For the library of the Faculty of Advocates from the Editor.
The Duke of the Howlat.
The Chimes of the Bellsman
By E. T. Utley
The Duke of the Howlat.
By Holland.

Printed at Edinburgh.
MDCCCLXXIII.
THIS EDITION OF

THE BUKE OF THE HOWLAT

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
AND PRESENTED

TO THE PRESIDENT
AND MEMBERS

Of the Bannatyne Club

BY THEIR FAITHFULL SERVANT
DAVID LAING.

October 23, 1823.
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25th November, 1823.

THE EARL OF MINTO,
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THE PREFACE.

The allegorical Poem of the Howlat was composed about the middle of the fifteenth century. Although it has been regarded by critics, and certainly without much injustice, as a prolix and very uncouth performance, still it is by no means to be considered as wholly destitute of claims to attention. The forced style of alliteration adopted by the author, has, it is true, imparted to his work a certain degree of obscurity, whilst the singular want of propriety shewn in the construction of the fable may likewise, in some measure, contribute to render it less attractive:—yet, after all, as it serves to fill up a chasm in the history of our poetical literature, the reader’s curiosity may be excited, if we attempt to throw
some light on the dark veil of allegory under which its primary argument is usually supposed to be concealed.

The Poem itself comes to us in the form of a moral fable, illustrative of the danger of pride; but an idea has been started by an ingenious writer, that, under this ostensible character, there lay concealed an invective against the person and government of James the Second of Scotland. "The length and nature of this Poem," says Mr Pinkerton, "founded on a trite fable, and the long panegyrick on the House of Douglas, convinced me that ' more was meant than meets the ear;' and the lines (in Stanza lxxvi.)

"We cum pure, we gang pure, bath King and Comon;
Bot thow rewll THE richtouss, THY CROWN seall ourere,"

certify the idea that the Howlat is no other than the King James II.—a prince little deserving such a satire."

Such a hypothesis may be thought too plausible to be entirely rejected; yet, if such a design did really exist, it was probably nothing more than a subordinate object of the author. But even this admission may perhaps ap-

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1 Pinkerton's Scotch Poems, &c. Vol. I. p. xxix. The reader will observe, that the reading of thy crowne in these lines is not warranted by either of the old manuscript copies.
pear too great to an attentive reader of the poem,—
which is dated from Ternoway, the seat of the Earls of
Moray; and which we are told was composed to please
the Countess of Moray, dowit or wedded to a Douglas:—

"Thus for ane Dow of Dunbar drew I this dyte,
Dowit with ane Dowglas, and baith war thai dowis." ²

The lady here meant is Mary Dunbar, who, in or before
the year 1447, brought that Earldom to her husband,
Archibald Douglas, third son of James, seventh Earl of
Douglas.—But in order more fully to comprehend the
tendency of the fable, as well as to fix the precise time
when it was written, it will be necessary to advert in a
more particular manner to the History of the old Dou-
glas days.

Subsequent to the period when the reins of government
were assumed by James II., that house, already the most
potent in the kingdom, had received a great accession of
power through the influence which William, eighth Earl
of Douglas, possessed over the councils and affections of
the youthful monarch. By his means, the younger
branches of the family were raised to considerable dig-
nities: for, as the excellent old historian of their race

² Stanza LXXVII. lines 1 and 2.
says of him, “he was as kind and forward to advance his friends, as he had been to quell his enemies.” One of his brothers, Hugh, was created Earl of Ormond; another of them, John, received the title of Lord of Balveny; whilst a third, Archibald, as already has been mentioned, obtained in marriage the daughter of James Dunbar, Earl of Moray, who had died without male issue; by which alliance, he procured the right and title to that earldom. This, it may be added, he obtained through his brother’s influence, to the prejudice of James, second Lord Crichton, who, previous to the father’s death, had been espoused to the elder daughter. But soon after the marriage of James II. with Mary of Gueldres, in 1449, the favour and power of Douglas began sensibly to fail; till at length, partly in consequence of repeated acts of tyranny and oppression, joined to the representations of his enemies during his absence abroad, the King’s affections were entirely alienated from him; and it was deemed prudent to endeavour, by all possible means, to curb his exorbitant power and influence. This object was conceived to be the more urgent, inasmuch as the confederacy which Douglas had entered into with the Earls of Crawford, Ross, and some other of the Scotch nobles, for their mutual protection, was sufficient to alarm the monarch for his own safety, and the security
of the kingdom.—But the fate of the Earl of Douglas, who, in February 1452, was stabbed by the King’s own hand, is well known, and need hardly be recapitulated.  

William was succeeded in the earldom by his second brother, Sir James, Master of Douglas, who had been educated for the church; and who, along with the Earl of Ormond, and several other friends and relatives, had accompanied Douglas to the town of Stirling. They immediately rose up in arms to revenge such an atrocious act; and, in contempt of the royal authority, they dragged the safe-conduct which Douglas had received, through the streets, ‘at the tail of an ill-favoured spittle-jade, or mare;’ speaking ‘richt slanderfully’ of the

3 On the Monday before Fastreus-even, 21st February, Douglas having received a safe-conduct under the Great Seal, subscribed by all the Lords who at that time were with the King, by which they pledged themselves, ‘that suppos the King wald brek the band forsaid, that thai sall let it at their power,’ he was prevailed on to visit the Court, then held at the Castle of Stirling. ‘And this samyn Monunday, (in the words of a contemporaneous writer,) he passit to the castell, and spak with the King, that tuke richt wele with him be apperans, and callit him on the morn to the dyner and to the supper, and he come and dynit and soppit. And thai said, thar was a band betwix the said Erll of Dowglas, and the Erll of Ros, and the Erll of Craufurd. And efter supper, at sevyne houris, the King then beand in the inner chalmer and the said erll, he chargit him to breke the forsaid band. He said he mycht nocht, nor wald nocht. Than the King said, Fals tratour, sen yow will nocht I sall, and stert sodanly till him with ane knyf, and straik him in at the color, and down in the body. And thai said that Pa-
King, and all that were implicated in the Earl's death. After this, having collected their force, they burnt the town of Stirling, and continued to excite great commotions in the southern parts of Scotland:—but at length James—who had most anxiously endeavoured, in a Parliament convened for the express object, to vindicate himself from the charge of treachery, and the violation of publick faith,—partly by strenuous as well as lenient measures, succeeded in inducing them to return to their allegiance.¹

There seems but little reason to doubt that the Howlat was composed in the course of the year 1453, during this interval of reconciliation. The author, in a long digression, gives a particular description of the green-tree of Douglas, with its armorial bearings; and the manner in which he speaks of its four branches, shews that he certainly means James, ninth Earl of

Douglas, and his three brothers, Archibald, Earl of Moray; Hugh, Earl of Ormond; and John, Lord of Balveny, who are, indeed, specially mentioned by name. — From this circumstance, it is evident, that, had the composition of the poem taken place immediately subsequent to the death of Earl William in 1452, we might at least have expected to find some allusion to an event which struck at the very root of all the grandeur and power of that house. The mere representation of the King, under the degrading form of an owl, complaining to the other birds of his deformity, would, at that time, be altogether insufficient to express the sentiments which the adherents of Douglas entertained of their Monarch; although it might well enough serve to dimly shadow forth their feelings, when more caution and reserve, on their part, was necessary in any allusion to the King's person. But however this may be, no possible doubt can be entertained but that the Howlat must be dated previous, at least, to the battle of Arkinholm, in Dumfries-shire, which took place in May 1455: for, on that occasion, the Douglases having again appeared in open rebellion, Archibald, Earl of Moray, husband of the lady to whom the poem is addressed, was slain; and his brother, Hugh, Earl of Ormond, taken prisoner and executed. In the following month, the
whole family of Douglas was attainted, and forced into exile. Well might Lyndsay, alluding to their fate, exclaim,

"Quhare bene the douchtie Erlis of Dowglas,
Quhilkis royallie, into this regioun rang?
Forfalt and slane! quhat neidith mair process,
Dame Curia thame dulfullie down thrang."  

Of the personal history of the author, whose name was Holland, no kind of information has been discovered. We are even left in ignorance of his christian name; but the poem carries with it the most convincing proof that he was a strenuous adherent of the noble and powerful family of Douglas. The sirname of Holland is, however, so uncommon, and the coincidence of situation and attachment so remarkable, as almost to place it beyond suspicion that the author of the Howlat may have been the Sir Richard Holland, whose name occurs in an Act of Parliament, March 1482; in which a reward is offered for the apprehension of those cumyn of gentill blude,

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5 Lyndsay's Works, vol. 1. p. 319. "Dame Curia," says Mr Chalmers, "is an allegorical personage of Lyndsay's creation; and frequently brought forward by him. She guided the destinies of the court, and is frequently employed in hurling down courtiers from their eminence."
who were followers of the exiled Earl of Douglas. But from the manner in which our author is mentioned by Dunbar, and by Sir David Lyndsay, along with the other Scotish makars, or poets, whom they commemorate, we may readily infer, that he was esteemed as a writer of some distinction; and Lyndsay, who connects his name with those of Merser, Henryson, and three other of their contemporaries, says with emphasis:

"Thocht they be deid, their libellis bene livand,
Qubilkis to rehearse, makis Reidaris to rejoise."

6 This is an act "for resisting and staynching of the tressoun of the traitour, James of Douglace, quhilk is now cunimyng to the bordouris." Besides the reward offered, as above-mentioned, there is a free remission to others who should forsake Douglas and come over to the King; but from this act of grace, Holland is specially excepted. This clause of the act is in the following words:

"Except the personis that pleses his hienes to except, That is to say, the traitouris, Jamis of Douglace, Alexander Jarding, Schir Richard Holland, and Maister Patrick Halyburton, priestis, and uther sic like traitouris that ar sworne Inglismen, and remanys in Ingland,"—Acts of the Parliaments of Scotland, vol. II. p. 189.

From this we learn, (supposing the person named to be our author,) that he was a priest, to whom the title of Schir in those days was given, and from whence originated the usual designation of their being the Pope’s Knights. Thus Lyndsay says,

"The pure priest thinkis he getis na richt,
Be he nocht stilt like an knight,
And callit Schir, before his name;
As Schir Thomas, and Schir Williame."
No other of Holland's *libellis*, or writings, has reached our times, except the *Howlat*, which was first printed in the year 1792, from the copy preserved in Bannatyne's Manuscript, (written in 1568;) but the editor appears to have been singularly unfortunate in a transcriber; numerous passages which were of themselves sufficiently obscure, having been rendered absolutely unintelligible. The text of the present edition is taken from a transcript made some years ago, but since, very carefully collated with the more ancient copy, contained in a valuable manuscript, in the Auchinleck Library, which appears to have been compiled in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, (about the year 1515,) by one John Asloan, or Sloane; and which, in every respect, in so far as the *Howlat* is concerned, is indisputably superior to the other. The various readings afforded by a careful collation of these two manuscripts, (the only copies known to be extant,) are not of much importance; but such of them as seemed worth noticing, will be found in the Appendix, together with a few Notes, illustrative of the poem.

As the reader may be gratified to see a facsimile of the ancient manuscript, which has been followed, a few

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7 In the Appendix subjoined to Pinkerton's Collection of *Scotish Poems*, reprinted from scarce editions. London, 1792, 3 vols. post 8vo.
lines are accordingly given from the end of the poem, to which is subjoined, the autograph of the transcriber.

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In most full month of May
In myde of murray: This point Holland
Thrus by ye-yn br-freebay
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[Signature]
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It may be proper, however, before expressing any sentiments as to the poetical merit of the Howlat, to give a brief summary of the fable, for the benefit of those readers who may not be very conversant with writings so

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8 This, as well as the other ornaments in the volume, were executed by Mr Lizars; that on the title-page being taken from a very clever design by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., for which, and for many similar favours, I owe my best and most grateful acknowledgments.

9 In the following summary, much unnecessary trouble has been saved, in availing myself of an elaborate analysis of this poem, by the late Alexander Thomson, Esq.—kindly communicated to me by Dr Robert Anderson, from the collections of his lamented friend, which were intended for a History of Scotish Poetry; but in which no considerable progress seems to have been made.
antiquated and obscure. They will, by this means, be better enabled to judge for themselves respecting the notions which some people have entertained of its satirical tendency; particularly, should any one, anxious to vindicate the character of the Scotish Monarch, propose the question,

"Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?"

The poet walks out at the soft season of the year, and, sitting down by the side of a river, (of the pleasures of which place, he declines giving any particular description, in order to avoid prolixity, having, as he says, *meeke matter in meter to gloss*)—he hears a piteous lamentation, uttered by an owl in a holly tree, who was looking with horror at his own visage in the water. The Owl resolves to appeal to the Pope of Birds, in the hopes, that, through the prayers and intercession of his holiness, Dame Nature may be prevailed upon to alter his appearance, and to schape him a schand bird. Accordingly, he comes to the Peacock, who is Pope, and falling reverently on his knees, receives his *braid benesoun* or bene-
The Pope having heard his complaint, and considering it a weighty affair, directs his secretary, the Turtle, to summon a general council; and the Swallow, as both herald and messenger, is dispatched on this errand. The different birds belonging to the Spiritual estate assemble, and the ecclesiastical dignities allotted to each of them are described. The council proceeds to deliberate on the case; but a variety of opinions being expressed, it is thought preferable to defer coming to any decision, until the concurrence of the State Temporal is obtained. The Swallow is again sent off with letters, and finds the Eagle, or Emperor, in the Tower of Babylon, who graciously receives the message, and summoning his train of attendants, immediately sets out with them on their journey. They speedily arrive in Europe, and reach the forest in which the general convocation is held. The Emperor's attendants are then enumerated by the poet, among whom we find the Woodpecker, as pursuivant, bearing his arms, and those of the King of France, and the King of Scotland. Next to the arms of Scotland, are those of the Douglasses, who are designated by our author as the **weir-wall**, or bulwark of their country; and, it is easy to see by the manner in which he speaks of them, the strength of his attachment to that family. The stanzas descriptive of their noble an-
cestor, who was chosen by Robert the Bruce, when on his death-bed, to carry his heart to the Holy Land, are very animated. After this romantick episode, he proceeds to describe the blazons of the other branches of the family; but with all his minuteness, the author is afraid he has not said enough; and more than once refers the readers to professed heralds, to tell them the haill.

Returning then to the fable, the temporal birds are welcomed by the Prelates, and kindly invited to dinner by the Pope. They are arranged at table by the Falcon, who is marshall: the Stork being appointed steward during flesh-time: and the Soland-Goose during the season of Lent, for this special reason, that from the firmament he could fang the fische deid. In the midst of the banquet, the Thrush, and some other birds, as minstrels, enter, and sing a hymn to the Virgin Mary; which is followed by a curious list of musical instruments. The Jay, in the capacity of a juggler, is next introduced, who exhibits several wonderful exploits. He is succeeded by the Rook, in the character of a bard from Ireland, who begins to repeat an absurd rhapsody of the genealogy of the Irish Kings; for which, and some other of his falsehoods, he is sharply rebuked. But his continued insolence and loquacity is checked by the entrance of the Lapwing and the Cuckoo, as two flyrand fools, who seize
on him, and pull him by the hair, and defile him so, that, to use the author's expressive words,

"The bard smaddit lyke a smaik smorit in a smedy."

After which, the two fools, to the great amusement of the company, fall by the ears, and abuse each other.—At length the council proceed to business, and the request contained in the Owl's petition is readily granted. They offer up their prayers to Dame Nature, who descends, and, willingly acceding to their united desires, bids each of the birds lend the Owl one of its feathers, which she engages to join together before her departure. This being done, the fortunate petitioner is suddenly changed from his despised shape, and becomes the fairest bird in all Scotland; the transition, however, having the effect also of changing his behaviour to extreme haughtiness and arrogance, which at length become so intolerable, that the birds apply again to Nature for redress. She grants it, with the same condescension as formerly; and the Owl, thus despoiled of all his borrowed plumage, and reduced to his original despised and deformed condition, gives vent to his feelings in several excellent moral reflections on the dangerous effects of pride. The author concludes with mentioning the cause of his writing
the poem, and the place where the adventure is said to have occurred.

Such is a brief outline of this fable, of the poetical merits of which, there can be but one opinion.\textsuperscript{10} Although

\textsuperscript{10} The following is the opinion of an ingenious writer, already named, with regard to Holland's merits as a poet:

"To the character of an original inventor," Mr Thomson says, "the author of the \textit{Howlat} has but a slender claim; for besides having taken the story of his poem from the fable of the Jackdaw with borrowed feathers, he is indebted to Chaucer's \textit{Assemble of Foulis}, for some of its principal decorations. The catalogue of birds, and the personification of Nature, are, both of them, imitations of Chaucer; but the former is inferior, in every respect, to the characteristic sketches of his master; and the latter is so little suited to the situation in which it stands, as clearly shews it to have been an exotic, transplanted from a much more poetical soil.

"Drayton has a poem entitled the \textit{Owl}; but there is no similarity between it and the \textit{Howlat}, either in the subject, or the manner of treating it. But the want of propriety in this poem is a blemish still greater than that of originality. Nothing in composition can be more absurd, than the custom of investing birds and beasts with dignities ecclesiastical and civil; and putting dialogues into their mouths, upon moral, religious, or political topics. Perhaps, however, the candid reader may be inclined to think this more excusable in a writer of the fifteenth century, when he recollects that the very same impropriety was committed by the author of the \textit{Hind and Panther}, almost at the close of the seventeenth.

"The adoption of Mr Pinkerton's hypothesis would furnish us with a still more striking coincidence (or rather contrast) between Holland and Dryden. The intention of the former in writing the \textit{Howlat}, was to depreciate James II. of Scotland: to extoll James II. of England, and recommend his religion, was that of the latter. But the discovery of this allegorical meaning gives no fresh merit to the \textit{Scottish} poem, as the satire in the one is equally unjust, and equally culpable, with the panegyric in the other."—\textit{MS. Critique on the Howlat}, p. 16, &c.
the details are occasionally amusing, it is still confessedly a dull performance, exhibiting, neither in conception nor execution, any extraordinary degree of poetical talent. But dull as the poem generally may be, there is a redeeming beauty in the episode of James, Lord of Douglas; and it might be difficult to point out any similar passage in our old poetical writers, in which animated description is combined with so much tenderness and feeling. Moreover, the poem is remarkable for its language, no less than for its versification, in the structure of which, it bears a marked resemblance to some of the more ancient of our metrical romances; although the style is neither so difficult nor so obscure as that of Golagrus and Gawane, or of Raulf Coilyear, the romances more especially alluded to. If, after what has been stated, any reader is inclined to believe that this poem contains a covert satire on James II., with regard to his ambitious dispositions, he must at least concede, that the satire is not of the most pungent and caustick nature. But such a notion really derives little, if any, support from the poem itself, in which we can find no direct allusions either to the personal character of the King, or to the state of Scotland in his reign; nor does the situation of James, at any period of his life, accord with that implied by the adoption of such an hypothe-
Besides, the idea of the author’s having made use of an allegorical fable for any such purpose, might be controverted on the grounds, that at that early period our writers had not resorted to such a mode of composition: they had, in fact, no experience of the power and extensive influence of political satire, which belongs to a much more advanced and polished state of society. On the whole, we may conclude with observing, that the author has displayed considerable ingenuity and descriptive power, and has preserved several curious sketches of the manners of the time; and that although the poem of The Howlat is in some measure obscured by the unfortunate preference which has been given to the alliterative style that prevailed so much in our ancient poetical literature, it must nevertheless be always regarded as one of the most singularly curious productions of the age to which it belongs.

Edinburgh, October 1823.
Since the foregoing Preface was written, the Editor has been kindly favoured with the following communication from Sir Walter Scott, which he is happy to have it in his power to present to the reader; and which probably will satisfy most people on the point at issue:—

"After the opinions entertained and expressed on the subject by great antiquaries, it may seem bold to doubt whether the Howlat contains any political allusion either to James II., or to the state of Scotland; or, indeed, whether it means any thing more than a mere apologue, with such a fancifull adaptation of the characteristicks and peculiarities of the various tribes of birds to the classes of mankind, as has been made in our own time in the witty and ingenious poem called "The Peacock at Home,"—the authoress of which, we will venture to say, never heard of Sir Richard Holland, or read a word of his Howlat, though the pieces bear a singular resemblance to each other. Another satire of the same kind appeared at Paris, about the beginning of the Revolution, in which the various orders of Catholic clergy are ludicrously classified, as birds, according to the system of Linnaeus."
The strong argument by which alone the general opinion has been hitherto supported, is, that the author, an avowed friend and eulogist of the great House of Douglas, must necessarily be an enemy of the reigning family, and willing to depress or insult the character of James II., as the enemy of his friends and patrons. To this we allow its full weight; and if we could find in the piece, from beginning to end, any thing peculiarly allusive to the person of James II., or the events of his reign, we are ready to admit, that, arguing a priori, we should be apt to recognize such allusion as a libel on that prince, and as being a very natural appendage or corollary to a panegyric on the House of Douglas. If the poem had satirized pride or violence in oppression and abuse of power, as such faults would have corresponded with the charges which the Douglas faction had brought against the King: Or, suppose that James had been a Polish monarch, called to the throne by the suffrages of the nobles over whom he is afterwards accused of tyrannizing, the parable of the Howlat in his borrowed feathers would have been applicable, and the catastrophe of the apologue would have conveyed a striking inuendo. But James II. came to a hereditary throne in the ordinary course of succession; and owed his sovereignty neither to the compassion and patronage of the "Pape," nor to
any special surrender of privileges on the part of the nobles. His authority was native to him, and he held the kingdom on the same terms on which his nobles held their estates, as the lawful owner of the throne of his ancestors. Indeed, it is particularly worthy of notice, that when the author mentions the King of Scotland distinctly, and by name, it is in his character of an independent and hereditary sovereign, giving the lie to his own satire, if we are to understand that he elsewhere likened James II. to the Owl in borrowed feathers.

‘Our soverane of Scotland,
Quhilk sall be lord and ledar—
Our braid Britaine all qhar,
As Sanct Margaretis air.’

If it be alleged that this description is introduced merely as a device to conceal his satire, and screen the author from consequences, it may be replied, First, That in or about the year 1453, a friend of the House of Douglas, writing in the forest of Ternoway, at a time when general publication was out of the question, would probably have had little cause to dread the vengeance of his Sovereign. Secondly, That unless there be points of satirical resemblance which the lapse of ages may have obscured, it would never answer the purpose of a satirist to cover his
meaning so entirely, that when his production is read from one end to the other, no point of resemblance occurs between his libel and its object, which might not be equally applicable to any King and people of the period. It would be idle to express a positive opinion on a subject obscured by the mist of so many ages; but until some coincidence is shewn, stronger than any which we are able to perceive betwixt the fable of the Howlat and the History of James II., we cannot but think it equally probable, that instead of writing a satire, Holland amused his leisure at Ternoway by compiling a poetical apologue, upon a plan used not only by Chaucer, but by many of the French minstrels, without any view whatever to local or national politics. The praises of the Douglasses are introduced in an inartificial manner; but such digressions are not uncommon in the authors of a rude age. The hymn to the virgin (Stanza lvi.) is just such an effusion of episodical devotion, as the panegyric on the Douglasses is a burst of friendly enthusiasm. Nay, the very circumstance, that they are brought forward without parable, or without disguise, seems to make against the opinion that there is a political allegory in the rest of the poem. Had the Douglas been introduced as the eagle or falcon, there would have been better reason to suppose that the King was sketched under the cha-
raeter of the Howlat. On the whole, judging from the
tenor of the poem and all that we know of the history
of the period, we can only sum up with the remark, that
if Holland be actually a satirist, he has been one of the
most cautious that ever wrote verse, since it is so hard
to discover in what his satire consists; or, in other words,
he has hidden his meaning so completely, that it is im-
possible for a modern author distinctly to apprehend
it."

The following passage from Henry the old Scotish
Minstrel,—the most romantick of all our ancient writers,
had escaped my recollection when I was engaged in
drawing up the foregoing preface; but it is not too late
to be brought forward as a corroborative proof of what
is so clearly and satisfactorily stated in the above com-
munication. There is to be found in it a most dis-

tinct reference to the poem of the Howlat, which is
regarded as nothing more than a moral fable. This is the
more curious, as it is contained in a work supposed to
have been written about the year 1470, by one, who, if
not personally acquainted with our author, was at least
his contemporary. The lines occur in that part of the
minstrel's narrative, where he describes the contention which took place before the battle of Falkirk, when Sir William Wallace refused to yield up his accustomed post of honour, at the time that Stewart of Bute insisted on leading the vanguard of the army. Stewart upon this upbraids Wallace for pride, and addressing our valourous and immortal champion, says, "by thee I tell a tale."

"'Say furth,' quoth he, 'off the farrest yhe can.'
Whanfly his taill thus he began:—
'Wallace,' he said, 'thow takis the mekill cur;
So peri tyt, be wyrkyng off Natur,
How a Howlat complend of his fetherame,
Quhill Deym Natur tuk off ilk byrd, but blame,
A fayr fethyr, and to the Howlat gaiiff;
Than he through prydy reboytyt all the layff.
Quhar off suld thow thi senylie schaw so he?
Thow thinkis nan her at suld thi falow be.
This makis it, thow art cled with our men,
Had we our awin, thin war bot few to keu.'

At thir wordis gud Wallace brynt as fyr:
Our haistely he ansered him in ire,
'Thou leid,' he said, 'the suth full oft has ben,
Thar, and I baid, quhar thow durst nocht be seyn
Contrar enemys, na mar, for Scotlandis rycht
Than dar the Howlat quhen that the day is brycht.' "

Wallace,—by Henry the Minstrel.—Book X. 130, &c.
The Duke of the Howlat.
II.

This riche Revir down ran, but resting or ruf,
Throwe one forest on fold, that early was fair;
All the brapis of the brym haur branchis abuf,
And birdis blythes of ble, on blossomes haur;
The land lowne was and le, with lyking and luf,
And for to lende by that laike, thocht me levar,
Because that thir hartes in heirdis count huf,
Peeland and prunzeand, be pair and be pair:
Thus sat I in solace, sekerly and lure,
Content of the fair birth,
Yekle mair of the mirth,
As blyth of the birth That the ground bure.

III.
The birth that the ground bure was browdin on heirdis,
With girs gave as the gold, and granes of grace,
Hendis and medicine for mennis all neidis;
Help to hert, and to hurt, heisfull it was,
Undir the Tirkill solar thir faworus feidis
War nurisst be dame Natur, that noble mastes;
Bot all thar names to nevyn as now, it nocht neid is,
It war prolix and lang, and lenthing of space,
And I have mekle matir in metir to glos,
Of ane nothir sentence
And waike is my eloquence;
Charfor in haiit will I hens To the purpos.
OFF that purpos in the place, he preyne of the day,
I herd ane petuos appele, with ane pur mane,
Solpit in sorowe, that sadly south say,
Tha is me, wretche in this world, willsome of wane,
With mair murnyng in mynd than I meyne may,
Rolpit reuulsfully roth in a rude rane;
Off that seely on sode, I fell in asfay,
Miral that naps in nest I nechet in ane
I sawe ane Bowlat, in haist, undie ane holyne,
Lukand the laike throwe,
And saw his awne schadowe,
At the quhilk he couth grove, And maid gowlyne.

Au.

He grait gryphly grymun, and gaif a greet zowle,
Then Erdand and chyandand with churlyche chyr;
Duby is my far, quoth the syle, fassonit to soule,
My forme and my setherem, unfreyly, but feir;
My neb is netherit as a nok, I am bot ane Owle;
Aganis natur in the nicht, I walk in to weir;
I dare do nocht on the day, bot droupe as a doule,
Nocht for schame of my schape in perit till appeir:
Thus all thir fowlis, for my fith, has me at feid,
That be I leyne in thar licht,
To luke out on day licht,
Sum will me dulsfully dicht, Sum dyng me to deid.
UI.
Sum bird will bay at my beike, and some will me byte,
Sum skripe me with scorne, sum skrym at myne e;
I se be my schadowe my schape has the wyte:
Dusom fall I blame in this breth, a bylyn that I be,
Is none bot dame Natur I bid nocht to nyte,
Till ' accuse ' of this caife, in caife that I de;
Bot quha fall mak me are mendis of hir worth a nyte,
That thus has maid on the mold are monstour of me:
I will appele to the Pape, and pas till him plane;
For hoppin that his halynace,
Throw prayer may purchace,
To reforme my soule face, And than war I sene.

UII.
Fayne wald I wyte, quoth the syle, or I furth sere,
Duha is fader of all soule, pasour and pape;
That is the plesant Parok, precious and pure,
Constant and kirklyk under his cler cape,
Syterit, as the maner is, manshvet and mure,
Schroude in his schene weid, schand in his schap,
Sad in his sanctitit, sekely and sere,
I will go to that gud, his grace for to grap.
Of that bource I was blythe and bade to behald,
The bowlet wyplest in wyte,
Raikit under the rys,
To the Paroke of pryce, That was Pape said.
III.

Before the Pape, quhen the pur present him had,
With sic courteously as he couth, on knees he fell;
Said Aue Raby, be the rud I am right rad
For to behald your halynes, or my tale tell;
I may nocht suffys to se your sanctitid lad.
The Pape wylle I wis, of worchipye the well,
Saif him his braid benesoun, and baldly him bad,
That he suld spedely speike and spair nocht to spell.
I come to spre, quoth the spreit, in to speciell,
Nuh y I am forced to sowle,
Ay to zowt and to zowle,
As an horrible Owle,

IV.

I am netherit ane Owll thus be Natur,
Lykar a sule than a sowle in sigur and face;
Bylyn of all birdis that euer body bure,
Withoutin caus or crym, kend in this case:
I haue appetit to zour presence, precious and pur,
Athis helpe in till haist at zour halynes,
That ze wald cry apoun Crist, that all has in cur,
To schape me a schand bird in a schort space;
And till accus Natur, this is no nay;
Thus, throw zour halynes, may ze
Yake a fair soule of me,
Or elles dredles I de

Dr myne end day.
Off thi deid, quoth the Pape, pite I haife,  
Bot apon Natur to pleyne, it is perrell;  
I can nocht say sudanelye, so me Crist laic,  
Bot I fall call my cardinallis and my counsall,  
Patriarkis and prophetis of levit the laic;  
Thay salbe semblit full sone, that show se fall.  
He rallit on his cubicular within his conclaif,  
That was the proper Pape Faye prove in his apparaie;  
Bad send for his secretar, and his sele sone,  
That was the Turtour trewest,  
Ferne, faithfull, and fast,  
That bure that office honest, And enterit but hone.

The Pape commandit but hone, to wryte in all landis,  
Be the said secretar, that the sele zempt,  
For all statis of kirk that under Crist standis,  
To semble to his summonsdis, as it wele zempt.  
The trewe Turtour has tane with the tyhandis,  
Done dewlie his det, as the deir demyt;  
Synge belys lend the letteris in to seir landis  
With the Swallowe, to swyft in special expremit  
The Papis harald, at poynyt in to present,  
For he is forthwart to se,  
And ay will haue entre,  
In hous and in hall hie, To tell his entent.
FIII.

Ouhat sold I tell any mair of thir materis,
Bot thir lordis belyf the letteris has tane,
Resault thaim with reverence, to Reid as esseris;
And richely the harraldis rewardit ilkane,
Than buck thaj but blyn, mony bewscheiris,
Grathis tham but gruching that gait for to gane.
All the satis of the kirk out of heid heris,
And I fall not sow richt now thar names in ane,
Now thai apperit to the Pape, and present thaim aye
Fair farrand and see,
In a gudly degre,
And manlyke as thocht me, In myddis of Bay.

FIII.

All thus in Bay, as I ment, in a mornynge,
Come four Falandis full fair in the first front,
Present tham as patriarchis in thar appering,
Beiyng of obedience, and blyth in the bront:
A college of cardinalis come syne in a lyng,
That war Cranmis of kynd, gif I richt compt;
With red hattis on hed, in haile takynne
Off that deir dignite, with worshippe ay wont:
Thir ar fowlis of esser, but fellony or seid,
Spiritual in all thing,
Leile in thar leving,
Tharsor in dignite digne, Thay dure to thar deid.
fit endurende the daye to that deir drewe,
Swanniis snowe and full swyth, sweetest of swar,
In quyte rocatis arrayd; as I riche knewe
That that war bichopis blisst, I was the blythar;
Stabile and streidsfast, tender and trewe,
Of fewe wordis, full wys, and worthy thaj war:
Thar was Pyctis, and Partriikis, and Pluwaris ynewe,
As abbotis of all ordouris that honorable ar;
The Se Hawis war monkis, the blak and the quyte,
The Houle was a gryntar,
The Surrthbak a sellerar,
The Searth a fishe fangar, And that a perfyte.

Parfytlye thir Piknawis, as for priouris,
With thar party habitis present tham thar;
Heronis contemplatis, elene charterouris,
With toppit hudis on hed, and clothynge of hair,
A sorrowfull and lad at evin lang and houris,
Was neuer leid law thaim lauch, bot drowspan and dar;
Alkyn chennonis eik of other ordouris,
All maner of religioun, the less and the mair;
Tyand Crawris and Cais, that cravis the corne,
War pure freris forthward,
That with the leif of the lard,
Will cum to the corne yard At ewyn and at morn.
XUI.

zit or ewyn entenit come that bur office,
Obeyand thir bishoppis, and bydand than by,
Gret Ganeris on ground, in gudly awys,
That war denyt, but dowt, denyt deuchty ;
Thaj war residence raith, and airly will ryse
To kepe the college cleine, and the clergye,
The Tok in his cleir cape, that crawis and cryis,
Was chosyn chauntour full chief in the channonry.
Thar come the Curlewe a clerk, and that full cunnand,
Chargit as chancellar,
For he rooth wryte wounder fair,
With his neb for mistar, Apon the se sand.

XUII.

Apon the land zit I sawe, as thesauers tane,
With grene almous on hed, sehir Sawane the Drak ;
The archedene, that ourman, ay prechand in plane,
Correker of kirkmen was elepit the Claik.
The Martoune, the Burcoke, the Myrresnyppe in ane,
Lichtit, as lefit men, law by that laik.
The Ravyne, rolzand rudly in a roche ran,
Was denz rurale to reid, rank as a raike ;
Duhill the lardnie was laid, held he na houz ;
Bot in wylandis townis,
At vicaris and persons,
For the procuracionnис, Cryand full crows.
XVII.

The crovs Capone, a clerk under cleir weidis,
Full of cherite, chast, and unchangeable,
Was officiale but les that the law leidis
In causis consistoriale, that ar courcable.
The Sparrowe Wenus he weist for his yple deidis,
Lyand in lichory, laith, unlovereable.
The Feltisfe in the forest, that febilly him feidis
Be ordour ane hospitular was ordanit full able.
The Cowsshtotis war personis in that apparaile.
The Dow Noyis messinger,
Rowand aye with his seir,
Was a corate to heir

Confessionis hale.

XVIII.

Confes cleir can I nocht, nor kyth all the rase,
The kynd of thar cummyng, thar companyis eike;
The maner, nor the multitud, so mony thar was:
All Se sowle, and Seid sowle, was nocht for to seik.
Thir ar na sowlis of reit, nor of richnes,
Bot mansweit, but malice, mancret and meike,
And all apperit to the Paye, in that ilk place,
Salust his sanctituid with spirituale speike.
The Paye gat his benefoun, and blissit tham all.
Dohen thaj war ragnit on rawis
Of thar come, the haile caus
Was said in to schort sawis,
As ze heir fall.
XX.
The Pape said to the Owle, Propone thin apple,  
Thy lamentable langage, as lykis the best.  
I am deformed, quoth the syle, with saltis full seile,  
Be Natur netherit ane Owle noyus in nest,  
Wrecche of all wretchis, fra worchipe and wele;  
All this trety has he tald be termes in test:  
It neidis nocht to renewe all myn weele,  
Sen it was menit to zour mynd, and maid manifest.  
Bot to the poynt petuos he prayit the Pape  
To call the clergye with cure,  
And se gis that Nature  

yacht reform his sigour  
In a sair schaip.

XXX.
Than fairlie the fader thir foulwis he cranyt  
Of thar counsell in this rais, sen the richt thaj knewe;  
Gif thaj the howlat ynght helpe, that was so hard paynit?  
And thaj weraely awysit, full of wertewe,  
The maner, the mater, and how it remainyt;  
The circumstance, and the falt, all rouht thaj argewe.  
Mony allegiance leile, in leid nocht to layne it,  
Of Areshotill, and ald men, scharplie thaj scheue;  
The Prelatis thar apperans proponit generale;  
Sum said to, and sum fra,  
Sum nay, and sum za,  
Faith pro and contra  
Thus argewe thaj all.
Thus argewa thaj ernisly woonder ostys;
Syne ' to the' samyn forsuth thaj asent haile;
That sen it nechit Nafur, thar alleris mastris,
Thaj routh nochte trete but entent of the Temperale.
Tharfor thaj counsal the Pape to wir in this wys,
To the Athile emperour, souerane in saile,
To adres to that dyet, to deme his awys,
With dukis, and with digne lordis, darrest in dale,
Erlles of ancsrestry, and vtharis ynewe.
So that the Spirituale saite,
And the secular conftait,
Hycht all gang in a gait Tender and trewe.

The trewe Curtour and traist, as I eir tauld,
Wrait thir letteris at lengh, lelest in leid;
Syne throw the Papis precept planly thaim zald
To the Swallowe so swyst, harrald in hed,
To ettil to the emperour, of ancsrestry auld:
He wald nocht spair for to spiring on a gud spred:
Fand him in Babilonis towr, with bernis so bald,
Cruell kingis with crovne, and dukis but dreid.
He gaft thir lordis belyve the letteris to luke;
Vhilk the riche emperour,
And all vthar in the hour,
Restuif with honour, Baith pricess and duke.
XII.

Duyen thai confaitit had the cais, and the credence,  
Be the harrauld in hall hove thai nocht ells,  
Bot bownis out of Babulone with all obediens,  
Seikis our the salt fe, fro the south ellsis,  
Enteris in Ewrope, fe but offens,  
Walis wyls the wayis, be woddis and wellis,  
Duhill thai approche to the Pape in his presens,  
At the forsaids trik quhar the trete ellsis.  
Thay send him in a forest, frely and fair:  
Thay halsit his halynas;  
And ze fall heir in shorth space,  
Duhat worthy lordis thar was, Gif your willis war.

XIII.

Thar was the Egill so gryn, gretest on ground is,  
Athill emperour our all, most awfull in erd,  
Erues ancelent of air kingis that crownd is,  
Mirt his celtitud forsuth secoundlie apperd;  
Duhilk in the firmament throuche fors of thar sicht foundis,  
Perkes the sone, with thar sicht secouth to herd.  
Seric Falconnis, that gentilly in bewte haboundis,  
War deir dukis, and digne, to dene as esred.  
The Falcone, farest on sicht formed on seld,  
Was an cril of honour,  
Marshell to the emprour,  
Boith in hall and in bowr, Hende to behold.
XXXI.
Gois Halkis war governouris of the gret ois,
Choisin chistans, chevalens in charge of weris,
Harchonis in the mapamond, and of mychtis most,
Nirt dukis in dignite, quhom no dreid deris.
Spar Halkis, that sypedly will compas the cost,
War kene knychts, of kynd clene of maneris,
Blyth bodyt, and held, but baret or boist,
With eyne celestiale to se, circulit as saphiris.
The Specht was a purseuant, provde till apper;
That raid befor the empourer,
In a cot 'of' armour,
Of all kynd of colour, Cunly and cleir.

XXXII.
He bure cunly to knawe he connsaunce cleir
Thee crownis, and a crucisir, all of cler gold;
The burde with orient perle plantit till apper,
Dicht as a dyademe digne, deir to behold,
Circulit on ilk hyde with the sapheris,
The jaspis joynit in gem, and rubyis in rold.
Syne twa keypis our croce, of siluer so cleir,
In a feild of asure flamnit on sol;
The Papis armes at poynt to blason and beir.
As feris for a persewant,
That will wayage awant;
Avise and awenant, Armes to weir.
XXIII.

Syne in a field of siluer, secondlie he beris,  
Aue Egill ardent of air, that ells to hie;  
The membris of the sainyn soull displait as eseris,  
Ferme fornyt on fold, ay set for to fle;  
All of sable the self, quha the last lesis,  
The beke hypertit breme of that ilk ble:  
The Emprioure of Aluane the armes he weris,  
As signifer souerane: And ync couth I se  
Thre flour delycris of Fraunce, all of synge gold,  
In a field of asure,  
The thrid armes in honour,  
The said perseverant bure         That bloutit so bold.

XXIV.

Tharwith lynkit in a lyng, be lefit men approbit,  
he bure a lyon as lord, of gowlis full gay,  
Maid maikles of mychtt, on mold quhar he movit,  
Riche rampand as roye, ryke of array:  
Of pure gold was the ground, quhar the grym hovit,  
[With dowlle treslour about, flourit in lay;  
And flour delycris on lost, that mony leid lovit,]  
Of gowlis hygnit, and set, to schawe in assay;  
Our souerane of Scotland his armes to knawe,  
Duhsilk fall be lord and ledar,  
Our braid Brettane all quhar,  
As sanct Vergaretis air,         And the signe schawe,
XXX.
Next the foucrane signe was seckily sene,
That scruiit his serenite euer senuable,
The armes of the Dowglas doughty bedene,
Knawvin throw all Cristindome be complayne able;
Of Scotland the wot wall, wit ze but wene,
Our fais force to defend, and unfaizable;
Baith barneckyn and bar to Scottis blud bene,
Our losis, and our lykynge, that lyne honorable.
That word is so wonder warne, and euer zit was,
It synkis sone in all part
Of a trewe Scottis hart,
Reiapand ws inwart

To heir of Dowglas.

XXXI.
Of the doughty Dowglas to dyte I me dres;
Thar armes of ancestry honorable ay,
Auhilk oft blythit the Bruse in his disres,
Tharfor he blisst that blud bald in aslay.
Reid the writ of that werk, to zour witnes,
Furth on my matic to mufe I mufe as I may.
The said perseverantis gyde was grahit I ges,
Brust with aun grene tre, gudly and gay;
That bure branchis on breid blythett of hewe;
On ilk bough till embrace,
Writtin in a bill was,
O Dowglas, O Dowglas,

Tendir and trewe!
XXXII.

Syne schir schappyn to schawe, mony scheene scheld
With tuches of trasilk tichit to the tre;
Ilk branche had the birth burly and held,
Four flourish our all grettest of gre.
And in the crope heigh, as cheif I beheld,
Duhilk bure in till sulure, blytheest of ble,
Silver sternis so fair; and part of the feld
Was silver, set with ane hert, heirly and hie,
Of gowlis full gracious, that gleympt so gay:
Syne in asure the mold,
A lyoun crounct with gold,
Of siluer ze ze hold,                     To ramp in array.

XXXII.

Duhilk casyyn be cognoscence quarterly was,
With barris of best gold it breynct as the fyr;
And othir signes, forthwith syndry I ges,
Of mettallis and colouris in tentfyll atyr.
It was tyrefull to tell, dyte, or addres,
All thar deie armis in dewlye desyre.
Bot part of the principale neuertheles
I fall haist me to heue hartlie but hyre.
Thar lois and thar lordschipe of sa lang dait,
That bene cot armouris of eild,
Tharin to harrald I held;
Bot sen thaj the Brus held,                     I wryt as I wait.
In the takynynge of treuth, and constance kend,
The colour of asure, ane hevinlyche hewe,
For the to the Dowglas that senze was send,
As leuell, all Scotland frae faith to reskewe.
The silver in the samyn half, trewly to tend,
Is eilir corage in armes, quha the richt knewe.
The bludy hart that thai beir the Brus at his end,
With his estate in the seid, and nobillis yewe,
Addit in thar armes, for honorable caus,
As his tenderest and deir,
In his maist mistir ;
As falbe said to thow heir   In to schort sawis.

The roye Robert the Brus the rayke he awowit,
With all the hart that he had, to the haly graif ;
Syne quhen the dait of his deid deisy him dowit,
With lordis of Scotland, lerit, and the laif,
As worthy, wyfesst to waile, in worshipse allowit,
To James lord 'of Dowglas thow the gre gait,
To ga with the kingis hart ; thairwith he nocht growit ;
Bot said to his lourane, So me God saif !
Zour gret giftis and grant ay gracious I fand ;
Bot now it movis all ther maist,
That zour hart nobillast
To me is closit and cast, Throw zour command.
XXXVIII.
I love you maire for that losse ze lippyn me till,
Than ony lوردshepe or land, so me our Lord leid!
I fell waynd for no wye to wyrk as ze will,
At wys, gif ny werd wald, with zou to the deid.
Thar wth he lowtif full lawe; than lykit full ill,
Baith lordis and ladyis, that stude in the steide.
Of commoun nature the cours he kynd to fufill.
The gud king gaif the gaist to God for to reid;
In Cardros that crownit closit his end.
Now God for his gret grace,
Set his faull in solace!
And we will speike of Dowglace, Uhat way he couth wend.

XXXIX.
The hert coustlye he couth clos in a cler care,
And held all hale the beest he hecht to the king:
Come to the haly graf, throw Goddis gret grace,
With ofserandis, and urison, and all othar thing;
Our Salvationis sepultur, and the samyn place,
Uhar he rais, as we reid, richtuis to ryng;
With all the reylkis raith, that in that royme was,
He gart hallowe the hart, and lyne couth it lyng,
About his hals full hende, and on his awne hart.
Oft wald he kiss it, and cry,
O flour of all chvalry!
Ouhy leif I, allace! quhy And thow deid art!
XXXIII.
My deir, quoth the Dowglas, art thou deid dicht?
My singuler courrane, of Saronis the wand!
Now bot I semble for thy saull with Sarazenis mycht,
Sall I never sene he into Scotland;
Thus in defence of the faith he sure to the fecht,
With knyghtis of Christindome to kepe his command.
And quyen the batallis to bryn, brathly and bricht,
War joyned thraly in thrang, mony thoulant;
Anang the hethin men the hert, hardely he slang,
Said, Wend on, as thou was wont,
Throw the batell in bront;
Ly formast in the front, Thy savis amang.

XXXIX.
And I fall followe the in faith, or seye to be fellit;
As thy lege man leise, my lyking thow art.
Thar with on Yahownis men manly he mellite,
Braid throw the battallis in bront, and bur thain backwart.
The wyis quhar the wycht went war in wa wellit;
Was nane to sur in the night nijth stand him a hart.
Thus frayis he the fals folk, truely to tell it,
Aye quhit he counrit and come to the kingis hart.
Thus feile feildis he wan, aye worshipand it.
Throwout Cristindome kid
War the deidis that he did:
Till on a time it betit, As tellis the wret.
XL.

He downyt till a batall, and the held wan,
Our set all the lathanas lyde Sarazenis mycht :
Syne followit fast on the chase, quhen thaj the can,
Full ferly feile has he feld, and slane in the snicht.
As he relebit I wis, so was he war than,
Of ane wy him allane, worthy and wicht,
Circulit with Sarazenis, mony ' a ' lad man,
That trauoyntit with a trayne apon that trewe knyght.
Thow fall nocht de the allane, quoth the Dowglas !
Sen I le the our set,
To secht for the faith sete,
I fall devoid the of det, Or de in the place.

XLI.

He ruschit in the gret rowte, the knyght to reskew,
Feile of the falls folk, that lid of befor,
Relevit in on thir twa, for to tell trewe,
That thaj war lamyn ourset; tharfor I murn sore.
Thus in defence of the faith, as ferres yncewe,
And pite of the prys knyght that was in thore,
The doughty Dowglas is deid and adewe,
With los and with lyking, that leftis eir mor.
His hardy men tuke the hart syne upon hand : 
Quhen thaj had beryt thar lord,
With mickle mane to remord,
Thaj maid it hame be refford In to Scotland.
XLII.

Be this resoun we Reid, and as our Roy levit,
The Dowglas in armes the bludy hert beris;
For it, bled he his blud, as the bill brevit:
And in batallis full braid, under baneris,
Throw full chevalrus chance he this hert chevit,
Fra walyit wyis, and wicht, worthy in weris;
Bony galiard gome was on the ground levit,
Duhen he it flang in the feld, felloun of seris,
Syne reikewand it agane the hethin mennis harmes.
This hert red to behald,
Throw thir ressonis aid,
The bludy hert it is said,    In Dowglas armes.

XLIII.

The sternis of ane nothir styrnd seris so fair,
Ane callit Murray, the riche lord of renownis,
Deit, and a doughter had till his deir air,
OFF all his tresoun vutald, towris and townis:
The Dowglas in thaj dayis, doughty all quhar,
Archebald the honorable in habitationis,
Wreddit that wlonk wicht, worthy of ware,
With rent and with riches; and be thaj ressonis
He bure the sternis of cslait in his fiele weidis;
Blyth, blomand, and bricht,
Throw the Murrayis wicht:
And sa throw Goddis forsicht,    The Dowglas succedis.
FLU.
The Lyon lanisand on loss, lord in effric,
For gud caus, as I ges, is of Gallaway.
Ouhen tha rebellit the crowne; and couth the king deir,
He gaiat it to the Douglas, heretatabl ay:
On this wys gis he couth wyn it on weir;
Duhlilk for his lourrane laike he set till assay;
Keist doune the capitanis, and couth it conquer;
Said it firme, as we synd, till our Scottis say.
That for the Lyon he burre, with loving and lois,
Of silver securly and sure,
In a field of suture,
Crownet with gold pure, To the purpos.

FLU.
The forest of Effrik, and vthair ynerwe,
The landis of Lawdir, and lordshippis lere,
With dunt of his deek lwerd, the Douglas to dwer,
Wan wightely of weir, wit the but weir,
Fra sonnis of the Saronis. Now gis I sall scheuwe
The order of thar armis, it war to tell treir;
The berris of best gold that thaj hale kneue
It suld ws occupy all day; tharfor I end heir,
Refersis me to haraldis, to tell zow the hale.
Of other scheidis, so scheu,
Sum part will I men, That war on the tre grene, Worthy to wale.
FLUI.

Secondly, in a field of silver, certaine,
Of a kynde colour thre roddis I kend
With double treasure about, burley and bane,
And sower delycis so fair trewe till attend.
The tane and the tother of gowlis full gane,
He bure quarterly, maid that nane might amend;
The armes of the Dowglas, thairof was I luyne;
Duhilk aff sandit with force, his fa till offend:
Of honorable ancresty thir armis of eld
Bure the cell of Murray,
As lad signe of assay,
His fell fais till assay,

In a fair field.

FLUIJ.

Aue nothir, cell of Ormond, alfo he bure
The said Dowglas armis, with a differens.
And rych to did the seed, quhar he furth furie;
Saiphe thocht he zong was, to saynd his offens.
It spynyt that thay luf war forzith I assure.
Thir four scheldis of pryce in to presence
War schenezit fo cheualrus, that no creatur
Of lokis nor lynr, mycht lous worthy a lene.
Syne ilk brauncye, and brugh, ‘ howit ’ thain till:
And ilk scheld in that place
Thar tennend or man was,
Dr ellis thar allyas,

At thar awin will.
FLIJF.

All thir hierst in the crope four helmes full fair,
And in thar tymneralys trypid, trewly thaj bere,
The plesand Povne in a part, provde to repair;
And als kep't ilk armes that I said cia,
The roouch Tnodwys wyld, that balsounis bare,
Our growin greply and growe grym in essei;
Hai're awfull in all thing saw I never ai'c
Faith to walk, and to ward, as watchis in weir:
That terrible fessoun my spreit aэффr, aILD,
So seerd full of fantasy,
I durst nocht kyth to opp
All othir armes thar by, Of renkis arayd.

FLIJF.

Charfor of the said tre I tell nocht the treynd,
The birth, and the branchis, that blonye to brayd:
Duhat sele armes on lost, lovely to send,
Of lordingis and se re landis, gudly and glad,
The said persewant burre, quhar he away wend,
On his garnment so gay, of ane hie haid,
I leif thai'm blasonde to be with harraldis hende;
And I will to my first mater, as I cia maid:
And bygyn, quhar I leit, at lordingis deir,
The court of the Empriour,
How thaj came in honour,
Thir fowlis of rigour, With a gret reir.
L.

Than recit thiherlzeonis that mountis so hie,
Furth borne bacheloris hald on the bordouris;
Busardis, and Beldkytis, as it mycht be,
Soldiouris and sumptermen to thaj senzouris.
The Pitill and the Pype Sled eyand pewew
Befor thi princis ay past, as perD purdiouris,
For thaj couth chewis chikiunis, and perches pulstre,
To eleke era the commonis, as kyngis captouris;
Syne hufe hover, and behold the herbery place.
Robyn Redbreast nocht ran,
Bot raid as a hensman;
And the litill we'Wran That wrechit dorch was.

LI.

Thar was the haraldis fa the hobby but fable,
Stanchealis, steropis, srecht to thaj sern lordis,
With alkyin officeris in erd, awenand and able;
So mekle was the multitud no mynd it remordis.
Thus allembrnit thiir legis, syris senzeourable,
Al that war sowlis of reif, the richt quha recordis,
For the Temporalite tertit in table,
The sern Empriouris style thus saithly resord is.
The Pape, and the patriarkis, prevalent, I witt,
Welcomnit thaim wyuly, but weir,
With haly sermonis seir,
Pardoun, and prayer, And blythy tham blitt.
LII.
The blissit Pape in the place prayt sham ilkane
To remayne to the meit, at the mydday;
And thaj grantit that gud, but gruching, to gane:
Than till a worthelsche wane went thaj thar way;
Past till a palace of pryre plesand allane,
Was eredit rially, ryke of array,
Pantit and apparatit proudly in pane,
Sylit semyly with silk, suthly to say.
Braid burdis, and benkis, ounheld with bancouris of gold,
Cled oun with clene clathis,
Rallit full of richas,
The ounast was arras
That ze se schold.

LIII.
All thus thaj muse to the meit: and the mersehale
Sart bring watter to welche, of a well cleir:
That was the Falcome so fair, frely but sale
Bad brenss burdis by braid, with a blyth theire.
The Pape pallas till his place, in his pontificale,
The athill Empriour anone nechit him neir.
Kyngis, and patriarchis, kend with cardinalis hale,
Addressit thain to that deis, and dukis to deir.
Biscopis bounnis to the burd, and mersehionis of mychtis;
Erlis of honouris,
Abbotis of ordouris,
Prowesis and priouris,
And mony kene knychtis.
LIX.

Denys, and dignitaries, as I eir dempt,
Scutiferis, and squyeris, and bachilleris blyth:
I pres nocht all to report; ze hard thaim expremit;
Bot all war merschalit to meit meikly and myth:
Syne seruit semely in saile, forsooth as it sempt,
With all curis of coast that eukis couth kyth.
In hysche tyne, quhen the kysche war away sempt,
Duha was stewart bot the Stork, stallwart and myth:
Syne all the lentryne but leis, and the lang reid,
And als in the adwent,
The Soland stewart was sent;
For he couth fro the firmament Fang the kysche deid.

LX.

The Boytour calsit was cuke, that his weile kend
In craftis of the ketchyne, costlyk of curis.
Many savouris fals with swaerts he send,
And confectionis on forse that philik furth furis.
Many man metis, gif I huld mak end,
It neidis nocht to renewe all thar naturis;
Duhar sic statis will steir, thar stylis till ostend,
Ze wait all worship and welsh dayly induris.
Syne, at the myddis of the meit, in come the mensralis,
The Davis and the Perle hymgis,
Dillis, and Stirlingis,
The blyth Lark that begynnis, And the Nyctingales.
LUI.

And that notis anone, gif I riche newyne,
War of Mary the myld; this maner I wis;
Haile temple of the Trinite, crounit in hevin!
Haile maker of our maker, and medicyn of mys!
Haile succour and salf for the lynnis levyne!
Haile hute of our haret, and held of our blis!
Haile grane full of grace that growys to cwyn!
Ferne our seid to the set qyuar thy son is,
Haile lady of all ladyis, lightest of leme!
Haile chalmer of chalzite!
Haile charbunkle of eyrere!
Haile! blissit not thow be For thy barne teyme.

LUI.

Haile bliss throw the bodword of blyth Angellis!
Haile princes that completis all prophesis pur!
Haile blythar of the Baptist, within thy bowallis,
Of Elizabeth thy ant, aganis natur!
Haile spceriose most spcirifit with the spiritualis!
Haile ordanit or Adam, and ay till indu!
Haile our hope, and our helpe, quhen that harme alis!
Haile alterar of Eva in ane but vre!
Haile well of our weillsair! we wait nocht of ellsis;
Bot all committis to the,
Savill and lyf, ladye!
Now for thy frute make us fre, Fro sendis that sell is.
LUFF.

Fro thy grace to this ground lat thy grace glyde!
As thou art grantar thy grace, and the gevar;
Now soureane quhar thow lititis, be thy sonis lyd,
Send sum soucre doone lene to the sylvie!
The sende is our selleone sa, in the we conside,
Thow moder of all mercy, and the menar.
For ws wappit in wo in this warld wyde,
To thy son mak thy mane and thy maker.
Now lady luke to the leid that the sa lele lucis,
Thow seker trone of Salamon,
Thow worthy wand of Aaron,
Thow joyus fleis of Gedion, Wis help the behusis.

LUFF.

All thus our lady thyis lovit, with lyking and lyf,
Universalis, and muscianis, no than I mene may.
The psalter, the lytholis, the soft lythurist,
The croode, and the monyordis, the gittyris gey;
The rote, and the recordour, the ribupe, the risse,
The trumpe, and the talburn, the tympane but tray;
The liff pype, and the lute, the lydill in sist;
The dulse, the dullacordis, the selahum of assay;
The amyable organis writ full oft;
Claryonis loude knellsis,
Portatius, and bellis,
Cymbaelanis in the cellis, That soundis so soft.
LX.

Upon that had songyn, and said, softly and sehour; 
And playit, as of paradys, it a poynt war; 
In com japand the Ja, as a juglour, 
With castis, and with cautelis, a quaynt caryar: 
He gart thaim se, as it semyt, in the samyn hour, 
Hunting at herdys, in hoitis to hair; 
Sound saland on the se schippis of tourn; 
Bernes batalland on burde, bryn as a hair; 
He couth cary the cowpe of the kingis des, 
Syne seve in the seid 
Bot a blak bunwed; 
He couth of a hennis hed, Make a mane mes.

LXI.

He gart the Emprioure trowe, and trewly behald, 
That the Corne Crake, the pundar at hand, 
Had vyndit all his pryss hors in a pundfald, 
For raus thaj eter of the corne in the kirkland. 
He couth wyrk woundris quhat way that he wald: 
Yak of a gray gus a gold garland; 
A lang sper of a betill for a berne baid; 
Bobbilis of nut schellis, and sylver of land. 
Thus sowkit with superdys the jangland Ja: 
Fair ladyis in ryngis, 
Knychtis in caralyngis, 
Boith dansis and ryngis; It semyt as la.
LXII.

Sa come the Ruke with a reed, and a rane roch,
A hard out of Irland with Banachadde!
Said, Gluntow guk dynd dach hala mischy doch;
Raike hir a rug of the rost, or scho fall ryine the.
Which marmory ach mach monetir moch loch;
Set hir doyne, gif hir drink; quhat Dele alis the?
D Deremyne, D Donnall, D Dochardy droch;
Thir ar his Irland kinges of the Frischerye:
D Knowlyn, D Conochor, D Gregor Makgrane;
The Schenachy, the Clarechach,
The Ben schene, the Ballach,
The Tcekery, the Corach, Scho kennis thaim ilkane.

LXII.

Sone lesingis he maid; wald let for no man
To speik quhill he spokin had, sparit no thingis.
The deune rurale, the Nabyn, reprovit him than,
Bad him his lesingis leif befor thaj lordingis.
The barde worthy brane wod, and bitterly couth ban,
How Corby messinger, quoth he, with sorowe now singis;
Thow ishit out of Noyes ark, and to the edw wun,
Taryt as a tratour, and brocht na tythingis;
I fall ryine the, Nabyn, baith guttis and gall.
The deune rurale worthit reid,
Stawe for schame of the lead.
The barde held a grete pleid In the hie hall.
LXI.

In some two hyrand fulis with a fonde fair,
The Tuchet, and the gukkit Solk, and zeid hiddy giddy;
Ruschit baith to the bard, and ruggit his hair;
Callit him thrys thevisnek, to thrawe in a widdy.
Thaj split ' him' fra the fortope to the fut thar:
The barde, smaddit lyke a snakk smorit in a smeddy,
Ran fast to the dure, and gaif a gret rair;
Socht watter to welche him thar out in ane ydy.
The lordis leuch apon loft, and lyking thaj had,
That the barde was so bet:
The fulis fonde in the set,
And mony mowis at mete On the Sure maid.

LXII.

Syne for ane sigonale of frut thaj straif in the field;
The Tuchet gird to the Solk, and gaif him a fall,
Raiif his taila fra his rig, with a rath pleid;
The Solk gat wyre agane in the gret hall,
Tit the Tuchet be the tope, ourtivit his hed,
Flang him flat in the lyre, fetrisis and all.
He cryid, Allace, with ane rair, revyn is my rest!
I am vngraciously gorrit, baith guttis and gall:
Fit he lay fra the lowe riecht in a lyne.
Duchen thaj had remelis raucht:
Thaj forthocht that thaj saucht;
Kissit samyn and saucht, And sat dovne lyne.
LVIII.
All thus thir hathillis in hall herely remanit,
With all welthis at wis, and worshippe to vale:
The Pape begynnis the grace, as greably gait;
Wosche with thir worshipis, and went to counsall.
The pure Howlatis appere complety was playt,
His falt and his soule forme, uncrely but faile:
For the quhilk, thir lordis in leid nocht to layne it,
He besocht of lucour, as souerane in faile,
That thaj wald pry Natir his prent to renewe;
For it was haile his behet,
At thar alleris request,

Wycht dame Natir arrest Of him for to rewe.

LVIII.
Than rewit thir riallis of that rath mane,
Baith Spirituaille and Temperale, that kend the case;
And considerand the caus, concludit in aue,
That thaj wald Natir beseike, of hir gret grace,
To discend that lamyn houre as thar souerane,
At thar alleris instance, in that ilk place.
The Pape and the patriarchis, the prelatis ilkane,
Thus pry thaj as penitentis; and all thar was.
Duhar throw dame Natir the trast discendit that tyde,
At thar haile instance;
Duhom thaj reslaís with reverens,
And bowysome obeysance, As Goddes and gyde.
LXVII.

It nedis nocht, quoth Natur, to renewe oucht
Of zour entent in this tyde, or forthis to tell;
I wait zour will, and quhat way, ze wald that I wrocht
To reforme the Howlat, of zaltis full fell,
It fall be done, as ze deme, dreed ze richt nocht:
I consent in this caise to zour counsall,
Sen my self for zour saike hiddir has socht,
Ze fall be specially sped, or ze mayr spell:
Now ilka soull of the thirth a fedder fall ta,
And len the Howlat, len ze
Off him haue se pete;
And I fall gar thaim lamyn be To growe or I ga.

LXIX.

Than ilk soule of his thirth a fedder has tane,
And lent to the Howlat in haff, hartlie but lone.
Dame Natur the nobiltest necht in aye;
For to ferme this federem, and dewly has done;
Sart it ground, and growe gayly agane,
On the lamyn Howlat, femely and lone,
Than was he schand of his schape, and his schroude schane
Off alkyne colour most cleir beldit alone;
The fairest soule of the thirth, and hendest of jweves;
So clene, and so colourlyke,
That no bird was him lyke,
Fro Burone to Berwike, Under the bres.
LXX.

Thus was the Howlat in herde herely at hicht,
flour of all sowlis, throw fedderis to fair,
He lukit to his lykame that leuyp to liect,
So propir pleeland of prant, provde to repar:
He thocht him maid on the mold makles of myeht,
As souereane him awne self, throw bewte he bair,
Counterpalace to the Pape, our princis, I plicht;
So hicy he hyte him in Luciferis lair,
That all the sowlis of the sirt he desowlit syne.
Thus leit he no man his peir;
Gif any nech wald him neir,
He bad tham rekaldis oreere, With a ruyne.

LXXI.

The pape, and the patriarkis, and princis of prow,
I am cumynyn of thar kyn, be rosingage knawin;
So fair is my fetherem I haf no salowe;
My schrowde and my schenewerd schir to be schawin.
All bierdis he rekaltit, that wald him nocht bowe;
In breth as a batall wright full of bold blawin,
With unloveable latis nocht till alow:
Thus wryit he the walentyne thraly and thrawin,
That all the sowlis with assett assemblit agane
And plenzeit to Natur
Of this intollerable injur;
How the Howlat him bure So hie, and so haltane.
LXXII.

So pompos, impertinent, and reprovable,
In excess, our arrogant, thir birds ilkane
Besocht Natur to res that unsufferable.
Thar with that lady a lyte leuch hir allane:
My first making, quoth soho, was unamendable,
Thoht I alterit, as ze all askit in ane,
Zit fall I pref zow to pleis, sen it is possible.
Soho callit the Howlat in haist, that was so haltane:
Thy pryde, quod the Princtor, approchis our hie,
Lyke Lucifer in estate;
And sen thow art so elate,
As the Evangelist wrait, Thow fall lawe be.

LXXIII.

The rent, and the riches, that thow in rang,
Was of othir mennis all, and nocht of thi awne;
Now ilk sowle his awne fedder fall agane lang;
And mak the catic of kynd, till him selk knawin.
As soho has denyt thay has done thraly in thrang.
Thar with dame Natur has to the hevin drawin:
Ascendit sone, in my sicht, with solace and lang.
And ilk sowle tuke the sicht: shortly to schawin,
Held hame to thar hant, and thar herbery:
Duhar thay war wont to remane,
All thir gustly at gane;
And thar levit allane, The Howlat and I.
LXXV.

Than this Howlat hiddonis of hair and of hyde,
Put first fro poverete to pryce, and princis awne per;
Syne degradit fra grace, for his gret pryde,
Bannpt bitterly his birth, bailefull in heire:
He welterit, he wrythit, he waryit the tyde,
That he was wreocht in this world wosfull in weir:
He ercillit, he errengit, he carfully eryd,
He solpit, he sorowit, in sighingis seir;
He saide, Alle! I am lost, lastest of all,
Bysyn in baile hert,
I may be lampill heir eft
That pryde neuer sit left    His seir, but a fall.

LXXV.

I reuth nocht won in to welth wretch ' that I' wass,
I was to wantoun of will, my werdis ar wan;
Thus for my hicht I am hurt, and harmit in haist,
Cairfull and cazyte for craft that I can:
Duchen I was hewst as heir all thir hieast,
Fra rule, resloun, and rych redles I ran;
Tharsor I ly in the lyne, lympit, lathast:
Now mark your mireour be me, all maner of man,
Ye princis, ' prehattis' of pryde for penneis and prove,
That pullis the pure ay,
Ye fale spung as I say,
All your welth will away,    Thus I warn zow.
LXXUI.

Think how bair thow was borne, and bair ay will be,
For ought that sedis, of thy self in ony sessoun;
Thy rude, thy claithis, nor thy cost, cummis nocht of the,
Bot of the frute of the erd, and Godis sulsoun:
When ilk thing has the ayne, suitly we se,
Thy nakit cors bot of clay, a fouse carioun,
Hatit, and hawles; quhar of art thow hie?
We cum pure, we gang pure, baih king and cunnoun.
Bot thow ruule the richtuis, thi roume fall orere.
Thus laid the Howlat on hicht:
Now God for his gret maint,
Set our sawlis in sicht
Of sanctis so seere!

LXXUII.

Thus for ane Dow of Dunbar drew I this Dyte,
Dowit with ane Dowglas; and both war thaj dowis:
In the forest forsaide, frely parlyte,
Of Turneway, tennir and tryde, quho so trast trowis.
War my wit as my will, than fuld I werle wryte;
Bot gif I lak in my leid, that nocht till allow is,
Je wyle, for your worshiye, wryth me no wyte:
Now hlyth ws the blist barne, that all bernes bowis
He len ws lyking and lyf euerlastand!—
In wirthfull moneth of May,
In myddis of Murraye,
Thus on a tyne be Turnway, happin nit Holland.
Heir endis
The Duke of the Howlat.

'Scriptum'
Per 'manum' M. Ioannis Alloan.
APPENDIX.

It has not been thought necessary to point out such differences betwixt the two manuscript copies of the Howlat, as consist merely of variations in the orthography; unless when they happen to give the passage a more intelligible aspect.

Stanza 1. l. 3, 'The blemes;' by adopting this reading, the line would signify that 'the flowers, or blossoms fairest of colour, glanced with the rays of the sun.' See Dr Jamieson's Dictionary.—l. 7, 'the season.'

The four last lines of this stanza, in Bannatyne's MS. are as follows; along with the same as they occur in Pinkerton's edition, which will serve as a specimen of its general inaccuracy:

Bann. MS.
Thus, throw the cliffs so clair,
I rakict till a reweir
That ralley reird.

Pink. Edit.
Thus throw the cliffs so clere
Above, but fallow or fere,
1 waitit till a reweir
That ralleye rered.

St. II. l. 1, 'or rove;' l. 3, 'that brym,' and 'above;' l. 5, 'love was;' l. 7, 'could hove;' l. 12, 'als was blyth.'
St. III. l. 3, 'all menuis;' l. 6, 'maistres;' l. 7, 'nedis;' l. 10, 'ane uthir.'
St. IV. l. 1, 'in that place;' l. 2, 'peteous;' l. 3, 'sowplin in;' l. 8, 'nycht in ane;' l. 13, 'a gowlyne.'
St. V. l. 2, 'hedand and;' l. 3, 'my face;' l. 4, 'fetherin;' l. 6, 'I walk;' l. 9, 'the fowis;' l. 13, 'to my deid.'
St. VI. l. 2, 'skirp me;' l. 4, 'a besum;' l. 6, 'till accuse in this caus.'—'accuse' has been substituted instead of 'agnis,' which is the reading in Asloan's MS.—l. 7, 'mak me amendis.'
St. VII. l. 5, 'mansueit and demure;' l. 6, 'and schand;' l. 10, 'violent of vye.'
St. VIII. l. 1, 'quhen that;' l. 3, 'ave;' l. 8, 'specialie.'
St. IX. l. 3, 'byssym;' l. 6, 'to ask helpe;' l. 11, 'mak.'
APPENDIX.

St. x. l. 2, 'bot of Natur; l. 5, ' propheths oure lerit all the lawe; l. 8, ' papingo proud.'
St. xiv. l. 1, ' quhat sail; l. 2, ' thir letteris; l. 7, ' of kirk.'
St. xii. l. 2, ' Phesandis; l. 3, ' presentit tham; l. 12, ' ding.'
St. xv. l. 2, ' chertouris; l. 4, ' clethis of hair; l. 5, ' at all houris.'
St. xvi. l. 1, ' enterit that bure; l. 9, ' a command.'
St. xvii. l. 2, ' Drake; l. 4, ' correcter of; l. 6, ' men of law; l. 7, ' ruch ran.'
St. xviii. l. 12, ' a curate.'
St. xix. l. 11, ' thar coming.'
St. xx. l. 3, ' the foull.'
St. xxi. l. 2, ' sen thai the richt; l. 5, ' the mater, the maner.'
St. xxii. l. 2, ' and syne to the.' The two last words are wanting in Asloans's MS.—l. 10, ' that Spirituale.'
St. xxiii. l. 1, ' heir tauld.'
St. xxiv. l. 2, ' hufe thai; l. 7, ' till thai.'
St. xxv. l. 4, ' seconde; l. 6, ' percying the; l. 9, ' fermyt on fold.'
St. xxvi. l. 3, ' of mycht; l. 5, ' Spark Halkis; l. 8, ' circuit with.'
St. xxvii. l. 1, ' be conscience; l. 2, ' clene gold; l. 3, ' plant till; l. 6, ' the gem and rubyis inrold.'
St. xxviii. l. 1, ' seconde; l. 13, ' that blenkit.'
St. xxix. l. 4, ' ryell of array; l. 6 and 7, these two lines are entirely omitted in Asloans's MS.
St. xxx. l. 3, ' in distres; l. 12, the second ' O ' does not occur in Bann. MS.
St. xxxi. l. 2, ' ticht to; l. 9, ' full gay; l. 12, ' se schold.'
St. xxxii. l. 5, ' it wer lere for to tell.'
St. xxxv. l. 1, ' to rayk; l. 6, ' thay the gre; l. 10, ' all thir.'
St. xxxvi. l. 3, ' no way.'
St. xxxvii. l. 4, ' orisons.'
St. xxxviii. l. 5, ' than in; l. 7, ' and blicht; l. 10, ' as thow wont.'
St. xxxix. l. 1, ' or with fays be; l. 9, ' thus fell; l. 11, ' deidis he did.'
St. xl. l. 2, ' set on the; l. 4, ' slane in ficht; l. 5, ' relevit was; l. 6, ' ane wycht; l. 7, ' mony a sad; l. 13, ' in this.'
St. xli. l. 2, ' fell of; l. 6, ' the pretius knyght that was in pane thore; l. 7, ' deid down adewe; l. 10, ' burcit thair.'
St. xliii. l. 7, ' galliard grome; l. 9, ' reskewand agane the.'
St. xlv. l. 3, ' caws the king; l. 5, of weir; l. 6, ' soueranis; l. 7, ' his capitans.'
St. xlv. l. 5, ' of Saxonis; l. 7, ' thocht thame hale knewe; l. 8, ' suld occupy us all; l. 9, ' referring.'
St. xlvii. l. 4, ' trewly to tend; l. 6, ' quarterly, that; l. 8, ' quhilk oft was fayn.'
St. xlviii. l. 7, ' changit so.'
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St. XLVIII. l. 1, 'Als hiecast;' l. 3, 'in a port;' l. 5, 'the rouch lusteuos bair;' l. 7, 'saw I nevair;' l. 8, 'wechis;' l. 10, 'so feidfull.'
St. XXIX. l. 1, 'the tned;' l. 4, 'in fair landis;' l. 6, 'off his;' l. 8, 'to my mater.'
St. L. l. 1, 'Merlionis;' l. 4, 'subject men;' l. 5, 'cryan and pewe;' l. 6, 'as part of;' l. 13, 'that wretched dwerch was.'
St. LI. l. 6, 'qua richly recordis;' l. 9, 'the prelatis;' l. 10, 'thane wysalie.'
St. LII. l. 12, 'we the arras.'
St. LIII. l. 7, 'cardinalis all.'
St. LV. l. 1, 'as are;' l. 9, 'but les.'
St. LV. l. 3, 'sawouris sawce;' l. 4, 'of force;' l. 5, 'mane metis;' l. 8, 'welth and worship.'
St. LX. l. 1, 'in ane;' l. 5, 'and salue.'
St. LX. l. 1, 'bod wyr;' l. 8, 'altare;' l. 13, 'fra feuindis.'
St. LX. l. 12, 'fleece of.'
St. LXX. l. 1, 'thai lofe;' l. 7, 'the cithill;' l. 8, 'dulset and;' l. 11, 'Portatensis;' l. 12, 'Symbaclanis.'
St. LX. l. 1, 'a schour;' l. 4, 'with cantelis;' l. 13, 'a man.'
St. LXI. l. 2, 'Corncraik;' l. 3, 'poyndit;' 'prynfald;' l. 4, 'becaus thai;' l. 9, 'jupeis.'
St. LXII. l. 2, 'dunyeach;' l. 4, 'ryve;' l. 5, 'Misch makmory ach mach monuntis;' l. 8, 'are the;' and 'the Erchrye.'
St. LXIII. l. 5, 'harde wox;' l. 8, 'as trautur;' l. 9, 'rywe;' l. 10, 'than the deu furale worth reid.'
St. LXXIV. l. 2, 'the Tuquheit;' l. 5, 'fylit him.'
St. LXXV. l. 3, 'fra his heid;' l. 9, 'lycht in lyne;' l. 12, 'kissit symce.'
St. LXXVI. l. 1, 'athills' l. 9, 'present to.'
St. LXXVII. l. 2, 'that kenit;' l. 8, 'penitent.'
St. LXXVIII. l. 4, 'to reasoun;' l. 8, 'or 1 mair;' l. 11, 'hane pete.'
St. LXXIX. l. 2, 'lent the;' l. 4, 'federein;' l. 5, 'and gane;' l. 7, 'was the;' l. 12, 'fr Byron.'
St. LXXX. l. 7, 'with the Pape;' l. 12, 'rebaleis.'
St. LXXXI. l. 2, 'consignage;' l. 3, 'fethererein;' l. 8, 'riciit;' l. 13, 'so hau-tanc.'
St. LXXXII. l. 1, 'impertinax;' l. 4, 'that with that lady allyt;' l. 8, 'hau-tane.'
St. LXXXIII. l. 4, 'till thy self;' l. 8, 'and schortly;' l. 9, 'and to;' l. 11, 'and gane.'
St. LXXXIV. l. 4, 'baullfully;' l. 8, 'and sorowit;' l. 10, 'bysyn.'
St. LXXXV. l. 1, 'wretch wayest;' l. 2, 'in will;' l. 5, 'was of hewit;' l. 7, 'the lathe;' l. 8, 'mek zour;' l. 9, 'prelettis of pryde.'
Asoane's MS. has 'precis,' or 'princis,' repeated.
St. LXXXVI. l. 3, 'claithis, thi cost;' l. 7, 'haies;' l. 11, 'thy gret.'
St. LXXXVII. l. 4, 'Terway;' l. 6, 'gif lak;' l. 12, 'thus in.'
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In the above list, I have put a mark (‡) to such of the readings as seem to be preferable to those in Asloán's manuscript, although they have not been adopted. Notwithstanding all the vigilance made use of to make the text as accurate as possible, the following errata require to be corrected. If any others should have likewise escaped, I flatter myself that they are not of much importance.

St. xvi. l. 5, 'Thai war,' read 'Thai mak.'—St. xxii. l. 6, 'Emperour;' this word, which is contracted in the MS. in this, and in one or two other places, should have been printed 'Empriour.'—St. xxxiv. l. 8, 'Estate,' read 'Estatis.'—St. xlvi. l. 7, 'That thai,' read 'Thocht I thaim.'—St. 46, l. 8, 'Aft; read 'Oft;' l. 9, 'Armis, read 'Armes.'—St. xlvii. l. 9, 'bowit,' dele the inverted commas.

St. 1. In the myddis of May.—Beyond all question, the most extensive and singular specimen of alliterative composition in the English language, is the Visions of Piers Plowman, which Fame has ascribed to Robert Langland, who flourished about the year 1370, and who, by the bye, is claimed as a native of Scotland, by David Buchanan, one of our older biographical writers, in his unpublished treatise De Scriptoribus Scotiae illustribus. Much curious information concerning alliterative verse is contained in the preface to the splendid edition of the Visions, by the late Dr Whittaker. But I need not enlarge on a subject on which so much has been said; nor attempt to point out the motives which led authors, at successive and different times, to adopt this favourite practice of bringing together, (in the words of Sir Philip Sidney,) "Rimes Running in Rattling Rows."

In reference to the alliterative style of the Howlat, Mr George Chalmers, in the preface to his elaborate edition of Sir David Lyndsay's Works, says, "If it be inquired, by what artifices of composition the poets of these times sacrificed common sense to far-fetched conceits, they will be found in two sources; their desire of alliteration, and their passion for antiquated phraseology. In obtaining the first object, they searched for words having the same prefixes, without any analogy of sense; and in quest of the last, they went beyond the old English, into the Anglo-Saxon speech, as they found it in vulgar use. They thus sacrificed sense to sound, and facility to fashion."—Not so, however, according to Holofoernes, in Love's Labour's Lost; who, in his "ex-
temporal epitaph” on the “Death of the Deer,” says, “I will something affect the letter, (that is, I will practise alliteration; and, gentle reader, pray mark the reason)—for it argues facility.”

St. v.—The complaint of this melancholy bird, as Mr. Alexander Thomson, in his MS. remarks on this poem, has observed, is not like that of the Owl in Gray’s Elegy, complaining to the moon

“Of such as, wand’ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign”—

But rather resembles that of Shakespeare’s Richard, when descanting on his own deformity.

St. xiii.—xix.—In these stanzas, the different birds belonging to the State Temporal, with their several dignities, are minutely described. “Some ingenuity,” as Sir Walter Scott, in a MS. note, observes, “is displayed in selecting the points of connection betwixt the particular species of birds, and the ranks and orders assigned to each. The author has anticipated Dryden, who describes the Catholic clergy, on account of their early and vigilant church service, under character of the bird which warned Saint Peter of his fall”—for Holland informs us,

‘The Cok in his cler cap that crawis and cryis,
Was chosyn Chantor.’

The mendicant friars are slily described under the guise of

‘Crying Crawis and Cais that crawis the corn.’

—The solitary Heron is a contemplative Chartreux. Extensive notes,” Sir Walter adds, “might be written on this part of the poem;” which, however, the editor will not at present attempt.

St. xix. 1. 4. ‘Se fowle and seid fowle.’—Chaucer also speaks of “Water-foules” and “Seed-foules”—In his poem, the “Assemblie of Foulis,” all the birds are gathered before the “noble Goddesse, Nature, on St. Valentine’s Day, to choose their makes;” but before proceeding to mention their names, the poet separates them in the following manner:

“This noble Empresse, full of all grace,
Bad every foule take her own place,
As they were wont alway, fro yere to yere,
On Sanct Valentine’s day, standen here.

That is to saie, the foules of rauine
Were highest set, and then the foules smale
That eaten, as that Nature would encline
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As worme or thing, of which I tell no tale
But water fowle, sate lowest in the dale;
And foules that liueth by sede, sat on the grene,
And that so many, that wonder was to sene."

St. xxvii.—The armorial bearings described in this and some of the following stanzas, might receive some illustration from the Register of Armes, by Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, lately published from the original manuscript. The description of the arms of the "Empiour of Almane," by our author, corresponds to those of the "Empiour of Rome," by the Lord Lyon King at Arms, who has in the same manner blazoned the armorial bearings of the Earl of Douglas; of Douglas, Earl of Murray; and of Douglas, Earl of Ormond; but with some differens, which it is unnecessary in this place to be at the trouble of pointing out.

St. xxix.—As descriptive of the Royal Arms of Scotland, I may copy a passage from a small tractat of the Scots Original, preserved in Asloanc's manuscript, which the reader may compare with the corresponding passage in Fordun.—Scotichronicon, Vol. I. p. 47.

"Then the Kingis son, callit to name Fergus Ferherd, gadderit gret power of Scottis men, and come out our Scotland maior, or Ireland, in less Scotland, and take the crowne of it, and was our first king, and brocht the armes of Scotland. The quhilkis remaynis zit—one Red rampand Lyon, in a scheld of gold; viz.

Albion in terris rex primus germinis Scottis
Illorum tumurs rubi tuliit arma leonis,
Fergusius fulvo Ferherd rugentis in aruo.
Liliger ille leo rosidus nunc pingiter auro
Christum tercentis terdeses profuit annis."—Fol. 95.

The following extract presents the subject in a more ludicrous point of view, being indeed taken from one of those exaggerated satirical accounts of our country, in which the English people, even to a later period than the times of Swift or of Churchill, seem to have delighted themselves, as affording them a vent to their national antipathy. "The arms of the kingdom was anciently a Red Lyon Rampaut in a field of gold; but An. Dom. 787, they had the augmentation of the double tressure, for assisting the French King; but his Majesties armes in Scotland is a mere Hysteria Proteron—the pride of the people being such, as to place the Scots armes in the dexter quarter of the escutcheon, and make the unicorn the dexter supporter, with the thistle at his heel, with a suitable motto—'Nemo me impune laecset,' true enough; whoever deals with them, shall be sure to smart for't: The thistle was wisely placed there, partly to shew the fertility of the country—Nature alone producing plenty of these gay flowers—and partly as an emblem of the people; the top thereof having some colour of a flower, but the bulk and substance of it is only sharp and poysorous pricks."—A Modern Account of Scotland, 1679, 4to, p. 3.
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St. xxix.—The latter lines of this stanza are very curious, and have been considered as a prophetick enunciation of the Union of the crowns of Scotland and England, about a century and a half before that event was accomplished in the person of James VI. A curious prediction of this kind is detailed in Bishop Spotiswood's History.

St. xxx.—The history of the Douglases, during the time of our author, offers much curious and important matter of enquiry, had this been a suitable place for entering on the subject. The fate of William, Eighth Earl of Douglas, has been alluded to in the preface. His brother and successor, James, after the discomfiture at Arkinholm, in 1455, and the forfeiture of his title and estates, (Acta Parl. vol. II. p. 42 and 75,) which immediately followed, retired to England, where he long lived in retirement, without any further attempt to disturb the publick tranquillity. At length, however, in the year 1483, he was induced to make an excursion into his native land, when he was taken prisoner, and sentenced by James the Third to be confined in the Abbey of Lindores—a fate which he met with great resignation; observing, "He that may no better be, must be a Monk." He entered in holy orders—having, as it is said, been brought up in his youth with a view to church preferment—and died there, 15th April, 1488. His epitaph may be seen in Crumyard's Peerage, p. 59.

St. xxx. l. 5.—Bellenden, in his translation of Hector Boecce's Croniklis, uses the same term of commendation, when speaking of "the illustre surname of Dowglas, quhiliks," he says, "war evir the sicker targe and weirwal of Scotland aganis Inglishmen; and wan many lands be thair singular manheid and vassalage:" he afterwards adds, that "sen that surname was put down, Scotland has done few vaillyent dedis in England."—fol. CCx. Godscroft repeats these words whilst vindicating that family from the charges usually made against them:—"Truely," he says, "if we shall speake without partiality, their greatnesse was so usefull to their king and country, that Hector Boetius stickes not to say, the Douglasses were ever the sure buckler and warre-wall of Scotland, and wonne many lands by their singular manhood and vassalages; for they decored this realme with many noble acts, and by the glory of their martillial deeds."—p. 207.

St. xxxii.—If we reject the notion of the poem containing a satire on King James II., it might the more readily admit of a doubt, whether it was not written previous to the death of Earl William, in 1452, since the manner in which the then Earl of Douglas is spoken of, seems to be equally applicable to either of the brothers. The probability, however, is in favour of what is elsewhere stated at sufficient length: otherwise the author most assuredly would not have limited the green-tree of Douglas to four branches; and it would have been a most inexusable oversight in Holland, when describing the members of that family, to which he appears to have been so much attached, and mentioning the younger brothers so particularly, had he passed over in silence the second brother, and the presumptive heir of succession to the earldom.
St. xxxv.-xli.—In some respects, Holland, in the Episode contained in these stanzas concerning the ‘gud Schir James,’ or, as he is sometimes called, ‘the Black Douglas,’ has greatly exceeded his illustrious predecessor, the Archdeacon of Aberdeen, with whose metrical history of the Bruce, he was evidently acquainted. Several lines might be quoted, with which there is too close a similarity to suppose it to have been merely accidental. On this subject, Wynstown, the Prior of Lochleven, is remarkably concise; contenting himself with referring his readers to Barbour. There was no great loss sustained, probably, in his so doing; as it is not likely that he would have added anything to the interest of his predecessor’s narrative. After telling us, that in 1320, King Robert lay in lang sicknes in Cardross, and that his body was interred in the Kirk of Dunfermline, he merely adds,

“And gud Jamys of Dowglas
His Hart tük, as fyrst orderyd was
For to bere in the Holy Land.
How that that wes tene on hand,
Well purportis Browsys buk,
Quhay will tharoft the mateure luke.”

St. xliii.—Since writing the preface, I observe that “Archibaldus Moraviae Comes,” appears as one of the witnesses to a publick deed, 28th June, 1445. (Acta Parl vol. II. p. 59.) The earliest mention of him under that title, which I had then discovered, was in the curious paper, of date, 25th August, 1447, printed by Hay of Drumboote, (in his Vindication of Elizabeth More; Edit. 1723, 4to, p. 65, &c.) determining the priority of birth in favour of James, over Archibald, who, it appears, were twin-brothers; in which Sir James is designated as “of Heriotmuir;” and his brother is expressly called “Archibald of Douglas, Erel of Murraxe.” The succession was thus amicably adjusted, in the event that, “gif it sall happen the said [William] Lord Erle, to decease without in his body lachfulle to be gottin.”—The name of Archibald, Earl of Murray, is again mentioned, in 1449, as one of the conservators of a truce with England. (Rymeri Foedera, XI. 253, &c.) But the former deed is sufficient to shew that the marriage was celebrated as early as 1445. From Godscroft we learn that it was subsequent to the death of the Earl of Murray, the father of the lady. There is usually a sad want of dates in ascertaining such minute points of history.

St. xli.—The name of the Earl of Ormond occurs likewise among the witnesses in the deed above referred to, in June 1445. The title therefore must have been conferred on him not long after his brother, the Earl of Douglas, had gained the ascendancy in matters of state.

St. xli. 1, 3, ‘And richt so did the ferd.—On the margin of Bannatyne’s MS., opposite these words, is affixed the name of “Lord Balveny;” younger brother, as here described, of the Douglasses.
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St. lxx.—Lord Hailes, who speaks of the Howlat as a verbose work, adds, that it must have merit with antiquaries, from the stanzas describing "the kyndis of instruments, the sportaris, (jugglers,) the Irish bard, and the fulis." Many of the musical instruments here mentioned, are likewise named by Gawin Douglas, in his Palice of Honour. His words are,

"In modulatioun hard I play and sing
Faburdoun, priksang, discant, countering,
Cant organe, figuratioun, and gemmel ;
On crowd, lute, harp, with mony gudlie spring ;
Schalmes, clariounes, portatines, hard I ring,
Monycord, organe, tympane, and cymbell,
Sytholl, psalterie, and voices sweet as bell," &c.


St. lxx.—lxxi.—The wonderful exploits of the juggler here described may remind some readers of the curious stanza, in Douglas's Palice of Honour, of a similar nature; where the author says,

"The Nigromansie thair saw I eik anone,
Of Benytas, Bongo, and Freir Bacone,
With mony subtill point of Juglairy ;
Of Flanders peis maid mony precions stone,
Ane greit laid sadill of a siching bone,
Of ane nuttemg thay maid a Monk in hy,
Ane paroche kirk of ane penny pye : 
And Benytas of ane mussill maid an aip,
With mony uther subtill mow and jaip."

Edin. Edin. 1579, p. 56.

St. xxii.—"One is naturally arrested by the character of the Irish Bard, who breaks in at the banquet like a sturdy beggar, reciting in alternate lines the Irish gibberish by which he proposed to deserve entertainment; and expressing in English his coarse and unmannerly wants and demands. The jargon he speaks is too much corrupted, I fear, to be intelligible."—Manuscript Note by Sir W. Scott.

If such was the usual conduct of the strolling bards in those days, we need not be much surprised in finding them classed with sornaris, sturdy beggars, and other misterfull men, who were denounced as vagrants, and proceeded against accordingly. There is an Act of Parliament in the year 1449, against bardis, or "oy that makis thaim fulis that ar nocht bardis, or sic lik vtheris rynaris aboute."—(Acta Parl. Vol. II. p. 36.)

In this stanza, as the writer of the manuscript critique on the poem has observed, "there are some lines wholly Irish, which have as uncouth and forbid-
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...ding an appearance, as the scene in the Punic or Carthaginian language, which Plautus has inserted in one of his comedies.—(Poenaulis, Act. v. Sc. 1.)"

St. lxiv.—"The order of the entertainment is given very correctly; and may be considered as a picturesque delineation of a banquet of the period. There is first a religious hymn to the Virgin; then a vocal and instrumental concert; then the deceptions and tricks of a juggler or conjuror; then the intrusion of the Irish bard, with behaviour as rude as his dialect—his combat with the two professed fools—and the fight of the two fools or jesters with each other—all of which were amusements peculiar to the period. In paintings of the older schools, we often see such strange associations as persons of quality feasting at the high dais, while beggars attend in the porch, and dwarfs and jesters are gambolling or fighting on the floor."—Manuscript Note by Sir W. Scott.

St. lxviii.—"If nothing more were meant by the Owl, than the bird commonly so called, I should scarcely think the improvement of his form, what the critics call a Dignus Vindice Nodus, a cause of sufficient importance to warrant the introduction of such a Prospopoeia as Nature."—Manuscript Critique, &c. p. 12.

St. lxvii. 1. 9.—In a note to the preface, (p. 2.) the false reading of thy crowne in Pinkerton's edition is taken notice of; as on these words part of the strength of his argument is founded. But except in one other instance, I have not thought it necessary to trouble either the reader or myself in pointing out the errors which have crept into that edition of the Howlat; which, indeed, without any sort of exaggeration, might perhaps be termed the most inaccurate copy of any old Scottish poem which has in our days been submitted to the publick. The blame, however, (it is but just to remark,) does not rest with the editor, who, in this, as well as in other instances, was obliged to trust to persons who were not very competent to the task.

In the conclusion to the preface, a curious passage in Blind Harry's Wallace, alluding to the Howlat, is given; and it is rather singular, that the comparison which is there made use of, should have been adopted from so fabulous a writer by our old historian, John Major, whose words again have been re-echoed by subsequent writers.—Historia, etc. Paris, 1521, fol. lxxn.

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