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THE BRUCIAD, AN EPIC POEM,

IN SIX BOOKS.

[By John Harvey]

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TO

ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS,

Of Douglas, Esquire.

SIR,

AN ingenious Poem, now intitled the Bruciad, has lain about forty years in obſcurity, waiting, as it would ſeem, for that happy æra, when (next to that of the hero) the two moſt renowned names of antiquity, (and of the poets eulogy) Stuart and Douglas, uniting in one perſon, might, by an auſpicious patronage, invite her to unveil, with greater ſplendour, her ſo long neglected beauties.

THIS poetical, but faithful regiſter of ancient Caledonian heroiſm, wherein the STUARTS, DOUGLASSES, GRÆMES, the WALLACE, and many other diſtinguiſhed names, appear to have emulated for fame the noble BRUCE himſelf, looks ſupplicating to you, Sir, for protection.

As the hero, ROBERT BRUCE, ſuffered long under a moſt unjuſt invaſion of his right, as he ſtruggled with the moſt unexampled fortitude to recover it, and as he at length glorioufly prevailed againſt moſt inveterate and potent enemies; ſo, Sir, to the entire ſatisfaction of the whole impartial world, have you, through the juſt deciſion

ciſion of the ſupreme judicatory of theſe kingdoms, arrived at the poſſeſſions of your birthright.

As Robert Bruce, after having triumphed over the deep and iniquitous deſigns of enemies, foreign as well as domeſtic, reigned many years with dignity, reputation and honour, ſo may you, Sir, who have defeated conſpiracies almoſt as alarming, enjoy, but for a much longer time, the peaceful effects of your victory, and at laſt tranſmit to poſterity your name and family with Brucian luſtre.

Permit,

PERMIT, that I have the honour to conclude myſelf, with unaffected reſpect,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient,

and moſt humble ſervant,

The EDITOR.

THE

PREFACE.

THE following Poem was originally compoſed by a gentleman, who, with ſurprizing power of genius, was perhaps one of the beſt claſſical ſcholars of the age he lived in; but his circumſtances having too much confined his obſervations to the narrow boundaries and prejudices of the land of his nativity, his poem (otherwiſe excellent) was the leſs ſuited to that general attention, which was due to ſo much intrinſic merit. It has now undergone a transformation, both in its poetical and political language, which clear it almoſt totally, at leaſt, as much as the circumſtances of the

times it relates to would possibly admit of, from every objection formerly raised against it. Those unnatural contentions, the inconveniencies which were the consequence of them, and which alternately embarrassed both England and Scotland, are now charged to the so long want of *Union* between the two kingdoms. It opens with a prophetical sort of hint how these inquietudes might be remedied, and concludes with a short eulogy upon the advantages of that Union under which Great-Britain may hereafter flourish.

THE author did not, nor shall the editor, presume to say, that the public is presented with a perfect EPIC POEM; but, it is hoped, the candid reader will esteem this as no despicable imitation of one, and will find that the essentials are pretty closely adhered to.

As

As to the *action*, it is apprehended, that may be founded either upon hiſtorical truth, or upon fable: there have been critics, who contended for the abſolute neceſſity of fable, but unluckily they have the whole current of antiquity againſt them; for if they throw Lucan and Statius out of the claſs of epic writers among the ancients, and Taſſo and Milton among the moderns, none of their poems being founded on fiction; yet the Iliad and Æneid ſtand in the way, being built upon certain facts, and upon true and undeniable hiſtory.

THAT the Æneid is grounded upon fact, is plain from the joint teſtimony of almoſt every Roman Hiſtorian. That Æneas came into Italy, ſettled there, and gave the firſt riſe to the Roman ſtate, which was founded by his ſucceſſors about three hundred years after him, has been confirmed by the gene-

ral

ral voice of antiquity for upwards of two thouſand years.

That the Iliad is founded upon hiſtorical truth, is likewiſe evident from almoſt the unanimous conſent of all ancient authors. And Dares Phrygius, and Dictys Cretenſis, who both ſerved at the ſiege of Troy, the one on the Trojan, the other on the Grecian ſide, leave the caſe doubtleſs. Cretenſis ſerved under Idomeneus king of Crete, and was injoined by that prince to write the memoirs of ſuch a remarkable ſiege; he wrote them in Phænician characters upon the rinds of Linden trees; and having ordered that, when he died, a copy ſhould be interred with him in a tin cheſt, it was done accordingly at Gnoſſus, the place of his birth and burial; and his grave being afterwards thrown open by an earthquake, the cheſt was found by ſome peaſants, who delivered it to their maſter

maſter Eupraxides; he put it into the hands of Rutilius Rufus, the Roman Proconſul in theſe parts, who ſent it to Nero the emperor. Nero commanded that the original ſhould be tranſlated into Greek, the Latin verſion of which is now no rarity. Hence we ſee, that the only two allowed, by ſome critics, to be epic poems are founded, as well as the BRUCIAD upon real hiſtorical truth, and certain facts.

THE *time* of action, beginning with the battle of Methuen, which, according to Buchannan was fought on the 18th of July 1313, and ending with the deciſive battle of Bannock-burn, which was the laſt of BRUCE'S warlike atchievements, and happened on the 21ſt of the ſame month in the following year, comprehends about twelve months.

THE *action* itſelf is one, according to the moſt critical rules, and the ſeparate attempts

of

of Douglas, Edward Bruce, Randolph, &c. repreſent different epiſodes ſubſervient to the *grand action*.

THE *moral* is as clear, and as plainly deducible from the ſubject as the *moral* of any poetical work whatſoever. Piety, patience, and courage, are inculcated on the reader from both the character and example of the hero: and the pride, violence, perfidy, and tyranny of his enemies are properly expoſed.

As to the number of books, it is preſumed there are no rules fixed. If there are, and if Homer be the ſtandard, then Virgil is in the wrong. But Homer, although juſtly eſteemed as at the head of all heroic productions, cannot be the ſtandard; becauſe, if we give credit to hiſtory, his materials for the Iliad, in place of being regularly

larly divided by him into books, were originally ſung or recited in little broken ſketches, then called by the Greeks *rhapſodies*; and they continued to be ſo publiſhed until, as containing the moſt excellent maxims both civil and military, they were firſt collected into ſome form by Lycurgus the Spartan lawgiver, and after him digeſted by Solon and others into that order we now have them.

MACHINES are parts of a poem introduced only upon extraordinary occaſions. When any difficulty occurs which admits of no probability of being unravelled by human means, the poet has recourſe to ſome ſupernatural power, by whoſe ſuppoſed intervention the embarraſſment is removed; in this poem, however, they are introduced very ſparingly.

As

As to the manners and characters, it is hoped, they are not unhappily preſerved and ſupported. Upon the whole, it is left to the reader to judge of the merit of this work, from his own feelings, and to pronounce from thence, whether or not the BRUCIAD may be admitted of as an EPIC POEM.

A LIST

A LIST of NAMES and TITLES
celebrated in the following Poem.

AIRLY
Alexander
Argentine
Arundel
Athole
Auchinleek
Badenock
Baird
Barclay
Beik
Binny
Blair
Bohun
Bothwell
Boyd
BRUCE.
Buchan
Bute
Caithneſs
CAERNARVON
Clan Chatton
Cleland
Clifford
Corſpatrick
Crawford
Cumming
Deſmont
Dickſon
DOUGLAS
Dundas
Dundee
Eglingtoun
Errol
Falconer
Fergus
Fitzgerald
Fleeming
Forbes
Francis
Fraſer
Gaudeſer de Lyle
Gilchriſt
Giles
Gloceſter
Gordon
Grant
GRÆME
Gray
Guthrie
Haliburton
Haſtings
Hay
Hertford
Holliday
Hume
Huntingtoun
Johnſton
Inchmartin
Keith
Kennedy
Kent
Ker
Kilpatrick
Kinnaird
Lauder
Lennox
Lindſay
Little
Longoville
Lundie
Lyſle
Macdonald
Macdougald
Macduff
Mackay
Makenzie
Maclean
Mar
Marſhall
Maule
Mill
Monmouth
Montgomery
Moubray
Munroe
Murray
Nairn
Neil
Newbigging
Oliphant
Omphraville
O'Neil
Oxford
Panmure
Pembroke
Percy
Perth
Philorth
Pitſligo
Ramſay
Randolph
Ray
Renfrew
Roſs
Rothſay
Ruſſel
Rutherford
Ruthven
Scot
Serimzeour
Seton
Sinclair
Sommerville
Southeſk
Strathmore
St. John
STUART
Stewrt
Sutherland
Thirſwal
Tho. of Chartres
Tinto
Turnbull
Vanes
Udny
WALLACE
Weemys
Young.

ERRATA.

P. 16. l. 12. for *roft* r. *froft*; p. 32. l. 13. r. *The*; l. 19. r. *returns*; p. 34. l. 2. r. *'midft*; l. 18. r. *bleeds*; p. 43. for *chock* r. *choke*; p. 100 r. 3. for *decrees*, r. *degrees*; p. 102. l. 13. r. *launch*; p. 106. l. 14. r. *within*; p. 143. l. 8. for *wins* r. *owns*; p. 145. l. 1. r. *a diftant*; p. 146. l. laft, for *portends* r. *protends*; p. 234. end *with*; p. 213. l. 13. for *others* r. *other*.

THE

ARGUMENT.

THIS, the firſt book, introductive of the then diſtracted ſituation of Scottiſh affairs, opens with a ſhort invocation; relates the untimely death of king Alexander III. and aſcribes the confuſions of the country to that fatal event; Caledonia repreſented pouring forth her lamentations at a ſacred altar; a piece of poetical machinery is introduced in the figure of the angel Ariel; Ariel accoſts the hero Sir William Wallace, and inſpires him to undertake the protection of his country; Wallace prepares to oppoſe the Engliſh invaſions; the Engliſh and Scottiſh armies aſſemble near Falkirk; a diſpute for the command ariſes amongſt the Scots chiefs; Cumming, one of the moſt powerful, abandons the field with 10,000 men; Wallace in reſentment retires with as many; and Stuart the third chieftain is left with his 10,000 to oppoſe the force of the whole Engliſh army.—Stuart is ſlain, and his troops diſcomfited: Wallace advances in hopes to recover the field; he perceives BRUCE, the father of our hero, warmly engaged on the Engliſh ſide; a deſperate battle enſues; Wallace fights his way through the enemy to a neighbouring wood; the battle is renewed; the Scots are worſted; the gallant Græme is ſlain, and Wallace, with renewed fury, endeavours to revenge his death, but is overcome by numbers; and obliged again to quit the field.

THE

BRUCIAD.

BOOK I.

WHILST I, unequal, tempt the mighty theme,
And riſe, advent'rous, to the BRUCIAN name!
Whilſt in my ſoul a filial ardour reigns,
To ſing the hero ſweating on the plains;
Immers'd in ills, and long with foes beſet,
By caution now, now deſperately great;
Be preſent, Phœbus! in the opening ſcenes,
Inſpire my thoughts, and regulate my ſtrains;
Tell how the hero triumph'd o'er his foes,
Grew in diſtreſs, and on his dangers roſe:

Reſtor'd his country to her priſtine pow'r,
Confirm'd her honour, and enrich'd her ſtore.

In former ages, and in ancient reigns,
When ſtrength unpoliſh'd, mark'd Ierne's plains; (*a*)
Dauntleſs her monarchs, and her heros ſtood,
In ſtreams of Cimbrian (*b*) and of Saxon blood;
Proud of her ſons, old Caledonia dar'd
Her rivals pow'r, nor foreign inſult fear'd;
Then, did her kings for martial honour glow,
And conqueſt grac'd each hero's awful brow.

In thoſe remoter times (as fame hath ſaid)
A prince renown'd, (*c*) th' Albanian (*d*) ſceptre ſway'd;

Well

(*a*) *Ierne*—From the old Galican word Eryn, or Heryn ſignifies a country lying towards the weſt: it is commonly taken for that part of Scotland called Strathern, and figuratively for the whole nation.

(*b*) *Cimbrian*—Cimbri was the ancient name of the warlike people now called the Danes, who over-run many nations, and conquered England; but met with ſo many overthrows in Scotland, that Caledon was ſaid to be the *Danorum tumulus*, 'The grave of the Danes.'

(*c*) Alexander III. who died of a fall from his horſe at Kingorn, a ſea port town on the Forth.

(*d*) *Alba-*

Well fram'd his perſon, and well form'd his ſoul,
True majeſty and mercy tun'd the whole.
Hapleſs the day! whereon the wiſe, the great,
Upon thy banks, O Forth! reſign'd his fate!
May that dire day be from our annals torn,
Nor let the ſun, once cheer, the guilty morn.

Unjoin'd, then Britons fought in various parts,
By various names, and ſtill more varying hearts!
As branches jarring, from one common root,
Contentious ſtrive, to work each other out:
By fair BRITANNIA yet untaught to ſmile,
Each ſiſter twin tries t'other to beguile;
The richer ſiſter, jealous of her name,
Ambitious hopes, to ſink the other's fame:
Not ſeen the force, which UNION might beſtow,
Waſting themſelves, they ſtrengthen ev'ry foe!

Since then, what ſlaughter rag'd on Scotia's ſhore,
And drench'd the mother, in the children's gore?

(d) *Albanian*—Albion, from Albin, or Albinick, the name given to Scotland by the Highlanders.

What dire oppreſſion (*a*) on her mountains reign'd?
What blood and rapine all her vallies ſtain'd?
The barb'rous marks of proud oppreſſive ſway,
To force and lawleſs might, a threat'ned prey.

Beneath her ills old Caledonia (*b*) groans,
Mourns her waſte cities, and her ſlaughter'd ſons:
Beholds unnumber'd legions crou'd her ſtrand,
And luſt and havock ravage all the land.

Greatly diſtreſs'd! impatient of her woes,
Slow to a Grampian cave (*c*) the victim goes:

(*a*) *What dire oppreſſion*, &c.] At this time, Edward I. of England was choſen arbitrator in the competition between Baliol and Bruce for the crown of Scotland; and he ambitiouſly imagined to turn the diſpute to his own advantage, and to reduce that kingdom to a ſubjection.

(*b*) *Old Caledonia*]—This proſopopœia, or fiction of perſons, every reader will allow to be no impropriety in poetry.

(*c*) *Slow to a Grampian cave*]—The mountains of Granzebe, commonly called the Grampian hills, run from Aberdeen, a city in the north, to Dumbarton on the Weſt, comprehending the braes of Mearns, Angus, Perthſhire, the Lennoxhills, and ſeveral other countries.

Like

Like piles in ruin, ſtately in decay,
Sunk in diſtreſs, the ſacred matron lay:
Deep in a grot, upon a moſſy bed,
Mournful reclines her venerable head:
Solemn in grief, majeſtic in deſpair,
Attends, and thinks, theſe accents touch her ear;
" The pow'rful foe now triumphs on thy ſhore!
" Shall then fam'd Caledonia riſe no more?"
Heart rending ſound! the matron's mournful cries
Aſſail th' immortals, and fatigue the ſkies!
At length, Omnipotence beheld her ills,
And pity ſtraight, th' eternal boſom fills.

'Twas night,—but ſtill, beyond the azure bow,
Empyreal domes on flaming columns grow;
High-arch'd with gold, with blazing em'ralds bright,
Far thro' the void diffuſe a purple light;
There ſhining regions feel no fading ray,
Loſt in the ſplendors of eternal day:
Enthron'd amidſt the pure effulgence, ſat
The pow'r ſupreme! ſurrounding ſpirits wait!

Summon'd, the guardian of the Scottiſh race,
Swift, Ariel, haſtes, thro' unreſiſting ſpace.
Awful the God! immortal ſilence broke!
(Trembled the ſolid heavens as he ſpoke!)
Fly, Ariel, fly, and let a guardian hand (*a*)
Prevent the ruin of yon fav'rite land;
Old Caledonia, once thy pious care,
O'er-run with blood, with ravage and deſpair;
Old Caledonia! ſunk beneath her ills,
With ſtriking cries, th' eternal manſions fills.
Haſte, and the youth, (*b*) whom heav'n hath choſe inſpire
With filial duty, and with martial fire;

Arm

(*a*) *Fly, Ariel, fly,* &c.] 'Tis hoped the reader will allow the juſtice of this piece of machinery, becauſe of its neceſſity. Scotland was now reduced, in a manner, beyond all human means of recovery. Nothing could ſave it but the intervention and influence of ſome ſuperior power. This, the author, with ſubmiſſion, thought a *dignus vindice nodus*, a difficulty that required ſuch an interpoſal, and conſequently introduced the machine.

(*b*) *Haſte, and the youth,* &c.] Sir William Wallace of Ellerſly, who ſtood for the liberties of Scotland, in oppoſition

Arm his intrepid ſoul to ſave the ſtate,
Preſerve his mother, and reverſe her fate.

He ſpoke. The ſeraph bows, and wings his way,
And cuts the yielding unextinguiſh'd day;
Thro' ſpheres below, directs his willing flight,
And ſails, incumbent, on inferior night.

Where Tay, thro' verdant vallies rolls his waves,
And fair Æneia's (*a*) fruitful borders laves;
Rear'd on its margin old (*b*) Alectum ſtands,
Whoſe riſing ſpires o'erlook the neighb'ring lands:

ſition to the invaſions of Edward I. The reader will pleaſe to obſerve here, that the author deſigns not a particular detail of the actions of Sir William Wallace, but ſo far as they immediately concern the affairs of Robert Bruce. And therefore he brings Wallace directly to the battle of Falkirk, where, in a conference with that prince, he lays before him the ungenerous deſigns of the Engliſh king, and convinces him of his own loyalty to his country, and the Brucian intereſt.

(*a*) A part of the county now known by the name of Angus.

(*b*) The ancient name of a town now called Dundee.

The

The thoughtful hero here revolving lay,
And tries in ſlumbers to forget the day.
With ſpeed th' immortal nuncio hither flies,
And Fergus' (c) air and ſhape his form diſguiſe,
Approaching ſoft, his wond'ring eyes he fix'd
On riſing bloom, with manly vigour mix'd;
But ſaw, while ſlumbers thus his limbs inveſt,
Short ſighs and groans, alternate, heave his breaſt
His country's wrongs full in his boſom roll,
Invade his dreams, and rack his gen'rous ſoul.

'Twas now, th' aerial miniſter began,
And in great Fergus' voice addreſs'd the man.
Ariſe, my ſon, thy dauntleſs arm oppoſe
To this vaſt deluge of thy barb'rous foes;
Involv'd in blood, ſee Caledonia lies,
Her wailings loud have reach'd the pitying ſkies.
To thee, O youth divine! whom fate decrees
Reſtorer of thy country's liberties;

(c) The name of the firſt king of Scotland.

To

To thee, this ſacred charge from heav'n I bring,
Commiſſion'd by the heav'ns eternal king.
Rouſe then, my ſon, exert thy warlike pow'r,
And drive the foe from this unhappy ſhore;
Date thy renown from this auſpicious day,
And ſave from ruin the Ferguſian ſway.
He ſaid, and mounting in a blaze of light,
The ſeraph re-aſcends th' empyreal height.

By this Aurora, in her chariot drawn,
Had ting'd the ruddy eaſt, and bluſh'd the dawn;
When, call'd by heav'n, to manage heav'n's de-
ſigns,
In glitt'ring ſteel th' Ellerſlian hero ſhines.
Born to chaſtiſe the lawleſs pride of kings,
Quick to the field the youthful warrior ſprings;
While higher names (a baſe degen'rate crowd,) (a
Stain their proud titles, and diſgrace their blood:

(a) The author here points at the Cummings, Montteeths, and ſome other conſiderable chiefs, who would not acknowledge the ſuperiority of Wallace.

For faction's ends their country's rights forego,
Treach'rous retire, or, impious, aid the foe.
Others more honeſt, but by pow'r oppreſt,
Had tamely purchas'd an inglorious reſt;
Only a few, whoſe thoughts by heav'n inſpir'd,
And with the ſacred love of freedom fir'd,
Bravely diſdain'd a proud uſurper's ſway,
Nor fraud nor force their gen'rous ſouls betray;
Theſe on their country's freedom fix their eyes,
And threats and promiſes alike deſpiſe.
Immortal chiefs! who (if my artleſs rhyme
Can gain upon the injuries of time)
Shall live, to late poſterity renown'd,
With wreaths of everlaſting laurel crown'd.

Among the firſt, the brave Limonian Thane, (*b*)
And Hay and Lauder glitter'd on the plain.
The daring Seton, and the faithful Boyd,
Dauntleſs approach, and cloſe the hero's ſide.

(*b*) *Limonian Thane*—The Earl of Lennox.

Ramſay,

Ramſay, and Lyſle, and Stuart (*a*) of race divine,
In awful pomp, and dreadful honours ſhine.
Crawford, and Campbell (long a loyal name!)
Array'd in ſteel, to that aſſembly came.
Then Keith and Murray, with their ſhining ſhield,
And Baird and Barclay, loyal, grace the field.
Each warrior led a ſmall, but honeſt band,
Fix'd to the intereſts of his native land.
Cumming (*b*) approach'd, ten thouſand in his train,
The fatal ruin of the future plain.
The Gordon, to a length of honours born,
Ruthven and Ker, the rendezvous adorn.
Cleland and Auchinleck, a faithful pair,
Haſte to the field, and, gen'rous, aid the war.
Now laſt of all, appears upon the plain,
The love and wonder of the warlike train,
Intrepid Græme! (*c*) the martial pomp to crown,
Array'd in burniſh'd ſteel, intently ſhone.

The

(*a*) Lord of Bute.

(*b*) See pag. 20.

(*c*) The families of this name who have been accuſtomed to write it Graham, or Grahame, will excuſe, it is hoped, the

The chiefs, as one, the Godlike man accoſt,
And fondly welcome to the loyal hoſt.
From out the throng, the leader quickly ran,
And to his boſom preſt the gallant man:
Hail, deareſt brother! welcome to my arms,
Born to redreſs thy ruin'd country's harms;
Straight, at thy preſence, vaniſh all my cares,
And ev'ry anxious dread of future wars.
He ſaid. The chief, advancing on the plain,
With graceful mien, ſalutes the warrior train.

By this, the ſun had ſhot a fainter ray,
And down the weſtern ſteep had roll'd the day;
Then to Falkirk, inclos'd with verdant meads,
The gen'rous hoſt th' ELLERSLIAN hero leads;
The Torwood near, a nat'ral camp they choſe,
And mid'ſt its ſhades enjoy a ſoft repoſe.

the editor, for preferring Græme, for which he thinks there is not only equal authority, but, this being no place to enter into that queſtion, as, for certain, it looks ſmoother in poetry.

Now

Now o'er the Ochel-heights (*a*) the riſing beam,
Darts thro' the ruſtling leaves a wavy gleam;
When from the wood, advancing to the plain,
In martial honours ſhone the Grampian train.
The daring leader, waves his awful hand,
And liſt'ning chiefs in ſilent order ſtand.
Approaching ſquadrons next incloſe the man,
While from a riſing ground he thus began.

'Immortal ſons of Albion's ancient race,
'Whom faith unſtain'd, and loyal honours grace!
'Whoſe noble anceſtors, undaunted, ſtood
'In ſtreams of Cimbrian and of Saxon blood;
'Whom Rome's imperial arms eſſay'd in vain,
'Her eagles ſhrinking on the bloody plain.
'Behold, my friends, your ruin'd country's woes,
'And view the triumphs of ambitious foes.
'Gaſping in death, ſee Caledonia lies,
'And to the heav'ns, and you, for ſuccour cries,

(*a*) *Now o'er the Ochel-heights*, &c.] *Occelli Montes*, the Ochel-hills lye betwixt Strathern, Clackmannan and Kinroſs ſhires, and for the moſt part are all green.

'You!

'You! whom, of all her progeny, she owns
'Her genuine offspring, and her duteous sons.
'Behold your aged sires in fetters pin'd,
'Or to the dungeon's noisome depth confin'd;
'With upcast eyes implore your filial aid,
'And feebly sink again the hoary head.
'Behold our virgins ravish'd, see our youth,
'The spoils and victims of the perjur'd south; (*a*)
'Yourselves! from all your dearest pledges torn,
'With want oppress't, and infamy and scorn;
'Thro' woods, and wilds, and lonely deserts toss't,
'Expos'd to summer's suns, and winter rost:
'The race of Saxons, by no pow'r withstood,
'Pillage your fortunes, and debauch your blood.

(*a*) *The perjur'd south*, &c.] Edward I. of England had sworn to determine impartially in the competition betwixt Bruce and Baliol; but in place of observing his oath, he endeavoured to usurp the sovereignty himself.

'Unhappy

'Unhappy Scots! are all our heroes fled?
'Our Fergus', Kenneths, (*a*) and our Malcolms dead? (*b*)
'Our Hays and (*c*) Keiths, and our immortal Græme's
'And all our glorious list of ancient names?
'Was it for this, those mighty heroes fought,
'Thro' storms of death, their deathless honours bought?
'Did those stern patriots in battle shine,
'To save their country, and secure their line?

(*a*) *Our Fergus's, Kenneths*, &c.] The Picts having join'd the Romans and Britons against the Scots, defeated them in the field, slew their king, and threatened a total conquest: but at last, by the valour and conduct of Fergus II. the Scots were restored, and afterwards engaged the Picts under the leading of M'Alpin, alias Kenneth More, they overthrew them, and pursued their victory to the extirpation of their name.

(*b*) *Kenneths, Malcolms*, &c.] Kenneth III. and Malcolm II. famous for those dreadful overthrows they gave the Danes.

(*c*) *Hays and Keiths*, &c.] A short account will be given of them in their proper places.

'When Tay beheld them, and the trembling
Forth,
'In conflict dire, mix with the warlike north?
'And shall no son confess his gen'rous fire?
'No bosom kindle with the glorious fire?
'See! yonder Locarty's and Barry's (*a*) plain,
'Still red with carnage of the slaughter'd Dane!
'See those same fields, where your great fathers
strove,
'Midst wastes of death, your freedoms to improve;
'Rouse then, and let those names your breast in-
spire
'With manly ardour, and with loyal fire.
'Let your great fathers all your souls possess,
'And arms, vindictive, now their wrongs re-
dress.
'See where the haughty South in bright array,
'From yonder shining plains reflects the day.
'Behold Plantagenet (*b*) with awful pride,
'In burnish'd gold amidst his squadrons ride!

(*a*) The fields of two remarkable battles.

(*b*) King Edward, so sir-named.

'Come

'Come, gallant friends, attack the daring hoſt,
'And drive th' inſulting legions from our coaſt.'
He ſaid: The chiefs, obedient, hail the man,
And thro' the hoſt, conſenting murmurs ran.

By this the Saxon trumpets from afar,
In ſhriller notes proclaim th' advancing war.
The hardy Scots, return the martial ſound,
And from the hills, the loud alarms rebound.
Approaching, now th' embattl'd ſquadrons ſtand,
And in ſtern order, glitter on the ſtrand.
The thick'ning war, around, obſcures the fields,
With groves of lances arm'd, and boſſy ſhields.

As when ſome duſky cloud o'erſhades the main,
The breeze but whiſp'ring o'er the liquid plain,
Scarce heave the ſurges, ocean ſeems to ſleep,
And, ſtill, a horror ſettles on the deep.
Thus ſilent, crowded legions form around,
And dread battalions, blacken all the ground.

But here, alas! How ſhall a Scottiſh muſe
Thy fatal crime, O! Cumbernald, excuſe? (*a*)
Fain would the muſe th' ungrateful theme decline,
Or wipe the tarniſh from the tainted line.
Fain wou'd in ſilence paſs th' ill omen'd ſcene,
The chiefs embroil'd, and the deſerted plain.
What direful woe from wild ambition ſprings?
The wreck of empires, and the bane of kings.
Diſcord, with hideous grin and livid eyes,
Swift, thro' the hoſt, on ſooty pinions flies.
Diſcord (*b*)—ambition's ſpiteful brood! beheld
Ten thouſand factious Scots forſake the field;

A race

(*a*) *Thy fatal crime, O Cumbernald,* &c.] Cumming, earl of Cumbernald, had joined the army at Falkirk with ten thouſand men. But having himſelf an eye to the crown, and either ſuſpecting or diſdaining the ſucceſs of Sir William Wallace, a private gentleman, much inferior to him in rank, but then guardian of Scotland, inſtigated Stuart Lord Bute to quarrel with him about leading the van of the Scots army; alledging that poſt was rather due to one of their family. Wallace inſiſted on the privilege of his office, and they parted from one another in high chaff.

(*b*) Cumming, as if diſdaining to diſpute the point, led off his followers, and Wallace after ſome altercation with Stuart,

A race to glory loſt! which from that hour,
Fell from their fame, and dwindled from their pow'r.
Worſe the effects! for Wallace, fearing fraud,
Taſtes of the poiſon, jealouſy had laid;
Of fancied wrongs, and with reſentment fir'd,
The hero, alſo, from the plain retir'd.
Ten thouſand Scots in tears their chief attend,
The Sun himſelf, ne'er ſaw a braver band.

So great Achilles, on the Phrygian ſtrand,
Injur'd, by Atreus' ſon's unjuſt, command,
Full of his wrongs, deſerts his country's cauſe,
And from the ſiege, his myrmidons withdraws.
Left in the field, the noble Stuart, alone,
Before his few, but faithful, ſquadrons ſhone.

And now great Hertford thunders on the plain
And twice ten thouſand glitter in his train.

Stuart, unhappily quitted the field alſo, by which ill-timed diviſion Stuart was left an eaſy prey to the enemy.

The hardy Stuart abandon'd to his foes,
Dauntleſs, to meet that dreadful battle, goes.
Ten thouſand Scots (no more had fate allow'd
To guard their lord) around the ſtandard crowd.

The war begins, the blended clamours riſe,
And ſhouts and groans, promiſcuous, rend the ſkies.
The glorious Bute, undaunted ſcours the flanks,
And blows unerring, thin the wond'ring ranks;
O'er Saxon necks he hews a horrid way,
While, roll'd in heaps, expiring ſquadrons lay.
Hertford beholds his fainting legions yield,
And Edward's glory fading in the field;
Amaz'd, he views the chief's unbounded might,
Deſpairs ſucceſs, and meditates his flight.
The Scots, by ſuch a leader's pattern taught,
Advance, and with redoubled fury fought.
Back to the camp lord Hertford wings his way,
While on the plain ten thouſand victims lay.

Immortal Stuart! O were my boſom fir'd
With ardour like to that thy ſoul inſpir'd,

The

The muſe ſhou'd raiſe a trophy to thy fame,
Great as thy worth, and deathleſs as thy name.
But ſee! where BRUCE, array'd in martial pride,
And crafty Beik before their ſquadrons ride.
Againſt the Scots they vengefully advance,
And forty thouſand helms reflecting glance.
Waving in air the gilded lion flies,
And loud the trumpets eccho thro' the ſkies.

Tir'd with late toils, the noble Bute beheld
The ſwarming legions crowd the bloody field;
Anxious and doubtful, view'd their mighty pow'r,
And firm their ranks, extended on the ſhore.
Amaz'd at firſt, his ſpirits backward roll.
And by degrees forſake his gen'rous ſoul.
He caſts his eyes around, but ſees no aid,
Wallace is injur'd, and the Cumming fled.
O deadly guſt of paſſion! direful heat!
Dang'rous to all but fatal to the great!
In grov'ling minds but low reſentment dwells,
For blood that's groſs, rare, o'er its channel ſwells;

Spirits high-born, like meteors in the ſky,
Ferment in ſtorms, and round in ruin fly.
Relentleſs ELLERSLY! ah, canſt thou ſtand,
And ſee the hero butcher'd on the ſtrand?
The hero! whom ſo recent laurels bleſt,
By numbers, and ſuperior force oppreſt!
O ſend the god-like Græme (and ſave thy vow,)
Or ſend the faithful Boy'd to his reſcue;
Or let the gen'rous Seton's tears prevail
To ſhare the day, and turn the fatal ſcale.
Behold the chiefs, all ſuppliant beg around,
Unwonted tears, ſlide, trickling to the ground.
In vain. Unchang'd the injur'd leader ſtands,
Feels much, and yet denies their warm demands.

With eager haſte approach the Saxon lines,
And in the front the (*a*) rev'rend warrior ſhines.

(*a*) *The rev'rend warrior ſhines.*] Anthony Beik, biſhop of Durham, a great enemy to the Scots, more famous for his ſkill in the arts of war than in the goſpel of peace, as a certain author remarks. This prelate headed 10,000 men at the battle of Falkirk, raiſed by his own influence and authority.

The

The noble Bute beheld the num'rous bands,
Whilſt recollected in himſelf he ſtands;
Then rous'd his little hoſt with freſh alarms,
And ſhrill the trumpet ſounds again to arms.
Secure of glory, and a deathleſs name,
Laviſh of life, he ruſhes into fame.

The ſignal giv'n, inflam'd with mutual rage,
Th' unequal ſquadrons furiouſly engage.
Thro' burniſh'd ſteel, faſt burſts the ſtreaming gore,
And rolls a purple current on the ſhore.
The cautious Beik each various ſcene beheld,
Long us'd in war, and harden'd to the field;
Extends his ranks, and ſummons freſh ſupplies,
And to ſurround the Scottiſh hero tries.
The glorious Bute perceiv'd his ſly deſigns,
And with ſtern rage attack'd his ſtubborn lines.
His manly arm dealt fell deſtruction round,
And Saxon crowds lay gaſping on the ground.
Their leader's pattern, ev'ry Scot inſpires,
Wiſe, from the rage, the rev'rend chief retires.

But

But ſoon brave Stuart beheld an untoil'd train,
In thick battalia marſhall'd on the plain,
To ſuccour Beik, full thirty thouſand ſpears,
And at their head the mighty Bruce appears.
Diſplay'd againſt his own, the lion's glare,
And martial trumpets animate the war.
Deluded prince! thy ſoul ſhall ſoon bemoan
Thoſe cruel deeds on Forth's ſham'd borders done.
The gen'rous Bute, wept, at the cutting ſight,
When awful Bruce, provok'd him to the fight;
A furious charge on thinned ranks he made,
And roll'd in heaps on heaps the mangled dead.
Now Stuart beholds his little faithful hoſt
Drench'd in their gore, all hope of ſucceſs loſt;
With grief revolves their wonders on the plain,
Full twenty thouſand, by ten thouſand ſlain.
Great in diſtreſs! impatient of the light,
Reſolv'd to die, he ruſhes to the fight.
Fraught with deſpair, he dealt his blows around,
And Saxon blood faſt ſtain'd the crimſon ground.
But ſpent with former toils, o'ermatch'd with pow'r,
At laſt the hero ſinks upon the ſhore.

Stretch'd

Stretch'd on the ſtrand the godlike patriot lies,
And ſhades eternal! ſettle round his eyes.

How happy he! who falls amidſt his foes,
A ſacred victim to his country's cauſe!
What tears, what vows, attend his parting breath!
In life how lov'd! and how ador'd in death!
Eternal monuments ſecure his fame,
And laſting glory reſts upon his name!

Sol's fiery ſteeds, down from the noon-day height,
Thro' weſtern climes precipitate their flight.
Expanded ſkies the flaming chariots bore,
And rays declining gild th' Heſperian ſhore.
Th' Ellerslian chief in burniſh'd armour ſtands,
And, beck'ning, round him calls his daring bands.
Sullen and ſad approach the warrior-train,
And, touch'd with woe, regard the fatal plain.
When thus the chief: 'You ſee our friends are loſt,
'By treach'ry murder'd on that bloody coaſt.
'The awful Bruce yon mighty battle leads,
'And crafty Beik his ſelect ſquadrons heads.

'See

'See where the haughty king, in dread array,
'Moves from the camp, and haſtes to ſhare the day.
'Then ſay, What ſhall be done? the queſtion's nice,
'And fate allows us but a dang'rous choice.
'If for ſupplies we ſhould to Lothian go,
'Then furiouſly purſues the num'rous foe.
'If to the ſafer wood our rout we bend,
'Thro' BRUCE's hoſt we muſt that ſhelter find.
'Say then." The chiefs obſequious to his will,
As he ſhould order, eager to fulfil.

The hero then, all dreadful as a God,
To meet the BRUCE, before his ſquadrons rode,
Ten thouſand ſpears advancing in his train,
An iron foreſt! glitter'd o'er the plain.
By this bold BRUCE, had rang'd his warlike lines,
And at their head in bloody armour ſhines.
But O my muſe, what God ſhall lead the way?
What inſpiration guide thee thro' the day?
To ſing the chiefs, that never knew to yield,
Engag'd in furious combat on the field?

Phœbus!

Phœbus! aſſiſt, and all the Theſpian throng,
Conjoin your voices, and exalt the ſong.

Both armies now approaching to the fight,
In blazing terrors ſhone intenſely bright.
The ſprightly trumpet's martial clangors riſe,
And roll in rattling ecchoes thro' the ſkies.
Glory and fame, each hero's ſoul poſſeſt,
And death or triumph breath'd in ev'ry breaſt.

The war now mingling, fiery courſers bound,
And ruſhing ſquadrons ſhake the trembling ground.
Thro' poliſh'd ſteel faſt ſtreams the reeking gore,
And crimſon torrents drench the purple ſhore.
There warlike Bruce exerts his awful might,
Here Wallace thunders thro' the bloody fight.
Behold great Graeme reſiſtleſs force his way,
Thro' all the ruins of the dreadful day.
Here Seton, Hay, and Lauder ſcour the plain,
Their Boyd and Keith, a diſtant fight mantain.
Yonder brave Kennedy, in battle ſtands,
And great Montgom'ry joins his faithful bands.

The

The hardy Frazers for the charge prepare,
And dauntleſs Lundie ruſhes to the war.
See gallant Oliphant to glory ride,
Dundas and Scrimzeour glitt'ring by his ſide:
Noble ſupporters, in a cauſe ſo juſt,
Of ſouls as daring, as of forms robuſt;
The genuine offſprings of renowned ſires,
Whoſe firmneſs, never, but with life expires;
Yonder the haughty Turnbull takes the field,
And ſavage ſpoils glare in his orby ſhield.
Johnſon and Rutherford, and Blair and Gray,
And Guthrie, Scot, and Lindſay ſhare the day.
Newbigging, Tinto, Little, grace the lines,
And Holiday in armour fiercely ſhines!
Bold Holiday? (*a*) in war a mighty man,
His uncle ſeeks, and combats in the van.
Thro' hoſtile ranks they ſcatter fate around,
And twice four thouſand gaſp along the ground.
Quite thro' the Saxon hoſt, o'er Carron's flood,
To Torwood ſhades the Scots in ſafety rode.

(*a*) Nephew to Wallace.

Wallace

Wallace alone, and Græme and Lauder ſtay
Unfated with the ſlaughter of the day;
Greedy of fame, their fiery courſers rein,
And drive, impetuous, back unto the plain.
Three hundred men to guard the chiefs prepare,
Inur'd to blood, and harden'd to the war.
Where Saxon ranks in thickeſt order ſtood,
With awful force theſe dauntleſs warriors rode.
Ere Bruce could well the Scottiſh band perceive,
His legions rally, or juſt orders give,
With wounds transfix'd, all welt'ring in their gore,
Three hundred Saxons ſtrow'd the bloody ſhore.
But now bold Bruce his ſtrong battalions heads,
And thirty thouſand to the onſet leads.

Cozen'd (*a*) by fraud, and jealous of his right,
Wing'd with revenge, he ruſhes to the fight.

(*a*) *Cozen'd by fraud*, &c.] The elder Bruce, who was competitor with Baliol for the crown of Scotland, was impoſed on by the king of England, and made to believe that Wallace deſign'd to uſurp the ſovereignty, which occaſioned his fighting here at Falkirk with his friends and vaſſals againſt the Scots.

Three

Three worthy Scots, pierc'd by his nervous hand,
Roll in their blood, and bite the purple ſtrand.
The ELLERSLIAN chief (*b*) with ſorrow ſees them bleed,
And, ſwell'd with rage, he reins the fiery ſteed;
Againſt the BRUCE directs his awful force,
The BRUCE, all dreadleſs, meets the hero's courſe.
Charg'd in his left a mighty lance he wore,
And Wallace' hand a glitt'ring faulchion bore.
Equally fierce the dauntleſs warriors ride,
Soon burſts thro' yielding ſteel, the bluſhing tide.
From Wallace' thigh trans'fix'd, diſtils the gore,
And BRUCE's courſer tumbles to the ſhore.
Th' valiant bands ſoon mount the BRUCE again;
While Græme and Lauder thunder'd on the plain.
Thro' Saxon ranks theſe heroes urg'd their way,
And wond'rous bore, the fury of the day:
Whilſt Wallace ſtops to ſtem his bleeding wounds,
In heaps the foe lay ſcatter'd on the ground.
His blood now ſtanch'd, the chief return anew,
The hardy Græme and Lauder to reſcue.

(*b*) Wallace.

Ardent

Ardent, rejoins the war, with awful might,
And cautious Beik, reanimates the fight:
By numbers, overpow'r'd the Scots retire,
Yet cou'd not Græme, reſtrain his martial fire;
A burniſh'd ſword, his nervous arm ſuſtain'd,
And forward ruſhes where the war remain'd.
Before the BRUCE, he ſtruck an Engliſh knight,
The glitt'ring creſt ſoon yielded to the weight,
With unreſiſted force, thro' helm and head,
Down to the collar, glanc'd the ſhining blade.
The knight falls, proſtrate, on the gorey ground,
And blood and ſoul, ruſh, mingl'd thro' the wound.
A ſubtle ſquire, who ſaw the deadly blow,
Fir'd with reſentment, meditates the foe.
As Græme return'd, the crafty warrior ſpy'd,
Beneath his armour, a defenceleſs void.
In at his back, full aim'd, with cautious care,
Quite to his heart, he ſends the treach'rous ſpear.
The hero turn'd, and ſmote the cruel foe,
Juſt where the caſque, the vizor joins below;
Thro' ſteel and brain, faſt ruſh'd the forceful brand,
But noble Græme reels, on the bloody ſtrand:

This laſt ſad proof of loyal valour ſhews,
By greatly falling 'midſt his country's foes.

When ELLERSLY the glorious chief beheld
Bath'd in his blood, and ſtretch'd upon the field;
What ſudden pangs his throbbing ſoul poſſeſt!
What rage and grief, tumultuous, tore his breaſt!
He weeps, he raves, abandon'd to deſpair,
Then, wing'd with fury, ruſhes to the war.
Enrag'd, he rides amidſt the thickeſt foe,
And certain death, deſcends in ev'ry blow.
Bereft of reaſon, careleſs of his life,
Deſp'rate he urges the unequal ſtrife;
The bloody torrents thicken as they flow,
And heaps of ſlaughter, the red level ſtrow.
But now two ſtrong battalions ſhape their way,
Their beamy lances glitt'ring in the day.
Led by brave BRUCE, the hero's ſteed they gore,
Faſt bleed the courſer on the crimſon ſhore.
A lance well aim'd, next ſmote the martial knight,
Unable longer to ſuſtain the fight;

Reluctant

Reluctant, now ſolicits a retreat,
Bemoans his fate, and Caledon's defeat.
Faithful, his ſteed, unfearful of his blood,
Supports his maſter through the Carron flood:
Renowned beaſt! (forgive poetic flight)
Not leſs than man, deſerves poetic right;
He bore his maſter to the farther ſide,
Then proſtrate tumbl'd, groan'd awhile, and died!

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT TO THE SECOND BOOK.

THIS book, after lamenting the loſſes of the former day, introduces an intereſting interview between Robert Bruce and Wallace; Bruce appears convinced of the Engliſh cozenage, and of the injuſtice of his ſuſpicions with regard to Wallace; they agree upon a ſecond interview; in the interval Wallace diſpoſes his troops for a freſh engagement; he takes a view of the former field; he bewails the number of the dead; and makes a moving lamentation over the body of the gallant Græme; he and the other chiefs are interred; from thence Wallace goes to meet Bruce; full of the melancholy ſcene he had left, he at firſt accoſts Bruce with ſome warmth; Bruce now ſenſible of his error, the conference concludes to their mutual ſatisfaction.—The Scots ſurprize the Engliſh in the night near Linlithgow; a continued action enſues; Hertford in confuſion calls Bruce to his aid; Bruce feigns an attack; king Edward appears himſelf, and the whole are routed; Edward beginning to have a diffidence in Bruce, tries artfully to diſcover his ſentiments; and ſuſpiciouſly eyes all his motions.—A digreſſion on the miſchiefs of faction; Wallace after theſe victories leaves the army and retires to Edinburgh, and from thence, diſguſted, takes ſhipping for France.

THE

BRUCIAD.

BOOK II.

PHŒBUS in weſtern waves had drench'd his team,
And, brown, the twilight ſhed a duſky gleam.
To Torwood's ſhades the Scottiſh troops repair,
Deplore their loſs, yet hope, repels deſpair.
Wallace, with Ker alone, in penſive mood,
Meaſures the Borders of the neighb'ring flood;
Silent, on Carron's flow'ry banks they ſtray'd,
Revolv'd the day, and mourn'd the valiant dead.
The Saxons too retire; and BRUCE with Ray,
Along the nearer verge, purſu'd their way;

When, thro' the gloom, upon the diſtant ſide,
Deluded BRUCE, the Scottiſh chief eſpy'd,
Where jutting rocks a ſtraiter paſſage frame,
Leſſen the channel, and contract the ſtream.
There Wallace heard the leader call aloud,
And, ſtopping, preſs'd the margin of the flood.
When thus the BRUCE; 'I know thou art the knight,
'This day that, dreadful, led the Scots in fight.
'Amaz'd, I ſaw thee in dire combat ſtand,
'And, curious, mark'd the wonders of thy hand.
'To real worth a juſt applauſe we owe,
'Nor is it mine to ſtain a gen'rous foe:
'But ſay, what wild ambition fires thy ſoul?
'What rage and madneſs in thy boſom roll?
'Does the thin air of popular applauſe
'Engage thee, deſp'rate, in a ſinking cauſe?
'Or does the luſt of ſway thus urge thee on
'To empty titles, and a fancy'd throne?
'To wade thro' ſeas of Albion's precious blood,
'Born on the breath of a tumultuous crowd?
'Dar'ſt thou preſume to match the Engliſh force,
'Or ſtop the mighty Edward's boundleſs courſe?

'Vain

'Vain man! diſmiſs ſuch thirſt of lawleſs ſway,
'And due obedience to the victor pay:
'Preſerve thy country from impending woe,
'And yield, ſubmiſſive, to the conqu'ring foe.'
Thus Huntington. When from the other ſide,
The Scottiſh chief in honeſt terms reply'd.
'Candid I'll own—Ambition fires my ſoul,
'And rage and madneſs in my boſom roll.
'Ambition! to preſerve a ſinking ſtate,
'Baſely abandon'd by the faithleſs great;
'To ſave my country, from th' accurſed crew
'Of barb'rous foes, and yet more cruel you!
'I claim no right, nor influence diſplay,
'To mount to titles, or to lawleſs ſway;
'My ſoul hath ſtill abhor'd the gaudy dream
'Of fancy'd rule, or an uſurper's name;
'To ſave my country, if allow'd by fate,
'All other ways, diſdaining to be great.
'Our actions are, our glory, or our ſhame,
'Not borrow'd titles, or an airy name,
'The peaſant to renown may nobly riſe,
Whilſt proud, a tyrant undiſtinguiſh'd lies.

'Know then, I'll die, or ſet my country free,
'In ſpite of Edward, and in ſpite of thee:
'Thee! who, by right, ſhouldſt Albion's ſcepter
'wield,
'Yet tear'ſt her bowels in the bloody field.
'Unnat'ral, who, return'ſt to yonder ſhore,
'Still warm, and reeking with thy country's gore.
'Before to-morrow's ſun begins his courſe,
'Once more I'll dare to meet the Engliſh force,
'For that dear land, where firſt I drew my breath,
'I'll ſeek the tyrant in the fields of death;
'Begirt with guards, and wall'd with legions round,
'I'll drive him, perjur'd, from our native ground.
'Farewel, deluded man! thy right forego,
'And bow, tho' monarch, to a coz'ning foe.
'Be a ſecure, ignoble, ſlavery thine,
'Let death, or glorious liberty! be mine."

Thus ſpoke the chief. His lateſt accents roll
Thro' Bruce's heart, and ſettle in his ſoul:
He finds himſelf by Edward's ſkill miſled,
Too long, by Engliſh artifice betray'd;

Perceives

Prceives the Scottiſh leader's loyal care,
His honeſt toils, and unambitious war.
Then thus. 'You ſee, my friend, the doubtful light,
'Leads on the ſable chariot of the night;
'Near Dunipace, where ſtands a ſacred fane,
'By nine next morning, let us meet again.'
'No—long ere Phœbus runs that length of courſe,
'Reply'd the chief, we'll meet the Saxon force;
'In ſpite of all the pow'r he has to ſway,
'Fate ſhall, before that time, decide the day.
'He either ſhall his unfair claim give o'er,
'And iterate with ſhame his native ſhore;
'Or one of us ſhall fall in bloody fight,
'Impartial heaven, O judge our cauſe aright!
'But if it ſuits th' appointment to aſſign
'At three, I'll meet you near the ancient ſhrine.'
The BRUCE conſented, and to Lithgow paſt,
To Torwood-ſhades good Ker and WALLACE haſte.
Refreſh'd with food, the hoſt for reſt prepare,
And in ſhort ſlumbers huſh the din of war.

Bright

Bright phoſphor ſoon the vaulted azure gilds,
And ſtars, retiring, quit the airy fields.
The Scottiſh chief abandons his repoſe,
And arms of proof, his manly limbs incloſe,
With claſps around the temper'd mail he tries,
And graven cuiſhes glitter on his thighs.
Upon his head a ſhining caſque he wore,
A ſtaff of ſteel with manly hand he bore.
A beamy faulchion grac'd his able ſide,
Stern was his look, and danger he defy'd.
His armour-bearer, Jop, ſtept on before,
And proud, the warrior's maſſy buckler bore.
Thus forth the hero marching, views the lines,
And proper poſts to ev'ry chief aſſigns.
Ramſy, and Lundy, and the hardy thane
Of Lennox, led five thouſand to the plain.
Five thouſand more himſelf and Lauder guide,
And Rickarton and Seton cloſe their ſide.
The former field they ſeek in deep array,
And view the ruins of the former day.

There,

There, what a horrid ſcene the fight confounds?
What heaps of carnage, preſs th' adjacent grounds,
With life, ſcarce cold, yet bubbling through the wounds!
Along the ſtrand the floating ſtreams of blood
Roll on in tides, and chock the neighb'ring flood.
Here lay brave Stuart, and Roſſia's gallant thane,
With honeſt wounds transfix'd upon the plain;
There lay great Græme! extended on the ſhore,
Lifeleſs and pale, and ſtain'd with glotted gore.
Him WALLACE ſaw, and throbbing at the ſight,
Alights, and ruſhes to the much lov'd knight.
Up in his arms, he rais'd his drooping head,
And thus, with tears, addreſt the gallant dead.

"Farewel, my beſt lov'd friend! a long adieu
'To all th' illuſive joys of life and you.
'Farewel, O grateful victim to our foes!
'Thou ſacred martyr for thy country's cauſe!
'For her thou fought'ſt in dreadful fields of death,
'For her thus greatly thou reſign'ſt thy breath.

'That

'That warlike arm ſhall I behold no more
'The faulchion brandiſh on the bloody ſhore.
'No more thoſe eyes ſhall fierce in battle glow,
'Thy friends delight, the terror of thy foe!
'How is the mighty fall'n upon the plain?
'A chief, a hero, by a coward ſlain!
'Nor ſhall his ſoul the treach'rous triumph boaſt;
'Sad and confounded, to the Stygian coaſt,
'Thy noble hand ſoon ſent the daſtard ſlave,
'Mangl'd, and damn'd, to an infernal grave.
'Ah! gallant man, what worth adorn'd thy mind,
'How brave an enemy, how warm a friend!
'Sincere to me, ſince firſt our love began,
'Thy David I, and thou my Jonathan.
'Thou waſt the hope, the glory of my life,
'My better genius in the doubtful ſtrife.
'Warm'd by thy preſence, how did I diſdain
'The toils and dangers of th' unequal plain?
'How did my ſoul with riſing ardour glow,
'Leſſen the hazard, and contract the foe?
'O'erlook the adverſe hoſt, when I beheld
'My brave companion thunder in the field?

'Old

'Old Albion ſhall in tears of blood bemoan
'The gallant patriot, and the duteous ſon.
'In thee her freedom and her honour dead,
'Her hopes all blaſted, and her ſuccour fled.
'Farewel, bleſt ſhade! may thine unſpotted ſoul,
'Now rais'd on high to thy congenial pole,
'In flames of heav'nly raptures ever glow,
'And ſmile, propitious, on our toils below.'
He ſaid. The hoſt accompany their chief,
Burſt into tears, and give a looſe to grief.
So once, of old, on the Moloſſian coaſt,
Bold Theſeus mourn'd his dear Pirithous loſt.

Now waſh'd from blood, upon their ſhields they bore
The lifeleſs hero from the fatal ſhore.
With ſolemn pomp the mournful chiefs proceed,
And in the ancient fane inhume the dead.
To ev'ry lifeleſs chief, due rites they pay;
To meet the BRUCE, then WALLACE bends his way.
The loſs of Græme, and that unhappy field,
Inflam'd his ſoul, when he the BRUCE beheld.

Approach-

Approaching quick, the ireful chief began,
And in ſtern language, thus addreſt the man.
'Doſt thou repent thy baſe unnatural war?
'And ſated is thy ſoul of native gore?
'Rue'ſt thou the actions of thy barb'rous hand,
'The cruel havock on yon bloody ſtrand?
'Regard thoſe patriots, who, too loyal, came
'To ſave their country, to maintain thy claim;
'T' oppoſe a proud invader's lawleſs might,
'And 'gainſt thyſelf, t'aſſert thy native right:
'See where they lie diſtain'd with purple gore,
'Subjects ſo true, were ne'er ſo ſlain before!
'Behold the gallant Stuart, and Roſſia's thane,
'And god-like Græme, late ſtretch'd upon the plain.
'Heroes! whoſe blood not armies can atone;
'By fraud, oppreſſion, and by thee undone.
'Unhappy man!'—More wou'd the chief have ſaid,
But BRUCE, in manly tears, this anſwer made.
'Yes, gen'rous friend! I ſaw the heroes ſtand!
'Like gods in battle, on yon bloody ſtrand.

Eager

'Eager of fame, unknowing how to yield,
'How they did court the dangers of the field?
'O'ermatch'd with numbers, prodigal of life,
'How they did ſtruggle in th' unequal ſtrife?
'Their native country, urging the debate,
'With heav'n they ſtrove, and long diſputed fate.
'Twas I, deluded wretch! who led that pow'r
'Againſt my frends, to this unhappy ſhore;
'Twas I, ill-fated I! ſeduc'd to guilt,
'My native blood ſo laviſhly have ſpilt.
'Poor, hapleſs man! by fair pretences led
'To ruin, and by kingly fraud betray'd.'

WALLACE tranſported! heard what BRUCE had ſaid,
And on his knee a low obeiſance made.
The Engliſh pow'r he beg'd him to diſown,
And reign, a monarch, on his native throne,
Againſt that crafty prince, aſſert his claim,
Revenge his wrongs, and vindicate his name.
Alas! not yet I dare, the BRUCE reply'd,
Forſake that king, or quit the Saxon ſide;

My

My ſon an hoſtage for my fealty lies,
Which, if the ſire ſhould violate——he dies.
But, here I vow, ne'er ſhall this guilty hand
A ſword employ againſt this injur'd land;
No more againſt my friends a weapon bear;
But ſeek to ſave me from the deep-laid ſnare;
Then, haſte to thee, and on thy faith depend,
Aſſert my title, and reclaim command.
This ſaid, he rais'd, embrac'd, the gallant man,
While tides of joy thro' WALLACE' boſom ran.
Endearments mutual, between them paſt,
And parting, each reviſited his hoſt.

Their chief attending on the field of blood,
In order rang'd, the Grampian ſquadrons ſtood.
Arriv'd, the hero mounts, and leads the way,
And firm the lines move on in cloſe array,
By Inneravin Lennox guides his band,
And hardy Crawford ſhares that lord's command.
Thus order'd, thro' the lower way they ride
Obſcure, by Engliſh watches uneſpy'd.

WAL-

WALLACE himſelf conducts a choſen hoſt:
Southward he leads, thro' Maxwell's rocky coaſt.
To Lithgow ſtraight, where mighty Edward lay,
Silent the hardy Lennox ſpeeds his way;
Sudden, amidſt the tents, in armour ſhines,
And haſty ſlaughter rages thro' the lines.
With labours of the former day oppreſt,
Diſſolv'd in ſleep unwatching Saxons reſt.
When thro' the camp the claſhing arms reſound,
And hoſtile cries their drowſy ſouls confound.
Edward amaz'd, beholds the ſudden war,
And bids his legions for the fight prepare.
Enrag'd; his courſer mounts, and ſcours along;
And rouſes, with reproach, the ſluggard throng.
Bold Hertford haſtes, to York his forces joins;
When WALLACE ent'ring, thunders through the lines;
On Saxon ranks exerts his well-known might,
And drives, conſpicuous, thro' the bloody fight.
Some naked, ſome half arm'd, an unform'd crowd!
Part ſtupid gaze, for help, part ſcream alound.

Whilſt hardy Scots deal death and terror round,
Steeds, tents, and ſquadrons mingling on the ground.
Till awful Edward in the battle ſhines,
And with his preſence animates the lines.
To arms, the reſtiff BRUCE, with ſpeed he calls,
And twenty thouſand round that hero falls.
Reſolv'd, no more his ſubjects to offend,
The BRUCE advances on the mock-command.
Great as he wont, before his ſquadrons rode,
Awful he ſeem'd, and dreadful as a god.
The uſual fierceneſs kindles in his eyes,
And o'er his face, diſſembled terrors riſe.
His beamy faulchion brandiſhing in air,
He ſeems to charge, and counterfeits the war.
His threatning blows, if blows at all, deſcend,
Innocuous fall, as from a father's hand.

WALLACE meantime, and Lennox, in their courſe,
Meet in the center, and conjoin their force.

The

The warlike bands exert their utmoſt might,
And, unreſiſted, thunder thro' the fight.
Fir'd with reſentment of the former plain,
Their country ſpoil'd, their brave companions ſlain!
Forward, united in their fury go,
And pour ſwift vengeance on the guilty foe.
Græme, and the chieftains loſt, inſpire each deed,
And to their ghoſts ten thouſand victims bleed.
Abas'd, the Saxon hoſt for flight prepare,
And from the field faſt ſpeeds the vulgar war.
Only the king, now long renown'd in fame,
Combats for glory, and aſſerts his name.
Some other chiefs, in martial honours great,
Before their monarch nobly meet their fate.
Againſt that king to prove his matchleſs might,
The Scottiſh chief rode furious thro' the fight;
Thro' all the force of the oppoſing foe,
Full at his vizor aim'd a deadly blow;
He miſs'd the king, the ſtandard-bearer's head
Aſunder cleft the unreſiſted blade.
The royal ſtandard, ſhameful! preſs'd the plain,
Then fled, diſmay'd, at once the Saxon train.

The hardy Scots their warlike ſteeds prepare,
And, mounting, ſwift purſue the flying war;
From (*a*) Glotta's banks, to (*b*) Nithia's ſteepy coaſt,
With blood and ſlaughter drove the ſcatter'd hoſt.
Pierc'd with diſhoneſt wounds three thouſand lye,
And Crawford-moor with mingled carnage dye.
With tears great Edward views the diſmal ſcene,
His braveſt troops, now unreſenting, ſlain.
With rage and grief at once his ſoul oppreſt,
He turn'd, and thus the valiant BRUCE addreſt.
'Ah, Huntington! thou ſeeſt yon murd'ring crowd
'With ſlaughter tir'd, yet ſtill athirſt for blood;
'Our friends all butcher'd, and yon bloody heath
'One heap of carnage, and a waſte of death.
'Woud'ſt thou but turn, and ſtop their barb'rous might,
'By all the pow'rs! I ſhall confirm thy right.'
He ſaid. The BRUCE in modeſt terms reply'd,
'Annul my bond, make my engagements void;

(*a*) *Glotta*, Clyde River. (*b*) *Nithia*, Nithſdale.

'Then

'Then ſhall I turn, attack the Scottiſh ſway,
'And try my utmoſt, to reſtore the day.'
The royal ſtateſman, vers'd in kingly art,
At once perceives his alienated heart;
Hence guards his motions, watches his deſigns,
And as a priſoner at large, confines.
Juſt then, purſuing Scots, yet fierce appear,
Fall in with ſhouts, and thunder on the rear.
With heavy heart the mighty Edward fled,
Mourn'd his loſt honour, and his legions dead;
O'er Solway's ſtream, home to his native ſhore,
He leads the reliques of his vanquiſh'd pow'r.
Full fifty thouſand in that journey loſt,
With mangled corpſes ſtrow'd the Scottiſh coaſt.

Thus far the Muſe, in juſt example, ſings
Of traitors, loyal chiefs, ambitious kings;
Their deeds tranſmitting, down to future times
In faithful records, and unbyaſs'd rhymes:
Of virtuous names, ſhe marks the glorious fate,
And brands with infamy, the factious great.

Faction! thou dire, thou legionary fiend!
How dark thy views? how treacherous thy end?
Deep in thy boſom, woes, paſt numb'ring dwell,
Gender'd in pride; inſtill'd, and nurs'd by hell!
By thee! the Gods, ſurpriz'd, to dread debate!
Faction ſeditious! ſhook the immortal ſtate!
Combin'd in bands, aſſail'd the ſacred throne,
Till in his might, aroſe th' Eternal Son!
Full of the Father's ſtrength, attacks the foe,
And hurls them howling, to th' abyſs below;
Far from th' effulgence of ſuperior light,
'Midſt fire to roll, in ſhades of endleſs night!
Mankind immortal! innocent! firſt ſtray'd,
By thee, thou helliſh principle betray'd!
Unſated ſince, thou ſpread'ſt thy pois'nous reign,
Inſpir'ſt th' ambitious, and delud'ſt the vain.

This WALLACE found. Not all his gen'rous toils.
His glorious conqueſts, and triumphant ſpoils;
Not all his brave attempts to free the ſtate,
Cou'd ſcreen the patriot, from the jealous great.

Beſet

Beſet by malice, and by fraud oppreſt,
(Yet green with laurels, and with triumphs bleſt!)
The godlike leader to Edina came,
Renounc'd his pow'r, diſclaim'd a guardian's name;
'Midſt tears of loyal ſtates, reſign'd his truſt,
And plans an exile, from his native coaſt.
His cauſeleſs wrongs deep in his boſom ſat,
And deeper ſtill the ruin of the ſtate.
Yet, forc'd by faction, he forſakes the land,
His friends attend him to the briny ſtrand;
A homely veſſel bears him to the main,
And ſlowly, bounding, plows the watry plain;
Aloft, inſpiring gales, propitious blow,
Obſequious, rolling, roars the tide below;
Till ſafe from dangers of the liquid reign,
The warlike crew the Rochel harbour gain.

Farewel, thou gallant man! a long adieu
To wretched Albion's ſafety, and to you,
In arms, who now, ſhall dare ſupport her right?
What hardy chief ſhall lead her ſons to fight?

Her once brave ſons! now terrified and aw'd,
At home by faction, and from home by fraud;
To woods and wilds and lonely deſerts go,
Forſake her cauſe, nor will to meet the foe.
Again the foe, ſwarms on her crowded ſtrand,
And freſh deſtruction ſweeps her waſted land!
Farewel, brave injur'd man! thou boaſt of fame!
At once thy country's glory, and her ſhame!
Nor ſhall the muſe thy farther acts explore,
On Scotia's plains, or on the Gallic ſhore.
The weary muſe here reſts her drooping wing,
And conſcious of thy fate, forbears to ſing,
Some other genius may the taſk attend,
And paint the villain in the perjur'd friend.
Nor ſhall the BRUCE's fate her notes inſpire,
Or tune to elegy the mournful lyre.
Secret, ſhe weeps the luckleſs father dead,
The ſcene o'er-veiling with a ſilent ſhade.
But fits the harp to a ſublimer ſtrain,
The godlike ſon! and his immortal reign!

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

BRUCIAD.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT TO THE THIRD BOOK.

THIS book introduces our hero, Robert Bruce, (his father now dead) mournfully attending the king of *England* with a formidable army upon a freſh invaſion againſt the Scots; the Engliſh upon this occaſion over-run almoſt the whole country; king Edward removes from Scoon the coronation chair, with ſome other Scots archives; the chief of the Cummings mortified to ſee ſuch an overturn of Scots affairs, addreſſes Bruce on the occaſion; they enter into a ſort of agreement, the conditions of which Cumming betrays to the Engliſh; it is debated in the Engliſh council, whether Bruce ſhould not be tried and condemned; which is diverted by a prepoſal of Pembroke's, that it would be more political to over-look him for the preſent, until an opportunity ſhould offer of extirpating all the race; in the meantime Montgomery ſends Bruce a ſignal to make his eſcape; Bruce profits of the hint and eſcapes into Scotland; a meſſenger carrying diſpatches from Cumming to England is intercepted by ſome of the loyaliſts; Bruce, after examination of the courrier and his letters, poſts to Dumfries, finds Cumming in the church, upbraids and ſlays him; Douglas, ſeeking an opportunity to relieve his country and recover his poſſeſſions, is met by Bruce; the firſt interview between theſe two heroes; they proceed with their train to Scoon, where Bruce is crowned; they march to Perth, then in the hands of the Engliſh, commanded by Pembroke, and ſummon it to ſurrender; a battle enſues; the Scots are defeated; and make their retreat towards Aberdeen.

THE BRUCIAD.

BOOK III.

THE Saxon trumpets ſound the dread alarm,
The war rekindles, and the legions arm.
The younger BRUCE is call'd from Gallia's ſhore,
For now the hapleſs father was no more.
In warlike pomp array'd, the crowded hoſt
Moves, ſable, onward to the Scottiſh coaſt.
As cranes, embody'd, ſhade th' ætherial plains,
Stretch'd on the wing, to ſhun impending rains;
The airy hoſt on ſounding pinions flies,
(A living cloud) along the darken'd ſkies;
So, wrap'd in duſt, the Saxons ſhape their way,
Obſcure the ſun, and intercept the day.
Great in the van the mighty monarch ſhone,
And by his ſide in armour blaz'd the ſon.
Next, mournful BRUCE, before th' embattl'd crowd
Full of his ſire, in ſilent grandeur rode.

Thick

Thick ſwarm the hoſtile bands on Scotia's ſhore,
And ſword and fire her poor remains devour.
To hills and dales her trembling ſons retreat,
Their homes abandon, to avoid their fate.
Mothers and infants ſhare the common woe.
And, feebly flying, fall before the foe.
From Solway's ſtream, to Caithneſs ſtormy ſtrand,
One diſmal face of ruin ſweeps the land.
As when ſome torrent ſwell'd with wint'ry rains,
Rolls from the mountains, and o'erſpreads the plains;
The ſwains and flocks o'erwhelm'd confus'dly roar,
And woods and harveſts float along the ſhore.

Now fraught with ſpoils, from fair (*a*) Pomona's coaſt,
To Perth returns the (*b*) Trinobantian hoſt.

(*a*) *Pomona*, The largeſt of the Orkney iſlands.

(*b*) *Trinobantian hoſt.*] Trinobantes were the people of Middleſex, &c. taken here for the Engliſh in general.

From

From thence to Scoon the victor takes his way,
The ſacred ſeat of Scotia's ancient ſway;
Where twice ten centuries her monarchs ſat,
On fated marble, venerably great.
Imperial Scoon! how is thy pomp defac'd;
Thy archives rifl'd, and thy glories raz'd!
Thy ſacred monuments (the prize of war,)
And ſpoils of ages, grace proud Edward's car;
The deeds and records of great Fergus' line,
The fatal ſtone torn from its hallow'd ſhrine;
The learned, and their works, in triumph born,
Aguſta's (*a*) tow'r, and libraries adorn.
This Cumming ſaw, and ſpite of jealous hate,
With anguiſh, feels the ruin of the ſtate:
Touch'd with the woeful ſcene, the BRUCE addreſt,
And thus, in tears, unfolds his lab'ring breaſt.

'Ah Huntington! how long ſhall rival ire,
'Divide our int'reſts, and our country tire?
'Thou ſeeſt our country, by her foes oppreſt,
'One heap of ruin, one abandon'd waſte!

(*a*) London.

'Her

'Her laws and rights and liberties forlorn,
'By foreign force, but more by faction torn.
'Since you and I an equal right pretend,
'Let both our claims in mutual friendſhip end;
'Shou'd you to me convey your right, then I
'To you make o'er my lands and property.
'Or, if to you my title I reſign,
'Then your perpetual heritage be mine.'
The BRUCE accepts the laſt; and thus agreed;
They ſign, and ſeal, and interchange the deed.
Meantime his rout again great Edward bends
Back to Auguſta, and the BRUCE attends.
Wrapt in his hopes, impatient for the day
T' aſſert his right, and vindicate his ſway.

But now, fell Ate, (*a*) ſource of human woes,
Diſmal from depths of Tartarus aroſe.
Fir'd at the treaty, the black fury ſped,
And, direful, hovers round the Cumming's head:

(*a*) *Ate*, ſignifies guilt. She was the goddeſs of revenge, diſcord, ambition, paſſions ſo deſtructive to human kind. Any reader will eaſily ſee the proſopopœia, and likewiſe underſtand the machinery.

In

In visionary scenes he hears her howl,
Settles th' ambitious venom in his soul.
The sooty spectre shed a noxious steam,
And red her eye-balls flash'd a hellish gleam,
Full of the dæmon, starting from his bed,
Disclaims his oath, and the conditions made;
To Edward sends the writing seal'd and sign'd,
And shows, malicious, what the Bruce design'd.
Edward in council reads the hated scroll,
And sudden vengeance kindles in his soul;
Straightway the noble Bruce is doom'd to bleed,
But fate forbade, and heav'n oppos'd the deed.
Bright Ariel, anxious for his sacred care,
Shoots downward in a veil of thicken'd air;
Mix'd with th' assembly unperceiv'd he sat,
Directs their thoughts, and guides the Brucian fate;
In secret whispers heav'n's behests conveys,
Breathes in each heart, and all the council sways.
The sacred motion touch'd sly Pembroke's breast,
The peer arose, and thus the King address.
'Sov'reign!—Not Huntington alone must bleed,
'His kindred also must atone the deed.

'Till

'Till theſe are ſeiz'd, the puniſhment decline,
'Then wreck your wrath on all the Brucian line;
'His brethren, allies, and his friends muſt fall,
'And one dire ruin overwhelm them all.
''Tis thus you are ſecure.' The peers aſſent,
And Edward, ſullen, owns the ſentiment;
Nor knows the fix'd eternal voice of fate
Had doom'd him ſafe, and ſpoke the hero great;
For him immortal honours had decreed,
And endleſs glories ſhed around his head:
Bid him thro' danger ſtruggle to renown,
And riſe the theme of ages not his own.

'Twas night; and now the great aſſembly roſe,
Each peer retiring to his late repoſe.
Not ſo bright Ariel his great charge diſmiſt,
But, watchful, hovers o'er Montgom'ry's breaſt;
His heart with tenderneſs for BRUCE he fires,
And to prevent the doom, his ſoul inſpires:
Bids ſoft the motion in his boſom roll,
And breathes the friend, in whiſpers, to his ſoul.

Full

Full of the viſions of the night, firſt fear
Then love awoke, and rais'd the friendly peer.
A faithful ſervant ſoon his lord attends,
Whom fraught with preſents to the BRUCE he ſends.
No charge in words the truſty menial bore,
But in his hand a purſe of ſhining ore.
Two glitt'ring ſpurs of ſilver poliſh'd bright,
The certain emblems of a ſpeedy flight.
The charge deliver'd, and the man diſmiſs'd,
BRUCE rolls the myſtic meſſage in his breaſt:
By heav'n inſtructed, ſoon the meaning clears,
Calls his attendants, and for flight prepares.

'Twas when bleak Boreas' ſullen guſts ariſe,
And bear the fleecy winter thro' the ſkies;
When bellying clouds deſcend in ſpreading ſnow,
And form a ſhining wilderneſs below;
By night the prince, two ſervants in his train,
On horſe-back mounting, ſcours the trackleſs plain.
But leſt the foe ſhould trace his ſudden flight,
Along th' impreſſion on the ſnowy white,

By ſecret hands his courſers backward ſhod,
Elude the ſearch, and falſify the road.
Thro' dreary ſhades of night, and tracks of ſnow,
Where winds and ſtorms in ſtruggling tempeſts blow:
Where hills and dales, the foreſt and the field,
One tireſome undiſtinguiſh'd proſpect yield;
Where roaring torrents roll their wat'ry ſway,
The Noble BRUCE purſues his reſtleſs way,
Till paſt the dangers of the hoſtile plain,
And tireſome horrors of the wintry reign,
Lochmaben's gates a ſafe retreat afford, (*a*)
Unfold obſequious, and receive their Lord.
By two attendants led, the royal gueſt
His great anceſtors antient pavement preſt:
There found his brother, and Kilpatrick wight,
Fleming and Lindſay, and the Reever-knight. (*b*)
His eye, with wonder and confuſion mix'd,
The royal Edward (*c*) on the ſtranger fix'd.

(*a*) *Lochmaben's gates*, &c.] Lochmaben belong'd hereditably to BRUCE's family, as they were Lords of Annandale.

(*b*) *The Reever-knight.* The Red-reever, *alias* Thomas of Chartres, or Longoville, whom WALLACE took at ſea.

(*c*) Edward BRUCE the king's brother.

He gaz'd aſtoniſh'd! then his brother knew,
And, wing'd with joy, to his embraces flew.
Each chief ſalutes his ſov'reign in his turn,
And all their hearts with mutual tranſports burn.
The menials next with victuals load the board,
And chiefs attending entertain their Lord.
His hunger ſoon allay'd, the royal gueſt
(As men of war are us'd with ſhort repaſt,)
Begun his late adventures to relate,
And runs the ſeries of his former fate;
Till, ſleep approaching, all the chiefs aroſe,
To guard their ſov'reign to his wiſh'd repoſe.

Now opes the wintry dawn, and Cynthia's ray
A twilight dim, ſhoots thro' the low'ring day,
When loyal friends in bonds a courier bring,
Fraught with diſpatches to the Engliſh king,
By Cumming ſent. The hardy Edward roſe,
And ſoftly to the king's apartment goes.
He found the monarch ſtarting from his bed,
And ſoon the captive to his preſence led.

The man at once produc'd the trait'rous writ;
The monarch read, and ſhudder'd at the ſight.
He views, and wonders at the black deſign,
His eyes, indignant, rolling o'er each line.
The purport bore—'To haſte the BRUCE's fate;
'For kings ſhou'd dread the pop'lar and the great.'
Fir'd with revenge, his courſer quick he calls,
And, furious, leaves Lochmaben's ancient walls.
His friends, all ready now, their ſteeds beſtrode,
And ſwiftly follow thro' the marſhy road.
Straight to Dumfries advances all the train,
And find the Cumming in the ſacred fane.
Rage, and ſwift vengeance, rolling in his breaſt,
BRUCE furious enter'd, and the man addreſt,
'Villain!' (meantime he ſhows the trait'rous ſcroll,)
'Read this, and learn to hate thy perjur'd ſoul.'
Nor more—but pull'd a poinard from its ſheath,
And in his heart deep drove the ſhining death.
Lord Cumming falls, a tide of crimſon gore
Burſts from the wound, and ſtains the hallow'd floor.

His

His couſin Edward, haſting to his aid,
Prone at his ſide by Lindſay's hand is laid.
This done, the BRUCE attended by his train,
Swift to Lochmaben meaſures back the plain:
Thence round, his royal manifeſto ſends,
To warn his ſubjects, and invite his friends:
High rais'd, in gold the glitt'ring lions glare,
And round the ſtandard crowds the loyal war.
The king appears, his noble mien imparts
Love to their ſouls, and courage to their hearts.
They view their prince, in arms a glorious name!
And ev'ry breaſt beats high with future fame.
The monarch, mounting, foremoſt trac'd the plain,
Glitter the loyal ſquadrons in his train.
Straight to imperial Scoon they bend their way,
The ſacred ſeat of Fergus' ancient ſway;
When, o'er the lawns, as BRUCE directs his ſight,
A warlike courſer bore a ſable knight.
His clouded mail a duſky horror ſhed,
A bloody plume, blaz'd nodding o'er his head.

As from ſome nightly cloud's impregnant womb,
The ſudden light'ning glares along the gloom;

High on his helm, ſo wav'd the blazy ſtream,
And o'er his armour caſt a doubtful gleam.
His ſtrenuous hand a lance upheld on high,
And broad, a faulchion glitter'd at his thigh.
Soon as the BRUCE the warlike knight beheld,
Foremoſt, he ſpeeds his courſer o'er the field;
His beamy ſpear advancing in his reſt,
Aloud he calls, and thus the man addreſt:
'Whoe'er thou art in arms that tread'ſt the plain,
'Diſcloſe thy purpoſe, thy deſigns explain;
'Whether a ſtranger from ſome foreign ſoil,
'Thou com'ſt to view old Caledonia's toil;
'By heav'n directed, if thou com'ſt from far,
'Her ſons to join, and aid her legal war.
'Or if thou com'ſt her freedom to oppoſe,
'Obſtruct our right, and to aſſiſt our foes;
'Whoe'er thou art, obſcure, or known to fame,
'Show thine intentions, and unfold thy name.'

Thus ſpoke the king, and now the warrior-band
Approaching, round the gallant ſtranger ſtand.
The courteous knight a low obeiſance made,
And thus to royal BRUCE, ſubmiſſive, ſaid:

'From

'From foreign climes, and diſtant tracts of earth,
'I ſought the ſoil where nature gave me birth;
'Long ſince inform'd of this dear country's woes,
'By home-bred faction torn, and foreign foes;
'Arriv'd, with tears I view'd her waſted ſhore,
'Horrid with ſlaughter, and deform'd with gore;
'One face of ruin, direful, ſpread each plian,
'Her towns in aſhes, and her heroes ſlain:
'My much'd lov'd ſire, a captive's life had tried,
'In fetters pin'd, and in a dungeon died!
'Myſelf bereft of all his wide domains,
'Where, now the haughty Clifford proudly reigns:
'Mine eme addreſt the king, addreſt in vain,
'Theſe rights paternal, trying to regain;
'His ſuit preferr'd, the Saxon mov'd with ire,
'Diſdainful check'd the venerable ſire:
'With pride rejected, lawleſs diſpoſſeſt,
'Griefs ſwell'd to rage, indignant, tore my breaſt!
'Full of my country's wrongs, mine own diſgrace,
'I vow'd revenge on all the Saxon race.
'Juſt as the motion in my boſom roll'd,
'A loyal friend, in friendly whiſpers told,

'The noble BRUCE, eſcap'd, purſues his way,
'T' aſſert his title to the Scottiſh ſway.'
'Rous'd with the thought, I arm, and ſoon prepare
'To join my prince, and aid the loyal war.
'If thou'rt that BRUCE, and thoſe thy martial bands,
'A faithful ſubject waits thy juſt commands:
'A ſtranger I, a youth unknown to fame,
'But loyal Douglas, was my father's name.'

The BRUCE, revolving what the ſire had done,
Flew to embrace the gallant father's ſon;
Cloſe in his arms the godlike man he preſt,
And all the train ſalute the noble gueſt.
Thence to imperial Scoon they bend their way,
The far fam'd ſeat of Albion's ancient ſway.
Arriv'd, they enter; guards ſurrounding wait,
Whilſt BRUCE is ſeated on the throne of ſtate:
Then from the altar of the hallow'd fane,
The ſacred officers the rites began.
The regal oil, firſt plac'd by pious hands,
In holy vaſes on the altar ſtands,

The

The tuneful choir their ſolemn voices raiſe,
And heav'n reſounds the conſecrated lays.
The royal fragrance on his head they pour;
In od'rous drops deſcends the hallow'd ſhow'r.
Th' imperial crown, with dazz'ling gems beſet,
Irradiant! next, his manly temples fit.
Meanwhile the chiefs, and whole attending train,
Intently gazing on the awful ſcene,
With wonder ſaw a flame, innoxious, ſpread
Its lambent glories round the monarch's head;
Amaz'd, beheld unuſual ſplendors riſe!
Play o'er his face, and ſparkle in his eyes.
Again the choir their notes in concerts join,
And heav'nly anthems warble thro' the ſhrine,
The crowd in peals of loud applauſes riſe!
And, catch'd from vault to vault, the ecchoing noiſe
Roll'd thro' the dome, and rattl'd in the ſkies.

The rites perform'd, attended by his train,
The ſacred monarch leaves the hallow'd fane.

To

To rooms of ſtate aſcends the royal gueſt,
Where boards ſtood loaded with a rich repaſt.
Gay ſparkling bowls the various banquet cheer,
And muſic's charms again ſuſpend the ear.
Done the repaſt, ſucceeds the gladſome ball,
And Caledonian beauties grace the hall;
In rich attire attend their gen'rous prince,
And foot in meaſures juſt, the num'rous dance.
Now night, the boards again with goblets crown'd,
Long live the King! with ev'ry glaſs goes round;
Round, from repeated bowls rich nectar flows,
Till eyes, reluctant, own they want repoſe.

Now riſing beams glow on the verge of day,
And o'er old ocean's heaving boſom play.
The noble BRUCE imperial Scoon forſakes,
To Bertha's (*a*) tow'rs a royal journey takes.
With him fierce Edward iſſues to the plain,
Lennox the bold, and Athole's hardy thane;
Randolf and Hay, two thunderbolts of war!
Seaton and Boyd, to guard their prince prepare.

(*a*) The town of Perth.

The

The daring Sommerville in armour ſhines,
And hardy Fraſer his battalions joins.
Inchmartin, Barclay, on the field appear,
And doughty Douglas glitter'd in the rear.
Five hundred ſpears advance in bright array,
Gleam o'er the lawns, and doubly gild the day.
In Bertha's tow'rs the crafty Pembroke ſtay'd,
And twice ten hundred his commands obey'd.
Before the town, then girt with walls around,
The king approaching, mark'd the proper ground.
Near to the works encamp'd the ſquadrons lay,
Commiſſion'd thence two trumpets take their way:
Straight to the gates the martial heralds came,
Requir'd the place in good king Robert's name;
Summon'd the haughty Pembroke quick to yield,
Or bravely meet their maſter in the field.
The chief, indignant, hears the bold alarm,
Deigns no reply, but bids the legions arm.
Throughout the troops the leader's orders run,
Inſtant in arms the warlike Engliſh ſhone.

Back to the camp the heralds soon repair,
And bid their monarch for the fight prepare:
Soon from the walls the Scots hear loud alarms,
Of ecchoing trumpets, and the din of arms,
Repairs each leader to his fix'd command,
And rang'd in firm array the legions stand.
The king on horseback views th' embattled lines,
Then dauntless at their head in armour shines.
Ready to sally, now, the Saxon train,
The gates unfolding, hasten to the plain;
When lo! a chief before the ranks appears,
Grave were his looks, and rev'rend were his years;
In ev'ry martial art precisely skill'd,
Deep at the board, and daring in the field.
Sir Ingram Omphraville, well known to fame,
In peace and war a venerable name!
The issuing troops his awful presence stay'd,
And thus the chief to haughty Pembroke said.
'High from the walls I view'd yon level strand,
'Where Scots array'd in firm battalia stand;
'Compar'd to us, a small, but dauntless train,
'Inur'd to blood, and harden'd to the plain.

'Their

'Their country's love a gen'rous warmth imparts,
'Arms their intrepid hands, and steels their hearts.
'See! round the ranks great BRUCE exerts his care,
'Cheers ev'ry bosom, and inflames the war.
'Full of his fire! his fire well-known of old,
'In council subtile, and in action bold.
'These other chiefs oft have I seen before,
'Thunder thro' death, and sweep the bloody shore.
'Glory and liberty their bosoms fill,
'And ev'ry soldier boasts a gen'ral's skill.
'Greater our numbers, but yon hardy train,
'Long us'd to war, are matchless on a plain.
'Therefore, my Lord, the doubtful field delay,
'And promise battle the succeeding day.
'Cautious, meantime, surprise the Scots by slight,
'Secure and guardless 'midst the shades of night.'

Assents the leader, and the troops recalls;
Sudden proclaims a trumpet from the walls,
'This night each army to their rest repair,
'And let to-morrow's sun decide the war.'

He

He ſaid. The Scots, part on the field abode,
And part to Methven's neighb'ring foreſt rode,
In ſoft repoſe to lull each anxious care,
Thoughtleſs of danger, undiſturb'd by fear.

Now Cynthia, ſilent, ſheds a ſilver light,
Gilds the expanſe, and azures all the night.
The planets round in various orbits roll,
Glows with unnumber'd fires the ſpangled pole.
A ſolemn horror ſettles on the woods,
And deeper roll the murmurs of the floods.
Late to their reſt retire the lab'ring ſwains,
And ſilence o'er the face of nature reigns.
'Twas then the Engliſh chiefs for fight prepare,
And from the walls lead forth th' embattl'd war.
The waving lances ſhoot a beamy light,
And doubly gild the glories of the night.
To Methven, where the Scots ſecurely lay,
The crafty leaders ſhape their ſilent way.
Swift as they march'd, by chance a watchful knight
Deſcries the ſquadrons thro' the gleamy night.

Sudden

Sudden he haſtes to rouſe the ſlumb'ring crowd:
By then, ſly Omphraville attacks the wood.
The hardy king had ſcarce his banner cry'd,
When Pembroke thunder'd at the foreſt ſide.
The narrow foreſt no defence cou'd yield,
Then ruſh'd the daring monarch to the field.
The Scottiſh chiefs to guard the ſtandard ran,
Furious commenc'd the combat on the plain.
Together clos'd, the battle fiercer grew,
Loud to the ſkies confounded clamours flew.
From forged ſteel thick flaſh'd the ſtreamy light,
Mingl'd with air, and blazing o'er the night.
The doughty king aloud his banner cries,
And furious 'midſt the thickeſt ſquadrons flies.
His burniſh'd brand was heavy, ſharp, and long;
With ireful force he hew'd amidſt the throng.
Thro' ſhining armour burſts the crimſon gore,
A crimſon deluge floats along the ſhore.
The chiefs advance their ſov'reign to ſuſtain,
And haughty Pembroke meets the loyal train.
Fierce with a ſhout the hoſts together bound,
Trembles the foreſt, and the ſkies reſound.

A waſte

A waſte of ruin, round the field is ſpread,
And heaps on heaps, lie roll'd the mangled dead;
The noble king exerts his awful might,
And Edward's fury flam'd amidſt the fight.
There Somverville dealt round his deadly blows,
And doughty Douglaſs thunder'd on his foes.
Bold Lennox here, there Athole's hardy band
Pour on the front, and ſweep the deathful ſtrand.
Pembroke with grief their awful force beheld,
His troops all broke, and reeling in the field;
Unable to ſuſtain their martial fire,
Diſmay'd he ſtood, and ready to retire;
When Omphraville (ſome Scottiſh commons tir'd)
The Engliſh rear, with Moubray re-inſpir'd;
This Pembroke ſaw, and ſoon his pow'r recalls,
And with freſh vigour in the front aſſails.
The Scots o'erpow'r'd, and on the point to yield,
With rage and grief, their glorious king beheld.
Aloud his loyal banner calls again,
And fiercely ruſhes on the oppoſing train.
Thro' all the ranks he ſcatters death around,
Red roll the crimſon torrent o'er the ground.

To

To ſave his friends, and to ſecure the ſtate,
What wonders wrought he in the dire debate!
But vain the thought, thus ſingly to ſuſtain
The war's whole tide, and fury of the plain.
Urg'd in the front, encompaſs'd on the rear,
His fainting ſquadrons all for flight prepare.
Their foes no longer able to withſtand,
Diverſe they fled, and left the bloody ſtrand.
The royal blood ſtole oozing, thro' a wound,
Unfelt, till noted, dropping on the ground.
Randolf and Somerville proud Pembroke bore,
Inchmartin, Barclay, captives from the ſhore.
And Fraſer, long for martial deeds renown'd,
And other chiefs the Engliſh triumph crown'd.
The hardy Moubray vent'rous to a fault,
The Bruce's bridle, in his hand had caught;
Loud, to his legions that bold warrior cries,
Haſte to my aid, mine is the royal prize.
But daring Seton ſees the captive prince,
And, ſudden, ruſhes to his lord's defence;
High, in his right, he bore a flaming brand,
On Moubray's helm the thick'ning blows deſcend;

'Till, bent beneath his force, he quits the rein,
And reels, and ſtaggers, ſtunn'd, along the plain.
The king, thus reſcu'd, from the battle fled,
And, Engliſh chiefs to Perth their captives led.
Diſpatch'd, a courier ſpeeds o'er Solways ſhore,
And Pembroke's letters to great Edward bore.
Joyful, he reads the action on the plain,
The Bruce's rout, the captives, and the ſlain;
Each priſ'ner ſoon a barb'rous death enjoins:
The wiſer leader baulks his lord's deſigns.
With crafty ſpeeches their intentions try'd,
And bounty fix'd them to the hoſtile ſide:
Their lives he granted, liberties reſtor'd,
And ev'n (*a*) young Randolf own'd a Saxon lord.
The commons all a-joint obedience yield,
Diſmay'd and routed in the bloody field;

(*a*) *Young Randolf own'd*] Thomas Randolf was the king's nephew by his ſiſter; who being made priſoner here, and deſpairing of his uncle's affairs, went heartily into the Engliſh intereſt: But being ſometime after retaken by Douglas, reſtored to the king's favour, and created Earl of Murray; he proved one of the greateſt commanders of his time.

Forſake

Forſake their homage ſince the fatal ſtrife,
And meanly barter liberty for life.
Thus noble BRUCE by force and fraud o'erthrown,
His hopes near ruin'd, and his ſuccours gone;
To mountains, wilds, and deſerts now repairs,
To ſhun the danger of ſurrounding wars.
Edward attends him on his lonely way,
Athole, and Douglas, and the loyal Hay.
Campbell and Haliburton with him ride,
Names all devoted to the righteous ſide.
Three hundred peaſants gath'ring to their lord,
A weak, but voluntary aid afford.
'Midſt barren rocks, and unfrequented ways,
The royal Outlaw ſpends his irkſome days.
Wild roots his hunger, and his thirſt allay'd
The friendly ſtream that thro' the valley ſtray'd.
Green moſs, by night, affords his homely bed,
'Midſt the dark foreſt's hoſpitable ſhade.
Thus, lonely, wander'd, overſet with pow'r,
The royal exile on his native ſhore:
'Till pinch'd with cold and want, the feeble train
Their toils no longer able to ſuſtain;

Where fair Devana's friendly fortreſs lay,
Thro' roads uncouth direct their ſecret way.
Thither the queen and beauteous ladies came,
Brave Neil attending on the royal dame.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

THE

BRUCIAD.

BOOK IV.

THE

BRUCIAD.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT TO THE FOURTH BOOK.

ABERDEEN; the seat of two universities, in one of which the author having received his education, he opens this book with an eulogy upon that situation; BRUCE with his inconsiderable train, pass here a short interval of time in tranquillity; the English army advancing towards Aberdeen, BRUCE is under a necessity of withdrawing from it; he marches into the country upon the river Avon; part of this country being possessed by one Macdougal who was a sister's son to Cumming; Macdougal in revenge of his uncle's death, assembles all his force to annoy the king; an engagement is the consequence; a moving invocation by the Queen, who with her attendants, was not far off, is here introduced; Bruce defeats Macdougal; he is however in great extremity; he leaves the Queen and other ladies at her father's seat called Kildrummy, a fortified place upon the banks of the river Don, while he and his followers retreat into the West Highlands; the English under the King's son design to attack Kildrummy; the Queen is obliged to retire from thence, but is betrayed into their hands by the Thane of Ross; Kildrummy is stoutly defended by one of the King's brothers, &c. Young Edward advises his father of the resistance; and King Edward himself marches with another army, but dies on the march; Caernarvon, now King Edward the Second, is ready to abandon the siege, when he observes the fortification in

flames; he renews the attack, and the beſieged are all either deſtroyed or made priſoners; King Edward is buried; Douglas, impatient for action, aſks leave of the King to make an excurſion from the iſles, where they had for ſome time ſheltered themſelves; he with a few friends lands on Arran, then, under the command of Lord Haſtings; he makes a ſucceſsful attack upon a detached eſcort with proviſions; Haſtings betakes himſelf to the fort, and Douglas to the woods; Bruce leaves Raclinda, and ſails for Arran, where he finds Douglas; he next directs his courſe for Carrick, the original lands of his family, but now poſſeſſed by Lord Piercy; Bruce on his landing is accoſted by a ſort of propheteſs; her amuſing harrangue; the town is attacked with ſucceſs; they next meditate an attempt on the caſtle, and Piercy, cautious, ſends diſpatches into Northumberland; a reinforcement arrives, but fearing a revolt from the natives, the Engliſh avoid fighting, and retire from Carrick; the King in the midſt of conſolation upon his ſucceſs, is ſadly interrupted with the melancholy tidings of his Queen, his brother, and others being betrayed into the hands of the Engliſh.

THE

BRUCIAD.

BOOK IV.

DEVANA! (*a*) boaſted ſeat of arts divine,
Renown'd by Phœbus, and the ſacred nine!
With all th' immortal ſtores of ſcience grac'd,
The ſpoils of Rome, and trophies of the eaſt:
Since, driv'n by barb'rous bands, th' harmonious maids,
From Theſpian bow'rs, and from the Latian ſhades;

(*a*) *Devana.*] New Aberdeen, ſituated towards the mouth of the river Dee. About a mile from thence, northward, lies Old Aberdeen, near the mouth of the river Don: where ſtands a famous univerſity, founded by James IV. king of Scots.

By Phœbus' care conducted o'er the main,
Of old arriv'd on the (*b*) Tæzalian plain:
Near where the Don, fam'd for her scaly brood,
Her tide disgorges in the Grampian flood;
A fabrick stands, whose gilded tow'rs on high,
Rear'd into diadems, invade the sky.
Here met th' (*c*) Albanian prince the tuneful choir,
And hails the patron of the sounding lyre;
Conducts the muses to the gay retreat,
Assigns their mansion, and confirms their seat.

O much lov'd seat! nurse of my tender days!
Accept this humble tribute of my lays:
So may each art and science grace thy halls,
And wealth and splendor still adorn thy walls.
May ev'ry muse, and ev'ry grace be thine
As love and gratitude shall still be mine.

(*b*) *Tæzalian.*] The people of Mar, Buchan, and all about Aberdeen.

(*c*) *Albanian prince,* &c.] The foresaid James IV. founded the university here.

Thy

Thy duteous ſons ſhall ſing thy glories round,
And Dona's banks repeat the pleaſing ſound.
To ev'ry lyre the rural pow'rs ſhall crowd,
The ſylvan gods, and naiads of the flood;
With raptures liſt'ning to the ſong divine,
Inſpir'd by Phœbus and the ſacred nine.
Let Helicon his fountains boaſt no more,
Nor Tyber glory in his vocal ſhore;
Ye Greek and Latin ſprings reſign your fame,
Now loſt in Dona's conſecrated ſtream.

Within the neighb'ring walls the monarch lay,
Liv'd on delight, and lov'd the hours away.
The other chiefs, amidſt their conſorts charms,
Forget their toils, and lull the din of arms.
Short their delights. From all the adjacent lands,
And neighb'ring ſtrengths, aroſe the Saxon bands.
Aſſemble to the war the gath'ring pow'rs,
Advance and gather near Devana's tow'rs.
The king appris'd, nor able to ſuſtain
Th' unequal force, withdraws his little train.
From Deva's ſhores to Avon's ſpacious ſource,
The royal bands remenſurate their courſe.

There

There rode the Queen, and all the lovely fair,
'Midſt barren climes expos'd to bleaky air.
Near where (*a*) M'Dougal held his ſavage ſway,
The monarch with his thin battalions lay.
M'Dougal nephew to the Cumming ſlain,
Fir'd with revenge, advances to the plain.
A thouſand ſhields approaching to the fight,
Dart from their boſſy orbs a glimm'ring light.
The hardy king near to a foreſt ſtands,
And to array, calls forth his faithful bands.
Three hundred lances glitter in the air,
Move into ranks, and wait the barb'rous war.

Swift as their native does, the hoſtile train
Arm'd with fell axes, bounded to the plain,
By fierce M'Dougal violently led,
On BRUCE's hoſt a furious onſet made,

(*a*) M'Dougal of Lorn, was ſiſter's ſon to Cumming whom BRUCE had ſlain; and, as was natural, reſented his uncle's death, whilſt perhaps he did not know who had the juſt title to the crown. His honourable and loyal deſcendants will pardon the author's being obliged to follow the courſe of the hiſtory, and to treat him here as a rebel.

Ye

Ye gods! how dire, how dreadful was the fray?
How fierce the charge, how obſtinate the day?
The bold M'Dougal's troops, a barb'rous crowd,
Inur'd to rapine, and bred up to blood;
Like wolves untam'd, or like the mountain boar,
Their fury on the royal ſquadrons pour,
And with fell axes mow the bloody ſhore.
'Twas here the noble king was hard eſſay'd,
At once his courage, force, and conduct try'd.
He mark'd the fury of the barb'rous hoſt,
And ſaw his friends beſtrew the ſanguine coaſt;
With grief beheld the havock of the day,
Ev'n Douglas bleeding, and the gallant Hay.
Each ſympathetic ear, ſad groans aſſail;
Pity, nor vengeance leſs, ſounds one dire wail:
Pierc'd was his ſoul, with ſuch a moving ſight,
He call'd up all the wonders of his might!
Awful in ire, his banner cry'd aloud,
Then ruſh'd reſiſtleſs on the ſavage crowd.
With force renew'd, into the war he broke,
Trembl'd the nodding foreſt at the ſhock!

As when ſome furious whirlwind ſweeps the plain,
Sounds thro' the ſkies, and ſettles on the main;
Mix'd in black tempeſt riſing billows roll,
Roars the vex'd ocean, and reſounds the pole.
Thus far'd the monarch 'midſt the adverſe band,
Thus burn'd the thick'ning combat on the ſtrand.
The barb'rous foe, ſtopt in their bloody courſe,
Stood ſtill, and gaz'd, aſtoniſh'd at his force.
While pour'd in torrents rolls the ſavage gore,
And ten ſcore axes ſtrow the crimſon ſhore;
Ev'n fierce M'Dougal dreads the monarch's might,
Yet fir'd with rage ſtill animates the fight.
Meantime the Queen, and all the lovely crowd,
From the ſafe covert of the ſhady wood,
Viewing the fury of each adverſe train,
And all the various terrors of the plain,
Amaz'd, and trembling at the face of war,
Thus to the heav'ns their ardent vows prefer.

'Thou! at whoſe voice divine the thunders roll,
And ſhake the ſolid baſis of the pole;

Whoſe

Whoſe dreadful nod ev'n Gods and men obey,
Thou ſole, thou ſacred rector of the ſky!
To our joint vows thine ear, propitious, bend,
And thine anointed from his foes defend;
Bear him, thou mighty arbiter of fate,
Far from the fury of the dire debate;
Or cruſh the hoſtile war, or drive yon band,
Diſmay'd and waſted, from the bloody ſtrand:
The monarch's labours crown, reward his toils,
And bid him triumph in the rebel ſpoils.'
They ſaid, and heav'n aſſents to half the pray'r,
The half rejects, and mingles with the air.

Juſt as the foe again for fight prepare,
Range in fierce ranks, to recommence the war;
The king with wiſdom as with valour grac'd,
His bands aſſembling, thus the chiefs addreſt.

'You ſee, yon rebel animates his train,
'His ſquadrons rallies, and renews the plain;

'Num'rous

'Num'rous their troops, and well with weapons
stor'd,
'A brutal people with a savage Lord;
'Stock'd with provisions, in their native soil,
'We pinch'd with famine, and fatigu'd with toil.
'Suffice it, then, we once have check'd their course,
'Their fury blunted, and repell'd their force.
'Nor let us further tempt our doubtful fate,
'But save our friends, and cautiously retreat.
'Renown'd the chiefs, whose souls, undaunted, dare
'Face the stern day, and meet the front of war;
'Can slaughter in each hideous form disdain,
'Thunder thro' fate, and sweep the gastly plain!
'The hero lives exalted into fame;
'Nor less the glory of that leader's name,
'Who, prest with odds, can check his martial fire,
'Elude the foe, and cautiously retire.'

Thus spoke the king; and soon, in just array,
Retreat the legions from th' unequal day.
The hostile squadrons for the chace prepare,
But bold the monarch, sternly guards the rear.

Douglas

Douglas and Hay, and all the chieftains ſtand
In arms, an iron bulwark! on the ſtrand;
Till by degrees retiring from the field,
The loyal troops had gain'd the woody bield.
His hopes all blaſted, and his purpoſe croſt,
To Lorn, M'Dougal reconducts his hoſt.

Now to the wood the king and chiefs repair,
Safe from the noiſe and danger of the war;
There found the Queen, and all the charming train,
And in their ſoothing arms ſuſpend their pain.
By tender hands each ſcar and bleeding wound,
With ſtudious care is tented, bath'd, and bound.
Not Phœbus ſelf, god of the healing art,
Cou'd half ſo ſoon, ſuch ſov'reign eaſe impart.
Her dittany no longer Crete ſhall boaſt,
No more Arabia vaunt her balmy coaſt;
The fair phyſicians ſpeedier aid afford;
Their touch was med'cine, and their lips reſtor'd.
The weary chiefs, ſecure from dire alarms,
Feed on their eyes, and live upon their charms;
In pleaſing colloquy conſume the light,
And melt in ſofter extaſies the night.

Now, late in ocean bath'd, th' autumnal ſtar
Rears his red orb, and ſhoots a keener glare.
Around, his breath in ſultry vapours flies,
Glows the parch'd earth, and flame the middle ſkies.
Long had the hoſt conſum'd their irkſome time,
'Midſt barb'rous foes, and in a horrid clime;
By hunger driv'n, purſu'd the hunter's toil,
O'er craggy cliffs, and thro' a deſart ſoil;
Spoil'd all the foreſts of their ſavage game,
Ranſack'd each den, and pillag'd ev'ry ſtream;
Now ſpent with labour much, with famine more,
At laſt prepare to quit the rugged ſhore.
'Bove all, the royal dame, and beauteous train,
Strange to the hardſhips of a rough campaign;
By hunger pinch'd, and round with foes beſet,
Reſolve to flee, and tempt their future fate.
The king and chiefs their conſorts ſorrows ſhar'd,
Mourn'd their declining ſtrength and charms impair'd;
With boding hearts the lovely fair embrac'd,
And, bath'd in tears, the ſad departure haſte.

The

The noble Neil, (*a*) and Athole's loyal thane,
Direct the way, and guide the lovely train.

On Dona's fertile banks a fortreſs ſtood,
Stupendous pile! the labour of ſome God:
Held by the father of the royal dame,
Impregnable! Kildrummy is its name.
Thither the watchful chiefs, with loyal care,
Thro' wilds, and paths unknown, conduct the fair.
There at their eaſe the tender beauties reſt,
But ſtill the monarch labours in their breaſt.
The monarch! who, meantime, thro' hills and dales,
'Midſt barren rocks, and ſolitary vales,
With fates adverſe, with cold, and famine's pains,
Superior ſtrives, and heav'n his ſoul ſuſtains.

How deep the counſels of th' eternal mind!
Man's thoughts how ſtinted, and his views how blind!

(*a*) *Noble Neil.*] Neil Bruce, one of the King's brothers, taken afterwards by the Engliſh and put to death at Kildrummy.

Far in the womb of cauſes, fix'd on high,
Events in regular confuſion lye;
Till heav'n ſhall by decrees each link unlooſe,
And ſtep by ſtep our future fate diſcloſe;
Not man, but angels, may explore in vain,
The winding order of the myſtic chain.
Mortals, obedient to th' eternal nod,
Muſt hope, muſt ſuffer, and attend the God.

Thus, long the monarch ſtruggl'd with his fate,
Glorious in patience, and reſign'dly great;
Means and events he weigh'd with proper care,
In counſel wiſe, and terrible in war;
Through ev'ry ſcene, and ev'ry act ſedate,
Bold to attack, and cautious to retreat:
No toil refuſing for the ſtate's defence,
A loving father, and a gen'rous prince.
In mountain-waſtes, thus long, diſtreſt he lay,
Yet undeſponding, paſt ſad hours way:
Nor durſt, ſore pinch'd with want, the loyal pow'r
Forſake the heights, or tempt the champaign ſhore.
Now autumn paſt, approach'd the wint'ry ſway,
And night's black ſhades uſurp'd upon the day.

The

The gath'ring clouds deſcending from on high,
Low'r, fraught with ſtorms, and threaten in the ſky.
The north's chill breath comes keener o'er the plain,
And, thrilling ſharper, ſcuds the thicken'd rain.
The noble BRUCE, unable now to bear,
Amidſt a deſart clime, th' inclement year;
His legions warns, reſolving to retreat,
And in Cantyre to tempt his future fate.
Meanwhile, before, the gen'rous campbell ſends,
To view the country, and appriſe his friends,
Then to Lochlowmond march the loyal band,
And find a crazy Birlin (*a*) on the ſtrand;
They launch the boat, and, pair by pair the hoſt,
In twice twelve hours attain the farther coaſt.
The hungry legions ſcour the deſart lawns,
Beat round the woods, and rouze the nimble fawns.
Bold Lennox hears, amaz'd, the mingl'd ſounds
Of cheering horns about, and op'ning hounds.
Lennox! who, here, ſince Methven's fatal ſtrife,
On roots and ſavage game ſuſtain'd his life.

(*a*) A ſort of ferry boat.

He knew the king, and warn'd his little pow'r,
And, joyful, met him near the briny ſhore.
At once the monarch and the chiefs drew near,
And, courteous, hail and hug the loyal peer.
The loyal peer ſupplies the hoſt with food,
The mountain-goat, and product of the wood.
Of toils and dangers paſt the various tale
Mutual diverts, and cheers the welcome meal.
Done the repaſt, then roſe the royal train,
And haſted to the margin of the main.
By this had faithful Campbell gain'd the land,
And ſhips with victuals fraught, obſcur'd the ſtrand.
The joyful hoſt ſoon lauch into thee deep,
And lab'ring oars the foamy billows ſweep.
Th' (*a*) Hebridian chief, who ſtretch'd his ample reign
Wide (*b*) o'er the daughters of the Weſtern main,
The monarch welcomes to his friendly coaſt,
And gen'rous entertains the loyal hoſt.

(*a*) *Th' Hebridian chief, &c.*] Æneas, or Angus, lord of the Weſtern iſlands.

(*b*) *Wide o'er the daughters, &c.*] A poetical way of expreſſing thoſe iſlands ſcattered up and down through the Caledonian ſea.

Three days they reſted, then put out to ſea,
And to (*a*) Raclinda plow'd the liquid way.
Raclinda's boors their ready aid afford,
Receive with joy, and own their righteous Lord;
Gladly ſupply the troops with needful ſtore:
A friendly race, an hoſpitable ſhore.
Thro' the bleak ſeaſon here the monarch ſtay'd
Obſcure, and fame around proclaim'd him dead.
Meanwhile his foes aſſemble all their bands,
Haraſs his kindred, and ranſack their lands.
No diff'rence put 'twixt ſacred and profane,
And ev'n the hallow'd mitre pled in vain.
Glaſgow's (*b*) old, loyal, venerable ſire,
In bonds and dungeons felt the faction's ire.
The noble Seton, (*c*) ever dear to fame,
A godlike patriot, and a ſpotleſs name;

(*a*) *Raclinda, &c.*] Rauchrine, or Rauchline, one of the ſaid iſlands.

(*b*) *Glaſgow's old, loyal, venerable ſire.*] The biſhop of Glaſgow (our author does not mention his name) impriſoned and put to death by the Cumminian faction.

(*c*) *The noble Seton, &c.*] Sir Chriſtopher Seton, the noble anceſtor of the Earl of Winton.

By factious treaſon in Lochdoun betray'd,
And to Auguſta's (*a*) hoſtile tow'rs convey'd;
For Scotia's ſake reſign'd his gallant breath,
Great in his life, and glorious in his death.
Seton! thou brave, thou ever loyal name!
How warms the muſe with the exalted theme!
Let Rome no more her fam'd preſervers boaſt,
Camillius, Curii, and the Fabian hoſt;
Old Albion in her Setons vaunts her odds,
A race of heroes riſing into Gods.

The royal dame, beſet with trait'rous pow'r,
Forſakes Kildrummy, and the faithleſs ſhore.
Northwards ſhe fled; but Roſſia's rebel thane,
Ungen'rouſly, betray'd the female train;
Convey'd them captive to Auguſta's tow'rs,
To waſte, confin'd, their melancholy hours.

T' aſſail Kildrummy Saxons next prepare,
And young Caernarvon (*b*) heads the num'rous war;

(*a*) *Auguſta*, London.

(*b*) King Edward's ſon, afterwards Edward II.

Great

Great Glouceſter the youthful leader joins,
And, 'midſt his ſquadrons, hardy Hertford ſhines.
In broad array the legions ſweep along,
And round the walls diſpoſe the warlike throng.
Each gate young Edward views, each paſs ſecures,
And ſtorms of batt'ries rattle on the tow'rs.
But gallant Neil, and Athole's hardy thane,
Repel the fury of the hoſtile train:
In vain a ſtorm of iron around them flies,
And ſhocks of engines thunder thro' the ſkies.
Their noble breaſts no ſenſe of danger palls,
Each ſoul undaunted, as unmov'd the walls.
Tir'd with the fruitleſs taſk, th' impatient prince,
His ſire admoniſh'd of the bold defence.
The haughty ſire ſoon arms his awful pow'r,
And onward ſpeeds to Solway's ſandy ſhore.
Fond man! how inſcious of thy mortal date?
How blind to that laſt ſwift approach of fate?
In vain thou ſeeſt thy ſteely legions glare,
And triumph'ſt in the pomp of impious war.
In thy fond heart proud conqueſt vainly reigns,
And luſt of lawleſs pow'r thy boſom ſtains.

In

In vain oppreſſive ſway thy breaſt inſpires :
Behold the period of thy vaſt deſires !
Sudden, thou feel'ſt thy lateſt minutes roll,
And in a paultry hut expires thy ſoul. (*a*)
Pride and ambition hand thee down to fame,
A Bruce betray'd muſt maculate thy name.
Not ſo, when once, 'gainſt unbelieving foes,
Dread flam'd thy faulchion in the ſacred cauſe !
When Antioch ſaw thee thunder on the ſhore,
And Syrian ſtreams ran red with Pagan gore ;
'Twas then bright trophies to thy name aroſe,
And bays unfading grac'd thy awful brows.
Now lawleſs might and fraud the ſcene o'ercaſt,
Whither thy laurels, and thy triumphs blaſt.
Now, unlamented, thou reſign'ſt thy breath,
The hate of life, and ridicule of death.

Meanwhile the Scots maintain Kildrummy's tow'rs,
And darts and jav'lins mix in iron ſhow'rs.

(*a*) *And in a paultry hut, &c.*] Edward I. died ſuddenly in this expedition to Scotland, at a cottage in a place called Burgh upon the Sands.

High

High in their glitt'ring arms the chiefs appear,
And from the walls annoy the hoſtile war.
Impregnable the mighty fortreſs ſtands,
And braves the force of all the Saxon bands.
Vex'd at the vain attack, the prince recalls
His troops, juſt ready to forſake the walls:
When ſuddenly a mighty flame he ſpies
Burſt from the roof, and crackle in the ſkies.
Accurſt contrivance! a perfidious Scot
Had in a ſecret tow'r the treaſon wrought.
At this, the prince again his ſquadrons forms,
And with freſh force the flaming fortreſs ſtorms,
Betray'd, the brave defendants, and amaz'd,
With tears upon the ſpreading miſchief gaz'd.
No longer equal to the dire diſpute,
Aſſail'd by fire within, by force without;
Their hopes extinguiſh'd, their proviſions loſt,
On terms ſurrender to the Saxon hoſt.
But haughty Edward, who no terms obſerv'd,
Some hang'd, ſome quarter'd, ſome in priſons ſtarv'd.
The chiefs, brave Neil and Athole long renown'd,
Their fate amidſt a thouſand torments found.

And

And now Caernarvon and his bands retire,
To pay the laſt ſad duties to his ſire.
The court expecting on the border ſtand,
Welcome the monarch to his native land.
Peers, prelates, gen'rals, knights, a ſplendid train,
Sumptuous attend, and aid the ſolemn ſcene;
To Weſtminſter in ſable pomp proceed,
Yawns the deep marble, and receives the dead!
The ſire's laſt rites perform'd, his royal ſon,
The young Caernarvon, mounts the Engliſh throne.

Meantime brave BRUCE on Rauchlin's rugged ſhores,
Patient conſumes the winter's bleaky hours;
Entirely inſcious of the lowland ſtate,
His captive Queen, and mighty Edward's fate.
Nor fame had yet o'er thoſe wild mountains ſpread
Kildrummy ſack'd, and his lov'd brother dead.
Unknowing, and unknown, his days he paſt,
Far on a horrid, unreguarded coaſt.
But Douglas weary of the dull delay,
The vain-ſpent night, and the inactive day;

The

The martial youth aſpiring now to fame,
To prove his worth, and to aſſert his name;
Cou'd brook no longer this inglorious reſt,
And thus, impatient, the bold Boyd addreſt.

'How long, my friend, thus idly ſhall we moan,
'Our fortunes ruin'd, and the ſtate undone?
'How long ſhall Albion's unrelenting foes
'Feed on her ſpoils, and triumph in her woes,
'While thus her cauſe her ſons like cowards yield,
'Nor dare aſſert it in the gen'rous field?
'Forbid it heav'n! nor let the Douglas' fame
'Sink in a daſtard ſon's inglorious name.
'No; like my ſires, I'll ſeek the dire debate,
'Meet the brave day, and court the face of fate.
'Henceforth this anxious ſoul ſhall know no reſt,
'No eaſe theſe limbs, no peace this lab'ring breaſt;
'Till Albion, free from force of foreign bands,
'And from her impious ſons more barb'rous hands,
'Shall in her pomp of ancient ſplendor riſe,
'Her glory fill the earth, and mount to ſkies;
'Till Bruce, ſucceeding to his right divine,
'Shall add new luſtre to great Fergus' line.'

'He

He ſaid: And Boyd aſſenting as he ſpoke,
The King permitted, and their leave they took.

Swift from the rough Raclinda's ſteepy bay,
Launch the bold chiefs, and ſweep the wat'ry way,
Fly o'er the whit'ning ſurface of the main,
And land on Arran's coaſt their little train.
Long had the iſle obey'd the ſouthern pow'r,
And Haſtings govern'd on the rocky ſhore.
In Bradwick fortreſs lay the hoſtile band,
When Boyd and Douglas gain'd the barren ſtrand.
The Scots withdrew, and in cloſe ambuſh lay,
Far in a thicket on a ſcroggy bay.
Juſt as the deputy three galleys brought,
With arms, and with proviſions richly fraught;
The mariners their veſſels quickly moor,
As quick the Scottiſh chiefs array'd their pow'r.
The ſervants led the victuals from the main,
Mov'd the ſtuff'd waggons o'er the beachy plain;
When, all amaz'd, the Caravan beheld,
The hardy Scots, in order, take the field.

As

As when ſome lion, couching on the lawn,
Views from a rocky cliff the ſportive fawn;
The lordly ſavage ſhoots along the way,
Bounds from the ſteep, and tears his trembling prey:
Thus Douglas, furious, ruſh'd amid'ſt the foe,
And twenty deaths the ſea-beat level ſtrow.
The artful Boyd his needleſs aid reſtrain'd,
But ſpoil'd th' attendants, and the victuals gain'd.
By this bold Haſtings hears the warlike noiſe,
And ireful to his friends aſſiſtance flies.
The doughty Douglas ſpies th' approaching crew,
And marſhals into ranks his faithful few.
But when the haughty Saxon chief beheld
The daring foe thus dauntleſs take the field;
Superior, yet he dreads the Douglas' might,
And back to Bradwick wings his coward flight.
Brave Douglas to the walls purſues in vain,
Strong was the fort, and few the Scottiſh train.
The chief returning finds the hoſtile ſtore,
And faithful Boyd attending on the ſhore.
Then, in the covert of a ſhady wood,
The Scots themſelves and all the prey beſtow'd.

Ten

Ten days were paſt, when BRUCE embarks his hoſt,
And doubtful launches from Raclinda's coaſt.
Furniſh'd with needful ſtores, the royal train
In thirty galleys plow the wat'ry plain.
To Arran's rocky iſle, direct, they bore,
And gales propitious waft them to the ſhore.
There roſe a hamlet on a rugged bay,
Thither the king and chieftains bent their way;
Enter'd a paultry inn, and, quick, demand
What ſtrangers late had trod the barren ſtrand?
Up roſe a female, and the monarch led
Where Boyd and Douglas held the foreſt ſhade.
The BRUCE inflates his horn; the veh'ment blaſt
Rings thro' the wood, and floats along the coaſt.
Alarm'd the leaders at the well-known ſound,
With eager haſte from out the thicket bound.
Joyful ſalute the king, and then relate
The warden's foil, and their firſt proſp'rous fate:
Thence to the inn trace back the winding ſhore,
And menials lead along the rifled ſtore.
Rich Engliſh victuals load the homely board,
And Boyd and Douglas entertain their Lord.

Each

Each individual, next, ſhare boil'd and roaſt;
Glad was the king, and merry was the hoſt.

Now ceas'd keen Boreas' freezing breath to blow,
And ſtreams, unbound, in grateful murmurs flow;
No more, thro' lowring ſkies, mixt tempeſts reign,
Nor angry ſurges ſwell the ſounding main.
Smile all the meads, and bloſſom all the groves,
And feather'd ſongſters chirp their tender loves.
The various beauties of the ſpring appear,
And gentle Zephyrs fan the genial year.
The noble king three days in Arran's iſle,
Refreſh'd his troops, and reſted from his toil.
Now tir'd of eaſe, his thoughts on Carrick bends, (*a*)
And thither ſoon a faithful courier ſends;
Bids him, attentive, view the country o'er,
Practiſe with caution, and their faith explore.

(*a*) *On Carrick, &c.*] Carrick belonged hereditarily to Robert Bruce in right of his mother, which made him the more anxious to ſound the inclinations of that people.

If friendly----on the coaſt a fire muſt blaze, (*a*)
Th' undoubted ſignal of a loyal race.
The meſſenger obeys, and quits the ſtrand,
And, ſwift, arrives on BRUCE's native land.
The peaſants tries, but finds them as he goes,
All ſworn to Engliſh, all the Monarch's foes.
Yet, or by chance or fraud, 'tis hard to ſay,
The blaze appear'd upon th' appointed day,
The watchful King beheld a riſing gleam, (*b*)
And to the leaders points the diſtant flame.

But

(*a A fire muſt blaze, &c.*] I have always found it the greateſt difficulty to bring up ſuch little circumſtances as theſe to any degree of poetry. When the action is great in itſelf, and the incidents proportionably noble, the poet labours leaſt. A dignity of expreſſion riſes naturally out of the greatneſs of ſuch an action, and in that caſe, a man has more uſe for his judgment than his genius, in order to moderate his heat, and keep him from running out into rant and fuſtian. On the contrary, in petty circumſtances, like this before us, the judgment has but little to do; nor are they capable of genius, becauſe they cannot be turn'd out of their own nature, that is, they cannot be raiſed or depreſs'd with any manner of decorum or propriety.

(*b*) *The watchful King beheld a riſing gleam.*] In caſe the reader ſhould not ſo well underſtand this circumſtance, as it

But whilſt the ſailors, at their Lord's command,
Unmoor the fleet, and clear the crowded ſtrand;
An hoſteſs, bent beneath a load of years,
Before the monarch on the beach appears.
Time on her brows in wrinkled furrows ſat,
But deep her councils, and her words were fate.
Some ſecret pow'r her lab'ring boſom ſway'd
Her briſtled hair roſe horrid round her head;
Foaming ſhe ſtares, her eye-balls wildly roll,
As BRUCE's fate came full upon her ſoul,
Her words, in more than mortal ſounds, unfold
Long fix'd decrees, and oracles of old.

it is narrated in rhyme, I ſhall tell him in proſe, that the King had commanded a truſty ſervant to paſs privately over from Arran, (where he then was) into Carrick, one of his own hereditary poſſeſſions, in order to try the inclinations of that people. If he found them loyal, he was to erect a fire upon the neareſt point of land towards Arran, as a ſign of their fidelity and good diſpoſition; but if not, he was to come off privately as he went, without kindling any ſuch fire. He found them entirely in the Engliſh intereſt, and BRUCE's enemies to a man, and conſequently erected no fire. However, either by chance, or to the King's imagination, a fire did appear, which carried him over amongſt the midſt of his enemies.

While thus—'Hail, mighty prince! purſue thy way,
'Thro' toil, to glory and undoubted ſway.
'Deſcended of an ancient Druid, (*a*) I
'Feel future ſcenes, and labour with the ſky.
'Long ſhalt thou ſtruggle in the dire debate,
'Combat diſtreſſes, and contend with fate.
'Ev'n now, I ſee thee ſweating on the ſhore,
'And ſanguine fields diſtain'd with running gore.
'I ſee a Hero, (*b*) now amidſt our foes,
'Whoſe ſoul, miſled, ſtill loves the loyal cauſe;

(*a*) *Deſcended of an ancient Druid, &c.*] The Druids were ancient heathen prieſts both in France and Britain. They generally perform'd all their religious offices under oak-trees, and from thence receiv'd their name; for ſo oaks are called in the Greek, and old Celt or Scythic language.

(*b*) *I ſee a Hero, now amidſt our foes, &c.*] This was Thomas Randolf, the King's nephew who had been taken, and was at this time in the Engliſh intereſt; but was afterwards recovered by James Douglas, as I hinted before. At the battle of Bannockburn, he happened to neglect a poſt his Majeſty had ordered him to maintain, but afterwards bravely recovered his honour, and was a great inſtrument in the victory of that day.

By

'By ſubtile art to Engliſh homage brought,
'Riſe on neglect, and conquer by his fault.
'I ſee a knight from hoſtile regions far,
'Great in his wrongs, approach to aid thy war.
'The injur'd exile combats with diſdain, (*a*)
'And glory crowns him on a foreign plain.
'I ſee a ſable chief, (*b*) amidſt the crowd,
'All grim with duſt, and ſtain'd with futu re blood.
'Ere yet eternal ſlumbers ſeal thine eyes,
'Ere yet thy ſoul ſhall mount its kindred ſkies,

(*a*) *The injur'd exile, &c.*] The anceſtor of the preſent Duke of Hamilton. His name was Gilbert Hampton, deſcended (as ſome ſay) of the family of Leiceſter. This gentleman having ſpoke well of ROBERT BRUCE in the Engliſh court, was, for that reaſon, ſuddenly attacked, and ſlightly wounded by one of the Spencers, then great favourites of Edward II. The crowd interpoſed, ſo as Mr. Hampton could not revenge himſelf at that time, but the next day he met him, and run him through. Upon this he left his country, and fled to ROBERT BRUCE, who received him kindly, and in lieu of his eſtate, which was then forfeited in England, gave him the lands of Cadzeow, Hamilton, &c. in the Weſt, and changed his name from Hampton to Hamilton. He behaved with the utmoſt bravery at Bannockburn, and was knighted on the field.

(*b*) *I ſee a ſable chief, &c.*] James Douglas, who was ordered by K. ROBERT to carry his heart after his death to the holy land.

'To him I hear thy lateſt breath impart
'The pious charge of thine untainted heart:
'Pure from thy breaſt, enchas'd in ſhining ore,
'To bear the reliques to the ſacred ſhore.
'I ſee the Hero eager to fulfil
'The laſt great mandate of his ſov'reign's will;
'Around encompaſs'd by a warlike throng,
'And join'd by Sinclair, and the gallant Young;
'In Tay's broad channel hoiſt his ſwelling ſails,
'Waft o'er the brine, and reach Iberia's vales. (*a*)
'I ſee him there oppoſe his manly breaſt
'To ſwarming legions from the ſwarthy Eaſt; (*b*)

(*a*) *And reach Iberia's vales.*] Iberia and Heſperia ancient names of Spain.

(*b*) *And ſwarming legions from the ſwarthy eaſt.*] This was about the end of the 13th century, when thoſe expeditions of the chriſtian princes (commonly called the Croiſades) in order to recover the holy land out of the hands of the infidels, were hotteſt. James Douglas having been enjoined (as I have hinted) to carry the king's heart to the holy ſepulchre, hearing in his paſſage by the coaſt of Spain, that the Saracens were very numerous, and prevailed exceedingly there, immediately landed, engaged and defeated them in ſeveral battles. At laſt growing too confident of his ſucceſs, the enemy having now become contemptible to him, and venturing to purſue a vaſt number with a handful of men, he fell into an ambuſcade, was ſurrounded and ſlain.

'All

'All bath'd in blood, altho' the diſtance far,
'I ſee him thunder thro' the pagan war;
'I ſee whole nations fall beneath his hand,
'And Oſman's (*a*) millions choke th' Iberian ſtrand.
'But now his courage into raſhneſs grows,
'Fluſh'd with ſucceſs, and mindleſs of his foes;
'Too far, incautious, tempts the treach'rous plain,
'O'erborn by armies, and by armies ſlain.
'More I cou'd name of ancient loyal blood,
'But ſee—thy fleet already ſtems the flood:
'Go then, to glory, patient, trace thy way,
'And hope the dawn of that immortal day;
'When one brave field ſhall all thy labours crown,
'And earth and ſkies ſhall eccho thy renown.
'To prove my faith in what I now declare,
'I have two ſons ſhall all thy dangers ſhare;
'Thy toils attend, 'till all the taſk is done,
'And fate have fix'd the BRUCE on Fergus' throne.'

(*a*) Oſman emperor of the Saracens.

Thus far the propheteſs, and bent her way
Back to the inn: the monarch put to ſea.
The labouring oars the heaving billows ſweep,
Bound, the ſwift veſſels o'er the hoary deep.
At laſt they gain the BRUCE's native land,
And galleys anch'ring cloud the hidden ſtrand.
Dejected, on the beach appear'd the ſquire,
Before commiſſion'd to erect the fire.
He told the Monarch all was hoſtile ground.
And that bold Piercy rul'd the country round.
Three hundred Engliſh waited his command,
Himſelf the ſov'reign tyrant of the land.
Enrag'd, the monarch ſaid, 'twas ſtrange to raiſe
Upon a hoſtile coaſt the cheating blaze;
The man deny'd; nor knew he how it came,
Nor durſt extinguiſh the deceitful flame.
Then thus the King accoſts the council round,
'Or ſhall we venture on the faithleſs ground;
'Or ſilent ſhall we quit the dang'rous plain,
'Unmoor our fleet, and meaſure back the main?'
To this the fiery Edward firſt reply'd,
'No dread ſhall drive me back into the tide;

'Let

'Let thouſands meet our hundreds on the ſtrand,
'Reſolv'd, I'll venture on the rebel land.'
The Monarch ſmil'd, the chiefs the judgment own,
And bold, the ſquadrons ſeek the neighb'ring town.

'Twas night, and all ſecure the Engliſh ſlept,
No dangers dreaded, and no watches kept.
Diverſe, the Scots to diſtant quarters go,
And, fierce, with ſhouts aſſail the drowſy foe;
Break ſplint'ring bars, and burſt oppoſing doors,
And with red torrents, ſudden, ſtain the floors.
The air around mix'd groans and clamours bears,
The mournful accents reach Lord Piercy's ears,
But ſafe in Turnb'ry Fortreſs Piercy lay,
Nor durſt approach or mingle in the fray.
Alone M'Dougal, (*a*) who betray'd before
The monarch's brothers to the Saxon pow'r;

(*a*) *Alone M'Dougal, &c.*] This was not M'Dougal of Lorn, whoſe engagement with the king we have deſcribed before; but one Duncan M'Dougal of Galloway, who had betrayed Thomas and Alexander Bruce, the King's brothers, to the Engliſh; and this is all the notice my author takes of that action.

An ancient traitor, 'ſcap'd by ſudden flight,
Unknown, and favour'd by the ſhades of night.
Before the ſun aroſe to gild the day,
Drench'd in their gore three hundred Saxons lay.
Turnbury-caſtle next, the monarch view'd;
But then impregnable the fortreſs ſtood.
Two days Lord Piercy lurks within the walls,
And on the third a faithful courier calls.
Straight to Northumberland his orders ſends,
To warn his friends, and raiſe his native bands.
Northumbrian pow'rs the courier ſoon alarms,
And ſudden ſhone a thouſand men in arms.
But Gaudifer de Lyle, (*a*) an ancient knight,
Who knew the Scottiſh chiefs, and BRUCE's might;
Diſſuades his vaſſals from a march ſo far,
Propounds the danger, and deters the war:
Urges the riſk, to tempt, in untrack'd ground,
A force, for freedom, and for glory bound;

(*a*) *Gaudifer de Lyle, &c.*] A French name, one of thoſe who ſettled in England after the conqueſt. It is repreſented by the honourable 'Squire Lyle, a Gentleman of a conſiderable fortune in Northumberland to this day.

A force

A force, well ſkill'd, in ev'ry maze of ſoil,
In arms experienc'd, and inur'd to toil.
The troops, diſhearten'd, wou'd have quit the ſhoer
But hardy St. John antimates the pow'r. (*a*)
By him conducted ſoon arrive the band,
And wait, contiguous, t'other chiefs command.
But BRUCE's ſkill, to cautious Piercy known,
And fearing, Carricks tribe, their King would own.
In place of combat, meditates a flight,
And ſecret ſped him to his friends, in night.
Both chiefs decline to tempt the Scottiſh hoſt
And ſoon regain Lord Piercy's native coaſt.

Meantime, ſecure, the Scots in Carrick lay,
And all the region own'd their ſov'reign's ſway.
The King at leiſure view'd the country round,
And mark'd the ruins of his native ground.
As Phœbus once, declining to the ſea,
Glow'd on the margin of Heſperian day;
Saunter'd the monarch o'er the pleaſing vale,
And Boyd and Douglas ſhare the freſh'ning gale.

(*a*) *Hardy St. John, &c.*] The anceſtor of the late Viſcount Bolingbroke.

Far

Far on the lawns a warlike troop they ſpy'd,
And at their head a nymph her charms diſplay'd.
Advanc'd the loyal fair with eaſy grace,
The Monarch's couſin, (*a*) of Clackmannan's race.
Charming, the dame approaches with her train,
Their Sov'reign hail, ſubmiſſive, on the plain.
Her name and bus'neſs next the nymph expreſt,
The King, ſurpriz'd, the loyal fair embrac'd.
To ſerve their prince, ſhe told, theſe warriors came,
The BRUCE accepts the aids, and thanks the dame.
A band of forty kneeling on the ſhore,
A firm inviolable homage ſwore.
The King and chiefs direct the ſoldiers care,
And ſtraight to Turnb'ry fort conduct the fair.
Happy the King!---O! momentary joy!
A ſad'ning tale muſt ſoon his ear employ;
Motions conſpicuous, in the lady's breaſt;
Foreboded tidings, ſhocking, if expreſt.

(*a*) *The Monarch's couſin, &c.*] This lady was of the houſe of Clackmannan, which family is ſtill extant, and its honourable repreſentative chief of the Bruces.

Alarm'd!

Alarm'd! the monarch prays the dame to ſpeak,
Whilſt conſcious colours chang'd on ev'ry cheek;
Unwilling accents, trembl'd on her tongue,
Tranſparent tears, in heavy globules hung.
Transfix'd the King, attends the woeful ſounds,
More poignant much, than deepeſt ſteely wounds,
'His royal conſort to the foe betray'd,
'His brother, Athole, and brave Seton dead!'
How did he mourn, how did the chiefs deplore
That Scene of fate to them unknown before!
The dame reviv'd, ſome comfort would afford
To ſooth the leaders, and their doleful Lord.
Sometime ſhe ſtay'd, and fondeſt care expreſt,
To lull the tumult in her ſov'reign's breaſt:
At laſt departs; the chiefs in order came,
And homeward, grateful, guard the gen'rous dame.

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE

THE

BRUCIAD.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT TO THE FIFTH BOOK.

BRUCE now in poſſeſſion of Carrick, paſſes ſome days in tranquillity; Douglas unhappy in the reflection that Lord Clifford then held poſſeſſion of his lands, begs leave of the King to paſs into that country; he obtains leave; after a toilſome march, he arrives with a few friends in Douglaſdale; he meets with a hearty welcome, and gets what ingelligence he could from an honeſt old ſervant of his father's, named Dickſon; Dickſon raiſes what friends he could; Douglas with his ſmall party watches the enemy, and unſuſpected falls upon them in the church the next Sunday; Clifford with a reinforcement returns, and repairs the caſtle which had been demoliſhed; he deputes Thirſwall to the command, and goes himſelf into England—BRUCE remained ſtill in Carrick; meanwhile an army of Engliſh are aſſembled about Edinburgh under Pembroke and Omphraville, and purſue their march toward Carrick; but Omphraville propoſes, rather than at once to attempt an engagement, to ſeduce an old boor to aſſaſſinate the BRUCE; the aſſaſſination is undertaken but diſappointed; another attempt is made to annoy BRUCE by Macdougald; an account of that action, in which BRUCE is victorious.—— Douglas in his country having met with conſiderable ſuccours, induces Thirſwall to come to an action, and defeats him; after which he returns to join the king in Carrick;

in the meantime an army of Engliſh led by Pembroke, Vanes, and Clifford march upon another attempt to diſpoſſeſs BRUCE of Carrick; they try by an old woman to deceive him, but ſhe is diſcovered; an engagement enſues, in which BRUCE is again ſucceſsful; and having got conſiderable reinforcements, he now leaves Carrick and marches into the more internal parts of the country; an account of an action between Douglas and Moubray; Douglas puts the enemy to flight; Moubray having reported his loſs to the Engliſh warden of Bothwell, the warden challenges BRUCE to fix a day for a more general engagement; BRUCE accepts, and the time and place is appointed; a very bloody battle is the conſequence, in which the BRUCE is again triumphant, and by that means ſubdues to his obedience the Weſtern quarter of the country.

THE

BRUCIAD.

BOOK V.

THE king o'er Carrick now extends his ſway;
Submit the chieftains, and the boors obey:
Peaceful, and gently rules his native land,
And ſubjects ſhare the fruits of ſoft command.
But doughty Douglas, ſtill aſpiring name,
Fir'd with a more than common thirſt of fame.
Feels no delight, nor taſtes his lab'ring breaſt
The lazy charms of unambitious reſt.
War's diſtant ſcenes ſtill in his boſom roll,
And future fields run crimſon in his ſoul.

Whilſt thus his heart the glorious impulſe feels,
He meets his prince, and thus his thoughts reveals.
'Now, gen'rous Sov'reign! you have gain'd your own,
'Th' auſpicious prelude to your lineal crown:
'But Clifford, (*a*) ſtill poſſeſſing my domains,
'His lawleſs title to my right maintains.
'And here I vow by all th' immortal pow'rs,
'That tread yon azure vault, and blisful bow'rs;
'He either ſhall reſign my rightful 'ſtate,
'Or one of us ſhall meet a ſudden fate.
'Forth then, dread Sov'reign! give me leave to go,
'Purſue my fortune, and attempt the foe.
'His arms and mine ſhall in the field be try'd,
'And fix the title to the conq'ring ſide.
'The chief may ſee your ſubject bravely die,
'But ne'er ſhall Clifford ſee a Douglas fly.'
The hero thus. But BRUCE, whoſe cautious mind
Events and means in juſt proportion join'd,

(*a*) *But Clifford ſtill poſſeſſing*, &c.] Lord Clifford had got the grant of Douglas's lands from Edward I.

Oppos'd

Oppos'd the motion, and the chieftain told,
The foe was num'rous, and the leader bold.
'I know thou dar'ſt,' he ſaid, 'but haſt thou pow'r
'To match yon captain on the doubtful ſhore.
'Weigh well the odds, and thy reſolves delay,
'Till heav'n ſhall open a ſecurer way;
'Till leſs divided are thy country's friends,
'And heav'n thy monarch's dawning ſway extends;
'Then may we tempt our fortune on the plain,
'At once, the crown, and ſubject's rights regain.'
Thus the wiſe monarch. Douglas quick reply'd,
'Did all the pow'r of England guard his ſide,
'I'll meet th' uſurper in th' field of death,
'My right reconquer, or reſign my breath.'
'Go then,' ſaid BRUCE, and bleſt him as he went,
'May heav'n, propitious, ſecond thy intent.'

Now Douglas ſpeeds him to his firſt breath'd air,
Two ſelect friends participate his care.
Thro' hills and dales, and rugged rocks, by day,
Painful they labour on the cautious way;

By night ſome grove affords a moſſy bed,
And round them throws its hoſpitable ſhade.
Secret, at laſt, thro' ways untrod before,
Arrives the hero on his native ſhore.
'Twas night, and now from the laborious field
The ſwain retiring ſeeks his homely bield.
Sol's fiery chariot drench'd in ocean lies,
And ſtars began to ſpangle o'er the ſkies;
When thro' the gloom the chief a farm eſpy'd,
A gentle ſtream juſt murm'ring by its ſide;
Then, from within, a taper's twinkling light,
Pointed his doubtful paſſage thro' the night.
Bold Douglas, cautious, view'd the farm around
And by the barn the honeſt farmer found;
Who mark'd (his labours done) with curious eyes
The ſigns, and read the ſymptoms of the ſkies;
Adjuſting, by the ſtars, to-morrow's toil,
To threſh the grain, or vex the fallow ſoil.
Becauſe the ſtars (as ſwains experienc'd ſay)
Are certain prophets of the future day.
Douglas the man approaching, ſoftly calls,
'Friend may three yeomen harbour in thy walls

'This

'This night? nor longer we reſolve to ſtay,
'But with to-morrow's ſun renew our way.'
The lab'rer, unabaſh'd, enquires their name,
What means their journey late, and whence they came?
Soon, feign'dly, ſatisfy'd in thoſe requeſts,
Straight to his homely parlour leads the gueſts.
Now Douglas, ſeated in the houſhold-chair,
The reſt permiſcuous round the beamy fire,
View'd his new hoſt, nor view'd without ſurpriſe,
And mark'd the ſparkling vigour of his eyes.
A lively bloom his manly face o'erſpread,
Tho' ſixty winters had already ſhed
Their ſnowy honours o'er his rev'rend head.
Juſt were his ſentiments, his looks ſerene,
And all his form, ſpoke more than vulgar mien.
Nor was the loyal boor unknown to fame,
True to his lord, and Dickſon was his name.
A jolly ruſtick, and in danger bold,
Who long had ſerv'd the Douglas' ſire of old.
The board then loaded with a clean repaſt,
Kindly the hoſt invites the hungry gueſt.

Great Douglas, now, conſpicuous by the light,
The farmer views, and wonders at the ſight;
His noble mien, and his erected face
Around, undaunted, ſheds an awful grace.
His brows, auguſt, in ſable arches riſe,
And glare, two living fires, his piercing eyes.
Huge nervous limbs compos'd the hero's frame,
His looks were terror, and his ſoul was flame!
The lab'rer, curious, runs his viſage o'er,
And marks ſome features not unknown before;
Intent he gaz'd, impell'd by fond deſire,
And in the ſon began to trace the ſire.
By this the gueſts had finiſh'd their repaſt,
And ſleep invites each weary ſwain to reſt.
Douglas alone ſtill with the farmer ſtay'd,
Then to the chief the loyal Dickſon ſaid,
'Pardon, my lord, perhaps an erring thought,
'Nor blame the man whoſe zeal may be his fault;
'Thy father's image ſtrikes my wond'ring ſight,
'The peerleſs Douglas! if I gueſs aright!
'Superior I o'er all his menial throng
'That hero ſerv'd, and think I ſaw you young.

'I ſhar'd

'I ſhar'd my country's troubles, nor has fame
'Ev'n bluſh'd to mention, Thomas Dickſon's name.
'By Saxon power, that noble Lord undone,
'Hope now reviews the father in the ſon.'
He ſaid, and tears ran trickling from his eyes,
Whilſt, half aſtoniſh'd, Douglas thus replies.
'Faithful old man! how am I pleas'd to ſee
'My father's friend and mine alive in thee?
'My good old father! dead in Saxon chains!
'And I excluded all his wide domains;
'While Clifford holds my heritage by might,
'And reigns a lawleſs tyrant o'er my right!
'Therefore in me (your ancient maſter's ſon!)
'Behold one daring to regain his own.
'And here I vow by ev'ry ſacred pow'r,
'That never ſhall I quit this native ſhore,
'Till Clifford or reſigns without debate,
'Or one of us in battle meets his fate.
'Now (ſince the doubtful means diſtract my choice)
'Prove your affection in your beſt advice.'

Thus

Thus ſpoke the chief; and Dickſon ſoon reply'd,
'To-morrow's light ſome ſuccours ſhall provide.
'My duty to your noble ſire I own,
'Nor ſhall, ungrateful, e'er deſert his ſon.'
This ſaid, to bed the honeſt farmer goes,
And leaves the Douglas to his late repoſe.

Scarce had the orient dawn diſclos'd the day,
When loyal Dickſon ſpeeds him on his way.
Thro' Douglaſdale his eager ſteps he bends,
And ſecret warns his maſter's ancient friends.
Each man in private bids his arms prepare,
And ſingly to his farm by night repair.
The loyal ſwains to his deſire accord,
And, one by one, haſte to attend their lord.
Hardy in arms, full forty ruſtics came,
And ſwore allegiance to brave Douglas' name.
Round their young chief the joyful vaſſals ſtood,
Borderers old! and long bred up to blood.
Douglas, meanwhile, embraces all his friends,
And, honeſt, their paſt ſervices commends.
Now down in Dickſon's barn the council ſat,
Largeſt the room, and fitteſt for debate.

The

The queſtion's put—What ſhould be firſt eſſay'd?
'The Douglas' caſtle,' all at once reply'd.
For if from Clifford we that fortreſs gain,
We eaſier may the future ſtrife maintain.
There Saxons hoard their ſtores, themſelves ſecure,
And ſafe within the walls defy our pow'r;
Near to the caſtle, on the adjoining plain.
Erected, ſtands (*a*) Brigidia's ancient (*b*) fane.
Thither next Sunday, Saxons bear their palms,
There pay their vows, and diſtribute their alms.
Then let us each with ſecrecy prepare,
And ſingly to the temple, arm'd repair;
There all at once, unwary as they ſtand,
Boldly with ſwords aſſail the ſouthern band.
Aſſents the chief. Each homeward bends his way,
And, unſuſpected, waits th' appointed day.
Appear'd the day. The hardy Scots attend,
Inveſt the church, as Clifford's force deſcend.

(*a*) *Brigidia.* Brigidia, or Brigitta, a holy woman to whom this church was conſecrated. She was the inſtituter of an order of Nuns in the time of Pope Urban V. A. D. 1294.

(*b*) *Fane,*] from the Latin *fanum,* a temple or church.

Juſt

Juſt as the prieſt the ſacred rites began,
And all, promiſcuous, crowding throng'd the fane;
'Dickſon,' aloud, the noble Douglas cry'd,
Th' appointed ſignal to the Scottiſh ſide.
The bord'rers (*a*) at the word their weapons bare,
And, fierce, before the choir commence the war.
The prieſt and people with the ſcene diſmay'd,
From 'midſt the combatants confus'dly fled,
Straight to the chancel's utmoſt ſacred mound,
And graſp'd th' inviolable altar round.
Meanwhile the Saxons, us'd their arms to wear,
Rang'd in the choir, and bravely face the war.
But Douglas, whirling round his flaming brand,
Like thunder burſts upon the adverſe band.
In heaps on heaps the foe to ground he bore,
And purple ſtreams ſtray'd o'er the hallowed floor.
His vaſſals almoſt interrupt the fight,
And gaze, aſtoniſh'd, at their leader's might;

(*a*) *The bord'rers at the word, &c.*] It was common in thoſe days to have a certain word whereby to animate the men when they began the battle, or at any time when they ſlackened, or began to weary and intermit. This word was commonly the name of the king or the captain who led them at that time, perhaps their country, or the cauſe for which they fought.

Till

Till hardy Dickſon Douglas names again,
Then all the Scots at once their force unrein,
And ſtrow the breathleſs corſes round the fane.
Thence to th' adjoining caſtle march'd the pow'r,
Warm as they were, and red with recent gore.
Clifford unapprehenſive of alarms,
On horſeback air'd among the neighb'ring farms;
Void, and defenceleſs 'gainſt a hoſtile crowd,
With gates diſclos'd at large, the fortreſs ſtood.
Ent'ring, the train a cook and porter met,
Domeſtics mean, in terror of their fate:
The porter negligent, deſerves a ſtroke,
But why not ſpare, an unoffending cook? (*a*)
The feaſt juſt ready for the Engliſh Lord,
To Douglas train, a timely meal afford:

(*a*) *But why not ſpare, &c.*] My readers will pleaſe to pardon the levity of this paſſage. I happened to be in a little gaiety of humour, and could not get by it. If it gives offence to the criticks as an indecorum in a ſerious performance, they may apply themſelves to ſacred or profane antiquity, and they will perhaps find the character and office of a cook not ſo deſpicable as is commonly imagined, elſe I had hardly meddled with this poor fellow at all.

The

The troops refreſh'd, they ſearch the caſtle o'er,
Seize cloaths and arms, and pillage all the ſtore;
Truſs what they can, then fire the houſe around,
And ſoon the fortreſs level with the ground.
To woods and wilds, in ſecret through the land,
Repairs the chieftain, and his loyal band;
By Dickſon yet diſſuaded to appear,
Till freſh ſupplies ſhou'd reinforce their war.
Inform'd, now Clifford ſpeeds o'er (*a*) Solway's ſhore,
And thro' the dales, indignant, leads freſh pow'r.
Return'd, he view'd his fort in aſhes laid,
His ſtores all rifled, and his ſervants dead.
Bold Douglas, author of the daring ſcene,
Vengeful he ſought, but ſought the chief in vain:
Nor durſt too far thro' woods and wilds purſue
So brave a leader, and ſo bold a crew.
Comes back, and ſoon ſkill'd artizans he calls,
Re-builds the fort, and ſtronger rears the walls.

(*a*) *Solway's ſhore.*] Solway-frith divideth England from Scotland on the weſt border. It hath its denomination from an ancient people called Selgovi, who in Ptolomey's time, dwelt near it, and were a tribe of the Brigantes.

Appoints

Appoints the guards, and re-inſtates the land,
And deputes Thirſwell to exert command.
This done, to Solway reconducts his hoſt,
And quickly lands on England's fertile coaſt.

In Carrick ſtill the noble Monarch lay,
And gains the ſubjects to confeſs his ſway.
Willing, the region, firm allegiance ſhews,
Aſſerts his claim, and wins the royal cauſe.
Meantime great Pembroke from Edina's tow'rs,
Aſſembles all around the Saxon pow'rs.
Soon at the ſummons rendezvous the bands,
And hardy Omphraville the troops commands.
By Pembroke order'd to conduct the hoſt
Againſt the BRUCE, and Carrick's rebel-coaſt;
Sudden, the warlike chief in armour ſhines,
And ſtraight to Ayr advance th' embattl'd lines.
Nor wou'd fly Omphraville purſue too far,
Thro' fens and faſtneſſes, the royal war.
He knew his force ſuperior, but he knew
That BRUCE's courage, was ſuperior too;
So judg'd it conduct to decline the fight,
To act by treachery, and gain by ſlight.

A boor

A boor in Carrick, not unſkill'd in arms,
With his two ſons manur'd adjoining farms,
Robuſt, in enterprizes hardy found,
The terror of the neighbourhood around.
Upon the ſire the BRUCE had oft rely'd,
Thought firm that faith, in frequent danger try'd;
Firm unattempted——but too baſe to hold
Unſtain'd, againſt th' infernal tempter gold.
Gold! of each virtue the undoubted teſt,
Diſſolves in treaſon thro' the villain's breaſt.
As by degrees, in diſtant India's mines,
By ſuns, and central ſtreams, the ore refines;
So in the ſoul the metal works by time,
Teems into guilt, and ripens into crime.
Sly Omphraville a ſecret meſſage ſends
To find the boor; the boor the chief attends.
The treaſon in a moment is decreed,
And forty pounds the price of BRUCE's head.
Back to his farm returns the felon-boor.
Informs his ſons, and waits the treach'rous hour.
He knew the Monarch us'd each op'ning dawn,
To court the air along a waving lawn.

Thence

Thence o'er a mountain to diſtant wood,
One page alone attends his ſolitude.
Thither completely arm'd the rogues repair,
With ſwords, and other implements of war.
By theſe! a monarch's murder is decreed,
Friendſhip diſſembl'd! to perform the deed!
Unſeen, unaided by his faithful troops,
A deſtin'd victim, to a traitor's hopes.
But fate forbids! and Ariel from on high,
Swift as a thought, ſhoots down the nether-ſky.
Not half ſo quick the lightning's flaſhy glare
Burſts on the night, and glances thro' the air.
Faſt by his charge, unſeen, the guardian ſtands,
Warms his brave heart, and fortifies his hands.
And now the Monarch, thro' the gloomy dawn,
Eſpies the traitors ſtretching o'er the lawn;
Feels in his breaſt a jealous impulſe roll,
And ſecret treaſon whiſp'ring thro' his ſoul:
The page was learning to practiſe the bow,
And haply fate had arm'd him with it now;
Bruce ſnatch'd the bending implement of war,
As beſt adapted to defend from far;

He ſnatch'd—and inſtant, bent the twanging yew,
The trembling lad aſſum'd a fearful hue;
Quick to the ſtring he fits the feather'd death,
The treaſon onward preſſing o'er the heath;
Within the ſound of majeſty's command,
The Monarch loud, pronounces, 'Villains ſtand!'
Nor dare the lawn one further ſtep to tread,
Or death attends the order diſobey'd.
The ruſtic ſire continues to advance,
And fawns, and ſeems unconſcious of offence;
Looks all obedience,—but approaching near,
A whizzing death ſwift cleaves the yielding air;
Ent'ring one orb of light, it pierc'd the brain,
The traitor, reeling, backward preſs'd the plain.
One vengeful ſon fir'd at the father's fall,
Furious advanc'd, the Monarch to aſſail.
Charg'd in his hand a ſtrong broad faulchion ſhone;
The King unſheath'd his ſword, and met the clown,
With manly force, full aim'd, the ſhining blade
Down to the jaws divides the villain's head.
Ireful the third, advancing to the ground,
A ſpear portends, quite confident to wound:

The

The Monarch bending ſhun'd the deſtin'd fate,
Nor cou'd the wretch a ſecond blow repeat.
Quick thro' his bowels glides the reeking brand,
Tumbles the rebel carcaſe on the ſtrand.
Now roll the traitors in the jaws of death,
And curſe the treaſon with their parting breath.
Their ſouls, with horror fraught, forſake the light,
Flit, conſcious, to the ſhades, and veil their forms
in night.
The ſcene completed, and the felons dead,
His vows to heav'n the grateful Monarch paid;
Then with his page, returning to his home,
Relates th' adventure of the purpos'd doom.
The chieftains hear the tale with vaſt ſurpriſe,
And blame their Monarch, while they thank the
ſkies.
Inform'd, ſly Omphraville purſues his way,
Straight to Lochmaben where the warden lay;
Before that chief runs o'er the recent ſcene,
The treaſon baffled, and the traitors ſlain.
Pembroke himſelf admires the Monarch's force,
Tho' vex'd and puzzled in his future courſe.

Bruce reſts a while; but ſoon a warlike hoſt
From Gall'way's ſhores advance to Carrick's coaſt.
Two hundred men in battle broad array'd,
The late eſcap'd M'Dougal at their head.
His pow'r diſpos'd in hamlets thro' the land,
Scarce ſixty warriors wait the King's command.
With theſe the Bruce by night purſues his way,
To where the river waſh'd a craggy bay.
The royal watch had view'd the foe afar,
And to their King declar'd the coming war.
The careful Bruce in covert lodg'd his few,
And ſingly ſaunters t'other ſide to view;
Not forward to engage by pow'r o'ermatch'd,
That pow'r, by Cynthia's aid, he cloſely watch'd;
Still, on the river's rocky margin ſtood,
And ſaw the van on horſeback take the flood:
He felt his ſoul with ſudden ardour glow,
Strange impulſe urg'd, alone, to dare the foe;
Perceiv'd the ſtream, deep in its channel glide,
And riſing rocks o'erhang the ſilent tide.
Anxious, he ſearch'd the rugged margin round,
And from the bank, but one ſtrait paſſage found;

Where

Where one at once on horſeback, and no more,
Cou'd juſt but labour up the ſteepy ſhore.
Fir'd by ſome pow'r divine! the Monarch there
His ſword unſheaths, and, ſingly, waits the war!
M'Dougal firſt deſcries the narrow tract,
And briſkly, proves, he dare the current break;
Cautious aſcends, and, as he culls his way,
A man in arms eſpies upon the bay.
He mounts, and near had gain'd the rugged brow,
When daring BRUCE diſcharg'd a deadly blow.
Full on his caſque deſcends the forceful ſtroke,
Backward the chieftain tumbles from the rock;
And checking, as he fell, th' untimely rein,
Recoil'd the ſteed on the ſucceeding train;
Hurl'd headlong downward from the craggy ſide,
Mix'd men and courſers flounder in the tide.
Some in the fall were bruis'd, and others ſlain,
Their fellows gaz'd, aſtoniſh'd at the ſcene.
Now fir'd with rage all haſten to the fray,
And with forc'd ſhouts, attempt t' aſcend the bay.
But in the paſs the Monarch firmly ſtood,
And drench'd his ſword, in foremoſt courſer's blood:

Reels, the gall'd courſer, back upon the reſt,
And ſtops the progreſs of a warm conteſt:
Succeſsful, he purſues each lucky blow,
And down the ſteep, confounded, drives the foe. (*a*)
Awful he thunders on the yielding pow'r,
And ſteeds and riders tumble on the ſhore.
Now mingled heaps on heaps, they choke the bay,
The paſs encumber, and block up the way.
Amaz'd, the rear in wild confuſion ſtood,
Entangled in the margin of the flood.
Swift down the ſteepy track the Monarch ſped,
And dauntleſs trod the ruins of the dead.
Fierce on the river's brink, by Cynthia's light,
With dreadful ſhouts commenc'd a doubtful fight.

(*a*) *And down the ſteep, confounded,* &c.] I conſidered this action in all the lights I poſſibly could, before I ventured to narrate it. It has indeed an air of improbability in it at firſt ſight, and ſavours ſomewhat of romance. But if we look into the character of the perſon who managed it, a man of the utmoſt courage and conduct, joined to an extraordinary ſtrength of body, advantaged on this occaſion by the circumſtances of the time, (it being night) and likewiſe by the narrowneſs and ſteepneſs of the place; all theſe put together, did, in my judgment, ſolve the probability, and induced me to the narration. But I leave the reader to his own opinion.

With

With awful force he ruſh'd upon the crew,
Some drown'd, ſome wounded, wond'ring ſome withdrew:
Full fifteen warriors, by his ſingle hand,
Drench'd in their blood, lay gaſping on the ſtrand;
Cruſh'd by his ſingle might, the remnant poſt,
Retire, inglorious, to the farther coaſt;
Bear their diſgrace to Gall'ways diſtant lands;
While Bruce, ſucceſsful now rejoins his friends.

Still in the dales the hardy Douglas lay,
And Thirſwal ſtill poſſeſt his native ſway.
Long had he ſeen the haughty Saxon bands,
Reign uncontroul'd, and riot o'er his lands.
At laſt the chief his friends to council calls,
A wood convenient join'd the caſtle-walls;
There, they delib'rate to decoy the train,
And draw the haughty Thirſwal to the plain.
Some herds (the country's ſpoils) at random fed,
Hard by the fort, along a ſhrubby mead;
Theſe Douglas orders ten to drive away,
In ambuſh forty in the foreſt lay;

Himſelf their head. Soon by the ev'ning-dawn, (*a*)
Speedful, they drive the cattle from the lawn.
The watch eſpies the theft, and ſudden calls:
Thirſwal, with his, in arms deſcend the walls;
Purſue the robb'ry o'er the op'ning glade,
And juſt had paſt the ſecret ambuſcade;
When Douglas roſe, and all the private war
Ruſh'd to the plain, and charg'd the Saxon rear.
The blended ſhouts behind the van ſurprize,
And Thirſwal wonders at the ſudden noiſe.
Bright in his mail, the ireful chief returns,
And deſp'rate on the field the combat burns.
The word was Clifford on the Engliſh ſide,
A Douglas—the bold borderers reply'd.
From plaits of poliſh'd ſteel the ſtreaming gore,
In purple currents drench'd the braky ſhore.
Full in the front the hardy Thirſwal ſtands,
His brave example animates his bands.

(*a*) *Soon by the ev'ning dawn.*] I wou'd not have our critics miſtake this expreſſion for an impropriety. If they queſtion it, they may (amongſt others) conſult Dr. Sewel's tranſlation of that paſſage in Ovid, *traherunt cum ſera creпuſcula noctem.* The Doctor is reckoned claſſical.

He

He ſees bold Douglas thunder thro' the fight,
And forward ruſhes to oppoſe his might;
Againſt the chief advanc'd his ſhining ſpear:
The fearleſs Douglas meets th' extended war;
Evites the ſtroke, the truncheon hews in twain,
Glitters the ſteely fragment on the plain.
A ſlaunting blow next aim'd; the trenching blade (*a*)
Faſt by the collar, lopt the warrior's head.
By this the ten, that drove the herd, appear,
And with freſh vigour charge the Engliſh rear.
Thus preſt on every ſide, the hoſtile train
In mangled heaps lie ſcatter'd o'er the plain;
A few by flight the neighb'ring fortreſs gain.
To the purſuing war the gates oppoſe,
And bolts ſhut out the fury of the foes.

Douglas returns, and ſudden bends his way
To Carrick's coaſt, where ſtill the Monarch lay;
The loyal Scots thus fam'd for wond'rous acts,
Hourly increaſe, from all the neighb'ring tracts.

(*a*) *Trenching blade.*] Trenching, an old word for cutting. Hence retrench, to take off, impair, or diminiſh.

A muſter

A muſter call'd, decamp the royal lines,
And to Glentroul's thick woody ſhade inclines.
And now from Carliſle on the ſouthern coaſt,
Pembroke, and Vanes, and Clifford lead their hoſt.
Swift to Glentroul the ſquadrons ſhape their way,
And fifteen hundred ſhields reflect the day.

Long had the Bruce's ſtars, malignant, ſhed
Their direful influence o'er his royal head;
Long thro' a maze of dangers had he run,
His toils, ſucceſſive, circling with the ſun;
Thro' woods and mountains, and deſerted ſhores,
Purſu'd by faction, and by foreign pow'rs;
Expos'd to want, to fears, and hoſtile ſnares,
And all the miſeries of lawleſs wars.
But now the ſuff'rer feels the ſtars relent,
Their wrath exhauſted, and their poiſon ſpent.
Each orb, benign, now ſhoots a milder ray,
And dawning glory, riſes on the day.
The heavens at laſt diſcloſe more grateful ſcenes,
Pregnant with laurels, and triumphant plains!

Relenting

Relenting heav'n ſuch patience to record,
Bids victory re-ſteel the monarch's ſword.
Needing no more to weigh the dire debate, (*a*)
Doom'd to the plam, and conqueror by fate.
The pow'rs, by patience won, began to ſhed
A blaze of future glories round his head.

Approach'd the Saxon troops, and quickly found
The Scots diſpos'd along the higher ground.
Juſt where a woody mountain's rugged brow,
Threat'ning, o'erhung a ſteepy vale below.
The ſpies advanc'd to view the royal force,
And found that ſteep impaſſable to horſe.
Soon they return, deſcribe, in ſketches juſt,
The ſkill'd encampment of the Scottiſh hoſt.
Then Pembroke ſpoke,——ſaid, 'Uſeleſs are our horſe,
'And ſhou'd we ſtrive on foot our way to force,

(*a*) *Needing no more, &c.*] I hope this paſſage will not be excepted againſt, upon account of the King's future circumſpection; becauſe his ignorance of ſuch a determination made him ſtill go on to act with his uſual caution.

'The

The Scots advantag'd by the craggy height,
'May mock our labour, and defeat our might:
'Long hath the BRUCE in martial arts been ſkill'd;
'And long yon legions harden'd to the field;
'Then let us, cautious, ſhun the raſh debate,
'Act by ſurprize, and conquer by deceit.
'Poorly array'd, a woman firſt ſhall go,
'And, unſuſpected, may decoy the foe;
'Slyly degrade th' importance of our train,
'And draw the Scots, incautious, to the plain.
'Meantime our troops, in yonder wood conceal'd,
'May unperceiv'd ſurround the hoſtile field.'

The chiefs approve. The woman takes her way,
A ſtaff ſupports her up the rugged bay.
Straight to the King the beggar-traitreſs came,
And aſk'd an alms in good St. Andrew's name;
So might that ſaint ſtill ſhield him from all harms,
And with ſucceſs ſtill bleſs his righteous arms.
Not far encamp'd, ſhe told, on level ground
Sir Aylmer lay, below the craggy mound;
But raw his troops, undiſciplin'd appear,
Green to the field and novices in war.

Wou'd

Wou'd he deſcend, ſoon might he rout the foe,
Look them to flight, and gain without a blow.
Full on her face the Monarch fix'd his eye,
And gaz'd, ſuſpicious, on the beggar-ſpy;
His yeomen calls,—out ſprings a threatning band,
And ſudden ſeize the mendicant in hand.
Afraid of death, the trembling traitreſs kneels,
Her crime confeſſes, and the truth reveals:
Informs the King what ſtrength the foe combines,
That Pembroke, Vanes, and Clifford led the lines.

The Monarch heard, and ſoon the war array'd,
And broad his banner in the field diſplay'd.
Wedg'd in cloſe ranks the firm battalions ſtood,
And now the foe advances from the wood.
A bow, already bent, the Monarch drew,
Whizz'd the ſwift arrow from the twanging yew;
Quite thro' the foremoſt's gullet glanc'd the dart,
Revolts the blood, and mortifies the heart.
Fierce on the ranks the hardy Edward goes,
And Hay and Douglas pour upon their foes.

Advance

Advance in form, the brave inferior war;
The Saxon vanguard ſtagger on the rear.
Succeeding lines, diſheartened with the ſight,
Back thro' the wood, precipitate their flight.
The haughty chiefs, aſham'd at the defeat,
Induſtrious haſte to ſtop the foul retreat:
Threaten by turns, by turns exhort the train,
But ſtill they threaten and exhort in vain.
The hardy Scots th' aſtoniſh'd foe purſu'd,
And heaps of death lay ſcatter'd thro' the wood.
The Saxon rear beheld the routed van,
And down the rocks in wild diſorder ran.
The gen'rals fled, confounded and aſham'd,
And every chief his fellow leader blam'd.
'Twixt Vanes and Clifford high the quarrel roſe,
And words began to terminate in blows.
Divided bands eſpouſe their chief's debate,
And Saxon lances Saxon lances threat.
But Pembroke's interpoſing pow'r prevails,
And quick the dang'rous civil diff'rence quells.

Thus

Thus Bruce with twice three hundred in his train,
Drove fifteen hundred Saxons from the plain;
No longer now his royal pow'r conceals,
In woods, and invious hills, and barren vales;
No more can brook the tedious slow debate,
Nor the dull tenor of his lazy fate:
But feels his bosom with new ardors glow,
To risk his future fortunes at a blow.
The chiefs he calls, and all the loyal bands,
Mounts at their head, and to the plain descends.
Thro' ev'ry honest breast what raptures ran,
To see their Monarch glitter in the van;
With tears of joy the loyal troops beheld
Their Prince undaunted take the open field;
In caves and woody coverts lurk no more,
On bleaky mountains, and a barren shore;
But to the plains descend in bold array,
The gilded lions waving in the day.
A thousand warlike Scots of ancient race,
In steady ranks around the banner blaze;
Thro' Kyle and Cunningham direct their way:
The loyal regions own their sov'reign's sway.

To

To Bothwel where great Pembroke rul'd his hoſt,
Soon ſpreads the news of Kyle's revolted coaſt.
Incens'd, that chief his rendezvous ordains,
In arms a thouſand muſter on the plains.
To Coila's ſhore advance th' embattl'd lines,
And at their head the hardy Moubray ſhines.
But Douglas' ſpies abroad had timely view'd
The ſwift approaches of the hoſtile crowd;
Then ſudden to the royal camp repair,
And to their chief narrate the coming war.
'Twas night, when Douglas call'd his proper band,
And ſixty ſpears gleam'd o'er the duſky ſtrand.
To Elderfoord he ſhapes his private way,
A ſtrait paſs there, twixt two moraſſes lay;
Thither he ſaw the foe muſt bend their courſe,
He knew that paſs impervious to horſe;
A narrow, broken track of rugged ground,
With fenns, and briers, and brambles hedg'd around.
There all the night the Scots in ambuſh lay,
And ſoon as Phœbus roſe to gild the day.
In order rang'd, approach'd the Saxon war,
Their gilded enſigns glitt'ring in the air.

The

The Scots ſtill lurk'd unſeen, till all the pow'r,
Their ſteeds diſmounting, throng'd the narrow ſhore.
Sudden at once, the hardy ambuſh roſe,
And, confident, attack th' incumber'd foes;
With ſteely lances gore th' aſtoniſh'd van,
And men and courſers tumble in the fen.
So ſtrait the paſs, ſo deep thoſe fens below,
So fierce th' aſſault, and ſo amaz'd the foe!
That Moubray ev'n with tears beheld his band
Slaughter'd, reſiſtleſs, on the bloody ſtrand.
The muddy ooze ſtood ſtagnated with gore,
And mangled ſteeds and warriors chok'd the ſhore.
The dire diſaſter of the ſlaughter'd van,
Back to the rear in doubled terrors ran.
Where hopes or fears direct their doubtful way,
Diverſe they fled, aſtoniſh'd at the day.
The chief deſerted, views the routed war,
The ruin'd vanguard, and the flying rear.
Griev'd, and inflam'd at the diſaſt'rous ſight,
Unreins his ſteed, and ruſhes thro' the fight.
Charg'd in his hand a lance he bore on high,
A ſteely faulchion glitter'd at his thigh.

Onward he drove, and as the field he ſcour'd,
A Scottiſh warrior ſeiz'd the ſhining ſword;
Graſp'd the ſtrong belt, and ſtrove, but ſtrove in vain.
To ſtop the gallant Moubray on the plain.
Furious he ruſh'd, and in the warrior's hand
The burſting belt he left, and ſhining brand.
Thus having ſcap'd the danger of the day,
Firſt to Kilmarnock he directs his way;
Thence thro' Kilwinning and the Largs he goes,
And Inverkip, at laſt, affords repoſe.
An Engliſh garriſon that fortreſs held,
And there the chief narrates the hapleſs field;
His troops all helpleſs butcher'd in his ſight,
By fraudful ambuſh, and by Douglas' might.

In Bothwell ſtill the warden held his ſeat,
Vex'd at the news of Moubray's foul defeat;
Rage in his breaſt, and grief, alternate, roll
And ſudden thirſt of vengeance fires his ſoul:
Soon to the BRUCE a truſty herald ſends,
The herald, careful, bears his lord's commands.

The

The purport thus——Againſt a certain date,
If BRUCE wou'd venture on the ſtern debate;
His ſly attempts, and ſtratagems refrain,
And nobly dare to riſk one final plain;
Then ſhou'd the hero fix his future fame,
Living renown'd, or dead a glorious name.
Arriv'd the herald, and his charge reveal'd,
The dauntleſs King accepts the proffer'd field.
'Twixt Gaſton heath, where lay the royal pow'r,
And Loudoun hill, upon the moſſy ſhore;
There was the ground determin'd; and the day
Fix'd to the next approaching tenth of May.
Returns the meſſenger with ſpeedy care,
And to the chief narrates th' accepted war;
The time prefix'd, and the determin'd ground:
And now to Arms the Engliſh trumpets ſound.
To Bothwell, where the rendezvous was made,
Convene the legions for the war array'd.
Three thouſand whole, adorn'd in martial pride,
Bred to the field, and oft in battle try'd.
The chief confided in theſe daring bands,
Secure of conqueſt from ſuch valiant hands.

Meantime the King, by prudence ever rul'd,
Cautious in warmth, and rationally bold;
Whoſe courage no fermented ſpirits fir'd,
No riſing tumult of the blood inſpir'd;
No ſudden guſts of paſſion, furious, roll,
Nor rage, ungovern'd, ſuperſedes the ſoul!
Govern'd by ſchemes, from due reflection brought,
By ſolid plans, and conſequence of thought!
Each circumſtance with circumſtance ſtill weighs,
And all the ſeries of the action ſees;
Then dauntleſs in the field his force unreins,
Combats from wiſdom, and by wiſdom gains.

Thus, on the ninth, while ſhades involved the night,
Secret he went, and view'd the field of fight.
He found the beachy plain lay ſtretch'd full wide,
But hemm'd with mariſhes on either ſide;
Fearing the foe might on that length of ground,
Outwing his numbers, and his troops ſurround,
Three ramparts therefore from each bord'ring fen
Of hurdles rear'd, he drew a croſs the plain.

Nor

Nor did theſe ramparts at the centre cloſe,
But breaches op'ned to receive the foes,
That equal force, might equal force oppoſe.
This done, back to his hoſt he bends his way,
Prepares the war, and waits th' approaching day.

Aroſe the day, and Phœbus from the deep
His blazing car drives up the orient ſteep.
From Bothwell's plain approach the Saxon lines,
And pompous in the van proud Pembroke ſhines.
On barbed ſteeds, the van, and chief profound,
Rode ſheath'd in mail, with claſping ſilver bound.
Next theſe, with lances arm'd, and boſſy ſhields,
Advanc'd the ſecond battle o'er the fields.
Their gilded banners high in air diſplay'd,
And Omphraville and Clifford at their head.
The noble BRUCE perceiv'd them from afar,
And at the ſecond rampart rang'd his war,
Seven hundred Scots in native armour ſhone,
And ſpears and axes glitter'd in the ſun.
The gen'rous King full in the centre ſtood,
And on his right the fiery Edward rode.
The Left, to battle rang'd in firm array,
Was led by doughty Douglas to the day.

Three hundred waggoners, unwarlike crowd,
Upon the hill, retir'd, at diſtance ſtood.
Approach'd the foe. The Monarch gives the ſign,
And ruſhing pow'rs in furious combat join.
From either hoſt promiſcuous ſhouts ariſe,
Ring thro' the hills, and thicken thro' the ſkies.
With ſpears protended, and oppoſing ſhields,
Together, dreadful, ruſh the adverſe fields.
Reſounds the craſh of lances thro' the air,
And wounds, and groans, already mark diſpair;
The lances broke, unſheath'd by eager hands,
Thro' all the ranks thick flame the claſhing brands.
The noble Pembroke animates his train,
Inſpires the combat, and ſupports the plain;
'You have I choſe, he ſaid, to guard my fame,
'On you alone depends your Pembroke's name.'
Meantime the Bruce in ev'ry rank appears,
Aids ev'ry ſcene, and ev'ry danger ſhares.
Each hardy warrior ſingly he rolls,
Commends his worth, and ev'ry blow extols.
From right to left, he gallantly appears,
Warms ev'ry boſom, and the battle cheers.

'Tis

'Tis yours, my friends, he ſaid, this day to ſhow
'If I muſt rule you, or a foreign foe.
'Lodg'd in your hands is all your BRUCE's fate,
'By you he's wretched, or by you he's great;
'In you your country's lateſt hope remains,
'Her former freedom, or her future chains.'
He ſpoke, then on the hoſtile ranks he flew,
Sure death diſtinguiſh'd ev'ry ſtroke he drew.
Ev'n Edward wonders at his brother's might,
And onward ruſhes to ſupport the fight.
Clifford and Omphraville exert their pow'r,
Thick burns the combat round th' enſanguin'd ſhore.
Here, daring Douglas, and the gallant Hay,
There, ſubtile Boy'd, reſiſtleſs urge their way.
The crimſon torrents roll along the ſtrand,
And heaps of warriors welt'ring, ſpurn the ſand.
The King the vanguard broke, and all around
Widens the ſpreading ruin o'er the ground.
Next Edward ravages the bloody coaſt,
And breaks, and drives, and ſcatters Clifford's hoſt.

The Engliſh rear beholds the van's defeat,
And ſpite of threats and promiſes retreat.
In vain great Pembroke, long in battle ſkill'd,
Us'd all his conduct to ſuſtain the field.
Vain were his flatt'ries, his reproaches vain,
The Grampian legions ſcour the conquer'd plain.
As when ſome ſtorm, long hung in bellowing clouds,
Burſts from their hollow womb, and ſweeps the woods,
The roaring tempeſt in its rage deſcends,
As if convuls'd the cracking foreſt bends;
Not able to oppoſe the dreadful courſe,
Yields to the blaſt, and falls beneath its force.
So yield, o'erpower'd at length, the Saxon hoſt.
Flight, death, and wounds, declare the battle loſt.
A thouſand warriors lifeleſs ſpread the ground,
Troops much lamented, as before renown'd:
The leaders laſt, aſtoniſh'd at ſuch might,
From ſuch a field precipitate their flight.
Homeward great Pembroke, from the Scottiſh coaſt,
Retires, indignant, and reſigns his truſt.

The

The chieftains fled, and, ſcatter'd, all the band,
Diſmay'd and ſullen, now forſake the land.
The provinces to BRUCE their homage pay,
And all the weſt, obedient, owns his ſway.

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE

THE

BRUCIAD.

BOOK VI.

BOOK M

BACCHUS

THE

ARGUMENT,

TO THE

SIXTH BOOK.

THE King having been ſucceſsful in the Weſt, he next proceeds to the North, while Douglas with a proper force repairs to Dougleſdale and reduces that country; the King is taken ill upon his expedition; Cumming Earl of Buchan making advantage of that circumſtance, muſters as many of his people as would adhere to him, and endeavours to harraſs the King's army, the King orders his brother Edward to oppoſe Buchan; they come to an engagement, in which Edward was likely to obtain the victory; but to put the more certain end to the diſpute, the King himſelf recovers as ſuddenly as he fell ill, and takes the field; he no ſooner appears than he enemy fly in the utmoſt confuſion; Buchan with Moubray, who had join'd him, fly towards England, and ſoon die of their wounds; Brechin, another of that party betakes himſelf to Brechin caſtle, but ſoon ſurrenders; the King ſubdues Forfar and Perth; he ſends Edward to Galloway, who reduces that country to his brother's dominion; Douglas having been ſucceſsful in his country rejoins the King; the King marches againſt the Argatheleans and ſubdues them; he next makes himſelf maſter of Edinburgh and its caſtle; and of the adjacent countries to the South of it; Edward Bruce having in the meantime reduced

Dundee,

ARGUMENT.

Dundee, marches with his army againſt Stirling, which is gallantly defended by Sir Philip Moubray, who at length, fearing a ſcarcity of ſtores, propoſes a ceſſation for a certain number of days, at the expiration of which he engages, if no ſuccours arrive, to ſurrender to Edward; Edward accepts the terms; BRUCE diſapproves of the treaty; but finding himſelf obliged to abide by it, the Engliſh and Scots Kings, at the ſame moment begin to ſummon the whole force of each nation in order to ſupport their reſpective claims; an account of the quotas of troops furniſhed by the different provinces to both armies; Randolph too eager for fame, quits a poſt which had been aſſigned him by Bruce, in order to interrupt a part of the Engliſh army; he runs a great hazard by the inconſiderateneſs, but by an uncommon exertion of valour, he at length proves ſucceſsful; both armies prepare for a general engagement; a deſcription of the battle of Bannockburn, which was the moſt conſiderable and important that had at any former æra been fought between the Engliſh and Scots; victory declares for the Scots, and in conſequence the Great King ROBERT BRUCE, gains the entire poſſeſſion of his kingdom; the concluſion laments the want of Union between the people of the ſame iſland, and prays that as of *one* iſland, they may at length become as *one* people.

THE

THE

BRUCIAD.

BOOK VI.

THE weſt reduc'd, with banners broad diſplay'd,
The Monarch to the north his ſquadrons led.
His hardy brother, and the gallant Hay,
Lennox and Boyd attend him on his way.
Meantime bold Douglas with his truſty friends,
Private, to Douglaſdale his paſſage bends;
Reduc'd the fortreſs, and his native lands,
And Etrick whole, reſcu'd from Saxon hands.
Randolf, and Stewart, (*a*) who had, ſince Methven's plain,
Renounc'd their faith, and ſerv'd the hoſtile train;

(*a*) Not Stuart of Bute.

Both

Both priſoners of war the Douglas made,
And to the King the kindred-captives led.
Meantime the King ſtill northward march'd his hoſt,
But on the mountains ſicken'd as he paſt.
Of this inform'd, Buchania's rebel Thane
Near Inverury rendezvouz'd his train.
Fix'd on revenge, his treach'rous uncle dead,
Full fifteen hundred to the field he led,
Brechin, Himſelf, and Moubray at their head.
Of their approach the Monarch quickly hears,
Tho' unrecover'd, for the fight prepares.
Straight he commands a troop to guard him round,
And bear him in a litter to the ground;
Deputes his brother in the van to ride,
With Hay, and Boyd, and Lennox by his ſide.
Theſe, ſecret bids, conduct him in the fray,
Check his fierce heat, and guide him thro' the day.
Pleas'd with his orders, Edward quickly ſhines
Before the van, and onward leads the lines.
In arms ſeven hundred haſten to the plain,
The bold array ſoon ſhook the coward thane;

Nor

Not daring to endure the warlike ſight,
The rebel ſquadrons meditate their flight.
The king that inſtant felt his illneſs gone,
And, mounting, ſudden in the centre ſhone.
His friends aſtoniſh'd, rend with ſhouts the air,
Inglorious fled at once the rebel war.
Cumming (*a*) and Moubray haſte, to ſhun their death,
To Saxon ſhores, but there reſign their breath.
Brechin, to Brechin caſtle bends his flight,
And, there beſieg'd, ſoon owns the BRUCE's right.
The monarch rode thro' all the northern land,
The north at once acknowledg'd his command.
To Angus thence returning, reſts a while,
Then Forfar's fortreſs levels with the ſoil.
To Tay advancing next, the royal pow'rs
With hardy force aſſaulted Bertha's (*b*) tow'rs.

(*a*) *Cumming and Moubray, &c.*] This was one Sir John Moubray, not that perſon we mentioned before, and who held Stirling caſtle, as we ſhall hear by and by, whoſe name was Sir Philip Moubray, a man far ſuperior to this.

(*b*) Perth.

Their ladders rear'd, the monarch foremoſt ſcales
And all the legions ſudden mount the walls;
The tow'rs demoliſh, and the works around,
The ſcatter'd ruins ſmoke along the ground.
All theſe reduc'd, ſtraight with a ſelect band,
Edward advanc'd to Gall'way's rugged ſtrand;
St. John, and Omphraville in arms well ſkill'd,
Are twice defeated, twice drove from the field;
Thro' all the province, he victorious paſt,
And to his brother's ſway reduc'd the coaſt.
Douglas now maſter of his native land,
Straight to the Monarch reconducts his band;
Makes Stuart, Randolf in his journey ſhare,
And to the king preſents the rebel pair.
Stuart, ſubmiſſive, own'd th' unwilling blot,
The clement King, declares his crime forgot:
But Randolf, ſtubborn, firſt the king ordains,
To ſtricter durance, but exempt from chains;
Soon he repents, and mercy ſoon prevail'd,
He gets his freedom, and his pardon's ſeal'd.
The grateful Randolph, emulous of fame,
Unceaſing labour'd to reſtore his name.

The

The royal hoſt, again for war prepar'd,
In arms, to Lorn's rebellious clime repair'd:
That chief, the royal cauſe had long diſtreſt,
O'er run, and ruin'd, half the loyal weſt.
With rage, the Monarch feels his boſom glow,
And, fraught with vengeance, haſtens to the foe.
Appris'd, bold Lorn, conveens his trait'rous pow'r,
Two thouſand targes glitter on the ſhore:
Hard by the ſea, where rough, a mountain's brow
Slop'd by degrees, and touch'd a ſtream below.
To form the lines, leaders deputed be,
And Lorn embark'd, obſerves them from the ſea.
For dreading now, the gallant BRUCE's might,
He mann'd his gallies, to ſecure his flight.
By ſpies aſcertain'd of the rebels poſt,
The wary Monarch ſoon divides his hoſt
Douglas he orders with the archer-lines,
And Gray and Fraſer to that leader joins;
Unſeen by any one, their rout to keep,
And fetch a compaſs round the rugged ſteep;
To watch a ſignal, blazing ſhou'd appear,
Then unexpected charge the rebels rear.

Douglas obeys. The Monarch takes his way,
And, foremoſt, boldly mounts the craggy bay.
Advance the foe, and from the mountain pour
Vaſt heaps of tumbling ſtones, a rocky ſhow'r.
In vain. The king firſt preſſes to the war:
The promis'd ſignal, blazing's made appear,
And quick ſtern Douglas thunders on the rear.
The vanguard cloſe in fight, the Monarch join'd,
And fierce the archers gall'd them from behind.
Th' inviron'd rebels, deſp'rate in the fight,
Exert the utmoſt rage of ſavage might.
Vain rage! behind in feather'd tempeſt flew
The whizzing darts, and wide deſtruction threw.
The hardy King, the ruin ſpreads before,
In heaps the dead, and dying crowd the ſhore.
A few eſcap'd, but met the fate they ſhun'd,
And midſt the ſtream's deceiving eddies, drown'd.
M'Dougal's ſelf, ſwift launching to the main,
Plows, to ſome diſtant coaſt, the wat'ry plain.
Submits Argyle, at laſt, to BRUCE's ſway,
And all the tribes, their due obedience pay.

Now

Now from the heights deſcend the loyal pow'rs,
And ſpread their conqueſts o'er the champaign ſhores.
Linlithgow's tow'r by Binny's means they gain,
That ſtately bulwark's levell'd with the plain.
To Perth the Monarch march'd; and Randolf now,
Was bleſt with favour, and with title (*a*) too:
Thro' Fortha's tides, they gain Edina's (*b*) town,
And near (*c*) the Maiden-fortreſs ſat them down.
The Maiden fortreſs ſtill the Engliſh keep,
And Randolf, boldly, ſtorms the rocky ſteep.
In vain. Impregnable the caſtle ſtands,
And mocks the labours, of the loyal bands.
Frances (*d*) at laſt, a ſecret paſſage found,
And led the chieftain up the craggy mound.

(*a*) Randolph was created Earl of Murray.

(*b*) Edinburgh.

(*c*) *The Maiden fortreſs.*] The caſtle of Edinburgh; a paſſage was diſcovered to it up the rock, by one William Frances.

(*d*) This Frances is ſaid to have been a friar ſkilled in fortification.

Firſt Frances mounts by night, the legions ſcale
And drive the watches headlong o'er the wall.
Aroſe the guards, and quick commence the war,
The hardy Scots their weapons ſudden bare;
Fierce on the foe, the hardy Randolf flew,
And at a ſtroke, the Engliſh captain ſlew.
The doughty legions, ſeconded their head,
And all the guards, along the works lay dead.
Bold Randolf thus, of Edin's fort poſſeſt,
From long fatigue, indulg'd a grateful reſt.
Meantime the Douglas, thro' the borders ſcours,
And ſcales nocturnal, Roxburgh's ſtately tow'rs.
Unſeen the warriors, climb the ſteepy mound,
And all the fortreſs ſcatter o'er the ground.
All Teviotdale by force the chief o'er-runs,
The land reduc'd its rightful ſov'reign owns.

By this, fierce Edward on th' Allectand coaſt,
With care had rendezvous'd a ſelect hoſt,
The hardy legions pour into the town,
And tow'rs, and walls, and men, are levell'd ſoon.
Without delay from thence to Stirling's ſhore,
Boldly advances the victorious pow'r.

Around

Around the walls diſpos'd, the hardy train,
Aſſault with fury, but aſſault in vain.
That ſeat the gallant Moubray (*a*) boldly held,
Wiſe at the board, and daring in the field.
Edward impatient of the tedious hours,
And Moubray dreading his decaying ſtores;
Both to a mutual interview advance,
And artful Moubray thus propounds his ſenſe.
'My lord, you've prov'd and found the fortreſs ſtrong;
'The ſiege expenſive, and the labour long.
'Cou'd you accept a truce for certain days,
'During which time hoſtilities may ceaſe;
'Then I, if aided by the Engliſh might,
'Will fairly meet your troops in equal fight:
'But if unſuccour'd ſtill, by Engliſh pow'rs,
'Then, at the day, the fortreſs ſhall be yours.'
Edward, unſeen in politic deſigns,
Accepts the terms, the artful treaty ſigns,
And from the leaguer'd walls draws off his lines.

(*a*) *That ſeat the gallant Moubray*, &c.] This was brave Sir Philip Moubray, at this time in the Engliſh intereſt, but, after the battle of Bannockburn, he became loyal to King Robert.

To fair Auguſta Moubray ſpeeds his way,
The ſeat ſuberb, of great (*a*) Caernarvon's ſway.
The chief before his King, his conduct ſtates,
Propones the treaty, and the terms relates.
The King and peers applaud the leader's ſenſe,
Commend the truce, and mock the Scottiſh prince.

Meantime to Perth, where wiſer BRUCE then lay,
Brave undeſigning Edward ſhapes his way:
Joyful, relates each various action done,
The treaty ſign'd, and hardy Moubray gone.
The terms, the Monarch heard with vaſt ſurprize,
And on the thoughtleſs brother fix'd his eyes.

Then thus. 'Fond man! which ſhall I firſt re-
gret,
'A brother's folly, or a country's fate?

(*a*) *Great Caernarvon's*, &c.] Edward II. of England, was always called Edward of Caernarvon, a place in Wales where he was born.

'Harraſs'd

'Haraſs'd with toil, with dangers preſs'd before,
'Haſt thou not learn'd to know yon Monarch's pow'r?
'Yon Monarch! whom no neighb'ring ſtates withſtand,
'Sole heir of all his father's large command;
'Whoſe ſway, not Britain's ſhores alone, reſtrain,
'Wide ſtretch his conqueſts o'er the diſtant main;
'His progreſs (*a*) Cambria does not feel alone,
'For in his bonds (*b*) Hibernian vallies groan;
'Great part of France and Flanders owns his claim,
'And Europe trembles at his mighty name.
'Drawn from thoſe climes, what ſwarms ſhall crowd our ſhore?
'How vaſt th' aſſemblage! how array'd the pow'r!
'Their numbers ſhall our utmoſt thoughts beguile,
'Extend o'er ſhires, and darken half the iſle!
'The rebel Scots beſides, (*c*) a potent line,
'In arms already, will their ſtandards join.

(*a*) *Cambria*, &c. Wales.
(*b*) *Hibernia*, Ireland.
(*c*) *A potent line*, &c. The whole race of the Cummings, and their allies.

'Then

'Then what are we? how ſmall our native lands!
'How weak our force, how thin our loyal bands!
'See our diſpeopled plains, our barren ſoil,
'To faction long expos'd, and foreign ſpoil.
'Conſider this and view the treaty made,
'And all our hopes, in that one treaty dead.
'By cautious ſteps we hop'd our right to gain,
'But, raſhly, thou haſt render'd caution vain.
'Diſarm'd, and bound by truce ſo long a date,
'Secures the th' invader, and completes our fate.
'Long have we vainly ſpent our tedious hours,
''Midſt hoary mountains, and deſerted ſhores;
''Midſt cold, and heat, and hunger's pinching pain,
'Long have we toil'd, but long have toil'd in vain:
'In anxious thoughts have paſt the wakeful night
'And, girt with foes, conſum'd the dang'rous light.
'By ſuff'ring partly we regain'd our ſway,
'And, Fabius-like, we conquered by delay.
'In one raſh word now all our labour's gone,
'Our hopes extinguiſh'd, and ourſelves undone.

'Say,

'Say, brother! Whence ſhall we our troops prepare,
'Where is our force to meet yon dreadful war?'
He ſpoke, diſdainful——Edward, fierce, replies;
'By all the pow'rs that tread yon ſpangled ſkies;
'Let iſles united with the diſtant land,
'And Europe pour her millions on our ſtrand;
'Reſolv'd, I'll dauntleſs face the dread array,
'And meet the glorious terrors of the day.
'The truce was gen'rous, and I've ſwore in vain,
'Shou'd crowns and ſceptres bribe me from the plain.
'Scotland may ſee me fall, but never yield,
'Or fly, a coward, from ſo brave a field.'

The monarch ſmil'd, his dauntleſs ſoul he knew,
And what he dar'd to ſay, he dar'd to do.
The noble warrior in his arms he preſt,
And all the brother kindled in his breaſt.
Then thus. "So may juſt heaven our counſels aid,
'As I ſhall ſacred keep what thou haſt ſaid.
'Haſte then, bid all our royal friends prepare
'To join our ſtandard, 'gainſt the day of war.

'The

'The day! when each pretenſion ſhall be try'd,
'And heaven determine, which the juſter ſide.'

Meanwhile Caernarvon mounts his royal ſeat,
The peers around, in ſplendid order wait.
Thence, to the chiefs he iſſues his commands,
To raiſe his pow'rs, and muſter all his bands.
Near Berwick's walls, on Tweda's fertile plains,
The royal writ the rendevous ordains.
The warlike chiefs in ſudden armour ſhone,
And round diſpatch'd the mandate of the throne.
Straight ring the ſouthern ſhores with loud alarms,
And drums and trumpets, mingled, ſound to arms.

Sing, muſe, from various climes th' aſſembled throng,
And fit theſe names, and numbers to the ſong.
Where Wye's ſmooth ſtream, and Severn's fiercer tide,
Thro' Cambrian dales, in wild meander's glide;
Where Britiſh billows pent, indignant roar,
And, furious, laſh old Cornwall's chalky ſhore:

Roſe

Roſe twenty thouſand, in ſtrange arms array'd,
And hardy Monmouth glitter'd at their head.

(*a*) Where Thame and Iſis roll the princely wave,
And ſtreams united, ſtately Structures, lave;
Where oaks ſuperb, the pride of England ride,
And ſwell with riches, ev'ry flowing tide;
For trade, for conqueſt, equally prepar'd,
Britannia's bulwark, by all Europe fear'd!
Where flows the Ouze, and (*b*) Trent divides the land,
(Both loſt in Humber's more capacious ſtrand)

(*a*) *Where Thame and Iſis*, The river Thames, upon which London is ſituated, is the greateſt in England. It has its name from Thame, which riſes in Buckinghamſhire; and Iſis, which riſes in the borders of Gloceſter, near the confines of Wiltſhire. They have their confluence at Dorcheſter, and from thence running in one united ſtream, fall into the German ocean, thirty miles below London.

(*b*) *Trent divides*, &c. The river Trent is reckoned to divide England into two equal parts, north and ſouth. It riſes in Staffordſhire, paſſeth through Derbyſhire, Leiceſterſhire, &c. and, below Burton in Lincolnſhire, falleth into the Humber.

Aroſe

Aroſe the mighty (*c*) Trinobantian hoſt,
And fifty thouſand cloud the darken'd coaſt.
The moving bands the neighb'ring vales o'er-
ſpread,
By Arundel, and gallant Oxford led.

From Humber's ſtream, whoſe tumbling waves
reſound,
And deafen all th' adjoining coaſt around,
To where the Tweed in ſofter windings flows,
Full thirty thouſand quiver'd warriors roſe.
A hardy race, who, well experienc'd knew,
To fit the ſhaft, and twang the bended yew;
Bred up to danger, and inur'd to dare
In diſtant fight, and aim the feather'd war.
Theſe bands their country's higheſt triumphs
boaſt:
And Gloceſter and Hertford led the hoſt.

Advance the factious Scots, a rebel-line,
And to the foe their impious levies join.

(*c*) *Trinobantian hoſt.* Trinobantes were the people of Eſſex, Middleſex, and all about London.

Five

Three times five thouſand, by experience ſkill'd
To mix in cloſer combat on the field,
Led by great Omphraville, well known to fame,
And bold Corſpatrick, a redoubted name.

Next to the Scots approach th' Hibernian pow'rs,
From hoary mountains, and from fenny ſhores;
Three times ten thouſand ſtrong, a nervous race,
Bred to wild game, and nimble in the chaſe.
Before theſe troops, Fitzgerald's haughty ſon,
The brave O'Neil, and hardy Deſmont ſhone.

From Gallia now, and Belgium's diſtant coaſt,
In arms aſſembled, moves the foreign hoſt.
Theſe twenty thouſand whole, a warlike train,
In ſixty gallies plow the wat'ry plain.
Nor does the Muſe the leaders names rehearſe,
Nor ſtand thoſe names ſo ſmooth in Britiſh verſe.
Albion's white cliffs ſoon gain the foreign ſails,
And pour their legions on Northumbrian vales.

Now

Now with the King, from fair Auguſta's (*a*) towers,
Proceeds the court to Berwick's crowded ſhores.
The awful King! in gold and gems array'd,
The vaſt, the wond'rous rendezvous ſurvey'd;
His thick battalions views extended far,
And glories in the lengthen'd pomp of war.
The various climes in various armour ſhine,
And diſtant nations wonder as they join.
Review'd, wide o'er the fields encamp the pow'rs,
Repairs the ſhining court to Berwick's tow'rs.

Near Stirling's walls, where Forth's large billows play,
The noble Bruce with twice two hundred lay;
From whence around his royal writ he ſends,
To warn the chiefs, and ſummon all his friends.
Meantime he view'd the ground, and mark'd a plain,
Th' intended muſter of the loyal train.

(*a*) *Auguſta.* The name the modern Engliſh give to London.

Before

Before that plain, a league extended, lay
A green ſward mariſh, on a ſlanting bay.
The King, well ſeen in all events of war,
The muddy fen ſurveys with cautious care;
His troops he calls, and digs a ſpear length deep,
The level mariſh, from the ſloping ſteep:
Then plants with ſharpen'd piles the tract around,
And cloſe with hurdles covers o'er the ground;
Untouch'd the plain appear'd, the deaths conceal'd,
Rather invite, than frighten from the field.
Behind thoſe fens the King reſolv'd to ſtand,
And there the haughty foe's firſt charge attend.
The Scottiſh peaſants from the champaign ſhore,
Up to the mountains led their houſhold ſtore;
The plains of herds and victual diſpoſſeſt,
They left the country one abandon'd waſte.

Now rings th' alarm along the northern coaſts,
And ruſh to war the Caledonian hoſts.
From Skye, Pomona's iſles, and Caithneſs' ſtrand,
Three thouſand targets glitter o'er the land.

The Skye and Orkneys their own chieftains head,
And Caithneſs' troops the gallant Sinclair led.
Strathnaver, Sutherland in arms appear,
And hardy Roſſians iſſue to the war.
The brave M'Donalds and M'Kenzies join,
Fraſers, and Grants, and the Clan-chattan line;
That ſtretch, diſpers'd, along th' Hebridian ſhores, (*a*)
Monroes, M'Leans, M'Kays, and all the pow'rs.
Theſe hardy troops in Scythian arms array'd,
Diſtinct in tribes, their proper chiefs obey'd.
Convene the band on Roſſia's ſpacious bay,
And twice three thouſand bucklers gild the day.
From Murray's ſhores advance a thouſand ſpears,
And daring Randolf at their head appears.

Eaſt on Tæzalia's coaſt, (*b*) there lies a plain,
Bleſt with rich paſture, and luxuriant grain;

(*a*) *Hebridian ſhores.*] The Hebrides are a vaſt cluſter of iſlands, lying on the north-weſt and weſt of Scotland, ſcattered up and down the Deucaledonian ſea.

(*b*) *Tæzal'a*, The countries of Mar, Buchan, and all about Aberdeen; Buchan is only meant here.

Much

Much fam'd for cattle, much for woolly ſtore,
But for its hoſpitable people more.
On the ſmooth margin German billows play,
And pour their finny millions in each bay.
This region, 'ſpite of Buchan's (*a*) vain decree,
Maintain'd and rais'd a thouſand warriors free:
Willing they muſter'd for the royal aid,
By bold Philorth, and brave Pitſligo led.

And now in arms the noble Gordon ſhines,
And Enzie's (*b*) ſquadrons to Strathbogy joins.
Abria's (*c*) keen axes in the centre ſtand,
And Bad'noch gleams, intrepidly at hand.
Five thouſand warriors, to the chief adhere,
Axes, claymores, and targets, vaſt appear.

Next, hardy Forbes, and the gallant Mar,
On Don's fair borders rendezvous the war.
Forbes! in Scotia's annals long renown'd,
And oft of old with loyal laurels crown'd:

(*a*) *Buchan.* Cumming Earl of Buchan.
(*b*) *Enzie*, a part of Aberdeenſhire.
(*c*) *Abria.* The county of Lochaber.

From times remote, ſtill Forbes grac'd the page,
And yet ſhines ſpotleſs, in the preſent age.
Three times five hundred loyaliſts they led,
Completely arm'd, and as completely bred.
Horeſtia's plains a thouſand warriors yield, (*a*)
And Godlike Marſhal leads them to the field.
Thrice noble chief! I feel my ſpirits roll,
And all the hero ruſhes on my ſoul.
Where ſhall the Muſe commence thy deathleſs fame?
From what immortal æra trace thy name?
She ſaw thy ſire of old, on Barry's ſhore,
When rapid Lochty groan'd with Cimbrian gore;
She ſaw him 'midſt ſurrounding ruins ſtand,
When hardy Camus bit the bloody ſtrand;
When from the field he bore the regal ſpoils,
Proud prize! the badge of his triumphant toils.
Oft wou'd the Muſe have ſung the godlike line,
A taſk ſo bold, ſtill check'd the juſt deſign;
Fond ſhe ſet out, but felt the theme too ſtrong,
Too high the labour, and too vaſt the ſong,
Nor needful—for what genius ever ſings
Of Scotia's Heroes, and her ancient Kings,

(*a*) *Horeſtia*] The ſhire of Mearns.

Let

Let their fam'd deeds but once the muſe engage,
And ſtill ſome Keith ſhall glitter in the page.

Next, where the Eſk a double current pours,
And laves Æneia's ever loyal ſhores;
Two thouſand lances gleam along the ſtrand,
Strathmore, Southeſk, and Airly led the band.
Airly, renown'd for ancient honours gain'd,
When Gilchriſt conquer'd, and a William reign'd
To theſe, the Mills, a ſtill diſtinguiſh'd line,
With hearts, and arms, both prov'd, heroic ſhine.
Kinnaird and Falconer their legions call,
The brave Dundee, (*a*) and ever faithful Maule. (*b*)
Here let the Muſe, her pow'rleſs verſe deplore,
Unequal to thy name, O Maule! to ſoar;
Some bard hereafter, may his fame ſecure,
Singly, to celebrate thy worth, Panmure!
With twice ſix hundred, theſe, conjoin the throng,
No former muſe, no braver men hath ſung.

(*a*) *The brave Dundee, &c.*] The reader will pleaſe to obſerve here, once for all, that we don't by any means pretend, theſe gentlemen were nobilitated either before, or at this time. We only give them the titles of their poſterity, in order to make the narration the clearer, and their names more obvious to the preſent age.

Adjoining near, a fruitful region lies, (*a*)
The darling care of more indulgent ſkies;
Whoſe ſunny mountains, and luxuriant vales,
Are fann'd by zephyr's ſoft and kindly gales;
Where rich the year, in vaſt profuſion reigns,
Riots in groves, and revels on the plains:
Thence came a thouſand in bright mail array'd,
Glitter'd the mighty Errol at their head.
Full of his fires, the hero took the field,
A yoke diſplay'd, glar'd in the crimſon'd ſhield.
Proud enſign! Glory of that dire debate,
Where dauntleſs Hay revers'd the Scottiſh fate;
When Loncarty beheld th' Albanian pow'rs
Vanquiſh'd, and routed on th' enſanguin'd ſhores;
'Twas then, great Hay oppos'd the ſhameful flight,
Drove back the conquer'd, and renew'd the fight;
Thro' Cimbrian ranks, impetuous, forc'd his way,
And thund'ring, with his yoke (*b*) reſtor'd the day:

By

(*a*) *A fruitful region lies.*] A fertile plain called, the Carſe of Gowry.

(*b*) Alluding to what is hiſtorically related of the anceſtor of this noble family; who in the reign of Henry III. being

By him, thus wondrous, roſe the ruin'd ſtate,
Conquer'd by loſs, and triumph'd by defeat!

From Fife's fair coaſt three thouſand take the plain,
Headed by Wemyſs, and Crawford's ancient Thane.
The noble Wemyſs! M'Duff's immortal ſon,
M'Duff! th' aſſerter of the Scottiſh throne;

ing at plough, during an action between the Scots and Danes, wherein the Scots ſhamefully took to flight; the father, with two ſons, all ſtout men, concluding that their labours would be deſtroyed by the Danes, choſe rather to die than ſubmit to Daniſh dominion: they, with a few ſervants, and without any other arms than the YOKES they carried from the field; poſted themſelves in the mouth of a narrow paſs, through which the Scots muſt retreat; they reprehended them for their cowardiſe, ſwore they ſhould not paſs that way, and exhorted them to return to the charge; having prevailed, the battle was renewed, with the cry, 'Help at hand,'—and with ſuch amazing reſolution, that the Danes actually concluding, that ſome numerous ſuccours had arrived to the Scots, became diſmayed, and gave way. The Hays performed ſuch wonders with their yokes, that the yoke has continued in the illuſtrious name ever ſince.

Whoſe deeds let Birnane and Dunſinnan tell,
When Canmore battl'd (*a*) and the villain fell.
By Athol, and by Perth array'd to war,
Three thouſand lances glitter in the air.
See! glorious in his ſires, the great Montroſe,
Amidſt his conqu'ring Græmes to battle goes.
His mail bright ſtuds of gold enamell'd gild,
Th' immortal trophy of ſome ancient field.
A thouſand vaſſals court their leader's fate,
Greatly to fall, or, conqu'ring, to be great.
Three times five hundred to the war proceed,
By Eglinton, and Nairn and Bothwell led.
Carrick and Lyle pour forth their hardy train,
And Kennedy conducts them to the plain.
Renfrew, and Bute, and Rothſay join their aid,
Glitters the godlike Stuart at their head.
Advance in arms the Argathelian lines,
And in the van the loyal Campbell ſhines.
Some faithful aids approach from Lothian's coaſt,
And Seton's loyal offspring leads the hoſt.

(*a*) *And the villain fell.*] The hiſtory of M'Beath's uſurpation, in the time of Malcolm Canmore, and likewiſe the prophecy concerning Birnane wood's coming to Dunſinnan-caſtle is known to every one.

From

From Mercia's fertile plains appear'd a band,
Obedient to the gallant Hume's command.
Confed'rate dales, and warlike borders join,
Proud at their head to ſee great Douglas ſhine.
Theſe lines conjoin'd, afford ſix thouſand ſtrong;
Brave! paſt the pow'r of all poetic ſong.
Udny! tho' late, illuſtrious appears,
Retardment em'lous, to excel his peers;
In martial pomp, parades the gallant 'ſquire,
Big ſwell'd his breaſt, with patriotic fire:
The Monarch ſaw, the gen'rous chief approv'd,
Then to Tezalian lines, the chieftain mov'd.
Fierce Edward laſt, leads from his native ſhores
Five times five hundred, Gallovidian pow'rs.
The plan how tedious, ſhou'd the Muſe engage,
To crowd with diff'rent characters the page?
Nor needful is the taſk. Our chiefs of old
Brave by ſucceſſion, and by birthright bold;
In all their fathers' various virtues ſhone,
And ev'ry ſire deſcended in the ſon.
Bred to the field, and conſcious of their might,
They rang'd the globe, and taught the world to fight.

Thus

Thus from the distant north, and Solways sands,
At Bannock-burn arriv'd the loyal bands.
The king with joy beheld th' assembl'd train,
Full seven and thirty thousand crowd the plain.
The chiefs embrac'd, and view'd the squadrons round,
Assign'd their stations, and mark'd out the ground.
The leaders to the royal tent repair,
And o'er the fields encamp th' inferior war.

In ten divisions rang'd from Tweda's vales,
The English pow'rs advance thro' Lothian dales;
The wide extended pomp the regions fills,
Glares o'er the lawns, and gleams along the hills,
Nations on nations shade the crowded strand,
From shore to shore, and cover half the land.
Thick as the waving grain the valley clouds,
Or leaves in spring, that grace the blooming woods;
Lances and shields emit their blended rays,
And o'er the distant plains confus'dly blaze.

Thro'

Thro' Lothian ſwift advance the ſwarming pow'rs,
And ſudden crowd Bodotria's (*a*) winding ſhores,
Thence, quick, arriving at the (*b*) various fane,
Wide o'er the fields encamp the num'rous train.

Detach'd, old Stirling's fortreſs to ſecure,
Before the hoſt, Lord Clifford leads his pow'r.
In arms eight hundred with that leader ride,
All ſelect men! their maſter's chiefeſt pride.
Contiguous, Randolf had a poſt to keep,
Cloſe by the temple, on a ſloping ſteep,
Thro' which, unheeded by the Scots, the chief
March'd the ſwift legions to the town's relief.
Foul negligence! t' expiate which offence,
And ſooth the juſt diſpleaſure of his Prince;
With vengeful ſteps he courts th' unequal war,
Two hundred lances ſhining in his rear.
Soon as the Engliſh chief the Scots beheld,
With force inferior, boldly take the field;

(*a*) A Scholaſtic name for the Forth

(*b*) Falkirk.

Diſdainful

Diſdainful, in array he rang'd his band,
And in the front himſelf and (*a*) Howard ſtand.
Howard the brave! a knight renown'd in fame,
The boaſt, the glory of the Saxon name.
Ambitious chief! too eager in the ſtrife,
Too raſhly bold, and prodigal of life;
Forward thou ruſheſt upon certain death,
And 'midſt unnumber'd wounds reſign'ſt thy breath.
Thy native troops with tears beheld thee bleed,
And England yet laments her hero dead.

Meanwhile the combat, furious, burns around,
And crimſon tides roll, ſlipp'ry, o'er the ground.
Baulk'd in his firſt deſign, and fir'd with ſpite,
The haughty Clifford vig'rous, urg'd the fight.
His lengthen'd ranks extended o'er the ground,
And juſt began t' incloſe the Scots around.
This Randolf ſaw, and, with a gen'ral's care,
Diſpos'd into an orb his thinner war.
Each way objected, ſpears and gleaming ſhields,
Glitter an iron circle round the fields.

(*a*) *Howard ſtand.*] Sir William Howard, the noble anceſtor of the Duke of Norfolk.

And

And now both hoſts in cloſer combat join,
And thick'ning deaths in redder ruin ſhine;
Nor knows the ardent warriour to retire,
Fix'd where he ſtands to conquer or expire.
No blended ſhouts of war's tremendous cries,
Ring thro' the hills, or rattle in the ſkies,
The buſied field hears no tumultuous breath,
But claſhing armour, and the groan of death.
Glorious each chief, and grim with duſt and blood,
Amidſt the war with rival fury rode.
Along the ſtrand the wind'ning havock ſpread,
And round them roll'd in heaps the mangl'd dead.
But Engliſh bow-men, long in battle ſkill'd,
With feather'd deaths ſore gall'd the Scottiſh field.
This Douglas viewing from the camp afar,
Thus to the King prefers a ſoldiers pray'r.
'Sov'reign!' he ſaid, 'may heav'n direct the day,
'And may to-morrow's ſun ſecure thy ſway;
'As I with pity view yon dreadful ſcene,
'And Randolf ſweating on th' unequal plain.
'Oppreſt with numbers, and o'erwhelm'd with foes,
'Behold your hero fainting in your cauſe.

'Soon

'Soon ſhall he fall 'midſt yon ſuperior hoſt,
'And Scotia in her ſecond hope be loſt.
'Forbid it fate!—and thou, our gen'rous prince,
'Forgive a nephew's (*a*) undeſign'd offence;
'O'erlook the fault, and let me haſte to ſhare
'Yon bloody field, and turn the ſcale of war.
'So may kind heav'n confirm thy right divine,
'And fix the ſceptre ever in thy line.'

He ſaid—the Monarch thus himſelf expreſt,
(The gen'ral ſcene engroſſing all his breaſt)
'No aid from us this day ſhall ſcreen his crime,
'My ſlighted words, and his neglected time.
'Let him, unſuccour'd, 'midſt yon furious crowd,
'Feel his paſt folly, and repent in blood.'
He ſpoke, and thro' the camp purſu'd his way,
To view the troops, and prediſpoſe the day.

(*a*) *Undeſign'd offence.*] Randolf had been commanded by the King to guard a paſs near the church, by which the enemy behov'd to march to the relief of Stirling but having neglected it, he was obliged to follow and attack them on the plain, with numbers much inferior to theirs.

Still

Still on the ſpot the hardy Douglas ſtay'd,
Fix'd to his purpoſe, and reſolv'd to aid:
When now the foe, with pleaſure he beheld,
Looſe in their ranks, and reeling in the field:
Randolf and his, with unreſiſted might
Bearing down crouds, and burſting thro' the fight.
Needleſs th' intended aid—for aid had ſtain'd,
The glory by ſuch blood and labour gain'd.
And now Lord Clifford's troops deſert the war,
And Randolf thunders on the flying rear.
Back to their hoſt retreats the routed train,
And twice two hundred breathleſs preſs the plain.
Randolf returns, the Monarch graſpt his hand,
And to repoſe ordain'd the weary band.

By this, the night (*a*) unuſual darkneſs ſpreads,
And heav'n and earth involves in thickeſt ſhades.
No beams from Cynthia's ſilver orb appear,
No leſſer taper twinkles in the ſphere;

(*a*) *Unuſual darkneſs*, &c.] This was the more remarkable upon account of the ſeaſon of the year, it being on the 20th of June, when in theſe climates there is little or no darkneſs at all.

But

But nature ſunk in ſable horrors lay
Profound, and pregnant with the future day;
Yet watchful BRUCE exerts a father's care,
And thro' the ſilent gloom explores the war.
Views all the lines, now part in ſlumbers loſt,
Part talking, wakeful, of the adverſe hoſt.
In deep attention, ſtill he march'd along,
And mark'd the whole behaviour of the throng;
In ev'ry word, in ev'ry geſture ſkill'd:
Diſpoſing, as he went, th' approaching field.
Near to th' entrenchments ſtood an ancient fane,
The pious ſtructure of ſome former reign;
Where midnight vows employ the rev'rend ſires,
And twinkle in their lamps the drowſy fires;
Thither his private oriſons to pay,
Devout, the Monarch treads his ſilent way.
The prieſts receive him with paternal care;
But ſoon to heav'n, as he prefers his pray'r,
Dreadful, thro' all the ſkies loud thunders roll,
And quick the lightning gleams from pole to pole.
The fathers, haſting to the porch, eſpy,
Two flaming armies combat in the ſky.

The

The legions ſeem'd to blaze in red attire,
And all the viſionary war on fire.
Then ſudden, in a trail of flaſhy light,
Downward, bright Ariel ſhoots along the night;
Straight, to the King, appears within the ſhrine,
Celeſtial glories round his temples ſhine;
His flowing robe in azure volumes roll'd,
Bright ſapphires, blazing, on ætherial gold,
(Pure radiant gold of heav'n, without allay)
Around the fane diffus'd a flood of day!
The pious Monarch, at the ſight amaz'd,
With awful rev'rence on the angel gaz'd;
When Ariel thus. 'From regions diſtant far,
'Beyond the convex of yon arched ſphere;
'Where bliſsful minds diſſolv'd in raptures lye,
'Or float on azure pinions thro' the ſky;
'Or on the Trine's immortal glories gaze,
'Baſk in the beams, and live upon the blaze:
'Down from thoſe happy ſeats, to thee I come,
'Thy cares to ſooth —but not unfold thy doom.
'Beyond the realms of light that ſecret lies!
'Far in the womb of fate, and wrapt in ſkies.

'In vain to heights of future ſcenes we ſoar,
'The ſole, fix'd priv'lege of eternal pow'r!
'No more I know, but that to morrow's ray
'Is doom'd to finiſh this contended ſway.
'Thee I behold, with anxious cares oppreſt,
'To heav'n alone, reſign thy pious breaſt.
'Go then, and boldly meet the ſtern debate,
'Be ſtill thyſelf, and leave th' event to fate.
'With pious courage fraught, thy fortune try,
'A fortune not unfavour'd by the ſky.'
This ſaid, the ſeraph ſwiftly wings his way,
Mounts thro' the ſpheres, and gains upon the day.
Full of the wond'rous ſcene, the monarch trod
Back to the camp his ſolitary road;
In meditation, to his tent repairs,
A timely ſlumber overſhades his cares.

From ocean now uprais'd, the god of day,
Thro' miſts, and mournful, ſeems to gain his way:
The fiery car the ſteeds reluctant roll,
Recoil, and ſcarce oppoſe the whirling pole.

The

The vapours, denſe, refuſe to feed the blaze,
Or add freſh fuel, to the faintiſh rays;
That beams oblique might point, forbid to gild,
The coming horrors of ſo dire a field.

Now from Falkirk, by Fortha's winding coaſt,
In dreadful order moves the Engliſh hoſt:
Men, arms and ſteeds, the mountains ſhade afar,
And vallies groan beneath the load of war.
Unfurl'd in air, the golden banners play,
And clarions, drums, and trumpets rouſe the day.
Adjoining hills the lound alarm rebound,
And rocks and foreſts multiply the ſound.
Great in the van, and awful as a god,
In gems and gold the mighty Edward (*a*) rode;
Round him, all ſheath'd in mail, a dreadful line,
Three thouſand warriors on barb'd courſers ſhine.
Bold Glo'ſter, and Bohun, a martial knight,
Oxford, and Kent, and Hertford guard the right;
The left obeys ſly Omphraville's commands,
Join'd by Corſpatrick's and by Clifford's bands.

(*a*) King of England,

The troops from Belgium, and from Gallia's coaſt,
Make up the centre of the martial hoſt.
Monmouth, O'Neil and Deſmont next appear,
And with united ſquadrons guard the rear.
The quiver'd bands around the flanks diſpos'd,
On either ſide the moving battles clos'd.
In pompous order thus the num'rous train,
Forward advances to the deſtin'd plain.

Thro' Bruce's hoſt next ring the loud alarms,
And Caledonian trumpets ſound to arms.
All o'er the camp the ready ſquadrons ſtand,
And wait, impatient, for their chief's command.
Forth from his tent, advancing to the lines,
The daring Monarch, in bright armour ſhines
A cheerful vigour ſparkles in his eyes,
And, o'er his face, the martial terrors riſe;
A corſlet ſtrong blaz'd on his ample breaſt,
And nodded on his helm, a bloody creſt;
Faſt by his thigh, bright ſhone his flaming brand,
An ax of ſteel gleam'd in his better hand.
The legions, joyful, on the Monarch gaze,
Full of the wonders of his godlike ways.

With

The Grampian chiefs, array'd in warlike ſtate,
With cheerful pomp upon their Monarch wait.
Now, for the battle, arms each loyal band,
And thick'ning ſquadrons form along the ſtrand.
Glare in the van the bold Tæzalian lines,
And at their head the noble Randolf ſhines;
Rang'd on the right the ſouthmoſt legions ſtood,
And on their front the fiery Edward (*a*) rode:
With him experienc'd Boyd divides the ſway,
Sent by the King to guide him thro' the day.
Before the Weſt, upon the left appears
Young Stuart, and Douglas joins his border-ſpears.
The others chiefs their proper ſtations held,
But theſe, the gen'ral leaders of the field,
Arranged, at laſt, the rear in order ſtood,
And at their head the King, unuſual, rode.
And whilſt he views around th' embattl'd war,
The gen'rous Keith ſupplies his maſter's care.

And now both hoſts a mile divided ſat,
A ſhort and anxious interval of fate;

(*a*) BRUCE's brother.

When great (*a*) Caernarvon waves his awful hand,
And list'ning thousands round their Monarch stand.
Then thus: 'Behold, my friends, our mighty pow'rs,
'From British climes conven'd, and foreign shores,
'Our sire's immortal laurels to maintain,
'And fix our conquests o'er the Grampian Reign:
'Ev'n here yourselves before have often fought,
'And frequent ruin on the rebels brought.
'This day, have we a mightier force array'd
'Than e'er, at once, our sire's commands obey'd;
'You then, who still, with him, victorious shone,
'Still conquer, nor degen'rate, with the son.
'Behold how thin appear yon dastard bands,
'Scarce half sufficient for our soldiers hands;
'E'vn thousands here shall find no foe to slay,
'But idly share the triumphs of the day.
'Go then, my friends, attack the puny plain,
'And drive yon handful, scatter'd, to the main.
'Assert your own, assert your Monarch's name,
'Let death, or fetters, crush, the rebel's claim.'

(*a*) King Edward.

He

He ſpoke—with mingled ſhouts reſounds the air,
And all the eager troops demand the war.

Now godlike BRUCE before the centre ſtands,
And thus accoſts his Caledonian bands.

'Fellows in arms! long did our ſires oppoſe
'The haughty inſults of ambitious foes;
'Long hath our country ſtruggled with her fate;
'With Pictiſh fraud, and Saxons conſtant hate.
'Theſe two ſupported by Auſonian pow'rs,
'How did the mighty ruin ſpread our ſhores!
'What ſeas of blood, what mountains of the ſlain,
'Chok'd ev'ry vale, and ſtrow'd each purple plain,
'Thus fell our ſires; or, drove by ſword and flame,
'Fled far; and Scotia ſcarce retain'd a name.
'Yet heav'n, relenting heav'n, beheld her fate,
'And arm'd the great reſtorer of the ſtate!
'From frozen climes, and Scythia's diſtant ſtrand,
'The patriot prince collects the ſcatter'd band; (*a*)

(*a*) *The patriot prince*, &c.] Fergus II. who reſtored the Monarchy of Scotland, after it had been almoſt utterly extinguiſhed by the Picts, Saxons and Romans.

'He came, he conquer'd, and her right reſtor'd,
'Doom'd to the ſway, and Albion's fated Lord.
'Pictiſh and Saxon ſpoils his triumphs grace,
'Theſe baniſh'd, thoſe a quite extinguiſh'd race.
'Next from the North, where Baltic billows rave,
And Cimbrian rocks the foamy tempeſts lave;
'Againſt our ſires advanc'd the ſwarming train,
'Our hardy ſires, undaunted, took the plain.
'Let wond'ring Loncarty record the day,
'And with great Kenneth, join the greater Hay.
'Let Malcolm next, and Keith's ſuperior rage,
'And Barry's field run purple in the page!
'When Lochty's current, chok'd with tides of blood,
'Groan'd to the ocean in a crimſon flood.
'For Scotia's right, thus ſtood the Scots of old,
'Thus glare your fathers in recording gold.
'Such were their acts, and ſuch their royal fame,
'Such glories blaze, around each deathleſs name
'And now, my friends, this day, methinks I ſee
'Thoſe noble patriots in their progeny.

This

'This day! the laſt of all our long debate,
'The fix'd, important period of fate!
'In gold and jewels now does Edward glare!
'What pride of armies! and what pomp of war!
'Behold yon vaſt array, yon ſwarming hoſt,
'Legions extended cloud the wond'ring coaſt!
'This hour of fate! this inſtant hour demands
'Your fathers ſouls, and all your fathers hands;
'We know the deeds of ev'ry doughty ſire,
'Nor ſhall we doubt their hardy offspring's fire.
'Methinks I ſee great Græme undaunted go,
'Gainſt Rome's proud eagles, and the Saxon foe.
'Here are his ſons, behold the manly race,
'See how the father, threatens, in each face.
'Methinks I ſee the Douglas' ſire of old,
'Red from his toils, and reſting on the mould;
'Then, princely juſtice aſkt the hero's name,
'And Sholto Dow Glas pointed him to fame. (*a*)

'Already

(*a*) *And Sholto Dow Glas*, &c.] This is ſaid by ſome to have happened in the reign of Salvathius King of Scots, Anno Dom. 787. *to wit*, That in an engagement betwixt the Scots and Picts, aided by the Saxons, the Scots were in

'Already mention'd, needleſs I run o'er,
'The trophies by our ſires obtain'd before.
'This glorious day ſhall ev'n eclipſe their rage,
'And Bannock-burn, roll nobler in the page;
'A new, a noble æra ſhall unfold,
'And Scotia's ſons ſhall ſtand in brighter gold.
'Pardon, my friends! that I the field delay,
'And ſtop with words the laurels of the day;
'That I retard the freedom of the ſtate,
'Your glory, and with your's, your Monarch fate.
'Go on, brave Scots! and let each hero's fire,
'Prove his bold lineage, and aſſert his ſire.
'Scotia this day demands her ancient right,
''Tis Scotia! arms her daring ſons to fight.

in a manner entirely routed; but the extraordiary bravery of this Dow Glas turned the fortune of the day, and procured the victory to the Scots. The King enquired who he was whom he had ſeen behave ſo gallantly; a gentleman pointed him out, as he reſted himſelf on the ground, and ſaid, Sholto Dow Glas, ſee *the black grey man*. The King loaded him with honours, and his family hath ever ſince bore that name.

'The

'The pride, the hate, the tyranny you know,
'And all the rage of yon relentleſs foe:
'Think then, your wives, and helpleſs infants ſtand,
'And weep for ſafety, from each warrior's hand.
'Dear pledges! let their images remain
'Fix'd in your ſouls, and bear you thro' the plain.
'Let thoſe ſoft ties of life, your better part,
'String ev'ry nerve, and ſteel each hero's heart;
'Thro' ev'ry ſcene of action point your way,
'And heav'n, propitious, ſhall conduct the day.
'Freedom the prize! to purchaſe ev'n the name,
'In death, there's glory! ſlavery is ſhame.
He ſpoke—and tears, indignant, ſwell'd their eyes,
Then furious ſhouts, for battle, tore the ſkies.

Then pious BRUCE, in view of all his lines,
Prone to the earth, his ſuppliant form inclines;
His hand apply'd unto his ſpotleſs breaſt,
And thus the father of the ſkies addreſt.

'Immortal

'Immortal pow'r! whoſe ſacred voice, ſupreme,
'Spoke to exiſtence this ſtupendous frame;
'Who ſway'ſt the nations with thy dreadful nod;
'And crowns, and trembling thrones, confeſs the God!
'If e'er with lips unfeign'd my vows I paid,
'If e'er my ſoul a pure oblation made;
'Regard my ſuff'rings paſt, remit my cares,
'And judge, propitious judge! thy ſuppliant's pray'rs.
'If I, unrighteous, fall before yon foe,
'From thee, ſubmiſſive, I receive the blow;
'But if my right th' Almighty's aid can claim,
'Aid thou, and teach me, to adore thy name.

The pious Monarch thus—and all the bands,
With humble hearts, and with uplifted hands,
Devout, addreſs the ſov'reign pow'r on high,
Confeſs their guilt, and deprecate the ſky.

Anon, advancing from the Saxon train,
A knight in ſhining armour croſs'd the plain. (a)

(a) *Knight in ſhining armour*, &c.] This is ſaid to be Sir Henry Boheme, or Bohun, of the family of Warwick.

His

His haughty mien, and his gigantic ſize
At once attracted ev'ry warrior's eyes.
This hardy wight, with proud, diſdainful look,
A lance, enormous, in his left hand ſhook.
Approaching, he defies each Scottiſh knight,
And dares the braveſt, out, to ſingle fight.
Soon as the King the giant-foe beheld,
Alone, defy his legions on the field,
The ſteed he reins, and ruſhes o'er the ſtrand;
An axe well temper'd charg'd his better hand:
Dauntleſs he rode to meet the champion's force,
And proud the knight begins his furious courſe
Full at the Monarch aims his length of ſpear,
Th' eluded weapon ſpends its ſtrength in air.
The courſer bore him on, but as he paſt,
(Juſt where the plume ſtood nodding on his creſt)
A forceful blow the Monarch aims with ſkill,
Thro' helm and brain down ruſh'd the ſhining ſteel;
Tumbles the champion on the gorey heath,
His boaſtful viſage threat'ning ev'n in death.
This ſaw both hoſts, and, from the important fight,
Each takes the omen of the future fight.

Returns.

Returns the King; his worth each boſom fires,
And ev'ry leader to his poſt retires.

And now both armies for the fight prepare,
And ſhriller clangors animate the war.
Drums, trumpets, clarions blend their warlike cries,
Ring thro' the air, and eccho thro' the ſkies.
Woods, vales, and mountains the alarm rebound,
And heav'n and earth appear involv'd in ſound.

Say, ſacred Nine! the dreadful ſcene relate,
And paint the wonders of this day of fate!
Approach the foe, ten thouſand Glo'ſter heads,
Ten thouſand more, the hardy Hertford leads.
Full on the Scottiſh right, they ſhape their way,
Where Edward's legions, lin'd the hollow bay;
The hollow bay, thick ſet with piles before,
And with fictitious turff diſſembled o'er.
On fearleſs ſteeds the Engliſh thither bound,
And plunge at once into the faithleſs ground.

Wallows

Wallows five thouſand, in the gaping ſhore,
And ſharpen'd ſpikes five thouſand courſers gore.
Edward to war his infantry commands;
Ruſh, fierce the foot, amidſt th' entangled bands;
Their fiery leader thunders at their head,
And faſt around the wid'ning ſlaughter ſpread.
Warriors and ſteeds lay in one ruin mix'd;
By craft ingulph'd, and ſecret piles transfix'd.
The reſt, affrighted, from the fatal coaſt,
Retire confus'd, and join the ſecond hoſt.

Again, in air, the Engliſh banners play,
And fifty thouſand iſſue to the day.
The hardy Monmouth heads his Cambrian force,
And Oxford joins his Trinobantian horſe.
To meet thoſe battles dauntleſs Edward goes,
But looks for aid againſt ſuch odds of foes.
Nor long expects; before his hardy lines,
Soon at his ſide, the noble Randolf ſhines.
In quick battalia form'd, each adverſe train,
With double rage, commenc'd the ſecond plain.
Together faſt, the burſt of battle goes,
And to the ſkies the ſhouts, tremendous, roſe.

As when loud winds the foaming ſurges ſweep,
And from its caverns tear the bellowing deep;
Or, as fierce flames their crackling torrents pour
Thro' mountain-foreſts, and the ſhades devour:
Juſt with ſuch rage, the hoſts together bound,
Juſt ſo the clamours, thro' the heav'ns reſound.
Soon as the craſh of ſpears obſcures the air,
At once, unſheath'd, the gleamy faulchions glare.
From claſhing arms, the blended ſparkles blaze.
And bluſhing torrents form a crimſon maze.
Here haughty Monmouth thunders in his might;
There hardy Oxford animates the fight,
In vain. See, where fierce Edward ſwims in gore;
And Randolf's mighty arm lays waſte the ſhore.
See, where the ſpreading ruins of the ſlain,
Thicken, and grow, and widen o'er the plain!
Incline the Saxon ranks; nor longer dare
Oppoſe the fury of the Grampian war.
Monmouth and Oxford, ſee their troops give way.
And, pierc'd with wounds, themſelves forſake the day.

Retreat

Retreat the legions, to the gen'ral hoſt;
And twenty thouſand, lifeleſs, ſtrow the coaſt.
The Scots ſoon rally, ſoon their ſtandards join,
And form'd the troops, again in order ſhine.

Doubly repul'd, now all the Engliſh war,
Fir'd with reſentment, for the field prepare.
In gold array'd, and blazing diamonds bright,
The mighty king! rode foremoſt to the fight.
Three thouſand knights, in mail, ſeverely gay,
Rich, on barb'd ſteeds, conduct him to the day.
The long extended legions fill the train,
And crowding nations thicken on the plain.
Aloft, unfurl'd, the gilded ſtandards fly,
And all the pomp of battle ſtrikes the ſky.
Where Edward's legions and brave Randolf's ſtood,
Rally'd, and reeking ſtill with recent blood;
Array'd, the ranged ſquadrons proudly dare,
Repeat the dire magnificence of war.
Unequal match! But ere th' attack begun,
Amidſt the chiefs, the doughty Douglas, ſhone.

Three thousand bord'rers, his command obey,
Fresh to the field, and ardent for the day.
Him gallant Stuart, in burnish'd armour joins,
And to the onset leads his western lines.
Heroic youth! Nor had five lustres shed
Their circling seasons, o'er his blooming head.

The charge begins. The hosts together bound,
And steeds and warriors tumble on the ground.
The crashing spears, in clouds of splinters rise,
Fierce thund'ring noise, deep groans and mingled cries,
Ring round the forests; ecchoing rocks reply,
And all the war redoubles in the sky.
The Monarch's steely guards, amidst the fight,
On Edward's legions, pour their awful might.
Edward as furious meets the iron-train,
And heads and helmets ring against the plain.
Hibernian foot, and Gallia's warlike horse,
Against the noble Randolf, bend their course.
The noble Randolf 'gainst those squadrons rode,
And foreign gore soon swell'd the neighb'ring flood.

What

What wonders were by dreadful Douglas wrought!
And ev'n young Stuart, not undiſtinguiſh'd, fought.
But Omphraville, in arts of war long ſkill'd,
Draws forth the Saxon bowmen to the field.
Rang'd to th' attack, full fifty thouſand came,
That drunk the Tine, and Humber's tumbling ſtream.
From twanging yews the whizzing tempeſts fly,
And clouds of feather'd fates obſcure the ſky.

By this Hyperion on his radiant car,
Flam'd in the zenith of the middle ſphere.
And now th' unerring balances on high,
Fram'd of pure gold, depended from the ſky;
The work of art divine, to weigh the fates
Of rival monarchs, and contending ſtates;
Impartial heav'n's decrees ordain'd to prove,
And fix th' eternal equity above.
Bright in the azure vault the balance ſhone (*a*),
And Britiſh fates in either ſide are thrown.

(*a*) *Bright in the azure vault the balance ſhone.*] This piece of machinery (if we may call it ſo) the reader will find made

Sinking more pond'rous, Scotia's lots prevail;
High mounts in air, o'erpois'd, the Engliſh ſcale.

Meanwhile the King, not yet engag'd, beheld
The bold encounters on the various field;
Admiring view'd his glorious leaders fight,
In all the terrors of their fathers might;
Juſt then perceives, reſerv'd the quiver'd pow'r,
By crafty Onaphraville well known before,
Rang'd on the hoſtile flanks, in order glare,
And gall with diſtant wounds the Scottiſh war.
Reſounds th' alarm, and tribe by tribe draws forth,
Array'd to battle, the intrepid north.
Himſelf, before the ſquadrons takes the plain,
And Hay and Keith and Gordon fill the train.
His troops M'Kenzie, to M'Donald joins,
And all the war in Scythian armour ſhines.
The dales around Hebridian axes gild,
And boſſy bucklers glimmer o'er the field.

made uſe of both by Homer and Virgil; nor is it any invention of theirs, or indeed, owing to the Pagan theology. We have ſeveral authorities for it in ſacred writ, particularly that of Daniel, in the account he gives of Belſhazzar's feaſt, chap. v. ver. 27.

Detach'd

Detach'd before, the noble Marſhall rode,
To quell the fury of the archer-crowd.
Two thouſand ſpears obey that chief's commands,
Fiercely they ruſh amidſt the the quiver'd bands.
The bold detachment dealt deſtruction round,
Bows, ſhafts and warriors mingling on the ground.
Not able to ſuſtain their awful might,
Back to the rear the archers wing their flight.

By this the King, majeſtically great,
Shines in the center of the day of fate!
Stern terrors riſing, brood, upon his brows,
And in his looks, the God of battles glows.
Quick round the field with eyes ſurpaſſing keen,
At once commanded all the warlike ſcene:
Then, as the thunder, burſting from on high,
Drives thro' the gather'd wreck, and ſweeps the ſky;
While clouds, diſſolv'd in mighty torrents, pour
The ſounding ruin round the delug'd ſhore;
So ruſh'd the Monarch 'midſt the thickeſt fight,
And flam'd in all the wonders of his might.

Gods! How his rage the wid'ning havock ſpread!
How thick around him roſe the growing dead!
What tides of rolling gore, from ranks o'erthrown,
Unite, and ſwell, and deeper float the lawn?
The lawn! that late, freſh crown'd with verdure, ſmil'd,
Now groans with death, and looks one bloody wild.
The diſtant war, aſtoniſh'd, ſtops its courſe,
And, wond'ring, view'd his more than mortal force.
The hardy north's undaunted ſons engage,
And ſecond, thro' the field, their Monarch's rage.
Amaz'd, the foreign troops, their aid repent,
And ev'n Caernarvon dreads the dire event.
But Omphraville collects the ſtagg'ring lines,
And at their head, once more, undaunted ſhines.
Bold Giles, the Argentine renown'd in fame,
And long in foreign fields a dreadful name,
Recals the Belgian, and the Gallic horſe,
And joins to Omphraville the rally'd force.
The Scottiſh battles, diſtant on the field,
Th' aſſembled foe's freſh rendezvous beheld;

From

From diff'rent quarters, their whole troops combine,
And all at once the Monarch's ſtandard join.
The monarch now the van, and all his pow'r
Upon the foe with dreadful fury bore;
Th' oppoſing foe, with equal fury bound;
Beneath the ſhock, deep groan'd, the trembling ground;
The mighty claſh of arms reſounds in air,
And mountains eccho to the din of war.
How did the BRUCE in all his dread array,
Surpaſs the former wonders of the day!
His rage thro' ev'ry ſcene of battle ran,
Flam'd on the flanks, and lighten'd in the van.
Gods! how fierce Edward (*a*) urg'd the ſtern debate,
From that brave hand how many met their fate!
In vain the Gallic chief oppos'd his pow'r,
Breathleſs by him extended on the ſhore.
This Belgium ſaw, and Gaul's aſtoniſh'd horſe,
Then fled, diſorder'd, from the dreadful force.
Bold Douglas, Randolf, Stuart, exert their might,
Thunder thro' death and drive the ſcatter'd fight.

(*a*) BRUCE's brother.

Such rage no longer ſtands the hoſtile foe,
All diſarray'd, and reeling too and fro.

And now the ſun had ſhot a fainter ray,
His car declining to the weſtern ſea;
When from the heights deſcend the Scottiſh ſwains;
The foe beheld afreſh the cover'd plains;
A ſly reſerve of youth, yet young in ſkill,
But well diſpos'd the wond'ring eye to fill;
They gaze ſome time, aſtoniſh'd at the ſight,
Then at all once precipitate their flight.
His armies routed, and his honour loſt,
The great Caernarvon flies the bloody coaſt.
To where loud billows beat Dumbarton's ſhores,
He poſts; and Douglas drives the ſcatter'd pow'rs.
By ſea at laſt he gains his native ſway;
Dead in the chaſe three thouſand victims lay.
Of hoſtile corpſes (dreadful to relate!)
Full fifty thouſand gorg'd the field of fate.
Four thouſand ſpurs of gold, Equeſtrian ſpoils!
Part grace, and part reward the Grampian toils.
There Typont fell, and Gloceſter the brave
The Bruce diſtinguiſh'd, by an honour'd grave.

Thy

Thy laurels, noble Argentine! here fade (*a*),
Mix'd with the ruins of the vulgar dead.
For martial toil, in distant climes extoll'd,
Thrice round his head had Pagan triumphs roll'd
Brave Argentine, who never knew to yield,
Or fly, inglorious, from the deathful field:
Observ'd by BRUCE, his worth the monarch own'd,
And obsequies of War, his fall renown'd.
Six thousand Scottish warriors yield their breath,
Loyal in life, and glorious in their death.
There Gordon fell, and Ross, renown'd of old,
But still, in Scotia's annals, live in gold.
While thrice the sun his course diurnal rolls,
And shades, successive, thrice invoke the poles;
Still Bannock-burn, unclear'd of clotted gore,
In hollow murmurs, dy'd its ghastly shore.
Edward escap'd! bold Douglas leads his host
Back to victorious BRUCE, by Fortha's coast.
Conjoin'd, to Stirling march'd the laurel'd war,
And spoils of nations, load each groaning car.

(*a*) *The bold Argentine's*, &c.] Sir Giles the Argentine, who commanded a part of the foreign auxiliaries, and had done signal services abroad against the Saracens. He was called the Argentine, from Argentino, a city of Alsatia in Germany, now Strasburg.

Numbers

Numbers of captive troops the pomp adorn'd,
And haughty chiefs, in hoſtile fetters mourn'd:
Triumph immenſe! theſe noble chieftans prov'd,
The precious ranſom of the Queen belov'd:
With regal ſuite, enlarged, haſtes the Queen
To bleſs her lord, and amplify the ſcene;
The faithful King anticipates the bliſs,
Welcomes his Queen, and priſoners diſmiſs.

Renown'd now BRUCE (all oppoſition quell'd,
Vile faction cruſh'd, and ev'ry foe repell'd),
Proclaims throughout the provinces his ſway,
Cordial, the provinces, as one, obey:
Friends are acknowledg'd, and his hoſt diſmiſt
With bounty loaded, and with freedom bleſt!
Courts he reſtores, injuſtice to controul,
Diſpenſes laws, and conſtitutes the whole.

No more dare foreign foes his right invade,
No more dare faction lift its rebel head;
No more the Grampian ſwain in battle bleeds
The peaceful plough, now, to the ſword ſucceeds;

The

The lab'ring hind, free from vindictive toil,
Now turns the furrows of neglected ſoil;
In freedom, peace, and plenty waſtes the day,
In all th' indulgence of a rightful ſway.
No longer Caledonia now deplores,
Her plunder'd cities, her deſerted ſhores;
Once more theſe cities wonted ſplendor gain
And pregnant harveſts wave on ev'ry plain.
At home rever'd; abroad diffuſive fame
Thro' wond'ring climes, reſounds the BRUCIAN name!

Hence, be convinc'd, imperious Saxon pow'rs,
A King more mighty, ſtill preſides, than your's;
Who, tho' immenſe, your ſtrength and numbers are,
Can with a breath, your overthrow declare!
Submiſs, conſult, th' omnipotent decree,
He knows what's beſt, for Scotland, and for thee!
As God of concord, regulates the iſle,
And points to all, one reconciling ſmile;
Bids Engliſh enmity, for peace, remove
And win a ſiſter, with a ſiſter's love.

Thus,

Legend of Scone.

To the Editor of Notes and Queries.

Sir,—The coronation of Queen Victoria took place on the 28th of June, 1838, and reminds us of the stone which is under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey. The following legend is taken from Marshall's Historic Scenes in Perthshire, in which county Scone (pronounced Scoon) is situated.

"The outline of the legend concerning the Stone of Destiny is, that it is the stone which was the patriarch's pillow at Luz (Gen. 28); that it was brought from Syria to Egypt by Gathelus, son of Cecrops, King of Athens, a person who entered into the service of Pharaoh, and married his daughter Scota; that, to escape the impending plagues, Gathelus, by the advice of Moses sailed from the Nile, with his wife and the stone, and landed in Spain; that Gathelus sent the stone with his son when he invaded Ireland; that the kings of Ireland were crowned on it for many ages on the hill of Tara; that Fergus, the son of Erc who led the Dalriadic Scots to the shores of Argyleshire, brought it with him for his coronation to Dunstaffnage, where it remained till 834; and that Kenneth McAlpine conveyed it thence to Scone, where the Scottish kings were crowned on it, till Edward I of England carried it in 1296 (8th August) to Westminster Abbey, where it is still preserved and supports the coronation chair of the British sovereigns.

"In the treaty between King Robert Bruce and Edward III, it was stipulated that this stone should be restored to the Scots. But the Londoners had taken a fancy for it; [and] when Edward would have fulfilled the stipulation, a mob rose and prevented him from doing so; and Bruce had not much difficulty in persuading his people to waive the performance of this part of the treaty.

"This stone is called the stone of destiny, because of its influence on the destines of Britain as commemorated in these lines:

'Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem'

which have been Englished thus:

'Unless the fates are faithless grown,
And prophet's voice be vain,
Where'er this fatal stone is found
The Scottish race shall reign.'

"This stone is [now] in Westminster Abbey, and there as well as here [in Perthshire] the Scottish race have been reigning ever since the accession [of James VI] to the English crown."

GILLEMARUS.

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[Harvey, John]
The Bruciad

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