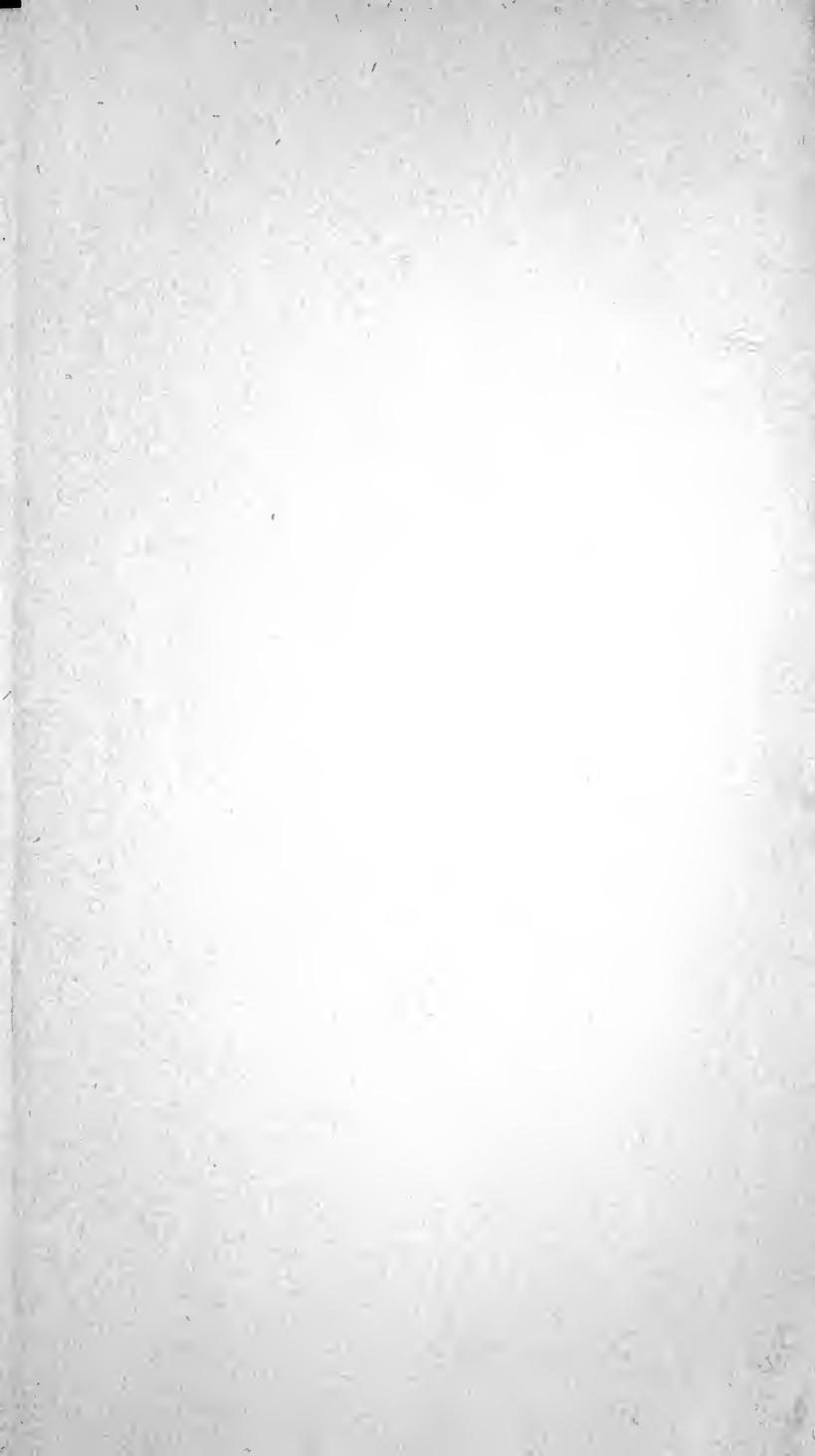


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THE

BRUCIAD,

AN

EPIC POEM,

IN SIX BOOKS.

[By John Harvey]

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T O

ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS,

OF DOUGLAS, ESQUIRE.

S I R,

AN ingenious Poem, now intituled 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.

iv D E D I C A T I O N.

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 gloriously prevailed against most inveterate and potent enemies; so, Sir, to the entire satisfaction of the whole impartial world, have you, through the just de-
cision

DEDICATION. v

dition 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,

vi D E D I C A T I O N.

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

S I R,

Your most obedient,

and most humble servant,

The EDITOR.

T H E

P R E F A C E.

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 prophetic 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 defpicable imitation of one, and will find that the essentials are pretty closely adhered to.

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-

x P R E F A C E.

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 enjoined by that prince to write the memoirs of such a remarkable siege; he wrote them in Phœnician 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 achievements, 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 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.

35

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

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

E R R A T A.

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

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

The first settlement in Boston was made in 1630 by a group of Puritan settlers from England. They established a colony on the eastern shore of the harbor, which was named Boston in honor of the city of Boston in England. The settlers were led by John Winthrop, who gave the famous "City upon a Hill" speech, in which he described Boston as a model of Christian society for the rest of the world to follow.

The city grew rapidly in the years following its founding, and by the mid-17th century it had become one of the largest and most important cities in the New England region. It was a center of trade and commerce, and a hub of intellectual and cultural activity. The city was also a stronghold of Puritanism, and its leaders were often at the forefront of the religious and political movements of the time.

In 1773, the city was the site of the Boston Tea Party, a protest against British taxation that led to the passage of the Intolerable Acts. The city was then occupied by British troops, and it was the site of the Battle of the Clouds in 1775. The city was eventually evacuated by the British in 1776, and it remained a center of resistance to British rule throughout the American Revolution.

After the war, the city continued to grow and prosper, and it became a major center of industry and commerce. It was the site of the invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney in 1793, and the birth of the Industrial Revolution. The city was also a center of abolitionism, and it was the site of the first public school in the United States, the Boston Latin School, which was founded in 1630.

The city's history is a testament to the resilience and ingenuity of its people, and it is a source of pride and inspiration for all who live in it. The city's rich heritage is preserved in its many historic landmarks and museums, and it is a testament to the city's enduring legacy.

T H E
A R G U M E N T.

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.

T H E

B R U C I A I D.

B O O K 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 heroes 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
 fway'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 *Dancrum 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 Grampian, 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
Affail 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’rald^s
 bright,
Far thro’ the void diffuse a purple light ;
There shining regions feel no fading ray,
Loft 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:

fiction 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 brea st
 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 thee, this sacred charge from heav'n I bring,
Commiffion'd by the heav'ns eternal king.
Rouse then, my fon, exert thy warlike pow'r,
And drive the foe from this unhappy shore ;
Date thy renown from this auspicious day,
And fave from ruin the Fergusian fway.
He faid, and mounting in a blaze of light,
The feraph re-afcends 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-
figns,

In glitt'ring steel th' Ellerslian hero shines.
Born to chaftife the lawlefs pride of kings,
Quick to the field the youthful warrior fprings ;
While higher names (a bafe degen'rate crowd,) (a
Stain their proud titles, and difgrace their blood :

(a) The author here points at the Cummings, Mont-
teeths, and fome other confiderable chiefs, who would not
acknowledge the fuperiority 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 oppress'd,
 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, 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.] *Ocelli 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 fires 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)
 ' Yourself! from all your dearest pledges torn,
 ' With want oppress'd, and infamy and scorn ;
 ' Thro' woods, and wilds, and lonely deserts tost,
 ' 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 fir-named.

‘ 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 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 echo 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 oppress !
 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 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,
Wife, 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 fight,
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 ! fettle 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 echoes thro' the skies.
Glory and fame, each hero's soul possess,
And death or triumph breath'd in ev'ry breast.

The war now mingling, fiery courfers 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 maintain.
Yonder brave Kennedy, in battle stands,
And great Montgom'ry joins his faithful bands.

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 fires,
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,
Tó Torwood shades the Scots in safety rode.

(a) Nephew to Wallace.

Wallace alone, and Græme and Lauder stay
 Unfated with the slaughter of the day;
 Greedy of fame, their fiery courfers 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 weltring 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, rejoins the war, with awful might,
And cautious Beik, reanimates the fight :
By numbers, overpower'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 possess !
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, unfeared 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.

T H E
A R G U M E N T
T O T H E
S E C O N D B O O K.

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.

T H E
B R U C I A I D.

B O O K 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,
‘ Safely 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, perjurd, 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

Perceives the Scottish leader's loyal care,
His honest toils, and unambitious war.

Then thus. ' You see, my friend, the doubtful
light,

' Leads on the fable 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.
Ramfy, 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 sight 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 Roffia'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 fight,
 Alights, and rushes to the much lov'd knight.
 Up in his arms, he rais'd his drooping head,
 And thus, with tears, address 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 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 address'd the man.

‘ Dost thou repent thy base unnatural war ?
‘ And fated is thy soul of native gore ?
‘ P.u’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 Roffia’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 friends, 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,
 Forfake that king, or quit the Saxon side;

My

My son an hostage for my fealty lies,
 Which, if the fire 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 unesp'y'd.

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 oppress'd,

Diffolv'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 aloud.

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 went, 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 oppress'd,
 He turn'd, and thus the valiant BRUCE address'd.

‘ 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 fway,
‘ 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 unbiass’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!
 Unfated since, thou spread'st thy pois'nous reign,
 Inspir'd 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.

Befet

Befet 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 fat,
 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,
Forfake 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 !

И. П. М. У. Д. И. А.

Т Н Е

В Р У С И А Д:

В О О К И,

T H E
A R G U M E N T

T O T H E

T H I R D B O O K.

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 proposal 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 courier 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.

T H E
B R U C I A D,

B O O K III.

TH E Saxon trumpets found 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 thence to Scoon the victor takes his way,
 The sacred feat of Scotia's ancient fway;
 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 address'd,
 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 oppress'd,
 ' 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 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 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, fullen, 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 dismiss,
 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 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 courfers 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 Reeve-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 heret-
 ably to BRUCE's family, as they were Lords of Annandale.

(b) *The Reeve-knight.* The Red-reeve, *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 address,
' 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 fight,
 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 address :

' 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 fought 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 fire, 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 eue 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 fire :
‘ With pride rejected, lawless dispossess,
‘ 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 pre-
 pare
 ' 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 fire 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 feat 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 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 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 daring Sommerville in armour shines,
And hardy Frazer 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 fall, 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, surprize the Scots by flight,
‘ Secure and guardless ’midst the shades of night.’

Affents 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 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 Somerville dealt round his deadly blows,
And doughty Douglafs 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 affails.
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 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 Frazer, 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.

Forfake 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 fortrefs lay,
Thro' roads uncouth direct their fecret way.
Thither the queen and beauteous ladies came,
Brave Neil attending on the royal dame.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

T H E

B R U C I A D.

B O O K I V.

T H E

B R U C I A D

B O O K I V

THE
A R G U M E N T
T O T H E
F O U R T H B O O K.

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 Macdougall who was a sister's son to Cumming; Macdougall 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 Macdougall; 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; Cameraron, now King Edward the Second, is ready to abandon the siege, when he observes the fortification in

A R G U M E N T.

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.

T H E

B R U C I A D.

B O O K 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 feat ! 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 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 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 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 address.

* You see, yon rebel animates his train,

* His squadrons rallies; and renews the plain;

* Numerous

- ‘ 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 gantly 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 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 desert 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 im-
pair'd ;
With boding hearts the lovely fair embrac'd,
And, bath'd in tears, the sad departure haste.

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

On Doná'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 tinted, 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, distress he lay,
 Yet undesponding, past sad hours way :
 Nor durst, fore pinch'd with want, the loyal pow'r
 Forsake the heights, or tempt the champaign shore.
 Now autumn past, approach'd the wint'ry fway,
 And night's black shades usurp'd upon the day.

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 desert 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 desert 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 launch 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 fire,
 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 fire.*] 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 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 fire admonish'd of the bold defence.
The haughty fire 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 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 fire.
 The court expecting on the border stand,
 Welcome the monarch to his native land.
 Peers, prelates, gen'ral, 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 fire'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 bleak 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 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 address.

‘ 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 fires, 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 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'ft 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 days were past, when BRUCE embarks his
hoft,

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 poultry 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 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 furies 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 peasant 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 rais'd 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 failors, 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 fat,
 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 subtle 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 fable chief, (b) amidst the crowd,
 ‘ All grim with dust, and stain’d with future 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 fable 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 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 Fortrefs 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 fortrefs 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, well skill'd, in ev'ry maze of foil,
 In arms experienc'd, and inur'd to toil.
 The troops, dishearten'd, wou'd have quit the shoer
 But hardy St. John animates 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 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.

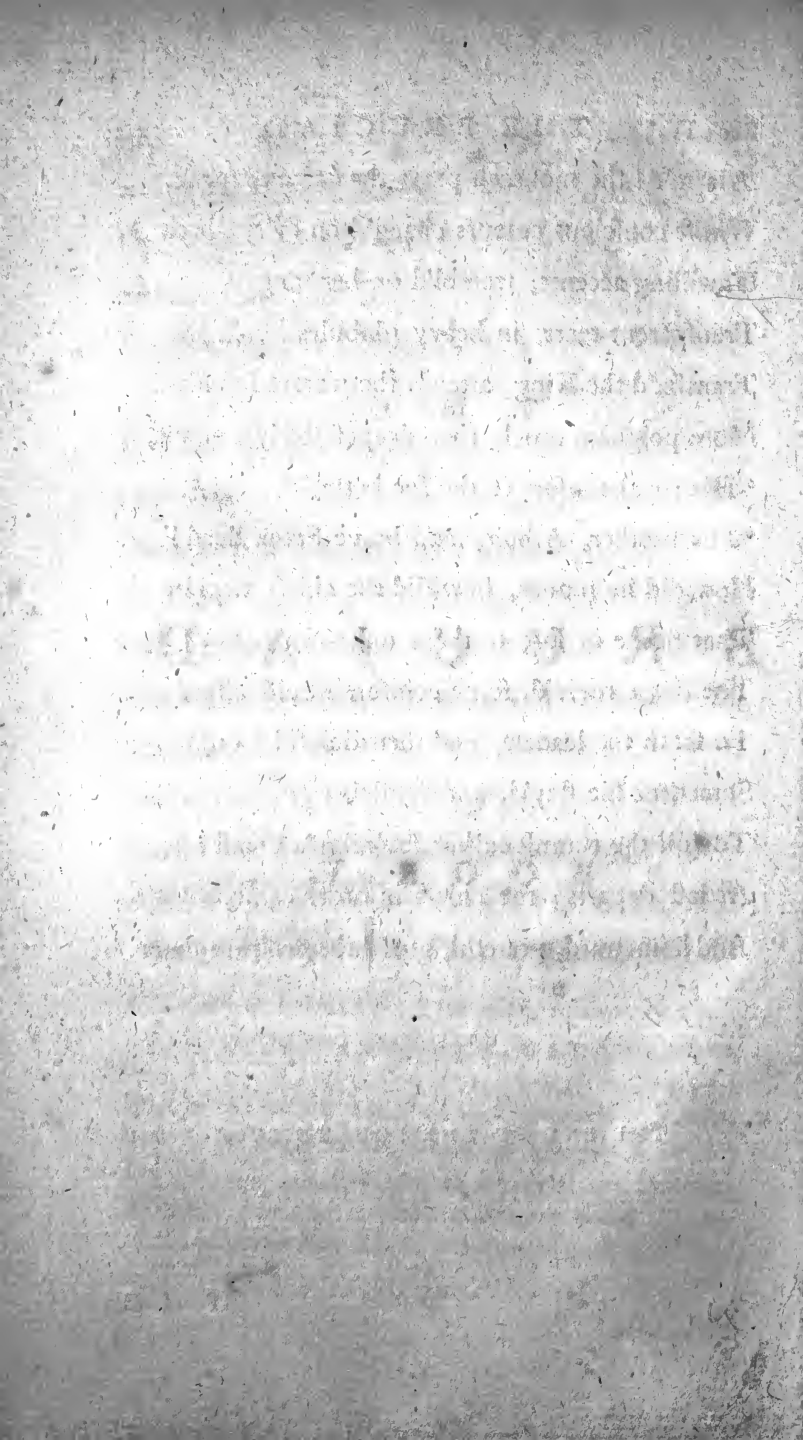
Happy the King!--O! momentary joy!
 A sad'ning tale must soon his ear employ;
 Motions conspicuous, in the lady's breast;
 Foreboded tidings, shocking, if exprest.

(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! 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 express,
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.

T H E



T H E

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BOOK

T H E
A R G U M E N T
T O T H E
F I F T H B O O K.

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 intelligence 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 deposes 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;

A R G U M E N T.

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.

T H E

B R U C I A D.

B O O K 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 the motion, and the chieftain told,
 The foe was num'rous, and the leader bold.
 ' I know thou dar'ft,' 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 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 household-chair,
 The rest permiscuous round the beamy fire,
 View’d his new host, nor view’d without surprisè,
 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 fable 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 fire.

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 fire 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' Douglassdale 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 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 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'ers (*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'ers 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 hardy Dickson Douglas names again,
 Then all the Scots at once their force unrein,
 And strow the breathless corfes 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 troops refresh'd, they search the castle o'er,
 Seize cloaths and arms, and pillage all the store;
 Truſt what they can, then fire the houſe around,
 And ſoon the fortrefs 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 fought, but fought 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 the guards, and re-instates the land,
And deputes Thirfwell 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 sly 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 flight.

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 fire 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 roil,
 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 fire 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 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 surprisè,
 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 favours 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 sleepiness 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 possess'd 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, *traberunt cum fera crepuscula noctem*. The Doctor is reckoned classical.

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 flaunting 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 fortrefs 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 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, shied
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 faint 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 threatening 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 fight,
Back thro' the wood, precipitate their flight.
The haughty chiefs, ashamed 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'ral fled, confounded and ashamed,
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 difference 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 flow 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 bleak 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 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 fight,
 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 fight,
By fraudulent 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 purport thus—Against a certain date,
If BRUCE wou'd venture on the stern debate;
His fly 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 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 despair;
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, subtle 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 chieftains fled, and, scatter'd, all the band,
Dismay'd and fullen, 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

100
The first part of the book
is devoted to a history of the
country and a description of the
people and their customs.
The second part contains a
description of the country and
its resources.

THE END OF THE WORLD

T H E

B R U C I A D.

B O O K VI,

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 309

T H E
A R G U M E N T.

T O T H E

S I X T H B O O K.

THE King having been successful in the West, he next proceeds to the North, while Douglas with a proper force repairs to Douglisdale 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 Moubay, 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 Edinturgh and its castle; and of the adjacent countries to the South of it; Edward Bruce having in the meantime reduced
Dundee,

A R G U M E N T.

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 era 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.

T H E
B R U C I A D.

B O O K 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 fortrefs, 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 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;

Not daring to endure the warlike fight,
 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.

N

Their

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 royal host, again for war prepar'd,
 In arms, to Lorn's rebellious clime repair'd :
 That chief, the royal cause had long distress,
 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, conveys 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 Frazer 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' environ'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 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-fortrefs fat them down.
 The Maiden fortrefs 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 fortrefs.*] 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 flew.

The doughty legions, seconded their head,

And all the guards, along the works lay dead.

Bold Randolf thus, of Edin's fort possess'd,

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 fortrefs 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 feat the gallant Moubray (a) boldly held,
Wife 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 feat the gallant Moubray, &c.*] This was brave Sir Philip Moubray, at this time in the English interest, but, after the battle of Baunockburn, he became loyal to King Robert.

To fair Augusta Moubray speeds his way,
 The feat fuberb, of great (a) Caernarvon's fway.
 The chief before his King, his conduct states,
 Propones the treaty, and the terms relates.
 The King and peers applaud the leader's fense,
 Commend the truce, and mock the Scottifh prince.

Meantime to Perth, where wifer BRUCE then lay,
 Brave undefigning Edward fhapes his way :
 Joyful, relates each various action done,
 The treaty fign'd, and hardy Moubray gone.
 The terms, the Monarch heard with vaft furprize,
 And on the thoughtlefs brother fix'd his eyes.

Then thus, ' Fond man ! which fhall I firft 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.

' Harrafs'd

- ' Harafs'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 sworn 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 feat,
 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 rendezvous 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 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 Gloucester, 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 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 Gloucester 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.

Three times five thousand, by experience skill'd
 To mix in clofer combat on the field,
 Led by great Omphraville, well known to fame,
 And bold Corpatrick, 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 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 household store;
The plains of herds and victual dispossess,
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 Deucalionian sea.

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

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 Pitfligo 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 fire 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 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, Pannure!
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 Carle 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 Wemyis, and Crawford's ancient Thane.
The noble Wemyis! 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 Dunfinnan 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 fires, 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^cBeath's usurpation, in the time of Malcolm Canmore, and likewise the prophecy concerning Birnane wood's coming to Dunfinnan 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 fire 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, 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 object'd, 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 thic'ning deaths in redder ruin ſhine ;
Nor knows the ardent warrior 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 fore 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.*] Randolph 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 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 crowds, 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 fable 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 fires,
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 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 alloy)
 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 oppress,
 ' 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 loud 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 courfers 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 found 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 corset 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 lift'ning thousands round their Monarch stand.
 Then thus : ' Behold, my friends, our mighty
 pow'rs,
 ' From British climes conven'd, and foreign
 shores,
 ' Our fire's immortal laurels to mantain,
 ' 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 fire'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 foldiers 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 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 fires 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 fires ; 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 fires advanc’d the swarming train,
‘ Our hardy fires, 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 fire,
 ‘ 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’ fire 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 fires 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 fons 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 fire.
 ' Scotia this day demands her ancient right,
 ' 'Tis Scotia ! arms her daring fons to fight.

in a manner entirely routed ; but the extraordinary 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 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 address.

' Immortal pow'r ! whose sacred voice, supreme,
 ' Spoke to existence this stupendous frame ;
 ' Who sway'ft the nations with thy dreadful nod ;
 ' And crowns, and trembling thrones, confefs the
 God !

' If e'er with lips unfeign'd my vows I paid ;
 ' If e'er my foul a pure oblation made ;
 ' Regard my fuff'rings paff, remit my cares,
 ' And judge, propitious judge ! thy fuppliant's
 pray'rs.

' If I, unrighteous, fall before yon foe,
 ' From thee, fubmiffive, 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 fov'reign pow'r on high,
 Confefs their guilt, and deprecate the fky.

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

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

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'ter 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 furies 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 Randolph'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 Randolph 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.

Q Three

Three thousand bord'ers, 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; echoing 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 undistinguished, 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.

Q²

Sinking

(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 Onaphrville 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 rebounds in air,

And mountains echo 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 de-
bate,

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 difarray'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 fly 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 fight,

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 powers.

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 Gloucester 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 Forth'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 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 dismiss
 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 foil ;
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 !
Submits, 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 destinies 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.

P. 148 line 12







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