,  
Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man.—  
St. XXV. p. 36.

The ancient castle of Peel-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 Manxish language, the *Maukie Dog*, in the shape of a large black spaniel, with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peel-castle; and has been frequently seen in every room, but particularly in the guard-chamber, where, as soon as candles were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire, in presence of all the soldiers, who, at length, by being so much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They still however, retained a certain awe, as believing it was an evil spirit, which only waited permission to do them hurt; and for that reason forebore swearing, and all profane discourse, while in its company. But though they endured the shock of such a guest when all together 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 *Maukie Dog* was always seen to come out from that passage at the close of 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 endeavoured to dissuade him; but the more they said, the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that *Maukie Dog* 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 entreated 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 *Maukie Dog* 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 threescore years since: and I heard it attested by several, but especially by an old soldier, who assured me he had seen it oftener than he had then hairs on his head."—WALDRON'S Description of the Isle of Man, p. 107.

## NOTE XXIV.

And he a solemn sacred plight  
Did to St Bryde of Douglas make.—  
St. XXVI. p. 36.

This was a favourite saint of the house of Douglas, and of the earl of Angus in particular, as we learn from the following passage. The Queen-regent had proposed to raise a rival noble to the ducal dignity; and discoursing of her purpose with Angus, he answered, "Why not, madam? we are happy that have such a princess, that can know and will acknowledge men's service, and is willing to recompence it: But, by the night of God (this was his oath when he was serious and in anger; at other times, it was by Saint Bryde of Douglas), if he be a Duke, I will be a Drake!" So she desisted from prosecuting of that purpose."—GOSSETT, vol. ii. p. 131.

BELFAST:

PRINTED BY SIMMS AND MINTYRE.

# MARMION,

## A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET.

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!—LEYDEN.

BELFAST:

PUBLISHED BY SIMMS AND M'INTYRE,

DONEGALL STREET.

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1841.



TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
HENRY, LORD MONTAGUE,  
&c. &c. &c.  
THIS ROMANCE IS INSCRIBED  
BY  
THE AUTHOR.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

It is hardly to be expected, that an Author, whom the Public has honoured with some degree of applause, should not be again a trespasser on their kindness. Yet the Author of *MARMION* must be supposed to feel some anxiety concerning its success, since he is sensible that he hazards, by this second intrusion, any reputation which his first Poem may have procured him. The present Story turns upon the private adventures of a fictitious character; but is called a Tale of Flodden Field, because the hero's fate is connected with that memorable defeat, and the causes which led to it. The design of the Author was, if possible, to apprise his readers, at the outset, of the date of his Story, and to prepare them for the manners of the Age in which it is laid. Any Historical narrative, far more an attempt at Epic composition, exceeded his plan of a Romantic Tale; yet he may be permitted to hope, from the popularity of *THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL*, that an attempt to paint the manners of the feudal times, upon a broader scale, and in the course of a more interesting story, will not be unacceptable to the Public.

The Poem opens about the commencement of August, and concludes with the defeat of Flodden, 4th September, 1513.

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# MARMION.

## INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIRST.

To WILLIAM STEWART ROSE, Esq.

*Ashetiel, Ettrick Forest.*

NOVEMBER'S sky is chill and drear,  
November's leaf is red and sear:  
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,  
That hems our little garden in,  
Low in its dark and narrow glen,  
You scarce the rivulet might ken,  
So thick the tangled green-wood grew,  
So feeble trilled 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;  
No more, beneath the evening beam,  
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam;  
A way hath passed the heather-bell,  
That bloomed so rich on Needpath-fell;  
Sallow his brow, and russet bare  
Are now the sister-heights of Yare.  
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,  
To sheltered dale and down are driven,  
Where yet some faded herbage pines,  
And yet a watery sun-beam shines:  
In meek despondency they eye  
The withered sward and wintry sky,  
And far beneath their summer hill,  
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill:  
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,  
And wraps him closer from the cold;  
His dogs no merry circles wheel,  
But, shivering, follow at his heel;

A cowering glance they often cast,  
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

My lings, though hardy, 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,  
And while you frolic light as they,  
Too short shall seem the summer day.

To mute and to material things  
New life revolving summer brings;  
The genial call dead Nature hears,  
And in her glory re-appears.  
But Oh! my country's wintry state  
What second spring shall renovate?  
What powerful call shall bid arise  
The buried warlike, and the wise;  
The mind, that thought for Britain's weal,  
The hand that grasped the victor 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 PITT, thy hallowed tomb!

Deep graved in every British heart,  
O never let those names depart!  
Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,  
Who victor died on Gadite wave;

To him, as to the burning levin,  
Short, bright, resistless course was given;  
Where'er his country's foes were found,  
Was heard the fated thunder's sound,  
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,  
Rolled, blazed, destroyed,—and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perished worth,  
Who bade the conqueror go forth,  
And launched that thunderbolt of war  
On Egypt, Hafnia,\* Trafalgar;  
Who, born to guide such high emprise,  
For Britain's weal was early wise;  
Alas! to whom the Almighty gave,  
For Britain's sins an early grave;  
His worth, who, in his mightiest hour,  
A bauble held the pride of power,  
Spurned at the sordid lust of pelf,  
And served his Albion for herself;  
Who, when the frantic crowd amain  
Strained at subjection's bursting rein,  
O'er their wild mood full conquest gained,  
The pride, he would not crush, restrained,  
Showed their fierce zeal a worthier cause,  
And brought the freeman's arm to aid the  
freeman's laws.

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

Oh, think, how to his latest day,  
When Death, just hovering claimed his prey,  
With Palinure's unaltered mood,  
Firm at his dangerous post he stood;  
Each call for needful rest repelled,  
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,

\* Copenhagen.

But still, upon the hallowed day,  
Convoke the swains to praise and pray;  
While faith and civil peace are dear,  
Grace this cold marble with a tear,—  
He, who preserved them, PITT, lies here!

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,  
Because his Rival slumbers nigh;  
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,  
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.  
For talents mourn, untimely lost,  
When best employed, 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 suppressed,  
And sacred be the last long rest.  
*Here*, where the end of earthly things  
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings;  
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,  
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung;  
*Here*, where the fretted aisles prolong  
The distant notes of holy song,  
As if some angel spoke agen,  
All peace on earth, good-will to men;  
If ever from an English heart,  
O *here* let prejudice depart,  
And, partial feeling cast aside,  
Record, that Fox a Briton died!  
When Europe crouched to France's yoke,  
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,  
And the firm Russian's purpose brave  
Was bartered by a timorous slave,  
Even then dishonour's peace he spurned,  
The sullied olive-branch returned,  
Stood for his country's glory fast,  
And nailed her colours to the mast.  
Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave  
A portion in this honoured grave;  
And ne'er held marble in its trust  
Of two such wonderous men the dust.

With more than mortal powers endowed,  
How high they soared above the crowd!  
Theirs was no common party race,  
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,  
Looked up the noblest of the land,



Till through the British world were known  
 The names of PITT and FOX alone.  
 Spells of such force no wizard grave  
 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 wine of life is on the lees.  
 Genius, and taste, and talent gone,  
 For ever tombed beneath the stone,  
 Where,—taming thought to human pride!—  
 The mighty chiefs 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 agen?"

Rest, ardent Spirits! till the cries  
 Of dying Nature bid you rise;  
 Not even your Britain's groans can pierce  
 The leaden silence of your hearse:  
 Then, O how impotent and vain  
 This grateful tributary strain!  
 Though not unmarked from northern clime,  
 Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme:  
 His Gothic harp has o'er you rung;  
 The bard you deigned to praise, your death-  
 less names has sung.

Stay yet, illusion, stay a while,  
 My wildered 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 frost-work in the morning ray,  
 The fancied fabric melts away;  
 Each Gothic arch, memorial stone,  
 And long, dim, lofty aisle are gone,  
 And, lingering last, deception dear,  
 The choir's high sounds die on my ear.

Now slow return the lonely down,  
 The silent pastures bleak and brown,  
 The farm begirt with copse-wood wild,  
 The gambols of each frolic child,  
 Mixing their shrill cries with the tone  
 Of Tweed's dark waters rushing on.

Prompt on unequal tasks to run,  
 Thus Nature disciplines her son:  
 Meeter, she says, for me to stray,  
 And waste the solitary day,  
 In plucking from yon fen the reed,  
 And watching it float down the Tweed;  
 Or idly list the shrilling lay  
 With which the milk-maid cheers her way,  
 Marking its cadence rise and fall,  
 As from the field, beneath her pail,  
 She trips it down the uneven dale:  
 Meeter for me, by yonder cairn,  
 The ancient shepherd's tale to learn,  
 Though oft he stop in rustic fear,  
 Lest his old legends tire the ear  
 Of one, who, in his simple mind,  
 May boast of book-learned taste refined.

But thou, my friend, canst fitly tell,  
 (For few have read romance so well)  
 How still the legendary lay  
 O'er poet's bosom holds its sway;  
 How on the ancient minstrel strain  
 Time lays his palsied hand in vain;  
 And how our hearts at doughty deeds,  
 By warriors wrought in steely weeds,  
 Still throb for fear and pity's sake;  
 As when the Champion of the Lake  
 Enters Morgana's fated house,  
 Or in the Chapel Perilous,  
 Despising spells and demons' force,  
 Holds converse with the unburied corso;  
 Or when, Dame Ganore's grace to move,  
 (Alas! that lawless was their love)  
 He sought proud Tarquin in his den,  
 And freed full sixty knights; or when,  
 A sinful man, and unconfessed,  
 He took the Sangreal's holy quest,  
 And, slumbering, saw the vision high,  
 He might not view with waking eye.

The mightiest chiefs of British song  
 Scorned 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,  
 But that a ribald king and court  
 Bade him toil on, to make them sport,

Demanded for their niggard pay,  
Fit for their souls, a looser lay,  
Licentious satire, song, and play;  
The world defrauded of the high design,  
Prophaned the God-given strength, and  
marred the lofty line.

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

Well has thy fair achievement shown,  
A worthy meed may thus be won;  
Ytene's \* oaks — beneath whose shade  
Their theme the merry minstrels made,  
Of Ascapart, and Bevis bold,  
And that Red King,† who, while of old  
Through Boldrewood the chase he led,  
By his loved huntsman's arrow bled —  
Ytene's oaks have heard again  
Renewed such legendary strain;  
For thou hast sung, how He of Gaul,  
That Amadis so famed in hall,  
For Oriana, foiled in fight  
The Necromancer's felon might;  
And well in modern verse have wove  
Partenopex's mystic love;  
Hear then, attentive to my lay,  
A knightly tale of Albion's elder day.

\* The new forest in Hampshire, anciently so called.

† William Rufus.

## CANTO FIRST.

## THE CASTLE.

## I.

DAY set on Norham's castled steep,  
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,  
And Cheviot's mountains lone:  
The battled towers, the Donjon Keep,  
The loop-hole grates where captives weep,  
The flanking walls that round it sweep,  
In yellow lustre shone.  
The warriors on the turrets high,  
Moving athwart the evening sky,  
Seemed forms of giant height:  
Their armour, as it caught the rays,  
Flashed back again the western blaze,  
In lines of dazzling light.

## II.

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

## III.

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

‡ This word properly applies to a flight of water fowl, but is applied, by analogy, to a body of horse.

There is a Knight of the North Country,  
Which leads a lusty plump of spears.  
*Flodden Field.*

## 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:  
 Lord Marmion waits below."—  
 Then to the Castle's lower ward  
 Sped forty yeomen tall,  
 The iron-studded gates unbarred,  
 Raised the portcullis' ponderous guard,  
 The lofty palisade unspurred,  
 And let the draw-bridge fall.

## V.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,  
 Proudly his red-roan charger trod,  
 His helm hung at the saddle-bow;  
 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 revealed  
 A token true of Bosworth field;  
 His eye-brow dark, and eye of fire,  
 Shewed 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 moustache, and curly hair,  
 Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,  
 But more through toil than age;  
 His square-turned joints, and strength of  
 limb,  
 Shewed him no carpet knight so trim,  
 But, in close fight, a champion grim,  
 In camps, a leader sage.

## VI.

Well was he armed from head to heel,  
 In mail, and plate, of Milan steel;  
 But his strong helm, of mighty cost,  
 Was all with burnish'd gold emboss'd;  
 Amid the plumage of the crest,  
 A falcon hovered on her nest,  
 With wings outspread, and forward breast;  
 E'en such a falcon, on his shield,  
 Soared sable in an azure field:  
 The golden legend bore aright,  
 "WHO CHECKS AT ME, TO DEATH IS DIGHT."  
 Blue was the charger's broidered rein;  
 Blue ribbons decked his arching mane;  
 The knightly bousing'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 burned the gilded spurs to claim;  
 For well could each a war-horse tame,  
 Could draw the bow, the sword could sway,  
 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 halbard, bill, and battle-axe:  
 They bore Lord Marmion's lance so stroug,  
 And led his sumpter mules along,  
 And ambling palfrey, when at need  
 Him listed ease his battle-steed.  
 The last, and trustiest of the four,  
 On high his forky pennon bore;  
 Like swallow's tail, in shape and hue,  
 Flutter'd the streamer glossy blue,  
 Where, blazoned sable, as before,  
 The towering falcon seemed to soar.  
 Last, twenty yeomen, two and two,  
 In hosen black, and jerkins blue,  
 With falcons broider'd on each breast,  
 Attended on their lord's behest.  
 Each, chosen for an archer good,  
 Knew hunting-craft by lake or wood;  
 Each one a six-foot bow could bend,  
 And far a cloth-yard shaft could send;  
 Each held a boar-spear tough and strong,  
 And at their belts their quivers rung.  
 Their dusty palfreys, and array,  
 Shewed they had marched a weary way.

## IX.

'Tis meet that I should tell you now,  
 How fairly armed, and ordered how,  
 The soldiers of the guard,  
 With musquet, 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:—  
 Entered the train, and such a clang,  
 As then through all his turrets rang,  
 Old Norham never heard.

## X.

The guards their morrice-pikes advanced,  
 The trumpets flourished brave,

The cannon from the ramparts glanced,  
 And thundering welcome gave.  
 A blythe salute, in martial sort,  
 The minstrels well might sound,  
 For, as Lord Marmion crossed the court,  
 He scattered angels round.  
 "Welcome to Norham, Marmion!  
 Stout heart, and open hand!  
 Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,  
 Thou flower of English land!"—

## XI.

Two pursuivants, whom tabards deck,  
 With silver scutcheon round their neck,  
 Stood on the steps of stone,  
 By which you reach the Donjon gate,  
 And there, with herald pomp and state,  
 They hailed Lord Marmion:  
 They hailed him Lord of Fontenaye,  
 Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,  
 Of Tamworth tower and town;  
 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.

Theymarshall'd him to the castle-hall,  
 Where the guests stood all aside,  
 And loudly flourished the trumpet-call,  
 And the heralds loudly cried,  
 —"Room, lordings, 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,  
 And saw his saddle bare;  
 We saw the victor win the crest,  
 He wears with worthy pride;  
 And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,  
 His foe's man's scutcheon tied.  
 Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight!  
 Room, room, ye gentles gay,  
 For him who conquered in the right,  
 Marmion of Fontenaye!"—

\* The cry by which the heralds expressed their thanks for the bounty of the nobles.

## XIII.

Then stepped to meet that noble lord,  
 Sir Hugh the Heron bold,  
 Baron of Twisell, and of Ford,  
 And Captain of the Hold.  
 He led Lord Marmion to the deas,  
 Raised o'er the pavement high,  
 And placed him in the upper place—  
 They feasted full and high:  
 The whiles a Northern harper rude  
 Chaunted a rhyme of deadly feud,  
 "How the fierce Thirwalls, and Ridleys all,  
 Stout Willimondswick,  
 And Hard-riding Dick,  
 And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will o'  
 the Wall,  
 Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonhough,  
 And taken his life at the Deadman's-  
 shaw."—†  
 Scantly Lord Marmion's ear could brook  
 The harper's barbarous lay;  
 Yet much he praised the pains he took,  
 And well those pains did pay:  
 For lady's suit, and minstrel's strain,  
 By knight should ne'er be heard in vain.

## XIV.

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

## XV.

The Captain mark'd his altered look,  
 And gave a squire the sign;  
 A mighty wassell bowl he took,  
 And crown'd it high with wine.  
 "Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion,  
 But first I pray thee fair,  
 Where hast thou left that page of thine,  
 That used to serve thy cup of wine,  
 Whose beauty was so rare?"

† The rest of this old ballad may be found in the note.

When last in Raby towers we met,  
 The boy I closely eyed,  
 And often marked his cheeks were wet  
 With tears he fain would hide :  
 His was no rugged horse-boy's hand,  
 To burnish shield, or sharpen brand,  
 Or saddle battle-steed ;  
 But meeter seemed for lady fair,  
 To fan her cheek, or curl her hair,  
 Or through embroidery, rich and rare,  
 The slender silk to lead :  
 His skin was fair, his ringlets gold,  
 His bosom—when he sigh'd,  
 The russet doublet's rugged fold  
 Could scarce repel its pride !  
 Say, hast thou given that lovely youth  
 To serve in lady's bower ?  
 Or was the gentle page, in sooth,  
 A gentle paramour ?"—

## XVI.

Lord Marmion ill could brook such jest ;  
 He rolled his kindling eye,  
 With pain his rising wrath suppressed,  
 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 would'st learn,  
 I left him sick in Lindisfarn :  
 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  
 Whispered light tales of Heron's dame.

## XVII.

Unmarked, at least unrecked, the taunt,  
 Careless the Knight replied,  
 " 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 band,  
 For dame that loves to rove ?  
 Let the wild falcon soar her swing,  
 She'll stoop when she has tired her wing."—

## XVIII.

" Nay, if with Royal James's bride  
 The lovely lady Heron bide,  
 Behold me here a messenger,  
 Your tender greetings prompt to bear ;  
 For to the Scottish court addressed,  
 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 backed 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."—

## XIX.

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

## XX.

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

## XXI.

The Captain mused a little space,  
 And passed 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.  
 Then, though a bishop built this fort,  
 Few holy brethren here resort ;  
 Even our good chaplain, as I woen,  
 Since our last siege, we have not seen :

The mass he might not sing or say,  
 Upon one stinted meal a day;  
 So, safe he sat in Durham aisle,  
 And prayed for our success the while.  
 Our Norham vicar, woe betide,  
 Is all too well in case to ride.  
 The priest of Shoreswood—he could rein  
 The wildest war-horse in your train;  
 But then, no spearman in the hall  
 Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl.  
 Friar John of Tillmouth were the man;  
 A blithesome brother at the can,  
 A welcome guest in hall and bower,  
 He knows each castle, town, and tower,  
 In which the wine and ale is good,  
 'Twixt Newcastle and Holy-Rood.  
 But that good man, as ill befalls,  
 Hath seldom left our castle walls,  
 Since on the vigil of St Bede,  
 In evil hour, he crossed the Tweed,  
 To teach Dame Alison her creed.  
 Old Bughrig found him with his wife;  
 And John, an enemy to strife,  
 Sans frock and hood, fled for his life.  
 The jealous churl hath deeply swore,  
 That, if again he ventures o'er,  
 He shall shrieve penitent no more.  
 Little he loves such risques, 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.  
 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 vowed revenge of Bughrig rude,  
 May end in worse than loss of hood.  
 Let Friar John, in safety, still  
 In chimney-corner smore his fill,  
 Roast hissing crabs, or flaggons 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 kissed the blessed tomb,  
 And visited each holy shrine,  
 In Araby and Palestine;  
 On hills of Armenia hath been,  
 Where Noah's ark may yet be seen;  
 By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,  
 Which parted at the prophet's rod;  
 In Sinal's wilderness he saw  
 The Mount, where Israel heard the law,  
 Mid thunder dint, and flashing levin,  
 And shadows, mists, and darkness, given.  
 He shews Saint James's cockle-shell,  
 Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell;  
 And of that Grot where Olives nod,  
 Where, darling of each heart and eye,  
 From all the youth of Sicily,  
 Saint Rosalie retired to God.

## XXIV.

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

## XXV.

"Gramercy!" quoth Lord Marmion,  
 "Full loth were I, that Friar John,  
 That venerable man, for me,  
 Were placed in fear, or jeopardy.  
 If this same Palmer will me lead  
 From hence to Holy-Rood,  
 Like his good saint, I'll pay his meed,  
 Instead of cockle-shell, or bead,  
 With angels fair and good.  
 I love such holy rambles; still  
 They know to charm a weary hill,  
 With song, romance, or lay:  
 Some jovial tale, or glee, or jest,  
 Some lying legend at the least,  
 They bring to cheer the way."—

## XXVI.

"Ah! noble Sir," young Selby said,  
 And finger on his lip he laid,

"This man knows much, perchance e'en more  
 Than he could learn by holy lore.  
 Still to himself he's muttering,  
 And shrinks as at some unseen thing.  
 Last night we listened at his cell;  
 Strange sounds we heard, and, sooth to tell,  
 He murmured on till morn, howe'er  
 No living mortal could be near.  
 Sometimes I thought I heard it plain,  
 As other voices spoke again.  
 I cannot tell—I like it not—  
 Friar John hath told us it is wrote,  
 No conscience clear, and void of wrong,  
 Can rest awake, and pray so long.  
 Himself still sleeps before his beads  
 Have marked 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 summoned Palmer came in place;  
 His sable cowl o'erhung his face;  
 In his black mantle was he clad,  
 With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,  
 On his broad shoulders wrought;  
 The scallop shell his cap did deck;  
 The crucifix around his neck  
 Was from Loretto brought;  
 His sandals were with travel tore,  
 Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore;  
 The faded palm-branch in his hand,  
 Shewed 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 looked more high and keen;  
 For no saluting did he wait,  
 But strode across the hall of state,  
 And fronted Marmion where he sat,  
 As he his peer had been.  
 But his gaunt frame was worn with toil;  
 His cheek was sunk, alas the while!  
 And when he struggled at a smile,  
 His eye looked haggard wild.  
 Poor wretch! the mother that him bare,  
 If she had been in presence there,  
 In his wan face, and sun-burned 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 Saint Andrew's bound,  
 Within the ocean-cave to pray,  
 Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,  
 From midnight to the dawn of day,  
 Sung to the billows' sound;  
 Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,  
 Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,  
 And the crazed brain restore:—  
 Saint Mary grant, that cave or spring  
 Could back to peace my bosom bring,  
 Or hid 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 drained it merrily;  
 Alone the Palmer passed it by,  
 Though Selby pressed him courteously.  
 This was the sign the feast was o'er;  
 It bushed the merry wassel roar,  
 The minstrels ceased to sound,  
 Soon in the castle nought was heard,  
 But the slow footstep of the guard,  
 Pacing his sober round.

## XXXI.

With early dawn Lord Marmion rose:  
 And first the chapel doors unclose;  
 Then, after morning rites were done,  
 (A hasty mass from Friar John.)  
 And knight and squire had broke their fast,  
 On rich substantial repast,  
 Lord Marmion's bugles blew to horse.  
 Then came the stirrup-cup in course;

Between the Baron and his host,  
 No point of courtesy was lost :  
 High thanks were by Lord Marmion paid,  
 Solemn excuse the Captain made,  
 Till, fling from the gate, had past  
 That noble train, their Lord the last.

Then loudly rung the trumpet-call ;  
 Thundered the cannon from the wall,  
 And shook the Scottish shore ;  
 Around the castle eddied, slow,  
 Volumes of smoke as white as snow,  
 And hid its turrets hoar ;  
 Till they rolled forth upon the air,  
 And met the river breezes there,  
 Which gave again the prospect fair.

## INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND.

TO THE REV. JOHN MARRIOT, M. A.

*Ashestiel, Ettricke Forest.*

THE scenes are desert now and bare,  
 Where flourished once a forest fair, [lined,  
 When these waste glens with copse were  
 And peopled with the hart and hind.  
 Yon thorn—perchance whose prickly spears  
 Have fenced him for three hundred years,  
 While fell around his green compeers—  
 Yon lonely thorn, would he could tell  
 The changes of his parent dell,  
 Since he, so grey and stubborn now,  
 Waved in each breeze a sapling hough ;  
 Would he could tell how deep the shade,  
 A thousand mingled branches made ;  
 How broad the shadows of the oak,  
 How clung the rowan\* to the rock,  
 And through the foliage shewed 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 noontide lay :  
 The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game,  
 (The neighbouring dingle bears his name,  
 With lurching step around me prowled,  
 And stop against the moon to howl ;  
 The mountain boar, on battle set,  
 His tusks upon my stem would whet ;

\* Mountain-ash.

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

Of such proud huntings, many tales  
 Yet linger in our lonely dales,  
 Up pathless Ettricke, and on Yarrow,  
 Where erst the Outlaw drew his arrow.  
 But not more hlythe that sylvan court,  
 Than we have been at humbler sport ;  
 Though small our pomp, and mean our game,  
 Our mirth, dear Marriot, was the same.  
 Remember'st thou my grey-hounds true ?  
 O'erholt, 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 marked 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 !  
 No longer, from thy mountains dun,  
 The yeoman hears the well-known gun,  
 And, while his honest heart glows warm,  
 At thought of his paternal farm,  
 Round to his mates a brimmer fills,  
 And drinks, "The Chieftain of the Hills !"  
 No fairy forms, in Yarrow's bowers,  
 Trip o'er the walks, or tend the flowers,  
 Fair as the elves whom Janet saw,  
 By moonlight, dance on Carterhugh ;

† Slow-hound.



No youthful baron's left to grace  
 The Forest-Sheriff's lonely chase,  
 And ape, in manly step and tone,  
 The majesty of Oberon ;  
 And she is gone, whose lovely face  
 Is but her least and lowest grace ;  
 Though if to Sylphid Queen 'twere given,  
 To shew 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 deafened ear  
 Grows quick, that lady's step to hear ;  
 At noontide she expects her not,  
 Nor busies her to trim the cot ;  
 Pensive she turns her humming wheel,  
 Or pensive cooks her orphans' meal ;  
 Yet blesses, ere she deals their bread,  
 The gentle hand by which they're fed.

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

\* There is, on a high mountainous ridge above the farm of Ashestiel, a fosse called Wallace's Trench.

Something, my friend, we yet may gain,  
 There is a pleasure in this pain :  
 It soothes the love of lonely rest,  
 Deep in each gentler heart 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 sedge,  
 Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge ;  
 Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink  
 At once upon the level brink ;  
 And just a trace of silver sand  
 Marks where the water meets the land.  
 Far in the mirror, bright and blue,  
 Each hill's huge outline you may view ;  
 Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,  
 Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,  
 Save where, of land, yon slender line  
 Bears thwart the lake the scattered pine.  
 Yet even this nakedness has power,  
 And aids the feeling of the hour :  
 Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,  
 Where living thing concealed 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 these steep hills  
 Send to the lake a thousand rills ;  
 In summer tide, so soft they weep,  
 The sound but hurls the ear asleep ;  
 Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,  
 So stilly is the solitude.

Nought living meets the eye or ear,  
 But well I ween the dead are near ;  
 For though, in feudal strife, a foe  
 Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low,  
 Yet still, beneath the hallowed soil,  
 The peasant rests him from his toil,  
 And, dying, bids his bones be laid,  
 Where erst his simple fathers prayed.

If age had tamed the passions' strife,  
 And fate had cut my ties to life,  
 Here, have I thought, 'twere sweet to dwell,  
 And rear again the chaplain's cell,  
 Like that same peaceful hermitage,  
 Where Milton longed to spend his age.  
 'Twere sweet to mark the setting day,  
 On Bourhope's lonely top decay ;

And, as it faint and feeble died,  
 On the broad lake, and mountain's side,  
 To say, "Thus pleasures fade away;  
 Youth, talents, beauty, thus decay,  
 And leave us dark, forlorn, and grey;"—  
 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;  
 On which no sun-beam ever shines—  
 (So superstition's creed divines,  
 Thence view the lake, with sullen roar,  
 Heave her broad billows to the shore;  
 And mark the wild swans mount the gale,  
 Spread wide through mist their snowy sail,  
 And ever stoop again, to lave  
 Their bosoms on the surging wave:  
 Then, when against the driving hail  
 No longer might my plaid avail,  
 Back to my lonely home retire,  
 And light my lamp, and trim my fire:  
 There ponder o'er some mystic lay,  
 Till the wild tale had all its sway,  
 And, in the bitter's distant shriek,  
 I heard unearthly voices speak,  
 And thought the Wizard Priest was come,  
 To claim again his ancient home!  
 And bade my busy fancy range,  
 To frame him fitting shape and strange,  
 Till from the task my brow I cleared,  
 And smiled to think that I had feared.

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

Yet him, whose heart is ill at ease,  
 Such peaceful solitudes displease:  
 He loves to drown his bosom's jar  
 Amid the elemental war:  
 And my black Palmer's choice had been  
 Some ruder and more savage scene, [skene.  
 Like that which frowns round dark Loch-  
 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,  
 A way its hurrying waters break,  
 Faster and whiter dash and curl,  
 Till down yon dark abyss they hurl.  
 Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,  
 Thunders the viewless stream below,  
 Diving, as if condemned to lave  
 Some demon's subterranean cave,  
 Who, prisoned by enchanter's spell,  
 Shakes the dark rock with groan and yell.  
 And well that Palmer's form and mien  
 Had suited with the stormy scene,  
 Just on the edge, straining his ken  
 To view the bottom of the den,  
 Where, deep deep down, and far within,  
 Toils with the rocks the roaring linn;  
 Then, issuing forth one foamy wave,  
 And wheeling round the Giant's Grave,  
 White as the snowy charger's tail,  
 Drives down the pass of Moffatdale.

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

## CANTO SECOND.

### THE CONVENT.

#### I.

THE breeze, which swept away the smoke,  
 Round Norham Castle rolled;  
 When all the loud artillery spoke,  
 With lightning-flash, and thunder-stroke,  
 As Marmion left the Hold.  
 It curled not Tweed alone, that breeze;  
 For, far upon Northumbrian seas,  
 It freshly blew, and strong,  
 Where, from high Whitby's cloistered pile,  
 Bound to Saint Cuthbert's Holy Isle,  
 It bore a bark along.  
 Upon the gale she stooped her side,  
 And bounded o'er the swelling tide,  
 As she were dancing home;  
 The merry seamen laughed, to see  
 Their gallant ship so lustily  
 Furrow the green sea-foam.  
 Much joyed they in their honoured freight,  
 For, on the deck, in chair of state,  
 The Abbess of Saint Hilda placid,  
 With five fair nuns, the galley graced.

#### II.

'Twas sweet to see these holy maids,  
 Like birds escaped to green-wood shades,

Their first flight from the cage,  
 How timid, and how curious too,  
 For all to them was strange and new,  
 And all the common sights they view,  
 Their wonderment engage.  
 One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,  
 With many a benedicite;  
 One at the rippling surge grew pale,  
 And would for terror pray;  
 Then shrieked, because the sea-dog, nigh,  
 His round black head, and sparkling eye,  
 Reared o'er the foaming spray;  
 And one would still adjust her veil,  
 Disordered by the summer gale,  
 Perchance lest some more worldly eye  
 Her dedicated charms might spy;  
 Perchance, because such action graced  
 Her fair-turned arm and slender waist.  
 Light was each simple bosom there,  
 Save two, who ill might pleasure share,—  
 The Abbess, and the Novice Clare.

## III.

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

## IV.

Black was her garb, her rigid rule  
 Reformed on Benedictine school;  
 Her cheek was pale, her form was spare,  
 Vigils, and penitence austere,  
 Had early quenched 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;  
 Summoned to Lindisfarn, 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,  
 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 unprofessed,  
 Lovely, and gentle, but distressed.  
 She was betrothed to one now dead,  
 Or worse, who had dishonoured fled.  
 Her kinsmen bade her give her hand  
 To one, who loved her for her land:  
 Herself, almost heart-broken now,  
 Was bent to take the vestal vow,  
 And shroud, within Saint Hilda's gloom,  
 Her blasted hopes and withered bloom.

## VI.

She sate upon the galley's prow,  
 And seemed to mark the waves below;  
 Nay seemed, so fixed her look and eye,  
 To count them as they glided by.  
 She saw them not—'twas seeming all—  
 Far other scene her thoughts recal,—  
 A sun-scorched desert, waste and bare,  
 Nor wave, nor breezes, murmured there;  
 There saw she, where some careless hand  
 O'er a dead corpse had heaped the sand,  
 To hide it till the jackalls come,  
 To tear it from the scanty tomb.—  
 See what a woeful look was given,  
 As she raised up her eyes to heaven!

## VII.

Lovely, and gentle, and distressed—  
 These charms might tame the fiercest breast:  
 Harpers have sung, and poets told,  
 That he, in fury uncontroled,  
 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 lingua

Had practised, with their bowl and knife,  
Against the mourner's harmless life.  
This crime was charged 'gainst those who lay  
Prisoned in Cuthbert's islet gray.

## VIII.

And now the vessel skirts the strand  
Of mountainous Northumberland;  
Towns, towers, and halls, successive rise,  
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.  
Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay,  
And Tynemouth's priory and bay;  
They marked, amid her trees, the hall  
Of lofty Seaton-Delaval;  
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods  
Rush to the sea through sounding woods;  
They past the tower of Widderington,  
Mother of many a valiant son;  
At Coquet-isle their beads they tell,  
To the good Saint who owned the cell;  
Then did the Alne attention claim,  
And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name;  
And next, they crossed themselves, to hear  
The whitening breakers sound so near,  
Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar  
On Dunstanborough's caverned shore;  
Thy tower, proud Bamborough, marked they  
here,  
King Ida's castle, huge and square,  
From its tall rock look grimly down,  
And on the swelling ocean frown;  
Then from the coast they bore away,  
And reached the Holy Island's bay.

## IX.

The tide did now its flood-mark gain,  
And girdled in the Saint's domain:  
For, with the flow and ebb, its stile  
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 sandaled 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 frowned,  
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 poured his impious rage in vain;  
And needful was such strength to these,  
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,  
Scourged by the wind's eternal sway,  
Open to rovers fierce as they,  
Which could twelve hundred years with-  
stand  
Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand.  
Not but that portions of the pile,  
Rebuilt in a later stile,  
Shewed where the spoiler's hand had been;  
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen  
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,  
And mouldered 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 neared 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-drowned amid the breakers' roar,  
According chorus rose:  
Down to the haven of the Isle,  
The monks and nuns in order file,  
From Cuthbert's cloisters grim;  
Banner, and cross, and reliques there,  
To meet Saint Hilda's maids, they bare;  
And, as they caught the sounds on air,  
They echoed back the hymn.  
The islanders, in joyous mood,  
Rushed emulously through the flood,  
To hale the bark to land;  
Conspicuous by her veil and hood,  
Singing the cross, the Abbess stood,  
And blessed them with her hand.

## XII.

Suppose we now the welcome said,  
Suppose the Convent banquet made:  
All through the holy dome,  
Through cloister, aisle, and gallery,  
Wherever vestal maid might pry,  
Nor risk to meet unhallowed eye,  
The stranger sisters roam:  
Till fell the evening damp with dew,  
And the sharp s.e.-breeze coldly blew,

For there, even summer night is chill.  
 Then, having strayed and gazed their fill,  
 They closed around the fire :  
 And all, in turn, essayed 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 honour is their own.

## XIII.

Then Whithy'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 sylvan game,  
 Saint Hilda's priest ye slew."  
 " This, on Ascension-day, each year,  
 While labouring on our harbour-pier,  
 Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear."  
 They told how, in their convent cell,  
 A Saxon princess once did dwell,  
 The lovely Edelfild ;  
 And how, of thousand snakes, each one  
 Was changed into a coil of stone,  
 When holy Hilda prayed ;  
 Themselves, within their holy bound,  
 Their stony folds had often found.  
 They told, how sea-fowls' pinions fall,  
 As over Whithy's towers they sail,  
 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 ;  
 How, when the rude Dane burned their pile,  
 The monks fled forth from Holy Isle ;  
 O'er northern mountain, marsh, and moor,  
 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
 Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore.  
 They rested them in fair Melrose ;  
 But though, alive, he loved it well,  
 Not there his reliques 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 Tillmouth cell.  
 Nor long was his abiding there,  
 For southward did the saint repair ;  
 Chester-le-Street, and Rippon, saw  
 His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw

Hailed 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 reliques 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,  
 (Although with them they led  
 Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale,  
 And Lodon's knights, all sheathed in mail,  
 And the bold men of Teviotdale,  
 Before his standard fled.  
 'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,  
 Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane,  
 And turned the conqueror back again,  
 When, with his Norman bowyer band,  
 He came to waste Northumberland.

## XVI.

But fain Saint Hilda's nuns would learn,  
 If, on a rock, by Lindisfarn,  
 Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame  
 The sea-born beads that bear his name :  
 Such tales had Whithy's fishers told,  
 And said they might his shape behold,  
 And hear his anvil sound ;  
 A deadened clang,—a huge dim form,  
 Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm,  
 And night were closing round.  
 But this, as tale of idle fame,  
 The nuns of Lindisfarn disclaim.

## XVII.

While round the fire such legends go,  
 Far different was the scene of woe,  
 Where, in a secret aisle beneath,  
 Council was held of life and death.  
 It was more dark and lone that vault,  
 Than the worst dungeon cell ;  
 Old Colwulf 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 called the Vault of Penitence,  
 Excluding air and light,

Was, by the prelate Sexhelm, made  
 A place of burial, for such dead  
 As, having died in mortal sin,  
 Might not be laid the church within.  
 'Twas now a place of punishment,  
 Whence if so loud a shriek was sent,  
 As reached the upper air,  
 The hearers blessed themselves, and said,  
 The spirits of the sinful dead  
 Bemoaned their torments there.

## XVIII.

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

## XIX.

There, met to doom in secrecy,  
 Were placed the heads of convents three:  
 All servants of Saint Benedict,  
 The statutes of whose order strict  
 On iron table lay;  
 In long black dress, on seats of stone,  
 Behind were these three judges shewn,  
 By the pale cresset's ray:  
 The Abbess of Saint Hilda's, there,  
 Sate 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:

\* Antique Chandeller.

And he, that Ancient Man, whose sight,  
 Has long been quenched by age's night,  
 Upon whose wrinkled brow alone,  
 Nor rath, nor mercy's trace is shewn,  
 Whose look is hard and stern,—  
 Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his stile;  
 For sanctity called, through the isle,  
 The Saint of Lindisfarn.

## 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,  
 Obscured her charms, but could not hide.  
 Her cap down o'er her face she drew;  
 And, on her doublet breast,  
 She tried to hide the badge of blue,  
 Lord 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 Beverly they know,  
 Sister professed of Fontevraud,  
 Whom the church numbered 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 fall,  
 And motion slight of eye and head,  
 And of her bosom, warranted,  
 That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,  
 You might have thought a form of wax,  
 Wrought to the very life, was there;  
 So still she was, so pale, so fair.

## XXII.

Her comrade was a sordid soul,  
 Such as does murder for a meed;  
 Who, but of fear, knows no controul,  
 Because his conscience, seared and foul,  
 Feels not the import of his deed;  
 One, whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires  
 Beyond his own more brute desires.

Such tools the tempter ever needs,  
 To do the savagery of deeds;  
 For them no visioned 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,  
 Shewed the grim entrance of the porch:  
 Reflecting back the smoky beam,  
 The dark-red walls and arches gleam.  
 Hewn stones and cement were displayed,  
 And building tools in order laid.

## XXIV.

These executioners were chose,  
 As men who were with mankind foes,  
 And, with despite and envy fired,  
 Into the cloister had retired;  
 Or who, in desperate doubt of grace,  
 strove, by deep penance, to efface  
 Of some foul crime the stain;  
 For, as the vassals of her will,  
 Such men the church selected still,  
 As either joyed in doing ill,  
 Or thought more grace to gain,  
 If, in her cause, they wrestled down  
 Feelings their nature strove to own.  
 By strange device were they brought there,  
 They knew not how, and knew not where.

## XXV.

And now that blind old Abbot rose,  
 To speak the Chapter's doom,  
 On those the wall was to enclose,  
 Alive, within the tomb;  
 But stopped, because that woeful maid,  
 Gathering her powers, to speak assayed.

Twice she essayed, and twice in vain;  
 Her accents might no utterance gain;  
 Nought but imperfect murmurs slip  
 From her convulsed and quivering lip:  
 'Twixt each attempt all was so still,  
 You seemed 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 colour dawned upon her cheek,  
 A hectic and a fluttered streak,  
 Like that left on the Cheviot peak,  
 By Autumn's stormy sky;  
 And when her silence broke at length,  
 Still as she spoke she gathered strength,  
 And armed herself to bear.  
 It was a fearful sight to see  
 Such high resolve and constancy,  
 In form so soft and fair.

## XXVII.

"I speak not to implore your grace;  
 Well know I, for one minute's space  
 Successful 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 listened to a traitor's tale,  
 I left the convent and the veil,  
 For three long years I bowed 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 forswore,  
 And Constance was beloved no more.—  
 'Tis an old tale, and often told;  
 But, did my fate and wish agree,  
 Ne'er had been read, in story old,  
 Of maiden true betrayed for gold,  
 That loved, or was avenged, like me!

## XXVIII.

"The king approved his favourite's aim,  
 In vain a rival harred his claim,

Whose faith 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 prayed,  
 Their lances in the rest are laid,  
 They meet in mortal shock ;  
 And hark ! the throng, with thundering cry,  
 Shout, ' Marmion, Marmion, to the sky !  
 De Wilton to the block !'  
 Say ye, who preach heaven shall decide,  
 When in the lists two champions ride,  
 Say, was heaven's justice here ?  
 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, gathered voice, and spoke the rest.

## XXXIX.

" Still was false Marmion's bridal staid ;  
 To Whithy'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 remained—the king's command  
 Sent Marmion to the Scottish land :  
 I lingered here, and rescue plann'd  
 For Clara and for me :  
 This caitiff Monk, for gold, did swear,  
 He would to Whithy'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 hath undone us both.

## XXX.

" And now my tongue the secret tells,  
 Not that remorse my bosom swells,  
 But to assure my soul, that none  
 Shall ever wed with Marmion.  
 Had fortune my last hope betrayed,  
 This packet to the king conveyed,  
 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 he take,  
 That you shall wish the fiery Dane  
 Had rather been your guest again.  
 Behind, a darker hour ascends !  
 The altars quake, the crosier bends,  
 The ire of a despotic king  
 Rides forth upon destruction's wing ;  
 Then shall these vaults, so strong and deep,  
 Burst open to the sea-winds' sweep ;  
 Some traveller then shall find my bones,  
 Whitening amid disjointed stones,  
 And, ignorant of priests' cruelty,  
 Marvel such relics here should be."—

## XXXII.

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

## XXXIII.

An hundred winding steps convey  
 That conclave to the upper day ;  
 But, ere they breathed the fresher air,  
 They heard the shriekings of despair,  
 And many a stifled groan :  
 With speed their upward way they take,  
 (Such speed as age and fear can make,)  
 And crossed themselves for terror's sake,  
 As hurrying, tottering on.  
 Even in the vesper's heavenly tone,  
 They seemed 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 rolled,  
His beads the wakeful hermit told;  
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,  
But slept ere half a prayer he said;  
So far was heard the mighty knell,  
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,  
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,  
Listed before, aside, behind;  
Then couched him down beside the hind,  
And quaked among the mountain fern,  
To hear that sound so dull and stern.

## INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THIRD.

To WILLIAM ERSKINE, Esq.

*Ashetiel, Ettricke Forest.*

LIKE April morning clouds, that pass,  
With varying shadow, o'er the grass,  
And imitate, on field and furrow,  
Life's chequered scene of joy and sorrow;  
Like streamlet of the mountain north,  
Now in a torrent racing forth,  
Now winding slow its silver train,  
And almost slumbering on the plain;  
Like breezes of the autumn day,  
Whose voice inconstant dies away,  
And ever swells again as fast,  
When the ear deems its murmur past;  
Thus various, my romantic theme  
Flits, winds, or sinks, a morning dream.  
Yet pleased, our eye pursues the trace  
Of Light and Shade's inconstant race;  
Pleased, views the rivulet afar,  
Weaving its maze irregular;  
And pleased, we listen as the breeze  
Heaves its wild sigh through Autumn trees.  
Then wild as cloud, or stream, or gale,  
Flow on, flow unconfined, my tale.

Need I to thee, dear Erskine, tell,  
I love the licence all too well,  
In sound now lowly, and now strong,  
To raise the desultory song?—  
Oft, when mid such capricious chime,  
Some transient fit of loftier rhyme,  
To thy kind judgment seemed excuse  
For many an error of the muse;  
Oft hast thou said, "If still mis-spent,  
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 feebler bard,  
Still from the grave their voice is heard;  
From them, and from the paths they shew'd,  
Chuse honoured guide and practised road;  
Nor ramble on through brake and maze,  
With harpers rude of barbarous days.

"Or deem'st thou not our later time  
Yields topic meet for classic rhyme?  
Hast thou no elegiac verse  
For Brunswick's venerable hearse?  
What! not a line, a tear, a sigh,  
When valour bleeds for liberty?—  
Oh, hero of that glorious time,  
When, with unrivalled light sublime,—  
Though martial Austria, and though all  
The might of Russia, and the Gaul,  
Though banded Europe stood her foes—  
The star of Brandenburg arose,  
Thou could'st not live to see her beam  
For ever quenched in Jena's stream.  
Lamented chief!—it was not given,  
To thee to change the doom of heaven,  
And crush that dragon in his birth,  
Predestined scourge of guilty earth.  
Lamented chief!—not thine the power,  
To save in that presumptuous hour,  
When Prussia hurried to the field,  
And snatched the spear, but left the shield,  
Valour and skill 'twas thine to try,  
And, tried in vain, 'twas thine to die.  
Ill had it seemed thy silver hair  
The last, the bitterest pang to share,  
For princedoms reft, and scutcheons riven,  
And birthrights to usurpers given;  
Thy land's, thy children's wrongs to feel,  
And witness woes thou could'st not heal!  
On thee relenting heaven bestows  
For honoured life an honoured close;  
And when revolves, in time's sure change,  
The hour of Germany's revenge,  
When, breathing fury for her sake,  
Some new Arminius shall awake,  
Her champion, ere he strike, shall come  
To whet his sword on BRUNSWICK'S tomb.

"Or of the Red-Cross hero teach,  
Dauntless in dungeon as on breach:  
Alike to him the sea, the shore,  
The brand, the bridle, or the oar;  
Alike to him the war that calls  
Its votaries to the shattered walls,  
Which the grim Turk besmeared with blood,  
Against the Invincible made good;

Or that, whose thundering voice could wake  
The silence of the polar lake,  
When stubborn Russ, and metal'd Swede,  
On the warped wave their death-game played;  
Or that, where vengeance and affright  
Howl'd round the father of the fight,  
Who snatched on Alexandria's sand  
The conqueror's wreath with dying hand.

“ Or, if to touch such chord be thine,  
Restore the ancient tragic line,  
And emulate the notes that rung  
From the wild harp which silent hung,  
By silver Avon's holy shore,  
Till twice an hundred years rolled o'er;  
When she, the hold Enchantress, came,  
With fearless hand and heart on flame!  
From the pale willow snatched the treasure,  
And swept it with a kindred measure,  
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove  
With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,  
Awakening at the inspired strain,  
Deemed their own Shakspeare lived again.”—

Thy friendship thus thy judgment wrong-  
With praises not to me belonging, [ing,  
In task more meet for mightiest powers,  
Would'st thou engage my thriftless hours.  
But say, my Erskine, hast thou weighed  
That secret power by all obeyed,  
Which warps not less the passive mind,  
Its source concealed 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 fittier termed the sway  
Of habit, formed in early day?  
How'er derived, its force confessed  
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 whitened wall  
Beside the dank and dull canal?  
He'll say, from youth he loved to see  
The white sail gliding by the tree.  
Or see yon weather-beaten hind,  
Whose sluggish herds before him wind,  
Whose tattered plaid and rugged cheek  
His northern clime and kindred speak;  
Through England's laughing meads he goes,  
And England's wealth around him flows:

Ask, if it would content him well,  
At ease in these gay plains to dwell,  
Where hedge-rows spread a verdant screen,  
And spires and forests intervene,  
And the neat cottage peeps between?  
No! not for these will he exchange  
His dark Lochaber's boundless range,  
Nor for fair Devon's meads forsake  
Bennevis grey and Garry's lake.

Thus, while I ape the measure wild  
Of tales that charmed 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 charmed my fancy's wakening hour  
Though no broad river swept along,  
To claim, perchance, heroic song;  
Though sighed no groves in summer gale,  
To prompt of love a softer tale;  
Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed  
Claimed homage from a shepherd's reed;  
Yet was poetic impulse given,  
By the green hill and clear blue heaven.  
It was a barren scene, and wild,  
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;  
But ever and anon between  
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;  
And well the lonely infant knew  
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,  
And honey-suckle loved to crawl  
Up the low crag and ruined wall;  
I deemed such nooks the sweetest shade  
The sun in all his round surveyed;  
And still I thought that shattered tower  
The mightiest work of human power;  
And marvelled, as the aged hind  
With some strange tale bewitched my mind,  
Of forayers, who, with headlong force,  
Down from that strength had spurred their  
horse,  
Their southern rapine to renew,  
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,  
And, home returning, filled the hall  
With revel, wassel-rout, and brawl.—  
Methought that still with tramp and clang  
The gate-way's broken arches rang;  
Methought grim features, seamed with scars,  
Glared through the windows' rusty bars.  
And ever, by the winter hearth,  
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,  
Of lovers' sleights, of ladies' charms,  
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms;

Of patriot battles, won of old  
 By Wallace wight and Bruce the hold;  
 Of later fields of feud and fight,  
 When, pouring from their Highland height,  
 The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,  
 Had swept the scarlet ranks away.  
 While stretched at length upon the floor,  
 Again I fought each combat o'er,  
 Pebbles and shells in order laid,  
 The mimic ranks of war displayed;  
 And onward still the Scottish Lion bore,  
 And still the scattered Southron fled before.

Still, with vain fondness, could I trace,  
 Anew, each kind familiar face,  
 That brightened at our evening fire;  
 From the thatched mansion's grey-haired  
 Sire,  
 Wise without learning, plain and good,  
 And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood;  
 Whose eye in age, quick, clear, and keen,  
 Shewed what in youth its glance had been;  
 Whose doom discording neighbours sought,  
 Content with equity unbought;  
 To him the venerable Priest,  
 Our frequent and familiar guest,  
 Whose life and manners well could paint  
 Alike the student and the saint;  
 Alas! whose speech too oft I broke  
 With gambol rude and timeless joke:  
 For I was wayward, bold, and wild,  
 A self-will'd imp, a grandame's child;  
 But half a plague, and half a jest,  
 Was still endured, beloved, carest.

From me, thus nurtured, dost thou ask  
 The classic poet's well-conned task?  
 Nay, Erskine, nay—on the wild hill  
 Let the wild heathbell flourish still;  
 Cherish the tulip, prune the vine,  
 But freely let the woodbine twine,  
 And leave untrimmed the eglantine:  
 Nay, my friend, nay—since oft thy praise  
 Hath given fresh vigour to my lays,  
 Since oft thy judgment could refine  
 My flattened 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 unrestrained, my tale!

## CANTO THIRD.

## THE HOSTEL, OR INN.

## I

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

## II.

No summons calls them to the tower,  
 To spend the hospitable hour.  
 To Scotland's camp the Lord was gone;  
 His cautious dame, in bower alone,  
 Dreaded her castle to unclose,  
 So late, to unknown friends or foes.  
 On through the hamlet as they paced,  
 Before a porch, whose front was graced  
 With hush and flaggon trimly placed,  
 Lord Marmion drew his rein:  
 The village Inn seemed large, though rude;  
 Its cheerful fire and hearty food  
 Might well relieve his train.  
 Down from their seats the horsemen sprung,  
 With jingling spurs the court-yard rung;  
 They hind the horses to the stall,  
 For forage, food, and firing call,  
 And various clamour fills the hall;  
 Weighing the labour with the cost,  
 Toils everywhere the bustling host.

## III.

Soon by the chimney's merry blaze,  
 Through the rude hostel might you gaze;  
 Might see, where, in dark nook aloof,  
 The rafters of the sooty roof  
 Bore wealth of winter cheer;

Of sea-fowl dried, and solands store,  
And gammons of the tusky boar,  
And savoury haunch of deer.  
The chimney arch projected wide;  
Above, around it, and beside,

Were tools for housewives' hand;  
Nor wanted, in that martial day,  
The implements of Scottish fray,  
The buckler, lance, and brand.

Beneath its shade, the place of state,  
On oaken settle Marmion sat,  
And viewed around the blazing hearth.  
His followers mix in noisy mirth,  
Whom with brown ale, in jolly tide,  
From ancient vessels ranged aside,  
Full actively their host supplied.

## IV.

Their's was the glee of martial brea-t,  
And laughter their's at little jest;  
And oft Lord Marmion deigned to aid,  
And mingle in the mirth they made:  
For though, with men of high degree,  
The proudest of the proud was he,  
Yet, trained 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.

## V.

Resting upon his pilgrim's staff,  
Right opposite the Palmer stood;  
His thin dark visage seen but half,  
Half hidden by his hood.  
Still fixed 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,  
Unbroke, save when in comrade's ear  
Some yeoman, wondering in his fear,  
Thus whispered forth his mind:—

"Saint Mary! saw'st thou e'er such sight?  
How pale his cheek, his eye how bright,  
Whene'er the fire-brand's flickle light  
Glances beneath his cowl!  
Full on our Lord he sets his eye;  
For his best palfrey, would not I  
Endure that sullen scowl."—

## VII.

But Marmion, as to chase the awe [saw  
Which thus had quelled their hearts, who  
The ever-varying fire-light shew  
That figure stern and face of woe,

Now called 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 rejoined,  
"Our choicest minstrel's left behind.  
Ill may we hope to please your ear,  
Accustomed Constant's strains to hear.  
The harp full deftly can he strike,  
And wake the lover's lute alike;  
To dear Saint Valentine, no thrush  
Sings livelier from a spring-tide bush;  
No nightingale her love-lorn tune  
More sweetly warbles to the moon.  
Wo to the cause, whate'er it be,  
Detains from us his melody,  
Lavished on rocks, and billows stern,  
Or duller monks of Lindisfarn.  
Now must I venture as I may,  
To sing his favourite roundelay."—

## IX.

A mellow voice Fitz-Eustace had,  
The air he chose was wild and sad;  
Such have I heard, in Scottish land,  
Rise from the busy harvest band,  
When falls before the mountaineer,  
On lowland plains, the ripened ear.  
Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,  
Now a wild chorus swells the song:  
Oft have I listened, and stood still,  
As it came softened up the hill,  
And deemed it the lament of men  
Who languished for their native glen;  
And thought, how sad would be such souls,  
On Susquehana's swampy ground,  
Kentucky's wood-encumbered brake,  
Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,  
Where heart-sick exiles, in the strain,  
Recalled fair Scotland's hills again!

## X.

## Song.

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

## CHORUS.

*Eleu loro, &c.* Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,  
Cool streams are laving;  
There, while the tempests sway,  
Scarce are houghs waving;  
There, thy rest shalt thou take,  
Parted for ever,  
Never again to wake,  
Never, O never.

## CHORUS.

*Eleu loro, &c.* Never, O never.

## XI.

Where shall the traitor rest,  
He, the deceiver,  
Who could win maiden's breast,  
Ruin, and leave her?  
In the lost battle,  
Borne down by the flying,  
Where mingles war's rattle,  
With groans of the dying.

## CHORUS.

*Eleu loro, &c.* There shall he be lying.

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

## CHORUS.

*Eleu loro, &c.* Never, O never.

## XII.

It ceased, the melancholy sound;  
And silence sunk on all around.  
The air was sad; but sadder still  
It fell on Marmion's ear,  
And pained as if disgrace and ill,  
And shameful death, were near.  
He drew his mantle past his face,  
Between it and the band,

And rested with his head a space,  
Reclining on his hand.  
His thoughts I scan not; but I ween,  
That, could their import have been seen,  
The meanest groom in all the hall,  
That e'er tied courser to a stall,  
Would scarce have 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 writhe beneath the smart  
Of civil conflict in the heart.  
For soon Lord Marmion raised his head,  
And, smiling, to Fitz-Eustace said:—  
“Is it not strange, that, as ye sung,  
Seemed in mine ear a death-peal rung,  
Such as in nunneries 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.”

## XIV.

Marmion, whose steady heart and eye  
Ne'er changed in worst extremity;  
Marmion, whose soul could scanty brook,  
Even from his king, a haughty look;  
Whose accent of command controuled,  
In camps, the boldest of the bold—  
Thought, look, and utterance, failed him now,  
Fallen was his glance, and flushed 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 haps, that when within  
They shrink at sense of secret sin,  
A feather daunts the brave;  
A fool's wild speech confounds the wise,  
And proudest princes veil their eyes  
Before their meanest slave.

## XV.

Well might he falter!—by his aid  
Was Constance Beverley betrayed;  
Not that he augur'd of the doom,  
Which on the living closed the tomb;  
But, tired to hear the desperate maid  
Threaten by turns, beseech, upbraid;

And wroth, because, in wild despair,  
 She practised on the life of Clare;  
 Its fugitive the church he gave,  
 Though not a victim, but a slave;  
 And deemed restraint in convent strange,  
 Would hide her wrongs, and her revenge.  
 Himself, proud Henry's favourite peer,  
 Held Romish thunders idle fear,  
 Secure his pardon he might hold,  
 For some slight mulet of penance-gold.  
 Thus judging, he gave secret way,  
 When the stern priests surprised their prey:  
 His train but deemed the favourite page  
 Was left behind, to spare his age;  
 Or other if they deemed, 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 deemed her well,  
 And safe secured in distant cell;  
 But, wakened by her favourite lay,  
 And that strange Palmer's boding say,  
 That fell so ominous and drear,  
 Full on the object of his fear,  
 To aid remorse's venom'd throes,  
 Dark tales of convent vengeance rose;  
 And Constance, late betrayed and scorned,  
 All lovely on his soul returned:  
 Lovely as when, at treacherous call,  
 She left her convent's peaceful wall,  
 Crimsomed with shame, with terror mute,  
 Dreading alike escape, pursuit,  
 Till love, victorious o'er alarms,  
 Hid fears and blushes in his arms.

## XVII.

"Alas!" he thought, "how changed that mien!  
 How changed these timid looks have been,  
 Since years of guilt, and of disguise,  
 Have steel'd her brow, and arm'd her eyes!  
 No more of virgin terror speaks  
 The blood that mantles in her cheeks;  
 Fierce, and unfeminine, are there,  
 Frenzy for joy, for grief despair;  
 And I the cause—for whom were given  
 Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven!—  
 Would," thought he, as the picture grows,  
 "I on its stalk had left the rose!  
 Oh why should man's success remove  
 The very charms that wake his love!—  
 Her convent's peaceful solitude  
 Is now a prison harsh and rude;  
 And, pent within the narrow cell,  
 How will her spirit chafe and swell!

How brook the stern monastic laws!  
 The penance how—and I the cause!—  
 Vigil and scourge—perchance even worse!"—  
 And twice he rose to cry "to horse!"  
 And twice his sovereign's mandate came,  
 Like damp upon a kindling flame;  
 And twice he thought, "Gave I not charge  
 She should be safe, though not at large?  
 They durst not, for their island, shred  
 One golden ringlet from her head."

## XVIII.

While thus in Marmion's bosom strove  
 Repentance and reviving love,  
 Like whirlwinds, whose contending sway  
 I've seen Loch Vennachar obey,  
 Their Host the Palmer's speech had heard,  
 And, talkative, took up the word.—

"Ay, reverend Pilgrim, you, who stray  
 From Scotland's simple land away,  
 To visit realms afar,  
 Full often learn the art to know,  
 Of future weal, or future woe,  
 By word, or sign, or star;  
 Yet might a knight his fortune hear,  
 If, knight-like, he despises fear,  
 Not far from hence;—if fathers old  
 Aright our hamlet legend told."—  
 These broken words the nennials move,  
 (For marvels still the vulgar love;)  
 And, Marmion giving license cold,  
 His tale the host thus gladly told.

## XIX.

*The Host's Tale.*

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

Of those dread artizans of hell,  
Who laboured 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-labouring with uncertain thought:  
Even then he mustered all his host,  
To meet upon the western coast;  
For Norse and Danish galleys plied  
Their oars within the firth of Clyde.  
There floated Haaco's banner trim,  
Above Norway warriors grim,  
Savage of heart, and large of limb;  
Threatening both continent and isle,  
Bute, Arran, Cunninghame, and Kyle.  
Lord Gifford, deep beneath the ground,  
Heard Alexander's bugle sound,  
And tarried not his garb to change,  
But, in his wizard habit strange,  
Came forth,—a quaint and fearful sight!  
His mantle lined with fox-skins white;  
His high and wrinkled forehead bore  
A pointed cap, such as of yore  
Clerks say that Pharaoh's Magi wore;  
His shoes were marked with cross and spell;  
Upon his breast a pentacle;  
His zone, of virgin parchment thin,  
Or, as some tell, of dead man's skin,  
Bore many a planetary sign,  
Combust, and retrograde, and trine;  
And in his hand he held prepared,  
A naked sword without a guard.

## XXI.

"Dire dealings with the fendish race  
Had marked strange lines upon his face;  
Vigil and fast had worn him grim,  
His eyesight dazzled seemed, and dim,  
As one unused to upper day;  
Even his own menials with dismay  
Beheld, Sir Knight, the grisly sire,  
In this unwonted wild attire;—  
Unwonted, for traditions run,  
He seldom thus beheld the sun.  
'I know,' he said,—his voice was hoarse,  
And broken seemed 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 fixed or wandering star,  
The issue of events afar;  
But still their sullen aid withhold  
Save when by mightier force controuled.  
Such late I summoned to my hall;  
And though so potent was the call,  
That scarce the deepest nook of hell  
I deemed a refuge from the spell,  
Yet, obstinate in silence still,  
The haughty demon mocks my skill.  
But thou,—who little knowest thy might,  
As born upon that blessed night,  
When yawning graves, and dying groan,  
Proclaimed hell's empire overthrown,—  
With untaught valour shalt compel  
Response denied to magic spell.'—  
'Gramercy,' quoth our monarch free,  
'Place him but front to front with me,  
And, by this good and honoured brand,  
The gift of Cœur-de-Lion's hand,  
Soothly I swear, that, tide what tide,  
The demon shall a buffet bide.'—  
His bearing bold the wizard viewed,  
And thus, well pleased, his speech renewed.—  
'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 shew;—  
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 armed, rode forth the king  
To that old camp's deserted round:—  
Sir Knight, you well might mark the mound,  
Left hand the town,—the Pictish race  
The trench, long since, in blood did trace;  
The moor around is brown and bare,  
The space within is green and fair.  
The spot our village children know,  
For there the earliest wild flowers grow;  
But woe 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 its entrance given.  
 The southernmost our monarch past,  
 Halted, and blew a gallant blast ;  
 And on the north, within the ring,  
 Appeared 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 Syrian courser's frame,  
 The rider's length of limb the same :  
 Long afterwards did Scotland know,  
 Fell Edward \* was her deadliest foe.

## XXIV.

" The vision made our monarch start,  
 But soon he mann'd his noble heart,  
 And in the first career they ran,  
 The Elfin Knight fell horse and man ;  
 Yet did a splinter of his lance  
 Through Alexander's visor glance,  
 And razed the skin—a puny wound.  
 The king, light leaping to the ground,  
 With naked blade his phantom foe  
 Compelled the future war to shew.  
 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 brandished war-axe wield,  
 And strike proud Haco from his car,  
 While, all around the shadowy kings,  
 Denmark's grim ravens cower'd their  
 wings.  
 'Tis said, that, in that awful night,  
 Remoter visions met his sight,  
 Fore-shewing future conquests far,  
 When our sons' sons wage northern war ;  
 A royal city, tower and spire,  
 Reddened 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 turned home again,  
 Headed his host, and quelled the Dane ;  
 But yearly, when returned the night  
 Of his strange combat with the sprite,  
 His wound must bleed and smart ;

\* Edward I., surnamed Longshanks.

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

## XXVI.

The qualghs † 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,  
 Oppressed with toil and ale they snore ;  
 The dying flame, in fitful change,  
 Threw on the grouse its shadows strange.

## XXVII.

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

## XXVIII.

—" Fitz-Eustace ! rise,—I cannot rest ;  
 Yon churl's wild legend haunts my breast,  
 And graver thoughts have chafed my mood,  
 The air must cool my feverish blood ;  
 And fain would I ride forth, to see  
 The scene of elfin chivalry.

† A wooden cup, composed of staves hooped together.



Arise, and saddle me my steed ;  
 And, gentle Eustace, take good heed  
 Thou dost not rouse these drowsy slaves ;  
 I would not, that the prating 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 arrayed,  
 While, whispering, thus the Baron said :—

## XXIX.

"Did'st never, good my youth, hear tell  
 That in the hour when I was born,  
 St George, who graced my sire's chapelle,  
 Down from his steed of marble fell,  
 A weary wight forlorn ?  
 The flattering chaplains all agree,  
 The champion left his steed to me.  
 I would, the omen's truth to shew,  
 That I could meet this Elfin Foe !  
 Blithe would I battle, for the right  
 To ask one question at the sprite :—  
 Vain thought ! for elves, if elves there be,  
 An empty race, by fount or sea,  
 To dashing waters dance and sing,  
 Or round the green oak wheel their ring."—  
 Thus speaking he his steed bestrode,  
 And from the hostel slowly rode.

## XXX.

Fitz-Eustace followed him abroad,  
 And marked him pace the village road,  
 And listened to his horse's tramp,  
 Till, by the lessening sound,  
 He judged that of the Pictish camp  
 Lord Marmion sought the round.  
 Wonder it seemed, in the squire's eyes,  
 That one, so wary held, and wise,—  
 Of whom, 'twas said, he scarce received  
 For gospel, what the church believed,—  
 Should, stirred by idle tale,  
 Ride forth in silence of the night,  
 As hoping half to meet a sprite,  
 Arrayed 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, waited till he heard,  
 At distance, pricked to utmost speed,  
 The foot-tramp of a flying steed,

Come town-ward rushing on ;  
 First, dead, as if on turf it trod,  
 Then, clattering on the village road,—  
 In other pace than forth he yode,\*

Returned Lord Marmion.

Down hastily he sprung from selle,  
 And, in his haste, well nigh 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 soiled 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.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO  
FOURTH.

To JAMES SKENE, Esq.

*Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.*

An ancient minstrel sagely said,  
 "Where is the life which late we led?"—  
 That motley clown, in Arden wood,  
 Whom humorous Jaques with envy viewed,  
 Not even that clown could amplify,  
 On this trite text, so long as I  
 Eleven years we now may tell,  
 Since we have known each other well ;  
 Since, riding side by side, our hand  
 First drew the voluntary brand ;  
 And sure, through many a varied scene,  
 Unkindness never came between.  
 Away these winged years have flown,  
 To join the mass of ages gone ;  
 And though deep marked, like all below,  
 With choquered shades of joy and woe ;  
 Though thou o'er realms and seas hast ranged,  
 Marked cities lost, and empires changed,  
 While here, at home, my narrower ken  
 Somewhat of manners saw, and men ;  
 Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears,  
 Fevered the progress of these years,  
 Yet now, days, weeks, and months, but seem  
 The recollection of a dream,

\* Used by old poets for *went*.

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 Etricke Pen,  
Have don'd their wintry shrouds again;  
And mountain dark, and flooded mead,  
Bid us forsake the banks of Tweed.  
Earlier than wont along the sky,  
Mixed with the rack, the snow-mists fly:  
The shepherd, who, in summer sun,  
Has something of our envy won,  
As thou with pencil, I with pen,  
The features traced of hill and glen;  
He who, outstretched, the livelong day,  
At ease among the heath-flowers lay,  
Viewed the light clouds with vacant look,  
Or slumbered o'er his tattered book,  
Or idly busied him to guide  
His angle o'er the lessened tide;—  
At midnight now, the snowy plain  
Finds sterner labour for the swain.

When red hath set the beamless sun,  
Through heavy vapours dank and dun;  
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,  
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm  
Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,  
Against the casement's tinkling pane;  
The sounds that drive wild deer, and fox,  
To shelter in the brake and rocks,  
Are warnings which the shepherd ask  
To dismal, and to dangerous task.  
Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,  
The blast may sink in mellowing rain;  
Till, dark above, and white below,  
Decided drives the flaky snow,  
And forth the hardy swain must go.  
Long, with dejected look and whine,  
To leave the hearth his dogs repine;  
Whistling, and cheering them to aid,  
Around his back he wreathes the plaid:  
His flock he gathers, and he guides  
To open downs, and mountain sides,  
Where, fiercest though the tempest blow,  
Least deeply lies the drift below.  
The blast, that whistles o'er the fells,  
Stiffens his locks to icicles;

Oft he looks back, while, streaming far,  
His cottage window seems a star,  
Loses its feeble gleam, and then  
Turns patient to the blast again,  
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,  
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep:  
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,  
Benumbing death is in the gale;  
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,  
Close to the hut, no more his own,  
Close to the aid be sought in vain,  
The morn may find the stiffen'd swain:  
His widow sees, at dawning pale,  
His orphans raise their feeble wall;  
And, close beside him in the snow,  
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,  
Couches upon his master's breast,  
And licks his cheek, to break his rest.

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

Changes not so with us, my Skene,  
Of human life the varying scene?  
Our youthful summer oft we see  
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,  
Called ancient Priam forth to arms.  
Then happy those,—since each must drain  
His share of pleasure, share of pain,—  
Then happy those, beloved of heaven,  
To whom the mingled cup is given;  
Whose lenient sorrows find relief,  
Whose joys are chastened by their grief.  
And such a lot, my Skene, was thine,  
When thou of late were doomed to twine,—  
Just when thy bridal hour was by,—  
The cypress with the myrtle tie;  
Just on thy bride her Sire had smiled,  
And blessed 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:

\* The Scottish harvest-home.

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 honour'd urn,  
 Shall friends alone and kindred mourn;  
 Tho' 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, perchance, this rambling strain  
 Recals our summer walks again;  
 When doing nought,—and, to speak true,  
 Not anxious to find ought to do,—  
 The wild unbounded hills we ranged,  
 While oft our talk its topic changed,  
 And desultory, as our way,  
 Ranged unconfined from grave to gay.  
 Even when it flagged, as oft will chance,  
 No effort made to break its trance,  
 We could right pleasantly pursue  
 Our sports in social silence too.  
 Thou gravely labouring to portray  
 The blighted oak's fantastic spray;  
 I spelling o'er, with much delight,  
 The legend of that antique knight,  
 Tirante by name, ycleped the White.  
 At either's feet a trusty squire,  
 Pandour and Camp, with eyes of fire,  
 Jealous, each other's motions viewed,  
 And scarce suppressed their ancient feud.  
 The laverock whistled from the cloud;  
 The stream was lively, but not loud;  
 From the white-thorn the May-flower shed  
 Its dewy fragrance round our head;  
 Not 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, [gay,  
 When fires were bright, and lamps beamed  
 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 missed, bewailed the more;  
 And thou, and I, and dear-beloved R——,  
 And one whose name I may not say,—  
 For not Mimosa's tender tree  
 Shrinks sooner from the touch than he,—  
 In merry chorus well combined,  
 With laughter drowned the whistling wind.  
 Mirth was within; and Care without  
 Might gnaw her nails to hear our shout.  
 Not but amid the buxom scene  
 Some grave discourse might intervene—  
 Of the good horse that bore him best,  
 His shoulder, hoof, and arching crest:  
 For, like mad Tom's,\* our chiefest care,  
 Was horse to ride, and weapon wear. [game  
 Such nights we've had; and, though the  
 Of manhood be more sober tame,  
 And though the field-day, or the drill,  
 Seem less important now—yet still  
 Such may we hope to share again.  
 The sprightly thought inspires my strain;  
 And mark, how like a horseman true,  
 Lord Marnion's march I thus renew.

## CANTO FOURTH. THE CAMP.

### I.

EUSTACE, I said, did blithely mark  
 The first notes of the merry lark.  
 The lark sung shrill, the cock he crew,  
 And loudly Marnion's bugles blew,  
 And, with their light and lively call,  
 Brought groom and yeoman to the stall.  
 Whistling they came, and free of heart;  
 But soon their mood was changed:  
 Complaint was heard on every part,  
 Of something disarranged.  
 Some clamoured loud for armour lost;  
 Some brawled and wrangled with the host;  
 "By Becket's bones," cried one, "I fear  
 That some false Scot has stolen my spear!"—  
 Young Blount, Lord Marnion's second  
 squire,  
 Found his steed wet with sweat and mire,

\* See *King Lear*.

Although the rated horse-boy sware,  
Last night he dressed him sleek and fair.  
While chafed the impatient squire like thun-  
der,

Old Hubert shouts, in fear and wonder,—  
" Help, gentle Blount ! help, comrades all !  
Bevis lies dying in his stall :  
To Marmion who the plight dare tell,  
Of the good steed he loves so well ?"—  
Gaping for fear and ruth, they saw  
The charger panting on his straw ;  
Till one, who would seem wisest, cried,—  
" What else but evil could betide,  
With that cursed Palmer for our guide ?  
Better we had through mire and bush  
Been lanthorn-led by Friar Rush."\*

## II.

Fitz-Eustace, who the cause but guessed,  
Nor wholly understood,  
His comrades' clamorous plaints suppressed ;  
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 nought  
To cause such disarray.  
Lord Marmion gave attention cold,  
Nor marvelled at the wonders told,—  
Passed then as accidents of course,  
And bade his clarions sound to horse.

## III.

Young Henry Blount, meanwhile, the cost  
Had reckoned with their Scottish host ;  
And, as the charge he cast and paid,  
" Ill thou deserv'st thy hire," he said ;  
" Dost see, thou knave, my horse's plight ?  
Fairies have ridden him all the night,  
And left him in a foam !  
I trust, that soon a conjuring band,  
With English cross and blazing brand,  
Shall drive the devils from this land,  
To their infernal home :  
For in this haunted den, I trow,  
All night they trampled to and fro."—  
The laughing host looked on the hire,—  
" Gramercy, gentle southern squire,  
And if thou com'st among the rest,  
With Scottish broad-sword to be blest,  
Sharp be the brand, and sure the blow,  
And short the pang to undergo."—  
Here stayed their talk,—for Marmion  
Gave now the signal to set on.

\* *Alas Will o' the Wisp.* See Note.

The Palmer shewing forth the way,  
They journeyed all the morning day.

## IV.

The green-sward way was smooth and good,  
Through Humble'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-Eustace said,  
" Such as where errant knights might see  
Adventures of high chivalry ;  
Might meet some damsel flying fast,  
With hair unbound, and looks aghast ;  
And smooth and level course were here,  
In her defence to break a spear.  
Here, too, are twilight nooks and dells ;  
And oft, in such, the story tells,  
The damsel kind, from danger freed,  
Did grateful pay her champion's need."—  
He spoke to cheer Lord Marmion's mind ;  
Perchance to shew his lore designed ;  
For Eustace 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.  
Therefore he spoke,—but spoke in vain,  
For Marmion answered nought again.

## V.

Now sudden distant trumpets shrill,  
In notes prolonged by wood and hill,  
Were heard to echo far ;  
Each ready archer grasped his bow,  
But by the flourish soon they know,  
They breathed no point of war.  
Yet cautious, as in focman's land,  
Lord Marmion's order speeds the band,  
Some open ground to gain ;  
And scarce a furlong had they rode,  
When thinner trees, receding, shewed  
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 pressed,  
With scarlet mantle, azure vest ;

Each at his trump a banner wore,  
Which Scotland's royal scutcheon bore :  
Heralds and pursuivants, by name  
Bute, Islay, Marchmount, Rothsay, came,  
In painted tabards, proudly shewing  
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 vices of the age,  
And broke the keys of Rome.  
On milk-white palfrey forth he paced ;  
His cap of maintenance was graced  
With the proud heron-plume.  
From his steed's shoulder, loin, and breast,  
Silk housings swept the ground,  
With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,  
Embroidered round and round.  
The double tressure might you see,  
First by Achaius borne,  
The thistle, and the fleur-de-lis,  
And gallant unicorn.  
So bright the King's armorial coat,  
That scarce the dazzled eye could note,  
In living colours, blazoned brave,  
The Lion, which his title gave.  
A train, which well besem'd his state,  
But all unarmed around him wait.  
Still is thy name in high account,  
And still thy verse has charms,  
Sir David Lindsay of the Mount,  
Lord Lion King-at-arms !

## 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 crowned,  
And on his temples placed the round  
Of Scotland's ancient diadem ;  
And wet his brow with hallowed wine,  
And on his finger given to shine  
The emblematic gem.

Their mutual greetings duly made,  
The Lion thus his message said :—  
" Though Scotland's King hath deeply sworn,  
Ne'er to knit faith with Henry more,  
And strictly hath forbid resort  
From England to his royal court ;  
Yet, for he knows Lord Marmion's name,  
And honours much his warlike fame,  
My liege hath deemed it shame, and lack  
Of courtesy, to turn him back ;  
And, by his order, I, your guide,  
Must lodging fit and fair provide,  
Till finds King James meet time to see  
The flower of English chivalry."—

## IX.

Though inly chafed at this delay,  
Lord Marmion bears it as he may.  
The Palmer, his mysterious guide,  
Beholding thus his place supplied,  
Sought to take leave in vain :  
Strict was the Lion-King's command,  
That none, who rode in Marmion's band,  
Should sever from the train :  
" England has here enow of spies  
In Lady Heron's witching eyes ;"  
To 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 Crichtoun-Castle crowns the  
bank ;  
For there the Lion's care assigned  
A lodging meet for Marmion's rank.  
That Castle rises on the steep  
Of the green vale of Tyne ;  
And far beneath, where slow they creep  
From pool to eddy, dark and deep,  
Where alders moist, and willows weep,  
You hear her streams repine.  
The towers in different ages rose ;  
Their various architecture shews  
The builders' various hands ;  
A mighty mass, that could oppose,  
When deadliest hatred fired its foes,  
The vengeful Douglas bands.

## XI.

Crichtoun ! though now thy miry court  
But pens the lazy steer and sheep,  
Thy turrets rude, and tottered Keep,  
Have been the minstrel's loved resort.  
Oft have I traced within thy fort,

Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,  
 Scutcheons of honour, or pretence,  
 Quartered in old armorial sort,  
 Remains of rude magnificence :  
 Nor wholly yet hath time defaced  
 Thy lordly gallery fair ;  
 Nor yet the stony cord unbraced,  
 Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,  
 Adorn thy ruined stair.

Still rises unimpaired, below,  
 The court-yard's graceful portico ;  
 Above its cornice, row and row  
 Of fair hewn facets richly shew  
 Their pointed diamond form,  
 Though there but houseless cattle go  
 To shield them from the storm.  
 And, shuddering, still may we explore,  
 Where oft whilome were captives pent,  
 The darkness of thy Massy More ;\*  
 Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,  
 May trace, in undulating line,  
 The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

## XII.

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

\*Twas a brave race, before the name  
 Of hated Bothwell stained their fame.

## XIII.

And here two days did Marmion rest,  
 With every rite that honour claims,  
 Attended as the king's own guest,—  
 Such the command of royal James ;  
 Who marshalled then his land's array,  
 Upon the Borough-moor that lay.  
 Perchance he would not foeman's eye  
 Upon his gathering host should pry,

\* The pit, or prison vault. See Note.

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,—  
 Trained in the lore of Rome, and Greece,  
 And policies of war and peace.

## XIV.

It chanced, as fell the second night,  
 That on the battlements they walked,  
 And, by the slowly fading light,  
 Of varying topics talked ;  
 And, unaware, the Herald-bard  
 Said Marmion might his toil have spared,  
 In travelling so far ;  
 For that a messenger from heaven  
 In vain to James had counsel given  
 Against the English war :  
 And, closer questioned, thus he told  
 A tale, which chronicles of old  
 In Scottish story have enrolled :—

## XV.

*Sir David Lindesay's Tale.*

Of all the palaces so fair,  
 Built for the royal dwelling,  
 In Scotland, far beyond compare  
 Linlithgow is excelling ;  
 And in its park, in jovial June,  
 How sweet the merry linnet's tune,  
 How blithe the blackbird's lay !  
 The wild buck bells † from ferny brake,  
 The coot dives merry on the lake,  
 The saddest heart might pleasure take  
 To see all nature gay.  
 But June is to our Sovereign dear  
 The heaviest month in all the year  
 Too well his cause of grief you know,—  
 June saw his father's overthrow.  
 Woe to the traitors, who could bring  
 The princely boy against his King !  
 Still in his conscience burns the sting.  
 In offices as strict as Lent,  
 King James's June is ever spent.

## XIV.

"When last this ruthless month was come,  
 And in Linlithgow's holy dome  
 The King, as wont, was praying ;  
 While for his royal father's soul  
 The chaunters sung, the bells did toll,  
 The Bishop mass was saying—

† An ancient word for the cry of deer. See Note.

For now the year brought round again  
 The day the luckless king was slain—  
 In Katharine's aisle the monarch knelt,  
 With sackcloth-shirt, and iron belt,  
 And eyes with sorrow streaming;  
 Around him, in their stalls of state,  
 The Thistle's Knight-Companions sate,  
 Their banners o'er them beaming.  
 I too was there, and, sooth to tell,  
 Bedeafened with the jangling knell,  
 Was watching where the sunbeams fell,  
 Through the stained casement gleaming;  
 But, while I marked what next befel,  
 It seemed as I were dreaming.  
 Stepped from the crowd a ghostly wight,  
 In azure gown, with cincture white;  
 His forehead bald, his head was bare,  
 Down hung at length his yellow hair.—  
 Now, mock me not, when, good my Lord,  
 I pledge to you my knightly word,  
 That, when I saw his placid grace,  
 His simple majesty of face,  
 His solemn bearing, and his pace  
 So stately gliding on,—  
 Seemed to me ne'er did limner paint  
 So just an image of the Saint,  
 Who propped the Virgin in her faint,—  
 The loved Apostle John.

## XVII.

"He stepped before the Monarch's chair,  
 And stood with rustic plainness there,  
 And little reverence made;  
 Nor head, nor body, bowed nor bent,  
 But on the desk his arm he leant,  
 And words like these he said,  
 In a low voice,—but never tone [bone:—  
 So thrilled through vein, and nerve, and  
 'My mother sent me from afar,  
 Sir King, to warn thee not to war,—  
 Wee waits on thine array;  
 If war thou wilt, of woman fair,  
 Her witching wiles and wanton snare,  
 James Stuart, doubly warned, beware:  
 God keep thee as he may!'—  
 The wondering Monarch seemed 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 past;  
 But, lighter than the whirlwind's blast,  
 He vanished from our eyes,  
 Like sunbeam on the hallow cast,  
 That glances but, and dies."—

## XVIII.

While Lindsay told this marvel strange,  
 The twilight was so pale,  
 He marked not Marmion's colour 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 super-human cause  
 Could e'er controul their course;  
 And, three days since, had judged your aim  
 Was but to make your guest your game.  
 But I have seen, since past the Tweed,  
 What much has changed my sceptic creed,  
 And made me credit aught."—He staid,  
 And seemed to wish his words unsaid:  
 But, hy that strong emotion pressed,  
 Which prompts us to unload our breast,  
 Even when discovery's pain,  
 To Lindsay did at length unfold  
 The tale his village host had told,  
 At Gifford, to his train.  
 Nought of the Palmer says he there,  
 And nought of Constance, or of Clare:  
 The thoughts, which broke his sleep, he  
 To mention but as feverish dreams. [seems

## XIX.

"In vain," said he, "to rest I spread  
 My burning limbs, and couched my head:  
 Fantastic thoughts returned;  
 And, by their wild dominion led,  
 My heart within me burned.  
 So sore was the delirious goad,  
 I took my steed, and forth I rode,  
 And, as the moon shone bright and cold,  
 Soon reached the camp upon the wold.  
 The southern entrance I passed through,  
 And halted, and my hughle 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 listened, ere I left the place;  
 But scarce could trust my eyes,  
 Nor yet can think they served me true,  
 When sudden in the ring I view,  
 In form distinct of shape and hue,  
 A mounted champion rise.—  
 I've fought, Lord-Lion, many a day,  
 In single fight, and mixt affray,  
 And ever, I myself may say,

Have borne me as a knight ;  
 But when this unexpected foe  
 Seemed starting from the gulph below,—  
 I care not though the truth I show,—  
 I trembled with affright ;  
 And as I placed in rest my spear,  
 My hand so shook for very fear,  
 I scarce could couch it right.

## XXI.

" Why need my tongue the issue tell ?  
 We ran our course,—my charger fell ;—  
 What could he 'gainst the shock of hell ?—  
 I rolled upon the plain.  
 High o'er my head, with threatening hand,  
 The spectre shook his naked brand,—  
 Yet did the worst remain ;  
 My dazzled eyes I upward cast,—  
 Not opening hell itself could blast  
 Their sight, like what I saw !  
 Full on his face the moonbeam strook,—  
 A face could never be mistook !  
 I knew the stern vindictive look,  
 And held my breath for awe.  
 I saw the face of one who, fled  
 To foreign climes, has long been dead,—  
 I well believe the last ;  
 For ne'er, from visor raised, did stare  
 A human warrior, with a glare  
 So grimly and so ghast.  
 Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade ;  
 But when to good Saint George I prayed,  
 (The first time e'er I asked his aid,)  
 He plunged it in the sheath ;  
 And, on his courser mounting light,  
 He seemed to vanish from my sight :  
 The moon-beam drooped, and deepest night  
 Sunk down upon the heath.—  
 'Twere long to tell what cause I have  
 To know his face, that met me there,  
 Called by his hatred from the grave,  
 To cumber upper air :  
 Dead or alive, good cause had he  
 To be my mortal enemy."—

## XXII.

Marvelled Sir David of the Mount ;  
 Then, learned in story, 'gan recount  
 Such chance had hap'd of old,  
 When once, near Norham, there did fight  
 A spectre fell, of fiendish might,  
 In likeness of a Scottish knight,  
 With Brian Bulmer bold,  
 And trained him nigh to disallow  
 The aid of his baptismal vow.

" And such a phantom, too, 'tis said,  
 With Highland broad-sword, targe, and  
 plaid,  
 And fingers red with gore,  
 Is seen in Rothiemarcus glade,  
 Or where the sable pine-trees shade  
 Dark Tomantoul, and Auchnaslaid,  
 Dromouchty, or Glenmore.\*  
 And yet, whate'er such legends say,  
 Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,  
 On mountain, moor, or plain,  
 Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,  
 True son of chivalry should hold  
 These midnight terrors vain ;  
 For seldom have such spirits power  
 To harm, save in the evil hour,  
 When guilt we meditate within,  
 Or harbour unrepented sin."—  
 Lord Marmion turned him half aside,  
 And twice to clear his voice he tried,  
 Then pressed Sir David's hand,—  
 But nought, at length, in answer said ;  
 And here their farther converse staid,  
 Each ordering that his band  
 Should bowne them with the rising day,  
 To Scotland's camp to take their way,—  
 Such was the King's command.

## XXIII.

Early they took Dun-Edin's road,  
 And I could trace each step they trode ;  
 Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rock, nor stone  
 Lies on the path to me unknown.  
 Much might it boast of storied lore ;  
 But, passing such digression o'er,  
 Suffice it, that their route was laid  
 Across the furzy hills of Braid.  
 They passed the glen and scanty rill,  
 And climbed the opposing bank, until  
 They gained the top of Blackford Hill.

## XXIV.

Blackford ! on whose uncultured breast,  
 Among the broom, and thorn, and whin,  
 A truant-boy, I sought the nest,  
 Or listed, as I lay at rest.  
 While rose, on breezes thin,  
 The murmur of the city crowd,  
 And, from his steeple jangling loud,  
 Saint Giles's mingling din.  
 Now, from the summit to the plain,  
 Waves all the hill with yellow grain ;

\* See the traditions concerning Bulmer, and the spectre called *Lassdreeg*, or Bloody-hand, in a note on Canto III.



And o'er the landscape as I look,  
Nought do I see unchanged remain,  
Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.  
To me they make a heavy moan,  
Of early friendships past and gone.

## XXV.

But different far the change has been,  
Since Marmion, from the crown  
Of Blackford, saw that martial scene  
Upon the bent so brown:  
Thousand pavilions, white as snow,  
Spread all the Borough-moor below,  
Upland, and dale, and down:—  
A thousand did I say? I ween,  
Thousands on thousands there were seen,  
That chequered all the heath between  
The streamlet and the town;  
In crossing ranks extending far,  
Forming a camp irregular;  
Oft giving way, where still there stood  
Some reliques of the old oak wood,  
That dardly 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 Lodon's fertile plain,  
And from the southern Redwire edge,  
To farthest Rosse's rocky ledge;  
From west to east, from south to north,  
Scotland sent all her warriors forth.  
Marmion might hear the mingled hum  
Of myriads up the mountain come.  
The horses' tramp, and tingling clank,  
Where chiefs reviewed their vassal rank,  
And chargers' shrilling neigh;  
And see the shifting lines advance,  
While frequent flashed, from shield and lance,  
The sun's reflected ray.

## XXVII.

Thin curling in the morning air,  
The wreaths of falling smoke declare,  
To embers now the brands decayed,  
Where the night-watch their fires had made,  
They saw, slow rolling on the plain,  
Full many a baggage-cart and wain,  
And dire artillery's clumsy car,  
By sluggish oxen tagged to war;  
And there were Borthwick's Sisters Seven,\*  
And culverins which France had given.

\* Seven culverins so called, cast by one Borthwick.

Ill-omened gift! the guns remain  
The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain.

## XXVIII.

Nor marked 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-tailed, and square,  
Scroll, pennon, pencil, bandrol,† there  
O'er the pavilions flew.  
Highest, and midmost, was descried  
The royal banner, floating wide;  
The staff, a pine-tree strong and straight,  
Pitched deeply in a massive stone,  
Which still in memory is shown,  
Yet bent beneath the standard's weight,  
Whene'er the western wind unrolled,  
With toil, the huge and cumbersome fold,  
And gave to view the dazzling field,  
Where, in proud Scotland's royal shield,  
The ruddy Lion ramped in gold.

## XXIX.

Lord Marmion viewed the landscape bright,—  
He viewed it with a chief's delight,—  
Until within him burned his heart,  
And lightning from his eye did part,  
As on the battle-day;  
Such glance did falcon never dart,  
When stooping on his prey.  
"Oh! well, Lord-Lion, hast thou said,  
Thy King from warfare to dissuade  
Were but a vain essay;  
For, by Saint George, were that host mine,  
Not power infernal, nor divine,  
Should once to peace my soul incline,  
Till I had dimmed their armour's shine  
In glorious battle fray!"—  
Answered 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 blessed,  
'Tis better to sit still at rest,  
Than rise, perchance to fall."—

## XXX.

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,  
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed,  
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

† Each of these feudal ensigns intimated the different rank of those entitled to display them.

With gloomy splendour red ;  
 For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,  
 That round her sable turrets flow,  
 The morning beams were shed,  
 And tinged them with a lustre proud,  
 Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.  
 Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,  
 Where the huge castle holds its state  
 And all the steep slope down,  
 Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
 Piled deep and massy, close and high,  
 Mine own romantic town !  
 But northward far, with purer blaze,  
 On Ochil mountains fell the rays,  
 And as each heathy top they kissed,  
 It gleamed a purple amethyst.  
 Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;  
 Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law ;  
 And, broad between them rolled,  
 The gallant Firth the eye might note,  
 Whose islands on its bosom float,  
 Like emeralds chased in gold.  
 Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent ;  
 As if to give his rapture vent,  
 The spur he to his charger lent,  
 And raised his bridle-hand,  
 And, making demi-volte in air,  
 Cried, " Where's the coward that would not  
 dare  
 To fight for such a land !"  
 The Lindesay smiled his joy to see ;  
 Nor Marmion's frown repressed his glee.

## XXXI.

Thus while they looked, a flourish proud,  
 Where mingled trump, and clarion loud,  
 And fife, and kettle-drum,  
 And sackbut deep, and psaltery,  
 And war-pipe with discordant cry,  
 And cymbal clattering to the sky,  
 Making wild music hold and high,  
 Did up the mountains come ;  
 The whilst the bells, with distant chime,  
 Merrily tolled the hour of prime,  
 And thus the Lindesay spoke :  
 " Thus clamour still the war-notes when  
 The King to mass his way has ta'en,  
 Or to St. Catherine's of Siennes,  
 Or chapel of Saint Rocque.  
 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 less," he said,— " when looking forth,  
 I view yon Empress of the North  
 Sit on her hilly throne ;  
 Her palace's imperial bowers,  
 Her castle, proof to hostile powers,  
 Her stately halls, and holy towers—  
 Nor less," he said, " I moan,  
 To think what woe mischance may bring,  
 And how these merry bells may ring  
 The death-dirge of our gallant King ;  
 Or, with their larum, call  
 The hurgbers forth to watch and ward,  
 'Gainst southern sack and fires to guard  
 Dun-Edin's leaguered wall.—  
 But not, for my presaging thought,  
 Dream conquest sure, or cheaply bought !  
 Lord Marmion, I say nay :—  
 God is the guider of the field,  
 He breaks the champion's spear and shield,—  
 But thou thyself shalt say,  
 When joins yon host in deadly stowre,  
 That England's dames must weep in bower,  
 Her monks the death-mass sing ;  
 For never saw'st thou such a power  
 Led on by such a King."—  
 And now, down winding to the plain,  
 The harriers of the camp they gain,  
 And there they made a stay.—  
 There stays the Minstrel, till he fling  
 His hand o'er every Border string,  
 And fit his harp the pomp to sing,  
 Of Scotland's ancient Court and King,  
 In the succeeding lay.

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 needy bard ;  
 When sylvan occupation's done,  
 And o'er 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 employed no more,  
 Cumber our parlour's narrow floor ;

When in his stall the impatient steed  
Is long condemned to rest and feed ;  
When from our snow-encircled home,  
Scarce cares the hardest step to roam,  
Since path is none, save that to bring  
The needful water from the spring ,  
When wrinkled news-page, thrice con'd o'er,  
Beguiles the dreary hour no more,  
And darkling politician crossed,  
Inveighs against the lingering post,  
And answering house-wife 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 renewed delight,  
The busy day, and social night.

Not here need my desponding rhyme  
Lament the ravages of time,  
As erst by Newark's riven towers,  
And Ettricke stripped of forest bowers.\*  
True,—Caledonia's Queen is changed,  
Since on her dusky summit ranged,  
Within its steepy limits pent,  
By bulwark, line, and battlement,  
And flanking towers, and laky flood,  
Guarded and garrisoned 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 studded gate ;  
Whose task, from eve to morning tide,  
A wicket churlishly supplied,  
Stern then, and steel-girt was thy brow,  
Dun-Edin ! O, how altered now,  
When safe amid thy mountain court  
Thou sitt'st, like Empress at her sport,  
And liberal, unconfined, and free,  
Flinging thy white arms to the sea,  
For thy dark cloud, with umbered lower,  
That hung o'er cliff, and lake, and tower,  
Thou gleam'st against the western ray  
Ten thousand lines of brighter day.

Not she, the championess of old,  
In Spenser's magic tale enrolled,—  
She for the charmed spear renowned,  
Which forced each knight to kiss the  
ground,—

\* See Introduction to Canto II.

Not she more changed, when, placed at rest,  
What time she was Malbecco's guest,†  
She gave to flow her maiden vest ;  
When from the corslet's grasp relieved,  
Free to the sight her bosom heaved ;  
Sweet was her blue eye's modest smile,  
Erst hidden by the aventayle ;  
And down her shoulders graceful rolled  
Her locks profuse of paly gold.  
They who whilome, in midnight fight,  
Had marvelled at her matchless might,  
No less her maiden charms approved,  
But looking liked, and liking loved.‡  
The sight could jealous pangs beguile,  
And charm Malbecco's cares awhile ;  
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 charmed, at once, and tamed the heart,  
Incomparable Britomarte !

So thou, fair City ! disarrayed  
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 readier 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 turret proud to stand,  
Their breasts the bulwarks of the land.  
Thy thousands, trained to martial toil,  
Full red would stain their native soil,  
Ere from thy mural crown there fell  
The slightest knosp, or pinnacle.  
And if it come,—as come it may,  
Dun-Edin ! that eventful day,—  
Renowned for hospitable deed,  
That virtue much with heaven may plead,  
In patriarchal times whose care  
Descending angels deigned 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 ;

† See "The Fairy Queen," Book III. Canto IX.  
‡ "For every one her liked, and every one her  
loved."  
SPENSER, *as above.*

Since first, when conquering York arose,  
To Henry meek she gave repose,  
Till late, with wonder, grief, and awe,  
Great Bourbon's relics sad she saw.

Truce to these thoughts!—for, as they rise,  
How gladly I avert mine eyes,  
Bodings, or true or false, to change,  
For Fiction's fair romantic range,  
Or for Tradition's dubious light,  
That hovers 'twixt the day and night:  
Dazzling alternately and dim,  
Her wavering lamp I'd rather trim,  
Knights, squires, and lovely dames to see,  
Creation of my fantasy,  
Than gaze abroad on rocky fen,  
And make of mistis invading men.—  
Who loves not more the night of June  
Than dull December's gloomy noon?  
The moonlight than the fog of frost?  
And can we say, which cheats the most?

But who shall teach my harp to gain  
A sound of the romantic strain,  
Whose Anglo-Norman tones whillere  
Could win the Second Henry's ear,  
Famed Beauchamp called, 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 poisoning for the final blow,  
The weapon from his hand could wring,  
And break his glass, and shear his wing,  
And bid, reviving in his strain,  
The gentle poet live again;  
Thou, who canst give to lightest lay  
An unpedantic moral gay,  
Nor less the dullest theme bid flit  
On wings of unexpected wit;  
In letters as in life approved,  
Example honoured, and beloved,—  
Dear ELLIS! to the bard impart  
A lesson of thy magic art,  
To win at once the head and heart,—  
At once to charm, instruct, and mend,  
My guide, my pattern, and my friend!

Such minstrel lesson to bestow  
Be long thy pleasing task,—but, O!  
No more by thy example teach  
What few can practise, all can preach;

With even patience to endure  
Lingering disease, and painful cure,  
And boast affliction's pangs subdued  
By mild and manly fortitude.  
Enough, the lesson has been given:  
Forbid the repetition, Heaven!

Come, listen, then! for thou hast known,  
And loved, the Minstrel's varying tone;  
Who, like his Border sires of old,  
Waked a wild measure, rude and bold,  
Till Windsor's oaks, 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 storied pane,  
Irregularly traced and planned,  
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.

## 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,  
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 skillful view  
Glance every line and squadron through;  
And much he marvelled one small band  
Could marshal forth such various band:  
For men-at-arms were here,  
Heavily sheathed in mail and plate,

Like iron towers for strength and weight,  
 On Flemish steeds of bone and height,  
 With battle-axe and spear.  
 Young knights and squires, a lighter train,  
 Practised their chargers on the plain,  
 By aid of leg, of hand, and rein,  
 Each warlike feat to shew;  
 To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain,  
 And high curvett, that not in vain  
 The sword-sway might descend amain  
 On foeman's casque below.  
 He saw the hardy burghers there  
 March armed, on foot, with faces bare,  
 For visor they wore none,  
 Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight;  
 But burnished were their corslets bright,  
 Their brigantines, and gorgets light,  
 Like very silver shone.  
 Long pikes they had for standing fight,  
 Two-handed swords they wore,  
 And many wielded mace of weight,  
 And bucklers bright they bore.

## III.

On foot the yeoman too, but dressed  
 In his steel jack, a swarthy vest,  
 With iron quilted well;  
 Each at his back, (a slender store,)  
 His forty days' provision bore,  
 As feudal statutes tell.  
 His arms were halbard, axe, or spear,  
 A cross-bow there, a hagbut here,  
 A dagger-knife, and brand,—  
 Sober he seemed, and sad of cheer,  
 As loth to leave his cottage dear,  
 And march to foreign strand;  
 Or musing, who would guide his steer,  
 To till the fallow land.  
 Yet deem not in his thoughtful eye  
 Did aught of dastard terror lie;—  
 More dreadful far his ire,  
 Than theirs, who, scorning danger's name,  
 In eager mood to battle came,  
 Their valour 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 joyed to hear it swell.  
 His peaceful day was slothful ease;  
 Nor harp, nor pipe, his ear could please,  
 Like the loud slogan yell.  
 On active steed, with lance and blade,  
 The light-armed 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 Borderers' game.  
 Their gain, their glory, their delight,  
 To sleep the day, maraud the night,  
 O'er mountain, moss, and moor;  
 Joyful to fight they took their way,  
 Scarce caring who might win the day,  
 Their booty was secure.  
 These, as Lord Marmion's train passed by,  
 Looked on at first with careless eye,  
 Nor marvelled aught, well taught to know  
 The form and force of English bow.  
 But when they saw the Lord arrayed  
 In splendid arms, and rich brocade,  
 Each Borderer to his kinsman said,—  
 "Hist, Ringan! seest thou there! [ride?  
 Canst guess which road they'll homeward  
 O! could we but on Border side,  
 By Eusedale glen, or Liddell's tide,  
 Beset a prize so fair!  
 That fangless Lion, too, their guide,  
 Might chance to lose his glistening hide;  
 Brown Maudlin, of that doublet pied,  
 Could make a kirtle rare."

## V.

Next Marmion marked the Celtic race,  
 Of different language, form, and face,  
 A various race of man;  
 Just then the chiefs their tribes arrayed,  
 And wild and garish semblance made,  
 The chequered trews, and belted plaid,  
 And varying notes the war-pipes brayed  
 To every varying clan;  
 Wild through their red or sable hair  
 Looked out their eyes, with savage stare,  
 On Marmion as he passed;  
 Their legs above the knee were bare;  
 Their frame was sinewy, short, and spare,  
 And hardened to the blast;  
 Of taller race, the chiefs they own  
 Were by the eagle's plumage known.  
 The hunted red-deer's undressed hide  
 Their hairy buskins well supplied;  
 The graceful bonnet decked their head;  
 Back from their shoulders hung the plaid;  
 A broad-sword 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 clamouring tongues, as when  
The clanging sea-fowl leave the fen,  
And, with their cries discordant mixed,  
Grumbled and yelled the pipes betwixt.

## VI.

Thus through the Scottish camp they passed,  
And reached the City gate at last,  
Where all around, a wakeful guard,  
Armed burghers kept their watch and ward.  
Well had they cause of jealous fear,  
When lay encamped, in field so near,  
The Borderer and the Mountaineer.  
As through the bustling streets they go,  
All was alive with martial shew;  
At every turn, with dinning clang,  
The armourer's anvil clashed and rang;  
Or toiled the swarthy smith, to wheel  
The bar that arms the charger's heel;  
Or axe, or faulchion, to the side  
Of jarring grind-stone was applied.  
Page, groom, and squire, with hurrying pace,  
Through street, and lane, and market-  
place,

Bore lance, or casque, or sword;  
While burghers, with important face,  
Described each new-come lord,  
Discussed his lineage, told his name,  
His following,\* and his warlike fame.—  
The Lion led to lodging meet,  
Which high o'erlooked the crowded street;  
There must the Baron rest,  
Till past the hour of vesper tide,  
And then to Holy-Rood must ride,—  
Such was the King's behest.  
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 dons his peaceful weeds,  
And following Lindsey as he leads,  
The palace-halls they gain.

## VII.

Old Holy-Rood rung merrily,  
That night, with wassal, mirth, and glee:  
King James within her princely bow  
Feasted the chiefs of Scotland's power,  
Summoned to spend the parting hour;  
For he had charged, that his array  
Should southward march by break of day.  
Well loved that splendid monarch eye

The banquet and the song,  
By day the tourney, and by night  
The merry dance, traced fast and light,  
The masquers quaint, the pageant bright,  
The revel loud and long.  
This feast outshone his banquets past;  
It was his blithest,—and his last.  
The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,  
Cast on the court a dancing ray;  
Here to the harp did minstrels sing;  
There ladles touched a softer string;  
With long-eared cap, and motley vest,  
The licensed fool retailed his jest;  
His magic tricks the juggler plied;  
At dice and draughts the gallants vied;  
While some, in close recess apart,  
Courtied the ladies of their heart,  
Nor courted them in vain;  
For often in the parting hour,  
Victorious love asserts his power  
O'er coldness and disdain;  
And flinty is her heart, can view  
To battle march a lover true,—  
Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,  
Nor own her share of pain.

## VIII.

Through this mixed crowd of glee and game,  
The King to greet Lord Marmion came,  
While, reverent, all made room.  
An easy task it was, I trow,  
King James's manly form to know,  
Although, his courtesy to shew,  
He doffed, to Marmion bending low,  
His brodered cap and plume.  
For royal were his garb and mien,  
His cloak, of crimson velvet piled,  
Trimmed with the fur of martin wild;  
His vest, of changeful satin sheen,  
The dazzled eye beguiled;  
His gorgeous collar hung adown,  
Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown,  
The thistle brave, of old renown;  
His trusty blade, Toledo right,  
Descended from a baldric bright;  
White were his buskins, on the heel  
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel;  
His bonnet, all of crimson fair,  
Was buttoned with a ruby rare;  
And Marmion deemed he ne'er had seen  
A prince of such a noble mien.

## IX.

The Monarch's form was middle size;  
For feat of strength, or exercise,  
Shaped in proportion fair;

\* Following—Feudal Retainers.

And hazel was his eagle eye,  
 And auburn of the darkest dye,  
 His short curled beard and hair.  
 Light was his footstep in the dance,  
 And firm his stirrup in the lists;  
 And, oh! he had that merry glance,  
 That seldom lady's heart resists.  
 Lightly from fair to fair he flew,  
 And loved to plead, lament, and sue;—  
 Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain!  
 For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

I said he joyed in banquet-bower;  
 But, mid his mirth, 'twas often strange,  
 How suddenly his cheer would change,

His look o'ercast and lower,  
 If, in a sudden turn, he felt  
 The pressure of his iron belt,  
 That bound his breast in penance-pain,  
 In memory of his father slain.  
 Even so 'twas strange how, evermore,  
 Soon as the passing pang was o'er,  
 Forward he rushed, with double glee,  
 Into the stream of revelry:

Thus, dim-seen object of affright  
 Startles the courser in his flight,  
 And half he halts, half springs aside;  
 But feels the quickening spur applied,  
 And, straining on the tightened rein,  
 Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

## X.

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,  
 Sir Hugh the Heron's wife beld 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 Turquoise ring, and glove,  
 And charged him, as her knight and love,  
 For her to break a lance;  
 And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,  
 And march three miles on southern land,  
 And bid the banners of his hand

In English breezes dance.  
 And thus, for France's Queen, he drest  
 His manly limbs in mailed vest;  
 And thus admitted English fair,  
 His inmost counsels still to share:

And thus, for both he madly planned  
 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 eyes that fell,—  
 His own Queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's  
 bower,  
 All lowly 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 touched, and tuned them all,  
 Ever her bosom's rise and fall

Was plainer given to view;  
 For, all for beat, was laid aside  
 Her wimple, and her hood untied.  
 And first she pitched her voice to sing,  
 Then glanced her dark eye on the King.  
 And then around the silent ring;  
 And laughed, and blushed, 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 rung,  
 While thus the wily lady sung:—

## XII.

## LOCHINVAR.

## Lady Heron's Song.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
 Through all the wide Border his steed was  
 the best;  
 And save his good broad-sword, he weapons  
 had none,  
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.  
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
 There never was knight like the young  
 Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not  
 for stone,  
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was  
 none;  
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
 The bride had coustent-d, 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 entered the Netherby Hall,  
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers,  
and all:

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on  
his sword,

(For the poor craven bridegroom said never  
a word,)

"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord  
Lochinvar?"—

"I long woo'd, your daughter, my suit you  
denied;—

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its  
tide—

And now I am come, with this lost love of  
mine,

To lead but one measure, drink one cup of  
wine.

There are maidens in Scotland more lovely  
by far,

That would gladly be bride to the young  
Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took  
it up,

He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down  
the cup.

She looked down to blush, and she looked 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 bon-  
net and plume;

And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere  
better by far

To have matched our fair cousin with young  
Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her  
ear,

When they reached the hall-door, and the  
charger stood near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!

"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush,  
and scaur;

They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth  
young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the  
Netherby clan;

Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they  
rode and they ran:

There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie  
Lee,

But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they  
see.

So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young  
Lochinvar?

### XIII.

The Monarch o'er the ayren hung,  
And beat the measure as she sung;  
And, pressing closer, and more near,  
He whispered praises in her ear.  
In loud applause the courtiers vied;  
And ladies winked, and spoke aside.

The witching dame to Marmion threw

A glance, where seemed to reign

The pride that claims applauses due,

And of her royal conquest, too,

A real or feigned disdain:

Familiar was the look, and told,

Marmion and she were friends of old.

The King observed their meeting eyes,  
With something like displeas'd 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 shewed:

"Our Borders sacked by many a raid,

Our peaceful liege-men robbed," he said;

"On day of truce our Warden slain,

Stout Barton killed, his vassals ta'en—

Unworthy were we here to reign,

Should these for vengeance cry in vain;

Our full defiance, hate, and scorn,

Our herald has to Henry borne."—

### XIV.

He paused, and led where Douglas stood,

And with stern eye the pageant viewed:

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 Lauder's dreary flat:



Princes and favourites long grew tame,  
 And trembled at the homely name  
 Of Archibald Bell-the-Cat.  
 The same who left the dusky vale  
 Of Hermitage in Liddisdale,  
 Its dungeons, and its towers,  
 Where Bothwell's turrets brave the air,  
 And Bothwell bank is blooming fair,  
 To fix his princely bowers.  
 Though now, in age, he had laid down  
 His armour for the peaceful gown,  
 And for a staff his brand,  
 Yet often would flash forth the fire,  
 That could, in youth, a monarch's ire  
 And minion's pride withstand ;  
 And even that day, at council board,  
 Unapt to sooth his sovereign's mood,  
 Against the war had Angus stood,  
 And chafed his royal Lord.

## XV.

His giant-form, like ruined tower,  
 Though fallen its muscles brawny vaunt,  
 Hugo-boned, and tall, and grim, and gaunt,  
 Seemed o'er the gaudy scene to lower :  
 His locks and beard in silver grow ;  
 His eye-brows kept their sable hue.  
 Near Douglas when the Monarch stood,  
 His bitter speech he thus pursued :—  
 " Lord Marmion, since these letters say  
 That in the North you needs must stay,  
 While slightest hopes of peace remain,  
 Uncourteous speech it were, and stern,  
 To say—Return to 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 displayed ;  
 Yet loves his sovereign to oppose,  
 More than to face his country's foes.  
 And, I bethink me, by Saint Stephen,  
 But e'en this morn to me was given  
 A prize, the first fruits of the war,  
 Ta'en by a galley from Dunbar,  
 A bevy of the 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 slaughtered favourite's name,  
 Across the Monarch's brow there came  
 A cloud of ire, remorse, and shame.

## XVI.

In answer nought could Angus speak ;  
 His proud heart swelled well nigh to break :  
 He turned 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.  
 To seize the moment Marmion tried,  
 And whispered to the King aside :—  
 " Oh ! let such tears unwonted plead  
 For respite short from dubious deed !  
 A child will weep at bramble'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.

Displeas'd 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 honoured were my humble home  
 If in its halls King James should come ;  
 But Nottingham has archers good,  
 And Yorkshire men are stern of mood ;  
 Northumbrian pickers wild and rude.  
 On Derby Hills the paths are steep ;  
 In Ouse and Tyne the fords are deep ;  
 And many a banner will be torn,  
 And many a knight to earth be borne,  
 And many a sheaf of arrows spent,

\* O Douglas ! Douglas !  
 Tendir and trow.

*The Haulate.*

Ere Scotland's King shall cross the Trent :  
 Yet pause, brave prince, while yet you may."—  
 The Monarch lightly turned away,  
 And to his nobles loud did call,—  
 "Lords, to the dance,—a hall! a hall!"\*  
 Himself his cloak and sword flung by,  
 And led Dame Heron gallantly ;  
 And minstrels, at the royal order,  
 Rung out—"Blue Bonnets o'er the Border."

## XVIII.

Leave we these revels now, to tell  
 What to Saint Hilda's maids befel,  
 Whose galley, as they sailed again  
 To Whithy, by a Scot was ta'en.  
 Now at Dun-Edin did they bide,  
 Till James decide of their fate decide  
 And soon, by his command,  
 Were gently summoned to prepare  
 To journey under Marmion's care,  
 As escort honoured, safe, and fair,  
 Again to English land.  
 The Abbess told her chaplet o'er,  
 Nor knew which Saint she should implore ;  
 For when she thought of Constance, sore  
 She feared Lord Marmion's mood.  
 And judge what Clara must have felt !  
 The sword, that hung in Marmion's belt,  
 Had drunk De Wilton's blood.  
 Unwittingly, King James had given,  
 As guard to Whithy's shades,  
 The man most dreaded under heaven  
 By these defenceless maids ;  
 Yet what petition could avail,  
 Or who would listen to the tale  
 Of woman, prisoner and nun,  
 Mid bustle of a war begun ?  
 They deemed it hopeless to avoid  
 The convoy of their dangerous guide.

## XIX.

Their lodging, so the King assigned,  
 To Marmion's, as their guardian, joined ;  
 And thus it fell, that, passing nigh,  
 The Palmer caught the Abbess' eye,  
 Who warned him by a scroll,  
 She had a secret to reveal,  
 That much concerned the Church's weal,  
 And health of sinners' 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 ;

\* The ancient cry to make room for a dance, or pageant.

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 rode high,  
 And all the city hum was by.

Upon the street, where late before  
 Did din of war and warriors roar,  
 You might have heard a pebble fall,  
 A beetle hum, a cricket sing,  
 An owl flap his boding wing  
 On Giles's steeple tall.  
 The antique buildings, climbing high,  
 Whose Gothic frontlets sought the sky,  
 Were here wrapt deep in shade ;  
 There on their brows the moon-beam broke,  
 Through the faint wreaths of silvery smoke,  
 And on the casements played.  
 And other light was none to see,  
 Save torches gliding far,  
 Before some chieftain of degree,  
 Who left the royal revelry  
 To bowne him for the war.—  
 A solemn scene the Abbess chose ;  
 A solemn hour, her secret to disclose.

## XXI.

"O, holy Palmer!" she began,—  
 "For sure he must be sainted man,  
 Whose blessed feet have trod the ground  
 Where the Redeemer's tomb is found ;—  
 For his dear Church's sake, my tale  
 Attend, nor deem of light avail,  
 Though I must speak of worldly love,—  
 How vain to those who wed above!—  
 De Wilton and Lord Marmion woo'd  
 Clara de Clare, of Gloster's blood ;  
 (Idle it were of Whithy's dame,  
 To say of that same blood I came ;)  
 And once, when jealous rage was high,  
 Lord Marmion said despitiously,  
 Wilton was traitor in his heart,  
 And had made league with Martin Swa t, †  
 When he came here on Simnel's part ;  
 And only cowardice did restrain  
 His rebel aid on Stokefield's plain,—  
 And down he threw his glove :—the thing  
 Was tried, as wont, before the King ;  
 Where frankly did De Wilton own,  
 That Swart in Guelders he had known ;

† A German general, who commanded the auxiliaries sent by the Duchess of Burgundy with Lambert Simnel. He was defeated and killed at Stokefield.

And that between them then there went  
Some scroll of courteous compliment.  
For this he to his castle sent ;  
But when his messenger returned,  
Judge how De Wilton's fury burned !  
For in his packet there were laid  
Letters that claimed disloyal aid,  
And proved King Henry's cause betrayed.  
His fame, thus blighted, in the field  
He strove to clear, by spear and shield ;—  
To clear his fame in vain he strove,  
For wondrous are His ways above !  
Perchance some form was unobserved ;  
Perchance in prayer, or faith, he swerved ;  
Else how could guiltless champion quail,  
Or how the blessed ordeal fail ?

## XXII.

" His squire, who now De Wilton saw  
As recreant doomed to suffer law,  
Repentant, owned in vain,  
That, while he had the scrolls in care,  
A stranger maiden, passing fair,  
Had drenched him with a beverage rare ;—  
His words no faith could gain.  
With Clare alone he credence won,  
Who, rather than wed Marmion,  
Did to Saint Hilda's shrine repair,  
To give our house her livings fair,  
And die a vestal vot'ress there.  
The impulse from the earth was given,  
But bent her to the paths of heaven.  
A purer heart, a lovelier maid,  
Ne'er sheltered her in Whithy's shade,  
No, not since Saxon Edicified ;  
Only one trace of earthly strain,  
That for her lover's loss  
She cherishes a sorrow vain,  
And murmurs at the cross.—  
And then her heritage ;—it goes  
Along the banks of Tame ;  
Deep fields of grain the reaper mows,  
In meadows rich the heifer lows,  
The falconer, and huntsman, knows  
Its woodlands for the game.  
Shame were it to Saint Hilda dear,  
And I, her humble vot'ress here,  
Should do a deadly sin,  
Her temple spoiled 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 betrayed  
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 betrayed,  
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 honour's stain,  
Illimitable power :  
For this she secretly retained  
Each proof that might the plot reveal,  
Instructions with his hand and seal ;  
And thus Saint Hilda deigned,  
Through sinner's perfidy impure,  
Her house's glory to secure,  
And Clare's immortal weal.

## XXIV.

" 'T were long, and needless, here to tell,  
How to my hand these papers fell ;  
With me they must not stay.  
Saint Hilda keep her Abbess true !  
Who knows what outrage he might do,  
While journeying by the way ?—  
O ! blessed Saint, if e'er again  
I venturous leave thy calm domain,  
To travel or by land or main,  
Deep penance may I pay !—  
Now, saintly Palmer, mark my prayer :  
I give this packet to thy care,  
For thee to stop they will not dare ;  
And, O ! with cautious speed,  
To Wolsey's hand the papers bring,  
That he may shew them to the King ;  
And, for thy well-earned meed,  
Thou holy man, at Whithy's shrine  
A weekly mass shall still be thine,  
While priests can sing and read.—  
What all'st thou ?—Speak !"—For as he took  
The charge, a strong emotion shook

His frame; and, ere reply,  
They heard a faint, yet shrilly tone,  
Like distant clarion feebly blown,  
That on the breeze did die;  
And loud the Abbess shrieked in fear,  
"Saint Withold save us!—What is here!  
Look at yon City Cross!  
See on its battled tower appear  
Phantoms, that scutcheons seem to rear,  
And blazoned banners toss!"—

## XXV.

Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,  
Rose on a turret octagon;  
(But now is razed that monument,  
Whence royal edict rang,  
And voice of Scotland's law was sent,  
In glorious trumpet clang.  
O! be his tomb as lead to lead,  
Upon its dull destroyer's head!—  
A 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 nought confirmed could ear or eye  
Discern of sound or mien.  
Yet darkly did it seem, as there  
Heralds and Pursuivants prepare,  
With trumpet sound, and blazon fair,  
A summons to proclaim;  
But indistinct the pageant proud,  
As fancy forms of midnight cloud,  
When flings the moon upon her shroud  
A wavering tinge of flame;  
It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud,  
From midst of the spectre crowd,  
This awful summons came:—

## XXVI.

"Prince, prelate, potentate, and peer,  
Whose names I now shall call,  
Scottish, or foreigner, give ear!  
Subjects of him who sent me here,  
At his tribunal to appear,  
I summon one and all:  
I cite you by each deadly sin,  
That e'er hath soiled your hearts within;  
I cite you, by each brutal lust,  
That e'er defiled your earthly dust,—  
By wrath, by pride, by fear,  
By each o'er-mastering passion's tone,  
By the dark grave, and dying groan!

\* *i. e.* Curse.

When forty days are past and gone,  
I cite you, at your Monarch's throne,  
To answer and appear."—  
Then thundered forth a roll of names:—  
The first was thine, unhappy James!  
Then all thy nobles came;  
Crawford, Glencairn, Montrose, Argyle,  
Ross, Bothwell, Forbes, Lennox, Lyle,—  
Why should I tell their separate style?  
Each chief of birth and fame,  
Of Lowland, Highland, Border, Isle,  
Fore-doomed to Flodden's carnage pile,  
Was cited there by name;  
And Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye,  
Of Lutterward, and Scriverbays,  
De Wilton, erst of Aberley,  
The self-same thundering voice did say.—  
But then another spoke:  
"Thy fatal summons I deny,  
And thine infernal lord defy,  
Appealing me to Him on High,  
Who burst the sinner's yoke."—  
At that dread accent, with a scream,  
Parted the pageant like a dream,  
The summoner was gone.  
Prone on her face the Abbess fell,  
And fast, and fast, her beads did tell;  
Her nuns came, startled by the yell,  
And found her there alone.  
She marked not, at the scene aghast,  
What time, or how, the Palmer passed.

## XXVII.

Shift we the scene.—The camp doth move,  
Dun-Edin's streets are empty now,  
Save when, for weal of those they love,  
To pray the prayer, and vow the vow,  
The tottering child, the anxious fair,  
The grey-haired sire, with pious care,  
To chapels and to shrines repair.—  
Where is the Palmer now? and where  
The Abbess, Marmion, and Clare?—  
Bold Douglas! to Tantallon fair  
They journey in thy charge:  
Lord Marmion rode on his right hand,  
The Palmer still was with the band;  
Angus, like Lindsay, did command,  
That none should roam at large.  
But in that Palmer's altered mien  
A wondrous change might now be seen;  
Freely he spoke of war,  
Of marvels wrought by single hand,  
When lifted for a native land;  
And still looked high, as if he planned,  
Some desperate deed afar.  
His courser would he feed, and stroka,

And, tucking up his sable frocke,  
 Would first his metal bold provoke,  
 Then soothe, or quell his pride.  
 Old Hubert said, that never one  
 He saw, except Lord Marmion,  
 A steed so fairly ride.

## XXVIII.

Some half-hour's march behind, there came,  
 By Eustace governed fair,  
 A troop escorting Hilda's Dame,  
 With all her nuns, and Clare.  
 No audience had Lord Marmion sought;  
 Ever he feared to aggravate  
 Clara de Clare's suspicious hate;  
 And safer 'twas, he thought,  
 To wait till, from the nuns removed,  
 The influence of kinsmen loved,  
 And suit by Henry's self approved,  
 Her slow consent had wrought.  
 His was no flickering flame, that dies  
 Unless when fanned by looks and sighs,  
 And lighted oft at lady's eyes;  
 He longed to stretch his wide command  
 O'er luckless Clara's ample land:  
 Besides, when Wilton with him vied,  
 Although the pang of humbled pride  
 The place of jealousy supplied,  
 Yet conquest, by that meanness won  
 He almost loathed to think upon,  
 Led him, at times, to hate the cause,  
 Which made him burst through honour's  
 laws.  
 If e'er he loved, 'twas her alone,  
 Who died within that vault of stone.

## XXIX.

And now, when close at hand they saw  
 North-Berwick's town, and lofty Law,  
 Fitz-Eustace bade them pause a while,  
 Before a venerable pile,  
 Whose turrets viewed, afar,  
 The lofty Bass, the Lambie Isle,  
 The ocean's peace, or war.  
 At tolling of a bell, forth came  
 The convent's venerable Dame,  
 And prayed Saint Hilda's Abbess rest  
 With her, a loved and honoured guest,  
 Till Douglas should a bark prepare,  
 To waft her back to Whithy fair.  
 Glad was the Abbess, you may guess,  
 And thanked the Scottish Prioress;  
 And tedious were to tell, I ween,  
 The courteous speech that passed between.  
 O'erjoyed the nuns their palfreys leave;

But when fair Clara did intend,  
 Like them, from horse-back 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 obeyed;  
 And Marmion and the Douglas said,  
 That you must wend with me.  
 Lord Marmion bath a letter broad,  
 Which to the Scottish Earl he shewed,  
 Commanding, that, beneath his care,  
 Without delay, you shall repair,  
 To your good kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.”—

## XXX.

The startled Abbess loud exclaimed;  
 But she, at whom the blow was aimed,  
 Grew pale as death, and cold as lead,—  
 She deemed she heard her death-doom read.  
 “Cheer thee, my child!” the Abbess said,  
 “They dare not tear thee from my hand,  
 To ride alone with armed band.”—  
 “Nay, holy mother, nay.”  
 Fitz-Eustace said, “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 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 blushed with earnest grace;  
 His faith was painted on his face,  
 And Clare's worst fear relieved.  
 The Lady Abbess loud exclaimed  
 On Henry, and the Douglas blamed,  
 Entreated, threatened, grieved;  
 To martyr, saint, and prophet prayed,  
 Against Lord Marmion inveighed,  
 And called the Prioress to aid,  
 To curse with candle, bell, and book,—  
 Her head the grave Cistercian shook;  
 “The Douglas, and the King,” she said,  
 “In their commands will be obeyed;  
 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  
 Drove the monks forth of Coventry,  
 Bid 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 band before.  
 God judge 'twixt Marmion and me;  
 He is a chief of high degree,  
 And I a poor recluse;  
 Yet oft, in holy writ, we see  
 Even such weak minister as me  
 May the oppressor bruise:  
 For thus, inspired, did Judith slay  
 The mighty in his sin,  
 And Jael thus, and Deborah,"—  
 Here hasty Blount broke in:  
 "Fitz-Eustace, we must march our band;  
 St Anton' fire thee! wilt thou stand  
 All day, with bonnet in thy hand,  
 To hear the Lady preach?  
 By this good light! if thus we stay,  
 Lord Marmion, for our fond delay,  
 Will sharper sermon teach.  
 Come, d'on thy cap, and mount thy horse;  
 The Dame must patience take perforce."—

## XXXII.

"Submit we then to force," said Clare;  
 "But let this barbarous lord despair  
 His purposed aim to win;  
 Let him take living, land, and life;  
 But to be Marmion's wedded wife  
 In me were deadly sin:  
 And if it be the king's decree,  
 That I must find no sanctuary,  
 Where even a homicide might come,  
 And safely rest his head,  
 Though at its open portals stood,  
 Thirsting to pour forth blood for blood,  
 The kinsmen of the dead;  
 Yet one asylum is my own,  
 Against the dreaded hour;  
 A low, a silent, and a lone,  
 Where kings have little power  
 One victim is before me there.—

Mother, your blessing, and in prayer  
 Remember your unhappy Clare!"—  
 Loud weeps the Abbess, and bestows  
 Kind blessings many a one;  
 Weeping and wailing loud arose  
 Round patient Clare, the clamorous woe.  
 Of every simple nun.  
 His eyes the gentle Eustace dried,  
 And scarce rude Blount the sight could bide.  
 Then took the squire her rein,  
 And gently led away her steed,  
 And, by each courteous word and deed,  
 To cheer her strove in vain.

## XXXIII.

But scant three miles the band had rode,  
 When o'er a height they passed,  
 And, sudden, close before them shewed  
 His towers, Tantallon vast;  
 Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,  
 And held impregnable in war.  
 On a projecting rock they rose,  
 And round three sides the ocean flows;  
 The fourth did battled walls inclose,  
 And double mound and fosse.  
 By narrow draw-bridge, outworks strong,  
 Through studded gates, an entrance long  
 To the main court they cross.  
 It was a wide and stately square:  
 Around were lodgings, fit and fair,  
 And towers of various form,  
 Which on the court projected far,  
 And broke its lines quadrangular.  
 Here was square keep, there turret high,  
 Or pinnacle that sought the sky,  
 Whence oft the Warder could descry  
 The gathering ocean-storm.

## XXXIV.

Here did they rest.—The princely care  
 Of Douglas, why should I declare,  
 Or say they met reception fair?  
 Or why the tidings say,  
 Which, varying, to Tantallon came,  
 By hurrying posts, or fleetest fame,  
 With every varying day?  
 And, first, they heard King James had won  
 Etall, and Wark, and Ford; and then,  
 That Norham castle strong was ta'en.  
 At that sore marvelled Marmion:—  
 And Douglas hoped his Monarch's hand  
 Would soon subdue Northumberland:  
 But whispered news there came,  
 That, while his host inactive lay,  
 And melted by degrees away,

King James was dallying off the day  
 With Heron's wily dame.—  
 Such acts to chronicles I yield;  
 Go seek them there, and see:  
 Mine is a tale of Flodden Field,  
 And not a history.—  
 At length they heard the Scottish host  
 On that high ridge had made their post,  
 Which frowns o'er Millfield Plain;  
 And that brave Surrey many a band  
 Had gathered in the southern land,  
 And marched 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.

## INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH.

TO RICHARD HEBER, Esq.

*Merton-House, Christmas.*

HEAR on more wood!—the wind is chill;  
 But let it whistle as it will,  
 We'll keep our Christmas merry still.  
 Each age has deemed the new-born year  
 The fittest time for festal cheer;  
 Even heathen yet, the savage Dane  
 At Iol more deep the mead did drain;  
 High on the beach his galleys drew,  
 And feasted all his pirate crew;  
 Then in his low and pine-built hall,  
 Where shields and axes decked the wall;  
 They gorged upon the half-dressed steer;  
 Caroused in seas of sable beer;  
 While round, in brutal jest, were thrown  
 The half-gnawed rib, and marrow-bone;  
 Or listened all, in grim delight,  
 While scalds yelled out the joys of fight.  
 Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,  
 While wildly loose their red locks fly,

And dancing round the blazing pile,  
 They make such barbarous mirth the while,  
 As best might to the mind recal  
 The bolsterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old  
 Loved when the year its course had rolled,  
 And brought blithe Christmas back again,  
 With all his hospitable train.  
 Domestic and religious rite  
 Gave honour to the holy night:  
 On Christmas eve the bells were rung;  
 On Christmas eve the mass was sung,  
 That only night, in all the year,  
 Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.  
 The damsel donned her kirtle shoon;  
 The hall was dressed with holly green;  
 Forth to the wood did merry-men go,  
 To gather in the mistletoe.  
 Then opened wide the baron's hall  
 To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;  
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,  
 And Ceremony doffed his pride.  
 The heir, with roses in his shoes,  
 That night might village partner chuse;  
 The lord, underogating, share  
 The vulgar game of "post and pair."  
 All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,  
 And general voice, the happy night,  
 That to the cottage, as the crown,  
 Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,  
 Went roaring up the chimney wide;  
 The huge hall-table's oaken face,  
 Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,  
 Bore then upon its massive board  
 No mark to part the squire and lord.  
 Then was brought in the lusty brawn,  
 By old blue-coated serving-man;  
 Then the grim boar's-head frowned on high,  
 Crested with bays and rosemary.  
 Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,  
 How, when, and where, the monster fell;  
 What dogs before his death he tore,  
 And all the baiting of the boar.  
 The wassel round in good brown bowls,  
 Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.  
 There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by  
 Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pye:  
 Nor failed old Scotland to produce  
 At such high-tide, her savoury goose.  
 Then came the merry masquers in,  
 And carols roared with blithesome din;  
 If unmelodious was the song,  
 It was a hearty note, and strong.

Who lists may in their mumming see  
Traces of ancient mystery;  
White shirts supplied the masquerade,  
And smutted cheeks the visors made;  
But, O! what masquers richly dight  
Can boast of bosoms half so light!  
England was merry England, when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
'Twas Christmas broached 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 vallies 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 deem,  
Is warmer than the mountain-stream.\*  
And thus, my Christmas still I hold  
Where my great-grand sire came of old;  
With amber beard, and flaxen hair,  
And reverend apostolic air—  
The feast and holy-tide to share,  
And mix sobriety with wine,  
And honest mirth with thoughts divine:  
Small thought was his, in after time  
E'er to be hitched into a rhyme.  
The simple sire could only boast,  
That he was loyal to his cost;  
The banished race of kings revered,  
And lost his land,—but kept his beard.

In these dear halls, where welcome kind,  
Is with fair liberty combined;  
Where cordial friendship gives the hand,  
And flies constraint the magic wand  
Of the fair dame that rules the land.  
Little we heed the tempest drear,  
While music, mirth, and social cheer,  
Speed on their wings the passing year.  
And Mertoun's halls are fair e'en now,  
When not a leaf is on the bough.  
Tweed loves them well, and turns again,  
As loath to leave the sweet domain;  
And holds his mirror to her face,  
And clips her with a close embrace:—  
Gladly as he, we seek the dome,  
And as reluctant turn us home.

How just, that, at this time of glee,  
My thoughts should, Heber, turn to thee!

\* "Blood is warmer than water,"—a proverb meant to vindicate our family predilections.

For many a merry hour we've known,  
And heard the chimes of midnight's tone,  
Cease, then, my friend! a moment cease,  
And leave these classic tomes in peace!  
Of Roman and of Grecian lore,  
Sure mortal brain can hold no more.  
These ancients, as Noll Bluff might say,  
Were "pretty fellows in their day,"†  
But time and tide o'er all prevail—  
On Christmas eve a Christmas tale—  
Of wonder and of war—"Profane!  
What! leave the lofty Latian strain,  
Her stately prose, her verse's charms,  
To hear the clash of rusty arms;  
In Fairy Land or Limbo lost,  
To jostle conjuror and ghost,  
Goblin and witch!"—Nay, Heber dear,  
Before you touch my charter, hear.  
Though Leyden aids, alas! no more,  
My cause with many-linguaged lore,  
This may I say:—in realms of death  
Ulysses meets Alcides' wrath;  
Æneas, upon Thracia's shore,  
The ghost of murdered Polydore;  
For omens, we in Livy cross,  
At every turn, *locutus Bos*.  
As grave and duly speaks that ox,  
As if he told the price of stocks;  
Or held, in Rome republican,  
The place of Common-councilman.

All nations have their omens drear,  
Their legends wild of woe and fear.  
To Cambria look—the peasant see,  
Bethink him of Glendowerdy,  
And shun "the spirit's blasted tree."  
The Highlander, whose red claymore  
The battle turned on Malda's shore,  
Will, on a Friday morn, look pale,  
If asked 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.

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

† "Hannibal was a pretty fellow, sir—a very pretty fellow in his day."—*Old Bachelor*.



The iron chest is bolted hard,  
 A Huntsman sits, its constant guard;  
 Around his neck his horn is hung,  
 His hanger in his belt is slung;  
 Before his feet his bloodhounds lie:  
 And '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 hollowed to a hound.  
 To chase the fiend, and win the prize,  
 In that same dungeon ever tries  
 An aged Necromantic Priest;  
 It is a hundred years at least,  
 Since 'twixt them first the strife begun,  
 And neither yet has lost or won.  
 And oft the Conjuror's words will make  
 The stubborn Demon groan and quake;  
 And oft the bands of iron break,  
 Or bursts one lock, that still amain,  
 Fast as 'tis opened, shuts again.  
 That magic strife within the tomb  
 May last until the day of doom,  
 Unless the Adept shall learn to tell  
 The very word that clenched the spell,  
 When Franch'mont locked the treasure cell,  
 An hundred years are past and gone,  
 And scarce three letters has he wou.

Such general superstition may  
 Excuse for old Pitscottle say;  
 Whose gossip history has given  
 My song the messenger from heaven,  
 That warned, in Lithgow, Scotland's King,  
 Nor less the infernal summoning.  
 May pass the Monk of Durham's tale,  
 Whose Demon fought in Gothic mail;  
 May pardon plead for Fordun grave,  
 Who told of Gifford's Goblin-Cave.  
 But why such instances to you,  
 Who, in an instant, can review  
 Your treasured hoards of various lore,  
 And furnish twenty thousand more?  
 Hoards, not like their's whose volumes rest  
 Like treasures in the Franch'mont chest;  
 While grapple 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 book's the same  
 The magpie takes in pilfered 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.

## CANTO SIXTH.

## THE BATTLE.

## I.

WHILE great events were on the gale,  
 And each hour brought a varying tale,  
 And the demeanour, changed and cold,  
 Of Douglas, fretted Marmion bold,  
 And, like the impatient steed of war,  
 He snuffed the battle from afar;  
 And hopes were none, that hack again,  
 Herald should come from Terouenne,  
 Where England's King in leaguer lay,  
 Before decisive battle-day;  
 While these things were, the mournful Clare  
 Did in the Dame's devotions share:  
 For the good Countess ceaseless prayed,  
 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 pressed  
 Upon her intervals of rest,  
 Dejected Clara well could bear  
 The formal state, the lengthened prayer,  
 Though dearest to her wounded heart  
 The hours that she might spend apart.

## II.

I said, Tantallon's dizzy steep  
 Hung o'er the margin of the deep.  
 Many a rude tower and rampart there  
 Repelled the insult of the air,  
 Which, when the tempest vexed the sky,  
 Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by.  
 Above the rest, a turret square  
 Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear,  
 Of sculpture rude, a stony shield;  
 The Bloody Heart was in the field,  
 And in the chief three mullets stood,  
 The cognizance of Douglas blood.  
 The turret held a narrow stair,  
 Which, mounted, gave you access where  
 A parapet's embattled row  
 Did seaward round the castle go;  
 Sometimes in dizzy steps descending,  
 Sometimes in narrow circuit bending.

Sometimes in platform broad extending,  
 Its varying circle did combine  
 Bulwark, and bartisan, and line,  
 And bastion, tower, and vantage-coign;  
 Above the booming ocean leant  
 The far-projecting battlement;  
 The billows burst, in ceaseless flow,  
 Upon the precipice below.  
 Where'er Tantallon faced the land,  
 Gate-works, and walls, were strongly manned;  
 No need upon the sea-girt side;  
 The steepy rock, and frantic tide,  
 Approach of human step denied;  
 And thus these lines, and ramparts rude,  
 Were left in deepest solitude.

## III.

And, for they were so lonely, Clare  
 Would to these battlements repair,  
 And muse upon her sorrows there,  
 And list the sea-bird's cry;  
 Or slow, like noon-tide ghost, would glide  
 Along the dark-gray bulwark's side,  
 And ever on the heaving tide  
 Look down with weary eye.  
 Oft did the cliff, and swelling main,  
 Recal the thoughts of Whithy's fane,—  
 A home she ne'er might see again;  
 For she had laid down,  
 So Douglas bade, the hood and veil,  
 And frontlet of the cloister pale,  
 And Benedictine gown:  
 It were unseemly sight, he said,  
 A novice out of convent shade.—  
 Now her bright locks, with sunny glow,  
 Again adorned her brow of snow;  
 Her mantle rich, whose borders, round,  
 A deep and fretted broidery bound,  
 In golden foldings sought the ground;  
 Of holy ornament, alone  
 Remained a cross with ruby stone;  
 And often did she look  
 On that which in her hand she bore,  
 With velvet bound, and broidered o'er,  
 Her breviary book.  
 In such a place, so lone, so grim,  
 At dawning pale, or twilight dim,  
 It fearful would have been,  
 To meet a form so richly dressed,  
 With book in hand, and cross on breast,  
 And such a woeful mien.  
 Fitz-Eustace, loitering with his bow,  
 To practise on the gull and crow,  
 Saw her, at distance, gliding slow,  
 And did by Mary swear,—

Some love-lorn Fay she might have been,  
 Or, in Romance, some spell-bound Queen;  
 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,<sup>\*</sup>  
 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, scared by sinful scorn,  
 My heart could neither melt nor burn?  
 Or lie my warm affections low,  
 With him, that taught them first to glow?—  
 Yet, gentle Abbess, well I knew,  
 To pay thy kindness grateful due,  
 And well could brook the mild command,  
 That ruled thy simple maiden band.—  
 How different now! condemned 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 armour here?"  
 For in her path there lay  
 Targe, corslet, helm;—she viewed them  
 near.—  
 "The breast-plate pierced!—Aye, much I  
 fear,  
 Weak fence wert thou 'gainst foeman's spear,  
 That hath made fatal entrance here,  
 As these dark blood-gouts say.—  
 Thus Wilton!—Oh! not corslet's ward,  
 Not truth, as diamond pure and hard,  
 Could be thy manly bosom's guard,  
 On yon disastrous day!"  
 She raised her eyes in mournful mood,—  
 WILTON himself before her stood!  
 It might have seemed his passing ghost  
 For every youthful grace was lost,

\* See Note.

And joy unwonted, and surprise,  
 Gave their strange wildness to his eyes.—  
 Expect not, noble dames and lords,  
 That I can tell such scene in words:  
 What skilful limner e'er would chuse  
 To paint the rainbow's varying hues,  
 Unless to mortal it were given  
 To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?  
 Far less can my weak line declare  
 Each changing passion's shade;  
 Brightening to rapture from despair,  
 Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,  
 And joy, with her angelic air,  
 And hope, that paints the future fair,  
 Their varying hues displayed:  
 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 delayed.  
 And modest blush, and bursting sigh,  
 And question kind, and fond reply.

## VI.

*De Wilton's History.*

"Forget we that disastrous day,  
 When senseless in the lists I lay.  
 Thence dragged,—but how I cannot know,  
 For sense and recollection fled,—  
 I found me on a pallet low,  
 Within my ancient beadsman's shed.  
 Austin,—remember'st thou, my Clare,  
 How thou didst blush, when the old man,  
 When first our infant love began,  
 Said we would make a matchless pair?—  
 Menials, and friends, and kinsmen fled  
 From the degraded traitor's bed,—  
 He only held my burning head,  
 And tended me for many a day,  
 While wounds and fever held their sway.  
 But far more needful was his care,  
 When sense returned 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,  
 With him I left my native strand,  
 And, in a palmer's weeds arrayed,  
 My hated name and form to shade,  
 I journeyed many a land;  
 No more a lord of rank and birth,  
 But mingled with the dregs of earth.

Oft Austin for my reason feared,  
 When I would sit, and deeply brood  
 On dark revenge, and deeds of blood,  
 Or wild mad schemes upreared.  
 My friend at length fell sick, and said,  
 God would remove him soon;  
 And while upon his dying bed,  
 He begged of me a boon—  
 If ere my deadliest enemy  
 Beneath my brand should conquered lie,  
 Even then my mercy should awake,  
 And spare his life for Austin's sake.

## VII.

"Still restless as a second Cain,  
 To Scotland next my route was ta'en.  
 Full well the paths I knew;  
 Fame of my fate made various sound,  
 That death in pilgrimage I found,  
 That I had perished of my wound,—  
 None cared which tale was true:  
 And living eye could never guess  
 De Wilton in his palmer's dress;  
 For now that sable slough is shed,  
 And trimmed my shaggy beard and head,  
 I scarcely know me in the glass.  
 A chance most wond'rous did provide,  
 That I should be that Baron's guide—  
 I will not name his name!—  
 Vengeance to God alone belongs;  
 But, when I think on all my wrongs,  
 My blood is liquid flame!  
 And ne'er the time shall I forget,  
 When, in a Scottish hostel set,  
 Dark looks we did exchange:  
 What were his thoughts I cannot tell;  
 But in my bosom 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 wrought upon his moody sprite,  
 And sent him armed forth by night.  
 I borrowed steed and mail,  
 And weapons, from his sleeping band;  
 And, passing from a postern door,  
 We met, and 'countered, hand to hand.—  
 He fell on Gifford-moor.  
 For the death-stroke my brand I drew,  
 (O then my helmeted head he knew,  
 The palmer's cowl was gone.)  
 Then had three inches of my blade

The heavy debt of vengeance paid,—  
 My hand the thought of Austin staid ;  
 I left him there alone.—  
 O good old man ! even from the grave,  
 Thy spirit could thy master save :  
 If I had slain my foeman, ne'er  
 Had Whitby's Abbess, in her fear,  
 Given to my hand this packet dear,  
 Of power to clear my injured fame,  
 And vindicate De Wilton's name.—  
 Perchance you heard the Abbess tell  
 Of the strange pageantry of Hell,  
 That broke our secret speech—  
 It rose from the infernal shade,  
 Or fealty was some juggle played,  
 A tale of peace to teach.  
 Appeal to Heaven I judged was best,  
 When my name came among the rest.

## IX.

" Now here, within Tantallon Hold,  
 To Douglas late my tale I told,  
 To whom my house was known of old.  
 Won by my proofs, his faulchion bright  
 This eve anew shall dub me knight.  
 These were the arms that once did turn  
 The tide of fight on Otterburne,  
 And Harry Hotspur forced to yield,  
 When the Dead Douglas won the field.  
 These Angus gave—his armourer's care,  
 Ere morn, shall every breach repair ;  
 For nought, he said, was in his halls,  
 But ancient armour on the walls,  
 And aged chargers in the stalls,  
 And women, priests, and gray-haired men ;  
 The rest were all in Twisell glen.\*  
 And now I watch my armour here,  
 By law of arms, till midnight's near ;  
 Then, once again a belted knight,  
 Seek Surrey's camp with dawn of light.

## X.

" There soon again we meet, my Clare !  
 This Baron means to guide thee there :  
 Douglas reveres his king's command,  
 Else would he take thee from his band.  
 And there thy kinsman, Surrey, too,  
 Will give De Wilton justice due.  
 Now meet'er 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 ?

\* Where James encamped before taking post on Flodden.

And is there not a humble glen,  
 Where we, content and poor,  
 Might build a cottage in the shade,  
 A shepherd thou, and I to aid  
 Thy task on dale and moor ?—  
 That reddening brow !—too well I know,  
 Not even thy Clare can peace bestow,  
 While falsehood stains thy name :  
 Go then to fight ! Clare bids thee go !  
 Clare can a warrior's feelings know,  
 And weep a warrior's shame ;  
 Can Red Earl Gilbert's spirit feel,  
 Buckle the spurs upon thy heel,  
 And belt thee with thy brand of steel,  
 And send thee forth to fame !"—

## XI.

That night, upon the rocks and bay,  
 The midnight moonbeam slumbering lay,  
 And poured 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, seamed 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 descrie  
 The chapel's carving fair.  
 Amid that dim and smoky light,  
 Chequering the silvery moon-shine bright,  
 A Bishop by the altar stood,  
 A noble lord of Douglas blood,  
 With mitre sheen, and rocquet white ;  
 Yet shewed 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 bishoprick of fair Dunkeld.  
 Beside him ancient Angus stood,  
 Doffed his furred gown, and sable hood :  
 O'er his huge form, and visage pale,  
 He wore a cap and shirt of mail ;  
 And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand  
 Upon the huge and sweeping brand,  
 Which wont, of yore, in battle-fray,  
 His foeman's limbs to shred away,  
 As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.  
 He seemed 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 faulchion 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 honour best bestows,  
May give thee double.”—

De Wilton sobbed, for sob he must—

“Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust

That Douglas is my brother!”

“Nay, nay,” old Angus said, “not so;

To Surrey's camp thou now must go,

Thy wrongs no longer smother.

I have two sons in yonder field;

And if thou meet'st them under shield,

Upon them bravely—do thy worst;

And foul fall him that blanches first!”—

## XIII.

Not far advanced was morning day,

When Marmion did his troop array

To Surrey's camp to ride;

He had safe-conduct for his band,

Beneath the royal seal and hand,

And Douglas gave a guide:

The ancient Earl, with stately grace,

Would Clara on her palfrey place,

And whispered, in an under tone,

“Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown.”

The train from out the castle drew;

But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu:—

“Though something I might plain,” he  
said,

Of cold respect to stranger guest,

Sent hither by your king's behest,

While in Tantallon's towers I staid;

Part we in friendship from your land,

And, noble Earl, receive my hand.”—

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,

Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—

“My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still  
Be open, at my sovereign's will,  
To each one whom he lists, how'er  
Unmeet to be the owner's peer,  
My castles are my king's alone,  
From turret to foundation-stone—  
The hand of Douglas is his own;  
And never shall in friendly grasp  
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.”—

## XIV.

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,  
And shook his very frame for ire,

And—“This to me!” he said,—

“An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,  
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared  
To cleave the Douglas' head!

And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,  
He, who does England's message here,

Although the meanest in her state,  
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:

And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,

Even in thy pitch of pride,

Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,

(Nay, never look upon your lord,

And lay your hands upon your sword,)

I tell thee, thou'rt defied!

And if thou saidst, I am not peer

To any lord in Scotland here,

Lowland or Highland, far or near,

Lord Angus, thou hast lied!”—

On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage

O'ercame the ashen hue of age:

Fierce he broke forth:—“And dar'st thou then

To beard the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall?

And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?—

No, by Saint Bryde of Bothwell, no!—

Up drawbridge, grooms—what, Warder, ho:

Let the portcullis fall.”—

Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,

And dashed the rowels in his steed,

Like arrow through the arch-way sprung,

The ponderous grate behind him rung:

To pass there was such scanty room,

The bars, descending, razed his plume.

## XV.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,

Just as it trembled on the rise;

Not lighter does the swallow skim

Along the smooth lake's level brim:

And when Lord Marmion reached his band,

He halts, and turns with clenched hand,

And shout of loud defiance pours,

And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"

But soon he reined 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 foul a deed!  
At first in heart it liked me ill,  
When the King praised his clerky skill.  
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,  
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 crossed the heights of Stanrigg-moor.  
His troop more closely there he scann'd,  
And missed 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 clink and bang,  
Close to my couch did hammers clang;  
At dawn the falling drawbridge rang,  
And from a loop-hole while I peep,  
Old Bell-the-Cat came from the Keep,  
Wrapped 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 to his paces, cool and bold.  
I heard the Sheriff Sholto say,  
The Earl did much the Master\* pray  
To use him on the battle-day;  
But he preferred"—"Nay, Henry, cease!  
Thou sworn horse-courser, hold thy peace.—

\* His eldest son, the Master of Angus.

Eustace, thou bear'st a brain—I pray  
What did Blount see at break of day?"—

## XVII.

"In brief, my lord, we both descried  
(For I then stood by Henry's side)  
The Palmer mount, and outwards ride,  
Upon the Earl's own favourite steed;  
All sheathed he was in armour bright,  
And much resembled that same knight,  
Subdued by you in Cotswold fight:  
Lord Angus wished him speed."—  
The instant that Fitz-Eustace spoke,  
A sudden light on Marmion broke;  
"Ah! dastard fool, to reason lost!"  
He muttered; "'Twas nor fay nor ghost,  
I met upon the moonlit wold,  
But living man of earthly mould.—  
O dotage blind and gross!  
Had I but fought as wont, one thrust  
Had laid De Wilton in the dust,  
My path no more to cross.—  
How stand we now?—he told his tale  
To Douglas; and with some avail;  
'Twas therefore gloomed 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—  
O what a tangled web we weave,  
When first we practise to deceive!—  
A Palmer too!—no wonder why  
I felt rebuked beneath his eye:  
I might have known there was but one  
Whose look could quell Lord Marmion.—

## XVIII.

Stung with these thoughts, he urged to speed  
His troop, and reached, at eve, the Tweed,  
Where Lennel's convent closed their march:  
(There now is left but one frail arch,  
Yet mourn thou not its cells;  
Our time a fair exchange has made;  
Hard by, in hospitable shade,  
A reverend pilgrim dwells,  
Well worth the whole Bernardine brood,  
That e'er wore sandal, frock, or hood.)  
Yet did Saint Bernard's Abbot there  
Give Marmion entertainment fair,  
And lodging for his train, and Clare.  
Next morn the Baron climbed the tower,  
To view afar the Scottish power,  
Encamped on Flodden edge:

The white pavilions made a show,  
Like remnants of the winter snow,  
Along the dusky ridge.

Long Marmion looked :—at length his eye  
Unusual movement might descrie,

Amid the shifting lines :

The Scottish host drawn out appears,  
For, flashing on the hedge of spears

The eastern sun-beam shines.

Their front now deepening, now extending ;  
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,  
Now drawing back, and now descending,  
The skilful Marmion well could know,  
They watched the motions of some foe,  
Who traversed on the plain below.

## XIX.

Even so it was ;—from Flodden ridge

The Scots beheld the English host  
Leave Barnmore-wood, their evening post,  
And heedful watched them as they crossed

The Till by Twisel Bridge.

High sight it is, and haughty, while  
They dive into the deep defile ;  
Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,  
Beneath the castle's airy wall.

By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,  
Troop after troop are disappearing ;  
Troop after troop their banners rearing,

Upon the eastern bank you see.

Still pouring down the rocky den,

Where flows the sullen Till,

And rising from the dim-wood glen,  
Standards on standards, men on men,

In slow succession still,

And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,  
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,

To gain the opposing hill.

That morn, to many a trumpet-clang,

Twisel ! thy rock's deep echo rang ;

And many a chief of birth and rank,

Saint Helen ! at thy fountain drank.

Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see

In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,

Had then from many an axe its doom,

To give the marching columns room.

## XX.

And why stands Scotland idly now,  
Dark Flodden ! on thy airy brow,  
Since England gains the pass the while,  
And struggles through the deep defile ?  
What checks the fiery soul of James ?  
Why sits that champion of the Dames  
Inactive on his steed,

And sees, between him and his land,  
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,  
His host Lord Surrey lead ?

What vails the vain knight-errant's brand ?—  
O, Douglas, for thy leading wand !

Pierce Randolph, for thy speed !

O for one hour of Wallace wight,  
Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,

And cry—" Saint Andrew and our right !"

Another sight had seen that morn,

From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,

And Flodden had been Bannock-burn !—

The precious hour has passed in vain,

And England's host has gained the plain ;

Wheeling their march, and circling still,

Around the base of Flodden-hill.

## XXI.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,

Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,—

" Hark ! hark ! my lord, an English drum !

And see ascending squadrons come

Between Tweed's river and the hill,

Foot, horse, and cannon :—hap what hap,

My basnet to a 'prentice cap,

Lord Surrey's o'er the Till !—

Yet more ! yet more !—how fair arrayed

They file from out the hawthorn shade,

And sweep so gallant by !

With all their banners bravely spread,

And all their armour flashing high,

Saint George might waken from the dead,

To see fair England's standards fly."—

" Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount ; " thou'st  
best,

And listen to our lord's behest."—

With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,—

" This instant be our band arrayed ;

The river must be quickly crossed,

That we may join Lord Surrey's host.

If fight King James,—as well I trust,

That fight he will, and fight he must,—

The Lady Clare behind our lines

Shall tarry, while the battle joins."—

## XXII.

Himself he swift on horseback threw,

Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu ;

Far less would listen to his prayer,

To leave behind the helpless Clare.

Down to the Tweed his band he drew,

And muttered, as the flood they view,

" The pheasant in the falcon's claw,

He scarce will yield to please a daw :

Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,

So Clare shall bide with me."

Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,  
 Where to the Tweed Lea's eddies creep,  
 He ventured desperately ;  
 And not a moment will he bide,  
 Till squire, or groom, before him ride ;  
 Headmost of all he stems the tide,  
 And stems it gallantly.  
 Eustace held Clare upon her horse,  
 Old Hubert 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 staid,  
 And breathed his steed, his men arrayed,  
 Then forward moved his band,  
 Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,  
 He halted by a cross of stone,  
 That, on a hillock standing lone,  
 Did all the field command.

## XXIII.

Hence might they see the full array  
 Of either host, for deadly fray ;  
 Their marshalled lines stretched east and  
 west,  
 And fronted north and south,  
 And distant salutation past  
 From the loud cannon mouth ;  
 Not in the close successive rattle,  
 That hreathes the voice of modern battle,  
 But slow and far between.—  
 The hillock gained, Lord Marmion staid :  
 " 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 less my care  
 Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—  
 You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,  
 With ten picked 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,  
 Nor heed the discontented look

From either squire ; but spurred 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 ;  
 Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,  
 Shall be in rear-ward of the fight,  
 And succour those that need it most.  
 Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,  
 Would gladly to the vanguard go ;  
 Edmund, the Admiral, 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 be paid ;  
 But, parting like a thunder-bolt,  
 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 sun-beams 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 ;  
 Volumned and vast, and rolling far,  
 The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,  
 As down the hill they broke ;  
 Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,  
 Announced their march ; their tread alone,  
 At times one warning trumpet blown,  
 At times a stifled hum,  
 Told England, from his mountain-throne  
 King James did rushing come.—



Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,  
 Until at weapon-point they close.—  
 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.  
 Long looked the anxious squires ; their eye  
 Could in the darkness nought 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 ;  
 And in the smoke the pennons flew,  
 As in the storm the white sea-mew.  
 Then marked they, dashing broad and far,  
 The broken billows of the war,  
 And plumed crests of chieftains brave,  
 Floating like foam upon the wave ;  
 But nought distinct they see :  
 Wide raged the battle on the plain ;  
 Spears shook, and faulchions flashed amain ;  
 Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;  
 Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,  
 Wild and disorderly.  
 Amid the scene of tumult, high  
 They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly :  
 And stainless Tunstall's banner white,  
 And Edmund Howard's lion bright,  
 Still bear them bravely in the fight ;  
 Although against them come,  
 Of gallant Gordons many a one,  
 And many a stubborn Highlandman,  
 And many a rugged Border clan,  
 With Huntley, 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 targe aside,  
 And with both hands the broad-sword plied :  
 'Twas vain.—But Fortune, on the right,  
 With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.  
 Then fell that spotless banner white,  
 The Howard's lion fell ;  
 Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew  
 With wavering flight, while fiercer grew  
 Around the battle yell.  
 The Border slogan rent the sky !  
 A Home ! a Gordon ! was the cry ;

Loud were the clanging blows ;  
 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 wavered mid the foes.  
 No longer Blount the view could bear :—  
 "By heaven, and all its saints ! I swear,  
 I will not see it lost !  
 Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare  
 May bid your beads, and pater prayer,—  
 I gallop to the host."  
 And to the fray he rode amain,  
 Followed by all the archer train.  
 The fiery youth, with desperate charge,  
 Made, for a space, an opening large,—  
 The rescued banner rose,—  
 But darkly closed the war around,  
 Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,  
 It sunk among the foes.  
 Then Eustace mounted too ;—yet staid,  
 As loth to leave the helpless maid,  
 When, fast as shaft can fly,  
 Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,  
 The loose rein dangling from his head,  
 Housing and saddle bloody red,  
 Lord Marmion's steed rushed by ;  
 And Eustace, maddening at the sight,  
 A look and sign to Clara cast,  
 To mark he would return in haste,  
 Then plunged into the fight.

## XXVIII.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,  
 Left in that dreadful hour alone ;  
 Perchance her reason stoops, or reels ;  
 Perchance a courage, not her own,  
 Braces her mind to desperate tone.—  
 The scattered van of England wheels ;—  
 She only said, as loud in air  
 The tumult roared, "Is Wilton there ?"—  
 They fly, or, maddened by despair,  
 Fight but to die.—"Is Wilton there !"—  
 With that, straight up the hill there rode  
 Two horsemen drenched with gore,  
 And in their arms, a helpless load,  
 A wounded knight they bore.  
 His hand still strained the broken brand ;  
 His arms were smeared with blood, and sand  
 Dragged from among the horses' feet,  
 With dinted shield, and helmet beat.  
 The falcon-crest and plumage gone,  
 Can that be haughty Marmion ! \* \* \*  
 Young Blount his armour did unlace,  
 And, gazing on his ghastly face,

Said—"By Saint George, he's gone!  
That spear-wound has our master sped,  
And see the deep cut on his head!

Good night to Marmion."—  
"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:  
He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"—

## XXIX.

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,  
Around gan Marmion wildly stare:—  
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace  
where?

Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!  
Redeem my pennon,—charge again!  
Cry—"Marmion to the rescue!"—Vain!  
Last of my race, on battle plain  
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!—  
Yet my last thought is England's:—fly,  
To Dacre bear my signet-ring;  
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.—  
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie:

Tunstall lies dead upon the field;  
His life-blood stains the spotless shield:  
Edmund is down;—my life is left;—  
The Admiral alone is left.  
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—  
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,  
Full upon Scotland's central host,  
Or victory and England's lost.—  
Must I hid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!  
Leave Marmion here alone,—to die."—  
They parted, and alone he lay;  
Clare drew her from the sight away,  
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,  
And half he murmured,—“Is there none,  
Of all my halls have nurst,  
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 nigh streamlet ran:  
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;  
The plaintive voice alone she hears,  
Sees but the dying man.  
She stooped her by the runnel's side,  
But in abhorrence backward drew;  
For, oozing from the mountain wide,  
Where raged the war, a dark red tide

Was curdling in the streamlet blue.  
Where shall she turn!—behold her mark  
A little fountain-cell,  
Where water, clear as diamond-spark,  
In a stone basin fell.  
Above, some half-worn letters say,  
"Drink, weary pilgrim, drink,  
and pray.  
For the kind soul of Sybil  
Grey.  
Who built this cross, and  
well."

She filled 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 stooped his brow to lave—  
"Is it the hand of Clare," he said,  
"Or injured Constance, bathes my head!"  
Then, as remembrance rose,—  
"Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!  
I must redress her woes.  
Short space, few words, are mine to spare;  
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"—  
"Alas!" she said, "the while,—  
O think of your immortal weal!  
In vain for Constance is your zeal;  
She—died at Holy Isle."—  
Lord Marmion started from the ground,  
As light as if he felt no wound;  
Though in the action hurst the tide,  
In torrents, from his wounded side.  
"Then it was truth!"—he said—"I knew  
That the dark presage must be true.—

I would the Fiend, to whom belongs  
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,  
Would spare me but a day!  
For wasting fire, and dying groan,  
And priests slain on the altar stone,  
Might bribe him for delay.

It may not be!—this dizzy trance—  
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,  
And doubly cursed my falling brand  
A sinful heart makes feeble hand."—  
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,  
Supported by the trembling Monk.

## XXXII.

With fruitless labour, Clara bourn'd,  
And strove to staunch the gushing wound:

The Monk, with unavailing cares,  
Exhausted all the Church's prayers ;  
Ever, he said, that, close and near,  
A lady's voice was in his ear,  
And that the priest he could not hear,

For that she ever sung,

*' In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,  
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of  
the dying !'*

So the notes rung ;

" Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,  
Shake not the dying sinner's sand !—

O look, my son, upon yon sign  
Of the Redeemer's grace divine ;

O think on faith and bliss !—

By many a death-bed I have been,  
And many a sinner's parting seen,

But never aught like this."—

The war, that for a space did fall,  
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,  
And—STANLEY! was the cry ;—

A light on Marmion's visage spread,  
And fired his glazing eye :

With dying hand, above his head

He shook the fragment of his blade,

And shouted " Victory !—

" Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on !"

Were the last words of Marmion.

## XXXIII.

By this, though deep the evening fell,  
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,

For still the Scots, around their king,

Unbroken fought in desperate ring.

Where's now their victor vaward wing,

Where Huntley, and where Home ?—

O for a blast of that dread horn,

On Fontarabian echoes borne,

That to King Charles did come,

When Rowland brave, and Olivier,

And every palladin and peer,

On Roncesvalles died !

Such blast might warn them, not in vain,

To quit the plunder of the slain,

And turn the doubtful day again,

While yet on Flodden side,

Afar, the Royal Standard flies,

And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,

Our Caledonian pride !

In vain the wish—for far away,

While spoil and havoc mark their way,

Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.—

" O Lady," cried the Monk, " away !"—

And placed her on her steed ;

And led her to the chapel fair,

Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.

There all the night they spent in prayer,  
And, at the dawn of morning, there  
She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

## XXXIV.

But as they left the dark'ning heath,  
More desperate grew the strife of death.

The English shafts in volleys hailed,

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 plie the ghastly blow,

Unbroken was the ring ;

The stubborn spear-men still made good

Their dark impenetrable wood,

Each stepping where his comrade stood,

The instant that he fell.

No thought was there of dastard flight ;—

Linked in the serried phalanx tight,

Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,

As fearlessly and well ;

Till utter darkness closed her wing

O'er their thin host and wounded king.

Then skilful Surrey's sage commands

Led back from strife his shattered bands ;

And from the charge they drew,

As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,

Sweep back to ocean blue.

Then did their loss his foemen 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,

Disordered, through her currents dash,

To gain the Scottish land ;

To town and tower, to down and dale,

To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,

And raise the universal wail.

Tradition, legend, tune, and song,

Shall many an age that wail prolong :

Still from the sire the son shall hear

Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,

Of Flodden's fatal field,

Where shivered 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;

Reckless of life, he desperate fought,

And fell on Flodden plain:

And well in death his trusty brand,

Firm clenched within his manly hand,

Besecmed the monarch slain.

But, O! how changed since yon blithe  
night!—

Gladly I turn me from the sight,

Unto my tale again.

#### XXXVI.

Short is my tale:—Fitz-Eustace' care,

A pierced and mangled body bare

To moated Lichfield's lofty pile;

And there, beneath the southern aisle,

A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair,

Did long Lord Marmion's image bear.

(Now vainly for its site you look;

'Twas levelled, when fanatic Brook

The fair cathedral stormed 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 couchant 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 priests for Marmion breathed the prayer,

The last Lord Marmion lay not there.

From Ettrick woods, a peasant swain

Followed his lord to Flodden plain,—

One of those flowers, whom plaintive lay

In Scotland mourns as "wede away:"

Sore wounded, Sybil's Cross he spied,

And dragged him to its foot, and died,

Close by the noble Marmion's side.

The spoilers stripped and gashed the slain,

And thus their corpses were mista'en;

And thus, in the proud Baron's tomb,

The lowly woodsman took the room.

#### XXXVII.

Less easy task it were, to shew

Lord Marmion's nameless grave, and low.

They dug his grave e'en where he lay,

But every mark is gone;

Time's wasting hand has done away

The simple Cross of Sybil Grey,

And broke her font of stone:

But yet from out the little hill

Oozes the slender springlet still.

Oft halts the stranger there,

For thence may best his curious eye

The memorable field descrie;

And shepherd boys repair,

To seek the water-flag and rush,

And rest them by the hazel bush,

And plait their garlands fair;

Nor dream they sit upon the grave,

That holds the bones of Marmion brave.—

When thou shalt find the little hill,

With thy heart commune, and be still.

If ever, in temptation strong,

Thou left'st the right path for the wrong;

If every devious step, thus trode,

Still led thee farther from the road;

Dread thou to speak presumptuous doom,

On noble Marmion's lowly tomb;

But say, "He died a gallant knight,

With sword in hand, for England's right."

#### XXXVIII.

I do not rhyme to that dull elf,

Who cannot image to himself,

That all through Flodden's dismal night,

Wilton was foremost in the fight;

That, when brave Surrey's steed was slain,

'Twas Wilton mounted him again;

'Twas Wilton's brand that deepest hewed,

Amid the spearmen's stubborn wood:

Unnamed by Hollinshed or Hall,

He was the living soul of all;

That, after fight, his faith made plain,

He won his rank and lands again;

And charged his old paternal shield

With bearings won on Flodden field.—

Nor sing I to that simple maid,

To whom it must in terms be said,

That king and kinsmen did agree,

To bless fair Clara's constancy;

Who cannot, unless I relate,

Paint to her mind the bridal's state;

That Wolsey's voice the blessing spoke,

More, Sands, and Denny, passed the joke:

That bluff King Hal the curtain drew,

And Catherine's hand the stocking threw;

And afterwards, for many a day,

That it was held enough to say,

In blessing to a wedded pair,

"Love they like Wilton and like Clare!"—

## L' Envoy.

## TO THE READER.

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

\* Used generally for tale or discourse.

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 soft to head of age.  
To thee, dear schoolboy, whom my lay  
Has cheated of thy hour of play,  
Light task, and merry holiday!  
To all, to each, a fair good night,  
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!  
A garland for the hero's crest,  
And twined by her he loves the best;

## NOTES.

## NOTES TO CANTO FIRST.

## NOTE I.

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 unburied corpse.—P. 3.

The Romance of the Morte Arthur contains a sort of abridgement of the most celebrated adventures of the Round Table; and, being written in comparatively modern language, gives the general reader an excellent idea of what romances of chivalry actually were. It has also the merit of being written in pure Old English; and many of the wild adventures which it contains, are told with a simplicity bordering upon the sublime. Several of these are referred to in the text; and I would have illustrated them by more full extracts, but as this curious work is about to be republished, I confine myself to the tale of the Chapel Perilous, and of the quest of Sir Launcelot after the Sangreal.

"Right so Sir Launcelot departed; and when he came to the Chapel Perilous, he alighted downe, and tied his horse to a little gate. And as soon as he was within the church-yard, hee saw, on the front of the chappell, many faire rich shields turned upside downe, and many of the shields Sir Launcelot had seene knights have before; with that hee saw stand by him thirte great knights, more, by a yard, than any man that ever hee had seene, and all those grinned and gnashed at Sir Launcelot; and when hee saw their countenance, hee dread them sore, and so put his shield afore him, and tooke his sword in his hand, ready to doe battaile; and they were all armed in black harnais, ready, with their shields and swords drawn. And when Sir Launcelot would have gone through them, they scattered on every side of him, and gave him the way; and therewith he waxed all bold, and entred into the chappell, and then hee saw no light but a dimme lampe burning, and then was he ware of a corps covered with a cloath of silke; then Sir Launcelot stooped downe, and cut a piece of that cloath away, and then it fared under him as the earth had quaked a little, whereof he was afraid, and then hee saw a faire sword lye by the dead knight, and that he gat in his hand, and hid him out of the chappell. As soon as he was in the chappell-yard, all the knights spoke to him with

a grimly voice, and said, 'Knight Sir Launcelot, lay that sword from thee, or else thou shalt die.' 'Whether I live or die,' said Sir Launcelot, 'with no great words get yee it againe, therefore fight for it and yee list.' Therewith he passed through them; and, beyond the chappell-yard, there met him a faire damosell, and said, 'Sir Launcelot, leave that sword behind thee, or thou wilt die for it.' 'I will not leave it,' said Sir Launcelot, 'for no threats.' 'No,' said she; 'and ye did leave that sword, Queene Guenever should ye never see.' 'Then were I a foole and I would leave this sword,' said Sir Launcelot. 'Now, gentle knight,' said the damosell, 'I require thee to kisse me once.' 'Nay,' said Sir Launcelot, 'that, God forbid!' 'Well, sir,' said she, 'and thou haddest kissed me, thy life dayes had been done; but now, alas!' said she, 'I have lost all my labour; for I ordained this chappell for thy sake, and for Sir Gawaine; and once I had Sir Gawaine within it; and at that time he fought with that knight which there lieth dead in yonder chappell, Sir Gilbert the bastard, and at that time hee smote off Sir Gilbert the bastard's left hand. And so, Sir Launcelot, now I tell thee, that I have loved thee this seven years; but there may no woman have thy love but Queene Guenever; but sithen I may not rejoyce thee to have thy body alive, I had kept no more joy in this world but to have had thy dead body; and I would have balmied it and served, and so have kept it my life daies, and daily I should have clipped thee, and kissed thee, in the despite of Queene Guenever.' 'Yee say well,' said Sir Launcelot; 'Jesus preserve me from your subtil craft!' And therewith he took his horse, and departed from her."

## NOTE II.

A sinful man, and unconfessed,  
He took the Sangreal's holy quest,  
And, slumbering, saw the vision high,  
He might not view with waking eye.—P. 3.

One day, when Arthur was holding a high feast with his Knights of the Round Table, the Sangreal, or vessel out of which the last passover was eaten, a precious relick, which had long remained concealed from human eyes, because of the sins of the land, suddenly appeared to him and all his chivalry. The consequence of this vision was, that all the knights took on them a solemn vow to seek the Sangreal.

But, alas! it could only be revealed to a knight at once accomplished in earthly chivalry, and pure and guiltless of evil conversation. All Sir Launcelot's noble accomplishments were therefore rendered vain by his guilty intrigue with Queen Guinevere, or Ganore; and in this holy quest he encountered only such disgraceful disasters as that which follows:—

"But Sir Launcelot rode overthwart and endlong in a wild forest, and held no path, and as wild adventure led him; and at the last, he came unto a stone crosse, which departed two wayes, in wast land; and, by the crosse, was a ston that was of marble; but it was so darke, that Sir Launcelot might not well know what it was. Then Sir Launcelot looked by him, and saw an old chappell, and there he went to have found peop'e. And so Sir Launcelot tied his horse to a tree, and there hee put off his shield, and bung it upon a tree, and then hee went unto the chappell doore, and found it wasted and broken. And within he found a faire altar, full richly arrayed with cloth of silk, and there stood a faire candlesticke, which beare six great candles, and the candlesticke was of silver. And when Sir Launcelot saw this light, hee had a great will for to enter into the chappell, but he could find no place where he might enter. Then was hee passing heavie and dismayed. Then hee returned, and came againe to his horse, and tooke off his saddle and his bridle, and let him pasture, and unlaced his helme, and ungrided his sword, and laid him downe to sleepe upon his shield before the crosse.

"And so hee fell on sleepe, and halfe waking and half-sleepe, hee saw come by him two palfreys, both faire and white, the which beare a litter, therein lying a sicke knight. And when he was nigh the crosse, hee there abode still. All this Sir Launcelot saw and beheld, for hee slept not verily, and hee heard him say, 'Oh sweete Lord, when shall this sorrow leave me, and when shall the holy vessel come by me, where through I shall be blessed, for I have endured thus long, for little trespass.' And thus a great while complained the knight, and allwaies Sir Launcelot heard it. With that Sir Launcelot saw the candlesticke, with the fire taper, come before the crosse; but he could see no body that brought it. Also there came a table of silver, and the holy vessell of the Sangreall, the which Sir Launcelot had seen before that time in king Petchour's house. And therewithall the sicke knight set him upright, and held up both his hands, and said, 'Faiee sweete Lord, which is here within the holy vessel, take heede to mee, that I may be hole of this great malady.' And therewith upon his hands, and upon his knees, he went so nigh, that hee touched the holy vessel, and kissed it: And anon hee was hole, and then hee said, 'Lord God, I thank thee, for I am healed of this malady.' Soe when the holy vessel had been there a great while, it went unto the chappell againe with the candlesticke and the light, so that Sir Launcelot wist not where it became, for hee was overtaken with slumme, that hee had no power to arise againe the holy vessel, wherefore afterward many men said of him shame. But hee tooke repentance afterward. Then the sicke knight dressed him upright, and kissed the crosse. Then anon his squire brought him his armes, and asked his lord how hee did. 'Certainly,' said hee, 'I thanke God, right heartily, for through the holy vessel I am healed: But I have right great mervail of this sleeping knight, which hath had neither grace nor power to awake during the time that this holy vessel 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 hee was never confessed.' 'By my faith,' said the knight, 'whatsoever hee be, hee is unhappy; for, as I deeme, hee is of the fellowship of the Round Table, the which is entred into the quest of the Sangreall.' 'Sir,' said the squire, 'here I have brought you all your armes, save your helme and your sword; and therefore, by mine assent, now may ye take this knight's helme and his sword,' and so hee did. And when hee was cleane armed, hee

tooke Sir Launcelot's horse, for hee was better than his owne, and so they departed from the crosse.

"Then anon Sir Launcelot awaked, and set himselfe upright, and hee thought him what hee had there seen, and whether it were dremes or not; right so hee heard a voice that said, 'Sir Launcelot, more hardy then is the stone, and more bitter then is the wood, and more naked and bare then is the liefe of the fig-tree, therefore go thou from hence, and withdraw thee from this holy place;' and when Sir Launcelot heard this, hee was passing heavy, and wit not what to doe. And so hee departed sore weeping, and cursed the time that hee was borne; for then hee deeme never to have had more worship; for the words went unto his heart, till that hee knew wherefore that hee was so called."

## NOTE III.

And Dryden, in immortal strain,  
Had raised the Table Round again,  
But that a ribald king and court  
Bade him toil on, to make them sport;  
Demanded for their niggard pay,  
Fit for their souls, a looser lay,  
Licentious satire, song, and play.—P. 3.

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 labouring in my imagination, and what I had intended to have put in practice; (though far unable for the attempt of such a poem,) and to have left the stage, to which my genius never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This, too, I had intended chiefly for the honour of my native country, to which a poet is particularly obliged. Of two subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful whether I should chase that of King Arthur conquering the Saxons, which, being farther distant in time, gives the greater scope to my invention; or that of Edward the Black Prince, in subduing Spain, and restoring it to the lawful prince, 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 hee restored, and for the many beautiful episodes which I had interwoven with the principal design, together with the characters of the chiefest English persons, (wherein, after Virgil and Spenser, I would have taken occasion to represent my living friends and patrons of the noblest families, and also shadowed the events of future ages in the succession of our imperial line,)—with these helps, and those of the machines which I have mentioned, I might perhaps have done as well as some of my predecessors, or at least chalked out a way for others to amend my errors in a like design; but being encouraged only with fair words by King Charles II., my little salary ill paid, and no prospect of a future 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 IV.

Of Ascapart, and Bevis bold.—P. 4.

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

This giant 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 eyes were hollow; his mouth was wide;  
Lothly he was to look on than,  
And liker 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 centrelled by the effigies of that doughty knight-errant, and his gigantic associate.

## NOTE V.

Day set on Norham's castled steep,  
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep, &c.  
P. 4.

The ruinous castle of Norham, (anciently called Ubbanfurd,) is situated on the southern bank of the Tweed, about six miles above Berwick, and where that river is still the boundary between England and Scotland. The extent of its ruins, as well as its historical importance, shows it to have been a place of magnificence, as well as strength. Edward I. resided there when he was created umpire of the dispute concerning the Scottish succession. It was repeatedly taken and retaken during the wars between England and Scotland; and, indeed, scarce any happened, in which it had not a principal share. Norham Castle is situated on a steep bank, which overhangs the river. The repeated sieges which the castle had sustained, rendered frequent repairs necessary. In 1164 it was almost rebuilt by Hugh Pudsey, bishop of Durham, who added a huge keep, or donjon; notwithstanding which, King Henry II., in 1174, took the castle from the bishop, and committed the keeping of it to William de Neville. After this period it seems to have been chiefly garrisoned by the king, and considered as a royal fortress. The Greys of Chillinghame Castle were frequently the castellans, or captains of the garrison: Yet, as the castle was situated in the patrimony of St Cuthbert, the property was in the see of Durham till the Reformation.

According to Mr. Pinkerton, there is, in the British Museum, Cal. B. 6. 216, a curious memoir of the Dacres on the state of Norham Castle in 1522, not long after the battle of Flodden. The inner ward, or keep, is represented as impregnable: "The provisions are three great vats or salt cels, forty-four kine, three hogheads of salted salmon, forty quarters of grain, besides many cows, and four hundred sheep lying under the castle-wall nightly; but a number of the arrows wanted feathers, and a good Fletcher (i.e. maker of arrows) was required,"—*History of Scotland*, Vol. II. p. 201. Note.

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

## NOTE VI.

The Donjon Keep.—P. 4.

It is perhaps unnecessary to remind my readers, that the donjon, in its proper signification, means the strongest part of a feudal castle: a high square tower, with walls of tremendous thickness, situated in the centre of the other buildings, from which, however, it was usually detached. Here, in case of the outward defences being gained, the garrison retreated to make their last stand. The donjon contained the great hall, and principal rooms of state for solemn occasions, and also the prison of the fortress; from which last circumstance we derive the modern and restricted use of the word *dungeon*. Ducange (voce *Donjon*) conjectures, plausibly, that the name is derived from these keeps being usually built upon a hill, which in Celtic is called *Dux*. Borlase supposes the word came from the darkness of the apartments in these towers, which were thence figuratively called *Dungeons*; thus deriving the ancient word from the modern application of it.

## NOTE VII.

Well was he armed from head to heel,  
In mail, and plate, of Milan steel.—P. 5.

The artists of Milan were famous in the middle ages for their skill in armoury, as appears from the following passage, in which Froissart gives an account of the preparations made by Henry, Earl of Hereford, afterwards Henry IV., and Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marischal, for their proposed combat in the Coventry: "These two lords made ample provision for all things necessary for the combat; and the Earl of Derby sent off messengers to Lombardy, to have armour from Sir Galeas, Duke of Milan. The duke complied with joy, and gave the knight, called Sir Francis, who had brought the message, the choice of all his armour for the Earl of Derby. When he had selected what he wished for in plated and mail armour, the lord of Milan, out of his abundant love for the Earl, ordered four of the best armourers in Milan to accompany the knight to England, that the Earl of Derby might be more completely armed."—*Josias' Froissart*, Vol. IV. p. 507.

## NOTE VIII.

The golden legend bore aright,  
Who creaks at me, to death is right.—P. 5.

The crest and motto of Marmion are borrowed from the following story. Sir David de Lindsay, first Earl of Crawford, was, among other gentlemen of quality, attended during a visit to London, in 1396, by Sir William Dalzell, who was, according to my authority Bower, not only excelling in wisdom, but also of a lively wit. Chancing to be at the court, he there saw Sir Piers Courtenay, an English knight, famous for skill in tilting, and for the beauty of his person, parading the palace, arrayed in a new mantle, bearing for device an embroidered falcon, with this rhyme—

I bear a falcon, fairest of flight,  
Who so pinches at her, his death is right \*  
In graith.†

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

I bear a pie picking at a piece,  
Who so picks at her, I shall pick at his nose.‡  
In faith.

This affront could only be expiated by a just with sharp lances. In the course, Dalzell left his helmet unfastened, so that it gave way at the touch of his antagonist's lance, and he thus avoided the shock of the encounter. This happened twice—in the third encounter, the handsome Courtenay lost two of his front teeth. As the Englishman complained bitterly of Dalzell's fraud in not fastening his helmet, the Scottishman agreed to run six courses more, each champion staking in the hand of the king two hundred pounds, to be forfeited, if, on entering the lists, any unequal advantage should be detected. This being agreed to, the wily Scot demanded, that Sir Piers, in addition to the loss of his teeth, should consent to the extinction of one of his eyes, he himself having lost an eye in the fight of Otterburn. As Courtenay demurred to this equalization of optical power, Dalzell demanded the forfeit; which, after much altercation, the king appointed to be paid to him, saying, he surpassed the English both in wit and valour. This must appear to the reader a singular specimen of the humour of that time. I suspect the Jockey Club would have given a different decision from Henry IV.

\* Prepared.—† Armour.

‡ Nose.

## NOTE IX.

Largesse, largesse.—P. 6.

This was the cry with which heralds and pursuivants were wont to acknowledge the bounty received from the knights. Stewart of Lorn distinguishes a ballad, in which he satirises the narrowness of James V. and his courtiers, by the ironical barden—

Lerges, lerges, lerges, hay,  
Lerges of this new year day.

First lerges of the king, my chief,  
Who came as quiet as a thief,  
And in my hands slid—shillings twae!\*  
To put his largeness to the prief, †  
For lerges of this new year day.

The heralds, like the minstrels, were a race allowed to have great claims upon the liberality of the knights, of whose feats 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. 7.

## X.

They hailed Lord Marmion;  
They hailed him Lord of Fontenay,  
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelhaye,  
Of Tamworth tower and town.—P. 6.

Lord Marmion, the principal character of the present romance, is entirely a fictitious personage. In earlier times, indeed, the family of Marmion, lords of Fontenay, in Normandy, was highly distinguished. Robert de Marmion, Lord of Fontenay, a distinguished follower of the Conqueror, obtained a grant of the castle and town of Tamworth, and also of the manor of Scrivelby, in Lincolnshire. One, or both, of these noble possessions was held by the honourable service of being the royal champion, as the ancestors of Marmion had formerly been to the 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 20th Edward I., without issue male. He was succeeded in his Castle of Tamworth by Alexander de Freville, who married Maza, his granddaughter. Baldwin de Freville, Alexander's descendant in the reign of Richard I., by the supposed tenure of his Castle of Tamworth, claimed the office of royal champion, and to do the service appertaining; namely, on the day of coronation, to ride completely armed, upon a barbed horse, into Westminster Hall, and there to challenge the combat against any who would gainsay the king's title. But this office was adjudged to Sir John Dymoke, to whom the manor of Scrivelby had descended by another of the co-heiresses of Robert de Marmion; and it remains in that family, whose representative is Hereditary Champion of England at the present day. The family and possessions of Freville have merged in the Earls of Ferrars: I have not, therefore, created a new family, but only revived the titles of an old one in an imaginary personage.

It was one of the Marmion family, who, in the reign of Edward II., performed that chivalrous feat before the very castle of Norham, which Bishop Percy has woven into his beautiful ballad, "The Hermit of Warkworth." The story is thus told by Leland:

"The Scottes came yn to the marches of England, and destroyed the Castles of Werk and Berthol, and overran much of Northumberland marches.

"At this tyme Thomas Gray and his friendes defenced Norham from the Scottes.

"It were a wonderful processe to declare, what mischeffes cam by hungre and asseges by the space

of xl yeres in Northumberland; for the Scottes became so proude after they had got Berwick, that they nothing esteemed the Englishmen.

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

"Thomas Gray, capitayne of Norham, seynge this, brought his garison afore the barriers of the castel, behynd whom cam William, richly arrayed, as at glittering in gold, and wering the heaulme, his lady's present.

"Then said Thomas Gray to Marmion, 'Sir knight, ye be cum hither to fame your helmet: mount up on your horse, and ryde lyk a valliant man to your foes even here at hand, and I forsake God if I rescue not thy body deade or alyve, or I myself wyl dye for it.'

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

"Then Thomas Gray, with all the hole garison, lette prik yn among the Scottes, and so wonded them and their horses, that they were overthrownd; and Marmion, sore beten, was horsid agayne, and, with Gray, persewed the Scottes yn chase. There were taken 30 horse of price; and the women of Norham brought them to the foote men to follow the chase."

## NOTE XI.

Sir Hugh the Heron bold,  
Baron of Twisell, and of Ford,  
And Captain of the Hold.—P. 6.

Were accuracy of any consequence in a fictitious narrative, this castellan's name ought to have been William; for William Heron of Ford was husband to the famous Lady Ford, whose syren charms are said to have cost our James IV. so dear. Moreover, the said William Heron was, at the time supposed, a prisoner in Scotland, being surrendered by Henry VIII. on account of his share in the slaughter of Sir Robert Ker of Cessford. His wife, represented in the text as residing at the court of Scotland, was, in fact, living in her own castle at Ford. See Sir Thomas Hanon's curious *Genealogy of the Heron Family*.

## NOTE XII.

The whiles a Northern harper rude  
Chaunted a rhyme of deadly feud,—  
"How the fierce Thirwalls, and Riddleys all,"  
&c.—P. 6.

This old Northumbrian ballad was taken down from the recitation of a woman eighty years of age, mother of one of the miners in Alston-moor, by the agent for the lead mines there, who communicated it to my friend and correspondent, R. Surtees, Esquire of Mainsforth. She had not, she said, heard it for many years; but when she was a girl, it used to be sung at merry-makings, "till the roof rung again." To preserve this curious, though rude rhyme, it is here inserted. The ludicrous turn given to the slaughter, marks that wild and disorderly state of society, in which a murder was not merely a casual circumstance, but, in some cases, an exceeding good jest. The structure of the ballad resembles the "Pray of Support," I having the same irregular stanza and wild chorus.

## L.

Hoot awa', lads, hoot awa',  
Ha' ye heard how the Riddleys, and Thirwalls, and a



Ha' set upon Albany \* Featherstonhaugh,  
And taken his life at the Dea-manashaugh;  
There was Willimotewick,  
And Hardriding Dick,  
And Huchie of Hawden, and Will of the Wa'.  
I canna' tell a', I canna' tell a',  
And mony a mair that the de'il may knaw.

## II.

The auld man went down, but Nicol, his son,  
Ran away afore the fight was begun;  
And he run, and he run,  
And afore they were done,  
There was many a Featherston gat sic a stun,  
As never was seen since the world begun.

## III.

I canna' tell a', I canna' tell a';  
Some gat a skelp,† and some gat a claw;  
But they gard the Featherstons haud their jaw,—  
Nicol, and Aick, and a'.  
Some gat a hurt, and some gat name;  
Some had harness, and some gat sta'en.§

## IV.

Ane gat a twist o' the craig||  
Ane gat a bunch¶ o' the wame; \*\*  
Symy Haw gat lamed of a leg,  
And syne ran wallowing †† hame.

## V.

Hoot, hoot, the auld man's slain outright!  
Lay him now wi' his face down,—he's a sorrowful  
sight.  
Janet, thou donot, ‡‡  
I'll lay my best bonnet,  
Thou gets a new gude-man afore it be night.

## VI.

Hoo away, lads, hoo away,  
Wi' a' be hangid if we stay.  
Tak' up the dead man, and lay him abint the  
bigging;  
Here's the Bailey o' Halt-histle, §§  
\* \* \* \* \*  
That sup'd up the broo', —&c.

In the explanation of this ancient ditty, Mr Surtees has furnished me with the following local memorandum: Willimotewick, now more commonly called Ridley Hall, is situated at the confluence of the Ailon and Tyne, and was the chief seat of the ancient family of Ridley. Hardriding Dick is not an epithet referring to horsemanship, but means Richard Ridley of Hardriding, the seat of another family of that name, which, in the time of Charles I., was sold on account of expenses incurred by the loyalty of the proprietor, the immediate ancestor of Sir Matthew Ridley. Will of the Wa' seems to be William Ridley of Walltown, so called from its situation on the great Roman wall. Thirwall Castle, whence the clan of Thirwalls derived their name, is situated on the small river of Tippell, near the western boundary of Northumberland. It is near the wall, and takes its name from the rampart having been *thirted*, i. e. pierced, or breached, in its vicinity. Featherston Castle lies south of the Tyne, towards Alston-moor. Albany Featherstonhaugh, the chief of that ancient family, made a figure in the reign of Edward VI. A feud did certainly exist between the Riddleys and Featherstones, productive of such consequences as the ballad narrates. 24 Oct. 22ds *Henrici 8vi. Inquisitio capti apud Haultehistle, sup. visum corpus Alexandri Fei-*

*therston, Gen. apud Grentham, felonice intercepti, 22 Oct. per Nicolaum Ridley de Unthanke, Gen. Hugon Radie, Nicolaum Radie, et alios eundem nominis. Nor were the Featherstones without their revenge; for 36to Henrici 8vi. we have—Ulagatio Nicolai Featherston, ac Thome Naxson, 3e. 4e. pro homicidio Will. Riddle de Morale.*

## NOTE XIII.

James backed 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.—P. 7.

The story of Perkin Warbeck, or Richard Duke of York, is well known. In 1496, he was received honourably in Scotland; and James IV., after conferring upon him in marriage his own relation, the Lady Catharine Gordon, made war on England in behalf of his pretensions. To retaliate an invasion of England, Surrey advanced into Berwickshire at the head of considerable forces, but retreated after taking the inconsiderable fortress of Ayton. Ford, in his Dramatic Chronicle of Perkin Warbeck, makes the most of this inroad:—

## SURREY.

Are all our braving enemies shrunk back;  
Hid in the fogs of their distempered climate;  
Not daring to behold our colours wave  
In spite of this infected ayre? Can they  
Looke on the strength of Cundrestine defac't;  
The glorie of Heydonhall devastated; that  
Of Edington cast down; the pile of Fulden  
Orethrowne; And this, the strongest of their forts,  
Old Ayton Castle, yeilded, and demolished,  
And yet not peep abroad? The Scots are bold,  
Hardie in battayle, but it seems the cause  
They undertake considered, appears  
Unjoynt in the frame out.

## NOTE XIV.

For here be some have tricked as far,  
On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar;  
Have drunk the monks of St Botthan's ale,  
And driven the beeves of Lauderdale;  
Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,  
And given them light to set their hoods.—P. 7.

The garrisons of the English castles of Wark, Norham, and Berwick, were, as may be easily supposed, very troublesome neighbours to Scotland. Sir Richard Maitland of Ledington wrote a poem, called "The Blind Baron's Comfort" when his barony of Blythe, in Lauderdale, was harried by Rowland Foster, the English captain of Wark, with his company, to the number of 300 men. They spoiled the poetical knight of 5000 sheep, 200 milt, 30 horses and mares; the whole furniture of his house of Blythe, worth 100 pounds Scots (L. 5 r. 8), and every thing else that was portable. "This spoil was committed the 16th day of May, 1570, (and the said Sir Richard was threescore and fourteen years of age, and 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 puns on the word *Blythe*, the name of the lands thus despoiled. Like John Littlewit, he had "a conceit left him in his misery,—a miserable conceit."

The last line of the text contains a phrase, by which the Borderers jocosely intimated the burning of a house. When the Maxwells, in 1655, burned the castle of Lochwood, they said they did so to give the Lady Johnstone "light to set her hood." Nor was the phrase inapplicable; for, in a letter, to which I have mislaid the reference, the Earl of Northumberland writes to the king and council, that he dressed himself, at midnight, at Warkworth, by the blaze of the neighbouring villages burned by the Scottish marauders.

## NOTE XV.

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.—P. 8

\* Pronounced *Autbooy*.

† *Skelp* signifies slip, or rather is the same word which was originally spelled *skelp*.

‡ *Hold their jaw*, a vulgar expression still in use.

§ Got staves, or were plundered, a very likely termination of the fray.

|| Neck—¶ Funch.—\*\* Belly.—†† Bellowing.

‡‡ Silly stuf. The Border Bard calls her so, because she was weeping for her slain husband; a loss which he seems to think might be soon repaired.

§§ The Bailiff of Haultehistle seems to have arrived when the fray was over. This supporter of social order is treated with characteristic reverence by the moon-trooping poet.

"Sante Rosalia was of Palermo, and born of a very noble family, and, when very young, abhorred so much the vanities of this world, and avoided the converse of mankind, resolving to dedicate herself wholly to God Almighty, that she, by divine inspiration, forsook her father's house, and never was more heard of, till her body was found in that cleft of a rock, on that almost inaccessible mountain, where now the chapel is built: and they affirm, she was carried up there by the hands of angels; for that place was not formerly so accessible (as now it is) in the days of the Saint; and even now it is a very bad, and steepy, and break-neck way. In this frightful place, this holy woman lived a great many years, feeding only on what she found growing on that barren mountain, and creeping into a narrow and dreadful cleft in a rock, which was always dropping wet, and was her place of retirement, as well as prayer; having worn out even the rock with her knees, in a certain place, which is now open'd on purpose to show it to those who came here. This chapel is very richly adorn'd; and on the spot where the Saint's dead body was discover'd, which is just beneath the hole in the rock, which is open'd on purpose, as I said, there is a very fine statue of marble, representing her in a lying posture, raised in all about with fine iron and brass work; and the altar, on which they say mass, is built just over it."—*Foyage in Sicily and Malta*, by Mr John Dryden (suit to the poet), p. 167.

## NOTE XVII.

Himself still sleeps before his beads  
Have mark'd ten aves, and two creeds.—P. 9.

Friar John understood the soporific virtue of his beads and breviary, as well as his namesake in Rabelais. "But Gargantua could not sleep by any means, on which side soever he turned himself. Whereupon the monk said to him, I never sleep soundly but when I am at sermon, or prayers: Let us therefore begin, you and I, the seven penitential psalms, to try whether you shall not quickly fall asleep. The conceit pleas'd Gargantua very well; and, beginning the first of these psalms, as soon as they came to *Beati quorum*, they fell asleep, both the one and the other."

## NOTE XVII.

The summoned Palmer came in place;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
In his black mantle he was clad,  
With Peter's keys, in cloths of red,  
On his broad shoulders wrought.—P. 9

A Palmer, opposed to a Pilgrim, was one who made it his sole business to visit different holy shrines; travelling incessantly, and subsisting by charity; whereas the Pilgrim retired to his usual home and occupations, when he had paid his devotions at the particular spot which was the object of his pilgrimage. The Palmers seem to have been the *Quosomarii* of the ancient Scottish canons (1242 and 1296). There is, in the *Bannatyne M.S.*, a burlesque account of two such persons, entitled, "Simmy and his Brother." Their accoutrements are thus ludicrously described, (I discard the ancient spelling.)

Syme shaped them up to loup on leas,  
Two tabards of the tartan;  
They counted nought what their clouts were  
When sew'd them on, in certain  
Syme clampit up St Peter's keys,  
Made of an old red tartane;  
St James's shells, on t'other side, shews  
As pretty as a pariane  
Toe,  
On Symmye and his brother.

## NOTE XVIII.

To fair St Andrew's bound,  
Within the ocean-cave to pray,  
Where good St Rule his holy lay,  
From midnight to the dawn of day,  
Sung to the billows' sound.—P. 9.

St Regulus, (*Scottice*, St Rule) a monk of Patrae, in Archaia, warned by a vision, is said, a. d. 370, to have sailed westward, until he landed at St Andrew's, in Scotland, where he founded a chapel and tower. The latter is still standing, and, though we may doubt the precise date of its foundation, is certainly one of the most ancient edifices in Scotland. A cave, nearly fronting the ruinous castle of the Archbishops of St Andrew's, 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 is hardly practicable. As Regulus first colonised the metropolitan see of Scotland, and converted the inhabitants in the vicinity, he has some reason to complain, that the ancient name of Kilrule (*Cold Regul*) should have been superseded, even in favour of the tutelar saint of Scotland. The reason of the change was, that St Rule is said to have brought to Scotland the reliques of St Andrew.

## NOTE XIX.

Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,  
Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,  
And the crazed brain restore.—P. 9.

St Fillan was a Scottish saint of some reputation. Although Pepery is, with us, matter of abomination, yet the common people still retain some of the superstitions connected with it. There are, in Perthshire, several wells and springs dedicated to St Fillan, which are still places of pilgrimage and offerings, even among the Protestants. They are held powerful in cases of madness; and, in cases of very late occurrence, lunatics have been left all night bound to the holy stone, in confidence that the saint would cure and unloose them before morning.

## NOTES TO CANTO SECOND.

## NOTE I.

The scenes are desert now, and bare,  
Where flourished once a forest fair.—P. 10.

Ettrick Forest, now a range of mountainous sheep-walks, was anciently reserved for the pleasure of the royal chase. Since it was dispersed, the wood has been, by degrees, almost totally destroyed, although, wherever protected from the sheep, copes soon arise without any planting. When the king hunted there, he often summoned the array of the country to meet and assist his sport. Thus, in 1528, James V. "made proclamation to all lords, barons, gentlemen, landward-men, and freeholders, that they should compare at Edinburgh, with a month's victuals, to pass with the king where he pleased, to danton the thieves of Peiviotdale, Annadale, Liddisdale, and other parts of that country; and also warned all gentlemen that had good dogs, to bring them, that he might hunt in the said country, as he pleased: The which the Earl of Argyle, the Earl of Huntley, the Earl of Athole, and so all the rest of the gentlemen of the Highland, did, and brought their hounds with them in like manner, to hunt with the king, as he pleased.

"The second day of June, the king past out of Edinburgh to the hunting, with many of the nobles and gentlemen of Scotland with him, to the number of twelve thousand men; and then past to Meggitland, and hounded and hawked all the country and bounds: that is to say, Crammat, Pappertlaw, St Marylaws, Carlavirick, Chapel, Ewindoures, and Longhope. I heard say, he slew, in these bounds, eighteen score of harts."

These huntings had, of course, a military character, and attendance upon them was a part of the

\* *Fitscotte's History of Scotland*, folio edition, p. 141.

duty of a vassal. The act for abolishing ward, or military tenures, in Scotland, enumerates the services of hunting, hosting, watching, and warding, as those which were in future to be illegal.

Taylor, the water-poet, has given an account of the mode in which these huntings were conducted in the Highlands of Scotland, in the seventeenth century, having been present at Braemar upon such an occasion:

"There did I find the truly noble and right honourable lords, John Erskine, Earl of Marr; James Stuart, Earl of Murray; George Gordon, Earl of Engve, son and heir to the Marquis of Huntley; James Erskine, Earl of Buchan; and John, Lord Erskine, son and heir to the Earl of Marr, and their Countesses, with my much honoured, and my last-assured and approved friend, Sir William Murray, knight of Abercrombie, and hundred of others, knights, esquires, and their followers; all and every man, in general, in one habit, as if Lycurgus had been there, and made laws of equality: for once in the year, which is the whole month of August, and sometimes part of September, many of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom (for their pleasure) do come into these highland countries to hunt; where they do conform themselves to the habit of the highland-men, who, for the most part, speak nothing but Irish; and, in former time, were those people which were called the *Red-shanks*. Their habit is—shoes, with but one sole apiece; stockings, (which they call *short hose*) made of warm stuff of diverse colours, which they call *tartan*; as for breeches, many of them, nor their forefathers, never wore any, but a jerkin of the same stuff that their hose is of; their garters being bands or wreathes of hay, or straw; with a plaid about their shoulders; which is a mantle of diverse colours, much finer and lighter stuff than their hose; with blue flat caps on their heads; a handkerchief, knit with two knots, about their necks, and thus are they attired. Now their weapons are—long bows and forked arrows, swords and targets, harquebusses, muskets, dirks, and Lochaber axes. With these arms I found many of them armed for the hunting. As for their attire, any man, of what degree soever, that comes amongst them, must not disdain to wear it; for if they do, then they will disdain to hunt, or willingly to bring in their dogs; but if men be kind unto them, and be in their habit, then are they conquered with kindness, and the sport will be plentiful. This was the reason that I found so many noblemen and gentlemen in those shapes. But to proceed to the hunting:

"My good Lord of Marr having put me into that shape, I rode with him from his house, where I saw the ruins of an old castle, called the castle of Kin-drochit. It was built by King Malcolm Canmore, (for a hunting house,) who reigned in Scotland, when Edward the Confessor, Harold, and Norman William, reigned in England. I speak of it, because it was the last house I saw in those parts; for I was the space of twelve days after, before I saw either house, corn-field, or habitation for any creature, but deer, wild horses, wolves, and such like creatures,—which made me doubt that I should never have seen a house again.

"Thus, the first day, we travelled eight miles, where there were small cottages, built on purpose to lodge in, which they call *Loughards*. I thank my good Lord Erskine, he commanded that I should always be lodged in his lodging; the kitchen being always on the side of a bank; many kettles and pots boiling, and many spits turning and winding, with great variety of cheer,—as venison baked; saddle, roast and stewed beef; mutton, goats, kid, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridge, mair-coots, heath-cocks, caper-kitties, and terragants; good ale, sacke, white and claret, tent, (or allegant) with most potent aquavivte.

"All these, and more than these, we had continually in superfluous abundance, caught by falceners, fowlers, fishers, and brought by my lord's tenants and purveyors to victual our camps, which consisted of fourteen or fifteen hundred men and

horses. The manner of the hunting is this: Five or six hundred men do rise early in the morning, and they do disperse themselves divers ways, and seven, eight, or ten tails compass, they do bring, or chase in the deer, in many herds, (two, three, or four hundred in a herd,) to such or such a place, as the noblemen shall appoint them; then, when day is come, the lords and gentlemen of their companies do ride or go to the said places, sometimes wading up to the middles, through burns and rivers; and then, they being come to the place, do lie down on the ground, till those foresaid scouts, which are called the *Tinkhell*, do bring down the deer; but, as the proverb says of a bad cook, so these tinkhell-men do lick their own fingers; for, besides their bows and arrows, which they carry with them, we can hear, now and then, a harquebus or a musket go off, which they do seldom discharge in vain. Then, after we had staid there three hours, or thereabouts, we might perceive the deer appear on the hills round about us, (their heads making a shew like a wood) which, being followed close by the tinkhell, are chased down into the valley where we lay; then all the valley, on each side, being way-laid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are all let loose, as occasion serves, upon the herd of deer, that, with dogs, guns, arrows, dirks, and daggers, in the space of two hours, fourscore fat deer were slain; which after are disposed of, some one way, and some another, twenty and thirty miles, and more than enough left for us, to make merry withal, at our rendezvous."

## NOTE II

—Yarrow.

Where erst the Outlaw drew his arrow.—P. 10.

The tale of the Outlaw Murray, who held out Newark Castle and Etriche Forest against the king, may be found in the "Border Minstrelsy," in the Macfarlane MS., among other causes of James the Fifth's charter to the burgh, is mentioned, that the citizens assisted him to suppress this dangerous outlaw.

## NOTE III.

Lone Saint Mary's silver lake.—P. 11, 1

This beautiful sheet of water forms the reservoir from which the Yarrow takes its source. It is connected with a smaller lake, called the Loch of the Lowes, and surrounded by mountains. In the winter, it is still frequented by flights of wild swans; hence my friend Mr Wordsworth's lines:

The swans on sweet St Mary's lake  
Float 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 Flower of Yarrow. She was married to Walter Scott of Harden, no less renowned for his deprivations, than his bride for her beauty. Her romantic appellation was, in latter days, with equal justice, conferred on Miss Mary Lillias Scott, the last of the elder branch of the Harden family. The author well remembers the talent and spirit of the latter Flower of Yarrow, though age had then injured the charms which procured her the name. The words usually sung to the air of "Tweed-side," beginning, "What beauties does Flora disclose," were composed in her honour.

## NOTE IV.

For though, in feudal strife, a foe  
Hath laid our Lady's chapel low.—P. 11.

The chapel of Saint Mary of the Lowes (*de lacubus*) 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 Cranstouns; 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 commands a full view of the lake, with the opposite mountain of Bournhope, belonging to the lake itself, to Lord Napier. On the left hand is the tower of Dryhope, mentioned in the preceding note.

## NOTE V.

That wizard priest's, whose bones are thrust  
From company of holy dust.—P. 12.

At one corner of the burial ground of the demolished chapel, but without its precincts, is a small mound, called *Minnow's cone*, where tradition deposits the remains of a necromantic priest, the former tenant of the chaplainry. His story much resembles that of Ambrosio in the "Monk," and has been made the theme of a ballad, by my friend Mr. James Hogg, more poetically designed the *Ettrick Shepherd*. To his volume, entitled the "Mountain Bard," which contains this, and many other legendary stories and ballads of great merit, I refer the curious reader.

## NOTE VI.

Dark Loch-skene.—P. 12.

A mountain lake, of considerable size, at the head of the Moffat-water. The character of the scenery is uncommonly savage, and the earn, or Scottish eagle, has, for many ages, built its nest yearly upon an islet in the lake. Loch-skene discharges itself into a brook, which, after a short and precipitate course, falls from a cataract of immense height, and gloomy grandeur, called, from its appearance, the "Grey Mare's Tail." The "Giant's Grave," afterwards mentioned, is a sort of trench, which bears that name, a little way from the foot of the cataract. It has the appearance of a battery designed to command the pass.

## NOTE VII.

Where from high Whitty's cloistered pile,  
Bound to Saint Cuthbert's Holy Isle.—P. 12.

The Abbey of Whitty, in the Archdeaconry of Cleveland, on the coast of Yorkshire, was founded A. D. 1157, in consequence of a vow of Oswy, King of Northumberland. It contained both monks and nuns of the Benedictine order; but, contrary to what was usual in such establishments, the abbess was superior to the abbot. The monastery was afterwards ruined by the Danes, and rebuilt by William Percy, in the reign of the Conqueror. There were no nuns there in Henry the Eighth's time, nor long before it. The ruins of Whitty Abbey are very magnificent.

Lindisfarne, an isle on the coast of Northumberland, was called Holy Island, from the sanctity of its ancient monastery, and from its having been the episcopal seat of the see of Durham during the early ages of British Christianity. A succession of holy men held that office; but their merits were swallowed up in the superior fame of St. Cuthbert, who was sixth bishop of Durham, and who bestowed the name of his "patrimony" upon the extensive property of the see. The ruins of the monastery upon Holy Island betoken great antiquity. The arches are, in general, strictly Saxon; and the pillars which support them, short, strong, and massy. In some places, however, there are pointed windows, which indicate that the building has been repaired at a period long subsequent to the original foundation. The exterior ornaments of the building, being of a light sandy stone, have been wasted, as described in the text. Lindisfarne is not properly an island, but rather, as the venerable Bede has termed it, a semi-isle; for, although surrounded by the sea at full tide, the ebb-leaves the sands dry between it and the opposite coast of Northumberland, from which it is about two miles distant.

## NOTE VIII.

Then Whitty's nuns, exulting, told,  
How to their house three Barons bold  
Must menial service do.—P. 13.

The popular account of this curious service, which was probably considerably exaggerated, is thus given in "A True Account," printed and circulated at Whitty: "In the fifth year of the reign of Henry II. after the conquest of England by William, Duke of Normandy, the lord of Uglebarny, then called William de Bruce; the lord of Smeaton, called Ralph de Percy; with a gentleman and fresher called Allatoun, did, on the 15th of October, 1159, appoint to meet and hunt the wild boar, in a certain wood, or desert place, belonging to the abbot of Whitty; the place's name was Eskdale-side; and the abbot's name was Sedman. Then, these young gentlemen being met, with their hounds, and 5-ar-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 Eskdale-side, where was a monk of Whitty, who was an hermit. The boar being very sorely pursued, and dead-run, took in at the chapel door, there laid him down, and presently died. The hermit shut the hounds out of the chapel, and kept himself within at his meditations and prayers, the hounds standing at bay without. The gentlemen, in the thick of the wood, being put behind their game, followed the cry of their hounds, and so came to the hermitage, calling on the hermit, who opened the door, and came forth; and within they found the boar lying dead; for which, the gentlemen, in a very great fury, because the hounds were put from their game, did most violently and cruelly run at the hermit with their boar-staves, whereby he soon after died. Thereupon the gentlemen perceiving and knowing that they were in peril of death, took sanctuary at Scarborough; but at that time the abbot being in very great favour with the king, removed them out of the sanctuary; whereby they came in danger of the law, and not to be privileged, but likely to have the severity of the law, which was death for death. But the hermit being a holy and devout man, and at the point of death, sent for the abbot, and desired him to send for the gentlemen who had wounded him. The abbot so doing, the gentlemen came; and the hermit being very sick and weak, said unto them, 'I am sure to die of those wounds you have given me.' The abbot answered, 'They shall as surely die for the same.' But the hermit answered, 'Not so; for I will freely forgive them my death, if they will be content to be enjoined the penance I shall lay on them for the safeguard of their souls.' The gentlemen being present, bade him save their lives. Then said the hermit: 'You and yours shall hold your lands of the abbot of Whitty, and his successors, in this manner: That, upon Ascension-day, you, or some of you, shall come to the wood of the Stray-heads, which is in Eskdale-side, the same day at sun-rising, and there shall the abbot's officer blow his horn, to the intent that you may know where to find him; and he shall deliver unto you, William de Bruce, ten stakes, eleven stout stowers, and eleven yethers, to be cut by you, or some of you, with a knife of one penny price; and you, Ralph de Percy, shall take twenty-one of each sort, to be cut in the same manner; and you, Allatoun, shall take nine of each sort, to be cut as aforesaid; and to be taken on your backs, and carried to the town of Whitty, and to be there before nine of the clock the same day before mentioned. At the same hour of nine of the clock, if it be full sea, your labour and service shall cease; and, if low water, each of you shall set your stakes to the brim, each stake one yard from the other, and so yether them on each side with your yethers; and so stake on each side with your stout stowers, that they may stand three tides, without removing by the force thereof. Each of you shall do, make, and execute, the said service, at that very hour, every year, except it be full sea at that hour; but when it shall so fall out, this service shall cease. You shall faithfully do this, in remembrance that you did most cruelly slay me; and that you may the better call to God for mercy, repent unfeignedly of your sins, and do good works. The officer of Eskdale-side shall blow, *Out on you! Out on you! Out*

on you! for this heinous crime. If you, or your successors, shall refuse this service, so long as it shall not be full sea at the aforesaid hour, you, or yours, shall forfeit your lands to the abbot of Whithy, or his successors. This I entreat, and earnestly beg, that you may have lives and goods preserved for this service; and I request of you to promise, by your parts in heaven, that it shall be done by you, and your successors, as is aforesaid requested; and I will confirm it by the faith of an honest man.' Then the hermit said, 'My soul length for the Lord, and I do as freely forgive these men my death, as Christ forgave the thieves on the cross.' And, in the presence of the abbot and the rest, he said moreover these words: '*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum, a vitulis enim mortis redemptisti me, Domine veritatis.* Amen.' So he yielded up the ghost the eighth day of December, anno Domini 1150, whose soul God had mercy upon. Amen.

"This service," it is added, "still continues to be performed with the prescribed ceremonies, though not by the proprietors in person. Part of the lands charged therewith are now held by a gentleman of the name of Herbert."

## NOTE IX.

The lovely Edelified.—P. 15.

She was the daughter of King Osway, who, in gratitude to heaven for the great victory which he won in 656, against Fenda, the pagan king of Mercia, dedicated Edelifieda, then but a year old, to the service of God in the monastery of Whithy, of which St Hilda was then abbess. She afterwards adorned the place of her education with great magnificence.

## NOTE X.

—of thousand snakes, each one  
Was changed into a coil of stone,  
When holy Hilda prayed.  
—how sea-fowls' pinions fall,  
As over Whithy's towers they sail.—P. 15.

These two miracles are much insisted upon by all ancient writers who have occasion to mention either Whithy or St Hilda. The reliques of the snakes which infested the precincts of the convent, and were, at the abbess's prayer, not only beheaded, but petrified, are still found about the rocks, and are termed by Protestant fossilists *Ammonites*.

The other miracle is thus mentioned by Camden: "It is also ascribed to the power of her sanctity, that these wild geese, which, in the winter, fly in great flocks to the lakes and rivers unfrozen in the southern parts, to the great amazement of every one, fall down suddenly upon the ground, when they are in their flight over certain neighbouring fields hereabouts: a relation I should not have made, if I had not received it from several credible men. But those who are less inclined to heed superstition, attribute it to some occult quality in the ground, and to somewhat of antipathy between it and the geese, such as they say is between volves and scylla-roots: For that such hidden tendencies and aversions, as we call sympathies and antipathies, are implanted in many things by provident nature for the preservation of them, is a thing so evident, that every body grants it." Mr Charlton, in his History of Whithy, points out the true origin of the fable, from the number of sea-gulls, that, when flying from a storm, often alight near Whithy; and from the woodcocks, and other birds of passage, who do the same upon their arrival on shore, after a long flight.

## NOTE XI.

His body's resting place, of old,  
How oft their patron changed, they told.—P. 15.

St Cuthbert was, in the choice of his sepulchre, one of the most mutable and unreasonable saints in the Calendar. He died, a. D. 686, in a hermitage upon the Farne Islands, having resigned the bishopric of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, about two years before. His body was brought to Lindisfarne,

where it remained until a descent of the Danes, about 763, when the monastery was nearly destroyed. The monks fled to Scotland, with what they deemed their chief treasure, the reliques of St Cuthbert. The saint was, however, a most capricious fellow-traveller; which was the more intolerable, as, like Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea, he journeyed upon the shoulders of his companions. They paraded him through Scotland for several years, and came as far west as Whithorn, in Galloway, whence they attempted to sail for Ireland, but were driven back by tempests. He at length made a halt at Norham; thence he went to Melrose, where he remained stationary for a short time, and then caused himself to be launched upon the Tweed in a stone coffin, which landed him at Tillmouth, in Northumberland. This boat is finely shaped, ten feet long, three feet and a half in diameter, and only four inches thick; so that, with very little assistance, it might certainly have swam. It still lies, or at least did so a few years ago, in two pieces, beside the ruined chapel of Tillmouth. From Tillmouth, 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 season; 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 Wardilaw. 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 sepulchre, which is only entrusted to three persons at a time. When one dies, the survivors associate to them, in his room, a person judged fit to be the depository of so valuable a secret.

## NOTE XII.

Even Scotland's dauntless king, and heir, &c.  
Before his standard led.—P. 15.

Every one has heard, that when David I., with his son Henry, invaded Northumberland in 1136, the English host marched against them under the holy banner of St Cuthbert; to the efficacy of which was imputed the great victory which they obtained in the bloody battle of Northallerton, or Cusmoor. The conquerors were at least as much indebted to the jealousy and intractability of the different tribes who composed David's army; among whom, as mentioned in the text, were the Galwegians, the Britons of Strath-Clyde, the men of Teviotdale and Lothian, with many Norman and German warriors, who asserted the cause of the Empress Maud. See CHALMERS'S *Calendar*, p. 672; a most laborious, curious, and interesting publication, from which considerable defects of style and manner ought not to turn aside the Scottish antiquary.

## NOTE XIII.

'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,  
Edged Alfred's faulchion on the Dane,  
And turned the Conqueror back again.—P. 15.

Cuthbert, we have seen, had no great reason to spare the Danes, when opportunity offered. Accordingly, I find in Simeon of Durham, that the Saint appeared in a vision to Alfred, when lurking in the marshes of Glastonbury, and promised him assistance and victory over his heathen enemies: a consolation which, as was reasonable, Alfred, after the victory of 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 1066, had forced the monks to fly once more to Holy Island with the body of the Saint. It was, however, repaid before William left the North; and, to balance accounts, the Conqueror having intimated an indiscreet curiosity to view the Saint's body, he was, while in the act of commanding the shrine to be opened, seized with

heat and sickness, 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 XIV.

St Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame  
The sea-born beads, that bear his name.—P. 15.

Although we do not learn that Cuthbert was, during his life, such an artificer as Dunstan, his brother in sanctity, yet, since his death, he has acquired the reputation of forging those *Enoch's* which are found among the rocks of Holy Island, and pass there by the name of St Cuthbert's Beads. While at this task, he is supposed to sit during the night upon a certain rock, and use another as his anvil. This story was perhaps credited in former days; at least the Saint's legend contains some not more probable.

## NOTE XV.

Old Colwulf.—P. 15.

Colwulf, or Colwulf, King of Northumberland, flourished in the eighth century. He was a man of some learning; for the venerable Bede dedicates to him his "Ecclesiastical History." He abdicated the throne about 738, and retired to Holy Island, where he died in the odour of sanctity. Saint as Colwulf was, however, I fear the foundation of the penance-vault does not correspond with his character: for it is recorded among his *memorabilia*, that, finding the air of the island raw and cold, he induced 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 penitential-vaults were the *Geiseli-gesele* of German convents. In the earlier and more rigid times of monastic discipline, they were sometimes used as a cemetery for the lay benefactors of the convent, whose unsanctified corpses were then seldom permitted to pollute the choir. They also served as places of meeting for the chapter, when measures of uncommon severity were to be adopted. But their most frequent use, as implied by the name, was as places for performing penances, or undergoing punishment.

## NOTE XVI.

Tynemouth's haughty Prioresse.—P. 16.

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 at the shrine by the distressed mariners who drove towards the iron-bound coast of Northumberland in stormy weather. It was anciently a nunnery; for Virca, abbess of Tynemouth, presented St Cuthbert (yet alive) with a rare winding-sheet, in emulation of a holy lady called Truda, who had sent him a coffin: But, as in the case of Whitby, and of Holy Island, the introduction of nuns at Tynemouth, in the reign of Henry VIII., is an anachronism. The nunnery at Holy Island is altogether fictitious. Indeed, St Cuthbert was unlikely to permit such an establishment; for, notwithstanding his accepting the mortuary gifts above mentioned, and his carrying on a visiting acquaintance with the abbess of Coldingham, he certainly hated the whole female sex; and, in revenge of a slippery trick played to him by an Irish princess, he, after death, inflicted severe penances on such as presumed to approach within a certain distance of his shrine.

## NOTE XVII.

On those the wall was to enclose  
Alive, within the tomb.—P. 17.

It is well known, that the religious who broke their vows of chastity, were subjected to the same

penalty as the Roman vestals in a similar case. A small niche, sufficient to enclose their bodies, was made in the massive wall of the convent; a slender pittance of food and water was deposited in it, and the awful words, *Vas in Pæcem*, 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 immured nun.

## NOTES TO CANTO THIRD.

## NOTE I.

The village Inn.—P. 21.

The accommodations of a Scottish hostelry, or inn, in the 16th century, may be collected from Dunbar's admirable tale of "The Friars of Berwick." Simon Lawder, "the gay ostleir," seems to have lived very comfortably, and his wife decorated her person with a scarlet kirtle, and a belt of silk and silver, and rings upon her fingers; and feasted her paramour with rabbit, capons, partridges, and Bourdeaux wine. At least, if the Scottish inns were not good, it was not for want of encouragement from the legislature; who, so early as the reign of James I., not only enacted, that in all boroughs and fairs there be hostelleries, having stables and chambers, and privies for man and horse, but, by another statute, ordained, that no man, travelling on horse or foot, should presume to lodge any where except in these hostelleries; and that no person, save innkeepers, should receive such travellers, under the penalty of forty shillings, for exercising such hospitality.\* But, in spite of these provident enactments, the Scottish hostels are but inoffensive, and strangers continue to find reception in the houses of individuals.

## NOTE II.

The death of a dear friend.—P. 23.

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. 25.

## NOTE III.

The Goblin Hall.—P. 24.

A vaulted hall under the ancient castle of Gifford or Yester, (for it bears either name indifferently,) the construction of which has, from a very remote period, been ascribed to magic. The Statistical Account of the Parish of Garvald and Bars, gives the following account of the present state of this castle and apartment.—"Upon a peninsula, formed by the water of Hopes on the east, and a large rivulet on the west, stands the ancient castle of Yester. Sir David Dalrymple, in his Annals, relates, that Hugh Gifford de Yester died in 1267; that in his castle there was a capacious cavern formed by magical art, and called in the country *Bo-hall*, i. e. 'Goblin Hall.' A stair of twenty-four steps led down to this apartment, which is a large and spacious hall, with an arched roof; and though it hath stood for so many centuries, and been exposed to the external air for a period of fifty or sixty years, it is still as firm and entire as if it had only stood a few years. From the floor of this hall, another stair of thirty-six steps leads down to a pit which hath a communication with Hopes-water. A great part of the walls of this large and ancient castle are still standing. There is a tradi-

\* James I. Parliament I. cap. 24; Parliament III. cap. 36.

tion, that the castle of Yester was the last fortification in this country that surrendered to General Gray, sent into Scotland by Protector Somerset.—*Statistical Account*, Vol. X (II), 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 Boyle, 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 Fordun, whose words are—"A. D. MCCCLXXVII, Hugo Giffard de Yester moritur; cuius castrum, vel saltem caveam, et dongionem, arte diemonica antiquae relationes ferunt fabricatae: nam ibidem habetur mirabilis specus subterraneus, opere mirifico constructus, magno terrarum spatio prolatas, qui communiter Bo-HALL appellatus est."—Lib. X, cap. 21. Sir David conjectures, that Hugh de Gifford must have been either a very wise man, or a great oppressor.

## NOTE IV.

There floated Haco's banner trim,  
Above Norwegian warriors grim.—P. 25.

In 1263, Haco, King of Norway, came into the Firth of Clyde with a powerful armament, and made a descent at Largs, in Ayrshire. Here he was encountered and defeated, on the 24 October, by Alexander III. Haco retreated to Orkney, where he died soon after this disgrace to his arms. There are still existing, near the place of battle, many barrows, some of which having been opened, were found, as usual, to contain bones and urns.

## NOTE V.

His wizard habit strange.—P. 25.

"Magicians as is well known, were very curious in the choice and form of their vestments. Their caps are oval, or like pyramids, with jappets 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, trines, and circles, inscribed on them. Their shoes should be of new russet leather, with a cross cut upon them. Their knives are dagger fashion; and their swords have neither guard nor scabbard." See these, and many other particulars, in the Discourse concerning Devils and Spirits, annexed to ROBINLDO SCOTT'S *Discovery of Witchcraft*, edition 1665.

## NOTE VI.

Upon his breast a pentacle.—P. 25.

"A pentacle is a piece of fine linen fadded with five corners, according to the five senses, and suitably inscribed with characters. This the magician extends towards the spirits which he evokes, when they are stubborn and rebellious, and refuse to be conformable unto the ceremonies and rites of magic." See the Discourse, &c. above mentioned, p. 66.

## NOTE VII.

As born upon that blessed night,  
When yawning graves, and dying groans,  
Proclaimed hell's empire overthrow.—P. 25.

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 downcast looks of their Philip II. to the disagreeable visions to which this privilege subjected him.

## NOTE VIII.

Yet still the mighty spear and shield,  
The einn warrior doth wield  
Upon the brown hill's breast.—P. 25.

The following extract from the Essay upon the Fairy Superstitions, in "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," will shew whence many of the

particulars of the combat between Alexander III. and the Goblin Knight are derived:—

"Gervase of Tilbury (*Opera Imperialis*, ap. Script. rer. Bruneric, 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 Wandebury, 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 assailed by an adversary, whom he quickly unhorsed, and seized the reins of his steed. During this operation, his ghostly opponent sprang up, and, darting his spear, like a javelin, at Osbert, wounded him in the thigh. Osbert returned in triumph with the horse, which he committed to the care of his servants. The horse was of a sable colour, as well as his whole accoutrements, and apparently of great beauty and vigour. He remained with his keeper till cock-crowing, when, with eyes flashing fire, he reared, sprang 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, travelling by night, with a single companion, came in sight of a Fairy host, arrayed under displayed banners. Despising the remonstrances of his friend, the knight pricked forward to break a lance with a champion, who advanced from the ranks, apparently in defiance. His companion beheld the Bohemian overthrown, horse and man, by his aerial adversary, and returning to the spot next morning, he found the mangled corpses of the knight and steed."—*Hierarchy of Blessed Angels*, p. 254.

Besides the instances of Elin Chivalry, above quoted, many others might be alleged in support of employing Fairy machinery in this manner. The forest of Glenmore, in the North Highlands, is believed to be haunted by a spirit called *Liam-dearg*, 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 Marfariane M.S., in the Advocates' Library, gravely assures us, that, in his time, *Liam-dearg* fought with three brothers whom he met in his walk, none of whom long survived the ghostly conflict. Barclay, in his "Euphorion," gives a singular account of an officer who had ventured, with his servant, rather to intrude upon a haunted house, in a town in Flanders, than to put up with worse quarters elsewhere. After taking the usual precautions of providing fires, lights, and arms, they watched till 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, which deeded them both to combat. Their blows, although they penetrated the body, and amputated the limbs of their strange antagonist, had, as the reader may easily believe, little effect on an enemy who possessed such powers of self-union; nor did his efforts make more effectual impression upon them. How the combat terminated I do not exactly remember, and have not the book by me; but I think the spirit made to the intruders on his mansion the usual proposal, that they should renounce their redemption; which being declined, he was obliged to retreat.

The most singular tale of the kind is contained in an extract communicated to me by my friend Mr Surtees of Mainsforth, in the bishopric, who copied it from a manuscript note in a copy of Burthogge, "On the Nature of Spirits," 8vo, 1694, which had been the property of the late Mr Gill, attorney-general to Egerton, Bishop of Durham. "It was not," says my obliging correspondent, "in Mr Gill's own hand, but probably a hundred years older, and was said to be *Ex libro Censent. Dunelm. per T. C. estrac.*, whom I believe to have been Thomas Cradocke, Esq. barrister, who held several offices under the see of Durham a hundred years ago. Mr Gill was possessed of most of his manuscripts." The extract, which, in fact, suggested the introduction of the tale into the present poem, runs thus—

"Rem miram hujusmodi quæ nostris temporibus evenit, teste viro nobili ac fide dignissimo, enarrare haud pigebit. Radulphus Bulmer, cum e castris quæ tunc temporis prope Norham posita erant, oblectationis causa exisset, ac in ulteriore Tuedæ ripa prædam cum canibus leporaris insequeretur, forte cum Seoto quodam nobili, sibi antehac ut videbatur familiariter cognito, congressus est; ac ut fas erat inter inimicos, flagrante bello, brevissima interrogationis mora interposita, alterutroque invicem incitato cursu infestis animis petiere. Noster, primo occursu, equo præ acerrimo hostia impetu labante, in terram eversus pectore et capite læso, sanguinem, mortuo similis, eromebat. Quem ut se agere habentem comiter allocutus est alter, pollicitusque modo auxilium non abnegaret, monitusque obtemperans ab eorum cœnariæ cogitatione abstineret, nec Deo, Deiparæ Virgini, Sancto vero, preces aut vota offerret vel inter sese conciperet, se brevi cum sanum validumque restitutum esse. Præ angore oblata conditio accepta est; ac veterator ille nescio quid obscuro murmuris insusurrans, prehensa manu, dicto citius in pedes sanum ut antea sublevarit. Noster autem, maxima præ rei inaudita novitate formidine perculsus, *Sir Jaso!* exclamavit, vel quid simile; ac subito respiciens nec hostem nec ullum alium conspicit, equum solum gravissimum super casu afflictum, per sumam pacem in rivo fluvii pascentem. Ad castra itaque mirabundus revertens, fidei dubius, rem primo occulavit, dein confecto bello, Confessori suo totam asseruit. Delusoria procul dubio res tota, ac mala veteratoris illius aperitur fraus, qua hominem Christianum ad vetitum tale auxilium pellicerent. Nomen atqueque illius (nobilis alias ac clar) reticentium duco, cum haud dubium sit quin Diabolus, Deo permittente, formam quam libuerit, immo angeli lucis, sacro oculo Dei teste, posse assumere." The MS. chronicle, from which Mr Cradocke 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 XXII.

The northern champions of old were accustomed peculiarly to search for, and delight in, encounters with such military spectres. See a whole chapter on the subject in *BARTHOLOMÆUS DE CURSUS COMPOSITUS Aëria a Danis*, p. 253.

## NOTES TO CANTO FOURTH.

### NOTE I.

Close to the hut, no more his own,  
Close to the aid he sought in vain,  
The morn may find the stiffened swain.—P. 28.

I cannot help here mentioning, that, on the night in which these lines were written, suggested, as they were, by a sudden fall of snow, beginning after sunset, an unfortunate man perished exactly in the manner here described, and his body was next

morning found close to his own house. The accident happened within five miles of the farm of Ashestiel.

### NOTE II.

Scarce had lamented Forbes paid, &c.—P. 29.

Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Baronet; unequalled, perhaps, in the degree of individual affection entertained for him by his friends, as well as in the general respect and esteem of Scotians at large. His "Life of Beattie," whom he befriended and patronised in life, as well as celebrated after his decease, was not long published, before the benevolent and affectionate biographer was called to follow the subject of his narrative. This melancholy event very shortly succeeded the marriage of the friend to whom this introduction is addressed, with one of Sir William's daughters.

### NOTE III.

Friar Rush.—P. 30.

This personage is a strolling demon, or *esprit follet*, who, once upon a time, got admittance into a monastery as a scullion, and played the monks many pranks. He was also a sort of Robin Good-fellow, and Jack o' Lanthorn. It is in allusion to this mischievous demon that Milton's clown speaks—

She was pinched, and pulled, she said,  
And he by *friar's lantern* led.

"The History of Friar Rush" is of extreme rarity, and, for some time, even the existence of such a book was doubted, although it is expressly alluded to by Reginald Scott, in his "Discovery of Witchcraft." I have perused a copy in the valuable library of my friend Mr Heber; and I observe, from Mr Beloe's "Associates of Literature," that there is one in the excellent collection of the Marquis of Stafford.

### NOTE IV.

Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,

Lord Lion King-at-arms.—P. 31.

The late elaborate edition of Sir David Lindesay's Works, by Mr George Chambers, 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. But, with all its faults, his work is an acceptable present to Scottish antiquaries. Sir David Lindesay was well known for his early efforts in favour of the reformed doctrine; and, indeed, his play, coarse as it now seems, must have had a powerful effect upon the people of his age. I am uncertain if I abuse poetical licence, by introducing Sir David Lindesay in the character of Lion-Herald, sixteen years before he obtained that office. At any rate, I am not the first who has been guilty of the anachronism; for the author of

\* I beg leave to quote a single instance from a very interesting passage. Sir David, recounting his attention to King James V., in his infancy, is thus, by the learned editor's punctuation, to say—

The first syllable, that thou didst note  
Was pa, da, lya, upon the lute;  
Then played I twenty springie perquies,  
Quhilk was great plesour for to beir.

Vol. I. p. 7, 230.

Mr Chambers does not inform us, by note, or glossary, what is meant by the king "singing *pa, da, lya*, upon the lute;" but any old woman in Scotland will bear witness, that *pa, da, lya*, are the first efforts of a child to say, *Whose's David Lindesay's?* and that the subsequent words begin another sentence,—

Then played I twenty springie perquies, &c.

In another place, "jostling hums," i. e. hums, or implements of tilting, is facetiously interpreted "pleasant hums." Many such minute errors could be pointed out; but these are only mentioned incidentally, and not as diminishing the real merit of the edition.



\* Flodden Field" dispatches *Dalloumout*, which can mean nobody but Sir David de la Mont, to France, on the message of defiance from James IV. to Henry VIII. It was often an office imposed on the Lion King-at-arms to receive foreign ambassadors; and Lindsay himself did this honour to Sir Ralph Sadler in 1539-40. Indeed, the oath of the Lion, in its first article, bears reference to his frequent employment upon royal messages and embassies.

The office of heralds, in feudal times, being held of the utmost importance, the inauguration of the Kings-at-arms, who presided over their colleges, was proportionally solemn. In fact, it was the mimicry of a royal coronation, except that the unction 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 V.

Crichton Castle.—P. 31.

A large ruinous castle on the banks of the Tyne, about seven miles from Edinburgh. As indicated in the text, it was built at different times, and with a very differing regard to splendour and accommodation. The oldest part of the building is a narrow keep, or tower, such as formed the mansion of a lesser Scottish baron; but so many additions have been made to it, that there is now a large courtyard, 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. Access was given to it by a magnificent staircase, now quite destroyed. The soffits are ornamented with twining cordage 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 ruins shows the contrary. In 1685, it was garrisoned by Lord Crichton, then its proprietor, against King James III., whose displeasure he had incurred by seducing his sister Margaret, in revenge, it is said, for the monarch having dishonoured his bed. From the Crichton family the castle passed to that of the Howburns, Earls of 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 Buccleugh. They were afterwards the property of the Pringles of Clifton, and are now that of Sir John Callander, Baronet. It were to be wished the proprietor would take a little pains to preserve these splendid remains of antiquity, which are at present used as a fold for sheep, and wintering cattle; although, perhaps, there are very few ruins in Scotland which display so well the style and

beauty of ancient castle-architecture. The castle of Crichton has a dungeon vault, called the *Massy Mory*. The epithet, which is not uncommonly applied to the prisons of other old castles in Scotland, is of Saracenic origin. It occurs twice in the "*Epistola Inscruarum*" of Tullius: "*Carcer subterraneus, sive, ut Mauri appellant, Maxmoraa*," p. 147; and again, "*Coguntur omnes Capivi sub recessu in ergastulis subterraneis, que Turci Algeravum vocant Maxmoraa*," p. 243. The same word applies to the dungeons of the ancient Moorish castles in Spain, and serves to show from what nation the Gothic style of castle-building was originally derived.

## NOTE VI.

Earl Adam Hepburn.—P. 32.

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 throng he thrast;  
And Bothwell! Bothwell! cried bold,  
To cause his soldiers to ensue,  
But there he caught a welcome cold,  
The Englishmen straight down him threw  
Flodden Field.

Adam was grandfather to James, Earl of Bothwell, too well known in the history of Queen Mary.

## NOTE VII.

For that a messenger from heaven,  
In vain to James had counsel given  
Against the English war.—P. 32.

This story is told by Pitcottie with characteristic simplicity: "The king, seeing that France could get no support of him for that time, made a proclamation, full hastily, through all the realm of Scotland, both east and west, south and north, as well in the isles as in the firm land, to all manner of man betwix sixty and sixteen years, that they should be ready, within twenty days, to pass with him, with forty days' victual, and to meet at the Burrow-muir of Edinburgh, and there to pass forward where he pleased. His proclamations were hastily obeyed, contrary to the Council of Scotland's will; but every man loved his prince so well, that they would, on no ways, disobey him; but every man caused make his proclamation so hastily, conform to the charge of the king's proclamation.

"The king came to Lithgow, where he happened to be for the time at the Council, very sad and dolorous, making his devotion to God, to send him good chance and fortune in his voyage. In this mean time, there came a man clad in a blue gown in at the kirk-door, and belted about him in a roll of linen-cloth; a pair of brookings <sup>†</sup> on his feet, to the great of his legs; with all other hose and clothes conform thereto; but he had nothing on his head, but syde; red yellow hair behind, and on his haffets, <sup>‡</sup> which wan down to his shoulders; but his forehead was bald and bare. He seemed to be a man of two and fifty years, with a great pike-staff in his hand, and came first forward among the lords, crying and speiring <sup>§</sup> for the king, saying, he desired to speak with him. While, at the last, he came where the king was sitting in the desk at his prayers; but when he saw the king, he made him little reverence or salutation, but leaned down grooving on the desk before him, and said to him in this manner, as after follows: 'Sir king, my mother hath sent me to you, desiring you not to pass, at this time, where thou art purposed; for if thou does, thou wilt not fare well in thy journey, nor none that passeth with thee. Further, she bade thee melle <sup>¶</sup> with no woman, nor use their counsel, nor

\* The record expresses, or rather is said to have expressed, the cause of forfeiture to be—" *Et quod Luceus, armorum Regum pugna vincens, dum eam de sceptro suis adducens.*" See Nisbet's *Hereditary*, Part IV. chap. 16; and Leslie's *History of Scotland* 1512.

† Buskins.—‡ Long.—§ Checks.  
¶ Asking.—¶ Mould.

let them touch thy body, nor thou theirs; for, if thou do it, thou wilt be confounded and brought to shame.

"By this man had spoken their words unto the king's grace, the evening song was near done, and the king paused on their words, studying to give him an answer; but, in the mean time, before the king's eyes, and in the presence of all the lords that were about him for the time, this man vanished away, and could no ways be seen or comprehended, but vanished away as he had been a blink of the sun, or a whip of the whirlwind, and could no more be seen. I heard say, Sir David Lindsay, Lyon-herald, and John Inglis the marshal, who were, at that time, young men, and special servants to the king's grace, were standing presently beside the king, who thought to have laid hands on this man, that they might have spiered further tidings at him: But all for nought; they could not touch him; for he vanished away betwixt them, and was no more seen."

Buchanan, in more elegant, though not more impressive language, tells the same story, and quotes the personal information of our Sir David Lindsay: "In iis (i. e. qui proprius astiterat) fuit David Lindsius, Montanus, homo spectatæ fidei et probitatis, nec a literarum studiis alienus, et cuius totæ vitæ tenor longissime a mentiendi aberat; et quo nisi ego hæc uti tradidit, pro certis accipissem, ut vulgatum vanis rumoribus fabulam, omisissus eram."—Lib. XIII. The king's throne, in St Catharine's aisle, which he had constructed for himself, with twelve stalls for the Knights Companions of the order of the Thistle, is still shown as the place where the apparition was seen. I know not by what means St Andrew got the credit of having been the celebrated monitor of James IV.; for the expression in Lindsay's narrative, "My mother has sent me," could only be used by St John, the adopted son of the Virgin Mary. The whole story is so well attested, that we have only the choice between a miracle or an imposture. Mr. Pinkerton plausibly argues, from the caution against incontinence, that the queen was privy to the scheme of those who had recourse to this expedient, to deter King James from his impolitic warfare.

## NOTE VIII.

The wild buck bell.—P. 32.

I am glad of an opportunity to describe the cry of the deer by another word than *braying*, although the latter has been sanctified by the use of the Scottish metrical translation of the Psalms. *Bell* seems to be an abbreviation of *bellow*. This sylvan sound conveyed great delight to our ancestors, chiefly, I suppose, from association. A gentle knight in the reign of Henry VIII., Sir Thomas Wrothley, built Wantley Lodge, in Wancliffe Forest, for the pleasure (as an ancient inscription testifies) of "listening to the hart's bell."

## NOTE IX.

June saw his father's overthrow.—P. 32.

The rebellion against James III. was signalised by the cruel circumstance of his son's presence in the hostile army. When the king saw his own banner displayed against him, and his son in the faction of his enemies, he lost the little courage he 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 Stirling, and bearing the monks of the chapel royal deploring the death of his father, their founder, he was seized with deep remorse, which manifested itself in severe penances. See a following Note on Canto V. The battle of Sauchie-burn, in which James III. fell, was fought 18th June, 1488.

## NOTE X.

Spread all the Borough-Moor below, &c.—P. 35.

The Borough, or Common Moor of Edinburgh, was of very great extent, reaching from the south-

ern walls of the city to the bottom of Braid Hills. It was anciently a forest; and, in that state, was so great a nuisance, that the inhabitants of Edinburgh had permission granted to them of building wooden galleries, projecting over the street, in order to encourage them to consume the timber; which they seem to have done very effectually. When James IV. mustered 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 similar occasions, the royal standard is traditionally said to have been displayed from the Hare Stone, a high stone, now built into the wall, on the left hand of the highway leading towards Braid, not far from the head of Burntsfield-links. The Hare Stone probably derives its name from the British word *har*, signifying an army.

## NOTE XI.

O'er the pavilions flew.—P. 33.

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 Pinkey, in 1547:—"Here now to say some what of the manner of their camp: As they had no pavilions, or round houses, of any commendable compass, so wear there few other tentes with posts, as the used maner of making is; and of these few also, none of above twenty foot length, but most far under: for the most part all very sumptuously beset, (after their fashion,) for the love of France, with fleur-de-lys, some of blue buckeram, some of black, and some of some other colours. These white ridges, as I call them, that, as we stood on Fauxsyde Bray, did make so great muster towards us, which I did take then to be a number of tentes when we came, we found it a linnen drapery, of the coarser cambrick in kede, for it was all of canvas sheets, and wear the tenticles, or rather calys and couches of their soldiers; the which (much after the common building of their country beside) had they framed of four sticks, about an ell long a piece, whereof two fastened together at one end aloft, and the two ends beneath stuck in the ground, an ell asunder, standing in fashion like the bowes of a sows yoke; over two such bowes (one, as it were, at their head, the other at their feet,) they stretched a sheet down on both sides, whereby their cabin became roofed like a ridge, but skant shut at both ends, and not very close beneath on the sides, unless their sticks were the shorter, or their wives the more liberal to lend them larger napery; howbeit, when they had hooded them, and stuff'd them so thick with straw, with the weather as it was not very cold, when they wear ones couched, they were as warm as they had been wrapt in horses dung."—PATTEN'S Account of Somerset's Expedition.

## NOTE XII.

—in proud Scotland's royal shield

The ruddy Lion ramped in gold.—P. 35.

The well-known arms of Scotland. If you will believe Boethius and Buchanan, the double tressure round the shield, mentioned p. 21, *coarctæ fleu-deliæ* or *linguæ* and *armed azure*, was first assumed by Achaus, King of Scotland, contemporary of Charlemagne, and founder of the celebrated League with France; but later antiquaries make poor Eochy or Achy little better than a sort of King of Brenford, whom old Grig (who has also swelled into Gregorius Magnus) associated with himself in the important duty of governing some part of the north-eastern coast of Scotland.

## NOTES TO CANTO FIFTH.

## NOTE I.

Caledonia's Queen is changed.—P. 37.

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. 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 II.

Flinging thy white arms to the sea.—P. 37.

Since writing this line, I find I have inadvertently borrowed it almost verbatim, though with somewhat a different meaning, from a chorus in "Caractacus":

Britain heard the descent bold,  
She flung her white arms o'er the sea,  
Proud in her leafy bosom to enfold  
The freight of harmony.

## NOTE III.

Since first, when conquering York arose,  
To Henry meek she gave repose.—P. 38.

Henry VI., with his queen, his heir, and the chiefs of his family, fled to Scotland after the fatal battle of Towton. In this note a doubt was formerly expressed, whether Henry VI. came to Edinburgh, though his queen certainly did; Mr Pinkerton inclining to believe that he remained at Kirkcudbright. But my noble friend, Lord Napier, has pointed out to me a grant by Henry, of an annuity of forty marks to his lordship's ancestor, John Napier, subscribed by the King himself, at Edinburgh, the 28th day of August, in the thirty-ninth year of his reign, which corresponds to the year of God 1461. This grant, Douglas, with his usual neglect of accuracy, dates in 1363. But this error being corrected from the copy in Macfarlane's MSS. p. 119, 120, removes all scepticism on the subject of Henry VI. being really at Edinburgh. John Napier was son and heir of Sir Alexander Napier, and about this time was Provost of Edinburgh. The hospitable reception of the distressed monarch and his family, called forth on Scotland the encomium of Molineux, a contemporary poet. The English people, he says,—

Ung nouveau roy creerent,  
Par despitux vouloir,  
Le vieil en debouterent,  
Et son legitime heir,  
Qui fuytff alla prendre  
D'Escosse le garand,  
De tous siecles le mendre,  
Et le plus tolerant.

## RECOLLECTION DES AVANTURES.

## NOTE IV.

— the romantic strain,  
Whose Anglo-Norman tones whilere  
Could win the Second Henry's ear.—P. 38.

Mr Ellis, in his valuable Introduction to the "Specimens of Romance," is proved, by the concurring testimony of La Ravalliere, Tressan, but especially the Abbe de la Rue, that the courts of our Anglo-Norman kings, rather than those of the French monarchs, produced the birth of romance literature. Marie, soon after mentioned, compiled from American originals, and translated into Norman-French, or romance language, the twelve curious Lays, of which Mr Ellis has given us a précis in the Appendix to his Introduction. The story of Blondel, the famous and faithful minstrel of Richard I., needs no commentary.

## NOTE V.

The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.—P. 38.

This is no poetical exaggeration. In some of the counties of England, distinguished for archery, shafts of this extraordinary length were actually used. The Scottish, according to Ascham, had a proverb, that every English archer carried under his belt twenty-four Scots, in allusion to his bundle of unerring shafts.

## NOTE VI.

To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain,  
And high curvett, that not in vain  
The sword-sway might descend amain  
On footman's casque below.—P. 39.

"The most useful air, as the Frenchmen term it, is *terriere*; the *courbette*, *cabriole*, or *un pas et un saut*, being fitter for horses of parade and triumph than for soldiers; yet I cannot deny but a *deuxieule* with *courbette*, so that they be not too high, may be useful in a fight or *melee*; for, as Labrous hath it, in his Book of Horsemanship, Monsieur de Montmorency having a horse that was excellent in performing the *deuxieule*, did, with his sword, strike down two adversaries from their horses in a tourney, where divers of the prime gallants of France did meet; for, taking his time, when the horse was in the height of his *courbette*, and discharging a blow then, his sword fell with such weight and force upon the two cavaliers, one after another, that he struck them from their horses to the ground."—*Lord Herbert of Chesham's Life*, p. 48.

## NOTE VII.

He saw the hardy burghers there  
March armed, on foot, with faces bare.—P. 39.

The Scottish burghers were, like yeomen, appointed to be armed with bows and sheaves, sword, buckler, knife, spear, or a good axe instead of a bow, if worth L.10; their armour to be of white or bright harness. They wore white hats, i. e. bright steel caps, without crest or visor. By an act of James IV., their *swopon-schourings* are appointed to be held four times a-year, under the aldermen or bailiffs.

## NOTE VIII.

On foot the yeomen too.—P. 39.

Bows and quivers were in vain recommended to the peasantry of Scotland, by repeated statutes; spears and axes seem universally to have been used instead of them. Their defensive armour was the plate-jack, hauberk, or brigantine; and their missile weapons cross-bows and culverins. All wore swords of excellent temper, according to Patten; and a voluminous handkerchief round their neck, "not for cold, but for cutting." The mace also was much used in the Scottish army: The old poem on the battle of Flodden mentions a band—

Who manfully did meet their foes  
With leaden mauls, and lances long.

When the feudal array of the kingdom was called forth, each man was obliged to appear with forty days' provision. When this was expended, which took place before the battle of Flodden, the army melted away of course. Almost all the Scottish forces, except a few knights, men-at-arms, and the Border-riekers, who formed excellent light cavalry, acted upon foot.

## NOTE IX.

A banquet rich, and costly wines.—P. 40.

In all transactions of great or petty importance, and among whomsoever taking place, it would seem that a present of wine was a uniform and indispensable preliminary. It was not to Sir John Faistal alone that such an introductory preface was necessary, however well judged and acceptable on the part of Mr Brook; for Sir Ralph Sadler, while on embassy to Scotland in 1559-60, mentions, with complacency, "the same night came Rotheray

(the herald so called) to me again, and brought me wise from the king, both white and red."—*Clyffed's Edition*, p. 59.

## NOTE X.

his iron belt,  
That bound his breast in penance-pain,  
In memory of his father slain.—P. 41.

Few readers need to be reminded of this belt, to the weight of which James added certain ounces every year that he lived. Fitzcarril founds his belief, that James was not slain in the battle of Flodden, because the English never had his token of the iron belt to show to any Scottishman. The person and character of James are delineated according to our best historians. His romantic disposition, which led him highly to relish gaiety, approaching to license, was, at the same time, tinged with enthusiastic devotion. These propensities sometimes formed a strange contrast. He was wont, during his fits of devotion, to assume the dress, and conform to the rules, of the order of Franciscans; and when he had thus done penance for some time in Stirling, to plunge again into the tide of pleasure. Probably, too, with no unusual inconsistency, he sometimes laughed at the superstitious observances to which he at other times subjected himself. There is a very singular poem by Dunbar, seemingly addressed to James IV., on one of these occasions of monastic seclusion. It is a most daring and profane parody on the services of the church of Rome, entitled,

*Dunbar's Dirige to the King,  
Hyding awer lang in Stirling.*  
We that are here, in heaven's glory,  
To you, that are in purgatory,  
Commed us on our hearty wise;  
I mean we folks in Paradise.  
In Edinburgh, with all merriness,  
To you in Stirling, with distress,  
Wher neither pleasure nor delight is,  
For pity this epistle writis, &c.

See the whole in Sibbald's Collection, Vol. I. p. 234.

## NOTE XI.

Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held away.—P. 41.

It has been already noticed, that King James's acquaintance with Lady Heron of Ford did not commence until he marched into England. Our historians impute to the king's infatuated passion the delays which led to the fatal defeat of Flodden. The author of "The Genealogy of the Heron Family" endeavours, with laudable anxiety, to clear the Lady Ford from this scandal; that she came and went, however, between the armies of James and Surrey, is certain. See *PINKERTON'S History*, and the authorities he refers to, Vol. II. p. 59. Heron of Ford had been, in 1511, in some sort accessory to the slaughter of Sir Robert Ker of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches. It was committed by his brother the bastard, Lilburn, and Starked, three Borderers. Lilburn, and Heron of Ford, were delivered up by Henry to James, and were imprisoned in the fortress of Fastcastle, where the former died. Part of the pretence of Lady Ford's negotiations with James was the liberty of her husband.

## NOTE XII.

For the fair Queen of France  
Sent him a Turquoise ring, and glove,  
And charged him, as her knight and love,  
For her to break a lance.—P. 41.

"Also the Queen of France wrote a love-letter to the King of Scotland, calling him her love, shewing him that she had suffered much rebuke in France for the defending his honour. She believed surely that he would recompense her again with some of his kindly support in her necessity; that is to say, that he would raise her an army, and come three feet of ground on English ground, for her sake. To that effect she sent him a ring off her finger, with fourteen thousand French crowns to pay his expenses."—*FITZCARRIL*, p. 110. A turquoise ring;—

probably this fatal gift is, with James's sword and dagger, preserved in the College of Heralds, London.

## NOTE XIII.

Archibald Bell-the-Cat.—P. 43.

Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, a man remarkable for strength of body and mind, acquired the popular name of *Bell-the-Cat*, upon the following remarkable occasion.—James III., of whom Fitzcarril complains, that he delighted more in music and "policies of building" than in hunting, hawking, and other noble exercises, was so ill advised as to make favourites of his architects and musicians, whom the same historian irreverently terms masons and fiddlers. His novelty, who did not sympathize in the king's respect for the fine arts, were extremely incensed at the honours conferred on these persons, particularly on Cochrane, a mason, who had been created Earl of Mar. And seizing the opportunity, when, in 1482, the king had convoked the whole array of the country to march against the English, they held a midnight council in the church of Lauder, for the purpose of forcibly removing these minions from the king's person. When all had agreed on the propriety of the measure, Lord Gray told the assembly the Apologue of the Mice, who had formed a resolution, that it would be highly advantageous to their community to tie a bell round the cat's neck, that they might hear her approach at a distance; but which public measure unfortunately miscarried, from no mouse being willing to undertake the task of fastening the bell. "I understand the moral," said Angus; "and that what we propose may not lack execution, I will bell the cat." The rest of the strange scene is thus told by Fitzcarril:—

"By this was advised and spoken by thir lords foresaid, Cochrane, the Earl of Mar, came from the king to the council, (which council was holden in the kirk of Lauder 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 bends thereon, that they might be known for Cochrane the Earl of Mar's men. Himself was clad in a riding-ple 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 precious stones, called a beryl, hanging in the midst. This Cochrane had his leumont born before him, overgilt with gold; and so were all the rest of his horns, and all his pallions were of fine canvas of silk, and the cords thereof fine twined silk, and the chains upon his pallions were double overgilt with gold.

"This Cochrane was so proud in his conceit, that he counted no lords to be narrows to him, therefore he rushed rudely at the kirk-door. The council enquired who it was that perturbed them at that time. Sir Robert Douglas, laird of Lochlevin, was keeper of the kirk-door at that time, who enquired who that was that knocked so rudely? and Cochrane answered, 'This is I, the Earl of Mar.' The which news pleased well the lords, because they were ready toun to cause take him, as is afore rehearsed. Then the Earl of Angus past hastily to the door, and with him Sir Robert Douglas of Lochlevin, there to receive in the Earl of Mar, and so many of his complices who were there, as they thought good. And the Earl of Angus met with the Earl of Mar, as he came in at the door, and pulled the golden chain from his Craig, and said to him, a tow\* would set him better. Sir Robert Douglas syne pulled the blowing-horn from him in like manner, and said, 'He had been the hunter of mischief over long.' This Cochrane asked, 'My lords, is it mous? or earnest?' They answered, and said, it is good earnest, and so thou shalt find: for thou and thy complices have abused our prince this long time; of whom thou shalt have no more credence, but shall have thy reward according to thy good service, as thou hast deserved in times bypast; right so the rest of thy followers.

\* Rope.—† Jest.

"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, and till they laid hands on all the king's servants, and took them and hanged them before his eyes over the bridge of Lawder. Incontinent they brought forth Cochran, and his hands bound with a tow, who desired them to take one of his own pallion-tows and bind his hands, for he thought shame to have his hands bound with such tow of hemp, like a thief. The lords answered, he was a traitor, he deserved no better; and, for despite, they took a hair tether,\* and hanged him over the bridge of Lawder, above the rest of his complices."—*Pitt-COTTIK*, p. 78, folio edit.

## NOTE XIV.

Against the war had Angus stood,  
And chafed his royal lord.—P. 43.

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 Glenberwick, to command his followers. They were both slain in the battle, with two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas. The aged earl, broken-hearted at the calamities of his house and his country, retired into a religious house, where he died about a year after the field of Flodden.

## NOTE XV.

Then rest you in Tantallon Hold.—P. 43.

The ruins of Tantallon Castle occupy a high rock projecting into the German Ocean, about two miles east of North Berwick. The building is not seen till a close approach, as there is rising ground betwixt it and the land. The circuit is of large extent, fenced upon three sides by the precipice which overhangs the sea, and on the fourth by a double ditch and very strong outworks. Tantallon was a principal castle of the Douglas family, and when the Earl of Angus was banished, in 1527, it continued to hold out against James V. The king went in person against it, and, for its reduction, borrowed from the castle of Dunbar, then belonging to the Duke of Albany, two great cannons, whose names, as Pittscottie informs us with laudable minuteness, were "Thrawn-mouth'd Mow and her Marrow;" also, "two great botcards and two moyan, two double falcons, and four quarter-falcons;" for the safe guiding and re-delivery of which, three lords were laid in pawn at Dunbar. Yet, notwithstanding all this apparatus, James was forced to raise the siege, and only afterwards obtained possession of Tantallon by treaty of the governor, Simeon Panango. When the Earl of Angus returned from banishment, upon the death of James, he again obtained possession of Tantallon, and it actually afforded refuge to an English ambassador, under circumstances similar to those described in the text. This was no other than the celebrated Sir Ralph Sadler, who resided there for some time under Angus's protection, after the failure of his negotiation for matching the infant Mary with Edward VI. He says, that though this place was poorly furnished, it was of such strength as might warrant him against the malice of his enemies, and that he now thought himself out of danger.

There is a military tradition, that the old Scotch March was meant to express the words,

Ding down Tantallon,  
Mak a brig to the Bass.

Tantallon was at length "ding down" and ruined

\* Hales.

by the Covenanters; its lord, the Marquis of Douglas, being a favourite of the royal cause. The castle and barony were sold in the beginning of the eighteenth century to President Dalrymple of North Berwick, by the then Marquis of Douglas.

## NOTE XVI.

Their motto on his blade.—P. 43.

A very ancient sword, in possession of Lord Douglas, bears, among a great deal of flourishing, two hands pointing to a heart, which is placed betwixt them, and the date 1229, being the year in which Bruce charged the Good Lord Douglas to carry his heart to the Holy Land. The following lines (the first couplet of which is quoted by Goudcroft as a popular saying in his time) are inscribed around the emblem:

So my guid as of ye Douglas beinge,  
Of ane surname was ne'er in Scotland seine,  
I will ye charge, efter yat I depart,  
To holy grawe, and thair bury my hart;  
Let it remane ever NORSE VASS AND SOWN,  
To ye last day I sie my Saviour.  
I do protest in tyme of al my kinge,  
Ye lyk subject had never ony beinge.

This curious and valuable relique was nearly lost during the civil war of 1745-6, being carried away from Douglas Castle by some of those in arms for Prince Charles. But great interest having been made by the Duke of Douglas among the chief partisans of Stuart, it was at length restored. It resembles a Highland claymore, of the usual size, is of an excellent temper, and admirably poised.

## NOTE XVII.

Martin Swart.—P. 44.

The name of this German general is preserved by that of the field of battle, which is called, after him, Swart-moor. There were songs about him long current in England. See Dissertation prefixed to *Risson's Ancient Songs*, 1792, p. lxi.

## NOTE XVIII.

Perchance some form was unobserved,  
Perchance in point of faith he swerved.—P. 45.

It was early necessary for those who felt themselves obliged to believe in the divine judgment being enunciated in the trial by duel, to find salvo for the strange and obviously precarious chances of the combat. Various curious evasive shifts, used by those who took up an unrighteous quarrel, were supposed sufficient to convert it into a just one. Thus, in the romance of "Amys and Amelion," the one brother-in-arms, fighting for the other, disguised in his armour, swears that he did not commit the crime of which the 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. "Thou liest," said the Italian; "coward am I none; and in this quarrel will I fight to the death, but my first cause of combat was unjust, and I abandon it." "Je vous laisse a penser," adds Brantome, "s'il ny a pas de l'abur a." Elsewhere he says, very sensibly, upon the confidence which those who had a righteous cause entertained of victory. "Un autre abus y avoit-il, que ceux qui avoient un juste sujet de querelle, et qu'on les faisoit jurer avant entrer au camp, pensoient estre aussitost vainqueurs, voire s'en assuroient-t-ils du tout, mesmes que leurs confesseurs, parrains et confidants leurs en respondoient tout-a-fait, comme si Dieu leur en eust donne une patente; et ne regardant point a d'autres fautes passées, et que Dieu en garde la punition a ce coup la pour plus grande, despitueuse, et exemplaire."—*Discours sur les Duels*.

## NOTE XIX.

Dun-Edin's Cross.—P. 46.

The Cross of Edinburgh was an ancient and cu-

rious 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 an unicorn. This pillar is preserved at the house of Drum, near Edinburgh. The Magistrates of Edinburgh, in 1756, with consent of the Lords of Session, (pro pastor!) destroyed this curious monument, under a wanton pretext, that it encumbered the street; while, on the one hand, they left an ugly mass, called the Luckenbooths, and, on the other, an awkward, long, and low guard-house, which were fifty times more encumbrance than the venerable and inoffensive Cross.

From the tower of the Cross, so long as it remained, the heralds published the acts of Parliament; and its site, marked by rails, diverging from a stone centre, in the High Street, is still the place where proclamations are made.

## NOTE XX.

This awful summons came.—P. 46.

This supernatural citation is mentioned by all our Scottish historians. It was probably, like the apparition at Lintilthgow, an attempt, by those averse to the war, to impose upon the superstitious temper of James IV. The following account from Fitzcote 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 Plutocock, or Plutock, is no other than Pluto. The Christians of the middle ages by no means disbelieved in the existence of the heathen deities; they only considered them as devils;\* and Plutocock, so far from 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 enterprize, but hastened him fast to Edinburgh, and there to make his provision and furnishing, in having forth of 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 Bortwick, the master-gunner, with other small artillery, bullet, powder, and all manner of order, as the master-gunner could devise.

"In this mean time, when they were taking forth their artillery, and the king being in the Abbey for the time, there was a cry heard at the Market-cross of Edinburgh, at the hour of midnight, proclaiming as it had been a summons, which was named and called by the proclaimer thereof, The Summons of Plutocock; 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 him to appoint, and be for the time, under the pain of disobedience. But whether this summons was proclaimed by vain persons, night-walkers, or drunken men, for their pastime, or if it was a spirit, I cannot tell truly; but it was shown to me, that an indweller of the town, Mr Richard Lawson, being evil-disposed, ganging in his gallery-stair foremost the cross, hearing this voice proclaiming this sum-

\* See, on this curious subject, the Essay on Fairies, in the "Border Minstrelsy," vol. 2. under the fourth head: also Jackson on Unseen-*ſ*, p. 175. Chaucer calls Pluto the "King of Faerie;" and Dunbar names him "Pluto, that sticht us-hans." If he was not actually the devil, he must be considered as the "prince of the power of the air." The most remarkable instance of these surviving classical superstitions, is that of the Germans, concerning the *ſ* of Vauus, into which also attempts to entice all gallant knights, and detain them in a sort of *Foiv*'s Paradise.

mons, thought marvel what it should be, cried on his servant to bring him his purse; and when he had brought him it, he took out a crown, and cast over the stair, saying, I appeal from that summons, judgment, and sentence thereof, and takes me all whole in the mercy of God, and Christ Jesus his son. Verily the author of this, that caused me write the manner of the summons, was a lauded 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 perished in the field with the king."

## NOTE XX.

Fitz-Eustace bade them pause a while,  
Before a venerable pile.—P. 47.

The convent alluded to is a foundation of Cistercian nuns, near North Berwick, of which there are still some remains. It was founded by Duncan Earl of Fife, in 1216.

## NOTE XXI.

That one of his own ancestry  
Drove the Monks forth of Coventry.—P. 48.

This relates to the catastrophe of a real Robert de Marmion, in the reign of King Stephen, whom William de Newbury describes with some attributes of my scititious hero: "*Homo bellicosus, ferocia, et astutia, ſere nullo suo tempore impar.*" This Baron, having expelled the monks from the church of Coventry, was not long of experiencing the divine judgment, as the same monks no doubt termed his disaster. Having waged a feudal war with the Earl of Chester, Marmion's horse fell, as he charged in the van of his troop, against a body of the Earl's followers: the rider's thigh being broken by the fall, his head was cut off by a common foot-soldier, ere he could receive any succour. The whole story is told by William of Newbury.

## NOTES TO CANTO SIXTH.

## NOTE I.

— the savage Dane  
At lol more deep the mead did drain.—P. 49.

The lol of the heathen Danes (a word still applied to Christmas in Scotland,) was solemnized with great festivity. The humour of the Danes at table displayed itself in pelting each other with bones; and Torſeus tells a long and curious story, in the history of Krolfe Kraka, of one Hottus, an inmate of the court of Denmark, who was so generally assailed with these missiles, that he constructed, out of the bones with which he was overwhelmed, a very respectable entrenchment, against those who continued their railery. The dances of the northern warriors round the great fires of pine-trees are commemorated by Olaus Magnus, who says, they danced with such fury, holding each other by the hands, that, if the grasp of any failed, he was pitched into the fire with the velocity of a sling. The sufferer, on such occasions, was instantly plucked out, and obliged to quaff off a certain measure of ale, as a penalty for "spoiling the king's fire."

## NOTE II.

On Christmas eve the mass was sung.—P. 49.

In Roman Catholic countries, mass is never said at night, excepting on Christmas eve. Each of the frolics with which that holiday used to be celebrated, might admit of a long and curious note; but I shall content myself with the following description

of Christmas, and his attributes, as personified in one of Ben Jonson's Masques for the court.

"Enter CHRISTMAS, with two or three of the *Guards*. He is attired in round hose, long stockings, a close doublet, a high-crowned hat, with a brooch, a long thin beard, a truncheon, little ruffs, white shoes, his scarfs and garters tied cross, and his dram beaten before him."—

"The names of his children, with their attires.

"*Mis-Kate*, in a velvet cap, with a sprig, a short cloak, great yellow ruff, like a reveler; his torch-bearer bearing a rope, a cheese, and a basket.

"*Carol*, 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 neat, her man carrying a pie, dish, and spoons.

"*Gambol*, like a tumbler, with a hoop and bells; his torch-bearer arm'd with cole-staff, and blissing cuth.

"*Post and Pair*, with a pair-royal of aces in his hat, his garment all done over with pairs and purs; his squire carrying a box, cards, and counters.

"*New-year's gift*, in a blue coat, serving-man like, with an orange, and a sprig of rosemary gilt on his head, his hat full of broaches, with a collar of ginger-bread; his torch-bearer carrying a march-pain, with a bottle of wine on either arm.

"*Mumming*, in a masquing pied suit, with a visor; his torch-bearer carrying the box, and ringing it.

"*Fussell*, 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 Cocks*, drest like a boy, in a fine long coat, biggin, bib, muscender, and a little dagger; his usher bearing a great cake, with a bean and a pease."

## NOTE III.

Who lists, may in their mumming see  
Traces of ancient mystery.—P. 53.

It seems certain, that the Mummers of England, who (in Northumberland at least) used to go about in disguise to the neighbouring houses, bearing the then useless ploughshare; and the *Guards* of Scotland, not yet in total disuse, present, in some indistinct degree, a shadow of the old mysteries, which were the origin of the English drama. In Scotland (see *two notes*) we were wont, during my boyhood, to take the characters of the apostles, at least of Peter, Paul, and Judas Iscariot; the first had the keys, the second carried a sword, and the last the bag, in which the dole of our neighbours' plumb-cake was deposited. One played a Champion, and recited some traditional rhymes; another was

..... Alexander, king of Macedon.

Who conquered all the world but Scotland alone;  
When he came to Scotland his courage grew cold,  
To see a little nation courageous and bold.

These, and many such verses, were repeated, but by rote, and unconnectedly. There was also occasionally, I believe, a Saint George. In all, there was a confused resemblance of the ancient mysteries, in which the characters of scripture, the Nine Worthies, and other popular personages, were usually exhibited. It were much to be wished, that the Chester Mysteries were published from the M.S. in the Museum, with the annotations which a diligent investigator of popular antiquities might still supply. The late acute and valuable antiquary, Mr Ritson, showed me several memoranda towards such a task, which are probably now dispersed or lost. See, however, his *Remarks on Shakspeare*, 1783, p. 38. Since the quarto edition of *MAMELOCH* appeared, this subject has received much elucidation from the learned and extensive labours of Mr Douce.

## NOTE IV.

Where my great-grandire came of old,  
With amber beard and flaxen hair.—P. 50.

Mr Scott of Harden, my kind and affectionate friend, and distant relation, has the original of a poetical invitation, addressed from his grandfather to my relative, from which a few lines in the text are imitated. They are dated, as the epistle in the text, from Mertoun-house, the seat of the Harden family.

"With amber beard, and flaxen hair,  
And reverend apostolic air,  
Free of anxiety and care,  
Come hither, Christmas-day, and dine;  
We'll mix sobriety with wine,  
And easy mirth with thoughts divine.  
We Christians think it holiday,  
On it no sin to feast or play;  
Others, in spite, may fast and pray.  
No superstition in the use  
Our ancestors made of a goose;  
Why may not we, as well as they,  
Be innocently blithe that day,  
On goose or pre, on wine or ale,  
And scorn enthusiastic zeal?—  
Pray come, and welcome, or plague rott  
Your friend and landlord, Walter Scott."  
*Mr Walter Scott, Lesmahillo.*

The venerable old gentleman to whom the lines are addressed, was the younger brother of William Scott of Resburn. Being the cadet of a cadet of the Harden family, he had very little to lose; yet he contrived to lose the small property he had, by engaging in the civil wars and intrigues of the house of Stuart. His veneration 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 "Cutter of Coleman Street," one drunken cavalier upbraids 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 Macdougall, Bart, and another painted for the famous Dr Pitcairn,\* was a beard of a most dignified and venerable appearance.

## NOTE V.

The spirit's blasted tree.—P. 53.

I am permitted to illustrate this passage, by inserting "*Cedren yr Ellpi*, or the Spirit's Blasted Tree," a legendary tale, by Mr George Warrington: "The event on which this tale is founded, is preserved by tradition in the family of the Vaughans of Hengwyr; nor is it entirely lost, even among the common people, who still point out this oak to the passer-by. The enmity between the two Welsh chieftains, Howel Seic and Owen Glyndwr, 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 favourable to the characters 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 Seic's mansion was to be seen a few years ago, and may perhaps be still visible, in the park of Nannau, now belonging to Sir Robert Vaughan, Baronet, in the wild and romantic tracts of Merionethshire. The abbey mentioned passes under two names, Vener and Cymer. The former is retained, as more generally used.

\* The old gentleman was an intimate of this celebrated genius. By the favour of the late Earl of Kelly, descended on the maternal side from Dr Pitcairn, my father became possessed of the portrait in question.

† The history of their feud may be found in Pennant's *Tour in Wales*.

## THE SPIRIT'S BLASTED TREE.

*Cwblren yr Elyff.*

Through Nannau's Chase as Howel passed,  
A chief esteemed both brave and kind,  
Far distant borne, the stag-hound's cry  
Came murmuring on the hollow wind.

Starting, he bent an eager ear,—  
How should the sounds return again?  
His hounds lay wearied from the chase,  
And all at home his hunter train.

Then sudden anger flashed his eye,  
And deep revenge he vowed to take,  
On that bold man who dared to force  
His red deer from the forest brake.

Unhappy Chief! would nought avail,  
No sign 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 winged their way;  
Then o'er his head, in rapid flight,  
They croak,—they scent their destined prey.

Ill-omened 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 passed,  
Nor sought his ready vassals' aid;  
But what his fate lay long unknown,  
For many an anxious year delayed.

A peasant marked his angry eye,  
He saw him reach the lake's dark bourn,  
He saw him near a Blasted Oak,  
But never from that hour return.

Three days passed o'er, no tidings came;—  
Where should the Chief his steps delay?  
With wild alarm the servants ran,  
Yet knew not where to point their way.

His vassals ranged the mountain's height,  
The covert close, and 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 Moel's top,  
Some saw him on the winding shore.

With wonder fraught the tale went round,  
Amazement chained the hearer's tongue,  
Each peasant felt his own sad loss,  
Yet fondly o'er the story hung.

Off by the moon's pale shadowy light,  
His aged nurse, and steward grey,  
Would lean to catch the storied sounds,  
Or mark the fitting spirit stray.

Pale lights on Cadw's rocks were seen,  
And midnight voices heard to moan;  
'Twas even said the Blasted Oak,  
Convulsive, heaved a hollow groan:

And, to this day, the peasant still,  
With cautious fear, avoids the ground;  
In each wild branch a spectre sees,  
And trembles at each rising sound.

Ten annual suns had held their course,  
In summer's smile, or winter's storm;  
The lady shed the widowed 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 steered his way.

'Twas now November's cheerless hour,  
Which dreaching rains and clouds deface;  
Dreary bleak Robell's tract appeared,  
And dull and dank each valley's space.

Loud o'er the wier the hoarse flood fell,  
And dashed the foamy spray on high;  
The west wind bent the forest tops,  
And angry frowned the evening sky.

A stranger passed Llanellid's bourn,  
His dark-grey steed with sweat besprent,  
Which, wearied with the lengthened way,  
Could scarcely gain the hill's ascent.

The portal reached,—the iron bell  
Loud sounded round the outward wall;  
Quick sprang the warder to the gate,  
To know what meant the clamorous call.

"O! lead me to your lady soon;  
Say,—it is my sad lot to tell,  
To clear the fate of that brave knight,  
She long has proved she loved so well."

Then, as he crossed the spacious hall,  
The menials look surprise and fear;  
Still o'er his harp old Modred hung,  
And touched the notes for grief's worn ear.

The lady sat amidst her train;  
A mellowed sorrow marked her look:  
Then, asking what his mission meant,  
The graceful stranger sighed 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 unfettered 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, chained by fate,  
By wizard's dream, or potent spell,  
Lingering from sad Salopia's field,  
'Keft, of his aid the Percy fell.

"E'en from that day misfortune still,  
As if for violated faith,  
Pursued him with unvaried step;  
Vindictive still for Hotspur's death.

"Vanquished at length, the Glyndwr fled  
Where winds the Wye her devout flood;  
To find a casual shelter there,  
In some lone cot, or desert wood,

"Clothed in a shepherd's humble guise,  
He gained by toil his scanty bread;  
He who had Cambria's sceptre borne,  
And her brave sons to glory led!

"To penury extreme, and grief,  
The Chieftain fell a lingering prey;  
I heard his last few faltering words,  
Such as with pain I now convey.

"To Sele's sad widow bear the tale,  
Nor let our horrid secret rest;  
Give but his corse to sacred earth,  
Then may my parting soul be blest.



"Dim waxed the eye that fiercely shone,  
And faint the tongue that proudly spoke,  
And weak that arm, still raised to me,  
Which oft had dealt the mortal stroke.

"How could I then his mandate bear?  
Or bow his last behest obey?  
A rebel deemed, with him I fled;  
With him I shunned the light of day.

"Proscribed by Henry's hostile rage,  
My country lost, despoiled my land,  
Desperate, I fled my native soil,  
And fought on Syria's distant strand.

"O, had thy long lamented lord  
The holy cross and banner viewed,  
Died in the sacred cause! who fell  
Sad victim of a private feud!

"Led, by the ardour of the chase,  
Far distant from his own domain;  
From where Garthmaselor spreads her shades,  
The Glyndwr sought the opening plain.

"With head aloft, and antlers wide,  
A red buck roused, then crossed in view;  
Stung with the sight, and wild with rage,  
Swift from the wood fierce Howel flew.

"With bitter taunt, and keen reproach,  
He, all impetuous, poured his rage:  
Reviled the Chief as weak in arms,  
And bade him loud the battle wage.

"Glyndwr for once restrained his sword,  
And, still averse, the fight delays;  
But softened words, like oil to fire,  
Made anger more intensely blaze.

"They fought; and doubtful long the fray!  
The Glyndwr gave the fatal wound!—  
Still mournful must my tale proceed,  
And it's last act all dreadful sound.

"How could we hope for wished retreat,  
His eager vassals ranging wide?  
His bloodhounds' keen saucous scent,  
O'er many a trackless mountain tried?"

"I marked a broad, and Blasted Oak,  
Scorched by the lightning's livid glare;  
Hollow its stem from branch to root,  
And all its shrivelled arms were bare.

"Be this, I cried, his proper grave!—  
(The thought in me was deadly sin,)  
Aloft we raised the hapless Chief,  
And dropt his bleeding corpse within."

A shriek from all the damsels burst,  
That pierced the vaulted roofs below:  
While horror-struck the Lady stood,  
A living form of sculptured wood.

With stupid stare, and vacant gaze,  
Full on his face her eyes were cast,  
Absorbed!—she lost her present grief,  
And faintly thought of things long passed.

Like wild-fire o'er a mossy heath,  
The rumour through the hamlet ran;  
The peasants crowd at morning dawn,  
To hear the tale,—behold the man.

He led them near the Blasted Oak,  
Then, conscious, from the scene withdrew:  
The peasants work with trembling haste,  
And lay the whitened bones to view!

Back they recoiled!—the right hand still  
Contracted, grasped a rusty sword,  
Which erst in many a battle gleamed,  
And proudly decked their slaughtered lord.

They bore the corpse to Vener's shrine,  
With holy rites, and prayers addressed:  
Nine white-robed monks the last dirge sang;  
And gave the Angry Spirit rest.

## NOTE VI.

The Highlander———  
Will on a Friday morn look pale.  
If asked to tell a fairy tale.—P. 50.

The *Daoine sìd*, or *Men of Peace*, of the Scottish Highlanders, rather resemble the Scandinavian *Dærgar* than the English Fairies. Notwithstanding their name, they are, if not absolutely malevolent, at least peevish, discontented, and apt to do mischief on slight provocation. The belief of their existence is deeply impressed on the Highlanders, who think they are particularly offended with mortals, who talk of them, who wear their favourite colour green, or in any respect interfere with their affairs. This is particularly to be avoided on Friday, when, whether as dedicated to Venus, with whom, in Germany, this subterraneous people are held nearly connected, or for a more solemn reason, they are more active, and possessed of greater power. Some curious particulars concerning the popular superstitions of the Highlanders, may be found in Dr Graham's *Picturesque Sketches of Perthshire*.

## NOTE VII.

The towers of Frauchemont.—P. 50.

The journal of the friend, to whom the Fourth Canto of the Poem is inscribed, furnished me with the following account of a striking superstition.

"Passed the pretty little village of Frauchemont (near Spaw,) with the romantic ruins of the old castle of the Counts of that name. The road leads through many delightful vales, on a rising ground; at the extremity of one of them stands the ancient castle, now the subject of many superstitious legends. It is firmly believed by the neighbouring peasantry, that the last Baron of Frauchemont deposited, in one of the vaults of the castle, a ponderous chest, containing an immense treasure of gold and silver, which, by some magic spell, was entrusted to the care of the devil, who is constantly found sitting on the chest in the shape of a huntsman. Any one adventurous enough to touch the chest, is instantly seized with the palsy. Upon one occasion, a priest of noted piety was brought to the vault: he used all the arts of exorcism to persuade his infernal majesty to vacate the seat, but in vain; the huntsman remained immovable. At last, moved by the earnestness of the priest, he told him, that he would agree to resign the chest, if the exorciser would sign his name with blood. But the priest understood his meaning, and refused, as by that act he would have delivered over his soul to the devil. Yet if any body can discover the mystic words used by the person who deposited the treasure, and pronounce them, the fiend must instantly decamp. I had many stories of a similar nature from a peasant, who had himself seen the devil, in the shape of a great cat."

## NOTE VIII.

The very form of Hilda fair,  
Hovering upon the sunny air.—P. 55.

"I shall only produce one instance more of the great veneration paid to Lady Hilda, which still prevails even in these our days; and that is, the constant opinion that she rendered, and still renders, herself visible, on some occasions, in the abbey of Strassburgh, or Whitby, where she so long resided. At a particular time of the year (*viz.* in the summer months,) at ten or eleven in the fore-

noon, the sunbeams fall in the inside of the northern part of the choir; and 'tis then that the spectators, who stand on the west side of Whitby church yard so as just to see the most northerly part of the abbey past the north end of Whitby church, imagine they perceive, in one of the highest windows there, the resemblance of a woman, arrayed in a shroud. Though we are certain this is only a reflection, caused by the splendour of the sunbeams, yet fame reports it, and it is constantly believed among the vulgar, to be an appearance of Lady Hilda in her shroud, or rather in a glorified state; before which, I make no doubt, the papists, even in these our days, offer up their prayers with as much zeal and devotion, as before any other image of their most glorified saint."—CHARLTON'S *History of Whitby*, p. 33.

## NOTE IX.

A Bishop by the altar stood.—P. 64.

The well-known Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, son of Archibald Be-l-the Cat, Earl of Angus. He was author of a Scottish metrical version of the *Æneid*, and of many other poetical pieces of great merit. He had not at this period attained the mitre.

## NOTE X.

—The huge and sweeping brand,  
That wont of yore in battle fray  
His foeman's limbs to lop away,  
As woodknife shreds the sapling spray.—P. 54.

Angus had strength and personal activity corresponding to his courage. Spens of Kilsplindie, a favourite of James IV., having spoken of him lightly, the Earl met him while hawking, and compelling him to single combat, at one blow cut asunder his thigh bone, and killed him on the spot. But ere he could obtain James's pardon for this slaughter, Angus was obliged to yield his castle of Hermitage, in exchange for that of Bothwell, which was some diminution to the family greatness. The sword with which he struck so remarkable a blow, was presented by his descendant, James Earl of Morison, afterwards Regent of Scotland, to Lord Lindesay of the Byres, when he defied Bothwell to single combat on Carberry-hill. See Introduction to the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

## NOTE XI.

And hopes thou hence unscathed to go?  
No, by St Bryde of Bothwell, no;  
Up draw-bridge, grooms,—what, Warder, ho!  
Let the portcullis fall.—P. 55.

This ebullition of violence in the potent Earl of Angus is not without its example in the real history of the house of Douglas, whose chieftains possessed the ferocity with the heroic virtues of a savage state. The most curious instance occurred in the case of Maclellan, tutor of Bomby, 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 II.'s guard, was uncle to the tutor of Bomby, and obtained from the King a "sweet letter of supplication," praying the Earl to deliver his prisoner into Gray's hand. When Sir Patrick arrived at the castle, he was received with all the honour due to a favourite servant of the king's household; but while he was at dinner, the Earl, who suspected his errand, caused his prisoner to be led forth and beheaded. After dinner, Sir Patrick presented the king's letter to the Earl, who received it with great affectation of reverence; "and took him by the hand, and led him forth to the green, where the gentleman was lying dead, and shewed 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 you please; and with that called for his horse, and leaped thereon; and when he was on horseback, he said to the Earl in this manner, My lord, if I live, you shall be rewarded for your labours that you have used at this time, according to your demerits.

"At this saying the Earl was highly offended, and cried for horse. Sir Patrick, seeing the Earl's fury, spurred his horse, but he was chased near Edinburgh ere they left him; and had it not been his lead horse was so tried and good, he had been taken."—PITSCOTTIE'S *History*, p. 39.

## NOTE XII.

A letter forged! St Jude to speed!  
Did ever knight so foul a deed?—P. 56.

Let the reader should partake of the Earl's astonishment, and consider the crime as inconsistent with the manners of the period, I have to remind him of the numerous forgeries (partly executed by a female assistant) devised by Robert of Artois, to forward his suit against the Countess Matilda; which, being detected, occasioned his flight into England, and proved the remote cause of Edward III.'s memorable wars in France. John Harding, also, was expressly hired by Edward IV. to forge such documents as might appear to establish the claim of fealty asserted over Scotland by the English monarchs.

## NOTE XIII.

Where Lennox's convent closed their march.—P. 56.

This was a Cistercian house of religion, now almost entirely demolished. Lennox 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 XIV.

The Till by Twisel Bridge.—P. 57.

On the evening previous to the memorable battle of Flodden, Surrey's head-quarters were at Bar-moor wood, and King James held an inaccessible position on the ridge of Flodden hills, one of the last and lowest eminences detached from the ridge of Cheviot. The Till, a deep and slow river, winded between the armies. On the morning of the 9th September, 1513, Surrey marched in a north-westerly direction, and, turning eastward, crossed the Till, with his van and artillery, at Twisel-bridge, nigh where that river joins the Tweed, his rear-guard column passing about a mile higher, by a ford. This movement had the double effect of placing his army between King James and his supplies from Scotland, and of striking the Scottish monarch with surprise, as he seems to have relied on the depth of the river in his front. But as the passage, both over the bridge and through the ford, was difficult and slow, it seems possible that the English might have been attacked to great advantage while struggling with natural obstacles. I know not if we are to impute James's forbearance to want of military skill, or to the romantic declaration which Pitcottie puts in his mouth, "that he was determined to have his enemies before him on a plain field," and therefore would suffer no interruption to be given, even by artillery, to their passing the river.

The ancient bridge of Twisel, by which the English crossed the Till, is still standing beneath Twisel Castle, a splendid pile of Gothic architecture, as now rebuilt by Sir Francis Blake Delaval, whose extensive plantations have so much improved the country around. The glen is romantic and delightful, with steep banks on each side, covered with copse, particularly with hawthorn. Beneath a tall rock, near the bridge, is a plentiful fountain, called St Helen's Well.

## NOTE XV.

Hence might they see the full array  
Of either host, for deadly fray.—P. 58.

The reader cannot here expect a full account of the battle of Flodden; but, so far as is necessary to understand the following pages, I beg to remind him, that, when the English army, by their skilful counter-march, were fairly placed between King James and his own country, the Scottish monarch resolved to fight; and, setting fire to his tents, descended from the ridge of Flodden, to secure the neighbouring eminence of Brankstone, on which that village is built. Thus the two armies met, almost without seeing each other, according to the old poem of "Flodden Field."

The English line stretched east and west,  
And southward were their faces set;  
The Scottish northward proudly prest,  
And manfully their foes they met.

The English army advanced in four divisions. On the right, which first engaged, were the sons of Earl Surrey, namely, Thomas Howard, the admiral of England, and Sir Edmund, the knight marshal of the army. Their divisions were separated from each other; but, at the request of Sir Edmund, his brother's battalion was drawn very near to his own; the left wing by Sir Edward Stanley, with the men of Lancashire, and of the palatinate of Chester, Lord Daer, with a large body of horse, formed a reserve. When the smoke, which the wind had driven between the armies, was somewhat dispersed, they perceived the Scots, who had moved down the hill in a similar order of battle, and in deep silence.\* The Earls of Huntley and of Home commanded their left wing, and charged Sir Edmund Howard with such success, as entirely to defeat his part of the English right wing. Sir Edmund Howard's banner was beaten down, and he himself escaped with difficulty to his brother's division. The admiral, however, stood firm; and Daer advancing to his support with the reserve of cavalry, probably between the interval of the divisions commanded by the brother Howards, appears to have kept the victors in effectual check. Home's men, chiefly Borderers, began to pillage the baggage of both armies; and their leader is branded, by the Scottish historians, with negligence or treachery. On the other hand, Huntley, on whom they bestow many encomiums, is said, by the English historians, to have left the field after the first charge. Meanwhile the admiral, whose flank these chiefs ought to have attacked, availed himself of their inactivity, and pushed forward against another large division of the Scottish army in his front, headed by the Earls of Crawford and Montrose, both of whom were slain, and their forces routed. On the left, the success of the English was yet more decisive; for the Scottish right wing, consisting of undisciplined Highlanders, commanded by Lennox and Argyle, was unable to sustain the charge of Sir Edward Stanley, and especially the execution of the Lancashire archers. The King and Surrey, who commanded the respective centres of their armies, were meanwhile engaged in close and dubious conflict. James, surrounded by the flower of his kingdom, and impatient of the galling discharge of arrows, supported also by his reserve under Bothwell, charged with such fury, that the standard of Surrey was in danger. At that critical moment, Stanley, who had routed the left wing of the Scottish, pursued his career of victory, and arrived on the right flank, and in the rear of James's division, which, throwing itself into a circle, disputed the battle till night came on. Surrey then drew back his forces; for the Scottish centre not having been broken,

and their left wing being victorious, he yet doubted the event of the field. The Scottish army, however, felt their loss, and abandoned the field of battle in disorder, before dawn. They lost, perhaps, from eight to ten thousand men, but that included the very prime of their nobility, gentry, and even clergy. Scarce a family of eminence but has an ancestor killed at Flodden; and there is no province in Scotland, even at this day, where the battle is mentioned without a sensation of terror and sorrow. The English lost also a great number of men, perhaps within one-third of the vanquished, but they were of inferior note. See the only distinct detail of the field of Flodden in PINKERTON'S *History*, Book XI.; all former accounts being full of blunder and inconsistency.

The spot from which Clara views the battle, must be supposed to have been on a hillock commanding the rear of the English right wing, which was defeated, and in which conflict Marmion is supposed to have fallen.

## NOTE XVI.

Brian Tunstall, stainless knight.—P. 58.

Sir Brian Tunstall, called, in the romantic language of the time, Tunstall the Undeified, was one of the few Englishmen of rank slain at Flodden. He figures in the ancient English poem, to which I may safely refer my reader. Tunstall perhaps derived his epithet of *undeified* from his white armour 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 Taurand Castle.

## NOTE XVII.

View not that corpse mistrustfully,  
Defaced and mangled though it be;  
Nor to yon Border castle high  
Look northward with upbraiding eye.—P. 62.

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, by the popular voice, not only of falling 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 favourite; he had much to lose (in fact did lose all) in consequence of James's death, and nothing earthly to gain by that event; but the retreat, or inactivity, of the left wing, which he commanded, after defeating Sir Edmund Howard, and even the circumstance of his returning unhurt, and loaded with spoil, from so fatal a conflict, rendered the propagation of any calumny against him easy and acceptable. Other reports gave a still more romantic turn to the king's fate, and averred, that James, weary of greatness after the 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 encumbering his personal exertions. They produce a better evidence, the monarch's sword and dagger, which are still preserved in the Herald's College in London. Stowe

\* "Lesquels Escossois descendent la d' montagne en bonne ordre, en la maniere que marchent les Allemans, sans parler, ne faire aucun bruit." Gazette of the Battle, Pinkerton's *History*, Appendix, Vol. II. p. 306.

has recorded a degrading story of the disgrace with which the remains of the unfortunate monarch were treated in his time.—An unhewn column marks the spot where James fell, still called the King's Stone.

## NOTE XVIII.

\_\_\_\_\_ fanatic Brook  
The fair cathedral stormed and took.—P. 62.

This storm of Lichfield cathedral, which had been garrisoned on the part of the king, took place in the great civil war. Lord Brook, who, with Sir John Gill, commanded the assailants, was shot with a musket ball through the visor of his helmet. The royalists remarked, that he was killed by a shot fired from St Chad's Cathedral, and upon St Chad's day, and received his death wound in the very eye with which, he had said, he hoped to see the ruin of all the cathedrals in England. The magnificent

church in question suffered cruelly upon this, and other occasions; the principal spire being ruined by the fire of the besiegers.

Upon revising the Poem, it seems proper to mention the following particulars:

The lines in page 21,

Whose doom discording neighbours sought,  
Content with equity unbought,

have been unconsciously borrowed from a passage in Dryden's beautiful epistle to John Driden of Chesterton. The ballad of Lochinvar, pp. 41, 42, is in a very slight degree founded on a ballad called "Katharine Janfarie," which may be found in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border."

THE END.

THE

LADY OF THE LAKE,

A P O E M.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

---

BELFAST:

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---

1841.



TO  
THE MOST NOBLE  
JOHN JAMES,  
MARQUIS OF ABERCORN,  
*&c. &c. &c.*  
THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED  
BY  
THE AUTHOR.

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ARGUMENT.

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THE Scene of the following Poem is laid chiefly in the vicinity of Loch-Katrine, in the West Highlands of Perthshire. The time of action includes six days, and the transactions of each day occupy a Canto.

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# THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

## CANTO FIRST.

### THE CHASE.

HARP of the North! that mouldering long  
    hast hung  
    On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's  
    spring,  
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,  
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,  
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string—  
Oh minstrel Harp! still must thine accents  
    sleep?

Mid rustling leaves and fountains mur-  
    muring,  
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence  
    keep,  
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid  
    to weep?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,  
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,  
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,  
Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.  
At each acceding pause, was heard aloud  
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!

Fair dames and crested chiefs attention  
    bow'd ;  
For still the burthen of thy minstrelsy  
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and  
    Beauty's matchless eye.

Oh wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand  
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray ;  
Oh wake once more! though scarce my skill  
    command  
    Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay ;  
    Though harsh and faint, and soon to die  
    away,

And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,  
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,  
The wizard note has not been touched in vain,  
Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake  
    again!

### I.

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,  
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,  
And deep his midnight lair had made  
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade ;  
But, when the sun his beacon red  
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,  
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay  
Resounded up the rocky way,  
And faint, from farther distance borne,  
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

### II.

As chief who hears his warder call,  
"To arms! the foemen storm the wall!"  
The antler'd monarch of the waste  
Sprang from his beathery couch in haste.  
But, ere his fleet career he took,  
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook ;  
Like crested leader proud and high,  
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky ;  
A moment gazed adown the dale,  
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,  
A moment listened to the cry,  
That thickened as the chase drew nigh ;  
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,  
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,  
And, stretching forward free and far,  
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

### III.

Yelled on the view the opening pack —  
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back ;  
To many a mingled sound at once  
The awakened mountain gave response.  
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,  
Clattered a hundred steeds along,  
Their peal the merry horns rung out,  
A hundred voices joined the shout ;  
With hark, and whoop, and wild halloo,  
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.  
Far from the tumult fled the roe,  
Close in her covert cowered 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 failing din  
 Returned from cavern, cliff, and lin,  
 And silence settled, wide and still,  
 On the lone wood and mighty hill.

## IV.

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war  
 Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,  
 And roused the cavern where 'tis told  
 A giant made his den of old;  
 For ere that steep ascent was won,  
 High in his pathway hung the sun,  
 And many a gallant, stayed 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 side,  
 Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

## V.

The noble Stag was pausing now  
 Upon the mountain's southern brow,  
 Where broad extended far beneath,  
 The varied realms of fair Menteith.  
 With anxious eye he wander'd o'er  
 Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,  
 And pondered refuge from his toil,  
 By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.  
 But nearer was the copsewood grey  
 That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,  
 And mingled with the pine-trees blue  
 On the bold cliffs of Ben-venue.  
 Fresh vigour with the hope returned—  
 With flying foot the heath he spurned,  
 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;  
 What reins were tightened in despair,  
 When rose Benledi's ridge in air;  
 Who flagged upon Bochart's heath,  
 Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith—  
 For twice, that day, from shore to shore,  
 The gallant Stag swam stoutly o'er.  
 Few were the stragglers, following far,  
 That reached the lake of Vennachar;  
 And when the Brigg of Turk was won,  
 The best of Horsemen rode alone.

## VII.

Alone, but with unabated zeal,  
 That horseman plied the scourge and steel;  
 For, jaded now, and spent with toil,  
 Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,  
 While every gasp with sobs he drew,  
 The labouring Stag strained full in view.  
 Two dogs of Black Saint Hubert's breed,  
 Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,  
 Fast on his flying traces came,  
 And all but won that desperate game;  
 For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,  
 Vindictive toiled the bloodhounds stanch;  
 Nor nearer might the dogs attain,  
 Nor farther might the quarry strain.  
 Thus up the margin of the lake,  
 Between the precipice and brake,  
 O'er stock and rock their race they take.

## VIII.

The hunter marked that mountain high,  
 The lone lake's western boundary,  
 And deemed the Stag must turn to bay,  
 Where that huge rampart barred the way;  
 Already glorying in the prize,  
 Measured his antlers with his eyes;  
 For the death-wound, and death-halloo,  
 Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew;  
 But, thundering as he came prepared,  
 With ready arm and weapon bared,  
 The wily quarry shunned the shock,  
 And turned him from the opposing rock;  
 Then, dashing down a darksome glen,  
 Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,  
 In the deep Trosachs' wildest nook  
 His solitary refuge took.  
 There, while close couched, the thicket shed  
 Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,  
 He heard the baffled dogs in vain  
 Rave through the hollow pass amain,  
 Chiding the rocks that yelled again.

## IX.

Close on the hounds the hunter came,  
 To cheer them on the vanished game;  
 But, stumbling in the rugged dell,  
 The gallant horse exhausted fell.  
 The impatient rider strove in vain  
 To rouse him with the spur and rein,  
 For the good steed, his labours o'er,  
 Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more.  
 Then, touched with pity and remorse,  
 He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse:—  
 "I little thought, when first thy rein  
 I slacked upon the banks of Seine,

That highland eagle e'er should feed  
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed !  
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,  
That costs thy life, my gallant grey !"

## X.

Then through the dell his horn resounds,  
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.  
Back limped, with slow and crippled pace,  
The sulky leaders of the chase ;  
Close to their master's side they pressed,  
With drooping tail and humbled crest ;  
But still the dingle's hollow throat  
Prolonged the swelling hugh-note.  
The owlets started from their dream,  
The eagles answered with their scream,  
Round and around the sounds were cast,  
Till echo seemed 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 show'd.

## XI.

The western waves of ebbing day  
Rolled 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-splintered pinnacle ;  
Round many an insulated mass,  
The native bulwarks of the pass,  
Huge as the tower which builders vain  
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.  
The rocky summits split and rent,  
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,  
Or seemed fantastically set  
With cupola or minaret,  
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,  
Or mosque of eastern architect.  
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,  
Nor lacked they many a banner fair ;  
For from their shivered brows displayed,  
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,  
All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen,  
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,  
And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes,  
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

## XII.

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,  
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.

Here eglantine embalmed the air,  
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;  
The primrose pale, and violet flower,  
Found in each clift a narrow bower ;  
Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,  
Emblems of punishment and pride,  
Grouped their dark hues with every stain,  
The weather-beaten crags retain ;  
With boughs that quaked at every breath,  
Grey hirsch and aspen wept beneath ;  
Aloft the ash and warrior oak  
Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;  
And higher yet, the pine-tree hung  
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,  
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,  
His boughs athwart the narrowed 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 copse '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 made.  
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,  
Emerging from entangled wood,  
But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,  
Like castle girdled with its moat ;  
Yet broader floods extending still,  
Divide them from their parent hill,  
Till each, retiring, claims to be  
An islet in an inland sea.

## XIV.

And now, to issue from the glen,  
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,  
Unless he climb, with footing nice,  
A far projecting precipice.  
The 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 harnish'd sheet of living gold,  
Loch-Katrine lay beneath him rolled ;

In all her length far winding lay,  
 With promontory, creek, and bay,  
 And islands that, empurpled bright,  
 Floated amid the livelier light ;  
 And mountains, that like giants stand,  
 To sentinel enchanted land.  
 High on the south, huge Ben-venue  
 Down to the lake in masses threw  
 Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,  
 The fragments of an earlier world ;  
 A wildering forest feathered o'er  
 His ruined sides and summit hoar,  
 While on the north, through middle air,  
 Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

## XV.

From the steep promontory gazed  
 The Stranger, raptured and amazed ;  
 And, " What a scene were here," he cried,  
 " For princely pomp or churchman's pride !  
 On this bold brow, a lordly tower ;  
 In that soft vale, a lady's bower ;  
 On yonder meadow, far away,  
 The turrets of a cloister grey.  
 How blithely might the bugle horn  
 Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn !  
 How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute  
 Chime, when the groves were still and mute !  
 And, when the midnight moon should lave  
 Her forehead in the silver wave,  
 How solemn on the ear would come  
 The holy matins' distant hum,  
 While the deep peal's commanding tone  
 Should wake, in yonder islet lone,  
 A sainted hermit from his cell,  
 To drop a bead with every knell !—  
 And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,  
 Should each bewildered stranger call  
 To friendly feast, and lighted hall.

## XVI.

" Blithe were it then to wander here !  
 But now—beshrew yon nimble deer !—  
 Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,  
 The copse must give my evening fare ;  
 Some mossy hank 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 green-wood 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.

I am alone ;—my bugle strain  
 May call some straggler of the train ;  
 Or, fall the worst that may betide,  
 Ere now this falchion has been tried."

## XVII.

But scarce again his horn he wound,  
 When lo ! forth starting at the sound,  
 From underneath an aged oak,  
 That slanted from the islet rock,  
 A Damsel, guider of its way,  
 A little skiff shot to the bay,  
 That round the promontory steep  
 Led its deep line in graceful sweep,  
 Eddying, in almost viewless wave,  
 The weeping willow twig to lave,  
 And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,  
 The beach of pebbles bright as snow.  
 The boat had touch'd this silver strand,  
 Just as the Hunter left his stand,  
 And stood concealed amid the brake,  
 To view this Lady of the Lake.  
 The maiden paused, as if again  
 She thought to catch the distant strain.  
 With head up-raised, and look intent,  
 And eye and ear attentive bent,  
 And locks flung back, and lips apart,  
 Like monument of Grecian art.  
 In listening mood, she seemed to stand  
 The guardian Naiad of the strand.

## XVIII.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace  
 A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,  
 Of finer form, or lovelier face !  
 What though the sun, with ardent frown,  
 Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown—  
 The sportive toil, which, short and light,  
 Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,  
 Served too in hastier swell to show  
 Short glimpses of a breast of snow :  
 What though no rule of courtly grace  
 To measured mood had trained her pace—  
 A foot more light, a step more true,  
 Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew ;  
 E'en the slight harebell raised its head,  
 Elastic from her airy tread :  
 What though upon her speech there hung  
 The accents of the mountain tongue—  
 Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,  
 The listener held his breath to hear !

## XIX.

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid ;  
 Her satin snood, her silken plaid,

Her golden brooch, such birth betray'd,  
 And seldom was a snood amid  
 Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,  
 Whose glossy black to shame might bring  
 The plumage of the raven's wing;  
 And seldom o'er a breast so fair,  
 Mantled a plaid with modest care,  
 And never brooch the folds combined  
 Above a heart more good and kind.  
 Her kindness and her worth to spy,  
 You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;  
 Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,  
 Gives back the shaggy banks more true,  
 Than every free-born glance confessed  
 The guileless movements of her breast;  
 Whether joy danced in her dark eye,  
 Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,  
 Or filial love was glowing there,  
 Or meek devotion poured a prayer,  
 Or tale of injury called forth  
 The indignant spirit of the north.  
 One only passion, unrevealed,  
 With maiden pride the maid concealed,  
 Yet not less purely felt the flame;—  
 Oh 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 uttered fell,  
 The echoes could not catch the swell.  
 "A stranger I," the Huntsman said,  
 Advancing from the hazel shade.  
 The maid alarmed, with hasty oar,  
 Pushed her light shallop from the shore,  
 And, when a space was gained between,  
 Closer she drew her bosom's screen;  
 (So forth the startled swan would swing,  
 So turn to prune his ruffled wing.)  
 Then safe, though fluttered 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 pressed its signet sage,  
 Yet had not quenched the open truth,  
 And fiery vehemence of youth;  
 Forward and frolic glee was there,  
 The will to do, the soul to dare,

The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,  
 Of hasty love, or headlong ire.  
 His limbs were cast in manly mould,  
 For hardy sports, or contest bold;  
 And though in peaceful garb arrayed,  
 And weaponless, except his blade,  
 His stately mien as well implied  
 A high-born heart, a martial pride,  
 As if a baron's crest he wore,  
 And sheathed in armour trod the shore.  
 Slighting the petty need he showed,  
 He told of his benighted road:  
 His ready speech flowed fair and free,  
 In phrase of gentlest courtesy;  
 Yet seemed that tone and gesture bland  
 Less used to sue than to command.

## XXII.

A while the maid the stranger eyed,  
 And, reassured, at last replied,  
 That highland halls were open still  
 To wildered wanderers of the hill.  
 "Nor think you unexpected come  
 To yon lone isle, our desert home:  
 Before the heath had lost the dew,  
 This morn, a couch was pulled 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 erred," he said;  
 "No right have I to claim, misplaced,  
 The welcome of expected guest.  
 A wanderer, here by fortune tost,  
 My way, my friends, my courser lost,  
 I ne'er before, believe me, fair,  
 Have ever drawn your mountain air,  
 Till on this lake's romantic strand,  
 I found a fay in fairy land."

## XXIII.

"I well believe," the maid replied,  
 As her light skiff approached the side—  
 "I well believe, that ne'er before  
 Your foot has trod Loch-Katrine's shore;  
 But yet, as far as yesternight,  
 Old Allan-bane foretold your plight—  
 A grey-haired sire, whose eye intent  
 Was on the visioned future bent.  
 He saw your steed, a dappled grey,  
 Lie dead beneath the hirschen way;  
 Painted exact your form and mien,  
 Your hunting suit of Lincoln green,  
 That tassell'd horn so gaily gilt,  
 That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,

That cap with heron plumage trim,  
 And yon two hounds so dark and grim.  
 He bade that all should ready be,  
 To grace a guest of fair degree;  
 But light I held his prophecy,  
 And deemed it was my father's horn,  
 Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne."

## XXIV.

The Stranger smiled:—"Since to your home,  
 A destined errant-knight I come,  
 Announced by prophet sooth and old,  
 Doomed, doubtless, for achievement bold,  
 I'll lightly front each high emprise,  
 For one kind glance of those bright eyes;  
 Permit me, first, the task to guide  
 Your fairy frigate o'er the tide."  
 The maid, with smile suppressed and sly,  
 The toil unwonted saw him try;  
 For seldom sure, if e'er before,  
 His noble hand had grasped an oar:  
 Yet with main strength his strokes he drew,  
 And o'er the lake the shallop flew;  
 With heads erect and whimpering cry,  
 The hounds behind their passage ply.  
 Nor frequent does the bright oar break  
 The darkening mirror of the lake,  
 Until the rocky isle they reach,  
 And moor their shallop on the beach.

## XXV.

The Stranger viewed the shore around;  
 'Twas all so close with copse-wood bound,  
 Nor track nor pathway might declare  
 That human foot frequented there,  
 Until the mountain-maiden showed  
 A clambering unsuspected road,  
 That wended through the tangled screen,  
 And opened on a narrow green,  
 Where weeping birch and willow round  
 With their long fibres swept the ground;  
 Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,  
 Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

## XXVI.

It was a lodge of ample size,  
 But strange of structure and device;  
 Of such materials, as around  
 The workman's hand had readiest found.  
 Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks  
 bared,  
 And by the hatchet rudely squared,  
 To give the walls their destined height,  
 The sturdy oak and ash unite;  
 While moss, and clay, and leaves combined  
 To fence each crevice from the wind.

The lighter pine-trees, over-head,  
 Their slender length for rafters spread,  
 And withered heath and rushes dry  
 Supplied a russet canopy.  
 Due westward, fronting to the green,  
 A rural portico was seen,  
 Aloft on native pillars borne,  
 Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,  
 Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine  
 The ivy and Idæan vine,  
 The clematis, the favoured flower,  
 Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,  
 And every hardy plant could bear  
 Loch-Katrine's keen and searching air.  
 An instant in this porch she staid,  
 And gaily to the stranger said,  
 "On heaven and on thy lady call,  
 And enter the enchanted hall!"

## XXVII.

"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,  
 My gentle guide, in following thee."  
 He crossed the threshold—and a clang  
 Of angry steel that instant rang.  
 To his bold brow his spirit rushed,  
 But soon for vain alarm he blushed,  
 When on the floor he saw displayed,  
 Cause of the din, a naked blade  
 Dropped from the sheath, that careless flung  
 Upon a stag's huge antlers swung;  
 For all around, the walls to grace,  
 Hung trophies of the fight or chase:  
 A target there, a bugle here,  
 A battle-axe, a hunting spear,  
 And broad-swords, bows, and arrows store,  
 With the tusked 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 adorns,  
 Or mantles o'er the bison's horns;  
 Pennons and flags defaced and stained,  
 That blackening streaks of blood retained,  
 And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,  
 With otter's fur and seal's unite,  
 In rude and uncouth tapestry all,  
 To garnish forth the sylvan hall.

## XXVIII.

The wondering Stranger round him gazed,  
 And next the fallen weapon raised:  
 Few were the arms whose sinewy strength  
 Sufficed to stretch it forth at length.  
 And as the brand he poised and swayed,  
 "I never knew but one," he said,  
 "Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield  
 A blade like this in battle field."

She sighed, 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 ;  
 But in the absent giant's hold  
 Are women now, and menials old."

## XXIX.

The mistress of the mansion came,  
 Mature of age, a graceful dame ;  
 Whose easy step and stately port  
 Had well become a princely court,  
 To whom, though more than kindred knew,  
 Young Ellen gave a mother's due.  
 Meet welcome to her guest she made,  
 And every courteous rite was paid,  
 That hospitality could claim,  
 Though all unasked his birth and name.  
 Such then the reverence to a guest,  
 That fellest 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,  
 Outstripped his comrades, missed the deer,  
 Lost his good steed, and wandered here."

## XXX.

Fain would the Knight in turn require  
 The name and state of Ellen's sire ;  
 Well showed the elder lady's mien,  
 That courts and cities she had seen ;  
 Ellen, though more her looks displayed  
 The simple grace of sylvan maid,  
 In speech and gesture, form and face,  
 Showed 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,  
 Turned all inquiry light away :—  
 " Weird women we ! by dale and down,  
 We dwell afar from tower and town."

We stem the flood, we ride the blast,  
 On wandering knights our spells we cast ;  
 While viewless minstrels touch the string,  
 'Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing."  
 She sung, and still a harp unseen  
 Filled up the symphony between.

## XXXI.

## Song.

" Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;  
 Dream of battle fields no more,  
 Days of danger, nights of waking.  
 In our isle's enchanted hall,  
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,  
 Fairy strains of music fall,  
 Every sense in slumber dewing.  
 Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
 Dream of fighting fields no more ;  
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking."

" No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
 Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,  
 Trump nor pibroch summon here  
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.  
 Yet the lark's shrill life may come  
 At the day-break from the fallow,  
 And the bittern sound his drum,  
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.  
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,  
 Guards nor warders, challenge here,  
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,  
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping."

## XXXII.

She paused—then, blushing, led the lay  
 To grace the stranger of the day ;  
 Her mellow notes awhile prolong  
 The cadence of the flowing song,  
 Till to her lips in measured frame  
 The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

## Song continued.

" Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done,  
 While our slumbrous spells assail ye,  
 Dream not, with the rising sun,  
 Bugles here shall sound reveillé.  
 Sleep ! the deer is in his den ;  
 Sleep ! thy hounds are by thee lying ;  
 Sleep ! nor dream in yonder glen,  
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.  
 Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done,  
 Think not of the rising sun,

For at dawning to assail ye,  
Here no bugles sound revcillé."

## XXXIII.

The hall was cleared — the Stranger's bed  
Was there of mountain heather spread,  
Where oft a hundred guests had lain,  
And dreamed their forest sports again.  
But vainly did the heath-flower shed  
Its moorland fragrance round his head;  
Not Ellen's spell had lulled to rest  
The fever of his troubled breast.  
In broken dreams the image rose  
Of varied perils, pains, and woes;  
His steed now flounders in the brake,  
Now sinks his barge upon the lake;  
Now leader of a broken host,  
His standard falls, his honour's lost.  
Then — from my couch may heavenly night  
Chase that worst phantom of the night! —  
Again returned the scenes of youth,  
Of confident undoubting truth;  
Again his soul he interchanged  
With friends whose hearts were long  
estranged.

They come, in dim procession led,  
The cold, the faithless, and the dead;  
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,  
As if they parted yesterday.  
And doubt distracts him at the view,  
Oh were his senses false or true!  
Dreamed he of death, or broken vow,  
Or is it all a vision now!

## XXXIV.

At length, with Ellen in a grove,  
He seemed to walk, and speak of love;  
She listened with a blush and sigh;  
His suit was warm, his hopes were high.  
He sought her yielded hand to clasp,  
And a cold gauntlet met his grasp;  
The phantom's sex was changed and gone,  
Upon its head a helmet shone;  
Slowly enlarged to giant size,  
With darkened cheek and threatening eyes,  
The grisly visage, stern and hoar,  
To Ellen still a likeness bore. —  
He woke, and, panting with affright,  
Recalled the vision of the night.  
The hearth's decaying brands were red,  
And deep and dusky lustre shed,  
Half showing, half concealing all  
The uncouth trophies of the hall.  
Mid those the stranger fixed his eye  
Where that huge falchion hung on high, —

And thoughts on thoughts, a countless  
throng,  
Rushed, chasing countless thoughts along,  
Until, the giddy whirl to cure,  
He rose, and sought the moonshine pure.

## XXXV

The wild-rose, eglantine, 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,  
Played 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 fevered dream,  
But still the Douglas is the theme? —  
I'll dream no more — by manly mind  
Not even in sleep is will resigned.  
My midnight orisons said o'er,  
I'll turn to rest, and dream no more."  
His midnight orisons he told,  
A prayer with every bead of gold,  
Consigned to heaven his cares and woes,  
And sunk in undisturbed repose;  
Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,  
And morning dawned on Ben-venue.

## CANTO SECOND.

## THE ISLAND.

## I.

At morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,  
'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest  
lay,  
All nature's children feel the matin spring  
Of life reviving, with reviving day;  
And while yon little bark glides down the  
bay,  
Wafting the stranger on his way again,  
Morn's genial influence roused a Minstrel  
grey,  
And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy  
strain,  
Mix'd with the sounding harp, oh white-  
haired Allan-bane!



## II.

## Song.

" Not faster yonder rowers' might  
Flings from their oars the spray,  
Not faster yonder rippling bright,  
That tracks the shallop's course 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 sylvan sport,  
Where Beauty sees the brave resort,  
The honoured meed be thine!  
True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,  
Thy lady constant, kind, and dear,  
And lost in love and friendship's smile,  
Be memory of the lonely isle.

## III.

## Song continued.

" But if beneath yon southern sky  
A plaided stranger roam,  
Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh,  
And sunken cheek and heavy eye,  
Pine for his highland home;  
Then, warrior, then be thine to show  
The care that soothes a wanderer's woe;  
Remember then thy hap ere while  
A stranger in the lonely isle.

" Or if on life's uncertain main  
Mishap shall mar thy sail;  
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,  
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain  
Beneath the fickle gale;  
Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,  
On thankless courts, or friends estranged,  
But come where kindred worth shall smile.  
To greet thee in the lonely isle."

## IV.

As died the sounds upon the tide,  
The shallop reached the main-land 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, grey, and worn as he.

To minstrel meditation given,  
His reverend brow was raised to heaven,  
As from the rising sun to claim  
A sparkle of inspiring flame.  
His hand, reclined upon the wire,  
Seemed watching the awakening fire;  
So still he sat, as those who wait  
Till judgment speak the doom of fate;  
So still, as if no breeze might dare  
To lift one lock of hoary hair;  
So still, as life itself were fled,  
In the last sound his harp had sped.

## V.

Upon a rock with lichens wild,  
Beside him Ellen sat and smiled.—  
Smiled she to see the stately drake  
Lead forth his fleet upon the lake,  
While her vexed spaniel, from the beach,  
Bayed at the prize beyond his reach?  
Yet tell me, then, the maid who knows,  
Why depended on her cheek the rose?—  
Forgive, forgive, Fidelity!  
Perchance the maiden smiled to see  
Yon parting lingerer wave adieu,  
And stop and turn to wave anew;  
And, lovely ladies, ere your ire  
Condemn the heroine of my lyre,  
Show me the fair would scorn to spy,  
And prize such conquest of her eye!

## VI.

While yet he loitered on the spot,  
It seemed as Ellen marked him not;  
But when he turned 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 e'er wore jewel in her hair,  
So highly did his bosom swell,  
As at that simple mute farewell.  
Now with a trusty mountain-guide,  
And his dark staghounds by his side,  
He parts—the maid, unconscious still,  
Watched him wind slowly round the hill;  
But when his stately form was hid,  
The guardian in her bosom chid—  
"Thy Malcolm! vain and selfish maid!"  
'Twas thus upbraiding conscience said,—  
"Not so had Malcolm idly hung  
On the smooth phrase of southern tongue;  
Not so had Malcolm strained his eye  
Another step than thine to spy."  
"Wake, Allan-bane!" aloud she cried,  
To the old Minstrel by her side,—

"Arouse thee from thy moody dream!  
I'll give thy harp heroic theme,  
And warm thee with a noble name;  
Pour forth the glory of the Grame!"  
Scarce from her lip the word had rushed,  
When deep the conscious maiden blushed;  
For of his clan, in hall and bower,  
Young Malcolm Grame 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, oh noble maid!"  
Clasping his withered hands, he said,  
"Vainly thou bid'st me wake the strain,  
Though all unwont to bid in vain.  
Alas! than mine a mightier hand  
Has tuned my harp, my strings has spanned;  
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.  
Oh well for me, if mine alone  
That dirge's deep prophetic tone!  
If, as my tuneful fathers said,  
This harp, which erst Saint Modan swayed,  
Can thus its master's fate foretell,  
Then welcome be the minstrel's knell!

## VIII.

"But ah! dear lady, thus it sighed  
The eve thy sainted mother died;  
And such the sounds which, while I strove  
To wake a lay of war or love,  
Came marring all the festal mirth,  
Appalling me who gave them birth,  
And, disobedient to my call,  
Wailed loud through Bothwell's bannered hall,  
Ere Douglasses to ruin driven,  
Were exiled from their native heaven.  
Oh! if yet worse mishap and woe  
My master's house must undergo,  
Or aught but weal to Ellen fair,  
Brood in these accents of despair,  
No future bard, sad harp! shall fling  
Triumph or rapture from thy string;  
One short, one final strain shall flow,  
Fraught with unutterable woe,  
Then shivered shall thy fragments lie,  
Thy master cast him down and die!"

## IX.

Soothing she answered him, "Assuage,  
Mine honoured friend, the fears of age;

All melodies to thee are known,  
That harp has rung, or pipe has blown,  
In lowland vale, or highland glen,  
From Tweed to Spey—what marvel, then,  
At times, unbidden notes should rise,  
Confusedly bound in memory's ties,  
Entangling, as they rush along,  
The war-march with the funeral song?  
Small ground is now for boding fear;  
Obscure, but safe, we rest us here.  
My sire, in native virtue great,  
Resigning lordship, lands, and state,  
Not then to fortune more resigned,  
Than yonder oak might give the wind;  
The graceful foliage storms may leave,  
The noble stem they cannot grieve,  
For me"—she stooped, and, looking round,  
Plucked 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 wreathed in her dark locks, and smiled.

## X.

Her smile, her speech, with winning sway,  
Wiled the old harper's mood away.  
With such a look as hermits throw  
When angels stoop to soothe their woe,  
He gazed, till fond regret and pride  
Thrilled to a tear, then thus replied:—  
"Loveliest and best! thou little know'st  
The rank, the honours thou hast lost!  
Oh might I live to see thee grace,  
In Scotland's court, thy birth-right place,  
To see my favourite's step advance,  
The lightest in the courtly dance,  
The cause of every gallant's sigh,  
And leading star of every eye,  
And theme of every minstrel's art,  
The Lady of the Bleeding Heart!"\*

## XI.

"Fair dreams are these," the maiden cried,  
(Light was her accent, yet she sighed.)  
"Yet is this mossy rock to me  
Worth splendid chair and canopy;  
Nor would my footsteps spring more gay  
In courtly dance than blithe strathspey,

\* The well-known cognizance of the Douglas family.

Nor half so pleased mine ear incline  
 To royal minstrel's lay as thine;  
 And then for suitors proud and high,  
 To bend before my conquering eye,  
 Thou, flattering bard! thyself wilt say,  
 That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway.  
 The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's pride,  
 The terror of Loch-Lomond's side,  
 Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay  
 A Lennox foray—for a day."—

## XII.

The ancient bard his glee repressed;  
 "Ill hast thou chosen theme for jest!  
 For who, through all this western wild,  
 Named Black Sir Roderick e'er, and smiled?  
 In Holy-Rood a knight he slew;  
 I saw, when back the dirk he drew,  
 Courtiers give place before the stride  
 Of the undaunted homicide;  
 And since, though outlawed, 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,  
 Disowned by every noble peer,  
 Even the rude refuge we have here?  
 Alas, this wild marauding chief  
 Alone might hazard our relief,  
 And now thy maiden charms expand,  
 Looks for his guerdon in thy hand?  
 Full soon may dispensation sought,  
 To pack 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 might'st guide with silken thread  
 Slave of thy will, this chieftain dread;  
 Yet, oh loved maid, thy mirth refrain!  
 Thy hand is on a lion's mane."—

## XIII.

"Minstrel," the maid replied, and high  
 Her father's soul glanced from her eye,  
 "My debts to Roderick's house I know:  
 All that a mother could bestow,  
 To Lady Margaret's care I owe,  
 Since first an orphan in the wild  
 She sorrowed o'er her sister's child;  
 To her brave chieftain son, from ire  
 Of Scotland's king who shrouds my sire,  
 A deeper, holier debt is owed;  
 And, could I pay it with my blood,  
 Allan! Sir Roderick should command  
 My blood, my life—but not my hand.

Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell  
 A votaress in Maronnan's cell;  
 Rather through realms beyond the sea,  
 Seeking the world's cold charity,  
 Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,  
 And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,  
 An outcast pilgrim will she rove,  
 Than wed the man she cannot love.

## XIV.

"Thou shakest, good friend, thy tresses  
 grey—  
 That pleading look, what can it say  
 But what I own?—I grant him brave,  
 But wild as Bracklinn's thundering wave;  
 And generous—save vindictive mood,  
 Or jealous transport, chafe his blood:  
 I grant him true to friendly hand,  
 As his claymore is to his hand;  
 But oh! that very blade of steel  
 More mercy for a foe would feel:  
 I grant him liberal, to fling  
 Among his clan the wealth they bring,  
 When back by lake and glen thy wind,  
 And in the Lowland leave behind,  
 Where once some pleasant hamlet stood,  
 A mass of ashes slaked with blood.  
 The hand, that for my father fought,  
 I honour, as his daughter ought;  
 But can I clasp it reeking red,  
 From peasants slaughtered in their shed?  
 No! wildly while his virtues gleam,  
 They make his passions darker seem,  
 And flash along his spirit high,  
 Like lightning o'er the midnight sky.  
 While yet a child—and children know,  
 Instinctive taught, the friend and foe—  
 I shuddered at his brow of gloom,  
 His shadowy plaid, and sable plume,  
 A maiden grown, I ill could bear  
 His haughty mien and lordly air;  
 But if thou join'st a suitor's claim,  
 In serious mood, to Roderick's name,  
 I thrill with anguish! or, if e'er  
 A Douglas knew the word, with fear,  
 To change such odious theme were best—  
 What think'st thou of our stranger guest?"

## XV.

"What think I of him?—woe the while  
 That brought such wanderer to our isle!  
 Thy father's battle-brand, of yore  
 For Time-man forged by fairy lore,  
 What time he leagued, no longer foes,  
 His Border spears with Hotspur's bows,

Did, self-unscabbarded, foreshow  
 The footstep of a secret foe.  
 If courtly spy, hath harboured here,  
 What may we for the Douglas fear?  
 What for this island, deemed of old  
 Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold?  
 If neither spy nor foe, I pray  
 What yet may jealous Roderick say?  
 —Nay, wave not thy disdainful head!  
 Bethink thee of the discord dread,  
 That kindled when at Beltane game  
 Thou ledst the dance with Malcolm Grame;  
 Still, though thy sire the peace renewed,  
 Smoulders in Roderick's breast the feud;  
 Beware!—But hark, what sounds are these!  
 My dull ears catch no faltering breeze,  
 No weeping birch, nor aspens wake,  
 Nor breath is dimpling in the lake,  
 Still is the canna's\* hoary beard,  
 Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard—  
 And hark again! some pipe of war  
 Sends the bold pibroch from afar."

## XVI.

Far up the lengthened lake were spied  
 Four darkening specks upon the tide,  
 That, slow enlarging on the view,  
 Four manned and masted barges grew,  
 And bearing downwards from Glengyle,  
 Steered full upon the lonely Isle;  
 The point of Briancholl they passed,  
 And, to the windward as they cast,  
 Against the sun they gave to shine  
 The bold Sir Roderick's bannered pine.  
 Nearer and nearer as they bear,  
 Spears, pikés, and axes flash in air,  
 Now might you see the tartans brave,  
 And plaids and plumage dance and wave;  
 Now see the bonnets sink and rise,  
 As his tough oar the rower plies;  
 See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,  
 The wave ascending into smoke;  
 See the proud pipers on the bow,  
 And mark the gaudy streamers flow  
 From their loud chanters † down, and sweep  
 The furrowed bosom of the deep,  
 As, rushing through the lake amain,  
 They plied the ancient Highland strain.

## XVII.

Ever, as on they bore, more loud  
 And louder rung the pibroch proud.  
 At first the sound, by distance tame,  
 Mellowed along the waters came,

\* Cotten-grass. † The pipe of the bag pipe.

And, lingering long by cape and bay,  
 Wailed every harsher note away;  
 Then, bursting bolder on the ear,  
 The clan's shrill Gathering they could hear;  
 Those thrilling sounds, that call the might  
 Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.  
 Thick beat the rapid notes, as when  
 The mustering hundreds shake the glen,  
 And, hurrying at the signal dread,  
 The battered earth returns their tread.  
 Then prelude light, of livelier tone,  
 Expressed their merry marching on,  
 Ere peal of closing battle rose,  
 With mingled outcry, shrieks and blows;  
 And mimic din of stroke and ward,  
 As broadsword upon target jarred;  
 And groaning pause, ere yet again,  
 Condensed, the battle yelled amain;  
 The rapid charge, the rallying shout,  
 Retreat borne headlong into rout,  
 And bursts of triumph, to declare  
 Clan-Alpine's conquest — all were there.  
 Nor ended thus the strain; but slow,  
 Sunk in a moan prolonged and low,  
 And changed the conquering clarion swell,  
 For wild lament o'er those that fell.

## XVIII.

The war-pipes ceased; but lake and hill  
 Were busy with their echoes still;  
 And, when they slept, a vocal strain  
 Bade their hoarse chorus wake again,  
 While loud a hundred clansmen raise  
 Their voices in their Chieftain's praise.  
 Each boatman, bending to his oar,  
 With measured sweep the burthen bore,  
 In such wild cadence, as the breeze  
 Makes through December's leafless trees.  
 The chorus first could Allan know,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine, ho! iro!"  
 And near, and nearer as they rowed,  
 Distinct the martial ditty flowed.

## XIX.

## Boat Song.

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!  
 Honoured and blessed be the ever-green  
 Pine!  
 Long may the Tree in his banner that glances,  
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!  
 Heaven send it happy dew,  
 Earth lend it sap anew,  
 Gaily to burgeon, 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,  
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;  
 When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf  
 on the mountain,  
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.  
 Moored in the rifted rock,  
 Proof to the tempest's shock,  
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;  
 Menteith and Breadalbane, then,  
 Echo his praise agen,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

## XX.

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,  
 And Bannochar's groans to our slogan  
 replied;  
 Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking  
 in ruin,  
 And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on  
 her side.  
 Widow and Saxon maid  
 Long shall lament our raid,  
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with  
 woe;  
 Lennox and Leven-glen  
 Shake when they hear agen,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"  
 Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the High-  
 lands!  
 Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green  
 Pine!  
 Oh! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,  
 Were wreathed in a garland around him  
 to twine!  
 Oh that some seedling gem,  
 Worthy such noble stem,  
 Honour'd and blessed in their shadow  
 might grow!  
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then  
 Ring from her deepest glen,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

## XXI.

With all her joyful female band,  
 Had Lady Margaret sought the strand,  
 Loose on the breeze their tresses flew,  
 And high their snowy arms they threw,  
 As echoing back with shrill acclaim  
 And chorus wild the chieftain's name;  
 While, prompt to please, with mother's art,  
 The darling passion of his heart,  
 The Dame called Ellen to the strand,  
 To greet her kinsman ere he land;

"Come, loiterer, come! a Douglas thou,  
 And shun to wreathe a victor's brow?"  
 Reluctantly and slow, the maid  
 The unwelcome summoning obeyed,  
 And, when a distant bugle rung,  
 In the mid-path aside she sprung:—  
 "List, Allan-bane! from mainland east,  
 I hear my father's signal blast.  
 Be ours," she cried, "the skiff to guide,  
 And waft him from the mountain-side."  
 Then, like a sunbeam swift and bright,  
 She darted to her shallop light,  
 And, eagerly while Roderick scanned,  
 For her dear form, his mother's hand,  
 The islet far behind her lay,  
 And she had landed in the bay.

## XXII.

Some feelings are to mortals given,  
 With less of earth in them than heaven;  
 And if there be a human tear  
 From passion's dross refined and clear,  
 A tear so limpid and so meek,  
 It would not stain an angel's cheek,  
 'Tis that which pious fathers shed  
 Upon a duteous daughter's head!  
 And as the Douglas to his breast  
 His darling Ellen closely pressed,  
 Such holy drops her tresses steep'd,  
 Though 'twas an hero's eye that weep'd.  
 Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue  
 Her filial welcomes crowded hung,  
 Marked she, that fear (affection's proof)  
 Still held a graceful youth aloof;  
 No! not till Douglas named his name,  
 Although the youth was Malcolm Graeme.

## XXIII.

Allan, with wistful look the while,  
 Marked Roderick landing on the isle;  
 His master piteously he eyed,  
 Then gazed upon the chieftain's pride,  
 Then dashed, with hasty 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 glistening eye?  
 I'll tell thee:—he recalls the day,  
 When in my praise he led the lay  
 O'er the arched gate of Bothwell proud,  
 While many a minstrel answered loud,  
 When Percy's Norman pennon, won  
 In bloody field, before me shone,  
 And twice ten knights, the least a name  
 As mighty as yon chief may claim,

Gracing my pomp, behind me came.  
 Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud  
 Was I of all that marshalled crowd,  
 Though the waned crescent owned my might,  
 And in my train trooped 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 maid's affection dear,  
 A welcome give more kind and true,  
 Than aught my better fortunes knew.  
 Forgive, my friend, a father's boast;  
 Oh! it out-beggars all I lost!"

## XXIV.

Delightful praise! — like summer rose,  
 That brighter in the dew-drop glows,  
 The bashful maiden's cheek appeared—  
 For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.  
 The flush of shame-faced joy to hide,  
 The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide;  
 The loved caresses of the maid  
 The dogs with crouch and whimper paid;  
 And, at her whistle, on her hand  
 The falcon took his favourite stand,  
 Closed his dark wing, relaxed his eye,  
 Nor, though unhooded, sought to fly.  
 And trust, while in such guise she stood,  
 Like fabled Goddess of the Wood,  
 That if a father's partial thought  
 O'erweighed 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 fair, and slender frame,  
 But firmly knit, was Malcolm Græme.  
 The belted plaid and tartan hose  
 Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose;  
 His flaxen hair, of sunny hue,  
 Curled closely round his bonnet blue;  
 Trained to the chase, his eagle eye  
 The ptarmigan in snow could spy;  
 Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath,  
 He knew, through Lennox and Menteith;  
 Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe,  
 When Malcolm bent his sounding bow,  
 And scarce that doe, though winged with fear,  
 Outstripped in speed the mountaineer;  
 Right up Ben-Lomond could he press,  
 And not a sob his toll confess.  
 His form accorded with a mind  
 Lively and ardent, frank and kind;

A blither heart, till Ellen came,  
 Did never love nor sorrow tame;  
 It danced as lightsome in his breast,  
 As played 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 Græme.

## XXVI.

Now back they wend their watery way,  
 And, "Oh my sire!" did Ellen say,  
 "Why urge thy chase so far astray?  
 And why so late returned? And why"—  
 The rest was in her speaking eye.  
 "My child, the chase I follow far,  
 'Tis mimicry of noble war;  
 And with that gallant pastime reft  
 Were all of Douglas I have left.  
 I met young Malcolm as I strayed  
 Far eastward, in Glenfinlas' shade,  
 Nor strayed I safe; for, all around,  
 Hunters and horsemen scoured the ground.  
 This youth, though still a royal ward,  
 Risked life and land to be my guard,  
 And through the passes of the wood  
 Guided my steps, not unpursued;  
 And Roderick shall his welcome make,  
 Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake.  
 Then must he seek Strath-Endrick glen,  
 Nor peril aught for me agen."

## XXVII.

Sir Roderick, who to meet them came,  
 Reddened at sight of Malcolm Græme,  
 Yet, not in action, word, or eye,  
 Failed 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 seemed tolling in his head;  
 Ere he assembled round the flame,  
 His mother, Douglas, and the Græme,  
 And Ellen too; then cast around  
 His eyes, then fixed them on the ground,  
 As studying phrase that might avail  
 Best to convey unpleasant tale.  
 Long with his dagger's hilt he played,  
 Then raised his baughty brow, and said:—

## XXVIII.

" Short be my speech ;—nor time affords,  
 Nor my plain temper, glozing words.  
 Kinsman and father—if such name  
 Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim ;  
 Mine honoured mother ;—Ellen—why,  
 My cousin, turn away thine eye ?—  
 And Græme ; 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 sylvan game,  
 Themselves in bloody toils were snared,  
 And when the banquet they prepared,  
 And wide their loyal portals flung,  
 O'er their own gateway struggling hung.  
 Loud cries their blood from Meggat's mead,  
 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 sheep-walk waste and wide.  
 This tyrant of the Scottish throne,  
 So faithless, and so ruthless known,  
 Now hither comes ; his end the same,  
 The same pretext of sylvan 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 turned their ghastly look, each one,  
 This to her sire, that to her son.  
 The hasty colour went and came  
 In the bold cheek of Malcolm Græme ;  
 But, from his glance it well appeared,  
 'Twas but for Ellen that he feared ;  
 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 grey head  
 The royal bolt were fiercest sped.  
 For thee, who, at thy King's command,  
 Canst aid him with a gallant band,

Submission, homage, humbled pride,  
 Shall turn the Monarch's wrath aside.  
 Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart,  
 Ellen and I will seek, apart,  
 The refuge of some forest cell ;  
 There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,  
 Till, on the mountain and the moor,  
 The stern pursuit be passed and o'er."

## XXX.

" No, by mine honour !" Roderick said,  
 " So help me heaven, and my good blade !  
 No, never ! Blasted be yon pine,  
 My fathers' ancient crest, and mine,  
 If from its shade in danger part  
 The lineage of the Bleeding Heart !  
 Hear my blunt speech : grant me this maid  
 To wife, thy counsel to mine aid ;  
 To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu,  
 Will friends and allies flock enow ;  
 Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief,  
 Will bind to us each Western Chief.  
 When the loud pipes my bridal tell,  
 The Links of Forth shall hear the knell,  
 The guards shall start in Stirling's porch ;  
 And when I light the nuptial torch,  
 A thousand villages in flames,  
 Shall scare the slumbers of King James !  
 —Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away,  
 And, mother, cease these sighs, I pray ;  
 I meant not all my heat might say.  
 Small need of inroad, or of fight,  
 When the sage Douglas may unite  
 Each mountain clan in friendly band,  
 To guard the passes of their land,  
 Till the foiled King, from pathless glen,  
 Shall bootless turn him home agen."

## XXXI.

There are who have, at midnight hour,  
 In slumber scaled a dizzy tower,  
 And, on the verge that bectled o'er  
 The ocean-tide's incessant roar,  
 Dreamed calmly out their dangerous dream,  
 Till wakened by the morning beam ;  
 When, dazzled by the eastern glow,  
 Such startler cast his glance below,  
 And saw unmeasured depth around,  
 And heard unintermitted sound,  
 And thought the battled fence so frail,  
 It waved like cobweb in the gale ;  
 Amid his senses' giddy wheel,  
 Did he not desperate impulse feel,  
 Headlong to plunge himself below,  
 And meet the worst his fears forshew ?

Thus, Ellen, dizzy and astound,  
As sudden ruin yawned around,  
By crossing terrors wildly tossed,  
Still for the Douglas fearing most,  
Could scarce the desperate thought with-  
stand,  
To buy his safety with her hand.

## XXXII.

Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy  
In Ellen's quivering lip and eye,  
And eager rose to speak—but ere  
His tongue could hurry forth his fear,  
Had Douglas marked the hectic strife,  
Where death seemed combating with life;  
For to her cheek, in feverish flood,  
One instant rushed the throbbing blood,  
Then ebbing back, with sudden sway,  
Left its domain as wan as clay.  
"Roderick, enough! enough!" he cried,  
"My daughter cannot be thy bride;  
Not that, the blush to wooer dear,  
Nor paleness that, of maiden fear.  
It may not be—forgive her, chief,  
Nor hazard aught for our relief.  
Against his sovereign, Douglas ne'er  
Will level a rebellious spear.  
'Twas I that taught his youthful hand  
To rein a steed and wield a brand:  
I see him yet, the princely boy!  
Not Ellen more my pride and joy;  
I love him still, despite my wrongs,  
By hasty wrath, and slanderous tongues.  
Oh 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 darkened brow, where wounded pride  
With ire and disappointment vied,  
Seemed, by the torch's gloomy light,  
Like the ill Demon of the night,  
Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway  
Upon the nighted pilgrim's way:  
But, unrequited Love! thy dart  
Plunged deepest its envenomed smart,  
And Roderick, with thine anguish stung,  
At length the hand of Douglas wrung,  
While eyes, that mocked at tears before,  
With bitter drops were running o'er.  
The death-pangs of long-cherished hope  
Scarce in that ample breast had scope,  
But, struggling with his spirit proud,  
Convulsive heaved its chequered 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 Græme.

## XXXIV.

Then Roderick from the Douglas broke—  
As flashes flame through sable smoke,  
Kindling its wreaths, long, dark, and low,  
To one broad blaze of ruddy glow,  
So the deep anguish of despair  
Burst, in fierce jealousy, to air.  
With stalwart grasp his hand he laid  
On Malcolm's breast and belted plaid:—  
"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 delayed."  
Eager as greyhound on his game,  
Fiercely with Roderick grappled Græme.  
"Perish my name, if aught afford  
Its chieftain safety, save his sword!"  
Thus as they strove, their desperate hand  
Gripped to the dagger or the brand,  
And death had been—but Douglas rose,  
And thrust between the struggling foes  
His giant strength:—"Chieftains, forego!  
I hold the first who strikes, my foe.—  
Madmen, forbear your frantic jar!  
What! is the Douglas fallen so far,  
His daughter's hand is deemed the spoil  
Of such dishonourable broil!"  
Sullen and slowly, they unclasp,  
As struck with shame, their desperate grasp,  
And each upon his rival glared,  
With foot advanced, and blade half bared.

## XXXV.

Ere yet the brands aloft were flung,  
Margaret on Roderick's mantle hung,  
And Malcolm heard his Ellen's scream,  
As faltered through terrific dream.  
Then Roderick plunged in sheath his sword,  
And veiled his wrath in scornful word.  
"Rest safe till morning; pity 'twere  
Such cheek should feel the midnight air!  
Then mayest thou to James Stuart tell,  
Roderick will keep the lake and fell,  
Nor lackey, with his free-born clan,  
The pageant pomp of earthly man.  
More would he of Clan-Alpine know,  
Thou canst our strength and passes show.—



Malise, what ho!"—his henchman came;  
 "Give our safe conduct to the Græme."  
 Young Malcolm answered, calm and bold,  
 "Fear nothing for thy favourite hold.  
 The spot, an angel deigned to grace,  
 Is blessed, though robbers haunt the place;  
 Thy churlish courtesy for those  
 Reserve, who fear to be thy foes.  
 As safe to me the mountain way  
 At midnight, as in blaze of day,  
 Though, with his boldest at his back,  
 Even Roderick Dhu beset the track.—  
 Brave Douglas—lovely Ellen—nay,  
 Nought 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 sylvan bower.

## XXXVI.

Old Allan followed 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 Græme,  
 From those who to the signal came;  
 Far up the lake 'twere safest land,  
 Himself would row him to the strand.  
 He gave his counsel to the wind,  
 While Malcolm did, unheeding, bind,  
 Round dirk and pouch and broad-sword  
 rolled,  
 His ample plaid in tightened fold,  
 And stripped 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 pressed,  
 "Oh! 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 Græme,  
 Who loves the Chieftain of his name,  
 Not long shall honoured Douglas dwell,  
 Like hunted stag, in mountain cell;  
 Nor, ere yon pride-swollen robber dare—  
 I may not give the rest to air!—  
 Tell Roderick Dhu, I owed him nought,  
 Not the poor service of a boat,

To waft me to yon mountain side;"  
 Then plunged he in the flashing tide.  
 Bold o'er the flood his head he bore,  
 And stoutly steered him from the shore;  
 And Allan strained his anxious eye,  
 Far 'mid the lake his form to spy.  
 Darkening across each puny wave,  
 To which the moon her silver gave,  
 Fast as the cormorant could skim,  
 The swimmer plied each active limb;  
 Then landing in the moonlight dell,  
 Loud shouted of his weal to tell.  
 The Minstrel heard the far halloo,  
 And joyful from the shore withdrew.

## CANTO THIRD.

## THE GATHERING.

## I.

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The race  
 of yore,  
 Who danced our infancy upon their knee,  
 And told our marvelling boyhood legends  
 store,  
 Of their strange ventures happ'd by land  
 or sea,  
 How are they blotted from the things  
 that be!  
 How few, all weak and withered of their force,  
 Wait, on the verge of dark eternity,  
 Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning  
 hoarse,  
 To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls  
 his ceaseless course.

Yet live there still who can remember well,  
 How, when a mountain chief his bugle blew,  
 Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,  
 And solitary heath, the signal knew;  
 And fast the faithful clan around him drew,  
 What time the warning note was keenly  
 wound,  
 What time aloft their kindred banner flew,  
 While clamorous war-pipes yelled the ga-  
 thering sound,  
 And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a  
 meteor, round.

## II.

The summer dawn's reflected hue  
 To purple changed Loch-Katrine blue;  
 Mildly and soft the western breeze  
 Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,

And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,  
Trembled hut 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 Fancy's eye.  
The water-lily to the light  
Her chalice rear'd of silver bright;  
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,  
Begemmed with dewdrops, led her fawn;  
The grey mist left the mountain side,  
The torrent showed its glistening pride;  
Invisible in flecked sky,  
The lark sent down her revelry;  
The blackbird and the speckled thrush  
Good-morrow gave from brake and hush;  
In answer cooed the cushat dove,  
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

## III.

No thought of peace, no thought of rest,  
Assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast.  
With sheathed broadsword in his hand,  
Abrupt he paced the islet strand,  
And eyed the rising sun, and laid  
His hand on his impatient blade.  
Beneath a rock, his vassals' care  
Was prompt the ritual to prepare,  
With deep and deathful meaning fraught;  
For such Antiquity had taught  
Was preface meet, ere yet abroad  
The Cross of Fire should take its road.  
The shrinking band stood oft aghast  
At the impatient glance he cast;—  
Such glance the mountain eagle threw,  
As, from the cliffs of Ben-venue,  
She spread her dark sails on the wind,  
And high in middle heaven reeled,  
With her broad shadow on the lake,  
Silenced the warblers of the brake.

## IV.

A heap of withered 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 grised beard and matted hair  
Obscured a visage of despair;  
His naked arms and legs, seamed o'er,  
The scars of frantic penance bore.  
That Monk, of savage form and face,  
The impending danger of his race  
Had drawn from deepest solitude,  
Far in Benharrow's bosom rude.

Not his the mien of Christian priest,  
But Druid's, from the grave released,  
Whose hardened heart and eye might brook  
On human sacrifice to look.  
And much, 'twas said, of heathen lore  
Mixed in the charms he muttered o'er;  
The hallowed creed gave only worse  
And deadlier emphasis of curse.  
No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer,  
His cave the pilgrim shunned with care;  
The eager huntsman knew his bound,  
And in mid chase called off his hound;  
Or if, in lonely glen or strath,  
The desert-dweller met his path,  
He prayed, and signed the cross between,  
While terror took devotion's mien.

## V.

Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.  
His mother watched a midnight fold,  
Bullt deep within a dreary glen,  
Where scattered lay the bones of men,  
In some forgotten battle slain,  
And bleached by drifting wind and rain.  
It might have tamed a warrior's heart,  
To view such mockery of his art!  
The knot-grass fettered there the hand,  
Which once could burst an iron band;  
Beneath the broad and ample bone,  
That bucklered heart to fear unknown,  
A feeble and a timorous guest,  
The field-fare framed her lowly nest;  
There the slow blindworm left his slime  
On the fleet limbs that mocked at time;  
And there, too, lay the leader's skull,  
Still wreathed with chaplet flushed and full,  
For heathbell, with her purple bloom,  
Supplied the bonnet and the plume.  
All night, in this sad glen, the maid  
Sate, shrouded in her mantle's shade:  
—She said, no shepherd sought her side,  
No hunter's hand her snood untied,  
Yet ne'er again to braid her hair  
The virgin snood did Alice wear;  
Gone was her maiden glee and sport,  
Her maiden girdle all too short,  
Nor sought she, from that fatal night,  
Or holy church or blessed rite,  
But locked her secret in her breast,  
And died in travail, unconfessed.

## 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 received  
 What of his birth the crowd believed,  
 And sought, in mist and meteor fire,  
 To meet and know his Phantom Sire !  
 In vain to soothe his wayward fate,  
 The cloister oped her pitying gate ;  
 In vain, the learning of the age  
 Unclassed the sable-lettered 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'erstrung,  
 And heart with mystic horrors wrung,  
 Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,  
 And hid him from the haunts of men.

## VII.

The desert gave him visions wild,  
 Such as might suit the Spectre's child.  
 Where with black cliffs the torrents toil,  
 He watched the wheeling eddies boil,  
 Till, from their foam, his dazzled eyes  
 Beheld the river-demon rise ;  
 The mountain mist took form and limb  
 Of noontide hag, or goblin grim ;  
 The midnight wind came wild and dread,  
 Swelled with the voices of the dead ;  
 Far on the future battle-heath  
 His eye beheld the ranks of death :  
 Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurled,  
 Shaped forth a disembodied world.  
 One lingering sympathy of mind  
 Still bound him to the mortal kind ;  
 The only parent he could claim  
 Of ancient Alpine's lineage came.  
 Late had he heard, in prophet's dream,  
 The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream ;  
 Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,  
 Of charging steeds, careering fast  
 Along Benharrow's shingly side,  
 Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride ;  
 The thunderbolt had split the pine—  
 All augur'd ill to Alpine's line.  
 He girt his loins, and came to show  
 The signals of impending woe,  
 And now stood prompt to bless or ban,  
 As bade the Chieftain of his clan.

## VIII.

'Twas all prepared—and from the rock,  
 A goat, the patriarch of the flock,  
 Before the kindling pile was laid,  
 And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.  
 Patient the sickening victim eyed  
 The life-blood ebb in crimson eyed,  
 Down his clogged beard and shaggy limb,  
 Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim.  
 The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,  
 A slender crosslet framed with care.  
 A cubit's length in measure due ;  
 The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,  
 Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach wave  
 Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,  
 And, answering Lomond's breezes deep,  
 Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep.  
 The Cross, thus formed, he held on high,  
 With wasted hand and haggard eye,  
 And strange and mingled feelings woke,  
 While his anathema he spoke.

## IX.

" Woe to the clansman, who shall view  
 This symbol of sepulchral yew,  
 Forgetful that its branches grew  
 Where weep the heavens their holiest dew  
 On Alpine's dwelling low !  
 Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,  
 He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,  
 But, from his sires and kindred thrust,  
 Each clansman's execration just  
 Shall doom him wrath and woe."  
 He paused—the word the Vassals took,  
 With forward step, and fiery look,  
 On high their naked brands they shook,  
 Their clattering targets wildly strook ;  
 And first, in murmur low,  
 Then, like the billow in his course,  
 That far to seaward finds his source,  
 And flings to shore his mustered force,  
 Burst, with loud roar, their answer hoarse,  
 " Woe to the traitor, woe !"  
 Ben-an's grey scalp the accents knew,  
 The joyous wolf from covert drew,  
 The exulting eagle screamed afar—  
 They knew the voice of Alpine's war.

## X.

The shout was hushed on lake and fell,  
 The Monk resumed his muttered spell :  
 Dismal and low its accents came,  
 The while he scathed the Cross with flame ;  
 And the few words that reached the air,  
 Although the holiest name was there,  
 Had more of blasphemy than prayer.

But when he shook above the crowd  
 Its kindled points, he spoke aloud :—  
 " Woe to the wretch, who fails to rear  
 At this dread sign the ready spear !  
 For, as the flames this symbol sear,  
 His home, the refuge of his fear,

A kindred fate shall know ;  
 Far o'er its roof the volumed flame  
 Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,  
 While maids and matrons on his name  
 Shall call down wretchedness and shame,  
 And infamy and woe !"

Then rose the cry of females, shrill  
 As goss-hawk's whistle on the hill,  
 Denouncing misery and ill,  
 Mingled with childhood's babbling trill  
 Of curses stammered slow ;

Answering, with imprecation dread,  
 " Sunk be his home in embers red !  
 And cursed be the meanest shed  
 That e'er shall hide the houseless head  
 We doom to want and woe !"

A sharp and shrieking echo gave,  
 Coir-Uriskin, thy goblin cave !  
 And the grey pass where birches wave,  
 On Beala-nam-bo.

## XI.

Then deeper paused the priest anew,  
 And hard his labouring breath he drew,  
 While, with set teeth and clenched hand,  
 And eyes that glowed like fiery brand,  
 He meditated curse more dread,  
 And deadlier, on the clansman's head,  
 Who, summoned to his Chieftain's aid,  
 The signal saw and disobeyed.  
 The crosslet's points of sparkling wood,  
 He quenched among the bubbling blood,  
 And as again the sign he reared,  
 Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard :  
 " When flits this Cross from man to man,  
 Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,  
 Burst be the ear that fails to heed !  
 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 hearth !  
 As dies in hissing gore the spark,  
 Quench thou his light, Destruction dark !  
 And be the grace to him denied,  
 Bought by this sign to all beside !"  
 He ceased : no echo gave agen  
 The murmur of the deep Amen.

## XII.

Then Roderick, with impatient look,  
 From Brian's hand the symbol took :

" Speed, Malise, speed !" he said, and gave  
 The crosslet to his henchman brave ;  
 " The muster-place be Lanric mead—  
 Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed !"  
 Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,  
 A barge across Loch-Katrine flew ;  
 High stood the henchman on the prow ;  
 So rapidly the barge-men row,  
 The bubbles, where they launched the boat,  
 Were all unbroken and afloat,  
 Dancing in foam and ripple still,  
 When it had neared 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 fleetest foot was never tied,  
 Speed, Malise, speed ! such cause of haste  
 Thine active sinews never braced.  
 Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,  
 Burst down like torrent from its crest ;  
 With short and springing footstep pass  
 The trembling bog and false morass ;  
 Across the brook like roebuck bound,  
 And thread the brake like questing hound ;  
 The crag is high, the scaur is deep,  
 Yet shrink not from the desperate leap ;  
 Parched are thy burning lips and brow,  
 Yet by the fountain pause not now ;  
 Herald of battle, fate, and fear,  
 Stretch onward in thy fleet career !  
 The wounded hind thou track'st not now,  
 Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough,  
 Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace  
 With rivals in the mountain race ;  
 But danger, death, and warrior deed  
 Are in thy course—Speed, Malise, speed !

## XIV.

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,  
 In arms the huts and hamlets rise ;  
 From winding glen, from upland brown,  
 They poured each hardy tenant down,  
 Nor slack'd the messenger his pace ;  
 He showed the sign, he named the place,  
 And, pressing forward like the wind,  
 Left clamour and surprise behind.  
 The fisherman forsook the strand,  
 The swarthy smith took dirk and brand ;  
 With changed cheer, the mower blythe  
 Left in the half-cut swathe his scythe ;  
 The herds without a keeper strayed,  
 The plough was in mid-furrow staid,

The fal'ner tossed his hawk away,  
The hunter left the stag at bay;  
Prompt at the signal of alarms,  
Each son of Alpine rushed to arms;  
So swept the tumult and affray  
Along the margin of Achray.  
Alas, thou lovely lake! that e'er  
Thy banks should echo sounds of fear!  
The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep  
So stilly on thy bosom deep,  
The lark's blithe carol from the cloud,  
Seems for the scene too gaily loud.

## XV.

Speed, Malise, speed! the lake is past,  
Duncraggan's huts appear at last,  
And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen  
Half hidden in the copse so green;  
There may'st thou rest, thy labour done,  
Their Lord shall speed the signal on.  
As stoops the hawk upon his prey,  
The henchman shot him down the way.  
—What woeful accents load the gale?  
The funeral yell, the female wail!  
A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,  
A valiant warrior fights no more.  
Who, in the battle or the chase,  
At Roderick's side shall fill his place!—  
Within the hall, where torch's ray  
Supplies the excluded beams of day,  
Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,  
And o'er him streams his widow's tear.  
His stripling son stands mournful by,  
His youngest weeps, but mourns not why;  
The village maids and matrons round  
The dismal coronach \* resound.

## XVI.

## Coronach.

He is gone on the mountain,  
He is lost to the forest,  
Like a summer-dried fountain,  
When our need was the sorest.  
The fount, re-appearing,  
From the rain-drops shall borrow,  
But to us comes no cheering,  
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper  
Takes the ears that are hoary,  
But the voice of the weeper  
Wails manhood in glory;  
The autumn winds rushing  
Waft the leaves that are searest,  
But our flower was in flushing,  
When blighting was nearest.

\* Funeral Song. See Note.

Fleet foot on the corral,†  
Sage counsel in cumber,  
Red hand in the foray,  
How sound is thy slumber!  
Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain,  
Thou art gone, and for ever!

## XVII.

See Stumah, † who, the bier beside,  
His master's corpse with wonder eyed—  
Poor Stumah! whom his least halloo  
Could send like lightning o'er the dew,  
Bristles his crest, and points his ears,  
As if some stranger step he hears.  
'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread,  
Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead,  
But headlong haste, or deadly fear,  
Urge the precipitate career.  
All stand aghast:—unheeding all,  
The henchman bursts into the hall!  
Before the dead man's bier he stood,  
Held forth the Cross besmeared with blood!  
"The muster-place is Lanrick mead;  
Speed forth the signal! clansmen, speed!"

## XVIII.

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,  
Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign.  
In haste the stripling to his side  
His father's dirk and broad-sword tied;  
But when he saw his mother's eye  
Watch him in speechless agony,  
Back to her opened arms he flew,  
Pressed on her lips a fond adieu.  
"Alas!" she sobbed—"and yet be gone.  
And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son!"  
One look he cast upon the bier,  
Dashed from his eye the gathering tear,  
Breathed deep, to clear his labouring breast,  
And toss'd aloft his bonnet crest,  
Then, like the high-bred colt when freed  
First he essays his fire and speed,  
He vanished, 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 marked the henchman's eye  
Wet with unwonted sympathy,  
"Kinsman," she said, "his race is run,  
That should have sped thine errand on;

† Or corri. The hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies.

‡ Faithful. The name of a dog.

The oak has fallen—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 heft your blades that drew,  
To arms, and guard that orphan's head!  
Let babes and women wall the dead."  
Then weapon-clang, and martial call,  
Resounded through the funeral ball,  
While from the walls the attendant band  
Snatched sword and targe, with hurried band;  
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 borrowed force;  
Grief claimed his right, and tears their course.

## XIX.

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,  
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.  
O'er dale and hill the summons flew,  
Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew;  
The tear that gathered in his eye,  
He left the mountain breeze to dry;  
Until, where Teith's young waters roll,  
Betwixt him and a wooded knoll,  
That graced the sable strath with green,  
The chapel of Saint Bride was seen.  
Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge,  
But Angus paused not on the edge;  
Though the dark waves danced dizzily,  
Though reeled his sympathetic eye,  
He dashed amid the torrent's roar;  
His right hand high the crosslet bore,  
His left the pole-axe grasped, to guide  
And stay his footing in the tide.  
He stumbled twice—the foam splashed high,  
With hoarser swell the stream raced by;  
And bad he fallen—for ever there,  
Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir!  
But still, as if in parting life,  
Firmer he grasped the Cross of strife,  
Until the opposing bank he gained,  
And up the chapel pathway strained.

## XX.

A blithesome rout, that morning tide,  
Had sought the chapel of Saint Bride,  
Her troth Tombea's Mary gave  
To Norman, heir of Armandave,  
And, issuing from the Gothic arch,  
The bridal now resumed their march.  
In rude, but glad procession, came  
Bonneted sire and coil-clad dame;

And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,  
Which snooded maiden would not bear;  
And children, that, unwitting why,  
Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry;  
And minstrel, 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 church-yard gate?  
The messenger of fear and fate!  
Haste in his hurried accent lies,  
And grief is swimming in his eyes.  
All dripping from the recent flood,  
Panting and travel-soiled he stood,  
The fatal sign of fire and sword  
Held forth, and spoke the appointed word:  
"The muster-place is Lanrick mead;  
Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed?"  
And must he change so soon the hand,  
Just linked 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?  
Oh 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;  
Then, trusting not a second look,  
In haste he sped him up the brook,  
Nor backward glanced till on the heath  
Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the Teith.  
—What in the racer's bosom 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 manly thirst for martial fame;  
The stormy joy of mountaineers,  
Ere yet they rush upon the spears;

And zeal for clan and chieftain burning,  
 And hope, from well-fought field returning,  
 With war's red honours on his crest,  
 To clasp his Mary to his breast.  
 Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and brae,  
 Like fire from flint he glanced away,  
 While high resolve, and feeling strong,  
 Burst into voluntary song.

## XXIII.

## Song.

The heath this night must be my bed,  
 The bracken \* curtain for my head,  
 My lullaby the warder's tread,  
 Far, far from love and thee, Mary;  
 To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,  
 My couch may be my bloody plaid,  
 My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!

It will not waken me, Mary!

I 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 hurst 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 returned from conquered foes,  
 How blithely will the evening close,  
 How sweet the linnets sing repose  
 To my young bride and me, Mary!

## XXIV.

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,  
 Balquidder, speeds the midnight haze,  
 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  
 Alarmed, Balvaig, thy swampy course;  
 Thence southward turned its rapid road  
 Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad,  
 Till rose in arms each man might claim  
 A portion in Clan-Alpine's name;

\* Bracken—Fern.

From the grey sire, whose trembling hand  
 Could hardly buckle on his brand,  
 To the raw hoy, whose shaft and bow  
 Were yet scarce terror to the crow.  
 Each valley, each sequestered glen,  
 Mustered its little horde of men,  
 That met as torrents from the height,  
 In Highland dale 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 trained to arms since life began,  
 Owning no tie but to his clan,  
 No oath, but hy his Chieftain's hand,  
 No law, but Roderick Dhu's command.

## XXV.

That summer morn had Roderick Dhu,  
 Surveyed the skirts of Ben-Venue,  
 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 Græme and Bruce;  
 In Rednock courts no horsemen wait,  
 No banner waved on Cardross gate,  
 On Duchray's towers no beacon shone,  
 Nor scared the herons from Loch-Con;  
 All seemed at peace.—Now, wot ye why  
 The Chieftain, with such anxious eye,  
 Ere to the muster he repair,  
 This western frontier scanned with care?—  
 In Ben-venue's most darksome cleft,  
 A fair, though cruel pledge was left;  
 For Douglas, to his promise true,  
 That morning from the isle withdrew,  
 And in a deep sequestered dell  
 Had sought a low and lonely cell.  
 By many a hard in Celtic tongue,  
 Has Coir-nan-Urishin been sung:  
 A softer name the Saxons gave,  
 And called 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,  
 Yawned like a gash on warrior's breast;  
 Its trench had stayed full many a rock,  
 Hurl'd by primeval earthquake shock  
 From Ben-venue's grey summit wild,  
 And here, in random ruin piled,  
 They frowned incumbent o'er the spot,  
 And formed the rugged sylvan grot.  
 The oak and hirsch, with mingled shade,  
 At noontide there a twilight made,

Unless when short and sudden shone,  
 Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,  
 With such a glimpse as prophet's eye  
 Gains on thy depth, Futurity.  
 No murmur waked the solemn still,  
 Save tinkling of a fountain rill;  
 But when the wind chafed with the lake,  
 A sullen sound would upward break,  
 With dashing hollow voice, that spoke  
 The incessant war of wave and rock.  
 Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway,  
 Seemed nodding o'er the cavern grey.  
 From such a den the wolf had sprung,  
 In such the wild cat leaves her young;  
 Yet Douglas and his daughter fair,  
 Sought, for a space their safety there.  
 Grey Superstition's whisper dread  
 Debarred the spot to vulgar tread;  
 For there, she said, did fays resort,  
 And satyrs\* hold their sylvan 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,  
 Repassed the heights of Ben-venue.  
 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 Achray,  
 And place his clansmen in array.  
 Yet lags the Chief in musing mind,  
 Unwonted sight, his men behind.  
 A single page, to bear his sword,  
 Alone attended on his lord;  
 The rest their way through thickets break,  
 And soon await him by the lake.  
 It was a fair and gallant sight,  
 To view them from the neighbouring height,  
 By the low-levelled sunbeam's light;  
 For strength and stature, from the clan  
 Each warrior was a chosen man,  
 As even afar might well be seen,  
 By their proud step and martial mien.  
 Their feathers dance, their tartans float,  
 Their targets gleam, as by the boat  
 A wild and warlike group they stand,  
 That well became such mountain strand.

\* The *Urisk*, or Highland satyr. See note.

## XXVIII.

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?  
 It is the harp of Allan-bane,  
 That wakes its measure slow and high,  
 Attuned to sacred minstrelsy.  
 What melting voice attends the strings?  
 'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings.

## XXIX.

## Hymn to the Virgin.

*Ave Maria!* maiden mild!  
 Listen to a maiden's prayer!  
 Thou canst hear though from the wild,  
 Thou canst save amid despair.  
 Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,  
 Though banished, outcast, and reviled—  
 Maiden, hear a maiden's prayer!  
 Mother, hear a suppliant child!  
*Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria!* undefiled!  
 The stinty couch we now must share,  
 Shall seem with down of cedar piled,  
 If thy protection hover there.  
 The murky cavern's heavy air  
 Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;  
 Then, Maiden, hear a maiden's prayer!  
 Mother, list a suppliant child!  
*Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria!* Stainless styled!  
 Foul demons of the earth and air,  
 From this their wonted haunt exiled,  
 Shall flee before thy presence fair.



We bow us to our lot of care,  
Beneath thy guidance reconciled;  
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer!  
And for a father hear a child!

*Aus Maria!*

XXX.

Died on the harp the closing hymn—  
Unmoved in attitude and limb,  
As listening 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 thrice—"the last time e'er  
That angel-voice shall Roderick hear!"  
It was a goading thought—his stride  
Hied hastier down the mountain side;  
Sullen he flung him in the boat,  
And instant 'cross the lake it shot.  
They landed in that silvery bay,  
And eastward held their hasty way,  
Till with the latest beams of light,  
The band arrived on Lanrick height,  
Where mustered in the vale below,  
Clan-Alpine's men in martial show.

XXXI.

A various scene the clansmen made,  
Some sate, some stood, some slowly strayed;  
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 matched 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 Chieftain's eagle plume,  
Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide,  
Shook the steep mountain's steady side.  
Thrice it arose, and lake and fell  
Three times returned the martial yell.  
It died upon Bochastle's plain,  
And Silence claimed her evening reign.

CANTO FOURTH.

THE PROPHECY.

I.

"THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,  
And hope is brightest when it dawns from  
fears;

The rose is sweetest washed with morning  
dew,  
And love is loveliest when embalmed in  
tears.

Oh wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,  
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,  
Emblem of hope and love through future  
years!"

Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Arman-  
dave,

What time the sun arose on Vennachar's  
broad wave.

II.

Such fond conceit, half said, half sung,  
Love prompted to the bridegroom's tongue.  
All while he stripped the wild-rose spray,  
His axe and bow beside him lay,  
For on a pass 'twixt lake and wood,  
A wakeful sentinel he stood.  
Hark!—on the rock a footstep rung,  
And instant to his arms he sprung.  
"Stand, or thou diest!—What, Malise!—  
soon

Art thou returned from Braes of Doune.  
By thy keen step and glance I know,  
Thou bring'st us tidings of the foe."  
(For while the Fiery Cross hied on,  
On distant scout had Malise gone.)  
"Where sleeps the Chief?" the benchman  
said.

"Apart, in yonder misty glade;  
To his lone couch I'll be your guide."  
Then called a slumberer by his side,  
And stirred him with his slackened 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 bouné,  
At prompt command, to march from Doune;  
King James, the while, with princely powers,  
Holds revelry in Stirling towers.  
Soon will this dark and gathering cloud  
Speak on our glens in thunder loud,  
Inured to bide such bitter bout,  
The warriors plaid may hear 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 Taghairn called; by which, afar,  
Our sires foresaw the events of war.  
Dunraggan'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 glowed like fiery spark;  
So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet,  
Sore did he cumber our retreat,  
And kept our stoutest kerns in awe,  
Even at the pass of Beal 'maha.  
But steep and flinty was the road,  
And sharp the hurrying pikeman's goad,  
And when we came to Dennan's Row,  
A child might scatheless stroke his brow."

## V.

## NORMAN.

"That hull was slain: his reeking hide  
They stretched the cataract beside,  
Whose waters their wild tumult toss  
Adown the black and craggy boss  
Of that huge cliff, whose ample verge  
Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.  
Couched on a shelf beneath its brink,  
Close where the thundering torrents sink,  
Rocking beneath their headlong sway,  
And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,  
Midst groan of rock, and roar of stream,  
The wizard waits prophetic dream.  
Nor distant rests the Chief;—but hush!  
See, gliding slow through mist and bush,  
The Hermit gains yon rock, and stands  
To gaze upon our slumbering bands.  
Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost,  
That hovers o'er a slaughtered host?"

Or raven on the blasted oak,  
That, watching while the deer is broke,\*  
His morsel claims with sullen 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, gleaned from heaven or hell,  
Yon fiend-begotten monk can tell.  
The Chieftain joins him, see—and now  
Together they descend the brow."

## VI.

And as they came, with Alpine's Lord  
The Hermit Monk held solemn word:  
"Roderick! it is a fearful strife,  
For man endowed with mortal life,  
Whose shroud of sentient clay can still  
Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,  
Whose eye can stare in stony trance,  
Whose hair can rouse like warrior's lance—  
'Tis hard for such to view, unfur'd,  
The curtain of the future world.  
Yet witness every quaking limb,  
My sunken pulse, mine eyeballs dim,  
My soul with barrowing anguish torn,  
Thus for my Chieftain have I borne!  
The shapes that sought my fearful couch,  
An human tongue may ne'er avouch;  
No mortal man—save he, who, bred  
Between the living and the dead,  
Is gifted beyond nature's law,  
Had e'er survived to say he saw.  
At length the fatal answer came,  
In characters of living flame!  
Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll,  
But borne and branded on my soul;  
WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FORMAN'S  
LIFE,  
THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE."

## VII.

"Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care!  
Good is thine augury, and fair.  
Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood,  
But first our broad-swords tasted blood;  
A surer victim still I know,  
Self-offered to the auspicious blow:  
A spy hath sought my land this morn,  
No eve shall witness his return!  
My followers guard each pass's mouth,  
To east, to westward, and to south;

\* Quartered. See note.

Red Murdoch, bribed to be his guide,  
Has charge to lead his steps aside,  
Till, in deep path or dingle brown,  
He light on those shall bring him down.  
But see, who comes his news to show!  
Mallse! 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 marked the sable pale of Mar."  
"By Alpine's soul, high tidings those!  
I love to hear of worthy foes.  
When move they on?" "To-morrow's noon  
Will see them here for battle bounè."  
"Then shall it see a meeting stern!—  
But, for the place—say, couldst thou learn  
Nought of the friendly clans of Earn?  
Strengthened by them we well might bide  
The battle on Benedi's side.  
Thou couldst not?—well! Clan-Alpine's  
men

Shall man the Trosachs' shaggy glen;  
Within Loch-Katrine's gorge we'll fight,  
All in our maids' and matrons' sight,  
Each for his hearth and household fire,  
Father for child and son for sire—  
Lover for maid beloved!—but why—  
Is it the breeze affects mine eye?  
Or dost thou come, ill-omened tear!  
A messenger of doubt or fear?  
No! Sooner may the Saxon lance  
Unfix Benedi from his stance,  
Than doubt or terror can pierce through  
The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu!  
'Tis stubborn as his trusty targe,—  
Each to his post!—all know their charge."  
The pibroch sounds, the bands advance,  
The broad-swords gleam, the banners dance,  
Obedient to the Chieftain's glance.—  
I turn me from the martial roar,  
And seek Colr-Uriskin once more.

## IX.

Where is the Douglas?—he is gone;  
And Ellen sits on the grey stone  
Fast by the cave, and makes her moan;  
While vainly Allan's words of cheer  
Are poured 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 caw'd by the approaching storm.

I saw their boats, with many a light,  
Floating the live-long yesternight,  
Shifting like flashes darted forth  
By the red streamers of the north;  
I marked at morn how close they ride,  
Thick moored 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,  
Douglass a parting blessing gave,  
The tear that glistened in his eye  
Drowned not his purpose fixed and high.  
My soul, though feminine and weak,  
Can image his; e'en as the lake,  
Itself disturbed by slightest stroke,  
Reflects the invulnerable rock.  
He hears reports of battle rife,  
He deems himself the cause of strife.  
I saw him redden, when the theme  
Turned, Allan, on thine idle dream,  
Of Malcolm Græme in fetters bound,  
Which I, thou said'st, about him wound.  
Think'st thou he trow'd thine omen aught?  
Oh no! 'twas apprehensive thought  
For the kind youth—for Roderick too—  
(Let me be just) that friend so true;  
In danger both, and in our cause!  
Minstrel, the Douglas dare not pause.  
Why else that solemn warning given,  
'If not on earth, we meet in heaven!'  
Why else, to Cambus-kenneth's fane,  
If e'er return him not again,  
Am I to lie and make me known?  
Alas! he goes to Scotland's throne,  
Buys his friends' 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 Græme,  
Heaven's blessing on his gallant name!  
My visioned sight may yet prove true,  
Nor bode of ill to him or you.

When did my gifted dream beguile?  
 Think of the stranger at the isle,  
 And think upon the harpings slow,  
 That presaged this approaching woe!  
 Sooth was my prophecy of fear;  
 Believe it when it augurs cheer.  
 Would we had left this dismal spot!  
 Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot.  
 Of such, a wond'rous tale I know—  
 Dear lady, change that look of woe!  
 My heart 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 green-wood,  
 When the mavis\* and merlet are singing,  
 When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds  
 are in cry,  
 And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"Oh Alice Brand! my native land  
 Is lost for love of you;  
 And we must hold by wood and wold,  
 As outlaws wont to do.

"Oh Alice! 'twas all for thy locks so bright,  
 And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,  
 That on the night of our luckless flight,  
 Thy brother bold I slew.

"Now must I teach to hew the beech,  
 The hand that held the glaive,  
 For leaves to spread our lowly bed,  
 And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,  
 That wont on harp to stray,  
 A cloak must shear from the slaughtered  
 To keep the cold away." [deer,

"O Richard! if my brother died,  
 'Twas but a fatal chance;  
 For darkling was the battle tried,  
 And Fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and vair no more I wear,  
 Nor thou the crimson sheen,  
 As warm, we'll say, is the russet grey,  
 As gay the forest-green.

\* Thrush.

† Blackbird.

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard,  
 And lost thy native land,  
 Still Alice has her own Richard,  
 And he his Alice Brand."

XIII.

## Ballad continued.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good green-wood,  
 So blithe Lady Alice is singing;  
 On the beech's pride, and the oak's brown  
 side,  
 Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,  
 Who wonn'd within the hill—  
 Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,  
 His voice was ghostly shrill.

"Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,  
 Our moonlight circle's screen?  
 Or who comes here to chase the deer,  
 Beloved of our Elfin Queen?  
 Or who may dare on wold to wear  
 The fairy's fatal green?"

"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal bie,  
 For thou wert christened man;  
 For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,  
 For muttered word or ban.

"Lay on him the curse of the withered 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 green-wood,  
 Though the birds have stilled their singing;  
 The evening blaze doth Alice raise,  
 And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,  
 Before Lord Richard stands,  
 And, and as he crossed 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 loud thou liest, thou hold of mood!  
 It cleaves unto his hand,  
 The stain of thine own kindly blood,  
 The blood of Ethert Brand."

Then forward stepp'd she, Alice Brand,  
 And made the holy sign—  
 "And if there's blood on Richard's hand,  
 A spotless hand is mine.  
 "And I conjure thee, Demon elf,  
 By Him whom Demons fear,  
 To show us whence thou art thyself,  
 And what thine errand here?"

## XV.

## Ballad continued.

"'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land,  
 When fairy birds are singing,  
 When the court doth ride by their monarch's  
 side,  
 With bit and bridle ringing :  
 "And gaily shines the Fairy-land—  
 But all is glistening show,  
 Like the idle gleam that December's beam  
 Can dart on ice and snow.  
 "And fading, like that varied gleam,  
 Is our inconstant shape,  
 Who now like knight and lady seem,  
 And now like dwarf and ape.  
 "It was between the night and day,  
 When the Fairy King has power,  
 That I sunk down in a sinful fray,  
 And, 'twixt life and death, was snatched away  
 To the joyless Elfin bower.  
 "But wist I of a woman bold,  
 Who thrice my brow durst sign,  
 I might regain my mortal mold  
 As fair a form as thine."  
 She crossed him once—she crossed him  
 twice—  
 That lady was so brave;  
 The fouler grew his goblin hue,  
 The darker grew the cave.  
 She crossed him thrice, that lady bold;  
 He rose beneath her hand  
 The fairest knight on Scottish mold,  
 Her brother, Ethert Brand!  
 Merry it is in the good green-wood,  
 When the mavis and merle are singing,  
 But merrier were they in Dunfermline grey,  
 When all the bells were ringing.

## XVI.

Just as the minstrel sounds were staid,  
 A stranger climbed the steepy glade;  
 His martial step, his stately mien,  
 His hunting suit of Lincoln green,

His eagle glance remembrance claims—  
 'Tis Snowdoun's Knight, 'tis James Fitz-  
 Ellen beheld as in a dream, [James!  
 Then starting, scarce suppressed a scream :  
 "Oh stranger, in such hour of fear,  
 What evil hap has brought thee here?"  
 "An evil hap how can it be,  
 That bids me look again on thee?  
 By promise bound, my former guide  
 Met me betimes this morning tide,  
 And marshal'd, over bank and bourne,  
 The happy path of my return."  
 "The happy path!—what! said he nought  
 Of war, of battle to be fought,  
 Of guarded pass?"—"No, by my faith!  
 Nor saw I aught could augur scathe."——  
 "Oh 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 honour's weighed 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——"  
 "Oh! 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 atone  
 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  
 Outlawed and exiled, under ban;  
 The price of blood is on his head,  
 With me 'twere infamy to wed.—

Still would'st 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 sealed her Malcolm's doom,  
And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.  
Hope vanished from Fitz-James's eye,  
But not with hope fled sympathy.  
He proffered to attend her side,  
As brother would a sister guide.—  
"Oh! little knowest thou Roderick's heart!  
Safer for both we go apart.  
Oh haste thee, and from Allan learn,  
If thou may'st trust yon wily kern."  
With hand upon his forehead laid,  
The conflict of his mind to shade,  
A parting step or two he made;  
Then, as some thought had crossed his brain,  
He paused, and turned, 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.  
Ellen, I am no courtly lord,  
But one who lives by lance and sword,  
Whose castle is his helm and shield,  
His lordship, the embattled field.  
What from a prince can I demand,  
Who neither reck of state nor land?  
Ellen, thy hand—the ring is thine;  
Each guard and usher knows the sign.  
Seek thou the king without delay;  
This signet shall secure thy way,  
And claim thy suit, whate'er it be,  
As ransom of his pledge to me."  
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,  
Noontide was sleeping on the hill:  
Sudden his guide whooped loud and high—  
"Murdoch! was that a signal cry?"  
He stammered forth—"I shout to scare  
Yon raven from his dainty fare."  
He looked—he knew the raven's prey,  
His own brave steed:—"Ah! gallant grey!  
For thee—for me perchance—'twere well  
We ne'er had seen the Trosach's dell—  
Murdoch, move first—but silently;  
Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die!"  
Jealous and sullen on they fared,  
Each silent, each upon his guard.

## XXI.

Now wound the path its dizzy ledge  
Around a precipice's edge,  
When lo! a wasted female form,  
Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,  
In tattered weeds and wild array,  
Stood on a cliff beside the way,  
And glancing round her restless eye  
Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,  
Seemed nought to mark, yet all to spy.  
Her brow was wreathed with gaudy broom;  
With gesture wild she waved a plume  
Of feathers, which the eagles fling  
To crag and cliff from dusky wing;  
Such spoils her desperate step had sought,  
Where scarce was footing for the goat.  
The tartan plaid she first descried,  
And shrieked, till all the rocks replied;  
As loud she laughed when near they drew,  
For then the lowland garb she knew;  
And then her hands she wildly wrung,  
And then she wept, and then she sung,  
She sung!—the voice, in better time,  
Perchance to harp or lute might chime;  
And now, though strained and roughened, still  
Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

## XXII.

## Song.

"They hid me sleep, they hid me pray,  
They say my brain is warped 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 drowned in blood the morning smile!  
And woe betide the fairy dream!  
I only waked to sob and scream."

## XXIII.

"Who is this maid? what means her lay?  
She hovers o'er the hollow way,  
And flutters wide her mantle grey,  
As the lone heron spreads his wing,  
By twilight o'er a haunted spring."  
"Tis Blanche of Devan," Murdoch said,  
"A crazed and captive lowland maid,  
Ta'en on the morn she was a bride,  
When Roderick forayed Devan-side.  
The gay bridegroom resistance made,  
And felt our Chief's unconquered blade.  
I marvel she is now at large,  
But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's charge;—  
Hence, brain-sick fool!" He raised his bow:  
"Now, if thou strikest her but one blow,  
I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far  
As ever peasant pitched a bar."—  
"Thanks, champion, thanks!" the Maniac  
cried,

And pressed her to Fitz-James's side.  
"See the grey pennons I prepare,  
To seek my true-love through the air!  
I will not lend that savage groom,  
To break his fall, one downy plume!  
No!—deep amid disjointed stones,  
The wolves shall batten on his bones,  
And then shall his detested plaid,  
By bush and briar in mid-air staid,  
Wave forth a banner fair and free,  
Meet signal for their revelry."

## XXIV.

"Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!"  
"Oh! thou look'st kindly, and I will.  
Mine eye has dried and wasted been,  
But still it loves the Lincoln green;  
And, though mine ear is all unstrung,  
Still, still it loves the lowland tongue.

"For oh my sweet William was forester true,  
He stole poor Blanche's heart away!  
His coat it was all of the greenwood hue,  
And so blithely he trilled 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 fixed her apprehensive eye;  
Then turned it on the Knight, and then  
Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

## XXV.

"The toils are pitched, and the stakes are set,  
Ever sing merrily, merrily;  
The bows they bend, and the knives they  
whet,  
Hunters live so cheerily.

"It was a stag, a stag of ten,\*  
Bearing his branches sturdily;  
He came stately down the glen,  
Ever sing hardily, hardily.

"It was there he met with a wounded doe,  
She was bleeding deathfully;  
She warned him of the toils below,  
Oh so faithfully! faithfully!

"He had an eye, and he could heed,  
Ever sing warily, warily;  
He had a foot, and he could speed—  
Hunters watch so narrowly."

## XXVI.

Fitz-James's mind was passion-toss'd,  
When Ellen's hints and fears were lost;  
But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought,  
And Blanche's song conviction brought.  
Not like a stag that spies the snare,  
But lion of the hunt aware,  
He waved at once his blade on high,  
"Disclose thy treachery, or die!"  
Forth at full speed the Clansman flew,  
But in his race his bow he drew:  
The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest,  
And thrilled in Blanche's faded breast,  
Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed,  
For ne'er had Alpine's son such need!  
With heart of fire, and foot of wind,  
The fierce avenger is behind!  
Fate judges of the rapid strife—  
The forfeit, death—the prize is life!  
Thy kindred ambush lies before,  
Close couched upon the heathery moor;  
Them couldst thou reach!—it may not be—  
Thine ambushed kin thou ne'er shalt see,  
The fiery Saxon gains on thee!

\* Having ten branches on his antlers.

—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;  
Then slower wended back his way,  
Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

## XXVII.

She sate beneath the birchen-tree,  
Her elbow resting on her knee;  
She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,  
And gazed on it, and feebly laughed;  
Her wreath of broom and feathers grey,  
Daggled with blood, beside her lay.  
The Knight to stanch the life-stream  
"Stranger it is in vain!" she cried; [tried—  
"This hour of death has given me more  
Of reason's power than years before;  
For, as these ebbing veins decay,  
My frenzied visions fade away.  
A helpless injured wretch I die,  
And something tells me in thine eye,  
That thou wert mine avenger born.—  
Seest thou this tress?—Oh! still I've worn  
This little tress of yellow hair,  
Through danger, frenzy, and despair!  
It once was bright and clear as thine,  
But blood and tears have dimmed its shine.  
I will not tell thee when 'twas shred,  
Nor from what gulltless victim's head—  
My brain would turn!—but it shall wave  
Like plumage on thy helmet brave,  
Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain,  
And thou wilt bring it me again.  
I waver still!—Oh God! more bright  
Let Reason beam her parting light!—  
Oh! by thy knighthood's honoured sign,  
And for thy life preserved by mine,  
When thou shalt see a darksome man,  
Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's clan,  
With tartans broad and shadowy plume,  
And hand of blood, and brow of gloom,  
Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,  
And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong!—  
They watch for thee by pass and fell—  
Avoid the path—Oh God!—farewell!"

## XXVIII.

A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James,  
Fast poured his eye at pity's claims;  
And now, with mingled grief and ire,  
He saw the murdered maid expire.  
"God, in my need, be my relief,  
As I wreak this on yonder Chief!"—

A lock from Blanche's tresses fair  
He blended with her bridegroom's hair;  
The mingled braid in blood he dyed,  
And placed it on his bonnet-side:  
"By Him whose word is truth! I swear,  
No other favour will I wear,  
Till this sad token I imbrue  
In the best blood of Roderick Dhu!  
But hark! what means yon faint halloo?  
The chase is up—but they shall know,  
The stag at bay's a dangerous foe."  
Barred from the known but guarded way,  
Through copse and cliffs Fitz-James must  
stray,  
And oft must change his desperate track,  
By stream and precipice turned back.  
Heartless, fatigued, and faint, at length,  
From lack of food and loss of strength,  
He couch'd him in a thicket hoar,  
And thought his toils and perils o'er:—  
"Of all my rash adventures past,  
This frantic feat must prove the last!  
Who e'er so mad but might have guess'd,  
That all this highland hornet's nest  
Would muster up in swarms so soon  
As e'er they heard of bands at Doune?  
Like bloodhounds now they search me out—  
Hark, to the whistle and the shout!  
If farther through the wilds I go,  
I only fall upon the foe;  
I'll couch me here till evening grey,  
Then darkling try my dangerous way."

## XXIX.

The shades of eve come slowly down,  
The woods are wrapped in deeper brown,  
The owl awakens from her dell,  
The fox is heard upon the fell;  
Enough remains of glimmering light  
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,  
Yet not enough from far to show  
His figure to the watchful foe.  
With cautious step, and ear awake,  
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;  
And not the summer solstice, there,  
Temper'd the midnight mountain air,  
But every breeze that swept the wold,  
Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.  
In dread, in danger, and alone,  
Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,  
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;  
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,  
A watch-fire close before him burned.

## XXX.

Beside its embers red and clear,  
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer;



And up he sprung with sword in hand—  
 "Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"  
 "A stranger."—"What dost thou require?"  
 "Rest and a guide, and food and fire.  
 My life's beset, my path is lost,  
 The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."  
 "Art thou a friend to Roderick?" "No."—  
 "Thou darrest not call thyself a foe?"  
 "I dare! to him and all the band  
 He brings to aid his murderous hand."  
 "Bold words!—but, though the beast of  
 game

The privilege of chase may claim,  
 Though space and law the stag we lend,  
 Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,  
 Who ever reck'd where, how, or when,  
 The prowling fox was trapped or slain?  
 Thus, treacherous scouts—yet sure they lie,  
 Who say thou comest 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 may'st thou know,  
 Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."  
 "Enough, enough; sit down and share  
 A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

## XXXI.

He gave him of his highland cheer,  
 The hardened flesh of mountain deer;  
 Dry fuel on the fire he laid,  
 And bade the Saxon share his plaid.  
 He tended him like welcome guest,  
 Then thus his further speech addressed:  
 "Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu  
 A clansman born, a kinsman true;  
 Each word against his honour spoke,  
 Demands of me avenging stroke;  
 Yet more—upon thy fate, 'tis said,  
 A mighty augury is laid.  
 It rests with me to wind my horn,—  
 Thou art with numbers overborne;  
 It rests with me, here, brand to brand,  
 Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:  
 But not for clan, nor kindred's cause,  
 Will I depart from honour's laws;  
 To assail a wearied man were shame,  
 And stranger is a holy name;  
 Guidance and rest, and food and fire,  
 In vain he never must require.  
 Then rest thee here till dawn of day;  
 Myself will guide thee on the way,

O'er stock and stone, through watch and  
 ward,

Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,  
 As far as Coilantogle'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 gathered 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.

## CANTO FIFTH.

## THE COMBAT.

## I.

FAIR as the earliest beam of eastern light,  
 When first, by the bewildered pilgrim  
 spied,  
 It smiles upon the dreary brow of night.  
 And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,  
 And lights the fearful path on mountain  
 side;  
 Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,  
 Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,  
 Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright  
 star,  
 Through all the wreckful storms that cloud  
 the brow of War.

## II.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,  
 Was twinkling through the hazel screen,  
 When, rousing at its glimmer red,  
 The warriors left their lowly bed,  
 Looked out upon the dappled sky,  
 Muttered their soldier matins by,  
 And then awaked their fire, to steal,  
 As short and rude, their soldier meal.  
 That o'er, the Gael\* around him threw  
 His graceful plaid of varied hue,  
 And, true to promise, led the way,  
 By thicket green and mountain grey.  
 A wildering path! they winded now  
 Along the precipice's brow,  
 Commanding the rich scenes beneath,  
 The windings of the Forth and Teith,  
 And all the vales between that lie,  
 Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;

\* The Scottish Highlander calls himself *Gael*, or *Gaul*, and terms the Lowlanders *Saxons*, or *Saxons*.

Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance  
Gained not the length of horseman's lance.  
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain  
Assistance from the hand to gain;  
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,  
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew—  
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,  
It rivals all but Beauty's tear.

## III.

At length they came where, stern and steep,  
The hill sinks down upon the deep.  
Here Vennachar in silver flows,  
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose;  
Ever the hollow path twined on,  
Beneath steep bank and threatening stoop;  
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 copse in rivalry.  
But where the lake slept deep and still,  
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;  
And oft both path and hill were torn,  
Where wintry torrents down had borne,  
And heaped upon the cumbered 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 asked 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 dreamed not now to claim its aid.  
When here, but three days since, I came,  
Bewildered in pursuit of game,  
All seemed as peaceful and as still,  
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;  
Thy dangerous chief was then afar,  
Nor soon expected back from war.  
Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,  
Though deep, perchance, the villain lied."  
"Yet why a second venture try?"  
"A warrior thou, and ask me why!  
Moves our free course by such fixed cause,  
As gives the poor mechanic laws?  
Enough, I sought to drive away  
The lazy hours of peaceful day;

Slight cause will then suffice to guide  
A Knight's free footsteps far and wide,  
A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,  
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 nought of Lowland war,  
Against Clan-Alpine raised by Mar?"—  
"No, by my word; of hands prepared  
To guard King James's sports I heard;  
Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear  
This muster of the mountaineer,  
Their pennons will abroad be flung,  
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."  
"Free be they flung!—for we were loth  
Their silken folds should feast the moth.  
Free be they flung!—as free shall wave  
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.  
But, stranger, peaceful since you came,  
Bewildered in the mountain game,  
Whence the bold boast by which you show  
Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?"—  
"Warrior, but yester-morn I knew  
Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,  
Save as an outlaw'd desperate man,  
The chief of a rebellious clan,  
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,  
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;  
Yet this alone might from his part  
Sever each true and loyal heart."

## VI.

Wrothful at such arraignment foul,  
Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.  
A space he paused, then sternly said—  
"And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?  
Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow  
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?  
What reck'd the Chieftain, if he stood  
On highland heath or Holy-Rood?  
He rights such wrong where it is given,  
If it were in the court of heaven."  
"Still was it outrage;—yet, 'tis true,  
Not then claimed sovereignty his due;  
While Albany, with feeble hand,  
Held borrowed truncheon of command,  
The young king, mew'd in Stirling tower,  
Was stranger to respect and power.  
But then, thy Chieftain's robber life!—  
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,  
Wrenching from ruined lowland swain  
His herds and harvest reared in vain—

Methinks a soul like thine should scorn  
The spoils from such foul foray borne."

## VII.

The Gael beheld him grim the while,  
And answered with disdainful smile—  
"Saxon, from yonder mountain high,  
I marked thee send delighted eye,  
Far to the south and east, where lay,  
Extended in succession gay,  
Deep waving fields and pastures green,  
With gentle slopes and groves between:—  
These fertile plains, that softened vale,  
Were once the birthright of the Gael;  
The stranger came with iron hand,  
And from our fathers reft the land.  
Where dwell we now? See, rudely swell  
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell!  
Ask we this savage hill we tread,  
For fattened 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 yon plain  
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;  
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays  
But one along yon river's maze—  
The Gael, of plain and river heir,  
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share,  
Where live the mountain chiefs who hold,  
That plundering lowland field and fold  
Is aught but retribution true?  
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

## VIII.

Answered Fitz-James—"And, if I sought,  
Think'st thou no other could be brought?  
What deem ye of my path waylaid,  
My life given o'er to ambuscade?"  
"As of a need to rashness due:  
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true—  
I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,  
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid—  
Free hadst thou been to come and go;  
But secret path marks secret foe.  
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,  
Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,  
Save to 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-lorn swain, in lady's bower,  
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,  
As I, until before me stand  
This rebel Chieftain and his band."

## IX.

"Have then thy wish!"—he whistled shrill,  
And he was answered from the hill;  
Wild as the scream of the curlew,  
From crag to crag the signal flew.  
Instant, through copse and heath, arose  
Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows;  
On right, on left, above, below,  
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;  
From shingles grey their lances start,  
The bracken-bush sends forth the dart,  
The rushes and the willow-wand  
Are bristling into axe and brand,  
And every tuft of broom gives life  
To plaided warrior armed for strife.  
That whistle garrison'd the glen  
At once with full five hundred men,  
As if the yawning hill to heaven  
A subterranean host had given.  
Watching their leader's beck and will,  
All silent there they stood, and still.  
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass  
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,  
As if an infant's touch could urge  
Their headlong passage down the verge,  
With step and weapon forward flung,  
Upon the mountain-side they hung.  
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride  
Along Benedi's living side,  
Then fixed his eye and sable brow  
Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now?  
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;  
And, Saxon—I am Roderick Dhu!"

## X.

Fitz-James was brave:—though to his heart  
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,  
He mann'd himself with dauntless air,  
Returned 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 marked—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 vanished where he stood,  
 In broom or bracken, heath or wood;  
 Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,  
 In osiers pale and copses low;  
 It seemed as if their mother Earth  
 Had swallowed up her warlike birth.  
 The wind's last breath had tossed in air  
 Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair—  
 The next but swept a lone hill-side,  
 Where heath and fern were waving wide;  
 The sun's last glance was glinted back,  
 From spear and glaive, from targe and jack—  
 The next, all unreflected, shone  
 On bracken green, and cold grey stone.

## XI.

Fitz-James looked 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 nought—nay, that I need not say—  
 But—doubt not aught from mine array.  
 Thou art my guest;—I pledged my word  
 As far as Collantogle ford:  
 Nor would I call a clansman's brand  
 For aid against one valiant hand,  
 Though on our strife lay every vale  
 Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.  
 So move we on;—I only meant  
 To show the reed on which you leant,  
 Deeming this path you might pursue  
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."  
 They moved:—I said Fitz-James was brave,  
 As ever knight that belted glaive;  
 Yet dare not say, that now his blood  
 Kept on its wont and tempered 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 dishonoured and defied.  
 Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round  
 The vanished guardians of the ground,  
 And still, from copse and heather deep,  
 Fancy saw spear and broad-sword peep,  
 And in the plover's shrilly strain,  
 The signal whistle heard again.

Nor breathed he free, till far behind  
 The pass was left; for then they wind  
 Along a wide and level green,  
 Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,  
 Nor rush, nor bush of broom was near,  
 To hide a bonnet or a spear.

## XII.

The Chief in silence strode before,  
 And reached that torrent's sounding shore,  
 Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,  
 From Vennachar in silver breaks,  
 Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines  
 On Bochastle the mouldering lines,  
 Where Rome, the Empress of the world,  
 Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd.  
 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,  
 Armed, like thyself, with single brand;  
 For this is Collantogle ford,  
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

## XIII.

The Saxon paused:—"I ne'er delayed,  
 When foeman bade me draw my blade;  
 Nay more, brave Chief, I vow'd thy death:  
 Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,  
 And my deep debt for life preserved,  
 A better meed have well deserved:—  
 Can nought but blood our feud atone?  
 Are there no means?"—"No, Stranger,  
 none!  
 And hear—to fire thy flagging zeal—  
 The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;  
 For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred  
 Between the living and the dead:  
 'Who spills the foremost foeman'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 favour free,  
I plight mine honour, 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 flashed from Roderick's eye—  
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,  
Because a wretched kern ye slew,  
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?  
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!  
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate—  
My clansman's blood demands revenge.  
Not yet prepared?—By heaven, I change  
My thought, and hold thy valour 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 steals my sword;  
For I have sworn this braid to stain  
In the best blood that warms thy vein.  
Now, truce farewell! and ruth, begone!—  
Yet think not that by thee alone,  
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;  
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,  
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,  
Of this small horn one feeble blast  
Would fearful odds against thee cast.  
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—  
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."  
Then each at once his falchion drew,  
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,  
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,  
As what they ne'er might see again;  
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,  
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

## XV.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,  
That on the field his target he threw,  
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide  
Had death so often dashed aside;  
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,  
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.  
He practised every pass and ward,  
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;  
While less expert, though stronger far,  
The Gael maintained unequal war.  
Three times in closing strife they stood,  
And thrice the Saxon sword drank blood—  
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,  
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.

Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,  
And showered his blows like wintry rain,  
And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,  
Against the winter shower is proof,  
The foe, invulnerable still,  
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;  
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand  
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,  
And, backward borne upon the lea,  
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

## XVI.

"Now, yield thee, or, by Him who made  
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"  
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!  
Let recreant yield who fears to die."—  
Like adder darting from his coil,  
Like wolf that dashes through the toll,  
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,  
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;  
Received, but reck'd not of a wound,  
And locked his arms his foeman round.—  
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!  
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!  
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel  
Through bars of brass and triple steel!  
They tug, they strain!—down, down, they go,  
The Gael above, Fitz-James below!  
The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,  
His knee was planted in his breast;  
His clotted locks he backward threw,  
Across his brow his hand he drew,  
From blood and mist to clear his sight,  
Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright!—  
But hate and fury ill supplied  
The stream of life's exhausted tide,  
And all too late the advantage came,  
To turn the odds of deadly game;  
For, while the dagger gleamed on high,  
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.  
Down came the blow! but in the heath  
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.  
The struggling foe may now unclasp  
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;  
Unwounded from the dreadful close,  
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

## XVII.

He faltered thanks to Heaven for life,  
Redeemed unhop'd, from desperate strife;  
Next on his foe his look he cast,  
Whose every gasp appeared his last;  
In Roderick's gore he dipp'd the braid,—  
"Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly paid;  
Yet with thy foe must die, or live,  
The praise that Faith and Valour give."

With that he blew a bugle-note,  
 Uddid the collar from his throat,  
 Ubonneted, and by the wave  
 Sate down his brow and hands to lave.  
 Then faint afar are heard the feet  
 Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet;  
 The sounds increase, and now are seen  
 Four mounted squires in Lincoln green;  
 Two who bear lance, and two who lead,  
 By loosened rein, a saddled steed;  
 Each onward held his headlong course,  
 And by Fitz-James rein'd up his horse,  
 With wonder viewed the bloody spot—  
 "Exclaim not, gallants! question not.  
 You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,  
 And bind the wounds of yonder knight;  
 Let the grey 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 fitting weed.  
 The sun rides high; I must be bouna,  
 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 obeyed,  
 With arching neck and bended head,  
 And glancing eye, and quivering ear,  
 As if he loved his lord to hear.  
 No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid,  
 No grasp upon his saddle laid  
 But wretched his left hand in the mane,  
 And lightly bounded from the plain,  
 Turned on the horse his armed heel,  
 And stirred his courage with the steel.  
 Bounded the fiery steed in air,  
 The rider sate erect and fair,  
 Then, like a bolt, from steel cross-bow  
 Forth launched, along the plain they go.  
 They dashed that rapid torrent through,  
 And up Carbonle's hill they flew;  
 Still at the gallop pricked the Knight,  
 His merry-men followed as they might.  
 Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride,  
 And in the race they mock thy tide;  
 Torry and Lendrick now are past,  
 And Deanstown lies behind them east,  
 They rise, the bannered towers of Doune,  
 They sink in distant woodland soon;  
 Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,  
 They sweep like breeze through Ochiltre;  
 They mark just glance and disappear  
 The lofty brow of ancient Kier;  
 They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,  
 Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides,

And on the opposing shore take ground,  
 With plash, with scramble and with bound.  
 Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth  
 And soon the bulwark of the North,  
 Grey Stirling, with her towers and town,  
 Upon their fleet career looked down.

## XIX.

As up the flinty path they strained,  
 Sudden his steed the leader reined;  
 A signal to his squire he flung,  
 Who instant to his stirrup sprung:—  
 "Seest thou De Vaux, yon woodsman grey,  
 Who town-ward holds the rocky way,  
 Of stature tall and poor array?  
 Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,  
 With which he scales the mountain side?  
 Know'st thou from whence he comes, or  
 whom?"—  
 "No, by my word;—a burly groom  
 He seems, who in the field or chase  
 A baron's train would nobly grace."  
 "Out, out, De Vaux! can fear supply,  
 And jealousy, no sharper eye?  
 Afar, ere to the hill he drew,  
 That stately form and step I knew;  
 Like form in Scotland is not seen,  
 Treads not such step on Scottish green.  
 'Tis James of Douglas, by saint Serle!  
 The uncle of the banished Earl.  
 Away, away, to court, to show  
 The near approach of dreaded foe:  
 The king must stand upon his guard;  
 Douglas and he must meet prepared."  
 Then right-hand wheeled their steeds, and  
 They won the castle's postern gate. [straight

## XX.

The Douglas, who had bent his way  
 From Cambus-Kenneth's abbey grey,  
 Now, as he climbed the rocky shelf,  
 Held sad communion with himself:—  
 "Yes! all is true my fears could frame;  
 A prisoner, lies the noble Graeme,  
 And fiery Roderick soon will feed  
 The vengeance of the royal steel.  
 I, only I, can ward their fate—  
 God grant the ransom come not late!  
 The Abbess hath her promise given,  
 My child shall be the bride of heaven;—  
 Be pardoned one repining tear!  
 For He who gave her, knows how dear,  
 How excellent!—but that is by,  
 And now by business is—to die.  
 Ye towers! within whose circuit tread  
 A Douglas by his sovereign bled;

And thou, oh sad and fatal mound !\*  
 That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,  
 As on the noblest of the land  
 Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand—  
 The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb  
 Prepare—for Douglas seeks his doom !  
 But hark ! what blithe and jolly peal  
 Makes the Franciscan steeple reel ?  
 And see ! upon the crowded street,  
 In motley groups what masquers meet ?  
 Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,  
 And merry morrice-dancers come.  
 I guess, by all this quaint array,  
 The burghers hold their sports to-day.  
 James will be there—he loves such show,  
 Where the good yeoman bends his bow,  
 And the tough wrestler foils his foe,  
 As well as where, in proud career,  
 The high-born tilter shivers spear.  
 I'll follow to the Castle-park,  
 And play my prize—King James shall mark,  
 If age has tamed these sinews stark,  
 Whose force so oft, in happier days,  
 His boyish wonder loved to praise."

## XXI.

The Castle gates were open flung,  
 The quivering draw-bridge rocked and rung,  
 And echoed loud the flinty 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,  
 Doffing his cap to city dame,  
 Who smiled and blushed for pride and shame.  
 And well the simperer might be vain—  
 He chose the fairest of the train.  
 Gravely he greets each city sire,  
 Commends each pageant's quaint attire,  
 Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,  
 And smiles and nods upon the crowd,  
 Who rend the heavens with their acclaims,  
 "Long live the Commons' King, King James !"  
 Behind the King thronged peer and knight,  
 And noble dame and damsel bright,  
 Whose fiery steeds ill brooked the stay  
 Of the steep street and crowded way.  
 But in the train you might discern  
 Dark lowering brow and visage stern :  
 There nobles mourned their pride restrained,  
 And the mean burghers' joys disdained ;

\* An eminence on the north-east of the castle,  
 where state criminals were executed. See Note.

And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,  
 Were each from home a banished man,  
 There thought upon their own grey tower,  
 Their waving woods, their feudal power,  
 And deemed themselves a shameful part  
 Of pageant, which they cursed in heart.

## XXII.

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out  
 Their chequered bands the joyous rout.  
 There morricers, with bell at heel,  
 And blade in hand, their mazes wheel ;  
 But chief, beside the butts, there stand  
 Bold Robin Hood and all his band—  
 Friar Tuck with quarter-staff and cowl,  
 Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl,  
 Maid Marian, fair as ivory bone,  
 Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John ;  
 Their bugles challenge all that will,  
 In archery to prove their skill.  
 The Douglas bent a bow of might—  
 His first shaft centred 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 archers' stake ;  
 Fondly he watched, 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 manly wrestlers take their stand.  
 Two o'er the rest superior rose,  
 And proud demanded mightier foes,  
 Nor called in vain ; for Douglas came.  
 —For life, is Hugh of Larbert lame ;  
 Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,  
 Whom senseless home his comrades bear.  
 Prize of the wrestling match, the King  
 To Douglas gave a golden ring,  
 While coldly glanced his eye of blue,  
 As frozen drop of wintry dew.  
 Douglas would speak, but in his breast  
 His struggling soul his words suppress'd ;  
 Indignant then he turned him where  
 Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,  
 To hurl the massive bar in air.  
 When each his utmost strength had shown,  
 The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone  
 From its deep bed, then heaved it high,  
 And sent the fragment through the sky,  
 A rod beyond the farthest mark ;  
 And still in Stirling's royal park,

The grey-haired sires, who know the past,  
To strangers point the Douglas-cast,  
And moralise on the decay  
Of Scottish strength in modern day.

## XXIV.

The vale with loud applauses rang,  
The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang ;  
The King, with look unmoved, bestowed  
A purse well filled with pieces broad.  
Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,  
And threw the gold among the crowd,  
Who now, with anxious wonder, scan,  
And sharper glance, the dark grey man ;  
Till whispers 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 winked aside, and told each son  
Of feats upon the English done,  
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 ;  
The youth, with awe and wonder, saw  
His strength surpassing nature's law.  
Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd,  
Till murmurs rose to clamours loud.  
But not a glance from that proud ring  
Of peers who circled round the King,  
With Douglas held communion kind,  
Or called the banished man to mind ;  
No, not from those who, at the chase,  
Once held his side the honoured 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 !

## XXV.

The monarch saw the gambols flag,  
And bade let loose a gallant stag,  
Whose pride, the holiday to crown,  
Two favourite grey-hounds should pull down,  
That venison free, and Bourdeaux wine,  
Might serve the archery to dine.  
But Lufra—whom from Douglas' side  
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide—  
The fleetest hound in all the North,  
Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth.  
She left the royal hounds mid-way,  
And, dashing on the antler'd prey,  
Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,  
And deep the flowing life blood drank.

The King's stout huntsman saw the sport  
By strange intruder broken short,  
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 divid,  
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 stifed wrath is brimming high,  
In darkened brow and flashing eye ;  
As waves before the bark divide,  
The crowd gave way before his stride ;  
Needs but a buffet and no more,  
The groom lies senseless in his gore.  
Such blow no other hand could deal,  
Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

## XXVI.

Then clamoured loud the royal train,  
And brandished 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, doomed of old,  
And vainly sought for near and far,  
A victim to atone the war,  
A willing victim, now attends,  
Nor craves thy grace but for his friends."  
" Thus is my clemency repaid ?  
Presumptuous Lord !" the Monarch said ;  
" Of thy mis-proud ambitious clan,  
Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,  
The only man, in whom a foe  
My woman-mercy would not know :  
But shall a Monarch's presence brook  
Injurious blow, and haughty look ?  
What ho ! the Captain of our Guard !  
Give the offender fitting ward.  
Break off the sports !"—for tumult rose,  
And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows—  
" Break off the sports !" he said, and frowned,  
" And bid our horsemen clear the ground."

## XXVII.

Then uproar wild and misarray  
Marr'd the fair form of festal day.  
The horsemen pricked among the crowd,  
Repelled by threats and insult loud ;  
To earth are borne the old and weak,  
The timorous fly, the women shriek ;



With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar,  
 The harder urge tumultuous war.  
 At once round Douglas darkly sweep  
 The royal spears in circle deep,  
 And slowly scale the pathway steep;  
 While on their rear in thunder pour  
 The rabble with disordered roar.  
 With grief the noble Douglas saw  
 The commons rise against the law,  
 And to the leading soldier said,  
 "Sir John of Hyndford! 'twas my blade  
 That knighthood on thy shoulder laid,  
 For that good deed, permit me then  
 A word with these misguided men.

## XXVIII.

"Hear, gentle friends! ere yet for me,  
 Ye break the bands of fealty.  
 My life, my honour, and my cause,  
 I tender free to Scotland's laws.  
 Are these so weak as must require  
 The aid of your misguided ire?  
 Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,  
 Is then my selfish rage so strong,  
 My sense of public weal so low,  
 That, for mean vengeance on a foe,  
 Those cords of love I should unbind,  
 Which knit my country and my kind?  
 Oh no! Believe, in yonder tower  
 It will not soothe my captive hour,  
 To know those spears our foes should dread,  
 For me in kindred gore are red;  
 To know, in fruitless brawl begun,  
 For me, that mother 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.  
 Oh 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 prayed  
 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,  
 Blessed him who stayed the civil strife;  
 And mothers held their babes on high,  
 The self-devoted chief to spy,  
 Triumphant over wrongs and ire,  
 To whom the prattlers owed a sire:  
 Even the rough soldier's heart was moved,  
 As if behind some bier beloved,

With trailing arms and drooping head,  
 The Douglas up the hill he led,  
 And at the castle's battled verge,  
 With sighs, resigned his honoured charge.

## XXX.

The offended Monarch rode apart,  
 With bitter thought and swelling heart,  
 And would not now vouchsafe again  
 Through Stirling streets to lead his train.  
 "Oh Lennox, who would wish to rule  
 This changeling crowd, this common fool?  
 Hear'st thou," he said, "the loud acclaim,  
 With which they shout the Douglas name?  
 With like acclaim, the vulgar throat  
 Strained for King James their morning note;  
 With like acclaim they hailed the day  
 When first I broke the Douglas sway;  
 And like acclaim would Douglas greet,  
 If he could hurl me from my seat.  
 Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,  
 Fantastic, fickle, fierce and vain!  
 Vain as the leaf upon the stream,  
 And fickle as a changeful dream;  
 Fantastic as a woman's mood,  
 And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.  
 Thou many-headed monster-thing,  
 Oh 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 outlawed Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,  
 Has summoned his rebellious crew;  
 'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid  
 These loose handitti stand arrayed.  
 The Earl of Mar, this morn, from Doun,  
 To break their muster marched, and soon  
 Your grace will hear of battle fought;  
 But earnestly the Earl besought,  
 Till for such danger he provide,  
 With scanty train you will not ride."

## XXXII.

"Thou warn'st me I have done amiss,  
 I should have earlier looked to this:  
 I lost it in this bustling day.—  
 Retrace with speed thy former way;  
 Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,  
 The best of mine shall be thy 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 turned his steed—"My liege, I hie,  
 Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn,  
 I fear the broad-swords will be drawn."  
 The turf the flying courser spurned,  
 And to his towers the King returned.

## XXXIII.

Ill with King James's mood that day  
 Suited gay feast and minstrel lay;  
 Soon were dismissed the courtly throng,  
 And soon cut short the festal song,  
 Nor less upon the saddened town  
 The evening sunk in sorrow down;  
 The burghers spoke of civil jar,  
 Of rumoured feuds and mountain war,  
 Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,  
 All up in arms:—the Douglas too,  
 They mourned him pent within the hold  
 "Where stout Earl William was of old,"  
 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 pressed;  
 And busy talkers said they bore  
 Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore;  
 At noon the deadly fray began,  
 And lasted till the set of sun.  
 Thus giddy rumour shook the town,  
 Till closed the Night her pennons brown.

## CANTO SIXTH.

## THE GUARD-ROOM.

## I.

The sun, awakening, through the smoky air  
 Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,  
 Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,  
 Of sinful man the sad inheritance;  
 Summoning revellers from the lagging  
 dance,

\* Stabbed by James the II, in Stirling Castle.

Scaring the prowling robber to his den;  
 Gilding on battled tower the warder'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, oh! what scenes  
 of woe,  
 Are witnessed by that red and struggling  
 beam!  
 The fevered patient, from his pallet low,  
 Through crowded hospital beholds it  
 stream;  
 The ruined maiden trembles at its gleam,  
 The debtor wakes to thoughts of gyve and  
 jail,  
 The love-lorn wretch starts from tormen-  
 ting dream;  
 The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,  
 Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes  
 his feeble wail.

## II.

At dawn the towers of Stirling rang  
 With soldier-step and weapon-clang,  
 While drums, with rolling note, foretold  
 Relief to weary sentinel.  
 Through narrow loop and casement barr'd,  
 The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard,  
 And, struggling with the smoky air,  
 Deadened the torches' yellow glare.  
 In comfortless alliance shone  
 The lights through arch of blackened stone,  
 And showed wild shapes in garb of war,  
 Faces deformed with beard and scar,  
 All haggard from the midnight watch,  
 And fevered with the stern debauch;  
 For the oak table's massive board,  
 Flooded with wine, with fragments stored,  
 And beakers drained, and cups o'erthrown,  
 Showed in what sport the night had flown.  
 Some, weary, snored on floor and bench,  
 Some laboured still their thirst to quench:  
 Some, chilled with watching, spread their  
 hands  
 O'er the huge chimney's dying brands,  
 While round them, or beside them flung,  
 At every step their harness rung.

## III.

These drew not for their fields the sword,  
 Like tenants of a feudal lord,  
 Nor owned the patriarchal claim  
 Of chieftain in their leader's name;  
 Adventurers they, from far who roved,  
 To live by battle which they loved.

There the Italian's clouded face,  
 The swarthy Spaniard's there you trace ;  
 The mountain-loving Switzer there  
 More freely breathed in mountain-air ;  
 The Fleming there despised the soil,  
 That paid so ill the labourer's toil ;  
 Their rolls showed French and German  
 name ;  
 And merry England's exiles came,  
 To share, with ill-concealed disdain,  
 Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain.  
 All brave in arms, well trained to wield  
 The heavy halbert, brand, and shield ;  
 In camps, licentious, wild, and bold ;  
 In pillage, fierce and uncontrolled ;  
 And now, by holytide and feast,  
 From rules of discipline released.

## IV

They held debate of bloody fray,  
 Fought 'twixt Loch Katrine and Achray.  
 Fierce was their speech, and, 'mid their words,  
 Their hands oft grappled to their swords ;  
 Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear  
 Of wounded comrades groaning near,  
 Whose mangled limbs, and bodies gored,  
 Bore token of the mountain sword,  
 Though, neighbouring to the court of guard,  
 Their prayers and feverish walls were  
 heard ;  
 Sad burden to the ruffian joke,  
 And savage oath by fury spoke !—  
 At length up-started John of Brent,  
 A yeoman from the banks of Trent ;  
 A stranger to respect or fear,  
 In peace a chaser of the deer,  
 In host a hardy mutineer,  
 But still the boldest of the crew,  
 When deed of danger was to do.  
 He grieved, that day their games cut short,  
 And marr'd the dicer's brawling sport,  
 And shouted loud, " Renew the bowl !  
 And, while a merry catch I troll,  
 Let each the buxom chorus bear,  
 Like brethren of the brand and spear."

## V.

*Soldier's Song.*

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule  
 Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny  
 brown bowl,  
 That there's wrath and despair in the jolly  
 black-jack,  
 And the seven deadly sins in a flaggon of  
 sack ;

Yet whoop, Barnaby ! off with thy liquor,  
 Drink upsees\* out, and a fig for the vicar !  
 Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip  
 The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip,  
 Says, that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so  
 sly,  
 And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry  
 black eye ;  
 Yet whoop, Jack ! kiss Gillian the quicker,  
 Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the  
 vicar !  
 Our vicar thus preaches—and why should he  
 not ?  
 For the dues of his cure are the placket and  
 pot ;  
 And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to  
 lurch,  
 Who infringe the domains of our good Mo-  
 ther 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,  
 Stayed 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."  
 Bertram, a Fleming, grey and scarr'd,  
 Was entering now the Court of Guard,  
 A harper with him, and, in plaid  
 All muffled close, a mountain maid,  
 Who backward shrunk to 'scape the view  
 Of the loose scene and boisterous crew.  
 " What news ?" they roared :—" I only  
 know,  
 From noon till eve we fought the 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 dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp ;  
 Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp !  
 Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,  
 The leader of a juggler band."

## VII.

" No, comrade :—no such fortune mine,  
 After the fight, these sought our line,

\* A Bacchanalian interjection, borrowed from  
 the Dutch.

That aged harper and the girl,  
 And, having audience of the Earl,  
 Mar bade I should purvey them steed,  
 And bring them hitherward with speed.  
 Forbear your mirth and rude alarm,  
 For none shall do them shame or harm."  
 "Hear ye his boast!" cried John of Brent,  
 Ever to strife and jangling bent,  
 "Shall he strike doe beside our lodge,  
 And yet the jealous niggard grudge  
 To pay the forester his fee?  
 I'll have my share howe'er it be,  
 Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee."  
 Bertram his forward step withstood,  
 And, burning in his vengeful mood,  
 Old Allan, though unfit for strife,  
 Laid hand upon his dagger knife;  
 But Ellen boldly stepp'd between,  
 And dropp'd at once the tartan screen;  
 So, from his morning cloud, appears  
 The sun of May, through summer tears.  
 The savage soldiery, amazed,  
 As on descended angel gazed;  
 Even hardy Brent, abashed and tamed,  
 Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

## VIII.

Boldly she spoke—"Soldiers, attend!  
 My father was the soldier's friend;  
 Cbeered him in camps, in marches led,  
 And with him in the battle hied,  
 Not from the valiant, or the strong,  
 Should exile's daughter suffer wrong."  
 Answered De Brent, most forward still  
 In every feat or good or ill,—  
 "I shame me of the part I played;  
 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 humour light,

And, though by courtesy controlled,  
 Forward his speech, his bearing bold.  
 The high-born maiden ill could brook  
 The scanning of his curious look  
 And dauntless eye; and yet, in sooth,  
 Young Lewis was a generous youth;  
 But Ellen's lovely face and mien,  
 Ill-suited to the garb and scene,  
 Might lightly bear construction strange,  
 And give loose fancy scope to range.  
 "Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid!  
 Come ye to seek a champion's aid,  
 On palfrey white, with harper hoar,  
 Like errant damosel of yore?  
 Does thy high quest a knight require,  
 Or may the venture suit a squire?"  
 Her dark eye flashed; she paused and sighed,  
 "Oh 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 hack 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 altered look;  
 And said—"This ring our duties own;  
 And pardon, if, to worth unknown,  
 In semblance mean obscurely veiled,  
 Lady, in aught my folly failed.  
 Soon as the day flings wide his gates  
 The King shall know what sultor waits.  
 Please you, meanwhile, in fitting bower  
 Repose you till his waking hour;  
 Female attendance shall obey  
 Your best, for service or array,  
 Permit I marshal you the way."  
 But, ere she followed, with the grace,  
 And open bounty of her race,  
 She bade her slender purse be shared  
 Among the soldiers of the guard.  
 The rest with thanks their gwardon took;  
 But Brent, with shy and awkward look,  
 On the reluctant maiden's hold  
 Forced bluntly back the proffered gold;—  
 "Forgive a haughty English heart,  
 And oh, forget its ruder part!  
 The vacant purse shall be my share,  
 Which in my barret-cap I'll bear,  
 Perchance in jeopardy of war,  
 Where gayer crests may keep afar.  
 With thanks—'twas all she could—the maid  
 His rugged courtesy repaid.

## XI.

When Ellen forth with Lewis went,  
Allan made suit to John de Brent :—  
" My lady safe, oh let your grace  
Give me to see my master's face!  
His minstrel I—to share his doom  
Bound from the cradle to the tomb.  
Tenth in descent, since first my sires  
Waked for his noble house their lyres,  
Nor one of all the race was known  
But prized its weal above their own.  
With the Chief's birth begins our care;  
Our harp must soothe the infant heir,  
Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace  
His earliest feat of field or chase;  
In peace, in war, our rank we keep,  
We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep,  
Nor leave him till we pour our verse,  
A doleful tribute! o'er his hearse.  
Then let me share his captive lot;  
It is my right—deny it not."  
" Little we reck," said John de 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 Beaudesert!  
And, but I loved to drive the deer,  
More than to guide the labouring steer,  
I had not dwelt an outcast here.  
Come, good old Minstrel, follow me;  
Thy Lord and Chieftain shalt thou see."

## XII.

Then, from a rusted iron hook,  
A bunch of ponderous keys he took,  
Lighted a torch, and Allan led  
Through grated arch and passage dread.  
Portals they passed, where, deep within,  
Spoke prisoner's moan and fetters'din;  
Through rugged vaults, where, loosely stored,  
Lay wheel, and axe, and headman's sword,  
And many an hideous engine grim,  
For wrenching joint, and crushing limb,  
By artists formed, who deemed it shame  
And sin to give their work a name.  
They halted at a low-browed porch,  
And Brent to Allan gave the torch,  
While bolt and chain he backward rolled,  
And made the bar unhasp its hold.  
They entered:—'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  
Decked the sad walls and oaken floor;

Such as the rugged days of old,  
Deem'd fit for captive noble's hold.  
" Here," said De Brent, " thou may'st remain  
Till the leach visit him again.  
Strict is his charge, the warders tell,  
To tend the noble prisoner well."  
Retiring then the bolt he drew,  
And the lock's murmurs growl'd anew.  
Roused at the sound, from lowly bed  
A captive feebly raised his head;  
The wondering Minstrel looked, and knew—  
Not his dear lord, but Roderick Dhu!  
For, come from where Clan-Alpine fought,  
They, erring, deemed the Chief he sought.

## XIII.

As the tall ship, whose lofty prone  
Shall never stem the billows more,  
Deserted by her gallant band,  
Amid the breakers lies astrand,  
So on his couch, lay Roderick Dhu!  
And oft his fevered limbs he threw  
In toss 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:  
Oh! how unlike her course at sea!  
Or his free step on hill and lea!—  
Soon as the Minstrel he could scan,—  
" What of thy lady?—of my clan?—  
My mother?—Douglas? tell me all!  
Have they been ruined 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?"  
" Oh, calm thee, Chief!" the Minstrel cried,  
" Ellen is safe;—" " For that, thank Heaven!"  
" And hopes are for the Douglas given;  
The Lady Margaret too is well,  
And, for thy clan— on field or fell,  
Has never harp of minstrel told,  
Of combat fought so true and bold.  
Thy stately Pine is yet unbent,  
Though many a goodly bough is rent."

## XIV.

The Chieftain reared his form on high,  
And fever's fire was in his eye;  
But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks  
Chequered his swartby brow and cheeks.

—“Hark, Minstrel! I have heard thee play,  
 With measure bold on festal day,  
 In yon lone isle... again where ne'er  
 Shall harper play, or warrior hear...  
 That stirring air that peals on high,  
 O'er Dermid's race our victory.  
 Strike it!—and then (for well thou canst)  
 Free from thy minstrel-spirit glanced,  
 Fling me the picture of the fight,  
 When met my clan the Saxon might.  
 I'll listen, till my fancy hears  
 The clang of swords, the crash of spears!  
 These grates, these walls, shall vanish then,  
 For the fair field of fighting men,  
 And my free spirit burst away,  
 As if it soared from hattle fray.”  
 The trembling bard with awe obeyed—  
 Slow on the harp his hand he laid;  
 But soon remembrance of the sight  
 He witnessed from the mountain's height,  
 With what old Bertram told at night,  
 Awakened the full power of song,  
 And bore him in career along;—  
 As shallop launched on river's tide,  
 That slow and fearful leaves the side,  
 But, when it feels the middle stream,  
 Drives downward swift as lightning's beam.

## XV.

## Battle of Beal' an Duine.

“The Minstrel came once more to view  
 The eastern ridge of Ben-venue,  
 For, ere he parted, he would say,  
 Farewell to lovely Loch-Achray—  
 Where shall he find, in foreign land,  
 So lone a lake, so sweet a strand!—  
 There is no breeze upon the fern,  
 No ripple on the lake,  
 Upon her cyrie nods the erne,  
 The deer has sought the brake;  
 The small birds will not sing aloud,  
 The springing trout lies still,  
 So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud,  
 That swathes, as with a purple shroud,  
 Benledi's distant hill.  
 Is it the thunder's solemn sound  
 That mutters deep and dread,  
 Or echoes from the groaning ground  
 The warrior's measured tread?  
 Is it the lightning's quivering glance  
 That on the thicket streams,  
 Or do they flash on spear and lance  
 The sun's retiring beams?  
 —I see the dagger-crest of Mar,  
 I see the Moray's silver star,

Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,  
 That up the lake comes winding far!  
 To hero bounes for hattle strife,  
 Or hard of martial lay,  
 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,  
 One glance at their array!

## XVI.

“Their light armed archers far and near  
 Surveyed the tangled ground,  
 Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,  
 A twilight forest frowned,  
 Their harbed horsemen, in the rear,  
 The stern battalia crowned.  
 No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,  
 Still were the pipe and drum;  
 Save heavy tread, and armour's clang.  
 The sullen march was dumb.  
 There breathed no wind their crests to  
 shake,  
 Or wave their flags abroad;  
 Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,  
 That shadowed o'er their road.  
 Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,  
 Can rouse no lurking foe,  
 Nor spy a trace of living thing,  
 Save when they stirred the roe;  
 The host moves, like a deep sea-wave,  
 Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,  
 High-swellung, dark, and slow.  
 The lake is passed, and now they gain  
 A narrow and a broken plain,  
 Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws;  
 And here the horse and spearmen pause,  
 While to explore the dangerous glen,  
 Dive through the pass the archer-men.

## XVII.

“At once there rose so wild a yell  
 Within that dark and narrow dell,  
 As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,  
 Had pealed 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 flight they ply—  
 And shriek, and shout, and hattle-cry,  
 And plaids and bonnets waving high,  
 And broad-swords flashing to the sky,  
 Are maddening in their race.  
 Onward they drive, in dreadful race,  
 Pursuers and pursued;  
 Before that tide of flight and chase,  
 How shall it keep its rooted place,  
 The spearmen's twilight wood?

—' Down, down, ' cried Mar, ' your lances  
down!

Bear back both friend and foe!  
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,  
That serried grove of lances brown,  
At once lay level'd low;  
And closely shouldering side to side,  
The bristling ranks the onset bide.  
—' We'll quell the savage mountaineer,  
As their Tichel\* crows 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 broad-sword bright  
Was brandishing like beam of light,  
Each targe was dark below;  
And with the ocean's mighty swing,  
When heaving to the tempest's wing,  
They hurled them on the foe.

I heard the lance's shivering crash,  
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;  
I heard the broad-sword's deadly clang,  
As if an hundred anvils rang!  
But Moray wheeled 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 dashed among the rout,  
As deer break through the broom;  
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,  
They soon make lightsome room.

Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—  
Where, where was Roderick then!  
One blast upon his bugle-horn  
Were worth a thousand men.

And reflux through the pass of fear  
The battle's tide was poured;  
Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,  
Vanished the mountain sword.  
As Bracklin's chasm, so black and steep,  
Receives her roaring linn,  
As the dark caverns of the deep  
Suck the wild whirlpool in,  
So did the deep and darksome pass  
Devour the battle's mingled mass;

\* 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 *Tichel*.

None linger now upon the plain,  
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

## XIX.

" Now westward rolls the battle's din,  
That deep and doubling pass within.  
Minstrel, away! the work of fate  
Is bearing on: its issue wait,  
Where the rude Trosach's dread defile  
Opens on Katrine's lake and isle.  
Grey Ben-venue I soon repassed,  
Loch-Katrine lay beneath me cast.

The sun is set — the clouds are met —  
The lowering scowl of heaven  
An inky hue of livid blue

To the deep lake has given;  
Strange gusts of wind from mountain glen  
Swept o'er the lake, then sunk agen.  
I heeded not the eddying surge,  
Mine eye but saw the Trosach's gorge,  
Mine ear but heard the sullen sound,  
Which like an earthquake shook the ground,  
And spoke the stern and desperate strife  
That parts not but with parting life,  
Seeming, to minstrel-car, to toll  
The dirge of many a passing soul.

Nearer it comes — the dim-wood glen  
The martial flood disgorged agen,  
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 darkening cloud of Saxon spears.  
At weary bay each shattered band,  
Eyeing their foemen, sternly stand;  
Their banners stream like tatter'd sail,  
That flings its fragments to the gale,  
And broken arms and disarray  
Marked the fell havoc of the day.

## XX.

" Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,  
The Saxons stood in sullen trance,  
Till Moray pointed with his lance,  
And cried — 'Behold yon 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 went to pile; —  
My purse, with bonnet-pieces store,  
To him will swim a bow-shot o'er  
And loose a shallop from the shore.  
Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,  
Lords of his mate, and brood, and den.'  
Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung.

On earth his casque and corslet rung,

He plunged him in the wave:—  
All saw the deed—the purpose knew,  
And to their clamours Ben-venus

A mingled echo gave;  
The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,  
The helpless females scream for fear,  
And yells for rage the mountaineer.  
'Twas then, as by the outcry riven,  
Poured down at once the lowering heaven;  
A whirlwind swept Loch-Katrine's breast,  
Her billows reared their snowy crest.  
Well for the swimmer swelled they high,  
To mar the Highland marksman's eye;  
For round him showered, 'mid rain and hail,  
The vengeful arrows of the Gael.—  
In vain.—He nears the isle—and lo!  
His hand is on a shallop's bow.  
—Just then a flash of lightning came,  
It tinged the waves and strand with flame;  
I marked Duncraggan's widowed dame,  
Behind an oak I saw her stand,  
A naked dirk gleamed in her hand:—  
It darkened—but amid the moan  
Of waves I heard a dying groan:—  
Another flash! the spearman floats,  
A weltering corpse beside the boats,  
And the stern matron o'er him stood.  
Her hand an I 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 escap'd the Minstrel's hand!  
Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy  
How Roderick brooked his minstrelsy:  
At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,  
With lifted hand, kept feebly time;  
That motion ceased—yet feeling strong  
Varied his look as changed the song;  
At length, no more his deafened ear  
The minstrel melody can hear;  
His face grows sharp—his hands are clenched,  
As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched,

Set are his teeth, his fading eye  
Is sternly fixed on vacancy.

Thus, motionless, and moandless, drew  
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu!—  
Old Allan-bane looked on aghast,  
While grim and still his spirit passed;  
But when he saw that life was fled,  
He poured his wailing o'er the dead.

## XXII.

## Lament.

"And art thou cold, and lowly laid,  
Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,  
Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade!  
For thee shall none a requiem say?  
—For thee, who loved the minstrel's lay,  
For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,  
The shelter of her exiled line,  
E'en in this prison-house of thine,  
I'll wait for Alpine's honoured Pine!

"What groans shall yonder valleys fill!  
What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill!  
What tears of burning rage shall thrill,  
When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,  
Thy fall before the race was won,  
Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun!  
There breathes not clansman of thy line,  
But would have given his life for thine.  
Oh woe for Alpine's honoured Pine!

"Sad was thy lot on mortal stage!—  
The captive thrush may brook the cage,  
The prisoned 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 honoured Pine."

## XXIII.

Ellen, the while, with bursting heart,  
Remained in lordly bower apart,  
Where played, with many-coloured 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 mental train  
A rich collation spend in vain,  
The banquet proud, the chamber gay,  
Scarce drew one curious glance astray;  
Or, if she looked, 'twas but to say,  
With better omen dawned the day  
In that lone isle, where waved on high  
The dun-deer's hide for canopy;  
Where oft her noble father shared  
The simple meal her care prepared.



While Lufra, crouching by her side,  
 Her station claimed with jealous pride,  
 And Douglas, bent on woodland game,  
 Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Græme,  
 Whose answer, oft at random made,  
 The wandering of his thoughts betrayed.—  
 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 woeful hour!  
 'Twas from a turret that o'erhung  
 Her latticed bower, the strain was sung.

## XXIV.

Lay of the Imprisoned  
Huntsman.

"My hawk is tired of perch and hood,  
 My idle greyhound loathes his food,  
 My horse is weary of his stall,  
 And I am sick of captive thrall.  
 I wish I were as I have been,  
 Hunting the hart in forests green,  
 With banded bow and bloodhound free,  
 For that's the life is meet for me.  
 I hate to learn the ebb of time,  
 From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,  
 Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,  
 Inch after inch, along the wall.  
 The lark was wont my matins ring,  
 The sable rook my vespers sing;  
 These towers, although a king's they be,  
 Have not a hall of joy for me.

"No more at dawning morn I rise,  
 And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,  
 Drive the fleet deer the forest through,  
 And homeward wend with evening dew;  
 A blithesome welcome blithely meet,  
 And lay my trophies at her feet,  
 While fled the eve on wing of glee,—  
 That life is lost to love and me!"

## XXV.

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,  
 The list'ner had not turned her head,  
 It trickled still, the starting tear,  
 When light a footstep struck her ear,  
 And Snowdoun's graceful Knight was near.  
 She turned the hastler, lest again  
 The prisoner should renew his strain.  
 "Oh welcome, brave Fitz-James!" she said;  
 "How may an almost orphan maid  
 Pay the deep debt."—"Oh 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 lead his better mood aside.  
 Come, Ellen, come!—'tis more than time;  
 He holds his court at morning prime."  
 With beating heart, and bosom wrung,  
 As to a brother's arm she clung.  
 Gently he dried the falling tear,  
 And gently whispered hope and cheer;  
 Her faltering steps half led, half staid,  
 Through gallery fair and high arcade,  
 Till, at his touch, its wings of pride  
 A portal arch unfolded wide.

## XXVI.

Within 'twas brilliant all and light,  
 A thronging scene of figures bright;  
 It glowed on Ellen's dazzled sight,  
 As when the setting sun has given  
 Ten thousand hues to summer even,  
 And, from their tissue, fancy frames  
 Aerial knights and fairy dames.  
 Still by Fitz-James her footing staid,  
 A few faint steps she forward made,  
 Then slow her drooping head she raised,  
 And fearful round the presence gazed;  
 For him she sought, who owned this state,  
 The dreaded prince whose will was fate!  
 She gazed on many a princely port,  
 Might well have ruled a royal court;  
 On many a splendid garb she gazed—  
 Then turned bewildered and amazed,  
 For all stood bare; and, in the room,  
 Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.  
 To him each lady's look was lent,  
 On him each courtier's eye was bent;  
 Midst furs, and silks, and jewels sheen,  
 He stood, in simple Lincoln green,  
 The centre of the glittering ring—  
 And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King!

## XXVII.

As wreath of snow on mountain breast,  
 Slides from the rock that gave it rest,  
 Poor Ellen glided from her stay,  
 And at the Monarch's feet she lay;  
 No word her choking voice commands—  
 She showed the ring—she clasped her hands.  
 Oh! not a moment could he brook,  
 The generous prince, that suppliant look!  
 Gently he raised her—and the while  
 Checked with a glance the circle's smile:

Graceful, but grave, her brow he kissed,  
 And bade her terrors be dismissed :—  
 " Yes, Fair ; the wandering poor Fitz-James  
 The fealty of Scotland claims.  
 To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring ;  
 He will redeem his signet ring.  
 Ask nought for Douglas—yester even,  
 His prince and he have much forgiven ;  
 Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,  
 I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.  
 We would not to the vulgar crowd  
 Yield what they craved with clamour loud ;  
 Calmly we heard and judged his cause,  
 Our council aided, and our laws.  
 I stanch'd thy father's death-feud stern,  
 With stout De Vaux and grey Glencairn ;  
 And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own  
 The friend and hulwark of our Throne.  
 But, lovely infidel, how now ?  
 What clouds thy misbelieving brow ?  
 Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid ;  
 Thou must confirm this doubting maid."

## XXVIII.

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,  
 And on his neck his daughter hung.  
 The Monarch drank, that happy hour,  
 The sweetest, holiest draught of power—  
 When it can say, with godlike voice,  
 Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice !  
 Yet would not James the general eye  
 On Nature's raptures long should pry ;  
 He stepp'd between—" Nay, Douglas, nay,  
 Steal not my proselyte away !  
 The riddle 'tis my right to read,  
 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 Snowdoun claims,  
 And Normans call me James Fitz-James.  
 Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,  
 Thus learn to right the injured cause."  
 Then, in a tone apart and low,  
 —" Ah, little trait'ress ! none must know  
 What idle dream, what lighter thought,  
 What vanity full dearly bought,  
 Joined to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew  
 My spell-bound steps to Ben-venue,  
 In dangerous hour, and all but gave  
 Thy Monarch's life to mountain glave !"  
 Aloud he spoke—" Thou still dost hold  
 That little talisman of gold,  
 Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring—  
 What seeks fair Ellen of the King ?"

## XXIX.

Full well the conscious maiden guessed,  
 He probed the weakness of her breast ;  
 But, with that consciousness, there came  
 A lightening of her fears for Graeme,  
 And more she deemed the monarch's ire  
 Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire,  
 Rebellious broad-sword 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  
 hand ;—  
 My fairest earldom would I give  
 To hid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live !  
 Hast thou no other boon to crave ?  
 No other captive friend to save ?"  
 Blushing, she turned her from the King,  
 And to the Douglas gave the ring,  
 As if she wished her sire to speak  
 The suit that stained her glowing cheek.  
 " Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,  
 And stubborn justice holds her course.  
 Malcolm, come forth !"—And, at the word,  
 Down kneel'd the Graeme to Scotland's Lord.  
 " For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,  
 From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,  
 Who, nurtured underneath our smile,  
 Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,  
 And sought amid thy faithful clan,  
 A refuge for an outlawed man,  
 Dishonouring thus thy loyal name,—  
 Fetters and warder for the Graeme !"  
 His chain of gold the king unstrung,  
 The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,  
 Then gently drew the glittering band,  
 And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

Harp of the North, farewell ! The hills grow  
 dark,  
 On purple peaks a deeper shade descend-  
 ing ;  
 In twilight cope the glow-worm lights her  
 spark,  
 The deer half-seen are to the covert wend-  
 ing.  
 Resume thy wizard elm ! the fountain  
 lending,  
 And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy ;  
 Thy numbers sweet with Nature's vespers  
 blending,

With distant echo from the fold and lea,  
And 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.

Much have I owed thy strains on life's  
long way,

Through secret woes the world has never  
known,

When on the weary night dawned wearier  
day,

And bitterer was the grief devoured alone.  
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is  
thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,  
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy  
string!

'Tis now a Seraph bold, with touch of fire,  
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.

Receding now, the dying numbers ring  
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,

And now the mountain breezes scarcely  
bring

A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—  
And now, 'tis silent all!—Enchantress, fare-  
thee-well!

## NOTES.

### NOTES TO CANTO FIRST.

#### NOTE I.

—the heights of *Uam-var*,  
And roused that cavern where 'tis told  
A giant made his den of old.—St. IV. p. 8.

*Ua-var*, as the name is pronounced, or more properly *Doigamor*, is a mountain to the north-east of the village of Callander in Menzies, deriving its name, which signifies the great den or cavern, from a sort of retreat among the rocks on the south side, said, by tradition, to have been the abode of a giant. In latter times it was the refuge of robbers and banditti, who have been only extirpated within these forty or fifty years. Strictly speaking, this stronghold is not a cave, as the name would imply, but a sort of small inclosure, or recess, surrounded with large rocks, and open above head. It may have been originally designed as a toll for deer, who might get in from the outside, but would find it difficult to return. This opinion prevails among the old sportsmen and deer-stalkers in the neighbourhood.

#### NOTE II.

Two dogs of black St. Hubert's breed,  
Unmatched for courage, strength, and speed.  
St. VII. p. 6.

"The hounds which we call Saint Hubert's hounds, are commonly all blacke yet nevertheless, their race is so mingled at these days, that we find them of all colours. These are the hounds which the abbots of St. Hubert have always kept some of their race or kind in honour or remembrance of the saint, which was a hunter with St. Eustace. Whereupon we may conceive that (by the grace of God) all good huntsmen shall follow them into paradise. To returne unto my former purpose, this kind of dogges hath been dispersed through the countries of Hensault, Lorayne, Flaunders, and Burgoyne. They are mighty of body, nevertheless their legges are low and short, likewise they are not swift, although they be very good of scent, hunting chases which are farre stragled fearing neither water nor cold, and doe more covet the chases that smell, as foxes, bore,

and such like, than other, because they find themselves neither of swiftness nor courage to hunt and kill the chases that are lighter and swifter. The bloudhounds of this colour prouee good, especially those that are cole-blacke, but I make no great account to breed on them, or to keepe the kind, and yet I found a booke which a hunter did dedicate to a prince of Lorayne, which seemed to loue hunting much, wherein was a blason which the same hunter gave to his bloodhound, called *Souyllard*, which was white.

My name came first from holy Hubert's race,  
*Souyllard* my sire, a hound of singular grace.  
Whereupon we may presume that some of the kind prouee white sometimes, but they are not of the kind of the *Greffiers* or *Bouzes*, which we haue at these dayes."—*The noble Art of Frenrie or Hunting*, translated and collected for the use of all Noblemen and Gentlemen. Lond. 1611. 4. p. 15.

#### NOTE III.

For the death-wound, and death halloo,  
Mustered his breath, his whinnyed ore.  
St. VIII. p. 6.

When the stag turned to bay, the ancient hunter had the perilous task of going in upon, and killing or disabling, the desperate animal. At certain times of the year this was held particularly dangerous, a wound received from a stag's horns being then deemed poisonous, and more dangerous than one from the tuaks of a boar, as the old rhyme testifies: If thou be hurt with hart, it brings thee to thy bier, But barber's hand will bore's hurt heal, therefore thou needst not fear.

At all times, however, the task was dangerous, and to be adventured upon wisely and warily, either by getting behind the stag while he was gazing on the hounds, or by watching an opportunity to gallop roundly in upon him, and kill him with the sword. See many directions to this purpose in the *Booke of Hunting*, chap. 41. Wilson the historian has recorded the providential escape which befell him in this hazardous sport, while a youth and follower of the Earl of Essex.

"Sir Peter Lee of Lime, in Cheshire, invited my lord one summer to hunt the stag. And having a great stag in chase, and many gentlemen in the pursuit, the stag took soyle. And divers, whereof I was one, alighted, and stood with swords drawn, to have a cut at him, at his coming out of the water. The stags there, being wonderfully fierce and dangerous, made us youths more eager to be at him. But he escaped us all. And it was my misfortune to be hindered of my coming nere him, the way being algerie, by a fall; which gave occasion to some, who did not know mee, to speak as if I had flaine for feare. Which being told me, I left the stag, and followed the gentleman who [first] spake it. But I found him of that cold temper, that it seems his words made an escape from him; as by his denial and repentance it appeared. But this made mee more violent in persuite 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 nere him on horsebacke, he broke through the dogs, and ran at mee, and tore my horse's side with his hornes, close by my thigh. Then I quitted my horse, and grew more cunning (for the dogs had sette him up againe), stealing behind him with my sword, and cut his ham-strings; and then got upon his back, and cut his throate; which, as I was doing, the company came in, and blamed my rashness, for running such a hazard."—*Peck's Dindrata Curiosa*, II. 464.

## NOTE IV.

And now to issue from the glen  
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,  
Unless he climb, with footing nice,  
A far projecting precipice.—St. XIV. p. 7.

Until the present road was made through the romantic pass which I have presumptuously attempted to describe in the preceding stanzas, there was no mode of issuing out of the defile called the Trosachs, excepting by a sort of ladder, composed of the branches and roots of the trees.

## NOTE V.

To meet with highland plunderers here,  
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.

St. XVI. p. 8.

The clans who inhabited the romantic regions in the neighbourhood of Loch Katrine, were, even until a late period, much addicted to predatory excursions upon their lowland neighbours.

"In former times, those parts of this district which are situated beyond the Grampian range, were rendered almost inaccessible, by strong barriers of rocks, and mountains, and lakes. It was a border country, and though on the very verge of the low country, it was almost totally sequestered from the world, and, as it were, insulated with respect to society.

"It is well known, that in the Highlands, it was in former times accounted not only lawful, but honourable among hostile tribes, to commit depredations on one another; and these habits of the age were perhaps strengthened in this district, by the circumstances which have been mentioned. It bordered on a country, the inhabitants of which, while they were richer, were less warlike than they, and widely distinguished by language and manners."—*GRAHAM'S Sketches of Scenery in Perthshire*. Edin. 1806, p. 97.

The reader will therefore be pleased to remember, that the scene of this poem is laid in a time

When tooming foulds, or sweeping of a glen,  
Had still been held the deed of gallant men.

## NOTE VI.

A grey-haired sire, whose eye, intent,  
Was on the visioned future bent.—St. XXIII. p. 9.

If force of evidence could authorize us to believe facts inconsistent with the general laws of nature, enough might be produced in favour of the existence of the second sight. It is called in Gaelic *Tasid-urragh*, from *Tasid*, an unreal or shadowy appear-

ance; and those possessed of the faculty are called *Tasid-airis*, which may be aptly translated visionaries. Martin, a steady believer in the second-sight, gives the following account of it:—

"The second-sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that sees it for that end; the vision makes such a lively impression upon the seer, that they neither see, nor think of any thing else, except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object which was represented to them.

At the sight of the vision, the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish. This is obvious to others who are by, when the persons happen to see a vision, and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me.

There is one in Skie, of whom his acquaintance, observed, that when he sees a vision, the inner part of his eyelids turns so far upwards, that, after the object disappears, he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employs 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 persons 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 a 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 sight the vision is seen.

When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of death, the time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer; and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shown me, when the persons of whom the observations were then made enjoyed perfect health.

One instance was lately foretold by a seer that was a novice, concerning the death of one of my acquaintance; this was communicated to a few only, and with great confidence: I being one of the number, did not in the least 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; and if he is not of the seer's

acquaintance, yet he gives such a lively description of his stature, complexion, habit, &c. that, upon his arrival, he answers the character given him in all respects.

If the person so appearing be one of the seer's acquaintance, he will tell his name, as well as other particulars; and he can tell by his countenance whether he comes in a good or bad humour.

I have been seen thus myself by seers of both sexes, at some hundred miles distance; some that saw me in this manner had never seen me personally, and it happened according to their visions, without any previous design of mine to go to those places, my coming there being purely accidental.

It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens, and trees, in places void of all three; and this in progress of time uses to be accomplished: as at Mogsnot, in the Isle of Skie, where there were but a few sorry cow-houses, 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 ones 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 persons 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 comes near a fire, he presently falls into a swoon.

Some find themselves as it were in a crowd of people, having a corpse which they carry along with them; and after such visions the seers come in sweating, and describe the people that appeared: if there be any of their acquaintance among 'em, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers, but they know nothing concerning the corpse.

All those who have the second-sight do not always see these visions at once, though they be together at the time. But if one who has this faculty designedly touch his fellow-seer at the instant of a vision's appearing, then the second sees it as well as the first; and this is sometimes discerned by those that are near them on such occasions.—"MARTIN'S Description of the Western Islands, 1716, 8vo. p. 309, *et seq.*"

To these particulars innumerable examples might be added, all attested by grave and credible authors. But in despite of evidence which neither Bacon, Boyle, nor Johnston, were able to resist, the *Tuisk*, with all his visionary properties, seems to be now universally abandoned to the use of poetry. The exquisitely beautiful poem of Lochiel will at once occur to the recollection of every reader.

#### NOTE VII.

Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,

Some chief had framed a rustic bow,—

St. XXV. p. 16.

The Celtic chieftains, whose lives were continually exposed to peril, had usually, in the most retired spot of their domains, some place of retreat for the hour of necessity, which, as circumstances would admit, was a tower, a cavern, or a rustic hut in a strong and secluded situation. One of these last gave refuge to the unfortunate Charles Edward, in his perilous wanderings after the battle of Culloden.

It was situated in the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain, called *L-stermillich*, still a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. The habitation called the *Cage*, in the face of the mountain, was within a small thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to level a floor for a habitation; and as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to an equal height with the other; and these trees, in the way of joists or planks, were levelled with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes,

made of heath and birch twigs, up to the top of the *Cage*, it being of a round or rather oval shape; and the whole thickened and covered over with fog. The whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree, which reclined from the one end, all along the roof, to the other, and which gave it the name of the *Cage*, and by chance there happened to be two stones at a small distance from one another, in the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent out here, all along the fall of the rock, which was so much of the same colour that one could discover no difference in the clearest day."—*Howe's History of the Rebellion*, London. 1802. 4to. p. 381.

#### NOTE VIII.

My sire's tall form might grace the part  
Of Ferragus, or Ascabart.—St. XXVIII. p. 11.

These two sons of Anak flourished in romantic fable. The first is well known to the admirers of Ariosto, by the name of Ferrau. He was an antagonist of Orlando, and was at length slain by him in single combat. These is a romance in the Auchinleck MS. in which Ferragus is thus described:—

"On a day come tiding  
Unto Charls the King,  
Al of a doughty knight,  
Was comen to Navers,  
Stout he was and fers,  
Vernagus he hight.  
Of Babiloun the soudan  
Thider him sende gan,  
With King Charls to fight.  
So hard he was to-fond\*  
That no dint of brood†  
No greued him, splight.

He hadde twenti men strengthe,  
And fourt fet of lengthe  
Thilke palm hede,‡  
And four fet in the face,  
Y-meten§ in the place,  
And fifteen in brede,¶  
His nose was a fot and more,‡  
His brow, as bretles were||  
He thur it seighit it sede,  
He loket lotheliche,  
And was swart¶ as any pliche,  
Of him men mighte adrede."

*Romance of Charlemagne*, l. 461-484. *Auchinleck MS.* fol. 365.

Ascabart, or Ascabart, makes a very material figure in the History of Berwick of Hampton, by whom he was conquered. His citizles may be seen guarding one side of a gate at Southampton, while the other is occupied by Sir Berwick himself. The dimensions of Ascabart were little inferior to those of Ferragus, if the following description be correct:—

"They metten with a geant,  
With a lotheliche semblant.  
He was wonderliche strong  
Rome\*\* thretti fote long.  
His berd was bot gret and rowe ††  
A space of a fot between is|| browe;  
His clob was, to yene§ a strok,  
A lite booi of an ok.¶¶  
Beues haid of him wonder gret,  
And askide him what a het,¶¶¶  
And yaf\*\*\* men of his contre  
Were aise mechet†† aise was he.  
'Me name,' a sede, ††† is Ascabard:  
Garel me sent isderward,  
For to bring this queene ayen,  
And the Beues her of ailen.¶¶¶¶

\* Found, proved. † Had. ‡ Measured. § Breadth. ¶ Wore. ¶¶ Black. \*\* Fully. †† Rough. ††† Hn. §§ Given. || The stem of a little oak-tree. ¶¶ He light, was called. ¶¶¶ If. ††† Great. †††† He said. ¶¶¶¶ Sleep.

Icham Garel is\* champion,  
 And was I-drove out of met town,  
 Al for that ich was so lite. ‡  
 Eueri man me wolde smite,  
 Ich was so lite and so merugh. §  
 Eueri man me clepede dwerugh. ||  
 And now icham in this londe,  
 I wax more † ich understonde,  
 And strengere than other ten: \*\*  
 And that schel on us be treu.\*

*Sir Bevis of Hampton*, l. 2512. *Auchinleck MS.*, fol. 189.

## NOTE IX.

Though all unasked his birth and name,

St. XXIX. p. 11.

The highlanders, who carried hospitality to a punctilious excess, are said to have considered it as churlish to ask a stranger his name or lineage, before he had taken refreshment. 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 X.

— and still a harp unseen,

Fill'd up the symphony between.— St. XXX. p. 11.

\* They (meaning the highlanders) delight much in musick, but chiefly in harps and clairschoes of their own fashion. The strings of the clairschoes are made of brass-wire, and the strings of the harps of slownes; which strings they strike either with their nails, growing long, or else with an instrument appointed for that use. They take great pleasure to decke their harps and clairschoes with silver and precious stones; the poore ones that cannot attayne heruanto, decke them with christall. They sing verses prettily compound, containing (for the most part) prayers of valliant men. There is not almost any other argument whereof their rhymes in-treat. They speak the ancient French language, altered a little. †† “The harp and clairschoes are now only heard of 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 present 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. If it happened that the noisy and inharmonious bagpipe 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. l. 173.

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. Cicliand 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.”

\* His. † Ny. ‡ Little. § Less. || Dwarf. † Greater, taller. \*\* Ten.

† See “*Certain matters concerning the realm of Scotland*, &c. as they were anno domini 1597. Lond. 1603.” &c.

## NOTES TO CANTO SECOND.

## NOTE I.

Mora's genial influence roused a Minstrel grey.

St. I. p. 12.

That Highland chieftains, to a late period, retained in their service the bard, as a family officer, admits of very easy proof. The author of the *Letters from Scotland*, an officer of engineers, quartered at Inverness about 1720, who certainly cannot be deemed a favourable 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 lord, celebrates in Irish verse the original of the tribe, the famous warlike actions of the successive heads, and sings his own lyrics as an epistle to the chief, when indisposed for sleep; but poets are not equally esteemed and honoured in all countries. I happened to be a witness of the dishonour done to the 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 tone of few various notes, began, as I was told, one of his own lyrics; and when he had proceeded to the fourth or fifth stanza, I perceived, by the names of several persons, glens, and mountains, which I had known or heard of before, that it was an account of some clan battle. But in his going on, the chief (who piques himself upon his school-learning) at some particular passage, bade him cease, and cried out, ‘There's nothing like that in Virgil or Homer.’ I bowed, and told him I believed so. This you may believe was very edifying and delightful.”—*Letters from Scotland*, II. 167.

## NOTE II.

— the Græme.—St. VI. p. 14.

The ancient and powerful family of Graham (which, for metrical reasons, is here spelled after the Scottish pronunciation,) held extensive possessions in the counties of Dumbarton and Stirling. Few families can boast of more historical renown, having claim to three of the most remarkable characters in the Scottish annals. Sir John the Græme, the faithful and undaunted partaker of the labours and patriotic warfare of Wallace, fell in the unfortunate field of Falkirk, in 1298. The celebrated Marquis of Montrose, in whom De Retz saw realised his abstract idea of the heroes of antiquity, was the second of these worthies. And, notwithstanding the severity of his temper, and the rigour with which he executed the oppressor's mandates of the princes whom he served, I do not hesitate to name as the third, John Grahame of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, whose heroic death, in the arms of victory, may be allowed to cancel the memory of his cruelty to the non-conformists, during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.

## NOTE III.

This harp which erst Saint Modan swayed.

St. VII. p. 14.

I am not prepared to show that Saint Modan was a performer on the harp. It was, however, no unsanctified accomplishment; for Saint Dunstan certainly did play upon that instrument, which, retaining, as was natural, a portion of the sanctity attached to his master's character, announced future events by its spontaneous sound. “But labouring once in these mechanic arts for a devout matrone that had set him on worke, his viol, that hung by him on the

wall, of its own accord, without any man's help distinctly sounded this anthem: 'Gaudet in cælis animæ sacerdotum qui Christi vestigia sunt secuti: et quia pro eius amore sanguinem suum fuderunt, ideo cum Christo gaudent æternum.' Whereat all the company being much astonished, turned their eyes from beholding him working, to look on that strange accident." — "Not long after, manie of the court that hitherto had born a kind of fawned friendship towards him, began now greatly to envy at his progress and rising in goodness, using manie crooked backbiting means to diffuse his virtues with the black marks of hypocrisy. And the better to authorise their calumnie, they brought in this that happened in the violl, affirming it to have been done by art magicke. What more; this wicked rumour increased dayly, till the king and others of the nobilitie taking hold thereof, Dunstan grew odious in their sight. Therefore he resolved to leave the court, and goe to Elphegus, surnamed the Bald, then bishop of Winchester, who was his cozen. Which his enemies understanding, they layd wayte for him in the way, and hauing throwne him off his horse, beate him, and dragged him in the dirt in the most miserable manner, meaning to haue slaine him, had not a companie of mastiue dogges, that came unlookt upon them, defended and redeemed him from their cruelty. When with sorrow he was ashamed to see dogges more humane than they. And giuing thanks to Almighty God, he sensibly azaine perceaued that the tunes of his violl had giuen him a warning of future accidents."—*Flower of the Lives of the most renowned Saints of England Scotland, and Ireland*, by the R. FATHER HERMONS PORTER. DOWAY, 1632. 4to. tome 1. p. 438.

The same supernatural circumstance is alluded to by the anonymous author of "Grim, the Collier of Croydon."

"———[Dunstan's harp sounds on the wall.]

Forrest. Hark, hark, my lord, the holy abbot's harp

Sounds by itself so banishing on the wall?

Dunstan. Unhallowed man, that scorn't the sacred read.

Hark, how the testimony of my truth

Sounds heavenly music with an angel's hand,

To testify Dunstan's integrity,

And prove thy active boast of no effect."

## NOTE IV.

Ere Douglasses to ruin driven,

Were exiled from their native heaven.

St. VIII. p. 14.

The downfall of the Douglasses of the house of Angus, during the reign of James V., is the event alluded to in the text. The earl of Angus, it will be remembered, had married the queen dowager, and availed himself of the right which he thus acquired, as well as of his extensive power, to retain the king in a sort of tutelage, which approached very near to captivity. Several open attempts were made to rescue James from this thraldom, with which he was well known to be deeply disgusted; but the valour of the Douglasses, and their allies, gave them the victory in every conflict. At length, the king, while residing at Falkland, contrived to escape by night out of his own court and palace, and rode full speed to Stirling Castle, where the governor, who was of the opposite faction, joyfully received him. Being thus at liberty, James speedily summoned around him such peers as he knew to be most inimical to the domination of Angus, and laid his complaint before them, says Pitscottie, "with great lamentations; showing to them how he was holden in subjection, thir years bygone, by the Earl of Angus, and his kin and friends, who oppressed the whole country, and spoiled it, under the pretence of justice and his authority; and had slain many of his lieges, kinsmen, and friends, because they would haue had it needed at their hands, and put him at liberty, as he ought to have been, at the counsel of

his whole lords, and not have been subjected and corrected with no particular men, by the rest of his nobles: Therefore, said he, I desire, my lords, that I may be satisfied of the said earl, his kin and friends; for I avow, that Scotland shall not hold us both, while (i. e. till) I be revenged on him and his."

The lords hearing the king's complaint and lamentation, and also the great rage, fury, and malice, that he bore toward the Earl of Angus, his kin and friends, they concluded all, and thought it best, that he should be summoned to underly the law; if he fand not caution, nor yet compear himself, that he should be put to the horn, with all his kin and friends, so many as were contained in the letters. And further, the lords ordained, by advice of his majesty, that his brother and friends should be summoned to find caution to underly the law within a certain day, or else be put to the horn. But the earl appeared not, nor none for him; and so he was put to the horn, with all his kin and friends; so many as were contained in the summons, that compeared not, were banished, and holden traitors to the king."—*Lindsay of Pitsea's History of Scotland*. Edinburgh, fol. p. 112.

## NOTE V.

In Holy-Rood a knight he slew.—St. XII. p. 15.

This was by no means an uncommon occurrence in the court of Scotland; nay, the presence of the sovereign himself scarcely restrained the ferocious and inveterate feuds which were the perpetual source of bloodshed among the Scottish nobility. The following instance of the murder of Sir George Stuart of Ochiltree, called *The Bloody*, by the celebrated Francis Earl of Bothwell, may be produced among many; but, as the offence given in the royal court will hardly bear a vernacular translation, I shall leave the story in Johnstone's Latin, referring for further particulars to the naked simplicity of Birrel's Diary, 30th July, 1563.

"Mors improbi hominis non tam ipsa immerita, quam pessimo exemplo in publicum fœde perpetrata. Gulielmus Stuartus Alkithrius, Arani frater, natura ac moribus, cujus supplex memini, vulgo propter stilum sanguinis sanguinarius dictus, a Bothwello, in Sanctæ Crucis Regia, exarscescente ira, mendacis probro læcæstus, obscenium oculum liberius retorquebat; Bothwellus hanc contumeliam tacitus tulit, sed ingentem irarum molem animo concepit. Utrique postredie Edinburgi convenit, totidem numero comitibus armatis, præsidii causa, et acriter pugnantibus est; cæteris amictis et ellentibus metu terrentibus, aut vi absterentis, ipse Stuartus fortissime dimicat, tandem excreso gladio a Bothwello, Scythica feritate transfoditur, sine cujusquam misericordia; habuit itaque quem debuit exitum. Dignus erat Stuartus qui pateretur; Bothwellus qui faceret. Vulgus sanguinum sanguine predicabat, et horum errore in-oculorum manibus egregie parentatum."—R. JOHNSON: *Historia Verum Britannicorum*, ab anno 1572 ad annum 1628. Amstelodami 1655, fol. p. 135.

## NOTE VI.

Bracklinn's thundering wave.—St. XIV. p. 15.

This is a beautiful cascade made at a place called the Bridge of Bracklinn, by a mountain stream called the Keltie, about a mile from the village of Callander, in Mensteth. Above a chasm where the brook precipitates itself from a height of at least fifty feet, there is thrown, for the convenience of the neighbourhood, a rustic foot-bridge, of about three feet in breadth, and without ledges, which is scarcely to be crossed by a stranger without awe and apprehension.

## NOTE VII.

The Douglas, like a stricken deer,

Disowned by every noble peer.—St. XII. p. 15.

The exiled state of this powerful race is not exaggerated in this and subsequent passages. The hatred of James against the race of Douglas was so

inveterate, that numerous as their allies were, and disregarded as the regal authority had usually been in similar cases, their nearest friends, even in the most remote parts of Scotland, durst not entertain them, unless under the strictest and closest disguise. James Douglas, son of the banished Earl of Angus, afterwards well known by the title of Earl of Morton, lurked, during the exile of his family, in the north of Scotland, under the assumed name of James Innes, otherwise *James the Grievé* (i. e. Reve or Bailiff). "And as he bore the name," says Godscroft, "so did he also execute the office of a grievé or overseer of the lands and reots, the corn and cattle, of him with whom he lived." From the habits of frugality and observation which he acquired in this humble situation, the historian traces that intimate acquaintance with popular character, which enabled him to rise so high in the state, and that honourable economy by which he repaired and established the shattered estates of Angus and Morton. — *History of the House of Douglas*, Edinburgh, 1753. Vol. II. p. 160.

## NOTE VIII.

Maronnan's cell. — St. XIII. p. 15.

The parish of Kilmarnock, at the eastern extremity of Loch Lomond, derives its name from a cell or chapel, dedicated to Saint Maronoch, or Maronoch, 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.

## NOTE IX.

For Tine-man forged by fairy lore. — St. XV. p. 15.

Archibald, the third Earl of Douglas, was so unfortunate in all his enterprises, that he acquired the epithet of *TINE-MAN*, because he *fined* or lost his followers in every battle which he fought. He was vanquished, as every reader must remember, in the bloody battle of Homildon-hill, near Wooler, where he himself lost an eye, and was made prisoner by Hotspur. He was no less unfortunate when allied with Percy, being wounded and taken at the battle of Shrewsbury. He was so unsuccessful in an attempt to besiege Roxburgh Castle, that it was called the *Poul Raid*, or disgraceful expedition. His ill fortune left him indeed at the battle of Beaugency, in France; but it was only to return with double emphasis at the subsequent action of Vernoi, the last and most unlucky of his encounters, in which he fell, with the flower of the Scottish chivalry, then serving as auxiliaries in France, and about two thousand common soldiers. A. D. 1424.

## NOTE X.

Did, self-unscabbarded, fore-show

The footstep of a secret foe. — St. XV. p. 16.

The ancient warriors, whose hope and confidence rested chiefly in their blades, were accustomed to deduce omens from them, especially from such as were supposed to have been fabricated by enchanted skill, of which we have various instances in the romances and legends of the time. The wonderful sword *SKORFFNIXE*, wielded by the celebrated Hroif Kraka, was of this description. It was deposited in the tomb of the monarch at his death, and taken from thence by Skeggo, a celebrated pirate, who bestowed it upon his son-in-law, Kormak, with the following curious directions:—"The manner of using it will appear strange to you. A small bag is attached to it, which take heed not to violate. Let not the rays of the sun touch the upper part of the handle, nor unsheath it, unless thou art ready for battle. But when thou comest to the place of fight, go aside from the rest, grasp and extend the sword, and breathe upon it. Then a small worm will creep out of the handle; lower the handle, that he may more easily return into it." Kormak, after having received the sword, returned home to his mother. He showed the sword, and attempted to draw it, as unnecessarily as ineffectually, for he could not pluck it out of the sheath. His mother, Dalla, exclaimed,

"Do not despise the counsel given to thee, my son!" Kormak, however, repeating his efforts, pressed down the handle with his feet, and tore off the bag, when Skoffnung emitted a hollow groan; but still he could not unsheath the sword. Kormak, then went out with Besse, whom he had challenged to fight with him, and drew apart at the place of combat. He sat down upon the ground, and unslinging the sword, which he bore above his vestments, did not remember to shield the hilt from the rays of the sun. In vain he endeavoured to draw it, till he placed his foot against the hilt; then the worm issued from it. But Kormak did not rightly handle the weapon, in consequence whereof good fortune deserted it. As he unheeded Skoffnung, it emitted a hollow murmur. — *Barthelemi de Convis Contempler a Denis aduce Gentilbus Martis, Libri Tres. Hafniae, 1689, 4to, p. 574.*

To the history of this sentient and precious 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 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 grisly and ferocious aspect, and sordid 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 hung up in the hall of the mansion-house, leaped of themselves out of the scabbard at the instant he was born. This 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 XI.

— the Pibroch proud. — St. XVII. p. 16.

The connoisseurs in pipe-music affect to discover in a well composed pibroch, the imitative sounds of march, conflict, flight, pursuit, and all the "current of a heady fight." To this opinion, Dr Beattie has given his suffrage in the following elegant passage: "A pibroch is a species of tone peculiar, I think, to the Highlands and western isles of Scotland. It is performed on a bagpipe, and differs totally from all other music. Its rhythm is so irregular, and its notes, especially in the quick movement, so mixed and huddled together, that a stranger finds it impossible to reconcile his ear to it, so as to perceive its modulation. Some of these pibrochs, being intended to represent a battle, begin with a grave motion, resembling a march; then gradually quicken into the onset; run off with noisy confusion, and turbulent rapidity, to imitate the conflict and pursuit; then swell into a few flourishes of triumphant joy; and perhaps close with the wild and slow wailings of a funeral procession." — *Essay on Laughter and Ludicrous Composition*, chap. III. Note.



## NOTE XII.

"Roderigh Vich Alpine Dhu, bol Israel"  
St. XIX. p. 16

Besides his ordinary name and surname, which were chiefly used in his intercourse with the Lowlands, every Highland chief had an epithet expressive of his patriarchal dignity as head of the clan, and which was common to all his predecessors and successors, as Pharaoh to the kings of Egypt, or Arsaces to those of Parthia. This name was usually a patronymic, expressive of his descent from the founder of the family. Thus the Duke of Argyll is called MacCallanmore, or the Son of Colen the Great. Sometimes, however, it is derived from armorial distinctions, or the memory of some great feat; thus Lord Seaforth, as chief of the Mackenzies, or Clan-Kennet, bears the epithet of *Caberfae*, or *Buck's Head*, as representative of Colen Fitzgerald, founder of the family, who saved the Scottish king, when endangered by a stag. But besides this title, which belonged to his office and dignity, the chieftain had usually another peculiar to himself, which distinguished him from the chieftains of the same race. This was sometimes derived from complexion, as *dhu* or *roy*; sometimes from size, as *big* or *more*; at other times, from some particular exploit, or from some peculiarity of habit or appearance. The line of the text therefore signifies,

Black Roderick, the descendant of Alpine.

The song itself is intended as an imitation of the *swara*, or boat-songs of the Highlanders, which were usually composed in honour of a favourite chief. They are so adapted as to keep time with the sweep of the oars, and it is easy to distinguish between those intended to be sung to the oars of a galley, where the stroke is lengthened and doubled as it were, and those which were timed to the rowers of an ordinary boat.

## NOTE XIII.

The best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her side.  
St. XX. p. 17.

The Lennox, as the district is called which encircles the lower extremity of Loch-Lomond, was peculiarly exposed to the incursions of the mountaineers who inhabited the inaccessible fastnesses at the upper end of the lake, and the neighbouring district of Loch-Katrine. These were often marked by circumstances of great ferocity, of which the noted conflict of Glen-iruin is a celebrated instance. This was a clan-battle, in which the Macgregors, headed by Allaster Macgregor, chief of the clan, encountered the sept of Colquhouns, commanded by Sir Humphry Colquhoun of Luss. It is on all hands allowed that the action was desperately fought, and that the Colquhouns were defeated with slaughter, leaving two hundred of their name dead upon the field. But popular tradition has added other horrors to the tale. It is said that Sir Humphry Colquhoun, who was on horseback, escaped to the castle of Ben-chra, or Banochar, and was next day dragged out and murdered by the victorious Macgregors in cold blood. Buchanan of Auchmar, however, speaks of his slaughter as a subsequent event, and as perpetrated by the Macfarlanes. Again, it is reported that the Macgregors murdered a number of youths, whom reports of the intended battle had brought to be spectators, and whom the Colquhouns, anxious for their safety, had shut up in a barn to be out of danger. One account of the Macgregors denies this circumstance entirely, another ascribes it to the savage and blood-thirsty disposition of a single individual, the bastard brother of the laird of Macgregor, who amused himself with this second massacre of the innocents, in express disobedience to the chief, by whom he was left their guardian during the pursuit of the Colquhouns. It is added, that Macgregor bitterly lamented this atrocious action, and prophesied the ruin which it must bring upon their ancient clan. The following account of the conflict, which is indeed drawn up by

a friend of the clan Gregor, is altogether silent on the murder of the youths:—"In the spring of the year 1652, there happened great dissensions and troubles between the laird of Luss, chief of the Colquhouns, and Alexander, laird of Macgregor. The original of these quarrels proceeded from injuries and provocations mutually given and received, not long before. Macgregor, however, wanting to have them ended in friendly conferences, marched at the head of two hundred of his clan to Luss, which borders on Luss, his country, with a view of settling matters by the mediation of friends; but Luss had no such intentions, and projected his measures with a different view; for he privately drew together a body of 300 horse and 500 foot, composed partly of his own clan and their followers, and partly of the Buchanans, his neighbours, and resolved to cut off Macgregor and his party to a man, in case the issue of the conference did not answer his inclination. But matters fell otherwise than he expected; and though Macgregor had previous information of his insidious design, yet, dissembling his resentment, he kept the appointment, and parted good friends in appearance.

No sooner was he gone than Luss, thinking to surprise him and his party in full security, and without any dread or apprehension of his treachery, followed with all speed, and came up with him at a place called Glenfroon. Macgregor upon the alarm, divided his men into two parties, the greatest part whereof he commanded himself, and the other he committed to the care of his brother John, who, by his orders, led them about another way, and attacked the Colquhouns in flank. Here it was fought with great bravery on both sides for a considerable time; and, notwithstanding the vast disproportion of number, Macgregor in the end, obtained an absolute victory. So great was the rout, that 200 of the Colquhouns were left dead upon the spot, most of the leading men were killed, and a multitude of prisoners taken. But what seemed most surprising and incredible in this defeat was, that none of the Macgregors were missing, except John, the laird's brother, and one common fellow, though indeed many of them were wounded."—Professor Ross's *History of the family of Sutherland*, 1631.

The consequences of the battle of Glen-froon were very calamitous to the family of Macgregor, who had already been considered as an untidy clan. The widows of the slain Colquhouns, sixty, it is said, in number, appeared in doleful procession before the king at Stirling, each riding upon a white palfrey, and bearing in her hand the bloody shirt of her husband displayed upon a pike. James VI. was so much moved by the complaints of this "choir of mourning dames," that he let loose his vengeance against the Macgregors, without either bounds or moderation. The very name of the clan was proscribed, and those by whom it had been borne were given up to sword and fire, and absolutely hunted down by bloodhounds like wild beasts. Argyll and the Campbells on the one hand, Montrose, with the Grahams 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.—*Brannt's Diary*, 2d October 1653. 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 degradations produced new acts of council, confirming the severity of their proscriptions, which had only the effect of rendering them still more united and desperate. It is a most extraordinary proof of the ardent and invincible spirit of clan-ship, that, notwithstanding the repeated proscriptions providently ordained by the legislature, "for the *cessant preventing* the disorders and oppression that may fall out by the said name and clan of Macgregors

and their followers,' they were, in 1715 and 1745, a potent clan, and continue to subsist as a distinct and numerous race.

## NOTE XIV.

—The king's vindictive pride  
Boasts to have tamed the Border-side.  
St. XXVIII. p. 19.

In 1529, James V. made a convention at Edinburgh, for the purpose of considering the best mode of quelling the Border robbers, who, during the license of his minority, and the troubles which followed, had committed many exorbitancies. Accordingly, he assembled a flying army of ten thousand men, consisting of his principal nobility and their followers, who were directed to bring their hawks and dogs with them, that the monarch might refresh himself with sport during the intervals of military execution. With this array he swept through Ettrick forest, where he hanged over the gate of his own castle, Piers Cockburn of Henderland, who had prepared, according to tradition, a feast for his reception. He caused Adam Scott of Tushielaw also to be executed, who was distinguished by the title of King of the Border. But the most noted victim of justice, during that expedition, was John Armstrong of Glinockie, famous in Scottish song, who, confiding in his own supposed innocence, met the king with a retinue of thirty-six persons, all of whom were hanged at Carlenrig, near the source of the Teviot. The effect of this severity was such, that as the vulgar expressed it, "the rush bush kept the cow," and "thereafter was great peace and rest a long time, wherethrough the king had great profit; for he had ten thousand sheep going in the Ettrick forest in keeping by Andrew Bell, who made the king as good count of them as they had gone in the bounds of Fife."—*Pitcairnie's History*, p. 153.

## NOTE XV.

What grace for Highland chiefs judge ye,  
By fate of Border chivalry.—St. XXVIII. p. 19.

James was, in fact, equally attentive to restrain rapine and feudal oppression in every part of his dominions. "The king past the isles, and there held justice courts, and punished both thief and traitor according to their desert. And also he caused great men to show their holdings, wherethrough he found many of the said lands in non-wentry; the which he confiscate and brought home to his own use, and afterward annexed them to the crown, as ye shall hear. Syne brought many of the great men of the isles captive with him, such as Muirhart, M'Connell, M'Loyd of the Lowes, M'Neil, M'Lane, M'Intosh, John Muirhart, M'Kay, M'Kenzie, with many others that I cannot rehearse at this time. Some of them he put in ward and some in court, and some he took pledges for good rule in time coming. So he brought the isles, both north and south, in good rule and peace; wherefore he had great profit, service, and obedience of people a long time hereafter, and as long as he had the heads of the country in subjection, they lived in great peace and rest, and there was great riches and policy by the king's justice."—*Pitcairnie*, p. 152.

## NOTE XVI.

"Rest safe till morning—bity 'twere  
Such cheek should feel the midnight air!"  
St. XXXV. p. 20.

Hardihood was in every respect so essential to the character of a Highlander, that the reproach of effeminacy was the most bitter which could be thrown upon him. Yet it was sometimes hazarded on what we might presume to think slight grounds. It is reported of old Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, when upwards of seventy, that he was surprised by night on a hunting or military expedition. He wrapped him in his plaid, and lay contentedly down upon the snow, with which the ground happened to be covered. Among his attendants, who were preparing to take their rest in the same manner, he observed that one of his grandsons, for his better accommodation, had rolled a large snow-ball, and placed it below his head. The wrath of the ancient chief was awakened

by a symptom of what he conceived to be degenerate luxury. "Out upon thee," said he, kicking the frozen bolster from the head which it supported, "art thou so effeminate as to need a pillow?" The officer of engineers, whose curious letters from the Highlands have been more than once quoted, tells a similar story of Macdonald of Keppoch, and subjoins the following remarks:—

"This and many other stories are romantick; but there is one thing, that at first thought might seem very romantick, of which I have been credibly assured, that when the Highlanders are constrained to lie among the hills, in cold dry windy weather, they sometimes soak the plaid in some river or burn (i. e. brook); and then, holding up a corner of it a little above their heads, they turn themselves round and round, till they are enveloped by the whole mantle. They then lay themselves down on the heath, upon the leeward side of some hill, where the wet and the warmth of their bodies make a steam, like that of a boiling kettle. The wet, they say, keeps them warm by thickening the stuff, and keeping the wind from penetrating.

I must confess I should have been apt to question this fact, had I not frequently seen them wet from morning till 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 spunginess of the plaiding; 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 spensils, and this is become a second nature, and can scarcely be called a hardship to them, inasmuch that I used to say, they seemed to be of the duck kind, and to love water as well. Though I never saw this preparation for sleep in windy weather, yet, setting out early in a morning from one of the butts, 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, 8vo. II. p. 108.

## NOTE XVII.

—His henchman came.—St. XXXV. p. 21.

"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 haunch, from whence his title is derived, and watches the conversation, to see if any one offends his patron.

An English officer being in company with a certain chieftain, and several other Highland gentlemen, near Killseblumen, had an argument with the *great man*; and both being well warmed with usky, at last the dispute grew very hot.

A youth who was henchman, not understanding one word of English imagined his chief was insulted, and thereupon drew his pistol from his side, and snapped it at the officer's head; but the pistol missed fire, otherwise it is more than probable, he might have suffered death from the hand of that little vermin.

But it is very disagreeable to an Englishman to see every one of them have his gilly, that is his servant, standing behind him all the while, let what will be the subject of conversation."—*Letters from Scotland*, II. p. 108.

## NOTES TO CANTO THIRD.

## NOTE I.

And while the Fiery Cross glanced like a meteor round.—St. I. p. 21.

When a chieftain desired to summon his clan, upon any sudden or important emergency, he blew a goat, and making a cross of any light wood, ascended its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the *Fiery*

Cross, also *Cross Tarigh* or the *Cross of Shame*, because disobedience to what the symbol implied, infested infancy. It was delivered to a swift and trusted messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person, with a single word, implying the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forward, with equal dispatch, to the next village; and thus it passed with incredible celerity through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among his allies and neighbours, if the danger was common to them. At sight of the Fiery Cross, every man, from sixteen years old to sixty, capable of bearing arms, was obliged instantly to repair, in his best arms and accoutrements, to the place of rendezvous. He who failed to appear, suffered the extremities of fire and sword, which were emblematically denounced to the disobedient by the bloody and burned marks upon this warlike signal. During the civil war of 1745-6, the Fiery Cross often made its circuit; and upon one occasion it passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours. The late Alexander Stuart, Esq. of Invernahyle, described to me his having sent round the Fiery Cross through the district of Appine, during the same commotion. The coast was threatened by a descent from two English frigates, and the flower of the young men were with the army of Prince Charles Edward, then in England, yet the summons was so effectual, that even old age and childhood obeyed it; and a force was collected in a few hours, so numerous and so enthusiastic, that all attempt at the intended diversion upon the country of the absent warriors, was in prudence abandoned as desperate.

This practice, like some others, is common to the Highlanders with the ancient Scandinavians, as will appear by the following extract from Olafus Magnus:—

"When the enemy is upon the sea-coast, or within the limits of northern kingdoms, then presently, by the command of the provincial governors, with the counsel and consent of the old soldiers, who are notably skilled in such like business, a staff of three hands' length, in the common sight of them all, is carried, by the speedy running of some active young man, unto that village or city, with this command—that on the 3, 4, or 8, day, one, two or three, or else every man in particular, from 15 years old, shall come with his arms and expenses for ten or twenty days, upon pain that his or their houses shall be burnt (which is intimated by the burning of the staff), or else the master to be hanged (which is signified by the cord tied to it), to appear speedily on such a bank, or field, or valley, to hear the cause he is called, and to receive orders from the said provincial governors what he shall do. Wherefore that messenger, swifter than any post or wagon, having done his commission, comes slowly back again, bringing a token with him that he hath done all legally; and every moment one or another runs to every village, and tells those places what they must do."—"The messengers, therefore, of the footmen, that are to give warning to the people to meet for the battail, run fiercely and swiftly; for no snow, nor rain, nor heat can stop them, nor night hold them; but they will soon run the race they undertake. The first messenger tells it to the next village, and that to the next; and so the hubbub runs all over, till they all know it in a stift or territory, where, when, and wherefore they must meet."—OLAFUS MAGNUS' *History of the Goths*, translated by J. S. Lond. 1658. Book iv. chap. 3, 4.

## NOTE II.

That Monk, of savage form and face.—St. IV. p. 22.

The state of religion in the middle ages afforded considerable facilities for those whose mode of life excluded them from regular worship, to secure, nevertheless, the ghostly assistance of confessors perfectly willing to adapt the nature of their doctrine to the necessities and peculiar circumstances

of their flock. Robin Hood, it is well known, had his celebrated domestic chaplain, Friar Tuck. And that same curial friar was probably matched in manners and appearance by the ghostly fathers of the Tynedale robbers, who are thus described in an execration pronounced against their patrons by Richard Fox, Bishop of Durham, tempore Henric VIII.—"We have further understood, that there are many chaplains in the said territories of Tynedale and Redesdale, who are public and open maintainers of concubinage, irregular, suspended, excommunicated, and interdicted persons, and wishal so utterly ignorant of letters, that it has been found by those who objected this to them, that there were some who, having celebrated mass for ten years, were still unable to read the sacramental service. We have also understood there are persons among them who, although not ordained, do take upon them the offices of priesthood, and, in contempt of God, celebrate divine and sacred rites, and administer the sacraments, not only in sacred and dedicated places, but in those which are profane and interdicted, and most wretchedly ruinous; they themselves being attired in ragged, torn, and most filthy vestments, altogether unfit to be used in divine or even in temporal offices. The which said chaplains do administer sacraments and sacramental rites to the aforesaid manifest and infamous thieves, robbers, depre-dators, receivers of stolen goods, and plunderers, and that without restitution, or intention to restore, as is evinced by the fact; and do also openly admit them to the rites of ecclesiastical sepulture, without exacting security for restitution, although they are prohibited from doing so by the sacred canons, as well as by the institutes of the saints and fathers. All which infers the heavy peril of their own souls, and is a pernicious example to the other believers in Christ, as well as no slight, but an aggravated injury to the numbers despoiled and plundered of their goods, gear, herds, and chattels."\*

To this lively and picturesque description of the confessors and churchmen of predatory tribes, there may be added some curious particulars respecting the priests attached to the several sept of native Irish, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. These friars had indeed to plead, that the incursions, which they not only pardoned, but even encouraged, were made upon those hostile to them, as well in religion as from national animosity. But by protestant writers they are uniformly alleged to be the chief instruments of Irish insurrection, the very well-spring of all rebellion towards the English government. Lithgow, the Scottish traveller, declares the Irish wood-kerne, or predatory tribes, to be but the hounds of the hunting priests, who directed their incursions by their pleasure, partly for sustenance, partly to gratify animosity, partly to foment general division, and always for the better security and easier domination of the friars.† Derrick, the liveliness and minuteness of whose descriptions may frequently apologise for his doggerel verses, after describing an Irish feast, and the encouragement given, by the songs of the bards, to its termination in an incursion upon the parts of the country more immediately under 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 hearts,

The friar, of his counsell's vile,

To rebels doth imparte,

Affirming that it is

an almost dee'de to God,

To make the English subjectes taste

the Irish rebels ro'dde.

To spolie, to kill, to burne,

this friar's counsell is;

\* The Mention against the Robbers of Tynedale and Redesdale, with which I was favoured by my friend, Sir Surtees, of Mansfield, may be found in the original Latin, in the Appendix to the Introduction to the Border Minstrelsy, No. VII. fourth edition.

† Lithgow's Travels, first edit. p. 631.

And for the doing of the same,  
 he warrants heavenly bliss.  
 He tells a holie tale;  
 the white he tournes to blacke;  
 And through the pardons in his male,  
 he workes a knauishe knacke.\*

The wretched 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 inroad-, is illustrated by a rude cut. The defeat of the Irish, by a party of English soldiers from the next garrison, is then commemorated, and in like manner adorned with an engraving, in which the friar is exhibited mourning over the slain chieftain; or, as the rubric expresses it,

"The friar then that trescherous knave, with ough  
 ough-thou 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 friar saying this,  
 laments that lucklesse parte,  
 And curseth to the pitte of hell  
 the death man's sturdye hart:  
 Yet for to quight them with  
 the friar taketh paine,  
 For all the synnes that ere he did  
 remission to obtaine.  
 And therefore serves his booke,  
 the candell and the bell;  
 But thinke you that suche apiste toles  
 bring damned soules from hell?  
 It tongs not to my parte  
 infernall things to knowe;  
 But I beleve till later daie,  
 thei rise not from belowe.  
 Yet hope that friars give  
 to this rebellious rout,  
 If that their soules shoulde chauce in hell,  
 to bring them quicklie out.  
 Dearth make them lead suche lives,  
 as neither God nor man,  
 Without reuenge for their desertes,  
 permitte to suffer can.  
 Thus friars are the cause,  
 the fountain and the spring,  
 Of burlicuries in this lande,  
 of eche unshappte thing.  
 Thei cause them to rebell  
 against their soveraigne queene;  
 And through rebellion often tymes,  
 their lives doe vanishe cleene.  
 So as by friars meanes,  
 in whome all follie swimme,  
 The Irish karne doe often lose  
 the life, with hedde and limme.\*"

As the Irish tribes and those of the Scottish Highlands, are much more intimately allied by language, manners, dress, and customs, than the antiquaries of either country have been willing to 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 accented religionists, 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 antiquary of eminence, and early in the eighteenth century published a description of them, which procured him admission into the Royal Society. He died in London about 1719. His work is a strange mixture of learning, observation, and gross credulity.

\* This curious Picture of Ireland was inserted by the author in the republication of Somers' Tracts, vol. 1. in which the pieces have been also inserted, from the only impressions known to exist, belonging to the copy in the Advocates' Library. See Somers' Tracts, vol. 1. p. 361, 364.

"I remember," says this author, "I have seen an old lay-capuchin here (in the island of Benbecula), called in their language *brothir-jochi*, 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 wai-tcoat: he wears a glad above it, girt about the middle, which reaches to his knee: the plad is fastened on his breast with a wooden pin, his neck bare, and his feet often so too: he wears a hat for ornament, and the string about it is a bit of a fisher's line, made of horse-hair. This plad he wears instead of a gown worn by those of his order in other countries. I told him he wanted the flaxen girdle that men of his order usually wear: he answered me that he wore a leather 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 trout: he lies upon straw, and has no bell (as others have) to call him to his devotion, but only his conscience, as he told me."—MARTIN'S Description of the Western Islands, p. 82.

#### NOVA III.

Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.

St. V. p. 22.

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 same 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, in an incredulous age, have somewhat diminished the wonder which accompanied the conception of *Gall-doir* Maghrevollich.

"There is bot two myles from Inverloighe, the church of Kilmalec, in Loghveid. In ancient tymes there was ane church builded upon ane hill, which was above this church, which doeth now stand in this toun; and ancient men doeth say, that there was a battell foughten on ane little hill not the tenth part of a myle from this church, be certaine men which they did not know what they were. And long tyme thereafter, certaine herds of that toun, and of the next toun, called Unnat, both wenebes and youthes, did on a tyme convene with others on that hill; and the day being somewhat cold, did gather the bones of the dead men that were slayne long tyme before in that place, and did make a fire to warm them. At last they did all remore from the fire, except one maid or wench, which was verie cold, and she did remaine there for a space. She being quyetie her alone, without anie other companie, took up her clothes above her knee, or thereby, to warm her; a wind did come and cast the ashes upon her, and she was conceived of ane man-child. Several tymes thereafter she was verie sick, and at last she was knowne to be with chyld. And then her parents did ask at her the matter hereoff, which the wench could not weel answer which way to satisfie them. At last she resolved them with ane

answer. As fortune fell upon her concerning this marvellous miracle, the child being borne, his name was called *Gill-dor MagArreodich*, that is to say, the black child, son to the dove. So called, his grandfather sent him to school, and so he was a good scholar, and godly. He did build this church, which doeth now stand in Lochyeld, called Kilmallie.—*MICHAELSLANE, MS. SUPRA, II. 188.*

## NOTE IV.

Yet ne'er again to braid her hair,  
The virgin snood old Alice wear.—*St. V. p. 22.*

The snood, or ribband, with which a Scottish lass braided her hair had an emblematical signification, and applied to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the *curch, foy, or coil*, 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 advance to the graver dignity of the *curch*. In old Scottish songs there occur many sly allusions to such misfortune, as in the old words to the popular tune of "Ower the mair among the heather:"—

"Down among the broom, the broom,  
Down among the broom, my dearie,  
The lassie lost her siken snood,  
That gaird her greet till she was warie."

## NOTE V.

The desert gave him visions wild,  
Such as might suit the Spectre's child.  
*St. VII. p. 23.*

In adopting the legend concerning the birth of the founder of the church of Kilmallie, the author has endeavoured to trace the effects which such a belief was likely to produce, in a barbarous age, on the person to whom it related. It seems likely that he must have become a fanatic or an impostor, or that mixture of both which forms a more frequent character than either of them, as existing separately. In truth, mad persons are frequently more anxious to impress upon others a faith in their visions than they are themselves confirmed in their reality; as, on the other hand, it is difficult for the most cool-headed impostor long to personate an enthusiastic, without in some degree believing what he is so eager to have believed. It was a natural attribute of such a character as the supposed hermit, that he should credit the numerous superstitions with which the minds of ordinary Highlanders are almost always imbued. A few of these are slightly alluded to in this stanza. The *River-Demon*, or *River-horse*, for it is that form which he commonly assumes, is the *Kelny* of the lowlands, an evil and malicious spirit, delighting to forebode and to witness calamity. He frequents most Highland lakes and rivers; and one of his most memorable exploits was performed on the banks of Loch Vennessar, in the very district which forms the scene of our action: it consisted in the destruction of a funeral procession, with all its attendants. The "moonlike hag," called in Gaelic *Glas-ack*, a tall, emaciated, gigantic female figure, is supposed in particular to haunt the district of Knoisdart. A goblin dressed in antique armour, and having one hand covered with blood, called, from that circumstance, *Low-Searg*, or *Red-hand*, is a tenant of the forests of Glenmore, and Rothemurcus. 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 apparition to the imagination of the solitary and melancholy mountaineer.

## [NOTE VI.]

The fatal Ben-Shie's bodie scream.—*St. VII. p. 23.*

Most great families in the Highlands were supposed to have a tutelar or rather a domestic spirit,

attached to them, who took an interest in their prosperity, and intimated, by its warnings, any approaching disaster. That of Grant of Grant was called *Moy Moulach*, and appeared in the form of a girl, who had her arm covered with hair. Grant of Rothemurcus had an attendant called *Bodach-an-dun*, or the Ghost of the Hill; and many other examples might be mentioned. The Ben-Shie implies the female Fairy, whose lamentations were often supposed to precede the death of a chieftain of particular families. When she is visible, it is in the form of an old woman, with a blue mantle, and streaming hair. A superstition of the same kind is, I believe, universally received by the inferior ranks of the native Irish.

The death of the head of a highland family is also sometimes supposed to be announced by a chain of lights of different colours, called *Dr'eng*, or *Death of the Druid*. The direction which it takes marks the place of the funeral.

## NOTE VII.

Somets, too, had come in midnight blast,  
Of charging steeds, careering fast  
Along Ben-narrows shingly side,  
Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride.  
*St. VII. p. 23.*

A presage of the kind alluded to in the text, is still believed to announce death to the ancient highland family of M'Lean of Lochbuy. The spirit of an ancestor slain in battle is heard to gallop along a stony bank, and then to ride thrice around the family residence, ringing his fairy bridle. And thus intimating the approaching calamity. How rarely the eye as well as the ear may be deceived upon such occasions, is evident from the stories of armies in the air, and other spectral phenomena with which history abounds. Such an apparition is said to have been witnessed upon the side of Southernhill mountain, between Penrith and Keswick, upon the 23d June 1744, by two persons, William Lancaster of Blakehills, and Daniel Strickett his servant, whose attestation to the fact, with a full account of the apparition, dated the 21st July 1783, is printed in Clark's Survey of the Lakes. The apparition consisted of several troops of horse moving in regular order, with a steady rapid motion, making a curved sweep, around the fell, and seeming to the spectators to disappear over the ridge of the mountain. Many persons witnessed this phenomenon, and observed the last, or last but one, of the supposed troop, occasionally leave his rank, and pass, at a gallop, to the front, when he resumed the same steady pace. This curious appearance, making the necessary allowance for imagination, may be perhaps sufficiently accounted for by optical deception.—*Survey of the Lakes, p. 25.*

Supernatural intimations of approaching fate are not, I believe, confined to highland families. Howell mentions having seen at a lapidary's in 1632, a monumental stone, prepared for four persons of the name of Oxenham, before the death of each of whom, the inscription stated a white bird to have appeared and fluttered around the bed, while the patient was in the last agony.—*Familiar Letters*, Edist. 1716, p. 247. Glanville mentions one family, the members of which received this solemn sign by music, the sound of which floated from the family residence, and seemed to die in a neighbouring wood; another, that of Captain Wood of Hampton, to whom the signal was given by knocking. But the most remarkable instance of the kind occurs in the MS. Memoirs of Lady Farshaw, so exemplary for her conjugal affection. Her husband, Sir Richard, and she, chanced, during their abode in Ireland, to visit a friend, the head of a sept, who resided in his ancient baronial castle, surrounded with a moat. At midnight she was awakened by a ghastly and supernatural scream, and looking out of 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, loose and dishevelled. The dress, which Lady Fanshawe'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 Fanshawe's attention. In the morning with infinite terror, she communicated to her host what she had witnessed, and found him prepared not only to credit but to account for the apparition. "A near relation of my family," said he, "expired last night in this castle. We disguised our certain expectation of the event from you, lest it should throw a cloud over the cheerful reception which was your due. 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 dishonour done to his family, he caused to be drowned in the castle moat."

## NOTE VIII.

Whose parents in Inch-Collinach wave  
Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave.

St. VIII. p. 23.

*Inch-Collinach*, the Isle of Nuns, or of Old Women, is a most beautiful island at the lower extremity of Loch-Lomond. The church belonging to the former nunnery was long used as the place of worship for the parish of Buchanan, but scarce any vestiges of it now remain. The burial ground continues to be used, and contains the family places of sepulture of several neighbouring clans. The monuments of the lairds of Margreth, and other families, claiming a descent from the old Scottish King Alpine, are most remarkable. The Highlanders are as jealous of their rights of sepulture as may be expected from a people whose whole laws and government, if clanship can be called so, turned upon the single principle of family descent. "May his ashes be scattered on the water," was one of the deepest and most solemn impressions which they used against an enemy.

## NOTE IX.

—The dun deer's hide  
On fiercer foot was never hid.—St. XIII. p. 21.

The present *boogie* of the Highlanders is made of half-dried leather, with holes to admit and let out the water; for walking the moors dry-shod is a matter altogether out of the question. The ancient buskin was still ruder, being made of the undressed deer's hide, with the hair outwards, a circumstance which procured the Highlanders the well-known epithet of *red-shanks*. The process is very accurately described by one Eddar (himself a Highlander) in the project for a union between England and Scotland, addressed to Henry VIII:—"We go a-hunting, and after that we have slain red-deer, we flay off the skin by and by, and setting of our barefoot on the inside thereof, for want of cunning shoemakers, by your grace's pardon, we play the cobblers, compassing and measuring so much thereof as shall reach up to our ancles, pricking the upper part thereof with holes, that the water may repress where it enters, and stretching it up with a strong thong of the same above our said ancles. So, and please your noble grace, we make our shoes. Therefore, we using such manner of shoes, the rough hairy side outwards, in your grace's dominions of England we be called *rough-footed Scots*."—*PINKETON'S HISTORY*, vol. II. p. 397.

## NOTE X.

The dismal Coronach.—St. XV. p. 25.

The *Coronach* of the Highlanders, like the *Ullulus* of the Romans, and the *Ullulo* 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 clans—

## Coronach on Sir Lauchlan, Chief of Maclean.

Which of all the Senachies  
Can trace thy line from the root, up to Paradise,  
But Macvuirich, the son of Fergus?  
No sooner had thine ancient stately trees  
Taken firm root in Aislin,  
Than one of thy forefathers fell at Harlaw,—  
'Twas then we lost a chief of deathless name!—  
'Tis no base weed—no planted tree,  
Nor a seedling of last autumn;  
Nor a sapling planted at Beltain,\*  
Wide, wide around, were spread its lofty branches—  
But the topmost bough is lowly laid!  
Thou hast forsaken us before Sawaine.†  
Thy dwelling is the winter house—  
Loud, sad, and mighty is thy death song!—  
Oh! courteous champion of Montrose!  
Oh! stately warrior of the Celtic Isles!  
Thou shalt buckle thy harness on no more!

The coronach has, for some years past, been superseded at funerals by the use of the bagpipe, and that also is, like many other Highland peculiarities, falling into disuse, unless in remote districts.

## NOTE XI.

Benedi saw the Cross of Fire,  
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.

St. XIX. p. 26.

A glance at the provincial map of Perthshire, or at any large map of Scotland, will trace the progress of the signal through the small district of lakes and mountains, which, in exercise of my poetical privilege, I have subjected to the authority of my imaginary chieftain, and which, at the period of my romance, was really occupied by a clan who claimed a descent from Alpine; a clan the most unfortunate, and most persecuted, but neither the least distinguished, least powerful, nor least brave, of the tribes of the Gael.

"Sìloch nan rìghridh dhuichsach  
Boa-shios an Dùn-Sìobhmish  
Aig an roubh cran na Halba oith  
'Sag a cheil dhuich fast ris."

The first stage of the Fiery Cross is to Duneraggan, a place near the Brig of Turk, where a short stream divides Loch-Achray from Loch-Vennachar. From thence, it passes towards Collander, and then, turning to the left up the pass of Lennie, is consigned to Norman at the chapel of Sallot Bride, which stood on a small and romantic knoll in the middle of the valley, called Strath-Ire. Tombea and Armandave, or Armandave, are names of places in the vicinity. The alarm is then supposed to pass along the lake of Lubnag, and through the various glens in the district of Balquidder, including the neighbouring tracts of Glenulfas and Strathgarnet.

## NOTE XII.

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,  
Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze.

St. XXIV. p. 27.

It may be necessary to inform the southern reader, that the heath on the Scottish moorlands is often set fire to, that the sheep may have the advantage of the young herbage produced in room of the tough old heather plants. This custom (execrated by sportsmen) produces, occasionally, the most beautiful nocturnal appearances, similar almost to the discharge of a volcano. The simile is not new to poetry. The

\* Bel's fire, or Wild-Sunday.

† Halloween.

charge of a warrior, in the fine ballad of Hardyknute, is said to be "like a fire to heather set."

## NOTE XIII.

—by his Chieftain's hand.—St. XXIV. p. 27.

The deep and implicit respect paid by the highland clansmen to their chief, rendered this both a common and a solemn oath. In other respects, they were like most savage nations, scrupulous in their ideas concerning the obligatory power of oaths. One solemn mode of swearing was by kissing the *dirk*, imprecating upon themselves death by that, or a similar weapon, if they broke their vow. But for oaths in the usual form, they are said to have had little respect. As for the reverence due to the chief, it may be guessed from the following odd example of a Highland point of honour:—

"The clan wherein the abovementioned tribe belongs, is the only one I have heard of which is without a chief; that is being divided into families, under several chieftains, without any particular patriarch of the whole name. And this is a great reproach, as may appear from an affair that fell out at my table, in the Highlands, between one of that name and a Cameron. The provocation given by the latter, was 'Name your chief.' The return to it, at once, was 'You are a fool.' They went out next morning; but having early notice of it, I sent a small party of soldiers after them, which, in all probability, prevented some barbarous mischief that might have ensued; for the chiefless Highlander, who is himself a petty chieftain, was going to the place appointed, with a small sword and pistol, whereas the Cameron (an old man) took with him only his broadsword, according to agreement.

When all was over, and I had, at least seemingly, reconciled them, I was told the words, of which I seemed to think but slightly, were, to one of that clan, the greatest of all provocations."—*Letters from the North of Scotland*, vol. II. p. 221.

## NOTE XIV.

—Coir-nan-Uriskin.—St. XXV. p. 27.

This is a very steep and most romantic hollow in the mountain of Ben-venue, overhanging the south-eastern extremity of Lock-Katrine. It is surrounded with stupendous rocks, and overshadowed with birch trees, mingled with oaks, the spontaneous production of the mountain, even where its cliffs appear denuded of soil. A dale in so wild a situation, and amid a people whose genius bordered on the romantic, did not remain without appropriate deities. The name literally implies the corri, or den, of the wild or shaggy men. Perhaps this, as conjectured by Mr Alexander Campbell, \* may have originally only implied its being the haunt of a ferocious banditti. But tradition has ascribed to the *urisk*, who gives name to the cavern, a figure between a goat and a man; in short, however much the classical reader may be startled, precisely that of a Grecian satyr. The *urisk* seems not to have inherited, with the form, the petulance of the sylvan deity of the classics; his occupations, on the contrary, resembled those of Milton's lubber fiend, or of the Scottish brownie, though he differed from both in name and appearance. "The *urisks*," says Dr Graham, "were a sort of lubberly superstitious, 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 Ben-venue. This current superstition, no doubt, alludes to some circumstance in the ancient history of this country."—*Scenery on the Southern Confines of Perthshire*, 1806, p. 19.

It must be owned that the *coir*, or den, does not, in its present state, meet our ideas of a subterranean

\* *Journey from Edinburgh*, 1805, p. 105.

groto 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 authorise the author of a fictitious tale to assert its having been such at the remote period in which his scene is laid.

## NOTE XV.

—the wild pass of Beal-nam-bo.  
St. XXVI. p. 28.

Bealach-nam-Bo, or the pass of cattle, is a most magnificent glauc, overhung with aged birch trees, a little higher up the mountain than the Coir-nan-Uriskin, treated of in the last note. The whole composes the most sublime piece of scenery that imagination can conceive.

## NOTE XVI.

A single page to bear his sword,  
Alone attended on his Lord.—St. XXVII. p. 28.

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 *Lucht-tach*, 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 Mac Lean, chief of that clan, happened upon a time to hear one of these favourite retainers observe to his comrade, that their chief grew old—"Whence do you infer that?" replied the other. "When was it," rejoined the first, "that a soldier of Allan's was obliged, as I am now, not only to eat the flesh from this bone, but even to tear off the inner skin, or filament?" The hint was quite sufficient, and Mac Lean 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 *Leucht-tach*, or *gardes de corp*, belonged to the establishment of a Highland chief. These are: 1. *The Henchman*; (see these notes, p. 62.) 2. *The Bard*; (see p. 55.) 3. *Modier*, or spokesman. 4. *Gallie-mor*, or sword-bearer, alluded to in the text. 5. *Gallie-cayfue*, who carried the chief, if on foot, over the fork. 6. *Gallie-comstraine*, who leads the chief's horse. 7. *Gallie-trushnorisk*, the baggage-man. 8. *The piper*. 9. *The piper's glilie*, or attendant, who carries the bag-pipe.† 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.

## NOTES TO CANTO FOURTH.

## NOTE I.

The Taghairm call'd; by which, afar,  
Our aires foresaw the events of war.

St. IV. p. 30.

The Highlanders, like all rude people, had various superstitious modes of inquiring into futurity. One of the most noted was the *Taghairm*, mentioned in the text. A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly-slain bullock, and deposited beside a

† *Letters from Scotland*, vol. II. p. 138.

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 these desolate recesses. In some of the Hebrides, they attributed the same oracular power to a large black stone by the sea-shore, which they approached with certain solemnities, and considered the first fancy which came into their own minds, after they did so, to be the undoubted dictate of the tutelary deity of the stone, and as such, to be if possible, punctually complied with. Martin has recorded the following curious modes of Highland augury, in which the Taghairm, and its effects upon the person who was subjected to it, may serve to illustrate the text:—

"It was an ordinary thing among the over-curious to consult an invisible oracle concerning the fate of families and battles, &c. This was performed three different ways: the first was by a company of men, one of whom being detached by lot, was afterwards carried to a river, which was the boundary between two villages; four of the company laid hold on him, and, having shut his eyes, they took him by the legs and arms, and then, tossing him to and again, struck his hips with force against the bank. One of them cried out, "What is it you have got here?" another answers, "A log of birch-wood." The other cries again, "Let his invisible friends appear from all quarters, and let them relieve him by giving an answer to our present demands?" and in a few minutes after, a number of little creatures came from the sea, who answered the question, and disappeared suddenly. The man was then set at liberty, and they all returned home, to take their measures according to the prediction of their false prophets; but the poor deluded fools were abused, for the 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 covered with it except his head, and so left in this posture all night, until his invisible friends relieved him, by giving a proper answer to the question in hand, which he received, as he fancied, from several persons that he found about him all that time. His consorts returned to him at the break of day, and then he communicated his news to them, which 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 case, was believed infallible.

\* The reader may have met with the story of the "King of the Cats," in Lord Lisle's Letters. It is well known in the Highlands as a nursery tale.

Mr Alexander Cooper, present minister of North-Vict, told me that one John Erach, in the Isle of Lewis, assured him, it was his fate to have been led by his curiosity with some who consulted this oracle, and that he was a night within the hide, as above mentioned, during which time he felt and heard terrible things, that he could not express them, the impression it made on him was such as could never go off, and he said for a thousand worlds he would never again be concerned in the like performance, for this had disordered him to a high degree. He confessed it ingenuously, and with an air of great remorse, and seemed to be very penitent under a just sense of so great a crime; he declared this about five years since, and is still living in the Lewis for any thing I know.—Description of the Western Isles, p. 119. See also PENNANT'S Scottish Tour, vol. II. p. 361.

## NOTE II.

The choicest of the prey we had,  
When swept our merry-men Gallangad.

St. IV. p. 30.

I know not if it be worth observing, that this passage is taken almost literally from the mouth of an old Highland kern, or kiterian, as they were called. He used to narrate the merry doings of the good old times when he was follower of *Gilbane Dhu*, or *Black-knee*, a relation of Rob Roy Macgregor, and hardly his inferior in fame. This leader, on one occasion, thought proper to make a descent upon the lower part of the Loch-Lomond district, and summoned all the heritors and farmers to meet at the Kirk of Dryden, to pay him black-mail, &c. tribute for forbearance and protection. As this invitation was supported by a band of thirty or forty stout fellows, only one gentleman—an ancestor, if I mistake not, of the present Mr Graham of Garlinoe—ventured to decline compliance. *Gilbane Dhu* instantly swept his land of all he could drive away, and among the spoil was a bull of the old Scottish wild breed, whose ferocity occasioned great plague to the kiterians. "But ere we had reached the Row of Dinnan," said the old man, "a child might have scratched his ears." The circumstance is a minute one, but it paints the time when the poor beeve was compelled

"To hoof it o'er as many weary miles,  
With gauding pikemas hallowing at his heels,  
As e'er the bravest antler of the woods."

ERHWALD.

## NOTE III.

—that huge cliff whose ample verge  
Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.—St. V. p. 30.

There is a rock so named in the forest of Glenfinlas, by which a tumuluous 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 faggot tied to a string into the black pool beneath the fall.

## NOTE IV.

Or raven on the blasted oak,  
That watching while the deer it broke,  
His morsel claims with sullen croak.

St. V. p. 30.

Every thing belonging to the chase was matter of solemnity among our ancestors, but nothing was more so than the mode of cutting up, or, as it was technically called, *breaking* the slaughtered stag. The forester had his allotted portion; the hounds had a certain allowance; and, to make the division as general as possible, the very birds had their share also. "There is a little gristle," says Turberville, "which is upon the spine of the brisquet, 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 creak and cry for it all the time you were in breaking up of the deer, and would not depart till she had it." In the very ancient metrical romance of Sir Tristrem, that peerless knight, who is said to have been the very deviser of all rules of chase, did not omit this ceremony:—

"The raven he yaf his yiffes  
Sat on the fourched tree."

SIX TRISTRUM, 2d Edition, p. 34.

The raven might also challenge his rights by the Book of Saint Albans; for thus says Dame Juliana Berners:—

"Slitteth anon  
The hely to the side from the curbyne home,  
That is corbins fee, at the death he will be."

Jonson, in "The Sad Shepherd," gives a more poetical account of the same ceremony:—

"Morion. — He that undoes him,  
Doth cleave the brist-t bone upon the spoon,  
Of which a little gristle grows—you call it—  
Robin Hood. The raven's bone.

Morion. — Now o'er head sat a raven  
On a sere bough, a grown, great bird and hoarse,  
Who, all the time the deer was breaking up,  
So croaked and cried for it, as all the huntsmen,  
Especially old Scathlocke, thought it ominous."

#### NOTE V.

Which spills the foremost foeman's life,  
That party conquers in the strife.—St. VI. p. 39.

Though this be in the text described as the response of the Taghairm, or Oracle of the Hide, it was of itself an augury frequently attended to. The fate of the battle was often anticipated in the imagination of the combatants, by observing which party first shed blood. It is said that the Highlanders under Montrose were so deeply imbued with this notion, that on the morning of the battle of Tippermuir, they murdered a defenceless herdsman, whom they found in the fields, merely to secure an advantage of so much consequence to their party.

#### NOTE VI.

Alice Brand.—St. XII. p. 32.

This little fairy tale is founded upon a very curious Danish ballad, which occurs in the *Kjæmpe Viser*, a collection of heroic songs, first published in 1391, and reprinted in 1623, inscribed by Anders Sørensen, the collector and editor, to Sophia, Queen of Denmark. I have been favoured with a literal translation of the original by my learned friend, Mr Robert Jamieson, whose deep knowledge of Scandinavian antiquities will, I hope, one day be displayed in illustration of the history of Scottish Ballad and Song, for which no man possesses more ample materials. The story will remind the readers of the Border Minstrelsy of the tale of the Young Tamlane. 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 *Kjæmpe Viser*. Which may have been the originals, will be a question for future antiquarians. Mr Jamieson, to secure the power of literal translation, has adopted the old Scottish idiom, which approaches so near to that of the Danish as almost to give word for word as well as line for line, and, indeed, in many verses the orthography alone is altered. As *Wester Haf*, mentioned in the first stanza of the ballad, means the *West Sea*, in opposition to the *Baltic*, or *East Sea*. Mr Jamieson inclines to be of opinion, that the scene of the disenchantment is laid in one of the Orkney, or Hebride Islands. To each verse in the original is added a burden, having a kind of meaning of its own, but not applicable, at least not uniformly applicable, to the sense of the stanza to which it is subjoined: this is very common both in Danish and Scottish song.

#### THE ELFIN GRAY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH *KJÆMPE VISER*,  
P. 143, AND FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1391.

*Der ligger en vold i Vester Haf,  
Der agter en bonde at bygge;  
Hand forer did bonde hæg og hund,  
Og agter dar om vinteren at ligge,  
(De vilde diur og diurene udi skofven.)*

1.  
Ther ligg a wold in Wester Haf,  
There a husbunde means to bygg,  
And thither he carries baith hawk and hound,  
There meaning the winter to ligg.  
(The wild deer and does t'he shaw out.)

2.  
He takes wi' him baith hound and cock,  
The langer he means to stay,  
The wild deer in the shaws that are  
May sairly rue the day  
(The wild deer, &c.)

3.  
He's bew'd the beech, and he's fell'd the aik,  
Sae has he the poplar gray;  
And grim in mood was the growsome elf,  
That he sae bad he may.

4.  
He bew'd him kipples, he bew'd him bawks,  
Wi' mickle moil and haste;  
Syne speer'd the elf in the knock that bade,  
"Wha's hacking here sae fast?"

5.  
Syne up and spak the weicest elf,  
Creen'd as an immer smar:  
"It's here is come a christian man;—  
I'll fley him or he ga."

6.  
It's up syne started the firsten elf,  
And glower'd about sae grim:  
"It's we'll awa' to the husbunde's house,  
And haid a court on him.

7.  
"Here hews he down baith skugg and shaw,  
And winks us skalth and scorn;  
His huswife he shall gie to me;  
They's rue the day they were born!"

8.  
The Elfen a' t' the knock that were  
Gaed dancing in a string;  
They nighed near the husbunde's house;—  
Sae lang their tails did hing.

9.  
The hound he yowl'd t' the yard;  
The herd toots in his horn;  
The earn scraichs, and the cock craws,  
As the husbunde had g'en him his corn.\*

10.  
The Elfen were five score and seven,  
Sae liddie and sae grim;  
And they the husbunde's guests maun be,  
To eat and drink wi' him.

11.  
The husbunde out o' Villenshaw  
At his winnock the Elves can see:  
"Help me, now, Jessu, Marry's son:  
Thir Elves they mint at me!"

12.  
In every nook a cross he coast,  
In his chalmers maist awa;  
The Elfen a' were fley'd thereat,  
And flew to the wild-wood shaw.

\* This singular quatrain stands thus in the original:

"Hæden hand gier i gærden;  
Hæden tude i æt horn;  
Ærren skriker, og hænen gæler,  
Som bønden hæfde gifvet æt korn."

13.  
And some flew east, and some flew west,  
And some to the norwae flew;  
And some they flew to the deep dale down,  
There still they are, I trow.\*

14.  
It was then the wetest Elf,  
In at the door braids he;  
Aghast was the husbando, for that Elf  
For cross nor sign wad flee.

15.  
The huswife she was a canny wife,  
She set the Elf at the board;  
She set before him baith ale and meat,  
Wi' mony a well-walid word.

16.  
"Hear thou, Gude-man o' Villensha",  
What now I say to thee;  
Wna hude thee bigg within our bound,  
Without the leave o' me?

17.  
"But, an thou in our bounds will bigg,  
And bide, as well as may be,  
Then thou thy dearest huswife maun  
To me for a lemmen gie."

18.  
Up spake the luckless husbando then,  
As God the grace him gae;  
"Eline she is to me sae dear,  
Her thou may nagate bae."

19.  
Till the Elf he answer'd as he couthe:  
"Lat but my huswife be,  
And tak whate'er o' gude or gear  
Is mine, awa wi' thee."

20.  
"Then I'll thy Eline tak and thee  
Anesth my feet to tread;  
And hide thy goud and white monie  
Anesth my dwelling-stead."

21.  
The husbando and his househald a'  
In vairy rede they join;  
"Far better that she be now forfairn,  
Nor that we a' should tye."

22.  
Up, will of rede, the husbando stood,  
Wi' heart fa' sad and sair;  
And he has gien his huswife Eline  
Wi' the young Elf to fare.

23.  
Then blithe grew he, and sprang about;  
He took her in his arm;  
The rud it left her comely cheek;  
Her heart was clean'd wi' harm.

24.  
A waeifu' woman then she was ane,  
And the moody tears loot fa';  
"God rew on me, unseely wife,  
How hard a wierd I fa'!"

25.  
"My fay I plight to the fairest wight  
That man on mold mat see;  
Maus I now mell wi' a laidly Elf,  
His light lemmen to be!"

26.  
He minted ance—he minted twice,  
Wae wax'd her heart that syth;  
Synce the laidliest frend he grew that e'er  
To mortal ee did kyth.

27.  
When he the thirde time can mint,  
To Mary's son she pray'd,  
And the laidly elf was clean awa,  
And a fair knight in his stead.

## \* In the Danish:

"Somme floys ester, og somme floys vester,  
Nogle floys nu paa;  
Nogle floys end i dybene dale  
Jag troer de ere der endaa."

28.  
This fell under a linden green,  
That again his shape he found;  
O' war and care was the word nae mair,  
A' were sae glad that sound.

29.  
"Oh dearest Eline, hear thou this,  
And thou my wife sall be,  
And a' the goud in merry England  
Sae freely I'll gie thee."

30.  
"When I was but a little wee bairn,  
My mither died me frae;  
My stepmither sent me awa frae her;  
I turn'd till an *Elfen Gray*."

31.  
"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."

32.  
"Thou nobil knyght, we thank now God  
That has freed us frae skaith;  
Sae wed thou thee a maiden free,  
and joy attend ye baith!"

33.  
"Sin I to thee na maik can be,  
My dochter may be thine;  
And thy gude will right to fulfill,  
Lat this be our propine."

34.  
"I thank thee, Eline, thou wise woman;  
My praise thy worth sall hae;  
And thy love gin I fall to win,  
Thou here at hame sall stay."

35.  
The husbando biggit now on his ee,  
And nae ane wrought him wrang;  
His dochter wore crown in Engeland,  
And happy liv'd and lang.

36.  
Now Eline the husbando's huswife has  
Courd' a' her grief and harms;  
She's mither to a noble queen  
That sleeps in a kingis arms.\*

## \* GLOSSARY.

St. I. *Wold*, a wood, a woody fastness.  
*Husbando*, from the Dan. *hus*, with, and *bonde*, a villain, or bondman, who was a cultivator of the ground, and could not quit the estate to which he was attached, without the permission of his lord. This is the sense of the word in the old Scottish Records. In the Scottish "Burghe Laws," translated from the *Roy. Majest.* (Auchinlock MS. in the Adv. Lib.), it is used indiscriminately with the Dan. and Swed. *bonde*.

*Bigg*, build.—*Ligg*, lie.—*Does*, does.  
2. *Akne*, wood.—*Sairly*, sorely.  
3. *Ak*, oak.—*Grouse*, terrible.—*Blaid*, bold.  
*Kyppels* (cuples), beams joined at the top, for supporting a roof, in building.  
*Bowks*, balks, cross-beams.—*Moff*, laborious industry.  
*Sper'd*, asked.—*Knoed*, hillock.  
5. *Wrest* smallest.  
*Cress'd*, shrunk, diminished; from the Gaelic, *crian*, very small.

*Jawert*, cannot, ant.  
*Christen*, used in the Danish ballads, &c., in contradistinction to *deemoiner*, as it is in England in contradistinction to *brude*, in which sense, a person of the lower class, in England, would call, a *Jen*, or a *Tork*, a *Christen*.

*Fly*, frighten.  
6. *Glow'd*, stared.—*Hald*, hold.  
7. *Skugg*, shade.—*Skuth*, barn.  
8. *Nighed*, approached.  
9. *Foots*, howls.—*Foots*, in the Dan. *foed*, is applied both to the howling of a dog, and the sound of a horn.—*Scrotic* screams.  
10. *Laidly*, loathly, disgustingly, ugly.—*Grove*, fern.  
11. *Wooock*, window.—*Mest*, aim at.  
12. *Coor*, east.—*Cholmer*, chamber.—*Maisit*, most.—*Aw*, of all.

13. *Norwert*, northward.—*Trow*, believe.  
14. *Braids*, strikes quickly forward.—*Wad*, would.  
15. *Caisey*, adroit.—*Mony*, many.—*Hell-walid*, well chosen.  
17. *Ae*, if.—*Bide*, abide.—*Lemman*, mistress.

## THE GHAIST'S WARNING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KÆMPE VISER,  
p. 721.

(By the permission of Mr Jamieson, this ballad is added  
from the same curious collection. It contains some  
passages of great pathos.)

Spænd Dyring hand rider sig op under oc  
(Fore jeg selv er uag)  
Der fæds hand sig saa ven en mor,  
(Mig lyster ud liden at ride), &c.

Child Drying has ridden him up under oc,\*  
(And oh gin I were young!)  
There wedded he him and fair† a may,  
(I the green-wood if I had me to ride.)

2.  
Thegither they liv'd for seven lang year,  
(And oh, &c.)  
And they seven bairns hae gotten in fere,  
(I the green-wood, &c.)

18. *Nagat, nowise.*

19. *Couth, could, knew how to.—Lat be, let alone.*

*Guden, goods, property.*

20. *Svandt, beneath.—Dalling-sted, dwelling-place.*

21. *Sary, sorrowful.—Ekte, counsel, consultation.*  
*Fofvairs, forlorn, lost, gone.—Tyne, (verb neut.) be lost,*

*perish.*

22. *Hall of Bede, bewildered in thought.* This expression is left among the *delectata* in the Glossary to Ritsch's *Romances*, and has never been explained. It is obsolete in the Danish as well as in English.—*Fare, go.*

23. *Had, red of the cheek.*

*Crow'd* in the Danish, *klempt* (which, in the north of England, is still in use, as the word *skewed* is with us), brought to a dying state. It is used by our old comedians.

*Harm, grief*; as in the original, and in the old Teutonic English, and Scottish poetry.

24. *Wayts, woeful.—Moety, strongly and wilfully passionate.*

*Bru, take ruth, pity.—Uæstly, unhappy, unblest.—Wærd, fate.*

*Fa* (Isrl. Dan. and Swed.), take, get, acquire, procure, have for my lot. This Gothic verb answers, in its direct and secondary significations, exactly to the Latin *capio*; and Allan Ramsay was right in his definition of it. It is quite a different word from *fa'* an abbreviation of *fall*, or *befall*; and is the principal root in *fangen*, to *fang*, take, or lay hold of.

25. *Fy, faith.—Mold, mould, earth.—Mat, mete, might.*

*Means, must.—Mell, mix.*

*El, an elf.* This term, in the Welsh, signifies *what has in itself the power of motion; a moving principle, an intelligence, a spirit, an angel.* In the Hebrew, it bears the same import.

26. *Minted, attempted, meant, showed a mind, or intention to.* The original is *—*

Hand meidit hende ferd—og adden gang i—

Hun gjædis i kortet sa ves

End Mef hand den levde diafel

Mand kunde med oven see

Der hand vilde mindte den tredie gang." &c.

*Syds, tide, time.—Kyth, appear.*

28. *Sæved, hour, time, moment.*

29. *Merry* (old Teut. *mer*), famous, renowned; answering, in its etymological meaning, exactly to the Latin *maerus*. 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. *mar*, and the Welsh *marer*, great; and in the oldest Teut. *Romances, mar, mar, and mere*, have sometimes the same signification.

31. *Menda, amends, recompense.*

32. *Moik, match, peer, equal.—Propise, pledge, gift.*

33. *oc, an island of the second magnitude; an island of the first magnitude being called a ladd, and one of the third magnitude a bofsa.*

36. *Cuar'd, recover'd.*

\* Under *oc*—The original expression has been preserved here and elsewhere, because no other could be found to supply its place. There is just as much meaning in it in the translation as in the original; but it is a standard Danish ballad phrase, and, as such, it is hoped, will be allowed to pass.

† *Fair*—The Dan. and Swed. *ven, roos, or soene*, and the Gael. *bon*, in the oblique cases *bhàs* ('*man*'), is the origin of the Scottish *bonny*, which has so much puzzled all the etymologists.

3.

See Death's come there intill that stead,  
And that winsome lily flower is dead.

4.

That swan he has ridden him up under oc,  
And syne he has married aither may.

5.

He's married a may, and he's fessen her bame;  
But she was a grim and a laidy dame.

6.

When into the castell court drave she,  
The seven bairns stuid wi' the tear in their ee.

7.

The hairnies the stuid wi' dule and dout;

8.

Nor ale nor mead to the bairnie she gave;  
"But hunger and hate frae me ye's have."

9.

She took frae them the howster blae,  
And said, "Ye sall ligg i' the bare strae!"

10.

She took frae them the groff wax light;  
Says, "Now ye sall ligg i' the mark a' night!"

11.

'Twas lang i' the night, and the bairnies grag;  
Their mither she under the moola heard that—

12.

That heard the wife under the eard that lay;  
"Forsooth maun I to my bairnie gae!"

13.

That wife can stand up at our lord's knee,  
And "may I gang and my hairnies see?"

14.

She prigged sse aslr, and she prigged sse lang,  
That he at the last gae her leave to gang.

15.

"And thou sall come back when the cock does  
For thou nae langer shall hide awa." [craw,

16.

Wi' her banes sse stark, a bowt she gae;  
She's riven baith wa' and marble gray.†

17.

When near to the dwelling she can gang,  
The dogs they wow'd till the lift it rang.

18.

When she came till the castell yett,  
Her eldest dochter stood thereat.

19.

"Why stand ye here, dear dochter mine?  
How are sma brithers and sisters thine?"

20.

"For sooth ye're a woman baith fair and fine;  
But ye are nae dear mither mine."

21.

"Och! how should I be fine or fair?  
My cheek it is pale, and the ground's my fair."

22.

"My mither was white, wi' lire sse red;  
But thou art wan, and liker aue dead."

23.

"Och! how should I be white and red,  
Sae lang as I've been cold and dead?"

24.

When she cam till the chalm'er in,  
Down the bairns' cheeks the tears did rin.

25.

She busk't the tane, and she brush'd it there;  
She kem'd and plaited the tither's hair.

26.

The thirde she dood'd up upon her knee,  
And the fourthen

27.

She's ta'en the fiften upon her lap,  
And sweetly

† The original of this and the following stanza is very fine.

"Hun skod op sine modige been,

Der revenede mæur og gran marmorsteen."

"Der hun gik i gemmen den by,

De kunde de findt saa højt i sky.

28.  
Till her eldest dochter syne said she,  
"Ye bid Child Dyring come here to me."

29.  
When he cam till the chalmers in,  
Wi' angry mood she said to him :

30.  
"I left ye routh o' ale and bread ;  
My bairnies quail for hunger and need."

31.  
"I left ahind me braw bowwaters blue ;  
My bairnies are liggin' i' the bare strae."

32.  
"I left ye sae mony a groff wax light ;  
My bairnies ligg' i' the mark a' night."

33.  
"Gin aft I come back in visit thee,  
Wae, dowy, and weary thy luck shall be."

34.  
Up spak little Kirstin in bed that lay ;  
"Tu thy bairnies I do the best I may."

35.  
Aye when they heard the dog nurr and bell,  
Sae gae the bairnies bread and ale."

36.  
Aye when the dog did waw, in haste  
They cross'd and said'd themselves frae the ghaist."

37.  
Aye when the little dog yow'd wi' fear  
(And oh gin I stree poung' !)  
They shook at the thought that the dead was near,  
(I' the green wood if lifts me to ride.)

or,  
(Fair words sae mony a heart they cheer).\*

#### NOTE VII.

Up spoke the moody Eilín King,  
Who wou'd within the hill.—St. XIII. p. 32.

In a long dissertation upon the fairy superstition, published in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, the most valuable part of which was supplied by my learned and indefatigable friend Dr John Leyden, most of the circumstances are collected which can throw light upon the popular belief which even yet prevails respecting them in Scotland. Dr Grahame,

#### \* GLOSSARY.

1. *St. I. May, said, —Lais, please.*
2. *Said, place.*
3. *Bairns, children.—In fere, together.—Wassome, engaging, giving joy (sáe Teut.)*
4. *Syne, then.*
5. *Fessen, fetched, brought.*
6. *Drove, drove.*
7. *Dale, sorrow.—Dout, fear.*
8. *Bowater, bolster, cushion, bed.—Blue, blue, Strae, straw.*
9. *Groff, great, large in girl.—Mark, milk, dark.*
10. *Lang' o' the night, late.—Graf, wept.—Mould, mould, earth.*
11. *Kard, earth.—Gae, go.*
12. *Prigged, entreated earnestly and perseveringly.—Gang, go.*
13. *Crow, crow.*
14. *Baws, bows.—Stark, strong.*
15. *Bowl, bolt, elastic spring, like that of a ball or arrow, from a bow.—Roun, spirit, slender.—Hu', well.*
16. *Waw'd, howled.—Lift, sky, ornament, sir.*
17. *Yell, gate.*
18. *Sae, small.*
19. *Live, complexion.*
20. *Could, cold.*
21. *Till, to.—Rin, run.*
22. *Baukit, dressed.—Ker'd, combed.—Tither, the other.*
23. *Quail, plenty.—Quair, are quelled, die.—Need, want.*
24. *Ahind, behind.—Brave, brave, fan.*
25. *Dowy, successful.*
26. *Nurr, snarl.—Bill, bark.*
27. *Saimes, blessed ; literally, signed, with the sign of the cross. Before the introduction of Christianity, Rower was used in signing, as a spell against the power of evil spirits and evil genii.*
28. *Ghaist, ghost.*

author of an entertaining work upon the Scenery of the Perthshire Highlands, already frequently quoted, has recorded, with great accuracy, the peculiar tenets held by the Highlanders on this topic, in the vicinity of Loch-Katrine. The learned author is inclined to deduce the whole mythology from the Druidical system—an opinion to which there are many objections.

"The *Duoine Stè*, or men of peace of the Highlands, though not absolutely malevolent, are believed to be a peevish, repining race of beings, who, possessing themselves but a scanty portion of happiness, are supposed to envy mankind their more complete and substantial enjoyment. 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 Lochou, there is a place called *Coisàn*, or the cove of the men of peace, which is still supposed to be a favourite place of their residence. In the neighbourhood are to be seen many round conical eminences ; particularly one near the head of the lake, by the skirts of which many are still afraid to pass after sunset. It is believed, that if on Hallow-eve any person, alone, goes round one of these hills nine times, towards the left hand (*sinistram*), a door shall open, by which he shall be admitted into their subterraneous abodes. Many, it is said, of mortal race have been entertained in their secret recesses. There they have been received into the most splendid apartments, and regaled with the most sumptuous banquets and delicious wines. Their females surpass the daughters of men in beauty. The seemingly happy inhabitants pass their time in festivity, and in dancing to notes of the softest music. But unhappy is the mortal who joins in their joys, or ventures to partake of their dainties. By this indulgence, he forfeits for ever the society of men, and is bound down irrevocably to the condition of a *Shi'ich*, or man of peace.

A woman, as is reported in the Highland tradition, was conveyed, in days of yore, into the secret recesses of the men of peace. There she was recognised by one who had formerly been an ordinary mortal, but who had, by some fatality, become associated with the *Shi'ichs*. 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 vands which had been presented to her, and which had appeared so tempting to the eye, they were found, now that the enchantment was removed, to consist only of the refuse of the earth."—P. 107—111.

#### NOTE VIII.

Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,

Or moonlight circle's seen?

Or who comes here to chase the deer,

Belov'd of our Eilín Queen?—St. XIII. p. 32.

It has been already observed, that fairies, if not positively malevolent, are capricious, and easily offended. They are, like other proprietors of forests, peculiarly jealous of their rights of *vert* and *venison*, as appears from the cause of offence taken, in the original Danish ballad. This jealousy was also an attribute of the northern *dwaeger*, 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 Eilín, 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 *Cost of Keeldar*, and has not forgot his characteristic detestation of the chase:

"The third blast that young Keeldar blew,  
Still stood the lumber fern,  
And a wee man, of swarthy hue,  
Upstart by a cairn.

"His russet weeds were brown as heath,  
That clothes the upland fell;  
And the hair of his head was frizzily red  
As the purple heather-bell.

"An urehin, clad in prickles red,  
Clung caw'ring to his arm;  
The bounds they howl'd, and backward fled,  
As struck by fairy charm.

"Why rises high the staghound's cry,  
Where stag-bound ne'er should be?  
Why wakes that horn the silent morn,  
Without the leave of me?"

"Brown dwarf, that o'er the muirland strays,  
Thy name to Keeldar tell!"—  
"The Brown Man of the Muirs, who stays  
Beneath the heather-bell.

"'Tis sweet beneath the heather-bell,  
To live in autumn brown;  
And sweet to hear the laverock's swell,  
Far, far from tower and town.

"But woe betide the thrilling horn,  
The chase's surly cheer!  
And ever that hunter is forlorn,  
Whom first at morn I hear."

The poetical picture here given of the duergar corresponds exactly with the following Northumbrian legend, with which I was lately favoured by my learned and kind friend, Mr Surtice of Mainsforth, who has bestowed indefatigable labour upon the antiquities of the English border counties. The subject is in itself so curious, that the length of the note will, I hope, be pardoned.

"I have only one record to offer of the appearance of our Northumbrian duergar. My narratrix is Elizabeth Cockburn, an old wife of Offerton, in this county, whose credit, in a case of this kind, will not, I hope, be much impeached, when I add, that she is, by her dull neighbours, supposed to be occasionally insane, but, by herself, to be at those times endowed with a faculty of seeing visions, and spectral appearances, which shun the common ken.

In the year before the great rebellion, two young men from Newcastle were sporting on the high moors above Eldon, and after pursuing their game several hours, sat down to dine in a green glen, near one of the mountain streams. After their repast, the younger lad ran to the brook for water, and after stooping to drink, was surprised, on lifting his head again, by the appearance of a brown dwarf who stood on a crag covered with brackens across the burn. This extraordinary personage did not appear to be above half the stature of a common man, but was uncommonly stout and broad built, having the appearance of vast strength. His dress was entirely brown, the colour of the brackens, and his head covered with frizzled red hair. His countenance was expressive of the most savage ferocity, and his eyes glared like a bull. It seems he addressed the young man first, threatening him with his vengeance, for having trespassed on his demesnes, and asking him, if he knew in whose presence he stood? The youth replied, that he now supposed him to be the lord of the moors; that he offended through ignorance; and offered to bring him the game he had killed. The dwarf was a little mollified by this submission, but remarked, that nothing could be more offensive to him than such an offer, as he considered the wild animals as his subjects, and never failed to avenge their destruction. He condensed further to inform him, that he was like himself, mortal, though

of years far exceeding the lot of common humanity; and (what I should not have had an idea of) that he hoped for salvation. He never, he added, fed on any thing that had life, but lived in the summer on whortle-berries, and in winter on nuts and apples, of which he had great store in the woods. Finally, he invited his new acquaintance to accompany him home, and partake his hospitality—an offer which the youth was on the point of accepting, and was just going to spring across the brook (which, if 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 tarried long; and on looking round again, 'the wee brown man was fled.' The story adds, that he was imprudent enough to alight the admonition, and to sport over the moors on his way homewards; but soon after his return, he fell into a lingering disorder, and died within the year."

## NOTE IX.

Or who may dare on wold to wear

The fairy's fatal green.—St. XIII. p. 32.

As the *daime dh'*, or men of peace, wore green habits, they were supposed to take offence when any mortals ventured to assume their favourite colour. Indeed, from some reason, which has been, perhaps, originally a general superstition, green is held in Scotland to be unlucky to particular tribes and counties. The Caithness men, who hold this belief, allege, as a reason, that their bands wore that colour when they were cut off at the battle of Flodden: and for the same reason they avoid crossing the Ord on a Monday, being the day of the week on which their ill-omened array set forth. Green is also disliked by those of the name of Ogilvy, but more especially it is held fatal to the whole clan of Graham. It is remembered of an aged gentleman of that name, that when his horse fell in a fix-chase, he accounted for it at once, by observing, that the whipcord attached to his lash was of this unlucky colour.

## NOTE X.

For thou wert christen'd man.—St. XIII. p. 32.

The Elves were supposed greatly to envy the privileges acquired by Christian initiation, and they gave to those mortals who had fallen into their power, a certain precedence, founded upon this advantageous distinction. Tamlane, in the old ballad, describes his own rank in the fairy procession:—

"For I ride on a milk-white steed,  
And aye nearest the town;  
Because I was a christened knight,  
They gie me that renown."

I presume that, in the Danish ballad, the obstinacy of the "wiest elf," who would not see for cross or sign, is to be derived from the circumstance of his having been "christen'd man." How eager the elves were to obtain for their offspring the prerogatives of Christianity, will be proved by the following story:—"In the district called Hags, in Iceland, dwelt a nobleman called Sigward Forster, who had an intrigue with one of the subterranean females. The elf became pregnant and exacted from her lover a firm promise that he would procure the baptism of the infant. At the appointed time the mother came to the church-yard, on the wall of which she placed a golden cup, and a stole for the priest, agreeably to the custom of making an offering at baptism. She then stood a little apart. When the priest left the church, he inquired the meaning of what he saw, and demanded of Sigward if he avowed himself the father of the child. But Sigward, ashamed of the connection, denied the paternity. He was then interrogated if he desired that the child should be baptised; but this also he answered in the negative, lest, by such request, he should admit himself to be the father. On which the child was left untouched, and unbaptised. Whereupon the mother, in extreme wrath, snatched up the infant and the cup, and re-

tired, leaving the priestly cope, of which fragments are still in preservation. But this female denounced and imposed upon Sigward and his posterity, to the ninth generation, a singular disease, with which many of his descendants are afflicted at this day." Thus wrote Einar Gudmund, pastor of the parish of Garpdale, in Iceland, a man profoundly versed in learning, from whose manuscript it was extracted by the learned Torfaus.—*Historia Hroðs Krakó, Hafnar, 1715 preface.*

## NOTE XI.

And gaily shines the fairy land;  
But all is glistening show.—St. XV. p. 33.

No fact respecting Fairy-land seems to be better ascertained than the fantastic and illusory nature of their apparent pleasure and splendour. It has been already noticed, in the former quotations from Dr Grahame's entertaining volume, and may be confirmed by the following Highland tradition:—"A woman, whose new-born child had been conveyed by them into their secret abodes, was also carried thither herself, to remain, however, only until she should suckle her infant." She, one day, during this period, observed the shi'ichs busily employed in mixing various ingredients in a boiling cauldron; and as soon as the composition was prepared, she remarked that they all carefully anointed their eyes with it, laying the remainder aside for future use. In a moment when they were all absent, she also attempted to anoint her eyes with the precious drug, but had time to apply it to one eye only, when the *daine sh'* returned. But with that eye she was henceforth enabled to see every thing as it really passed in their secret abodes—she saw every object, not as she hitherto had done, in deceptive splendour and elegance, but in its genuine colours and form. The gaily ornaments of the apartment were reduced to the walls of a gloomy cavern. Soon after, having discharged her office, she was dismissed to her own home. Still, however, she retained the faculty of seeing, with her medicated eye, every thing that was done, any where in her presence, by the deceptive art of the order. One day, amidst a throng of people, she chanced to observe the shi'ich, or man of peace, in whose possession she had left her child, though to every other eye invisible. Prompted by maternal affection, she inadvertently accused him, and began to enquire after the welfare of her child. The man of peace, astonished at being thus recognised 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 for ever.—GRAHAME'S *Sketches*, p. 116-118. It is very remarkable that this story, translated by Dr Grahame from popular Gaelic tradition, is to be found in the *Otia Imperialia* of Gervase of Tilbury. A work of great interest might be compiled upon the origin of popular fiction, and the transmission of similar tales from age to age, and from country to country. The mythology of one period would then appear to pass into the romance of the next century, and that into the nursery-tale of the subsequent ages. Such an investigation, while it went greatly to diminish our ideas of the richness of human invention, would also show, that these fictions, however wild and childish, possess such charms for the populace as enable them to penetrate into countries unconnected by manners and language, and having no apparent intercourse to afford the means of transmission. It would carry me far beyond my bounds, to produce instances of this community of fable, among nations who never borrowed from each other any thing intrinsically worth learning. Indeed, the wide diffusion of popular fictions may be compared to the facility with which straws and feathers are dispersed abroad by the wind, while valuable metals cannot be transported without trouble and labour. There lives, I believe, only one gentleman, whose unlimited acquaintance with this subject might enable him to do it justice; I mean my friend Mr Francis Douce, of the British Museum, whose usual

kindness will, I hope, pardon my mentioning his name, while on a subject so closely connected with his extensive and curious researches.

## NOTE XII.

—I sunk down in a sinful fray,  
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatched away  
To the joyless Elfin bower.—St. XV. p. 33.

The subjects of Fairy-land were recruited from the regions of humanity by a sort of crimping system, which extended to adults as well as to infants. Many of those who were in this world supposed to have discharged the debt of nature, had only become denizens of the "Londe of Faery." In the beautiful fairy Romance of Orfeo and Heurodis (Orpheus and Eurydice) in the *Aschinelck 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 biholde aboute st,  
And seighe ful ligeread within the wal,  
Of folk that wer thidder y-brought;  
And thought dede and n'ere nought;  
Some stode withouten hollde;  
And sum none armes hadde;  
And sum thure the bodi hadde wounde;  
And sum thur wode y-bounde;  
And sum armed on hors sete;  
And sum astragled as that cte;  
And sum war in water dreynot;  
And sum with fire al for-schrovet;  
Wives ther lay on childre-bedde;  
Sum dede, and sum awedde;  
And wonder fele ther lay besides,  
Right as that slepe her undertides;  
Eche was thus in this world y-nome,  
With fair thidder y-come."

## NOTE XIII.

Though space and law the stag we lend,  
Who ever reek'd where, how, or when,  
The pranking fox was strapped and slain.  
St. XXX. p. 37.

St John actually used this illustration when engaged in confuting the plea of law proposed for the unfortunate Earl of Stafford:—"It was true, we give laws to hares and deer, because they are beasts of chase; but it was never accounted either cruelly or foul play to knock foxes or wolves on the head as they can be found, because they are beasts of prey. In a word, the law and humanity were alike; the one being more fallacious, and the other more barbarous, than in any age had been vented in such an authority."—CLARENDOON'S *History of the Rebellion*. Oxford, 1702, fol. vol. I. p. 183.

## NOTE XIV.

—his Highland cheer,  
The harden'd flesh of mountain deer.  
St. XXXI. p. 37.

The Scottish Highlanders, in former times, had a concise mode of cooking their venison, or rather of disposing 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 Highlands (*ou fin fond des savaignes*). After a great hunting party, at which a most wonderful quantity of game was destroyed, he saw the Scottish savages devour a part of their venison raw, without any further preparation than compressing it between two batons of wood, so as to force out the blood, and render it extremely hard. This they reckoned a great delicacy; and when the Vidame partook of it, his compliance with their taste rendered him extremely popular. This

curious trait of manners was communicated by Mons. de Montmorency, a great friend of the Viscount, to Brantôme, by whom it is recorded in *Vies des Hommes Illustres*, Diocèses, lxxxix. art. 14. The process by which the raw venison was rendered eatable is described very minutely in the romance of Perceforest, where Estonne, a Scottish knight-errant, having slain a deer, says to his companion Claudius:—"Sire, or mangerez vous et moy aussi. Voire si nous auons de feu, dit Claudius. Par l'ame de mon pere, dit Estonne, le vous atourneray et cuiray a la maniere de nostre pays comme pour cheualier errant. Lors tira son espee et sen vint a la branche dung arbre, et y fait vug grant trou, et puis frind al branche bien deux piéds et boute la cuisse du cerf entre-deux, et puis prent le lioul de son cheual et en lye la branche et destraint si fort que le sang et les humeurs de la chair saillent hors et demeure la chair douce et seiche. Lors prent la chair et oste las le cuir et la chair demeure aussi blanche comme si ce feust dung chappon. Dont dist a Claudius, Sire le la vous ay cuist a la guise de mon pays, vous en pouez manger hardyement, car le mangery premier. Lors met sa main a sa selle en vug lieu qui y auoit, et tira hors sel et poudre de poiure et gingembre, mesle ensemble, et le iecte dessus, et le frote sus bien fort, puis le coupe a moitie, et en donne a Claudius l'une des pieces, et puis mort en l'autre aussi sauouereusement quil est aduis que il en feist la pouldre voler. Quant Claudius veit quil le mangeoit de tel goust il en print grant fain et commença a manger tresvoulentiers, et dist a Estonne: Par l'ame de moy le ne mangey onquesmais de chair atournee de icelle guise; mais dorresauant le ne me retourneroy pas hors de mon chemin par auoir la culle. Sire, dist Estonne, quans ie suis en desers d'Esosse, dont ie suis seigneur, ie cheauchery huit iours ou quinze que ie n'entrey en chaiste le en maison, et si ne verray feu ne personne viuans fors que bestes sauvages, et de celles mangery atournees en ceste maniere, et mieulx me plairay que la viande de l'empereur. Ainsl sen vout mangant et cheauchant lasques adonc quilz arriuerent sur une moult belle fontaine qui estoit en vne valse. Quant Estonne la vit il dist a Claudius, allons boire a ceste fontaine. Or beuons, dist Estonne, du boire que le grant dieu a pourueu a toutes gens, et qui me plait mieulx que les ceruoises d'Angleterre."—*La Présentezant Histoire du tres-noble Roy Perceforest*. Paris, 1531, fol. tome I. fol. lv. vers.

After all, it may be doubted whether la chair nostre, for so the French called the venison thus summarily prepared, was any thing more than a mere rude kind of deer-ham.

## NOTES TO CANTO FIFTH.

## NOTE I.

Nor then claim'd sovereignty his due,  
While Albany, with feeble hand,  
Held borrow'd truncheon of command.

St. VI. p. 38.

There is scarcely a more disorderly period in Scottish history than that which succeeded the battle of Flodden, and occupied the minority of James V. Feuds of ancient standing broke out like old wounds, and every quarrel among the independent nobility, which occurred daily, and almost hourly, gave rise to fresh bloodshed. "There arose," says Pitcairne, "great trouble and deadly feuds in many parts of Scotland, both in the north and west parts. The Master of Forbes, in the north, slew the Laird of Meldrum under tryst (i. e. at an agreed and secured meeting); likewise, the Laird of Drummellar slew the Lord Fleming at the hawking; and likewise, there was slaughter among many other great lords," p. 121. Nor was the matter much mended under government of the Earl of Angus; for though he caused the king to ride through all Scot-

land, "under pretence and colour of justice, to punish thief and traitor, none were found greater than were in their own company. And none at that time durst strive with a Douglas, nor yet with a Douglas's man, for if they did, they got the worse. Therefore, none durst plainzie of no extortion, theft, reif, nor slaughter done to them by the Douglasses, or their men; in that cause they were not heard, so long as the Douglasses had the court in guiding."—*Ibid.*, p. 132.

## NOTE II.

The Gael, of plain and river heir,  
Shall with strong hand, redeem his share.  
St. VII. p. 39.

The ancient Highlanders verified in their practice the lines of Gray:—

An iron race the mountain cliffs maintain,  
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain;  
For where unwearied sinews must be found,  
With side-long plough to quell the stony ground;  
To turn the torrent's swift descending flood;  
To tame the savage, rushing from the wood;  
What wonder if, to patient valour train'd  
They guard with spirit what by strength they gain'd;  
And while their rocky ramparts round they see  
The rough abode of want and liberty,  
(As lawless force from confidence will grow),  
Insult the plenty of the vales below?

*Fragment on the Alliance of Education and Government.*

So far, indeed, was a creagh, or foray, from being held disgraceful, that a young chief was always expected to show his talents for command so soon as he assumed it, by leading his clan on a successful enterprise of this nature, either against a neighbouring sept, for which constant feuds usually furnished an apology, or against the Sassenach, Saxons, or Lowlanders, for which no apology was necessary. The Gael, great traditional historians, never forgot that the Lowlands had, at some remote period, been the property of their Celtic forefathers, which furnished an ample vindication of all the ravages that they could make on the unfortunate districts which lay within their reach. Sir James Grant of Grant is in possession of a letter of apology from Cameron of Lochiel, whose men had committed some degradation upon a farm called Moines, occupied by one of the Grants. Lochiel assures Grant, that however the mistake had happened, his instructions were precise that the party should foray the province of Moray (a Lowland district), where, as he coolly observes, "all men take their prey."

## NOTE III.

I only meant  
To show the reed on which you lean,  
Deeming this path you might pursue  
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

St. XI. p. 40.

This incident, like some other passages in the poem, illustrative of the character of the ancient Gael, is not imaginary, but borrowed from fact. The Highlanders, with the inconsistency of most nations in the same state, were alternately capable of great exertions of generosity, and of cruel revenge and perfidy. The following story I can only quote from tradition, but with such an assurance from those by whom it was communicated as permits me little doubt of its authenticity. Early in the last century, John Gunn, a noted catheran, or Highland robber, infested Inverness-shire, and levied black mail up to the walls of the provincial capital. A garrison was then maintained in the castle of that town, and their pay (country banks being unknown) was usually transmitted in specie, under the guard of a small escort. It chanced that the officer who commanded this little party was unexpectedly obliged to halt, about thirty miles from Inverness, at a miserable inn. About nightfall, a stranger, in the Highland dress, and of very prepossessing appearance, entered the same house. Separate accommo-

dation being impossible, the Englishman offered the newly-arrived guest part of his supper, which was accepted with reluctance. By the conversation, he found his new acquaintance knew well all the passes of the country, which induced him eagerly to request his company on the ensuing morning. He neither disguised his business and charge, nor his apprehensions of that celebrated freebooter, John Gunn. The Highlander hesitated a moment, and then frankly consented to be his guide. Forth they set in the morning; and, in travelling through a solitary and dreary glen, the discourse again turned on John Gunn. "Would you like to see him?" said the guide; and, without waiting an answer to this alarming question, he whistled, and the English officer, with his small party, were surrounded by a body of Highlanders, whose numbers put resistance out of question, and who were all well armed. "Stranger," resumed the guide, "I am that very John Gunn by whom you feared to be intercepted, and not without cause; for I came to the inn last night with the express purpose of learning your route, that I and my followers might ease you of your charge by the road. But I am incapable of betraying the trust you reposed in me, and having convinced you that you were in my power, I can only dismiss you un plundered and uninjured." He then gave the officer directions for his journey, and disappeared with his party, as suddenly as they had presented themselves.

## NOTE IV.

On Roehastle the mouldering lines,  
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,  
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.

St. XII. p. 40.

The torrent which discharges itself from Lochvenachar, the lowest and eastmost of the three lakes which form the scenery adjoining to the Troasachs, sweeps through a flat and extensive moor, called Roehastle. Upon a small eminence, called the *Dun* of Roehastle, and indeed on the plain itself, are some entrenchments which have been thought Roman. There is adjacent to Callander a sweet villa, the residence of Captain Fairfoul, entitled the Roman Camp.

## NOTE V.

See here, all vantageless I stand,  
Armed, like thyself, with single brand.

St. XII. p. 40.

The duellists of former times did not always stand upon those punctilios respecting equality of arms which are now judged essential to fair combat. It is true, that in formal combats in the lists, the parties were, by the judges of the field, put as nearly as possible in the same circumstances. But in private duel it was often otherwise. In that desperate combat which was fought between Quelus, a minion of Henry III. of France, and Antraguuet 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 Antraguuet with this odds: "Thou hast done wrong," answered he, "to forget thy dagger at home. We are here to fight, and not to settle punctilios of arms." In a similar duel, however, a younger brother of the house of Aubanye, in Angoulesme, behaved more generously on the like occasion, and at once threw away his dagger when his enemy challenged it as an undue advantage. But at this time hardly any thing can be conceived more horribly brutal and savage than the mode in which private quarrels were conducted in France. Those who were most jealous of the point of honour, and acquired the title of *ruffians*, did not scruple to take every advantage of strength, numbers, surprise, and arms, to

accomplish their revenge. The *Sieur de Brantoens*, 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 des Vitaux:—

"J'ay oui conter à un Tireur d'armes, qui apprit à Millaud à en tirer, lequel s'appelloit le Seigneur Jacques Ferron, de la ville d'Asi, qui avoit esté à moy, il fut depuis tue à Sainte-Basilie en Gascongne, lors que Monsieur du Mayne l'assiegea, lui servant d'Ingenieur; et de malheur, je l'avois adresse audit Baron quelques trois mois auparavant, pour l'exercer à tirer, bien qu'il en sceust prou; mais il n'en fit conte; et le laissant, Millaud s'en servit, et le rendit fort adroit. Ce Seigneur Jacques donc me raconta, qu'il s'estoit monte sur un noyer, assez loing, pour en voir le combat, et qu'il ne vist jamais homme y aller plus bravement, ny plus resoluement, ny de grace plus assuree ny determinee. Il commença de marcher de cinquante pas vers son ennemy, relevant souvent ses moustaches en haut d'une main; et estant à vingt pas de son ennemy (non plustost), il mit la main à l'espee qu'il tenoit en la main, non qu'il feust tres encore; mais en marchant, il fit voler le fourreau en l'air, en le secouant, et qui est le beau de cela, et qui monstroit bien une grace de combat bien assuree et froide, et nullement temeraire, comme il y en a qui tirent leurs espees de cinq cents pas de l'ennemy, voire de mille, comme j'en ay veu aucuns. Ainsi mourut ce brave Baron, le paragon de France, qu'on nommoit tel, à bien venger ses querelles, par grandes et determinees resolutions. Il n'estoit pas seulement estime en France, mais en Italie, Espagne, Allemagne, en Boulogne et Angleterre; et desiroient fort les Estrangers, venant en France, le voir; car je l'ay veu, tant sa renommee 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 advantages et supercheries. Certes, je tiens de grands capitaines, et mesme d'Italiens, qui sont estez d'autres fois les premiers vengeurs du monde, en agri modo, disoitils, qui ont tenu cette maxime, qu'une supercherie ne se devoit payer que par semblable munoye, et n'y alloit point la de deshonneur."—*Oeuvres de Brantoens*, Paris, 1787-8, tome viii. p. 96-98. 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 his hired banditti; from which it may be conceived how little the point of honour of the period deserved its name. I have chosen to give my heroes, who are indeed of an earlier period, a stronger tincture of the spirit of chivalry.

## NOTE VI.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,  
That on the field his targe he threw.

St. XV. p. 41.

A round target of light wood, covered with strong leather, and studded with brass or iron, was a necessary part of a Highlander's equipment. In charging regular troops, they received the thrust of the bayonet in this buckler, twisted it aside, and used the broadsword against the encumbered soldier. In the civil war of 1745, most of the front-rank of the clans were thus armed; and Captain Grose informs us, that in 1747 the privates of the 42d regiment, then in Flanders, were for the most part permitted to carry targets.—*Military Antiquities*, vol. I. p. 164. A person thus armed had a considerable advantage in private fray. Among verses between Swift and Sheridan, lately published by Dr Barrett, there is an account of such an encounter, in which the circumstances, and consequently the relative superiority of the combatants, is precisely the reverse of that in the text:—

A Highlander once fought a Frenchman at Margate,  
The weapons, a rapier, a back-sword, and target;  
Brisk Monsieur advanced as fast as he could,  
But all his fine pushes were caught in the wood.



And Sawney, with back-sword, did slash him and  
nick him,  
While 't'other, enraged that he could not once prick  
him,  
Cried "Sirrah, you rascal, you son of a whore,  
Me will fight you, be gar ! if you'll come from your  
door."

## NOTE VII.

For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,  
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.  
St. XV. p. 41.

\* The use of defensive armour, and particularly of the buckler or target, was general in Queen Elizabeth's time, although that of the single rapier seems to have been occasionally practised much earlier. \* Rowland Yorke, however, who betrayed the fort of Zutphen to the Spaniards, for which good service he was afterwards poisoned by them, is said to have been the first who brought the rapier-fight into general use. Fuller, speaking of the Spanish-bucklers, or bullies of Queen Elizabeth's time, says, "West Smithfield was formerly called Ruffians' Hall, where such men usually met, casually or otherwise, to try *masteries* with sword and buckler. More were frightened than hurt, more hurt than killed therewith, it being accounted unmanly to strike beneath the knee. But since that desperate traitor, Rowland Yorke, first introduced thrusting with rapiers, sword and buckler are disused." In *The Two Angry Women of Abingdon*, a comedy, printed in 1599, we have a pathetic complaint of—"Sword and buckler fight begins to grow out of use. I am sorry for it: I shall never see good manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up; then a tall man, and a good sword and buckler man, will be spitted like a cat or rabbit." But the rapier had upon the continent long superseded, in private duel, the use of sword and shield. The masters of the noble science of defence were chiefly Italians. They made great mystery of their art and mode of instruction, never suffered any person to be present but the scholar who was to be taught, and even examined closets, beds, and other places of possible concealment. Their lessons often gave the most treacherous advantages; for the challenger, having the right to choose his weapons, frequently selected some strange, unusual, and inconvenient kind of arms, the use of which he practised under these instructors, and thus killed at his ease his antagonist, to whom it was presented for the first time on the field of battle. See BRANTOME'S *Discourse on Duels*, and the work on the same subject, "*si gentes civilis*," by the venerable Dr Paris de Puteo. The Highlanders continued to use broad-sword and target until disarmed after the affair of 1745-6.

## NOTE VIII.

Like mountain-cat, that guards her young,  
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung.  
St. XVI. p. 41.

I have not ventured to render this duel so savagely desperate as that of the celebrated Sir Ewan of Lochiel, chief of the clan Cameron, called from his sable complexion, Ewan Dhu. He was the last man in Scotland who maintained the royal cause during the great civil war, and his constant incursions rendered him a very unpleasant neighbour to the republican garrison at Inverlochy, now Fort William. The governor of the fort detached a party of three hundred men to lay waste Lochiel's possessions, and cut down his trees; but, in a sudden and desperate attack made upon them by the chieftain, with very inferior numbers, they were almost all cut to pieces. The skirmish is detailed in a curious memoir of Sir Ewan's life, printed in the Appendix of Pennant's *Scottish Tour*.

\* In this engagement, Lochiel himself had several wonderful escapes. In the retreat of the English, one of the strongest and bravest of the officers re-

tired behind a bush, when he observed Lochiel pursuing, and seeing him unaccompanied with any, he leaped out, and thought him his prey. They met one another with equal fury. The combat was long and doubtful: the English gentleman had by far the advantage in strength and size; but Lochiel exceeding him in nimbleness and agility, in the end tript the sword out of his hand: they closed, and wrestled, till both fell to the ground, in each other's arms. The English officer got above Lochiel, and pressed him hard, but, stretching forth his neck, by attempting to disengage himself, Lochiel, who by this time had his hands at liberty, with his left hand seized him by the collar and, jumping at his extended throat, he bit it with his teeth quite through, and kept such a hold of his grasp, that he brought away his mouthful: this, he said, was the *successes* late he ever had in his lifetime."—Vol. 1. p. 375.

## NOTE IX.

Ye towers I within whose circuit dread,  
A Douglas by his sovereign bled;  
And thou, oh sad and fatal mound!  
That oft hast heard the death-axe sound!

St. XX. pp. 42, 43.

Stirling was often polluted with noble blood. The fate of William, eighth Earl of Douglas, whom James the Second stabbed in Stirling Castle with his own hand, and while under his royal safe-conduct, is familiar to all who read Scottish history. Mordack, Duke of Albany, Duncan, Earl of Lennox, his father-in-law, and his two sons, Walter and Alexander Stewart, were executed at Stirling in 1425. They were beheaded upon an eminence without the castle walls, but making part of the same hill, from whence they could behold their strong castle of Doune, and their extensive possessions. This "heading-hill," as it was sometimes termed, bears commonly the less terrible name of Hurly-backet, from its having been the scene of a courtly amusement alluded to by Sir David Lindsay, who says of the pastimes in which the young king was engaged,

"Some haried him to the Hurly-backet:"

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 fifty years ago, used to play at the hurly-backet on the Calum-hill, using for their seat a horse's skull.

## NOTE X.

The burghers hold their sports to-day.

St. XX. p. 43.

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 Plebriorum*, as Lesley has latinized it. The usual prize to the best shooter was a silver arrow. Such a one is preserved at Selkirk and at Peebles. At Dumfries, a silver gun was substituted, and the contention transferred to fir-arms. The ceremony, as there performed, is the subject of an excellent Scottish poem, by Mr John Mayne, entitled the *Silver Gun*, 1808, which surpasses the efforts of Ferguson, and comes near those of Burns.

## NOTE XI.

— Robin Hood.—St. XX11. p. 43.

The exhibition of this renowned outlaw and his band was a favourite frolic at such festivals as we are describing. This sport, in which kings did not disdain to be actors, was prohibited in Scotland upon

\* See Doce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. II. p. 43.

the Reformation, by a statute of the 6th parliament of Queen Mary, c. 61, A. D. 1555, which ordered, under heavy penalties, that "na manner of person be chosen Robert Hude, nor Little John, Abbot of Unreason, Queen of May, nor otherwise." But, in 1561, "the rascal multitude," says John Knox, "were stirred up to make a Robin Hude, whilk enormity was of many years left and damned by statute and act of parliament; yet would they not be forbidden." Accordingly, they raised a very serious tumult, and at length made prisoners the magistrates, who endeavoured to suppress it, and would not release them till they extorted a formal promise that no one should be punished for his share of the disturbance. It would seem, from the complaints of the General Assembly of the kirk, that these profane festivities were continued down to 1592.\* 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 rochet were fain to give way to the village pastime. Much curious information on this subject may be found in the Preliminary Dissertation to the late Mr Ritson's edition of the songs respecting this memorable outlaw. The game of Robin Hood was usually acted in May; and he was associated with the morrice-dancers, on whom so much illustration has been bestowed by the commentators on Shakspeare.

## NOTE XII.

Indifferent as to archer wight,  
The Monarch gave the arrow bright.

St. XXII. p. 43.

The Douglas of the poem is an imaginary person, a supposed uncle of the Earl of Angus. But the king's behaviour during an unexpected interview with the Laird of Kilspindie, one of the banished Douglasses, under circumstances similar to those in the text, is imitated from a real story told by Home of Godscroft.

## NOTE XIII.

Prize of the wrestling match, the King  
To Douglas gave a golden ring.

St. XXIII. p. 43.

The usual prize of a wrestling was a ram and a ring, but the animal would have embarrassed my story. Thus in the Cokes Tale of Gamelyn, ascribed to Chaucer:

"There happed to be there beside  
Tryid a wrastling;  
And therefore there was y-setten  
A ram and als a ring."

## NOTES TO CANTO SIXTH.

## NOTE I.

These drew not for the fields the sword,  
Like tenants of a feudal lord,  
Nor owned the patriarchal claim  
Of chieftain in their leader's name;  
Adventurers they.—St. III. p. 46.

The Scottish armies consisted chiefly of the nobility and barons, with their vassals, who held lands under them, for military service by themselves and their tenants. The patriarchal influence exercised by the heads of clans in the Highlands and Borders was of a different nature, and sometimes at variance with feudal principles. It flowed from the *potus potestatis*, exercised by the chieftain as representing the original father of the whole name, and was often obeyed in contradiction to the feudal superior.

\* Book of the University Kirk, p. 414.

James V. seems first to have introduced, in addition to the militia furnished from these sources, the service of a small number of mercenaries, who formed a body-guard, called the Foot-Band. The satirical poet, Sir David Lindsay (or the person who wrote the prologue to his play of the "Three Estates"), has introduced Finlay of the Foot-Band, who, after mouch swaggering upon the stage is at length put to flight by the fool, who terrifies him by means of a sheep's skull upon a pole. I have rather chosen to give them the harsh features of the mercenary soldiers of the period, than of this Scottish Thraso. These partook of the character of the adventurous companions of Froissart, or the Condottieri of Italy.

## NOTE II.

Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp;  
Get thee an ape, and trudge the lam,  
The leader of a juggler band.—St. VI. p. 47.

The jongleurs, or jugglers, as we learn from the elaborate work of the late Mr Strutt, on the sports and pastimes of the people of England, used to call in the aid of various assistants, to render their performances as captivating as possible. The glee-maiden was a necessary attendant. Her duty was tumbling and dancing; and therefore the Anglo-Saxon version of Saint Mark's Gospel states Herodias to have vaulted or tumbled before King Herod. In Scotland, these poor creatures seem, even at a late period, to have been bondswomen to their masters, as appears from a case reported by Fountain-hall. "Reid, the mountebank, pursues Scot of Harden and his ldy, for stealing away from him a little girl, called the tumbling-lasse, that danced upon his stave; and he claimed damages and produced a contract, whereby he bought her from her mother, for L.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 'prentice, and so could not run away from her master; yet some cited Moore's law, that if a servant shelter himself with thee, against his master's cruelty, thou shalt surely not deliver him up. The lords, *residentes cancellaria*, assized Harden, on the 27th of January (1657)."—FOUNTAINHALL'S Decisions, vol. I. p. 439.†

The facetious qualities of the ape soon rendered him an acceptable addition to the strolling band of the juggler. Ben Jonson, in his splenetic introduction to the comedy of "Bartholomew Fair," is at pains to inform the audience "that he has be'er a sword and buckler man in his fair, nor a juggler, with a well educated ape, to come over the chain for the king of England, and back again for the prince, and sit still on his haunches for the pope and the king of Spaine."

## NOTE III.

That stirring air which peals on high,  
O'er Dermid's race our victory,  
Strike it! —St. XIV. p. 50.

There are several instances, at least in tradition, of persons so much attached to particular tunes as to require to hear them on their death-bed. Such an anecdote is mentioned by the late Mr Riddel of Glenriddel, in his collection of Border tunes, respecting an air called the "Dandling of the Bairns," for which a certain Gallovidian laird is said to have evinced this strong mark of partiality. It is popularly told of a famous freebooter, that he composed

† Though less to my purpose, I cannot help noticing a circumstance respecting another of this Mr Reid's attendants, which occurred during James II.'s zeal for catholic proselytism, and is told by Fountainhall, with dry Scottish irony. "January 17th, 1687.—Reid, the mountebank, is received into the popish church, and one of his blackamores was persuaded to accept baptism from the popish priests, and to turn Christian papist; which was a great trophy; he was called James, after the king and chancellor, and the apostle James."—*Ibid.* p. 440.

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.

## NOTE IV.

Battle of Beal' an Duine.—St. XV. p. 50.

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.

In this roughly-wooded island,\* the country people secreted their wives and children, and their most valuable effects, from the rapacity of Cromwell's soldiers, during their inroad into this country, in the time of the republic. These invaders, not venturing to ascend by the ladders along the side of the lake, took a more circuitous road, through the heart of the Trossachs, the most frequented path at that time, which penetrates the wilderness about half way between Binean and the lake, by a tract called Yea-chailleach, or the Old Wife's Bog.

In one of the defiles of this by-road, the men of the country at that time hung upon the rear of the invading enemy, and shot one of Cromwell's men, whose grave marks the scene of action, and gives name to that pass.† In revenge of this insult, the soldiers resolved to plunder the island, to violate the women, and put the children to death. With this brutal intention, one of the party, more expert than the rest, swam towards the island to fetch the boat to his comrades, which had carried the women to their asylum, and lay moored in one of the creeks.

His companions stood on the shore of the mainland, in full view of all that was to pass, waiting anxiously for his return with the boat. But just as the swimmer had got to the nearest point of the island, and was laying hold of a black rock to get on shore, a heroine, who stood on the very point where he meant to land, hastily snatching a dagger from below her apron, with one stroke severed his head from the body. His party seeing this disaster, and relinquishing all future hope of revenge or conquest, made the best of their way out of their perilous situation. This amazon's great-grandson lives at Bridge of Turk, who, besides others, attests the anecdote.—*Sketch of Scenery near Collieston*, Stirling, 1806, p. 29. I have only to add to this account, that the heroine's name was Helen Stuart.

## NOTE V.

And Snowdon's knight is Scotland's King!

St. XXVI. p. 55.

This discovery will probably remind the reader of the beautiful Arabian tale of *Il Boudoucaut*. Yet the incident is not borrowed from that elegant story, but from Scottish tradition. James V. of whom we are treating, was a monarch whose good and benevolent intentions often rendered his romantic freaks venial, if not respectable, since, from his anxious attention to the interests of the lower and most oppressed class of his subjects, he was, as we have seen, popularly termed the *King of the Commons*. For the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently from the less justifiable motive of gallantry, he used to traverse the vicinage of his several palaces in various disguises. The two excellent comic songs entitled "The Gaberlunzie-man," and "We'll gae nae mair a roving," are said to have been founded upon the success of his amorous adventures when travelling in the disguise of a beggar. The latter is perhaps the best comic ballad in any language.

Another adventure, which had nearly cost James his life, is said to have taken place at the village of Cramond, near Edinburgh, where he had rendered his addresses acceptable to a pretty girl of the lower rank. Four or five persons, whether relations or

lovers of his mistress is uncertain, be-et the disguised monarch as he returned from his rendezvous. Naturally gallant, and an admirable master of his weapon, the king took post on the high and narrow bridge over the Almond river, and defended himself bravely with his sword. A peasant who was thrashing in a neighbouring barn, came out upon the noise, and, whether moved by compassion or natural gallantry, took the weaker side, and laid about with his flail so effectually as to disperse the assailants, well thrashed, even according to the letter. He then conducted the king into his barn, where his guest requested a basin and towel to remove the stains of the broil. This being procured with difficulty, James employed himself in learning what was the summit of his deliverer's earthly wishes, and found that they were bounded by the desire of possessing, in property the farm of Braehead, upon which he laboured as a bondsman. The lanes chance to belong to the crown; and James directed him to come to the palace of Holyrood and inquire for the gude-man (i. e. farmer) of Ballingiech, a name by which he is known in his excursions, and which answered to *il Boudoucaut* of Haroun Alraschid. He presented himself accordingly, and found, with due astonishment, that he had saved his monarch's life, and that he was to be gratified with a crown-charter of the lands of Braehead, under the service of presenting a ewer, basin, and towel, for the king to wash his hands, when he shall happen to pass the Bridge of Cramond. This person was ancestor of the Howisons of Braehead, in Mid-Lothian, a respectable family, who continue to hold the lands (now passed into the female line) under the same tenure.

Another of James' frolics is thus narrated by Mr Campbell, from the Statistical Account. "Being once benighted when out a-hunting, and separated from his attendants, he happened to enter a cottage in the midst of a moor, at the foot of the Ochil hills, near Alloa, where unknown, he was kindly received. In order to regale their unexpected guest, the gude-man (i. e. landlord, farmer) desired the gude-wife to fetch the hen that roosted nearest the cock, which is always the plumpest, for the stranger's supper. The king, highly pleased with his night's lodging and hospitable entertainment, told him some boast, at parting, that he should be glad to return his civility, and requested that the first time he came to Stirling he would call at the castle, and inquire for the gude-man of Ballingiech. Donaldson, the landlord, did not fail to call on the gude-man of Ballingiech, when his astonishment at finding that the king had been his guest afforded no small amusement to the merry monarch and his courtiers; and, to carry on the pleasantry, he was thenceforth designated by James with the title of King of the Moors, which name and designation have descended from father to son ever since, and they have continued in possession of the identical spot, the property of Mr Erskine of Mar, till very lately, when this gentleman, with reluctance, turned out the descendant and representative of the King of the Moors on account of his majesty's invincible indolence, and great dislike to reform or innovation of any kind, although, from the spirited example of his neighbour tenants on the same estate, he is convinced similar exertion would promote his advantage."

The author requests permission yet further to verify the subject of his poem, by an extract from the genealogical work of Buchanan of Auchmar, upon Scottish surnames.

"This John Buchanan of Auchmar and Arnprior, was afterwards termed King of Kippen,† upon the following account.—King James V. a very sociable, debonaire prince, residing at Stirling, in Buchanan of Arnprior's time, carriers were very frequently passing along the common road, being near Arnprior's house, with necessaries for the use of the king's family, and he having some extraordinary occasion, ordered one of these carriers to leave his load at his house, and he would pay him for it; which

\* That at the eastern extremity of Loch-Katrine so often mentioned in the text.

† Beallach an Duine.

† A small district of Perthshire.

the carrier refused to do, telling him he was the king's carrier, and his load for his majesty's use; to which Arnprior seemed to have small regard, compelling the carrier, in the end, to leave his load, telling him, if King James was king of Scotland, he was king of Kippen, so that it was reasonable he should share with his neighbour king in some of these loads, so frequently carried that road. The carrier representing this usage, and telling the story, as Arnprior spoke it, to some of the king's servants, it came at length to his majesty's ears, who, shortly thereafter, with a few attendants, came to visit his neighbour king, who was in the mean time at dinner. King James having sent a servant to demand access, was denied the same by a tall fellow with a battle-axe, who stood porter at the gate, telling, there could be no access till dinner was over. This answer not satisfying the king, he sent to demand access a second time; upon which he was desired by the porter to desist, otherwise he would find cause to repent his rudeness. His majesty finding this method would not do, desired the porter to tell his master that the goodman of Ballenzeigh desired to speak with the king of Kippen. The porter telling Arnprior so much, he, in all humble manner, came and received the king, and having entertained him with much sumptuousness and jollity, became so agreeable to King James, that he allowed him to take so much of any provision he found carrying that road as he had occasion for; and, seeing he made the first visit, desired Arnprior in a few days to return him a second at 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, 8vo. p. 74.

The readers of Ariosto must give credit for the amiable features with which James is represented, since he is generally considered as the prototype of Zerbino, the most interesting hero of the *Orlando Furioso*.

## NOTE VI.

Stirling's tower  
Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims.  
St. XXVIII. p. 54.

William of Worcester, who wrote about the middle of the fifteenth century, calls Stirling Castle, Snowdoun. Sir David Lindsay bestows the same epithet upon it in his *Complaint of the Papings*:

"Adieu, fair Snowdoun, with thy towers high,  
Thy chaple-royal, park, and table round;  
May, June, and July, would I dwell in thee,  
Were I a man to hear the birds sound,  
Whilk doth agane thy royal rock rebound."

Mr Chalmers, in his late excellent edition of Sir David Lindsay's Works, has refuted the chimerical derivation of Snowdoun from *smoothing*, or cutting. It was probably derived from the romantic legend which connected Stirling with King Arthur, to which the mention of the round table gives countenance. The ring within which jousts were formerly practised, in the castle park, is still called the Round Table. Snowdoun is the official title of one of the Scottish heralds, whose epithets seem in all countries to have been fantastically adopted from ancient history or romance.

It appears, from the preceding note, that the real name by which James was actually distinguished in his private excursions was the Goodman of Ballenzeigh, derived from a steep pass leading up to the Castle of Stirling, so called. But the epithet would not have suited poetry, and would besides, at once, and prematurely, have announced the plot to many of my countrymen, among whom the traditional stories above mentioned are still current.

The author has to apologise for the inadvertent appropriation of a whole line from the tragedy of Douglas:

"I hold the first who strikes, my foe."

BELFAST:

PRINTED BY SIMMS AND M'INTYRE.

# R O K E B Y.

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A POEM.

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BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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BELFAST:  
PUBLISHED BY SIMMS AND M'INTYRE,  
DONEGALL-STREET.

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1841.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
PRESS

1911

TO  
JOHN B. S. MORRITT, ESQ.

*This Poem,*

THE SCENE OF WHICH IS LAID IN HIS BEAUTIFUL DEMESNE OF ROKEBY,

IS INSCRIBED,

IN TOKEN OF SINCERE FRIENDSHIP,

BY

WALTER SCOTT.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

---

THE scene of this Poem is laid at Rokeby, near Greta-Bridge, in Yorkshire, and shifts to the adjacent fortress of Barnard Castle, and to other places in that vicinity.

The Time occupied by the Action is a space of five days, three of which are supposed to elapse between the end of the Fifth and the beginning of the Sixth Canto.

The date of the supposed events is immediately subsequent to the great Battle of Marston Moor, 3d July, 1644. This period of public confusion has been chosen, without any purpose of combining the Fable with the Military or Political Events of the Civil War, but only as affording a degree of probability to the fictitious narrative now presented to the Public.

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# ROKEBY.

## CANTO FIRST.

### I.

THE Moon is in her summer glow,  
But hoarse and high the breezes blow,  
And, racking o'er her face, the cloud  
Varies the tincture of her shroud;  
On Barnard's towers, and Tees's stream,  
She changes as a guilty dream,  
When Conscience, with remorse and fear,  
Goads sleeping Fancy's wild career.  
Her light seems now the blush of shame,  
Seems now fierce anger's darker flame,  
Shifting that shade, to come and go,  
Like apprehension's hurried glow;  
Then sorrow's livery dims the air,  
And dies in darkness, like despair.  
Such varied hues the warder sees  
Reflected from the woodland Tees.  
Then from old Balliol's tower looks forth,  
Sees the clouds mustering in the north,  
Hears, upon turret-roof and wall,  
By fits the plashing rain-drop fall,  
Lists to the breeze's boding sound,  
And wraps his shaggy mantle round.

### II.

Those towers, which in the changeful gleam  
Throw murky shadows on the stream,  
Those towers of Barnard hold a guest,  
The emotions of whose troubled breast,  
In wild and strange confusion driven,  
Rival the fitting rack of heaven.  
Ere sleep stern OSWALD'S senses tied,  
Oft had he changed his wery side,  
Composed his limbs, and vainly sought  
By effort strong to banish thought.  
Sleep came at length, but with a train  
Of feelings true and fancies vain,  
Mingling, in wild disorder cast,  
The expected future with the past.

Conscience, anticipating time,  
Already rues the unacted crime,  
And calls her furies forth, to shake  
The sounding scourge and hissing snake;  
While her poor victim's outward throes  
Bear witness to his mental woes,  
And show what lesson may be read  
Beside a sinner's restless bed.

### III.

Thus Oswald's labouring feelings trace  
Strange feelings in his sleeping face,  
Rapid and ominous as these  
With which the moon-beams tinge the Tees.  
There might be seen of shame the blush,  
There anger's dark and fiercer flush,  
While the perturbed sleeper's hand  
Seem'd grasping dagger-knife, or brand.  
Relax'd that grasp, the heavy sigh,  
The tear in the half-opening eye,  
The pallid cheek and brow, confess'd  
That grief was busy in his breast;  
Nor paused that mood — a sudden start  
Impell'd the life blood from the heart:  
Features convulsed, and mutterings dread,  
Show terror reigns in sorrow's stead.  
That pang the painful slumber broke,  
And Oswald, with a start, awoke.

### IV.

He woke, and fear'd again to close  
His eye-lids in such dire repose;  
He woke, — to watch the lamp, and tell  
From hour to hour the castle-bell,  
Or listen to the owl's cry,  
Or the sad breeze that whistles by,  
Or catch, by fits, the tuneless rhyme  
With which the warder cheats the time;  
And envying think, how, when the sun  
Bids the poor soldier's watch be done,  
Couch'd on his straw, and fancy-free,  
He sleeps like careless infancy.

## V.

Far town-ward sounds a distant tread,  
 And Oswald, starting from his bed,  
 Hath caught it, though no human ear,  
 Unsharpen'd by revenge and fear,  
 Could e'er distinguish horses clank,  
 Until it reach'd the castle-bank.  
 Now nigh and plain the sound appears,  
 The warder's challenge now he hears,  
 Then clanking chains and levers tell,  
 That o'er the moat the draw-bridge fell,  
 And, in the castle-court below,  
 Voices were heard, and torches glow,  
 As marshalling the stranger's way,  
 Straight for the room where Oswald lay ;  
 The cry was,—" Tidings from the host—  
 Of weight—a messenger comes post."  
 Stiffing the tumult of his breast,  
 His answer Oswald thus express'd—  
 " Bring food and wine, and trim the fire ;  
 Admit the stranger, and retire."

## VI.

The stranger came with heavy stride,  
 The morion's plumes his visage hide  
 And the buff-coat, in ample fold,  
 Mantles his form's gigantic mould.  
 Full slender answer deigned he  
 To Oswald's anxious courtesy,  
 But marked, by a disdainful smile,  
 He saw and scorn'd the petty wile,  
 When Oswald changed the torch's place,  
 Anxious that on the soldier's face  
 Its partial lustre might be thrown,  
 To show his looks, yet hide his own.  
 His guest, the while, laid low aside  
 The ponderous cloak of tough bull's hide,  
 And to the torch glanced broad and clear  
 The corslet of a cuirassier ;  
 Then from his brows the casque he drew,  
 And from the dank plume dashed the dew,  
 From gloves of mail relieved his hands,  
 And spread them to the kindling brands,  
 And, turning to the genial board,  
 Without a health, or pledge, or word  
 Of meet and social reverence said,  
 Deeply he drank, and fiercely fed,  
 As free from ceremony's sway,  
 As famished wolf that tears his prey.

## VII.

V ith deep impatience tinged with fear,  
 H s host beheld him gorge his cheer,  
 And quaff the full carouse, that lent  
 His brow a fiercer hardiment ;

Now Oswald stood a space aside,  
 Now paced the room with hasty stride,  
 In feverish agony to learn  
 Tidings of deep and dread concern,  
 Cursing each moment that his guest  
 Protracted o'er his ruffian feast.  
 Yet, viewing with alarm, at last,  
 The end of that uncouth repast,  
 Almost he seem'd their haste to rue,  
 As, at his sign, his train withdrew,  
 And left him with the stranger, free  
 To question of his mystery.  
 Then did his silence long proclaim  
 A struggle between fear and shame.

## VIII.

Much in the stranger's mien appears,  
 To justify suspicious fears.  
 On his dark face a scorching clime,  
 And toil' had done the work of time ;  
 Roughened the brow, the temples bared,  
 And sable hairs with silver shared,  
 Yet left— what age alone could tame—  
 The lip of pride, the eye of flame ;  
 The full-drawn lip that upward curl'd,  
 The eye, that seemed to scorn the world,  
 That lip had terror never blanch'd ;  
 Ne'er in that eye had tear-drop quench'd  
 The flash severe of swarthy glow,  
 That mock'd at pain, and knew not woe.  
 Inured to danger's direst form,  
 Tornade 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 scorned 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.  
 And yet the soil in which they grew,  
 Had it been tamed when life was new,  
 Had depth and vigour to bring forth  
 The hardier fruits of virtuous worth.  
 Not that, even then, his heart had known  
 The gentler feelings' kindly tong ;  
 But lavish waste had been refined,  
 To bounty in his chaster'd mind,

And lust of gold, that waste to feed,  
 Been lost in love of glory's meed,  
 And, frantic then no more, his pride  
 Had ta'en fair virtue for its guide.

## X.

Even now, by conscience unrestrain'd,  
 Clogg'd by gross vice, by slaughter stain'd,  
 Still knew his daring soul to soar,  
 And mastery o'er the mind he bore;  
 For meaner guilt, or heart less hard,  
 Quall'd beneath Bertram's bold regard.  
 And this felt Oswald, while in vain  
 He strove, by many a winding train,  
 To lure his sullen guest to show,  
 Unask'd, the news he long'd to know,  
 While on far other subject hung  
 His heart, than falter'd from his tongue.  
 Yet nought for that his guest did deign,  
 To note or spare his secret pain,  
 But still, in stern and stubborn sort,  
 Return'd him answer dark and short,  
 Or started from the theme, to range  
 In loose digression wild and strange,  
 And forced the embarrass'd host to buy,  
 By query close, direct reply.

## XI.

A while he gloz'd upon the cause  
 Of Commons, Covenant, and Laws,  
 And Church Reform'd— but felt rebuke  
 Beneath grim Bertram's scering look,  
 Then stammer'd—"Has a field been fought?  
 Has Bertram news of battle brought?  
 For sure a soldier, famed so far  
 In foreign fields for feats of war,  
 On eve of fight ne'er left the host,  
 Until the field were won and lost."—  
 "Here, in your towers by circling Tees,  
 You Oswald Wycliffe, rest at ease;  
 Why deem it strange that others come  
 To share such safe and easy home,  
 From fields where danger, death, and toil,  
 Are the reward of civil broil?"—  
 "Nay, mock not, friend! since well we know  
 The near advances of the foe,  
 To mar our northern army's work,  
 Encamp'd before beleagu'rd York;  
 Thy horse with valiant Fairfax lay,  
 And must have fought—how went the day?"

## XII.

"Would'st hear the tale?—On Marston heath  
 Met, front to front, the ranks of death;  
 Flourished the trumpets fierce, and now  
 Fired was each eye, and flush'd each brow;

On either side loud clamours ring,  
 'God and the cause!'—'God and the King!'  
 Right English all, they rush'd to blows,  
 With nought to win, and all to lose.  
 I could have laugh'd—but lack'd the time—  
 To see in phrenesy sublime,  
 How the fierce zealots fought and bled,  
 For King or State as humour led;  
 Some for a dream of public good,  
 Some for church-tippet, gown, and hood,  
 Draining their veins, in death to claim  
 A patriot's or a martyr's name.—  
 Led Bertram Risingham the hearts,  
 That counter'd there on adverse parts,  
 No superstitious fool had I  
 Sought El Dorados in the sky!  
 Chill had heard me through her states,  
 And Lima oped her silver gates,  
 Rich Mexico I had march'd through,  
 And sack'd the splendours of Peru,  
 Till sunk Pizarro's daring name,  
 And, Cortez, thine, in Bertram's fame.  
 —"Still from the purpose wilt thou stray!  
 Good gentle friend, how went the day?"—

## XIII.

—"Good am I deem'd at trumpet-sound,  
 And good where goblets dance the round,  
 Though gentle ne'er was join'd, till now,  
 With rugged Bertram's breast and brow.—  
 But I resume. The battle's rage  
 Was like the strife which currents wage,  
 Where Orinoco, in his pride,  
 Rolls to the main no tribute tide,  
 But 'gainst broad ocean urges far  
 A rival sea of roaring war;  
 While, in ten thousand eddies driven,  
 The billows fling their foam to heaven,  
 And the pale pilot seeks in vain,  
 Where rolls the river, where the main.  
 Even thus, upon the bloody field,  
 The eddying tides of conflict wheel'd  
 Ambiguous, till that heart of flame,  
 Hot Rupert, on our squadrons came,  
 Hurling against our spears a line  
 Of gallants, fiery as their wine;  
 Then ours, though stubborn in their zeal,  
 In zeal's despite began to reel.  
 What would'st thou more?—in tumult tost,  
 Our leaders fell, our ranks were lost.  
 A thousand men, who drew the sword  
 For both the Houses and the Word,  
 Preach'd forth from hamlet, grange, and  
 down,  
 To curb the crosier and the crown,

Now, stark and stiff, lie stretch'd in gore,  
And ne'er shall rail at mitre more.—  
Thus fared it, when I left the fight,  
With the good Cause and Commons' right.—

## XIV.

"Disastrous news!" dark Wycliffe said;  
Assumed despondence bent his head,  
While troubled joy was in his eye,  
The well-feign'd sorrow to belie.—  
"Disastrous news!—when needed most,  
Told ye not that your chiefs were lost?  
Complete the woeful tale and say,  
Who fell upon that fatal day;  
What leaders of repute and name  
Brought by their death a deathless fame.  
If such my direst foeman's doom,  
My tears shall dew his honour'd tomb.—  
No answer!—Friend, of all our host,  
Thou know'st whom I should hate the most,  
Whom thou too once wert wont to hate,  
Yet leavest me doubtful of his fate."—  
With look unmoved,—"Of friend or foe,  
Aught," answered Bertram, "would'st thou  
know,  
Demand in simple terms and plain,  
A soldier's answer shalt thou gain;  
For question dark, or riddle high,  
I have nor judgment nor reply."—

## XV.

The wrath his art and fear suppress'd  
Now blazed at once in Wycliffe's breast;  
And brave from man so meanly born,  
Roused his hereditary scorn.  
—"Wretch! hast thou paid thy bloody debt?  
PHILIP OF MORTHAM, lives he yet?  
False to thy patron or thine oath,  
Trait'rous or perjured, one or both,  
Slave! hast thou kept thy promise plight,  
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, speaks thy heart!  
Now play'st thou well thy genuine part!  
Worthy, but for thy craven fear,  
Like me to roam a buccaneer.  
What reck'st thou of the Cause divine,  
If Mortham's wealth and lands be thine?  
What car'st thou for beleagured York  
If this good hand have done its work?  
Or what though Fairfax and his best  
Are reddening Marston's swarthy breast,

If Philip Mortham with them lie,  
Lending his life-blood to the dye?—  
Sit then! and as mid comrades free  
Carousing after victory,  
When tales are told of blood and fear,  
That boys and women shrink to hear,  
From point to point I frankly tell  
The deed of death as it befell.

## XVI.

"When purposed vengeance I forego,  
Term me a wretch, nor deem me foe;  
And when an insult I forgive,  
Then brand me as a slave and live!  
Philip of Mortham is with those  
Whom Bertram Risingham calls foes;  
Or whom more sure revenge attends,  
If number'd with ungrateful friends.  
As was his wont, ere battle glow'd,  
Along the marshal'd ranks he rode,  
And wore his vizor up the while.  
I saw his melancholy smile,  
When, full opposed in front, he knew  
Where ROKESBY'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 Daric's deserts pale,  
Where death bestrides the evening gale,  
How o'er my friend my cloak I threw,  
And fenceless faced the deadly dew;  
I thought on Quariana's cliff,  
Where, rescued from our foundering skiff,  
Through the white breakers' wrath I bore  
Exhausted Mortham to the shore;  
And when his side an arrow found,  
I suck'd the Indian's venom'd wound.  
These thoughts like torrents rush'd along,  
To sweep away my purpose strong.

## XVII.

"Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent;  
Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent.  
When Mortham bade me, as of yore,  
Be near him in the battle's roar,  
I scarcely saw the spears laid low,  
I scarcely heard the trumpets blow;  
Lost was the war in inward strife,  
Debating Mortham's death or life.  
'Twas then I thought, how, lured to come  
As partner of his wealth and home,  
Years of piratic wandering o'er,  
With him I sought our native shore.

But Mortham's lord grew far estranged  
 From the bold heart with whom he ranged ;  
 Doubts, horrors, superstitious fears,  
 Sadden'd and dimm'd descending years ;  
 The wily priests their victim sought,  
 And damn'd each free-born deed and thought.  
 Then must I seek another home,  
 My license shook his sober dome ;  
 If gold he gave, in one wild day  
 I revell'd thrice the sum away.  
 An idle outcast then I stray'd,  
 Unfit for tillage or for trade ;  
 Deem'd, like the steel of rusted lance,  
 Useless and dangerous at once.  
 The women fear'd my hardy look,  
 At my approach the peaceful 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 guerdon waited on my care ?  
 I could not eant of creed or prayer ;  
 Some fanatics each trust obtain'd,  
 And I, dishonour'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 honour bids me now relate  
 Each circumstance of Mortham's fate.

## XIX.

"Thoughts, from the tongue that slowly part,  
 Glance quick as lightning through the heart.  
 As my spur press'd my courser's side,  
 Philip of Mortham's cause was tried,  
 And, ere the charging squadrons mix'd,  
 His plea was cast, his doom was fix'd.  
 I watch'd him through the doubtful fray,  
 That changed as March's moody day,  
 Till, like a stream that bursts its bank,  
 Fierce Rupert thunder'd on our flank.  
 'Twas then, midst tumult, smoke and strife,  
 Where each man fought for death or life,  
 'Twas then I fired my petronel,  
 And Mortham, steed and rider, fell.  
 One dying look he upward cast,  
 Of wrath and anguish—'twas his last.  
 Think not that there I stopp'd to view  
 What of the battle should ensue ;

But ere I clear'd that bloody press,  
 Our northern horse ran masterless ;  
 Monckton and Mitton told the news,  
 How troops of Roundheads choked the Ouse,  
 And many a bonny Scot, aghast,  
 Spurring his palfrey northward, past,  
 Cursing the day when zeal or mood  
 First lured their I.e ley o'er the Tweed,  
 Yet when I reach'd the banks of Swale,  
 Had rumour learn'd another tale ;  
 With his barb'd horse, fresh tidings say  
 Stout Cromwell has redeem'd the day :  
 But whether false the news, or true,  
 Oswald, I reckon as light as you."—

## XX.

Not then by Wycliffe might be shown,  
 How his pride startled at the tone  
 In which his complice, fierce and free,  
 Asserted guilt's equality.  
 In smoothest terms his speech he wove,  
 Of endless friendship, faith, and love ;  
 Promised and vow'd in courteous sort,  
 But Bertram broke professions short.  
 "Wycliffe, be sure not here I stay,  
 No, scarcely till the rising day ;  
 Warn'd by the legends of my youth,  
 I trust not an associate's truth.  
 Do not my native dales prolong  
 Of Percy Rede the tragic song,  
 Train'd forward to his bloody fall,  
 By Girsonfield, that treacherous Hall ?  
 Oft, by the Pringle's haunted side,  
 The shepherd sees his spectro glide.  
 And near the spot that gave me name,  
 The moated mound of Risingham,  
 Where Reed upon her margin sees  
 Sweet Woodburn'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 fameless monarch of the wold  
 And age and infancy can tell,  
 By brother's treachery he fell.  
 Thus warn'd by legends of my youth,  
 I trust to no associate's truth.

## XXI.

"When last we reason'd of this deed,  
 Nought, I bethink me, was agreed,  
 Or by what rule, or when, or where,  
 The wealth of Mortham we should share ;  
 Then list, while I the portion name,  
 Our differing laws give each to claim.

Thou, vassal sworn to England's throne,  
 Her rules of heritage must own;  
 They deal thee, as to nearest heir,  
 Thy kinsman's lands and livings fair.  
 And these I yield:—do thou reverse  
 The statutes of the Buccaneer.  
 Friend to the sea, and foeman sworn  
 To all that on her waves are borne,  
 When falls a mate in hattle 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 Mortham's caverns dark;  
 Ingot of gold and diamond spark,  
 Chalice and plate from churches borne,  
 And gems from shrieking beauty torn,  
 Each string of pearl, each silver bar,  
 And all the wealth of western war;  
 I go to search, where, dark and deep,  
 Those Transatlantic treasures sleep.  
 Thou must along—for, lacking thee,  
 The heir will scarce find entrance free;  
 And then farewell. I haste to try  
 Each varied pleasure wealth can buy;  
 When cloy'd each wish, these wars afford  
 Fresh work for Bertram's restless sword."—

## XXII.

An undecided answer hung  
 On Oswald's hesitating tongue.  
 Despite his craft, he heard with awe  
 This ruffian stabber fix the law;  
 While his own troubled passions veer  
 Through hatred, joy, regret, and fear:—  
 Joy'd at the soul that Bertram flies,  
 He grudged the murderer's mighty prize,  
 Hated his pride's presumptuous tone,  
 And fear'd to wend with him alone.  
 At length that middle course to steer,  
 To cowardice and craft so dear,  
 "His charge," he said, "would ill allow  
 His absence from the fortress now;  
 WILFRID on Bertram should attend,  
 His son should journey with his friend."—

## XXIII.

Contempt kept Bertram's anger down,  
 And wroathed to savage smile his frown.  
 "Wilfrid, or thou,—'tis one to me,  
 Which ever bears the golden key.  
 Yet think not but I mark, and smile  
 To mark, thy poor and selfish wile!  
 If injury from me you fear,  
 What, Oswald Wycliffe shields thee here?"

I've sprung from walls more high than these,  
 I've swam through deeper streams than Tees.  
 Might I not stab thee, ere one yell  
 Could rouse the distant sentinel?  
 Start not—it is not my design,  
 But, if it were, weak fence were thine;  
 And, trust me, that, in time of need,  
 This hand hath done more desperate deed.—  
 Go, haste and rouse thy slumbering son;  
 Time calls, and I must needs be gone."—

## XXIV.

Nought of his sire's ungenerous part  
 Polluted Wilfrid's gentle heart;  
 A heart, too soft from early life  
 To hold with fortune needful strife.  
 His sire, while yet a hardier race  
 Of numerous sons were Wycliffe's grace,  
 On Wilfrid set contemptuous brand,  
 For feeble heart and forceless hand;  
 But a fond mother's care and joy  
 Were centred in her sickly boy.  
 No touch of childhood's frolic mood  
 Show'd the elastic spring of blood;  
 Hour after hour he lov'd to pore  
 On Shakspeare's rich and varied lore,  
 But turn'd from martial scenes and light,  
 From Falstaff's feast and Percy's fight,  
 To ponder Jaques' moral strain,  
 And muse with Hamlet, wise in vain:  
 And weep himself to soft repose  
 O'er gentle Desdemona's woes.

## XXV.

In youth he sought not pleasures found  
 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 coope, and sky;  
 To climb Catcastle's dizzy peak,  
 Or lone Pendragon's mound to seek.  
 Such was his wont; and there his dream  
 Soar'd on some wild fantastic theme,  
 Of faithful love, or ceaseless spring  
 Till Contemplation's wearied wing  
 The enthusiast could no more sustain,  
 And sad he sunk to earth again.

## XXVI.

He loved—as many a lay can tell,  
 Preserved in Stanmore's lonely dell;  
 For his was minstrel's skill, he caught  
 The art unteachable, untaught;  
 He loved—his soul did nature frame  
 For love, and fancy nursed the flame,

Vainly he loved—for seldom swain  
Of such soft mould is loved again ;  
Silent he loved—in every gaze  
Was passion, friendship in his phrase.  
So mused his life away—till died  
His brethren all, their father's pride.  
Wilfred is now the only heir  
Of all his stratagems and care,  
And destined, darkling, to pursue  
Ambition's maze by Oswald's clue.

## XXVII.

Wilfred must love and woo the bright  
Matilda, heir of Rokeby's knight.  
To love her was an easy best,  
The secret empress of his breast ;  
To woo her was a harder task  
To one that durst not hope or ask ;  
Yet all Matilda could, she gave  
In pity to her gentle slave:  
Friendship, esteem, and fair regard,  
And praise, the poet's best reward !  
She read the tales his taste approved,  
And sung the lays he framed or loved ;  
Yet, loth to nurse the fatal flame  
Of hopeless love in friendship's name,  
In kind caprice she oft withdrew  
The favouring glance to friendship due,  
Then grieved to see her victim's pain,  
And gave the dangerous smiles again.

## XXVIII.

So did the suit of Wilfrid stand,  
When war's loud summons waked the land.  
Three banners floating o'er the Tees,  
The woe-foreboding peasant sees ;  
In concert oft they braved of old  
The bordering Scot's incursion bold ;  
Frowning defiance in their pride,  
Their vassals now and lords divide.  
From his fair hall on Greta banks,  
The Knight of Rokeby led his ranks,  
To aid the valliant 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 evil fray,  
In peaceful grave the lady lay,—  
Phillip of Mortham raised his band,  
And march'd at Fairfax's command :  
While Wycliffe, bound by many a train  
Of kindred art with wily Vane,  
Less prompt to brave the bloody field,  
Made Barnard's battlements his shield,  
Secured them with his Lunedale powers,  
And for the Commons held the towers.

## XXIX.

The lovely heir of Rokeby's Knight  
Waits in his halls the event of fight ;  
For England's war revered the claim  
Of every unprotected name,  
And spared, amid its fiercest rage,  
Childhood and womanhood and age.  
But Wilfrid, son to Rokeby's foe,  
Must the dear privilege forego,  
By Greta's side in evening grey,  
To steal upon Matilda's way,  
Striving, with fond hypocrisy,  
For careless step and vacant eye ;  
Calming each anxious look and glance,  
To give the meeting all to chance,  
Or framing as a fair excuse,  
The book, the pencil, or the muse ;  
Something to give, to sing, to say,  
Some modern tale, some ancient lay.  
Then, while the longed-for minutes last,  
Ah ! minutes quickly over-past !  
Recording each expression free,  
Of kind or careless courtesy,  
Each friendly look, each softer tone,  
As food for fancy when alone.  
All this is o'er—but still, unseen,  
Wilfrid may lurk in Eastwood green.  
To watch Matilda's wonted round,  
While springs his heart at every sound.  
She comes—'tis but a passing sight,  
Yet serves to cheat his weary night ;  
She comes not—He will wait the hour,  
When her lamp lightens in the tower ;  
'Tis something yet, if, as she past,  
Her shade is o'er the lattice cast.  
"What is my life, my hope?" he said ;  
"Alas ! a transitory shade."—

## XXX.

Thus wore his life, though reason strove  
For mastery in vain with love,  
Forcing upon his thoughts the sum  
Of present woe and ills to come,  
While still he turned impatient ear  
From Truth's intrusive voice severe.  
Gentle, indifferent, and subdued,  
In all but this, unmoved he viewed  
Each outward change of ill and good :  
But Wilfrid, docile, soft, and mild,  
Was Fancy's spoil'd and wayward child ;  
In her bright car, she bade him ride,  
With one fair form to grace his side,  
Or, in some wild and lone retreat,  
Flung her high spells around his seat,  
Bathed in her dews his languid head,  
Her fairy mantle o'er him spread,

For him her opiates gave to flow,  
Which he who tastes can ne'er forego,  
And placed him in her circle, free  
From every stern reality,  
Till, to the Visionary, seem  
Her day-dreams truth, and truth a dream.

## XXXI.

Woe to the youth whom Fancy gains,  
Winning from Reason's hand the reins,  
Pity and woe! for such a mind  
Is soft, contemplative, and kind;  
And woe to those who train such youth,  
And spare to press the rights of truth,  
The mind to strengthen and anneal,  
While on the stithy glows the steel!  
O teach him, while your lessons last,  
To judge the present by the past;  
Remind him of each wish pursued,  
How rich it glow'd with promised good;  
Remind him of each wish enjoy'd,  
How soon his hopes possession cloyed:  
Tell him we play unequal game,  
Whene'er we shoot by Fancy's aim;  
And, ere he strip him for her race,  
Show the conditions of the chase.  
Two Sisters by the goal are set,  
Cold Disappointment and Regret:  
One disenchant the winner's eyes,  
And strips of all its worth the prize.  
While one augments the gaudy show,  
More to enhance the loser's woe.  
The victor sees his fairy gold  
Transformed, when won, to drossy mould,  
But still the vanquished mourns his loss,  
And rises, as gold, that glittering dross.

## XXXII.

More would'st thou know—yon tower survey,  
Yon couch unpressed since parting day,  
Yon untrimm'd lamp, whose yellow gleam  
Is mingling with the cold moon-beam,  
And yon thin form—the hectic red  
On his pale cheek unequal spread;  
The head reclined, the loosened hair,  
The limbs relax'd, the mournful air.—  
See, he looks up;—a woeful smile  
Lightens his woo-worn cheek a while,—  
'Tis Fancy wakes some idle thought,  
To gild the ruin she has wrought;  
For, like the bat of Indian brakes,  
Her pinions fan the wound she makes,  
And, soothing thus the dreamer's pain,  
She drinks his life-blood from the vein.  
Now to the lattice turn his eyes,  
Vain hope! to see the sun arise.

The moon with clouds is still o'ercast,  
Still howls by fits the stormy blast;  
Another hour must wear away,  
Ere the east kindle into day,  
And hark! to waste that weary hour,  
He tries the minstrel's magic power.

## XXXIII.

## Song.

## TO THE MOON.

Hail to thy cold and clouded beam  
Pale pilgrim of the troubled sky!  
Hail though the mists that o'er thee stream  
Lend to thy brow their sullen dye!  
How should thy pure and peaceful eye  
Untroubled view our scenes below  
Or how a tearless beam supply  
To light a world of war and woe!

Fair Queen! I will not blame thee now,  
As once by Greta's fairy side;  
Each little cloud that dimm'd thy brow  
Did then an angel's beauty hide.  
And of the shades I then could chide,  
Still are the thoughts to memory dear,  
For, while a softer strain I tried,  
They hid my blush, and calm'd my fear.

Then did I swear thy ray serene  
Was form'd to light some lonely dell,  
By two fond lovers only seen,  
Reflected from the crystal well,  
Or sleeping on their mossy cell,  
Or quivering on the lattice bright,  
Or glancing on their couch, to tell  
How swiftly wanes the summer night!

## XXXIV.

He starts—a step at this lone hour!  
A voice!—his father seeks the tower,  
With haggard look and troubled sense,  
Fresh from his dreadful conference.  
“Wilfrid!—what, not to sleep address'd?  
Thou hast no cares to chase thy rest.  
Mortham has fallen on Marston-moor:  
Bertram brings warrant to secure  
His treasures, bought by spoil and blood,  
For the state's use and public good.  
The menials will thy voice obey;  
Let his commission have its way,  
In every point, in every word.”—  
Then, in a whisper,—“take thy sword!  
Bertram is—what I must not tell.  
I hear his hasty step—farewell!”



## CANTO SECOND.

## I.

FAR in the chambers of the west,  
The gale had sigh'd itself to rest ;  
The moon was cloudless now and clear,  
But pale, and soon to disappear.  
The thin grey clouds wax'd dimly light  
On Brusleton and Houghton height ;  
And the rich dale that eastward lay,  
Waited the wakening touch of day,  
To give its woods and cultured plain,  
And towers and spires, to light again.  
But westward, Stanmore's shapeless swell,  
And Lunedale wild, and Kelton-fell,  
And rock-begirdled Gilmansear,  
And Arkingarth, lay dark afar ;  
While, as a liveller twilight falls,  
Emerge proud Barnard's banner'd walls.  
High crown'd he sits, in dawning pale,  
The sovereign of the lovely vale.

## II.

What prospects, from his watch-tower high,  
Gleam gradual on the warder's eye !—  
Far sweeping to the east, he sees  
Down his deep woods the course of Tees,  
And tracks his wanderings by the steam  
Of summer vapours from the stream ;  
And ere he pace his destined hour  
By Brackenbury's dungeon-tower,  
These silver mists shall melt away,  
And dew the woods with glittering spray.  
Then in broad lustre shall be shown  
That mighty trench of living stone,  
And each huge trunk that, from the side,  
Reclines him o'er the darksome tide,  
Where Tees, full many a fathom low,  
Wears with his rage no common foe ;  
For pebbly bank, nor sand-bet here,  
Nor clay-mound, checks his fierce career,  
Condemn'd to mine a channel'd way,  
O'er solid sheets of marble grey.

## 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 hag sylvan bowers,  
Salutes proud Raby's battled towers ;  
The rural brook of Eglstone,  
And Balder, named from Odin's son ;  
And Greta, to whose banks ere long  
We lead the lovers of the song ;

And silver Lune, from Stanmore wild,  
And fairy Thorsgill's murmuring child,  
And last and least, but loveliest still,  
Romantic Deepdale's slender rill.  
Who in that dim-wood glen bath stray'd,  
Yet long'd for Roslin's magic glade ?  
Who, wandering there, hath sought to change  
Even for that vale so stern and strange,  
Where Cartland's crags, fantastio rent,  
Through her green copse like spires are sent ?  
Yet, Albin, yet the praise be thine,  
Thy scenes and story to combine !  
Thou bid'st him, who by Roslin strays,  
List to the deeds of other days ;  
'Mid Cartland's crags thou showest 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 sun-rise shows from Barnard's height,  
But from the towers, preventing day,  
With Wilfred took his early way,  
While misty dawn, and moon-beam 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 Eglstone's grey ruins past ;  
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 boki Risingham  
Held Wilfrid trivial, poor, and tame ;  
And small the intercourse, I ween,  
Such uncongenial souls between.

## V.

Stern Bertram shunn'd the nearer way,  
Through Rokeby's park and chase that lay,  
And, skirting high the valley's ridge,  
They cross'd by Greta's ancient bridge,  
Descending where her waters wind  
Free for a space and unconfined,  
As 'scaped from Brignal's dark wood glen,  
She seeks wild Mortham's deeper den.  
There, as his eye glanced o'er the mound,  
Raised by that Legion long renown'd,  
Whose votive shrine asserts their claim,  
Of pious, faithful, conquering fame,

"Stern sons of war!" sad Wilfrid sigh'd.  
 "Behold the hoast 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 wereaddress'd in vain.

## VI.

Of different mood, a deeper sigh  
 Awoke, when Rokeby's turrets high  
 Were northward in the dawning seen  
 To rear them o'er the thicket green.  
 O then, though Spenser's self had stray'd  
 Beside him through the lovely glade,  
 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 clamouring 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 brand is broke,  
 Stand forth to guard the rearward post,  
 The hulwark of the scatter'd host—  
 All this and more, might Spenser say,  
 Yet waste in vain his magic lay,  
 While Wilfrid eyed the distant tower,  
 Whose lattice lights Matilda's bower.

## VII.

The open vale is soon past o'er;  
 Rokeby, though nigh, is seen no more;  
 Sinking mid Greta's thickets deep,  
 A wild and darker course they keep,  
 A stern and lone, yet lovely road,  
 As o'er the foot of minstrel trode!  
 Broad shadows o'er their passage fell,  
 Deeper and narrower grew the dell;  
 It seem'd some mountain, rent and riven,  
 A channel for the stream had given,  
 So high the cliffs of limestone grey  
 Hung bootling o'er the torrent's way,  
 Yielding, along their rugged base,  
 A flinty footpath's niggard space,  
 Where he, who winds 'twixt rock and wave,  
 May hear the headlong torrent rave,  
 And like a steed in frantic fit,  
 That flings the froth from curl and bit,  
 May view her chafe her waves to spray,  
 O'er every rock that bars her way,  
 Till foam-globes on her eddies ride,  
 Thick as the schemes of human pride,

That down life's current drive amain,  
 As frail, as frothy, and as vain!

## VIII.

The cliffs, that rear the haughty head  
 High o'er the river's darksome bed,  
 Were now all naked, wild, and grey,  
 Now waving all with greenwood spray;  
 Here trees to every crevice clung,  
 And o'er the dell their branches hung;  
 And there, all splinter'd and uneven,  
 The shiver'd rocks ascend to heaven;  
 Oft, too, the ivy swathed their breast,  
 And wreathed its garland round their crest,  
 Or from the spires bade loosely flare  
 Its tendrils in the middle air,  
 As pennons wont to wave of old  
 O'er the high feast of Baron hold,  
 When revell'd loud the feudal rout,  
 And the arch'd halls return'd their shout.  
 Such and more wild is Greta's shore,  
 And such the echoes from her roar,  
 And so the ivied banners gleam,  
 Waved wildly o'er the hawling stream.

## IX.

Now from the stream the rocks recede,  
 But leave between no sunny mead—  
 No, nor the spot of pebbly sand,  
 Oft found by such a mountain strand,  
 Forming such warm and dry retreat,  
 As fancy deems the lonely seat,  
 Where hermit, wandering from his cell,  
 His rosary might love to tell.  
 But here, 'twixt rock and river grew  
 A dismal grove of sable yew,  
 With whose sad tints were mingled seen  
 The blighted fir's sepulchral green.  
 Seen'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 wilding green, nor woodland flower,  
 Arose within its baleful bower;  
 The dank and sable earth receives  
 Its only carpet from the leaves,  
 That, from the withering branches cast,  
 Bestrew'd the ground with every blast.  
 Though now the sun was o'er the hill,  
 In this dark spot 'twas twilight still,  
 Save that on Greta's farther side  
 Some straggling beams through copse-wood  
 glide.  
 And wild and savage contrast made  
 That dingle's deep and funeral shade,  
 With the bright tints of early day,

Which, glimmering through the ivy spray,  
On the opposing summit lay.

## X.

The lated peasant shunn'd the dell,  
For Superstition went to tell  
Of many a grisly sound and sight,  
Scaring its path at dead of night.  
When Christmas logs blaze high and wide,  
Such wonders speed the festal tide,  
While Curiosity and Fear,  
Pleasure and Pain, sit crouching near,  
Till childhood's cheek no longer glows,  
And village maidens lose the rose.  
The thrilling interest rises higher,  
The circle closes nigh and nigher,  
And shuddering glance is cast behind,  
As louder moans the wintry wind.  
Believe, that fitting scene was laid  
For such wild tales in Mortham glade:  
For who had seen on Greta's side,  
By that dim light fierce Bertram stride,  
In such a spot at such an hour —  
If touched by Superstition's power,  
Might well have deemed 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 uncathly terrors known;  
For not to rank nor sex confined  
Is this vain ague of the mind.  
Hearts firm as steel, as marble hard,  
'Gainst faith, and love, and pity barr'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 gained;  
Nor less his wild adventurous youth  
Believed in every legend's truth,  
Learned when beneath the tropic gale  
Full swelled the vessel's steady sail,  
And the broad Indian moon her light  
Poured on the watch of middle night,  
When seamen love to hear and tell  
Of portent, prodigy, and spell;  
What gales are sold on Lapland's shore,  
How whistle rash bids tempests roar,  
Of witch, of mermaid, and of sprite,  
Of Erick's cap, and Elmo's light,  
Or of that Phantom ship, whose form  
Shoots like a meteor through the storm,

When the dark scud comes driving hard,  
And lowered 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 Daemon-frigate braves the gale;  
And well the doomed spectators know  
The harbinger of wreck and woe.

## XII.

Then too were told in stifled tone,  
Marvels and omens all their own;  
How, by some desert isle or key,  
Where Spaniards wrought their cruelty,  
Or where the savage pirate's mood  
Repaid it home in deeds of blood,  
Strange nightly sounds of woe and fear  
Appalled the listening Buccaneer,  
Whose light-armed shallop anchor'd lay  
In ambush by the lonely bay.  
The groan of grief, the shriek of pain,  
Ring from the moonlight groves of cane;  
The fierce adventurer's heart they scare,  
Who wearies memory for a prayer,  
Curses the roadstead, and with gale  
Of early morning lifts the sail,  
To give, in thirst of blood and prey,  
A legend for another day.

## XIII.

Thus, as a man, a youth, a child,  
Trained in the mystic and the wild,  
With this on Bertram's soul at times  
Rushed a dark feeling of his crimes;  
Such to his troubled soul their form,  
As the pale Death-ship to the storm,  
And such their omen dim and dread,  
As shrieks and voices of the dead.  
That pang, whose transitory force  
Hover'd 'twixt horror and remorse;  
That pang, perchance, his bosom pressed,  
As Wilfrid sudden he address'd.  
"Wilfrid, this glen is never trod  
Until the sun rides high abroad,  
Yet twice have I beheld to-day  
A Form, that seemed to dog our way;  
Twice from my glance it seemed to flee,  
And shroud itself by cliff or tree.  
How think'st thou?—is our path way-laid,  
Or hath thy sire my trust betrayed?  
If so"—Ere, starting from his dream,  
That turned upon a gentle theme,  
Wilfrid had roused him to reply,  
Bertram sprung forward, shouting high,

"Whate'er thou art, thou now shalt stand!"  
And forth he darted, sword in hand.

## XIV.

As bursts the levin in its wrath,  
He shot him down the sounding path;  
Rock, wood, and stream, rung wildly out,  
To his loud step, and savage shout,  
Seems that the object of his race  
Hath scaled the cliffs: his frantic chase  
Sidelong he turns, and now 'tis bent  
Right up the rock's tall battlement;  
Straining each sinew to ascend,  
Foot, hand, and knee, their aid must lend.  
Wilfrid, all dizzy with dismay,  
Views from beneath his dreadful way;  
Now to the oak's warp'd roots he clings;  
Now trusts his weight to ivy strings;  
Now, like the wild goat, must he dare  
An unsupported leap in air;  
Hid in the shrubby rain-course now,  
You mark him by the crashing bough,  
And by his corslet's sullen clank,  
And by the stones spurned from the bank,  
And by the hawk scared from her nest,  
And raven's croaking o'er their guest,  
Who deem his forfeit limbs shall pay  
The tribute of his bold essay.

## XV.

See, he emerges!—desperate now  
All farther course—yon beetling brow,  
In craggy nakedness sublime,  
What heart or foot shall dare to climb?  
It bears no tendril for his clasp,  
Presents no angle to his grasp;  
Sole stay his foot may rest upon,  
Is yon earth-bedded jetting stone.  
Balanced on such precarious prop,  
He strains his grasp to reach the top.  
Just as the dangerous stretch he makes,  
By heaven, his faithless footstool shakes!  
Beneath his tottering hulk it bends,  
It sways, it loosens, it descends!  
And downward holds its headlong way,  
Crashing o'er rock and copse-wood 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 unharmed he stands!

## XVI.

Wilfrid a safer path pursued,  
At intervals where, roughly hew'd,

Rude steps ascending from the dell  
Rendered the cliffs accessible.  
By circuit slow he thus attained  
The height that Risingham had gained,  
And when he issued from the wood,  
Before the gate of Mortham stood.  
'Twas a fair scene! the sunbeam lay  
On battled tower and portal grey,  
And from the grassy slope he sees  
The Greta flow to meet the Tees,  
Where, issuing from her darksome bed,  
She caught the morning's eastern red,  
And through the softening vale below  
Rolled her bright waves in rose glow,  
All blushing to her bridal bed,  
Like some shy maid in convent bred,  
While linnet, lark, and blackbird gay,  
Sing forth her nuptial roundelay.

## XVII.

'Twas sweetly sung, that roundelay,—  
That summer morn' alone blithe and gay;  
But morning beam and wild birds call,  
Awaked not Mortham's silent hall.  
No porter, by the low-browed gate,  
Took in the wonted niche his seat;  
To the paved court no peasant drew,  
Waked to their toll 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 bayed a hound,  
Nor eager steed with shrilling neigh,  
Accused the lagging groom's delay;  
Untrimm'd, undress'd, neglected now,  
Was alleys walk and orchard bough;  
All spoke the master's absent care,  
All spoke neglect and disrepair.  
South of the gate an arrow flight,  
Two mighty elms their limbs unite,  
As if a canopy to spread  
O'er the lone dwelling of the dead;  
For their huge boughs in arches bent  
Above a massive monument,  
Carved o'er in ancient Gothic wise,  
With many a scutcheon and device:  
There, spent with toll and sunk in gloom,  
Bertram stood pondering by the tomb.

## XVIII.

"It vanish'd, like a flitting ghost!  
Behind this tomb," he said, "'twas lost—  
This tomb, where oft I deem'd, lies stored  
Of Mortham's Indian wealth the hoard.  
'Tis true, the aged servants said,  
Here his lamented wife is laid;

But weightier reasons may be guess'd  
For their lord's strict and stern behest,  
That none should on his steps intrude,  
Whene'er he sought this solitude.—  
An ancient mariner I knew,  
What time I sailed 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 fall,  
The moon glids skeleton and skull—  
There dig and tomb your precious heap,  
And bid the dead your treasure keep;  
Sure stewards they, if fitting spell  
Their service to the task compel.  
Lacks there such charnel!—kill a slave,  
Or prisoner, on the treasure-grave;  
And bid his discontented ghost  
Stalk nightly on his lonely post.—  
Such was his tale. Its truth, I ween,  
Is in my morning vision seen.

## XIX.

Wilfrid, who scorned the legend wild,  
In mingled mirth and pity smiled,  
Much marvelling that a breast so bold  
In such fond tale belief should hold:  
But yet of Bertram sought to know  
The apparition's form and show.—  
The power within the guilty breast,  
Oft vanquished, never quite suppressed,  
That unsubdu'd and lurking lies  
To take the felon by surprise,  
And force him, as by magic spell,  
In his despite his guilt to tell,—  
That power in Bertram's breast awoke;  
Scarcely conscious he was heard, he spoke;  
" 'Twas Mortham's form, from foot to head!  
His morion with the plume of red,  
His shape, his mien—'twas Mortham, right  
As when I slew him in the fight."—  
—"Thou slay him?—thou?"—With con-  
scious start  
He heard, then mann'd his haughty heart—  
—"I slew him I?—I—I had forgot,  
Thou, stripling, knew'st not of the plot.  
But it is spoken—nor will I  
Deed done, or spoken word, deny.  
I slew him; I! for thankless pride;  
'Twas by this hand that Mortham died."—

## XX.

Wilfrid, of gentle hand and heart,  
Averse to every active part,

But most averse to martial broil,  
From danger shrunk, and turned from toil;  
Yet the meek lover of the lyre  
Nursed one brave spark of noble fire;  
Against injustice, fraud, or wrong,  
His blood bent high, his hand waxed strong.  
Not his the nerves that could sustain,  
Unshaken, danger, toil, and pain;  
But when that spark blazed forth to flame,  
He rose superior to his frame.  
And now it came that generous mood;  
And, in full current of his blood,  
On Bertram he laid desperate hand,  
Placed firm his foot, and drew his brand.  
"Should every fiend to whom thou'rt sold,  
Rise in thine aid, I keep my hold.—  
Arouse there, ho! take spear and sword!  
Attach the murderer of your Lord!"—

## XXI.

A moment fix'd, as by a spell,  
Stood Bertram—it seem'd miracle,  
That one so feeble, soft, and tame,  
Set grasp on warlike Risingham.  
But when he felt a feeble stroke,  
The fiend within the ruffian woke!  
To wrench the sword from Wilfrid's hand,  
To dash him headlong on the sand,  
Was but one moment's work,—one more  
Had drench'd the blade in Wilfrid's gore  
But, in the instant it arose,  
To end his life, his love, his woes,  
A warlike form, that marked the scene,  
Presents his rapier, sheathed between,  
Parries the fast-descending blow,  
And steps 'twixt Wilfrid and his foe;  
Nor then unscabbarded his brand,  
But, sternly pointing with his hand,  
With monarch's voice forbade the fight,  
And motioned Bertram from his sight.  
"Go, and repent,"—he said, "while time  
Is given thee; add not crime to crime."—

## XXII.

Mute, and uncertain, and amazed,  
As on a vision Bertram gazed!  
'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-bleached 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 feared 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 marched and fought beneath his sway,  
Tamed him—and, with reverted face,  
Backwards he bore his sullen pace,—  
Oft stopped, and oft on Mortham stared,  
And dark as rated mastiff glared;  
But when the tramp of steeds was heard,  
Plunged in the glen and disappeared.  
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,  
Hinting he knew not what of fear;  
When nearer came the coursers' tread,  
And, with his father at their head,  
Of horsemen armed a gallant power  
Reined up their steeds before the tower.  
“Whence these pale looks, my son?” he said:  
“Where's Bertram? why that naked blade?”  
Wilfrid ambiguously replied,  
(For Mortham's charge his honour tied,  
“Bertram is gone—the villain's word  
Avouched him murderer of his lord!  
Even now we fought—but, when your tread  
Announced you nigh, the felon fled.”—  
In Wycliffe's conscious eye appear  
A guilty hope, a guilty fear;  
On his pale brow the dew-drop 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 followed now in Wycliffe's train,  
An answer for his lord to gain.  
His steed whose arched and sable neck  
An hundred wreaths of foam bedeck,  
Chafed not against the curb more high  
Than he at Oswald's cold reply;

He bit his lip, implored his saint,  
(His the old faith)—then burst restraint.

## XXV.

“Yes! I beheld his bloody fall,  
By that base traitor's dastard ball,  
Just when I thought to measure sword,  
Presumptuous hope! with Mortham's lord,  
And shall the murderer 'scape, who slew  
His leader generous, brave, and true?  
Escape! while on the dew you trace  
The marks of his gigantic pace?  
No! ere the sun that dew shall dry,  
False Risingham shall yield or die.—  
Ring out the castle 'larum bell!  
Arouse the peasants with the knell!  
Meantime, disperse—ride, gallants, ride!  
Beset the wood on every side,  
But if among you one there be,  
That honours Mortham's memory,  
Let him dismount and follow me!  
Else on your crests sit fear and shame,  
And foul suspicion dog your name!”—

## XXVI.

Instant to earth young REDMOND 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 gained, the footsteps traced,  
Shouted like huntsman to his hounds,  
“To cover, hark!”—and in he bounds.  
Scarce heard was Oswald's anxious cry,  
“Suspicion! yes—pursue him—fly—  
But venture not, in useless strife,  
On ruffian desperate of his life.  
Whoever finds him, shoot him dead!  
Five hundred nobles for his head.”—

## XXVII.

The horsemen gallop'd to make good  
Each pass that issued from the wood.  
Loud from the thickets rung the shout  
Of Redmond and his eager rout;  
With them was Wilfrid, stung with ire,  
And envying Redmond's martial fire,  
And emulous of fame.—But where  
Is Oswald, noble Mortham's heir?  
He, bound by honour, law, and faith,  
Avenger of his kinsman's death,—  
Leaning against the elm tree,  
With drooping head and slackened knee,  
And clenched teeth and close-clasped hands  
In agony of soul he stands!

His downcast eye on earth is bent,  
His soul to every sound is lent,  
For in each shout that cleaves the air,  
May ring discovery and despair.

## XXVIII.

What 'vailed it him, that brightly played  
The morning sun on Mortham's glade?  
All seems in giddy round to ride,  
Like objects on a stormy tide,  
Seen eddying by the moonlight dim,  
Imperfectly to sink and swim.  
What 'vailed it, that the fair domain,  
Its battled mansion, hill, and plain,  
On which the sun so brightly shone,  
Envied so long, was now his own?  
The lowest dungeon, in that hour,  
Of Brackenbury's dismal tower,  
Had been his choice, could such a doom  
Have opened Mortham's bloody tomb!  
Forced, too, to turn unwilling ear  
To each surmise of hope or fear,  
Murmured among the rustics round,  
Who gathered at the 'larum sound,  
He dared not turn his head away,  
E'en to look up to heaven to pray,  
Or call on hell, in bitter mood,  
For one sharp death-shot from the wood!

## XXIX.

At length o'erpast that dreadful space,  
Back straggling came the scattered chase;  
Jaded and weary, horse and man,  
Returned the troopers, one by one.  
Wilfrid, the last, arrived to say,  
All trace was lost of Bertram's way,  
Though Redmond still, up Brignall wood,  
The hopeless quest in vain pursued.—  
O, fatal doom of human race!  
What tyrant passions passions chase!  
Remorse from Oswald's brow is gone,  
Avarice and pride resume their throne;  
The pang of instant terror by,  
They dictate thus their slave's reply.

## XXX.

"Ay—let him range like hasty hound!  
And if the grim wolf's lair be found,  
Small is my care how goes the game  
With Redmond or with Risingham.—  
Nay, answer not, thou simple boy!  
Thy fair Matilda, all so coy  
To thee, is of another mood  
To that bold youth of Erin's blood.  
Thy ditties will she freely praise,  
And pay thy pains with courtly phrase;

In a rough path will oft command—  
Accept at least—thy friendly hand;  
His she avoids, or, urged and prayed,  
Unwilling takes his proffered aid,  
While conscious passion plainly speaks  
In downcast look and blushing cheeks.  
Whene'er he sings, will she glide nigh,  
And all her soul is in her eye;  
Yet doubts she still to tender free  
The wonted words of courtesy.  
These are strong signs!—yet wherefore sigh,  
And wipe, effeminate, thine eye?  
Thine shall she be, if thou attend  
The counsels of thy sire and friend.

## XXXI.

"Scarce wert thou gone, when peep of light  
Brought genuine news of Marston's fight.  
Brave Cromwell turned the doubtful tide,  
And conquest bless'd the rightful side;  
Three thousand cavaliers lie dead,  
Rupert and that bold Marquis fled;  
Nobles and knights so proud of late,  
Must fine for freedom and estate.  
Of these, committed to my charge,  
Is Rokeby, prisoner at large;  
Redmond, his page, arrived, to say  
He reaches Barnard's towers to-day.  
Right heavy shall his ransom be,  
Unless that maid compound with thee!  
Go to her now—be bold of cheer,  
While her soul floats 'twixt hope and fear:  
It is the very change of tide,  
When best the female heart is tried—  
Pride, prejudice, and modesty,  
Are in the current swept to sea;  
And the bold swain who plies his oar,  
May lightly row his bark to shore."

## 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 assigned.  
The falcon, poised on soaring wing,  
Watches the wild duck by the spring:  
The slow-hound wakes the fox's lair,  
The greyhound presses on the hare;  
The eagle pounces on the lamb,  
The wolf devours the fleecy dam;  
Even tiger fell, and sullen bear,  
Their likeness and their lineage spare;  
Man, only, mars kin! Nature's plan,  
And turns the fierce pursuit on man;

Plying war's desultory trade,  
Incurion, flight, and ambushade,  
Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,  
At first the bloody game begun.

## II.

The Indian, prowling for his prey,  
Who hears the settlers track his way,  
And knows in distant forest far  
Camp his red brethren of the war;  
He, when each double and disguise  
To baffle the pursuit he tries,  
Low crouching now his head to hide,  
Where swampy streams through rushes  
glide,

Now covering with the wither'd leaves  
The foot-prints that the dew receives;  
He, skill'd in every sylvan guile,  
Knows not, nor tries, such various wile,  
As Risingham, when on the wind  
Arose the loud pursuit behind.  
In Redesdale his youth had heard  
Each art her wily dalesmen dared,  
When Rooker-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.

Of had he shown, in dimes 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 Carib's rapid race;  
The steady brain, the sinewy limb,  
To leap, to climb, to dive, to swim;  
The iron frame, inured to bear  
Each dire inclemency of air,  
Nor less confirm'd to undergo  
Fatigue's faint chill, and famine's throes.  
These arts he proved, his life to save,  
In peril oft by land and wave,  
On Arawaca's desert shore,  
Or where La Plata's billows roar,  
When oft the sons of vengeful Spain  
Track'd the marauder's steps in vain.  
These arts, in Indian warfare tried,  
Must save him now by Greta's side.

## IV.

'Twas then, in hour of utmost need,  
He proved his courage, art, and speed.

Now slow he stalk'd with stealthy pace,  
Now started forth in rapid race,  
Oft doubling back in mazy train,  
To blind the trace the dews retain;  
Now clombe the rocks projecting high,  
To baffle the pursuer's eye;  
Now sought the stream, whose brawling  
sound

The echo of his footsteps drown'd.  
But if the forest verge he nears,  
There trample steeds and glimmer spears;  
If deeper down the copse he drew,  
He heard the rangers' loud halloo,  
Beating each cover while they came,  
As if to start the sylvan 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 foomen 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'd every height to look around,  
Then rushing on with naked sword,  
Each dingle's bosky depths explored.  
'Twas Redmond—by the azure eye;  
'Twas Redmond—by the locks that fly  
Disorder'd from his glowing cheek:  
Mien, face, and form, young Redmond speak.  
A form more active, light and strong,  
Ne'er shot the ranks of war along;  
The modest, yet the manly mien,  
Might grace the court of maiden queen;  
A face more fair you well might find,  
For Redmond's knew the sun and wind,  
Nor boasted, from their tinge when free,  
The charm of regularity;  
But every feature had the power  
To aid the expression of the hour:  
Whether gay wit, and humour sly,  
Danced laughing in his light-blue eye;  
Or bended brow, and glance of fire,  
And kindling cheek, spoke Erin's ire;



Or soft and sadden'd glances show  
Her ready sympathy with woe ;  
Or in that wayward mood of mind,  
When various feelings are combined,  
When joy and sorrow mingle near,  
And hope's bright wings are check'd by fear,  
And rising doubts keep transport down,  
And anger lends a short-lived frown ;  
In that strange mood which maids approve,  
Even when they dare not call it love ;  
With every change his features play'd,  
As aspens show the light and shade.

## VI.

Well Risingham young Redmond knew ;  
And much he marvell'd that the crew,  
Roused to revenge bold Mortham dead,  
Were by that Mortham's foeman led :  
For never felt his soul the woe,  
That walls a generous foeman low,  
Far less that sense of justice strong,  
That wrecks a generous foeman's wrong.  
But small his leisure now to pause ;  
Redmond is first, whate'er the cause :  
And twice that Redmond came so near,  
Where Bertram couch'd like hunted deer,  
The very boughs his steps displace,  
Rustled against the ruffian's face,  
Who, desperate, twice prepared to start,  
And plunge his dagger in his heart !  
But Redmond turn'd a different way,  
And the bent boughs resumed their sway,  
And Bertram held it wise, unseen,  
Deeper to plunge in coppice green.  
Thus, circled in his coil, the snake,  
When roving hunters beat the brake,  
Watches with red and glistening eye,  
Prepared, if heedless step draw nigh,  
With forked tongue and venom'd fang  
Instant to dart the deadly pang ;  
But if the intruders turn aside,  
Away his coils unfolded glide,  
And through the deep savannah wind,  
Some undisturb'd retreat to find.

## VII.

But Bertram, as he backward drew,  
And heard the loud pursuit renew,  
And Redmond's hallo on the wind  
Oft mutter'd in his savage mind—  
" Redmond O'Neale! were thou and I  
Alone this day's event to try,  
With not a second here to see,  
But the grey cliff and oaken-tree,—  
That voice of thine, that shouts so loud,  
Should ne'er repeat its summons proud !

No! nor e'er try its melting power  
Again in maiden's summer bower."—  
Eluded, now behind him die,  
Faint and more faint, each hostile cry ;  
He stands in Scargill wood alone,  
Nor hears he now a harsher tone  
Than the hoarse cushat's plaintive cry,  
Or Greta's sound that murmurs by ;  
And on the dale so lone and wild,  
The summer sun in quiet smiled.

## VIII.

He listen'd long with anxious heart,  
Ear bent to hear, and foot to start,  
And, while his stretch'd attention glows,  
Refused his weary frame repose.  
'Twas silence all—he laid him down,  
Where purple heath profusely strown,  
And throatwort with its azure bell,  
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 eddying dan,  
Now brightly gleaming to the sun,  
As, dancing over rock and stone,  
In yellow light her currents shone,  
Matching in hue the favourite gem  
Of Albin's mountain-dindem.  
Then, tired to watch the current's play,  
He turn'd his weary eyes away,  
To where the bank opposing show'd  
Its huge, square cliffs through shaggy wood.  
One, prominent above the rest,  
Rear'd to the sun its pale grey breast ;  
Around its broken summit grew  
The hazel rude, and sable yew ;  
A thousand various lichens dyed  
Its waste and weather-beaten side,  
And round its rugged basis lay,  
By time or thunder rent away,  
Fragments, that, from its frontlet torn,  
Were mantled now by verdant thorn.  
Such was the scene's wild majesty,  
That fill'd stern Bertram's gazing eye.

## IX.

In sullen mood he lay reclined,  
Revolving, in his stormy mind,  
The felon deed, the fruitless guilt,  
His patron's blood by treason spilt ;  
A crime, it seem'd, so dire and dread,  
That it had power to wake the dead.  
Then pondering on his life betray'd  
By Oswald's art to Redmond's blade,  
In treacherous purpose to withhold,  
So seem'd it, Mortham's promised gold,

A deep and full revenge he vowed  
 On Redmond, forward, fierce, and proud;  
 Revenge on Wilfrid—on his sire  
 Redoubled vengeance, swift and dire!—  
 If, in such mood, (as legends say,  
 And well believed that simple day,)  
 The Enemy of Man has power  
 To profit by the evil hour,  
 Here stood a wretch, prepared to change  
 His soul's redemption for revenge!  
 But, though his vows, with such a fire  
 Of earnest and intense desire  
 For vengeance dark and fell, were made,  
 As well might reach hell's lowest shade,  
 No deeper clouds the grove embrown'd,  
 No nether thunders shook the ground;  
 The demon knew his vassal's heart,  
 And spared temptation's needless art.

## X.

Oft, mingled with the direful theme,  
 Came Mortham's form—was it a dream?  
 Or had he seen, in vision true,  
 That very Mortham whom he slew?  
 Or had in living flesh appear'd  
 The only man on earth he fear'd?—  
 To try the mystic cause intent,  
 His eyes, that on the cliff were bent,  
 Counter'd at once a dazzling glance,  
 Like sunbeam flash'd from sword or lance.  
 At once he started as for fight,  
 But not a foeman was in sight;  
 He heard the cushat's murmur hoarse,  
 He heard the river's sounding course;  
 The solitary woodlands lay,  
 As slumbering in the summer ray.  
 He gazed, like lion roused, around,  
 Then sunk again upon the ground.  
 'Twas but, he thought, some fitful beam,  
 Glanced sudden from the sparkling stream;  
 Then plunged him in his gloomy train  
 Of ill-connected thoughts again,  
 Until a voice behind him cried,  
 "Bertram! well met on Greta side."

## XI.

Instant his sword was in his hand,  
 As instant sunk the ready brand:  
 Yet, dubious still, opposed he stood  
 To him that issued from the wood:—  
 "Guy Denizil!—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 Denizil's name  
 From Rokeby's band was razed with  
 shame."

"A shame I owe that hot O'Neale,  
 Who told his knight, in peevish zeal,  
 Of my marauding on the clowns  
 Of Calverley and Bradford downs.  
 I reck not. In a war to strive,  
 Where, save the leaders, none can thrive,  
 Suits ill my mood; and better game  
 A waits us both, if thou'rt the same  
 Unscrupulous, bold Risingham,  
 Who watch'd with me in midnight dark,  
 To snatch a deer from Rokeby-park.  
 How think'st thou?"—"Speak thy purpose  
 out;  
 I love not mystery or doubt."

## XII.

"Then list.—Not far there lurk a crew  
 Of trusty comrades stanch and true,  
 Glean'd from both factions—Roundheads  
 freed  
 From cant of sermon and of creed;  
 And Cavaliers, whose souls, like mine,  
 Spurn at the bonds of discipline.  
 Wiser we judge, by dale and wold,  
 A warfare of our own to hold,  
 Than breathe our last on battle-down,  
 For cloak or surplice, mace or crown.  
 Our schemes are laid, our purpose set,  
 A chief and leader lack we yet.—  
 Thou art a wanderer, it is said,  
 For Mortham's death thy steps waylaid,  
 Thy head at price—so say our spies,  
 Who range the valley in disguise.  
 Join then with us; though wild debate  
 And wrangling rend our infant state,  
 Each, to an equal loath to bow,  
 Will yield to chief renowned as thou."

## XIII.

"Even now," thought Bertram, "passion-  
 stirred,  
 I called on hell, and hell has heard!  
 What lack I, vengeance to command,  
 But of stanch comrades such a band?  
 This Denizil, vowed to every evil,  
 Might read a lesson to the devil.  
 Well, be it so! each knave and fool  
 Shall serve as my revenge's tool."  
 Aloud, "I take thy proffer, Guy,  
 But tell me where thy comrades lie?"—  
 "Not far from hence," Guy Denizil said;  
 "Descend and cross the river's bed,  
 Where rises yonder cliff so grey"—  
 "Do thou," said Bertram, "lead the way."  
 Then muttered, "It is best make sure;  
 Guy Denizil's faith was never pure."

He followed down the steep descent,  
Then through the Greta's streams they went,  
And, when they reached the farther shore,  
They stood the lonely cliff before.

## XIV.

With wonder Bertram heard within  
The flinty rock a murmured din;  
But when Guy pulled the wilding spray  
And brambles, from its base away,  
He saw, appearing to the air,  
A little entrance low and square,  
Like opening cell of hermit lone,  
Dark winding through the living stone.  
Here entered 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 slaty rock the peasant hewed:  
And Brignall's woods, and Scargill's, wave  
Even now, o'er many a sister cave,  
Where, far within the darksome rift,  
The wedge and lever ply their thrift.  
But war had silenced rural trade,  
And the deserted mine was made  
The banquet-hall, and fortress too,  
Of Denzil, and his desperate crew.  
There Guilt, his anxious revel kept;  
There on his sordid pallet, slept  
Guilt-born Excess, the goblet drained  
Still in his slumbering grasp retained;  
Regret was there, his eye still cast  
With vain repining on the past;  
Among the feasters, waited near,  
Sorrow, and unrepentant Fear,  
And Blasphemy, to frenzy driven,  
With his own crimes reproaching heaven;  
While Bertram showed, amid the crew,  
The Master-Fiend that Milton drew.

## XV.

Hark! the loud revel wakes again,  
To greet the leader of the train.  
Behold the group by the pale lamp,  
That struggles with the earthy damp.  
By what strange features Vice hath known,  
To single out and mark her own!  
Yet some there are, whose brows retain  
Less deeply stamped her brand and stain.  
See yon pale stripling! when a boy,  
A mother's pride, a father's joy!  
Now, 'gainst the vault's rude walls reclined,  
An early image fills his mind:  
The cottage, once his sire's, he sees,  
Embowered upon the banks of Tees;

He views sweet Winston's woodland scene,  
And shares the dance on Gainford-green.  
A tear is springing—but the zest  
Of some wild tale, or brutal jest,  
Hath to loud laughter stirred the rest.  
On him they call, the aptest mate  
For jovial song and merry feat;  
Fast flies his dream—with dauntless air,  
As one victorious o'er Despair,  
He bids the ruddy cup go round,  
Till sense and sorrow both are drowned;  
And soon in merry wassail, he,  
The life of all their revelry,  
Peals his loud song!—The muse has found  
Her blossoms on the wildest ground,  
'Mid noxious weeds at random strowed,—  
Themselves all profligate and rude.—  
With desperate merriment he sung,  
The cavern to the chorus rung;  
Yet mingled with his reckless glee  
Remorse's bitter agony.

## XVI.

## SONG.

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 would'st wend with  
me,  
To leave both tower and town,  
Thou first must guess what life lead we,  
That dwell by dale and down.  
And if thou canst that riddle read,  
As read full well you may,  
Then to the green-wood shalt thou speed,  
As blythe as Queen of May."

## CHORUS.

Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are green;  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,  
Than reign our English Queen.

## XVII.

"I read you by your bugle-horn,  
And by your palfrey good,  
I read you for a ranger sworn,  
To keep the king's green-wood."—  
"A ranger, lady, winds his horn,  
And 'tis at peep of light ;  
His blast is heard at merry morn,  
And mine at dead of night."—

## CHORUS.

Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are gay ;  
I would I were with Edmund there,  
To reign his Queen of May !

"With burnished brand and musquetoon,  
So gallantly you come,  
I read you for a bold dragoon,  
That lists the tuck of drum."—  
"I list no more the tuck of drum,  
No more the trumpet hear ;  
But when the beetle sounds his hum,  
My comrades take the spear.

## CHORUS.

"And O! though Brignall banks be fair,  
And Greta woods be gay,  
Yet mickle must the maiden dare  
Would reign my Queen of May !

## XVIII.

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,  
A nameless death I'll die ;  
The fiend, whose lanthorn lights the  
mead,  
Were better mate than I !  
And when I'm with my comrades met,  
Beneath the green-wood bough,  
What once we were we all forget,  
Nor think what we are now.

## CHORUS.

"Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there,  
Would grace a summer queen."—

When Edmund ceased his simple song,  
Was silence on the sullen throng,  
Till waked some ruder mate their glee  
With note of coarser minstrelsy.  
But far apart, in dark divan,  
Denzil and Bertram many a plan,

Of import foul and fierce, designed,  
While still on Bertram's grasping mind  
The wealth of murdered 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 wondrous tale he told,  
When, scornful, smiled his comrade bold ;  
For, trained in leucuse of a court,  
Religion's self was Denzil's sport ;  
Then judge in what contempt he held  
The visionary tales of old !  
His awe for Bertram scarce repress'd  
The unbeliever's sneering jest.  
" 'Twere hard," he said, "for sage or seer,  
To spell the subject of your fear ;  
Nor do I boast the art renowned,  
Vision and omen to expound.  
Yet, faith if I must needs afford  
To spectre watching treasured hoard,  
As bandog keeps his master's roof,  
Bidding the plunderer stand aloof,  
This doubt remains—thy goblin gaunt  
Hath chosen ill his ghostly haunt ;  
For why his guard on Mortham hold,  
When Rokeby castle hath the gold  
Thy patron won on Indian soil,  
By stealth, by piracy, and spoil ?—

## XX.

At this he paused—for angry shame  
Lowered on the brow of Risingham.  
He blush'd to think that he should seem  
Assertor of an airy dream,  
And gave his wrath another theme.  
"Denzil," he says, "though lowly laid,  
Wrong not the memory of the dead ;  
For, while he lived, at Mortham's look  
Thy very soul, Guy Denzil, shook !  
And when he taxed thy breach of word  
To yon fair Rose of Allenford,  
I saw thee crouch like chastened hound,  
Whose back the huntsman's lash hath  
found.  
Nor dare to call his foreign wealth  
The spoil of piracy or stealth ;  
He won it bravely with his brand,  
When Spain waged warfare with our land.  
Mark too—I brook no idle jeer,  
Nor couple Bertram's name with fear ;  
Mine is but half the demon's lot,  
For I believe, but tremble not.—  
Enough of this.—Say, why this hoard  
Thou deem'st at Rokeby castle stored ;

Or think'st that Mortham would bestow  
His treasure with his faction's foe?"—

## XXI.

Soon quenched was Denzil's ill-timed mirth;  
Rather he would have seen the earth  
Give to ten thousand spectres birth,  
Than venture to awake to flame  
The deadly wrath of Risingham.  
Submiss he answered,—“ Mortham's mind,  
Thou know'st, to joy was ill inclined.  
In youth, 'tis said, a gallant free,  
A lusty reveller was he;  
But since returned from over sea,  
A sullen and a silent mood  
Hath numbed the current of his blood.  
Hence he refused each kindly call  
To Rokeby's hospitable hall,  
And our stout Knight at dawn of morn,  
Who loved to bear the bugle-horn,  
Nor less, when eve his oaks embrowned,  
To see the ruddy cup go round,  
Took umbrage that a friend so near  
Refused to share his chase and cheer;  
Thus did the kindred barons jar,  
Ere they divided in the war.  
Yet trust me, friend, Matilda fair  
Of Mortham's wealth is destined heir.”—

## XXII.

“ Destined to her! to yon slight maid!  
The prize my life had well nigh paid,  
When 'gainst Laroche, by Cayo's wave,  
I fought my patron's wealth to save!—  
Denzil, I knew him long, yet ne'er  
Knew him that joyous cavalier,  
Whom youthful friends and early fame  
Called 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 laughed, each luckless mate  
Might hold our fortune desperate.  
Foremost he fought in every broil,  
Then scornful turned 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,  
Redeemed 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 toll, my danger, how I loved!  
Yet will I mourn no more thy fate,  
Ingrate in life, in death ingrate.  
Rise, if thou canst!” he looked around,  
And sternly stamped upon the ground—  
“ Rise, with thy bearing proud and high,  
Even as this morn it met mine eye,  
And give me, if thou darest, the lie!”—  
He paused—then calm and passion-free'd,  
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 drove thee from his tower,  
A maid he found in Greta's bower,  
Whose speech, like David's harp, had sway,  
To charm his evil fiend away.  
I know not if her features moved  
Remembrance of the wife he loved;  
But he would gaze upon her eye,  
Till his mood softened to a sigh.  
He, whom no living mortal sought  
To question of his secret thought,  
Now every thought and care confessed  
To his fair niece's faithful breast;  
Nor was there aught of rich and rare,  
In earth, in ocean, or in air,  
But it must deck Matilda's hair.  
Her love still bound him unto life;  
But then awoke the civil strife,  
And menials bore, by his commands,  
Three coffers, with their iron bands,  
From Mortham's vault at midnight deep,  
To her lone bower in Rokeby-Keep,  
Ponderous with gold and plate of pride,  
His gift, if he in battle died.”—

## XXV.

“ Then Denzil, as I guess, lays train,  
These iron-banded chests to gain;  
Else, wherefore should he hover here,  
Where many a peril waits him near,

For all his feats of war and peace,  
 For plunder'd boors and harts of greese?\*"
 Since through the hamlets as he fared,  
 What hearth has Guy's marauding spared,  
 Or where the Chase that hath not rung  
 With Denzil's bow at midnight strung?"—  
 —" I hold my wont—my rangers go  
 Even now to track a milk-white doe.  
 By Rokeby-hall she takes her lair,  
 In Greta wood she harbours fair,  
 And when my huntsman marks her way,  
 What think'st thou, Bertram, of the prey?  
 Were Rokeby's daughter in our power,  
 We rate her ransom at her dower!

## XXVI.

" 'Tis well ! there's vengeance in the thought !  
 Matilda is by Wilfrid sought,  
 And hot-brained Redmond, too, 'tis said,  
 Pays lover's homage to the maid ;  
 Bertram she scorned—if met by chance,  
 She turned from me her shuddering glance,  
 Like a nice dame, that will not brook,  
 On what she hates and loathes, to look ;  
 She told to Mortham, she could ne'er  
 Behold me without secret fear,  
 Foreboding evil :—she may rue  
 To find her prophecy fall true !—  
 The war has weeded Rokeby's train,  
 Few followers in his halls remain ;  
 If thy scheme miss, then, brief and bold,  
 We are enow to storm the hold,  
 Bear off the plunder and the dame,  
 And leave the castle all in flame."—

## XXVII.

" Still art thou Valour's venturous son !  
 Yet ponder first the risk to run ;  
 The menials of the castle, true,  
 And stubborn to their charge, though few ;  
 The wall to scale—the moat to cross—  
 The wicket grate—the inner fosse"—  
 —" Fool, if we blench for toys like these,  
 On what fair guerdon can we seize ?  
 Our hardest venture, to explore  
 Some wretched peasant's fenceless door,  
 And the best prize we bear away,  
 The earnings of his sordid day."—  
 —" A while thy hasty taunt forbear ;  
 In sight of road more sure and fair,  
 Thou would'st not chuse, in blindfold wrath,  
 Or wantonness, a desperate path ?  
 List then :—for vantage or assault,  
 From gilded vane to dungeon-vault,

\* Deer in season.

Each pass of Rokeby-house I know :  
 There is one postern dark and low,  
 That issues at a secret spot,  
 By most neglected or forgot.  
 Now, could a spial of our train  
 On fair pretext admittance gain,  
 That sally-port might be unbarred ;  
 Then, vain were battlement and ward !"—

## XXVIII.

" Now speak'st thou well ;—to me the same,  
 If force or art shall urge the game ;  
 Indifferent if like fox I wind,  
 Or spring like tiger on the hind.—  
 But hark ! our merry-men so gay  
 Troll forth another roundelay."

## Song.

" A weary lot is thine, fair maid,  
 A weary lot is thine !  
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,  
 And press the rue for wine !  
 A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,  
 A feather of the blue,  
 A doublet of the Lincoln green,—  
 No more of me you knew,  
 My love !  
 No more of me you knew.  
 " This morn is merry June, I trow,  
 The rose is budding fain ;  
 But she shall bloom in winter snow,  
 Ere we two meet again."—  
 He turned 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."

## XXIX.

" What youth is this, your band among,  
 The best for minstrelsy and song ?  
 In his wild notes seem aptly met  
 A strain of pleasure and regret."—  
 " Edmond of Winston is his name :  
 The hamlet sounded with the fame  
 Of early hopes his childhood gave,—  
 Now centred all in Brignall cave !  
 I watch him well—his wayward course  
 Shows oft a tincture of remorse.  
 Some early love-shaft grazed his heart,  
 And oft the scar will ache and smart.  
 Yet is he useful :—of the rest  
 By fits, the darling and the jest,  
 His harp, his story, and his lay,  
 Oft aid the idle hours away :

When unemployed, each fiery mate  
Is ripe for mutinous debate.  
He tuned his strings e'en now—again  
He wakes them with a blither strain.

XXX.

## SING.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

Allen-a-Dale has no faggot for burning  
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,  
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,  
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the win-  
ning.  
Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken  
my tale!  
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,  
And he views his domains upon Arkindale  
side,  
The 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 Dacre than Allen-a-  
Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,  
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade  
be as bright;  
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,  
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;  
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will  
vail,  
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-  
a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;  
The mother, she asked of his household and  
home:  
"Though the castle of Richmond stand fair  
on the hill,  
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gal-  
lanter still;  
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its cres-  
cent so pale,  
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-  
a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was  
stone;  
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be  
gone;

But loud on the morrow, their wail and their  
cry!  
He had laughed 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 watched her as she slowly strayed  
From Eglistone wold 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 seemed, was theirs to say:  
There's time to pitch both toil and net,  
Before their path be homeward set."—  
A hurried and a whispered speech  
Did Bertram's will to Denzil teach,  
Who, turning to the robber hand,  
Bade four, the bravest, take the brand.

## CANTO FOURTH.

I.

WHEN Denmark's Raven soared on high,  
Triumphant through Northumbrian sky,  
Till, hovering near, her fatal croak  
Bade Reged's Britons dread the yoke,  
And the broad shadow of her wing  
Blackened each cataract and spring,  
Where Tees in tumult leaves his source,  
Thundering o'er Calder and High-Force;  
Beneath the shade the Northmen came,  
Fix'd on each vale a Runic name,  
Rear'd high their altars' rugged stone,  
And gave their Gods the land they won:  
Then, Balder, one bleak garth was thine,  
And one sweet brooklet's silver line,  
And Woden's Croft did title gain  
From the stern Father of the Slain;  
But to the Monarch of the Mace,  
That held in fight the foremost place,

To Odin's son, and Sifa's spouse,  
Near Stratforth high they paid their vows,  
Remembered Thor's victorious fame,  
And gave the dell the Thunderer's name.

## II.

Yet Scald or Kemper err'd, I ween,  
Who gave that soft and quiet scene,  
With all its varied light and shade,  
And every little sunny glade,  
And the blythe brook that strolls along  
Its pebbled bed with summer song,  
To the grim God of blood and scar,  
The grisly King of Northern War.  
O better were its banks assigned  
To spirits of a gentler kind !  
For, where the thicket-groups recede,  
And the rath primrose decks the mead,  
The velvet grass seems carpet meet  
For the light fairies' lively feet.  
Yon tufted knoll, with daisies strown,  
Might make proud Oberon a throne,  
While, hidden in the thicket nigh,  
Puck should brood o'er his frolic sly ;  
And where profuse the wood-vech clings  
Round ash and elm in verdant rings,  
Its pale and azure-pencill'd flower  
Should canopy Titania's bower.

## III.

Here rise no cliffs the vale to shade,  
But, skirting every sunny glade,  
In fair variety of green  
The woodland lends its sylvan screen.  
Hoary, yet haughty, frowns the oak,  
Its boughs by weight of ages broke ;  
And towers erect, in sable spire,  
The pine-tree scathed by lightning fire ;  
The drooping ash and birch, between,  
Hang their fair tresses o'er the green,  
And all beneath, at random grow  
Each coppice dwarf of varied show,  
Or, round the stems profusely twined,  
Fling summer odours on the wind.  
Such varied group Urbino's hand  
Round him of Tarsus nobly plann'd,  
What time he bade proud Athens own  
On Mars's Mount the God Unknown !  
Then grey Philosophy stood nigh,  
Though bent by age, in spirit high :  
There rose the scar-seam'd Veteran's spear,  
There Grecian Beauty bent to hear,  
While Childhood at her foot was placed,  
Or clung delighted to her waist.

## IV.

" And rest we here," Matilda said,  
And sate her in the varying shade.  
" Chance-met, we well may steal an hour,  
To friendship due from fortune's power.  
Thou, Wilfrid, ever kind, must lend  
Thy counsel to thy sister-friend ;  
And, Redmond, thou, at my behest,  
No farther urge thy desperate quest.  
For to my care a charge is left,  
Dangerous to one of aid bereft,  
Well-nigh an orphan, and alone,  
Captive her sire, her house o'erthrown."—  
Wilfrid, with wonted kindness graced,  
Beside her on the turf she placed,  
Then paused, with downcast look and eye,  
Nor bade young Redmond seat him nigh.  
Her conscious diffidence he saw,  
Drew backward as in modest awe,  
And sate a little space removed,  
Unmark'd to gaze on her beloved.

## V.

Wreath'd in its dark-brown rings, her hair  
Half hid Matilda's forehead fair,  
Half hid and half reveal'd to view  
Her full dark eye of hazel hue.  
The rose, with faint and feeble streak,  
So slightly tinged the maiden's cheek,  
That you had said her hue was pale ;  
But if she faced the summer gale,  
Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved,  
Or heard the praise of those she loved,  
Or when of interest was express'd  
Aught that waked feeling in her breast,  
The mantling blood in ready play  
Rivall'd the blush of rising day.  
There was a soft and pensive grace,  
A cast of thought upon her face,  
That suited well the forehead high,  
The eyelash dark, and down-cast eye ;  
The mild expression spoke a mind  
In duty firm, composed, resign'd ;—  
'Tis that which Roman art has given,  
To mark their maiden Queen of heaven.  
In hours of sport, that mood gave way  
To Fancy's light and frolic play ;  
And when the dance, or tale, or song,  
In harmless mirth sped time along,  
Full oft her dotting sire would call  
His Maud the merriest of them all.  
But days of war, and civil crime,  
Allow'd but ill such festal time,  
And her soft pensiveness of brow  
Had deepen'd into sadness now.



In Marston field her father ta'en,  
Her friends dispersed, brave Mortham slain,  
While every ill her soul foretold,  
From Oswald's thirst of power and gold,  
And boding thoughts that she must part  
With a soft vision of her heart,—  
All lower'd around the lovely maid,  
To darken her dejection's shade.

## VI.

Who has not heard—while Erin yet  
Strove 'gainst the Saxon's iron bit—  
Who has not heard how brave O'Neale  
In English blood imbrued his steel,  
Against St George's cross blazed high  
The banners of his Tanistry,  
To fiery Essex gave the foil,  
And reign'd a prince on Ulster's soil?  
But chief arose his victor pride,  
When that brave Marshal fought and died,  
And Avon-Duff to ocean bore  
His billows, red with Saxon gore.  
'Twas first in that disastrous fight,  
Rokeby and Mortham proved their might.  
There had they fallen amongst the rest,  
But pity touch'd a chieftain's breast;  
The Tanist he to great O'Neale,  
He check'd his followers' bloody zeal,  
To quarter took the kinsmen bold,  
And bore them to his mountain-hold,  
Gave them each sylvan joy to know,  
Slieve-Donard's cliffs and woods could show,  
Shared with them Erin's festal cheer,  
Show'd them the chase of wolf and deer,  
And, when a fitting time was come,  
Safe and unransom'd sent them home,  
Loaded with many a gift, to prove  
A generous foe's respect and love.

## VII.

Years speed away. On Rokeby's head  
Some touch of early snow was shed;  
Calm he enjoy'd, by Greta's wave,  
The peace which James the Peaceful gave,  
While Mortham, far beyond the main,  
Waged his fierce wars on Indian Spain.—  
It chanced upon a wintry night,  
That whiten'd Stanmore's stormy height,  
The chase was o'er, the stag was kill'd,  
In Rokeby-hall the cups were fill'd,  
And, by the huge stone-chimney, sate  
The Knight in hospitable state,  
Moonless the sky, the hour was late,  
When a loud summons shook the gate,  
And 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 folded round his breast;  
A mantle long and loose he wore,  
Shaggy with ice and stain'd with gore.  
He clasp'd a burden to his heart,  
And, resting on a knotted dart,  
The snow from hair and beard he shook,  
And round him gazed 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 louted low,  
Then stood erect his tale to show,  
With wild majestic port and tone,  
Like envoy of some barbarous throne.  
"Sir Richard, Lord of Rokeby, hear!  
Turlough O'Neale salutes thee dear;  
He graces thee and to thy care  
Young Redmond gives, his grandson fair  
He bids thee breed him as thy son,  
For Turlough's days of joy are done;  
And other lords have seized his land,  
And faint and feeble is his hand,  
And all the glory of Tyrone  
Is like a morning vapour blown.  
To bind the duty on thy soul,  
He bids thee think on Erin's bowl;  
If any wrong the young O'Neale,  
He bids thee think of Erin's steel.  
To Mortham first this charge was due,  
But, in his absence, honours you.—  
Now is my master's message by,  
And Ferraught will contented die."—

## IX.

His look grew fixed, his cheek grew pale,  
He sunk when he had told his tale;  
For, hid beneath his mantle wide,  
A mortal wound was in his side.  
Vain was all aid—in terror wild,  
And sorrow, scream'd the orphan child.  
Poor Ferraught raised his wistful eyes,  
And faintly strove to soothe his cries;  
All reckless of his dying pain,  
He bless'd, and bless'd him o'er again!

And kiss'd the little hands outspread,  
 And kiss'd and cross'd the infant head,  
 And, in his native tongue and phrase,  
 Pray'd to each saint to watch his days;  
 Then all his strength together drew,  
 The charge to Rokeby to renew.  
 When half was falter'd from his breast,  
 And half by dying signs express'd,  
 " Bless the O'Neale!" he faintly said,  
 And thus the faithful spirit fled.

## X.

'Twas long ere soothing might prevail  
 Upon the child to end the tale;  
 And then he said that from his home  
 His grandsire had been forced to roam,  
 Which had not been if Redmond's hand  
 Had but had strength to draw the brand,  
 The brand of Lenaugh More the Red,  
 That hung beside the grey wolf's head.—  
 'Twas from his broken phrase descried,  
 His foster-father was his guide,  
 Who, in his charge, from Ulster bore  
 Letters, and gifts a goodly store;  
 But ruffians met them in the wood,  
 Ferraught in battle boldly stood,  
 Till wounded and o'erpowered at length,  
 And stripped of all, his falling strength  
 Just bore him here—and then the child  
 Renewed again his moaning wild.

## XI.

The tear down Childhood's cheek that flows,  
 Is like the dew-drop on the rose;  
 When next the summer breeze comes by,  
 And waves the bush, the flower is dry.  
 Won by their care the orphan child  
 Soon on his new protector smiled,  
 With dimpled cheek and eye so fair,  
 Through his thick curls of flaxen hair.  
 But blithest laughed that cheek and eye,  
 When Rokeby's little maid was nigh;  
 'Twas his, with elder brother's pride,  
 Matilda's tottering steps to guide;  
 His native lays in Irish tongue,  
 To soothe her infant ear he sung,  
 And primrose twined with daisy fair,  
 To form a chaplet for her hair.  
 By lawn, by grove, by brooklet's strand,  
 The children still were hand in hand,  
 And good Sir Richard smiling eyed  
 The early knot so kindly tied.

## XII.

But summer months bring wilding shoot  
 From bud to bloom, from bloom to fruit;

And years draw on our human span,  
 From child to boy, from boy to man;  
 And soon in Rokeby's woods is seen  
 A gallant boy in hunter's green.  
 He loves to wake the felon boar,  
 In his dark haunt on Greta's shore,  
 And loves, against the deer so dun,  
 To draw the shaft, or lift the gun;  
 Yet more he loves, in autumn prime,  
 The hazel's spreading boughs to climb,  
 And down its cluster'd stores to hail  
 Where young Matilda holds her veil.  
 And she, whose veil receives the shower,  
 Is alter'd too, and knows her power;  
 Assumes a mistress's pride,  
 Her Redmond's dangerous sports to chide;  
 Yet listens still to hear him tell  
 How the grim wild-boar fought and fell,  
 How at his fall the bugle rung,  
 Till rock and green-wood answer flung,  
 Then blesses her, that man can find  
 A pastime of such savage kind!

## XIII.

But Redmond knew to weave his tale  
 So well with praise of wood and dale,  
 And knew so well each point to trace,  
 Gives living interest to the chace,  
 And knew so well o'er all to throw  
 His spirit's wild romantic glow,  
 That, while she blamed, and while she fear'd,  
 She loved each venturous tale she heard.  
 Oft, too, when drifted snow and rain  
 To bower and hall their steps restrain,  
 Together they explored the page  
 Of glowing hard 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,  
 A 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 lover's eyes:

'Twas plain that Oswald, for his son,  
 Had Rokeby's favour well-nigh won.  
 Now must they meet with change of cheer,  
 With mutual looks of shame and fear ;  
 Now must Matilda stray apart,  
 To school her disobedient heart ;  
 And Redmond now alone must rue  
 The love he never can subdue.  
 But factions rose, and Rokeby swore,  
 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,  
 Great Nial of the pledges Nine,  
 Shane-Dymas wild, and Geraldine,  
 And Connan-More, who vowed 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 brightened 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 besem a baron's heir.  
 Turlough O'Neale, in Erin's strife,  
 On Rokeby's Lord bestowed his life,  
 And well did Rokeby's generous knight  
 Young Redmond for the deed requite.  
 Nor was his liberal care and cost  
 Upon the gallant stripling lost ;  
 Seek the North Riding broad and wide,  
 Like Redmond none could steed bestride ;  
 From Tynemouth search to Cumberland,  
 Like Redmond none could wield a brand ;  
 And, then, of humour kind and froe,  
 And bearing him to each degree  
 With frank and fearless courtesy,  
 There never youth was formed to steal  
 Upon the heart like brave O'Neale.

## XVI.

Sir Richard loved him as his son,  
 And when the days of peace were done,  
 And to the gales of war he gave  
 The banner of his sires to wave,  
 Redmond, distinguished by his care,  
 He chose that honoured flag to bear,

And named his page, the next degree  
 In that old time to chivalry.  
 In five pitched fields he well maintained  
 The honoured place his worth obtained,  
 And high was Redmond's youthful name  
 Blazed in the roll of martial fame.  
 Had fortune smiled on Marston fight,  
 The eve had seen him dubbed a knight ;  
 Twice, 'mid the battle's doubtful strife,  
 Of Rokeby's lord he saved the life,  
 But when he saw him prisoner made,  
 He kissed and then resigned his blade,  
 And yielded him an easy prey  
 To those who led the Knight away,  
 Resolved Matilda's sire should prove  
 In prison, as in fight, his love.

## XVII.

When lovers meet in adverse hour,  
 'Tis like a sun-glimpse through a shower,  
 A watery ray an instant seen  
 The darkly closing clouds between.  
 As Redmond on the turf reclined,  
 The past and present filled his mind :  
 " It was not thus," Affection said,  
 " I dreamed of my return, dear maid !  
 Not thus, when, from thy trembling hand,  
 I took the banner and the brand,  
 When round me as the bugles blew,  
 Their blades three hundred warriors drew,  
 And, while the standard I unrolled,  
 Clashed their bright arms with clamour bold.  
 Where is that banner now ?—its pride  
 Lies 'whelm'd in Ouse's sullen tide !  
 Where now these warriors ?—in their gore,  
 They cumber Marston's dismal moor !  
 And what avails a useless brand,  
 Held by a captive's shackled hand,  
 That only would his life retain,  
 To aid thy sire to bear his chain !"—  
 Thus Redmond to himself apart,  
 Nor lighter was his rival's heart ;  
 For Wilfrid, while his generous soul  
 Disdained to profit by control,  
 By many a sign could mark too plain,  
 Save with such aid his hopes were vain.  
 But now Matilda's accents stole  
 On the dark visions of their soul,  
 And bade their mournful musing fly,  
 Like mist before the zephyr's sigh.

## XVIII.

" I need not to my friends recall,  
 How Mortham shunned my father's hall ;  
 A man of silence and of woe,  
 Yet ever anxious to bestow

On my poor self whate'er could prove  
 A kinsman's confidence and love.  
 My feeble aid could sometimes chase  
 The clouds of sorrow for a space,  
 But oftener fixed beyond my power.  
 I marked his deep despondence lower.  
 One dismal cause, by all unguessed,  
 His fearful confidence confessed ;  
 And twice it was my hap to see  
 Examples of that agony.  
 Which for a season can o'erstrain  
 And wreck the structure of the brain.  
 He had the awful power to know  
 The approaching mental overthrow,  
 And while his mind had courage yet  
 To struggle with the dreadful fit,  
 The victim writhed against its throes,  
 Like wretch beneath a murderer's blows.  
 This malady I well could mark,  
 Sprung from some direful cause and dark ;  
 But still he kept its source concealed,  
 Till arming for the civil field ;  
 Then in my charge he bade me hold  
 A treasure huge of gems and gold,  
 With this disjointed dismal scroll  
 That tells the secret of his soul,  
 In such wild words as oft betray  
 A mind by anguish forced astray.

## XIX.

## Mortham's History.

" Matilda, thou hast seen me start,  
 As if a dagger thrilled my heart,  
 When it has happened some casual phrase  
 Waked memory of my former days.  
 Believe, that few can backward cast  
 Their thought with pleasure on the past.  
 But I!—My youth was rash and vain,  
 And blood and rage my manhood stain,  
 And my grey hairs must now descend  
 To my cold grave without a friend!  
 Even thou, Matilda, wilt disown  
 Thy kinsman, when his guilt is known.  
 And must I lift the bloody veil,  
 That hides my dark and fatal tale!  
 I must—I will—Pale phantom, cease!  
 Leave me one little hour in peace!  
 Thus haunted, think'st thou I have skill  
 Thine own commission to fulfil?  
 Or, while thou point'st with gesture fierce,  
 Thy blighted cheek, thy bloody hearse,  
 How can I paint thee as thou wert,  
 So fair in face so warm in heart—

## XX.

" Yes, she was fair ;—Matilda, thou  
 Hast a soft sadness on thy brow ;  
 But hers was like the sunny glow,  
 That laughs on earth and all below !  
 We wedded secret—there was need—  
 Differing in country and in creed ;  
 And when to 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,  
 And sue in vengeance for the debt  
 Due by a brother warm to me,  
 Ungrateful to God's clemency,  
 That spared me penitential time,  
 Nor cut me off amid my crime.—

## XXI.

" A kindly smile to all she lent,  
 But on her husband's face 'twas bent  
 So kind, that, from its harmless glee,  
 The wretch misconstrued villany.  
 Repulsed in his presumptuous love,  
 A vengeful snare the traitor wove.  
 Alone we sat—the flask had flowed,  
 My blood with heat unwonted glowed,  
 When through the alleyed walk we spied  
 With hurried step my Edith glide,  
 Cowering beneath the verdant screen,  
 As one unwilling to be seen.  
 Words cannot paint the fiendish smile,  
 That curled the traitor's cheek the while !  
 Fiercely I questioned of the cause ;  
 He made a cold and artful pause,  
 Then prayed it might not chafe my mood—  
 'There was a gallant in the wood !'  
 We had been shooting at the deer ;  
 My cross-bow (evil chance!) was near !  
 That ready weapon of my wrath  
 I caught, and, hasting up the path,  
 In the yew grove my wife I found,  
 A stranger's arms her neck had bound !  
 I marked his heart—the bow I drew—  
 I loosed the shaft—'twas more than true  
 I found my Edith's dying charms  
 Locked in her murdered brother's arms  
 He came in secret to enquire  
 Her state, and reconcile her sire.—

## XXII.

" All fled my rage—the villain first,  
Whose craft my jealousy had nursed;  
He sought in far and foreign clime  
To 'scape the vengeance of his crime.  
The manner of the slaughter done  
Was known to few, my guilt to none;  
Some tale my faithful steward framed—  
I know not what—of shaft mis-aimed;  
And even from those the act who knew,  
He hid the hand from which it flew.  
Untouched by human laws I stood,  
But God had heard the cry of blood!  
There is a blank upon my mind,  
A fearful vision ill-defined,  
Of raving till my flesh was torn,  
Of dungeon bolts and fetters worn  
And when I waked to woe more mild,  
And questioned of my infant child—  
(Have I not written that she bare  
A boy, like summer morning fair?)  
With looks confused my menials tell,  
That armed men in Mortham dell  
Beset the nurse's evening way,  
And bore her, with her charge away.  
My faithless friend, and none but he,  
Could profit by this villany;  
Him, then, I sought, with purpose dread  
Of treble vengeance on his head!  
He 'scaped me—but my bosom's wound  
Some faint relief from wandering found,  
And over distant land and sea  
I bore my load of misery.

## XXIII.

" 'Twas then that fate my footsteps led  
Among a daring crew and dread,  
With whom full oft my hated life  
I ventured in such desperate strife,  
That even my fierce associates saw  
My frantic deeds with doubt and awe.  
Much then I learn'd, and much can show,  
Of human guilt and human woe,  
Yet ne'er have, in my wanderings known  
A wretch, whose sorrows match'd my own!—  
It chanced, that, after battle fray,  
Upon the bloody field we lay;  
The yellow moon her lustre shed  
Upon the wounded and the dead,  
While, sense in toil and wassail drown'd,  
My ruffian comrades slept around.  
There came a voice—its silver tone  
Was soft, Matilda, as thine own—  
' Ah wretch!' it said ' what maketh thou here,  
While unavenged my bloody hier,  
While unprotected lives mine heir,  
Without a father's name and care?"

## XXIV.

" I heard—obey'd—and homeward drew  
The fiercest of our desperate crew  
I brought, at time of need to aid  
My purposed vengeance, long delay'd.  
But, humble be my thanks to Heaven,  
That better hopes and thoughts has given,  
And by our Lord's dear prayer has taught,  
Mercy by mercy must be bought!—  
Let me in misery rejoice—  
I've seen his face—I've heard his voice—  
I claim'd of him my only child—  
As he disown'd the theft, he smiled!  
That very calm and callous look  
That fiendish sneer his visage took,  
As when he said in scornful mood,  
' There is a gallant in the wood!'—  
—I did not slay him as he stood—  
All praise be to my Maker given!  
Long sufferance is one path to heaven."—

## XXV.

Thus far the woeful tale was heard,  
When something in the thicket stirr'd.  
Up Redmond sprung; the villain Guy,  
(For he it was that lurk'd so nigh)  
Drew back—he durst not cross his steel  
A moment's space with brave O'Neale,  
For all the treasured Gold that rests  
In Mortham's iron-banded chests.  
Redmond resumed his seat;—he said,  
Some roe was rustling in the shade.  
Bertram laugh'd grimly, when he saw  
His timorous comrade backward draw.  
" A trusty mate art thou, to fear  
A single arm, and aid so near!  
Yet have I seen thee mark a deer.  
Give me thy carbine—I'll show  
An art that thou wilt gladly know,  
How thou mayest safely quell a foe."—

## XXVI.

On hands and knees fierce Bertram drew  
The spreading birch and hazels through,  
Till he had Redmond full in view.  
The gun he levell'd—mark like this  
Was Bertram never known to miss,  
When fair opposed to aim there sat  
An object of his mortal hate.  
That day young Redmond's death had seen,  
But twice Matilda came between  
The carbine and Redmond's breast,  
Just ere the spring his finger press'd.  
A deadly oath the ruffian swore,  
But yet his fell design forbore:  
" It ne'er," he mutter'd, " shall be said,  
That thus I scathed thee, haughty maid!"

Then moved to seek more open aim,  
 When to his side Guy Denzil came:  
 "Bertram, forbear! we are undone  
 For ever, if thou fire the gun.  
 By all the fiends, an armed force  
 Descends the dell, of foot and horse!  
 We perish if they hear a shot—  
 Madman! we have a safer plot—  
 Nay, friend, be ruled and bear thee back!  
 Behold down yonder hollow track,  
 The warlike leader of the hand  
 Comes, with his broad-sword in his hand."—  
 Bertram look'd up; he saw, he knew,  
 That Denzil's f.ars had counsel'd true,  
 Then cursed his fortune and withdrew,  
 Threaded the woodlands undescried,  
 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 sat,  
 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 load,  
 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 averr'd,  
 He saw his face, his voice he heard.  
 Then argued calm—had murder been,  
 The blood, the corpses, had been seen,  
 Some had pretended, too, to mark  
 On Windermere a stranger bark,  
 Whose crew with jealous care, yet mild,  
 Guarded a female and a child.  
 While these faint proofs he told and press'd,  
 Hope seem'd to kindle in his breast,  
 Though inconsistent, vague, and vain,  
 It warp'd his judgment and his brain.

## XXVIII.

These solemn words his story close:—  
 "Heaven witness for me that I chose

My part in this sad civil fight,  
 Moved by no cause but England's right.  
 My country's groans have hid me draw  
 My sword for gospel and for law;—  
 These righted, I fling arms aside,  
 And seek my son through Europe wide.  
 My wealth on which a kinsman nigh  
 Already casts a grasping eye,  
 With thee may unsuspected lie.  
 When of my death Matilda bears,  
 Let her retain her trust three years;  
 If none from me, the treasure claim,  
 Perish'd is Mortham's race and name:  
 Then let it leave her generous hand,  
 And flow in bounty o'er the land,  
 Soften the wounded prisoner's lot,  
 Rebuild the peasant's ruin'd cot;  
 So spoils acquired by fight afar,  
 Shall mitigate domestic war."—

## XXIX.

The generous youths, who well had known  
 Of Mortham's mind the powerful tone,  
 To that high mind, by sorrow swerved,  
 Gave sympathy his woes deserved;  
 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 safe-guard for the wealth  
 Entrusted by her kinsman kind,  
 And for such noble use design'd.  
 "Was Barnard-Castle then her choice,"  
 Wilfrid inquired with hasty voice,  
 "Since there the victor's laws ordain,  
 Her father must a space remain?"—  
 A flutter'd hope his accents shook,  
 A flutter'd joy was in his look.  
 Matilda hasten'd to reply,  
 For anger flash'd in Redmond's eye:—  
 "Duty," she said with gentle grace,  
 "Kind Wilfrid, has no choice of place,  
 Else had I for my sire assigned  
 Prison less galling to his mind,  
 Than that his wild-wood haunts which sees,  
 And hears the murmurs 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 horsemen wight  
 To bear the treasure forth by night,  
 And so bestow it as you deem  
 In these ill days may safest seem."—  
 "Thanks, gentle Wilfrid, thanks," she said:  
 "O be it not one day delay'd!  
 And, more thy sister friend to aid,  
 Be thou thyself content to hold,  
 In thine own keeping, Mortham's gold,  
 Safest with thee."—While thus she spoke,  
 Arm'd soldiers on their converse broke,  
 The same of whose approach afraid,  
 The ruffians left their ambushade.  
 Their chief to Wilfrid bended low,  
 Then looked around as for a foe.  
 "What mean'st thou, friend," young  
 Wycliffe said,  
 "Why thus in arms beset the glade?"  
 —"That would I gladly learn from you;  
 For up my squadron as I drew,  
 To exercise our martial game  
 Upon the moor of Barningham,  
 A stranger told you were way-laid,  
 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 colour, and, amazed,  
 Turn'd short, and on the speaker gazed,  
 While Redmond every thicket round  
 Track'd earnest as a questing hound,  
 And Denzil's carbine he found;  
 Sure evidence, by which they knew  
 The warning was as kind as true.  
 Wisest it seem'd, with cautious speed  
 To leave the dell. It was agreed,  
 That Redmond, with Matilda fair,  
 And fitting guard should home repair;  
 At nightfall Wilfrid should attend,  
 With a strong band, his sister friend,  
 To bear with her from Rokeby's towers  
 To Barnard-Castle's lofty towers,  
 Secret and safe, the banded chests,  
 In which the wealth of Mortham rests.  
 This hasty purpose fix'd, they part,  
 Each with a grieved and anxious heart.

## CANTO FIFTH.

## I.

The sultry summer day is done,  
 The western hills have hid the sun,  
 But mountain peak and village spire  
 Retain reflection of his fire.  
 Old Barnard's towers are purple still,  
 To those that gaze from Toller-bill;  
 Distant and high, the tower of Bowes  
 Like steel upon the anvil glows;  
 And Stanmore's ridge, behind that lay,  
 Rich with the spoils of parting day,  
 In crimson and in gold array'd,  
 Streaks yet a while the closing shade,  
 Then slow resigns to darkening heaven  
 The tints which brighter hours had given.  
 Thus aged men full loath and slow  
 The vanities of life forego,  
 And count their youthful follies o'er,  
 Till Memory lends her light no more.

## II.

The eve, that slow on upland fades,  
 Has darker closed on Rokeby's glades,  
 Where, sunk within their banks profound,  
 Her guardian streams to meeting wound.  
 The stately oaks, whose sombre frown  
 Of noontide made a twilight brown,  
 Impervious now to fainter light,  
 Of twilight make an early night.  
 Hoarse into middle air arose  
 The vespers of the roosting crows,  
 And with congenial murmurs seem  
 To wake the Genii of the stream:  
 For louder clamoured Greta's tide,  
 And Tees in deeper voice replied,  
 And fitful waked the evening wind,  
 Fitful in sighs its breath resigned.  
 Wilfrid, whose fancy-nurtured soul  
 Felt in the scene a soft controul,  
 With lighter footstep pressed 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 checked 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 reached at last,  
 Where, silvered by the moonlight ray,  
 The ancient Hall before him lay.

Those martial terrors long were fled,  
That frowned of old around its head :  
The battlements, the turrets grey,  
Seemed half abandoned to decay ;  
On barbican and keep of stone  
Stern Time the foeman's work had done ;  
Where banners the invader braved,  
The hare-bell now and wall-flower waved ;  
In the rude guard-room, where of yore  
Their weary hours the warders wore,  
Now, while the cheerful faggot blaze,  
On the paved floor the spindle plays :  
The flanking guns dismounted lie,  
The moat is ruinous and dry,  
The grim portcullis gone—and all  
The fortress turned to peaceful hall.

## IV.

But yet precautions, lately ta'en,  
Showed danger's day revived again ;  
The court-yard wall showed marks of care,  
The fallen defences to repair,  
Lending such strength as might withstand  
The insult of marauding band.  
The beams once more were taught to bear  
The trembling draw-bridge into air,  
And not till questioned o'er and o'er,  
For Wilfrid oped the jealous door ;  
And, when he entered, bolt and bar  
Resumed their place with sullen jar ;  
Then, as he crossed the vaulted porch,  
The old grey-porter raised his torch  
And view'd him o'er from foot to head,  
Ere to the hall his steps he led.  
That huge old hall, of knightly state,  
Dismantled seemed and desolate.  
The moon through transom-shafts of stone,  
Which crossed the latticed oriels, shone,  
And by the mournful light she gave,  
The Gothic vault seem'd funeral cave.  
Pennon and banner waved no more  
O'er beams of stag and tusks of boar,  
Nor glimmering arms were marshalled seen,  
To glance those sylvan spoils between,  
Those arms, those ensigns, borne away  
Accomplished Rokeby's brave array,  
But all were lost on Marston's day !  
Yet, here and there the moon-beams fall  
Where armour yet adorns the wall,  
Cumbersome of size, uncouth to sight,  
And useless in the modern fight ;  
Like veteran relique of the wars,  
Known only by neglected scars.

## V.

Matilda soon to greet him came,  
And bade them light the evening flame ;

Said, all for parting was prepared,  
And tarried but for Wilfrid's guard.  
But then, reluctant to unfold  
His father's avarice of gold,  
He hinted, that, lest jealous eye  
Should on their precious burden pry,  
He judged it best the castle gate  
To enter when the night wore late ;  
And therefore he had left command  
With those he trusted of his hand,  
That they should be at Rokeby met,  
What time the midnight watch was set.  
Now Redmond came, whose anxious care,  
Till then was busied to prepare  
All needful, meetly to arrange  
The mansion for its mournful change.  
With Wilfrid's care and kindness pleased  
His cold unready hand he seized,  
And pressed it till his kindly strain  
The gentle youth returned again.  
Seemed 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 that truth could hind,  
It was a compact of the mind ;  
A generous thought at once impressed  
On either rival's generous breast.  
Matilda well the secret took,  
From sudden change of mien and look,  
And—for not small had been her fear  
Of jealous ire and danger near—  
Felt, even in her dejected state,  
A joy beyond the reach of fate.  
They closed beside the chimney's blaze,  
And talked and hoped for happier days,  
And lent their spirits' rising glow  
Awhile to gild impending woe ;—  
High privilege of youthful time,  
Worth all the pleasures of our prime !  
The hickering faggot sparkled bright,  
And gave the scene of love to sight,  
Bade Wilfrid's cheek more lively glow,  
Played on Matilda's neck of snow,  
Her nut-brown curls and forehead high,  
And laughed in Redmond's azure eye.  
Two lovers by the maiden sate,  
Without a glance of jealous hate ;  
The maid her lovers sate between,  
With open brow and equal mien ;—  
It is a sight but rarely spied,  
Thanks to man's wrath and woman's pride.

## VII.

While thus in peaceful guise they sate,  
A knock alarmed the outer gate,



And, ere the tardy porter stirred,  
The tinkling of a harp was heard.  
A manly voice, of mellow swell,  
Bore burthen to the music well.

### Song.

"Summer eve is gone and past,  
Summer dew is falling fast,  
I have wandered all the day,  
Do not bid me farther stray!  
Gentle hearts of gentle kin,  
Take the wandering harper in.

But the stern porter answer gave,  
With "Get thee hence, thou strolling knave!  
The king wants soldiers: war, I trow,  
Were meeter trade for such as thou."—  
At this unkind reproof, again  
Answered the ready minstrel's strain.

### Song Resumed.

"Bid not me in battle-field,  
Buckler lift, or broad-sword wield!  
All my strength and all my art  
Is to touch the gentle heart  
With the wizard notes that ring  
From the peaceful minstrel string."—

The porter, all unmoved, replied,—  
"Depart in peace, with Heaven to guide;  
If longer by the gate thou dwell,  
Trust me thou shalt not part so well."—

### VIII.

With somewhat of appealing look,  
The Harper's part young Wilfrid took:  
"These notes so wild and ready thrill,  
They show no vulgar minstrel's skill;  
Hard were his task to seek a home  
More distant since the night is come:  
And for his faith I dare engage—  
Your Harpool's blood is soured by age;  
His gate, once readily displayed,  
To greet the friend, the poor to aid,  
Now even to me though known of old  
Did but reluctantly unfold."—  
"O blame not, as poor Harpool's crime,  
An evil of this evil time.  
He deems dependent on his care  
The safety of his patron's heir,  
Nor judges meet to ope the tower  
To guest unknown at parting hour,  
Urging his duty to excess  
Of rough and stubborn faithfulness.

For this poor Harper I would fain  
Hé may relax :—hark to his strain!"

### IX.

### Song Resumed.

"I have song of war for knight,  
Lay of love for lady bright,  
Fairy tale to lull the heir,  
Goblin grim the maids to scare;  
Dark the night and long till day,  
Do not bid me further 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 honour Rokeby's kin,  
Take the wandering harper in!

"Rokeby's lords had fair regard  
For the harp and for the bard;  
Baron's race 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."—  
—"For all thy brag and boast, I trow,  
Nought know'st thou of the Felon Sow,"  
Quoth Harpool, "nor how Greta-side  
She roamed, and Rokeby forest wide;  
Nor how Ralph Rokeby gave the beast  
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 vallant son of Spain,  
Friar Middleton, and blithe Sir Ralph;  
There were a jest to make us laugh!  
If thou canst tell it, in yon shed  
Thou'st won thy supper and thy bed."—

### X.

Matilda smiled, "Cold hope," said she,  
"From Harpool's love of minstrelay!  
But, for this Harper, may we dare,  
Redmond, to mend his couch and fare?"—  
—"O ask not me! 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 Fílea of O'Neale was he,  
A blind and bearded man, whose old  
Was sacred as a propbet's held,)

I've seen a ring of rugged kerne,  
 With aspects shaggy, wild, and stern,  
 Enchanted by the master's lay,  
 Linger around the live-long day;  
 Shift from wild rage to wilder glee,  
 To love, to grief, to ecstasy,  
 And feel each varied change of soul  
 Obedient to the bard's controul.—  
 Ah, Clandeboy! thy friendly floor  
 Slieve-Donard's oak shall light no more;  
 Nor Owen's harp, beside the blaze  
 Tell maiden's love, or heroes praise!  
 The mantling brambles hide thy hearth,  
 Centre of hospitable mirth;  
 All undistinguished in the glade,  
 My sires' glad home is prostrate laid,  
 Their vassals wander wide and far,  
 Serve foreign lords in distant war,  
 And now the stranger's sons enjoy  
 The lovely woods of Clandeboy!"—  
 He spoke, and proudly turned aside,  
 The starting tear to dry and hide.

## XI.

Matilda's dark and softened eye  
 Was glistening ere O'Neale's was dry.  
 Her hand upon his arm she laid,—  
 "It is the will of Heaven," she said,  
 "And think'st thou, Redmond, I can part  
 From this loved home with lightsome heart,  
 Leaving to wild neglect whate'er  
 Even from my infancy was dear?  
 For in this calm domestic bound  
 Were all Matilda's pleasures found.  
 That hearth, my sire was wont to grace,  
 Full soon may be a stranger's place;  
 This hall, in which a child I play'd,  
 Like thine, dear Redmond, lowly laid,  
 The bramble and the thorn may braid;  
 Or pass'd for aye from me and mine,  
 It ne'er may shelter Rokeby's line.  
 Yet is this consolation given,  
 My Redmond,—'tis the will of Heaven."—  
 Her word, her action, and her phrase,  
 Were kindly as in early days;  
 For 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,  
 Than, arm'd with all a chieftain's power,  
 In full possession to enjoy  
 Slieve-Donard wide, and Clandeboy.

## XII.

The blood left Wilfrid's ashen cheek;  
 Matilda sees, and hastes to speak.—

"Happy in friendship's ready aid,  
 Let all my murmurs here be stay'd!  
 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 bought,  
 And poor Matilda, landless now,  
 Has not a garland for thy brow.  
 True I must leave sweet Rokeby's glades,  
 Nor wander more in Greta's shades;  
 But sure no rigid jailor, thou  
 Wilt a short prison walk allow,  
 Where summer flowers grow wild at will,  
 On Marwood-chace and Toller-Hill;  
 Then holly green and lily gay  
 Shall twine in guerdon 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 glow the lilies light,  
 The varnish'd holly's all too bright,  
 The May-flower and the eglantine  
 May shade a brow less sad than mine;  
 But, Lady, weave no wreath for me,  
 Or weave it of the cypress tree!

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine  
 With tendrils of the laughing vine;  
 The manly oak, the pensive yew,  
 To patriot and to sage be due.  
 The myrtle bough bids lovers live,  
 But that Matilda will not give.  
 Then, Lady, twine no wreath for me,  
 Or twine it of the cypress tree!

Let merry England proudly rear  
 Her blended roses, bought so dear;  
 Let Albin bind her bonnet blue  
 With heath and hare-bell dipp'd in dew;

On favour'd Erin's crest be seen  
The flower she loves of Emerald green—  
But, Lady, twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the cypress tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare  
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair;  
And, while his crown of laurel leaves  
With bloody hand the victor weaves,  
Let the loud trump his triumph tell:  
But when you hear the passing bell,  
Then, Lady, twine a wreath for me,  
And twine it of the cypress tree.

Yes! twine for me the cypress bough;  
But, O Matilda, twine not now!  
Stay till a few brief months are past,  
And I have look'd and loved my last!  
When villagers my shroud bestrew  
With pansies, rosemary, and rue,—  
Then, Lady, weave a wreath for me,  
And weave it of the cypress tree.

## XIV.

O'Neale observed the starting tear,  
And spoke with kind and blithesome cheer—  
"No, noble Wilfrid! ere the day  
When mourns the land thy silent lay,  
Shall many a wreath be freely wove  
By hand of friendship and of love.  
I would not wish that rigid Fate  
Had doom'd thee to a captive's state,  
Whose hands are bound by honour's law,  
Who wears a sword he must not draw;  
But were it so, in minstrel pride  
The land together would we ride,  
On prancing steeds, like Harpers old,  
Bound for the halls of barons bold.  
Each lover of the lyre we'd seek,  
From Michael's Mount to Skiddaw's Peak,  
Survey wild 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,  
McCurtin's harp should charm no more!"—  
In lively mood he spoke, to wile  
From Wilfrid's woe-worn cheek a smile.

## XV.

"But," said Matilda, "ere thy name,  
Good Redmond, gain its destined fame,  
Say, wilt thou kindly deign to call  
Thy brother minstrel to the hall?

Bid all the household, too, attend,  
Each in his rank a humble friend;  
I know their faithful hearts will grieve,  
When their poor mistress takes her leave,  
So let the horn and beaker flow  
To mitigate their parting woe."—  
The Harper came:—in youth's first prime  
Himself; in mode of olden time  
His garb was fashion'd, to express  
The ancient English minstrel's dress:  
A seemly gown of Kendal green,  
With gorget closed of silver sheen;  
His harp in silken scarf was slung,  
And by his side an anlace hung;  
It seem'd some masquer's quaint array,  
For revel or for holiday.

## XVI.

He made obeisance, with a free  
Yet studied air of courtesy.  
Each look and accent, framed to please,  
Seem'd to affect a playful ease;  
His face was of that doubtful kind,  
That wins the eye, but not the mind;  
Yet harsh it seem'd to deem amiss  
Of brow so young and smooth as this.  
His was the subtle look and sly,  
That spying all, seems nought to spy;  
Round all the group his glances stole,  
Unmark'd themselves, to mark the whole;  
Yet sunk beneath Matilda's look,  
Nor could the eye of Redmond brook  
To the suspicious or the old,  
Subtle and dangerous and bold  
Had seem'd this self-invited guest;  
But young our lovers,—and the rest,  
Wrapt in their sorrow and their fear  
At parting of their mistress dear,  
Tear-blinded to the castle hall,  
Came as to bear 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 Daemon fled from Saul.  
More noble glance he cast around,  
More free-drawn breath inspired the sound,  
His pulse beat bolder and more high,  
In all the pride of minstrelsy!  
Alas! too soon that pride was o'er,  
Sunk with the lay that bade it soar!  
His soul resumed, with habit's chain,  
Its vices wild and follies vain,  
And gave the talent with him born,  
To be a common curse and scorn.

Such was the youth whom Rokeby's maid,  
With condescending kindness, pray'd  
Here to renew the strain she loved,  
At distance heard and well approved.

## XVIII.

## SING.

## THE HARP.

I was a wild and wayward boy,  
My childhood scorn'd each childish toy;  
Retired from all, reserved and coy,  
To musing prone,  
I woo'd my solitary joy,  
My harp alone!

My youth, with bold Ambition's mood,  
Despised the humble stream and wood  
Where my poor father's cottage stood,  
To fame unknown;—  
What should my soaring views make good?  
My harp alone!

Love came with all his frantic fire,  
And wild romance of vain desire:  
The Baron's daughter heard my lyre,  
And praised the tone;—  
What could presumptuous hope inspire?  
My harp alone!

At manhood's touch the bubble burst,  
And manhood's pride the vision curst,  
And all that bad my folly nursed  
Love's sway to own;  
Yet spared the spell that lull'd me first,  
My harp alone!

Woe came with war, and want with woe;  
And it was mine to undergo  
Each outrage of the rebel foe:—  
Can aught atone  
My fields laid waste, my cot laid low?  
My harp alone!

Ambition's dreams I've seen depart,  
Have rued of penury the smart,  
Have felt of love the venom'd dart  
When hope was flown:  
Yet rests one solace to my heart,—  
My harp alone!

Then over mountain, moor, and hill,  
My faithful harp, I'll bear thee still;  
And when this life of want and ill  
Is well nigh gone,  
Thy strings mine elogy shall thrill,  
My harp alone!

## XIX.

"A pleasing lay!" Matilda said,  
But Harpool shook his old grey head,  
And took his baton and his toreb,  
To seek his guard-room in the porch.  
Edmund observed—with sudden change,  
Among the strings his fingers range,  
Until they waked a bolder glee  
Of military melody;  
Then paused amid the martial sound,  
And look'd with well-feign'd fear around;—  
"None to this noble house belong,"  
He said, "that would a minstrel wrong,  
Whose fate has been, through good and ill,  
To love his Royal Master still,  
And with your honour'd leave, would fain  
Rejoice you with a loyal strain."—  
Then as assured by sign and look,  
The warlike tone again he took;  
And Harpool stopp'd, and turn'd to hear  
A ditty of the Cavalier.

## XX.

## Song.

## THE CAVALIER.

While the dawn on the mountain was misty  
and grey,  
My true love has mounted his steed and away,  
Over hill, over valley, o'er dale and o'er down;  
Heaven shield the brave gallant that fights  
for the Crown!

He has doff'd the silk doublet the breast-plate  
to bear,  
He has placed the steel-cap o'er his long  
flowing hair,  
From his belt to his stirrup his broad-sword  
hangs down,—  
Heaven shield the brave gallant that fights  
for the Crown!

For the rights of fair England that broad-  
sword he draws,  
Her King is his leader, her Church is his cause;  
His watch-word is honour, his pay is  
renown,—  
God strike with the gallant that strikes for  
the Crown!

They may boast of their Fairfax, their  
Waller, and all  
The round-headed 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!  
Would you match the base Skippon, and  
Massey, and Brown,  
With the Barons of England that fight for  
the Crown?

Now joy to the crest of the brave Cavalier!  
Be his banner unconquered, realstless his  
spear,  
Till in peace and in triumph his toils he may  
drown,  
In a pledge to fair England, her Church, and  
her Crown!

## XXI.

"Alas!" Matilda said, "that strain,  
Good Harper, now is heard in vain!  
The time has been, at such a sound,  
When Rokeby's vassals gathered round,  
A hundred manly hearts would bound;  
But now, the stirring verse we hear,  
Like trump in dying soldier's ear!  
Listless and sad the notes we own,  
The power to answer them is flown.  
Yet not without his meet applause  
Be he that sings the rightful cause,  
Even when the crisis of its fate  
To human eye seems desperate.  
While Rokeby's heir such power retains,  
Let this slight guerdon pay thy pains:—  
And lend thy harp; I fain would try,  
If my poor skill can aught supply,  
Ere yet I leave my father's hall,  
To mourn the cause in which we fall."—

## XXII.

The Harper, with a downcast look,  
And trembling hand, her bounty took.  
As yet, the conscious pride of art  
Had steeled him in his treacherous part:  
A powerful spring, of force unguess'd,  
That hath each gentler mood suppress'd,  
And reigned in many a human breast;  
From his that plans the red campaign,  
To his that wastes the woodland reign.  
The falling wing, the bloodshot eye,  
The sportsman marks with apathy,  
Each feeling of his victim's ill  
Drowned 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 pencilled chart  
Some stern invader's destined way,  
Through blood and ruin to his prey;

Patriots to death, and towns to flame,  
He dooms, to raise another's name,  
And shares the guilt though not the fame.  
What pays him for his span of time  
Spent in premeditating crime?  
What against pity arms his heart?—  
It is the conscious pride of art.

## XXIII.

But principles in Edmund's mind  
Were baseless, vague, and undefined.  
His soul, like bark with rudder lost,  
On passion's changeful tide was tost;  
Nor Vice nor Virtue had the power  
Beyond the impression of the hour;  
And O! when passion rules, how rare  
The hours that fall to Virtue's share!  
Yet now she roused her—for the pride,  
That lack of sterner guilt supplied,  
Could scarce support him when arose  
The lay that mourned Matilda's woes.

## Song.

## THE FAREWELL.

The sound of Rokeby's woods I hear,  
They mingle with the song:  
Dark Greta's voice is in mine ear,  
I must not hear them long.  
From every loved and native haunt  
The native heir must stray,  
And, like a ghost whom sunbeams daunt,  
Must part before the day.

Soon from the halls my fathers reared,  
Their scutcheons may descend,  
A line so long beloved and feared  
May soon obscurely end,  
No longer here Matilda's tone  
Shall bid those echoes swell,  
Yet shall they hear her proudly own  
The cause in which we fell.

The Lady paused, and then again  
Resumed the lay in loftier strain.

## XXIV.

Let our halls and towers decay,  
Be our name and line forgot  
Lands and manors pass away,—  
We but share our Monarch's lot.  
If no more our annals show  
Battles won and banners taken,  
Still in death, defeat, and woe,  
Ours be loyalty unshaken!

Constant still in danger's hour,  
Princes owned our father's aid;  
Lands and honours, wealth and power,  
Well their loyalty repaid.  
Perish wealth, and power, and pride!  
Mortal boons by mortals given;  
But let Constancy abide,  
Constancy's the gift of heaven.

## XXV.

While thus Matilda's lay was heard,  
A thousand thoughts in Edmund stirred.  
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 waving state,  
That marks the daughters of the great.  
Yet not, perchance, had these alone  
His scheme of purposed guilt o'erthrown;  
But, while her energy of mind  
Superior rose to griefs combined,  
Lending its kindling to her eye,  
Giving her form new majesty,—  
To Edmund's thought Matilda seemed  
The very object he had dreamed,  
When, long ere gullt his soul had known,  
In Winston howers he mused alone,  
Taxing his fancy to combine  
The face, the air, the voice divine,  
Of princess fair, by cruel fate  
Reft of her honours, power, and state,  
Till to her rightful realm restored  
By destined hero's conquering sword.

## XXVI.

"Such was my vision!" Edmund thought;  
"And have I, then, the ruin wrought  
Of such a maid, that fancy ne'er  
In fairest vision formed her peer?  
Was it my hand, that could uncloze  
The postern to her ruthless foes?  
Foes, lost to honour, law, and faith,  
Their kindest mercy sudden death!  
Have I done this? I! who have sworn,  
That if the globe such angel bore,  
I would have traced its circle broad,  
To kiss the ground on which she trode!—  
And now—O! would that earth would rive,  
And close upon me while alive!—  
Is there no hope? is all then lost?—  
Bertram's already on his post!  
Even now, beside the hall's arched door,  
I saw his shadow cross the floor!

He was to wait my signal strain—  
A little respite thus we gain:  
By what I heard the menials say,  
Young Wycliffe's troop are on their way—  
Alarm precipitates the crime!  
My harp must wear away the time."—  
And then in accents faint and low,  
He faltered forth a tale of woe.

## XXVII.

## Занав.

"And whither would you lead me then?"  
Quoth the Friar of orders gray;  
And the ruffians twain replied again,  
"By a dying woman to pray."—

"I see," he said, "a lovely sight,  
A sight bodes little harm,  
A lady as a lily bright,  
With an infant on her arm."—

"Then do thine office, Friar gray,  
And see thou shrive her free!  
Else shall the sprite, that parts to-night,  
Fling all its guilt on thee.

"Let mass be said, and trentals read,  
When thou'rt to convent gone,  
And bid the bell of St Benedict  
Toll out its deepest tone."—

The shrift is done, the Friar is gone,  
Blindfolded as he came—  
Next morning, all in Littlecot-hall  
Were weeping for their dame.

Wild Darrell is an alter'd man,  
The village crones can tell;  
He looks pale as clay, and strives to pray,  
If he hears the convent bell.

If prince or peer cross Darrell's way,  
He'll beard 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!  
Well nigh my fancy can discern,  
Near the dark porch, a visage stern;  
Even now in yonder shadowy nook  
I see it!—Redmond, Wilfrid, look!  
A human form distinct and clear—  
God, for thy mercy!—It draws near!"—  
She saw too true. Stride after stride,  
The centre of that chamber wide

Fierce Bertram gained; then made a stand,  
 And, proudly waving with his hand,  
 Thundered—"Be still, upon your lives!  
 He bleeds who speaks, he dies who strives."  
 Behind their chief, the robber crew  
 Forth from the darkened portal drew,  
 In silence—save that echo dread  
 Returned 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 Basquo's mystic glass.  
 Then, halting at their leader's sign,  
 At once they formed and curved their line,  
 Hemming within its crescent drear  
 Their victims, like a herd of deer.  
 Another sign, and to the aim  
 Levelled at once their muskets came,  
 As waiting but their chieftain's word,  
 To make their fatal volley heard.

## XXIX.

Back in a heap the menials drew;  
 Yet, even in mortal terror, true,  
 Their pale and startled group oppose  
 Between Matilda and her 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—dally not—but fly!"  
 While yet the crowd their motions hide,  
 Through the low wicket door they glide.  
 Through vaulted passages they wind,  
 In Gothic intricacy twined;  
 Wilfrid half led, and half be bore,  
 Matilda to the postern door,  
 And safe beneath the forest tree  
 The lady stands at liberty.  
 The moonbeams, the fresh gale's caress,  
 Renewed suspended consciousness:—  
 "Where's Redmond?" eagerly she cries:  
 "Thou answer'st not—he dies! he dies!  
 And thou hast left him, all bereft  
 Of mortal aid—with murderers left!—  
 I know it well—he would not yield  
 His sword to man—his doom is seal'd!  
 For my scorned 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 may'st rest thee here.

For Redmond's death thou shalt not mourn,  
 If mine can huy his safe return."—  
 He turned away—his heart throbb'd high,  
 The tear was hursting from his eye;  
 The sense of her injustice pressed  
 Upon the maid's distracted breast,—  
 "Stay, Wilfrid, stay! all aid is vain!"—  
 He heard, but turned him not again;  
 He reaches now the postern door,  
 Now enters—and is seen no more.

## XXXI.

With all the agony that e'er  
 Was gender'd 'twixt suspense and fear,  
 She watched the line of windows tall,  
 Whose Gothic lattice lights the ball,  
 Distinguished by the paly red  
 The lamps in dim reflection shed,  
 While all beside in wan moonlight  
 Each grated casement glimmer'd white.  
 No sight of harm, no sound of ill,  
 It is a deep and midnight still.  
 Who look'd upon the scene, had guess'd  
 All in the castle were at rest;  
 When sudden on the windows shone  
 A lightning flash, just seen and gone!  
 A shot is heard—Again the flame  
 Flash'd thick and fast—a volley came!  
 Then echoed wildly, from within,  
 Of shout and scream the mingled din,  
 And weapon-clash, and maddening cry  
 Of those who kill, and those who die!  
 As fill'd the hall with sulphurous smoke  
 More red, more dark, the death-flash broke,  
 And forms were on the lattice cast,  
 That struck, or struggled, as they past.

## XXXII.

What sounds upon the midnight wind  
 Approach so rapidly behind?  
 It is, it is, the tramp of steeds!  
 Matilda hears the sound, she speeds,  
 Seizes upon the leader's rein—  
 "O haste to aid, 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, scam'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 clash'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 fallen—but o'er him stood  
 Young Redmond, soil'd with smoke and  
 blood,

Cheering his mates, with heart and hand  
 Still to make good their desperate stand.  
 "Up, comrades, up! in Rokeby halls  
 Ne'er be it said our courage falls.  
 What! faint ye for their savage cry,  
 Or do the smoke-wreaths daunt your eye?  
 These rafters have return'd a shout  
 As loud at Rokeby's wassail route,  
 As thick a smoke these hearths have given  
 At Hallowtide 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 sprung.  
 Woe to the wretch on whom is bent  
 His brandish'd falchion's sheer descent!  
 Backward they scatter'd as he came,  
 Like wolves before the levin flame,  
 When 'mid their howling conclave driven,  
 Hath glanced the thunderbolt of heaven.  
 Bertram rush'd on—but Harpool clasp'd  
 His knees, although in death he gasp'd,  
 His falling corpse before him flung,  
 And round the trammel'd ruffian clung.  
 Just then, the soldiers fill'd the dome,  
 And, shouting, charged the felons home  
 So fiercely, that, in panic dread,  
 They broke, they yielded, fell, or fled.  
 Bertram's stern voice they heed no more,  
 Though heard above the battle's roar,  
 While trampling down the dying man,  
 He strove, with volley'd threat and ban,  
 In scorn of odds, in fate's despite,  
 To rally up the desperate fight.

## XXXIV.

Soon murkier clouds the hall enfold  
 Than e'er from battle-thunders roll'd;  
 So dense, the combatants scarce know  
 To aim or to avoid the blow.

Smothering and blindfold grows the fight—  
 But soon shall dawn a dismal light!  
 'Mid cries, and clashing arms, there came  
 The hollow sound of rushing flame;  
 New horrors on the tumult dire  
 Arise—the Castle is on fire!  
 Doubtful, if chance had cast the brand  
 Or frantic Bertram's desperate hand.  
 Matilda saw—for frequent broke  
 From the dim casements gusts of smoke.  
 Yon tower, which late so clear defined  
 On the fair hemisphere reclined,  
 That, pencil'd on its azure pure,  
 The eye could count each embrasure,  
 Now, swathed within the sweeping cloud  
 Seems giant-spectre in his shroud;  
 Till, from each loop-hole flashing light,  
 A spout of fire shines ruddy bright,  
 And, gathering to united glare,  
 Streams high into the midnight air;  
 A dismal beacon, far and wide  
 That waken'd Greta's slumbering side.  
 Soon all beneath, through gallery long,  
 And pendant arch, the fire flash'd strong,  
 Snatching whatever could maintain,  
 Raise, or extend, its furious reign;  
 Startling, with closer cause of dread,  
 The females who the conflict fled,  
 And now rush'd forth upon the plain,  
 Filling the air with clamours vain.

## XXXV.

But ceased not yet, the hall within,  
 The shriek, the shout, the carnage-din,  
 Till bursting lattices give proof  
 The flames have caught the rafter'd roof.  
 What! wait they till its beams amain  
 Crash on the slayers and the slain?  
 The alarm is caught—the draw-bridge falls,  
 The warriors hurry from the walls,  
 But, by the conflagration's light,  
 Upon the lawn renew the fight.  
 Each straggling felon down was hew'd,  
 Not one could gain the sheltering wood;  
 But forth the affrighted Harper sprung,  
 And to Matilda's robe he clung;  
 Her shriek, entreaty, and command,  
 Stopp'd the pursuer's lifted hand.  
 Denzil and he alive were ta'en;  
 The rest, save Bertram, all are slain.

## XXXVI.

And where is Bertram?—Soaring high,  
 The general flame ascends the sky;  
 In gather'd group the soldiers gaze  
 Upon the broad and roaring blaze,



When, like infernal demon, sent  
 Red from his penal element,  
 To plague and to pollute the air,—  
 His face all gore, on fire his hair,  
 Forth from the central mass of smoke  
 The giant form of Bertram broke!  
 His brandish'd sword on high he rears,  
 Then plunged among opposing spears:  
 Round his left arm his mantle truss'd  
 Received and foil'd three lances' thrust;  
 Nor these his headlong course withstood,  
 Like reeds be snapp'd the tough ash-wood.  
 In vain his foes around him clung;  
 With matchless force aside he cut  
 Their boldest,—as the bull, at bay,  
 Tosses the ban-dogs from his way.  
 Through forty fœes his path he made,  
 And safely gain'd the forest glade.

## XXXVII.

Scarce was this final conflict o'er,  
 When from the postern Redmond bore  
 Wilfrid, who, as of life bereft,  
 Had in the fatal hall been left,  
 Deserted there by all his train;  
 But Redmond saw, and turn'd again.—  
 Beneath an oak he laid him down,  
 That in the blaze gleam'd ruddy brown,  
 And then his mantle's clasp undid;  
 Matilda held his drooping head,  
 Till, given to breathe the freer air,  
 Returning life 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 Rokeby's Maid;  
 Two, Wilfrid on his horse sustain,  
 One leads his charger by the rein.  
 But oft Matilda look'd behind,  
 As up the vale of Tees they wind,  
 Where far the mansion of her sires  
 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  
 Appar'd to roll in waves of blood.  
 Then, one by one, was beard to fall  
 The tower, the donjon-keep, the hall.  
 Each rushing down with thunder sound,  
 A space the conflagration drown'd;  
 Till gathering strength, again it rose,  
 Announced its triumph in its close,  
 Shook wide its light the landscape o'er,  
 Then sunk—and Rokeby was no more!

## CANTO SIXTH.

## I.

THE summer sun, whose early power  
 Was wont to gild Matilda's bower,  
 And rouse her with his matin ray  
 Her duteous orisons to pay,  
 That morning sun has three times seen  
 The flowers unfold on Rokeby green,  
 But sees no more the slumbers fly  
 From fair Matilda's hazel eye;  
 That morning sun has three times broke  
 On Rokeby's glades of elm and oak,  
 But rising from their sylvan screen,  
 Marks no gray turrets glance between.  
 A shapless mass lie keep and tower,  
 That, hissing to the morning shower,  
 Can but with smouldering vapour pay  
 The early smile of summer day.  
 The peasant, to his labour bound,  
 Pauses to view the blacken'd mound,  
 Striving, amid the ruin'd space,  
 Each well-remember'd spot to trace.  
 That length of frail and fire-scorch'd wall  
 Once screen'd the hospitable hall;  
 When yonder broken arch was whole,  
 'Twas there was dealt the weekly dole;  
 And where yon tottering columns nod,  
 The chapel sent the hymn to God.  
 So fits the world's uncertain span!  
 Nor zeal for God, nor love for man,  
 Gives mortal monuments a date  
 Beyond the power of Time and Fate.  
 The towers must share the builder's doom;  
 Ruin is theirs, and bis 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.

## II.

Now the third night of summer came,  
 Since that which witness'd Rokeby's game.  
 On Brignall cliffs and Scargill brake  
 The owl's bonillies awake,  
 The bittern scream'd from rush and flag,  
 The raven slumber'd on his crag,  
 Forth from his den the otter drew,—  
 Grayling and trout their tyrant knew,  
 As between reed and sedge he peers,  
 With fierce round snout and sharpen'd ears,  
 Or, prowling by the moon-beam cool,  
 Watches the stream or swims the pool;—  
 Perch'd on his wonted eyrie high  
 Sleep seal'd the tercelet's wearied eye,

That all the day had watch'd so well  
 The cushat dart across the dell.  
 In dubious beam reflected shone  
 That lofty cliff of pale grey stone,  
 Beside whose base the secret cave  
 To rapine late a refuge gave.  
 The crag's wild crest of copse and yew  
 On Greta's breast dark shadows threw ;  
 Shadows that met or shunn'd the sight,  
 With every change of fitful light ;  
 As hope and fear alternate chase  
 Our course through life's uncertain race.

## III.

Gliding by crag and copse-wood green,  
 A solitary form was seen  
 To trace with stealthy pace the wold,  
 Like fox that seeks the midnight fold,  
 And pauses oft, and cowers dismayed,  
 At every breath that stirs the shade.  
 He passes now the ivy bush,  
 The owl has seen him and is hush ;  
 He passes now the doddered oak,  
 Ye heard the startled raven croak ;  
 Lower and lower he descends,  
 Rustle the leaves, the brushwood bends :  
 The otter hears him tread the shore,  
 And dives, and is beheld no more ;  
 And by the cliff of pale grey stone  
 The midnight wanderer stands alone.  
 Methinks, that by the moon we trace  
 A well-remembered form and face !  
 That striping shape, that cheek so pale,  
 Combine to tell a rueful tale,  
 Of powers misused, of passion's force,  
 Of guilt, of grief, and of remorse !  
 'Tis Edmund's eye, at every sound  
 That flings that guilty glance around ;  
 'Tis Edmund's trembling haste divides  
 The brushwood that the cavern hides,  
 And, when its narrow porch lies bare,  
 'Tis Edmund's form that enters there.

## IV.

His flint and steel have sparkled bright,  
 A lamp hath lent the cavern light.  
 Fearful and quick his eye surveys  
 Each angle of the gloomy maze.  
 Since last he left that stern abode,  
 It seemed as none its floor had trode ;  
 Untouched appeared the various spoil,  
 The purchase of his comrades' toil ;  
 Masks and disguises grimed with mud,  
 Arms, broken and defiled with blood,  
 And all the nameless tools that aid  
 Night-felons in their lawless trade,  
 Upon the gloomy walls were hung  
 Or lay in nooks obscurely flung.

Still on the sordid board appear  
 The relics of the noontide cheer ;  
 Flagon and empty flask were there,  
 And bench o'erthrown, and shattered chair ;  
 And all around the semblance showed,  
 As when the final revel glowed,  
 When the red sun was setting fast,  
 And parting pledge Guy Denzil past.  
 "To Rokeby treasure-vaults !" they quaffed  
 And shouted loud and wildly laughed,  
 Poured maddening from the rocky door,  
 And parted—to return no more !  
 They found in Rokeby vaults their doom,—  
 A bloody death, a burning tomb.

## V.

There his own peasant dress he spies,  
 Doffed to assume that quaint disguise,  
 And shuddering thought upon his glee,  
 When pranked in garb of minstrelsy.  
 "O be the fatal art accursed,"  
 He cried, "that moved my folly first,  
 Till, bribed by handits' base applause,  
 I burst through God's and Nature's laws !  
 Three summer days are scanty past  
 Since I have trod this cavern last,  
 A thoughtless wretch, and prompt to err—  
 But O as yet no murderer !  
 Even now I list my comrades' cheer,  
 That general laugh is in mine ear,  
 Which raised my pulse and steeled my heart,  
 As I rehearsed my treacherous part—  
 And would that all since then could seem  
 The phantom of a fever's dream !  
 But fatal Memory notes too well  
 The horrors of the dying yell,  
 From my despairing mates that broke,  
 When flashed the fire and rolled the smoke.  
 When the avenger's shouting came,  
 And hemmed 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 turned, nor spoke the rest.

## VI.

Due northward from the rugged hearth,  
 With paces five he metes the earth ;  
 Then toiled with mattock to explore  
 The entrails of the cavern floor,  
 Nor paused till, deep beneath the ground,  
 His search a small steel casket found.  
 Just as he stooped to loose its hasp,  
 His shoulder felt a giant grasp ;  
 He started, and looked up aghast,  
 Then shrieked—"twas Bertam held him fast.

"Fear not!" he said; but who could hear  
That deep stern voice, and cease to fear?  
"Fear not!—by Heaven he shakes as much  
As partridge in the falcon's clutch!"—  
He raised him, and unloosed his hold,  
While from the opening casket rolled  
A chain and reliquaire of gold.  
Bertram beheld it with surprise,  
Gazed on its fashion and device;  
Then, cheering Edmund as he could,  
Somewhat he smoothed his rugged mood;  
For still the youth's half-lifted eye  
Quivered with terror's agony,  
And sidelong glanced, as to explore,  
In meditated flight, the door.  
"Sit," Bertram said, "from danger free;  
Thou canst not, and thou shalt not, flee.  
Chance brings me hither; hill and plain  
I've sought for refuge-place in vain,  
And tell me now, thou aguish boy,  
What makest thou here? what means this  
toy?"

Denzil and thou, I marked were ta'en;  
What lucky chance unbound your chain?  
I deemed, long since on Baliol's tower,  
Your heads were warped with sun and shower.  
Tell me the whole—and mark! nought e'er  
Chafes me like falsehood, or like fear."—  
Gathering his courage to his aid,  
But trembling still, the youth obeyed.

## VII.

"Denzil and I two nights pass'd o'er,  
In fetters on the dungeon floor.  
A guest the third sad morrow brought;  
Our hold dark Oswald Wycliffe sought,  
And eyed my comrade long askance,  
With fixed and penetrating glance.  
'Guy Denzil art thou called?'—'The same.'  
—'At court who served wild Buckingham;  
Thence banished, won a keeper's place,  
So Villiers will'd in Marwood-chase;  
That lost—I need not tell thee why—  
Thou madest thy wits thy wants supply,  
Then fought for Rokeby:—have I guessed  
My prisoner right?'—'At thy behest.'—  
He paused a while and then went on  
With low and confidential tone;  
Me, as I judge, not then he saw,  
Close nestled in my couch of straw.—  
'List to me, Guy. Thou know'st the great  
Have frequent need of what they hate;  
Hence, in their favour oft we see  
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 failed to sharpen Denzil's wit,  
Prompted his lie—! His only child  
Should rest his pledge.'—The Baron smiled,  
And turned to me—'Thou art his son?'  
I bowed—our fetters were undone,  
And we were led to hear apart  
A dreadful lesson of his art.  
Wilfrid, he said, his heir and son,  
Had fair Matilda's favour won;  
And long since had their union been,  
But for her father's bigot 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 rendered to his charge  
But as a prisoner at large.

## IX.

"He schooled us in a well-forged tale,  
Of scheme the castle walls to scale,  
To which was leagued each cavalier  
That dwells upon the Tyne and Wear.  
That Rokeby his parole forgot,  
Had dealt with us to aid the plot.  
Such was the charge, which Denzil's zeal  
Of hate to Rokeby and O'Neale  
Proffered, as witness, to make good,  
Even though the forfeit were their blood.  
I scrupled, until o'er and o'er  
His prisoners' safety Wycliffe swore;  
And then—alas! what needs there more?  
I knew I should not live to say  
The proffer I refused that day;  
Ashamed to live, yet loath to die,  
I soiled me with their infamy!"—  
"Poor youth," said Bertram, "wavering still,  
Unfit alike for good or ill!  
But what fell next?"—"Soon as at large  
Was scroled and signed our fatal charge,  
There never yet, on tragic stage  
Was seen so well a painted rage  
As Oswald's showed! With loud alarm  
He called his garrison to arm;  
From tower to tower, from post to post,  
He hurried as if all were lost:  
Consigned to dungeon and to chain  
The good old knight and all his train;

Warned each suspected cavalier,  
Within his limits to appear  
To-morrow, at the hour of noon,  
In the high church of Eglstone."—

## X.

"Of Eglstone! Even now I passed."  
Said Bertram, "as the night closed fast;  
Torches and cressets gleamed around,  
I heard the saw and hammer sound,  
And I could mark they toiled to raise  
A scaffold, hung with sable baize,  
Which the grim headsman's scene displayed,

Block, axe, and saw-dust ready laid.  
Some evil deed will there be done,  
Unless Matilda wed his son;  
She loves him not—'tis shrewdly guessed  
That Redmond rules the damsel's breast.  
This is a turn of Oswald's skill;  
But I may meet and foil him still!—  
How camest thou to thy freedom?"—"There  
Lies mystery more dark and rare.  
In midst of Wycliffe's well-feigned rage,  
A scroll was offered by a page,  
Who told, a muffled horseman late  
Had left it at the castle gate.  
He broke the seal—his cheek showed change  
Sudden, portentous, wild, and strange;  
The mimic passion of his eye  
Was turned to actual agony;  
His hand like summer sapling shook,  
Ferror and guilt were in his look.  
Denzil he judged in time of need,  
Fit counsellor for evil deed,  
And thus apart his counsel broke,  
While with a ghastly smile he spoke.

## XI.

"As, in the pageants of the stage,  
The dead awake in this wild age,  
Mortham—whom all men deemed decreed  
In his own deadly snare to bleed,  
Slain by a bravo, whom, o'er sea,  
He trained to aid in murdering me—  
Mortham has 'scaped: the coward shot  
The steed, but harmed the rider nought."—  
Here, with an execration fell,  
Bertram leaped up, and paced the cell;—  
"Thine own grey head, or bosom dark,"  
He muttered, "may be surer mark,"—  
Then sate, and signed to Edmund, Pale  
With terror, to resume his tale.  
Wycliffe went on:—"Mark with what  
flights  
Of wildered reverie he writes:

## The Letter.

'Ruler of Mortham's destiny!  
Though dead, thy victim lives to thee.  
Once had he all that binds to life,  
A lovely child, a lovelier wife;  
Wealth, fame, and friendship, were his own—  
Thou gavest the word, and they are flown.  
Mark how he pays thee;—to thy hand  
He yields his honours and his land,  
One boon premised; Restore his child!  
And from his native land exiled,  
Mortham no more returns, to claim  
His lands, his honours, or his name;  
Refuse him this, and from the slain  
Thou shalt see Mortham rise again.'—

## XII.

"This billet while the baron read,  
His faulting accents showed his dread;  
He pressed his forehead with his palm,  
Then took a scornful tone and calm:  
'Wild as the winds, as billows wild!  
What wot I of his spouse or child?  
Hither he brought a joyous dame,  
Unknown her lineage or her name:  
Her, in some frantic fit, he slew,  
The nurse and child in fear withdrew.  
Heaven be my witness, wist I where  
To find this youth, my kinsman's heir,—  
Unguarded, I would give with joy  
The father's arms to fold his boy,  
And Mortham's lands and towers resign  
To the just heir of Mortham's line.'—  
Thou know'st that scarcely e'en his fear  
Suppresses Denzil's cynic sneer;—  
'Then happy is thy vassal's part,'  
He said, 'to ease his patron's heart!  
In thine own jailor's watchful care  
Lies Mortham's just and rightful heir;  
Thy generous wish is fully won,—  
Redmond O'Neale is Mortham's son.'—

## XIII.

"Up starting with a frenzied look.  
His clenched hand the Baron shook:  
'Is Hell at work? or dost thou rave,  
Or darest thou palter with me, slave?  
Perchance thou wot'st not, Barnard's towers  
Have racks, of strange and ghastly powers.'  
Denzil, who well his safety knew,  
Firmly rejoined, '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 deemed it safe to bear  
 On mine own person gems so rare.  
 Small heed I of the tablets took,  
 But since have spelled 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 foil  
 An interloper's prying toil.  
 The words, but not the sense, I knew  
 Till fortune gave the guiding clow.

## XIV.

"Three days since, was that clew revealed,  
 In Thoragill as I lay concealed,  
 And heard at full when Rokeby's Maid  
 Her uncle's history displayed;  
 And now I can interpret well  
 Each syllable the tablets tell.  
 Mark then: fair Edith was the joy  
 Of old O'Neale of Clandeboy,  
 But from her sire and country fled,  
 In secret Mortham's Lord to wed.  
 O'Neale, his first resentment o'er,  
 Despatched 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-starred meeting fell,  
 Lord Wycliffe knows, and none so well.

## XV.

"O'Neale it was, who, in despair,  
 Robbed Mortham of his infant heir;  
 He bred him in their nurture wild,  
 And called him murdered Connal's child.  
 Soon died the nurse; the clan believed  
 What from their chieftain they received.  
 His purpose was, that ne'er again  
 The boy should cross the Irish main  
 But, like his mountain sires, enjoy  
 The woods and wastes of Clandeboy.  
 Then on the land wild troubles came,  
 And stronger chieftains urged a claim,  
 And wrested from the old man's hands  
 His native towers, his father's lands.

Unable then, amid the strife,  
 To guard young Redmond's rights or life,  
 Late and reluctant he restores  
 The infant to his native shores,  
 With goodly gifts and letters stored,  
 With many a deep conjuring word,  
 To Mortham, and to Rokeby's Lord.  
 Nought knew the clod of Irish earth,  
 Who was the guide, of Redmond's birth;  
 But deemed his chief's commands were laid  
 On both, by both, to be obeyed;  
 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 answered, 'might I do?  
 Heaven knows, as willingly as now  
 I raise the honnet from my brow.  
 Would I my kinsman's manor's fair  
 Restore to Mortham or his heir;  
 But Mortham is distraught—O'Neale  
 Has drawn for tyranny his steel,  
 Malignant to our rightful Cause,  
 And trained in Rome's delusive laws.  
 Hark thee apart!—They whispered long,  
 Till Denzil's voice grew bold and strong;  
 'My proofs! I never will,' he said,  
 'Show mortal man where they are laid.  
 Nor hope discovery to foreclose,  
 By giving me to feed the crows;  
 For I have mates at large, who know  
 Where I am wont such toys to stow:  
 Free me from peril and from hand,  
 These tablets are at thy command;  
 Nor were it hard to form some train,  
 To wile old Mortham o'er the main.  
 Then, lunatic's nor papist's hand  
 Should wrest from thine the goodly land.'—  
 —'I like thy wit,' said Wycliffe, 'well;  
 But here, in hostage shalt thou dwell.  
 Thy son, unless my purpose err,  
 May prove the trustier messenger.  
 A scroll to Mortham shall he bear  
 From me, and fetch these tokens rare.  
 Gold shalt thou have, and that good store  
 And freedom, his commission o'er:  
 But if his faith should chance to fail,  
 The gibbet frees thee from the jail.'—

## XVII.

"Meshed in the net himself had twined,  
 What subterfuge could Denzil find?  
 He told me with reluctant sigh,  
 That hidden here the tokens lie:  
 Conjured my swift return and aid,  
 By all he scoffed and disobeyed;

And looked as if the noose were tied,  
 And I the priest who left his side.  
 This scroll for Mortham, Wycliffe gave,  
 Whom I must seek by Greta's wave,  
 Or in the hut where chief he hides,  
 Where Thorsgill's forester resides,  
 (Thence chanced it, wandering in the glade,  
 That he descried our ambuscade.)  
 I was dismissed as evening fell,  
 And reached but now this rocky cell,"  
 "Give Oswald's letter."—Bertram read,  
 And tore it fiercely, shred by shred:—  
 "All lies and villany! to blind  
 His noble kinsman's generous mind,  
 And train him on from day to day,  
 Till he can take his life away.—  
 And now, declare thy purpose, youth,  
 Nor dare to answer, save the truth;  
 If aught I mark of Denzil's art,  
 I'll tear the secret from thy heart!"—

## XVIII.

"It needs not. I renounce," he said,  
 "My tutor and his deadly trade.  
 Fixed was my purpose to declare  
 To Mortham, Redmond is his heir;  
 To tell him in what risk he stands  
 And yield these tokens to his hands.  
 Fixed was my purpose to atone  
 Far as I may, the evil done,  
 And fixed 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 damned to this unhallowed way?  
 He schooled me, faith and vows were vain;  
 Now let my master reap his gain."—  
 "True," answered Bertram, "'tis his mood;  
 There's retribution in the deed.  
 But thou—thou art not for our course,  
 Hast fear, hast pity, hast remorse;  
 And he, with us the gale who braves,  
 Must heave such cargo to the waves,  
 Or lag with overloaded prore  
 While barks unburthened reach the shore."

## XIX.

He paused, and stretching him at length,  
 Seemed to repose his bulky strength.  
 Communing with his secret mind,  
 As half he sate, and half reclined,  
 One ample hand his forehead pressed,  
 And one was dropped across his breast.

The shaggy eyebrows deeper came  
 Above his eyes of swarthy flame;  
 His lip of pride awhile forebore  
 The haughty curve till then it wore:  
 The unaltered fierceness of his look  
 A shade of darkened sadness took,—  
 For dark and sad a presage pressed  
 Resistlessly on Bertram's breast,—  
 And when he spoke, his wonted tone,  
 So fierce, abrupt, and brief, was gone.  
 His voice was steady, low, and deep,  
 Like distant waves when breezes sleep;  
 And sorrow mixed with Edmund's fear,  
 Its low unbroken depth to hear.

## XX.

"Edmund, in thy sad tale I find  
 The woe that warped my patron's mind;  
 'T would wake the fountains of the eye  
 In other men, but mine are dry.  
 Mortham must never see the fool,  
 That sold himself base Wycliffe's tool!  
 Yet less from thirst of sordid gain,  
 Than to avenge supposed disdain.  
 Say, Bertram rues his fault;—a word,  
 Till now, from Bertram never heard:  
 Say, too, that Mortham's lord he prays  
 To think but on their former days;  
 On Quariana's beach and rock,  
 On Cayo's bursting battle-shock,  
 On Darien's sands and deadly dew,  
 And on the dart Tlatzeca threw:  
 And on the dart perchance my patron yet may hear  
 More that may grace his comrade's bier.  
 My soul hath felt a secret weight,  
 A warning of approaching fate.  
 A priest had said, Return, repent!  
 As well to bid that rock be rent.  
 Firm as that flint I face mine end,  
 My heart may burst, but cannot bend.

## XXI.

"The dawning of my youth, with awe  
 And prophecy, the Dalesmen saw;  
 For over Redesdale it came,  
 As bodeful as their beacon-flame.  
 Edmund, thy years were scarcely mine,  
 When, challenging the Clans of Tyne  
 To bring their best my brand to prove,  
 O'er Hexham's altar hung my glove;  
 But Tynedale, nor in tower nor town,  
 Held champion meet to take it down.  
 My noontide, India may declare;  
 Like her fierce Sun, I fired the air!  
 Like him, to wood and cave had 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 disk like battle-target red,  
 He rushes to his burning bed,  
 Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,  
 Then sinks at once—and all is night.

## XXII.

" Now to thy mission, Edmund. Fly,  
 Seek Mortham out, and hid him hie  
 To Richmond, where his troops are laid,  
 And lead his force to Redmond's aid.  
 Say, till he reaches Eglstone,  
 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 dew-drop start,  
 It almost touch'd his iron heart :—  
 " I did not think there lived," he said,  
 " One who would tear for Bertram shed."  
 He loosen'd then his haldric'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 Denzil's son return'd again ?"—  
 It chanced there answered of the crew,  
 A menial, who young Edmund knew :  
 " No son of Denzil this," he said ;  
 " A peasant boy from Winston glade,  
 For song and minstrelsy renown'd,  
 And knavish pranks, the hamlets round."—  
 —" Not Denzil's son !—from Winston vale!—  
 Then it was false, that specious tale ;

Or, worse—he hath despatch'd the youth  
 To show to Mortham's lord its truth.  
 Fool that I was !—but 'tis too late—  
 This is the very turn of fate !—  
 The tale, or true or false, relies  
 On Denzil's evidence :—he dies !—  
 —Ho ! Provost Marshal ? instantly  
 Lead Denzil to the gallows tree !  
 Allow him not a parting word ;  
 Short be the shrift, and sure the cord !  
 Then let his gory head appal  
 Marauders from the castle wall.  
 Lead forth thy guard, that duty done,  
 With best despatch to Eglstone.  
 —Basil, tell Wilfrid he must straight  
 Attend me at the castle-gate."—

## XXIV

" Alas !" the old domestic said,  
 And shook his venerable head,  
 " Alas, my Lord ! full ill to-day  
 May my young master brook the way !  
 The leech has spoke with grave alarm,  
 Of unseen hurt, of secret harm,  
 Of sorrow lurking at the heart,  
 That mars and lets his healing art."  
 —" Tush, tell not me !—Romantic boys  
 Pine themselves sick for airy toys,  
 I will find cure for Wilfrid soon ;  
 Bid him for Eglstone he houn,  
 And quick—I hear the dull death-drum  
 Tell Denzil's hour of fate is come."—  
 He paused with scornful smile, and then  
 Resumed his train of thought agen.  
 " Now comes my fortune's crisis near !  
 Entreaty boots not—instant fear,  
 Nought 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 headsman graced,  
 And when she deems, that to deny  
 Dooms Redmond and her sire to die,  
 She must give way.—Then, were the line  
 Of Rokehy once combined with mine,  
 I gain the weather-gage of fate,  
 If Mortham come, he comes too late !  
 While I, allied thus and prepared,  
 Bid him defiance to his beard.—  
 If she prove stubborn, shall I dare  
 To drop the axe ?—Soft ! pause we there.  
 Mortham still lives—yon youth may tell  
 His tale—and Fairfax loves him well,—  
 Else, wherefore should I now delay  
 To sweep this Redmond from my way !—  
 But she to pety per force [horse."—  
 Must yield.—Without there ! Sound to

## XXV.

"Twas bustle in the court below,—  
 "Mount, and march forward!"—forth they  
 go;

Steeds neigh and trample all around,  
 Steel rings, spears glimmer, trumpets  
 sound.

Just then was sung his parting hymn;  
 And Denzil turn'd his eyeballs dim,  
 And scarcely conscious what he sees,  
 Follows the horsemen down the Tees,  
 And, scarcely conscious what he hears,  
 The trumpets tingle in his ears.  
 O'er the long bridge they're sweeping now,  
 The van is hid by greenwood bough;  
 But ere the rearward had pass'd o'er,  
 Guy Denzil heard and saw no more!  
 One stroke upon the castle bell,  
 To Oswald rung his dying knell.

## XXVI.

O for that pencil, erst profuse  
 Of chivalry's emblazon'd hues,  
 That traced of old in Woodstock bower,  
 The pageant of the Leaf and Flower,  
 And bodied forth the tourney high  
 Held for the hand of Emily!

Then might I paint the tumult broad,  
 That to the crowded abbey flow'd,  
 And pour'd as with an ocean's sound,  
 Into the church's ample bound?  
 Then might I show each varying mien,  
 Exulting, woful, or serene;  
 Indifference with his idiot stare,  
 And Sympathy with anxious air;  
 Paint the dejected Cavalier,

Doubtful, disarm'd, and sad of cheer;  
 And his proud foe, whose formal eye  
 Claim'd conquest now and mastery;  
 And the brute crowd, whose 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,  
 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, dishonour'd, and defaced.  
 Through storied lattices no more  
 In soften'd light the sunbeams pour,  
 Gilding the Gothic sculpture rich  
 Of shrine, and monument, and niche.  
 The Civil fury of the time  
 Made sport of sacrilegious crime;  
 For dark Fanaticism rent  
 Altar, and screen, and ornament,  
 And peasant hands the tombs o'erthrew  
 Of Bowes, of Rokeby, and Fitz-Hugh.  
 And now was seen unwonted sight,  
 In holy walls a scaffold dight!  
 Where once the priest, of grace divine  
 Dealt to his flock the mystic sign,  
 There stood the block display'd, and there  
 The headsmen grim his hatchet bare;  
 And for the word of Hope and Faith,  
 Resounded loud a doom of death;  
 Thrice the fierce trumpet's breath was heard,  
 And echo'd thrice the herald's word,  
 Dooning, 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 stifling sobs were bursting fast,  
 Till from the crowd begun to rise  
 Murmurs of sorrow or surprise,  
 And from the distant aisles there came  
 Deep-mutter'd threats, with Wycliffe's name.

## XXVIII.

But Oswald, guarded by his band,  
 Powerful in evil, waved his hand,  
 And bade Sedition's voice be dead,  
 On peril of the murderer's head.  
 Then first his glance sought Rokeby's Knight;  
 Who gazed on the tremendous sight,  
 As calm as if he came a guest  
 To kindred Baron's feudal feast;  
 As calm as if that trumpet-call,  
 Were summons to the banner'd hall;  
 Firm in his loyalty he stood,  
 And prompt to seal it with his blood.  
 With downcast look drew Oswald nigh,—  
 He durst not cope with Rokeby's eye!—  
 And said, with low and faltering breath,  
 "Thou know'st the terms of life and  
 death."—  
 The Knight then turn'd, and sternly smiled:  
 "The maiden is mine only child,



Yet shall my blessing leave her head,  
 If with a traitor's son she wed."—  
 Then Redmond spoke: "The life of one  
 Might thy malignity atone,  
 On me be flung a double guilt!  
 Spare Rokeby's blood, let mine be spilt!"—  
 Wycliffe had listen'd to his suit,  
 But dread prevail'd and he was mute.

## XXIX.

And now he pours his choice of fear  
 In secret on Matilda's ear:  
 "A union form'd with me and mine,  
 Ensures the faith of Rokeby's line.  
 Consent, and all this dread array  
 Like morning dream shall pass away;  
 Refuse, and, by my duty press'd,  
 I give the word—thou know'st the rest."—  
 Matilda, still and motionless  
 With terror heard the dread address,  
 Pale as the sheeted maid who dies  
 To hopeless love a sacrifice;  
 Then wrung her hands in agony,  
 And round her cast bewilder'd eye.  
 Now on the scaffold glanced, and now  
 On Wycliffe's unrelenting brow.  
 She veil'd her face, and, with a voice  
 Scarce audible,—"I make my choice!  
 Spare but their lives!—for aught beside,  
 Let Wilfrid's doom my fate decide;  
 He once was generous!"—As she spoke,  
 Dark Wycliffe's joy in triumph broke:—  
 "Wilfrid, where loiter'd ye so late?—  
 Why upon Basil rest thy weight?  
 Art spell-bound by enchanter's wand?—  
 Kneel, kneel, and take her yielded hand;  
 Thank her with raptures, simple boy!  
 Should tears and trembling speak thy  
 joy?"—  
 "O hush, my sire! To prayer and tear  
 Of mine thou hast refused thine ear;  
 But now the awful hour draws on,  
 When truth must speak in loftier tone."—

## XXX.

He took Matilda's hand;—"Dear maid!  
 Couldst thou so injure me," he said;  
 "Of thy poor friend so basely deem,  
 As blend him with this barbarous scheme?  
 Alas! my efforts, made in vain,  
 Might well have saved this added pain.  
 But now, bear witness earth and heaven,  
 That ne'er was hope to mortal given,  
 So twisted with the strings of life,  
 As this—to call Matilda wife!  
 I bid it now for ever part,  
 And with the effort bursts my heart."—

His feeble frame was worn so low,  
 With wounds, with watching, and with woe,  
 That nature could no more sustain  
 The agony of mental pain.  
 He kneel'd—his lip her hand had press'd,—  
 Just then he felt the stern arrest;  
 Lower and lower sunk his head,—  
 They raised him,—but the life was fled!  
 Then first alarm'd, his sire and train  
 Tried every aid, but tried in vain,  
 The soul, too soft its ills to bear,  
 Had left our mortal hemisphere,  
 And sought in better world the meed  
 To blameless life by Heaven decreed.

## XXXI.

The wretched sire beheld, aghast,  
 With Wilfrid all his projects past.  
 All turn'd and centred on his son,  
 On Wilfrid all—and he was gone.  
 "And I am childless now," he said,  
 "Childless, through that relentless maid!  
 A lifetime's arts, in vain essayed,  
 Are bursting on their artist's head!—  
 Here lies my Wilfrid dead—and there  
 Comes hated Mortham for his heir,  
 Eager to knit in happy band  
 With Rokeby's heiress Redmond's hand.  
 And shall their triumph soar o'er all  
 The schemes deep-laid to work their fall?  
 No!—deeds which prudence might not dare  
 Appal not vengeance and despair.  
 The murderess weeps upon his bier—  
 I'll change to real that feigned tear!  
 They all shall share destruction's shock;—  
 Ho! lead the captives to the block!"—  
 But ill his Provost could divine  
 His feelings, and forebore the sign,  
 "Slave! to the block!—or I, or they,  
 Shall face the judgement-seat this day!"—

## XXXII.

The outmost crowd have heard a sound,  
 Like horse's hoofs on hardened ground:  
 Nearer it came, and yet more near,—  
 The very deathsmen paused to hear.  
 'Tis in the church-yard 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  
 A Horseman armed, at headlong speed—  
 Sable his cloak, his plume, his steed.  
 Fire from the flinty floor was spurned,  
 The vaults unwonted clang returned!—

One instant's glance around he threw,  
 From saddle-bow his pistol drew.  
 Grimly determined was his look!  
 His charger with the spurs he strook—  
 All scattered backward as he came,  
 For all knew Bertram Risingham!  
 Three bounds that noble courser gave;  
 The first has reached the central nave,  
 The second cleared the chancel wide,  
 The third—he was at Wycliffe's side.  
 Full levelled at the Baron's head,  
 Rung the report—the bullet sped—  
 And to his long account, and last,  
 Without a groan dark Oswald past!  
 All was so quick, that it might seem  
 A flash of lightning, or a dream.

## XXXIII.

While yet the smoke the deed conceals,  
 Bertram his ready charger wheels;  
 But floundered 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 toiled 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, halbert, musket-but, their blows  
 Hailed upon Bertram as he rose;  
 A score of pikes, with each a wound,  
 Bore down and pinned him to the ground;  
 But still his struggling force he rears,  
 'Gainst hacking brands and stabbing spears;  
 Thrice from assailants shook him free,  
 Once gained his feet, and twice his knee.  
 By tenfold odds oppressed at length,  
 Despite his struggles and his strength,  
 He took a hundred mortal wounds,  
 As mute as fox, 'mongst mangling hounds;  
 And when he died, his parting groan  
 Had more of laughter than of moan!  
 —They gazed, as when a lion dies,  
 And hunters scarcely trust their eyes,  
 But bend their weapons on the slain,  
 Lest the grim king should rouse again:—  
 Then blow and insult some renewed,  
 And from the trunk the head had hewed,  
 But Basil's voice the deed forbade;  
 A mantle o'er the corse he laid:—  
 "Fell as he was in act and mind,  
 He left no bolder heart behind;

Then give him for a soldier meet,  
 A soldier's cloak for winding sheet."—

## XXXIV.

No more of death and dying pang,  
 No more of trump and bugle-clang,  
 Though through the sounding woods there  
 come  
 Banner and bugle, trump and drum.  
 Armed with such powers as well had freed  
 Young Redmond at his utmost need,  
 And backed with such a band of horse  
 As might less ample powers enforce;  
 Possessed of every proof and sign  
 That gave an heir to Mortham's line,  
 And yielded to a father's arms  
 An image of his Edith's charms,—  
 Mortham is come, to hear and see  
 Of this strange morn the history.  
 What saw he?—not the church's floor,  
 Cumbered with dead and stained with gore;  
 What heard he?—not the clamorous crowd,  
 That shout their gratulations loud:  
 Redmond he saw and heard alone,  
 Clasped him, and sobbed, "My son; my son!"

## XXXV.

This chanced upon a summer morn,  
 When yellow waved the heavy corn;  
 But when brown August o'er the land  
 Called forth the reaper's busy band,  
 A gladsome sight the sylvan road  
 From Eglistone to Mortham showed.  
 Awhile the hardy rustic leaves  
 The task to bind and pile the sheaves,  
 And maids their sickles fling aside,  
 To gaze on bridegroom and on bride,  
 And Childhood's wondering group draws  
 near,  
 And from the gleaner's hands the ear  
 Drops, while she folds them for a prayer  
 And blessing on the lovely pair.  
 'Twas then the Maid of Rokeby gave  
 Her plighted troth to Redmond brave;  
 And Teesdale can remember yet  
 How Fate to Virtue paid her debt,  
 And, for their troubles, bade them prove  
 A lengthened life of peace and love.

Time and Tide had thus their sway,  
 Yielding, like an April day,  
 Smiling noon for sullen morrow,  
 Years of joy, for hours of sorrow!

## NOTES.

## NOTES TO CANTO FIRST.

## NOTE I.

On Barnard's towers and Tee's stream.—St. I. p. 5.

"Barnard Castle," saith old Leland, "standeth stately upon Tees." It is founded upon a very high bank, and its ruins impend over the river, including within the area a circuit of six acres and upwards. This once magnificent fortress derives its name from its founder Barnard Balliol, the ancestor of the short and unfortunate dynasty of that name, which succeeded to the Scottish throne under the patronage of Edward I. and Edward III. Balliol's tower, afterwards mentioned in the poem, is a round tower of great size, situated at the western extremity of the building. It bears marks of great antiquity, and was remarkable for the curious construction of its vaulted roof, which has been lately greatly injured by the operations of some persons to whom the tower has been leased for the purpose of making palest shot! The prospect from the top of Balliol's tower commands a rich and magnificent view of the wooded valley of the Tees.

Barnard Castle often changed masters during the middle ages. Upon the forfeiture of the unfortunate John Balliol, the first king of Scotland of that family, Edward I. seized this fortress among the other English estates of his refractory vassal. It was afterwards vested in the Beauchamps of Warwick, and in the Staffords of Buckingham, and was also, sometimes in the possession of the Bishops of Durham, and sometimes in that of the crown. Richard III. is said to have enlarged and strengthened its fortifications, and to have made it for some time his principal residence, for the purpose of bridling and suppressing the Lancastrian faction in the northern counties. From the Staffords, Barnard Castle passed, probably by marriage, into the possession of the powerful Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland, and belonged to the last representative of that family when he engaged with the Earl of Northumberland in the ill concerted insurrection of the twelfth of Queen Elizabeth. Upon this occasion, however, Sir George Bowes of Sheafham, who held great possessions in the neighbourhood, anticipated the two insurgent Earls, by seizing upon and garrisoning Barnard Castle, which he held out for ten days against all their forces, and then surrendered it upon honourable terms. See *SADLER'S State papers*, vol. II. p. 330. In a ballad, contained in *PERCY'S Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. I. the siege is thus commemorated:—

Then Sir George Bowes he straight way rose,  
After them some spoyle to make;  
These noble erles turned back againe,  
And aye they vowed that knight to take.  
That baron he to his castle fled,  
To Barnard Castle then fled he;  
The uttermost walles were eathe to woen,  
The erles have wounne them presentlie.  
The uttermost walles were lime and bricke;  
But thoughte they won them soon aroone,  
Long e'er they were the innermost walles,  
For they were cut in rock and stone.

By the suppression of this rebellion, and the consequent forfeiture of the Earl of Westmoreland, Barnard Castle reverted to the crown, and was sold or leased out to Car, Earl of Somerset, the guilty and unhappy favourite of James I. It was afterwards granted to Sir Henry Vane the Elder, and was therefore, in all probability, occupied for the parliament, whose interest during the civil war, was so keenly

espoused by the Vanes. It is now, with the other estates of that family, the property of the Right Honourable Earl of Darlington.

## NOTE II.

—no human ear  
Unsharpened by revenge and fear,  
Could e'er distinguish horse's clank.

St. V. p. 6.

I have had occasion to remark, in real life, the effect of keen and fervent anxiety in giving acuteness to the organs of sense. My gifted friend, Miss Joanna Baillie, whose dramatic works display such intimate acquaintance with the operations of human passion, has not omitted this remarkable circumstance:—

"DE MONTFORT. (*Off his guard.*) 'Tis Bezenvelt  
I heard his well-known foot!  
From the first stair-case mounting step by step.  
FREN. How quick an ear thou hast for distant sound! I heard him not.  
[*DE MONTFORT looks embarrassed, and is silent.*"]

## NOTE III.

The merion's plumes his visage hide,  
And the buff-coat in ample fold,  
Mantles his form's gigantic mould.—St. VI. p. 6.

The use of complete suits of armour was fallen into disuse during the civil war, though they were still worn by leaders of rank and importance.—"In the reign of King James I.," says our military antiquary, "no great alterations were made in the article of defensive armour, except that the buff-coat or jerkin, which was originally worn under the cuirass, now became frequently a substitute for it, it having been found that a good buff leather would of itself resist the stroke of a sword; this, however, only occasionally took place among the light armed cavalry and infantry, complete suits of armour being still used among the heavy horse. Buff-coats continued to be worn by the city trained bands till within the memory of persons now living, so that defensive armour may in some measure be said to have terminated in the same materials with which it began, that is, the skins of animals or leather."—*GROSE'S Military Antiquities*. Lond. 1840. 4to. Vol. II. p. 333.

Of the buff-coats which were worn over the corselet, several are yet preserved; and Captain Grose has given an engraving of one which was used in the time of Charles I. by Sir Francis Rhodes, Bart. of Balbrough Hall, Derbyshire. They were usually lined with silk or linen, secured before by buttons, or by a lace, and often richly decorated with gold or silver embroidery. From the following curious account of a dispute respecting a buff-coat between an old round-head captain and a justice of peace, by whom his arms were seized after the Restoration, we learn that the value and importance of this defensive garment were considerable. "A party of horse came to my house, commanded by Mr. Peebles; and he told me that he was come for my arms, and that I must deliver them. I asked him for his order. He told me he had a better order than Oliver used to give; and, clapping his hand upon his sword-hilt, he said that was his order. I told him, if he had none but that, it was not sufficient to take my arms; and then he pulled out his warrant, and I read it. It was signed by Wentworth Armistage, a general warrant to search all persons they suspected, and so left the power to the soldiers at their pleasure. They came to us at Coalley Hall, about sun setting; and I caused a candle to be lighted, and conveyed Pee-

bles 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*l*. Then Mr Peebles asked me for my buff-coat; and I told him they had no order to take away my apparel. He told me I was not to dispute their orders; but if I would not deliver it, he would carry me away prisoner, and had me out of doors. Yet he let me alone unto the next morning, that I might wait upon Sir John, at Halifax; and coming before him, he threatened me, and said, if I did not send the coat, for it was too good for me to keep. I told him it was not in his power to demand my apparel; and he, growing into a fit, called me rebel and traitor, and said if I did not send the coat with all speed, he would send me where I did not like well. I told him I was no rebel, and he said not well to call me so before these soldiers and gentlemen, to make me the mark for every one to shoot at. I departed the room, yet, notwithstanding all the threatenings, did not send the coat. But the next day he sent John Lyster, the son of Mr Thomas Lyster, of Shipden Hall, for this coat, with a letter, verbatim thus:—"Mr Hodgson, I admire you will play the child so with me as you have done, in writing such an inconsiderate letter. Let me have the buff-coat sent forthwith, otherwise you shall so hear from me as will not very well please you." I was not at home when this messenger came; but I had ordered my wife not to deliver it, but if they would take it, let them look to it; and be took it away; and one of Sir John's brethren were it many years after. They sent Captain Batt to compound with my wife about it; but I sent word I would have my own again; but he advised me to take a price for it, and make no more ado. I said it was hard to take my arms and apparel too; I had laid out a great deal of money for them; I hoped they did not mean to destroy me, by taking my goods illegally from me. He said he would make up the matter, if I pleased, betwixt us; and, it seems, had brought Sir John to a price for my coat. I would not have taken 10*l*. for it; he would have given about 4*l*.; but wanting my receipt for the money, he kept both sides, and I had never satisfaction."—*Memoirs of Captain Hodgson*. Edin. 1806, p. 178.

## NOTE IV.

On his dark face a scorching climate,  
And toil, had done the work of time.

St. VIII. p. 6.

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 valour, by small bands of rogues, gathered from all nations, but chiefly French and English. The engrossing policy of the Spaniards tended greatly to increase the number of these freebooters, from whom their commerce and colonies suffered, in the issue, dreadful calamity. The Windward Islands, which the Spaniards did not deem worthy their own occupation, had been gradually settled by adventurers of the French and English nations. But Francisco de Toledo, who was despatched 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 neighbours. This order the Spanish admiral executed with sufficient rigour; but the only consequence was, that the planters, being rendered desperate by persecution, began, under the well-known name of Buccaneers, to commence a retaliation so horribly savage that the perusal makes the reader shudder. When they carried on their desperations 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 valour, the same thirst of spoil, and the same brutal inhumanity to their captives. The large treasures which they acquired in their adventures, they dissipated by the most unbounded licentiousness in gaming, women, wine, and debauchery of every species. When their spoils were thus wasted, they entered 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 V.

—On Marston heath  
Met, front to front, the ranks of death.

St. XII. p. 7.

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. Whitelock has recorded, with true impartiality, the following particulars of this eventful day:—"The right wing of the parliament was commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax, and consisted of all his horse, and three regiments of the Scots horse; the left wing was commanded by the Earl of Manchester and Colonel Cromwell. One body of their foot was commanded by Lord Fairfax, and consisted of his foot, and two brigades of the Scots foot for a reserve; and the main body of the rest of the foot was commanded by General Leven.

"The right wing of the prince's army was commanded by the Earl of Newcastle, the left wing by the prince himself, and the main body by General Goring, Sir Charles Lucas, and Major-General Porter; thus were both sides drawn up into battalia.

"July 3d, 1644. In this posture both armies faced each other, and about seven o'clock in the morning the fight began between them. The prince, with his left wing, fell on the parliament's right wing, routed them, and pursued them a great way; the like did General Goring, Lucas, and Porter, upon the parliament's main body. The three generals, giving all for lost, hasted out of the field, and many of their soldiers fled, and threw down their arms; the king's forces, too eagerly following them, the victory, now almost achieved by them, was again snatched out of their hands. For Colonel Cromwell, with the brave regiment of his countrymen, and Sir Thomas Fairfax having rallied some of his horse, fell upon the prince's right wing, where the Earl of Newcastle was, and routed them; and the rest of their companions rallying, they fell altogether upon the divided bodies of Rupert and Goring, and totally dispersed them, and obtained a complete victory after three hours' fight.

"From this battle and the pursuit some reckon were buried 7000 Englishmen; all agree that above 3000 of the prince's men were slain in the battle, besides those in the chase, and 2000 prisoners taken, many of their chief officers, 25 pieces of ordnance, 47 colours, 10,000 arms, two waggons of carabins and pistols, 130 barrels of powder, and all their bag and baggage."—*Whitelock's Memoirs*, Lond. 1682, 5d. p. 58.

Lord Clarendon informs us that the king previous to receiving the real account of the battle, had been informed, by an express from Oxford, "that Prince Rupert had not only relieved York, but totally defeated the Scots, with many particulars to confirm it, all which was so much believed there, that they had made public fires of joy for the victory."

## NOTE VI.

Monekton and Milton told the news,  
How troops of Roundheads choked the Ouse,  
And many a bonny Scot, aghast,  
Purring his palfrey northward, past,  
Cursing the day when zeal or meed  
Vir-t lured their Lesley o'er the Tweed.

St. XIX. p. 9.

Monekton 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 Baroull House of Somerville, is decisive as to the flight of the Scottish general, the Earl of Leven. The particulars are given by the author of the history on the authority of his father, then the representative of the family. This curious manuscript will be speedily published by consent of my noble friend, the present Lord Somerville.

"The order of this great battell, wherein both armies was nees of one equal number, consisting, to the best calculation, neer to three score thousand men upon both sides, I shall not take upon me to describe; albeit, from the draughts then taken upon the place, and information I received from this gentleman, who being then a volunteer, as having no command, had opportunite and libertie to ryde from the one wing of the arme to the other, to view all their severall squadrons of horse and battalions of foot how formed, and in what manner drawn up, with every other circumstance relating to the fight, and that both as to the king's armies and that of the parliament's, amongst whom, untill the engagement, he went from station to station to observe their order and forme; but that the description of this battell, with the various success on both sides at the beginning, with the loss of the royal arme, and the sad effects that followed that misfortune as to his majesties interest, has been so often done already by English authors, little to our commendation, how justly I shall not dispute, seeing the truth is, as our principall generall died that night neer fourtie myles from the place of the fight, that part of the arme where he commanded being totallie routed; but it is as true, that much of the victorie is attributed to the good conduct of David Leselle, lieutenant-generall of our horse. Cromwell himself, that misions of fortune, but the rod of Gods wrath, to punish afterward these rebellious nations, disdain'd not to take orders from him, albeit then in the same qualitie of command for the parliament, as being lieutenant-generall to the Earl of Manchester's horse, whom, with the assistance of the Scots horse, having routed the prince's right wing, as he had done that of the parliament's. These two commanders of the horse upon that wing, wisely restrained the great bodies of their horse from pursuing these broken troops, but, wheeling to the left-hand, falls in upon the naked flanks of the prince's main battallion of foot, carying them doune with great violence; neither mett they with any great resistance untill they came to the Marques of Newcastle his battallion of White Coats, who, first peppering them soundly with their shot, when they came to charge, stoutly boor them up with their pikes that they could not enter to break them. Here the parliament's horse of that wing received their greatest losse, and a stop for some tyme put to their hoped-for victorie; and that only by the stout resistance of this gallant battallion, which consisted neer of four thousand foot, untill at length a Scots regiment of dragoons, commanded by Collorell Friswell, with other two, was brought to open them on some hand, which at length they did, when all the ammunition was spent.

Having refused quarters, every man fell in the same order and ranke wherein he had fought.

"Be this execution was done, the prince returned from the persuite of the right wing of the parliament's horse, which he had beaten and followed ten farrs, to the losse of the battell, which certainly, in all men's opinions, he might have caryed if he had not been too violent upon the persuite; which gave his enemies upon the left-hand opportunite to disperse and cut doune his infantrie, who, having cleared the field of all standing bodies of foot, wer now, with many of their owne, standing ready to receive the charge of his almost spent horses if he should attempt it, which the prince observing, and seeing all lost, he retreated in Yorke with two thousand horse. Notwithstanding of this, ther was that night such a consternation in the parliament armies, that it's believed by most of those that wer there present, that if the prince, having so great a body of horse intire, had made one on fall that night, or the ensuing morning by tyme, he had caryed the victorie out of their hands; for it's certane, by the morning's light, he had rallyed a body of ten thousand men, whereof ther was neer three thousand gallant horse. These, with the assistance of the towne and garrison of Yorke, might have done much to have recovered the victorie, for the losse of this battell in effect lost the king and his interest in the three kingdomes, his majestie never being able after this to make head in the north, but lost his garrisons every day.

"As for Generall Lesslie, in the beginning of this fight having that part of the army quite broken, where he had placed himself, by the valour 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 wer fleeing upon all hands; therefore they humble intreated his excellencie to retire and wait his better fortune, which, without farther advyding, he did; and never drew bridle untill he came the tenth of Leads, having ridden all that night with a cloak of *drap de berrie* about him, belonging to this gentleman of whom I write, then in his retinue, with many other officers of good qualitie. It was neer twelve the next day before they had the certainty who was master of the field, when at length ther arrives an express, sent by David Leselle, to acquaint the general they had obtained a most glorious victorie, and that the prince, with his broken troups, was fled from Yorke. This intelligence was somewhat amasing to these gentlemen that had been eye witnesses to the disorder of the arme before their retreating, and had then accompanied the general in his flight, who, being much wearyd that evening of the battell with ordering of his arme, and now quite spent with his long journey in the night, had casten himself doune upon a bed to rest, when this gentleman coming quietly into his chamber, he awoke, and hastily cries out, 'Lieutenant-cullouell, what news?'—'All is safe, may it please your excellencie, the parliament's arme has obtained a great victorie' and then delvers the letter. The general upon the hearing of this, knocked upon his breast and says, 'I would to God I had dyed upon the place,' and then opens the letter, which, in a few lines, gave an account of the victorie, and in the close pressed his speedy returne to the arme, 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 kyndnesse, with promises that he would never be unmyndful of his care and respect towards him; and in the end he intreats him to present his service to all his friends and acquaintances in Scotland. Therefor the general sets forward in his journey for the arme, as this gentleman did for \_\_\_\_\_, in order to his transportations for Scotland, where he arryved six dayes after the sight of Montrose Muir, and gave the first true account and descriptions of that great battell, wherein the covenanters then gloried so much, that they impudently boasted the Lord had now signally appeared for his cause and people, it being ordinary for them, during the whole tyme of this

warre, to attribute the greatness of their success to the goodness and justice of their cause, until Divine Justice tryed them with some grosse dispensation, and then you might have heard this language from them, 'That it pleases the Lord to give his ounce the heaviest end of the tree to bear, that the saints and the people of God must still be sufferers while they are here away, that that 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, to palliate their villainy and rebellion."—*MS. History of the Somerville Family.*

## NOTE VII.

With his barb'd horse, fresh tidings say,  
Stout Cromwell hath redeem'd the day.

St. XIX. p. 9.

Cromwell, with his regiment of cuirassiers, had a principal share in turning the fate of the day at Marston Moor, which was equally matter of triumph to the independents, and of grief and heart-burning to the presbyterians and to the Scottish. Principal Bailie expresses his dissatisfaction as follows:—

"The independents sent up one quickly to assure that all the glory of that night was theirs; that they and their Major-general Cromwell had done it all their alone; but Captain Stuart afterwards 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. This disadvantage of the ground, and violence of the powder of Prince Rupert's horse, carried all our right-wing down; only Eglington kept ground, to his great loss; his lieutenant-crowner, a brave man, I fear shall die, and his son Robert be mutilated of an arm. Lindsay had the greatest hazard of any; but the beginning of the victory was from David Lesly, who before was much suspected of evil designs; he, with the Scots and Cromwell's horse, having the advantage of the ground, did dissipate all before them."—*BAILIE'S Letters and Journals, Edin. 1785, 8vo. II. 36.*

## NOTE VIII.

Do not my native dales prolong  
Of Percy Rede the tragic song,  
Train'd forward to his bloody fall,  
By Girsoufield, that treacherous Hall?

St. XX. p. 9.

In a poem, entitled "The Lay of the Reedwater Minstrel," Newcastle, 1809, this tale, with many others peculiar to the valley of the Reed, is commemorated:—"The particulars of the traditional story of Percy Reed of Troughend, and the Halls of Girsoufield, the author had from a descendant of the family of Reed. From his account it appears that Percival Reed, Esquire, a keeper of Reedsdale, was betrayed by the Halls (hence denominated the false-hearted Ha's) to a band of moss-troopers of the name of Crosier, who slew him at Batinghope, near the source of the Reed.

"The Halls were, after the murder of Percy Reed, held in such universal abhorrence and contempt by the inhabitants of Reedsdale for their cowardly and treacherous behaviour, that they were obliged to leave the country." In another passage we are informed that the ghost of the injured borderer is supposed to haunt the banks of a brook called the Pringle. These Reeds of Troughend were a very ancient family, as may be conjectured from their deriving their surname from the river on which they had their mansion. An epitaph on one of their tombs affirms, that the family held their lands of Troughend, which are situated on the Reed, nearly opposite to Oterburn, for the incredible space of nine hundred years.

## NOTE IX.

And near the spot that gave me name,  
The moated mound of Risingham,  
Where Reed upon her margin sees  
Sweet Woodburn's cottages and trees,  
Some ancient sculptor's art has shown  
An outlaw's image on the stone.

St. XX. p. 9.

Risingham, upon the river Reed, near the beautiful hamlet of Woodburn, is an ancient Roman station, formerly called *Hablianqum*. Camden says, that in his time the popular account bore that it had been the abode of a deity or giant, called *Magon*, and appeals, in support of this tradition, as well as to the etymology of Risingham, or Reisenham, which signifies, in German, the habitation of the giants, to two Roman altars taken out of the river, inscribed, *DIO MOONTI CAESONORUM*. About half a mile distant from Risingham, upon an eminence covered with scattered birch-trees and fragments of rock, there is cut upon a large rock, in *alto relievo*, a remarkable figure called Robin of Risingham or Robin of Reedsdale. It presents a hunter, with his bow raised in one hand, and in the other what seems to be a hare. There is a quiver at the back of the figure, and he is dressed in a long coat, or kirtle, coming down to the knees, and meeting close, with a girdle bound round him. Dr Hensley, who saw all monuments of antiquity with Roman eyes, inclines to think this figure a Roman archer; and certainly the bow is rather of the ancient size than that which was so formidable in the hands of the English archers of the middle ages. But the roteness of the whole figure prevents our founding strongly upon mere inaccuracy of proportion. The popular tradition is, that it represents a giant, whose brother resided at Woodburn, and he himself at Risingham. It adds, that they subsisted by hunting, and that one of them, finding the game become too scarce to support them, poisoned his companion, in whose memory the monument was engraven. What strange and tragic circumstances may be concealed under this legend, or whether it is utterly apocryphal, it is now impossible to discover.

The name of Robin of Reedsdale was given to one of the Umfravilles, Lords of Prudhow, and afterwards to one Hilliard, a friend and follower of the king-making Karl of Warwick. This person commanded an army of Northamptonshire and northern men, who seized on and beheaded the Earl Rivers, father to Edward the Fourth's queen, and his son, Sir John Woodville.—See *HOLLINGSHEAD, ad annum 1463.*

## NOTE X.

—do thou revere  
The statutes of the Buccaneer.—S. XXI. p. 10.

The "statutes of the buccaneers" were in reality more equitable than could have been expected from the state of society under which they had been formed. They chiefly related, as may readily be conjectured, to the distribution and the inheritance of their plunder.

When the expedition was completed, the fund of prize-money acquired was thrown together, each party taking his oath that he had retained or concealed no part of the common stock. If any one transgressed in this important particular, the punishment was his being set ashore on some desert key or island, to shift for himself as he could. The owners of the vessel had then their share assigned for the expenses of the outfit. These were generally old pirates, settled at Tobago, Jamaica, St Domingo, or some other French and English settlement. The surgeon's and carpenter's salaries, with the price of provisions and ammunition, were also defrayed. Then followed the compensation due to the maimed and wounded, rated according to the damage they had sustained; as six hundred pieces of eight, or six slaves, for the loss of an arm or leg, and so in proportion.

"After this act of justice and humanity, the remainder of the booty was divided into as many shares as there were buccaneers. The commander could only lay claim to a single share, as the rest, but they complimented him with two or three, in proportion as he had acquitted himself to their satisfaction. When the vessel was not the property of the whole company, the person who had fitted it out and furnished it with necessary arms and ammunition, was entitled to a third of all the prizes. Favour had never any influence in the division of the booty; for every share was determined by lot. Instances of such rigid justice as this are not easily met with, and they extended even to the dead. Their share was given to the man who was known to be their companion when alive, and therefore their heir. If the person who had been killed had no intimate, his part was sent to his relations, when they were known. If there were no friends nor relations, it was distributed in charity to the poor and to churches, which were to pray for the person in whose name these benefactions were given—the fruits of inhuman, but necessary piratical plunder."—RAYNAL'S *History of European Settlements in the East and West Indies, by Justamond*. Lond. 1775, 8vo. III. p. 41.

## NOTES TO CANTO SECOND.

## NOTE I.

—the course of Tees.—St. II. p. 13.

The view from Barnard Castle commands the rich and magnificent valley of Tees. Immediately adjacent to the river, the banks are very thickly wooded; at a little distance they are more open and cultivated; but, being interspersed with hedge-rows and with isolated trees of great size and age, they still retain the richness of woodland scenery. The river itself flows in a deep trench of solid rock, chiefly limestone and marble. The finest view of its romantic course is from a handsome modern bridge built over the Tees, by the late Mr Morrill of Rokeby. In Leland's time the marble quarries seem to have been of some value. "Hard under the cliff by Eggleston is found on each side of Tees very fair marble, wont to be taken up both by marblers of Barnard's Castle and of Eggleston, and partly to have been wrought by them, and partly sold outwrought to others."—*Itinerary*. Orford, 1768, 8vo. p. 88.

## NOTE II.

Eggleston's grey ruins.—St. IV. p. 13.

The ruins of this abbey or priory, for Tanner calls it the former, and Leland the latter, are beautifully situated upon the bank, formed by a little dell called Thorsgill, at its junction with the Tees. A good part of the religious house is still in some degree habitable, but the church is in ruins. Eggleston was dedicated to St Mary and St John the Baptist, and is supposed to have been founded by Ralph de Multon about the end of Henry II.'s reign. There were formerly the tombs of the families of Rokebys, Bowes, and Fitzhughs.

## NOTE III.

—the mound  
Raised by that Legion long renown'd  
Whose votive shrine asserts their claim,  
Of pious, faithful, conquering fame.

St. V. p. 13.

Close behind the George-Inn at Greta-Bridge, there is a well-preserved Roman encampment, surrounded with a triple ditch, lying between the river Greta and a brook called the Tutta. The four entrances are easily to be discerned. Very many Roman altars and monuments have been found in

the vicinity, most of which are preserved at Rokeby by my friend Mr Morrill. Among others is a small votive altar, with the inscription *LEO. VI. VIC. P. P. P.* which has been rendered *Legio. Secunda. Victoria. Pia. Fortis. Fideles*.

## NOTE IV.

—Rokeby's turrets high.—St VI. p. 14.

This ancient manor long gave name to a family by whom it is said to have been possessed from the Conquest downward, and who are at different times distinguished in history. It was the Baron of Rokeby who finally defeated the insurrection of the Earl of Northumberland, *tempore Hen. IV.* of which Hollinshed gives the following account—

"The king advertised hereof, caused a great armie to be assembled, and came forward with the same towards his enemies; but yer the king came to Nottingham, Sir Thomas or (as other copies haue) Sir Raie Kokesbie, shiriff of Yorkshire, assembled the forces of the countrie to resist the earl and his power; coming to Grimbaute-bridg, beside Knaresborough, there to stop them the passage; but, they returning asise, got to Weatherbie, and so to Tadcaster, and finally came forward unto Bramham Moor, near to Haize-wood, where they chose their ground meet to fight upon. The shiriffe was as readie to giue battel, as the erle to receive it; and so with a standard of St George spread, set fiercelie vpon the earle, who vnder a standard of his owne armes, encountered his adversaries with great manhood. There was a sore encounter and cruell conflict betwixt the parties, but in the end the victorie fell to the shiriffe. The Lord Bardolfe was taken, but sore wounded, so that he shortly after died of the hurts. As for the Earl of Northumberland, he was slain outright; so that now the prophesie was fulfilled, which gaue an inkling of this his heavy hap long before, namely—

*Stirps Persitina periet confusa ruina.*

For this earle was the stocks and maine root of all that were left aliuie, called by the name of Persie; and of maine more by diuers slaughters dispatched, For whose misfortune the people were not a little sorrie, making report of the gentleman's valiantnesse, renowne, and honour, and appliing vnto him certeine lamentable verses out of Lucaine, saying—

*Sed nos nec sanguis, nec tantum vulnera nostri  
Afflicere sentis; quantum gestata per urbem  
Ora ducis, quae transaxo deformis pilo  
Vidimus.*

For his head, full of silver hoarie haire, being put upon a stake, was openlie carried through London, and set vpon the bridge of the same citie in like manner was the Lord Bardolfe."—*HOLLINSHED'S CHRONICLES*. Lond. 1808, 4to. III. 45.

The Rokeby, or Rokesby, family continued to be distinguished until the great civil war, when, having embraced the cause of Charles I. they suffered severely by fines and confiscations. The estate then passed from its ancient possessors to the family of the Robinsons, from whom it was purchased by the father of my valued friend the present proprietor.

## NOTE V.

A stern and lone, yet lovely road,  
As e'er the foot of Minstrel trode!

St. VII. p. 14.

What follows is an attempt to describe the romantic glen, or rather ravine, through which the Greta finds a passage between Rokeby and Northam, the former situated upon the left bank of Greta, the latter on the right bank, about half a mile nearer to its junction with the Tees. The river runs with very great rapidity over a bed of solid rock, broken by many shelving descents, down which the stream dashes with great noise and impetuosity, vindicating its etymology, which has been derived from the Gothic *Gripian*, to clamour. The banks partake of

the same wild and romantic character, being chiefly lofty cliffs of limestone rock, whose grey colour contrasts admirably with the various trees and shrubs which find root among the crevices, as well as with the hue of the ivy, which clings around them in profusion, and hangs down from their projections in long sweeping tendrils. At other points the rocks give place to precipitous banks of earth, bearing large trees intermixed with copse-wood. In one spot the dell, which is elsewhere very narrow, widens for a space to leave room for a dark grove of yew-trees, intermixed here and there with aged pines of uncommon size. Directly opposite to this sombre thicket, the cliffs on the other side of the Greta are tall, white, and fringed with all kinds of deciduous shrubs. The whole scenery of this spot is so much adapted to the ideas of superstition, that it has acquired the name of *Bloecula*, from the place where the Swedish witches were supposed to hold their sabbath. The dell, however, has superstitions of its own growth, for it is supposed to be haunted by a female spectre, called the *Dobbe* of *Mortham*. The cause assigned for her appearance is a lady's having been wilfully 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 savage handmaid, 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 VI.

What gales are sold on Lapland's shore.

St. XI. p. 15.

"Also I shall show very briefly what force conjurers and witches have in constraining the elements enchanted by them or others, that they may exceed or fall short of their natural order; premising this, that the extrem land of North Finland and Lapland was so taught witchcraft formerly in heathen times, as if they had learned this cursed art from Zoroastres the Persian; though other inhabitants by the sea-coasts are reported to be bewitched with the same madness; for they exercise this diabolical art, of all the art 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 gentilsime, to sell winds to merchants that were stopped on their coasts by contrary weather; and when they had their price, they knit three magical knots, not like to the laws of Cassius, bound up with a thong, and they gave them unto the merchants; observing that rule, that when they unloosed the first they should have a good gale of wind, when the second a stronger wind, but when they untied the third, they should have such cruel tempests that they should not be able to look out of the fore-castle 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 those knots."—*OLAV MAGNUS'S History of the Goths, Swedes, and Vandals.* Lond. 1658, fol. p. 47.

## NOTE VII.

How whistle rash bids tempests roar.

St. XI. p. 15.

That this is a general superstition is well known to all who have been on ship-board, or who have conversed with seamen. The most formidable whistler that I remember to have met with was the apparition of a certain Mr. Leaky, who, about 1636, resided, we are told, at Mynehead, in Somerset, where her only son drove a considerable trade between that port and Waterford, and was owner of several vessels. This old gentleman was of a social disposition, and so acceptable to her friends, that they used to say to her and to each other, it were pity such an excellent, good-natured old lady should die; to which she was wont to reply, that whatever pleasure they might find in her company

just now, they would not greatly like to see or converse with her after death, which nevertheless she was apt to think might happen. Accordingly, after her death and funeral, she began to appear to various persons by night and by noonday, in her own house, in the town and fields, at sea and upon shore. So far had she departed from her former urbanity, that she is recorded to have kicked a doctor of medicine for his impolite negligence in omitting to hand her over a stile. It was also her humour to appear on the quay, and call for a boat. But especially as soon as any of her son's ships approached the harbour, "this ghost would appear in the same garb and likeness as when she was alive, and, standing at the mainmast, would blow with a whistle, and though it were never so great a calm, yet immediately there would arise a most dreadful storm, that would break, wreck, and drown ships and goods." When she had thus proceeded until her son had neither credit to freight a vessel, nor could he procure-d men to sail it, she began to attack the persons of his family, and actually strangled their only child in the cradle. The rest of the story, showing how the spectre looked over the shoulder of her daughter-in-law while dressing her hair at a looking-glass; and how Mrs. Leakey the younger took courage to address her; and how the bel-laine de-patched her to an Irish priest, famous for his crimes and misfortunes, to exhort him to repentance, and to apprise him that otherwise he would be hanged; and how the bishop was satisfied with replying, that if he was born to be hanged, he should not be drowned;—all these, with many more particulars, may be found at the end of one of John Dunton's publications, called *Ath-mani-m. Loudon, 1719*, where the tale is engrossed under the title of *The Apparition Evidence*.

## NOTE VIII.

Of Erick's cap and Elmo's light.—St. XI. p. 15.

"This Ericus, King of Sweden, in his time was held second to none in the magical art; and he was so familiar with the evil spirits, which he exceedingly adored, that which way soever he turned his cap, the wind would presently blow that way. From this occasion he was called *Windy Cap*; and many men believed that Regnerus, King of Denmark, by the conduct of this Ericus, who was his nephew, did happily extend his pravity into the most remote parts of the earth, and conquered many countries and fenced cities by his cunning, and at last was his coadjutor; that by the consent of the nobles he should be chosen King of Sweden, which continued a long time with him very happily, until he died of old age."—*OLAV, id supra*, p. 45.

## NOTE IX.

—The Daemon-fragate.—St. XI. p. 15.

This is an allusion to a well-known nautical superstition concerning a fantastic vessel, called by sailors the *Flying Dutchman*, and supposed to be seen about the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope. She is distinguished from earthly vessels by bearing a press of sail when all others are unable, from stress of weather, to show an inch of canvas. The cause of her wandering is not altogether certain; but the general account is, that she was originally a vessel loaded with great wealth, on board of which some horrid act of murder and piracy had been committed; that the plague broke out among the wicked crew who had perpetrated the crime, and that they sailed in vain from port to port, offering, as the price of shelter, the whole of their ill-gotten wealth; that they were excluded from every harbour, for fear of the contagion which was devouring them, and that as a punishment of their crimes, the apparition of the ship still continues to haunt those seas in which the catastrophe took place, and is considered by the mariners as the worst of all possible omens.

My late lamented friend, Dr John Leyden, has



introduced this phenomenon into his Scenes of Infancy, imputing, with poetical ingenuity, the dreadful judgement to the first ship which commenced the slave trade:—

Stout was the ship from Benin's palmy shore,  
That first the freight of barter'd captives bore;  
Bedim'd with blood, the sun with shrinking beams  
Beheld her bounding o'er the ocean streams;  
But, ere the noon her silver horns had rear'd,  
Amid the crew the speckled plague appear'd,  
Faint and despairing on their watery bier,  
To every friendly shore the sailors steer;  
Repell'd from port to port, they sue in vain,  
And track with slow unsteady sail the main.  
Where ne'er the bright and buoyant wave is seen  
To streak with wandering foam the sea-weeds green,  
Towers the tall mast a lone and leafless tree,  
Till self-impell'd amid the waveless sea;  
Where summer breezes ne'er were heard to sing,  
Nor hovering snow-birds spread the downy wing,  
Fix'd as a rock amid the boundless plain,  
The yellow stream pollutes the stagnant main,  
Till far through night the funeral flames aspire,  
As the red lightning smites the ghastly pyre.

Still doom'd by fate on weltering billows roll'd  
Along the deep their restless course to hold,  
Scenting the storm, the shadowy sailors guide  
The prow with sails opposed to wind and tide;  
The spectre ship, in livid glimpsing light,  
Glares hateful on the soddering watch at night,  
Unblest of God and man!—Till time shall seal,  
Its view strange horror to the storm shall lead.

## NOTE X.

—by some desert isle or key.

St. XII. p. 15.

What contributed much to the security of the buccaneers, about the Windward Islands, was the great number of little islets, called in that country *keys*. These are small sandy patches, appearing just above the surface of the ocean, cover'd only with a few bushes and weeds, but sometimes affording springs of water, and in general much frequented by turtle. Such little uninhabited spots afforded the pirates good harbours, either for refitting or for the purpose of ambush; they were occasionally the hiding-place of their treasure, and often afforded a shelter to themselves. As many of the atrocities which they practised on their prisoners were committed in such spots, there are some of these keys which even now have an indifferent reputation among seamen, and where they are with difficulty prevailed on to remain ashore at night, on account of the visionary terrors incident to places which have been thus contaminated.

## NOTE XI.

Before the gate of Mortham stood.

St. XVI. p. 16.

The castle of Mortham, which Leland terms "Mr Rowley's place, in *ripa cifer*, scant a quarter of mile from Greta-bridge, and not a quarter of mile beneath into Tees," is a picturesque tower, surrounded by buildings of different ages, now converted into a farm-house and offices. The battlements of the tower itself are singularly elegant, the architect having broken them at regular intervals into different heights; while those at the corners of the tower project into octangular turrets. They are also from space to space covered with stones laid across them, as in modern embrasures, the whole forming an uncommon and beautiful effect. The surrounding buildings are of a less happy form, being pointed into high and steep roofs. A wall, with embrasures, incloses the southern front, where a low portal arch affords an entry to what was the castle-court. At some distance is most happily placed, between the stems of two magnificent elms, the monument alluded to in the text. It is said to have been brought from the ruins of Eglstone priory; and, from the

armoury with which it is richly carved, appears to have been a tomb of the Fitz-Hughs.

The situation of Mortham is eminently beautiful, occupying a high bank, at the bottom of which the Greta winds out of the dark, narrow, and romantic dell, which the text has attempted to describe, and flows onward through a more open valley to meet the Tees, about a quarter of a mile from the castle. Mortham is surrounded by old trees, happily and widely grouped with Mr Morrill's new plantations.

## NOTE XII.

There dig and tomb your precious heap,  
And bid the deal your treasure keep.

St. XVIII. p. 17.

If time did not permit the buccaneers to lavishly away their plunder in their usual *Ubaucheries*, they were wont to hide it, with many superstitious solemnities, in the desert islands and keys which they frequented, and where much treasure, whose lawless owners perished without reclaiming it, is still supposed to be concealed. The most cruel of mankind are often the most superstitious, and these pirates are said to have had recourse to a horrid ritual in order to secure an unearthly guardian to their treasures. They killed a Negro or Spaniard, and buried him with the treasure, believing that his spirit would haunt the spot, and terrify away all intruders. I cannot produce any other authority on which this custom is ascribed to them than that of maritime tradition, which is, however, amply sufficient for the purposes of poetry.

## NOTE XIII.

The power—  
That unobdured and lurking lies  
To take the felon by surprise.

St. XIX. p. 17.

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 infatuation, either by making unnecessary confidences respecting their guilt, or by sudden and involuntary allusions to circumstances by which it could not fail to be exposed. A remarkable instance occurred in the celebrated case of Eugene Aram. A skeleton being found near Knareborough, was supposed, by the persons who gathered around the spot, to be the remains of one Clarke, who had disappeared some years before, under circumstances leading to a suspicion of his having been murdered. One Houseman, who had mingled in the crowd, suddenly said, while looking at the skeleton, and hearing the opinion which was buzzed around, "That is no more Dan Clark's bone than it is mine!"—a sentiment expressed so positively, and with such peculiarity of manner, as to lead all who heard him to infer that he must necessarily know where the real body had been interred. Accordingly, being apprehended, 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 accus'd 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 XIV.

—Brackenbury's dismal tower.

St. XXVIII. p. 19.

This tower has been already mentioned; it is situated near the north-eastern extremity of the wall which incloses Bernard-castle, and is traditionally said to have been the prison. By an odd coincidence it bears a name which we naturally connect with imprisonment, from its being that of Sir Robert

Brackenbury, lieutenant of the Tower of London under Edward IV. and Richard III. There is indeed some reason to conclude that the tower may actually have derived the name from that family, for Sir Robert Brackenbury himself possessed considerable property not far from Barnard-Castle.

## NOTES XV.

Nobles and knights, so proud of late,  
Must fine for freedom and estate.

Right heavy shall his ransom be,  
Unless that maid compound with thee!

St. XXXI. p. 19.

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 the fines were often bestowed upon such persons as had deserved well of the commons. In some circumstances it happened that the oppressed cavaliers were fain to form family alliances with some powerful person among the triumphant party. The whole of Sir Robert Howard's excellent comedy of the Committee turns upon the plot of Mr and Mrs Day to enrich their family, by compelling Arabella, whose estate was under sequestration, to marry their son Abel, as the price by which she was to compound with parliament for delinquency; that is, for attachment to the royal cause.

## NOTES TO CANTO THIRD.

## NOTE I.

The Indian, prowling for his prey,  
Who hears the settlers track his way.

St. II. p. 20.

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 Muskogee, one of their young warriors set off against them to revenge the blood of a near relation.—He went through the most unfrequented and thick parts of the woods as such a dangerous enterprise required, till he arrived opposite to the great and old-beloved town of refuge, Koochah, which stands high on the eastern side of a bold river, about 250 yards broad, that runs by the late dangerous Atchafalpa-Fort, down to the black poisoning Mobile, and so into the gulf of Mexico. There he concealed himself under cover of the top of a fallen pine-tree, in view of the ford of the old trading path, where the enemy now and then pass the river in their light poplar canoes. All his store of provisions consisted in three stands of barbed venison, till he had an opportunity to revenge blood and patience almost three days, when a young man, a woman, and a girl, passed a little wide of him about an hour before sunset. The former he shot down, tomahawked the other two, and scalped each of them in a trice, in full view of the town. By way of bravado, he shook the scalps before them, sounding the awful death whoop, and set off along the trading path, trusting to his heels, while a great many of the enemy ran to their arms, and gave chase. Seven miles from thence he entered the great blue ridge of the Apalache 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, leaning his back against a tree; he set off again with fresh speed. As he threw away the venison when he found himself pursued by the enemy, he was obliged to support nature with such herbs, roots, and nuts as his sharp eyes, with a running glance, directed him to snatch up in his course. Though I often have rode that war-path alone, when delay might have proved dangerous, and with as fine and strong horses as any in America, it took me five days to ride from the aforesaid Koochah to this sprightly warrior's place in the Chickasaw country, the distance of 300 computed miles; yet he ran it, and got home safe and well at about eleven o'clock of the third day, which was only one day and a half and two nights."—ADAIR'S *History of the American Indians*, Lond. 1775, 4to, p. 395.

## NOTE II.

In Reedsdale his youth had heard  
Each art her wily daleman dated.

St. II. p. 20.

"What manner of cattle-stealers they are that inhabit those valleys in the marches of both kingdoms, John Lesley, a Scotchman 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 skillful any captain is to pass through those wild deserts, crooked turnings, and deep precipices in the thickest mists, his reputation is the greater, and he is looked upon as a man of an excellent head. And they are so very cunning that they seldom have their booty taken from them, unless sometimes when, by the help of blood-hounds following them exactly upon the track, 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 inordinately addicted to these depredations, that in 1564 the incorporated Merchant-adventurers of Newcastle made a law that none born in these districts should be admitted apprentice. The inhabitants are stated to be so generally addicted to rapine, that no faith should be reposed in those proceeding from "such lewde and wicked progenitors." This regulation continued to stand unrepealed until 1771. A beggar, in an old play, describes himself as "born in Reedsdale, in Northumberland, and come of a wight-riding sorcerer, called the R-b-sons, good honest men and true, saving a little shirking for their living, God help them!"—a description which would have applied to most borderers on both sides.

Reidswair, famed for a skirmish to which it gives name, is on the very edge of the Carter-Fell, which divides England from Scotland. The Rookes is a place upon Reed-water, Bertram, being described as a native of these dales, where the habits of hostile depredation long survived the union of the crowns, may have been, in some degree, prepared by education for the exercise of a similar trade in the wars of the buccaniers.

## NOTE III.

Hidin: his face, lest foeman spy  
The sparkle of his swarthy eye.—St. IV. p. 20.

After one of the recent battles, in which the Irish

rebels were defeated, one of their most active leaders was found in a bog in which he was immersed up to the shoulders, while his head was concealed by an impending ledge of turf. Being detected and seized, notwithstanding his pretences, he became solicitous to know how his retreat had been discovered. "I caught," answered the Sutherland Highlander, by whom he was taken, "the sparkle of your eye." Those who are accustomed to mark hairs upon their form, usually discover them by the same circumstance.

## NOTE IV.

And throatwort with its azure bell.  
St. VIII. p. 21.

THE *CAMPANULA LATIFOLIA*, *Grand Throatwort*, or *Cuscutary bell*, grows in profusion upon the beautiful banks of the river Greta, where it divides the marshes of Brigal and Scargill, about three miles above Greta-bridge.

## NOTE V.

Here stood a wretch, prepared to change  
His souls redemption for revenge!  
St. IX. p. 22.

It is agreed by all the writers upon magic and witchcraft, that revenge was the most common motive for the pretended compact between Satan and his vassals. The ingenuity of Reginald Scot has very happily stated how such an opinion came to root itself, not only in the mind of the public and of the judges, but even in that of the poor wretches themselves who were accused of sorcery, and were often firm believers in their own power and their own guilt.

"One sort of such as are said to be witches, are women which be commonly old, lame, hear-eyed, pale, foul, and full of wrinkles; poor, sullen, superstitious, or papists, or such as know no religion; in whose drowsie minds the devil hath gotten a fine seat; so as what mischief, mischance, calamity, or slaughter is brought to pass, they are easily persuaded the same is done by themselves, imprinting in their minds an earnest and constant imagination thereof. . . . These go from house to house, and from door to door, for a pot of milk, yeast, drink, pottage or some such relief, without the which they could hardly live; neither obtaining for their service or pains, nor yet by their art, nor yet at the devil's hands, (with whom they are said to make a perfect and visible bargain) either beauty, money, promotion, wealth, pleasure, honour, knowledge, learning, or any other benefit whatsoever.

"It falleth out many time, that neither their necessities nor their expectation is answered or served in those places where they beg or borrow, but rather their lowliness is by their neighbours reproved. And farther, in tract of time the witch waxeth odious and tedious to her neighbours, and they again are despised and despited of her; so as sometimes she curseth one, and sometimes another, and that from the master of the house, his wife, children, cattle, &c. to the little pig that lieth in the stile. Thus, in process of time, they have all displeas'd her, and she hath wish'd evil luck unto them all; perhaps with curses and imprecations made in form. Doubtless (at length) some of her neighbours die or fall sick, or some of their children are visited with diseases that vex them strongly, as apoplexies, epilepsies, convulsions, hot fevers, worms, &c. which, by ignorant parents, are supposed to be the vengeance of witches. . . .

"The witch, on the other side, expecting her neighbours' mischances, and seeing things sometimes come to pass according to her wishes, curses, and incantations, (for Bodin himself confesses, that not above two in a hundred of their witchings or wishings take effect) being called before a justice, by due examination of the circumstances, is driven to see her imprecations and desires and her neighbours' harms and losses to concur, and, as it were, to take

effect; and so confesseth that she (as a goddess) hath brought such things to pass. Wherein not only she, but the accuser, and also the justice, are foully 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."—Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, Lond. 1655, fol. pp. 4, 5.

## NOTE VI.

Of my marauding on the clowns  
Of Calverley and Bradford downs.  
St. XI. p. 22.

The troops of the king, when they first took the field, were as well disciplined as could be expected from circumstances. But as the circumstances of Charles became less favourable, and his funds for regularly paying his forces decreased, habits of military licence prevailed among them in greater excess. Lacy the player, who served his master during the civil war, brought out, after the Restoration, a piece called the *Old Troop*, in which he seems to have commemorated some real incidents which occurred in his military career. The names of the officers of the troop sufficiently express their habits. We have *Flea-bint Plunder-Master-General*, *Captain Ferretarm*, and *Quartermaster Burn-drop*. The officers of the troop are in league with these worthies, and connive at their plundering the country for a suitable share in the plunder. All this was undoubtedly drawn from the life which Lacy had an opportunity to study. The moral of the whole is comprehended in a rebuke 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. This piece is by no means void of farcical humour.

## NOTE VII.

—Brigal's woods, and Scargill's, wave  
Even now o'er many a sister cave.  
St. XIV. p. 23.

The banks of the Greta, below Rutherford-bridge, abound in seams of a greyish slate, which are wrought in some places to a very great depth under ground, thus forming artificial caverns, which when the seam has been 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 banishment.

## NOTE VIII.

When Spain waged warfare with our land.  
St. XX. p. 24.

There was a short war with Spain in 1625-6, which will be found to agree pretty well with the chronology of the poem. But probably Bertram held an opinion very common among the maritime heroes of the age, that "there was no peace beyond the Line." The Spanish *guardas costas* were constantly employed in aggressions upon the trade and settlements of the English and French, and by their own severities gave room for the system of buccanering, at first adopted in self defence and retaliation, and afterwards persevered in from habit and a thirst of plunder.

## NOTE IX.

—our comrades' strife—St. XXIII. p. 25.

The laws of the buccaners, and their successors the pirates, however severe and equitable, were, like other laws, often set aside by the stronger party. Their quarrels about the division of the spoil fill their history, and they as frequently arose out of mere frolic, or the tyrannical humour of their chiefs. An anecdote of Teach (called B. Akkbeard) shows that their habitual indifference for human life ex-

tended to their companions as well as their enemies and captives.

"One night drinking in his cabin with Hands, the pilot, and another man, Blackbeard, without any provocation privately draws out a small pair of pistols, and cocks them under the table, which being perceived by the man, he withdrew on deck, leaving Hands, the pilot, and the captain together. When the pistols were ready, he blew out the candles, and, crossing his hands, discharged them at his company; Hands the master was shot through the knee, and lamed for life; the other pilot did no execution.—*Johnson's History of Pirates*, Lond. 1724, 8vo. vol. 1, p. 88.

Another anecdote of this worthy may be also mentioned. "The hero of whom we are writing was thoroughly accomplished this way, and some of his frolics or wickedness were so extravagant, as if he aimed at making his men believe he was a devil incarnate; for being one day at sea, and a little flushed with drink, 'Come,' says he, 'let us make a hell of our own, and try how long we can bear it;' accordingly he, with two or three others, went down into the hold, and, closing up all the hatches, filled several pots full of brimstone and other combustible matter, and set it on fire, and so continued till they were almost suffocated, when some of the men cried out for air; at length he opened the hatches, not a little pleased that he held out the longest."—*Ibid.* p. 90.

## NOTE X.

—my rangers go

Even now to track a milk-white doe,

St. XXV. p. 26.

"Immediately after supper, the huntsman should go to his master's chamber, and if he serve a king, then let him go to the master of the game's chamber, to know in what quarter he determineth to hunt the day following, that he may know his own quarter; that done he may go to bed, to the end that he may rise the earlier in the morning, according to the time and season, and according to the place where he must hunt; then, when he is up and ready, let him drink a good draught, and fetch his hound, to make him break his fast a little; and let him not forget to fill his bottle with good wine; that done, let him take a little vinegar into the palm of his hand, and put it in the nostrils of his hound, for to make him snuff, to the end his scent may be the perfecter, then let him go to the wood.—When the huntsman perceiveth that it is time to begin to hunt, let him put his hound before him, and beat the outsides of springs or thickets; and if he find an hart or deer that likes him, let him mark well whether it be fresh or not, which he may know as well by the manner of his hounds drawing as also by the eye.—When he hath well considered what manner of hart it may be, and hath marked every thing to judge by, then let him draw till he comes to the court where he is gone to; and let him harbour him if he can, still marking all his tokens, as well by the slot as by the entries, foyles, or such-like. That done, let him plash or bruse down small twiggies, some aloft and some below, as the art requireth, and therewithal, whilst his hound is hote, let him beat the outsides, and make his ring walke twice or thrice about the wood."—*The Noble Art of Fenerie, or Hunting*, Lond. 1611 4to. p. 76, 77.

## NOTE XI.

He turned his charger as he spake,

St. XXVIII. p. 26.

The last verse of this song is taken from the fragment of an old Scottish ballad, of which I only recollect 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 e'er saw Irish land.

My dear!  
That we e'er saw Irish land.

Now all is done that man can do,  
And all is done in vain!  
My love! my native land adieu!  
For I must cross the main,  
My dear,  
For I must cross the main.

He turn'd him round and right about,  
All on the Irish shore,  
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,  
With, Adieu for evermore,  
My dear,  
Adieu for evermore.

The soldier frae the war returns,  
And the merchant frae the sea,  
But I hae partit wi' my love,  
And ne'er to meet again,  
My dear,  
And ne'er to meet again.

When day is gone and night is come,  
And a' are boun' to sleep,  
I think on them that's far awa  
The lee-lang night, and weep,  
My dear,  
The lee-lang night, and weep.

## NOTE XII.

The Baron of Ravensworth.—St. XXX. p. 27.

The ruins of Ravensworth Castle stand in the North Riding of Yorkshire, about three miles from the town of Richmond, and adjoining to the waste called the forest of Arkingarth. It belonged originally to the powerful family of Fitzburgh, from whom it passed to the Lords Daere of the South.

## NOTE XIII.

—Rere-cross on Stanmore.—St. XXX. p. 27.

This is the fragment of an old cross with its pediment, surrounded by an entrenchment, upon the very summit of the waste ridge of Stanmore, near a small house of entertainment called the spittle. It is called Rere-cross, or Ree-cross, of which Holinshed gives us the following explanation:—

"At length a peace was concluded betwixt the two kings vnder these conditions, that Malcolme should enjoy that part of Northumberland which lies betwixt Tweed, Cumberland, and Stainmore, and doo homage to the King of England for the same. In the midst of Stainmore there shall be a cross set up, with the Kinge of England's image on the one side, and the Kinge of Scotland's on the other, to signify that one is march to England, and the other to Scotland. This cross was called the Roi-cross, that is, the cross of the kings."—*Holinshed*, Lond. 1608, 4to. v. 290.

Holinshed's sole authority seems to have been Boethius. But it is not improbable that his account may be the true one, although the circumstance does not occur in Winton's Chronicle. The situation of the cross, and the pains taken to defend it, seem to indicate that it was intended for a landmark of importance.

## NOTE XIV.

—Hast thou lodged our deer?

St. XXXI. p. 27.

The duty of the ranger, or pricker, was first to lodge, or harbour the deer; i. e. to discover his retreat, as described at length, p. 64, and then to make his report to his prince, or master:—

Before the king I come report to make  
Then hush and peace for noble Tristrem's sake—  
My liege, I went this morning on my quest,  
My hound did sticke, and seem'd to vent some beast.  
I held him short, and drawing after him,  
I might behold the hart was feeding trim;  
His head was high, and large in each degree,  
Well pumled eke, and seem'd full sound to be,  
Of colour browne, he beareth eight and tenne,  
Of stately height and long he seem'd then,  
His beam seem'd great, in good proportion led,  
Well barred and round, well pearled neare his head.  
He seem'd fayre tweene blacke and berrie brounde,  
He seemes well fed by all the signes I found.  
For when I had well marked him wi h eye,  
I stept aside, to watch where he would lye.  
And when I so had wayted full an houre,  
That he might be at layre and in his boure,  
I cast about to harbour him full sure;  
My hound by sent did me there-of assure—  
Then if he ask what slot or view I found,  
I say the slot or view was long on ground;  
The toes were great, the joynt bones round and short,  
The shinne bones large, the dew-claws close in part;  
Short joynted was he, hollow-footed eke,  
An hart to hunt as any man can seeke.

*The Art of Venerie, ut supra, p. 96.*

## NOTES TO CANTO FOURTH.

## NOTE I.

When Denmark's Raven soar'd on high,  
Triumphant through Northumbrian sky,  
Till, hovering near, their fatal croak  
Bade Reged's Britons dread the yoke.

St. I. p. 27.

About the year of God 866, the Danes, under their celebrated leaders Ingvar (more properly Agnar) and Hubba, sons, it is said, of the still more celebrated Regnar Lodbrog, invaded Northumberland, bringing with them the magical standard, so often mentioned in poetry, called *Razanf*, or *Raunfan*, from its bearing the figure of a raven—

Wrought by the sisters of the Danish king,  
Of furious Ivar in a midnight hour;  
While the sick moon, at their enchanted song  
Wrapp'd in pale tempest, labour'd through the  
clouds.

The demons of destruction then, they say,  
Were all abroad, and mixing with the wood  
Their baleful voices: The sisters ever sung,  
"Shake, standard, shake this rule on our foes."

*Thomson and Malley's Alfred.*

The Danes renewed and extended their incursions, and began to colonise, establishing a kind of capital at York, from which they spread their conquests and incursions in every direction. Stanmore, which divides the mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland, was probably the boundary of the Danish kingdom in that direction. The district to the west, known in ancient British history by the name of Reged, had never been conquered by the Saxons, and continued to maintain a precarious independence until it was ceded to Malcolm, King of Scots, by William the Conqueror; probably on account of its similarity in language and manners to the neighbouring British kingdom of Strath Clyde.

Upon the extent and duration of the Danish sovereignty in Northumberland, the curious may consult the various authorities quoted in the *Gesta et Festigia Danorum extra Daniam*, tom. II. p. 60. The most powerful of their Northumbrian leaders seems to have been Ivar, called, from the extent of his conquests, *Widfangr*, that is, *The Strider*.

## NOTE II.

Where Tees in tumult leaves his source,  
Thundering o'er Caldron and High-Force,  
St. I. p. 27.

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 Cumberland. High-Force is seventy-five feet in height.

## NOTE III.

Beneath the shade the Northmen came,  
Fir'd on each vale a Runic name.—St. I. p. 27.

The heathen Danes have left several traces of their religion in the upper part of Teesdale. Balder-garth, which derives its name from the unfortunate son of Odin, is a tract of waste land on the very ridge of Stanmore; and a brook, which falls into the Tees near Barnard Castle, is named after the same deity. A field upon the banks of the Tees is also termed Woden-Croft, from the supreme deity of the Edda. Thoragill, of which a description is attempted in Stanza II. is a beautiful little brook and dell, running up behind the ruins of Eglistone Abbey. Thor was the Heracles of the Scandinavian mythology, a dreaded giant-killer; and in that capacity the champion of the gods and the defender of Asgard, the northern Olympus, against the frequent attacks of the inhabitants of Jotunheim. There is an old poem in the Edda of Semund, 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 Honourable William Herbert.

## NOTE IV.

Who has not heard how brave O'Neale  
In English blood embrac'd his steel.

St. VI. p. 29.

The O'Neal here meant, for more than one succeeded to the chieftainship during the reign of Elizabeth, was Hugh, the grandson of Con O'Neale, called Con-Bacco, or the Lame. His father, Matthew O'Keely, was illegitimate, and being the son of a blacksmith's wife, was usually called Matthew the Blacksmith. His father, nevertheless, destined his succession to him; and he was created, by Elizabeth, Baron of Dungannon. Upon the death of Con-Bacco, his Matthew was slain by his brother. Hugh narrowly escaped the same fate, and was protected by the English. Shane O'Neale, his uncle, called Shane Dymas, was succeeded by Turlough Lynogh O'Neale, after whose death, Hugh, having assumed the chieftainship, became nearly as formidable to the English as any by whom it had been possessed. He rebelled, repeatedly, and as often made submission, of which it was usually a condition that he should no longer assume the title of O'Neale; in lieu of which he was created Earl of Tyrone. But this condition he never observed longer than until the pressure of superior force was withdrawn. His baffling the gallant Earl of Essex in the field, and overreaching him in a treaty, was the induction to that nobleman's tragedy. Lord Mountjoy succeeded in finally subjugating O'Neale; but it was not till the accession of James, to whom he made personal submission, and was received with civility at court. Yet, according to Morrison, "no respect to him could contain many women in those parts who had lost husbands and children in the Irish warres, from flinging dirt and stones at the earle as he passed, and from reviling him with bitter words; yes, when the earl had been at court, and there obtaining his majesties direction for his pardon and performance of all conditions promised him by the Lord Mountjoy, was about September to returne, hee durst not passe by those parts without direction to the shieriffe, to conuay

him with troops of horse from place to place, till he was safely embarked and put to sea for Ireland."—*Itinerary*, p. 296.

## NOTE V.

But chief arose his victor pride,  
When that brave Marshal fought and died.

St. VI. p. 29.

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.

"The captain and his few warders did with no less courage suffer hunger; and having eaten the few horses they had, lived upon herbs growing in the ditches and walls, suffering all extremities, till the lord-lieutenant, in the month of August, sent Sir Henry Bagnal, marshal of Ireland, with the most choice companies of foote and horse troops 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, enuy, and settled rancour against the marshal, assailed the English, and turning his full force against the marshal's person, had the success to kill him valiantly fighting among the thickest of the rebels. Whereupon the English, being dismayed with his death, the rebels obtained a great victory against them. I terme it great, since the English, from their first arrival in that kingdome, neuer had received so great an ouerthrow as this, commonly called the Defeat of Blackwater; thirteene valiant captaines and 1500 common soldiers (whereof many were of the old companies which had serued in Britanny vnder Generall Norreys) were slain in the field. The yielding of the fort of Blackwater followed this disaster, when the assaulted guard saw no hope of relief; but especially vpon messages sent to Captaine Williams from our broken forces, retired to Armagh, professing that all their safety depended vpon his yielding the fort into the hands of Tyrone, without which danger Captaine Williams professed that no want or miserie should haue induced him thereunto."—FRYNS MONYSON'S *Itinerary*, London, 1617, fol. part II. p. 21.

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, explanatory of his conduct, and offering terms of submission. The river, called by the English Black-water, is termed, in Irish, Avon-Duff, which has the same signification. Both names are mentioned by Spenser in his "Marriage of the Tuames and the Medway." But I understand that his verses relate not to the Black-water of Ulster, but to a river of the same name in the south of Ireland:—

Swift Avon-Duff, which of the Englishmen  
Is called Black-water—

## NOTE VI.

The Tanist he to great O'Neale.—St. VI. p. 29.

"Eudox. What is this which you call Tanist and Tanistry? These be names and termes never heard of nor known to us.

"Iren. It is a custom amongst all the Irish, that, presently after the death of one of their chiefe lords or captaines, they doe presently assemble themselves to a place generally appointed and knowne unto them, to choose another in his stead; where they doe nominate and elect, for the most part, not the eldest sonne nor any of the children of the lord deceased, but the next to him in blood, that is, the eldest and worthiest, as commonly by the next brother unto him, if he have any, or the next cousin, or so forth, as any is elder in that kindred or sept; and then next to him doe they choose the next of the blood to be Tanist, who shall next succeed him in the said captainry, if he live thereunto.

"Eudox. Do they not use any ceremony in this election, for all barbarous nations are commonly great observers of ceremonies and superstitious rites?

"Iren. They use to place him that shall be their captaine upon a stone, always reserved to that purpose, and placed commonly upon a hill. In some of which I have seen formed and engraven a foot, which they say was the measure of their first captaine's foot; whereon hee standing, receives an oath to preserve all the ancient former customes of the country inviolable, and to deliver up the succession peaceably to his Tanist, and then hath a wand delivered unto him by some whose proper office that is; after which, descending from the stone, he turneth himself round, thrice forwards and thrice backward.

"Eudox. But how is the Tanist chosen?

"Iren. They say he seitheth but one foot upon the stone, and receiveth the like oath that the captaine did."—SPENCER'S *Fine of the State of Ireland*, apud Works. Lond. 1830, 8vo, vol. VIII. p. 306.

The Tanist, therefore, of O'Neale, was the heir-apparent of his power. This kind of succession appears also to have regulated, in very remote times, the succession to the crown of Scotland. It would have been imprudent, if not impossible, to have asserted a minor's right of succession in those stormy days when the principles of policy were summed up in my friend Mr. Wordsworth's lines:—

—the good old rule  
Sufficeth them; the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can.

## NOTE VII.

His plaited hair in elf-locks spread,  
St. VIII. p. 29.

There is here an attempt to describe the ancient Irish dress, of which a poet of Queen Elizabeth's day has given us the following particulars:—

I mervaille in my mynde,  
and thereupon did muse,  
To see a bride of heavenly hewe  
as ouglie fere to chuse.  
This bride it is the soles,  
the bridegroom is the karne,  
With writhed glibbes, like wickered spirts,  
with visage rough and steare;  
With squiles upon their poales,  
instead of civill espes:  
With spears in hand, and swords by sides,  
to beare of after clappes;  
With jackettes long and large  
which shroud simplicitie;  
Though spifull dartes which they do beare  
importe iniquitie.  
Their shirtes be very strange,  
not reaching past the thig;  
With plectes on plectes thei plected are  
as thicke as plectes may lye.  
Whose sleaves hang trailing doune  
almost unto the shoe;  
And with a mantell commonlie  
the Irish karne do goe.  
Now some amongst the reste  
doe use another weede;  
A coate, I meane, of strange devise,  
which fancie first did brende.  
His skirts be very shorte,  
with plectes set thick about,  
And Irish trouzes moe in put  
their strange profectours out.  
DENNISON'S *Image of Ireland*, apud SOMERUS' *Travels*, Edin. 1809, 4to, vol. I. p. 285.

Some curious wooden engravings accompany this poem, from which it would seem that the ancient Irish dress was (the bonnet excepted) very similar to that of the Scottish highlanders. The want of a covering on the head was supplied by the mode of plaiting and arranging their hair, which was called

the glibbe. These glibbes, according to Spenser, were fit masks for a thief; since when he wished to disguise himself, he could either cut it off entirely, or so pull it over his eyes as to render it very hard to recognise him. This, however, is nothing to the reprobation with which the same poet regards that favourite part of the Irish dress, the mantle:—

"It is a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt cloke for a thiefe. First, the outlaw, being for his many crimes and villanyes banished from the townes and houses of honest men, and wandering in waste places far from danger of law, maketh his mantle his house, and under it covereth himself from the wrath of heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from the sight of men. When it raineth, it is his pent house; when it bloweth, it is his tent; when it freezeth, it is his tabernacle. In sommer he can wear it loose, in winter he can wrap it close; at all times he can use it never heavy, never cumbersome. Likewise for a rebel it is as serviceable; for in his warre that he maketh, (if at all it deserve the name of warre,) when he still flyeth from his foe, and lurketh in the thicke woods and strait passages, waiting for advantages, it is his bed, yea, and almost his household stuff. For the wood is his house against all weathers, and his mantle is his couch to sleep in. Therein he wrapeth himself round, and coucheth himself strongly against the gnats, which, in that country, doe more annoy the naked rebels while they keep the woods, and doe more sharply wound them, then all their enemies swords or speares, which can seldom come nigh them; yea, and oftentimes their mantle serveth them when they are neere driven, being wrapped about their left arme, instead of a target, for it is hard to cut through with a sword; besides it is light to beare, light to throw away, and, being (as they commonly are) naked, it is to them all in all. Lastly, for a thiefe it is so handsome as it may seeme it was first invented for him, for under it he may cleanly convey any fit pillage that cometh handsomely in his way, and when he goeth abroad in the night in free-booting, it is his best and surest friend; for lying, as they often do, two or three nights together abroad to watch for their booty, whil that they can prettily shroud themselves under a bush or bankside till they may conveniently do their errand; and when all is over, he can in his mantle passe through any town or company, being close-headed over his head, as he useth, from knowledge of any to whom he is endangered. Besides this, he, or any man else that is disposed to mischief or villany, may, under his mantle, goe privily armed without suspicion of any, carry his head-piece, his shean, or pistol if he please, to be always in readiness."—SPENSER'S *View of the State of Ireland*, apud *Works*, to *supra*, VIII. 367.

• The javelin, or darts, of the Irish, which they threw with great dexterity, appear, from one of the prints already mentioned, to have been about four feet long, with a strong steel head and thick knotted shaft.

## NOTE VIII.

With wild majestic port and tone,—  
Like envoy of some barbarous throne.

St. VIII. p. 29.

The Irish chiefs, in their intercourse with the English, and with each other, were wont to assume the language and style of independent royalty. Morrison has preserved a summons from Tyrone to a neighbouring chieftain, which runs in the following terms:—

"O'Neale commendeth him unto you, Morish Fitz Thomas; O'Neale requesteth you, in God's name, to take part with him, and fight for your conscience and right; and in so doing, O'Neale will spend to see you righted in all your affaires, and will help you. And if you come not at O'Neale's behest this and to-morrow at twelve of the clocke, and take his part, O'Neale is not beholding to you, and will doe to the uttermost of his power to overthrow you if you come not to him at furthest by

Saturday noon. From Knocke Dumayne in Calrie, ye fourth of February, 1569.

"O'Neale requesteth you to come speake with him, and doth glue you his word that you shall receive no harme neither in coming nor going from him, whether you be friend or not, and bring with you to O'Neale Gerat Fitzgerald.

—"Subscribed O'NEALE."

Nor did the royalty of O'Neale consist in words alone. Sir John Harrington paid him a visit at the time of his truce with Essex, and after mentioning "his fern table, and fern forma, spread under the stately canopy of heaven," he notices what constitutes the real power of every monarch, the love, namely, and allegiance of his subjects. "His guard, for the most part, were beardless boys without shirts; who in the frost wade as familiarly through rivers as water-spaniels. With what charm such a master makes them love him, I know not, but if he bid come, they come; if go, they do go; if he say, do this, they do it."—*Nugæ Antiquæ*, Lond. 1784, 8vo, vol. I. p. 234.

## NOTE IX.

His foster-father was his guide.—St. X. p. 30.

There was no tie more sacred among the Irish than that which connected the foster-father, as well as the nurse herself, with the child they brought up.

"Foster-fathers spend much more time, money, and affection on their foster children than their own; and in return take from them clothes, money for their several professions, and arms, and even for any vicious purposes; fortunes and cattle, not so much by a claim of right as by extortion; and they will even carry those things off as plunder. All who have been nursed by the same person preserve a greater mutual affection and confidence in each other than if they were natural brothers, whom they will ever hate for the sake of these. When child by their parents, they fly to their foster-fathers, who frequently encourage them to make open war on their parents, train them up to every excess of wickedness, and make them most abandoned miscreants: as, on the other hand, the nurses make the young women, whom they bring up for every excess. If a foster-child is sick, it is incredible how soon the nurses hear of it, however distant, and with what solicitude they attend it by day and night."—*Giraldus Cambrensis*, quoted by Camden, IV. 368.

This custom, like many other Irish usages, prevailed till of late in the Scottish Highlands, and was cherished by the chiefs as an easy mode of extending their influence and connexion; and even in the Lowlands, during the last century, the connexion between the nurse and foster-child was seldom dissolved but by the death of one party.

## NOTE X.

Great Nial of the Pledges Nine.—St. XIV. p. 31

Niall Naighvallach, or Of the Nine Hostages, is said to have been monarch of all Ireland, during the end of the fourth or beginning of the fifth century. He exercised a predatory warfare on the coast of England and of Bretagne, or Armorica; and from the latter country brought off the celebrated Saint Patrick, a youth of sixteen, among other captives, whom he transported to Ireland. Niall derived his epithet from nine nations, or tribes, whom he held under his subjection, and from whom he took hostages. From one of Niall's sons were derived the Kinel-ecquin, or race of Tyrone, which afforded monarchs both to Ireland and to Ulster. Neill (according to O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*) was killed by a poisoned arrow, in one of his descents on the coast of Bretagne.

## NOTE XI.

Shane Dymas wild.—St. XIV. p. 31.

This Shane Dymas, or John the Wanton, held the title and power of O'Neale in the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign, against whom he rebelled repeatedly.

"This chieftain is handed down to us as the most

proud and profligate man on earth. He was immoderately addicted to women and wine. He is said to have had 200 tons of wine at once in his cellar at Dundrum, but usquebaugh was his favourite liquor. He spared neither age nor condition of the fair sex. Altho' so illiterate that he could not write, he was not destitute of address; his understanding was strong, and his courage daring. He had 600 men for his guard, 4000 foot, 1000 horse for the field. He claimed superiority over all the lords of Ulster, and called himself king thereof. When commissioners were sent to treat with him, he said, "That, tho' the queen were his sovereign lady, he never made peace with her but at her lodging; that she had made a wise Earl of Macartymore, but that he kept as good a man as he; that he cared not for so mean a title as earl; that his blood and power were better than the best; that his ancestors were kings of Ulster; and that he would give place to none." His kinsman, the Earl of 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 Gallaghas, 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 Tyrone was pleaded from English laws and Irish institutions, and his allegations were so specious, that the queen dismissed him with presents and assurances of favour. In England this transaction was looked on as the humiliation of a repenting rebel; in Tyrone it was considered as a treaty of peace between two potentates."—CAMDEN'S *Britannia*, by Gough, Lond. 1806, fol. Vol. IV. p. 412.

When reduced to extremity by the English, and forsaken by his allies, this Shane-Dymas fled to Clondebo, then occupied by a colony of Scottish highlanders of the family of MacDonell. He was at first courteously received, but by degrees they began to quarrel about the slaughter of some of their friends whom Shane-Dymas had put to death, and, advancing from words to deeds, fell upon him with their broad-swords, and cut him to pieces. After his death a law was made that none should presume to take the name and title of O'Neale.

## NOTES XII.

—Geraldine.—St. XIV. p. 31.

The O'Neales were closely allied with this powerful and warlike family, for Henry Owen O'Neale married the daughter of Thomas Earl of Kildare, and their son Con-More married his cousin-german, a daughter of Gerald Earl of Kildare. This Con-More cursed any of his posterity who should learn the English language, sow corn, or build houses, so as to invite the English to settle in their country. Others ascribe this anathema to his son Con-Racco. Fearlatha O'Gnive, bard to the O'Neales of Clannaboy, complains in the same spirit of the towers and ramparts with which the strangers had disgraced the fair sporting fields of Erin.—See WALKER'S *Irish Bards*, p. 140.

## NOTES XIII.

He chose that honour'd flag to bear.—St. XVI. p. 31.

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, cornet, have a name that's proper for all cornets to be called by, for they are all beardless boys in our army. The most part of our horse were raised thus:—The honest country gentleman raises the troop at his own charge; then he gets a low-country lieutenant to fight his troop safely; then he sends for his son from school to be his cornet; and then he puts off his child's coat to put on a buff-coat; and this is the constitution of our army."

## NOTE XIV.

—his page, the next degree  
In that old time to chivalry.—St. XVI. p. 31.

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 free-masonry. But before the reign of Charles I. the custom of serving as a squire had fallen into disuse, though the order of the page was still, to a certain degree, in observance. This state of servitude was so far from inferring any thing degrading, that it was considered as the regular school for acquiring every quality necessary for future distinction. The proper nature and the deery of the institution are pointed out by old Ben Jonson, with his own forcible moral colouring. The dialogue occurs between Lovel, "a compleat gentleman, a soldier, and a scholar, known to have been page to the old Lord Beaufort, and so to have followed him in the French wars, after companion of his studies, and left guardian to his son," and the facetious Goodstock, host of the Light Heart. Lovel 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:"

Lovel. Call you that desperate, which by a line  
Of institution, from our ancestor  
Hath been derived down to us, and received  
In a succession, for the noblest way  
Of breeding up our youth, in letters, arms,  
Fair men, discourses, civil exercise,  
And all the blazon of a gentleman?  
Where can he learn to vault, to ride, to fence,  
To move his body gracefully; to speak  
His language purer; or to tune his mind,  
Or manners, more to the harmony of nature,  
Than in the nurseries of nobility?

Host. Ay, that was when the nursery's self was  
nob's,  
And only virtue made it, not the market,  
That titles were not vented at the drum,  
Or common outcry; goodness gave the greatness,  
And greatness worship: every house became  
An academy of honour; and those parts  
We see departed, in the practice, now,  
Quite from the institution.

Lovel. Why do you say so?  
Or think so enviously? do they not still  
Learn there the Centaur's skill, the art of Turace,  
To ride? or, Pollux' mystery, to fence?  
The Pyrrhic gestures, both to dance and spring  
In armour, to be active in the wars?  
To study figures, numbers, and proportions,  
May yield 'em great in councils, and the arts  
Grave Nestor and the wise Ulysses practis'd?  
To make their English sweet upon their tongue,  
As reverend Chaucer says?

Host. Sir, you mistake:  
To play Sir Pan-larus my copy hath it,  
And carry messages to Madam Cressida  
Instead of backing the brave steed o'mornings,  
To court the chambermaid; and for a leap  
O' the vaulting horse to ply the vaulting house:  
For exercise of arms a bale of dice,  
Or two or three packs of cards to show the cheat,  
And simbleness of hand; mistake a cloak  
Upon my lord's back, and pawn it; ease his pocket  
Of a superfluous watch; or geld a jewel  
Of an odd stone or so; twinge two or three buttons  
From off my lady's gown; these are the arts  
Of seven liberal deadly sciences  
Of psgery, or rather paganism,  
As the tides run; to which if he apply him,  
He may perhaps take a degree at Tyburn  
A year the earlier; come to take a lecture  
Upon Aquinas at St Thomas a Waterings,  
And so go forth a laureat in hemp circle!

BEN JONSON'S *New Inn*, Act I, Scene III.



## NOTES TO CANTO FIFTH.

## NOTE I.

Rokeby—St. II. p. 35.

The ancient castle of Rokeby stood exactly upon the site of the present mansion, by which a part of its walls is inclosed. It is surrounded by a profusion of fine wood, and the park in which it stands is adorned by the junction of the Greta and of the Tees. The title of Baron Rokeby of Armagh was, in 1777, conferred on the Right Reverend Richard Robinson, Primate of Ireland, descended of the Robinsons, formerly of Rokeby, in Yorkshire.

## NOTE II.

Rokeby's lords of martial fame,  
I can count them name by name.—St. IX. p. 37.

The following brief pedigree of this very ancient and once powerful family, was kindly supplied to the author by Mr Rokeby of Northamptonshire descended of the ancient Barons of Rokeby:—

## PEDIGREE OF THE HOUSE OF ROKEBY.

1. Sir Alex. Rokeby, Knt. married to Sir Hamp. Little's\* daughter.
2. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to Tho. Lamleys daughter.
3. Sir Tho. Rokeby, Knt. to Tho. Hubborn's daughter.
4. Sir Ralph Rokeby, Knt. to Sir Ralph Biggott's daughter.
5. Sir Tho. Rokeby, Knt. to Sir John de Melvaas' daughter, of Bennet Hall in Holderness.
6. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to Sir Bryan Stapleton's daughter, of Weightill.
7. Sir Thomas Rokeby, Knt. to Sir Ralph Ury's daughter.†
8. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to the daughter of Mansfield, heir of Morton.‡
9. Sir Tho. Rokeby, Knt. to Stroode's daughter and heir.
10. Sir Ralph Rokeby, Knt. to Sir Jas. Strangways' daughter.
11. Sir Thomas Rokeby, Knt. to Sir John Hotham's daughter.
12. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to Danby of Yafforth's daughter and heir.§
13. Tho. Rokeby, Esq. to Rob. Constable's daughter, of Cliff, serjt-at-law.
14. Christopher Rokeby, Esq. to Lasscells of Brackenburgh's daughter.¶
15. Thos. Rokeby, Esq. to the daughter of Thweng.
16. Sir Thomas Rokeby, Knt. to Sir Ralph Lawson's daughter, of Hrough.
17. Franz. Rokeby, Esq. to Faucett's daughter, citizen of London.
18. Thos. Rokeby, Esq. to the daughter of Wicliffe of Gales.

## HIGH-SHERIFFS OF YORKSHIRE.

1337. 11 Edw. 3. Ralph Hastings and Thos. de Rokeby.
1343. 17 Edw. 3. Thos. de Rokeby, pro sept. annis.
1358. 25 Edw. 3. Sir Thomas Rokeby, Justiciary of Ireland for six years, died at the castle of Kilk.
1407. 8 Hen. 4. Thos. Rokeby Miles, defeated and slew the Duke of Northumberland at the battle of Bramham Moor.
1411. 12 Hen. 4. Thomas Rokeby Miles.
1486. .... Thos. Rokeby, Esq.

\* Lisle. † Temp. Edw. 2d. ‡ Temp. Edw. 3d.

§ Temp. Henr. 7th. and from him is the house of Skyers of a fourth brother.

¶ From him is the house of Hotham, and of the second brother that had issue.

1539. .... Robert Holgate, Bish. of Landaff, afterwards P. of York. Ld. President of the Council for the Preservation of Peace in the North.
1564. 6 Eliz. Tho. Younge, Archbishop of Yorke, Ld. President.
- 30 Hen. 8. Tho. Rokeby, LL.D. one of the Council.
- Jn. Rokeby, LL.D. one of the Council.
1573. 15 Eliz. Hen. Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, Ld. President.
- Jo. Rokeby, Esq. one of the Council.
- Jo. Rokeby, LL.D. ditto.
- Ralph Rokeby, Esq. one of the Secretaries.
1574. 17 Eliz. Jo. Rokeby, Precentor of York.
- 7 Will. 3. Sir J. Rokeby, Knt. one of the Justices of the King's Bench.

The family of De Rokeby came over with the Conqueror. The old motto belonging to the family is *In Buis Dextra*. The arms, argent, chevron sable, between three rooks proper.

There is somewhat more to be found of our family in the Scottish History about the affairs of Dun-Bretton town, but what it is, and in what time, I know not, nor can have convenient leisure to search. But Parson Blackwood, the Scottish chaplain to the Lord of Shrewsbury, recited to me once a piece of a Scottish song, wherein was mentioned that William Wallis, the great deliverer of the Scots from the English bondage, should, at Dun-Bretton, have been brought up under a Rokeby, captain then of that 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. 1. or before. Thus, leaving our ancestors of record, we must also with them leave the Chronicle of Malmesbury Abbey, called Eulogium Historiarum, out of which Mr. Leland reported this history, and 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 was he that deceived the fryars of Richmond with his felon swine, on which a jargon was made."

The above is a quotation from a manuscript written by Ralph Rokeby; when he lived is uncertain.

To what metrical Scottish tradition Parson Blackwood alluded, it would be now in vain to inquire. But in Blind Harry's History of Sir William Wallace, we find a legend of one Rukkie, whom he makes keeper of Stirling Castle under the English usurpation, and whom Wallace slays with his own hand:—

In the great press Wallace and Rukebie met,  
With his good sword a stroke upon him set;  
Dearly to death the old Rukkie he drave,  
But his two sons escaped among the lave.

These sons, according to the romantic minstrel, surrendered the castle on conditions, and went back to England, but returned to Scotland in the days of Bruce, when one of them became again keeper of Stirling Castle. Immediately after this achievement follows another engagement, between Wallace and those Western Highlanders who embraced the English interest, at a pass in Glendonchart, where many were precipitated into the lake over a precipice. These circumstances may have been confused in the narrative of Parson Blackwood, or in the recollection of Mr. Rokeby.

In the old ballad of Chevy Chase there is mentioned, among the English warriors "Sir Raff the ryche Rugbe," 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 there was slain,  
Whose prowess did surmount.

This would rather seem to relate to one of the Nevilles of Raby. But as the whole ballad is romantic, accuracy is not to be looked for.

## NOTE III.

—the felon sow.—St. IX. p. 37.

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, and the chase, the former, as in the tournament of Tottenham, introduced a set of clowns debating in the field, with all the assumed circumstances of chivalry; or as in the Hunting of the Hare (see WAGNA'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 frenzy, although inimitably embodied and brought out, was not perhaps in the abstract altogether original. One of the very best of these mock romances, and which has no small portion of comic humour, 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 Northumbrian of the text, is mentioned as being this facetious baron's place of residence; accordingly Leland notices that "Mr Rokeby hath a place called Northumb, 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 humorous composition, from being furnished with a copy from a manuscript in the possession of Mr Rokeby, to whom I have acknowledged my obligations in the last note. It has three or four stanzas more than that of Mr Whitaker, and the language seems, where they differ, to have the more ancient and genuine readings.

## THE FELON SOW OF ROKEYBY AND THE FRIARS OF RICHMOND.

Ye men that will of sunstere wiene,  
That late within this land hath bene,  
Of one I will you tell;  
And of a sewb that was sear strang,  
Alas! that ever she lived se lang,  
Eer felid folk did she welle.

She was mare<sup>f</sup> than othe three,  
The griseliest breast that ere might bee,  
Her head was great and gray;  
She was bread in Rokeby wood,  
There was few that lather good,<sup>g</sup>  
That came on live<sup>a</sup> away.

<sup>a</sup> Both the MS. and Mr Whitaker's copy read *sunstere*, evidently a corruption of *sunstere*, adventures, as corrected by Mr Evans.

<sup>b</sup> Sow, according to provincial pronunciation.

<sup>c</sup> No; Yorkshire dialect. <sup>d</sup> Feis, many, Sax.

<sup>e</sup> A corruption of *quek*, to kill. <sup>f</sup> More, greater.

<sup>g</sup> Went. <sup>h</sup> Aivo.

Her walk was endlong; Greta side,  
There was no bren; that durst her bide,  
That was frook 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 friars of Richmond gar her till;<sup>f</sup>  
Full well to garres them fare;  
Fryar Middleton by his name,  
He was sent to fetch her hame,  
That rued him since full sare.

With him took he wight men two,  
Pater Dale was one of thoe,  
That ever was brim as beare;<sup>o</sup>  
And well durst strike with sword and knife  
And fight full manly for his life,  
What time as mister ware<sup>p</sup>.

These three men went at God's will,  
This wicked sew while they come till,  
Ligging under a tree;  
Rugg and rusty was her haire;<sup>r</sup>  
She raised up with a felon fare,<sup>r</sup>  
To fight against the three.

She was so grisely for to meete,  
She rave the earth up with her feete  
And burke came fro the tree;  
When Fryar Middleton her saugh  
Weet ye well he might not laugh,  
Full earnestly look't hee.

These men of sunstere that was so wight,<sup>t</sup>  
They bound them baudyly for to fight,  
And strike at her full sare;  
Untill a kiln they garred her flee,  
Wold God send thren the victory,  
They wold ask him noa mare.

The sew was in the kiln hole down,  
As they were on the halke aboon,<sup>u</sup>  
Fere hurting of their feet;  
They were so saulted with this sew,  
That among them was a stalworth stew,  
The kilne began to recke.

Durst noe man neigh her with his hand,  
But put a rape<sup>v</sup> down with his wand,  
And haliered her full meete;  
They buried her forth against her will,  
While they came unto a hill  
A little fro the streete.<sup>w</sup>

And there she made them such a fray,  
If they should live to doomes-day,  
They tharrowas it no'er forgett;  
She braded<sup>x</sup> upon every side,  
And ran on them gaping full wide,  
For nothing would she lette.

She gave such bradedd at the hand,  
That pater Dale had in his hand,  
He might not hold his feet,  
She chafed them to and fro,  
The wight man was never soe woe,  
Their measure was not so meete.

<sup>f</sup> Along the side of Greta. <sup>g</sup> Bairo, child, man in general.  
<sup>h</sup> From. <sup>i</sup> To. <sup>m</sup> Make. <sup>n</sup> Since.  
<sup>o</sup> Pierce as a bear. Mr. Whitaker's copy reads, perhaps in consequence of mistaking the MS. *Fother* was Bryan of Boro.

<sup>p</sup> Need were. Mr. Whitaker reads *musfere*. <sup>q</sup> Lying.  
<sup>r</sup> A fierce countenance or manner. <sup>s</sup> Saw.

<sup>t</sup> Wight, brave. The Rokeby MS. reads *incounters*, and Mr. Whitaker, *sunstere*.

<sup>u</sup> Boldly. <sup>v</sup> On the beam above. <sup>w</sup> To prevent.  
<sup>x</sup> Assaulted. <sup>y</sup> Ropes.

<sup>z</sup> Walling-street; see the sequel. <sup>aa</sup> Date.  
<sup>bb</sup> Rushed. <sup>cc</sup> Leave it. <sup>dd</sup> Pull.

She bound her boldly to abide;  
To Pater Dale she came aside  
With many a hideous yell:—  
She gaped so wide and cried so hce,  
The fryar said, "I conjure thee  
Thou art a feind of hell.

"Thou art come hither for some traine  
I conjure thee to go againe  
Where thou wast wont to dwell."  
He synce him with crosse and creede,  
Took forth a booke, began to reade,  
In St John his gospell.

The sew she would not Latin heare,  
But rudely rushed at the frear,  
That blinked all his blee<sup>d</sup>  
And when she would have taken her hold,  
The Fryar leaped as Jesus wold,  
And bealed<sup>e</sup> him with a tree.

She was as brim<sup>f</sup> as any beare,  
For all their meete to labour therof,  
To them it was no boote:  
Upon trees and bushes that by her stood,  
She ranged as she was wood,<sup>g</sup>  
And rave them up by roote,

He said, "Alas, that I was Frear!  
And I shall be rugged<sup>i</sup> in sunder here,  
Hard is my destinie!  
Wist<sup>j</sup> my brethren in this houre,  
That I was sett in such a stoure,<sup>k</sup>  
They would pray for me."

This wicked beast that wrought this woo,  
Took that rape from the other two,  
And then they feild all three;  
They fodd away by Watling-street,  
They had no succour but their feet,  
It was the more pity.

The feild it was both lost and womne<sup>l</sup>  
The sew went ham, and that full soone,  
To Morton on the Greenes:  
When Ralph of Rokeby saw the rape,<sup>m</sup>  
He wist<sup>n</sup> that there had been debate,  
Whereat the sew had bene.

He had them stand out of her way,  
For she had had a sudden fray,—  
"I saw never so keene;  
Some new things shall we heare  
Of her and Middleton the Frear,  
Some battell hath there bene."

But all that served him for nought,  
Had they not better succour sought,  
They were served therefore loe,  
Then Mistres Rokeby came anon,  
And for her brought shee meate fall soone,  
The sew came her unto.

<sup>c</sup> This line is wanted in Mr Whitaker's copy, whence it has been conjectured that something is wanting after this stanza, which now there is no occasion to suppose.

<sup>b</sup> Evil device. <sup>e</sup> Sheltered himself. <sup>f</sup> Fierco.

<sup>g</sup> The MS. reads in *four* *seere*. The text seems to mean, that all their labour to obtain their intended meat was of no use to them. Mr Whitaker reads

She was brim as any bear,  
And gave a grisley hideous roar,  
To them it was no boot.

Besides the want of connexion between the last line and the two former, the second has a very modern sound, and the reading of the Rokeby MS. with the slight alteration in the text, is much better.

<sup>h</sup> Mad. <sup>i</sup> Teen, pulled. <sup>j</sup> Knew

<sup>k</sup> Combat, perilous fight.

<sup>l</sup> This stanza, with the two following and the fragment of a fourth, are not in Mr Whitaker's edition.

<sup>m</sup> The rope about the sew's neck. <sup>n</sup> Knew.

She gave her meate upon the flower,  
\* \* \* \* \*

[*Hiatus valde defensus.*]

When Fryar Middleton came home,  
His brethren was full fain likone,<sup>p</sup>  
And thanked God of his life;  
He told them all unto the end,  
How he had foughten with a feind,  
And lived through mickle strife.

"We gave her battell half a day,  
And sithen<sup>q</sup> was fain to fly away,  
For saving of our life:  
And Pater Dale would never blian,<sup>r</sup>  
But as fast as he could ryn,<sup>s</sup>  
Till he came to his wife."

The warden said, "I am full of wee,  
That ever ye should be torment so,  
But wee with you had bene!  
Had wee been there your brethren all,  
Wee should have garred the warle<sup>t</sup> fall  
That wrought you all this tyme<sup>u</sup>."

Fryar Middleton said soon, "Nay,  
In faith you would have fled away.  
When most misters had been;  
You will all spake words at home,  
A man would ding<sup>v</sup> you every ilk ane,  
And if it be as I weine."

He look'd so grisly all that night,  
The warden said, "You man will fight  
If you say ought but good;  
You guests hath grieved him so sore,  
Hold your tongues and speak noe mare,  
He looks as he were wood."

The warden waged<sup>w</sup> on the morne,  
Two boldest men that ever were borne,  
I weine, or ever shall be;  
The one was Gubbert Griffin's son,  
Full mickle worship has he woone,  
Both by land and sea.

The other was a bastard son of Spain,  
Many a Sarasin hath he slain,  
His dint<sup>x</sup> hath gart them die,  
These two men the battell undertooke,  
Against the sew, as says the booke,  
And sealed security.

That they should boldly bide and fight,  
And skomft her in maine and might,  
Or therefore should they die,  
The warden sealed to them againe,  
And said, "In feild if ye be slain,  
This condition make I

We shall for you pray, sing, and read  
To doomesday with hearty speede,  
With all our progeny."  
Then the letters well was made,  
Bands bound with seales brade<sup>bb</sup>  
As deedes of armes should be.

These men of armes that were soe wight,  
With armour and with brandes bright,  
They went this sew to see:  
She made on them slike a rerd,<sup>cc</sup>  
That for her they were ane afer'd,  
And almost bound to flee.

<sup>c</sup> This line is almost illegible. <sup>p</sup> Each one.  
<sup>q</sup> Since then, after that.  
<sup>r</sup> The above lines are wanting in Mr. Whitaker's copy.  
<sup>s</sup> Cease, stop. <sup>t</sup> Run. <sup>u</sup> Warlock or wizard.  
<sup>v</sup> Harm. <sup>w</sup> Need.

<sup>x</sup> Beat. The copy in Mr Whitaker's History of Craven reads, perhaps better,—  
The fend would ding you down lik one.

<sup>y</sup> "You guest" may be you gent, i. e. that adventure; or it may mean you ghost, or apparition, which in old poems is applied sometimes to what is supernaturally hideous. The printed copy reads.—The beast hath, &c.

<sup>z</sup> Hired, a Yorkshire phrase. <sup>aa</sup> Blow.  
<sup>bb</sup> Broad, large. <sup>cc</sup> Such like a roar.

She came roving them againe;  
That saw the bastard son of Spaine,  
He braded<sup>a</sup> out his brand;  
Full spiteously at her he strake,  
For all the fence that he could make,  
She gat sword out of hand;  
And rave in sunder half his shield,  
And bare him backwarde in the feilde,  
He might not her gainstand.

She would have riven his privich gearre,  
But Gilbert with his sword of werre,  
He strake at her full strong,  
On her shoulder till she held the sword;  
Then was good Gilbert sore after'd  
When the blade brake in throug.<sup>b</sup>

Since in his hands he hath her tane,  
She tooke him by the shoulder hane,<sup>c</sup>  
And held her hold full fast,  
She strave so stiffly in that stower,<sup>d</sup>  
That thorough all his rich armour  
The blood came at the last.

Then Gilbert greived was stra sare,  
That he rave off both hide and haire,  
The flesh came from the bone;  
And with all force he felled her there,  
And wunn her worthily in werre,  
And band her him alone.

And lift her on a horse sea hee,  
Into two paniers well-made of tree,  
And to Richmond they did havye;  
When they saw her come,  
They sang merrily To Deum,  
The Fryers on that day.<sup>e</sup>

They thanked God and St. Francis,  
As they had won the best of prisce,  
And never a man was slaine;  
There did never a man more manly,  
Knight Marcus, nor yett Sir Gai,  
Nor Loth of Louthyane.<sup>f</sup>

If ye will any more of this,  
In the Fryers of Richmond lye  
In parment good and finey  
And how Fryer Middleton that was so kend,<sup>g</sup>  
At Greta-bridge conjured a feind  
In likeness of a swine.

It is well known to many a man,  
That Fryer Theobald was warden than,  
And this fell in his time;  
And Christ them bless both farre and neare,  
All that for solace list this to heare,  
And him that made the rhyme.

Ralph Rokeby with full good will,  
The Fryers of Richmond he gave her till,  
This saw to mend their fare:  
Fryer Middleton by his name,  
Would needs bring the fat swine hame,  
That rued him since full sare.

## NOTE IV.

The Filex of O'Neale was he—St. X. p. 117.

The Filex, or Ollamh Re Dan, was the proper bard, or, as the name literally implies, poet. Each chieftain of distinction had one or more in his service, whose office was usually hereditary. The late ingenious Mr Cooper Walker has assembled a curious collection of particulars concerning this order of men in his Historical memoirs of the Irish Bards.

<sup>a</sup> In the combat.

<sup>b</sup> Bone.

<sup>c</sup> Meeting battle. <sup>d</sup> His, beaten.

<sup>e</sup> The MS. reads mistakenly every day. <sup>f</sup> Price.

<sup>g</sup> The father of Sir Gawain, in the romance of Arthur and Merlin. The MS. is thus corrupted.—

More loth of Louth Ryme.

A Well known, or perhaps kind, well disposed.

There were itinerant bards of less elevated rank, but all were held in the highest veneration. The English, who considered them as chief supporters of the spirit of national independence, were much disposed to proscribe this race of poets, as Edward I. is said to have done in Wales. Spenser, while he admits the merit of their wild poetry, as "savouring of sweet wit and good invention, and sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device," yet rigorously condemns the whole application of their poetry, as abused to "the gracing of wickedness and vice." The household minstrel was admitted even to the feast of the prince whom he served, and sat at the same table. It was one of the customs of which Sir Richard Sewry, to whose charge Richard II. committed the instruction of four Irish monarchs in the civilisation of the period, found it most difficult to break his royal disciples, though he had also much ado to subject them to other English rules, and particularly to reconcile them to wear breeches. "The kyng, my soueraigne lord's entee was, that in maner, countenance, and apparell of clothyng, they shoulde use according to the maner of Englande, for the kyng thought to make them all four knyghtes: they had a fayre house to lodge in, in Duvelyn, and I was charged to abyde styll with them and not to depart; and so two or three dayes I suffered them to do as they lyst, and sayde nothing to them, but folowed their own appetytes: they wolde sitte at the table, and make countenance nother good nor fayre. Than I thought I shoulde cause them to change that maner; they wolde cause their mynstrels, their seruaunts, and variettes to sytte with them, and to eate in their owne dysche, and to drinke of their cuppes; and they shewed me that the usage of their countree was good, for they sayd in all thyngs (except their beddes) they were and lyved as comen. So the fourth day I ordayed other tables to be coverd in the hall, after the usage of Englande, and I made these four knyghtes to sytte at the hyghe table and there mynstrels at another borde, and their seruaunts and variettes at another bynch them, wherof by somyng they were displeasid, and beheld each other, and wolde not eat, and sayde, how I wolde take from them their good usage, wherain they had been nourished. Then I answered them, sayyng, to appease them, that it was not honourable for their estates to do as they dyde before, and that they must leave it, and use the custom of Englande, and that it was the kyng's pleasure they shoulde so do, and how he was charged so to order them. When they harde that, they suffered it, because they had putte themselves under the obeysance of the Kyng of Englande, and parced in the same as long as I was with them; yet they had one use which I knew was well used in their countree, and that was, they dyd were no breeches; I caused breeches of linnen clothe to be made for them. Whyle I was with them I caused them to lease many rude thyngs, as well in clothyng as in other causes. Moche ado I had at the fyrst to cause them to weare gownes of sylke, furred with myneure and gray; for before these kynges thought themselves well apparellid when they had on a mantell. They rode alwayes without saddles and styropes, and with great payne I made them to ride after our usage."—*LORD BURNES'S FRAGMENT*, Lond. 1812, 4to, 11. 621.

The influence of these bards upon their patrons, and their admitted title to interfere in matters of the weightiest concern, may be also proved from the behaviour of one of them at an interview between Thomas Fitzgerald, son of the Earl of Kildare, then about to renounce the English allegiance, and the Lord Chancellor Cromer, who made a long and goodly oration to dissuade him from his purpose. The young lord had come to the council "armed and weaponed," and attended by seven score horsemen in their shirts of mail; and we are assured that the chancellor, having set forth his oration "with such a lamentable action as his cheekes were all beblubbered with teares, the barons, men, namely, such as understood not English, began to disuade what the lord-chancellor meant with all this long

circumstance; some of them reporting that he was preaching a sermon, others said that he stood making of some heroic poetry in the praise of the Lord Thomas. And thus as every minstrel shot his foolish bolt at the wise chancellor his discourse, who in effect had nought else but drop previous stones before him, one Bard de Nelan, an Irish rithmour, and a rotten sheep to infect a whole flocke, was chatting of Irish verses, as though his tongue had run on pattens, in commendation of the Lord Thomas, moving him with the title of Silken Thomas, because his horsemen jacks were gorgeously interlarded with silke; and in the end he told him that he lingered there over long. Whereat the Lord Thomas being quicken'd,\* as Holinshed expresses it, bid d-dance to the chancellor, threw down contemptuously the sword of office, which in his father's absence, he held as deputy, and rushed forth to engage in open insurrection.

## NOTE V.

Ah, Clandeboy! thy friendly fire  
Sieve-Donard's oak shall light no more.

St. X. p. 38.

Clandeboy is a district of Ulster, formerly possessed by the sept of the O'Neales, and Sieve-Donard a romantic mountain in the same province. The clan was ruined after Tyrone's great rebellion, and their places of abode laid desolate. The ancient Irish, wild and uncultivated in other respects, did not yield even to their descendants in practising the most free and extended hospitality; and doubtless the bards mourned the decay of the mansion of their chiefs in strains similar to the verses of the British Llywarch Hen 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 Urien is no more.

Many a dog that scented well the prey, and aerial hawk,  
Have been trained on this floor  
Before Erlion became polluted

This hearth, ah, will it not be covered with nettles!  
Whilst its defender lives,  
More congenial to it was the foot of the needy petitioner.

This hearth; will it not be covered with green sod!  
In the lifetime of Owain and Elphen,  
Its ample caudron boiled the prey taken from the foe.

This hearth, will it not be covered with tond-stools!  
Around the viand it prepared, more cheering was  
The clattering sword of the fierce dauntless warrior.

This hearth, will it not be overgrown with spreading  
brambles!  
Till now, logs of burning wood lay on it,  
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 ant!  
More adapted to it would have been the bright torches  
And harmless festivities!

This hearth, will it not be covered with dock-leaves!  
More congenial on its floor would have been  
The mead, and the talking of wine-cheered warriors.

\* Holinshed. Lond. 1568, 4to, vol. VI. p. 201.

This hearth, will it not be turned up by the swine!  
More congenial to it would have been the clamour  
of men,  
And the circling horns of the banquet.

*Heroic Elegies of Llywarch Hen, by OWEN.*  
Lond. 1792, 8vo, p. 41.

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,  
Without fire, without beer—  
I must weep a while, and then be silent!

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,  
Without fire, without canic—  
Except God doth, who will endure me with patience!

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,  
Without fire, without being lighted—  
Be thou circled 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 go good!

The hall of Cynddylan, art thou not beset of thy  
appearance.

Thy shield is in the grave;  
Whilst he lived there was no broken roof!

The hall of Cynddylan is without love this night,  
Since he that 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 Hlydwyth,  
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 overflowing tears gush out!

The hall of Cynddylan pierces me to see it,  
Without a covering, without fire—  
My general dead, and I alive myself!

The hall of Cynddylan is the seat of chill grief this  
night,  
After the respect I experienced;  
Without the men, without the women, who reside  
there!

The hall of Cynddylan is silent this night,  
After losing its master—  
The great merciful God, what shall I do!

*Ibid.* p. 77.

## NOTE VI.

—Marwood-chase and Toller-hill.—St. X II. p. 119.

Marwood-chase is the old park extending along the Durham side of the Tees, attached to Barnard Castle. Toller hill is an eminence on the Yorkshire side of the river commanding a superb view of the ruins.

## NOTE VII.

—Hawthornden.—St. X IV. p. 122.

Drummond of Hawthornden was in the zenith of his reputation as a poet during the Civil Wars. He died in 1639.

## NOTE VIII.

M'Curtin's harp.—St. X IV. p. 122.

\* MacCurtin, hereditary Ollamh of North Munster, and Fíle 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 basely abandoned the interests of his country, MacCarthy presented an adulatory poem to MacCarthy, chief of South Munster, and of the Eugenic line, who, with O'Neil, O'Donnell, Lacy, and others, were deeply engaged in protecting their violated country. In this poem he dwells with rapture on the courage and patriotism of MacCarthy; but the verse that should (according to an established law of the order of the bards) be introduced in praise of O'Brien, he turns into severe satire:—"How am I afflicted," says he, "that the descendant of the great Brian Boiromh cannot furnish me with a theme worthy the honour and glory of his exalted race!" Lord Thomond, hearing this, vowed vengeance on the spirited bard, who fled for refuge to the county of Cork. One day, observing the exasperated nobleman and his equipage at a small distance, he thought it was vain to fly, and pretended to be suddenly seized with the pangs of death; directing his wife to lean over him, and tell his lordship, that the sight of him, by awakening the sense of his ingratitude, had so much affected him that he could not support it; and desired her at the same time to tell his lordship, that he entreated, as a dying request, his forgiveness. 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 favourite."—WALKER'S *Memoirs of the Irish Bards*, Lond. 1786, 4to. p. 141.

## NOTE VII.

The ancient English minstrel's dress.—S. XV. p. 28.

Among the entertainments presented to Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle, was the introduction of a person designed to represent a travelling minstrel, who entertained her with a solemn story out of the Acts of King Arthur. Of this person's dress and appearance Mr. Lambach has given us a very accurate account, transferred by Bishop Percy to the preliminary Dissertation on Minstrels, prefixed to his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. I.

## NOTE VIII.

Littlecote-hall.—St. XXVII. p. 42.

The tradition from which the hall is founded was supplied by a friend, whose account I will not do the injustice to abridge, as it contains an admirable picture of an old English hall:—

"Littlecote-House stands in a low and lonely situation. On three sides it is surrounded by a park that spreads over the adjoining hill; on the fourth, by meadows which are watered by the river Kennet. Close on one side of the house is a thick grove of lofty trees, along the verge of which runs one of the principal avenues to it through the park. It is an irregular building of great antiquity, and was probably erected about the time of the termination of feudal warfare, when defence came no longer to be an object in a country mansion. Many circumstances, however, in the interior of the house, seem appropriate to feudal times. The hall is very spacious, floored with stones, and lighted by large transom windows, that are clothed with casements. Its walls are hung with old military accoutrements that have long been left a prey to rust. At one end of the hall is a range of coats of mail and helmets, and there is on every side abundance of old-fashioned pistols and guns, many of them with matchlocks. Immediately below the cornice hangs a row of lea-

thern jerkins, made in the form of a shirt, supposed to have been worn as armour by the vassals. A large oak table, reaching nearly from one end of the Hall to the other, might have feasted the whole neighbourhood, and an appendage to one end of it made it answer at other times for the old game of shuffle-board. The rest of the furniture is in a suitable style, particularly an arm-chair of elegant workmanship, constructed of wood, curiously turned, with a high back and triangular seat, said to have been used by Judge Popham in the reign of Elizabeth. The entrance into the hall is at one end, by a low door, communicating with a passage that leads from the outer door to the front of the house to a quadrangle within; at the other, it opens upon a gloomy staircase, by which you ascend to the first floor; and, passing the doors of some bed-chambers, enter a narrow gallery, which extends along the back front of the house from one end to the other of it, and looks upon an old garden. This gallery is hung with portraits, chiefly in the Spanish dresses of the sixteenth century. In one of the bed-chambers, which you pass in going towards the gallery, is a bedstead with blue furniture, which time has now made dingy and threadbare, and in the bottom of one of the bed-curtains you are shown a place where a small piece has been cut out and sewn in again,—a circumstance which serves to identify the scene of the following story:—

"It was on a dark rainy night in the month of November, that an old midwife sat musing by her cottage fire-side, when on a sudden she was startled by a loud knocking at the door. On opening it she found a horseman, who told her that her assistance was required immediately by a person of rank, and that she should be handsomely rewarded; but that there were reasons for keeping the affair a strict secret, and therefore she must submit to be blindfolded, and to be conducted in that condition to the bed-chamber of the lady. With some hesitation the midwife consented; the horse-man bound her eyes, and placed her on a pillion behind him. After proceeding in silence for many miles through rough and dirty lanes, they stopped, and the midwife was led into a house, which, from the length of her walk through the apartments, as well as the sounds about her, she discovered to be the seat of wealth and power. When the baggage was removed from her eyes, she found herself in a bed-chamber, in which were the lady on whose account she had been sent for, and a man of a haughty and ferocious aspect. The lady was delivered of a fine boy. Immediately the man commanded the midwife to give him the child; and, catching it from her, he hurried across the room, and threw it on the back of the fire, that was blazing in the chimney. The child, however, was strong, and by its struggles rolled itself upon the hearth, when the ruffian again seized it with fury, and, in spite of the intercession of the midwife and the more piteous entreaties of the mother, thrust it under the grate; and, raking the live coals upon it, soon put an end to its life. The midwife, after spending some time in affording all the relief in her power to the wretched mother, was told that she must be gone. Her former conductor appeared, who again bound her eyes, and conveyed her behind him to her own home; he then paid her handsomely, and departed. The midwife was strongly agitated by the horrors of the preceding night, and she immediately made a deposition of the facts before a magistrate. Two circumstances afforded hopes of detecting the house in which the crime had been committed; one was, that the midwife, as she sat by the bed-side, had, with a view to discover the place, cut out a piece of the bed-curtain, and sewn it in again; the other was, that as she had descended the stair-case she had counted the steps. Some suspicions fell upon one Parrell, at that time the proprietor of Littlecote-House, and the domain around it. The house was examined, and identified by the

\* I think there is a chapel on one side of it, but am not quite sure.

midwife, and Darrell was tried at Salisbury for the murder. By corrupting his judge he escaped the sentence of the law; but broke his neck by a fall from his horse in hunting, in a few months after. The place where this happened is still known by the name of Darrell's style,—a spot to be dreaded by the peasant whom the shades of evening have overtaken on his way.

"Littleton-House is two miles from Hungerford, in Berkshire, through which the Bath road passes. The fact occurred in the reign of Elizabeth. All the important circumstances I have given exactly as they are told in the country; some trifles only are added, either to render the whole connected or to increase the impression."

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 hotels, like those of the French noblesse, which they possessed in Edinburgh, were sometimes the scenes of strange and mysterious transactions, a divine of singular sanctity was called up at midnight to pray with a person at the point of death. This was no unusual summons; but what followed was alarming; he was put into a sedan-chair, and, after he had been transported to a remote part of the town, the bearers insisted upon his being blindfolded. The request was enforced by a cocked pistol, and submitted to; but in the course of the discussion he conjectured, from the phrases employed by the chairmen, and from some part of their dress, not completely concealed by their cloaks, that they were greatly above the mental station they had assumed. After many turns and windings, the chair was carried up stairs into a lodging, where his eyes were uncovered, and he was introduced into a bed-room, where he found a lady, newly delivered of an infant. He was commanded by his attendants to say such prayers by her bed-side as were fitting for a person not expected to survive a mortal disorder. He ventured to remonstrate, and observe, that her safe delivery warranted better hopes. But he was sternly commanded to obey the orders first given, and with difficulty recollected himself sufficiently to acquit himself of the task imposed upon him. He was then again hurried into the chair; but, as they conducted him down stairs, he heard the report of a pistol. He was safely conducted home; a purse of gold was forced upon him; but he was warned, at the same time, that the least allusion to this dark transaction would cost him his life. He betook himself to rest, and, after long and broken musing, fell into a deep sleep. From this he was awakened by his servant, with the dismal news, that a fire of uncommon fury had broken out in the house of \*\*\*\*, near the head of the Caunogate, and that it was totally consumed; with the shocking addition, that the daughter of the proprietor, a young lady eminent for beauty and accomplishments, had perished in the flames. The clergyman had his suspicions, and to have made them public would have availed nothing. He was timid; the family was of the first distinction; above all, the deed was done, and could not be amended. Time wore away, however, and with it his terrors. He became unhappy at being the solitary depository of this fearful mystery, and mentioned it to some of his brethren, through whom the anecdote acquired a sort of publicity. The divine, however, had been long dead, and the story in some degree forgotten, when a fire broke out again on the very same spot, where the house of \*\*\*\* had formerly stood, and which was now occupied by buildings of an inferior description. When the flames were at their height, the tumult, which usually attends such a scene, was suddenly suspended by an unexpected apparition. A beautiful female, in a night-dress, extremely rich, but at least half a century old, appeared in the very midst of the fire, and uttered these tremendous words in her vernacular idiom: "Axes burned, *twice* burned; the third time I'll scare you all!" The belief in this story was formerly so strong, that on a fire breaking out,

and seeming to approach the fatal spot, there was a good deal of anxiety testified lest the apparition should make good her denunciation.

## NOTE IX.

As thick a smoke these halls have given  
At Hallow-tide or Christmas-even.

St. XXXIII. p. 41.

Such an exhortation was, in similar circumstances, actually given to his followers by a Welsh chieftain:—

"Enmity did continue between Howell ap Rys ap Howell Vaughan and the sonnes of John ap Meredith. After the death of Evan ap Rebet, Griffith ap Gronw (cosen-german to John ap Meredith's sonnes of Gwynlyn, who had long served in France, and had charge there) coming home to live in the country, it happened that a servant of his, coming to fish in Stymlyn, his fish was taken away, and the fellow beaten by Howell ap Rys his servants, and by his commandment. Griffith ap John ap Gronw took the matter in such sudgeon that he challenged Howell ap Rys to the field, which he refusing, assembling his cosins John ap Meredith's sonnes and his friends together, assaulted Howell in his own house, after the manner he had seen in the French warres, and consumed with fire his barnes and his out-houses. Whilst he was thus assaulting the hall, which Howell ap Rys and many other people kept, being a very strong house, he was shot, out of a crevice of the house, through the sight of his beaver, into the head, and slayne outright, being otherwise armed at all points. Notwithstanding his death, the assault of the house was continued with great vehemence, the doores fired with great burthens 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 boordes and benches upon the floore, in the hall, the better to avoyd the smoke. During this scene of confusion only the old man, Howell ap Rys, never stooped, but stood valiantly in the midst of the floore, armed with a gleeve in his hand, and called unto them, and bid 'them arise like men, for shame, for he had knowne there a great a smoke in that hall upon Christmas-even.' In the end, seeing the house could no longer defend them, and being overlaid with a multitude, upon parley between them, Howell ap Rys was content to yield himself prisoner to Morris ap John ap Meredith, John ap Meredith's eldest sonne, soe as he would swear unto him to bring him safe to Carnarvon Castle, to abide the triall of the law for the death of Graff' ap Gronw, who was cosen-german removed to the said Howell ap Rys, and of the very same house he was of. Which Morris ap John ap Meredith undertaking, did put a guard about the said Howell of his trustiest friends and servants, who kept and defended him from the rage of his kindred, and especially of Owen ap John ap Meredith, his brother, who was very eager against him. They passed by leisure thence like a campe to Carnarvon; the whole countrie being assembled, Howell his friends posted a horse-back 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 durst 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 assizes, it fell out by law, that the burning of Howell's houses, and assaulting him in his own house, was a more heinous offence in Morris ap John ap Meredith and the rest, than the death of Graff' ap John ap Gronw, in Howell, who did it in his own defence; whereupon Morris ap John ap Meredith, with thirty-five more, were indicted of felony, as appeareth by the copie of the indictment, which I had from the records.—See JOHN WYNN'S *History of the Gwynnir Family*. Lond. 1770, 8vo, p. 116.

## NOTES TO CANTO SIXTH.

## NOTE I.

O'er Hoxham's altar hung my glove,

St. XXX. p. 50.

This custom among the Redefale and Trynale borderers is mentioned in the interesting life of Bernard Gilpin, where some account is given of these wild districts, where it was the custom of that excellent man regularly to visit.

"This custom (of duels) still prevailed on the borders, where Saxon barbarism held its latest possession. These wild Northumbrians indeed went beyond the ferocity of their ancestors. They were not content with a duel; each contending party used to muster what adherents he could, and commence a kind of petty war. So that a private grudge would oft-n occasion much blood-shed.

"It happened that a quarrel of this kind was on foot when Mr Gilpin was at Rothbury, in those parts. During the two or three first days of his preaching, the contending parties observed some decorum, and never appeared at church together. At length, however, they met. One party had been early at church, and just as Mr Gilpin began his sermon the other entered. They stood not long silent; inflamed at the sight of each other, they began to clash their weapons, for they were all armed with javelins and swords, and mutually approach. Aided, however, by the sacredness of the place, the tumult in some degree ceased. Mr Gilpin proceeded; when again the combatants began to brandish their weapons, and draw towards each other. As a fray seemed near, Mr Gilpin stepped from the pulpit, went between them, and addressed the leaders, 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 endeavouring to make them ashamed of what they had done. His behaviour and discourse affected them so much, that, at his farther entreaty, they promised to forswear all acts of hostility while he continued in the country. And so much respected was he among them, that whoever was in fear of his enemy used to resort where Mr Gilpin was, esteeming his presence the best protection.

"One Sunday morning, coming to a church in those parts before the people were assembled, he observed a glove hanging up, and was informed by the sexton, that it was meant as a challenge to any one who should take it down. Mr Gilpin ordered the sexton to reach it him; but upon his utterly refusing to touch it, he took it down himself, and put it in his breast. When the people were assembled, he went into the pulpit, and, before he concluded his sermon, took occasion to rebuke them severely for these inhuman challenges. 'I hear,' said he, 'that one among you hath hanged up a glove, even in this sacred place, threatening to fight any one who taketh it down; see, I have taken it down,' and, pulling out the glove, he held it up to the congregation, and then showed them how unsuitable such savage practices were to the profession of Christianity, using such persuasives to mutual love as he thought would most affect them.'—*Life of Bernard Gilpin*, Lond. 1753, 8vo, p. 177.

## NOTE II.

A Horseman arm'd, at headlong speed.

St. XXXII. p. 53.

This, and what follows, is taken from a real

achievement of Major Robert Philipson, called, from his desperate and adventurous courage, Robin the Devil; which, as being very inaccurately noticed in this note upon the first edition, shall be now given in a more authentic form. The chief place of his retreat was not Lord's Island in Derwentwater, but Curwen's Island in the lake of Windermere.—

"This island formerly belonged to the Philipsons, a family of note in Westmoreland. During the civil wars, two of them, an elder and a younger brother served the king. The former, who was the proprietor of it, commanded a regiment; the latter was a major.

"The major, whose name was Robert, was a man of great spirit and enterprise; and for his many feats of personal bravery, had obtained among the Oliverians of these parts, the appellation of Robin the Devil.

"After the war had subsided, and the direful effects of public opposition had ceased, revenge and malice long kept alive the animosity of individuals. Colonel Briggs, a steady friend to usurpation, resided at this time at Kendal, and, under the double character of a leading magistrate (for he was a justice of peace) and an active commander, held the country in awe. This person having heard that Major Philipson was at his brother's house on the island in Windermere, resolved, if possible, to seize and punish a man who had made himself so particularly obnoxious. How it was conducted, my authority does not inform us—whether he got together the navigation of the lake, and blockaded the place by sea, or whether he landed and carried on his approaches in force. 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 assailed as he left the assembly; and, being seized, his girths were cut, and he was unhorsed.

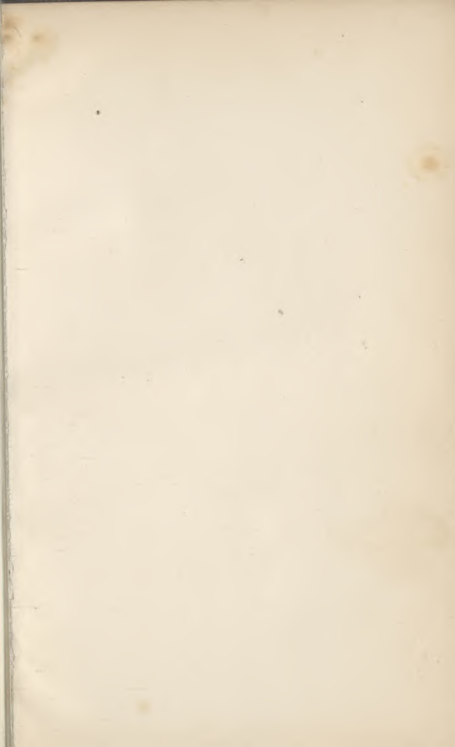
"At this instant his party made a furious attack on the assailants, and the major killed with his own hand the man who had seized him, clapped the saddle, unlighted as it was, upon his horse, and, vaulting into it, rode full speed through the streets of Kendal, calling his men to follow him; and with 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."

• Dr Barn's History of Westmoreland,]

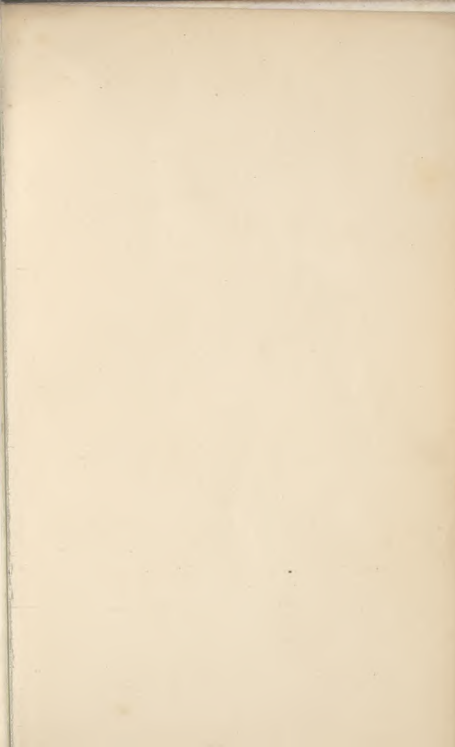
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