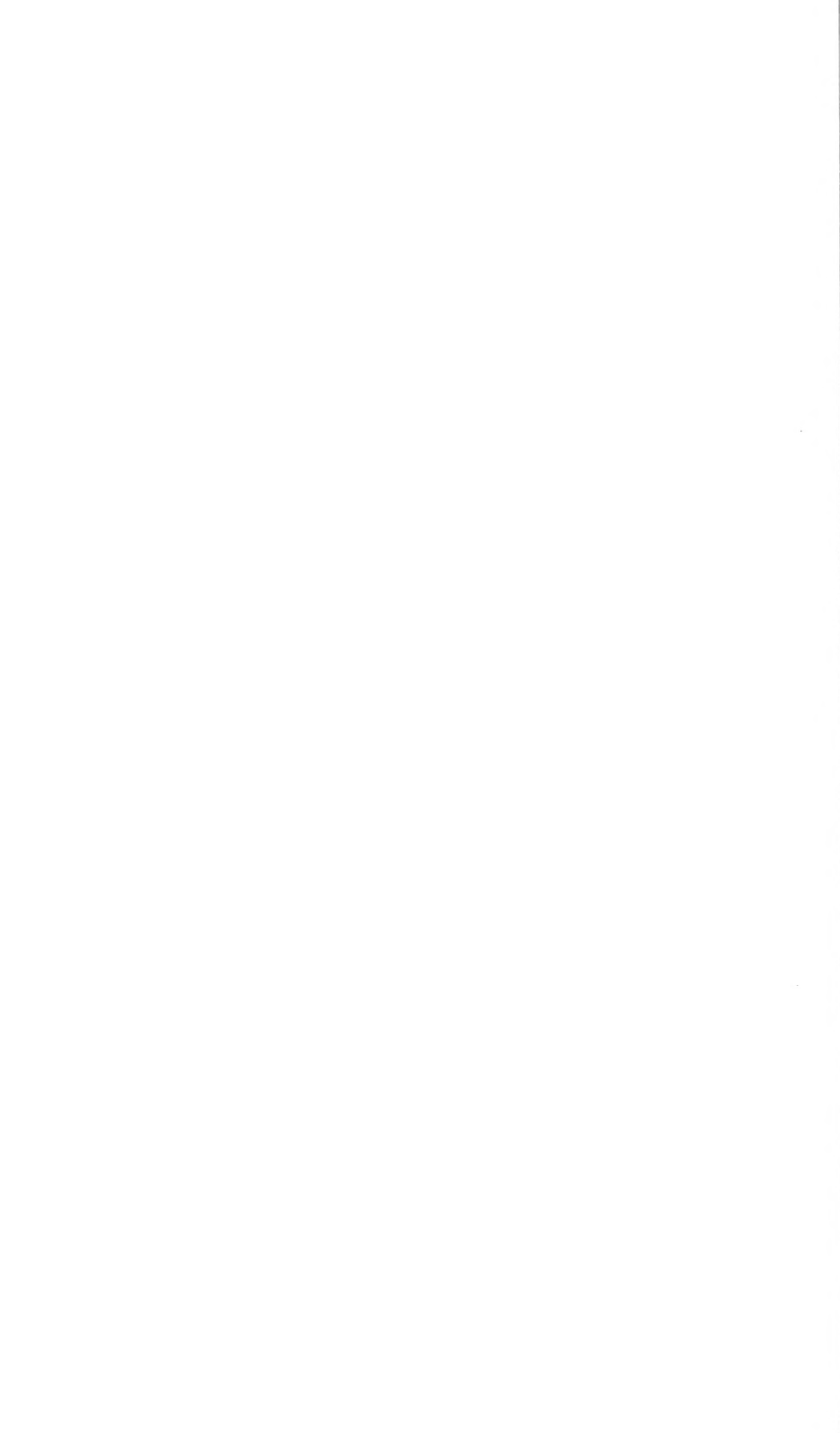


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SIR WALTER SCOTT'S

POETICAL WORKS.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

With Memoir and Critical Dissertation,
BY THE
REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

VOL. I.
CONTAINING
THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL,
AND
THE LADY OF THE LAKE;
WITH THE ORIGINAL NOTES OF THE AUTHOR,
UNABRIDGED

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MEMOIR OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

PART I.

WALTER SCOTT, the possessor of a name and fame only inferior to those of Homer and Shakspeare, was born in Edinburgh on the 15th of August 1771—the same day of the month as had been signalised two years previously by the birth of Napoleon Bonaparte. He was the son of Walter Scott, W.S., and Anne Rutherford, daughter of Dr John Rutherford, Professor of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh. Sir Walter, by his father, was descended from a family on the Border, of old extraction, which had branched off from the main current of the blood of Buccleuch, and produced some remarkable characters,—such as *Auld Watt* of Harden, famous in Border-story, and in the song of his great descendant, and *Bearlie* (so called from an enormous beard, which he never cut, in token of his regret for the banished house of Stuart), who was the great-grandfather of the poet. Through his mother he was connected with two other ancient families—the *Bauld Rutherfords*, mentioned in the notes to the “Lay of the Last Minstrel,” and the Swintons, one of whom (Sir John) is extolled by Froissart, and through them with William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, the poet and dramatist. Sir Walter was proud of his lineage, proud of his connexion with the Border, and almost looked on Harden as his birthplace. He for many years made a regular autumnal excursion to the tower where Auld Watt brought home his

beautiful bride, Mary Scott, the "Flower of Yarrow"—a tower situated in a romantic glen near the Teviot. From his ancestors Scott derived some of his principal peculiarities—his ardent attachment to Scotland, his tendency to Jacobitism, his sympathy with martial enterprise and spirit, and a certain "hair-brained sentimental trace," which took eccentric shapes in his predecessors, but in him became the fire of the great lyrical bard.

Sir Walter's father was born at Sandyknowe—a farm near Smailholme Tower—occupied by Robert Scott, *his* father. He was educated as a W.S., and although not much fitted naturally, particularly in point of temper, for the profession, rose to eminence in it by his diligence. He was a man of somewhat distant and formal manners, but of singular kindness of heart, of sterling worth, and of deep-toned piety, after the Calvinistic mode. He had a noble presence; and, as Sir Walter says, "he looked the mourner so well," he was often invited to funerals, and seems to have positively enjoyed those monotonous and melancholy formalities connected with Scottish interments, which were disgusting to his son. Our readers will find in the character of old Fairford, in "Redgauntlet," a graphic and faithful sketch of the father from the pen of his gifted son. His mother was well educated, according to the fashion of those times, somewhat stiff in manners, and short of stature. She lived to a great age. Their first six children (including a Walter) died in infancy. The first who survived was Robert. He became an officer in the East India Company's Service, and died a victim to the climate. The second, John, was a major in the army, and lived long on his half-pay in Edinburgh. The third was the great poet. The fourth was a daughter, Anne, who was cut off in 1801. The fifth was Thomas, a man of much humour and excellent parts, who went to Canada as paymaster to the 70th regiment, and died there. He was at one time suspected of being the author of the "Waverley Novels." The sixth was Daniel, the scapegrace of the family, whose conduct was in the last degree imprudent, and whose fate was unfortunate—he died on his return in disgrace from the West Indies, in 1806. Sir

Walter had disowned him, and put on no mourning at the news of his death—conduct which he lived bitterly to regret as harsh and unfeeling.

Our author was born in a house at the head of the College Wynd, which was afterwards pulled down to make room for a part of the New College. He was an uncommonly healthy child, till eighteen months old, when he was affected with a teething fever, at the close of which he was found to have lost the use of his right leg. Every conceivable remedy was adopted to no purpose. He was at last, by the advice of his grandfather, Dr Rutherford, sent out to Sandyknowe, in the hope that air and exercise would remove his lameness. There he had the first consciousness of existence, and remembered himself, in conformity with some quack-nostrum, wrapped up repeatedly in the warm skin of a flayed sheep, to encourage him to crawl—a circumstance in which he bears a certain ludicrous resemblance to the hermit Brian, in the “Lady of the Lake,” inclosed in the skin of a white bull, and let down to the brink of a cataract to see visions, and dream dreams of dreadful augury—it is the one step from the sublime to the ridiculous *inverted*. This strange expedient failed. Scott owed much to his residence at Sandyknowe. His grandmother and aunt told him tales and sung him songs about the old Border thieves and their merry exploits, and sowed in his mind the seeds of future Deloraines and Clinthill Christies. A neighbouring farmer had witnessed the execution of the Jacobite rebels at Carlisle—he recounted it to Scott, and to this tale of horror, poured into the ear of the boy-poet, we are indebted for the trial and death-scenes at the close of “Waverley”—perhaps the most thrilling and powerful tragic matter out of Shakspeare, in the language. The American war was then going on; and to the weekly bulletins about its fluctuating progress, brought to Sandyknowe by his uncle, Thomas Scott, factor at Danesford, the little lame child did seriously incline his ear, and his cheek glowed and his eye kindled when he heard of any success on the part of the British arms—so early did the Tory-throb begin to beat within him. Some old books, too, lay on the

window-seat—"Automathes," Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany," and "Josephus"—and were read to him in the dim days and the long nights of winter. He learned to recite the ballad of "Hardyknute" before he could read, and spouted it aloud to the annoyance of the worthy parish minister, Dr Duncan, when he called. To this we probably owe his lifelong admiration and amiable overestimate of that not very Homeric effusion. His aunt, Janet Scott, was his chief instructress, and stood to him in much the same relation as old Betty Davidson did to Burns, and was the true nurse in him of the *poet*. In spite of his lame limb, he began to stand, walk, and run, and his general health was confirmed by the open mountain air. Previous to this, an old shepherd was wont to carry him to the hills, where he contracted a strong attachment to the "woolly people"—an attachment which never forsook him. On one occasion he was forgotten among the knolls; a thunder-storm came on; in alarm they sought for the boy, and found him—not weeping or crying out, like the Goblin page, "Lost, lost, lost!" but lying on his back looking at the lightning, clapping his hands at each successive flash, and crying out, "Bonnie, bonnie!" It were a fine subject for a painter—"The Minstrel Child lost in a Border Thunder-storm"—and his attitude in the story reminds us of Gray's noble lines about Shakspeare, in the "Progress of Poesy"—

"Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid;
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face; the *downtless child*
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled."

In his fourth year, his affectionate aunt Janet accompanied him to Bath, his father entertaining the idea that the waters might benefit his lameness. He journeyed in a smack from Leith to London—(a lady of the name of Wright waggishly boasted long after to Joanna Baillie, "that she had been once Walter Scott's bedfellow;") it turned out, however, that "the irregularity" took place in the Leith smack, and when

the Æneas was four years of age!)—where he saw the usual sights, which stamped themselves with uncommon vividness on his memory. At Bath he lived a year, but derived little advantage from the waters. He attended, however, a dame's school for three months; met John Home, author of "Douglas," then residing there; went to the theatre, where, at the sight of Orlando and Oliver, in "As You Like It," quarrelling, he screamed out, "Arn't they brothers?"—(a story reminding us of young Byron in the Aberdeen theatre, when Petruccio was trying to force down on Kate the paradox of the moon being the sun, roaring out, "But I say it is the *moon*, sir")—and enjoyed the beauties of the pleasant place, which, in all but the neighbourhood of the Grampians, may be called the Perth or "Fair City" of England.

This visit to the theatre probably first excited in Scott's mind a desire to peruse the works of Shakspeare. On his return to Scotland, he spent some time in Edinburgh, went afterwards to Sandyknowe, and in his eighth year was a few weeks at Prestonpans, where he encountered an old military veteran called Dalgetty (a significant name, as the readers of "The Legend of Montrose" know full well), who became gracious with Scott, and, like the soldier in Goldsmith,

"Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won."

It is interesting to notice how not a few of the familiar names, known to him in his youth, have become classical on his written page. Thus Meg Dodds was the real name of a woman in Howgate "who brewed good ale for gentlemen." In the records of a Galloway trial, in which Scott was counsel, occurs the name "MacGuffog," afterwards that of the famous turnkey in "Guy Mannering;" besides one or two other names of the minor characters in the same novel. The name "Durward" may still be seen on the signs of Arbroath and Forfar, and Scott had doubtless met it there, as well as that of "Prudfute" in or near Perth, and "Morton" in the lists of Westland Whigs. Nothing, in fact, that ever flashed on the eye or vibrated on the ear of this wonderful man, but was in some form or other reproduced in his writings. It was pro-

bably the same with Shakspeare, although all data on the subject are lost; and Mrs Quickly, Master Barnardine, Claudio, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Faulconbridge, seem all old acquaintances of the poet.

In 1778, after spending some time of private study under one Leechman and one French, he was sent to the High School under the charge of Luke Frazer, whom he describes as a good scholar and a very worthy man. Thence he passed to the Rector's class, taught by the celebrated Dr Adam, whose works on classical subjects, such as his "Roman Antiquities," "Grammar of Ancient Geography," &c., used to be very popular schoolbooks, and are not yet entirely superseded. Adam was a profound scholar, an amiable man, as enthusiastic as he was simple-minded and sincere, although his passionate attachment to Greek and Roman ideas of liberty led him to use expressions which, in these slavish times, were prejudicial to his interests. Many will remember his last words, "It is getting dark; you may go home, boys." He is said to have appreciated Scott's amazing memory, and frequently called him up to answer questions about dates; and, although neither he nor his other teachers had any suspicion of his genius, Adam pronounced him better acquainted than any of his contemporaries with the meaning, if not with the words, of the classical authors. He encouraged him also to make translations from Horace and Virgil. One or two trifling original pieces of verse by him, connected with this date, have been discovered. But, on the whole, although not a dunce, Scott was, as he says, an "incorrigibly idle imp," "constantly glancing like a meteor from the bottom to the top of the form," and *vice versâ*, and shone more in the *yards*, or High School play-grounds, than in the class. Notwithstanding his infirmity, he was the bravest of foot-ball players, the swiftest of racers, the strongest of pugilists, the most persevering in snow-ball *bickers*, the most daring climber of the "kittle nine steps" (a pass of peril leading along the dark brow of the Castle Rock), and the most dexterous commander in the mimic battles fought in the Crossecauseway between the children of the mob and those of the higher citizens. Many

poets, such as Cowper and Shelley, have been overborne and become broken-hearted amidst the rough play of a public school; but the Scott, the Byron, and the Wilson find it their native element, and their early superiority in sports and pastimes is an augury of their future greatness, and of the manhood and all-sidedness of their genius.

From Adam's tuition Sir Walter would have instantly passed to college, had it not been that his health became delicate, and his father was induced to send him to Kelso. There, being once more under the kind care of his aunt Janet, he added to the stores of his reading, which in Edinburgh had been very extensive and miscellaneous; he became acquainted with Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," which left a deep and permanent impression on his mind; and at the school of one Lancelot Whale, which he attended for some months, he increased considerably his classical knowledge, besides making the acquaintance of James Ballantyne,—a man whose fortunes were afterwards so closely linked with his own, and in whose company, now in the school, and now in wandering along the banks of the Tweed, he began to exercise his unrivalled gift of story-telling. At Kelso, too—a spot distinguished by its combination of beauties, the Tweed and Teviot beside it melting in music into each other's arms, and near it noble mansions and ancient abbeys, leading away the imagination grandly to the mountains in the background—his eyes were first fully opened, never more to be shut, to the beauties of that Scottish nature of which he became the most ideal, yet minute, the most lingering and loving depicter.

He was soon recalled to Edinburgh, where he went instantly to Hill's Humanity (or Latin) and to Dalziell's Greek class, at neither of which did he profit much, and at the latter so little that he earned from his fellow-students the title of "the Greek blockhead." Glorifying in his shame, he wrote an essay in which he preferred Ariosto to Homer, and threw contempt on the fine old language of the latter. The professor, whose sole claim to distinction lay in a collection of Greek extracts, was indignant, and said to Scott that a dunce he was and a dunce he would remain,—words which he lived to revoke, while

the poet, too, in later years, keenly regretted his early neglect of his Grecian studies. We cannot say that we share much in this regret. Scott was naturally Gothic in his tastes; the only writer in Greek with whom his genius could ever have had much sympathy was Homer, and he was in many points a Homer himself; only had he known more Greek, he might in his ballad rhyme (as we hinted in our essay on Dryden) have written the best conceivable translation of the "Iliad."

He attended also the Mathematical, the Ethical (Logic), the Moral Philosophy, and the Historical classes, as well as those of the Civil and Municipal Law. From Dugald Stewart's accomplished tuition he derived considerable benefit, as well as delight. But his real university was that library of strangest selection and most miscellaneous variety which he was piling up partly on his shelves, and partly in the roomy chambers of his brain; and like many other great men, even those who have attended school and college, he was in reality a self-taught genius. He made himself an excellent French and Italian scholar; he read the romances and poetry of the south; he ransacked the dusty shelves of old circulating libraries; in these repositories of forgotten lore he enjoyed occasional glimpses of the literary characters who frequented them; and he spent his leisure hours in wandering with his friend John Irving, W.S., around Arthur Seat and Salisbury Crags, where he followed his former practice of recounting imaginary narratives—a practice which, he says, had "no small effect in directing the turn of his imagination to the chivalrous and romantic in prose and poetry."

On the 15th of May 1786, he was bound apprentice to his father as W.S., and from that day bade farewell to his academic studies. He wrote about this time a poem of 1600 lines, entitled "The Conquest of Granada," which, so soon as it was finished, he committed to the flames. This, and two or three love trifles, were, up to 1796, his only poetical productions. It was in 1786 that the memorable meeting took place between Burns and Scott. Such momentary intersections of the orbits of literary stars, while the one is rising and the other beginning to set, are as uncommon as they are interest-

ing. Thus met Ovid with Virgil, Milton with Galileo, as well as Burns with Scott. The eyes of the hapless Bard of Coila, glowing with pity, passion, and enthusiasm, as he read the line of Laughton—

“The child of misery baptised with tears”—

haunted the memory of Scott to the last. Nor did he ever forget the word of Burns to him, “You’ll be a man yet,” although he calls it an expression of mere civility. He pitied Burns’ unhappy career, but his own in the long run was not much more fortunate. He too, as well as Burns, was *ruined*, though in a different way. It is melancholy to remember that this is true of so many besides poets. How often do we hear it said, “It is such and such a person’s ruin,” almost every life being in some point or other a failure, and each vessel on the sad sea of time being more or less a wreck! Indeed, in all Burns’ dark career, there was nothing so dismal as the disastrous reversal of the fortunes, and the premature eclipse of the glorious mind of Sir Walter Scott.

In the first year of his apprenticeship, Scott became intimate with kind old Blacklock, and confirmed his acquaintance—began at Bath—with Home the author of “Douglas.” He commenced also those yearly visits to the Highlands which were destined to exert such power on the development of his genius. He saw, from a point to the south of Perth, that superb view of the winding Tay and its rich valley, the bold adjacent hills of Kinnoul, Kinfauns, and Moncrieff; the “Fair City” and the distant Grampians, including Benvoirlich on the west, Schiehallion in the north, and Mounts Battock and Blair in the east, which struck his early fancy, and which he has described in one of his most eloquent pages of his “St Valentine’s Day.” A client of his father’s, Stewart of Invernahyle, an old Jacobite who had measured swords with Rob Roy, and been “out” with Mar, and with “Charlie,” invited the young writer to his Highland home, where his experiences somewhat resembled those of Waverley with Fergus MacIvor, and of Francis Osbaldistone in the Macgregor’s country. Ever afterwards his heart and imagination

were equally divided between the Border and the Perthshire Highlands. It is remarkable that the scene of almost all his Highland novels—certainly of his best ones—of “Waverley,” “Rob Roy,” “The Legend of Montrose,” and of “The Fair Maid of Perth,” (not to speak of “The Lady of the Lake,”) is laid in the Yorkshire of Scotland. There was one other region in our country which had, we shall see, a still stronger interest for him—namely, Kincardineshire, the birthplace of his first lost love; but the painful recollections connected with the story perhaps repelled him, and he never does more than allude incidentally to some of its scenes, such as Cairn a Mount and Clochnaben. But his associations with Perthshire were all delightful; it he visited in his glowing boyhood, his heart beating with enthusiasm, and his brow throbbing with genius, “with hope,” as Lamb says of Coleridge, “rising before him like a fiery column, the *dark side not yet turned*,” and while the natives of the Border may be proud that Kelso, Carterhaugh, and the Eildons attracted him about as strongly as his “own romantic town,” the Bass Rock, and Arthur Seat, Perthshire men are quite as grateful for the new glory he has poured on the Trosachs, Loch Tay, Craighall, the “hazel shade” of Glenartney, and the tall peak of Benvoirlich, with the “red beacon” of the morning burning upon its summit.

In the second year of his apprenticeship (according to his own account—Lockhart fixes it a little earlier), Scott’s health suffered from the bursting of a blood-vessel. He was put upon a severe regimen and confined to bed. This “untoward event,” which might have checked, in fact accelerated his intellectual progress. The chief amusement permitted him was reading, and he plunged into a wide sea of books, exhausting libraries, and driving their keepers to their wit’s end to supply his cravings; passing from novels, romances, and poems, to voyages and travels, and thence to histories and memoirs, and thus preparing himself for the future exigencies of his literary life as effectually on his quiet bed, where he was not suffered to speak above his breath, as when rambling through the mountains of Perthshire with Invernahyle, or “making himself” with Shortreed among the traditionary wilds of Liddes-

dale. After some months he recovered, and resumed his labours in the office.

In 1788 he was sent to attend the class of Civil Law, where he met with some of his former associates at the High School, such as Irving and Fergusson, as well as with a few other young men who united literary taste with legal aspirations, and who taught him to be disgusted with the tame life of a W.S., and to look forward to the Bar. In the days preceding Scott, the class of mere lawyers constituted by far the majority. But he, Jeffrey, Cranstoun, and others, formed a conjunction of the two characters, although perhaps in Jeffrey alone were they thoroughly harmonised. Scott was both a lawyer and a *littérateur*, but far more a *littérateur* than a lawyer; Cranstoun and Cockburn were each more of the lawyer; while Jeffrey united both in nearly equal proportions, being at once as sharp as the sharpest special pleader, and as lively, if not as genial or profound, a critic as Britain ever produced. Scott, William Clerk of Eldin, Cranstoun, Abercromby, and some more of similar mark, spent their mornings in the Law class-room or in private study, their evenings in the somewhat excessive convivialities of the time, and their holidays in rambles about the surrounding country. Scott's nickname among his set or club was *Duns Scotus*, or sometimes by an alias of his own creation, "*Colonel Grogg*." Although fond of convivialities, he was on the whole free from grosser dissipations, being partly preserved from these by his attachment to the lady above referred to.

This was Williamina Stuart, daughter of Sir John Stuart of Fettercairn. Fettercairn is a small estate in Kincardineshire, situated near the village of that name, on a lovely, level, and stream-bisected spot, not far from the foot of the Grampian mountains, which here somewhat stoop their mighty stature, and appear as it were kneeling before the great German Ocean on the east. Fettercairn is not only beautiful itself, but surrounded on all sides by interesting scenes. The spot where Queen Fenella's castle (a vitrified fort where Kenneth III. was murdered) is said to have stood, is near it. The Burn, with all its marvellous woodland and waterside beauties,

stands a few miles to the west. The castles of Edzell and Balbegno frown on each hand, and farther east the proud ruin of Dunottar, with its huge structure and historic memories, links the mountains to the sea. Sir Walter met this lady in Edinburgh, it is said in Greyfriars churchyard, after service, and during a shower of rain. The offer of an umbrella, which was graciously accepted, formed the commencement of an acquaintance and the earnest of the offer of a heart, not alas! so well received by the fair one. She is described as beautiful, a blue-eyed blonde, of very gentle manners, and considerable literary accomplishments. A remembrance of her image colours his pictures of female heroines, particularly in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," in "Rokeby," and in "Redgauntlet." But not more hopeless was Dairsie Latimer's passion for Lilius Redgauntlet (his disguised sister) than Scott's for the amiable Williamina. She admired his genius, and corresponded with him on literary matters, but her heart was given to another. In vain did he write original and translate German poetry to please her, and carve her name in Runic characters amidst the ruins of St Andrews. She continued inexorable; and at last, in October 1796, he received a point-blank refusal from her own lips, at her own Grampian home. We see him mounting his horse, and bearing southward through the bleak moors towards Montrose, perhaps in a wild blustering autumn night, and with a face under whose gruff, grim calmness you can read strange matters, and catch glimpses of a wounded and well-nigh broken heart. Thence, in order to soothe his anguish, he recoiled into the wilderness, and reached first Perth and next Edinburgh by a circuitous and lonely route through "moors and mosses mony O," dashing his steed, like his own Mowbray, in St Ronan's Well, over scours, and through forests and marshes, where, in these days, none but a desperate man could have preserved his life, but in the course of the journey digesting his misery, and returning home a sadder and wiser man. His friends, who knew his then impetuous disposition, had expected some fearful explosion, and were glad to see him sitting down calmly to his books again. He

says himself, however, that he was broken-hearted for two years—a time we must surely restrict a little, since his disappointment happened in October 1796 and his marriage to Miss Carpenter took place in December the next year. Miss Stuart, in 1797, married Sir W. Forbes, son of Beattie's biographer, who afterwards was of essential service to Scott in his misfortunes. The iron must have entered into the poet's soul, although he contrived at first to conceal the wound, since we find him not only often alluding to his loss, but in his latter days visiting the lady's mother, and spending a whole night of the joy of grief in talking over old stories and mingling their tears, Lady Forbes being then dead. She was the first and perhaps the last person whom Scott—affectionate husband as he was—ever loved with his whole being. His attachment to her had taken him much to the north, his head quarters being Meikle, the seat of Sir P. Murray of Simprim, a place situated in the glorious glen of Strathmore, and within a short distance of the ancient castle of Glamis, where Scott spent an *erie* night, fancying, in spite of the facts of history, that he was in Macbeth's castle, and realising all its sublime and ghastly terrors. But from the date of his rejection, we never hear of him being in that part of Scotland.

Previous to this he had passed as an Advocate, and was engaged, like his compeers, in attending the Speculative Society, where he met with Jeffrey; in drinking claret at Fortune's, and eating oysters in the Covenant Close; in reading, now Stair's "Institutes," and now the last new novel; or in sweeping with his gown the boards of that Parliament House, which has been compared to the Hall of Eblis, and is so to many a weary and briefless peripatetic. He had also written, in a single sleepless night, a translation of Bürger's famous ballad of "Lenore," which gained him much applause in his own coterie, and which, although not perhaps quite equal to that of William Taylor, Norwich, is sufficiently vigorous. On his return from the north, in that spirit of *hardiesse* and bravado which often follows disappointment, and reveals the ferment of its remaining dregs, he "rushed into print" with the aforesaid ballad, and that of the "Wild Huntsman," also by Bürger.

(We can fancy him, in his ride through the Highlands, repeating to the echoes the reeling words so congenial to his mood—

“The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee,”

“Hurrah! the dead can ride apace,
Dost fear to ride with me?”)

This brochure, published by Manners and Miller, was well received in Edinburgh, and highly commended by honest William Taylor himself, that “strong in-kneed sort of a soul,” as Burns says of another, but gained no general acceptance in the south; and let it be consoling to all incipient authors to know, that the first production of the most popular of writers was a complete failure and a dead loss.

For some years Scott, in company with Robert Shortreed, Sheriff-substitute of Roxburghshire, had been in the habit of making autumnal “raids” into Liddesdale, and the adjacent regions, where he saw fine mountain-scenes, drank in pure air, blended with genuine mountain-dew, collected ballads, told stories, galloped long miles, lay in “Charlie’s Hopes” without number, kissed fraternally the farmers’ wives, fondled their children, floored, if possible, at their own weapons of strong waters, the goodmen; acted, in short, exactly as Captain Brown did when residing with Dandie Dinmont; or as an electioneering candidate is in the habit of doing, but with a different motive from the member—the one purchasing selfish popularity, and the other acquiring universal fame, by condescension and kindness—the smiles of the one being often hollow, while those of the other were as sincere as a broad genial nature could make them. It has been sometimes said—absurdly we think—that Scott had no pleasure in writing his novels and poems. What! *none*, while amidst the freshness of morning nature, with the sound of the Tweed in his ears, or the sun smiting the Castle Rock before his eyes, he indited pages which he knew were as immortal and as pure as those waters or that sunfire? We cannot believe it! But, at all events, he HAD pleasure the most exquisite and varied while collecting their materials, amongst the mosses, or by the fire-

sides of the land of the Border Minstrelsy; he was then enjoying as well as "making himself," and probably looked back, long afterwards, to this as to the happiest period of his life.

In July 1797, Scott, wearied with another dubious campaign at the Bar, where his gains were as yet very moderate, disappointed at the failure of his maiden poem, and with a little of his love-sickness still unmelted about his heart, turned his thoughts towards his favourite South of Scotland again—now perhaps dearer because it lay far off from the regions where he had loved not wisely but too well, and which were darkened in the shadow of his disappointed hopes. On this occasion, however, he extended his visit to England, where his matrimonial destiny lay waiting for him; and after a scamper through Peeblesshire, where he had his first and only interview with David Ritchie, the original of the "Black Dwarf"—(it is a dreary spot, moss and mountains clustering all around the mud-cottage where the misanthrope dwelt, a human spider in a grand but gloomy cellar)—and a rapid run through Carlisle, Penrith, Ulswater, and Windermere, he reached the little sequestered watering-place of Gilsland. His companions in this memorable tour were Adam Fergusson, and John, the brother of the poet. Riding one day near Gilsland, they met a young lady on horseback, whose appearance struck them so much, that they followed her, and found that she belonged to the party at the Spa, although they had not previously observed her. They became speedily acquainted. Her name was Charlotte Margaret Carpenter. She was the daughter of a French emigrant, whose widow had fled from the horrors of the Revolution to England, where she and her children found an efficient protector and guardian in the Marquis of Downshire, who had previously known the family abroad. The daughter and her governess were on a little excursion to some friends in the north of England, and had come for a few days to Gilsland. She was, as often happens, of exactly the opposite complexion to Scott's former *innamorata*, having dark hair, deep brown eyes, and an olive complexion, very beautiful withal, and "with an address hovering between the reserve

of a pretty young Englishwoman, who has not mingled largely in general society, and a certain natural archness and gaiety that suited well with the accompaniment of a French accent." She was a Protestant by faith. Instantly the poet's fate was fixed. Everything was favourable to the success of the courtship. She had come, it is not uncharitable to suppose, to Gilsland, like other young *Celebinas*, "in search of a husband," and here was an ardent youth, of great conversational powers, and a prepossessing appearance, "a comely creature," according to the testimony of a lady of the time. He, on the other hand, was precisely in that degree of moderated love-misery, and softened despair, when a new object is likely to surprise the heart into a delight, in the expectation of which it had almost forgotten to believe. As an expatriated French loyalist, too, there was something in her story to suit Scott's political feelings, as well as to captivate his romantic imagination. Then they met at a watering-place, a "St Ronan's Well," where conventional barriers were broken down, and where sudden and singular matches were the order of the day. The result was as might have been expected. He fell, or seemed to himself to fall, into a violent love-passion, which was returned by the lady. Recalled from his romantic courtship to the Jedburgh Assizes, he astonished his friend Shortreed by the ardour of his new affection. The two worthy young lawyers sate till one in the morning, on the 30th of September, Scott toasting and raving about Miss Carpenter, and Shortreed not daring to rebuke the madness of the poet. After some little obstructions, thrown in the way by the parents and guardians, had been surmounted, and some agreeable nonsense had been talked and written on both sides by the parties themselves, Walter Scott and the beautiful Charlotte Carpenter were wedded at Carlisle, on the 24th day of December 1797, about four months after they first met.

He took her with him to Edinburgh, where, notwithstanding some foreign peculiarities of manners and tastes, she began her matrimonial career with considerable *éclat*. When summer arrived, Scott hired a beautiful cottage at Lasswade, on

the banks of the Esk—a river sweeping down through the richest woodlands and scenery of varied enchantment from Hawthornden, and thus uniting, in a band of beauty, the abodes of Drummond and Scott, two of Scotland's greatest and most patriotic poets. It is curious that each period of Scott's literary history is linked with some spot of special natural loveliness. At Lasswade he commenced his literary career; at Ashestiel his poetic genius culminated; and with Abbotsford is connected the memory of his matchless fictions.

Scott's friend, William Erskine, had met in London the celebrated Monk Lewis, and shewn him the versions of "Bürger's Ballads." This led to a correspondence; and Lewis, shortly after visiting Edinburgh, invited Scott to his hotel—an invitation which "elated Scott" more than anything that had ever befallen him. Lewis was a man of considerable genius, and of real warmth of heart; but vain, coxcombical, and what is technically called "gay" in his habits. It was a matter of astonishment to many how such a ludicrously little and over-dressed mannikin (the fac-simile of Lovel in "Evelina") should be the *lion* of London literary society; and how the Prince of Dandies should have such a taste for the weird and wonderful, and be the first to transfer to English the *spirit* of the great German bards. On Scott, his tales such as "Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogine," extravagant and absurd as he deemed them afterwards, exerted much influence. The two became speedily intimate, although the intimacy seems now as ill-proportioned as were that of a monkey with a mammoth; and in January 1799, Lewis negotiated the publication of Scott's version of Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen." One Bell bought it for twenty-five guineas, and it appeared in February, but like his "Lenore" failed to make much impression. It swarms with errors, yet must ever be interesting, not only as one of Scott's earliest productions, but because it exhibits two of the mightiest minds of the age in contact, as mirrored and mirroring. Whatever may be thought of Goethe as a man, or even as an author—and there will always be conflicting opinions on his merits—there can be no doubt of the powerful influence he has exerted on con-

temporary men of genius. To his "Faust" we owe "Manfred," the "Deformed Transformed," and "Festus;" and to his "Goetz of the Iron Hand," we trace much of the chivalric spirit which burns in Scott's poetry and prose. In 1799, after "Goetz" was published, he took his wife to London, where he had not been since infancy, and was introduced by Lewis to many literary and fashionable people. While in London, his worthy father died in his seventieth year. On his return, Scott wrote another Germanised drama, the "House of Aspen," which was forwarded to London to be acted, but it did not please on rehearsal. The author printed it thirty years afterwards in one of the *Annuals*. He spent a good deal of time, too, in contributing revised versions of his "Lenore" and "Wild Huntsman," and some other pieces, to the "hobgoblin repast" which Lewis was preparing for the public in his "Tales of Wonder."

This summer he wrote his fine ballads of "Glenfinlas," the "Eve of St John," the "Fire-King," and one or two others of a similar kind; and toward the close of the year he printed with Ballantyne, who had established his inimitable press at Kelso, a dozen copies of some of these pieces under the title of "Apology for Tales of Wonder," Mat. Lewis' collection having been long of appearing. The specimen pleased Scott, and led him to project an issue from the same press of the Border ballads which he had collected—in other words, to form the idea of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," the publication of which became an era in the history of James Ballantyne, of Scott, of Scottish poetry, and of literature in general. In December this year, through the influence of the Earl of Dalkeith, of Lord Montagu, and of Robert Dundas, afterwards the second Lord Melville, with "Old Hal Dundas," then the real King of Scotland, our poet was constituted Sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire, with £300 a-year, little to do, and a still freer and fuller access than before to the regions of Border beauty and Border song, so peculiarly dear to his imagination. In completing the design of the "Minstrelsy," Scott found able coadjutors—the accomplished and learned Richard Heber; Dr Jamieson, the author of the

“Scottish Dictionary,” himself a mine of antique lore, even richer than his book; and the famous John Leyden, the most determined of students, and most eccentric of men—a “gigantic genius grappling with whole libraries”—a Behemoth of strong endeavour—who took in a language “like Jordan” into his mouth—could master a whole art, such as medicine, in six months—who once walked forty miles and back again to procure a missing ballad, and entered a company singing it with enthusiastic gestures, and in the “saw tones” of a most energetic voice—whose Border blood asserted itself even amidst the languid atmosphere of India, and on the sick-bed whence he shouted out the old chorus—

“Wha daur meddle wi’ me?”—

and in whom a certain dash of charlatanry, and more perhaps, than a dash of derangement, only served as foils to the solidity of his learning, the vigour of his mind, the freshness of his literary enthusiasm, and the fervour of his poetic genius; for although not, like Scott, a *great* poet, yet a poet he was.

In 1800 and 1801, our author was busy with the “Min-strelsy;” with the duties, such as they were, of his sheriffship; and with the Bar, where he was slowly increasing his business. In some of his professional visits to Selkirkshire, he became acquainted with William Laidlaw and James Hogg, both remarkable men: the one possessing the canine fidelity and fondness of a Boswell, with qualities of sense, simplicity, and poetic feeling which were denied to Jemmy; and the other, a wild touch of the truest genius, and an Alpine elevation and enthusiasm of mind, strangely co-existing with the coarsest tastes, manners, and habits, whom poetry had inspired without in the slightest degree refining, and who had envy, spite, and conceit sufficient to set up all Grub Street, blended with a simplicity and rough kindness which partly redeemed his failings, and partly served to render the whole compound more intensely ridiculous. Genius, like Misery, has often dwelt with strange bed-fellows, but seldom with so many, and seldom in such a monstrous *mésalliance*, as in the idiosyncrasy of James Hogg. Both these men adored Scott, both

were instantly pressed by him into the service of the "Minstrelsy," and both materially aided him in his researches. At length, in January 1802, the first two volumes of the work appeared; and although they did not command a very rapid sale, they excited great enthusiasm in all the lovers of poetry. George Ellis, well known in those days for his collection of ancient English Romances and Specimens of Ancient English Poetry, and who was really a man of high accomplishments and fine taste, although his chief title to be remembered is his intimacy with Scott and Canning, wrote of the book in terms of rapture, and was followed, in a similar strain, by Pinkerton, Chalmers, Ritson, and by Miss Seward, the "Swan of Lichfield," who, although herself a mediocre writer of poetry, had nevertheless a just appreciation of the genius of others, and with all her affectations was an amiable and excellent woman. Encouraged by their approbation, he began to prepare a third volume, and meanwhile sent the old poetic romance of "Sir Tristrem," which he found too long for the "Minstrelsy," to the "Border Press," as it was now called, for separate publication. It did not, however, ultimately appear till after the third volume of the "Ministrelsy." That was published in April 1803, and contained an advertisement of "Sir Tristrem" and of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," as "speedily to be published." Ballantyne had now, at Scott's suggestion, removed to Edinburgh, and taken a printing-office near Holyrood.

After closing his labours on this wonderful collection of ballads—wonderful, because containing the germs and seed-pearl of all Scott's subsequent growths and creations—he took a trip to London, where he made some researches in reference to "Sir Tristrem," and met Richard Heber, Macintosh, Rogers, Rose, and other eminent men. He also visited Oxford, and saw, for the first time, the admirable Reginald Heber, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta.

Leyden by this time had left for India. Scott had through George Ellis effectually served his views in going abroad, although he deplored the step, and deeply lamented his premature death, which took place, it may be as well to mention

at this point of the narrative, in Batavia, on the 28th of August 1811. He died of fever, contracted by his imprudent haste in examining an ill-aired library. Scott repeatedly alludes to him both in his poetry and prose—in the well-known verses in the “*Lord of the Isles*,” and in “*St Ronan’s Well*,” where Joseph Cargill is made to speak of him as “a lamp too early quenched.” Scott had lent him £150, and Leyden had received besides £50 from his uncle, Captain Robert Scott of Rosebank. We are enabled to print, for the first time, a letter of the poet’s on this subject, very highly creditable to his generosity. It is addressed to Mr Robert Leyden, the brother of John, and was kindly communicated to us, through Mr P. Drummond, Comrie, by Mr Wilson, town-clerk, Hawick.

“*ASHESTIEL, 22d December 1811.*”

“*SIR,—I am much affected by the melancholy news of your brother’s death, which I learned from Mr Gilbert Elliot’s information the day before yesterday. I beg you to express my very sincere sympathy to your respectable parents. I cannot wonder at the excess of their grief at being deprived of a son who was an honour to them, to science, and to his country. Anything which I can do to show my regard for the friend I have lost, his surviving relations have a right to command. Your brother often expressed a wish to me that I would (in case of the event which has happened) select and superintend the publication of his literary remains. If it were agreeable to his friends, I would willingly undertake this task, and endeavour to render such a publication as beneficial to them as possible. Mr Murray would, I am sure, render me all the assistance in his power upon the tracts which may be preserved, bearing reference to Oriental learning; and I would endeavour to do justice to John Leyden’s kind heart and extensive endowments in something of a biographical memoir. The value of such a work will very much depend on what MS. your brother may have left in India, which I have no doubt will be safe, he being under Lord Minto’s patronage. It is probable, indeed, that your brother may have expressed his own wishes and left his own directions, in which case my interference will be unnecessary.*”

“I fear from the expenses which your brother incurred in purchasing Oriental MS., as well as from his disregard of money, he may not have left much fortune; but I trust enough will be realised to render the old age of his parents as comfortable as it can be under such a deprivation. I take the earliest opportunity to say that his succession will not be diminished by any claim of mine. I never considered the sum of money (about £100) which I advanced to assist him on his equipment for India as anything but a gift of friendship under the less embarrassing name of a loan.

“I have learned no circumstances of my friend’s death different from those you mention, unless that his residence near an artificial pool or lake is supposed to have had some share in producing his disorder—I am, &c.”

Scott subsequently edited Leyden’s poems, and wrote a pleasing memoir of their author.

In 1803 and 1804, besides continuing his labours on “*Sir Tristrem*,” and busying himself as the Quarter-master of the Edinburgh Light Horse, in those military preparations to which the fear of a French invasion had aroused the nation, he wrote various papers for the *Edinburgh Review*, then rising rapidly into its autocratic sway over the world of literature; saw for the first time Wordsworth, who was journeying in Scotland, and they loved each other as well as could be expected in minds where the objective and the subjective existed in such different proportions; and, in fine, published a small edition of “*Sir Tristrem*,” the chief interest in which now is that it is said to be the work of Thomas of Erchildown, or Thomas the Rhymmer, and was edited by Sir Walter Scott. It obtained its sole circulation amongst the antiquarians of that time.

In 1804, Scott, induced partly by reasons connected with his sheriffship, took up his residence at Ashestiel, a place that will ever be interesting to the lovers of poetry. Never shall we, at least, forget the scene of perfect peace it presented to us in a calm though cloudy day of June, with the murmur of the Tweed hardly breaking the serene silence which lay upon the

green hills, the woods, the plain, the brook, and the ever-honoured mansion where the great minstrel dwelt. Here he took his well-known domestics Thomas Purdie and Peter Mathieson into his employ, the one as shepherd, and the other as coachman. They continued in his service to their death; and like all who saw Scott close at hand, they adored him, he being one of the very few men who have been heroes to their valets. Here also he became intimate with the famous Mungo Park, then newly returned from his first travels to Africa, and practising as a surgeon in Selkirk. Every one remembers the striking story of Park being discovered by Scott dropping pebbles into a linn in the Yarrow to discover its depth, a practice he had followed in Africa ere crossing its rivers. This little incident convinced Scott that Park was revolving the idea of a second journey, which he effected accordingly the next year, perishing, as all know, in one of those very African streams.

In January 1805 appeared the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and was received with unbounded and universal applause. The "Lay," "Childe Harold," "The Course of Time," and Smith's "Life Drama," have probably been the four most decided hits in the history of poetry. Scott now, like Byron, "awoke one morning and found himself famous." Thousands who had never heard of the "Minstrelsy" read the "Lay." It appeared in a splendid quarto form—a form in which few of the present race ever saw it, but in which we were fortunate enough to read it first. How well we remember the boyish rapture with which we got into our hands at a Glasgow library the precious volume, with its large magnificent type, its broad margin, and its dark binding, although almost crumbled away with frequent perusal, and how we began to read it in the street amidst the glimmering lights of an April eve! When shall the days of quarto poems return again? The success of the "Lay" determined Scott to devote henceforth all his leisure to literature and poetry.

This year he entered on his memorable partnership with the Ballantynes. Into the *questiones vexatæ* connected with that partnership we shall not enter here. This year also, he pro-

jected an edition of the "British Poets," which circumstances prevented him from executing. Never was man so well qualified for this task by learning, enthusiasm, cautious judgment, wide sympathies, and the powers of interesting narrative and of genial criticism. His only danger had been, in overloading the text with superfluous notes. But Scott's notes to his own poems are like no other body's notes; their superfluity is pardoned on account of their interest, and so it had been with these; and his "Lives of the Poets," if inferior to Johnson's in point, massive power, and sceptral majesty, would have far surpassed them in ease, variety, knowledge, and fellow-feeling with genius. This year, too, he undertook his edition of "Dryden," wrote some more articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, received a visit from Southey, and commenced "*Waverley*;" but receiving an unfavourable judgment on what he had written from William Erskine, laid it aside for the time.

In 1806, a favourable event occurred in the history of the poet. This was his appointment to be one of the Principal Clerks of Session, with a salary of £800 a-year (on the death of his colleague), and only a few hours' labour each forenoon, during the sitting of the Court. To procure this he went to London, where he made the acquaintance of two celebrated women of very different characters—Joanna Baillie, and the unfortunate Caroline, Princess of Wales. Joanna he ever afterwards regarded with a brotherly affection, and continued to correspond with her till the close of his life. His opinions of Caroline, like those of all his party except Canning, underwent a diametrical change; and after having visited, and been cordially welcomed at her little court at Blackheath, he afterwards spoke of her in language unworthy of a gentleman or a man. And, although indebted for his clerkship to the Whig administration, then in power, he indited a song, which was sung at a Tory dinner, held on account of Lord Melville's acquittal, in which he used the following truculent language (Fox being then suffering from the illness which terminated in his death):—

"The Brewer we'll hoax,
Tallyho to the Fox,
And drink Melville for ever as long as we live."

Nothing in all Scott's conduct gave such offence as this allusion. Lord Cockburn intimates that some of his warmest friends were cooled, and that a few of his enemies never forgave him. The amiable Countess of Rosslyn was one of the former class; and, at so late a date as the Queen's trial, we remember the *Scotsman* reprinting the song to Scott's disadvantage. He felt himself to have erred, and made, in some measure, the *amende honorable* in the well-known lines on Fox in "Marmion." Nothing but party-spirit run rabid could have "reduced" a spirit so generous to such brutal "lowness."

In November 1806 he commenced "Marmion," for which, ere it was finished, and ere he had read a line of it, Constable offered 1000 guineas—a sum then thought enormous, but which Scott instantly accepted, the more eagerly as he needed money to help his brother Thomas. In March 1807 he visited London, to find new materials for his "Dryden;" Lichfield, to see Miss Seward, who describes him "coming like a sunbeam to her dwelling," and gives a very lady-like picture, or rather inventory, of his "brown hair, flaxen eyebrows, long upper-lip, and light gray eyes." On the 23d of February 1808 "Marmion" appeared, and, while welcomed by the public with an enthusiasm only second to that which had received the "Lay," was somewhat roughly handled in the *Edinburgh Review*. Jeffrey had been engaged to dine with Scott the day the review appeared; and, though with considerable reluctance, went accordingly. Scott received him with his usual bland courtesy. But conceive the critic's feelings when, as he was leaving, the hostess of the house said, "Well, good night, Mr Jeffrey; dey tell me you have abused Scott in de *Review*, and I hope Mr Constable has paid you very well for writing it!" This critique produced important consequences. It cut the tie between Scott and the *Edinburgh Review*, it led to the establishment of the *Quarterly*, and, combined with other circumstances of a later date, in cooling the poet with his publisher, Constable. Two months after "Marmion" appeared the "Dryden," in eighteen volumes, and was accompanied with a masterly memoir. This year, too, he aided Weber, a poor German hack who ultimately

went deranged, in his "Ancient Metrical Romances," began his "Swift," edited Strutt's "Queen Hoo Hall," Carleton's "War of the Spanish Succession," the "Memoirs of Cary, Earl of Monmouth," and projected a general edition of the Novelists of Britain, with prefaces; besides taking a lively concern in the literary affairs of James Hogg, and of honest John Struthers, the author of the "Poor Man's Sabbath," a man of whom Glasgow is justly proud. Scott had now two boys and two girls, and he never had more; namely, Charlotte Sophia, born 15th November 1799; Walter, born 28th October 1801; Anne, born 2d February 1803; and Charles, born 24th December 1805.

Toward the close of 1808 the review of "Marmion" began to bear fruit. A breach, precipitated by the insulting language of Hunter, Constable's partner, took place between Constable and Scott. The appearance of the famous article on Don Pedro Cevallos, in the 26th Number of the *Edinburgh Review*, an article written by Brougham, and forming perhaps the most powerful specimen of his style, irritated our poet's political prejudices, and he, in common with many Tories, ceased to subscribe to that periodical. He set himself immediately to take vengeance on his adversaries—first by establishing John Ballantyne as a publisher, in opposition to Constable; and secondly, by moving heaven and earth to organise the *Quarterly Review*. In the latter of these attempts he succeeded—the *Quarterly*, under Gifford, soon came out in great force; in the former, he, after a season, signally failed.

In the spring of 1809, Scott again visited London to prosecute his gigantic plans, where, with Canning, Croker, and Ellis, he concocted the new Review, and where he met for the first time Coleridge, then the great orator of the dining-tables of the metropolis. On his return, he commenced the "Lady of the Lake," and issued an edition of Sir R. Sadler's "State Papers," in three quarto volumes. John Kemble visited him in the autumn at Ashiestiel, and seduced him sometimes into the old comptatory habits of "Colonel Grogg."

1810 was one of Scott's brightest years. The "Lady of the Lake" appeared in May, and was received with boundless

enthusiasm. Critics vied with each other in eulogiums. On all the roads leading to the Trosachs was suddenly heard the rushing of many chariots and horsemen. Inns were crowded to suffocation. Post-hire permanently rose. Every corner of that fine gorge was explored, and every foot of that beautiful loch was traversed by travellers carrying copies of the book in their hands, or, as they sailed round Ellen's Isle, or climbed the gray scalp of Ben An, or sate in the shady hollow of Coirnanuriskin, or leaned over the still waters of Loch Achray, repeating passages from it with unfeigned rapture. He had hit the public between wind and water. It was as if a ray from heaven had fallen on and revealed a nook of matchless loveliness, and all rejoiced in the gleam and in its revelation. This year, too, he resumed "Waverley;" but on receiving a cold criticism from James Ballantyne (who was usually, however, the best of all Scott's critics), again threw it aside. The chariot of his triumph had as usual, however, a slave riding behind it. While the "Lady of the Lake" was careering on in its unrivalled course, the shelves of John Ballantyne & Co. were groaning under unsold thousands of Histories of Caldees, Tixall poetry, and Edinburgh Annual Registers, all printed at the instance and under the patronage of this most popular of poets but most reckless of publishers.

Sympathy with the Portuguese—at that time trampled under the iron hoof of the French armies—led Scott, in 1811, to write his "Vision of Don Roderick," the profits of which he gave to the distressed patriots. This was his first comparative failure since he had become a popular poet. Notwithstanding some splendid passages, the book was less admired than its review in the *Edinburgh*, where Jeffrey, in his happiest style, rebuked the author for his silence in reference to the good, gallant, and unfortunate Sir John Moore,—an omission as inexcusable in a Scotchman, as if one, writing an epic on Bruce, were to take no notice at all of the name of Wallace. While employed on this poem, Scott lost two of his friends very suddenly—President Blair and Lord Melville. Scott tells a curious story about a dentist called Dubisson, who met the President the day before his death, who used

a particular expression to him. He met Lord Melville the day before *his* death, near the same spot, who, to the man's surprise, used the same expression. Dubisson, after the second death, jocularly remarked that he supposed he himself would be the third to die. He was taken ill, and expired in an hour's space! Lord Melville had been hurried from Dunira, in Perthshire, to Edinburgh by the news of Blair's death. While driving through the village of Comrie, a young lad, playing on the street, got a glimpse of him as he passed, and cried out to his companion, "That's a dying man." We were not then born, but can vouch for this as a fact. Probably there had been some pallid and ghastly expression on his countenance, although he was thought in his usual health.

Scott's colleague in the Court of Session dying, he now entered on the enjoyment of his salary, which was also raised, by a new arrangement, from £800 to £1300. His lease of Ashestiel having expired, he bought a farm near it—a farm destined to mature and expand into the world-famous estate of Abbotsford. Here he determined to set up his future staff of rest, and to become, what of all things he most coveted, a Scottish laird. He bought a hundred acres for £4000, borrowing £2000 from his brother John, and raising £2000 through the Ballantynes, on the strength of a new poem which he meant to write. This was "Rokeby." His friend, J. B. S. Morritt, was the lord of that place. Scott, in his occasional visits, had been much struck with its natural beauties, and he determined to enshrine it in a poem. What a pity, Strathearn men may be permitted to wish, that since he was to "do" a gentleman's and a friend's seat, he had not selected a place as beautiful as Rokeby, and nearer his beloved heather—Lord Melville's Dunira, a spot surrounded by woods as rich, and overhung by mountains as bold as the Trosachs itself! He began "Rokeby" in the close of 1811, and it was published in the first days of January 1813. Its sale was rapid and large, but its reception was not nearly so rapturous as that of his former poems. It had less power, and consisted of more commonplace and Minerva-press-like

materials. Byron, besides, had in the interim, after some elegant trifling in his first production, and some adroit grinning in his second, begun fairly to exert his force in the third. "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" had come like a comet across the literary sky, and the poems of Scott seemed tame as lunar rainbows in the comparison. The victory of the English Bard needed but one or two fiery fragments, like the "Giaour," on his part, and one more splendid failure on Scott's (his "Lord of the Isles"), to make it complete, and, so far as verse was concerned, final. Lockhart, indeed, says that the success of Byron's first pieces arose chiefly from their resemblance to, and unconscious imitation of, Scott's poetry. But this is the criticism of a son-in-law. Had these poems been mere imitations of Scott, they would have fallen powerless, as all echoes do, on the public ear. And whatever resemblance they bore to Scott's, it was not the similitude, it was the *difference* between the English and the Scotch Bards, and their respective styles, which secured Byron's success. The public saw intensity substituted for slipshod ease—the passionate for the picturesque—the thoughtful for the lively—the scenery, the manners, and the suns of Spain and Greece for those of Scotland—and the change was grateful to them at the time. In short, as Scott confessed long after, "Byron bett (beat) him," although, by happily shifting his ground, and, like his own *Ivanhoe*, disguising himself, he afterwards more than regained his laurels. Immediately after "Rokeby" appeared anonymously his "Bridal of Triermain," which he meant as a "trap for the critics," but which was instantly discovered to be a second or third-rate effusion of his own mastermind.

The history of 1813 is that of a series of embarrassments connected with the ill-managed affairs of John Ballantyne, into which we need not enter, after our previous remarks; of farther purchases of land near Abbotsford; of extensive correspondence; and of continued labour at "Swift." This year, too, he was offered, but declined, the Poet Laureateship, which was then conferred on Southey. He planned and began the "Lord of the Isles;" and having found the old fragment of

“Waverley” while in search of some fishing-tackle, he “read it, thought it had been undervalued, and determined to finish the story.”

1814 may be considered as in some points the most important year in Scott’s history. In it he published his elaborate edition of “Swift.” His life of that strange, strong, guilty, and most unhappy man, was able; but, like his “Roderick,” was eclipsed in the splendour of the review it obtained in the *Edinburgh*,—a review in which, as ever when the mood of high moral indignation came upon him, Jeffrey surpassed himself. And, besides writing some papers on “Chivalry” and the “Drama” for the “Supplement to the Edinburgh Encyclopædia,” our poet completed “Waverley,” which appeared in July, and became instantly popular. As soon as it was fairly off hands, the author (not known as such then) proceeded on a nautical excursion around Scotland, in consequence of a request from the Committee of the Northern Lights (“not,” he says, “the Edinburgh reviewers, but *bonâ fide* Commissioners, to examine the lighthouses of the Scottish coasts”). At this point, which may be called the *culminating*, if not *culminated*, point in Scott’s career, we pause till our next volume.

Yet, ere closing, let us linger a moment on the fact of the publication of “Waverley.” With what emotion do men hear the first volley of a great battle, or see the first welling out of one of the giant rivers of the earth from its far desert or mountain spring! Surely with deeper feelings may the lover of literature turn back to the day when there began a series of the finest creations of the human mind, combining life-like reality with ideal beauty, full of simplicity, pathos, and humanity, as well as of the highest eloquence, interest, and imagination; a series which has bettered and blessed, as well as cheered and electrified, myriads and myriads more of mankind; and which, so far from having exhausted its artistic or its beneficent power, is likely to increase in wide-spread influence as man advances, and as ages roll on. And if Bruce was not blamed, when, as he stood by the fountain whence “the mighty father of Egypt’s waters” takes its rise, he

swelled that fountain by his tears, let our emotion now not be counted false or factitious, while standing beside a well, whence streams of intellectual life, as bountiful and copious as the Nile, have flowed out to gladden, to instruct, and to elevate the human family. To effect this was, let it be remembered, the purpose, the pride, and the joy, and that he had effected it was ultimately the consolation, of our great Scottish Novelist and Poet.

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THE

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE Poem, now offered to the Public, is intended to illustrate the customs and manners which anciently prevailed on the Borders of England and Scotland. The inhabitants, living in a state partly pastoral and partly warlike, and combining habits of constant depredation with the influence of a rude spirit of chivalry, were often engaged in scenes highly susceptible of poetical ornament. As the description of scenery and manners was more the object of the Author than a combined and regular narrative, the plan of the Ancient Metrical Romance was adopted, which allows greater latitude, in this respect, than would be consistent with the dignity of a regular Poem. The same model offered other facilities, as it permits an occasional alteration of measure, which, in some degree, authorises the change of rhythm in the text. The machinery, also, adopted from popular belief, would have seemed puerile in a Poem which did not partake of the rudeness of the old Ballad, or Metrical Romance.

For these reasons, the poem was put into the mouth of an ancient Minstrel, the last of the race, who, as he is supposed to have survived the Revolution, might have caught somewhat of the refinement of modern poetry, without losing the simplicity of his original model. The date of the Tale itself is about the middle of the sixteenth century, when most of the personages actually flourished. The time occupied by the action is Three Nights and Three Days.

THE
LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

INTRODUCTION.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy;
The last of all the bards was he
Who sung of Border chivalry.
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead; 10
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn;
No longer, courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne; 20

The bigots of the iron time 21
 Had called his harmless art a crime.
 A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
 He begged his bread from door to door;
 And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
 The harp a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
 Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
 The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
 No humbler resting-place was nigh. 30
 With hesitating step, at last,
 The embattled portal-arch he passed,
 Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
 Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
 But never closed the iron door
 Against the desolate and poor.
 The Duchess¹ marked his weary pace,
 His timid mien, and reverend face,
 And bade her page the menials tell,
 That they should tend the old man well: 40
 For she had known adversity,
 Though born in such a high degree;
 In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
 Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!

When kindness had his wants supplied,
 And the old man was gratified,
 Began to rise his minstrel pride:
 And he began to talk anon,
 Of good Earl Francis,² dead and gone,
 And of Earl Walter,³ rest him God! 50

¹ Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representative of the ancient Lords of Buccleuch, and widow of the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1685.—² Francis Scott, Earl of Buccleuch, father to the Duchess.—³ Walter, Earl of Buccleuch, grandfather to the Duchess, and a celebrated warrior.

A braver ne'er to battle rode ; 51
 And how full many a tale he knew
 Of the old warriors of Buccleuch ;
 And, would the noble Duchess deign
 To listen to an old man's strain,
 Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
 He thought, even yet, the sooth to speak,
 That, if she loved the harp to hear,
 He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained ; 60
 The Aged Minstrel audience gained.
 But, when he reached the room of state,
 Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
 Perchance he wished his boon denied :
 For, when to tune his harp he tried,
 His trembling hand had lost the ease
 Which marks security to please ;
 And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
 Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
 He tried to tune his harp in vain. 70
 The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
 And gave him heart, and gave him time,
 Till every string's according glee
 Was blended into harmony.
 And then, he said, he would full fain
 He could recall an ancient strain,
 He never thought to sing again.
 It was not framed for village churls,
 But for high dames and mighty earls ;
 He had played it to King Charles the Good, 80
 When he kept court in Holyrood ;
 And much he wished, yet feared, to try
 The long-forgotten melody.
 Amid the strings his fingers strayed,

And an uncertain warbling made, 85
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled;
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy! 90
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot:
Cold diffidence and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung. 100

CANTO I.

- 1 THE feast was over in Branksome tower, ^{A*}
 And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower ;
 Her bower, that was guarded by word and by
 spell,
 Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell—
 Jesu Maria, shield us well !
 No living wight, save the Ladye alone,
 Had dared to cross the threshold stone.
- 2 The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all ;
 Knight, and page, and household squire,
 Loitered through the lofty hall,
 Or crowded round the ample fire.
 The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
 Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
 And urged, in dreams, the forest-race,
 From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.
- 3 Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
 Hung their shields in Branksome Hall ; ^B
 Nine-and-twenty squires of name
 Brought them their steeds from bower to stall ;
 Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
 Waited, duteous, on them all :
 They were all knights of mettle true,
 Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.
- 4 Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
 With belted sword, and spur on heel :

* The reference letters refer to the Notes at end of Poem.

They quitted not their harness bright,
 Neither by day, nor yet by night :
 They lay down to rest,
 With corslet laced,
 Pillowed on buckler cold and hard ;
 They carved at the meal
 With gloves of steel,
 And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred.

5 Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
 Waited the beck of the warders ten ;
 Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
 Stood saddled in stable day and night,
 Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
 And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow ;^c
 A hundred more fed free in stall :
 Such was the custom of Branksome Hall.

6 Why do these steeds stand ready dight ?
 Why watch these warriors, armed, by night ?—
 They watch, to hear the blood-hound baying ;
 They watch, to hear the war-horn braying ;
 To see St George's red cross streaming,
 To see the midnight beacon gleaming ;
 They watch, against Southern force and guile,
 Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
 Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,
 From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.^d

7 Such is the custom of Branksome Hall.—
 Many a valiant knight is here ;
 But he, the chieftain of them all,
 His sword hangs rusting on the wall,
 Beside his broken spear.

Bards long shall tell
 How Lord Walter fell!^E
 When startled burghers fled, afar,
 The furies of the Border war ;
 When the streets of high Dunedin
 Saw lances gleam, and falchions redden,
 And heard the slogan's¹ deadly yell—
 Then the chief of Branksome fell.

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

9 In sorrow, o'er Lord Walter's bier
 The warlike foresters had bent ;
 And many a flower, and many a tear,
 Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent :
 But o'er her warrior's bloody bier
 The Ladye dropped nor flower nor tear !
 Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
 Had lock'd the source of softer woe ;
 And burning pride and high disdain
 Forbade the rising tear to flow ;

¹ The war-cry, or gathering word, of a Border clan.

Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
 Her son lisped from the nurse's knee—
 'And if I live to be a man,
 My father's death revenged shall be !'
 Then fast the mother's tears did seek
 To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

- 10 All loose her negligent attire,
 All loose her golden hair,
 Hung Margaret o'er her slaughtered sire,
 And wept in wild despair.
 But not alone the bitter tear
 Had filial grief supplied ;
 For hopeless love and anxious fear
 Had lent their mingled tide :
 Nor in her mother's altered eye
 Dared she to look for sympathy.
 Her lover, 'gainst her father's clan,
 With Car in arms had stood,
 When Mathouse-burn to Melrose ran,
 All purple with their blood ;
 And well she knew her mother dread,
 Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed,^h
 Would see her on her dying bed.
- 11 Of noble race the Ladye came ;
 Her father was a clerk of fame,
 Of Bethune's line of Picardie :^f
 He learned the art, that none may name,
 In Padua, far beyond the sea.^k
 Men said, he changed his mortal frame
 By feat of magic mystery ;
 For when, in studious mood, he paced
 St Andrew's cloistered hall,

His form no darkening shadow traced
Upon the sunny wall!^L

- 12 And of his skill, as bards avow,
He taught that Ladye fair,
Till to her bidding she could bow
The viewless forms of air.^M
And now she sits in secret bower,
In old Lord David's western tower,
And listens to a heavy sound,
That moans the mossy turrets round.
Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,
That chafes against the scaur's¹ red side?
Is it the wind, that swings the oaks?
Is it the echo from the rocks?
What may it be, the heavy sound,
That moans old Branksome's turrets round?
- 13 At the sullen, moaning sound,
The ban-dogs bay and howl;
And, from the turrets round,
Loud whoops the startled owl.
In the hall, both squire and knight
Swore that a storm was near,
And looked forth to view the night;
But the night was still and clear!
- 14 From the sound of Teviot's tide,
Chafing with the mountain's side,
From the groan of the wind-swung oak,
From the sullen echo of the rock,
From the voice of the coming storm,

¹ A precipitous bank of earth.

The Ladye knew it well !
 It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,
 And he called on the Spirit of the Fell.

River Spirit.

15 'Sleep'st thou, brother ?'

Mountain Spirit.

' Brother, nay—
 On my hills the moon-beams play.
 From Craik-cross to Skelfhill-pen,
 By every rill, in every glen,
 Merry elves their morrice pacing,
 To aërial minstrelsy,
 Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,
 Trip it deft and merrily.
 Up, and mark their nimble feet !
 Up, and list their music sweet !'

River Spirit.

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

Mountain Spirit.

17 ' Arthur's slow wain his course doth roll
 In utter darkness round the pole ;
 The Northern Bear lowers black and grim ;
 Orion's studded belt is dim :

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

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

19 The Ladye sought the lofty hall,
 Where many a bold retainer lay,
 And, with jocund din, among them all,
 Her son pursued his infant play.
 A fancied moss-trooper,^N the boy
 The truncheon of a spear bestrode,
 And round the hall, right merrily,
 In mimic foray¹ rode.
 Even bearded knights, in arms grown old,
 Share in his frolic gambols bore,
 Albeit their hearts, of rugged mould,
 Were stubborn as the steel they wore.

¹ A predatory inroad.

For the gray warriors prophesied,
 How the brave boy, in future war,
 Should tame the Unicorn's pride,
 Exalt the Crescent and the Star.¹ °

20 The Ladyc forgot her purpose high,
 One moment—and no more ;
 One moment gazed with a mother's eye,
 As she paused at the arched door :
 Then, from amid the armed train,
 She called to her William of Deloraine.^p

21 A stark moss-trooping Scott was he,
 As e'er couched Border lance by knee :
 Through Solway sands, through Tarras moss,
 Blindfold, he knew the paths to cross ;
 By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
 Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds ;^q
 In Esk, or Liddel, fords were none,
 But he would ride them, one by one ;
 Alike to him was time or tide,
 December's snow, or July's pride ;
 Alike to him was tide or time,
 Moonless midnight, or matin prime :
 Steady of heart and stout of hand,
 As ever drove prey from Cumberland ;
 Five times outlawed had he been,
 By England's king, and Scotland's queen.

22 'Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,
 Mount thee on the wightest steed ;
 Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride,
 Until thou come to fair Tweedside ;

¹ Alluding to the armorial bearings of the Scotts and Cars.

And in Melrose's holy pile
 Seek thou the Monk of St Mary's aisle.
 Greet the Father well from me ;
 Say that the fated hour is come,
 And to-night he shall watch with thee,
 To win the treasure of the tomb :
 For this will be St Michael's night,
 And, though stars be dim, the moon is bright ;
 And the Cross, of bloody red,
 Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.

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

24 'O swiftly can speed my dapple-gray steed,
 Which drinks of the Teviot clear ;
 Ere break of day,' the warrior 'gan say,
 'Again will I be here :
 And safer by none may thy errand be done,
 Than, noble dame, by me ;
 Letter nor line know I never a one,
 Were't my neck-verse at Hairibee.'¹

25 Soon in his saddle sate he fast,
 And soon the steep descent he pass'd,
 Soon crossed the sounding barbican,²
 And soon the Teviot side he won.

¹ The place of executing the Border marauders, at Carlisle. The 'neck-verse' is the beginning of the 51st Psalm, 'Miserere mei,' &c., anciently read by criminals claiming the benefit of clergy.—² The defence of the outer gate of a feudal castle.

Eastward the wooded path he rode ;
 Green hazels o'er his basnet nod ;
 He passed the Peel¹ of Goldiland,
 And crossed old Borthwick's roaring strand ;
 Dimly he viewed the Moat-hill's mound,²
 Where Druid shades still flitted round :
 In Hawick twinkled many a light ;
 Behind him soon they set in night ;
 And soon he spurred his courser keen,
 Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.⁵

- 26 The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark :—
 ' Stand, ho ! thou courier of the dark.'
 ' For Branksome, ho ! ' the knight rejoined,
 And left the friendly tower behind.
 He turned him now from Teviotside,
 And, guided by the tinkling rill,
 Northward the dark ascent did ride,
 And gained the moor at Horseliehill ;
 Broad on the left before him lay,
 For many a mile, the Roman way.²

- 27 A moment now he slacked his speed,
 A moment breathed his panting steed ;
 Drew saddle-girth and corslet-band,
 And loosened in the sheath his brand.
 On Minto-crag the moonbeams glint,^T
 Where Barnhill hewed his bed of flint ;
 Who flung his outlawed limbs to rest,
 Where falcons hang their giddy nest,
 'Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eye
 For many a league his prey could spy ;

¹ A Border tower.—² An ancient Roman road, crossing through part of Roxburghshire.

Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne,
The terrors of the robber's horn ;
Cliffs, which, for many a later year,
The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
When some sad swain shall teach the grove,
Ambition is no cure for love !

- 28 Unchallenged, thence pass'd Deloraine
To ancient Riddel's fair domain,^U
Where Aill, from mountains freed,
Down from the lakes did raving come ;
Each wave was crested with tawny foam,
Like the mane of a chestnut steed.
In vain ! no torrent, deep or broad,
Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road.
- 29 At the first plunge the horse sunk low,
And the water broke o'er the saddle-bow ;
Above the foaming tide, I ween,
Scarce half the charger's neck was seen ;
For he was barded¹ from counter to tail,
And the rider was armed complete in mail ;
Never heavier man and horse
Stemmed a midnight torrent's force ;
The warrior's very plume, I say,
Was daggled by the dashing spray ;
Yet, through good heart, and our Ladye's grace,
At length he gained the landing-place.
- 30 Now Bowden Moor the march-man won,
And sternly shook his plumed head,
As glanced his eye o'er Halidon ;^{2 x}
For on his soul the slaughter red

¹ Barded, or barbed : applied to a horse accoutred with defensive armour.

—² Halidon Hill, on which the battle of Melrose was fought.

Of that unhallowed morn arose,
 When first the Scott and Car were foes;
 When royal James beheld the fray,
 Prize to the victor of the day:
 When Home and Douglas, in the van,
 Bore down Buecleuch's retiring clan,
 Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear
 Reeked on dark Elliot's Border spear.

- 31 In bitter mood he spurred fast,
 And soon the hated heath was past:
 And far beneath, in lustre wan,
 Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed ran:^r
 Like some tall rock, with lichens gray,
 Seemed, dimly huge, the dark Abbaye.
 When Hawick he passed, had curfew rung,
 Now midnight lauds¹ were in Melrose sung.
 The sound, upon the fitful gale,
 In solemn wise did rise and fail,
 Like that wild harp, whose magic tone
 Is wakened by the winds alone.
 But when Melrose he reached, 'twas silence
 all;
 He meetly stabled his steed in stall,
 And sought the convent's lonely wall.

Here paused the harp: and with its swell
 The Master's fire and courage fell:
 Dejectedly, and low, he bowed,
 And, gazing timid on the crowd,
 He seemed to seek, in every eye,
 If they approved his minstrelsy;

¹ The midnight service of the Catholic Church.

And, diffident of present praise,
Somewhat he spoke of former days,
And how old age, and wandering long,
Had done his hand and harp some wrong.

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

CANTO II.

- 1 IF thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
 Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
 For the gay beams of lightsome day
 Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
 When the broken arches are black in night,
 And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
 When the cold light's uncertain shower
 Streams on the ruined central tower;
 When buttress and buttress, alternately,
 Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
 When silver edges the imagery,
 And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;^A
 When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
 And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
 Then go—but go alone the while—
 Then view St David's ruined pile;^B
 And, home returning, soothly swear,
 Was never scene so sad and fair!
- 2 Short halt did Deloraine make there;
 Little recked he of the scene so fair:
 With dagger's hilt, on the wicket strong,
 He struck full loud, and struck full long.
 The porter hurried to the gate—
 'Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late?'
 'From Branksome I,' the Warrior cried;
 And strait the wicket opened wide:

For Branksome's chiefs had in battle stood,
 To fence the rights of fair Melrose ;
 And lands and livings, many a rood,
 Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose. ^c

- 3 Bold Deloraine his errand said ;
 The porter bent his humble head ;
 With torch in hand, and feet unshod,
 And noiseless step, the path he trod :
 The arched cloisters, far and wide,
 Rang to the warrior's clanking stride ;
 Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
 He entered the cell of the ancient priest,
 And lifted his barred aventayle,¹
 To hail the Monk of St Mary's aisle.
- 4 'The Ladye of Brauksome greets thee by me ;
 Says, that the fated hour is come,
 And that to-night I shall watch with thee,
 To win the treasure of the tomb.'—
 From sackcloth couch the Monk arose,
 With toil his stiffened limbs he reared ;
 A hundred years had flung their snows
 On his thin locks and floating beard.
- 5 And strangely on the Knight looked he,
 And his blue eyes gleamed wild and wide ;
 'And, dar'st thou, Warrior ! seek to see
 What heaven and hell alike would hide ?
 My breast, in belt of iron pent,
 With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn,
 For threescore years, in penance spent,
 My knees those flinty stones have worn ;

¹ Visor of the helmet.

Yet all too little to atone
 For knowing what should ne'er be known.
 Wouldst thou thy every future year
 In ceaseless prayer and penance dree,
 Yet wait thy latter end with fear—
 Then, daring Warrior, follow me !'

6 'Penance, Father, will I none ;
 Prayer know I hardly one ;
 For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
 Save to patter an Ave Mary,
 When I ride on a Border foray :^D
 Other prayer can I none ;
 So speed me my errand, and let me be gone.'—

7 Again on the Knight looked the Churchman old,
 And again he sighed heavily ;
 For he had himself been a warrior bold,
 And fought in Spain and Italy.
 And he thought on the days that were long since by,
 When his limbs were strong, and his courage was high.
 Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
 Where, cloistered round, the garden lay ;
 The pillared arches were over their head,
 And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.^E

8 Spreading herbs, and flowerets bright,
 Glistened with the dew of night ;
 Nor herb nor floweret glisten'd there,
 But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.
 The Monk gazed long on the lovely moon,
 Then into the night he looked forth ;
 And red and bright the streamers light
 Were dancing in the glowing north ;

So had he seen, in fair Castile,
 The youth in glittering squadrons start,
 Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
 And hurl the unexpected dart.^F

He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
 That spirits were riding the northern light.

9 By a steel-clenched postern door,
 They entered now the chancel tall ;
 The darkened roof rose high aloof
 On pillars, lofty, and light, and small :
 The key-stone that locked each ribbed aisle,
 Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille ;
 The corbells¹ were carved grotesque and grim ;
 And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,
 With base and with capital flourished around,
 Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

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

11 The moon on the east oriel shone^I
 Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
 By foliaged tracery combined ;
 Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
 'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand,

¹ The projections from which the arches spring, usually cut in a fantastic face, or mask.

In many a freakish knot, had twined ;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow-wreaths to stone.

The silver light, so pale and faint,
Showed many a prophet, and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed ;
Full in the midst, his Cross of Red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the Apostate's pride.
The moonbeam kiss'd the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

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

- 13 ‘ In these far climes, it was my lot
To meet the wondrous Michael Scott ;^L
A wizard of such dreaded fame,
That when, in Salamanca's cave,^M
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame !^N
Some of his skill he taught to me ;
And, Warrior, I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone :^O
But to speak them were a deadly sin ;
And for having but thought them my heart within,
A treble penance must be done.

- 14 ‘ When Michael lay on his dying bed,
His conscience was awakened :
He bethought him of his sinful deed,
And he gave me a sign to come with speed :
I was in Spain when the morning rose,
But I stood by his bed ere evening close.
The words may not again be said,
That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid ;
They would rend this Abbaye’s massy nave,
And pile it in heaps above his grave.
- 15 ‘ I swore to bury his Mighty Book,
That never mortal might therein look ;
And never to tell where it was hid,
Save at his chief of Branksome’s need ;
And when that need was past and o’er,
Again the volume to restore.
I buried him on St Michael’s night,
When the bell tolled one, and the moon was bright ;
And I dug his chamber among the dead,
When the floor of the chancel was stained red,
That his patron’s cross might over him wave,
And scare the fiends from the Wizard’s grave.
- 16 ‘ It was a night of woe and dread,
When Michael in the tomb I laid !
Strange sounds along the chancel pass’d,
The banners waved without a blast’—
—Still spoke the Monk, when the bell tolled ONE !—
I tell you, that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe ne’er spurred a steed ;
Yet somewhat was he chilled with dread,
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

- 17 'Lo, Warrior! now, the Cross of Red
Points to the grave of the mighty dead;
Within it burns a wondrous light,
To chase the spirits that love the night:
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,^P
Until the eternal doom shall be.'
Slow moved the Monk to the broad flagstone,
Which the bloody Cross was traced upon:
He pointed to a secret nook;
An iron bar the Warrior took;
And the Monk made a sign with his wither'd hand,
The grave's huge portal to expand.
- 18 With beating heart to the task he went;
His sinewy frame o'er the gravestone bent;
With bar of iron heaved amain,
Till the toil-drops fell from his brows, like rain.
It was by dint of passing strength
That he moved the massy stone at length.
I would you had been there, to see
How the light broke forth so gloriously,
Streamed upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof!
 No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright:
 It shone like heaven's own blessed light;
 And, issuing from the tomb,
Shewed the Monk's cowl, and visage pale,
Danced on the dark-brow'd Warrior's mail,
 And kissed his waving plume.
- 19 Before their eyes the Wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day.
His hoary beard in silver rolled,
He seemed some seventy winters old;

A palmer's amice wrapped him round,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea ;
His left hand held his Book of Might ;
A silver cross was in his right ;

The lamp was placed beside his knee :
High and majestic was his look,
At which the fellest fiends had shook,
And all unruffled was his face :
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

20 Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain,
And trampled down the warriors slain,
And neither known remorse or awe ;
Yet now remorse and awe he owned ;
His breath came thick, his head swam round,
When this strange scene of death he saw.
Bewildered and unnerved he stood,
And the priest prayed fervently, and loud :
With eyes averted prayed he ;
He might not endure the sight to see
Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

21 And when the priest his death-prayer had prayed,
Thus unto Deloraine he said :—
' Now speed thee what thou hast to do,
Or, Warrior, we may dearly rue ;
For those thou may'st not look upon
Are gathering fast round the yawning stone !'
Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
With iron clasped, and with iron bound :
He thought, as he took it, the dead man frowned ;^q

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

22 When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,
The night returned in double gloom,
For the moon had gone down, and the stars were
few ;

And, as the Knight and Priest withdrew,
With wavering steps and dizzy brain,
They hardly might the postern gain.
'Tis said, as through the aisles they passed,
They heard strange noises on the blast ;
And through the cloister-galleries small,
Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,
Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,
And voices unlike the voice of man ;
As if the fiends kept holiday,
Because these spells were brought to day.
I cannot tell how the truth may be ;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

23 ' Now, hie thee hence,' the Father said,
' And when we are on death-bed laid,
Oh may our dear Ladye, and sweet St John,
Forgive our souls for the deed we have done !'
The Monk returned him to his cell,
And many a prayer and penance sped ;
When the convent met at the noontide bell—
The Monk of St Mary's aisle was dead !
Before the cross was the body laid,
With hands clasped fast, as if still he prayed.

24 The Knight breathed free in the morning wind,
And strove his hardihood to find :

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

25 The sun had brightened Cheviot gray,
The son had brightened the Carter's¹ side;
And soon beneath the rising day
Smiled Branksome towers and Teviot's tide.
The wild birds told their warbling tale:
And wakened every flower that blows,
And peeped forth the violet pale,
And spread her breast the mountain rose:
And lovelier than the rose so red,
Yet paler than the violet pale,
She early left her sleepless bed,
The fairest maid of Teviotdale.

26 Why does fair Margaret so early awake,
And don her kirtle so hastilie;
And the silken knots, which in hurry she would
make,
Why tremble her slender fingers to tie;
Why does she stop, and look often around,
As she glides down the secret stair;
And why does she pat the shaggy bloodhound,
As he rouses him up from his lair;

¹ A mountain on the border of England, above Jedburgh.

And, though she passes the postern alone,
Why is not the watchman's bugle blown?

- 27 The ladye steps in doubt and dread,
Lest her watchful mother hear her tread;
The ladye caresses the rough bloodhound,
Lest his voice should waken the castle round;
The watchman's bugle is not blown,
For he was her foster-father's son;
And she glides through the greenwood at dawn
of light,
To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight.

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

- 29 And now, fair dames, methinks I see
You listen to my minstrelsy;
Your waving locks ye backward throw,
And sidelong bend your necks of snow:—
Ye ween to hear a melting tale,
Of two true lovers in a dale;

And how the Knight, with tender fire,
To paint his faithful passion strove;
Swore, he might at her feet expire,
But never, never cease to love;
And how she blushed, and how she sighed,
And, half consenting, half denied,
And said that she would die a maid;—
Yet, might the bloody feud be stayed,
Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,
Margaret of Branksome's choice should be.

- 30 Alas! fair dames, your hopes are vain!
My harp has lost the enchanting strain;
Its lightness would my age reprove:
My hairs are gray, my limbs are old,
My heart is dead, my veins are cold:—
I may not, must not, sing of love.
- 31 Beneath an oak, mossed o'er by old,
The Baron's Dwarf his courser held,^R
And held his crested helm and spear:
That Dwarf was scarcely an earthly man.
If the tales were true that of him ran
Through all the Border far and near.
'Twas said, when the Baron a-hunting rode
Through Reedsdale's glens, but rarely trod,
He heard a voice cry, 'Lost! lost! lost!'
And, like tennis-ball by raquet tossed,
A leap, of thirty feet and three,
Made from the gorse this elfin shape,
Distorted like some dwarfish ape,
And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee.
Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismayed;
'Tis said, that five good miles he rade,
To rid him of his company;

But where he rode one mile, the Dwarf ran four,
And the Dwarf was first at the castle door.

32 Use lessens marvel, it is said.

This elvish Dwarf with the Baron stayed :
Little he ate, and less he spoke,
Nor mingled with the menial flock :
And oft apart his arms he tossed,
And often muttered, ' Lost ! lost ! lost !'
 He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,
 But well Lord Cranstoun served he :
And he of his service was full fain ;
For once he had been ta'en or slain,
 An' it had not been his ministry.
All, between Home and Hermitage,
Talked of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-Page.

33 For the Baron went on pilgrimage,
And took with him this elvish Page,

 To Mary's chapel of the Lowes :
For there, beside Our Lady's lake,
An offering he had sworn to make,
 And he would pay his vows.

But the Ladye of Branksome gathered a band
Of the best that would ride at her command ;^s

 The trysting place was Newark Lee.
Wat of Harden came thither amain,
And thither came John of Thirlestane,
And thither came William of Deloraine ;

 They were three hundred spears and three.
Through Douglas-burn, up Yarrow stream,
Their horses prance, their lances gleam.
They came to St Mary's lake ere day ;
But the chapel was void, and the Baron away.

They burned the chapel for very rage,
And cursed Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-Page.

- 34 And now, in Branksome's good green wood,
As under the aged oak he stood,
The Baron's courser pricks his ears,
As if a distant noise he hears.
The Dwarf waves his long lean arm on high,
And signs to the lovers to part and fly;
No time was then to vow or sigh.
Fair Margaret, through the hazel grove,
Flew like the startled cushat-dove:¹
The Dwarf the stirrup held and rein:
Vaulted the knight on his steed amain,
And, pondering deep that morning's scene,
Rode eastward through the hawthorns green.

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

¹ Wood-pigeon.

The cordial nectar of the bowl
Swelled his old veins, and cheered his soul;
A lighter, livelier prelude ran,
Ere thus his tale again began.

CANTO III.

- 1 AND said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor withered heart was dead,
 And that I might not sing of love?—
How could I to the dearest theme,
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
 So foul, so false a recreant prove!
How could I name love's very name,
Nor wake my harp to notes of flame!
- 2 In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.
- 3 So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,
While, pondering deep the tender scene,
He rode through Branksome's hawthorn green.
 But the Page shouted wild and shrill—
 And scarce his helmet could he don,
 When downward from the shady hill
 A stately knight came pricking on.

That warrior's steed, so dapple-gray,
 Was dark with sweat, and splashed with clay;
 His armour red with many a stain:
 He seemed in such a weary plight,
 As if he had ridden the live-long night;
 For it was William of Deloraine.

4 But no whit weary did he seem,
 When, dancing in the sunny beam,
 He marked the crane on the Baron's crest;^A
 For his ready spear was in his rest.

Few were the words, and stern and high,
 That marked the foemen's feudal hate;
 For question fierce, and proud reply,
 Gave signal soon of dire debate.
 Their very coursers seemed to know
 That each was other's mortal foe;
 And snorted fire, when wheeled around,
 To give each knight his vantage ground.

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

C Stern was the dint the Borderer lent!
 The stately Baron backwards bent;
 Bent backwards to his horse's tail,
 And his plumes went scattering on the gale;

The tough ash spear, so stout and true,
Into a thousand flinders flew.
But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail,
Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's mail;
Through shield, and jack, and acton past,
Deep in his bosom broke at last.
Still sate the warrior saddle-fast,
Till, stumbling in the mortal shock,
Down went the steed, the girthing broke,
Hurl'd on a heap lay man and horse.
The Baron onward passed his course;
Nor knew—so giddy rolled his brain—
His foe lay stretched upon the plain.

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

8 Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode;
The Goblin-Page behind abode;
His lord's command he ne'er withstood,
Though small his pleasure to do good.
As the corslet off he took,
The Dwarf espied the Mighty Book!

Much he marvelled, a knight of pride
 Like a book-bosomed priest should ride:^B
 He thought not to search or stanch the
 wound,
 Until the secret he had found.

- 9 The iron band, the iron clasp,
 Resisted long the elfin grasp;
 For when the first he had undone,
 It closed as he the next begun.
 Those iron clasps, that iron band,
 Would not yield to unchristened hand,
 Till he smeared the cover o'er
 With the Borderer's curdled gore;
 A moment then the volume spread,
 And one short spell therein he read.
 It had much of glamour¹ might,^c
 Could make a lady seem a knight;
 The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
 Seem tapestry in lordly hall;
 A nut-shell seem a gilded barge,
 A sheiling² seem a palace large,
 And youth seem age, and age seem youth—
 All was delusion, nought was truth.

- 10 He had not read another spell,
 When on his cheek a buffet fell,
 So fierce, it stretched him on the plain,
 Beside the wounded Deloraine.
 From the ground he rose dismayed,
 And shook his huge and matted head;
 One word he muttered, and no more—
 'Man of age, thou smitest sore!'

¹ Magical delusion.—² A shepherd's hut.

No more the Elfin Page durst try
Into the wondrous Book to pry ;
The clasps, though smeared with Christian
gore,
Shut faster than they were before.
He hid it underneath his cloak.—
Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,
I cannot tell, so not I thrive ;
It was not given by man alive.^p

- 11 Unwillingly himself he addressed,
To do his master's high behest :
He lifted up the living corse,
And laid it on the weary horse ;
He led him into Branksome hall,
Before the beards of the warders all ;
And each did after swear and say,
'There only passed a wain of hay.
He took him to Lord David's tower,
Even to the Ladye's secret bower ;
And, but that stronger spells were spread,
And the door might not be opened,
He had laid him on her very bed.
Whate'er he did of gramarye,¹
Was always done maliciously ;
He flung the warrior on the ground,
And the blood welled freshly from the wound.

- 12 As he repassed the outer court,
He spied the fair young child at sport :
He thought to train him to the wood ;
For, at a word, be it understood,
He was always for ill, and never for good.

¹ Magic.

Seemed to the boy, some comrade gay
 Led him forth to the woods to play ;
 On the drawbridge the warders stout
 Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.

- 13 He led the boy o'er bank and fell,
 Until they came to a woodland brook ;
 The running stream dissolved the spell,^E
 And his own elvish shape he took.
 Could he have had his pleasure vilde,
 He had crippled the joints of the noble child ;
 Or, with his fingers long and lean,
 Had strangled him in fiendish spleen ;
 But his awful mother he had in dread,
 And also his power was limited ;
 So he but scowled on the startled child,
 And darted through the forest wild ;
 The woodland brook he bounding crossed,
 And laughed, and shouted, ' Lost ! lost ! lost ! '
- 14 Full sore amazed at the wondrous change,
 And frightened, as a child might be,
 At the wild yell and visage strange,
 And the dark words of gramarye,
 The child, amidst the forest bower,
 Stood rooted like a lily flower ;
 And when at length, with trembling pace,
 He sought to find where Branksome lay,
 He feared to see that grisly face
 Glare from some thicket on his way.
 Thus, starting oft, he journeyed on,
 And deeper in the wood is gone—
 For aye the more he sought his way,
 The farther still he went astray—

Until he heard the mountains round
Ring to the baying of a hound.

15 And hark! and hark! the deep-mouthed bark

Comes nigher still, and nigher :
Bursts on the path a dark bloodhound,
His tawny muzzle tracked the ground,
And his red eye shot fire.
Soon as the wildered child saw he,
He flew at him right furiouslie.
I ween you would have seen with joy
The bearing of the gallant boy,
When, worthy of his noble sire,
His wet cheek glowed 'twixt fear and ire!
He faced the bloodhound manfully,
And held his little bat on high :
So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,
At cautious distance hoarsely bayed,
But still in act to spring ;
When dashed an archer through the glade,
And when he saw the hound was stayed,
He drew his tough bow-string ;
But a rough voice cried, 'Shoot not, hoy!
Ho! shoot not, Edward—'Tis a boy!'

16 The speaker issued from the wood,
And checked his fellow's surly mood,

And quelled the ban-dog's ire :
He was an English yeoman good,
And born in Lancashire.
Well could he hit a fallow deer
Five hundred feet him fro' ;
With hand more true, and eye more clear,
No archer bended bow.

His coal-black hair, shorn round and close,
Set off his sun-burned face ;
Old England's sign, St George's cross,
His barret-cap did grace ;
His bugle-horn hung by his side,
All in a wolf-skin baldric tied ;
And his short falchion, sharp and clear,
Had pierced the throat of many a deer.

17 His kirtle, made of forest green,
Reached scantily to his knee ;
And, at his belt, of arrows keen
A furbished sheaf bore he ;
His buckler scarce in breadth a span,
No longer fence had he ;
He never counted him a man,
Would strike below the knee ;^F
His slackened bow was in his hand,
And the leash, that was his bloodhound's band.

18 He would not do the fair child harm,
But held him with his powerful arm,
That he might neither fight nor flee ;
For when the red-cross spied he,
The boy strove long and violently.
' Now, by St George,' the archer cries,
' Edward, methinks we have a prize !
This boy's fair face, and courage free,
Shews he is come of high degree.'

19 ' Yes ! I am come of high degree,
For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch ;
And if thou dost not set me free,
False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue !

For Walter of Harden shall come with
speed,
And William of Deloraine, good at need,
And every Scott from Esk to Tweed ;
And, if thou dost not let me go,
Despite thy arrows, and thy bow,
I'll have thee hanged to feed the crow !'

20 'Gramercy, for thy good will, fair boy !
My mind was never set so high ;
But if thou art chief of such a clan,
And art the son of such a man,
And ever comest to thy command,
Our wardens had need to keep good order :
My bow of yew to a hazel wand,
Thou'lt make them work upon the Border.
Meantime, be pleased to come with me,
For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see ;
I think our work is well begun,
When we have taken thy father's son.'

21 Although the child was led away,
In Branksome still he seemed to stay,
For so the Dwarf his part did play ;
And, in the shape of that young boy,
He wrought the castle much annoy.
The comrades of the young Buccleuch
He pinched, and beat, and overthrew ;
Nay, some of them he well-nigh slew.
He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire,
And, as Sym Hall stood by the fire,
He lighted the match of his bandelier,¹
And woefully scorched the hackbutteer.²

¹ Bandelier, belt for carrying ammunition.—² Hackbutteer, musketeer.

It may be hardly thought or said,
 The mischief that the urchin made,
 Till many of the castle guessed,
 That the young Baron was possessed!

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

- 23 She drew the splinter from the wound,
 And with a charm she stanch'd the
 blood;^G
 She bade the gash be cleansed and bound:
 No longer by his couch she stood;
 But she has ta'en the broken lance,
 And washed it from the clotted gore,
 And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.^H
 William of Deloraine, in trance,
 Whene'er she turned it round and round,
 Twisted, as if she galled his wound.
 Then to her maidens she did say,
 That he should be whole man and sound,
 Within the course of a night and day.
 Full long she toiled; for she did rue
 Mishap to friend so stout and true.

24 So passed the day—the evening fell,
’Twas near the time of curfew bell;
The air was mild, the wind was calm,
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm:
E’en the rude watchman, on the tower,
Enjoyed and blessed the lovely hour.
Far more fair Margaret loved and blessed
The hour of silence and of rest.
On the high turret sitting lone,
She waked at times the lute’s soft tone;
Touched a wild note, and, all between,
Thought of the bower of hawthorns green.
Her golden hair streamed free from band,
Her fair cheek rested on her hand,
Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.

25 Is yon the star, o’er Penchryst Pen,
That rises slowly to her ken,
And, spreading broad its wavering light,
Shakes its loose tresses on the night?
Is yon red glare the western star?
Oh, ’tis the beacon-blaze of war!
Scarce could she draw her tightened breath,
For well she knew the fire of death!

26 The Warder viewed it blazing strong,
And blew his war-note loud and long,
Till, at the high and haughty sound,
Rock, wood, and river, rang around.
The blast alarmed the festal hall,
And startled forth the warriors all;
Far downward, in the castle-yard,
Full many a torch and cresset glared;

And helms and plumes, confusedly tossed,
 Were in the blaze half-seen, half-lost;
 And spears in wild disorder shook,
 Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

- 27 The Seneschal, whose silver hair
 Was reddened by the torches' glare,
 Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,
 And issued forth his mandates loud :--
 'On Penchryst glows a bale¹ of fire,
 And three are kindling on Priestthaughswire ;¹
 Ride out, ride out,
 The foe to scout !
 Mount, mount for Branksome,² every man !
 Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan,
 That ever are true and stout.
 Ye need not send to Liddesdale ;
 For, when they see the blazing bale,
 Elliots and Armstrongs never fail.
 Ride, Alton, ride, for death and life !
 And warn the Warden of the strife.
 Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,
 Our kin, and clan, and friends to raise.'^k

- 28 Fair Margaret, from the turret head,
 Heard, far below, the coursers' tread,
 While loud the harness rung,
 As to their seats, with clamour dread,
 The ready horsemen sprung ;
 And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,
 And leaders' voices, mingled notes,
 And out ! and out !

¹ Bale, beacon-fagot.—² Mount for Branksome, was the gathering word of the Scots.

In hasty rout,
The horsemen galloped forth ;
Dispersing to the south to scout,
And east, and west, and north,
To view their coming enemies,
And warn their vassals, and allies.

29 The ready page, with hurried hand,
Awaked the need-fire's¹ slumbering brand,
And ruddy blushed the heaven ;
For a sheet of flame, from the turret high,
Waved like a blood-flag on the sky,
All flaring and uneven ;
And soon a score of fires, I ween,
From height, and hill, and cliff, were seen ;
Each with warlike tidings fraught ;
Each from each the signal caught ;
Each after each they glanced to sight,
As stars arise upon the night.
They gleamed on many a dusky tarn,²
Haunted by the lonely earn ;³
On many a cairn's⁴ gray pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid ;^L
Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,
From Soltra and Dumpender Law ;
And Lothian heard the Regent's order,
That all should bowne⁵ them for the Border.

30 The livelong night in Branksome rang
The ceaseless sound of steel ;
The castle-bell, with backward clang,
Sent forth the 'larum peal ;

¹ Need-fire, beacon.—² Tarn, a mountain-lake.—³ Earn, a Scottish eagle.
—⁴ Cairn, a pile of stones.—⁵ Bowne, make ready.

Was frequent heard the heavy jar,
 Where massy stone and iron bar
 Were piled on echoing keep and tower,
 To whelm the foe with deadly shower ;
 Was frequent heard the changing guard,
 And watchword from the sleepless ward ;
 While, wearied by the endless din,
 Bloodhound and ban-dog yelled within.

- 31 The noble Dame, amid the broil,
 Shared the gray Seneschal's high toil,
 And spoke of danger with a smile ;
 Cheered the young knights, and council sage
 Held with the chiefs of riper age.
 No tidings of the foe were brought,
 Nor of his numbers knew they aught,
 Nor in what time the truce he sought.
 Some said, that there were thousands ten ;
 And others weened that it was naught
 But Leven clans, or Tynedale men,
 Who came to gather in black-mail ;¹
 And Liddesdale, with small avail,
 Might drive them lightly back agen.
 So passed the anxious night away,
 And welcome was the peep of day.

Ceased the high sound—the listening throng
 Applaud the Master of the Song ;
 And marvel much, in helpless age,
 So hard should be his pilgrimage.
 Had he no friend—no daughter dear,
 His wandering toil to share and cheer ;

¹ Protection-money exacted by freebooters.

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

CANTO IV.

- 1 SWEET TEVIOT ! on thy silver tide
 The glaring bale-fires blaze no more ;
 No longer steel-clad warriors ride
 Along thy wild and willowed shore ;
 Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
 All, all is peaceful, all is still,
 As if thy waves, since Time was born,
 Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
 Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
 Nor started at the bugle-horn.
- 2 Unlike the tide of human time,
 Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
 Retains each grief, retains each crime,
 Its earliest course was doomed to know ;
 And, darker as it downward bears,
 Is stained with past and present tears.
 Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,
 It still reflects to memory's eye
 The hour, my brave, my only boy,
 Fell by the side of great Dundee.^A
 Why, when the volleying musket played
 Against the bloody Highland blade,
 Why was not I beside him laid !—
 Enough—he died the death of fame ;
 Enough—he died with conquering Græme.

- 3 Now over Border dale and fell,
 Full wide and far was terror spread ;
 For pathless marsh, and mountain cell,
 The peasant left his lowly shed.^b
 The frightened flocks and herds were pent
 Beneath the peel's rude battlement ;
 And maids and matrons dropped the tear,
 While ready warriors seized the spear.
 From Branksome's towers the watchman's eye
 Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy,
 Which, curling in the rising sun,
 Showed southern ravage^c was begun.
- 4 Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried—
 ' Prepare ye all for blows and blood !
 Watt Tinlinn,^d from the Liddel-side,
 Comes wading through the flood.
 Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock
 At his lone gate, and prove the lock ;
 It was but last St Barnabright
 They sieged him a whole summer night,
 But fled at morning ; well they knew
 In vain he never twanged the yew.
 Right sharp has been the evening shower,
 That drove him from his Liddel tower ;
 And, by my faith,' the gate-ward said,
 ' I think 'twill prove a Warden-Raid.'¹
- 5 While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman
 Entered the echoing barbican.
 He led a small and shaggy nag,
 That through a bog, from hag to hag,²
 Could bound like any Billhope stag.^e

¹ An inroad commanded by the Warden in person.—² The broken ground in a bog.

It bore his wife and children twain ;
 A half-clothed serf¹ was all their train.
 His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-browed,
 Of silver broach and bracelet proud,^F
 Laughed to her friends among the crowd.
 He was of stature passing tall,
 But sparely formed, and lean withal ;
 A battered morion on his brow ;
 A leathern jack, as fence enow,
 On his broad shoulders loosely hung ;
 A Border axe behind was slung ;
 His spear, six Scottish ells in length,
 Seemed newly dyed with gore ;
 His shafts and bow, of wondrous strength,
 His hardy partner bore.

- 6 Thus to the Ladye did Tirlinn show
 The tidings of the English foe :
 Belted Will Howard^G is marching here,
 And hot Lord Dacre,^H with many a spear,
 And all the German hackbut-men,²^I
 Who have long lain at Askerten :
 They crossed the Liddel at curfew hour,
 And burned my little lonely tower ;
 The fiend receive their souls therefor !
 It had not been burned this year and more.
 Barn-yard and dwelling, blazing bright,
 Served to guide me on my flight ;
 But I was chased the live-long night.
 Black John of Akeshaw, and Fergus Græme,
 Fast upon my traces came,
 Until I turned at Priestthaugh Scrogg,
 And shot their horses in the bog,

¹ Bonds-man.—² Musketeers.

Slew Fergus with my lance outright—
I had him long at high despite :
He drove my cows last Fastern's night.'—

- 7 Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,
Fast hurrying in, confirmed the tale ;
As far as they could judge by ken,
Three hours would bring to Teviot's
strand
Three thousand armed Englishmen.
Meanwhile, full many a warlike band,
From Teviot, Aill, and Ettrick shade,
Came in, their Chief's defence to aid.
There was saddling and mounting in haste,
There was pricking o'er moor and lea ;
He that was last at the trysting place
Was but lightly held of his gay ladye.

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

- 9 An aged knight, to danger steeled,
 With many a moss-trooper, came on;
 And azure in a golden field,
 The stars and crescent graced his shield,
 Without the bend of Murdieston.^L
 Wide lay his lands round Oakwood tower,
 And wide round haunted Castle-Ower;
 High over Borthwick's mountain-flood,
 His wood-embosom'd mansion stood;
 In the dark glen, so deep below,
 The herds of plundered England low,
 His bold retainers' daily food,
 And bought with danger, blows, and blood.
 Marauding chief! his sole delight
 The moonlight raid, the morning fight;
 Not even the flower of Yarrow's charms,
 In youth might tame his rage for arms;
 And still, in age, he spurned at rest,
 And still his brows the helmet pressed,
 Albeit the blanched locks below
 Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow:
 Five stately warriors drew the sword
 Before their father's band;
 A braver knight than Harden's lord
 Ne'er belted on a brand.
- 10 Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band,^M
 Came trooping down the Todshawhill;
 By the sword they won their land,
 And by the sword they hold it still.
 Hearken, Ladye, to the tale,
 How thy sires won fair Eskdale.
 Earl Morton was lord of that valley fair,
 The Beattisons were his vassals there.

The Earl was gentle, and mild of mood,
 The vassals were warlike, and fierce, and rude;
 High of heart, and haughty of word,
 Little they recked of a tame liege lord.
 The Earl to fair Eskdale came,
 Homage and seignory to claim:
 Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot¹ he sought,
 Saying, 'Give thy best steed, as a vassal ought.'
 —'Dear to me is my bonny white steed,
 Oft has he helped me at pinch of need;
 Lord and Earl though thou be, I trow,
 I can rein Bucksfoot better than thou.'—
 Word on word gave fuel to fire,
 Till so highly blazed the Beattisons' ire,
 But that the Earl his flight had ta'en,
 The vassals there their lord had slain.
 Sore he plied both whip and spur,
 As he urged his steed through Eskdale muir;
 And it fell down a weary weight,
 Just on the threshold of Branksome gate.

- 11 The Earl was a wrathful man to see,
 Full fain avenged would he be.
 In haste to Branksome's lord he spoke,
 Saying—'Take these traitors to thy yoke;
 For a cast of hawks, and a purse of gold,
 All Eskdale I'll sell thee, to have and hold:
 Beshrew thy heart, of the Beattisons' clan
 If thou leavest on Esk a landed man;
 But spare Woodkerrick's lands alone,
 For he lent me his horse to escape upon.'—
 A glad man then was Branksome bold,
 Down he flung him the purse of gold;

¹ The feudal superior in certain cases was entitled to the best horse of the vassal, in name of Heriot or Herezeld.

To Eskdale soon he spurred amain,
And with him five hundred riders has ta'en.
He left his merry men in the mist of the
 hill,
And bade them hold them close and still;
And alone he wended to the plain,
To meet with the Galliard and all his train.
To Gilbert the Galliard thus he said:—
' Know thou me for thy liege lord and head;
Deal not with me as with Morton tame,
For Scotts play best at the roughest game.
Give me in peace my heriot due,
Thy bonny white steed, or thou shalt rue.
If my horn I three times wind,
Eskdale shall long have the sound in mind.'—

- 12 Loudly the Beattison laughed in scorn;—
' Little care we for thy winded horn!
Ne'er shall it be the Galliard's lot,
To yield his steed to a haughty Scott.
Wend thou to Branksome back on foot,
With rusty spur and miry boot.'—
He blew his bugle so loud and hoarse,
That the dun deer started at far Craikeross;
He blew again so loud and clear,
Through the gray mountain mist there did lances
 appear;
And the third blast rang with such a din,
That the echoes answered from Pentoun-linn;
And all his riders came lightly in.
Then had you seen a gallant shock,
When saddles were emptied, and lances broke!
For each scornful word the Galliard had said,
A Beattison on the field was laid.

His own good sword the chieftain drew,
 And he bore the Galliard through and through ;
 Where the Beattisons' blood mixed with the rill,
 The Galliard's Haugh men call it still.
 The Scotts have scattered the Beattison clan,
 In Eskdale they left but one landed man.
 The valley of Esk, from the mouth to the source,
 Was lost and won for that bonny white horse.

- 13 Whitslade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,
 And warriors more than I may name ;
 From Yarrow-cleugh to Hindhaugh-swaire,
 From Woodhouseslie to Chester-glen,
 Trooped man and horse, and bow and spear ;
 Their gathering word was ' Bellenden : ' ^N
 And better hearts o'er Border sod
 To siege or rescue never rode.
 The Ladye marked the aids come in,
 And high her heart of pride arose :
 She bade her youthful son attend,
 That he might know his father's friend,
 And learn to face his foes.
 ' The boy is ripe to look on war ;
 I saw him draw a cross-bow stiff,
 And his true arrow struck afar
 The raven's nest upon the cliff ;
 The Red Cross, on a southern breast,
 Is broader than the raven's nest :
 Thou, Whitslade, shalt teach him his weapon to
 wield,
 And o'er him hold his father's shield.'

- 14 Well may you think, the wily Page
 Cared not to face the Ladye sage.

He counterfeited childish fear,
 And shrieked, and shed full many a tear,
 And moaned and plained in manner wild.
 The attendants to the Ladye told,
 Some fairy, sure, had changed the child,
 That wont to be so free and bold.
 Then wrathful was the noble dame ;
 She blushed blood-red for very shame :—
 ' Hence ! ere the clan his faintness view :
 Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch !
 Watt Tinlinn, thou shalt be his guide
 To Rangleburn's lonely side.
 Sure some fell fiend has cursed our line,
 That coward should e'er be son of mine !'

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

And Watt of Tinlun, much aghast,
Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

- 16 Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood,
That looks o'er Branksome's towers and wood ;
And martial murmurs, from below,
Proclaim'd the approaching southern foe.
Through the dark wood, in mingled tone,
Were Border-pipes and bugles blown ;
The coursers' neighing he could ken,
And measured tread of marching men ;
While broke at times the solemn hum
The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum ;
 And banners tall, of crimson sheen,
 Above the copse appear ;
 And, glistening through the hawthorns green,
 Shine helm, and shield, and spear.
- 17 Light forayers, first, to view the ground,
Spurred their fleet coursers loosely round ;
 Behind, in close array, and fast,
 The Kendal archers, all in green,
 Obedient to the bugle blast,
 Advancing from the wood were seen.
To back and guard the archer band,
Lord Daere's bill-men were at hand :
A hardy race, on Irthing bred,
With kirtles white, and crosses red,
Arrayed beneath the banner tall,
That streamed o'er Aere's conquered wall ;
And minstrels, as they marched in order,
Played, ' Noble Lord Daere, he dwells on the Border.'
- 18 Behind the English bill and bow,
The mercenaries, firm and slow,

Moved on to fight, in dark array,
 By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
 Who brought the band from distant Rhine.

And sold their blood for foreign pay ;
 The camp their home, their law the sword,
 They knew no country, owned no lord.^o
 They were not armed like England's sons,
 But bore the levin-darting guns ;
 Buff coats, all frounced and 'broidered o'er,
 And morsing-horns,¹ and scarfs they wore ;
 Each better knee was bared, to aid
 The warriors in the escalade ;
 All as they marched, in rugged tongue,
 Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.

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

- 20 Now every English eye, intent,
 On Brauksome's armed towers was bent :
 So near they were, that they might know
 The straining harsh of each cross-bow ;

¹ Powder-flasks.

On battlement and bartisan
Gleamed axe, and spear, and partizan :
Falcon and culver,¹ on each tower,
Stood prompt their deadly hail to shower ;
And flashing armour frequent broke
From eddying whirls of sable smoke,
Where, upon tower and turret head,
The seething pitch and molten lead
Reeked, like a witch's cauldron red.
While yet they gaze, the bridges fall,
The wicket opes, and from the wall
Rides forth the hoary Seneschal.

- 21 Armed he rode, all save the head,
His white beard o'er his breast-plate
spread ;
Unbroke by age, erect his seat,
He ruled his eager courser's gait ;
Forced him, with chastened fire, to prance,
And, high curvetting, slow advance :
In sign of truce, his better hand
Displayed a peeled willow wand ;
His squire, attending in the rear,
Bore high a gauntlet on a spear.^p
When they espied him riding out,
Lord Howard and Lord Dacre stout
Sped to the front of their array,
To hear what this old knight should say.

- 22 ' Ye English warden lords, of you
Demands the Ladye of Buccleuch,
Why, 'gainst the truce of Border-tide,
In hostile guise ye dare to ride,

¹ Ancient pieces of artillery.

With Kendal bow, and Gilsland brand,
 And all yon mercenary band,
 Upon the bounds of fair Scotland ?
 My Ladye redes you swith return ;
 And, if but one poor straw you burn,
 Or do our towers so much molest,
 As scare one swallow from her nest,
 St Mary ! but we 'll light a brand,
 Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland.'—

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

24 ' It irks, high Dame, my noble Lords,
 'Gainst ladye fair to draw their swords ;
 But yet they may not tamely see,
 All through the western wardenry,
 Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,
 And burn and spoil the Border-side ;

And ill beseems your rank and birth
 To make your towers a flemens-firth.¹
 We claim from thee William of Deloraine,
 That he may suffer march-treason pain:²^q
 It was but last St Cuthbert's even
 He pricked to Stapleton on Leven,
 Harried³ the lands of Richard Musgrave,
 And slew his brother by dint of glaive.
 Then, since a lone and widowed Dame
 These restless riders may not tame,
 Either receive within thy towers
 Two hundred of my master's powers,
 Or straight they sound their warrison,⁴
 And storm and spoil thy garrison :
 And this fair boy, to London led,
 Shall good King Edward's page be bred.'

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

26 ' Say to your Lords of high emprise,
 Who war on women and on boys,

¹ An asylum for outlaws.—² Border treason.—³ Plundered.—⁴ Note of assault.

That either William of Deloraine
 Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason stain,^R
 Or else he will the combat take
 'Gainst Musgrave, for his honour's sake.
 No knight in Cumberland so good,
 But William may count with him kin and blood.
 Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword^S
 When English blood swelled Ancram ford ;^T
 And but that Lord Dacre's steed was wight,
 And bare him ably in the flight,
 Himself had seen him dubbed a knight.
 For the young heir of Branksome's line,
 God be his aid, and God be mine ;
 Through me no friend shall meet his doom ;
 Here, while I live, no foe finds room.
 Then, if thy Lords their purpose urge,
 Take our defiance loud and high :
 Our slogan is their lyke-wake¹ dirge,
 Our moat the grave where they shall lie.'

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

¹ The watching a corpse previous to interment.

28 ‘ Ah ! noble Lords ! ’ he, breathless, said,
 ‘ What treason has your march betrayed ?
 What make you here, from aid so far,
 Before you walls, around you war ?
 Your foemen triumph in the thought,
 That in the toils the lion’s caught.
 Already on dark Ruberslaw
 The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw ;¹
 The lances, waving in his train,
 Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain ;
 And on the Liddle’s northern strand,
 To bar retreat to Cumberland,
 Lord Maxwell ranks his merry-men good,
 Beneath the eagle and the rood ;
 And Jedwood, Esk, and Teviotdale,
 Have to proud Angus come ;
 And all the Merse and Lauderdale
 Have risen with haughty Home.
 An exile from Northumberland,
 In Liddesdale I’ve wandered long ;
 But still my heart was with merry England,
 And cannot brook my country’s wrong ;
 And hard I’ve spurred all night, to show
 The mustering of the coming foe.’

29 ‘ And let them come ! ’ fierce Daere cried ;
 ‘ For soon you crest, my father’s pride,
 That swept the shores of Judah’s sea,
 And waved in gales of Galilee,
 From Branksome’s highest towers displayed,
 Shall mock the rescue’s lingering aid !
 Level each harquebuss on row ;
 Draw, merry archers, draw the bow ;

¹ Weapon-schaw, the military array of a county. See ‘ Old Mortality ’ for a fine description of the scene.—*E.*

Up, bill-men, to the walls, and cry,
Dacre for England, win or die !'

- 30 ' Yet hear,' quoth Howard, ' calmly hear,
Nor deem my words the words of fear :
For who, in field or foray slack,
Saw the blanche lion^U e'er fall back ?
But thus to risque our Border flower
In strife against a kingdom's power,
Ten thousand Scots 'gainst thousands three,
Certes were desperate policy.
Nay, take the terms the Ladye made,
Ere conscious of the advancing aid :
Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine
In single fight,^X and if he gain,
He gains for us ; but if he 's crossed,
'Tis but a single warrior lost :
The rest, retreating as they came,
Avoid defeat, and death, and shame.'
- 31 Ill could the haughty Dacre brook
His brother-warden's sage rebuke :
And yet his forward step he staid,
And slow and sullenly obeyed.
But ne'er again the Border side
Did these two lords in friendship ride ;
And this slight discontent, men say,
Cost blood upon another day.
- 32 The pursuivant-at-arms again
Before the castle took his stand ;
His trumpet called, with parleying strain,
The leaders of the Scottish band ;
And he defied, in Musgrave's right,
Stout Deloraine to single fight ;

A gauntlet at their feet he laid,
 And thus the terms of fight he said :—
 ‘If in the lists good Musgrave’s sword
 Vanquish the knight of Deloraine,
 Your youthful chieftain, Branksome’s lord,
 Shall hostage for his clan remain :
 If Deloraine foil good Musgrave,
 The boy his liberty shall have.
 Howe’er it falls, the English band,
 Unharming Scots, by Scots unharmed,
 In peaceful march, like men unarmed,
 Shall straight retreat to Cumberland.’

33 Unconscious of the near relief,
 The proffer pleased each Scottish chief,
 Though much the Ladye sage gainsayed ;
 For though their hearts were brave and
 true,
 From Jedwood’s recent sack they knew,
 How tardy was the Regent’s aid :
 And you may guess the noble Dame
 Durst not the secret prescience own,
 Sprung from the art she might not name,
 By which the coming help was known.
 Closed was the compact, and agreed,
 That lists should be inclosed with speed,
 Beneath the castle, on a lawn :
 They fixed the morrow for the strife,
 On foot, with Scottish axe and knife,
 At the fourth hour from peep of dawn ;
 When Deloraine, from sickness freed,
 Or else a champion in his stead,
 Should for himself and chieftain stand,
 Against stout Musgrave, hand to hand.

- 34 I know right well, that, in their lay,
 Full many minstrels sing and say,
 Such combat should be made on horse,
 On foaming steed, in full career,
 With brand to aid, whenas the spear
 Should shiver in the course :
 But he, the jovial Harper,^Y taught
 Me, yet a youth, how it was fought,
 In guise which now I say ;
 He knew each ordinance and clause
 Of black Lord Archibald's battle laws,
 In the old Douglas' day.^Z
 He brooked not, he, that scoffing tongue
 Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,
 Or call his song untrue :
 For this, when they the goblet plied,
 And such rude taunt had chafed his pride,
 The bard of Reull he slew.
 On Teviot's side, in fight they stood,
 And tuneful hands were stained with blood ;
 Where still the thorn's white branches
 wave,
 Memorial o'er his rival's grave.
- 35 Why should I tell the rigid doom,
 That dragged my master to his tomb ;
 How Ousenam's maidens tore their hair,
 Wept till their eyes were dead and dim,
 And wrung their hands for love of him,
 Who died at Jedwood Air ?
 He died !—his scholars, one by one,
 To the cold silent grave are gone ;
 And I, alas ! survive alone,
 To muse o'er rivalries of yore,

And grieve that I shall hear no more
The strains, with envy heard before ;
For, with my minstrel brethren fled,
My jealousy of song is dead.

He paused : the listening dames again
Applaud the hoary Minstrel's strain.
With many a word of kindly cheer,
In pity half, and half sincere,
Marvelled the Duchess how so well
His legendary song could tell—
Of ancient deeds, so long forgot ;
Of feuds, whose memory was not ;
Of forests, now laid waste and bare ;
Of towers, which harbour now the hare ;
Of manners, long since changed and gone ;
Of chiefs, who under their gray stone
So long had slept, that fickle Fame
Had blotted from her rolls their name,
And twined round some new minion's head
The fading wreath for which they bled ;
In sooth, 'twas strange, this old man's verse
Could call them from their marble hearse.

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

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

CANTO V.

- 1 CALL it not vain :—they do not err,
Who say that, when the Poet dies
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies ;
Who say, tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed bard make moan ;
That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks in deeper groan reply ;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.
- 2 Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn ;
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And, with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death.
The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier :
The phantom knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead ;

Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle-plain :
The chief, whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguished lie,
His place, his power, his memory die :
His groans the lonely caverns fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill ;
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

3 Scarcely the hot assault was staid,
The terms of truce were scarcely made,
When they could spy, from Branksome's towers,
The advancing march of martial powers ;
Thick clouds of dust afar appeared,
And trampling steeds were faintly heard ;
Bright spears, above the columns dun,
Glanced momentary to the sun ;
And feudal banners fair displayed
The bands that moved to Branksome's aid.

4 Vails not to tell each hardy clan,
From the fair Middle Marches came ;
The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name !
Vails not to tell what steeds did spurn,
Where the Seven Spears of Wedderburne
Their men in battle-order set ;
And Swinton laid the lance in rest,
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest
Of Clarence's Plantagenet.

Nor list I say what hundreds more,
 From the rich Merse and Lammermoor,
 And Tweed's fair borders, to the war,
 Beneath the crest of old Dunbar,

 And Hepburn's mingled banners come,
 Down the steep mountain glittering far,
 And shouting still, 'A Home! a Home!'

- 5 Now squire and knight, from Branksome sent,
 On many a courteous message went ;
 To every chief and lord they paid
 Meet thanks for prompt and powerful aid :
 And told them,—how a truce was made,
 And how a day of fight was ta'en
 'Twixt Musgrave and stout Deloraine ;
 And how the Ladye prayed them dear,
 That all would stay the fight to see,
 And deign, in love and courtesy,
 To taste of Branksome cheer.

Nor, while they bade to feast each Scot,
 Were England's noble Lords forgot ;
 Himself the hoary Seneschal
 Rode forth, in seemly terms to call
 Those gallant foes to Branksome Hall.
 Accepted Howard, than whom knight
 Was never dubbed more bold in fight ;
 Nor, when from war and armour free,
 More famed for stately courtesy ;
 But angry Dacre rather chose
 In his pavilion to repose.

- 6 Now, noble Dame, perchance you ask,
 How these two hostile armies met ?
 Deeming it were no easy task
 To keep the truce which here was set ;

Where martial spirits, all on fire,
Breathed only blood and mortal ire.

By mutual inroads, mutual blows,
By habit, and by nation, foes,

They met on Teviot's strand :

They met, and sate them mingled down,
Without a threat, without a frown,
As brothers meet in foreign land :

The hands, the spear that lately grasped,
Still in the mailed gauntlet clasped,

Were interchanged in greeting dear ;

Visors were raised, and faces shown,

And many a friend, to friend made known,

Partook of social cheer.

Some drove the jolly bowl about ;

With dice and draughts some chased the
day ;

And some, with many a merry shout,

In riot, revelry, and rout,

Pursued the foot-ball play.

7 Yet, be it known, had bugles blown,

Or sign of war been seen,

Those bands, so fair together ranged,

Those hands, so frankly interchanged,

Had dyed with gore the green :

The merry shout by Teviot-side

Had sunk in war-cries wild and wide,

And in the groan of death ;

And whingers,¹ now in friendship
bare,

The social meal to part and share,

Had found a bloody sheath.

¹ A sort of knife, or poniard.

'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change
Was not unfrequent, nor held strange,
 In the old Border-day :
But yet on Branksome's towers and town,
In peaceful merriment, sunk down
 The sun's declining ray.

- 8 The blithesome signs of wassail gay
Decayed not with the dying day ;
Soon through the latticed windows tall
Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,
Divided square by shafts of stone,
Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone ;
Nor less the gilded rafters rang
With merry harp and beakers' clang :
 And frequent, on the darkening plain,
 Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,
 As bands, their stragglers to regain,
 Give the shrill watchword of their clan ;
And revellers, o'er their bowls, proclaim
Douglas' or Dacre's conquering name.
- 9 Less frequent heard, and fainter still,
 At length the various clamours died ;
And you might hear, from Branksome hill,
 No sound but Teviot's rushing tide ;
Save, when the changing centinel
The challenge of his watch could tell ;
And save, where, through the dark profound,
The clanging axe and hammer's sound
 Rung from the nether lawn ;
For many a busy hand toiled there,
Strong pales to shape, and beams to square,
The lists' dread barriers to prepare
 Against the morrow's dawn.

- 10 Margaret from hall did soon retreat,
 Despite the Dame's reproving eye ;
Nor marked she, as she left her seat,
 Full many a stifled sigh :
For many a noble warrior strove
To win the Flower of Teviot's love,
 And many a bold ally.
With throbbing head and anxious heart,
All in her lonely bower apart,
 In broken sleep she lay :
By times, from silken couch she rose ;
While yet the bannered hosts repose,
 She viewed the dawning day :
Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,
First woke the loveliest and the best.
- 11 She gazed upon the inner court,
 Which in the tower's tall shadow lay ;
Where coursers' clang, and stamp, and snort,
 Had rung the live-long yesterday ;
Now still as death ;—till, stalking slow,
 The jingling spurs announced his tread,
A stately warrior passed below ;
 But when he raised his plumed head—
 Blessed Mary ! can it be ?—
Secure, as if in Ousenam bowers,
He walks through Branksome's hostile towers,
 With fearless step and free.
She dared not sign, she dared not speak—
Oh ! if one page's slumbers break,
 His blood the price must pay !
Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears,
Not Margaret's yet more precious tears,
 Shall buy his life a day.

- 12 Yet was his hazard small ; for well
You may bethink you of the spell
Of that sly urchin Page ;
This to his lord he did impart,
And made him seem, by glamour art,
A knight from Hermitage.
Unchallenged thus, the warder's post,
The court, unchallenged, thus he crossed,
For all the vassalage :
But, oh ! what magic's quaint disguise
Could blind fair Margaret's azure eyes !
She started from her seat ;
While with surprise and fear she strove,
And both could scarcely master love—
Lord Henry's at her feet.
- 13 Oft have I mused, what purpose bad
That foul malicious urchin had
To bring this meeting round ;
For happy love's a heavenly sight,
And by a vile malignant sprite
In such no joy is found ;
And oft I've deemed, perchance he thought
Their erring passion might have wrought
Sorrow, and sin, and shame ;
And death to Cranstoun's gallant Knight,
And to the gentle Ladye bright
Disgrace and loss of fame.
But earthly spirit could not tell
The heart of them that loved so well.
True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven.
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly ;

It liveth not in fierce desire,
 With dead desire it doth not die ;
 It is the secret sympathy,
 The silver link, the silken tie,
 Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
 In body and in soul can bind.—
 Now leave we Margaret and her Knight,
 To tell you of the approaching fight.

14 Their warning blast the bugles blew,
 The pipe's shrill port¹ aroused each clan ;
 In haste, the deadly strife to view,
 The trooping warriors eager ran :
 Thick round the lists their lances stood,
 Like blasted pines in Ettrick wood ;
 To Branksome many a look they threw,
 The combatants' approach to view,
 And bandied many a word of boast,
 About the knight each favoured most.

15 Meantime full anxious was the Dame ;
 For now arose disputed claim,
 Of who should fight for Deloraine,
 'Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thirlestane :
 They 'gan to reckon kin and rent,
 And frowning brow on brow was bent ;
 But yet not long the strife—for, lo !
 Himself, the Knight of Deloraine,
 Strong, as it seemed, and free from pain,
 In armour sheathed from top to toe,
 Appeared and craved the combat due.
 The Dame her charm successful knew,²
 And the fierce chiefs their claims withdrew.

¹ A martial piece of music, adapted to the bagpipes.—² See p. 23, Stanza 23.

- 16 When for the lists they sought the plain,
The stately Ladye's silken rein
Did noble Howard hold ;
Unarmed by her side he walked,
And much, in courteous phrase, they
talked
Of feats of arms of old.
Costly his garb—his Flemish ruff
Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,
With satin slashed and lined ;
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
His cloak was all of Poland fur,
His hose with silver twined ;
His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
Hung in a broad and studded belt ;
Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still
Called noble Howard, Belted Will.
- 17 Behind Lord Howard and the Dame,
Fair Margaret on her palfrey came,
Whose footcloth swept the ground.
White was her wimple and her veil,
And her loose locks a chaplet pale
Of whitest roses bound ;
The lordly Angus, by her side,
In courtesy to cheer her tried ;
Without his aid, her hand in vain
Had strove to guide her broidered rein.
He deemed she shuddered at the sight
Of warriors met for mortal fight ;
But cause of terror all unguessed,
Was fluttering in her gentle breast,
When, in their chairs of crimson placed,
The Dame and she the barriers graced.

- 18 Prize of the field, the young Buccleuch
 An English knight led forth to view ;
 Scarce rued the boy his present plight,
 So much he longed to see the fight.
 Within the lists in knightly pride,
 High Home and haughty Daere ride ;
 Their leading staffs of steel they wield,
 As marshals of the mortal field ;
 While to each knight their care assigned
 Like vantage of the sun and wind.
 Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,
 In king and queen, and warden's name,
 That none, while lasts the strife,
 Should dare, by look, or sign, or word,
 Aid to a champion to afford,
 On peril of his life ;
 And not a breath the silence broke,
 Till thus the alternate Heralds spoke :—

English Herald.

- 19 ' Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,
 Good knight and true, and freely born,
 Amends from Deloraine to crave,
 For foul despiteous scathe and scorn.
 He sayeth, that William of Deloraine
 Is traitor false by Border laws ;
 This with his sword he will maintain,
 So help him God, and his good cause!'

Scottish Herald.

- 20 ' Here standeth William of Deloraine,
 Good knight and true, of noble strain,
 Who sayeth, that foul treason's stain,

Since he bore arms, ne'er soiled his coat ;
 And that, so help him God above,
 He will on Musgrave's body prove,
 He lies most foully in his throat.'

Lord Dacre.

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

Lord Home.

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

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

22 'Tis done, 'tis done ! that fatal blow
 Has stretched him on the bloody plain ;

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

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

24 As if exhausted in the fight,
 Or musing o'er the piteous sight,
 The silent victor stands ;

His beaver did he not unclasp,
 Marked not the shouts, felt not the grasp
 Of gratulating hands.
 When lo! strange cries of wild surprise,
 Mingled with seeming terror, rise
 Among the Scottish bands;
 And all, amid the thronged array,
 In panic haste gave open way
 To a half-naked ghastly man,
 Who downward from the castle ran:
 He crossed the barriers at a bound,
 And wild and haggard looked around,
 As dizzy, and in pain;
 And all upon the armed ground
 Knew William of Deloraine!
 Each ladye sprung from seat with speed;
 Vaulted each marshal from his steed;
 'And who art thou,' they cried,
 'Who hast this battle fought and won?'
 His plumed helm was soon undone—
 'Cranstoun of Teviot-side!
 For this fair prize I've fought and won,'—
 And to the Ladye led her son.

- 25 Full oft the rescued boy she kissed,
 And often pressed him to her breast;
 For, under all her dauntless show,
 Her heart had throbb'd at every blow;
 Yet not Lord Cranstoun deigned she greet,
 Though low he kneeled at her feet.
 Me lists not tell what words were made,
 What Douglas, Home, and Howard said—
 For Howard was a generous foe—

And how the clan united prayed,
 The Ladye would the feud forego,
 And deign to bless the nuptial hour
 Of Cranstoun's Lord and Teviot's Flower.

- 26 She looked to river, looked to hill,
 Thought on the Spirit's prophecy,
 Then broke her silence stern and still,—
 'Not you, but Fate, has vanquished me ;
 Their influence kindly stars may shower
 On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,
 For pride is quelled, and love is free.'
 She took fair Margaret by the hand,
 Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand ;
 That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she :—
 'As I am true to thee and thine,
 Do thou be true to me and mine !
 This clasp of love our bond shall be ;
 For this is your betrothing day,
 And all these noble lords shall stay,
 To grace it with their company.'

- 27 All as they left the listed plain,
 Much of the story she did gain ;
 How Cranstoun fought with Deloraine,
 And of his Page, and of the Book
 Which from the wounded knight he took ;
 And how he sought her castle high,
 That morn, by help of gramarye ;
 How, in Sir William's armour dight,
 Stolen by his Page, while slept the knight,
 He took on him the single fight.
 But half his tale he left unsaid,
 And lingered till he joined the maid.—

Cared not the Ladye to betray
 Her mystic arts in view of day ;
 But well she thought, ere midnight came,
 Of that strange Page the pride to tame,
 From his foul hands the Book to save,
 And send it back to Michael's grave.—
 Needs not to tell each tender word
 'Twixt Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's lord ;
 Nor how she told of former woes,
 And how her bosom fell and rose,
 While he and Musgrave bandied blows.
 Needs not these lovers' joys to tell :
 One day, fair maids, you 'll know them well.

- 28 William of Deloraine some chance
 Had wakened from his deathlike trance,
 And taught that, in the listed plain,
 Another, in his arms and shield,
 Against fierce Musgrave axe did wield,
 Under the name of Deloraine.
 Hence, to the field, unarmed, he ran,
 And hence his presence scared the clan,
 Who held him for some fleeting wraith,¹
 And not a man of blood and breath.
 Not much this new ally he loved,
 Yet when he saw what hap had proved,
 He greeted him right heartilie :
 He would not waken old debate,
 For he was void of rancorous hate,
 Though rude, and scant of courtesy ;
 In raids he spilt but seldom blood,
 Unless when men at arms withstood
 Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.

¹ The spectral apparition of a living person.

He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow,
 Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe:
 And so 'twas seen of him, e'en now,
 When on dead Musgrave he looked down;
 Grief darkened on his rugged brow,
 Though half disguised with a frown;
 And thus, while sorrow bent his head,
 His foeman's epitaph he made:—

29 'Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here!

I ween, my deadly enemy;
 For, if I slew thy brother dear,
 Thou slewest a sister's son to me;
 And when I lay in dungeon dark,
 Of Naworth Castle, long months three,
 Till ransomed for a thousand mark,
 Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee.
 And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried,
 And thou wert now alive, as I,
 No mortal man should us divide,
 Till one, or both of us, did die;
 Yet rest thee, God! for well I know
 I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.
 In all the northern counties here,
 Whose word is, Snaffle, spur, and spear,¹
 Thou wert the best to follow gear.
 'Twas pleasure, as we looked behind,
 To see how thou the chase couldst wind,
 Cheer the dark bloodhound on his way,
 And with the bugle rouse the fray!¹¹
 I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
 Dark Musgrave were alive again.'

¹ 'The lands, that over Ouse to Berwick forth do bear,
 Have for their blazon had, the snaffle, spur, and spear.'

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

The harp's wild notes, though hushed the song,
The mimic march of death prolong;
Now seems it far, and now a-near,
Now meets, and now eludes the ear;
Now seems some mountain side to sweep,
Now faintly dies in valley deep;
Seems now as if the minstrel's wail,
Now the sad requiem, loads the gale;
Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,
Rung the full choir in choral stave.

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

The Aged Harper, howsoe'er
His only friend, his harp, was dear,
Liked not to hear it ranked so high
Above his flowing poesy ;
Less liked he still, that scornful jeer
Misprized the land he loved so dear ;
High was the sound, as thus again
The Bard resumed his minstrel strain.

CANTO SIXTH.

- 1 BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,^A
Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand !
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.
- 2 O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand !
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,

Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were
left ;

And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.

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

3 Not scorned like me ! to Branksome Hall

The minstrels came, at festive call ;
Trooping they came, from near and far,
The jovial priests of mirth and war ;
Alike for feast and fight prepared,
Battle and banquet both they shared.
Of late, before each martial clan,
They blew their death-note in the van,
But now, for every merry mate,
Rose the portcullis' iron grate ;
They sound the pipe, they strike the string,
They dance, they revel, and they sing,
Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

4 Me lists not at this tide declare

The splendour of the spousal rite,
How mustered in the chapel fair
Both maid and matron, squire and knight ;
Me lists not tell of owches rare,
Of mantles green, and braided hair,
And kirtles furred with miniver ;

What plumage waved the altar round,
 How spurs, and ringing chainlets, sound :
 And hard it were for bard to speak
 The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek ;
 That lovely hue which comes and flies,
 As awe and shame alternate rise.

- 5 Some bards have sung, the Ladye high
 Chapel or altar came not nigh ;
 Nor durst the rites of spousal grace,
 So much she feared each holy place.
 False slanders these :—I trust right well
 She wrought not by forbidden spell :^B
 For mighty words and signs have power
 O'er sprites in planetary hour :
 Yet scarce I praise their venturous part,
 Who tamper with such dangerous art.
 But this for faithful truth I say,
 The Ladye by the altar stood ;
 Of sable velvet her array,
 And on her head a crimson hood,
 With pearls embroidered and entwined,
 Guarded with gold, with ermine lined ;
 A merlin sat upon her wrist,^C
 Held by a leash of silken twist.

- 6 The spousal rites were ended soon ;
 'Twas now the merry hour of noon,
 And in the lofty arched hall
 Was spread the gorgeous festival.
 Steward and squire, with heedful haste,
 Marshalled the rank of every guest ;
 Pages, with ready blade, were there,
 The mighty meal to carve and share.

O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,
And princely peacock's gilded train,^D
And o'er the boar-head, garnished brave,^E
And cygnet from St Mary's wave,^F
O'er ptarmigan and venison,
The priest had spoke his benison.
Then rose the riot and the din,
Above, beneath, without, within !
For, from the lofty balcony,
Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery ;
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaffed,
Loudly they spoke, and loudly laughed ;
Whispered young knights, in tone more mild,
To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.
The hooded hawks, high perched on beam,
The clamour joined with whistling scream,
And flapped their wings, and shook their
bells,
In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.
Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,
From Bourdeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine ;
Their tasks the busy sewers ply,
And all is mirth and revelry.

- 7 The Goblin Page, omitting still
No opportunity of ill,
Strove now, while blood ran hot and high,
To rouse debate and jealousy ;
Till Conrad, lord of Wolfenstein,
By nature fierce, and warm with wine,
And now in humour highly crossed,
About some steeds his band had lost,
High words to words succeeding still,
Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill ;^G

A hot and hardy Rutherford,
Whom men call Dickon Draw-the-Sword.
He took it on the Page's saye,
Hunthill had driven these steeds away.
Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose,
The kindling discord to compose :
Stern Rutherford right little said,
But bit his glove, and shook his head.^H
A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,
Stout Conrad, cold, and drenched in blood,
His bosom gored with many a wound,
Was by a woodman's lyme-dog found ;
Unknown the manner of his death,
Gone was his brand, both sword and sheath ;
But ever from that time, 'twas said,
That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

- 8 The Dwarf, who feared his master's eye
Might his foul treachery espie,
Now sought the castle buttery,
Where many a yeoman, bold and free,
Revelled as merrily and well
As those that sat in lordly selle.
Watt Tinninn, there, did frankly raise
The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-braes ;^I
And he, as by his breeding bound,
To Howard's merry-men sent it round.
To quit them, on the English side,
Red Roland Forster loudly cried,
' A deep carouse to yon fair bride !'
At every pledge, from vat and pail,
Foamed forth, in floods, the nut-brown ale ;
While shout the riders every one,
Such day of mirth ne'er cheered their clan,

Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en.^k

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

- 10 By this, the Dame, lest further fray
Should mar the concord of the day,
Had bid the minstrels tune their lay.
And first stept forth old Albert Græme,
The minstrel of that ancient name :^L
Was none who struck the harp so well,
Within the Land Debateable ;

Well friended too, his hardy kin,
 Whoever lost, were sure to win ;
 They sought the beeves, that made their broth,
 In Scotland and in England both.
 In homely guise, as nature bade,
 His simple song the Borderer said.

Albert Graeme.

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

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

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

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

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

He pierced her brother to the heart,
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,

So perish all, would true love part,
That Love may still be lord of all!

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

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

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

- 14 They sought, together, climes afar,
And oft, within some olive grove,
When evening came, with twinkling star,
They sung of Surrey's absent love.
His step the Italian peasant staid,
And deemed, that spirits from on high,
Round where some hermit saint was laid,
Were breathing heavenly melody ;

So sweet did harp and voice combine,
To praise the name of Geraldine.

- 15 Fitztraver! O what tongue may say
The pangs thy faithful bosom knew,
When Surrey, of the deathless lay,
Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew?
Regardless of the tyrant's frown,
His harp called wrath and vengeance down.
He left, for Naworth's iron towers,
Windsor's green glades, and courtly bowers,
And, faithful to his patron's name,
With Howard still Fitztraver came;
Lord William's foremost favourite he,
And chief of all his minstrelsy.

Fitztraver.

- 16 'Twas All-soul's eve, and Surrey's heart beat high;
He heard the midnight bell with anxious start,
Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,
When wise Cornelius promised, by his art,
To show to him the ladye of his heart,
Albeit betwixt them roared the ocean grim;
Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,
That he should see her form in life and limb,
And mark if still she loved, and still she thought
of him.
- 17 Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,
To which the Wizard led the gallant Knight,
Save that before a mirror, huge and high,
A hallowed taper shed a glimmering light
On mystic implements of magic might;

On cross, and character, and talisman,
And almagest, and altar, nothing bright,
For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,
As watch-light by the bed of some departing man.

18 But soon, within that mirror huge and high,
Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam;
And forms upon its breast the earl 'gan spy,
Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream;
Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem
To form a lordly and a lofty room,
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,
Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in
gloom.

19 Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair
The slender form, which lay on couch of Ind!
O'er her white bosom strayed her hazel hair,
Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined;
All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,
And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine
Some strain, that seemed her inmost soul to find:—
That favoured strain was Surrey's raptured line,
That fair and lovely form, the Lady Geraldine.

20 Slow rolled the clouds upon the lovely form,
And swept the goodly vision all away—
So royal envy rolled the murky storm
O'er my beloved Master's glorious day.
Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant! Heaven repay
On thee, and on thy children's latest line,
The wild caprice of thy despotic sway,
The gory bridal bed, the plundered shrine,
The murdered Surrey's blood, the tears of Geraldine!

- 21 Both Scots, and Southern chiefs, prolong
 Applauses of Fitztraver's song :
 These hated Henry's name as death,
 And those still held the ancient faith.
 Then, from his seat, with lofty air,
 Rose Harold, bard of brave St Clair;
 St Clair, who, feasting high at Home,
 Had with that lord to battle come.
 Harold was born where restless seas
 Howl round the storm-swept Orcades ;
 Where erst St Clairs held princely sway
 O'er isle and islet, strait and bay ;^o—
 Still nods their palace to its fall,
 Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall !^p—
 Thence oft he marked fierce Pentland rave,
 As if grim Odin rode her wave ;
 And watched, the whilst, with visage pale,
 And throbbing heart, the struggling sail ;
 For all of wonderful and wild
 Had rapture for the lonely child.
- 22 And much of wild and wonderful
 In these rude isles might Fancy cull ;
 For thither came, in times afar,
 Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war,
 The Norsemen, trained to spoil and blood,
 Skilled to prepare the raven's food ;
 Kings of the main their leaders brave,
 Their barks the dragons of the wave.^q
 And there, in many a stormy vale,
 The Scald had told his wondrous tale ;
 And many a Runic column high
 Had witnessed grim idolatry.
 And thus had Harold, in his youth,

Learned many a Saga's rhyme uncouth,—
 Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curled,
 Whose monstrous circle girds the world ;^R
 Of those dread Maids, whose hideous yell
 Maddens the battle's bloody swell ;^S
 Of chiefs, who, guided through the gloom
 By the pale death-lights of the tomb,
 Ransacked the graves of warriors old,
 Their falchions wrenched from corpses' hold,^T
 Waked the deaf tomb with war's alarms,
 And bade the dead arise to arms !
 With war and wonder all on flame,
 To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,
 Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree,
 He learned a milder minstrelsy ;
 Yet something of the northern spell
 Mixed with the softer numbers well.

Harold.

23 O listen, listen, ladies gay !
 No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
 Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.^U

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

‘ The blackening wave is edged with white ;
 To inch¹ and rock the sea-mews fly ;
 The fishers have heard the Water Sprite,
 Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

¹ Inch, isle.

‘ Last night the gifted Seer did view
 A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ;
 Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch :
 Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ? ’

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

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

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

It glared on Roslin’s castled rock,
 It ruddied all the copsewood glen ;
 ‘Twas seen from Dryden’s groves of oak,
 And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

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

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

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

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

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

24 So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,
Scarce marked the guests the darkened hall,
Though, long before the sinking day,
A wondrous shade involved them all :
It was not eddying mist or fog,
Drained by the sun from fen or bog :
Of no eclipse had sages told ;
And yet, as it came on apace,
Each one could scarce his neighbour's face,
Could scarce his own stretched hand behold.
A secret horror checked the feast,
And chilled the soul of every guest ;
Even the high Dame stood half aghast,
She knew some evil on the blast ;
The elvish Page fell to the ground,
And, shuddering, muttered, ' Found ! found ! found !'

25 Then sudden, through the darkened air,
A flash of lightning came ;

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

- 26 Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall,
 Some saw a sight, not seen by all ;
 That dreadful voice was heard by some,
 Cry, with loud summons, 'GYLBIX, COME!'^z
 And on the spot where burst the brand,
 Just where the Page had flung him down,
 Some saw an arm, and some a hand,
 And some the waving of a gown.
 The guests in silence prayed and shook,
 And terror dimmed each lofty look.
 But none of all the astonished train
 Was so dismayed as Deloraine ;
 His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,
 'Twas feared his mind would ne'er return ;
 For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
 Like him, of whom the story ran,

Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man.^{1AA}
 At length, by fits, he darkly told,
 With broken hint, and shuddering cold—
 That he had seen, right certainly,
A shape with amice wrapped around,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like pilgrim from beyond the sea ;
 And knew—but how it mattered not—
 It was the wizard, Michael Scott.

- 27 The anxious crowd, with horror pale,
 All trembling, heard the wondrous tale ;
 No sound was made, no word was spoke,
 Till noble Angus silence broke ;
 And he a solemn sacred plight
 Did to St Bride of Douglas make,^{BB}
 That he a pilgrimage would take
 To Melrose Abbey, for the sake
 Of Michael's restless sprite.
 Then each, to ease his troubled breast,
 To some blessed saint his prayers addressed ;
 Some to St Modan made their vows,
 Some to St Mary of the Lowes,
 Some to the Holy Rood of Lisle,
 Some to Our Lady of the Isle ;
 Each did his patron witness make,
 That he such pilgrimage would take,
 And monks should sing, and bell should toll,
 All for the weal of Michael's soul.
 While vows were ta'en, and prayers were prayed,
 'Tis said the noble Dame, dismayed,
 Renounced, for aye, dark magic's aid.

¹ The Isle of Man.—See Notes.

- 28 Nought of the bridal will I tell,
Which after in short space befell ;
Nor how brave sons and daughters fair
Blessed Teviot's Flower, and Cranstoun's heir ;
After such dreadful scene, 'twere vain
To wake the note of mirth again.
More meet it were to mark the day
Of penitence and prayer divine,
When pilgrim-chiefs, in sad array,
Sought Melrose' holy shrine.
- 29 With naked foot, and sackcloth vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,
Did every pilgrim go ;
The standers-by might hear unceasing,
Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath,
Through all the lengthened row :
No lordly look, nor martial stride ;
Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
Forgotten their renown ;
Silent and slow, like ghosts, they glide
To the high altar's hallowed side,
And there they kneeled them down :
Above the suppliant chieftains wave
The banners of departed brave ;
Beneath the lettered stones were laid
The ashes of their fathers dead ;
From many a garnished niche around,
Stern saints, and tortured martyrs, frowned.
- 30 And slow up the dim aisle afar,
With sable cowl and scapular,
And snow-white stoles, in order due,
The holy Fathers, two and two,

In long procession came ;
 Taper, and host, and book they bare,
 And holy banner, flourished fair
 With the Redeemer's name :
 Above the prostrate pilgrim band
 The mitred Abbot stretched his hand,
 And blessed them as they kneeled ;
 With holy cross he signed them all,
 And prayed they might be sage in hall,
 And fortunate in field.
 Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
 And solemn requiem for the dead ;
 And bells tolled out their mighty peal,
 For the departed spirit's weal ;
 And ever in the office close
 The hymn of intercession rose ;
 And far the echoing aisles prolong
 The awful burthen of the song,—
 DIES IRE, DIES ILLA,
 SOLVET SECLUM IN FAVILLA !
 While the pealing organ rung ;
 Were it meet with sacred strain
 To close my lay, so light and vain,
 Thus the holy Fathers sung :—

Hymn for the Dead.

- 31 That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day ?
 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll ;
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead !

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

Hushed is the harp—the Minstrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No:—close beneath proud Newark's tower,
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begged before.
So passed the winter's day; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath;
When throstles sung in Hare-head shaw,
And corn was green on Caterhaugh,
And flourished, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged Harper's soul awoke!
Then would he sing achievements high,
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the wrapt traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day;
And noble youths, the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer;
And Yarrow, as he rolled along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

NOTES.

CANTO I.

NOTE A.

'The feast was over in Branksome tower.'—P. 5.

IN the reign of James I., Sir William Scott of Buccleuch, chief of the clan bearing that name, exchanged, with Sir Thomas Inglis of Manor, the estate of Murdiestone, in Lanarkshire, for one half of the barony of Branksome, or Branxholm,¹ lying upon the Teviot, about three miles above Hawick. He was probably induced to this transaction from the vicinity of Branksome to the extensive domain which he possessed in Ettrick Forest and in Teviotdale. In the former district he held by occupancy the estate of Buccleuch,² and much of the forest land on the river Ettrick. In Teviotdale, he enjoyed the barony of Eckford, by a grant from Robert II. to his ancestor, Walter Scott of Kirkurd, for the apprehending of Gilbert Ridderford, confirmed by Robert III., 3d May 1424. Tradition imputes the exchange betwixt Scott and Inglis to a conversation, in which the latter, a man, it would appear, of a mild and forbearing nature, complained much of the injuries which he was exposed to from the English Borderers, who frequently plundered his lands of Branksome. Sir William Scott instantly offered him the estate of Murdiestone, in exchange for that which was subject to such egregious inconvenience. When the bargain was completed, he drily remarked, that the cattle in Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale; and proceeded to commence a system of reprisals upon the English, which was regularly pursued by his successors. In the next reign, James II. granted to Sir Walter Scott of Branksome, and to Sir David, his son, the remaining half of the barony of Branksome, to be held in blanché for the payment of a red rose. The cause assigned for the grant is, their brave and faithful exertions in favour of the king against the house of Douglas, with whom James had been recently tugging for the throne of Scotland. This charter is dated the 2d February 1443; and, in the same

¹ Branxholm is the proper name of the barony; but Branksome has been adopted, as suitable to the pronunciation, and more proper for poetry.

² There are no vestiges of any building at Buccleuch, except the site of a chapel, where, according to a tradition current in the time of Scott of Satchells, many of the ancient barons of Buccleuch lie buried. There is also said to have been a mill near this solitary spot; an extraordinary circumstance, as little or no corn grows within several miles of Buccleuch. Satchells says it was used to grind corn for the hounds of the chieftain.

month, part of the barony of Langholm, and many lands in Lanarkshire, were conferred upon Sir Walter and his son by the same monarch.

After the period of the exchange with Sir Thomas Inglis, Branksome became the principal seat of the Buccleuch family. The castle was enlarged and strengthened by Sir David Scott, the grandson of Sir William, its first possessor. But, in 1570-1, the vengeance of Elizabeth, provoked by the inroads of Buccleuch, and his attachment to the cause of Queen Mary, destroyed the castle, and laid waste the lands of Branksome. In the same year the castle was repaired and enlarged by Sir Walter Scott, its brave possessor; but the work was not completed until after his death, in 1574, when the widow finished the building. This appears from the following inscriptions. Around a stone, bearing the arms of Scott of Buccleuch, appears the following legend: 'Sir W. Scott of Brankholm knight Hero of Sir William Scott of Kirkcudbright began ye work upon ye 24 of Marche 1571 zier quda departit at God's pteisour ye 17 April 1574.' On a similar compartment are sculptured the arms of Douglas, with this inscription, 'Dame Margaret Douglas his spouse compleitit the foresaid work in October 1576. Over an arched door is inscribed the following moral verse:—

In. ward. is. necht. nature. hes. wrought. pat. sal. fest. ay.

Charfore. servc. God. keep. veil. ye. rod. thy. fame. sal. necht. dekap.

Sir Walter Scot of Brankholm knight. Margaret Douglas, 1571.

Branksome castle continued to be the principal seat of the Buccleuch family, while security was any object in their choice of a mansion. It has since been the residence of the Commissioners, or Chamberlains, of the family. From the various alterations which the building has undergone, it is not only greatly restricted in its dimensions, but retains little of the castellated form, if we except one square tower of massy thickness, the only part of the original building which now remains. The whole forms a handsome modern residence, lately inhabited by my deceased friend, Adam Ogilvy, Esq. of Hartwoodmyres, Commissioner of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch.

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

NOTE B.

'Nine-and-twenty knights of fame

Hung their shields in Branksome Hall.'—P. 5.

The ancient barons of Buccleuch, both from feudal splendour, and from their frontier situation, retained in their household, at Branksome, a number of gentlemen of their own name, who held lands from their chief, for the military service of watching and warding his castle. Satchell tells us, in his doggrel poetry—

'No baron was better served into Britain;

The barons of Bucklugh they kept their call,

Four and twenty gentlemen in their hall,
 All being of his name and kin;
 Each two had a servant to wait upon them;
 Before supper and dinner, most renowned,
 The bells rung and the trumpets sowned;
 And more than that, I do confess,
 They kept four and twenty pensioners.
 Think not I lie, nor do me blame,
 For the pensioners I can all name:
 There's men alive, elder than I,
 They know if I speak truth, or lie;
 Every pensioner a room¹ did gain,
 For service done and to be done;
 This I'll let the reader understand,
 The name both of the men and land,
 Which they possessed, it is of truth,
 Both from the lairds and lords of Bucklugh.'

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

NOTE C.

'And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow.'—P. 6

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

NOTE D.

'They watch against Southern force and guile,
 Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
 Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,
 From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.'—P. 6.

Branksome castle was continually exposed to the attacks of the English, both from its situation and the restless military disposition of its inhabitants, who were seldom on good terms with their neighbours. The following letter from the Earl of Northumberland to Henry VIII. in 1533, gives an account of a successful inroad of the English, in which the country was plundered up to the gates of the castle, although the invaders failed in their principal object,

¹ Room, portion of land.

which was, to kill, or make prisoner, the laird of Buccleuch. It occurs in the Cotton MS. *Calig.* b. viii. f. 222.

• Pleaseth yt your most gracious highnes to be aduertised, that my comp-troller, with Raynald Carnaby, desyred licence of me to invade the realme of Scotland, for the annoysance of your highnes' enemys, where they thought best exploit by theyme might be done, and to haue to concur withe theyme the inhabitants of Northumberland, suche as was towards me according to theyre assembly, and as by theyre discrecions vppone the same they shulde thinke most convenient; and soo they dyde mete vppone Monday, before nyght, being the iii day of this instant monethe, at Wawhope, vppone northe Tyne water, above Tyndaill, where they were to the number of xv c men, and soo invadet Scotland, at the hour of viii of the klok at nyght, at a place called Whele Causay; and before xi of the klok dyd send forth a forrey of Tyndaill and Ryddisdail, and laide all the resydewe in a bushment, and actyvely dyd set vpon a towne called Branxholm, where the lord of Buclough dwellythe, and purposed theymeselves with a trayne for hym lyke to his accustomed manner, in rysyng to all frayes; albeit, that knyght he was not at home, and soo they brynt the said Branxholm, and other townes, as to say Whichestre, Whichestre-helme, and Whelley, and haid ordered theyme-self soo, that sundry of the said Lord Buclough's servants, who dyd issue fourthe of his gates, was takyn prisoners. They dyd not leve one house, one stak of come, nor one sheef, without the gate of the said Lord Buclough vnbrunt; and thus scry-maged and frayed, supposing the Lord of Buclough to be within iii or iiiii myles to have trayned him to the bushment; and soo in the breyking of the day dyd the forrey and the bushment mete, and reculed homeward, making theyr way westward from theyre invasion to be over Lyddersdaill, as intending yf the fray from theyre furst entry by the Scotts waiches, or otherwyse by warnyng, shulde haue bene gyven to Gedworth and the countrey of Scotland theyre-abouts of theyre invasion; whiche Gedworth is from the Wheles Causay vi myles, that thereby the Scots shulde have comen further vnto theyme, and more out of ordre; and soo vppone sundry good consideracions, before they entered Lyddersdaill, as well accompting the inhabitants of the same to be towards your highness, and to enforce theyme the more therby, as alsoo to put an occasion of suspect to the kinge of Scotts and his counsaill, to be taken anenst theyme, amonges theymselves, maid proclamacions, commanding, vppone payne of dethe, assurance to be for the said inhabitants of Lyddersdaill, without any prejudice or hurt to be done by any Inglysmen vnto theyme, and soo in good ordre abowte the howre of ten of the klok before noon, vppone Tewisday, dyd pass through the said Lyddersdaill, when dyd come diverse of the said inhabitants there to my servautes, under the said assurance, offering theyme-selfs with any service they couthe make; and thus, thanks be to Godde, your highnes' subjects, abowte the howre of xii of the klok at none the same daye, came into this youre highnes' realme, bringing wt theyme above xl Scottsmen prisoners, one of theyme named Scot, of the surname and kyn of the said Lord of Buclough, and of his howsehold; they brought alsoo ccc nowte, and above lx horses and mares, keping in savetie frome losse or hurte all your said highnes subjects. There was alsoo a towne, called Newbyggins, by diverse fotmen of Tyndaill and Ryddesdaill, takyn vp of the night, and spoyled, when was slayne ii Scottsmen of the said towne, and many Scotts

there hurte; your highnes subjects was xiii myles within the grounde of Scotlande, and is from my house at Werkworthe, above lx miles of the most evill passage, where great snawes dothe lye; heretofore the same townes now brynt haith not at any tyme in the mynd of man in any warrs been enterprised unto nowe; your subjects were therto more encouraged for the better advancement of your highnes' service, the said Lord of Buclough beyng always a mortall enemy to this your graces realme, and he dyd say, within xiii days before, he woulde see who durst lye near hym; wt many other cruell words, the knowledge wherof was certainly haid to my said servaunts, before theyre enterpryce maid vpon him; most humbly beseeching your majesty, that youre highnes thanks may coneur vnto theyme, whose names be here inclosed, and to have in your most gracious memory, the payfull and diligent service of my pore servaunte Wharton, and thus, as I am most bounden, shall dispose wt them that be under me f annoysaunce of your highnes enemys.' In resentment of this foray, Buccleuch, with other Border chiefs, assembled an army of 3000 riders, with which they penetrated into Northumberland, and laid waste the country as far as the banks of Bramish. They bailed, or defeated, the English forces opposed to them, and returned loaded with prey.—PINKERTON'S *History*, vol. ii. p. 318.

NOTE E.

'*Bards long shall tell,
How Lord Walter fell.*'—P. 7.

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

In the year 1526, in the words of Pitscottie, 'The Earl of Angus, and the rest of the Douglasses, ruled all which they liked, and no man durst say the contrary; wherefore the king (James V. then a minor) was heavily displeas'd, and would fain have been out of their hands, if he might by any way: And, to that effect, wrote a quiet and seere letter with his own hand, and sent it to the laird of Buccleuch, beseeching him that he would come with his kin and friends, and all the force that he might be, and meet him at Melross, at his home-passing, and there to take him out of the Douglasses hands, and to put him to liberty, to use himself among the lave (*rest*) of his lords, as he thinks expedient.

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

'But when the Lord Hume, Cessford, and Fernyhirst, (the chiefs of the

clan of Kerr.) took their leave of the king, and returned home, then appeared the Lord of Buccleuch in sight, and his company with him, in an arrayed battle, intending to have fulfilled the king's petition, and therefore came stoutly forward on the back side of Haliden hill. By that the Earl of Angus, with George Douglas, his brother, and sundry other of his friends, seeing this army coming, they marvelled what the matter meant; while at the last they knew the laird of Buccleuch, with a certain company of the thieves of Annandale. With him they were less allured, and made them manfully to the field contrary them, and said to the king in this manner, "Sir, you is Buccleuch, and thieves of Annandale with him, to unbeset your Grace from the gate (*i.e.*, interrupt your passage). I vow to God they shall either fight or flee; and ye shall tarry here on this knowe, and my brother George with you, with any other company you please; and I shall pass, and put you thieves off the ground, and rid the gate unto your Grace, or else die for it." The king tarried still, as was devised, and George Douglas with him, and sundry other lords, such as the Earl of Lennox, and the Lord Erskine, and some of the king's own servants; but all the lave (*rest*) past with the Earl of Angus to the field against the laird of Buccleuch, who joyned and countered cruelly both the said parties in the field of Darnelinver,¹ either against other, with uncertain victory. But at the last, the Lord Hume, hearing word of that matter how it stood, returned again to the king in all possible haste, with him the lairds of Cessford and Fairmyhirst, to the number of fourscore spears, and set freshly on the lap and wing of the laird of Buccleuch's field, and shortly bare them backward to the ground; which caused the laird of Buccleuch, and the rest of his friends, to go back and flee, whom they followed and chased; and especially the lairds of Cessford and Fairmyhirst followed furiouslie, till at the foot of a path the laird of Cessford was slain by the stroke of a spear by an Elliott, who was then servant to the laird of Buccleuch. But when the laird of Cessford was slain, the chase ceased. The Earl of Angus returned again with great merriness and victory, and thanked God that he saved him from that chance, and passed with the king to Melrose, where they remained all that night. On the morn they past to Edinburgh with the king, who was very sad and dolorous of the slaughter of the laird of Cessford, and many other gentlemen and yeomen slain by the laird of Buccleuch, containing the number of fourscore and fifteen, which died in defence of the king, and at the command of his writing.⁷

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

VALTERIUS SCOTUS BALCLUCHIUS.

Egregio suscepto facinore libertate Regis, ac aliis rebus gestis clarus, sub JACOBO V.
A^o. Christi 1526.

Intentata aliis, nullique audita priorum
Audet, nec pavidum morsve, metusve quatit,
Libertatem aliis soliti transcribere Reges:
Subreptam hanc Regi restituuisse paras,

¹ Darnwick, near Melrose. The place of conflict is still called Skinner's Field, from a corruption of *Skirnish Field*.

Si vincis, quanta ð succedunt præmia dextræ ;
 Sin victus, falsas spes jace, pone animam.
 Hostia vis nocuit : stant altæ robora mentis
 Atque decus. Vincet, Rege probante, fides.
 INSITA quis animis virtus, quosque acrior ardor
 Obsidet, obscuris nox prenat an tenebris?

Heroes ex omni Historia Scotiæ lectissimi, Auctore Johan. Jonstonio Abre-
 donense Scoto, 1603.

In consequence of the battle of Melrose, there ensued a deadly feud betwixt the names of Scott and Kerr, which, in spite of all means used to bring about an agreement, raged for many years upon the Borders. Bruceleuch was imprisoned, and his estates forfeited, in the year 1535, for levying war against the Kerrs, and restored by act of parliament, dated 15th March 1542, during the regency of Mary of Lorraine. But the most signal act of violence, to which this quarrel gave rise, was the murder of Sir Walter himself, who was slain by the Kerrs in the streets of Edinburgh, in 1552. This is the event alluded to in Stanza 7; and the poem is supposed to open shortly after it had taken place.

The feud between these two families was not reconciled in 1596, when both chieftains paraded the streets of Edinburgh with their followers, and it was expected their first meeting would decide their quarrel. But, on July 14th of the same year, Colvil, in a letter to Mr Bacon, informs him, 'that there was great trouble upon the Borders, which would continue till order should be taken by the queen of England and the king, by reason of the two young Scots chieftains, Cesford and Baclugh, and of the present necessity and scarcity of corn amongst the Scots Borderers and riders. That there had been a private quarrel betwixt those two lairds, on the Borders, which was like to have turned to blood; but the fear of the general trouble had reconciled them, and the injuries which they thought to have committed against each other, were now transferred upon England: not unlike that emulation in France between the Baron de Biron and Mons. Jeverie, who, being both ambitious of honour, undertook more hazardous enterprises against the enemy, than they would have done if they had been at concord together.'—BIRCH'S *Memorials*, vol. ii p. 67.

NOTE F.

'No! vainly to each holy shrine,
 In mutual pilgrimage, they drew.'—P. 7.

Among other expedients resorted to for stanching the feud betwixt the Scotts and the Kerrs, there was a bond executed, in 1529, between the heads of each clan, binding themselves to perform reciprocally the four principal pilgrimages of Scotland, for the benefit of the souls of those of the opposite name who had fallen in the quarrel. This indenture is printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. i. But either it never took effect, or else the feud was renewed shortly afterwards.

Such pactions were not uncommon in feudal times; and, as might be expected, they were often, as in the present case, void of the effect desired. When Sir Walter Manny, the renowned follower of Edward III., had taken the town of Rjoll, in Gascony, he remembered to have heard that his father lay there buried, and offered a hundred crowns to any who could show him

his grave. A very old man appeared before Sir Walter, and informed him of the manner of his father's death, and the place of his sepulture. It seems the Lord of Mauny had, at a great tournament, unhorsed, and wounded to the death, a Gascon knight, of the house of Mirepoix, whose kinsman was bishop of Cambrai. For this deed he was held at feud by the relations of the knight, until he agreed to undertake a pilgrimage to the shrine of St James of Compostella, for the benefit of the soul of the deceased. But as he returned through the town of Ryoll, after accomplishment of his vow, he was beset, and treacherously slain, by the kindred of the knight whom he had killed. Sir Walter, guided by the old man, visited the lowly tomb of his father; and, having read the inscription, which was in Latin, he caused the body to be raised, and transported to his native city of Valenciennes, where masses were, in the days of Froissart, duly said for the soul of the unfortunate pilgrim.—*Cronycle of FROISSART*, vol. i. p. 123.

NOTE G.

'*While Cessford owns the rule of Car.*'—P. 7.

The family of Ker, Kerr, or Car,¹ was very powerful on the Border. Eynes Morrison remarks, in his Travels, that their influence extended from the village of Preston-Grange, in Lothian, to the limits of England. Cessford Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family, is situated near the village of Morebattle, within two or three miles of the Cheviot Hills. It has been a place of great strength and consequence, but is now ruinous. Tradition affirms that it was founded by Halbert, or Habby Kerr, a gigantic warrior, concerning whom many stories are current in Roxburghshire. The Duke of Roxburghe represents Ker of Cessford. A distinct and powerful branch of the same name own the Marquis of Lothian as their chief: hence the distinction betwixt Kers of Cessford and Fairmihirst.

NOTE H.

'*Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed.*'—P. 8.

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

NOTE I.

'*Of Bethune's line of Picardie.*'—P. 8.

The Bethunes were of French origin, and derived their name from a small town in Artois. There were several distinguished families of the Bethunes in the neighbouring province of Picardy; they numbered among their descendants the celebrated Duc de Sully; and the name was accounted among the most noble in France, while aught noble remained in that country. The family of Bethune, or Beatoun, in Fife, produced three learned and dignified prelates; namely, Cardinal Beaton, and two successive archbishops of Glasgow, all of whom flourished about the date of the romance. Of this family was

¹ The name is spelled differently by the various families who bear it. Car is selected, not as the most correct, but as the most poetical reading.

descended Dame Janet Beaton, Lady Buccleuch, widow of Sir Walter Scott of Branksome. She was a woman of masculine spirit, as appeared from her riding at the head of her son's clan, after her husband's murder. She also possessed the hereditary abilities of her family in such a degree, that the superstition of the vulgar imputed them to supernatural knowledge. With this was mingled, by faction, the foul accusation of her having influenced Queen Mary to the murder of her husband. One of the placards, preserved in Buchanan's *Detection*, accuses of Darnley's murder 'the Erle of Bothwell, Mr James Balfour, the person of Fliske, Mr David Chalmers, black Mr John Spens, who was principal deviser of the murder; and the Quene, assenting thairto, throw the persuasioun of the Erle Bothwell, and *the witchcraft of Lady Buccleuch.*'

NOTE K.

*'He learned the art, that none may name,
In Padua, far beyond the sea.'*—P. 8.

Padua was long supposed, by the Scottish peasants, to be the principal school of necromancy. The Earl of Gowrie, slain at Perth, in 1600, pretended, during his studies in Italy, to have acquired some knowledge of the cabala, by which, he said, he could charm snakes, and work other miracles; and, in particular, could produce children without the intercourse of the sexes.—See the examination of Wemyss of Bogie before the Privy Council, concerning Gowrie's Conspiracy.

NOTE L.

*'His form no darkening shadow traced
Upon the sunny wall.'*—P. 9.

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

NOTE M.

'The viewless forms of air.'—P. 9.

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

walking upon its bank, and compelled her to submit to his embraces: and the name of Tweedie was bestowed upon the child, who afterwards became Baron of Drummelzier, and chief of a powerful clan. To those spirits were also ascribed, in Scotland, the

‘ Airy tongues, that syllable men’s names,
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.’

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

‘ It is not here, it is not here,
That ye shall build the church of Deer;
But on Taptillery,
Where many a corpse shall lie.’

The site of the edifice was accordingly transferred to Taptillery, an eminence at some distance from the place where the building had been commenced.—MACFARLANE’S *MSS.* I mention these popular fables, because the introduction of the River and Mountain Spirits may not at first sight seem to accord with the general tone of the romance, and the superstitions of the country where the scene is laid.

NOTE N.

‘ *A faucied moss-trooper,*’ &c.—P. 11.

This was the usual appellation of the marauders upon the Borders; a profession diligently pursued by the inhabitants on both sides, and by none more actively and successfully than by Buccleuch’s clan. Long after the union of the crowns, the moss-troopers, although sunk in reputation, and no longer enjoying the pretext of national hostility, continued to pursue their calling.

Fuller includes, among the wonders of Cumberland, ‘The Moss-troopers: so strange is the condition of their living, if considered in their *Original, Increase, Height, Decay, and Ruine.*

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

2. ‘*Increase.* When England and Scotland were united in Great Britain, they that formerly lived by hostile incursions betook themselves to the robbing of their neighbours. Their sons are free of the trade by their father’s copy. They are like to Job, not in piety and patience, but in sudden plenty and poverty; sometimes having flocks and herds in the morning, none at night, and perchance many again next day. They may give for their mottoe, *Vivitur ex rapto,* stealing from their honest neighbours what they sometimes require. They are a nest of hornets: strike one, and stir all of them about your ears. Indeed, if they promise safely to conduct a traveller, they will perform it with the fidelity of a Turkish janizary; otherwise, woe be to him that falleth into their quarters!

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

4. '*Decay*. Caused by the wisdom, valour, and diligence, of the Right Honourable Charles Lord Howard, Earl of Carlisle, who routed these English Tories with his regiment. His severity unto them will not only be excused, but commended, by the judicious, who consider how our great lawyer doth describe such persons who are solemnly outlawed. BRAXTON, lib. 8. trac. 2. cap. 11.—“*Ex tunc gerunt caput lupinum, ita quod sine judiciali inquisitione rite percant, et secum suum judicium portant; et merito sine lege percant, qui secundum legem vivere recusarunt.*”—Thenceforward, (after that they are outlawed) they wear a wolf's head, so that they lawfully may be destroyed without any judicial inquisition, as who carry their own condemnation about them, and deservedly die without law, because they refused to live according to law.

5. '*Ruine*. Such was the success of this worthy lord's severity, that he made a thorough reformation among them; and the ringleaders being destroyed, the rest are reduced to legall obedience, and so, I trust, will continue.'—FULLER'S *Worthies of England*, p. 216.

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

NOTE O.

'*How the brave boy, in future war,
Should tame the Unicorn's pride,
Exalt the Crescent and the Star.*'—P. 11.

The arms of the Kerrs of Cessford were, *Vert* on a cheveron, betwixt three unicorns' heads erased *argent*, three mullets *sable*; crest, an unicorn's head erased *proper*. The Scotts of Buccleuch bore, *Or* on a bend *azure*; a star of six points betwixt two crescents of the first.

NOTE P.

'*William of Deloraine.*'—P. 11.

The lands of Deloraine are joined to those of Buccleuch in Ettrick Forest. They were immemorially possessed by the Buccleuch family, under the strong title of occupacy, although no charter was obtained from the crown until 1545.—Like other possessions, the lands of Deloraine were occasionally granted by them to vassals, or kinsmen, for Border-service. Satchells mentions, among the twenty-four gentlemen pensioners of the family, 'William Scott, commonly called *Cut-at-the-Black*, who had the lands of Nether Deloraine for his service.' And again, 'This William of Deloraine, commonly called *Cut-at-the-Black*, was a brother of the ancient house of Haining, which house of Haining is descended from the ancient house of Hassendean.'

The lands of Deloraine now give an earl's title to the descendant of Henry, the second surviving son of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth. I have endeavoured to give William of Deloraine the attributes which characterised the Borderers of his day; for which I can only plead Froissart's apology, that 'it behoveth, in a lynage, some to be folysh and outrageous, to maynteyne and sustayne the peasable.' As a contrast to my Marchanau, I beg leave to transcribe, from the same author, the speech of Amergot Marcell, a captain of the Adventurous Companions, a robber, and a pillager of the country of Auvergne, who had been bribed to sell his strongholds, and to assume a more honourable military life under the banners of the Earl of Armagnac. But 'when he remembered alle this, he was sorrowful; his tresour he thought he wolde not mynysshe; he was wonte dayly to serche for newe pyllages, wherbye eneresed his profyte, and then he sawe that alle was closed fro' hym. Then he sayde and imagyned, that to pyll and to robbe (all thyng considered) was a good lyfe, and so repented hym of his good doing. On a tyme, he said to his old companyons, "Sirs, there is no sporte nor glory in this worlde amonge men of warre, but to use suche lyfe as we have done in tyme past. What a joy was it to us when we rode forth at adventure, and sontyme found by the way a riche priour or merchant, or a route of mulettes of Mountpellyer, of Narbonne, of Lymens, of Fougans, of Besyers, of Tholous, or of Carcassone, laden with cloth of Brussels, or peltre ware comynge fro the fayres, or laden with spycery fro Bruges, fro Damas, or fro Alysandre: whatsoever we met, all was ours, or els ransomed at our pleasures, dayly we gate new money, and the vylaynes of Auvergne and of Lymosyn dayly provyded and brought to our castell whete mele, good wynes, beffes, and fatte mottions, pullayne, and wyld foule: We were ever furnyshed as tho we had been kings. When we rode forthe, all the countrey trymbled for feare: all was ours goyng and comynge. Howe tok we Carlast, I and the Bourge of Compayne, and I and Perot of Bernoys took Caluset: how dyd we seale, with lytell ayde, the strong castell of Marquell, pertayning to the Erl Dolphyn. I kept it nat past fyve days, but I receyved for it, on a feyre table, fyve thousand frankes, and forgave one thousande for the love of the Erl Dolphyn's children. By my fayth, this was a fayre and a good lyfe; wherefore I repute myselve sore deceyved, in that I have rendered up the fortress of Aloys; for it wolde have kept fro alle the worlde, and the daye that I gave it up, it was furnyshed with vyttaylles, to have been kept seven yere without any re-vytaylynge. This Erl of Army-nake hath deceyved me. Olyve Barbe, and Perot le Bernoys, shewed to me how I shulde repente myself: certayne I sore repeute myselve of what I have done."—FROISSART, vol. ii. p. 195.

NOTE Q.

*'By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds.'*—P. 12.

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

‘ Ryeht to the burn thai passet ware,
 Bot the sleuth-hund made stinting thar,
 And waueryt lang tyme ta and fra,
 That he na certain gate outh ga;
 Till at the last that John of Lorn
 Perseuvt the hund the sleuth had lorne.’

The Bruce, book vii.

A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood upon the track, which destroyed the discriminating fineness of his scent. A captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. Henry the Minstrel tells a romantic story of Wallace, founded on this circumstance:—The hero's little band had been joined by an Irishman, named Fawdon, or Fadzem, a dark, savage, and suspicious character. After a sharp skirmish at Black-erne Side, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers. The English pursued with a Border *sleuth-bratch*, or blood-hound:

‘ In Gelderland there was that bratchet bred,
 Siker of scent, to follow them that fled;
 So was he used in Eske and Lid bsdail,
 While (i. e., *till*) she gat blood no fleeing might avail.’

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

‘ The sleuth stepped at Fawdon, till she stood,
 Nor farther would fra time she fand the blood.’

The story concludes with a fine Gothic scene of terror. Wallace took refuge in the solitary tower of Gask. Here he was disturbed at midnight by the blast of a horn: He sent out his attendants by two and two, but no one returned with tidings. At length, when he was left alone, the sound was heard still louder. The champion descended, sword in hand; and, at the gate of the tower, was encountered by the headless spectre of Fawdon, whom he had slain so rashly. Wallace, in great terror, fled up into the tower, tore open the boards of a window, leapt down fifteen feet in height, and continued his flight up the river. Looking back to Gask, he discovered the tower on fire, and the form of Fawdon upon the battlements, dilated to an immense size, and holding in his hand a blazing rafter. The Minstrel concludes:—

‘ Trust ryght wele, that all this be sooth, indeed,
 Supposing it be no point of the creed.’

The Wallace, book v.

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

NOTE R.

‘ *Dimly he viewed the Moat-hill's mound.*’—P. 14.

This is a round artificial mount near Hawick, which, from its name, (*Mot. Ang. Sax. Concilium, Conuentus*,) was probably anciently used as a place for

assembling a national council of the adjacent tribes. There are many such mounds in Scotland, and they are sometimes, but rarely, of a square form.

NOTE S.

'*Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.*'—P. 14.

The estate of Hazeldean, corruptly Hassendean, belonged formerly to a family of Scotts, thus commemorated by Satchells :—

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

NOTE T.

'*On Minto-crags the moonbeams glint.*'—P. 14.

A romantic assemblage of cliffs, which rise suddenly above the vale of Teviot, in the immediate vicinity of the family seat, from which Lord Minto takes his title. A small platform, on a projecting crag, commanding a most beautiful prospect, is termed *Barnhills' Bed*. This Barnhills is said to have been a robber or outlaw. There are remains of a strong tower beneath the rocks, where he is supposed to have dwelt, and from which he derived his name. On the summit of the crags are the fragments of another ancient tower, in a picturesque situation. Among the houses cast down by the Earl of Hertforde, in 1545, occur the towers of Easter-Barnhills, and of Minto crag, with Minto town and place. Sir Gilbert Elliot, father to the present Lord Minto, was the author of a beautiful pastoral song, of which the following is a more correct copy than is usually published. The poetical mantle of Sir Gilbert Elliot has descended to his family.

'My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook :
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove ;
Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
But what had my youth with ambition to do ?
Why left I Amynta ? why broke I my vow ?

'Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide world secure me from love.
Ah, fool, to imagine, that aught could subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true !
Ah, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more !

'Alas, 'tis too late at thy fate to repine !
Poor shepherd, Amynta no more can be thine !
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.
Ah ! what had my youth with ambition to do
Why left I Amynta ? why broke I my vow ?'

NOTE U.

'*Ancient Riddell's fair domain.*'—P. 15.

The family of Riddell have been very long in possession of the barony called Riddell, or Ryedale, part of which still bears the latter name. Tradition

carries their antiquity to a point extremely remote; and is, in some degree, sanctioned by the discovery of two stone coffins, one containing an earthen pot filled with ashes and arms, bearing a legible date, A.D. 727; the other dated 936, and filled with the bones of a man of gigantic size. These coffins were discovered in the foundations of what was, but has long ceased to be, the chapel of Riddell; and as it was argued, with plausibility, that they contained the remains of some ancestors of the family, they were deposited in the modern place of sepulture, comparatively so termed, though built in 1110. But the following curious and authentic documents warrant most conclusively the epithet of 'ancient Riddell': 1st, A charter by David I. to Walter Rydale, sheriff of Roxburgh, confirming all the estates of Liliesclive, &c., of which his father, Gervasius de Rydale, died possessed. 2dly, A bull of Pope Adrian IV., confirming the will of Walter de Ridale, knight, in favour of his brother, Anschittil de Ridale, dated 8th April 1155. 3dly, A bull of Pope Alexander III., confirming the said will of Walter de Ridale, bequeathing to his brother Anschittil the lands of Liliesclive, Whettunes, &c., and ratifying the bargain betwixt Anschittil and Huetredus, concerning the church of Liliesclive, in consequence of the mediation of Malcolm II., and confirmed by a charter from that monarch. This bull is dated 17th June 1160. 4thly, A bull of the same Pope, confirming the will of Sir Anschittil de Ridale, in favour of his son Walter, conveying the said lands of Liliesclive and others, dated 10th March 1120. It is remarkable, that Liliesclive, otherwise Rydale, or Riddell, and the Whittunes, have descended, through a long train of ancestors, without ever passing into a collateral line, to the person of Sir John Buchanan Riddell, Bart. of Riddell, the lineal descendant and representative of Sir Anschittil.—These circumstances appeared worthy of notice in a Border work.

NOTE X.

'As glanced his eye o'er Halidon.'—P. 15.

Halidon was an ancient seat of the Keirs of Cessford, now demolished. About a quarter of a mile to the northward lay the field of battle betwixt Bueclench and Angus, which is called to this day the Skirmish Field.—See the 4th note on this Canto.

NOTE Y.

'Old Melrose rose, and fair Tweed ran.'—P. 16.

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

'O the monks of Melrose made gude kale¹
 On Fridays when they fasted;
 They wanted neither beef nor ale,
 As long as their neighbour's lasted.'

CANTO II.

NOTE A.

'When silver edges the imagery,
 And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die.'—P. 18.

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

NOTE B.

'St David's ruined pile.'—P. 18.

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

NOTE C.

'Lands and livings many a rood,
 Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose.'—P. 19.

The Buceleuch family were great benefactors to the Abbey of Melrose. As early as the reign of Robert II., Robert Scott, baron of Murdieston and Rankelburn (now Buceleuch), gave to the monks the lands of Hinkery, in Ettrick Forest, *pro salute animæ suæ*.—*Chartulary of Melrose*, 28th May 1415.

NOTE D.

'Prayer know I hardly one;
 Save to patter an Ave Mary,
 When I ride on a Border foray.'—P. 20.

The Borderers were, as may be supposed, very ignorant about religious matters. Colville, in his *Paranesis*, or *Admonition*, states, that the reformed divines were so far from undertaking distant journeys to convert the Heathen, 'as I wold wis at God that ye wold only go bot to the Hielands and Borders of our own realm, to gain our awin countrey men, who, for lack of preaching and ministratioun of the sacraments, must, with tyme, becum either infidells, or atheists.' But we learn, from Lesly, that, however deficient in real religion, they regularly told their beads, and never with more zeal than when going on a plundering expedition.

¹ Kale, broth.

NOTE E.

'*Beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.*'—P. 20.

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

NOTE F.

'*So had he seen, in fair Castile,
The youth in glittering squadrons start;
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
And hurl the unexpected dart.*'—P. 21.

'By my faith,' said the Duke of Lancaster, (to a Portuguese squire.) 'of all the feates of armes that the Castelians, and they of your countrey doth use, the eastynge of their dartes best pleaseth me, and gladly I wolde se it; for, as I hear say, if they strike one aryghte, without he be well armed, the dart will pierce him thurgh.'—'By my fayth, sir,' sayd the squyer, 'ye say trouth; for I have seen many a grete stroke given with them, which at one time cost us derely, and was to us great displeasure; for, at the said skymishe, Sir John Laurence of Coygne was striken with a dart in such wise, that the head perced all the plates of his cote of mayle, and a sacke stopped with sylke, and passed thurgh his body, so that he fell down dead.'—FROISSART, vol. ii. ch. 44.—This mode of fighting with darts was imitated in the military game called *Juogo de las canas*, which the Spaniards borrowed from their Moorish invaders. A Saracen champion is thus described by Froissart:—'Among the Sarazyns, there was a yonge knight called Agadinger Dolyferne; he was always wel mounted on a redy and a lyght horse; it seemed, when the horse ranne, that he did fly in the ayre. The knyghte seemed to be a good man of armes by his dedes; he bare always of usage three fethered dartes, and rychte well he could handle them; and, according to their custome, he was cleue armed, with a long white towell about his heed. His apparell was blacke, and his own colour browne, and a good horseman. The Crysten men say, they thoughte he dyd such deeds of armes for the love of some yonge ladye of his countrey. And true it was, that he loved entirely the King of Thunes' daughter, named the Lady Azala; she was inherytour to the realme of Thunes, after the discease of the kyng her father. This Agadinger was sone to the Duke of Olyferne. I can nat telle if they were married together after or nat; but it was shewed me, that this knyght, for love of the sayd ladye, during the siege, did many feats of armes. The knyghtes of Frannee wold fayne have taken hym; but they colde never attrap nor inclose him, his horse was so swyft, and so redy to his hand, that alwaies he escaped.'—Vol. ii. ch. 71.

NOTE G.

'*Thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant chief of Otterburne.*'—P. 21.

The famous and desperate battle of Otterburne was fought 15th August 1388, betwixt Henry Percy, called Hotspur, and James, Earl of Douglas. Both these renowned champions were at the head of a chosen body of troops, and they were rivals in military fame; so that Froissart affirms, 'Of all the battaylles and encounterings that I have made mencion of here before in all

this hystory, great or smalle, this batayle that I treat of nowe was one of the sorest and best foughten, without cowardes or faynte hertes; for there was neyther knyght nor squyer but that dyde his deyre, and fought hande to hande. This batayle was lyke the batayle of Becherell, the which was valiantly fought and endured.' The issue of the conflict is well known: Percy was made prisoner, and the Scots won the day, dearly purchased by the death of their gallant general, the Earl of Douglas, who was slain in the action. He was buried at Melrose, beneath the high altar. 'His obsequye was done reverently, and on his bodye layde a tombe of stone, and his baner hangyng over hym.—FROISSART, vol. ii. p. 161.

NOTE II.

'*Dark knight of Liddesdale.*'—P. 21.

William Douglas, called the knight of Liddesdale, flourished during the reign of David II.: and was so distinguished by his valour, that he was called the Flower of Chivalry. Nevertheless, he tarnished his renown by the cruel murder of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, originally his friend and brother-in-arms. The king had conferred upon Ramsay the sheriffdom of Teviotdale, to which Douglas pretended some claim. In revenge of this preference, the knight of Liddesdale came down upon Ramsay, while he was administering justice at Hawick, seized and carried him off to his remote and inaccessible castle of Hermitage, where he threw his unfortunate prisoner, horse and man, into a dungeon, and left him to perish of hunger. It is said, the miserable captive prolonged his existence for several days by the corn which fell from a granary above the vault in which he was confined.¹ So weak was the royal authority, that David, although highly incensed at this atrocious murder, found himself obliged to appoint the knight of Liddesdale successor to his victim, as sheriff of Teviotdale. But he was soon after slain, while hunting in Etrick Forest, by his own god-son and chieftain, William, Earl of Douglas, in revenge, according to some authors, of Ramsay's murder; although a popular tradition, preserved in a ballad quoted by Godseroft, and some parts of which are still preserved, ascribes the resentment of the earl to jealousy. The place where the knight of Liddesdale was killed is called, from his name, William-Cross, upon the ridge of a hill called William-Hope,

¹ There is something affecting in the manner in which the old Prior of Locheven turns from describing the death of the gallant Ramsay, to the general sorrow which it excited:—

'To tell you there of the manere,
It is bot sorrow for til here;
He wes the grettast menynd man
That ony cowth have thowcht of than,
Of his state, or of mare be fare;
All menynt him, bath bettyr and war;
The ryche and pure him menyde bath,
For of his dede was mekill skath.'

Some years ago, a person digging for stones, about the old castle of Hermitage, broke into a vault, containing a quantity of chaff, some bones, and pieces of iron; amongst others, the curb of an ancient bridle, which the author has since given to the Earl of Dalhousie, under the impression, that it possibly may be a relic of his brave ancestor. The worthy clergyman of the parish has mentioned this discovery in his statistical account of Castle-town.

betwixt Tweed and Yarrow. His body, according to Godcroft, was carried to Lindean church the first night after his death, and thence to Melrose, where he was interred with great pomp, and where his tomb is still shewn.

NOTE I.

‘*The moon on the east oriel shone.*’—P. 21.

It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful specimen of the lightness and elegance of Gothic architecture, when in its purity, than the eastern window of Melrose Abbey. Sir James Hall of Dunglass, Bart., has, with great ingenuity and plausibility, traced the Gothic order through its various forms, and seemingly eccentric ornaments, to an architectural imitation of wicker work; of which, as we learn from some of the legends, the earliest Christian churches were constructed. In such an edifice, the original of the clustered pillars is traced to a set of round posts, begirt with slender rods of willow, whose loose summits were brought to meet from all quarters, and bound together artificially, so as to produce the framework of the roof; and the tracery of our Gothic windows is displayed in the meeting and interlacing of rods and hoops, affording an inexhaustible variety of beautiful forms of open work. This ingenious system is alluded to in the romance. Sir James Hall’s *Essay on Gothic Architecture* is published in *The Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions*.

NOTE K.

‘*They sate them down on a marble stone,
A Scottish monarch slept below.*’—P. 22.

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

NOTE L.

‘*The wondrous Michael Scott.*’—P. 22.

Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie flourished during the 13th century, and was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the Maid of Norway to Scotland upon the death of Alexander III. By a poetical anachronism, he is here placed in a later era. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1496; and several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchemy, physiognomy, and chiromancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. Dempster informs us, that he remembers to have heard in his youth, that the magic books of Michael Scott were still in existence, but could not be opened without danger, on account of the malignant fiends who were thereby invoked. *Dempsteri Historia Ecclesiastica*, 1627, lib. xii. p. 495. Lesly characterises Michael Scott, as *singulariū philosophia, astronomiæ, ac medicinæ laude prestans; dicebatur penitissimos magia recessus indagasse.*” Dante also mentions him as a renowned wizard:

‘*Quell’ altro chi ne’ fianchi e così poco
Michele Scoto fu, chi veramente
Delle magiche frode seppe il gioco.*’

Divina Comedia, Canto xxmo.

A personage, thus spoken of by biographers and historians, loses little of his mystical fame in vulgar tradition. Accordingly, the memory of Sir Michael Scott survives in many a legend; and in the south of Scotland, any work of great labour and antiquity is ascribed, either to the agency of *Auld Michael*, of Sir William Wallace, or of the devil. Tradition varies concerning the place of his burial: some contend for Holme Coltrane, in Cumberland; others for Melrose Abbey. But all agree, that his books of magic were interred in his grave, or preserved in the convent where he died. Satchells, wishing to give some authority for his account of the origin of the name of Scott, pretends that, in 1629, he chanced to be at Burgh under Bowness, in Cumberland, where a person, named Lancelot Scott, showed him an extract from Michael Scott's works, containing that story:—

‘He said the book which he gave me
Was of Sir Michael Scott's historie;
Which history was never yet read through,
Nor never will, for no man dare it do.
Young scholars have pick'd out something
From the contents, that dare not read within.
He carried me along the castle then,
And shew'd his written book hanging on an iron pin.
His writing pen did seem to me to be
Of hardened metal, like steel, or accunie;
The volume of it did seem so large to me,
As the book of Martyrs and Turks historie.
Then in the church he let me see
A stone where Mr Michael Scott did lie;
I asked him how that could appear,
Mr Michael had been dead above five hundred year?
He shew'd me none durst bury under that stone,
More than he had been dead a few years ago;
For Mr Michael's name does terrifie each one.’

History of the Right Honourable Name of Scott.—S.

When Sir Walter was in Italy, he happened to remark to Mr Cheney, that it was mortifying to think how Dante thought none worth sending to hell except Italians, on which Mr C. remarked, that he of all men had no right to make this complaint, as his ancestor Michael is introduced in the Fourth Canto of the *Inferno*. This seemed to delight Scott.—E.

NOTE M.

‘*Salamanca's cave.*’—P. 22.

Spain, from the relics, doubtless, of Arabian learning and superstition, was accounted a favourite residence of magicians. Pope Sylvester, who actually imported from Spain the use of the Arabian numerals, was supposed to have learned there the magic, for which he was stigmatised by the ignorance of his age.—*William of Malmsbury*, lib. ii. cap. 10. There were public schools, where magic, or rather the sciences supposed to involve its mysteries, were regularly taught, at Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca. In the latter city, they were held in a deep cavern; the mouth of which was walled up by Queen Isabella, wife of King Ferdinand.—*D'Autm on Learned Incredulity*, p. 45. These Spanish schools of magic are celebrated also by the Italian poets of romance:

‘Questo citta di Tolletto soha
 Tenere studio di Negromanzia,
 Quivi di magia arte si leggea
 Pubblicamente, e di Peromanzia;
 E molti Geomanti sempre avea
 E sperimenti assai d’ Tetremanzia
 E d’ altre false opinion’ di scioechi
 Come e fatture, o spesso batter gli occhi.’

H Morgante Maggiore, Canto XXV. St. 259.

The celebrated magician Maugis, cousin to Rinaldo of Montalban, called, by Ariosto, Malagigi, studied the black art at Toledo, as we learn from *L’Histoire de Maugis D’Agramont*. He even held a professor’s chair in the necromantic university; for so I interpret the passage, ‘*qu’en tous les sept ars d’enchantement, des charmes et conjurations, il n’y avoit meilleur maistre que lui; et en tel renom qu’on le baissoit en chaise, et l’appelloit on maistre Maugis.*’ This Salamanean Dondaniel is said to have been founded by Hercules. If the classic reader inquires where Hercules himself learned magic, he may consult ‘*Les faicts et proesses du noble et vaillant Hercules,*’ where he will learn, that the fable of his aiding Atlas to support the heavens arose from the said Atlas having taught Hercules, *the noble knight errant*, the seven liberal sciences, and, in particular, that of judicial astrology. Such, according to the idea of the middle ages, were the studies, ‘*maximus que docuit Atlas.*’—In a romantic history of Roderic, the last Gothic king of Spain, he is said to have entered one of those enchanted caverns. It was situated beneath an ancient tower near Toledo: and, when the iron gates, which secured the entrance, were unfolded, there rushed forth so dreadful a whirlwind, that hitherto no one had dared to penetrate into its recesses. But Roderic, threatened with an invasion of the Moors, resolved to enter the cavern, where he expected to find some prophetic intimation of the event of the war. Accordingly, his train being furnished with torches, so artificially composed that the tempest could not extinguish them, the king, with great difficulty, penetrated into a square hall, inscribed all over with Arabian characters. In the midst stood a colossal statue of brass, representing a Saracen wielding a Moorish mace, with which it discharged furious blows on all sides, and seemed thus to excite the tempest which raged around. Being conjured by Roderic, it ceased from striking, until he read, inscribed on the right hand, ‘*Wretched monarch, for thy evil hast thou come hither;*’ on the left hand, ‘*Thou shalt be dispossessed by a strange people;*’ on one shoulder, ‘*I invoke the sons of Hagar;*’ on the other, ‘*I do mine office.*’ When the king had deciphered these ominous inscriptions, the statue returned to its exercise, the tempest commenced anew, and Roderic retired, to mourn over the predicted evils which approached his throne. He caused the gates of the cavern to be locked and barricaded; but, in the course of the night, the tower fell with a tremendous noise, and under its ruins concealed for ever the entrance to the mystic cavern. The conquest of Spain by the Saracens, and the death of the unfortunate Don Roderic, fulfilled the prophecy of the brazen statue. *Historia verdadera del Rey Don Rodrigo por el sabio Alcaide Abulcacim, traduzeda de la lengua Arabiga por Miguel de Luna, 1654, cap. vi.*—S. Scott has turned this tradition to account in his ‘*Don Roderick.*’—E.

NOTE N.

'*The bells would ring in Notre Dame.*'—P. 22.

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

Maister Michael Scott's man
Sought meat, and gat nane.

Immediately the good old woman, instead of pursuing her domestic occupation, which was baking bread for the reapers, began to dance round the fire, repeating the rhyme, and continued this exercise till her husband sent the reapers to the house, one after another, to see what had delayed their provision; but the charm caught each as they entered, and, losing all idea of returning, they joined in the dance and chorus. At length the old man himself went to the house; but as his wife's frolic with Mr Michael, whom he had seen on the hill, made him a little cautious, he contented himself with looking in at the window, and saw the reapers at their involuntary exercise, dragging his wife, now completely exhausted, sometimes round, and sometimes through the fire, which was, as usual, in the mid-st of the house. Instead of entering, he saddled a horse, and rode up the hill, to humble himself before Michael, and beg a cessation of the spell; which the good-natured warlock immediately granted, directing him to enter the house backwards, and, with his left hand, take the spell from above the door; which accordingly ended the supernatural dance.—This tale was told less particularly in former editions, and I have been censured for inaccuracy in doing so. A similar charm occurs in *Huon du Bourdeaux*, and in the ingenious Oriental tale, called the *Culiph Vathek*.

Notwithstanding his victory over the witch of Falselope, Michael Scott, like his predecessor Merlin, fell at last a victim to female art. His wife, or concubine, elicited from him the secret, that his art could ward off any danger except the poisonous qualities of broth made of the flesh of a *brune* sow. Such a mess she accordingly administered to the wizard, who died in consequence of eating it; surviving, however, long enough to put to death his treacherous confidante.

NOTE O.

'*The words that cleft Eildon Hills in three,
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone.*'—P. 22.

Michael Scott was, once upon a time, much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a *cauld*, or dam-head, across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honour to the infernal architect. Michael next ordered, that Eildon hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-sand.

NOTE P.

'*That lamp shall burn unquenchedly.*'—P. 24.

Baptista Porta, and other authors who treat of natural magic, talk much of eternal lamps, pretended to have been found burning in ancient sepulchres. Fortunius Licetus investigates the subject in a treatise, *De Lucernis antiquorum reconditis*, published at Venice, 1621. One of these perpetual lamps is said to have been discovered in the tomb of Tulliola, the daughter of Cicero. The wick was supposed to be composed of asbestos. Kircher enumerates three different receipts for constructing such lamps; and wisely concludes, that the thing is nevertheless impossible.—*Mundus Subterraneus*, p. 72. Delrio imputes the fabrication of such lights to magical skill.—*Disquisitiones*

Magica, p. 58. In a very rare romance, which "treateth of the lyfe of Virgilius, and of his deth, and many marvayles that he dyd in his lyfe-time, by wyche-crafte and nygramaneye, throughe the help of the devyls of hell," mention is made of a very extraordinary process, in which one of these mystical lamps was employed. It seems, that Virgil, as he advanced in years, became desirous of renovating his youth by his magical art. For this purpose he constructed a solitary tower, having only one narrow portal, in which he placed twenty-four copper figures, armed with iron flails, twelve on each side of the porch. These enchanted statues struck with their flails incessantly, and rendered all entrance impossible, unless when Virgil touched the spring, which stopped their motion. To this tower he repaired privately, attended by one trusty servant, to whom he communicated the secret of the entrance, and hither they conveyed all the magician's treasure. 'Then sayde Virgilius, my dere beloved friende, and he that I above alle men truste and knowe mooste of my secret;' and then he led the man into a cellar, where he made a *fayer lampe at all seasons burnynge*. And then sayd Virgilius to the man, 'Se you the barrel that standeth here?' and he sayd, yea; 'Therein must you put me: fyrste ye must slee me, and hewe me smalle to pieces, and cut my hed in iiii pieces, and salte the heed under in the bottom, and then the pieces there after, and my herte in the myddel, and then set the barrel under the lampe, that nyghte and day the fat therein may droppe and leak; and ye shall ix dayes long, ones in the day, fyll the lampe, and fayle nat. And when this is all done, then shall I be renued, and made yonge agen.' At this extraordinary proposal, the confidant was sore abashed, and made some scruple of obeying his master's commands. At length, however, he complied, and Virgil was slain, pickled, and bared up, in all respects according to his own direction. The servant then left the tower, taking care to put the copper thrashers in motion at his departure. He continued daily to visit the tower with the same precaution. Meanwhile, the emperor, with whom Virgil was a great favourite, missed him from the court, and demanded of his servant where he was. The domestic pretended ignorance, till the emperor threatened him with death, when at length he conveyed him to the enchanted tower. The same threat extorted a discovery of the mode of stopping the statues from wielding their flails. 'And then the emperour entered into the castle with all his folke, and sought all aboute in every corner after Virgilius; and at the last they soughte so longe, that they came into the seller, where they sawe the lampe hang over the barrell, where Virgilius lay in deed. Then asked the emperor the man, who had made hym so herdy to put his mayster Virgilius so to dethe: and the man answered no word to the emperour. And then the emperour, with great anger, drewe out his sworde, and slewe he there Virgilius' man. And when all this was done, then sawe the emperour, and all his folke, a naked childe iii tymes renynge about the barrell, sayinge these words, 'Cursed be the tyme that ye ever came here!' And with those words vanysed the chyld awaye, and was never sene ageyn; and thus abyd Virgilius in the barrell deed.' *Virgilius*, bl. let. printed at Antwerpe by John Doesboreke. This curious volume is in the valuable library of Mr Douce; and is supposed to be a translation from the French, printed in Flanders for the English market. See *Goujet Biblioth. Franc.* ix. 225. *Catalogue de la Bibliotheque Nationale*, tom. ii. p. 5. *De Bure*, No. 3857.

NOTE Q.

‘He thought, as he took it, the dead man frown’d.’—P. 25.

William of Deloraine might be strengthened in this belief by the well-known story of the Cid Ruy Diaz. When the body of that famous Christian champion was sitting in state by the high altar of the cathedral church of Toledo, where it remained for ten years, a certain malicious Jew attempted to pull him by the beard; but he had no sooner touched the formidable whiskers, than the corpse started up, and half unsheathed his sword. The Israelite fled; and so permanent was the effect of his terror, that he became Christian. HEYWOODS’S *Hierarchie*, p. 480, quoted from *Sebastian Cobarruvias Croze*.

NOTE R.

‘The Baron’s Dwarf his courser hold.’—P. 29.

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

‘The only certain, at least most probable account, that ever I heard of Gilpin Horner, was from an old man, of the name of Anderson, who was born and lived all his life, at Todshawhill, in Eskdale-muir, the place where Gilpin appeared, and staid for some time. He said there were two men, late in the evening, when it was growing dark, employed in fastening the horses upon the uttermost part of the ground, (that is, tying their forefeet together, to hinder them from travelling far in the night,) when they heard a voice, at some distance, crying, “*Tint! tint! tint!*”² one of the men, named Moffat, called out, ‘What de’il has tint you? Come here.’ Immediately a creature, of something like a human form, appeared. It was surprisingly little, distorted in features, and misshapen in limbs. As soon as the two men could see it plainly, they ran home in a great fright, imagining they had met with some goblin. By the way Moffat fell, and it ran over him, and was home at the house as soon as either of them, and staid there a long time; but I cannot say how long. It was real flesh and blood, and ate and drank, was fond of cream, and, when it could get at it, would destroy a great deal. It seemed a mischievous creature; and any of the children whom it could master, it would beat and scratch without mercy. It was once abusing a child belonging to the same Moffat, who had been so frightened by its first appearance; and he, in a passion, struck it so violent a blow upon the side of the head, that it tumbled upon the ground: but it was not stunned; for it set up its head directly, and exclaimed, “Ah hah, Will o’ Moffat, you strike sair!” (viz. *sore*.) After it had staid there long, one evening, when the women were milking the cows in the loan, it was playing among the children near by them, when suddenly they heard a loud shrill voice cry, three times, “*Gilpin Horner!*” It started, and said, “*That is me, I must away,*” and instantly disappeared, and was never heard of more. Old Anderson did not remember it, but said, he had often heard his father, and other old men in the place, who were there at the time, speak about it; and in my younger years I have often heard it mentioned, and never met with any who had the remotest doubt as

¹ Tint, signifies lost.

to the truth of the story : although, I must own, I cannot help thinking there must be some misrepresentation in it.' To this account I have to add the following particulars from the most respectable authority. Besides constantly repeating the word *tint! tint!* Gilpin Horner was often heard to call upon Peter Bertram, or Be-teram, as he pronounced the word : and when the shrill voice called Gilpin Horner, he immediately acknowledged it was the summons of the said Peter Bertram ; who seems therefore to have been the devil who had tint or lost the little imp. As much has been objected to Gilpin Horner on account of his being supposed rather a device of the author than a popular superstition, I can only say, that no legend which I ever heard seemed to be more universally credited, and that many persons of very good rank and considerable information are well known to repose absolute faith in the tradition.

NOTE S.

' *But the Lady of Branksome gathered a band,
Of the best that would ride at her command.*'—P. 30.

" Upon 25th June 1557, Dame Janet Beatoune Lady Buccleuch, and a great number of the name of Scott, delatit (accused) for coming to the kirk of St Mary of the Lowes, to the number of two hundred persons bodin in feire of weire (arrayed in armour,) and breaking open the doors of the said kirk, in order to apprehend the laird of Cranstoune for his destruction." On the 20th July, a warrant from the queen is presented, discharging the justice to proceed against the Lady Buccleuch while new calling. *Abridgment of Books of Adjournal in Advocates' Library.*—The following proceedings upon this case appear on the record of the Court of Justiciary: On the 25th June, 1557, Robert Scott, of Bowhill parish, priest of the kirk of St Mary's, accused of the convocation of the Queen's lieges, to the number of 200 persons, in warlike array, with jacks, helmets, and other weapons, and marching to the chapel of St Mary of the Lowes, for the slaughter of Sir Peter Cranstoun, out of ancient fend and malice prepense, and of breaking the doors of the said kirk, is repledged by the archbishop of Glasgow. The bail given by Robert Scott of Allenhaugh, Adam Scott of Burnefute, Robert Scott in Howfuarde, Walter Scott in Tedshawhaugh, Walter Scott younger of Synton, Thomas Scott of Hayning, Robert Scott, William Scott, and James Scott, brothers of the said Walter Scott, Walter Scott in the Woll, and Walter Scott, son of William Scott of Harden, and James Wemyss in Eckford, all accused of the same crime, is declared to be forfeited. On the same day, Walter Scott of Synton, and Walter Chisholme of Chisholme, and William Scott of Harden, became bound, jointly and severally, that Sir Peter Cranstoun, and his kindred and servants, should receive no injury from them in future. At the same time, Patrick Murray of Fallobill, Alexander Stuart, uncle to the laird of Teakwhare, John Murray of Newhall, John Fairlye, residing in Selkirk, George Tait younger of Pirn, John Pennycuke of Pennycuke, James Ramsay of Cokpen, the laird of Fassyle, and the laird of Henderstoune, were all severally fined for not attending as jurors: being probably either in alliance with the accused parties, or dreading their vengeance. Upon the 20th of July following, Scott of Synton, Chisholme of Chisholme, Scott of Harden, Scott of Howpaslie, Scott of Burnfute, with many others, are ordered to appear at next calling,

under the pains of treason. But no farther procedure seems to have taken place. It is said, that, upon this rising, the kirk of St Mary was burned by the Scotts.

CANTO III.

NOTE A.

‘*When, dancing in the sunny beam,
He marked the crane on the Baron’s crest.*’—P. 34.

The crest of the Cran-touns, in allusion to their name, is a crane dormant, holding a stone in his foot, with an emphatic Border motto, *Thou shalt want ere I want.*

NOTE B.

‘*Much he marvelled a knight of pride
Like a book-bosomed priest should ride.*’—P. 36.

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

NOTE C.

‘*It had much of glamour might.*’—P. 36.

Glamour, in the legends of Scottish superstition, means the magic power of imposing on the eye-sight of the spectators, so that the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality. The transformation of Michael Scott by the Witch of Falsehope, already mentioned, was a genuine operation of glamour. To a similar charm the ballad of Johnny Fa’ imputes the fascination of the lovely Countess, who eloped with that gypsy leader:

‘Sae soon as they saw her weel far’d face,
They cast the *glamour* o’er her.’

It was formerly used even in war. In 1381 when the Duke of Anjou lay before a strong castle, upon the coast of Naples, a necromancer offered to ‘make the ayre so thyeke, that they within shal thynke that there is a great bridge on the see (by which the castle was surrounded,) for ten men to go a front; and whan they within the castle se this bridge, they wil be so afrayde, that they shall yelde them to your mercy.—The Duke demanded—Fayre Master, on this bridge that ye speke of, may our people assuredly go thereon to the castell to assayle it? Syr, quod the enchanteur, I dare not assure you that; for if any that passeth on the bridge make the signe of the crose on

him, all shall go to noughte, and they that be on the bridge shall fall into the see. Then the duke began to laugh; and a certain of young knightes, that were there present, said, Syr, for godsake, let the mayster essay his cunning; we shal leve making of any signe of the crosse on us for that tyme.' The Earl of Savoy, shortly after, entered the tent, and recognised in the enchanter the same person who had put the castle into the power of Sir Charles de la Payx, who then held it, by persuading the garrison of the Queen of Naples, through magical deception, that the sea was coming over the walls. The sage avowed the feat, and added, that he was the man in the world most dreaded by Sir Charles de la Payx. 'By my fayth, quod the Erl of Savoy, ye say well; and I will that Syr Charles de la Payx shall know that he hath gret wronge to fear you. But I shall assure him of you; for ye shall never do enchauntment to deceyve hym, nor yet none other. I wolde nat that in tyme to come we shulde be reproached that in so high an enterprise as we be in, wherein there be so many noble knyghtes and squyres assembled, that we shulde do anything be enchauntment, nor that we shulde wyn our enemys by such crafte. Than he called to him a servaunt, and sayd, Go and get a hangman, and let hym stryke of this mayster's heed without delay; and as soon as the Erle had commaunded it, incontynent it was done, for his heed was stryken of before the Erle's tent.'—FROISSART, vol. i. ch. 391, 392.

The art of glamour, or other fascination, was anciently a principal part of the skill of the *jongleur*, or juggler, whose tricks formed much of the amusement of a Gothic castle. Some instances of this art may be found in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. iii. p. 119. In a strange allegorical poem, called *The Houlat*, written by a dependant of the house of Douglas, about 1452-3, the jay, in an assembly of birds, plays the part of the juggler. His feats of glamour are thus described

'He gart them see, as it semyt, in samyn hour,
 Hunting at herdis in holtis so hair;
 Soune sailand on the see schippis of toure,
 Bernis battalland on burd brim as a bare;
 He coulede carye the coup of the kingis des,
 Syne leve in the stede,
 Bot a black bunwede;
 He could of a henis hede,
 Make a man mes.

'He gart the Emproure trow, and trewlye behald,
 That the *corneraik*, the pundare at hand,
 Had poyndit all his pris hors in a poynd fald,
 Because thai ete of the corn in the kirkland.
 He could wirk windaris, quhat way that he wald;
 Mak a gray gus a gold garland,
 A lang spere of a bittile for a berne bald,
 Nobilis of nutschelles, and silver of sand.
 Thus joukit with juxters the janglane ja,
 Fair ladyes in ringis,
 Knychtis in caralyngis,
 Bayth dansis and singis,
 It semyt as sa.'

NOTE D.

‘ Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,
I cannot tell, so not I thrive;
It was not given by man alive.’—P. 37.

Dr Henry More, in a letter prefixed to Glauville’s *Salucismus Triumphatus*, mentions a similar phenomenon:—

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

“ Ens is nothing till sense finds out;
Sense ends in nothing, so naught goes about.”

Which rhyme of his was so rapturous to himself, that, on the reciting of the second verse, the old man turned himself about upon his toe as nimbly as one may observe a dry leaf whisked round in the corner of an orchard-walk by some little whirlwind. With this philosopher I have had many discourses concerning the immortality of the soul and its distinction; when I have run him quite down by reason, he would but laugh at me, and say, this is logic, H. (calling me by my Christian name); to which I replied, this is reason, father L. (for I used and some others to call him so); but it seems you are for the new lights, and immediate inspiration, which I confess he was as little for as for the other; but I said so only in way of drollery to him in those times, but truth is, nothing but palpable experience would move him; and being a bold man, and fearing nothing, he told me he had used all the magical ceremonies of conjuration he could, to raise the devil or a spirit, and had a most earnest desire to meet with one, but never could do it. But this he told me, when he did not so much as think of it, while his servant was pulling off his boots in the hall, some invisible hand gave him such a clap upon the back, that it made all ring again; so, thought he now, I am invited to the converse of my spirit, and therefore, so soon as his boots were off, and his shoes on, out he goes into the yard and next field, to find out the spirit that had given him this familiar clap on the back, but found none neither in the yard nor field next to it.

‘ But though he did not feel this stroke, albeit he thought it afterwards (finding nothing came of it) a mere delusion; yet, not long before his death, it had more force with him than all the philosophical arguments I could use to him, though I could wind him and non-plus him as I pleased; but yet all my arguments, how solid soever, made no impression upon him; wherefore, after several reasonings of this nature, whereby I would prove to him the soul’s distinction from the body, and its immortality, when nothing of such subtile considerations did any more execution on his mind than some lightning is said to do, though it melts the sword, on the fuzzy consistency of the scabbard,—Well, said I, father L., though none of these things move you, I have something still behind, and what yourself has acknowledged to me to be true, that may do the business:—Do you remember the clap on your back when your servant was pulling off your boots in the hall? Assure yourself, said I, father L., that goblin will be the first that will bid you welcome into the other world.

Upon that his countenance changed most sensibly, and he was more confounded with this rubbing up his memory, than with all the rational or philosophical argumentations that I could produce.'

NOTE E.

'*The running stream dissolved the spell.*'—P. 38.

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

NOTE F.

'*His buckler scarce in breadth a span,
No longer fence had he;
He never counted him a man,
Would strike below the knee.*'—P. 40.

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

'A hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good;
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,
His fellow's windel horn not one of them but knew.
When setting to their lips their bugles shrill,
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill;
Their haubdrics set with studs athwart their shoulders cast,
To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast,
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,
Who struck below the knee not counted then a man.
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong,
They not an arrow drew but was a clothyard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft.'

To wound an antagonist in the thigh, or leg, was reckoned contrary to the law of armes. In a tilt betwixt Gawain Michael, an English squire, and Joachim Cathore, a Frenchman, 'they met at the speare poynts rudely: the French squyer justed right pleasantly; the Englyshman ran too lowe, for he strak the Frenchman depe into the thygh. Wherwith the Erle of Buckingham was right sore displeased, and so were all the other lordes, and sayde how it was shamefully done.' FROISSART, vol. i. ch. 366.—Upon a similar occasion, 'the two knyghts came a fote eche against other rudely, with their speares low couched, to stryke eche other within the foure quarters. Johan of Castel Morante strake the Englysh squyer on the brest in such wyse, that Sir Wyllyam Fernestone stombled and bowed, for his fote a lyttel fayled him. He helde his speare lowe with bothe his handes, and conde nat amende it, and strake Sir Johan of the Castell-Morante in the thighe, so that the speare went clene

through, that the heed was sene a handfull on the other syde. And Syr Johan with the stroke reled, but he fell nat. Than the Englyshe knightes and squyers were ryghte sore displeas-ed, and sayde how it was a foule stroke. Syr Wyllyam Fermeton excused himselfe, and sayde how he was sorie of that adventure, and howe that yf he had knowen that it shalde have bene so, he wolde never have begon it; sayenge how he could nat amende it, by cause of glauncing of his fote by con-traynt of the great stroke that Syr Johan of the Castell-Moraute had given him.—*Ibid.* ch. 373.

NOTE G.

‘*And with a charm she stanchd the blood.*’—P. 42.

See several charms for this purpose in Reginald Scott’s *Discovery of Witchcraft*, p. 273.

‘Tom Potts was but a serving man,
But yet he was a doctor good;
He bound his handkerchief on the wound,
And with some kind of words he stanche d the blood.’

Pieces of ancient popular Poetry, Lond. 1791, p. 131.

NOTE H.

‘*But she has ta'en the brokcu lance,
And washed it from the clotted gore,
And salvd the splinter o'er and o'er.*’—P. 42.

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

‘Mr James Howel (well known in France for his public works, and particularly for his *Dentrologie*, translated into French by Mons. Baudouin) coming by chance, as two of his best friends were fighting in duel, he did his endeavour to part them; and, putting himselfe between them, seized, with his left hand, upon the hilt of the sword of one of the combatants, while, with his right hand, he laid hold of the blade of the other. They, being transported with fury one against the other, struggled to rid themselves of the hinderance their friend made, that they should not kill one another: and one of them roughly drawing the blade of his sword, cuts to the very bone the nerves and muscles of Mr Howel’s hand; and then the other disengaged his hilts, and gave a crosse blow on his advers-arie’s head, which glanced towards his friend, who heaving up his sore hand to save the blow, he was wounded on the back of his hand as he had been before within. It seems some strange constellation reigned then against him, that he should lose so much blood by parting two such dear friends, who, had they been themselves, would have hazarded both their lives to have preserved his; but this involuntary effusion of blood by them, prevented that which they sholde have drawn one from the other. For they, seeing Mr Howel’s face besmeared with blood, by heaving up his wounded hand, they both ran to embrace him; and, having searched his hurts, they bound up his hand with one of his garters, to close the veins which were cut, and bled abundantly. They brought him home, and sent for a surgeon. But this being heard at court, the king sent one of his own surgeons; for his majesty much affected the said Mr Howel.

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

‘I asked him then for anything that had the blood upon it; so he presently sent for his garter, wherewith his hand was first bound: and as I called for a bason of water, as if I would wash my hands, I took a handful of powder of vitriol, which I had in my study, and presently dissolved it. As soon as the bloody garter was brought me, I put it within the bason, observing, in the interim, what Mr Howel did, who stood talking with a gentleman in a corner of my chamber, not regarding at all what I was doing; but he started suddenly, as if he had found some strange alteration in himself. I asked him what he ailed? “I know not what ailes me; but I finde that I feel no more pain. Methinks that a pleasing kinde of freshnesse, as it were a wet cold napkin, did spread over my hand, which hath taken away the inflammation that tormented me before.” I replied, “Since then that you feel already so good effect of my medicament, I advise you to cast away all your playsters; only keep the wound clean, and in a moderate temper betwixt heat and cold.” This was presently reported to the Duke of Buckingham, and a little after to the king, who were both very curious to know the circumstance of the businesse, which was, that after dinner I took the garter out of the water, and put it to dry before a great fire. It was scarce dry, but Mr Howel’s servant came running, that his master felt as much burning as ever he had done, if not more: for the heat was such as if his hand were ’twixt coles of fire. I answered, although that had happened at present, yet he should find ease in a short time; for I knew the reason of this new accident, and would provide accordingly; for his master should be free from that inflammation, it may be before he could possibly return to him; but in case he found no ease, I wished him to come presently back again: if not, he might forbear coming. Thereupon he went: and at the instant I did put again the garter into the water, thereupon he found his master without any pain at all. To be brief, there was no sense of pain afterward; but within five or six dayes the wounds were cicatrized, and entirely healed.—P. 6.

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

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

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

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

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

Note I.

'On Penchryst glows a bale of fire,
And three are kindling on Priethaughswire.'—P. 44.

The Border beacons, from their number and position, formed a sort of telegraphic communication with Edinburgh.—The act of parliament 1455, c. 48, directs, that one bale, or faggot, shall be warning of the approach of the English in any manner; two bales, that they are *coming indeed*; four bales, blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force. 'The same taikenings to be watched and maid at Eggerhope (Eggerstane) Castell, fra they se the fire of Hume, that they fire right swa. And in like manner on Sowtra Edge, sall se the fire of Eggerhope Castell, and mak taikening in like manner: And then may all Louthaine be warned, and in special the Castell of Edinburgh; and their four fires to be maid in like manner, that they in Fyfe, and fra Striveling east, and the east part of Louthaine, and to Dunbar, all may se them, and come to the defense of the realme.' These beacons (at least in latter times) were 'a long and strong tree set up, with a long iron pole across the head of it, and an iron brander fixed on a stalk in the middle of it, for holding a tar-barrel.'—STEVENSON'S *History*, vol. ii. p. 701.

Note K.

'Our kin, and clan, and friends, to raise.'—P. 44.

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

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

I had private intelligence given me, that there were two Scottish men, who had killed a churchman in Scotland, and were by one of the Graemes relieved. This Graeme dwelt within five miles of Carlisle. He had a pretty house, and close by it a strong tower, for his own defence in time of need.—About two o'clock in the morning, I took horse in Carlisle, and not above twenty-five in my company, thinking to surprise the house on a sudden. Before I could surround the house, the two Scots were gotten in the strong tower, and I could see a boy riding from the house as fast as his horse could carry him; I little suspecting what it meant. But Thomas Carleton came to me presently, and told me, that if I did not presently prevent it, both myself and all my company would be either slain, or taken prisoners. It was strange to me to hear this language. He then said to me, "Do you see that boy that rideth away so fast? He will be in Scotland within this half hour; and he is gone to let them know, that you are here, and to what end you are come, and the small number you have with you: and that if they will make haste, on a sudden they may surprise us, and do with us what they please." Hereupon we took advice what was best to be done. We sent notice presently to all parts to raise the country, and to come to us with all the speed they could; and withal we sent to Carlisle to raise the townsmen; for without foot we could do no good against the tower. There we staid some hours, expecting more company; and, within short time after, the country came in on all sides, so that we were quickly between three and four hundred horse; and, after some longer stay, the foot of Carlisle came to us, to the number of three or four hundred men; whom we presently set to work, to get up to the top of the tower, and to uncover the roof; and then some twenty of them to fall down together, and by that means to win the tower.—The Scots, seeing their present danger, offered to parley, and yielded themselves to my mercy. They had no sooner opened the iron gate, and yielded themselves my prisoners, but we might see 400 horse within a quarter of a mile coming to their rescue, and to surprise me and my small company; but on a sudden they stayed, and stood at gaze. Then had I more to do than ever; for all our Borderers came crying, with full mouths, "Sir, give us leave to set upon them; for these are they that have killed our fathers, our brothers, and uncles, and our cousins; and they are coming, thinking to surprise you, upon weak grass nags, such as they could get on a sudden: and God hath put them into your hands, that we may take revenge of them for much blood that they have spilt of ours." I desired they would be patient a while, and bethought myself, if I should give

them their will, there would be few or none of the Scots that would e-scape un-killed (there were so many deadly feuds among them); and therefore I resolved with myself to give them a fair answer, but not to give them their desire. So I told them, that if I were not there myself, they might then do what pleased themselves; but being present, if I should give them leave, the blood that should be spilt that day would lie very hard upon my conscience. And therefore I desired them, for my sake, to forbear: and, if the Scots did not presently make away with all the speed they could, upon my sending to them, they should then have their wills to do what they pleased. They were ill satisfied with my answer, but durst not disobey. I sent with speed to the Scots, and bade them pack away with all the speed they could: for if they stayed the messenger's return, they should few of them return to their own home. They made no stay; but they were turned homewards before the messenger had made an end of his message. Thus, by God's mercy, I escaped a great danger; and, by my means, there were a great many men's lives saved that day.'

NOTE L.

'On many a cairn's gray pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid.'—P. 45.

The cairns, or piles of loose stones, which crown the summit of most of our Scottish hills, and are found in other remarkable situations, seem usually, though not universally, to have been sepulchral monuments. Six flat stones are commonly found in the centre, forming a cavity of greater or smaller dimensions, in which an urn is often placed. The author is possessed of one, discovered beneath an immense cairn at Roughlee, in Liddesdale. It is of the most barbarous construction; the middle of the substance alone having been subjected to the fire, over which, when hardened, the artist had laid an inner and outer coat of unbaked clay, etched with some very rude ornaments; his skill apparently being inadequate to baking the vase, when completely finished. The contents were bones and ashes, and a quantity of beads made of coal. This seems to have been a barbarous imitation of the Roman fashion of sepulture.

CANTO IV.

NOTE A.

'Great Dundee.'—P. 48.

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

NOTE B.

'For pathless marsh, and mountain cell,
The peasant left his lowly shed.'—P. 49.

The morasses were the usual refuge of the Border herdsmen, on the approach of an English army.—(*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. i. p. 49.) Caves, hewed in the most dangerous and inaccessible places, also afforded an occasional retreat. Such caverns may be seen in the precipitous banks of the

Teviot at Sunlaws, upon the Ale at Ancram, upon the Jed at Hundalee, and in many other places upon the Border. The banks of the Esk, at Gorton and Hawthornden, are hollowed into similar recesses. But even these dreary dens were not always secure places of concealment. 'In the way as we came, not far from this place (Long Niddry,) George Ferres, a gentleman of my Lord Protector's happened upon a cave in the grounde, the mouth waereof was so worne with the fresh printe of steps, that he seemed to be certayne thear wear sum folke within; and gone donne to trie, he was redily receyved with a hakebut or two. He left them not yet, till he had knowen wheyther thei would be content to yeld and come out; which they fondly refusing, he went to my lorde's grace, and upon utterance of the thyng gat lisenice to deale with them as he coulde; and so returned to them, with a skore or two of pioners. Three ventes had their cave, that we wear ware of, whereof he first stopt up on; anoother he fill'd full of strawe, and set it a fyer, whereat they within cast water apace; but it was so well maynteyned without that the fyer prevayled, and thei within fayn to get them belyke into anoother parler. Then devysed we (for I hapt to be with hym) to stop the same up, whereby we should eyther smother them, or fynd out their vents, if thei hadde any moe: as this was done at another issue, about xii score of, we moughte see the fume of their smoke to come out: the which continued with so great a force, and so long a while, that we could not but thinke they must needs get them out, or smother within: and forasmuch as we found not that they dyd the tone, we thought it for certain thei wear sure of the toother.'—PATTEN'S *Account of Somersel's Expedition into Scotland*, apud DALYELL'S *Fragments*.

Note C.

'*Southern ravage.*'—P. 49.

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

Some Scottish barons, says the earl, had threatened to come within 'three miles of my pore house of Werkworth, where I lye, and gif me light to put on my clothes at mydnyght; and alsoo the said Marke Carr said there opynly, that, seyng they had a governor on the marches of Scotland, as well as they had in England, he shulde kepe your highness instructions, gyffyn unto your garyson, for making of any day-forrey; for he and his friends wolde burne enough on the nyght, lettynge your counsaill here defyne a notable acte at theyre pleasures. Upon whiche, in your highnes' name, I comaundet dewe watche to be keppe on your marches, for comyng in of any Scotts.—Nentheles, upon Thursday at night last, came thyrty light horsemen into a litil village of myne, called Whitell, having not past sex houses, lying towards Ryddisdaill, upon Shilbotell more, and ther wold have fyred the said howses, but ther was noo fyre to get there, and they forgate to brynge any withe theyme; and toke a wyl, being great with chylde, in the said towne, and said to hyr, Wher we can not gyve the haid lyght, yet we shall doo this in spyte of him; and gyve her iii mortall wounds upon the heid, and another in the right side, with a

dagger: wheruppon the said wyf is deede, and the childe in her bely is loste. Beseeching your most gracious highnes to reduce unto your gracious memory this wyful and shamefull murder, done within this your highnes' realme, notwithstanding all the inhabitants thereabout rose unto the said fray, and gave warnynge by becons into the countrey afore theyme, and yet the Scotts men dyde escape. And uppon certeyne knowledge to my brother Clyfforth and me, had by credible persons of Scotland, this abomyneable act not only to be done by dyverse of the Mershe, but also the afore named persons of Tyvellaill, and consented to, as by appearance, by the Erle of Murey, upon Friday at night last, let slyp C of the best horsemen of Glendaill, with a parte of your highnes' subjects of Berwyke, together with George Dowglas, whoo came into England agayne, in the dawning of the day: but afore theyre retorne, they dyd mar the Earl of Murrei's provisions at Coldingham; for they did not only burne the said town of Coldingham, with all the corne thereunto belonging, which is esteemed wurthe cii marke sterling; but alsoo burned twa townes nye adjoining thereunto, called Branerdergest and the Black Hill, and toke xxiii persons, lx horse, with cc hed of cataill, which nowe, as I am informed, hath not only been a staye of the said Erle of Murrei's not coming to the Bordure as yet, but alsoo, that none inlande man will adventure theyr selfs uppon the marches. And as for the tax that shulde have been grauntyd for finding of the said iii hundred man, is utterly denied. Upon which the king of Scotland departed from Edynburgh to Stirling, and as yet there doth remain. And also I, by the advice of my brother Clyfforth, have devysed, that within these iii nyghts, Godde willing, Kelsey, in lyke case, shall be brent, with all the corne in the said town: and then they shall have noo place to lye any garyson in nygh unto the Borders. And as I shall atteigne further knowledge, I shall not faill to satisfye your highnes, according to my most bounden dutie. And for this burnyng of Kelsey is devysed to be done secretly, by Tyndaill and Ryddisdale. And thus the holy Trynite and . . . your most royal estate, with long lyf, and as much increase of honour as your most noble heart can desire. *At Werkworth, the xxiid day of October.* (1522.)

Note D.

'Watt Tinlinn.'—P. 40.

This person was, in my younger days, the theme of many a fireside tale. He was a retainer of the Buccleuch family, and held for his Border service a small tower on the frontiers of Liddesdale. Watt was, by profession, a *sutor*, but, by inclination and practice, an archer and warrior. Upon one occasion, the captain of Bewcastle, military governor of that wild district of Cumberland, is said to have made an incursion into Scotland, in which he was defeated, and forced to fly. Watt Tinlinn pursued him closely through a dangerous morass: the captain, however, gained the firm ground; and seeing Tinlinn dismounted, and floundering in the bog, used these words of insult: 'Sutor Watt, ye cannot sew your boots: the heels *risp*, and the seams *rive*.'¹—'If I cannot sew,' retorted Tinlinn, discharging a shaft, which nailed the captain's thigh to his saddle,—'If I cannot sew, I can *yerk*.'²

¹ *Risp*, creak.—*Rive*, tear. ² *Yerk*, to twitch, as shoemakers do, in securing the stitches of their work.

Note E.

'*Billhope stag.*'—P. 49.

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

' Billhope braes for bucks and raes,
And Carit haugh for swine,
And Tarras for the good bull-trout,
If he be ta'en in time.'

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

Note F.

'*Of silver brooch and bracelet proud.*'—P. 50.

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

NOTE G.

'*Belted Will Howard.*'—P. 50.

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

NOTE H.

'*Lord Daere.*'—P. 50.

The well-known name of Daere is derived from the exploits of one of their ancestors at the siege of Acre, or Ptolemais, under Richard Cœur de Lion. There were two powerful branches of that name. The first family, called

Lord Daeres of the South, held the castle of the same name, and are ancestors to the present Lord Daere. The other family, descended from the same stock, were called Lord Daeres of the North, and were barons of Gilsland and Graystock. A chieftain of the latter branch was warden of the West Marches during the reign of Edward VI. He was a man of a hot and obstinate character, as appears from some particulars of Lord Surrey's letter to Henry VIII., giving an account of his behaviour at the siege and storm of Jedburgh. It is printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, Appendix to the Introduction.

NOTE I.

'*The German hackbut-men.*'—P. 50.

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

'Their pleited garments therewith well accord,
All jagde and frounst, with divers colours deckt.'

NOTE K.

'*His ready lances Thirlstane brave
Arrayed he with a banner bright.*'—P. 51.

Sir John Scott of Thirlstane flourished in the reign of James V., and possessed the estates of Thirlstane, Gamesleuch, &c., lying upon the river of Ettrick, and extending to St Mary's Loch, at the head of Yarrow. It appears that when James had assembled his nobility and their feudal followers at Fala, with the purpose of invading England, and was, as is well known, disappointed by the obstinate refusal of his peers, this baron alone declared himself ready to follow the king wherever he should lead. In memory of his

fidelity. James granted to his family a charter of arms, entitling them to bear a border of fleurs-de-luce, similar to the tressure in the royal arms, with a bundle of spears for the crest: motto, *Ready, ay ready*. The charter itself is printed by Nisbet; but his work being scarce, I insert the following accurate transcript from the original, in the possession of the Right Honourable Lord Napier, the representative of John of Thirlestane.

‘JAMES REX.

‘We James, be the grace of God, king of Scottis, considerand the ffaith and guid servis of of¹ right traist friend John Scott of Thirlestane, quha cummand to our hoste at Soutra-edge, with thre score and ten launcieres on horseback of his friends and followers, and beand willing to gang with ws into England, when all our nobles and others refused, he was ready to stake all at our bidding; ffor the quhilk cause, it is our will, and we doe straitlie command and charg our lion herauld, and his deputies for the time beand, to give and to graunt to the said John Scott, ane Border of fleure de lises about his counte of armes, sik as is on our royal banner, and alsna ane bundell of launces above his helmet, with thir words, *Readdy, ay Readdy*, that he and all his aftercummers may bruik the samine as a pledge and taiken of our guid will and kyndnes for his true worthines; and thir our letters seen, ye nae wayes failzie to doe. Given at Ffalla Muire, under our hand and privy cashet, the xxvii day of July, m c and xxxii zieres. By the King’s graces speciall ordinance.

JO. ARSKINE.’

On the back of the charter is written,

‘Elin. 14. January, 1713. Registred, conform to the act of parliament made anent probative writs, per M’Kaile, pror. and produced by Alexander Borthwick, servant to Sir William Scott of Thirlestane. M. L. J.’

Note L.

‘*An aged knight, to danger steched,
With many a moss-trooper, came on;
And azure in a golden field,
The stars and crescent graced his shield,
Without the bend of Murdiestone.*’—P. 52.

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

Walter Scott of Harden, who flourished during the reign of Queen Mary, was a renowned Border free-booter, concerning whom tradition has preserved a variety of anecdotes, some of which have been published in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and others in LEYDEN’S *Scenes of Infancy*; and others, more lately, in *The Mountain Bard*, a collection of Border ballads by Mr James Hog. The bugle horn, said to have been used by this formidable

¹ Sic in orig.

leader, is preserved by his descendant, the present Mr Scott of Harden.—His castle was situated upon the very brink of a dark and precipitous dell, through which a scanty rivulet steals to meet the Borthwick. In the recess of this glen he is said to have kept his spoil, which served for the daily maintenance of his retainers, until the production of a pair of clean spurs, in a covered dish, announced to the hungry band, that they must ride for a supply of provisions. He was married to Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and called in song the Flower of Yarrow. He possessed a very extensive estate, which was divided among his five sons. There are numerous descendants of this old marauding baron. The following beautiful passage of LEYDEN'S *Scenes of Infancy*, is founded on a tradition respecting an infant captive, whom Walter of Harden carried off in a predatory incursion, and who is said to have become the author of some of our most beautiful pastoral songs:—

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

‘ The waning harvest-moon shone cold and bright;
The warder's horn was heard at dead of night;
And, as the massy portals wide were flung,
With stamping hoofs the rocky pavement rung.
What fair, half-veiled, leans from her latticed hall,
Where red the wavering gleams of torch-light fall?
'Tis Yarrow's fairest Flower, who, through the gloom,
Looks, wistful, for her lover's dancing plume.
Amid the piles of spoil, that strewed the ground,
Her ear, all anxious, caught a wailing sound;
With trembling haste the youthful matron flew,
And from the hurried heaps an infant drew.

‘ Scared at the light, his little hands he flung
Around her neck, and to her bosom clung;
While beauteous Mary soothed, in accents mild,
His fluttering soul, and clasped her foster child.
Of milder mood the gentle captive grew,
Nor loved the scenes that scared his infant view;
In vales remote, from camps and castles far,
He shunned the fearful shuddering joy of war;
Content the loves of simple swains to sing,
Or wake to fame the harp's heroic string.

‘ His are the strains, whose wandering echoes thrill
The shepherd, lingering on the twilight hill,

When evening brings the merry folding hours,
 And sun-eyed daisies close their winking flowers.
 He lived, o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear,
 To strew the holly leaves o'er Harden's bier ;
 But none was found above the minstrel's tomb,
 Emblem of peace, to bid the daisy bloom :
 He, nameless as the race from which he sprung,
 Saved other names, and left his own unsung.'

NOTE M.

'*Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band.*'—P. 52.

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

NOTE N.

'*Their gathering word was Bellenden.*'—P. 55.

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

NOTE O.

'*The camp their home, their law the sword,*

They know no country, owned no lord.'—P. 58.

The mercenary adventurers, whom, in 1380, the Earl of Cambridge carried to the assistance of the King of Portugal against the Spaniards, mutinied for want of regular pay. At an assembly of their leaders, Sir John Soltier, a natural son of Edward the Black Prince, thus addressed them : 'I counsaile, let us be alle of one alliance, and of one accorde, and let us among ourselves reyse up the baner of St George, and let us be frendes to God, and enemyes to alle the worlde ; for without we make ourselfe to be feared, we gette nothing.'

'By my fayth,' quod Sir William Helmon, 'ye saye right well, and so let us do.' They all agreed with one voyce, and so regarded among them who shulde be their capitayne. Then they advysed in the case how they coude nat have a better capitayne than Sir John Soltier. For they sulde than have good leysur to do yvell, and they thought he was more metelyer therto than any other. Than they raised up the penon of St George, and cried, 'A Soltier ! a Soltier ! the valyaunt bastarde ! frendes to God, and enemyes to all the worlde !'
 FROISSART, vol. i. ch. 393.

NOTE P.

'A gauntlet on a spear.'—P. 59.

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

NOTE Q.

'We claim from thee William of Deloraine,
That he may suffer march-treason pain.'—P. 61.

Several species of offences, peculiar to the Border, constituted what was called march-treason. Among others was the crime of riding, or causing to ride, against the opposite country during the time of truce. Thus, in an indenture made at the water of Esk, beside Salom, the 25th day of March, 1334, betwixt noble lords and mighty, Sirs Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Archibald Douglas, Lord of Galloway, a truce is agreed upon until the 1st day of July; and it is expressly accorded, 'Gif ony stellis anthur on the ta part, or on the tothyr, that he shall be heuget or heofdit; and gif ony company stellis any gudes within the trioux beforesayd, one of that company sall be heuget or heofdit, and the remanant sall restore the gudys stolen in the dubble.'—*History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, Introd. p. xxxix.

NOTE R.

'William of Deloraine
Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason stain.'—P. 62.

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

NOTE S.

'Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword.'—P. 62.

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

NOTE T.

'*When English blood swelled Ancram ford.*'—P. 62.

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

NOTE U.

'*The blanche lion.*'—P. 64.

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

'*The Description of the Arms.*

'Of the proud Cardinal this is the shelde,
Borne up betwene two angels of Sathan;
The sixe bloody axes in a bare felde,
Sheweth the erueltie of the red man,
Which hath devoured the Beautiful Swan,
Mortal enemy unto the Whyte Lion,
Carter of Yorke, the vyle butcher's sonne.
The sixe bulles hedges in a felde blacke,
Betokeneth his stordy furiousness,
Wherefore, the godly lyght to put abacke,
He bryngeth in his dyvlish darenes;
The bandog in the meddes doth expresse
The mastiff curre bred in Ypswich towne,
Gnawynge with his teth a kinges crowne.
The cloubbe signifieth playne his tyranny,
Covered over with a Cardinal's hatt,
Wherein shall be fulfilled the prophecy,
Aryse up, Jacke, and put on thy salatt,
For the tyme is come of bagge and walatt.
The temporall chevalry thus thrown doune,
Wherfor, prest, take hede, and beware thy crowne.'

There are two copies of this very scarce satire in the library of the late John, Duke of Roxburgh. See an account of it also in Sir Egerton Brydges' curious Miscellany, the *Censura Literaria*.

NOTE X.

'*Let Musgrave meet furce Deloraine
In single fight.*'—P. 64.

It may easily be supposed, that trial by single combat, so peculiar to the feudal system, was common on the Borders. In 1558, the well-known Kirkaldy of Grange fought a duel with Ralph Evre, brother to the then Lord Evre, in

consequence of a dispute about a prisoner said to have been ill treated by the Lord Evre. Pitseottie gives the following account of the affair: 'The Lord of Ivers his brother provoked William Kirealdy of Grange to fight with him, in singular combat, on horseback, with spears; who, keeping the appointment, accompanied with Monsieur d'Ossel, lieutenant to the French king, and the garrison of Haymouth, and Mr Ivers, accompanied with the governor and garrison of Berwick, it was discharged, under the pain of treason, that any man should come near the champions within a flight-shot, except one man for either of them, to bear their spears, two trumpets, and two lords to be judges. When they were in readiness, the trumpets sounded, the heralds cried, and the judges let them go. Then they encountered very fiercely; but Grange struck his spear through his adversary's shoulder, and bare him off his horse, being sore wounded: But whether he died, or not, it is uncertain.' —P. 202.

The following indenture will shew at how late a period the trial by combat was resorted to on the Border, as a proof of guilt or innocence:

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

The Grounds of the Quarrel.

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

'2. He chargeth him, that whereas her majesty doth yearly bestow a great fee upon him, as captain of Bewcastle, to aid and defend her majesty's subjects therein; Thomas Musgrave hath neglected his duty, for that her majesty's castle of Bewcastle was by him made a den of thieves, and an harbour and

receipt for murderers, felons, and all sorts of misdemeanors. The precedent was Quintin Whitehead and Rumion Blackburne.

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

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

(Signed) THOMAS MUSGRAVE.

LANCELOT CARLETON.'

NOTE Y.

'*II., the jovial Harper.*'—P. 66.

The person here alluded to is one of our ancient Border minstrels, called Rattling Roaring Willie. This *soubriquet* was probably derived from his lulling disposition; being, it would seem, such a roaring boy as is frequently mentioned in old plays. While drinking at Newmill, upon Teviot, about five miles above Hawick, Willie chanced to quarrel with one of his own profession, who was usually distinguished by the odd name of Sweet Milk, from a place on Rule water so called. They retired to a meadow, on the opposite side of the Teviot, to decide the contest with their swords, and Sweet Milk was killed on the spot. A thorn-tree marks the scene of the murder, which is still called Sweet Milk Thorn. Willie was taken and executed at Jedburgh, bequeathing his name to the beautiful Scotch air, called 'Rattling Roaring Willie.' Ramsay, who set no value on traditionary lore, published a few verses of this song in the *Ten Table Miscellany*, carefully suppressing all which had any connection with the history of the author, and origin of the piece. In this case, however, honest Adan is in some degree justified by the extreme worthlessness of the poetry. A verse or two may be taken, as illustrative of the history of Roaring Willie, alluded to in the text:—

' Now Willie's gane to Jeddart,
And he's for the *rood-day*;¹
But Stobs and young Falmash,²
They followed him a' the way;
They followed him a' the way,
They sought him up and down,
In the links of Ousenam water,
They fand him sleeping sound.

' Stobs lighted aff his horse,
And never a word he spak,
Till he tied Willie's hands
Fu' fast behind his back;
Fu' fast behind his back,
And down beneath his knee,
And drink will be dear to Willie,
When sweet milk³ gars him die.

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

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

¹ The day of the Rood-fair at Jedburgh. ² Sir Gilbert Elliot of Stobs, and Scott of Falmash. ³ A wretched pun on his antagonist's name.

NOTE Z.

*'Black Lord Archibald's battle laws,
In the old Douglas' day.'*—P. 66.

The title to the most ancient collection of Border regulations runs thus:—
 'Be it remembered, that, on the 18th day of December, 1168, Earl *William Douglas* assembled the whole lords, free-holders, and eldest Borderers, that best knowledge had, at the college of *Lincloudeu*; and there he caused those lords and Borderers bodily to be sworn, the Holy Gospel touched, that they, justly and truly, after their cunning, should decree, decern, deliver, and put in order and writing, the statutes, ordinances, and uses of marche, that were ordained in *Black Archibald of Douglas's* days, and Archibald his son's days, in time of warfare; and they came again to him advisedly with these statutes and ordinances, which were in time of warfare before. The said Earl *William*, seeing the statutes in writing decreed and delivered by the said lord and Borderers, thought them right speedful and profitable to the Borderers; the which statutes, ordinances, and points of warfare, he took, and the whole lords and Borderers he caused bodily to be sworn, that they should maintain and supply him at their goodly power, to do the law upon those that should break the statutes under-written. Also, the said Earl *William*, and lords, and eldest Borderers, made certain points to be treason in time of warfare to be used, which were no treason before his time, but to be treason in his time, and in all time coming.'

CANTO V.

NOTE A.

*'The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name.'*—P. 69.

The chief of this potent race of heroes, about the date of the poem, was Archibald Douglas, seventh Earl of Angus, a man of great courage and activity. The Bloody Heart was the well-known cognisance of the house of Douglas, assumed from the time of good Lord James, to whose care Robert Bruce committed his heart, to be carried to the Holy Land.

NOTE B.

'The Seven Spears of Wedderburne.'—P. 69.

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

NOTE C.

*'And Swinton laid the lance in rest,
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest
Of Clarence's Plantagenet.'*—P. 69.

At the battle of Beaugé, in France, Thomas, Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry V., was unhorsed by Sir John Swinton of Swinton, who distinguished

him by a coronet set with precious stones, which he wore around his helmet. The family of Swinton is one of the most ancient in Scotland, and produced many celebrated warriors.

NOTE D.

*'Beneath the crest of old Dunbar,
And Hepburn's mingled banners, come,
Down the steep mountain glittering far,
And shouting still, "A Home! a Home!"'*—P. 70.

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

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

NOTE E.

'Pursued the foot-ball play.'—P. 71.

The foot-ball was anciently a very favourite sport all through Scotland, but especially upon the Borders. Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael, warden of the middle marches, was killed in 1600 by a band of the Armstrongs, returning from a foot-ball match. Sir Robert Carey, in his Memoirs, mentions a great meeting, appointed by the Scottish riders to be held at Kelso, for the purpose of playing at foot-ball, but which terminated in an incursion upon England. At present the foot-ball is often played by the inhabitants of adjacent parishes, or of the opposite banks of a stream. The victory is contested with the utmost fury, and very serious accidents have sometimes taken place in the struggle.

NOTE F.

*"Twixt truce and war, such sudden change
Was not unfrquent, nor held strange,
In the old Border-day."*—P. 72.

Notwithstanding the constant wars upon the Borders, and the occasional cruelties which marked the mutual inroads, the inhabitants on either side do not appear to have regarded each other with that violent and personal animosity which might have been expected. On the contrary, like the outposts of hostile armies, they often carried on something resembling friendly intercourse, even in the middle of hostilities; and it is evident, from various ordinances against trade and intermarriages between English and Scottish Borderers, that the governments of both countries were jealous of their cherishing too intimate a connexion. Froissart says of both nations, that 'Englyshemen on the one party, and Scottes on the other party, are good men of warre; for when they meet, there is a harde fight without sparynge. There is no hoo (*truce*) between them, as long as spears, swords, axes, or daggers, will endure, but lay on eche upon uther; and whan they be well beaten, and

that the one party hath obtained the victory, they then gloryfye so in theyre dedes of armes, and are so joyfull, that such as be taken they shall be ransomed, or that they go out of the felde; so that shortly eche of them is so content with other, that, at their departyng, eurtyslye they will say, God thank you.'—BERNER'S *Froissart*, vol. ii. p. 153. The Border meetings of truce, which, although places of merchandise and merriment, often witnessed the most bloody scenes, may serve to illustrate the description in the text. They are vividly portrayed in the old ballad of the Reidsquair. Both parties came armed to a meeting of the wardens, yet they intermixed fearlessly and peaceably with each other in mutual sports and familiar intercourse, until a casual fray arose:

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

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

NOTE G.

'And frequent, on the darkening plain,
Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran;
As bands, their strugglers to regain,
Gave the shrill watch-word of their clan.'—P. 72.

Patten remarks, with bitter censure, the disorderly conduct of the English Borderers who attended the Protector Somerset on his expedition against Scotland:—'As we wear then a setting, and the tents a setting up, among all things else commendable in our hole jouruey, one thing seemed to me an intolerable disorder and abuse; that whearas allways, both in all townes of war, and in all campes of armies, quietnes and stilnes, without nois, is, principally in the night, after the watch is set, observed (I nede not reason why), our northern prikkers, the Borderers, notwithstanding, with great enormitie (as thought me), and not unlike (to be playn) unto a masterless hounde howlyng in a hie wey when he hath lost him he waited upon, sum hoopynge, sum whistlyng, and most with crying, A Berwyke, a Berwyke! A Fenwyke, a Fenwyke! A Bulmer, a Bulmer! or so otherwise as theyr captains names wear, never lin'de these troublous and dangerous noyses all the nyghte longe. They said, they did it to finde their captain and fellows; but if the souldiers of our oother countreys and sheres had used the same maner, in that case we should have oft tymes had the state of our camp more like the outrage of a dissolute huntynge, than the quiet of a well ordred armye. It is a feat of war, in mine opinion, that might right well be left. I could reherse causes (but yf I take it, they are better unspoken than uttred, unless the faut wear sure to be amended) that might shew thei move alweis more peral to our armie, but in their one nyght's so doynge, than they shew good service (as sum sey) in a hool vyage.'—*Apud DALZELL'S Fragments*, p. 75.

NOTE II.

'Cheer the dark bloodhound on his way,
And with the bugle rouse the fray.'—P. 83.

The pursuit of Border marauders was followed by the injured party and his friends with bloodhounds and bugle-born, and was called the *hot trod*.

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

CANTO VI.

Note A.

'Breathes there the man, with soul so clad,' &c.—P. 86.

The influence of local attachment has been so exquisitely painted by my friend Mr Polwhele, in the poem which bears that title, as might well have dispensed with the more feeble attempt of any contemporary poet. To the reader who has not been so fortunate as to meet with this philosophical and poetical detail of the nature and operations of the love of our country, the following brief extract cannot fail to be acceptable:

'Yes—Home still charms: and he, who, clad in fur,
 His rapid rein-deer drives o'er plains of snow,
 Would rather to the same wild tracts recur
 That various life had marked with joy or woe,
 Than wander, where the spicy breezes blow
 To kiss the hyacinths of Azza's hair—
 Rather, than where luxuriant summers glow,
 To the white mosses of his hills repair,
 And bid his antler-train the simple banquet share.'

Note B.

'She wrought not by forbidden spell,'—P. 88.

Popular belief, though contrary to the doctrines of the church, made a favourable distinction betwixt magicians, and necromancers, or wizards; the former were supposed to command the evil spirits, and the latter to serve, or

at least to be in league and compact with, those enemies of mankind. The arts of subjecting the demons were manifold; sometimes the fiends were actually swindled by the magicians, as in the case of the bargain betwixt one of their number and the poet Virgil. The classical reader will doubtless be curious to peruse this anecdote:—

“Virgilius was at scole at Tolenton, where he studyed dilygently, for he was of great understandyng. Upon a tyme, the scolers had lycense to go to play and sporte them in the fyldes, after the usance of the holde tyme. And there was also Virgilius therbye, also walkyng among the hylles alle about. It fortunèd he spyed a great hole in the syde of a great hyll, wherein he went so depe, that he coulde not see no more lyght; and than he went a lytell farther therein, and than he saw some lyght agayne, and than he went forthe streyghne, and within a lytyll wyle after he harde a voyce that called, “Virgilius! Virgilius!” and looked aboute, and he colde nat see no body. Than sayd he, (i. e. *the voyce*,) “Virgilius, see ye not the lytyll bourde lying bysyde you there markd with that word?” Than answered Virgilius, “I see that borde well enough.” The voyce said, “Doo awaye that borde, and lette me out there atte.” Than answered Virgilius to the voyce that was under the lytell borde, and sayd, “Who art thou that callest me so?” Than answered the devyll, “I am a devyll conjured out of the body of a certeyne man, and banysshed here tyll the day of judgment, without that I be delyvered by the handes of men. Thus, Virgilius, I pray thee, delyvere me out of this payn, and I shall shewe unto the many bokes of negromancye, and how thou shalt come by it lyghtly, and know the praetyse therein, that no man in the seyence of negromancye shall passe the. And moreover, I shall shewe and enforme the so, that thou shalt have alle thy desyre, whereby mythinke it is a great gyfte for so lytyll a doying. For ye may also thus all your power frendys helpe, and make ryehe your enemyes.”—Thorough that great promyse was Virgilius tempted; he badde the fynd show the bokes to him, that he might have and occupy them at his wyll; and so the fynde shewed hym. And than Virgilius pulled open a bourde, and there was a lytell hole, and thereat wrang the devyll out lyke a yeel, and cam and stode before Virgilius lyke a bygge man; wherof Virgilius was astonied and marveyled greatly thereof, that so great a man myght come out at so lytyll a hole. Than sayd Virgilius, “Shulde ye well passe into the hole that ye cam out of?”—“Yea, I shall well,” said the devyl. “I holde the best plegge that I have, that ye shall not do it.”—“Well,” sayd the devyll, “thereto I consent.” And than the devyll wrange himselfe into the lytyll hole ageyne; and as he was therein, Virgilius kyverd the hole ageyne with the bourde close, and so was the devyll begyled, and myght nat there come out agen, but abydeyth shytted therein. Than called the devyll dredefully to Virgilius, and said, “What have ye done, Virgilius?” Virgilius answered, “Ahyde there sytll to your day appoynted;” and fro thens forth abydeyth he there.—And so Virgilius became very connyng in the praetyse of the black seyence.’

This story may remind the reader of the Arabian tale of the Fisherman and the imprisoned Genie; and it is more than probable, that many of the marvels narrated in the life of Virgil are of oriental extraction. Among such I am disposed to reckon the following whimsical account of the foundation of Naples, containing a curious theory concerning the origin of the earthquakes with

which it is afflicted. Virgil, who was a person of gallantry, had, it seems, carried off the daughter of a certain Soldan, and was anxious to secure his prize :

'Than he thought in his mynde howe he myghte mareye hyr, and thought in his mynde to founde in the middes of the see a fayer towne, with great landes belongyng to it; and so he dyd by his cunnyng, and called it Napells. And the fundacyon of it was of egges, and in that town of Napells he made a tower with iiii corners, and in the toppe he set an appell upon an yron yarde, and no man coulde pull away that appell without he brake it; and thorough that yren set he a bolte. and in that bolte set he a egge. And he henge the appell by the stauke upon a cheyne, and so hangeth it still. And when the egge styrreth, so shulde the towne of Napells quake; and whan the egge brake, than shulde the town synke. Whan he had made an ende, he lette call it Napells.' This appears to have been an article of current belief during the middle ages, as appears from the statutes of the order *Du Saint Esprit, au droit desir*, instituted in 1352. A chapter of the knights is appointed to be held annually at the Castle of the Enchanted Egg, near the grotto of Virgil.—*MONTEFAUCON*, vol. ii. p. 329.

NOTE C.

'*A merlin sat upon her wrist.*'—P. 88.

A merlin, or sparrow-hawk, was usually carried by ladies of rank, as a falcon was, in time of peace, the constant attendant of a knight, or baron. See *LATHAM on Falconry*.—Godscroft relates, that, when Mary of Lorraine was regent, she pressed the Earl of Angus to admit a royal garrison into his castle of Tantallon. To this he returned no direct answer; but, as if apostrophising a goss-hawk, which sat on his wrist, and which he was feeding during the Queen's speech, he exclaimed, 'The devil's in this greedy glade, she will never be full.'—*HUME'S History of the House of Douglas*, 1743, vol. ii. p. 131. Barclay complains of the common and indecent practice of bringing hawks and hounds into churches.

NOTE D.

'*And princely peacock's gilded train.*'—P. 89.

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

NOTE E.

'*And o'er the boar-head, garnished brace.*'—P. 89.

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

NOTE F.

'*And enquet from St Mary's ware.*'—P. 89.

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

NOTE G.

‘*Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill.*’—P. 89.

The Rutherfords of Hunthill were an ancient race of Border lairds, whose names occur in history, sometimes as defending the frontier against the English, sometimes as disturbing the peace of their own country. Dickon Draw-the-sword was son to the ancient warrior, called in tradition the Cock of Hunthill.

NOTE H.

‘*But bit his glove, and shook his head.*’—P. 90.

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

NOTE I.

‘*Arthur Fire-the-braes.*’—P. 90.

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

NOTE K.

‘*Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en.*’—P. 91.

A tradition, preserved by Scott of Satchells, who published, in 1688, *A true History of the Right Honourable Name of Scott*, gives the following romantic origin of that name. Two brethren, natives of Galloway, having been banished from that country for a riot, or insurrection, came to Rankelburn, in Ettrick forest, where the keeper, whose name was Brydone, received them joyfully, on account of their skill in winding the horn, and in the other mysteries of the chase.—Kenneth MacAlpin, then king of Scotland, came soon after to hunt in the royal forest, and pursued a buck from Ettrick-heuch to the glen now called Buckleuch, about two miles above the junction of Rankelburn with the river Ettrick.—Here the stag stood at bay; and the king and his attendants, who followed on horseback, were thrown out by the steepness of the hill and the morass. John, one of the brethren from Galloway, had followed the chase on foot; and now coming in, seized the buck by the horns, and, being a man of great strength and activity, threw him on his back, and ran with his burthen about a mile up the steep hill, to a place called Cracra-Cross, where Kenneth had halted, and laid the buck at the sovereign's feet.¹

¹ Froissart relates, that a knight of the household of the Comte de Foix exhibited a similar feat of strength. The hall fire had waxed low, and wood was wanted to mend it. The knight went down to the court-yard, where stood an ass laden with faggots, seized on the animal and his burden, and, carrying him up to the hall on his shoulders, tumbled him into the chimney with his heels uppermost; a humane pleasantry, much applauded by the Count and all the spectators.

' The deer being eured'd in that place,
At his majesty's demand,
Then John of Galloway ran apace,
And fetche'd water to his hand.
The kinz did wash into a dish,
And Galloway John he wot;
He said, "Thy name now after this
Shall ever be called John Scott.

" "The forest, and the deer therein,
We commit to thy hand,
For thou shalt sure the ranger be,
If thou obey command:
And for the buck thou stoutly brought
To us up that steep heuch,
Thy designation ever shall
Be John Scott in Bucksleuch."

' In Scotland no Bucksleuch was then,
Before the buck in the cleuch was slain;
Night's men¹ at first they did appear,
Because moon and stars to their arms they bear.
Their crest, supporters, and hunting-horn,
Shews their beginning from hunting come.
Their name, and stile, the book doth say,
John gained them both into one day.'

WATT'S *Balladen*.

The Bucksleuch arms have been altered, and now allude less pointedly to this hunting, whether real or fabulous. The family now bear *Or* upon a bend azure, a mullet betwixt two crescents of the field; in addition to which they formerly bore in the field a hunting horn. The supporters, now two ladies, were formerly a hound and buck, or, according to the old terms, a *hart of leash* and a *hart of grace*. The family of Scott of Howpasley and Thirlestane long retained the bugle-horn: they also carried a bent bow and arrow in the sinister cantle, perhaps as a difference. It is said the motto was, *Best riding by moonlight*, in allusion to the crescents on the shield, and perhaps to the habits of those who bore it. The motto now given is *Amo*, applying to the female supporters.

NOTE L.

———'old Albert Grame,
The Minstrel of that ancient name.'—P. 91.

'John Grhame, second son of *Malice*, Earl of *Montcith*, commonly surnamed *John with the Bright Sword*, upon some displeasure risen against him at Court, retired with many of his clan and kindred, into the English Borders,

¹ 'Minions of the moon,' as Falstaff would have said. The vocation pursued by our ancient Borderers may be justified on the authority of the most polished of the ancient nations:—'For the Grecians in old time, and such barbarians as in the continent lived nere unto the sea, or else inhabited the islands, after once they began to crosse over one to another in ships, became thieves, and went abroad under the conduct of their more puissant men, both to enrich themselves, and to fetch in maintenance for the weak; and falling upon towns unfortified, or scatteringly inhabited, rifled them, and made this the best means of their living; being a matter at that time no where in disgrace, but rather carrying with it something of glory. This is manifest by some that dwell upon the continent, amongst whom, so it be performed nobly, it is still esteemed as an ornament. The same is also proved by some of the ancient poets, who introduced men questioning of such as sail by, on all coasts alike, whether they be theeves or not; as a thing neyther scorned by such as were asked, nor upbraided by those that were desirous to know. They also robbed one another within the main land; and much of Greece useth that old custome, as the *Loerians*, the *Acaranians*, and those of the continent in that quarter, unto this day. Moreover, the fashion of wearing iron remaineth yet with the people of that continent, from their old trade of theeving.'—HOBBS'S *Thucydides*, p. 4. Lond. 1629.

in the reign of King Henry the Fourth, where they seated themselves; and many of their posterity have continued there ever since. Mr Sandford, speaking of them, says (which indeed was applicable to most of the Borderers on both sides), "They were all stark moss-troopers, and arrant thieves: Both to England and Scotland outlawed; yet sometimes connived at, because they gave intelligence forth of Scotland, and would raise 400 horse at any time upon a raid of the English into Scotland." A saying is recorded of a mother to her son (which is now become proverbial), *Ride, Rowley, hough's i' the pot*; that is, the last piece of beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high time for him to go and fetch more.—*Introduction to the History of Cumberland.*

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

NOTE M.

'*The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall.*'—P. 92.

This burden is adopted, with some alteration, from an old Scottish song beginning thus:—

'She leaned her back against a thorn,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa';
And there she has her young babe born,
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.'

NOTE N.

'*Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?*'—P. 93.

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

The song of the supposed bard is founded on an incident said to have happened to the earl in his travels. Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated alchemist, shewed him, in a looking-glass, the lovely Geraldine, to whose service he had devoted his pen and his sword. The vision represented her as indisposed, and reclined upon a couch, reading her lover's verses by the light of a waxen taper.

NOTE O.

———'*The storm-swept Orcades;*
Where erst St Clairs held princely sway,
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay.'—P. 96.

The St Clairs are of Norman extraction, being descended from William de St Clair, second son of Walderne, Compte de St Clair, and Margaret, daughter to

Richard, Duke of Normandy. He was called, for his fair department, the Seemly St Clair; and settling in Scotland during the reign of Malcolm Ceanmore, obtained large grants of land in Mid-Lothian.—These domains were increased by the liberality of succeeding monarchs to the descendants of the family, and comprehended the baronies of Roslin, Pentland, Cowsland, Cardaine, and several others. It is said a large addition was obtained from Robert Bruce, on the following occasion:—The king, in following the chase upon Pentland hills, had often started a 'white faunch deer,' which had always escaped from his hounds; and he asked the nobles, who were assembled around him, whether any of them had dogs which they thought might be more successful. No courtier would affirm that his hounds were flecter than those of the king, until Sir William St Clair of Roslin unceremoniously said, he would wager his head that his two favourite dogs *Help* and *Hold* would kill the deer before she could cross the March-burn. The king instantly caught at his unwary offer, and betted the forest of Pentland-moor against the life of Sir William St Clair. All the hounds were tied up, except a few ratches, or slow hounds, to put up the deer; while Sir William St Clair, posting himself in the best situation for slipping his dogs, prayed devoutly to Christ, the blessed Virgin, and St Katherine. The deer was shortly after roused, and the hounds slipped; Sir William following on a gallant steed, to cheer his dogs. The hind, however, reached the middle of the brook, upon which the hunter threw himself from his horse in despair. At this critical moment, however, *Hold* stopped her in the brook, and *Help*, coming up, turned her back, and killed her on Sir William's side. The king descended from the hill, embraced Sir William, and bestowed on him the lands of Kirkton, Logan-house, Earneraig, &c., in free forestrie. Sir William, in acknowledgment of St Katherine's intercession, built the chapel of St Katherine in the Hopes, the church-yard of which is still to be seen. The hill, from which Robert Bruce beheld this memorable chase, is still called the King's Hill; and the place where Sir William hunted is called the Knight's Field.*—*MS. History of the Family of St Clair, by RICHARD AUGUSTIN HAY, Canon of St Genevieve.*

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

¹ The tomb of Sir William St Clair, on which he appears sculptured in armour, with a greyhound at his feet, is still to be seen in Roslin chapel. The person who shows it always tells the story of his hunting-match, with some addition to Mr Hay's account; as that the knight of Roslin's fright made him poetical, and that, in the last emergency, he shouted—

'Help, haud, an' ye may,
Or Roslin will lose his head this day.'

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

NOTE P.

*'Still nods their palace to its fall,
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall!'*—P. 96.

The castle of Kirkwall was built by the St Clairs, while Earls of Orkney. It was dismantled by the Earl of Caithness about 1615, having been garrisoned against the government by Robert Stewart, natural son to the Earl of Orkney.

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

'I had occasion to entertain myself at Kirkwall with the melancholic prospect of the ruins of an old castle, the seat of the old Earls of Orkney, my ancestors; and of a more melancholy reflection, of so great and noble an estate as the Orkney and Shetland isles being taken from one of them by James the Third for faultrie, after his brother Alexander, Duke of Albany, had married a daughter of my family, and for protecting and defending the said Alexander against the king, who wished to kill him, as he had done his youngest brother, the Earl of Mar; and for which, after the forfaultrie, he *gratefully* divorced my forfaulted ancestor's sister; though I cannot persuade myself that he had any misalliance to plead against a familie in whose veins the blood of Robert Bruce ran as fresh as in his own; for their title to the crowne was by a daughter of David Bruce, son to Robert; and our alliance was by marrying a grandchild of the same Robert Bruce, and daughter to the sister of the same David, out of the familie of Douglass, which at that time did not much sullie the blood, more than my ancestour's having not long before had the honour of marrying a daughter of the king of Denmark's, who was named Florentine, and has left in the town of Kirkwall a noble monument of the grandeur of the times, the finest church ever I saw entire in Scotland. I then had no small reason to think, in that unhappy state, on the many not inconsiderable services rendered since to the royal familie, for these many years bygone, on all occasions, when they stood most in need of friends, which they have thought themselves very often obliged to acknowledge by letters yet extant, and in a stile more like friends than souveraigns; our attachment to them, without anie other thanks, having brought upon us considerable losses, and among others, that of our all in Cromwell's time; and left in that condition, without the least relief except what we found in our own virtue. My father was the only man of the Scots nation who had courage enough to protest in parliament against King William's title to the throne, which was lost, God knows how: and this at a time when the losses in the cause of the royall familie, and their usual gratitude, had scarce left him bread to maintain a numerous familie of eleven children, who had soon after sprung up on him, in spite of all which, he had honourably persisted in his principle. I say, these things considered, and after being treated as I was, and in that unluckie state, when objects appear to men in their true light, as at the hour of death, could I be blamed for making some bitter reflections to myself, and laughing at the extravagance and unaccountable humour of men, and the singularitie of my own case (an exile for the cause of the Stuart family), when I ought to have known, that the greatest crime I, or my family, could have committed, was persevering, to my own destruction, in serving the

royal family faithfully, though obstinately, after so great a share of depression, and after they had been pleased to doom me and my family to starve.'—*MS. Memoirs of John, Master of St Clair.*

NOTE Q.

'*Kings of the main their leaders brave,
Their barks the dragons of the wave.*'—P. 96.

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

NOTE R.

'*Of that Sca-Snake, tremendous curled,
Whose monstrous circle girds the world.*'—P. 97.

The *jormungandr*, or Snake of the Ocean, whose folds surround the earth, is one of the wildest fictions of the Edda. It was very nearly caught by the god Thor, who went to fish for it with a hook baited with a bull's head. In the battle betwixt the evil demons and the divinities of Odin, which is to precede the *Ragnarockr*, or Twilight of the Gods, this Snake is to act a conspicuous part.

NOTE S.

'*Of those dread Maids, whose hideous yell
Maddens the battle's bloody swell.*'—P. 97.

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

NOTE T.

'*Ransacked the graves of warriors old,
Their falchions wrenched from corpses' hold.*'—P. 97.

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

NOTE U.

'*Rosabelle.*'—P. 97.

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

Note X.

‘*Castle Ravenshew.*’—P. 97.

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

Note Y.

‘*Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin’s chiefs unconfined lie;
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.*’—P. 98.

The beautiful chapel of Roslin is still in tolerable preservation. It was founded in 1446 by William St Clair, Prince of Orkney, Duke of Oldenburgh, Earl of Caithness and Stratherne, Lord Saint Clair, Lord Niddesdale, Lord Admiral of the Scottish seas, Lord Chief Justice of Scotland, Lord Warden of the three Marches, Baron of Roslin, Pentland, Pentland-moor, &c., Knight of the Cockle and of the Garter (as is affirmed), High Chancellor, Chamberlain, and Lieutenant of Scotland. This lofty person, whose titles, says Godscroft, might weary a Spaniard, built the castle of Roslin, where he resided in princely splendour, and founded the chapel, which is in the most rich and florid style of Gothic architecture. Among the profuse carving on the pillars and buttresses, the rose is frequently introduced, in allusion to the name, with which, however, the flower has no connection; the etymology being *Roslinne*, the promontory of the linn, or water-fall. The chapel is said to appear on fire previous to the death of any of his descendants. This superstition, noticed by Slezer in his *Theatrum Scotiæ*, and alluded to in the text, is probably of Norwegian derivation, and may have been imported by the Earls of Orkney into their Lothian domains. The tomb-fires of the north are mentioned in most of the Sagas.

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

‘Sir William Sinclair, the father, was a leud man. He kept a miller’s daughter, with whom, it is alledged, he went to Ireland; yet I think the cause of his retreat was rather occasioned by the Presbyterians, who vexed him sadly, because of his religion being Roman Catholic. His son, Sir William, died during the troubles, and was interred in the chapel of Roslin the very same day that the battle of Dunbar was fought. When my good-father was buried, his (*i. e.* Sir William’s) corpse seemed to be entire at the opening of the cave; but when they came to touch his body, it fell into dust. He was laying in his armour, with a red velvet cap on his head, on a flat stone; nothing was spoiled except a piece of the white furring, that went round the cap, and answered to the hinder part of the head. All his predecessors were buried after the same manner, in their armour: late Rosline, my good-father, was the first that was buried in a coffin, against the sentiments of King James the Seventh,

who was then in Scotland, and several other persons well versed in antiquity, to whom my mother would not hearken, thinking it beggarly to be buried after that manner. The great expences she was at in burying her husband, occasioned the sumptuary acts which were made in the following parliament.'

Note Z.

'*Gyllin, come!*'—P. 100.

See the story of Gilpin Horner, pp. 129, 130.

Note AA.

'*For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him, of whom the story ran.*

Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man.'—P. 101.

The ancient castle of Peel-town, in the Isle of Man, is surrounded by four churches, now ruinous. Through one of these chapels there was formerly a passage from the guard-room of the garrison. This was closed, it is said, upon the following occasion: 'They say, that an apparition, called, in the Mankish language, the *Mauthe Doog*, in the shape of a large black spaniel, with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peel-castle; and has been frequently seen in every room, but particularly in the guard-chamber, where, as soon as candles were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire, in presence of all the soldiers, who, at length, by being so much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They still, however, retained a certain awe, as believing it was an evil spirit, which only waited permission to do them hurt; and, for that reason, forebore swearing, and all prophane discourse, while in its company. But though they endured the shock of such a guest when altogether in a body, none cared to be left alone with it. It being the custom, therefore, for one of the soldiers to lock the gates of the castle at a certain hour, and carry the keys to the captain, to whose apartment, as I said before, the way led through the church, they agreed among themselves, that whoever was to succeed the ensuing night his fellow in this errand, should accompany him that went first, and by this means no man would be exposed singly to the danger: for I forgot to mention, that the *Mauthe Doog* was always seen to come out from that passage at the close of day, and return to it again as soon as the morning dawned; which made them look on this place at its peculiar residence.

'One night, a fellow being drunk, and by the strength of his liquor rendered more daring than ordinarily, laughed at the simplicity of his companions; and, though it was not his turn to go with the keys, would needs take that office upon him, to testify his courage. All the soldiers endeavoured to dissuade him; but the more they said, the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that the *Mauthe Doog* would follow him, as it had done the others; for he would try if it were dog or devil. After having talked in a very reprobate manner for some time, he snatched up the keys, and went out of the guard-room: in some time after his departure, a great noise was heard, but nobody had the boldness to see what occasioned it, till, the adventurer returning, they demanded the knowledge of him; but as loud and noisy as he had been at leaving them, he was now become sober

and silent enough; for he was never heard to speak more: and though all the time he lived, which was three days, he was entreated by all who came near him, either to speak, or, if he could not do that, to make some signs, by which they might understand what had happened to him; yet nothing intelligible could be got from him, only that, by the distortion of his limbs and features, it might be guessed that he died in agonies more than is common in a natural death.

'The *Mauthe Doog* was, however, never after seen in the castle, nor would any one attempt to go through that passage; for which reason it was closed up, and another way made. This accident happened about threescore years since: and I heard it attested by several, but especially by an old soldier, who assured me he had seen it oftener than he had then hairs on his head.—WALDRON'S *Description of the Isle of Man*, p. 107.

NOTE BB.

'*And he a solemn sacred plight
Did to St Bryde of Douglas make.*'—P. 101.

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



THE

LADY OF THE LAKE.

TO
THE MOST NOBLE
JOHN JAMES,
MARQUIS OF ABERCORN,
&c. &c. &c.,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED

BY
THE AUTHOR.

THE
LADY OF THE LAKE.

ARGUMENT.

The Scene of the following Poem is laid chiefly in the vicinity of Loch-Katrine, in the Western Highlands of Perthshire. The Time of Action includes Six Days, and the transactions of each day occupy a Canto.

CANTO I.

The Chase.

HARP of the North! that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—
O minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep?
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.

At each according pause, was heard aloud
 Thine ardent symphony sublime and high !
 Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd ;
 For still the burthen of thy minstrelsy
 Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's
 matchless eye.

Oh wake once more ! how rude soe'er the hand
 That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray ;
 Oh wake once more ! though scarce my skill com-
 mand

Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay :
 Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
 And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
 Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
 The wizard note has not been touched in vain.
 Then silent be no more ! Enchantress, wake again !

1 The Stag at eve had drunk his fill,
 Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
 And deep his midnight lair had made
 In lone Glenartney's hazel shade ;
 But, when the sun his beacon red
 Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
 The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
 Resounded up the rocky way,
 And faint, from farther distance borne,
 Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

2 As chief who hears his warder call,
 'To arms ! the foemen storm the wall,'—
 The antler'd monarch of the waste
 Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.

But ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook ;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky ;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment listened to the cry,
That thickened as the chase drew nigh ;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound the copse he
 cleared,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

- 3 Yelled on the view the opening pack,
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back ;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response.
An hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered an hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
An hundred voices joined the shout ;
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert covered the doe ;
The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint, and more faint, its failing din
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

- 4 Less loud the sounds of sylvan war
Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cavern, where 'tis told
A giant made his den of old ;^A
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stayed perforce,
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse ;
And of the trackers of the deer
Scarcely half the lessening pack was near ;
So shrewdly, on the mountain side,
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.
- 5 The noble Stag was pausing now,
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fair Menteith.
With anxious eye he wandered o'er
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And pondered refuge from his toil,
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
But nearer was the copse-wood gray,
That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,
And mingled with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Ben-venue.
Fresh vigour with the hope returned,
With flying foot the heath he spurned,
Held westward with unwearied race,
And left behind the panting chase.
- 6 'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
As swept the hunt through Cambus-more ;
What reins were tightened in despair,
When rose Benledi's ridge in air ;

Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith,—
For twice, that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant Stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reached the lake of Vennachar ;
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost Horseman rode alone.

- 7 Alone, but with unbated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and
 steel ;
For, jaded now, and spent with toil,
Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The labouring Stag strained full in view.
Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,^B
Fast on his flying traces came,
And all but won that desperate game :
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
Vindictive toiled the bloodhounds staunch ;
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
Nor farther might the quarry strain.
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

- 8 The hunter marked that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deemed the Stag must turn to bay,
Where that huge rampart barred the way ;
Already glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes ;

For the death-wound, and death-halloo,
 Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew ;^c
 But, thundering as he came prepared,
 With ready arm and weapon bared,
 The wily quarry shunned the shock,
 And turned him from the opposing rock :
 Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
 Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
 In the deep Trosach's wildest nook
 His solitary refuge took.
 There while, close couched, the thicket shed
 Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,
 He heard the baffled dogs in vain
 Rave through the hollow pass amain,
 Chiding the rocks that yelled again.

9 Close on the hounds the hunter came,
 To cheer them on the vanished game ;
 But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
 The gallant horse exhausted fell.
 The impatient rider strove in vain
 To rouse him with the spur and rein,
 For the good steed, his labours o'er,
 Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more.
 Then, touched with pity and remorse,
 He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse.
 'I little thought, when first thy rein
 I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
 That Highland eagle e'er should feed
 On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed !
 Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
 That costs thy life, my gallant gray !'—

10 Then through the dell his horn resounds,
 From vain pursuit to call the hounds.

Back limped, with slow and crippled
 pace,
The sulky leaders of the chase ;
Close to their master's side they pressed,
With drooping tail and humbled crest ;
But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolonged the swelling bugle-note.
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answered with their scream,
Round and around the sounds were east,
Till echo seemed an answering blast ;
And on the hunter hied his way,
To join some comrades of the day ;
Yet often paused, so strange the road,
So wondrous were the scenes it shew'd.

- 11 The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way ;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle ;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
Their rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,

Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
 Or mosque of eastern architect.
 Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
 Nor lacked they many a banner fair ;
 For, from their shivered brows displayed,
 Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
 All twinkling with the dew-drop sheen,
 The briar-rose fell in streamers green,
 And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes,
 Waved in the west wind's summer sighs.

- 12 Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
 Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
 Here eglantine embalmed the air,
 Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;
 The primrose pale, and violet flower,
 Found in each clift a narrow bower,
 Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
 Emblems of punishment and pride,
 Grouped their dark hues with every stain
 The weather-beaten crags retain ;
 With boughs that quaked at every breath,
 Grey birch and aspen wept beneath ,
 Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;
 And higher yet, the pine-tree hung
 His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
 Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
 His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
 Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
 Where glistening streamers waved and
 danced,
 The wanderer's eye could barely view
 The summer heaven's delicious blue ;

So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

13 Onward, amid the eopse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild-duck's brood to swim ;
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace ;
And farther as the hunter strayed,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat ;
Yet broader floods extending still,
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

14 And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far projecting precipice.^d
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid ;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
Loch-Katrine lay beneath him rolled ;
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,

And islands that, empurpled bright,
 Floated amid the livelier light ;
 And mountains, that like giants stand,
 To sentinel enchanted land.
 High on the south, huge Benvenue
 Down to the lake in masses threw
 Craggs, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
 The fragments of an earlier world ;
 A wildering forest feathered o'er
 His ruined sides and summit hoar,
 While on the north, through middle air,
 Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

- 15 From the steep promontory gazed
 The Stranger, raptured and amazed ;
 And, ' What a scene were here,' he cried,
 ' For princely pomp or churchman's pride !
 On this bold brow, a lordly tower ;
 In that soft vale, a lady's bower ;
 On yonder meadow, far away,
 The turrets of a cloister gray.
 How blithely might the bugle-horn
 Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn !
 How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute
 Chime, when the groves were still and mute !
 And, when the midnight moon should lave
 Her forehead in the silver wave,
 How solemn on the ear would come
 The holy matin's distant hum,
 While the deep peal's commanding tone
 Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
 A sainted hermit from his cell,
 To drop a bead with every knell—
 And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,

Should each bewildered stranger call
To friendly feast, and lighted hall.

- 16 'Blithe were it then to wander here!
But now,—beshrew you nimble deer,—
Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,
The copse must give my evening fare;
Some mossy bank my couch must be,
Some rustling oak my canopy.
Yet pass we that;—the war and chase
Give little choice of resting-place;—
A summer night, in greenwood spent,
Were but to-morrow's merriment;
But hosts may in these wilds abound,
Such as are better missed than found;
To meet with Highland plunderers here
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.^E—
I am alone;—my bugle strain
May call some straggler of the train;
Or, fall the worst that may betide,
Ere now this falchion has been tried.'—
- 17 But scarce again his horn he wound,
When lo! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock,
A Damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow twig to lave,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.

The boat had touch'd this silver strand,
Just as the Hunter left his stand,
And stood concealed amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake.
The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.
With head up-raised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood, she seemed to stand
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

- 18 And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow;
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace,—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear.
- 19 A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,

Her golden brooch, such birth betray'd.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing ;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care,
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye ;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confessed
The guileless movements of her breast ;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the north.
One only passion, unrevealed,
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame ;—
O need I tell that passion's name !

- 20 Impatient of the silent horn,
Now on the gale her voice was borne :—
'Father!' she cried ; the rocks around
Loved to prolong the gentle sound.
A while she paused, no answer came,—
'Malcolm, was thine the blast?' the name
Less resolutely uttered fell,
The echoes could not catch the swell.

· A stranger I,' the Huntsman said,
 Advancing from the hazel shade.
 The maid alarmed, with hasty oar,
 Pushed her light shallop from the shore,
 And, when a space was gained between,
 Closer she drew her bosom's screen ;
 (So forth the startled swan would swing,
 So turn to prune his ruffled wing ;)
 Then safe, though fluttered and amazed,
 She paused, and on the stranger gazed.
 Not his the form, nor his the eye,
 That youthful maidens went to fly.

- 21 On his bold visage middle age
 Had slightly pressed its signet sage,
 Yet had not quenched the open truth,
 And fiery vehemence of youth ;
 Forward and frolic glee was there,
 The will to do, the soul to dare,
 The sparkling glance, soon blown to
 fire,
 Of hasty love, or headlong ire.
 His limbs were cast in manly mould,
 For hardy sports, or contest bold ;
 And though in peaceful garb arrayed,
 And weaponless, except his blade,
 His stately mien as well implied
 A high-born heart, a martial pride,
 As if a baron's crest he wore,
 And sheathed in armour trode the shore.
 Slighting the petty need he shewed,
 He told of his benighted road ;
 His ready speech flowed fair and free,
 In phrase of gentlest courtesy ;

Yet seemed that tone, and gesture bland,
Less used to sue than to command.

22 A while the maid the Stranger eyed,
And reassured, at last replied,
That Highland halls were open still
To wildered wanderers of the hill.
'Nor think you unexpected come
To you lone isle, our desert home ;
Before the heath had lost the dew,
This morn, a couch was pulled for you ;
On yonder mountain's purple head
Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled,
And our broad nets have swept the mere,
To furnish forth your evening cheer.'
'Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,
Your courtesy has erred,' he said ;
'No right have I to claim, misplaced,
The welcome of expected guest.
A wanderer, here by fortune toss'd,
My way, my friends, my courser lost,
I ne'er before, believe me, fair,
Have ever drawn your mountain air,
Till on this lake's romantic strand,
I found a fay in fairy land.'

23 'I well believe,' the maid replied,
As her slight skiff approached the side,
'I well believe, that ne'er before
Your foot has trod Loch-Katrine's shore ;
But yet, as far as yesternight,
Old Allan-bane foretold your plight,—
A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
Was on the visioned future bent.^F

He saw your steed, a dappled gray,
Lie dead beneath the birchen way ;
Painted exact your form and mien,
Your hunting suit of Lincoln green,
That tassell'd horn so gaily gilt,
That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,
That cap with heron's plumage trim,
And yon two hounds so dark and grim.
He bade that all should ready be
To grace a guest of fair degree ;
But light I held his prophecy,
And deemed it was my father's horn,
Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne.'

- 24 The Stranger smiled :—' Since to your home,
A destined errant knight I come,
Announced by prophet sooth and old,
Doomed, doubtless, for achievement bold,
I'll lightly front each high emprise,
For one kind glance of those bright eyes ;
Permit me, first, the task to guide
Your fairy frigate o'er the tide.'
The maid, with smile suppressed and sly,
The toil unwonted saw him try ;
For seldom, sure, if e'er before,
His noble hand had grasped an oar :
Yet with main strength his strokes he drew,
And o'er the lake the shallop flew ;
With heads erect, and whimpering cry,
The hounds behind their passage ply.
Nor frequent does the bright oar break
The darkening mirror of the lake,
Until the rocky isle they reach,
And moor their shallop on the beach.

- 25 The Stranger viewed the shore around ;
'Twas all so close with copsewood bound,
Nor tract nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there,
Until the mountain-maiden shewed
A clambering unsuspected road,
That winded through the tangled screen,
And opened on a narrow green,
Where weeping birch and willow round
With their long fibres swept the ground ;
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.⁶
- 26 It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device ;
Of such materials, as around
The workman's hand had readiest found.
Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks
 bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squared,
To give the walls their destined height,
The sturdy oak and ash unite ;
While moss and clay and leaves combined
To fence each crevice from the wind.
The lighter pine-trees, overhead,
Their slender length for rafters spread,
And withered heath and rushes dry
Supplied a russet canopy.
Due westward, fronting to the green,
A rural portico was seen,
Aloft on native pillars borne,
Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and Idæan vine,

The clematis, the favoured flower,
 Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,
 And every hardy plant could bear
 Loch-Katrine's keen and searching air.
 An instant in this porch she staid,
 And gaily to the Stranger said,
 'On heaven and on thy lady call,
 And enter the enchanted hall!'—

- 27 'My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
 My gentle guide, in following thee.'—
 He crossed the threshold—and a clang
 Of angry steel that instant rang.
 To his bold brow his spirit rushed,
 But soon for vain alarm he blushed,
 When on the floor he saw displayed,
 Cause of the din, a naked blade
 Dropped from the sheath, that careless
 flung
 Upon a stag's huge antlers swung ;
 For all around, the walls to grace,
 Hung trophies of the fight or chase :
 A target there, a bugle here,
 A battle-axe, a hunting spear,
 And broad-swords, bows, and arrows store,
 With the tusked trophies of the boar.
 Here grins the wolf as when he died,
 And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
 The frontlet of the elk adorns,
 Or mantles o'er the bison's horns ;
 Pennons and flags defaced and stained,
 That blackening streaks of blood retained,
 And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,
 With otter's fur and seal's unite,

In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
To garnish forth the sylvan hall.

- 28 The wondering Stranger round him gazed,
And next the fallen weapon raised ;
Few were the arms whose sinewy strength
Sufficed to stretch it forth at length.
And as the brand he poised and swayed,
'I never knew but one,' he said,
'Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield
A blade like this in battle field.'—
She sighed, then smiled and took the word ;
'You see the guardian champion's sword :
As light it trembles in his hand,
As in my grasp a hazel wand ;
My sire's tall form might grace the part
Of Ferragus, or Ascabart ;"¹¹
But in the absent giant's hold
Are women now, and menials old.'

- 29 The mistress of the mansion came,
Mature of age, a graceful dame ;
Whose easy step and stately port
Had well become a princely court,
To whom, though more than kindred knew,
Young Ellen gave a mother's due.
Meet welcome to her guest she made,
And every courteous rite was paid,
That hospitality could claim,
Though all unasked his birth and name.¹
Such then the reverence to a guest,
That fellest foe might join the feast,
And from his deadliest foeman's door
Unquestion'd turn, the banquet o'er.

At length his rank the Stranger names,
 'The knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-
 James
 Lord of a barren heritage,
 Which his brave sires, from age to age,
 By their good swords had held with toil ;
 His sire had fallen in such turmoil,
 And he, God wot, was forced to stand
 Oft for his right with blade in hand.
 This morning with Lord Moray's train
 He chased a stalwart stag in vain,
 Outstripped his comrades, missed the deer,
 Lost his good steed, and wandered here.'

- 30 Fain would the Knight in turn require
 The name and state of Ellen's sire.
 Well shewed the elder lady's mien,
 That courts and cities she had seen ;
 Ellen, though more her looks displayed
 The simple grace of sylvan maid,
 In speech and gesture, form and face,
 Shewed she was come of gentle race ;
 'Twere strange in ruder rank to find
 Such looks, such manners, and such mind.
 Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave,
 Dame Margaret heard with silence grave ;
 Or Ellen, innocently gay,
 Turned all inquiry light away.
 'Wierd women we ! by dale and down,
 We dwell afar from tower and town.
 We stem the flood, we ride the blast,
 On wandering knights our spells we cast :
 While viewless minstrels touch the string,
 'Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing.'

She sung, and still a harp unseen
Filled up the symphony between.^K

Song.

- 31 ‘Soldier, rest! thy warfare o’er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle’s enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o’er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
- ‘No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour’s clang, or war-steed’s champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark’s shrill fife may come
At the day-break from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here’s no war-steed’s neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.’—
- 32 She paused—then, blushing, led the lay
To grace the stranger of the day;
Her mellow notes awhile prolong
The cadence of the flowing song,

Till to her lips in measured frame
The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

Song continued.

‘Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillie.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveillie.’—

- 33 The hall was cleared—the Stranger’s bed
Was there of mountain heather spread,
Where oft an hundred guests had lain,
And dreamed their forest sports again.
But vainly did the heath-flower shed
Its moorland fragrance round his head;
Not Ellen’s spell had lull’d to rest
The fever of his troubled breast.
In broken dreams the image rose
Of varied perils, pains, and woes;
His steed now flounders in the brake,
Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
Now leader of a broken host,
His standard falls, his honour’s lost.
Then,—from my couch may heavenly might
Chase that worst phantom of the night!—

Again returned the scenes of youth,
Of confident undoubting truth ;
Again his soul he interchanged
With friends whose hearts were long estranged.
They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead ;
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday.
And doubt distracts him at the view,
Oh were his senses false or true !
Dreamed he of death, or broken vow,
Or is it all a vision now !

- 34 At length, with Ellen in a grove,
He seemed to walk, and speak of love ;
She listened with a blush and sigh,
His suit was warm, his hopes were high.
He sought her yielded hand to clasp,
And a cold gauntlet met his grasp :
The phantom's sex was changed and gone,
Upon its head a helmet shone ;
Slowly enlarged to giant size,
With darkened cheek and threatening
 eyes,
The grisly visage, stern and hoar,
To Ellen still a likeness bore.—
He woke, and, panting with affright,
Recalled the vision of the night.
The hearth's decaying brands were red,
And deep and dusky lustre shed,
Half shewing, half concealing all
The uncouth trophies of the hall.
Mid those the stranger fixed his eye
Where that huge falchion hung on high,

And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,
 Rushed, chasing countless thoughts along,
 Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
 He rose, and sought the moonshine pure.

- 35 The wild rose, eglantine, and broom,
 Wasted around their rich perfume ;
 The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,
 The aspens slept beneath the calm ;
 The silver light, with quivering glance,
 Played on the water's still expanse,—
 Wild were the heart whose passion's sway
 Could rage beneath the sober ray !
 He felt its calm, that warrior guest,
 While thus he communed with his breast :
 ' Why is it at each turn I trace
 Some memory of that exiled race ?
 Can I not mountain maiden spy,
 But she must bear the Douglas eye ?
 Can I not view a Highland brand,
 But it must match the Douglas hand ?
 Can I not frame a fevered dream,
 But still the Douglas is the theme ?—
 I'll dream no more—by manly mind
 Not even in sleep is will resigned.
 My midnight orison said o'er,
 I'll turn to rest, and dream no more.'
 His midnight orison he told,
 A prayer with every bead of gold,
 Consigned to heaven his cares and woes,
 And sunk in undisturbed repose ;
 Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,
 And morning dawned on Benvenue.

CANTO II.

The Esland.

- 1 AT morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,
 'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay,
 All nature's children feel the matin spring
 Of life reviving, with reviving day ;
 And while yon little bark glides down the bay,
 Wafting the Stranger on his way again,
 Morn's genial influence roused a Minstrel gray,^A
 And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain,
 Mix'd with the sounding harp, O white-haired
 Allan-bane !

Song.

- 2 ' Not faster yonder rowers' might
 Flings from their oars the spray,
 Not faster yonder rippling bright,
 That tracks the shallop's course in light,
 Melts in the lake away,
 Than men from memory erase
 The benefits of former days ;
 Then, Stranger, go ! good speed the while,
 Nor think again of the lonely isle.

' High place to thee in royal court,
 High place in battled line,
 Good hawk and hound for sylvan sport,
 Where beauty sees the brave resort,

The honoured meed be thine !
 True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,
 Thy lady constant, kind, and dear,
 And lost in love's and friendship's smile,
 Be memory of the lonely isle.

Song continued.

3 'But if beneath yon southern sky
 A plaided stranger roam,
 Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh,
 And sunken cheek and heavy eye,
 Pine for his Highland home ;
 Then, warrior, then be thine to shew
 The care that soothes a wanderer's woe ;
 Remember then thy hap erewhile,
 A stranger in the lonely isle.

'Or if, on life's uncertain main
 Mishap shall mar thy sail :
 If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
 Woe, want, and exile thou sustain
 Beneath the fickle gale ;
 Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,
 On thankless courts, or friends estranged,
 But come where kindred worth shall smile,
 To greet thee in the lonely isle.'

4 As died the sounds upon the tide,
 The shallop reached the main-land side ;
 And ere his onward way he took,
 The Stranger cast a lingering look,
 Where easily his eye might reach
 The Harper on the islet beach,

- Reclined against a blighted tree,
As wasted, gray, and worn as he.
To minstrel meditation given,
His reverend brow was raised to heaven,
As from the rising sun to claim
A sparkle of inspiring flame.
His hand, reclined upon the wire,
Seemed watching the awakening fire ;
So still he sate, as those who wait
Till judgment speak the doom of fate ;
So still, as if no breeze might dare
To lift one lock of hoary hair ;
So still, as life itself were fled,
In the last sound his harp had sped.
- 5 Upon a rock with lichens wild,
Beside him Ellen sate and smiled.
Smiled she to see the stately drake
Lead forth his fleet upon the lake,
While her vexed spaniel, from the beach,
Bayed at the prize beyond his reach ?
Yet tell me then the maid who knows,
Why deepened on her cheek the rose ?—
Forgive, forgive, Fidelity !
Perchance the maiden smiled to see
Yon parting lingerer wave adieu,
And stop and turn to wave anew ;
And, lovely ladies, ere your ire
Condemn the heroine of my lyre,
Shew me the fair would scorn to spy,
And prize such conquest of her eye !

- 6 While yet he loitered on the spot,
It seemed as Ellen marked him not ;

But when he turned him to the glade,
 One courteous parting sign she made ;
 And after, oft the knight would say,
 That not when prize of festal day
 Was dealt him by the brightest fair,
 Who e'er wore jewel in her hair,
 So highly did his bosom swell,
 As at that simple mute farewell.
 Now with a trusty mountain guide,
 And his dark stag-hounds by his side,
 He parts—the maid, unconscious still,
 Watched him wind slowly round the
 hill ;

But when his stately form was hid,
 The guardian in her bosom chid—
 'Thy Malcolm ! vain and selfish maid !'
 'Twas thus upbraiding conscience said,
 'Not so had Malcolm idly hung
 On the smooth phrase of southern tongue ;
 Not so had Malcolm strained his eye
 Another step than thine to spy.'—
 'Wake, Allan-bane,' aloud she cried,
 To the old Minstrel by her side,
 'Arouse thee from thy moody dream !
 I'll give thy harp heroic theme,
 And warm thee with a noble name ;
 Pour forth the glory of the Græme.'^B—
 Scarce from her lip the word had rushed,
 When deep the conscious maiden blushed,
 For of his clan, in hall and bower,
 Young Malcolm Græme was held the flower.

7 The Minstrel waked his harp—three times
 Arose the well-known martial chimes,

And thrice their high heroic pride
 In melancholy murmurs died.
 —‘ Vainly thou bidst, O noble maid,’
 Claspings his withered hands, he said,
 ‘ Vainly thou bidst me wake the strain,
 Though all unwont to bid in vain.
 Alas! than mine a mightier hand
 Has tuned my harp, my strings has spanned ;
 I touch the chords of joy, but low
 And mournful answer notes of woe ;
 And the proud march which victors tread,
 Sinks in the wailing for the dead.—
 O well for me, if mine alone
 That dirge’s deep prophetic tone !
 If, as my tuneful fathers said,
 This harp, which erst Saint Modan swayed,^c
 Can thus its master’s fate foretel,
 Then welcome be the minstrel’s knell !

8 ‘ But ah ! dear lady, thus it sighed
 The eve thy sainted mother died ;
 And such the sounds which, while I strove
 To wake a lay of war or love,
 Came marring all the festal mirth,
 Appalling me who gave them birth,
 And, disobedient to my call,
 Wailed loud through Bothwell’s bannered
 hall,
 Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,
 Were exiled from their native heaven.^d—
 Oh ! if yet worse mishap and woe
 My master’s house must undergo,
 Or aught but weal to Ellen fair,
 Brood in these accents of despair,

No future bard, sad harp! shall fling
 Triumph or rapture from thy string;
 One short, one final strain shall flow,
 Fraught with unutterable woe,
 Then shivered shall thy fragments lie,
 Thy master cast him down and die.'—

- 9 Soothing she answered him, 'Assuage,
 Mine honoured friend, the fears of age;
 All melodies to thee are known
 That harp has rung or pipe has blown,
 In lowland vale, or Highland glen,
 From Tweed to Spey—what marvel,
 then,
 At times, unbidden notes should rise,
 Confusedly bound in memory's ties,
 Entangling, as they rush along,
 The war-march with the funeral song?—
 Small ground is now for boding fear;
 Obscure, but safe, we rest us here.
 My sire, in native virtue great,
 Resigning lordship, lands, and state,
 Not then to fortune more resigned,
 Than yonder oak might give the wind;
 The graceful foliage storms may reave,
 The noble stem they cannot grieve.
 For me,'—she stooped, and, looking round,
 Plucked a blue hare-bell from the ground,
 'For me, whose memory scarce conveys
 An image of more splendid days,
 This little flower, that loves the lea,
 May well my simple emblem be;
 It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose
 That in the King's own garden grows:

And when I place it in my hair,
 Allan, a bard is bound to swear
 He ne'er saw coronet so fair.'—
 Then playfully the chaplet wild
 She wreathed in her dark locks, and smiled.

- 10 Her smile, her speech, with winning sway,
 Wiled the old harper's mood away.
 With such a look as hermits throw
 When angels stoop to soothe their woe,
 He gazed, till fond regret and pride
 Thrilled to a tear, then thus replied :
 ' Loveliest and best ! thou little know'st
 The rank, the honours thou hast lost !
 O might I live to see thee grace,
 In Scotland's court, thy birth-right place,
 To see my favourite's step advance,
 The lightest in the courtly dance,
 The cause of every gallant's sigh,
 And leading star of every eye,
 And theme of every minstrel's art,
 The Lady of the Bleeding Heart !'¹—

- 11 ' Fair dreams are these,' the maiden cried,
 (Light was her accent, yet she sighed,)
 ' Yet is this mossy rock to me
 Worth splendid chair and canopy ;
 Nor would my footstep spring more gay
 In courtly dance than blithe strathspey,
 Nor half so pleased mine ear incline
 To royal minstrel's lay as thine ;
 And then for suitors proud and high,
 To bend before my conquering eye,

¹ The well-known cognisance of the Douglas family.

Thou, flattering bard ! thyself wilt say,
 That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway.
 The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's pride,
 The terror of Loch-Lomond's side,
 Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay
 A Lennox foray—for a day.'—

- 12 The ancient bard his glee repressed :
 ' Ill hast thou chosen theme for jest !
 For who, through all this western wild,
 Named Black Sir Roderick e'er, and smiled ?
 In Holy-Rood a knight he slew ; ^E
 I saw, when back the dirk he drew,
 Courtiers give place before the stride
 Of the undaunted homicide ;
 And since, though outlawed, hath his hand
 Full sternly kept his mountain land.
 Who else dared give,—ah ! woe the day,
 That I such hated truth should say—
 The Douglas, like a stricken deer,
 Disowned by every noble peer, ^F
 Even the rude refuge we have here ?
 Alas, this wild marauding chief
 Alone might hazard our relief,
 And, now thy maiden charms expand,
 Looks for his guerdon in thy hand ;
 Full soon may dispensation sought,
 To back his suit, from Rome be brought.
 Then, though an exile on the hill,
 Thy father, as the Douglas, still
 Be held in reverence and fear.
 But though to Roderick thou'rt so dear,
 That thou might'st guide with silken thread,
 Slave of thy will, this chieftain dread ;

Yet, O loved maid, thy mirth refrain!
Thy hand is on a lion's mane.'—

- 13 'Minstrel,' the maid replied, and high
Her father's soul glanced from her eye,
'My debts to Roderick's house I know:
All that a mother could bestow,
To Lady Margaret's care I owe,
Since first an orphan in the wild
She sorrowed o'er her sister's child;
To her brave chieftain son, from ire
Of Scotland's king who shrouds my sire,
A deeper, holier debt is owed;
And, could I pay it with my blood,
Allan! Sir Roderick should command
My blood, my life,—but not my hand.
Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell
A votaress in Maronnan's cell;^g
Rather through realms beyond the sea,
Seeking the world's cold charity,
Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,
And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,
An outcast pilgrim will she rove,
Than wed the man she cannot love.
- 14 'Thou shak'st, good friend, thy tresses gray—
That pleading look, what can it say
But what I own?—I grant him brave,
But wild as Bracklinn's thundering wave;^h
And generous—save vindictive mood,
Or jealous transport, chafe his blood:
I grant him true to friendly band,
As his claymore is to his hand;
But O! that very blade of steel
More mercy for a foe would feel:

I grant him liberal, to fling
 Among his clan the wealth they bring,
 When back by lake and glen they wind,
 And in the Lowland leave behind,
 Where once some pleasant hamlet stood,
 A mass of ashes slaked with blood.
 The hand, that for my father fought,
 I honour, as his daughter ought ;
 But can I clasp it reeking red,
 From peasants slaughtered in their
 shed ?

No! wildly while his virtues gleam,
 They make his passions darker seem,
 And flash along his spirit high,
 Like lightning o'er the midnight sky.
 While yet a child,—and children know,
 Instinctive taught, the friend and foe,—
 I shuddered at his brow of gloom,
 His shadowy plaid, and sable plume ;
 A maiden gown, I ill could bear
 His haughty mien and lordly air ;
 But, if thou join'st a suitor's claim,
 In serious mood, to Roderick's name,
 I thrill with anguish ! or, if e'er
 A Douglas knew the word, with fear.
 To change such odious theme were best,—
 What think'st thou of our stranger guest ?—

- 15 ' What think I of him ?—woe the while
 That brought such wanderer to our isle !
 Thy father's battle-brand, of yore
 For Tine-man forged by fairy lore,¹
 What time he leagued, no longer foes,
 His Border spears with Hotspur's bows,

Did, self-unscabbarded, foreshow
 The footstep of a secret foe.^k
 If courtly spy, and harboured here,
 What may we for the Douglas fear ?
 What for this island, deemed of old
 Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold ?
 If neither spy nor foe, I pray
 What yet may jealous Roderick say ?
 —Nay, wave not thy disdainful head !
 Bethink thee of the discord dread,
 That kindled when at Beltane game
 Thou led'st the dance with Malcolm Græme ;
 Still, though thy sire the peace renewed,
 Smoulders in Roderick's breast the feud ;
 Beware !—But hark, what sounds are these ?
 My dull ears catch no faltering breeze,
 No weeping birch, nor aspens wake,
 Nor breath is dimpling in the lake,
 Still is the canna's¹ hoary beard,
 Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard—
 And hark again ! some pipe of war
 Sends the bold pibroch from afar.'

- 16 Far up the lengthened lake were spied
 Four darkening specks upon the tide,
 That, slow enlarging on the view,
 Four manned and masted barges grew,
 And bearing downwards from Glengyle,
 Steered full upon the lonely isle ;
 The point of Brianchoil they passed,
 And, to the windward as they cast,
 Against the sun they gave to shine
 The bold Sir Roderick's bannered pine.

¹ Cotton-grass.

Nearer and nearer as they bear,
 Spears, pikes, and axes flash in air.
 Now might you see the tartans brave,
 And plaids and plumage dance and wave ;
 Now see the bonnets sink and rise,
 As his tough oar the rower plies ;
 See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,
 The wave ascending into smoke ;
 See the proud pipers on the bow,
 And mark the gaudy streamers flow
 From their loud chanters¹ down, and sweep
 The furrowed bosom of the deep,
 As, rushing through the lake amain,
 They plied the ancient Highland strain.

- 17 Ever, as on they bore, more loud
 And louder rung the pibroch proud.^L
 At first the sound, by distance tame,
 Mellowed along the waters came,
 And, lingering long by cape and bay,
 Wailed every harsher note away ;
 Then, bursting bolder on the ear,
 The clan's shrill Gathering they could hear ;
 Those thrilling sounds, that call the might
 Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.
 Thick beat the rapid notes, as when
 The mustering hundreds shake the glen,
 And, hurrying at the signal dread,
 The battered earth returns their tread.
 Then prelude light, of livelier tone,
 Expressed their merry marching on,
 Ere peal of closing battle rose,
 With mingled outcry, shrieks, and blows ;

¹ The drone of the bagpipe.

And mimic din of stroke and ward,
 As broadsword upon target jarred ;
 And groaning pause, ere yet again,
 Condensed, the battle yelled amain ;
 The rapid charge, the rallying shout,
 Retreat borne headlong into rout,
 And bursts of triumph, to declare
 Clan-Alpine's conquest—all were there.
 Nor ended thus the strain ; but slow,
 Sunk in a moan prolonged and low,
 And changed the conquering clarion swell,
 For wild lament o'er those that fell.

- 18 The war-pipes ceased ; but lake and hill
 Were busy with their echoes still ;
 And, when they slept, a vocal strain
 Bade their hoarse chorus wake again,
 While loud an hundred clansmen raise
 Their voices in their Chieftain's praise.
 Each boatman, bending to his oar,
 With measured sweep the burthen bore,
 In such wild cadence, as the breeze
 Makes through December's leafless trees.
 The chorus first could Allan know,
 ' Roderigh Vich Alpine, ho ! iro !'
 And near, and nearer as they rowed,
 Distinct the martial ditty flowed.

Boat Song.

- 19 Hail to the chief who in triumph advances !
 Honoured and blessed be the ever-green Piac !
 Long may the Tree in his banner that glances,
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !

Heaven send it happy dew,
 Earth lend it sap anew,
 Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
 While every Highland glen
 Sends our shout back agen,
 'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'^M

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade ;
 When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the
 mountain,
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
 Moored in the rifted rock,
 Proof to the tempest's shock,
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow ;
 Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
 Echo his praise agen,
 'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

20 Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
 And Banochar's groans to our slogan replied ;
 Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
 And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her
 side.^N

Widow and Saxon maid
 Long shall lament our raid,
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe ;
 Lennox and Leven-glen
 Shake when they hear agen,
 'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
 Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine!
 Oh! that the rose-bud that graces you islands
 Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!

O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honoured and blessed in their shadow might
grow!
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from her deepest glen,
'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! icroe!'

- 21 With all her joyful female band
Had Lady Margaret sought the strand.
Loose on the breeze their tresses flew,
And high their snowy arms they threw,
As echoing back with shrill acclaim,
And chorus wild, the Chieftain's name ;
While prompt to please, with mother's art,
The darling passion of his heart,
The Dame called Ellen to the strand,
To greet her kiusman ere he land :
'Come, loiterer, come ! a Douglas thou,
And shun to wreath a victor's brow ?'—
Reluctantly and slow, the maid
The unwelcome summoning obeyed,
And, when a distant bugle rung,
In the mid-path aside she sprung :—
'List, Allan-bane ! From main-land east,
I hear my father's signal blast.
Be ours,' she cried, 'the skiff to guide,
And waft him from the mountain side.'—
Then, like a sun-beam, swift and bright,
She darted to her shallop light,
And, eagerly while Roderick scanned,
For her dear form, his mother's band,
The islet far behind her lay,
And she had landed in the bay.

- 22 Some feelings are to mortals given,
 With less of earth in them than heaven ;
 And if there be a human tear
 From passion's dross refined and clear,
 A tear so limpid and so meek,
 It would not stain an angel's cheek,
 'Tis that which pious fathers shed
 Upon a duteous daughter's head !
 And as the Douglas to his breast
 His darling Ellen closely pressed,
 Such holy drops her tresses steep'd,
 Though 'twas an hero's eye that weep'd.
 Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue
 Her filial welcomes crowded hung,
 Marked she, that fear (affection's proof)
 Still held a graceful youth aloof ;
 No ! not till Douglas named his name,
 Although the youth was Malcolm Græme.
- 23 Allan, with wistful look the while,
 Marked Roderick landing on the isle ;
 His master piteously he eyed,
 Then gazed upon the chieftain's pride,
 Then dashed, with hasty hand, away
 From his dimmed eye the gathering spray ;
 And Douglas, as his hand he laid
 On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said,
 'Can'st thou, young friend, no meaning
 spy
 In my poor follower's glistening eye ?
 I'll tell thee :—he recalls the day,
 When in my praise he led the lay,
 O'er the arched gate of Bothwell proud,
 While many a minstrel answered loud.

When Percy's Norman pennon, won
 In bloody field, before me shone,
 And twice ten knights, the least a name
 As mighty as yon chief may claim,
 Gracing my pomp, behind me came.
 Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud
 Was I of all that marshalled crowd,
 Though the waned crescent owned my might,
 And in my train trooped lord and knight,
 Though Blantyre hymned her holiest lays,
 And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise,
 As when this old man's silent tear,
 And this poor maid's affection dear,
 A welcome give more kind and true,
 Than aught my better fortunes knew.
 Forgive, my friend, a father's boast ;
 O ! it out-beggars all I lost !—

- 24 Delightful praise !—like summer rose,
 That brighter in the dew-drop glows,
 The bashful maiden's cheek appeared,
 For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.
 The flush of shame-faced joy to hide,
 The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide ;
 The loved caresses of the maid
 The dogs with crouch and whimper paid ;
 And, at her whistle, on her hand
 The falcon took his favourite stand,
 Closed his dark wing, relaxed his eye,
 Nor, though unhooded, sought to fly.
 And trust, while in such guise she stood,
 Like fabled Goddess of the Wood,
 That if a father's partial thought
 O'erweighed her worth and beauty aught,

Well might the lover's judgment fail,
To balance with a juster scale ;
For with each secret glance he stole,
The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

- 25 Of stature fair, and slender frame,
But firmly knit, was Malcolm Græme.
The belted plaid and tartan hose
Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose ;
His flaxen hair, of sunny hue,
Curled closely round his bonnet blue.
Trained to the chase, his eagle eye
The ptarmigan in snow could spy ;
Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath,
He knew, through Lennox and Menteith ;
Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe,
When Malcolm bent his sounding bow,
And scarce that doe, though winged with
fear,
Outstripped in speed the mountaineer ;
Right up Ben-Lomond could he press,
And not a sob his toil confess.
His form accorded with a mind
Lively and ardent, frank and kind ;
A blither heart, till Ellen came,
Did never love nor sorrow tame ;
It danced as lightsome in his breast,
As played the feather on his crest.
Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth,
His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth,
And bards, who saw his features bold,
When kindled by the tales of old,
Said, were that youth to manhood grown,
Not long should Roderick Dhu's renown

Be foremost voiced by mountain fame,
But quail to that of Malcolm Græme.

- 26 Now back they wend their watery way,
And, 'O my sire!' did Ellen say,
'Why urge thy chase so far astray?
And why so late returned? And why'—
The rest was in her speaking eye.
'My child the chase I follow far,
'Tis mimicry of noble war;
And with that gallant pastime reft
Were all of Douglas I have left.
I met young Malcolm as I strayed
Far eastward, in Glenfinlas' shade.
Nor strayed I safe; for, all around,
Hunters and horsemen scoured the ground.
This youth, though still a royal ward,
Risqued life and land to be my guard,
And through the passes of the wood
Guided my steps, not unpursued;
And Roderick shall his welcome make,
Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake.
Then must he seek Strath-Endrick glen,
Nor peril aught for me agen.'

- 27 Sir Roderick, who to meet them came,
Reddened at sight of Malcolm Græme,
Yet, nor in action, word, or eye,
Failed aught in hospitality.
In talk and sport they whiled away
The morning of that summer day;
But at high noon a courier light
Held secret parley with the knight,
Whose moody aspect soon declared
That evil were the news he heard.

Deep thought seemed toiling in his head ;
 Yet was the evening banquet made,
 Ere he assembled round the flame,
 His mother, Douglas, and the Græme,
 And Ellen too ; then cast around
 His eyes, then fixed them on the ground,
 As studying phrase that might avail
 Best to convey unpleasant tale.
 Long with his dagger's hilt he played,
 Then raised his haughty brow, and said :

- 28 ' Short be my speech ;—nor time affords,
 Nor my plain temper, glozing words.
 Kinsman and father,—if such name
 Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim ;
 Mine honoured mother ; Ellen—why,
 My cousin, turn away thine eye ?—
 And Græme ; in whom I hope to know
 Full soon a noble friend or foe,
 When age shall give thee thy command,
 And leading in thy native land,—
 List all !—The King's vindictive pride
 Boasts to have tamed the Border-side,^o
 Where chiefs, with hound and hawk who
 came
 To share their monarch's sylvan game,
 Themselves in bloody toils were snared,
 And when the banquet they prepared,
 And wide their loyal portals flung,
 O'er their own gate-way struggling hung.
 Loud cries their blood from Meggat's mead,
 From Yarrow braes, and banks of Tweed,
 Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide,
 And from the silver Teviot's side ;

The dales, where martial clans did ride,
 Are now one sheep-walk waste and wide.
 This tyrant of the Scottish throne,
 So faithless, and so ruthless known,
 Now hither comes ; his end the same,
 The same pretext of sylvan game.
 What grace for Highland chiefs, judge ye
 By fate of Border chivalry.^P
 Yet more ; amid Glenfinlas green,
 Douglas, thy stately form was seen.
 This by espial sure I know :
 Your counsel in the streight I show ?'

- 29 Ellen and Margaret fearfully
 Sought comfort in each other's eye,
 They turned their ghastly look, each
 one,
 This to her sire, that to her son.
 The hasty colour went and came
 In the bold cheek of Malcolm Græme ;
 But, from his glance it well appeared,
 'Twas but for Ellen that he feared ;
 While sorrowful, but undismay'd,
 The Douglas thus his counsel said :
 ' Brave Roderick, though the tempest roar,
 It may but thunder and pass o'er ;
 Nor will I here remain an hour,
 To draw the lightning on thy bower ;
 For well thou know'st, at this gray head
 The royal bolt were fiercest sped.
 For thee, who, at thy King's command,
 Canst aid him with a gallant band,
 Submission, homage, humbled pride,
 Shall turn the Monarch's wrath aside.

Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart,
 Ellen and I will seek, apart,
 The refuge of some forest cell ;
 There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,
 Till, on the mountain and the moor,
 The stern pursuit be passed and o'er.'

- 30 'No, by mine honour,' Roderick said,
 'So help me heaven, and my good blade !
 No, never ! Blasted be yon pine,
 My father's ancient crest, and mine,
 If from its shade in danger part
 The lineage of the Bleeding Heart !
 Hear my blunt speech : grant me this maid
 To wife, thy counsel to mine aid ;
 To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu,
 Will friends and allies flock enow ;
 Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief,
 Will bind to us each Western Chief.
 When the loud pipes my bridal tell,
 The Links of Forth shall hear the knell.
 The guards shall start in Stirling's porch ;
 And when I light the nuptial torch,
 A thousand villages in flames,
 Shall scare the slumbers of King James !
 —Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away,
 And, mother, cease these signs, I pray ;
 I meant not all my heat might say.—
 Small need of inroad, or of fight,
 When the sage Douglas may unite
 Each mountain clan in friendly band,
 To guard the passes of their land,
 Till the foiled King, from pathless glen,
 Shall bootless turn him home again.'

31 There are who have, at midnight hour,
In slumber scaled a dizzy tower,
And, on the verge that beetled o'er
The ocean-tide's incessant roar,
Dreamed calmly out their dangerous dream,
Till wakened by the morning beam ;
When, dazzled by the eastern glow,
Such startler cast his glance below,
And saw unmeasured depth around,
And heard uninterrupted sound,
And thought the battled fence so frail,
It waved like cobweb in the gale ;—
Amid his senses' giddy wheel,
Did he not desperate impulse feel,
Headlong to plunge himself below,
And meet the worst his fears foreshow ?—
Thus, Ellen, dizzy and astound,
As sudden ruin yawned around,
By crossing terrors wildly tossed,
Still for the Douglas fearing most,
Could scarce the desperate thought with-
stand,
To buy his safety with her hand.

32 Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy
In Ellen's quivering lip and eye,
And eager rose to speak—but ere
His tongue could hurry forth his fear,
Had Douglas marked the hectic strife,
Where death seemed combating with life ;
For to her cheek, in feverish flood,
One instant rushed the throbbing blood,
Then ebbing back, with sudden sway,
Left its domain as wan as clay.

'Roderick, enough! enough!' he cried,
 'My daughter cannot be thy bride;
 Not that the blush to wooer dear,
 Nor paleness that of maiden fear.
 It may not be—forgive her, chief,
 Nor hazard aught for our relief.
 Against his sovereign, Douglas ne'er
 Will level a rebellious spear.
 'Twas I that taught his youthful hand
 To rein a steed and wield a brand;
 I see him yet, the princely boy!
 Not Ellen more my pride and joy;
 I love him still, despite my wrongs,
 By hasty wrath, and slanderous tongues.
 O seek the grace you well my find,
 Without a cause to mine combined.'—

33 Twice through the hall the Chieftain strode;
 The waving of his tartans broad,
 And darkened brow, where wounded
 pride
 With ire and disappointment vied,
 Seemed, by the torch's gloomy light,
 Like the ill Dæmon of the night,
 Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway
 Upon the nighted pilgrim's way:
 But, unrequited Love! thy dart
 Plunged deepest its envenomed smart,
 And Roderick, with thine anguish stung,
 At length the hand of Douglas wrung,
 While eyes, that mocked at tears before,
 With bitter drops were running o'er.
 The death-pangs of long-cherished hope
 Scarce in that ample breast had scope,

But, struggling with his spirit proud,
Convulsive heaved its chequered shroud,
While every sob—so mute were all—
Was heard distinctly through the hall.
The son's despair, the mother's look,
Ill might the gentle Ellen brook ;
She rose, and to her side there came,
To aid her parting steps, the Græme.

- 34 Then Roderick from the Douglas broke :—
As flashes flame through sable smoke,
Kindling its wreaths, long, dark, and low,
To one broad blaze of ruddy glow,
So the deep anguish of despair
Burst, in fierce jealousy, to air.
With stalwart grasp his band he laid
On Malcolm's breast and belted plaid :
' Back, beardless boy !' he sternly said,
' Back, minion ! hold'st thou thus at naught
The lesson I so lately taught ?
This roof, the Douglas, and that maid,
Thank thou for punishment delayed.'—
Eager as greyhound on his game,
Fiercely with Roderick grappled Græme.
' Perish my name, if aught afford
Its chieftain safety, save his sword !'—
Thus as they strove, their desperate hand
Griped to the dagger or the brand,
And death had been—but Douglas rose,
And thrust between the struggling foes
His giant strength :—' Chieftains, forego !
I hold the first who strikes, my foe.—
Madmen, forbear your frantic jar !
What ! is the Douglas fallen so far,

His daughter's hand is deemed the spoil
Of such dishonourable broil !'
Sullen and slowly, they unclasp,
As struck with shame, their desperate grasp,
And each upon his rival glared,
With foot advanced and blade half bared.

- 35 Ere yet the brands aloft were flung,
Margaret on Roderick's mantle hung,
And Malcolm heard his Ellen's scream,
As faltered through terrific dream.
Then Roderick plunged in sheath his
sword,
And veiled his wrath in scornful word.
'Rest safe till morning ; pity 'twere
Such cheek should feel the midnight air !'^q
Then mayst thou to James Stuart tell,
Roderick will keep the lake and fell,
Nor lackey, with his freeborn clan,
The pageant pomp of earthly man.
More would he of Clan-Alpine know,
Thou canst our strength and passes show.—
Malise, what ho !'—his henchman came ;^r
'Give our safe-conduct to the Græme.'—
Young Malcolm answered, calm and bold,
'Fear nothing for thy favourite hold.
The spot, an angel deigned to grace,
Is blessed, though robbers haunt the place ;
Thy churlish courtesy for those
Reserve, who fear to be thy foes.
As safe to me the mountain way
At midnight, as in blaze of day,
Though, with his boldest at his back,
Even Roderick Dhu beset the track.—

Brave Douglas,—lovely Ellen,—nay,
Nought here of parting will I say.
Earth does not hold a lonesome glen,
So secret, but we meet agen.—
Chieftain! we too shall find an hour.'—
He said, and left the sylvan bower.

36 Old Allan followed to the strand,
(Such was the Douglas's command,)
And anxious told, how, on the morn,
The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn,
The Fiery Cross should circle o'er
Dale, glen, and valley, down and moor.
Much were the peril to the Græme,
From those who to the signal came ;
Far up the lake 'twere safest land,
Himself would row him to the strand.
He gave his counsel to the wind,
While Malcolm did, unheeding, bind,
Round dirk and pouch and broadsword rolled,
His ample plaid in tightened fold,
And stripped his limbs to such array,
As best might suit the watery way.

37 Then spoke abrupt: 'Farewell to thee,
Pattern of old fidelity :'
The Minstrel's hand he kindly pressed,—
'O! could I point a place of rest!
My Sovereign holds in ward my land,
My uncle leads my vassal band ;
To tame his foes, his friends to aid,
Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade.
Yet, if there be one faithful Græme,
Who loves the Chieftain of his name,

Not long shall honoured Douglas dwell,
Like hunted stag, in mountain cell ;
Nor, ere yon pride-swollen robber dare—
I may not give the rest to air!—
Tell Roderick Dhu, I owed him nought,
Not the poor service of a boat,
To waft me to yon mountain side.'—
Then plunged he in the flashing tide.
Bold o'er the flood his head he bore,
And stoutly steered him from the shore ;
And Allan strained his anxious eye,
Far 'mid the lake his form to spy.
Darkening across each puny wave,
To which the moon her silver gave,
Fast as the cormorant could skim,
The swimmer plied each active limb ;
Then, landing in the moonlight dell,
Loud shouted of his weal to tell.
The Minstrel heard the far halloo,
And joyful from the shore withdrew.

CANTO III.

The Gathering.

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore
 Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
 And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
 Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
 How are they blotted from the things that be !
 How few, all weak and withered of their force,
 Wait, on the verge of dark eternity,
 Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
 To sweep them from our sight ! Time rolls his ceaseless
 course.

Yet live there still who can remember well,
 How, when a mountain chief his bugle blew,
 Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,
 And solitary heath, the signal knew ;
 And fast the faithful clan around him drew,
 What time the warning note was keenly wound,
 What time aloft their kindred banner flew,
 While clamorous war-pipes yelled the gathering sound,
 And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor,
 round.^A

2 The summer dawn's reflected hue
 To purple changed Loch-Katrine blue ;
 Mildly and soft the western breeze
 Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,

And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
 Trembled but dimpled not for joy ;
 The mountain shadows on her breast
 Were neither broken nor at rest ;
 In bright uncertainty they lie,
 Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
 The water lily to the light
 Her chalice rear'd of silver bright ;
 The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
 Begemmed with dew-drops, led her fawn ;
 The gray mist left the mountain side,
 The torrent showed its glistening pride ;
 Invisible in flecked sky,
 The lark sent down her revelry ;
 The blackbird and the speckled thrush
 Good-morrow gave from brake and bush ;
 In answer cooed the cushat dove,
 Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

- 3 No thought of peace, no thought of rest,
 Assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast.
 With sheathed broadsword in his hand,
 Abrupt he paced the islet strand,
 And eyed the rising sun, and laid
 His hand on his impatient blade.
 Beneath a rock, his vassals' care
 Was prompt the ritual to prepare,
 With deep and deathful meaning fraught ;
 For such Antiquity had taught
 Was preface meet, ere yet abroad
 The Cross of Fire should take its
 road.
 The shrinking band stood oft aghast
 At the impatient glance he cast ;—

Such glance the mountain eagle threw,
As, from the cliffs of Ben-venue,
She spread her dark sails on the wind,
And, high in middle heaven reclined,
With her broad shadow on the lake,
Silenced the warblers of the brake.

4 A heap of withered boughs was piled,
Of juniper and rowan wild,
Mingled with shivers from the oak,
Rent by lightning's recent stroke.
Brian, the Hermit, by it stood,
Barefooted, in his frock and hood.
His grisled beard and matted hair
Obscured a visage of despair ;
His naked arms and legs, seamed o'er,
The scars of frantic penance bore.
That Monk, of savage form and face,^B
The impending danger of his race
Had drawn from deepest solitude,
Far in Benharrow's bosom rude.
Not his the mien of Christian priest,
But Druid's, from the grave released,
Whose hardened heart and eye might
brook

On human sacrifice to look.
And much, 'twas said, of heathen lore
Mixed in the charms he muttered o'er ;
The hallowed creed gave only worse
And deadlier emphasis of curse.
No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer,
His cave the pilgrim shunned with care ;
The eager huntsman knew his bound,
And in mid chase called off his hound ;

Or if, in lonely glen or strath,
 The desert dweller met his path,
 He prayed, and signed the cross between,
 While terror took devotion's mien.

- 5 Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.^c
 His mother watched a midnight fold,
 Built deep within a dreary glen,
 Where scattered lay the bones of men,
 In some forgotten battle slain,
 And bleached by drifting wind and rain.
 It might have tamed a warrior's heart,
 To view such mockery of his art!
 The knot-grass fettered there the hand,
 Which once could burst an iron band;
 Beneath the broad and ample bone,
 That bucklered heart to fear unknown,
 A feeble and a timorous guest,
 The fieldfare framed her lowly nest;
 There the slow blindworm left his slime
 On the fleet limbs that mocked at time;
 And there, too, lay the leader's skull,
 Still wreathed with chaplet flushed and
 full,
 For heath-bell, with her purple bloom,
 Supplied the bonnet and the plume.
 All night, in this sad glen, the maid
 Sate shrouded in her mantle's shade:
 —She said, no shepherd sought her side,
 No hunter's hand her snood untied,
 Yet ne'er again to braid her hair
 The virgin snood did Alice wear;^d
 Gone was her maiden glee and sport,
 Her maiden girdle all too short,

Nor sought she, from that fatal night,
Or holy church or blessed rite,
But locked her secret in her breast,
And died in travail, unconfessed.

6 Alone, among his young compeers,
Was Brian from his infant years ;
A moody and heartbroken boy,
Estranged from sympathy and joy,
Bearing each taunt which careless tongue
On his mysterious lineage flung.
Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale,
To wood and stream his hap to wail,
Till, frantic, he as truth received
What of his birth the crowd believed,
And sought, in mist and meteor fire,
To meet and know his Phantom Sire !
In vain, to soothe his wayward fate,
The cloister oped her pitying gate ;
In vain, the learning of the age
Unclasped the sable-lettered page ;
Even in its treasures he could find
Food for the fever of his mind.
Eager he read whatever tells
Of magic, cabala, and spells,
And every dark pursuit allied
To curious and presumptuous pride,
Till, with fired brain and nerves o'erstrung,
And heart with mystic horrors rung,
Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,
And hid him from the haunts of men.

7 The desert gave him visions wild,
Such as might suit the Spectre's child.^E

Where with black cliffs the torrents toil,
He watched the wheeling eddies boil,
Till, from their foam, his dazzled eyes
Beheld the river-demon rise ;
The mountain mist took form and limb,
Of noontide hag, or goblin grim ;
The midnight wind came wild and dread,
Swelled with the voices of the dead ;
Far on the future battle heath
His eyes beheld the ranks of death :
Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurled,
Shaped forth a disembodied world.
One lingering sympathy of mind
Still bound him to the mortal kind ;
The only parent he could claim
Of ancient Alpine's lineage came.
Late had he heard, in prophet's dream,
The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream ;^F
Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,
Of charging steeds, careering fast
Along Benharrow's shingly side,
Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride ;^G
The thunderbolt had split the pine,—
All augur'd ill to Alpine's line.
He girt his loins and came to show
The signals of impending woe,
And now stood prompt to bless or ban,
As bade the Chieftain of his clan.

- 8 'Twas all prepared :—and from the
rock,
A goat, the patriarch of the flock,
Before the kindling pile was laid,
And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.

Patient the sickening victim eyed
 The life-blood ebb in crimson tide,
 Down his clogged beard and shaggy limb,
 Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim.
 The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,
 A slender crosslet framed with care.
 A cubit's length in measure due ;
 The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,
 Whose parents in Inch-Calliach wave
 Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,¹¹
 And, answering Lomond's breezes deep,
 Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep.
 The Cross, thus formed, he held on high,
 With wasted hand and haggard eye,
 And strange and mingled feelings woke,
 While his anathema he spoke.

- 9 'Woe to the clansman who shall view
 This symbol of sepulchral yew,
 Forgetful that its branches grew
 Where weep the heavens their holiest dew
 On Alpine's dwelling low !
 Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,
 He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,
 But, from his sires and kindred thrust,
 Each clansman's execration just
 Shall doom him wrath and woe.'
 He paused ;—the word the vassals took,
 With forward step and fiery look,
 On high their naked brands they shook,
 Their clattering targets wildly strook ;
 And first, in murmur low,
 Then, like the billow in his course,
 That far to seaward finds his source,

And flings to shore his mustered force,
 Burst, with loud roar, their answer hoarse,
 'Woe to the traitor, woe!'

Ben-an's gray scalp the accents knew,
 The joyous wolf from covert drew,
 The exulting eagle screamed afar,—
 They knew the voice of Alpine's war.

- 10 The shout was hushed on lake and fell,
 The Monk resumed his muttered spell ;
 Dismal and low its accents came,
 The while he scathed the Cross with flame ;
 And the few words that reached the air,
 Although the holiest name was there,
 Had more of blasphemy than prayer.
 But when he shook above the crowd
 Its kindled points, he spoke aloud :—
 'Woe to the wretch who fails to rear
 At this dread sign the ready spear!
 For, as the flames this symbol sear,
 His home, the refuge of his fear,
 A kindred fate shall know ;
 Far o'er its roof the volumed flame
 Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,
 While maids and matrons on his name
 Shall call down wretchedness and shame,
 And infamy and woe.'
 Then rose the cry of females, shrill
 As goshawk's whistle on the hill,
 Denouncing misery and ill,
 Mingled with childhood's babbling trill
 Of curses stammered slow ;
 Answering, with imprecation dread,
 'Sunk be his home in embers red !

And cursed be the meanest shed
That e'er shall hide the houseless head,
 We doom to want and woe !'
A sharp and shrieking echo gave,
Coir-Uriskin, thy goblin cave !
And the gray pass where birches wave,
 On Beala-nam-bo.

- 11 Then deeper paused the priest anew,
And hard his labouring breath he drew,
While, with set teeth and clenched hand,
And eyes that glowed like fiery brand,
He meditated curse more dread,
And deadlier, on the clansman's head,
Who, summoned to his Chieftain's aid,
The signal saw and disobeyed.
The crosslet's points of sparkling wood,
He quenched among the bubbling blood,
And, as again the sign he reared,
Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard :
' When flits this Cross from man to man,
Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,
Burst be the ear that fails to heed !
Palsied the foot that shuns to speed !
May ravens tear the careless eyes,
Wolves make the coward heart their prize !
As sinks that blood-stream in the earth,
So may his heart's-blood drench his hearth !
As dies in hissing gore the spark,
Quench thou his light, Destruction dark !
And be the grace to him denied,
Bought by this sign to all beside !'—
He ceased : no echo gave agen
The murmur of the deep Amen.

12 Then Roderick, with impatient look,
From Brian's hand the symbol took :
'Speed, Malise, speed!' he said, and gave
The crosslet to his henchman brave.
'The muster-place be Lanrick mead—
Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed!'—
Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,
A barge across Loch-Katrine flew ;
High stood the henchman on the prow,
So rapidly the bargemen row,
The bubbles, where they launched the
boat,
Were all unbroken and afloat,
Dancing in foam and ripple still,
When it had neared the mainland hill ;
And from the silver beach's side
Still was the prow three fathom wide,
When lightly bounded to the land,
The messenger of blood and brand.

13 Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer's hide
On fleeter foot was never tied.¹
Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste
Thine active sinews never braced.
Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,
Burst down like torrent from its crest ;
With short and springing footstep pass
The trembling bog and false morass ;
Across the brook like roebuck bound,
And thread the brake like questing hound ;
The crag is high, the scaur is deep,
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap ;
Parched are thy burning lips and brow,
Yet by the fountain pause not now ;

Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
Stretch onward in thy fleet career!
The wounded hind thou track'st not now,
Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough,
Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace
With rivals in the mountain race;
But danger, death, and warrior deed,
Are in thy course—Speed, Malise, speed!

- 14 Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
In arms the huts and hamlets rise;
From winding glen, from upland brown,
They poured each hardy tenant down.
Nor slack'd the messenger his pace;
He showed the sign, he named the
 place,
And, pressing forward like the wind,
Left clamour and surprise behind.
The fisherman forsook the strand,
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand;
With changed cheer, the mower blithe
Left in the half-cut swathe his scythe;
The herds without a keeper strayed,
The plough was in mid-furrow staid,
The falc'ner tossed his hawk away,
The hunter left the stag at bay;
Prompt at the signal of alarms,
Each son of Alpine rushed to arms;
So swept the tumult and affray
Along the margin of Achray.
Alas, thou lovely lake! that e'er
Thy banks should echo sounds of fear!
The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep
So stilly on thy bosom deep,

The lark's blithe carol from the cloud,
Seems for the scene too gaily loud.

- 15 Speed, Malise, speed! the lake is past,
Duncraggan's huts appear at last,
And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen,
Half hidden in the copse so green;
There may'st thou rest, thy labour done,
Their Lord shall speed the signal on.—
As stoops the hawk upon his prey,
The henchman shot him down the way.
—What woeful accents load the gale?
The funeral yell, the female wail!
A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,
A valiant warrior fights no more.
Who, in the battle or the chase,
At Roderick's side shall fill his place!—
Within the hall, where torches' ray
Supplies the excluded beams of day,
Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,
And o'er him streams his widow's tear.
His stripling son stands mournful by,
His youngest weeps, but knows not why;
The village maids and matrons round
The dismal coronach¹ resound.

Coronach.

- 16 He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.

¹ Funeral Song.—See Note K.

The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory;
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,¹
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!

- 17 See Stumah,² who, the bier beside,
His master's corpse with wonder eyed,
Poor Stumah! whom his least halloo
Could send like lightning o'er the dew,
Bristles his crest, and points his ears,
As if some stranger step he hears.
'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread,
Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead,
But headlong haste, or deadly fear,
Urge the precipitate career.

¹ Or corri. The hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies. —² Faithful: the name of a dog.

All stand aghast ;—unheeding all,
 The henchman bursts into the hall ;
 Before the dead man's bier he stood,
 Held forth the Cross besmeared with
 blood ;

‘The muster-place is Lanrick mead ;
 Speed forth the signal! clansmen, speed!’

- 18 Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,
 Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign.
 In haste the stripling to his side
 His father's dirk and broadsword tied ;
 But when he saw his mother's eye
 Watch him in speechless agony,
 Back to her opened arms he flew,
 Pressed on her lips a fond adieu—
 ‘Alas!’ she sobbed,—‘and yet begone,
 And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son!’—
 One look he cast upon the bier,
 Dashed from his eye the gathering tear,
 Breathed deep, to clear his labouring breast,
 And toss'd aloft his bonnet crest,
 Then, like the high-bred colt, when freed
 First he essays his fire and speed,
 He vanished, and o'er moor and moss
 Sped forward with the Fiery Cross.
 Suspended was the widow's tear,
 While yet his footsteps she could hear ;
 And when she marked the henchman's eye
 Wet with unwonted sympathy,
 ‘Kinsman,’ she said, ‘his race is run,
 That should have sped thine errand on ;
 The oak has fallen,—the sapling bough
 Is all Duncraggan's shelter now.

Yet trust I well, his duty done,
The orphan's God will guard my son.—
And you, in many a danger true,
At Duncan's hest your blades that drew,
To arms, and guard that orphan's head!
Let babes and women wail the dead.'—
Then weapon-clang and martial call,
Resounded through the funeral hall,
While from the walls the attendant band
Snatched sword and targe, with hurried
 hand ;
And short and flitting energy
Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye,
As if the sounds to warrior dear
Might rouse her Duncan from his bier.
But faded soon that borrowed force ;
Grief claimed his right, and tears their course.

- 19 Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.^L
O'er dale and hill the summons flew,
Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew ;
The tear, that gathered in his eye,
He left the mountain breeze to dry ;
Until, where Teith's young waters roll,
Betwixt him and a wooded knoll,
That graced the sable strath with green,
The chapel of St Bride was seen.
Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge,
But Angus paused not on the edge ;
Though the dark waves danced dizzily,
Though reeled his sympathetic eye,
He dashed amid the torrent's roar ;
His right hand high the crosslet bore,

His left the pole-axe grasped, to guide
 And stay his footing in the tide.
 He stumbled twice—the foam splashed
 high,
 With hoarser swell the stream raced by ;
 And had he fallen,—for ever there,
 Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir !
 But still, as if in parting life,
 Firmer he grasped the Cross of strife,
 Until the opposing bank he gained,
 And up the chapel pathway strained.

- 20 A blithesome rout, that morning tide,
 Had sought the chapel of Saint Bride.
 Her troth Tombea's Mary gave
 To Norman, heir of Armandave,
 And, issuing from the Gothic arch,
 The bridal now resumed their march.
 In rude, but glad procession, came
 Bonnetted sire and coif-clad dame ;
 And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,
 Which snooded maiden would not hear ;
 And children, that, unwitting why,
 Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry ;
 And minstrels, that in measures vied
 Before the young and bonny bride,
 Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose
 The tear and blush of morning rose.
 With virgin step, and bashful hand,
 She held the kerchief's snowy band ;
 The gallant bridegroom, by her side,
 Beheld his prize with victor's pride,
 And the glad mother in her ear
 Was closely whispering word of cheer.

- 21 Who meets them at the churchyard gate ?
 The messenger of fear and fate !
 Haste in his hurried accent lies,
 And grief is swimming in his eyes.
 All dripping from the recent flood,
 Panting and travel-soiled he stood,
 The fatal sign of fire and sword
 Held forth, and spoke the appointed word :
 ‘The muster-place is Lanrick mead ;
 Speed forth the signal ! Norman, speed !’—
 And must he change so soon the hand,
 Just linked to his by holy band,
 For the fell Cross of blood and brand ?
 And must the day, so blithe that rose,
 And promised rapture in the close,
 Before its setting hour, divide
 The bridegroom from the plighted bride ?
 O, fatal doom !—it must ! it must !
 Clan-Alpine’s cause, her Chieftain’s trust,
 Her summons dread, brooks no delay ;
 Stretch to the race—away ! away !
- 22 Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,
 And, lingering, eyed his lovely bride,
 Until he saw the starting tear
 Speak woe he might not stop to cheer ;
 Then, trusting not a second look,
 In haste he sped him up the brook,
 Nor backward glanced till on the heath
 Where Lubnaig’s lake supplies the Teith.
 —What in the racer’s bosom stirred ?
 —The sickening pang of hope deferred,
 And memory, with a torturing train
 Of all his morning visions vain.

Mingled with love's impatience, came
 The manly thirst for martial fame ;
 The stormy joy of mountaineers,
 Ere yet they rush upon the spears ;
 And zeal for clan and chieftain burning,
 And hope, from well-fought field returning,
 With war's red honours on his crest,
 To clasp his Mary to his breast.
 Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and brae,
 Like fire from flint he glanced away,
 While high resolve, and feeling strong,
 Burst into voluntary song.

Song.

- 23 The heath this night must be my bed,
 The bracken¹ curtain for my head,
 My lullaby the warder's tread,
 Far, far, from love and thee, Mary ;
 To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
 My couch may be my bloody plaid,
 My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid !
 It will not waken me, Mary !

I may not, dare not, fancy now
 The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
 I dare not think upon thy vow,
 And all it promised me, Mary.
 No fond regret must Norman know ;
 When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
 His heart must be like bended bow,
 His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught !
 For, if I fall in battle fought,

¹ Bracken—Fern.

Thy hapless lover's dying thought
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
 And if returned from conquered foes,
 How blithely will the evening close,
 How sweet the linnet sing repose,
 To my young bride and me, Mary !

- 24 Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,
 Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze,^m
 Rushing, in conflagration strong,
 Thy deep ravines and dells along,
 Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow,
 And reddening the dark lakes below ;
 Nor faster speeds it, nor so far,
 As o'er thy heaths the voice of war.
 The signal roused to martial coil
 The sullen margin of Loch-Voil,
 Waked still Loch-Doine, and to the source
 Alarmed, Balvaig, thy swampy course ;
 Thence southward turned its rapid road
 Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad,
 Till rose in arms each man might claim
 A portion in Clan-Alpine's name ;
 From the gray sire, whose trembling
 hand
 Could hardly buckle on his brand,
 To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
 Were yet scarce terror to the crow.
 Each valley, each sequestered glen,
 Mustered its little horde of men,
 That met as torrents from the height
 In Highland dale their streams unite,
 Still gathering, as they pour along,
 A voice more loud, a tide more strong,

Till at the rendezvous they stood
 By hundreds, prompt for blows and blood :
 Each trained to arms since life began,
 Owning no tie but to his clan,
 No oath, but by his Chieftain's hand,^N
 No law, but Roderick Dhu's command.

- 25 That summer morn had Roderick Dhu
 Surveyed the skirts of Benvenue,
 And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath,
 To view the frontiers of Menteith.
 All backward came with news of truce ;
 Still lay each martial Græme and Bruce,
 In Rednock courts no horsemen wait,
 No banner waved on Cardross gate,
 On Duchray's towers no beacon shone,
 Nor scared the herons from Loch-Con ;
 All seemed at peace.—Now, wot ye why
 The Chieftain, with such anxious eye,
 Ere to the muster he repair,
 This western frontier scann'd with care ?—
 In Benvenue's most darksome cleft,
 A fair, though cruel, pledge was left ;
 For Douglas, to his promise true,
 That morning from the isle withdrew,
 And in a deep sequestered dell
 Had sought a low and lonely cell.
 By many a bard, in Celtic tongue,
 Has Coir-nan-Uriskin^o been sung ;
 A softer name the Saxons gave,
 And called the grot the Goblin-cave.

- 26 It was a wild and strange retreat,
 As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.

The dell, upon the mountain's crest,
Yawned like a gash on warrior's breast ;
Its trench had staid full many a rock,
Hurl'd by primæval earthquake shock
From Benvenue's gray summit wild,
And here, in random ruin piled,
They frowned incumbent o'er the spot,
And formed the rugged sylvan grot.
The oak and birch, with mingled shade,
At noontide there a twilight made,
Unless when short and sudden shone
Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,
With such a glimpse as prophet's eye
Gains on thy depth, Futurity.
No murmur waked the solemn still,
Save tinkling of a fountain rill ;
But when the wind chafed with the lake,
A sullen sound would upward break,
With dashing hollow voice, that spoke
The incessant war of wave and rock.
Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway,
Seemed nodding o'er the cavern gray.
From such a den the wolf had sprung,
In such the wild cat leaves her young ;
Yet Douglas and his daughter fair
Sought, for a space, their safety there.
Gray Superstition's whisper dread
Debarred the spot to vulgar tread ;
For there, she said, did fays resort,
And satyrs¹ hold their sylvan court,
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

¹ The *Urisk*, or Highland Satyr. See Note O.

- 27 Now eve, with western shadows long,
Floated on Katrine bright and strong,
When Roderick, with a chosen few,
Repassed the heights of Benvenue.
Above the Goblin-cave they go,
Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-Bo ;^P
The prompt retainers speed before,
To launch the shallop from the shore,
For 'cross Loch-Katrine lies his way
To view the passes of Achray,
And place his clansmen in array ;
Yet lags the Chief in musing mind,
Unwonted sight, his men behind
A single page, to bear his sword,
Alone attended on his lord ;^Q
The rest their way through thickets
 break,
And soon await him by the lake.
It was a fair and gallant sight,
To view them from the neighbouring height,
By the low-levelled sunbeam's light !
For strength and stature, from the clan
Each warrior was a chosen man,
As even afar might well be seen,
By their proud step and martial mien.
Their feathers dance, their tartans float,
Their targets gleam, as by the boat
A wild and warlike group they stand,
That well became such mountain strand.
- 28 Their Chief, with step reluctant, still
Was lingering on the craggy hill,
Hard by where turned apart the road
To Douglas's obscure abode

It was but with that dawning morn
 That Roderick Dhu had proudly sworn,
 To drown his love in war's wild roar,
 Nor think of Ellen Douglas more;
 But he who stems a stream with sand,
 And fetters flame with flaxen band,
 Has yet a harder task to prove—
 By firm resolve to conquer love!
 Eve finds the Chief, like restless ghost,
 Still hovering near his treasure lost;
 For though his haughty heart deny
 A parting meeting to his eye,
 Still fondly strains his anxious ear,
 The accents of her voice to hear,
 And inly did he curse the breeze
 That waked to sound the rustling trees.
 —But, hark! what mingles in the
 strain?

It is the harp of Allan-bane,
 That wakes its measures slow and high,
 Attuned to sacred minstrelsy.
 What melting voice attends the strings?
 'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings.

Hymn to the Virgin.

- 29 *Ave Maria!* maiden mild,
 Listen to a maiden's prayer;
 Thou canst hear though from the wild,
 Thou canst save amid despair.
 Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
 Though banished, outcast, and reviled—
 Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
 Mother, hear a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share,
Shall seem with down of eider piled,
If thy protection hover there.

The murky cavern's heavy air

Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled ;
Then, maiden ! hear a maiden's prayer,
Mother, list a suppliant child !

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Stainless styled !

Foul dæmons of the earth and air,
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair.

We bow us to our lot of care,

Beneath thy guidance reconciled ;
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,
And for a father hear a child !

Ave Maria!

- 30 Died on the harp the closing hymn ;—
Unmoved in attitude and limb,
As listening still, Clan-Alpine's lord
Stood leaning on his heavy sword,
Until the page, with humble sign,
Twice pointed to the sun's decline.
Then, while his plaid he round him cast,
'It is the last time—'tis the last,'—
He muttered thrice,—'the last time e'er
That angel-voice shall Roderick hear !'
It was a goading thought—his stride
Hied hastier down the mountain side ;
Sullen he flung him in the boat,
And instant 'cross the lake it shot.

They landed in that silvery bay,
And eastward held their hasty way,
Till, with the latest beams of light,
The band arrived on Lanrick height,
Where mustered in the vale below
Clan-Alpine's men in martial show.

- 31 A various scene the clansmen made ;
Some sate, some stood, some slowly strayed ;
But most, with mantles folded round,
Were couched to rest upon the ground,
Scarce to be known by curious eye,
From the deep heather where they lie,
So well was matched the tartan screen
With heath-bell dark and brackens green ;
Unless where, here and there, a blade,
Or lance's point, a glimmer made,
Like glow-worm twinkling through the shade.
But when, advancing through the gloom,
They saw the Chieftain's eagle plume,
Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide,
Shook the steep mountain's steady side.
Thrice it arose, and lake and fell
Three times returned the martial yell.
It died upon Bochastle's plain,
And Silence claimed her evening reign.

CANTO IV.

The Prophecy.

- 1 'THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
 And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears ;
 The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
 And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
 O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,
 I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
 Emblem of hope and love through future years !'
 Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armandave,
 What time the sun arose on Vennachar's broad wave.
- 2 Such fond conceit, half said, half sung,
 Love prompted to the bridegroom's tongue.
 All while he stripped the wild-rose spray,
 His axe and bow beside him lay,
 For on a pass 'twixt lake and wood,
 A wakeful sentinel he stood.
 Hark!—on the rock a footstep rung,
 And instant to his arms he sprung.
 'Stand, or thou diest!—What, Malise?—soon
 Art thou returned from Braes of Doune.
 By thy keen step and glance I know
 Thou bring'st us tidings of the foe.'—
 (For while the Fiery Cross hied on,
 On distant scout had Malise gone.)
 'Where sleeps the Chief?' the henchman said.—
 'Apart in yonder misty glade ;

To his lone couch I'll be your guide.'—
Then called a slumberer by his side,
And stirred him with his slackened bow—
'Up, up Glentarkin! rouse thee, ho!
We seek the Chieftain; on the track,
Keep eagle watch till I come back.'—

- 3 Together up the pass they sped :
'What of the foeman?' Norman said.—
'Varying reports from near and far ;
This certain,—that a band of war
Has for two days been ready boune,
At prompt command, to march from Doune ;
King James, the while, with princely
 powers,
Holds revelry in Stirling towers.
Soon will this dark and gathering cloud
Speak on our glens in thunder loud.
Inured to bide such bitter bout,
The warrior's plaid may bear it out ;
But, Norman, how wilt thou provide
A shelter for thy bonny bride?'—
'What! know ye not that Roderick's care
To the lone isle hath caused repair
Each maid and matron of the clan,
And every child and aged man
Unfit for arms? and given his charge,
Nor skiff nor shallop, boat nor barge,
Upon these lakes shall float at large,
But all beside the islet moor,
That such dear pledge may rest secure?'—
- 4 'Tis well advised—the Chieftain's plan
Bespeaks the father of his clan.

But wherefore sleeps Sir Roderick Dhu
 Apart from all his followers true?—
 'It is, because last evening-tide
 Brian an augury hath tried,
 Of that dread kind which must not be,
 Unless in dread extremity,
 The Taghairm called; by which, afar,
 Our sires foresaw the events of war.^A
 Duncraggan's milk-white bull they slew,'—

MALISE.

'Ah! well the gallant brute I knew,
 The choicest of the prey we had,
 When swept our merry-men Gallangad.^B
 His hide was snow, his horns were dark,
 His red eye glowed like fiery spark;
 So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet,
 Sore did he cumber our retreat,
 And kept our stoutest kernes in awe;
 Even at the pass of Beal 'maha.
 But steep and flinty was the road,
 And sharp the hurrying pikeman's goad,
 And when we came to Dinnan's Row,
 A child might scathless stroke his brow.'—

NORMAN.

5 'That bull was slain: his reeking hide
 They stretched the cataract beside
 Whose waters their wild tumult toss
 Adown the black and craggy boss
 Of that huge cliff, whose ample verge
 Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.^C
 Couched on a shelf beneath its brink,
 Close where the thundering torrents sink,

Rocking beneath their headlong sway,
 And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,
 'Midst groan of rock, and roar of stream,
 The wizard waits prophetic dream.
 Nor distant rests the Chief:—but hush!
 See, gliding slow through mist and bush,
 The Hermit gains yon rock, and stands
 To gaze upon our slumbering bands.
 Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost,
 That hovers o'er a slaughtered host?
 Or raven on the blasted oak,
 That, watching while the deer is broke,¹
 His morsel claims with sullen croak!²

—'Peace! peace: to other than to me,
 Thy words were evil augury;
 But still I hold Sir Roderick's blade
 Clan-Alpine's omen and her aid,
 Not aught that, gleaned from heaven or hell,
 Yon fiend-begotten monk can tell.
 The Chieftain joins him, see—and now,
 Together they descend the brow.'—

6 And, as they came, with Alpine's Lord
 The Hermit Monk held solemn word:
 'Roderick! it is a fearful strife,
 For man endowed with mortal life,
 Whose shroud of sentient clay can still
 Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,
 Whose eye can stare in stony trance,
 Whose hair can rouse like warrior's lance, —
 'Tis hard for such to view, unfurl'd,
 The curtain of the future world.

¹ Quartered. See Note D.

Yet, witness every quaking limb,
 My sunken pulse, mine eye-balls dim,
 My soul with harrowing anguish torn,
 This for my Chieftain have I borne!—
 The shapes that sought my fearful couch,
 An human tongue may ne'er avouch;
 No mortal man,—save he, who, bred
 Between the living and the dead,
 Is gifted beyond nature's law,—
 Had e'er survived to say he saw.
 At length the fateful answer came,
 In characters of living flame!
 Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll,
 But borne and branded on my soul;
 WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN'S
 LIFE,
 THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE.'^E

- 7 'Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care!
 Good is thine augury, and fair.
 Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood,
 But first our broadswords tasted blood.
 A surer victim still I know,
 Self-offered to the auspicious blow!
 A spy hath sought my land this morn,
 No eve shall witness his return!
 My followers guard each pass's mouth,
 To east, to westward, and to south;
 Red Murdoch, bribed to be his guide,
 Has charge to lead his steps aside,
 Till, in deep path or dingle brown,
 He light on those shall bring him down.
 —But see, who comes his news to show!
 Malise! what tidings of the foe?'—

S ' At Doune, o'er many a spear and glaive,
Two Barons proud their banners wave.
I saw the Moray's silver star,
And marked the sable pale of Mar.'—
' By Alpine's soul, high tidings those !
I love to hear of worthy foes.
When move they on ? '—' To-morrow's noon
Will see them here for battle bounè.'—
' Then shall it see a meeting stern !—
But, for the place—say, couldst thou learn
Nought of the friendly clans of Earn ?
Strengthened by them we well might bide
The battle on Benledi's side.—
Thou couldst not ?—well ! Clan-Alpine's men
Shall man the Trosach's shaggy glen ;
Within Loch-Katrine's gorge we'll fight,
All in our maids' and matrons' sight,
Each for his hearth and household fire,
Father for child, and son for sire,—
Lover for maid beloved ! but why—
Is it the breeze affects mine eye ?
Or dost thou come, ill-omen'd tear,
A messenger of doubt or fear ?
No ! sooner may the Saxon lance
Unfix Benledi from his stance,
Than doubt or terror can pierce through
The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu ;
'Tis stubborn as his trusty targe.—
Each to his post !—all know their charge.'—
The pibroch sounds, the bands advance,
The broadswords gleam, the banners dance,
Obedient to the Chieftain's glance.
—I turn me from the martial roar,
And seek Coir-Uriskin once more.

9 Where is the Douglas?—he is gone ;
 And Ellen sits on the gray stone
 Fast by the cave, and makes her moan ;
 While vainly Allan's words of cheer
 Are poured on her unheeding ear,—
 ' He will return—dear lady, trust !—
 With joy return ;—he will—he must.
 Well was it time to seek afar,
 Some refuge from impending war,
 When e'en Clan-Alpine's rugged swarm
 Are cow'd by the approaching storm.
 I saw their boats, with many a light,
 Floating the live-long yesternight,
 Shifting like flashes darted forth
 By the red streamers of the north ;
 I marked at morn how close they ride,
 Thick moored by the lone islet's side,
 Like wild ducks couching in the fen,
 When stoops the hawk upon the glen.
 Since this rude race dare not abide
 The peril on the mainland side,
 Shall not thy noble father's care
 Some safe retreat for thee prepare ?'—

ELLEN.

10 ' No, Allan, no ! Pretext so kind
 My wakeful terrors could not blind.
 When in such tender tone, yet grave,
 Douglas a parting blessing gave,
 The tear that glistened in his eye
 Drowned not his purpose fixed and high.
 My soul, though feminine and weak,
 Can image his ; e'en as the lake,

Itself disturbed by slightest stroke,
 Reflects the invulnerable rock.
 He hears reports of battle rife,
 He deems himself the cause of strife.
 I saw him redden, when the theme
 Turned, Allan, on thine idle dream,
 Of Malcolm Græme in fetters bound,
 Which I, thou said'st, about him wound.
 Think'st thou he trow'd thine omen aught ?
 Oh no ! 'twas apprehensive thought
 For the kind youth,—for Roderick too—
 (Let me be just) that friend so true ;
 In danger both, and in our cause !
 Minstrel, the Douglas dare not pause.
 Why else that solemn warning given,
 ' If not on earth, we meet in heaven ? '
 Why else, to Cambus-kenneth's fane,
 If e'er return him not again,
 Am I to hie and make me known ?
 Alas ! he goes to Scotland's throne,
 Buys his friends' safety with his own ;—
 He goes to do—what I had done,
 Had Douglas' daughter been his son !' —

11 ' Nay, lovely Ellen !—dearest, nay !
 If aught should his return delay,
 He only named yon holy fane
 As fitting place to meet again.
 Be sure he's safe ; and for the Græme,—
 Heaven's blessing on his gallant name !—
 My visioned sight may yet prove true,
 Nor bode of ill to him or you.
 When did my gifted dream beguile ?
 Think of the Stranger at the isle,

And think upon the harpings slow,
 That presaged this approaching woe !
 Sooth was my prophecy of fear ;
 Believe it when it augurs cheer.
 Would we had left this dismal spot !
 Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot.
 Of such a wond'rous tale I know—
 Dear lady, change that look of woe !
 My harp was wont thy grief to cheer.'—

ELLEN.

' Well, be it as thou wilt ; I hear,
 But cannot stop the bursting tear.'—
 The Minstrel tried his simple art,
 But distant far was Ellen's heart.

Ballad.

ALICE BRAND. ^F

12 Merry it is in the good green wood,
 When the mavis¹ and merle² are singing,
 When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are
 in cry,
 And the hunter's horn is ringing.

' O Alice Brand, my native land
 Is lost for love of you ;
 And we must hold by wood and wold,
 As outlaws wont to do.

' O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
 And 'twas for thine eyes so blue,

¹ Thrush.—² Blackbird.

That on the night of our luckless flight,
Thy brother bold I slew.

‘ Now must I teach to hew the beech,
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

‘ And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That wout on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,
To keep the cold away.’—

‘ O Richard ! if my brother died,
’Twas but a fatal chance ;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And Fortune sped the lance.

‘ If pall and vair no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we ’ll say, is the russet gray,
As gay the forest-green.

‘ And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand.’—

Ballad continued.

13 ’Tis merry, ’tis merry, in good green wood,
So blithe Lady Alice is singing ;
On the beech’s pride, and the oak’s brown side,
Lord Richard’s axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
 Who won'd within the hill,—^G
 Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
 His voice was ghostly shrill.

'Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
 Our moonlight circle's screen?
 Or who comes here to chase the deer,
 Beloved of our Elfin Queen?^H
 Or who may dare on wold to wear
 The fairies' fatal green?^I

'Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
 For thou wert christen'd man;^K
 For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
 For muttered word or ban.

'Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,
 The curse of the sleepless eye;
 Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
 Nor yet find leave to die.'—

Ballad continued.

14 'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good green wood,
 Though the birds have stilled their singing;
 The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
 And Richard is faggots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf
 Before Lord Richard stands,
 And, as he crossed and blessed himself,
 'I fear not sign,' quoth the grisly elf,
 'That is made with bloody hands.'

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
 That woman void of fear,—
 ‘And if there’s blood upon his hand,
 ’Tis but the blood of deer.’

‘Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
 It cleaves unto his hand,
 The stain of thine own kindly blood,
 The blood of Ethert Brand.’

Then forward stepp’d she, Alice Brand,
 And made the holy sign,—
 ‘And if there’s blood on Richard’s hand,
 A spotless hand is mine.

‘And I conjure thee, Dæmon elf,
 By Him whom Dæmons fear,
 To shew us whence thou art thyself?
 And what thine errand here?’

Ballad continued.

15 ‘’Tis merry, ’tis merry, in Fairy-land,
 When fairy birds are singing,
 When the court doth ride by their monarch’s side,
 With bit and bridle ringing :

‘And gaily shines the Fairy-land—
 But all is glistening show,^L
 Like the idle gleam that December’s beam
 Can dart on ice and snow.

‘And fading, like that varied gleam,
 Is our inconstant shape,

Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

'It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And, 'twixt life and death, was suatch'd away,
To the joyless Elfin bower.^x

'But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mold,
As fair a form as thine.'

She crossed him once—she crossed him twice—
That lady was so brave ;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold :
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mold,
Her brother, Ethert Brand !

Merry it is in the good green wood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Dunfermline gray,
When all the bells were ringing.

- 16 Just as the minstrel sounds were staid,
A stranger climbed the steepy glade ;
His martial step, his stately mien,
His hunting suit of Lincoln green,
His eagle glance, remembrance claims—
'Tis Snowdown's Knight, 'tis James Fitz-James.

Ellen beheld as in a dream,
 Then starting, scarce suppress'd a scream:
 'O stranger! in such hour of fear,
 What evil hap has brought thee here?'—
 'An evil hap how can it be,
 That bids me look again on thee?
 By promise bound, my former guide
 Met me betimes this morning tide,
 And marshal'd, over bank and bourne,
 The happy path of my return.'
 'The happy path!—what! said he nought
 Of war, of battle to be fought,
 Of guarded pass?'—'No, by my faith!
 Nor saw I aught could augur scathe.'—
 'Oh haste thee, Allan, to the kern,
 —Yonder his tartans I discern;
 Learn thou his purpose, and conjure
 That he will guide the stranger sure!—
 What prompted thee, unhappy man?
 The meanest serf in Roderick's clan
 Had not been bribed by love or fear,
 Unknown to him, to guide thee here.'—

- 17 'Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,
 Since it is worthy care from thee;
 Yet life I hold but idle breath,
 When love or honour's weigh'd with
 death.
 Then let me profit by my chance,
 And speak my purpose bold at once.
 I come to bear thee from a wild,
 Where ne'er before such blossom smiled;
 By this soft hand to lead thee far
 From frantic scenes of feud and war.

Near Bochastle my horses wait ;
 They bear us soon to Stirling gate.
 I'll place thee in a lovely bower,
 I'll guard thee like a tender flower.'—
 'O! hush, Sir Knight! 'twere female art,
 To say I do not read thy heart ;
 Too much, before, my selfish ear
 Was idly soothed my praise to hear.
 That fatal bait hath lured thee back,
 In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track ;
 And how, O how, can I atone
 The wreck my vanity brought on!—
 One way remains—I'll tell him all—
 Yes! struggling bosom, forth it shall!
 Thou, whose light folly bears the blame,
 Buy thine own pardon with thy shame!
 But first—my father is a man
 Outlawed and exiled, under ban ;
 The price of blood is on his head,
 With me 'twere infamy to wed.—
 Still would'st thou speak?—then hear the truth!
 Fitz-James, there is a noble youth,—
 If yet he is!—exposed for me
 And mine to dread extremity—
 Thou hast the secret of my heart ;
 Forgive, be generous, and depart.'—

- 18 Fitz-James knew ever wily train
 A lady's fickle heart to gain,
 But here he knew and felt them vain.
 There shot no glance from Ellen's eye,
 To give her steadfast speech the lie ;
 In maiden confidence she stood,
 Though mantled in her cheek the blood,

And told her love with such a sigh
 Of deep and hopeless agony,
 As death had sealed her Malcolm's doom,
 And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.
 Hope vanished from Fitz-James's eye,
 But not with hope fled sympathy.
 He proffered to attend her side,
 As brother would a sister guide.—
 'O! little know'st thou Roderick's heart!
 Safer for both we go apart.
 Oh haste thee, and from Allan learn,
 If thou may'st trust yon wily kern.'—
 With hand upon his forehead laid,
 The conflict of his mind to shade,
 A parting step or two he made;
 Then, as some thought had crossed his
 brain,
 He paused, and turned, and came again.

- 19 'Hear, lady, yet, a parting word!—
 It chanced in fight that my poor sword
 Preserved the life of Scotland's lord.
 This ring the grateful Monarch gave,
 And bade, when I had boon to crave,
 To bring it back, and boldly claim
 The recompense that I would name.
 Ellen, I am no courtly lord,
 But one who lives by lance and sword,
 Whose castle is his helm and shield,
 His lordship, the embattled field.
 What from a prince can I demand,
 Who neither reek of state nor land?
 Ellen, thy hand—the ring is thine;
 Each guard and usher knows the sign.

Seek thou the King without delay ;
 This signet shall secure thy way ;
 And claim thy suit, whate'er it be,
 As ransom of his pledge to me.'—
 He placed the golden cirelet on,
 Paused—kissed her hand—and then was gone.
 The aged Minstrel stood aghast,
 So hastily Fitz-James shot past.
 He joined his guide, and wending down
 The ridges of the mountain brown,
 Across the stream they took their way,
 That joins Loch-Katrine to Achray.

- 20 All in the Trosach's glen was still,
 Noontide was sleeping on the hill :
 Sudden his guide whooped loud and high—
 'Murdoch! was that a signal cry?'—
 He stammered forth,—'I shout to scare
 Yon raven from his dainty fare.'—
 He looked—he knew the raven's prey,
 His own brave steed :—'Ah gallant gray!
 For thee—for me perchance—'twere well
 We ne'er had seen the Trosach's dell—
 Murdoch, move first—but silently ;
 Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die.'—
 Jealous and sullen on they fared,
 Each silent, each upon his guard.

- 21 Now wound the path its dizzy ledge
 Around a precipice's edge,
 When lo! a wasted Female form,
 Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,
 In tattered weeds and wild array,
 Stood on a cliff beside the way,

And glancing round her restless eye,
 Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,
 Seemed naught to mark, yet all to spy.
 Her brow was wreathed with gaudy broom ;
 With gesture wild she waved a plume
 Of feathers, which the eagles fling
 To crag and cliff from dusky wing ;
 Such spoils her desperate step had sought,
 Where scarce was footing for the goat.
 The tartan plaid she first descried,
 And shrieked, till all the rocks replied ;
 As loud she laughed when near they drew,
 For then the Lowland garb she knew ;
 And then her hands she wildly wrung,
 And then she wept, and then she sung.—
 She sung !—the voice, in better time,
 Perchance to harp or lute might chime ;
 And now, though strained and roughened,
 still
 Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

Song.

22 ‘ They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
 They say my brain is warped and wrung—
 I cannot sleep on Highland brae,
 I cannot pray in Highland tongue.
 But were I now where Allan glides,
 Or heard my native Devan’s tides,
 So sweetly would I rest, and pray
 That heaven would close my wintry day !

‘ ’Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,
 They bade me to the church repair ;

It was my bridal morn they said,
 And my true love would meet me there.
 But woe betide the cruel guile,
 That drowned in blood the morning smile ;
 And woe betide the fairy dream !
 I only waked to sob and scream.'

- 23 'Who is this maid ? what means her lay ?
 She hovers o'er the hollow way,
 And flutters wide her mantle gray,
 As the lone heron spreads his wing,
 By twilight, o'er a haunted spring.'—
 'Tis Blanche of Devan,' Murdoch said,
 'A crazed and captive Lowland maid,
 Ta'en on the morn she was a bride,
 When Roderick forayed Devan-side.
 The gay bridegroom resistance made,
 And felt our Chief's unconquered blade.
 I marvel she is now at large,
 But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's charge.
 Hence, brain-sick fool !'—He raised his bow :—
 'Now, if thou strikest her but one blow,
 I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far
 As ever peasant pitch'd a bar.'—
 'Thanks, champion, thanks !' the Maniac cried,
 And pressed her to Fitz-James's side.
 'See the gray pennons I prepare,
 To seek my true-love through the air !
 I will not lend that savage groom,
 To break his fall, one downy plume !
 No !—deep amid disjointed stones,
 The wolves shall batten on his bones,
 And then shall his detested plaid,
 By bush and briar in mid air staid,

Wave forth a banner fair and free,
Meet signal for their revelry.'

24 'Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!
'O! thou look'st kindly, and I will.
Mine eye has dried and wasted been,
But still it loves the Lincoln green;
And, though mine ear is all unstrung,
Still, still it loves the Lowland tongue.

'For O my sweet William was forester true,
He stole poor Blanche's heart away!
His coat it was all of the greenwood hue,
And so blithely he trilled the Lowland lay!

'It was not that I meant to tell . . .
But thou art wise, and guessest well.'—
Then, in a low and broken tone,
And hurried note, the song went on.
Still on the Clansman, fearfully,
She fixed her apprehensive eye;
Then turned it on the Knight, and then
Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

25 'The toils are pitched, and the stakes are set,
Ever sing merrily, merrily;
The bows they bend, and the knives they whet,
Hunters live so cheerily.

'It was a stag, a stag of ten,¹
Bearing his branches sturdily;
He came stately down the glen,
Ever sing hardily, hardily.

¹ Having ten branches on his antlers.

‘It was there he met with a wounded doe,
 She was bleeding deathfully ;
 She warned him of the toils below,
 O so faithfully, faithfully !

‘He had an eye, and he could heed,
 Ever sing warily, warily ;
 He had a foot and he could speed—
 Hunters watch so narrowly.’

- 26 Fitz-James’s mind was passion-toss’d,
 When Ellen’s hints and fears were lost :
 But Murdoch’s shout suspicion wrought,
 And Blanche’s song conviction brought.
 Not like a stag that spies the snare,
 But lion of the hunt aware,
 He waved at once his blade on high,
 ‘Disclose thy treachery or die!’—
 Forth at full speed the Clansman flew,
 But in his race his bow he drew.
 The shaft just grazed Fitz-James’s crest,
 And thrilled in Blanche’s faded breast.—
 Murdoch of Alpine ! prove thy speed,
 For ne’er had Alpine’s son such need !
 With heart of fire, and foot of wind,
 The fierce avenger is behind !
 Fate judges of the rapid strife—
 The forfeit, death—the prize is life !
 Thy kindred ambush lies before,
 Close couched upon the heathery moor ;
 Them couldst thou reach !—it may not be—
 Thine ambushed kin thou ne’er shalt see,
 The fiery Saxon gains on thee !
 —Resistless speeds the deadly thrust,
 As lightning strikes the pine to dust ;

With foot and hand Fitz-James must strain,
Ere he can win his blade again.
Bent o'er the fall'n, with falcon eye,
He grimly smiled to see him die ;
Then slower wended back his way,
Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

- 27 She sate beneath the birchen tree,
Her elbow resting on her knee ;
She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,
And gazed on it, and feebly laughed ;
Her wreath of broom and feathers gray,
Daggled with blood, beside her lay.
The Knight to staunch the life-stream
tried,—
'Stranger, it is in vain !' she cried.
'This hour of death has given me more
Of reason's power than years before ;
For, as these ebbing veins decay,
My frenzied visions fade away.
A helpless injured wretch I die,
And something tells me in thine eye,
That thou wert mine avenger born.—
Seest thou this tress?—O ! still I've worn
This little tress of yellow hair,
Through danger, frenzy, and despair !
It once was bright and clear as thine,
But blood and tears have dimmed its shine.
I will not tell thee when 'twas shred,
Nor from what guiltless victim's head—
My brain would turn !—but it shall wave
Like plumage on thy helmet brave,
Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain,
And thou wilt bring it me again.—

I waver still!—O God! more bright
 Let Reason beam her parting light!—
 Oh! by thy knighthood's honoured sign,
 And for thy life preserved by mine,
 When thou shalt see a darksome man,
 Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's clan,
 With tartans broad and shadowy plume,
 And hand of blood, and brow of gloom,
 Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,
 And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong!—
 They watch for thee by pass and fell . . .
 Avoid the path . . . O God! . . . farewell.'—

- 28 A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James ;
 Fast poured his eye at pity's claims,
 And now, with mingled grief and ire,
 He saw the murdered maid expire.
 'God, in my need, be my relief,
 As I wreak this on yonder Chief!'—
 A lock from Blanche's tresses fair
 He blended with her bridegroom's hair ;
 The mingled braid in blood he dyed,
 And placed it on his bonnet side :
 'By Him whose word is truth! I swear,
 No other favour will I wear,
 Till this sad token I embrue
 In the best blood of Roderick Dhu !
 —But hark ! what means yon faint halloo ;
 The chase is up,—but they shall know,
 The stag at bay's a dangerous foe.'—
 Barred from the known but guarded way,
 Through copse and cliffs Fitz-James must stray,
 And oft must change his desperate track,
 By stream and precipice turned back.

Heartless, fatigued, and faint, at length,
From lack of food and loss of strength,
He couched him in a thicket hoar,
And thought his toils and perils o'er :—
'Of all my rash adventures past,
This frantic feat will prove the last !
Who e'er so mad but might have guess'd,
That all this Highland hornet's nest
Would muster up in swarms so soon
As e'er they heard of bands at Doune !—
Like bloodhounds now they search me
out,—

Hark, to the whistle and the shout !—
If farther through the wilds I go,
I only fall upon the foe ;
I'll couch me here till evening gray,
Then darkling try my dangerous way.'—

- 29 The shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapped in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell ;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to the watchful foe.
With cautious step, and ear awake,
He climbs the crag and threads the brake ;
And not the summer solstice, there,
Temper'd the midnight mountain air,
But every breeze, that swept the wold,
Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,

Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,
 Tangled and steep, he journeyed on ;
 Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
 A watch-fire close before him burned.

- 30 Beside its embers red and clear,
 Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer ;
 And up he sprung with sword in hand,—
 'Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!'—
 'A stranger.'—'What dost thou require?'—
 'Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
 My life's beset, my path is lost,
 The gale has chilled my limbs with frost.'—
 'Art thou a friend to Roderick?'—'No.'—
 'Thou darrest not call thyself a foe?'—
 'I dare! to him and all the band
 He brings to aid his murderous hand.'—
 'Bold words!—but, though the beast of
 game
 The privilege of chase may claim,
 Though space and law the stag we lend,
 Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
 Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when,
 The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
 Thus, treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,
 Who say thou camest a secret spy!'—
 'They do, by heaven!—Come Roderick
 Dhu,
 And of his clan the boldest two,
 And let me but till morning rest,
 I write the falsehood on their crest.'—
 'If by the blaze I mark aright,
 Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight.'—

‘ Then, by these tokens may’st thou know,
 Each proud oppressor’s mortal foe.’—
 ‘ Enough, enough ; sit down and share
 A soldier’s couch, a soldier’s fare.’—

- 31 He gave him of his Highland cheer,
 The hardened flesh of mountain deer ;
 Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
 And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
 He tended him like welcome guest,
 Then thus his further speech addressed :
 ‘ Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
 A clansman born, a kinsman true ;
 Each word against his honour spoke,
 Demands of me avenging stroke ;
 Yet more,—upon thy fate, ’tis said,
 A mighty augury is laid.
 It rests with me to wind my horn,—
 Thou art with numbers overborne ;
 It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
 Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand :
 But, nor for clan, nor kindred’s cause,
 Will I depart from honour’s laws ;
 To assail a wearied man were shame,
 And stranger is a holy name ;
 Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
 In vain he never must require.
 Then rest thee here till dawn of day ;
 Myself will guide thee on the way,
 O’er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
 Till past Clan-Alpine’s outmost guard,
 As far as Coilantogle’s ford ;
 From thence thy warrant is thy sword.’—

‘ I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,
As freely as ’tis nobly given !’—
‘ Well, rest thee ; for the bittern’s cry
Sings us the lake’s wild lullaby.’—
With that he shook the gathered heath.
And spread his plaid upon the wreath ;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

CANTO V.

The Combat.

- 1 FAIR as the earliest beam of eastern light,
 When first, by the bewildered pilgrim spied,
 It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
 And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
 And lights the fearful path on mountain side ;
 Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
 Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
 Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
 Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow
 of War.
- 2 That early beam, so fair and sheen,
 Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
 When, rousing at its glimmer red,
 The warriors left their lowly bed,
 Looked out upon the dappled sky,
 Muttered their soldier matins by,
 And then awaked their fire, to steal,
 As short and rude, their soldier meal.
 That o'er, the Gael¹ around him threw
 His graceful plaid of varied hue,
 And, true to promise, led the way,
 By thicket green and mountain gray.

¹ The Scottish Highlander calls himself *Gael*, or *Gaul*, and terms the Lowlanders, *Sassenach*, or Saxons.

A wildering path!—they winded now
 Along the precipice's brow,
 Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
 The windings of the Forth and Teith,
 And all the vales between that lie,
 Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky ;
 Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
 Gained not the length of horseman's lance.
 'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain
 Assistance from the hand to gain ;
 So tangled oft, that, bursting through,
 Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—
 That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
 It rivals all but Beauty's tear !

- 3 At length they came where, stern and steep,
 The hill sinks down upon the deep.
 Here Vennachar in silver flows,
 There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose ;
 Ever the hollow path twined on,
 Beneath steep bank and threatening stone ;
 An hundred men might hold the post
 With hardihood against a host.
 The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
 Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
 With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
 And patches bright of bracken green,
 And heather black, that waved so high,
 It held the copse in rivalry.
 But where the lake slept deep and still,
 Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill ;
 And oft both path and hill were torn,
 Where wintry torrent down had borne,
 And heaped upon the cumbered land

Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.
 So toilsome was the road to trace,
 The guide, abating of his pace,
 Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
 And asked Fitz-James, by what strange cause
 He sought these wilds? traversed by few,
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

- 4 'Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
 Hangs in my belt, and by my side;
 Yet, sooth to tell,' the Saxon said,
 'I dreamed not now to claim its aid.
 When here, but three days since, I came,
 Bewildered in pursuit of game,
 All seemed as peaceful and as still,
 As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
 Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
 Nor soon expected back from war.
 Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,
 Though deep, perchance, the villain lied.'—
 'Yet why a second venture try?'—
 'A warrior thou, and ask me why!
 Moves our free course by such fixed cause,
 As gives the poor mechanic laws?
 Enough, I sought to drive away
 The lazy hours of peaceful day;
 Slight cause will then suffice to guide
 A Knight's free footsteps far and wide,—
 A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
 The merry glance of mountain maid:
 Or, if a path be dangerous known,
 The danger's self is lure alone.'—
- 5 'Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—
 Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,

Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war,
 Against Clan-Alpine raised by Mar ?'
 —' No, by my word ;—of bands prepared
 To guard King James's sports I heard ;
 Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
 This muster of the mountaineer,
 Their pennons will abroad be flung,
 Which else in Doune had peaceful hung.'—
 ' Free be they flung !—for we were loth
 Their silken folds should feast the moth.
 Free be they flung ! as free shall wave
 Clan-Alpine's Pine in banner brave.
 But, stranger, peaceful since you came,
 Bewildered in the mountain game,
 Whence the bold boast by which you
 show
 Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe ?'—
 ' Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew
 Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
 Save as an outlaw'd desperate man,
 The chief of a rebellious clan,
 Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
 With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight ;
 Yet this alone might from his part
 Sever each true and loyal heart.'—

- 6 Wrothful at such arraignment foul,
 Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.
 A space he paused, then sternly said, —
 ' And heardst thou why he drew his blade ?
 Heardst thou that shameful word and blow
 Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe ?
 What reck'd the Chieftain, if he stood
 On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood ?

He rights such wrong where it is given,
 If it were in the court of heaven.'—
 'Still was it outrage ;—yet, 'tis true,
 Not then claimed sovereignty his due ;
 While Albany, with feeble hand,
 Held borrowed truncheon of command,^A
 The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower,
 Was stranger to respect and power.
 But then, thy Chieftain's robber life !—
 Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
 Wrenching from ruin'd Lowland swain
 His herds and harvest reared in vain,—
 Methinks a soul like thine should scorn
 The spoils from such foul foray borne.'—

- 7 The Gael beheld him grim the while,
 And answered with disdainful smile,—
 'Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
 I marked thee send delighted eye,
 Far to the south and east, where lay,
 Extended in succession gay,
 Deep waving fields and pastures green,
 With gentle slopes and groves between :—
 These fertile plains, that softened vale,
 Were once the birth-right of the Gael ;
 The stranger came with iron hand,
 And from our fathers reft the land.
 Where dwell we now ! See, rudely
 swell
 Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
 Ask we this savage hill we tread,
 For fattened steer or household bread ;
 Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
 And well the mountain might reply,—

To you, as to your sires of yore,
 Belong the target and claymore!
 I give you shelter in my breast,
 Your own good blades must win the rest.'—
 Pent in this fortress of the North,
 Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
 To spoil the spoiler as we may,
 And from the robber rend the prey?
 Ay, by my soul!—While on yon plain
 The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
 While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
 But one along yon river's maze,—
 The Gael, of plain and river heir,
 Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.^B
 Where live the mountain chiefs who hold,
 That plundering Lowland field and fold
 Is aught but retribution true?—
 Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu.

S Answered Fitz-James,—‘ And, if I sought,
 Think'st thou no other could be brought?
 What deem ye of my path waylaid,
 My life given o'er to ambuscade?'—
 ‘ As of a meed to rashness due:
 Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—
 I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,
 I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,—
 Free hadst thou been to come and go;
 But secret path marks secret foe.
 Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
 Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,
 Save to fulfil an augury.'—
 ‘ Well, let it pass; nor will I now
 Fresh cause of enmity avow,

To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
 Enough, I am by promise tied
 To match me with this man of pride :
 'Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
 In peace ; but, when I come agen,
 I come with banner, brand and bow,
 As leader seeks his mortal foe.
 For lovelorn swain, in lady's bower,
 Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
 As I, until before me stand
 This rebel Chieftain and his band.'—

- 9 'Have, then, thy wish!'—he whistled shrill,
 And he was answered from the hill ;
 Wild as the scream of the curlew,
 From crag to crag the signal flew.
 Instant, through copse and heath, arose
 Bonnets and spears and bended bows ;
 On right, on left, above, below,
 Sprung up at once the lurking foe ;
 From shingles gray their lances start,
 The bracken-bush sends forth the dart,
 The rushes and the willow-wand
 Are bristling into axe and brand,
 And every tuft of broom gives life
 To plaided warrior armed for strife.
 That whistle garrison'd the glen
 At once with full five hundred men,
 As if the yawning hill to heaven
 A subterranean host had given.
 Watching their leader's beck and will,
 All silent there they stood and still.
 Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
 Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,

As if an infant's touch could urge
 Their headlong passage down the verge,
 With step and weapon forward flung,
 Upon the mountain-side they hung.
 The mountaineer cast glance of pride
 Along Benledi's living side,
 Then fixed his eye and sable brow
 Full on Fitz-James—'How say'st thou now?
 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
 And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!—'

10 Fitz-James was brave:—Though to his
 heart

The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
 He mann'd himself with dauntless air,
 Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
 His back against a rock he bore,
 And firmly placed his foot before:—
 'Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
 From its firm base as soon as I.—
 Sir Roderick marked—and in his eyes
 Respect was mingled with surprise,
 And the stern joy which warriors feel
 In foemen worthy of their steel.
 Short space he stood—then waved his hand:
 Down sunk the disappearing band;
 Each warrior vanished where he stood,
 In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
 Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
 In osiers pale and copses low;
 It seemed as if their mother Earth
 Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
 The wind's last breath had tossed in air,
 Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—

The next but swept a lone hill-side,
 Where heath and fern were waving wide :
 The sun's last glance was glinted back,
 From spear and glaive, from targe and jack, —
 The next, all unreflected, shone
 Or bracken green, and cold gray stone.

11 Fitz-James looked round—yet scarce be-
 lieved

The witness that his sight received ;
 Such apparition well might seem
 Delusion of a dreadful dream.
 Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
 And to his look the Chief replied,
 ‘ Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—
 But doubt not aught from mine array.
 Thou art my guest ;—I pledged my word
 As far as Coilantogle ford :
 Nor would I call a clansman's brand
 For aid against one valiant hand,
 Though on our strife lay every vale
 Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
 So move we on ;—I only meant
 To show the reed on which you leant,
 Deeming this path you might pursue
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.’—^c
 They moved :—I said Fitz-James was brave,
 As ever knight that belted glaive ;
 Yet dare not say, that now his blood
 Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
 As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
 That seeming lonesome pathway through,
 Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
 With lances, that to take his life

Waited but signal from a guide,
 So late dishonoured and defied.
 Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
 The vanished guardians of the ground,
 And still from copse and heather deep,
 Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
 And in the plover's shrilly strain,
 The signal whistle heard again.
 Nor breathed he free till far behind
 The pass was left ; for then they wind
 Along a wide and level green,
 Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
 Nor rush, nor bush, of broom was near,
 To hide a bonnet or a spear.

- 12 The Chief in silence strode before,
 And reached that torrent's sounding shore,
 Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
 From Vennachar in silver breaks,
 Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
 On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
 Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
 Of yore her eagle wings unfur'd.^D
 And here his course the Chieftain staid,
 Threw down his target and his plaid,
 And to the Lowland warrior said :—
 ' Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,
 Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
 This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
 This head of a rebellious clan,
 Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
 Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
 Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
 A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.

See, here, all vantageless I stand,
 Armed, like thyself, with single brand ;^E
 For this is Coilantogle ford,
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword.—

- 13 The Saxon paused :—‘ I ne’er delayed,
 When foeman bade me draw my blade ;
 Nay more, brave Chief, I vow’d thy death :
 Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
 And my deep debt for life preserved,
 A better meed have well deserved :—
 Can nought but blood our feud atone ?
 Are there no means ?’—‘ No, Stranger,
 none !

And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
 The Saxon cause rests on thy steel ;
 For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
 Between the living and the dead ;
 “ Who spills the foremost foeman’s life,
 His party conquers in the strife.”—
 ‘ Then, by my word,’ the Saxon said,
 ‘ The riddle is already read.
 Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
 There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
 Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,
 Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
 To James, at Stirling, let us go,
 When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
 Or if the King shall not agree
 To grant thee grace and favour free,
 I plight mine honour, oath, and word,
 That, to thy native strengths restored,
 With each advantage shalt thou stand,
 That aids thee now to guard thy land.’—

14 Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's
eye—

‘ Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu ?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate !
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate :—
My clansman's blood demands revenge.—
Not yet prepared ?—By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valour light
As that of some vain carpet-knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair.'—
—‘ I thank thee, Roderick, for the word ;
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword ;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell ! and ruth, be gone !—
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief ! can courtesy be shown ;
Though not from copse, or heath, or
cairn,

Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.'—
Then each at once his faulchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again ;
Then, foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

15 Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,^f
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside ;
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield,^g
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard ;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood ;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry rain ;
And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe invulnerable still
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill ;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And, backwards borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

16 ' Now, yield thee, or, by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my
blade ! '—
' Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy !
Let recreant yield, who fears to die.'—
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung,^h

Received, but reck'd not of a wound,
 And locked his arms his foeman round.—
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !
 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
 Through bars of brass and triple steel !—
 They tug, they strain !—down, down, they go,
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
 The Chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,
 His knee was planted in his breast ;
 His clotted locks he backward threw,
 Across his brow his hand he drew,
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,
 Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright !—
 But hate and fury ill supplied
 The stream of life's exhausted tide,
 And all too late the advantage came,
 To turn the odds of deadly game ;
 For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,
 Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and
 eye.

Down came the blow ! but in the heath
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
 The struggling foe may now unclasp
 The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp ;
 Unwounded from the dreadful close,
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

- 17 He faltered thanks to Heaven for life,
 Redeemed, unhop'd, from desperate strife ;
 Next on his foe his look he cast,
 Whose every gasp appeared his last ;
 In Roderick's gore he dipp'd the braid,—
 'Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly paid ;

Yet with thy foe must die, or live,
The praise that Faith and Valour give.'—
With that he blew a bugle-note,
Undid the collar from his throat,
Unbonneted, and by the wave
Sate down his brow and hands to lave.
Then faint afar are heard the feet
Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet ;
The sounds increase, and now are seen
Four mounted squires in Lincoln green :
Two who bear lance, and two who lead,
By loosened rein, a saddled steed ;
Each onward held his headlong course,
And by Fitz-James rein'd up his horse,—
With wonder viewed the bloody spot—
' Exclaim not, gallants ! question not.—
You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,
And bind the wounds of yonder knight ;
Let the gray palfrey bear his weight,
We destined for a fairer freight,
And bring him on to Stirling straight ;
I will before at better speed,
To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.
The sun rides high ;—I must be bouned
To see the archer-game at noon ;
But lightly Bayard clears the lea.—
De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

- 18 'Stand, Bayard, stand!'—the steed obeyed,
With arching neck and bended head,
And glancing eye, and quivering ear,
As if he loved his lord to hear.
No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid,
No grasp upon the saddle laid,

But wreathed his left hand in the mane,
And lightly bounded from the plain,
Turned on the horse his armed heel,
And stirred his courage with the steel.
Bounded the fiery steed in air,
The rider sate erect and fair,
Then, like a bolt, from steel cross-bow
Forth launched, along the plain they go.
They dashed that rapid torrent through,
And up Carhonic's hill they flew ;
Still at the gallop pricked the Knight,
His merry-men followed as they might.
Along thy banks, swift Teith ! they ride,
And in the race they mock thy tide ;
Torry and Lendrick now are past,
And Deanstown lies behind them east ;
They rise, the bannered towers of Doune,
They sink in distant woodland soon ;
Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,
They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyle ;
They mark, just glance and disappear
The lofty brow of ancient Kier ;
They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,
Dark Forth ! amid thy sluggish tides,
And on the opposing shore take ground,
With splash, with scramble, and with bound.
Right hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-
Forth !
And soon the bulwark of the North,
Gray Stirling with her towers and town,
Upon their fleet career looked down.

- 19 As up the flinty path they strained,
Sudden his steed the leader reined ;

A signal to his squire he flung,
Who instant to his stirrup sprung :—
'Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman gray,
Who town-ward holds the rocky way,
Of stature tall and poor array ?
Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,
With which he scales the mountain-side ?
Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom ?'—
'No, by my word ;—a burly groom
He seems, who in the field or chase
A Baron's train would nobly grace.'—
'Out, out, De Vaux ! can fear supply,
And jealousy, no sharper eye ?
Afar, ere to the hill he drew,
That stately form and step I knew ;
Like form in Scotland is not seen,
Treads not such step on Scottish green.
'Tis James of Douglas, by saint Serle !
The uncle of the banished Earl.
Away, away, to Court, to show
The near approach of dreaded foe :
The King must stand upon his guard ;
Douglas and he must meet prepared.'
Then right hand wheeled their steeds, and strait
They won the castle's postern gate.

- 20 The Douglas, who had bent his way
From Cambus-Kenneth's abbey gray,
Now, as he climbed the rocky shelf,
Held sad communion with himself :—
'Yes ! all is true my fears could frame,
A prisoner lies the noble Gràme,
And fiery Roderick soon will feel
The vengeance of the royal steel.

I, only I, can ward their fate,—
 God grant the ransom come not late!
 The Abbess hath her promise given,
 My child shall be the bride of heaven ;
 Be pardoned one repining tear !
 For He, who gave her, knows how dear,
 How excellent—but that is by,
 And now my business is to die.
 —Ye towers ! within whose circuit dread
 A Douglas by his sovereign bled,
 And thou, O sad and fatal mound !¹
 That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,¹
 As on the noblest of the land
 Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand,—
 The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb
 Prepare,—for Douglas seeks his doom !
 —But hark ! what blithe and jolly peal
 Makes the Franciscan steeple reel ?
 And see ! upon the crowded street,
 In motley groups what masquers meet !
 Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,
 And merry morrice-dancers come.
 I guess, by all this quaint array,
 The burghers hold their sports to-day.^K
 James will be there ;—he loves such show,
 Where the good yeoman bends his bow,
 And the tough wrestler foils his foe,
 As well as where, in proud career,
 The high-born tilter shivers spear.
 I'll follow to the Castle-park,
 And play my prize ;—King James shall mark,
 If age has tamed these sinews stark,

¹ An eminence on the north-east of the castle, where state criminals were executed. See Note I.

Whose force so oft, in happier days,
His boyish wonder loved to praise.'—

- 21 The Castle gates were open flung,
The quivering drawbridge rocked and
 rung,
And echoed loud the flinty street
Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,
As slowly down the deep descent
Fair Scotland's King and nobles went,
While all along the crowded way
Was jubilee and loud huzza.
And ever James was bending low,
To his white jennet's saddle bow,
Doffing his cap to city dame,
Who smiled and blushed for pride and shame.
And well the simperer might be vain,—
He chose the fairest of the train.
Gravely he greets each city sire,
Commends each pageant's quaint attire,
Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,
And smiles and nods upon the crowd,
Who rend the heavens with their acclaims,
'Long live the Commons' King, King James!'
Behind the King thronged peer and knight,
And noble dame and damsel bright,
Whose fiery steeds ill-brooked the stay
Of the steep street and crowded way.
—But in the train you might discern
Dark lowering brow and visage stern ;
There nobles mourned their pride restrained,
And the mean burghers' joys disdained ;
And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,
Were each from home a banished man,

There thought upon their own gray tower,
 Their waving woods, their feudal power,
 And deemed themselves a shameful part
 Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

- 22 Now, in the Castle-park, drew out
 Their chequered bands the joyous rout.
 There morricers, with bell at heel,
 And blade in hand, their mazes wheel ;
 But chief, beside the butts, there stand
 Bold Robin Hood^L and all his band,—
 Friar Tuck with quarter-staff and cowl,
 Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl,
 Maid Marian, fair as ivory bone,
 Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John ;
 Their bugles challenge all that will,
 In archery to prove their skill.
 The Douglas bent a bow of might,—
 His first shaft centred in the white,
 And when in turn he shot again,
 His second split the first in twain.
 From the King's hand must Douglas take
 A silver dart, the archers' stake ;
 Fondly he watched, with watery eye,
 Some answering glance of sympathy,—
 No kind emotion made reply !
 Indifferent, as to archer wight,
 The Monarch gave the arrow bright.^M

- 23 Now, clear the Ring ! for, hand to hand,
 The manly wrestlers take their stand.
 Two o'er the rest superior rose,
 And proud demanded mightier foes,
 Nor called in vain ; for Douglas came.
 —For life is Hugh of Larbert lame,

Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,
Whom senseless home his comrades bear.
Prize of the wrestling match, the King
To Douglas gave a golden ring,^N
While coldly glanced his eye of blue,
As frozen drop of wintry dew.
Douglas would speak, but in his breast
His struggling soul his words suppress'd :
Indignant then he turned him where
Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,
To hurl the massive bar in air.
When each his utmost strength had shewn,
The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone
From its deep bed, then heaved it high,
And sent the fragment through the sky,
A rood beyond the farthest mark ;—
And still in Stirling's royal park,
The gray-haired sires, who know the
 past,
To strangers point the Douglas-cast,
And moralize on the decay
Of Scottish strength in modern day.

- 24 The vale with loud applauses rang,
The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang ;
The King, with look unmoved, bestowed
A purse well filled with pieces broad.
Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,
And threw the gold among the crowd,
Who now, with anxious wonder, scan,
And sharper glance, the dark gray man ;
Till whispers rose among the throng,
That heart so free, and hand so strong,
Must to the Douglas blood belong :

The old men mark'd, and shook the head,
To see his hair with silver spread,
And winked aside, and told each son
Of feats upon the English done,
Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand
Was exiled from his native land.
The women praised his stately form,
Though wreck'd by many a winter's storm ;
The youth with awe and wonder saw
His strength surpassing nature's law.
Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd,
Till murmurs rose to clamours loud.
But not a glance from that proud ring
Of peers who circled round the King,
With Douglas held communion kind,
Or called the banished man to mind ;
No, not from those who, at the chase,
Once held his side the honoured place,
Begirt his board, and, in the field,
Found safety underneath his shield ;
For he, whom royal eyes disown,
When was his form to courtiers known !

- 25 The Monarch saw the gambols flag,
And bade let loose a gallant stag,
Whose pride, the holiday to crown,
Two favourite greyhounds should pull
 down,
That venison free, and Bourdeaux wine,
Might serve the archery to dine.
But Lufra,—whom from Douglas' side
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,
The fleetest hound in all the North,—
Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth,

She left the royal hounds mid-way,
 And, dashing on the antler'd prey,
 Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,
 And deep the flowing life-blood drank.
 The King's stout huntsman saw the sport
 By strange intruder broken short,
 Came up, and, with his leash unbound,
 In anger struck the noble hound.
 —The Douglas had endured, that morn,
 The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn,
 And last, and worst to spirit proud,
 Had borne the pity of the crowd ;
 But Lufra had been fondly bred,
 To share his board, to watch his bed,
 And oft would Ellen, Lufra's neck,
 In maiden glee, with garlands deck ;
 They were such playmates, that with
 name

Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.
 His stifled wrath is brimming high,
 In darkened brow and flashing eye ;
 As waves before the bark divide,
 The crowd gave way before his stride ;
 Needs but a buffet and no more,
 The groom lies senseless in his gore.
 Such blow no other hand could deal,
 Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

26 Then clamoured loud the royal train,
 And brandished swords and staves amain.
 But stern the Baron's warning—' Back !
 Back on your lives, ye menial pack !
 Beware the Douglas.'—' Yes ! behold,
 King James, the Douglas, doomed of old,

And vainly sought for near and far,
 A victim to atone the war,
 A willing victim, now attends,
 Nor craves thy grace but for his friends.'—
 'Thus is my clemency repaid,
 Presumptuous Lord!' the Monarch said ;
 'Of thy mis-proud ambitious clan,
 Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,
 The only man, in whom a foe
 My woman-mercy would not know :
 But shall a Monarch's presence brook
 Injurious blow, and haughty look ?—
 What ho ! the Captain of our Guard !
 Give the offender fitting ward.—
 Break off the sports !'—for tumult rose,
 And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows.—
 'Break off the sports !'—he said, and frowned,
 'And bid our horsemen clear the ground.'—

27 Then uproar wild and misarray
 Marr'd the fair form of festal day.
 The horsemen pricked among the crowd,
 Repelled by threats and insult loud ;
 To earth are borne the old and weak,
 The timorous fly, the women shriek ;
 With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar,
 The hardier urge tumultuous war.
 At once round Douglas darkly sweep
 The royal spears in circle deep,
 And slowly scale the pathway steep ;
 While on their rear in thunder pour
 The rabble with disordered roar.
 With grief the noble Douglas saw
 The commons rise against the law,

And to the leading soldier said,—
 ‘Sir John of Hyndford! ’twas my blade,
 That knighthood on thy shoulder laid;
 For that good deed, permit me then
 A word with these misguided men.—

- 28 ‘Hear, gentle friends! ere yet, for me,
 Ye break the bands of fealty.
 My life, my honour, and my cause,
 I tender free to Scotland’s laws.
 Are these so weak as must require
 The aid of your misguided ire?
 Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,
 Is then my selfish rage so strong,
 My sense of public weal so low,
 That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
 Those cords of love I should unbind,
 Which knit my country and my kind?
 Oh no! Believe, in yonder tower
 It will not soothe my captive hour,
 To know those spears our foes should
 dread,
 For me in kindred gore are red;
 To know, in fruitless brawl begun
 For me, that mother wails her son;
 For me, that widow’s mate expires,
 For me, that orphans weep their sires,
 That patriots mourn insulted laws,
 And curse the Douglas for the cause.
 Oh, let your patience ward such ill,
 And keep your right to love me still!’

- 29 The crowd’s wild fury sunk again
 In tears, as tempests melt in rain.

With lifted hands and eyes, they prayed
 For blessings on his generous head,
 Who for his country felt alone,
 And prized her blood beyond his own.
 Old men, upon the verge of life,
 Blessed him who stayed the civil strife ;
 And mothers held their babes on high,
 The self-devoted chief to spy,
 Triumphant over wrong and ire,
 To whom the prattlers owed a sire :
 Even the rough soldier's heart was moved ;
 As if behind some bier beloved,
 With trailing arms and drooping head,
 The Douglas up the hill he led,
 And at the castle's battled verge,
 With sighs, resigned his honoured charge.

- 30 The offended Monarch rode apart,
 With bitter thought and swelling heart,
 And would not now vouchsafe again
 Through Stirling streets to lead his train.
 'O Lennox, who would wish to rule
 This changeling crowd, this common fool !
 Hear'st thou,' he said, ' the loud acclaim,
 With which they shout the Douglas name ?
 With like acclaim, the vulgar throat
 Strained for King James their morning
 note ;
 With like acclaim they hailed the day
 When first I broke the Douglas sway ;
 And like acclaim would Douglas greet,
 If he could hurl me from my seat.
 Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
 Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain ?

Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
 And fickle as a changeful dream ;
 Fantastic as a woman's mood,
 And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.
 Thou many-headed monster-thing,
 Oh, who would wish to be thy king !—

- 31 'But soft ! what messenger of speed
 Spurs hitherward his panting steed ?
 I guess his cognizance afar—
 What from our cousin, John of Mar ?'^s
 'He prays, my liege, your sports keep
 bound
 Within the safe and guarded ground :
 For some foul purpose yet unknown,—
 Most sure for evil to the throne,—
 The outlawed Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
 Has summoned his rebellious crew ;
 'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid
 These loose banditti stand arrayed.
 The Earl of Mar, this morn, from Doune,
 To break their muster marched, and soon
 Your grace will hear of battle fought ;
 But earnestly the Earl besought,
 Till for such danger he provide,
 With scanty train you will not ride.'—

- 32 'Thou warn'st me I have done amiss,—
 I should have earlier looked to this :
 I lost it in this bustling day.
 —Retrace with speed thy former way ;
 Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,
 The best of mine shall be thy meed.

Say to our faithful Lord of Mar,
 We do forbid the intended war ;
 Roderick, this morn, in single fight,
 Was made our prisoner by a knight,
 And Douglas hath himself and cause
 Submitted to our kingdom's laws.
 The tidings of their leaders lost
 Will soon dissolve the mountain host,
 Nor would we that the vulgar feel,
 For their Chief's crimes, avenging steel.
 Bear Mar our message, Braco, fly.'—
 He turned his steed,—' My liege, I hie,
 Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn,
 I fear the broadswords will be drawn.'—
 The turf the flying courser spurned,
 And to his towers the King returned.

- 33 Ill with King James's mood that day,
 Suited gay feast and minstrel lay ;
 Soon were dismissed the courtly throng,
 And soon cut short the festal song.
 Nor less upon the saddened town
 The evening sunk in sorrow down ;
 The burghers spoke of civil jar,
 Of rumoured feuds and mountain war,
 Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,
 All up in arms :—the Douglas too,
 They mourned him pent within the hold,
 ' Where stout Earl William was of old,'¹—
 And there his word the speaker stayed,
 And finger on his lip he laid,
 Or pointed to his dagger blade.

¹ Stabbed by James II. in Stirling Castle.

But jaded horsemen, from the west,
At evening to the castle pressed ;
And busy talkers said they bore
Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore ;
At noon the deadly fray begun,
And lasted till the set of sun.
Thus giddy rumour shook the town,
Till closed the Night her pennons brown.

CANTO VI.

The Guard-Room.

1 THE sun, awakening, through the smoky air
Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,
Of sinful man the sad inheritance :
Summoning revellers from the lagging dance,
Scaring the prowling robber to his den ;
Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,
And warning student pale to leave his pen,
And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men.

What various scenes, and, oh ! what scenes of woe,
Are witnessed by that red and struggling beam !
The fevered patient, from his pallet low,
Through crowded hospital beholds it stream ;
The ruined maiden trembles at its gleam,
The debtor wakes to thoughts of gyve and jail,
The lovelorn wretch starts from tormenting dream :
The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble
wail.

2 At dawn the towers of Stirling rang,
With soldier-step and weapon-clang,
While drums, with rolling note, foretell
Relief to weary sentinel.

Through narrow loop and casement barr'd,
 The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard,
 And, struggling with the smoky air,
 Deadened the torches' yellow glare.
 In comfortless alliance shone
 The lights through arch of blackened stone,
 And showed wild shapes in garb of war,
 Faces deformed with beard and scar,
 All haggard from the midnight watch,
 And fevered with the stern debauch ;
 For the oak table's massive board,
 Flooded with wine, with fragments stored,
 And beakers drained, and cups o'erthrown,
 Showed in what sport the night had flown.
 Some, weary, snored on floor and bench :
 Some laboured still their thirst to quench :
 Some, chilled with watching, spread their
 hands

O'er the huge chimney's dying brands,
 While round them, or beside them flung,
 At every step their harness rung.

- 3 These drew not for their fields the sword,
 Like tenants of a feudal lord,
 Nor owned the patriarchal claim
 Of chieftain in their leader's name ;
 Adventurers they,^A from far who roved,
 To live by battle which they loved.
 There the Italian's clouded face,
 The swarthy Spaniard's there you trace :
 The mountain-loving Switzer there
 More freely breathed in mountain-air ;
 The Fleming there despised the soil,
 That paid so ill the labourer's toil ;

Their rolls showed French and German name ;
 And merry England's exiles came,
 To share, with ill-concealed disdain,
 Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain.
 All brave in arms, well trained to wield
 The heavy halbert, brand, and shield ;
 In camps, licentious, wild, and bold ;
 In pillage, fierce and uncontroll'd ;
 And now, by holytide and feast,
 From rules of discipline released.

- 4 They held debate of bloody fray,
 Fought 'twixt Loch-Katrine and Achray.
 Fierce was their speech, and, 'mid their words,
 Their hands oft grappled to their swords ;
 Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear
 Of wounded comrades groaning near,
 Whose mangled limbs, and bodies gored,
 Bore token of the mountain sword,
 Though, neighbouring to the Court of Guard,
 Their prayers and feverish wails were heard ;—
 Sad burden to the ruffian joke,
 And savage oath by fury spoke !—
 At length up-started John of Brent,
 A yeoman from the banks of Trent ;
 A stranger to respect or fear,
 In peace a chaser of the deer,
 In host a hardy mutineer,
 But still the boldest of the crew,
 When deed of danger was to do.
 He grieved, that day their games cut short,
 And marr'd the dicers' brawling sport,
 And shouted loud, 'Renew the bowl ;
 And, while a merry catch I troll,

Let each the buxom chorus bear,
Like brethren of the brand and spear.' -

Soldier's Song.

5 Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule
Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown bowl,
That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black jack,
And the seven deadly sins in a flaggon of sack ;
Yet whoop, Barnaby ! off with thy liquor,
Dring upsecs¹ out, and a fig for the vicar !

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip
The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip,
Says, that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly,
And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye ;
Yet whoop, Jack ! kiss Gillian the quicker,
Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar !

Our vicar thus preaches—and why should he not ?
For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot ;
And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch,
Who infringe the domains of our good mother Church.
Yet whoop, bully-boys ! off with your liquor,
Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the vicar !

6 The warder's challenge, heard without,
Stayed in mid roar the merry shout.
A soldier to the portal went,—
'Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent ;
And, beat for jubilee the drum !
A maid and minstrel with him come.'—
Bertram, a Fleming, gray and scarr'd,
Was entering now the Court of Guard,

¹ A Bacchanalian interjection borrowed from the Dutch.

A harper with him, and, in plaid
 All muffled close, a mountain maid,
 Who backward shrunk to 'scape the view
 Of the loose scene and boisterous crew.
 'What news?' they roared:—'I only know,
 From noon till eve we fought with foe,
 As wild and as untameable,
 As the rude mountains where they dwell.
 On both sides store of blood is lost,
 Nor much success can either boast.'—
 'But whence thy captives, friend? such spoil
 As theirs must needs reward thy toil.
 Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp;
 Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp,
 Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,
 The leader of a juggler band.'—^B

7 'No, comrade;—no such fortune mine.
 After the fight, these sought our line,
 That aged harper and the girl,
 And, having audience of the Earl,
 Mar bade I should purvey them steed,
 And bring them hitherward with speed.
 Forbear your mirth and rude alarm,
 For none shall do them shame or harm.'—
 'Hear ye his boast!' cried John of Brent,
 Ever to strife and jangling bent,—
 'Shall he strike doe beside our lodge,
 And yet the jealous niggard grudge
 To pay the forester his fee?
 I'll have my share howe'er it be,
 Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee.'—
 Bertram his forward step withstood;
 And, burning in his vengeful mood,

Old Allan, though unfit for strife,
Laid hand upon his dagger-knife ;
But Ellen boldly stepp'd between,
And dropp'd at once the tartan screen ;—
So, from his morning cloud, appears
The sun of May, through summer tears.
The savage soldiery, amazed,
As on descended angel gazed ;
Even hardy Brent, abashed and tamed,
Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

- 8 Boldly she spoke,—‘ Soldiers, attend !
My father was the soldier’s friend ;
Cheered him in camps, in marches led,
And with him in the battle bled.
Not from the valiant, or the strong,
Should exile’s daughter suffer wrong.’—
Answered De Brent, most forward still
In every feat or good or ill,—
‘ I shame me of the part I played ;
And thou an outlaw’s child, poor maid !
An outlaw I by Forest laws,
And merry Needwood knows the cause.
Poor Rose,—if Rose be living now,
He wiped his iron eye and brow,
‘ Must bear such age, I think, as thou.—
Hear ye, my mates ;—I go to call
The Captain of our watch to hall :
There lies my halbert on the floor ;
And he that steps my halbert o’er,
To do the maid injurious part,
My shaft shall quiver in his heart !
Beware loose speech, or jesting rough :
Ye all know John de Brent. Enough.’

- 9 Their Captain came, a gallant young
 (Of Tullibardine's house he sprung);
 Nor wore he yet the spurs of knight;
 Gay was his mien, his humour light,
 And, though by courtesy controlled,
 Forward his speech, his bearing bold.
 The high-born maiden ill could brook
 The scanning of his curious look
 And dauntless eye;—and yet, in sooth,
 Young Lewis was a generous youth;
 But Ellen's lovely face and mien,
 Ill-suited to the garb and scene,
 Might lightly bear construction strange,
 And give loose fancy scope to range.
 'Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid!
 Come ye to seek a champion's aid,
 On palfrey white, with harper hoar,
 Like errant damosel of yore?
 Does thy high quest a knight require,
 Or may the venture suit a squire?'
 Her dark eye flashed;—she paused and
 sighed,—
 'Oh, what have I to do with pride!—
 Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife,
 A suppliant for a father's life,
 I crave an audience of the King.
 Behold, to back my suit, a ring,
 The royal pledge of grateful claims,
 Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James.'
- 10 The signet ring young Lewis took,
 With deep respect and altered look;
 And said—'This ring our duties own;
 And, pardon, if to worth unknown,

In semblance mean obscurely veiled,
 Lady, in aught my folly failed.
 Soon as the day flings wide his gates,
 The King shall know what suitor waits.
 Please you, meanwhile, in fitting bower
 Repose you till his waking hour ;
 Female attendance shall obey
 Your hest, for service or array.
 Permit I marshal you the way.'—
 But, ere she followed, with the grace
 And open bounty of her race,
 She bade her slender purse be shared
 Among the soldiers of the guard.
 The rest with thanks their guerdon took ;
 But Brent, with shy and awkward look,
 On the reluctant maiden's hold
 Forced bluntly back the proffered gold ;—
 ' Forgive a haughty English heart,
 And oh forget its ruder part !
 The vacant purse shall be my share,
 Which in my barret-cap I 'll bear,
 Perchance in jeopardy of war,
 Where gayer crests may keep afar.'
 With thanks,—'twas all she could,—the maid
 His rugged courtesy repaid.

- 11 When Ellen forth with Lewis went,
 Allan made suit to John of Brent :—
 ' My lady safe, oh let your grace
 Give me to see my master's face !
 His minstrel I,—to share his doom
 Bound from the cradle to the tomb.
 Tenth in descent, since first my sires
 Waked for his noble house their lyres,

Nor one of all the race was known
 But prized its weal above their own.
 With the Chief's birth begins our care ;
 Our harp must soothe the infant heir,
 Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace
 His earliest feat of field or chase ;
 In peace, in war, our rank we keep,
 We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep,
 Nor leave him till we pour our verse,
 A doleful tribute ! o'er his hearse.
 Then let me share his captive lot ;
 It is my right—deny it not !'—
 ' Little we reck,' said John of Brent,
 ' We Southern men, of long descent ;
 Nor wot we how a name—a word—
 Makes clansmen vassals to a lord :
 Yet kind my noble landlord's part,—
 God bless the house of Beaudesert !
 And, but I loved to drive the deer,
 More than to guide the labouring steer,
 I had not dwelt an outcast here.
 Come, good old Minstrel, follow me ;
 Thy Lord and Chieftain shalt thou see.'—

- 12 Then, from a rusted iron hook,
 A bunch of ponderous keys he took,
 Lighted a torch, and Allan led
 Through grated arch and passage dread.
 Portals they passed, where, deep within,
 Spoke prisoner's moan, and fetters' din ;
 Through rugged vaults, where, loosely stored,
 Lay wheel, and axe, and headsmann's sword,
 And many an hideous engine grim,
 For wrenching joint, and crushing limb,

By artists formed, who deemed it shame
And sin to give their work a name.
They halted at a low-browed porch,
And Brent to Allan gave the torch,
While bolt and chain he backward rolled,
And made the bar unhasp its hold.
They entered :—'twas a prison-room
Of stern security and gloom,
Yet not a dungeon ; for the day
Through lofty gratings found its way,
And rude and antique garniture
Decked the sad walls and oaken floor ;
Such as the rugged days of old,
Deem'd fit for captive noble's hold.
'Here,' said De Brent, 'thou may'st remain
Till the Leach visit him again.
Strict is his charge, the warders tell,
To tend the noble prisoner well.'—
Retiring then the bolt he drew,
And the lock's murmurs growl'd anew.
Roused at the sound, from lowly bed
A captive feebly raised his head ;
The wondering Minstrel looked, and knew
Not his dear lord, but Roderick Dhu !
For, come from where Clan-Alpine fought,
They, erring, deemed the Chief he sought.

- 13 As the tall ship, whose lofty prore
Shall never stem the billows more,
Deserted by her gallant band,
Amid the breakers lies astrand,—
So, on his couch, lay Roderick Dhu !
And oft his fevered limbs he threw
In toss abrupt, as when her sides

Lie rocking in the advancing tides,
 That shake her frame with ceaseless beat,
 Yet cannot heave her from her seat ;—
 Oh, how unlike her course on sea !
 Or his free step on hill and lea !—
 Soon as the Minstrel he could scan,
 —‘ What of thy lady ?—of my clan ?—
 My mother ?—Douglas ?—tell me all !
 Have they been ruined in my fall ?
 Ah, yes ! or wherefore art thou here !
 Yet speak,—speak boldly,—do not fear.’—
 (For Allan, who his mood well knew,
 Was choked with grief and terror too.)—
 ‘ Who fought—who fled !—Old man, be brief ;—
 Some might—for they had lost their Chief.
 Who basely live ?—who bravely died ?—
 ‘ Oh, calm thee, Chief !’ the Minstrel cried,
 ‘ Ellen is safe ;’—‘ For that, thank Heaven !’
 ‘ And hopes are for the Douglas given ;—
 The Lady Margaret too is well,
 And, for thy clan,—on field or fell,
 Has never harp of minstrel told,
 Of combat fought so true and bold.
 Thy stately Pine is yet unbent,
 Though many a goodly bough is rent.’—

- 14 The Chieftain reared his form on high,
 And fever's fire was in his eye ;
 But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks
 Chequered his swarthy brow and checks.
 —‘ Hark, Minstrel ! I have heard thee play,
 With measure bold on festal day,
 In yon lone isle, . . . again where ne'er
 Shall harper play, or warrior hear, . . .

That stirring air that peals on high,
 O'er Dermid's race our victory.—
 Strike it!^c—and then (for well thou canst),
 Free from thy minstrel-spirit glanced,
 Fling me the picture of the fight,
 When met my clan the Saxon might.
 I'll listen, till my fancy hears
 The clang of swords, the crash of spears!
 These grates, these walls, shall vanish then,
 For the fair field of fighting men,
 And my free spirit burst away,
 As if it soared from battle fray.'—
 The trembling bard with awe obeyed,—
 Slow on the harp his hand he laid;
 But soon remembrance of the sight
 He witnessed from the mountain's height,
 With what old Bertram told at night,
 Awakened the full power of song,
 And bore him in career along;—
 As shallop launched on river's tide,
 That slow and fearful leaves the side,
 But, when it feels the middle stream,
 Drives downward swift as lightning's beam.

Battle of Beal ' an Duine.

- 15 'The Minstrel came once more to view
 The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
 For, ere he parted, he would say
 Farewell to lovely Loch Achray—
 Where shall he find, in foreign land,
 So lone a lake, so sweet a strand!—
 There is no breeze upon the fern,
 No ripple on the lake,
 Upon her eyrie nods the erne,
 The deer has sought the brake;

The small birds will not sing aloud,
 The springing trout lies still,
 So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud,
 That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
 Benledi's distant hill.

Is it the thunder's solemn sound
 That mutters deep and dread,
 Or echoes from the groaning ground
 The warrior's measured tread ?

Is it the lightning's quivering glance
 That on the thicket streams,
 Or do they flash on spear and lance
 The sun's retiring beams ?

—I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
 I see the Moray's silver star,
 Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
 That up the lake comes winding far !
 To hero bounè for battle-strife,
 Or bard of martial lay,
 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
 One glance at their array !

- 16 ' Their light-armed archers far and near
 Surveyed the tangled ground,
 Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
 A twilight forest frowned,
 Their barded horsemen, in the rear,
 The stern battalia crowned.
 No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
 Still were the pipe and drum ;
 Save heavy tread, and armour's clang,
 The sullen march was dumb.
 There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
 Or wave their flags abroad ;

Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,
 That shadowed o'er their road.
 Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
 Can rouse no lurking foe,
 Nor spy a trace of living thing,
 Save when they stirred the roe ;
 The host moves, like a deep-sea wave,
 Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
 High-swelling, dark, and slow.
 The lake is passed, and now they gain
 A narrow and a broken plain,
 Before the Trosach's rugged jaws ;
 And here the horse and spear-men
 pause,
 While, to explore the dangerous glen,
 Dive through the pass the archer-men.

- 17 ' At once there rose so wild a yell
 Within that dark and narrow dell,
 As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
 Had pealed the banner-cry of hell !
 Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
 Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
 The archery appear :
 For life ! for life ! their flight they ply—
 And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
 And plaids, and bonnets waving high,
 And broadswords flashing to the sky,
 Are maddening in their rear.
 Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
 Pursuers and pursued ;
 Before that tide of flight and chase,
 How shall it keep its rooted place,
 The spearmen's twilight wood ?

—“Down, down,” cried Mar, “your lances down!
 Bear back both friend and foe!”
 Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
 That serried grove of lances brown
 At once lay levell'd low ;
 And closely shouldering side to side,
 The bristling ranks the onset bide.—
 “We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
 As their *Tinchel*¹ cows the game!
 They come as fleet as forest deer,
 We'll drive them back as tame.”—

- 18 ‘Bearing before them, in their course,
 The relics of the archer force,
 Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
 Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
 Above the tide, each broadsword bright
 Was brandishing like beam of light,
 Each targe was dark below ;
 And with the ocean's mighty swing,
 When heaving to the tempest's wing,
 They hurled them on the foe.
 I heard the lance's shivering crash,
 As when the whirlwind rends the ash ;
 I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
 As if an hundred anvils rang !
 But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
 Of horseman on Clan-Alpine's flank,—
 “My banner-man, advance !
 I see,” he cried, “their column shake :
 Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,
 Upon them with the lance!”

¹ A circle of sportsmen, who, by surrounding a great space, and gradually narrowing, brought immense quantities of deer together, which usually made desperate efforts to break through the *Tinchel*.

The horsemen dashed among the rout,
As deer break through the broom ;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are
out,

They soon make lightsome room.
Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—

Where, where, was Roderick then !
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men.

And refluent through the pass of fear

The battle's tide was pour'd ;
Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,
Vanished the mountain sword.

As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
Receives her roaring linn,

As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,

So did the deep and darksome pass

Devour the battle's mingled mass ;

None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

19 ' Now westward rolls the battle's din,
That deep and doubling pass within.
Minstrel, away ! the work of fate
Is bearing on : its issue wait,
Where the rude Trosach's dread defile
Opens on Katrine's lake and isle.
Gray Benvenue I soon repassed,
Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast.

The sun is set ;—the clouds are met,

The lowering scowl of heaven

An inky hue of livid blue

To the deep lake has given ;

Strange gusts of wind from mountain glen
 Swept o'er the lake, then sunk agen.
 I heeded not the eddying surge,
 Mine eye but saw the Trosach's gorge,
 Mine ear but heard that sullen sound,
 Which like an earthquake shook the ground,
 And spoke the stern and desperate strife
 That parts not but with parting life,
 Seeming, to minstrel-ear, to toll
 The dirge of many a passing soul.

 Nearer it comes—the dim-wood glen
 The martial flood disgorged agen,
 But not in mingled tide ;
 The plaided warriors of the North,
 High on the mountain thunder forth,
 And overhang its side ;
 While by the lake below appears
 The dark'ning cloud of Saxon spears.
 At weary bay each shattered band,
 Eyeing their foemen, sternly stand ;
 Their banners stream like tatter'd sail,
 That flings its fragments to the gale,
 And broken arms and disarray
 Marked the fell havoc of the day.

- 20 ' Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,
 The Saxons stood in sullen trance,
 Till Moray pointed with his lance,
 And cried—" Behold yon isle :—
 See ! none are left to guard its strand,
 But women weak, that wring the hand :
 'Tis there of yore the robber band
 Their booty wont to pile ;—
 My purse, with bonnet-pieces store,

To him will swim a bow-shot o'er,
And loose a shallop from the shore.
Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,
Lords of his mate, and brood, and den."—
Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,
On earth his casque and corslet rung,
 He plunged him in the wave :—
All saw the deed— the purpose knew,
And to their clamours Benvenue
 A mingled echo gave ;
The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,
The helpless females scream for fear,
And yells for rage the mountaineer.
'Twas then, as by the outcry riven,
Poured down at once the lowering heaven ;
A whirlwind swept Loch-Katrine's breast,
Her billows reared their snowy crest.
Well for the swimmer swelled they high,
To mar the Highland marksman's eye ;
For round him showered, 'mid rain and hail,
The vengeful arrows of the Gael.—
In vain.—He nears the isle—and lo !
His hand is on a shallop's bow.
—Just then a flash of lightning came,
It tinged the waves and strand with flame ;—
I marked Duneraggan's widowed dame,
Behind an oak I saw her stand,
A naked dirk gleamed in her hand.—
It darkened,—but amid the moan
Of waves I heard a dying groan ;—
Another flash !—the spearman floats
A weltering corse beside the boats,
And the stern Matron o'er him stood,
Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

21 “Revenge! revenge!” the Saxons cried,
The Gaels’ exulting shout replied.
Despite the elemental rage,
Again they hurried to engage;
But, ere they closed in desperate fight,
Bloody with spurring came a knight,
Sprung from his horse, and, from a crag,
Waved ’twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.
Clarion and trumpet by his side
Rung forth a truce-note high and wide,
While, in the monarch’s name, afar
An herald’s voice forbade the war,
For Bothwell’s lord, and Roderick bold
Were both, he said, in captive hold.’—
—But here the lay made sudden stand,
The harp escaped the minstrel’s hand!—
Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy
How Roderick brooked his minstrelsy:
At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,
With lifted hand, kept feeble time;
That motion ceased,—yet feeling strong
Varied his look as changed the song;
At length, no more his deafened ear
The minstrel melody can hear;
His face grows sharp,—his hands are clenched,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched;
Set are his teeth, his fading eye
Is sternly fixed on vacancy.
Thus, motionless, and moanless, drew
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu!—
Old Allan-bane looked on aghast,
While grim and still his spirit passed;
But when he saw that life was fled,
He poured his wailing o’er the dead.

Lament.

22 ‘ And art thou cold, and lowly laid,
 Thy foeman’s dread, thy people’s aid,
 Breadalbane’s boast, Clan Alpine’s shade !
 For thee shall none a requiem say ?
 —For thee, who loved the minstrel’s lay,
 For thee, of Bothwell’s house the stay,
 The shelter of her exiled line,
 E’en in this prison-house of thine,
 I’ll wail for Alpine’s honoured Pine !

‘ What groans shall yonder valleys fill !
 What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill !
 What tears of burning rage shall thrill,
 When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,
 Thy fall before the race was won,
 Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun !
 There breathes not clansman of thy line,
 But would have given his life for thine.—
 Oh, woe for Alpine’s honoured Pine !

‘ Sad was thy lot on mortal stage !—
 The captive thrush may brook the cage,
 The prisoned eagle dies for rage.
 Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain !
 And, when its notes awake again,
 Even she, so long beloved in vain,
 Shall with my harp her voice combine,
 And mix her woe and tears with mine,
 To wail Can-Alpine’s honoured Pine.’—

23 Ellen, the while, with bursting heart,
 Remained in lordly bower apart,

Where played, with many coloured gleams,
Through storied pane the rising beams,
In vain on gilded roof they fall,
And lighten up a tapestried wall,
And for her use a menial train
A rich collation spread in vain.
The banquet proud, the chamber gay,
Scarce drew one curious glance astray ;
Or, if she looked, 'twas but to say,
With better omen dawned the day
In that lone isle, where waved on high
The dun deer's hide for canopy ;
Where oft her noble father shared
The simple meal her care prepared,
While Lufra, crouching by her side,
Her station claimed with jealous pride,
And Douglas, bent on woodland game,
Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Græme,
Whose answer, oft at random made,
The wandering of his thoughts betrayed—
Those who such simple joys have known
Are taught to prize them when they're gone.
But sudden, see, she lifts her head !
The window seeks with cautious tread.
What distant music has the power
To win her in this woful hour !
'Twas from a turret that o'erhung
Her latticed bower, the strain was sung.

Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman.

24 ' My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle greyhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.

I wish I were as I have been,
 Hunting the hart in forests green,
 With bended bow and bloodhound free,
 For that's the life is meet for me.

'I hate to learn the ebb of time,
 From you dull steeple's drowsy chime,
 Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
 Inch after inch, along the wall.
 The lark was wont my matins ring,
 The sable rook my vespers sing ;
 These towers, although a king's they be,
 Have not a hall of joy for me.

'No more at dawning morn I rise,
 And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
 Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
 And homeward wend with evening dew ;
 A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
 And lay my trophies at her feet,
 While fled the eve on wing of glee,—
 That life is lost to love and me !'

- 25 The heart-sick lay was hardly said,
 The list'ner had not turned her head,
 It trickled still, the starting tear,
 When light a footstep struck her ear,
 And Snowdown's graceful Knight was near.
 She turned the hastier, lest again
 The prisoner should renew his strain.
 'O welcome, brave Fitz-James !' she said ;
 'How may an almost orphan maid
 Pay the deep debt'—'O say not so !
 To me no gratitude you owe.
 Not mine, alas ! the boon to give,
 And bid thy noble father live ;

I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,
 With Scotland's King thy suit to aid.
 No tyrant he, though ire and pride
 May lead his better mood aside.
 Come, Ellen, come!—'tis more than time,
 He holds his court at morning prime.'—
 With beating heart, and bosom wrung,
 As to a brother's arm she clung.
 Gently he dried the falling tear,
 And gently whispered hope and cheer;
 Her faltering steps half led, half staid,
 Through gallery fair and high arcade,
 Till, at his touch, its wings of pride
 A portal arch unfolded wide.

- 26 Within 'twas brilliant all and light,
 A thronging scene of figures bright;
 It glowed on Ellen's dazzled sight,
 As when the setting sun has given
 Ten thousand hues to summer even,
 And, from their tissue, fancy frames
 Aërial knights and fairy dames.
 Still by Fitz-James her footing staid;
 A few faint steps she forward made,
 Then slow her drooping head she raised,
 And fearful round the presence gazed;
 For him she sought, who owned this
 state,
 The dreaded prince whose will was fate!—
 She gazed on many a princely port,
 Might well have ruled a royal court;
 On many a splendid garb she gazed,—
 Then turned bewildered and amazed,
 For all stood bare; and, in the room,
 Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.

To him each lady's look was lent,
 On him each courtier's eye was bent ;
 Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
 He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
 The centre of the glittering ring,—
 And Snowdown's Knight is Scotland's King! ^E

- 27 As wreath of snow on mountain breast,
 Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
 Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
 And at the Monarch's feet she lay ;
 No word her choking voice commands,—
 She showed the ring,—she clasped her hands.
 O! not a moment could he brook,
 The generous prince, that suppliant look !
 Gently he raised her,—and the while
 Checked with a glance the circle's smile ;
 Graceful, but grave, her brow he kissed,
 And bade her terrors be dismissed ;—
 ' Yes, Fair ; the wandering poor Fitz-James
 The fealty of Scotland claims.
 To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring ;
 He will redeem his signet ring.
 Ask not for Douglas ;—yester even,
 His prince and he have much forgiven :
 Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,
 I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.
 We would not to the vulgar crowd
 Yield what they craved with clamour loud ;
 Calmly we heard and judged his cause,
 Our council aided, and our laws.
 I staunch'd thy father's death-feud stern,
 With stout De Vaux and gray Glencairn ;
 And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own
 The friend and bulwark of our Throne.—

But, lovely infidel, how now ?
 What clouds thy misbelieving brow ?
 Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid ;
 Thou must confirm this doubting maid.'

28 Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,
 And on his neck his daughter hung.
 The Monarch drank, that happy hour,
 The sweetest, holiest draught of power,—
 When it can say, with godlike voice,
 Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice !
 Yet would not James the general eye
 On nature's raptures long should pry ;
 He stepp'd between—' Nay, Douglas, nay,
 Steal not my proselyte away !
 The riddle 'tis my right to read,
 That brought this happy chance to speed.
 Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray,
 In life's more low but happier way,
 'Tis under name which veils my power,
 Nor falsely veils—for Stirling's tower
 Of yore the name of Snowdown claims,^F
 And Normans call me James Fitz-James.
 Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
 Thus learn to right the injured cause.'—
 Then, in a tone apart and low,
 ' Ah, little trait'ress ! none must know
 What idle dream, what lighter thought,
 What vanity full dearly bought,
 Joined to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew
 My spell-bound steps to Benvenue,
 In dangerous hour, and all but gave
 Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive !'—
 Aloud he spoke—' Thou still dost hold
 That little talisman of gold,

Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring—
 What seeks fair Ellen of the King ?'

- 29 Full well the conscious maiden guessed,
 He probed the weakness of her breast ;
 But, with that consciousness, there came
 A lightening of her fears for Græme,
 And more she deemed the monarch's ire
 Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire,
 Rebellious broadsword boldly drew ;
 And, to her generous feeling true,
 She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.—
 'Forbear thy suit :—the King of kings
 Alone can stay life's parting wings.
 I know his heart, I know his hand,
 Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand ;—
 My fairest earldom would I give
 To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live !—
 Hast thou no other boon to crave ?
 No other captive friend to save ?'—
 Blushing, she turned her from the King,
 And to the Douglas gave the ring,
 As if she wished her sire to speak
 The suit that stained her glowing cheek.—
 'Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,
 And stubborn justice holds her course.
 Malcolm, come forth !'—And, at the word,
 Down kneel'd the Græme to Scotland's Lord.
 'For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,
 From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,
 Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
 Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
 And sought, amid thy faithful clan,
 A refuge for an outlawed man,
 Dishonouring thus thy loyal name.—

Fetters and warder for the Græme !'—
 His chain of gold the King unstrung,
 The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,
 Then gently drew the glittering band,
 And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

Harp of the North, farewell ! The hills grow dark
 On purple peaks a deeper shade descending ;
 In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
 The deer, half seen, are to the covert wending.
 Resume thy wizard elm ! the fountain lending,
 And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy ;
 Thy numbers sweet with Nature's vespers blending,
 With distant echo from the fold and lea,
 And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel Harp !
 Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
 And little reck I of the censure sharp
 May idly cavil at an idle lay.
 Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
 Through secret woes the world has never known,
 When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
 And bitterer was the grief devoured alone.
 That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress ! is thine own.

Hark ! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
 Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string !
 'Tis now a Seraph bold, with touch of fire,
 'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
 Receding now, the dying numbers ring
 Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,
 And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
 A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
 And now, 'tis silent all !—Enchantress, fare thee well !

NOTES.

CANTO I.

NOTE A.

*'The heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cavern, where 'tis told
A giant made his den of old.'*—P. 172.

Ua-var, as the name is pronounced, or more properly, *Uaighmor*, is a mountain to the north-east of the village of Callender in Menteith, deriving its name, which signifies the great den, or cavern, from a sort of retreat among the rocks on the south side, said, by tradition, to have been the abode of a giant. In latter times, it was the refuge of robbers and banditti, who have been only extirpated within these forty or fifty years. Strictly speaking, this stronghold is not a cave, as the name would imply, but a sort of small inclosure, or recess, surrounded with large rocks, and open above head. It may have been originally designed as a toil for deer, who might get in from the outside, but would find it difficult to return. This opinion prevails among the old sportsmen and deer-stalkers in the neighbourhood.

NOTE B.

*'Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed.'*—P. 173.

'The hounds which we call Saint Hubert's hounds, are commonly all blacke, yet neuertheless their race is so mingled at these days, that we find them of all colours. These are the hounds which the abbots of St Hubert haue always kept some of their race or kind, in honour or remembrance of the saint, which was a hunter with S. Eustace. Whereupon we may conceaue that (by the grace of God) all good huntsmen shall follow them into paradise. To returne vnto my former purpose, this kind of dogges hath bene dispersed thorough the countries of Henault, Lorayne, Flaunders, and Burgoyne. They are mighty of body, neuertheless their legges are low and short, likewise they are not swift, although they be very good of sent, hunting chaces which are farre straggled, fearing neither water nor cold, and doe more conet the chaces that smell, as foxes, bore, and such like, than other, because they find themselves neither of swiftness nor courage to hunt and kill the chaces that are lighter and swifter. The blondhounds of this colour prooue good, especially those that are cole-blacke, but I make no great account to breede on them, or to keepe the

kind, and yet I found a booke which a hunter did dedicate to a prince of Lorraine, which seemed to loue hunting much, wherein was a blason which the same hunter gaue to his bloodhound, called Souyllard, which was white:

' My name came first from holy Hubert's race,
Souyllard my sire, a hound of singular grace.'

Whereupon we may presume that some of the kind prooue white sometimes, but they are not of the kind of the Greffiers or Bouxes, which we haue at these dayes.—*The noble Art of Venerie or Hunting, translated and collected for the use of all Noblemen and Gentlemen.* Lond. 1611. 4. p. 15.

NOTE C.

' For the death wound, and death halloo,
Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew.'—P. 174.

When the stag turned to bay, the ancient hunter had the perilous task of going in upon, and killing or disabling the desperate animal. At certain times of the year this was held particularly dangerous, a wound received from a stag's horns being then deemed poisonous, and more dangerous than one from the tusks of a boar, as the old rhyme testifies:

' If thou be hurt with hart, it brings thee to thy bier,
But barber's hand will bore's hurt heal, therefore thou needst not fear.'

At all times, however, the task was dangerous, and to be adventured upon wisely and warily, either by getting behind the stag while he was gazing on the hounds, or by watching an opportunity to gallop roundly in upon him, and kill him with the sword. See many directions to this purpose in the Booke of Hunting, chap. 41. Wilson the historian has recorded a providential escape which befell him in this hazardous sport, while a youth and follower of the Earl of Essex:

' Sir Peter Lee, of Lime, in Cheshire, invited my lord one summer to hunt the stagg. And having a great stagg in chace, and many gentlemen in the pursuit, the stagg took soyle. And divers, whereof I was one, alighted, and stood with swords drawne, to have a cut at him, at his coming out of the water. The staggs there, being wonderfully fierce and dangerous, made us youths more eager to be at him. But he escaped us all. And it was my misfortune to be hindered of my coming nere him, the way being sliperie, by a fall; which gave occasion to some, who did not know mee, to speak as if I had falne for feare. Which being told me, I left the stagg, and followed the gentleman who [first] spake it. But I found him of that cold temper, that it seems his words made an escape from him: as by his denial and repentance it appeared. But this made mee more violent in pursuite of the stagg, to recover my reputation. And I happened to be the only horseman in, when the dogs sett him up at bay: and approaching nere him on horsebacke, hee broke through the dogs, and run at mee, and tore my horse's side with his hornes close by my thigh. Then I quitted my horse, and grew more cunning (for the dogs had sette him up againe), stealing behind him with my sword, and cut his ham-strings; and then got upon his back, and cut his throate; which, as I was doing, the company came in, and blamed my rashness, for running such a hazard.'—PECK'S *Desiderata Curiosa*, ii. 464.

NOTE D.

'And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far projecting precipice.'—P. 177.

Until the present road was made through the romantic pass which I have presumptuously attempted to describe in the preceding stanzas, there was no mode of issuing out of the defile, called the Trosachs, excepting by a sort of ladder, composed of the branches and roots of the trees.

NOTE E.

'To meet with Highland plunderers here
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.'—P. 179.

The clans who inhabited the romantic regions in the neighbourhood of Loch Katrine, were, even until a late period, much addicted to predatory excursions upon their Lowland neighbours.

'In former times, those parts of this district, which are situated beyond the Grampian range, were rendered almost inaccessible, by strong barriers of rocks, and mountains, and lakes. It was a border country, and though on the very verge of the low country, it was almost totally sequestered from the world, and, as it were, insulated with respect to society.

'Tis well known, that in the Highlands, it was, in former times, accounted not only lawful, but honourable, among hostile tribes, to commit depredations on one another; and these habits of the age were perhaps strengthened in this district, by the circumstances which have been mentioned. It bordered on a country, the inhabitants of which, while they were richer, were less warlike than they, and widely differenced by language and manners.'—GRAHAM'S *Sketches of Scenery in Perthshire*. Edin. 1806. p. 97.

The reader will therefore be pleased to remember, that the scene of this poem is laid in a time

'When tooming faults, or sweeping of a glen,
Had still been held the deed of gallant men.'

NOTE F.

'A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
Was on the visioned future bent.'—P. 183.

If force of evidence could authorise us to believe facts inconsistent with the general laws of nature, enough might be produced in favour of the existence of the Second-Sight. It is called in Gaelic *Taishitarangh*, from *Taish*, an unreal or shadowy appearance; and those possessed of the faculty are called *Taishatrin*, which may be aptly translated visionaries. Martin, a steady believer in the second-sight, gives the following account of it:

'The second-sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that uses it for that end; the vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see, nor think of anything else, except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object which was represented to them.

'At the sight of a vision, the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes

continue staring until the object vanish. This is obvious to others who are by, when the persons happen to see a vision, and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me.

‘There is one in Skie, of whom his acquaintance observed, that when he sees a vision, the inner part of his eyelids turns so far upwards, that after the object disappears, he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employs others to draw them down, which he finds to be the much easier way.

‘This faculty of the second-sight does not lineally descend in a family, as some imagine, for I know several parents who are endowed with it, but their children not, and *vice versa*: neither is it acquired by any previous compact. And, after a strict inquiry, I could never learn that this faculty was communicable any way whatsoever.

‘The seer knows neither the object, time, nor place of a vision, before it appears; and the same object is often seen by different persons, living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the time and circumstance of an object, is by observation; for several persons of judgment, without this faculty, are more capable to judge of the design of a vision, than a novice that is a seer. If an object appear in the day or night, it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

‘If an object is seen early in the morning (which is not frequent), it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards. If at noon, it will commonly be accomplished that very day. If in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night: the later always in accomplishment, by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of night the vision is seen.

‘When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of death: the time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer; and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shown me, when the persons of whom the observations were then made, enjoyed perfect health.

‘One instance was lately foretold by a seer that was a novice, concerning the death of one of my acquaintance; this was communicated to a few only, and with great confidence: I being one of the number, did not in the least regard it, until the death of the person, about the time foretold, did confirm me of the certainty of the prediction. The novice mentioned above, is now a skilful seer, as appears from many late instances; he lives in the parish of St Mary’s, the most northern in Skie.

‘If a woman is seen standing at a man’s left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife, whether they be married to others, or unmarried, at the time of the apparition.

‘If two or three women are seen at once near a man’s left hand, she that is next him will undoubtedly be his wife first, and so on, whether all three, or the man, be single or married at the time of the vision or not; of which there are several late instances among those of my acquaintance. It is an ordinary thing for them to see a man that is to come to the house shortly after; and if he is not of the seer’s acquaintance, yet he gives such a lively description of

his stature, complexion, habit, &c., that upon his arrival he answers the character given him in all respects.

‘If the person so appearing be one of the seer’s acquaintance, he will tell his name, as well as other particulars; and he can tell by his countenance whether he comes in a good or bad humour.

‘I have been seen thus myself by seers of both sexes, at some hundred miles’ distance; some that saw me in this manner had never seen me personally, and it happened according to their visions, without any previous design of mine to go to those places, my coming there being purely accidental.

‘It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens, and trees in places void of all three; and this in progress of time uses to be accomplished: as at Mogshot, in the isle of Skie, where there were but a few sorry cow-houses, thatched with straw, yet in a very few years after, the vision, which appeared often, was accomplished, by the building of several good houses on the very spot represented by the seers, and by the planting of orchards there.

‘To see a spark of fire fall upon one’s arm or breast, is a forerunner of a dead child to be seen in the arms of those persons; of which there are several fresh instances.

‘To see a seat empty at the time of one’s sitting in it, is a presage of that person’s death soon after.

‘When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second-sight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors, and comes near a fire, he presently falls into a swoon.

‘Some find themselves as it were in a crowd of people, having a corpse which they carry along with them; and after such visions the seers come in sweating, and describe the people that appeared: if there be any of their acquaintance among ’em, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers, but they know nothing concerning the corpse.

‘All those who have the second-sight do not always see these visions at once, though they be together at the time. But if one who has this faculty, designedly touch his fellow-seer at the instant of a vision’s appearing, then the second sees it as well as the first; and this is sometimes discerned by those that are near them on such occasions.’—MARTIN’S *Description of the Western Islands*, 1716, 8vo, p. 300, *et seq.*

To these particulars innumerable examples might be added, all attested by grave and credible authors. But in despite of evidence, which neither Bacon, Boyle, nor Johnson were able to resist, the *Taisch*, with all its visionary properties, seems to be now universally abandoned to the use of poetry. The exquisitely beautiful poem of Lochiel will at once occur to the recollection of every reader.

NOTE G.

‘Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.’—P. 185.

The Celtic chieftains, whose lives were continually exposed to peril, had usually, in the most retired spot of their domains, some place of retreat for the hour of necessity, which, as circumstances would admit, was a tower, a cavern, or a rustic hut in a strong and secluded situation. One of these last

gave refuge to the unfortunate Charles Edward, in his perilous wanderings after the battle of Culloden.

'It was situated in the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain, called Letternilichk, still a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. The habitation called the Cage, in the face of that mountain, was within a small thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to level a floor for a habitation; and as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to an equal height with the other: and these trees, in the way of joists or planks, were levelled with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes, made of heath and birch twigs, up to the top of the Cage, it being of a round or rather oval shape; and the whole thatched and covered over with fog. The whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree, which reclined from the one end, all along the roof, to the other, and which gave it the name of the Cage, and by chance there happened to be two stones at a small distance from one another, in the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent out here, all along the fall of the rock, which was so much of the same colour, that one could discover no difference in the clearest day.'—HOME'S *History of the Rebellion*, Lond. 1802, 4to, p. 381.

NOTE H.

'My sire's tail form might grace the part
Of Ferragus or Ascabart.'—P. 187.

These two sons of Anak flourished in romantic fable. The first is well known to the admirers of Ariosto, by the name of Ferran. He was an antagonist of Orlando, and was at length slain by him in single combat. There is a romance in the Auchinleck MS., in which Ferragus is thus described:

'On a day come tidings
Unto Charls the King,
Al of a doughti knight
Was comen to Navers,
Stout he was and fers,
Veruagu he hight.
Of Babiloun the soudan
Thider him sende gan,
With King Charls to fight.
So hard he was to-fond¹
That no dint of broūd
No greued him, aflight.

'He hadde twenti men strengthe,
And fourti fet of lengthe,
Thilke painim hede,²
And four fet in the face,
Y-meten³ in the place,
And fiften in brede.⁴
His nose was a fot and more,
His brow, as brestles wore;⁵
He that it seighe it sode.
He loked lotheliche,
And was swart⁶ as any piche,
Of him men might adrede.'

Romance of Charlemagne, l. 461-484. *Auchinleck MS.* fol. 265.

Ascabart, or Aseabart, makes a very material figure in the History of Bevis of Hampton, by whom he was conquered. His effigies may be seen guarding one side of a gate at Southampton, while the other is occupied by Sir Bevis

¹ Found, proved.—² Had.—³ Measured.—⁴ Breadth.—⁵ Were.—⁶ Black.

himself. The dimensions of Ascapart were little inferior to those of Ferragus, if the following description be correct :

' They metten with a geaunt,
With a lotheliche semblaunt.
He was wonderliche strong,
Rome¹ thretti fote long.
His berd was bot gret and rowe ;²
A space of a fot betweene is³ browe ;
His clob was, to yeue⁴ a strok,
A lite bodi of an ok.⁵
Beues hadde of him wonder gret,
And askede him what a het,⁶
And yaf⁷ men of his contrè
Were ase meche⁸ ase was he.
" Me name," a sede,⁹ " is Ascopard ;

Garci me sent hiderward,
For to bring this queene ayen,
And thè Beues her of-slen.¹⁰
Icham Garci is¹¹ champioun,
And was i-driue out of me¹² toun,
Al for that ich was so lite.¹³
Eueri man me wolde smite,
Ich was so lite and so merugh,¹⁴
Evere man me clepede dwerugh.¹⁵
And now icham in this londe,
I wax mor¹⁶ ich understonde,
And strengere than other tene ;¹⁷
And that schel on us be sene."

Sir Bevis of Hampton, l. 2512. *Auchinleck MS.* fol. 189.

NOTE I.

' *Though all unasked his birth and name.*'—P. 187.

The Highlanders, who carried hospitality to a punctilious excess, are said to have considered it as churlish to ask a stranger his name or lineage, before he had taken refreshment. Feuds were so frequent among them, that a contrary rule would, in many cases, have produced the discovery of some circumstance, which might have excluded the guest from the benefit of the assistance he stood in need of.

NOTE K.

' *And still a harp unsecn
Filled up the symphony between.*'—P. 189.

' They (meaning the Highlanders) delight much in musicke, but chiefly in harps and clairschoes of their own fashion. The strings of the clairschoes are made of brasse-wire, and the strings of the harps of sinews ; which strings they strike either with their nayles, growing long, or else with an instrument appointed for that use. They take great pleasure to decke their harps and clairschoes with silver and precious stones ; the poore ones, that cannot attayne hereunto, decke them with christall. They sing verses prettily compound, contayning (for the most part) prayses of valiant men. There is not almost any other argument, whereof their rhymes intreat. They speak the ancient French language, altered a little.'¹⁸—' The harp and clairschoes are now only heard of in the Highlands in ancient song. At what period these instruments ceased to be used, is not on record ; and tradition is silent on this head. But, as Irish harpers occasionally visited the Highlands and Western Isles till lately, the harp might have been extant so late as the middle of the present century. Thus far we know, that from remote times down to the present, harpers were received as welcome guests, particularly in the Highlands of

¹ Fully.—² Rough.—³ His.—⁴ Give.—⁵ The stem of a little oak-tree.—⁶ He hight, was called.—⁷ If.—⁸ Great.—⁹ He said.—¹⁰ Slay.—¹¹ His.—¹² My.—¹³ Little.—¹⁴ Lean.—¹⁵ Dwarf.—¹⁶ Greater, taller.—¹⁷ Ten.—¹⁸ Vide ' *Certheyne Matters concerning the Realme of Scotland, &c.*, as they were Anno Domini 1507. Lond. 1603.' 4to.

Scotland; and so late as the latter end of the sixteenth century, as appears by the above quotation, the harp was in common use among the natives of the western isles. How it happened that the noisy and inharmonious bagpipe banished the soft and expressive harp, we cannot say; but certain it is, that the bagpipe is now the only instrument that obtains universally in the Highland districts.—CAMPBELL'S *Journey through North Britain*. Lond. 1803, 4to, i. 175.

Mr Gunn, of Edinburgh, has lately published a curious essay upon the harp and harp music of the Highlands of Scotland. That the instrument was once in common use there, is most certain. Cleland numbers an acquaintance with it among the few accomplishments which his satire allows to the Highlanders:

‘ In nothing they’re accounted sharp,
Except in bagpipe or in harp.’

CANTO II.

NOTE A.

‘*Morn’s genial influence roused a Minstrel gray.*’—P. 193.

That Highland chieftains, to a late period, retained in their service the bard, as a family officer, admits of very easy proof. The author of the ‘*Letters from Scotland*,’ an officer of engineers, quartered at Inverness about 1720, who certainly cannot be deemed a favourable witness, gives the following account of the office, and of a bard, whom he heard exercise his talent of recitation:

‘The bard is skilled in the genealogy of all the Highland families, sometimes preceptor to the young laird, celebrates in Irish verse the original of the tribe, the famous warlike actions of the successive heads, and sings his own lyrics as an opiate to the chief, when indisposed for sleep; but poets are not equally esteemed and honoured in all countries. I happened to be a witness of the dishonour done to the muse, at the house of one of the chiefs, where two of these bards were set at a good distance, at the lower end of a long table, with a parcel of Highlanders of no extraordinary appearance, over a cup of ale. Poor inspiration!

‘They were not asked to drink a glass of wine at our table, though the whole company consisted only of the *great man*, one of his near relations, and myself.

‘After some little time, the chief ordered one of them to sing me a Highland song. The bard readily obeyed, and with a hoarse voice, and in a tone of few various notes, began, as I was told, one of his own lyrics; and when he had proceeded to the fourth or fifth stanza, I perceived, by the names of several persons, glens, and mountains, which I had known or heard of before, that it was an account of some clan battle. But in his going on, the chief (who piques himself upon his school-learning) at some particular passage, bid him cease, and cried out, “There’s nothing like that in Virgil or Homer.” I bowed, and told him I believed so. This you may believe was very edifying and delightful.’—*Letters from Scotland*, ii. 167.

NOTE B.

‘*The Grame.*’—P. 196.

The ancient and powerful family of Graham (which, for metrical reasons, is here spelled after the Scottish pronunciation) held extensive possessions in the counties of Dumbarton and Stirling. Few families can boast of more historical renown, having claim to three of the most remarkable characters in the Scottish annals. Sir John the Grame, the faithful and undaunted partaker of the labours and patriotic warfare of Wallace, fell in the unfortunate field of Falkirk, in 1298. The celebrated Marquis of Montrose, in whom De Retz saw realised his abstract idea of the heroes of antiquity, was the second of these worthies. And, notwithstanding the severity of his temper, and the rigour with which he executed the oppressive mandates of the princes whom he served, I do not hesitate to name as the third, John Grahame, of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, whose heroic death, in the arms of victory, may be allowed to cancel the memory of his cruelty to the nonconformists, during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.

NOTE C.

‘*This harp, which erst Saint Modan swayed.*’—P. 197.

I am not prepared to show that Saint Modan was a performer on the harp. It was, however, no unsaintly accomplishment; for Saint Dunstan certainly did play upon that instrument, which, retaining, as was natural, a portion of the sanctity attached to its master’s character, announced future events by its spontaneous sound. ‘But labouring once in these mechanic arts for a devout matrone that had sett him on worke, his viol, that hung by him on the wall, of its owne accord, without anie man’s help, distinctly sounded this anthime: *Gaudent in calis animæ sanctorum qui Christi restigia sunt secuti: et quia pro ejus amore sanguinem suum fuderunt, ideo cum Christo gaudent æternum.* Whereat all the companie being much astonished, turned their eyes from behoulding him working, to looke on that strange accident.’ . . . ‘Not long after, manie of the court that hitherunto had born a kynd of fayned friendship towards him, began now greatly to envie at his progresse and rising in goodness, using manie crooked, backbiting meanes to diffame his vertues with the black markes of hypocrisie. And the better to authorise their calumnie, they brought in this that happened in the viol, affirming it to have been done by art magick. What more? this wicked rumour encreased dayly, till the king and others of the nobilitie taking hould thereof, Dunstan grew odious in their sight. Therefore he resolved to leaue the court, and goe to Elphegus, surnamed the Bald, then bishop of Winchester, who was his cozen. Which his enemies understanding, they layd wayte for him in the way, and hauing throwne him off his horse, beate him, and dragged him in the dirt in the most miserable manner, meaning to haue slaine him, had not a companie of mastiue dogges, that came unlookt upon them, defended and redeemed him from their crueltie. When with sorrow he was ashamed to see dogges more humane than they. And giuing thanks to Almighty God, he sensibly againe perceaued that the tunes of his viol had giuen him a warning of future accidents.’—*Flower of the Lives of the most renowned Saints of England, Scotland, and Ireland, by the R. FATHER Hierome Porter. Doway, 1632, 4to, tome i. p. 438.*

The same supernatural circumstance is alluded to by the anonymous author of 'Grim, the Collier of Croydon:'

' [Dunstan's harp sounds on the wall.]

Forrest. Hark, hark, my lord, the holy abbot's harp
Sounds by itself so hanging on the wall!

Dunstan. Unhallowed man, that scorn'st the sacred read,
Hark, how the testimony of my truth
Sounds heavenly music with an angel's hand,
To testify Dunstan's integrity,
And prove thy active boast of no effect.'

NOTE D.

'*Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,
Were exiled from their native heaven.*'—P. 197.

The downfall of the Douglasses of the house of Angus, during the reign of James V., is the event alluded to in the text. The Earl of Angus, it will be remembered, had married the queen dowager, and availed himself of the right which he thus acquired, as well as of his extensive power, to retain the king in a sort of tutelage, which approached very near to captivity. Several open attempts were made to rescue James from this thralldom, with which he was well known to be deeply disgusted; but the valour of the Douglasses and their allies gave them the victory in every conflict. At length the king, while residing at Falkland, contrived to escape by night out of his own court and palace, and rode full speed to Stirling Castle, where the governor, who was of the opposite faction, joyfully received him. Being thus at liberty, James speedily summoned around him such peers as he knew to be most inimical to the domination of Angus, and laid his complaint before them, says Pitscottie, 'with great lamentations: showing to them how he was holden in subjection, thir years bygone, by the Earl of Angus, and his kin and friends, who oppressed the whole country, and spoiled it, under the pretence of justice and his authority; and had slain many of his lieges, kinsmen, and friends, because they would have had it mended at their hands, and put him at liberty, as he ought to have been, at the counsel of his whole lords, and not have been subjected and corrected with no particular men, by the rest of his nobles: Therefore, said he, I desire, my lords, that I may be satisfied of the said earl, his kin, and friends; for I avow, that Scotland shall not hold us both, while (i. e. *till*) I be revenged on him and his.

'The lords hearing the king's complaint and lamentation, and also the great rage, fury, and malice that he bare toward the Earl of Angus, his kin and friends, they concluded all, and thought it best, that he should be summoned to underly the law; if he fand not caution, nor yet compear himself, that he should be put to the horn, with all his kin and friends, so many as were contained in the letters. And further, the lords ordained, by advice of his majesty, that his brother and friends should be summoned to find caution to underly the law within a certain day, or else be put to the horn. But the earl appeared not, nor none for him; and so he was put to the horn, with all his kin and friends: so many as were contained in the summons, that compeared not, were banished, and holden traitors to the king.'—*Lindsay of Pitscottie's History of Scotland.* Edinburgh, fol. p. 142.

NOTE E.

'*In Holy Rood a knight he slew.*'—P. 200.

This was by no means an uncommon occurrence in the court of Scotland; nay, the presence of the sovereign himself scarcely restrained the ferocious and inveterate feuds which were the perpetual source of bloodshed among the Scottish nobility. The following instance of the murder of Sir George Stuart of Ochiltree, called *The Bloody*, by the celebrated Francis, Earl of Bothwell, may be produced among many; but as the offence given in the royal court will hardly bear a vernacular translation, I shall leave the story in Johnstone's Latin, referring for further particulars to the naked simplicity of Birrell's Diary, 30th July 1583:

'*Mors improbi hominis non tam ipsa immerita, quam pessimo exemplo in publicum fade perpetrata. Gulielmus Stuartus Alkiltrius, Arani frater, naturâ ac moribus, cujus sapius meminî, vulgo propter sitim sanguinis sanguinarius dictus, à Bothvelio, in Sanctæ Crucis Regiâ, exardescute irâ, mendaciî probro lacessitus, obscænum osculum liberius retorquibat; Bothvelius hanc contumeliâ tacitus tulit, sed ingentem irarum molem animo concepit. Utrinq; postridie Edinburgi conventum, totidem numero comitibus armatis, presidii causa, et acriter pugnatum est; cæteris amicis et clientibus metu torpentibus, aut ei absterritis, ipse Stuartus fortissimè dimicat, tandem excusso gladio à Bothvelio, Scythicâ feritate transfoditur, sine cujusquam misericordiâ; habuit itaque quem debuit exitum. Dignus erat Stuartus qui pateretur; Bothvelius qui faceret. Vulgus sanguinem sanguine prædicabat, et horum cruore innocuorum manibus egregiè parentatum.*'—R. JOHNSTONE *Historia Rerum Britannicarum*, ab anno 1572, ad annum 1628. Amstelodami, 1655, fol. p. 135.

NOTE F.

'*The Douglas, like a stricken deer,
Disowned by every noble peer.*'—P. 200.

The exiled state of this powerful race is not exaggerated in this and subsequent passages. The hatred of James against the race of Douglas was so inveterate, that numerous as their allies were, and disregarded as the regal authority had usually been in similar cases, their nearest friends, even in the most remote parts of Scotland, durst not entertain them, unless under the strictest and closest disguise. James Douglas, son of the banished Earl of Angus, afterwards well known by the title of Earl of Morton, lurked, during the exile of his family, in the north of Scotland, under the assumed name of James Innes, otherwise *James the Grieve* (i.e. Reve or Bailiff). 'And as he bore the name,' says Godscroft, 'so did he also execute the office of a griever or overseer of the lands and reuts, the corn and cattle of him with whom he lived.' From the habits of frugality and observation which he acquired in this humble situation, the historian traces that intimate acquaintance with popular character which enabled him to rise so high in the state, and that honourable œconomy by which he repaired and established the shattered estates of Angus and Morton.—*History of the House of Douglas*. Edinburgh, 1743, vol. ii. p. 160.

NOTE G.

'*Maronnan's cell.*'—P. 201.

The parish of Kilmaronock, at the eastern extremity of Loch Lomond, derives its name from a cell or chapel, dedicated to Saint Maronoch, or Marnoch, or Maronan, about whose sanctity very little is now remembered. There is a fountain devoted to him in the same parish, but its virtues, like the merits of its patron, have fallen into oblivion.

NOTE II.

'*Bracklinn's thundering wave.*'—P. 201.

This is a beautiful cascade made at a place called the Bridge of Brackliun, by a mountain stream called the Keltie, about a mile from the village of Callander, in Menteith. Above a chasm where the brook precipitates itself from a height of at least fifty feet, there is thrown, for the convenience of the neighbourhood, a rustic foot-bridge, of about three feet in breadth, and without ledges, which is scarcely to be crossed by a stranger without awe and apprehension.

NOTE I.

'*For Tineman forged by fairy lore.*'—P. 202.

Archibald, the third Earl of Douglas, was so unfortunate in all his enterprises that he acquired the epithet of TINEMAN, because he *tinied* or lost his followers in every battle which he fought. He was vanquished, as every reader must remember, in the bloody battle of Homildon Hill, near Wooler, where he himself lost an eye, and was made prisoner by Hotspur. He was no less unfortunate when allied with Percy, being wounded and taken at the battle of Shrewsbury. He was so unsuccessful in an attempt to besiege Roxburgh Castle, that it was called the *Foul Raid*, or disgraceful expedition. His ill-fortune left him indeed at the battle of Beaugé, in France; but it was only to return with double emphasis at the subsequent action of Vernoi, the last and most unlucky of his encounters, in which he fell, with the flower of the Scottish chivalry, then serving as auxiliaries in France, and about two thousand common soldiers, A.D. 1424.

NOTE K.

'*Did, self-unscabbarded, foreshore
The footstep of a secret foe.*'—P. 203

The ancient warriors, whose hope and confidence rested chiefly in their blades, were accustomed to deduce omens from them, especially from such as were supposed to have been fabricated by enchanted skill, of which we have various instances in the romances and legends of the time. The wonderful sword SKOFFENUNG, wielded by the celebrated Hrolf Kraka, was of this description. It was deposited in the tomb of the monarch at his death, and taken from thence by Skeggo, a celebrated pirate, who bestowed it upon his son-in-law, Kormack, with the following curious directions:—'The manner

of using it will appear strange to you. A small bag is attached to it, which take heed not to violate. Let not the rays of the sun touch the upper part of the handle, nor unsheath it, unless thou art ready for battle. But when thou comest to the place of fight, go aside from the rest, grasp and extend the sword, and breathe upon it. Then a small worm will creep out of the handle: lower the handle, that he may more easily return into it.' Kormack, after having received the sword, returned home to his mother. He showed the sword, and attempted to draw it, as unnecessarily as ineffectually, for he could not pluck it out of the sheath. His mother, Della, exclaimed, 'Do not despise the counsel given to thee, my son.' Kormak, however, repeating his efforts, pressed down the handle with his feet, and tore off the bag, when Skoffnung emitted a hollow groan; but still he could not unsheath the sword. Kormak then went out with Bessus, whom he had challenged to fight with him, and drew apart at the place of combat. He sat down upon the ground, and ungirding the sword, which he bore above his vestments, did not remember to shield the hilt from the rays of the sun. In vain he endeavoured to draw it, till he placed his foot against the hilt; then the worm issued from it. But Kormak did not rightly handle the weapon, in consequence whereof good fortune deserted it. As he unsheathed Skoffnung, it emitted a hollow murmur.—*Bartholini de Causis Contempte a Danis adhuc Gentilibus Mortis, Libri Tres. Hafnia, 1689, 4to, p. 574.*

To the history of this sentient and prescient weapon, I beg leave to add, from memory, the following legend, for which I cannot produce any better authority. A young nobleman, of high hopes and fortune, chanced to lose his way in the town which he inhabited, the capital, if I mistake not, of a German province. He had accidentally involved himself among the narrow and winding streets of a suburb, inhabited by the lowest order of the people, and an approaching thunder-shower determined him to ask a short refuge in the most decent habitation that was near him. He knocked at the door, which was opened by a tall man, of a grisly and ferocious aspect, and sordid dress. The stranger was readily ushered to a chamber, where swords, scourges, and machines, which seemed to be implements of torture, were suspended on the wall. One of these swords dropped from its scabbard as the nobleman, after a moment's hesitation, crossed the threshold. His host immediately stared at him with such a marked expression, that the young man could not help demanding his name and business, and the meaning of his looking at him so fixedly. 'I am,' answered the man, 'the public executioner of this city; and the incident you have observed is a sure augury that I shall, in discharge of my duty, one day cut off your head with the weapon which has just now spontaneously unsheathed itself.' The nobleman lost no time in leaving his place of refuge; but, engaging in some of the plots of the period, was shortly after decapitated by that very man and instrument.

Lord Lovat is said, by the author of the 'Letters from Scotland,' to have affirmed, that a number of swords that hung up in the hall of the mansion-house leaped of themselves out of the scabbard at the instant he was born. This story passed current among his clan, but, like that of the story I have just quoted, proved an unfortunate omen.—*Letters from Scotland, vol. ii. p. 214.*

NOTE L.

'*The pibroch proud.*'—P. 204.

The connoisseurs in pipe-music affect to discover, in a well-composed pibroch, the imitative sounds of march, conflict, flight, pursuit, and all the 'current of a heady fight.' To this opinion Dr Beattie has given his suffrage in the following elegant passage:—'A *pibroch* is a species of tune peculiar, I think, to the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland. It is performed on a bagpipe, and differs totally from all other music. Its rhythm is so irregular, and its notes, especially in the quick movement, so mixed and huddled together, that a stranger finds it impossible to reconcile his ear to it, so as to perceive its modulation. Some of these pibrochs, being intended to represent a battle, begin with a grave motion, resembling a march; then gradually quicken into the onset; run off with noisy confusion and turbulent rapidity, to imitate the conflict and pursuit; then swell into a few flourishes of triumphant joy; and perhaps close with the wild and slow wailings of a funeral procession.'—*Essay on Laughter and Ludicrous Composition*, chap. iii. *Note*.

NOTE M.

'*Roderigh vich Alpine Dhu, ho! ieroe!*'—P. 206.

Besides his ordinary name and surname, which were chiefly used in his intercourse with the Lowlands, every Highland chief had an epithet expressive of his patriarchal dignity as head of the clan, and which was common to all his predecessors and successors, as Pharaoh to the kings of Egypt, or Arsaces to those of Parthia. This name was usually a patronymic, expressive of his descent from the founder of the family. Thus the Duke of Argyle is called MacCallanmore, or the *Son of Colin the Great*. Sometimes, however, it is derived from armorial distinctions, or the memory of some great feat; thus Lord Seaforth, as Chief of the Mackenzies, or Clan-Kennet, bears the epithet of Caber-fae, or *Buck's Head*, as representative of Colin Fitzgerald, founder of the family, who saved the Scottish king when endangered by a stag. But besides this title, which belonged to his office and dignity, the chieftain had usually another peculiar to himself, which distinguished him from the chieftains of the same race. This was sometimes derived from complexion, as *dhu* or *roy*; sometimes from size, as *big* or *more*; at other times, from some particular exploit, or from some peculiarity of habit or appearance. The line of the text therefore signifies,

'Black Roderick, the descendant of Alpine.'

The song itself is intended as an imitation of the *jorrams*, or boat-songs of the Highlanders, which were usually composed in honour of a favourite chief. They are so adapted as to keep time with the sweep of the oars, and it is easy to distinguish between those intended to be sung to the oars of a galley, where the stroke is lengthened and doubled as it were, and those which were timed to the rowers of an ordinary boat.

NOTE N.

'*The best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.*'—P. 206.

The Lennox, as the district is called which encircles the lower extremity of Loch Lomond, was peculiarly exposed to the incursions of the mountaineers,

who inhabited the inaccessible fastnesses at the upper end of the lake, and the neighbouring district of Loch Katrine. These were often marked by circumstances of great ferocity, of which the noted conflict of Glen Fruin is a celebrated instance. This was a clan-battle, in which the Macgregors, headed by Allaster Macgregor, chief of the clan, encountered the sept of Colquhouns, commanded by Sir Humphry Colquhoun of Luss. It is on all hands allowed, that the action was desperately fought, and that the Colquhouns were defeated with slaughter, leaving two hundred of their name dead upon the field. But popular tradition has added other horrors to the tale. It is said, that Sir Humphry Colquhoun, who was on horseback, escaped to the castle of Benechra, or Banochar, and was next day dragged out and murdered by the victorious Macgregors in cold blood. Buchanan of Auchmar, however, speaks of his slaughter as a subsequent event, and as perpetrated by the Macfarlanes. Again it is reported, that the Macgregors murdered a number of youths, whom report of the intended battle had brought to be spectators, and whom the Colquhouns, anxious for their safety, had shut up in a barn to be out of danger. One account of the Macgregors denies this circumstance entirely; another ascribes it to the savage and bloodthirsty disposition of a single individual, the bastard brother of the laird of Macgregor, who amused himself with this second massacre of the innocents, in express disobedience to the chief, by whom he was left their guardian during the pursuit of the Colquhouns. It is added, that Macgregor bitterly lamented this atrocious action, and prophesied the ruin which it must bring upon their ancient clan. The following account of the conflict, which is indeed drawn up by a friend of the clan Gregor, is altogether silent on the murder of the youths:—‘In the spring of the year 1602, there happened great dissensions and troubles between the laird of Luss, chief of the Colquhouns, and Alexander, laird of Macgregor. The original of these quarrels proceeded from injuries and provocations mutually given and received, not long before. Macgregor, however, wanting to have them ended in friendly conferences, marched at the head of two hundred of his clan to Leven, which borders on Luss, his country, with a view of settling matters by the mediation of friends: but Luss had no such intentions, and projected his measures with a different view; for he privately drew together a body of 300 horse and 500 foot, composed partly of his own clan and their followers, and partly of the Buchanans, his neighbours, and resolved to cut off Macgregor and his party to a man, in case the issue of the conference did not answer his inclination. But matters fell otherwise than he expected; and though Macgregor had previous information of his insidious design, yet, dissembling his resentment, he kept the appointment, and parted good friends in appearance.

‘No sooner was he gone, than Luss, thinking to surprise him and his party in full security, and without any dread or apprehension of his treachery, followed with all speed, and came up with him at a place called Glenfron. Macgregor, upon the alarm, divided his men into two parties, the greatest part whereof he commanded himself, and the other he committed to the care of his brother John, who, by his orders, led them about another way, and attacked the Colquhouns in flank. Here it was fought with great bravery on both sides for a considerable time; and, notwithstanding the vast disproportion of numbers, Macgregor, in the end, obtained an absolute victory. So

great was the rout, that 200 of the Colquhouns were left dead upon the spot, most of the leading men were killed, and a multitude of prisoners taken. But what seemed most surprising and incredible in this defeat was, that none of the Macgregors were missing, except John, the laird's brother, and one common fellow, though indeed many of them were wounded.—Professor Ross's *History of the Family of Sutherland*, 1631.

The consequences of the battle of Glenfruin were very calamitous to the family of Macgregor, who had already been considered as an unruly clan. The widows of the slain Colquhouns, sixty, it is said, in number, appeared in doleful procession before the king at Stirling, each riding upon a white palfrey, and bearing in her hand the bloody shirt of her husband displayed upon a pike. James VI. was so much moved by the complaints of this 'choir of mourning dames,' that he let loose his vengeance against the Macgregors, without either bounds or moderation. The very name of the clan was proscribed, and those by whom it had been borne were given up to sword and fire, and absolutely hunted down by bloodhounds like wild beasts. Argyle and the Campbells, on the one hand, Montrose, with the Grahames and Buchanans, on the other, are said to have been the chief instruments in suppressing this devoted clan. The laird of Macgregor surrendered to the former, on condition that he would take him out of Scottish ground. But, to use Birrell's expression, he kept 'a Highlandman's promise;' and, although he fulfilled his word to the letter, by carrying him as far as Berwick, he afterwards brought him back to Edinburgh, where he was executed with eighteen of his clan.—BIRRELL'S *Diary*, 2d Oct. 1603. The clan Gregor being thus driven to utter despair, seem to have renounced the laws from the benefit of which they were excluded, and their depredations produced new acts of council, confirming the severity of their proscription, which had only the effect of rendering them still more united and desperate. It is a most extraordinary proof of the ardent and invincible spirit of clanship, that, notwithstanding the repeated proscriptions providently ordained by the legislature 'for the *timeous preventing* the disorders and oppression that may fall out by the said name and clan of Macgregors and their followers,' they were, in 1715 and 1745, a potent clan, and continue to subsist as a distinct and numerous race.

NOTE O.

'*The king's vindictive pride
Boasts to have tamed the Border side.*'—P. 212.

In 1529, James V. made a convention at Edinburgh, for the purpose of considering the best mode of quelling the Border robbers, who, during the licence of his minority, and the troubles which followed, had committed many exorbitances. Accordingly he assembled a flying army of ten thousand men, consisting of his principal nobility and their followers, who were directed to bring their hawks and dogs with them, that the monarch might refresh himself with sport during the intervals of military execution. With this array he swept through Etrick forest, where he hanged over the gate of his own castle Piers Cockburn of Henderland, who had prepared, according to tradition, a feast for his reception. He caused Adam Scott of Tushielaw also to be executed, who was distinguished by the title of King of the Border. But the most noted vic-

tim of justice, during that expedition, was John Armstrong of Gilnockie, famous in Scottish song, who, confiding in his own supposed innocence, met the king, with a retinue of thirty-six persons, all of whom were hanged at Carlenrig, near the source of the Teviot. The effect of this severity was such, that, as the vulgar expressed it, 'the rush bush kept the cow,' and 'thereafter was great peace and rest a long time, wherethrough the king had great profit; for he had ten thousand sheep going in the Ettricke forest in keeping by Andrew Bell, who made the king as good count of them as they had gone in the bounds of Fife.'—PITSCOTTIE'S *History*, p. 153.

NOTE P.

'*What grace for Highland chiefs, judge ye
By fate of Border chivalry?*'—P. 213.

James was, in fact, equally attentive to restrain rapine and feudal oppression in every part of his dominions. 'The king past to the Isles, and there held justice courts, and punished both thief and traitor according to their demerit. And also he caused great men to show their holdings, wherethrough he found many of the said lands in non-entry; the which he confiscate and brought home to his own use, and afterward annexed them to the crown, as ye shall hear. Syne brought many of the great men of the Isles captive with him, such as Mudyart, M'Connell, M'Loyd of the Lewes, M'Neil, M'Lane, M'Intosh, John Mudyart, M'Kay, M'Kenzie, with many others that I cannot rehearse at this time. Some of them he put in ward and some in court, and some he took pledges for good rule in time coming. So he brought the Isles, both north and south, in good rule and peace; wherefore he had great profit, service, and obedience of people a long time thereafter; and as long as he had the heads of the country in subjection, they lived in great peace and rest, and there was great riches and policy by the king's justice.'—*Pitcottie*, p. 152.

Note Q.

'*Rest safe till morning—pity 'twere
Such cheek should feel the midnight air.*'—P. 218.

Hardihood was in every respect so essential to the character of a Highlander, that the reproach of effeminacy was the most bitter which could be thrown upon him. Yet it was sometimes hazarded on what we might presume to think slight grounds. It is reported of old Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, when upwards of seventy, that he was surprised by night on a hunting or military expedition. He wrapped him in his plaid, and lay contentedly down upon the snow, with which the ground happened to be covered. Among his attendants, who were preparing to take their rest in the same manner, he observed that one of his grandsons, for his better accommodation, had rolled a large snow-ball, and placed it below his head. The wrath of the ancient chief was awakened by a symptom of what he conceived to be degenerate luxury. 'Out upon thee,' said he, kicking the frozen bolster from the head which it supported, 'art thou so effeminate as to need a pillow?' The officer of engineers, whose curious letters from the Highlands have been more than once quoted, tells a similar story of Macdonald of Keppoch, and subjoins the following remarks:—

'This and many other stories are romantick; but there is one thing, that at first thought might seem very romantick, of which I have been credibly assured, that when the Highlanders are constrained to lie among the hills, in cold dry windy weather, they sometimes soak the plaid in some river or burn (*i. e.* brook), and then, holding up a corner of it a little above their heads, they turn themselves round and round, till they are enveloped by the whole mantle. They then lay themselves down on the heath, upon the leeward side of some hill, where the wet and the warmth of their bodies make a steam, like that of a boiling kettle. The wet, they say, keeps them warm by thickening the stuff, and keeping the wind from penetrating.

'I must confess I should have been apt to question this fact, had I not frequently seen them wet from morning to night; and, even at the beginning of the rain, not so much as stir a few yards to shelter, but continue in it without necessity, till they were, as we say, wet through and through. And that is soon effected by the looseness and sponginess of the plaiding; but the bonnet is frequently taken off, and wrung like a dishelont, and then put on again.

'They have been accustomed from their infancy to be often wet, and to take the water like spaniels, and this is become a second nature, and can scarcely be called a hardship to them, insomuch that I used to say, they seemed to be of the duck-kind, and to love water as well. Though I never saw this preparation for sleep in windy weather, yet, setting out early in a morning from one of the huts, I have seen the marks of their lodging, where the ground has been free from rime or snow, which remained all round the spot where they had lain.'—*Letters from Scotland*. Lond. 1754, 8vo, ii. p. 103.

NOTE R.

'*His henchman came.*'—P. 218.

'This officer is a sort of secretary, and is to be ready, upon all occasions, to venture his life in defence of his master; and at drinking-bouts he stands behind his seat, at his haunch, from whence his title is derived, and watches the conversation, to see if any one offends his patron.

'An English officer being in company with a certain chieftain, and several other Highland gentlemen, near Killiehumen, had an argument with the *great man*; and both being well warmed with usky, at last the dispute grew very hot.

'A youth who was hanchman, not understanding one word of English, imagined his chief was insulted, and thereupon drew his pistol from his side, and snapped it at the officer's head; but the pistol missed fire, otherwise it is more than probable he might have suffered death from the hand of that little vermin.

'But it is very disagreeable to an Englishman over a bottle with the Highlanders, to see every one of them have his gilly, that is, his servant, standing behind him all the while, let what will be the subject of conversation.'—*Letters from Scotland*, ii. 159.

CANTO III.

NOTE A.

‘*And while the Fiery Cross glanced like a meteor round.*’—P. 221.

When a chieftain designed to summon his clan, upon any sudden or important emergency, he slew a goat, and making a cross of any light wood, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the *Fiery Cross*, also *Crean Tarigh*, or the *Cross of Shame*, because disobedience to what the symbol implied, inferred infamy. It was delivered to a swift and trusty messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person, with a single word, implying the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forwards, with equal dispatch, to the next village; and thus it passed with incredible celerity through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among his allies and neighbours, if the danger was common to them. At sight of the Fiery Cross, every man, from sixteen years old to sixty, capable of bearing arms, was obliged instantly to repair, in his best arms and accoutrements, to the place of rendezvous. He who failed to appear, suffered the extremities of fire and sword, which were emblematically denounced to the disobedient by the bloody and burned marks upon this warlike signal. During the civil war of 1745-6, the Fiery Cross often made its circuit; and upon one occasion it passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours. The late Alexander Stuart, Esq. of Invernahyle, described to me his having sent round the Fiery Cross through the district of Appine, during the same commotion. The coast was threatened by a descent from two English frigates, and the flower of the young men were with the army of Prince Charles Edward, then in England; yet the summons was so effectual, that even old age and childhood obeyed it; and a force was collected in a few hours, so numerous and so enthusiastic, that all attempt at the intended diversion upon the country of the absent warriors, was in prudence abandoned as desperate.

This practice, like some others, is common to the Highlanders with the ancient Scandinavians, as will appear by the following extract from Olaus Magnus:

‘When the enemy is upon the sea-coast, or within the limits of northern kingdoms, then presently, by the command of the provincial governours, with the counsel and consent of the old souldiers, who are notably skilled in such like business, a staff of three hands’ length, in the common sight of them all, is carried, by the speedy running of some active young man, unto that village or city, with this command,—that on the 3. 4. or 8. day, one, two, or three, or else every man in particular, from 15 years old, shall come with his arms, and expences for ten or twenty days, upon pain that his or their houses shall be burnt (which is intimated by the burning of the staff), or else the master to be hanged (which is signified by the cord tied to it), to appear speedily on such a bank, or field, or valley, to hear the cause he is called, and to receive orders from the said provincial governours what he shall do. Wherefore that messenger, swifter than any post or waggon, having done his commission,

comes slowly back again, bringing a token with him that he hath done all legally; and every moment one or another runs to every village, and tells those places what they must do.' 'The messengers, therefore, of the footmen, that are to give warning to the people to meet for the battail, run fiercely and swiftly; for no snow, nor rain, nor heat can stop them, nor night hold them; but they will soon run the race they undertake. The first messenger tells it to the next village, and that to the next; and so the hub-bub runs all over, till they all know it in that stift or territory, where, when, and wherefore they must meet.'—OLAUS MAGNUS' *History of the Goths*, englished by J. S., Lond. 1655, book iv. chap. 3, 4.

NOTE B.

'*That Monk of savage form and face.*'—P. 223.

The state of religion in the middle ages afforded considerable facilities for those whose mode of life excluded them from regular worship, to secure, nevertheless, the ghostly assistances of confessors, perfectly willing to adapt the nature of their doctrine to the necessities and peculiar circumstances of their flock. Robin Hood, it is well known, had his celebrated domestic chaplain Friar Tuck. And that same curtal friar was probably matched in manners and appearance by the ghostly fathers of the Tynedale robbers, who are thus described in an excommunication fulminated against their patrons by Richard Fox, Bishop of Durham, tempore Henrici VIII.: 'We have further understood, that there are many chaplains in the said territories of Tynedale and Redesdale, who are public and open maintainers of concubinage, irregular, suspended, excommunicated, and interdicted persons, and withal so utterly ignorant of letters, that it has been found by those who objected this to them, that there were some who, having celebrated mass for ten years, were still unable to read the sacramental service. We have also understood there are persons among them, who, although not ordained, do take upon them the offices of priesthood; and, in contempt of God, celebrate divine and sacred rites, and administer the sacraments, not only in sacred and dedicated places, but in those which are profane and interdicted, and most wretchedly ruinous; they themselves being attired in ragged, torn, and most filthy vestments, altogether unfit to be used in divine or even in temporal offices. The which said chaplains do administer sacraments and sacramental rites to the aforesaid manifest and infamous thieves, robbers, depredators, receivers of stolen goods, and plunderers, and that without restitution, or intention to restore, as is evinced by the fact; and do also openly admit them to the rites of ecclesiastical sepulture, without exacting security for restitution, although they are prohibited from doing so by the sacred canons, as well as by the institutes of the saints and fathers. All which infers the heavy peril of their own souls, and is a pernicious example to the other believers in Christ, as well as no slight, but an aggravated injury to the numbers despoiled and plundered of their goods, gear, herds, and chattels.'¹

To this lively and picturesque description of the confessors and churchmen of predatory tribes, there may be added some curious particulars respecting

¹ The Monition against the Robbers of Tynedale and Redesdale, with which I was favoured by my friend Mr Surtees, of Mainsforth, may be found in the original Latin, in the Appendix to the Introduction to the Border Minstrelsy, No. vii., fourth edition.

the priests attached to the several septs of native Irish, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. These friars had indeed to plead, that the incursions, which they not only pardoned, but even encouraged, were made upon those hostile to them, as well in religion as from national antipathy. But by Protestant writers they are uniformly alleged to be the chief instruments of Irish insurrection, the very wellspring of all rebellion towards the English government. Lithgow, the Scottish traveller, declares the Irish wood-kerne, or predatory tribes, to be but the hounds of their hunting priests, who directed their incursions by their pleasure, partly for sustenance, partly to gratify animosity, partly to foment general division, and always for the better security and easier domination of the friars.¹ Derrick, the liveliness and minuteness of whose descriptions may frequently apologise for his doggerel verses, after describing an Irish feast, and the encouragement given, by the songs of the bards, to its termination in an incursion upon the parts of the country more immediately under the dominion of the English, records the no less powerful arguments used by the friar to excite their animosity:

‘ And more t’ augment the flame,
and rancour of their harte,
The frier, of his counsells vile,
to rebelles doth imparte,
Affirming that it is
an almose deede to God,
To make the English subjectes taste
the Irish rebels rodde.

To spoile, to kill, to burne,
this frier’s counsell is ;
And for the doing of the same,
he warrantes heavenlie blisse.
He tells a holie tale ;
the white he tournes to blacke ;
And through the pardous in his male,
he works a knavish knacke.’

The wreekful invasion of a part of the English pale is then described with some spirit ; the burning of houses, driving off cattle, and all pertaining to such predatory inroads, is illustrated by a rude cut. The defeat of the Irish, by a party of English soldiers from the next garrison, is then commemorated, and in like manner adorned with an engraving, in which the friar is exhibited mourning over the slain chieftain ; or, as the rubric expresses it,

‘ The friar, then, that treacherous knave, with ough, ough-hone lament,
To see his cousin Devill’s-son to have so foul event.’

The matter is handled at great length in the text, of which the following verses are more than sufficient sample :—

‘ The frier seying this,
lamentes that lucklesse parte,
And curseth to the pitte of hell
the death man’s sturdie harte :
Yet for to quight them with
the frier taketh paine,
For all the synnes that ere he did
remission to obtaine.
And therefore serves his booke,
the candell and the bell ;
But thinke you that suche apishe
toies
bring damned souls from hell ?

It ‘longs not to my parte
infernall things to knowe ;
But I beleve till later daie,
thei rise not from belowe.
Yet hope that friers give
to this rebellious rout,
If that their soules should chaunce
in hell,
to bring them quicklie out,
Doeth make them lead suche lives,
as neither God nor man,
Without revenge for their desartes,
permitte to suffer can.

¹ Lithgow’s Travels, first edit p. 431.

Thus friers are the cause,
 the fountain and the spring,
 Of hurleburles in this land,
 of eche unhappie thing.
 Thei cause them to rebell
 against their soveraigne quene :

And through rebellion often tymes,
 their lives doe vanishe clene.
 So as by friers meanes,
 in whom all follie swimme,
 The Irishe karne doe often lose
 the life, with hedde and limme.'¹

As the Irish tribes, and those of the Scottish Highlands, are much more intimately allied, by language, manners, dress, and customs, than the anti-quaries of either country have been willing to admit, I flatter myself I have here produced a strong warrant for the character sketched in the text. The following picture, though of a different kind, serves to establish the existence of ascetic religionists, to a comparatively late period, in the Highlands and Western Isles. There is a great deal of simplicity in the description, for which, as for much similar information, I am obliged to Dr John Martin, who visited the Hebrides at the suggestion of Sir Robert Sibbald, a Scottish anti-quary of eminence, and early in the eighteenth century published a description of them, which procured him admission into the Royal Society. He died in London about 1719. His work is a strange mixture of learning, observation, and gross credulity.

'I remember,' says this author, 'I have seen an old lay-capuchin here (in the island of Benbecula), called in their language *Brahir-bocht*, that is, *Poor Brother*; which is literally true; for he answers this character, having nothing but what is given him: he holds himself fully satisfied with food and rayment, and lives in as great simplicity as any of his order; his diet is very mean, and he drinks only fair water: his habit is no less mortifying than that of his brethren elsewhere; he wears a short coat, which comes no farther than his middle, with narrow sleeves like a waistcoat: he wears a plad above it, girt about the middle, which reaches to his knee: the plad is fastened on his breast with a wooden pin, his neck bare, and his feet often so too: he wears a hat for ornament, and the string about it is a bit of a fisher's line, made of horse-hair. This plad he wears instead of a gown worn by those of his order in other countries. I told him he wanted the flaxen girdle that men of his order usually wear: he answered me, that he wore a leather one, which was the same thing. Upon the matter, if he is spoke to when at meat, he answers again; which is contrary to the custom of his order. This poor man frequently diverts himself with angling of trouts: he lies upon straw, and has no bell (as others have) to call him to his devotion, but only his conscience, as he told me.'—MARTIN'S *Description of the Western Islands*, p. 82.

NOTE C.

'Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.'—P. 224.

The legend which follows is not of the author's invention. It is possible he may differ from modern critics, in supposing that the records of human superstition, if peculiar to, and characteristic of, the country in which the scene is laid, are a legitimate subject of poetry. He gives, however, a ready assent

¹ This curious Picture of Ireland was inserted by the author in the republication of Somers' Tracts, vol. i., in which the plates have been also inserted, from the only impressions known to exist, belonging to the copy in the Advocates' Library. See Somers' Tracts, vol. i. p. 591-594.

to the narrower proposition, which condemns all attempts of an irregular and disordered fancy to excite terror, by accumulating a train of fantastic and incoherent horrors, whether borrowed from all countries, and patched upon a narrative belonging to one which knew them not, or derived from the author's own imagination.

In the present case, therefore, I appeal to the record which I have transcribed, with the variation of a very few words, from the geographical collections made by the Laird of Macfarlane. I know not whether it be necessary to remark, that the miscellaneous concourse of youths and maidens on the night, and on the spot where the miracle is said to have taken place, might, in an incredulous age, have somewhat diminished the wonder which accompanied the conception of *Gilli-Doir-Maghrevollich*.

There is bot two myles from Inverlochie, the church of Kilmalee, in Loughyeld. In ancient tymes there was ane church builded upon ane hill, which was above this church, which doeth now stand in this toune; and ancient men doeth say, that there was a battell foughten on ane litle hill not the tenth part of a myle from this church, be certaine men which they did not know what they were. And long tyme thereafter, certaine herds of that toune, and of the next toune, called Unnatt, both wenches and youthes, did on a tyme conven with others on that hill; and the day being somewhat cold, did gather the bones of the dead men that were slayne long tyme before in that place, and did make a fire to warm them. At last they did all remove from the fire, except one maid or wench, which was verie cold, and she did remaine there for a space. She being quyethie her alone, without anie other companie, took up her cloaths above her knees, or thereby, to warm her; a wind did come and caste the ashes upon her, and she was conceived of ane man-child. Severall tymes thereafter she was verie sick, and at last she was knowne to be with chyld. And then her parents did ask at her the matter heiroll, which the wench could not weel answer which way to satisfie them. At last she resolved them with ane answer. As fortune fell upon her concerning this marvellous miracle, the chyld being borne, his name was called *Gilli-doir Maghrevollich*, that is to say, the *Black child, Son to the Bones*. So called, his grandfather sent him to schooll, and so he was a good schollar, and godlie. He did build this church which doeth now stand in Loehyeld, called Kilmalie.' —MACFARLANE, *ut supra*, ii. 188.

NOTE D.

'Yct ne'er again to braid her hair,
The virgin snood did Alice wear.'—P. 224.

The *snood*, or ribband, with which a Scottish lass braided her hair, had an emblematical signification, and applied to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the *curch*, *toy*, or *coif*, when she passed, by marriage, into the matron state. But if the damsel was so unfortunate as to lose pretensions to the name of maiden, without gaining a right to that of matron, she was neither permitted to use the snood, nor advanced to the graver dignity of the curch. In old Scottish songs there occur many sly allusions to such misfortune, as in the old words to the popular tune of 'Ower the muir among the heather:'

'Down among the broom, the broom,
Down among the broom, my dearie,

The lassie lost her silken snood,
That gar'd her greet till she was wearie.

NOTE E.

'The desert gave him visions wild,
Such as might suit the spectre's child.'—P. 225.

In adopting the legend concerning the birth of the Founder of the Church of Kilmallie, the author has endeavoured to trace the effects which such a belief was likely to produce, in a barbarous age, on the person to whom it related. It seems likely that he must have become a fanatic or an impostor, or that mixture of both which forms a more frequent character than either of them, as existing separately. In truth, mad persons are frequently more anxious to impress upon others a faith in their visions, than they are themselves confirmed in their reality: as, on the other hand, it is difficult for the most cool-headed impostor long to personate an enthusiast, without in some degree believing what he is so eager to have believed. It was a natural attribute of such a character as the supposed hermit, that he should credit the numerous superstitions with which the minds of ordinary Highlanders are almost always imbued. A few of these are slightly alluded to in this stanza. The River Demon, or River Horse, for it is that form which he commonly assumes, is the Kelpy of the Lowlands, an evil and malicious spirit, delighting to forebode and to witness calamity. He frequents most Highland lakes and rivers; and one of his most memorable exploits was performed upon the banks of Loch Venmachar, in the very district which forms the scene of our action: it consisted in the destruction of a funeral procession, with all its attendants. The 'noontide hag,' called in Gaelic *Glas-lich*, a tall, emaciated, gigantic female figure, is supposed in particular to haunt the district of Knoidart. A goblin dressed in antique armour, and having one hand covered with blood, called, from that circumstance, *Lham-dearg*, or Red-hand, is a tenant of the forests of Glenmore and Rothemureus. Other spirits of the desert, all frightful in shape, and malignant in disposition, are believed to frequent different mountains and glens of the Highlands, where any unusual appearance, produced by mist, or the strange lights that are sometimes thrown upon particular objects, never fail to present an apparition to the imagination of the solitary and melancholy mountaineer.

NOTE F.

'The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream.'—P. 226.

Most great families in the Highlands were supposed to have a tutelary, or rather a domestic spirit, attached to them, who took an interest in their prosperity, and intimated, by its wailings, any approaching disaster. That of Grant of Grant was called *May Moullach*, and appeared in the form of a girl, who had her arm covered with hair. Grant of Rothemureus had an attendant called *Bodach-an-dun*, or the Ghost of the Hill; and many other examples might be mentioned. The Ban-Shie¹ implies the female Fairy, whose lamentations were often supposed to precede the death of a chieftain of particular

¹ In the first edition this was erroneously explained as equivalent to *Ben-Schichian*, or the Head of the Fairies.

families. When she is visible, it is in the form of an old woman, with a blue mantle, and streaming hair. A superstition of the same kind is, I believe, universally received by the inferior ranks of the native Irish.

The death of the head of an Highland family is also sometimes supposed to be announced by a chain of lights of different colours, called *Dr' eug*, or Death of the Druid. The direction which it takes marks the place of the funeral.

NOTE G.

'*Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,
Of charging steeds, careering fast
Along Bucharrow's shingly side,
Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride.*'—P. 226.

A presage of the kind alluded to in the text, is still believed to announce death to the ancient Highland family of M·Lean of Lochbuy. The spirit of an ancestor slain in battle, is heard to gallop along a stony bank, and then to ride thrice around the family residence, ringing his fairy bridle, and thus intimating the approaching calamity. How easily the eye as well as the ear may be deceived upon such occasions, is evident from the stories of armies in the air, and other spectral phenomena with which history abounds. Such an apparition is said to have been witnessed upon the side of Southerfell mountain, between Penrith and Keswick, upon the 23d June 1744, by two persons, William Lancaster of Blakehills, and Daniel Stricket his servant, whose attestation to the fact, with a full account of the apparition, dated the 21st July 1785, is printed in Clarke's 'Survey of the Lakes.' The apparition consisted of several troops of horse moving in regular order, with a steady rapid motion, making a curved sweep around the fell, and seeming to the spectators to disappear over the ridge of the mountain. Many persons witnessed this phenomenon, and observed the last, or last but one, of the supposed troop, occasionally leave his rank, and pass, at a gallop, to the front, when he resumed the same steady pace. This curious appearance, making the necessary allowance for imagination, may be perhaps sufficiently accounted for by optical deception.—*Survey of the Lakes*, p. 25.

Supernatural intimations of approaching fate are not, I believe, confined to Highland families. Howel mentions having seen at a lapidary's, in 1632, a monumental stone, prepared for four persons of the name of Oxenham, before the death of each of whom, the inscription stated a white bird to have appeared and fluttered around the bed, while the patient was in the last agony. *Familiar Letters*, edit. 1726, p. 247. Glanville mentions one family, the members of which received this solemn sign by music, the sound of which floated from the family residence, and seemed to die in a neighbouring wood; another, that of Captain Wood of Bampton, to whom the signal was given by knocking. But the most remarkable instance of the kind occurs in the MS. Memoirs of Lady Fanshaw, so exemplary for her conjugal affection. Her husband, Sir Richard, and she, chanced, during their abode in Ireland, to visit a friend, the head of a sept, who resided in his ancient baronial castle, surrounded with a moat. At midnight, she was awakened by a ghastly and supernatural scream, and looking out of bed, beheld, by the moonlight, a female face and part of the form, hovering at the window. The distance from the ground, as

well as the circumstance of the moat, excluded the possibility that what she beheld was of this world. The face was that of a young and rather handsome woman, but pale, and the hair, which was reddish, loose and dishevelled. The dress, which Lady Fanshaw's terror did not prevent her remarking accurately, was that of the ancient Irish. This apparition continued to exhibit itself for some time, and then vanished with two shrieks similar to that which had first excited Lady Fanshaw's attention. In the morning, with infinite terror, she communicated to her host what she had witnessed, and found him prepared not only to credit but to account for the apparition. 'A near relation of my family,' said he, 'expired last night in this castle. We disguised our certain expectation of the event from you, lest it should throw a cloud over the cheerful reception which was your due. Now, before such an event happens in this family and castle, the female spectre whom you have seen always is visible. She is believed to be the spirit of a woman of inferior rank, whom one of my ancestors degraded himself by marrying, and whom afterwards, to expiate the dishonour done to his family, he caused to be drowned in the Castle Moat.'

NOTE II.

'Whose parents in *Inch-Cailliach* wave
Their shadows o'er *Clan-Alpine's* grave.'—P. 227.

Inch-Cailliach, the Isle of Nuns, or of Old Women, is a most beautiful island at the lower extremity of Loch Lomond. The church belonging to the former nunnery was long used as the place of worship for the parish of Buchanan, but scarce any vestiges of it now remain. The burial-ground continues to be used, and contains the family places of sepulture of several neighbouring clans. The monuments of the lairds of Macgregor, and of other families, claiming a descent from the old Scottish King Alpine, are most remarkable. The Highlanders are as jealous of their rights of sepulchre, as may be expected from a people whose whole laws and government, if clanship can be called so, turned upon the single principle of family descent. 'May his ashes be scattered on the water,' was one of the deepest and most solemn imprecations which they used against an enemy.

NOTE I.

'The *dun deer's* hide
On *fleeter foot* was never tied.'—P. 230.

The present *brogue* of the Highlanders is made of half-dried leather, with holes to admit and let out the water; for walking the moors dry-shod is a matter altogether out of question. The ancient buskin was still ruder, being made of the undressed deer's hide, with the hair outwards, a circumstance which procured the Highlanders the well-known epithet of *Red-shanks*. The process is very accurately described by one Eldar (himself a Highlander), in the project for a union between England and Scotland, addressed to Henry VIII. 'We go a hunting, and after that we have slain red-deer, we flay off the skin by and by, and setting off our bare-foot on the inside thereof, for want of cunning shoemakers, by your grace's pardon, we play the cobblers, compassing and measuring so much thereof, as shall reach up to our ankles, pricking the

upper part thereof with holes, that the water may repass where it enters, and stretch it up with a strong thong of the same above our said ankles. So, and please your noble grace, we make our shoes. Therefore, we using such manner of shoes, the rough hairy side outwards, in your grace's dominions of England we be called *Rough-footed Scots*.'—PINKERTON'S *History*, vol. ii. p. 397.

NOTE K.

'*The dismal Coronach*.'—P. 232.

The *Coronach* of the Highlanders, like the *Ululatus* of the Romans and the *Ualoo* of the Irish, was a wild expression of lamentation poured forth by the mourners over the body of a departed friend. When the words of it were articulate, they expressed the praises of the deceased, and the loss the clan would sustain by his death. The following is a lamentation of this kind, literally translated from the Gaelic, to some of the ideas of which the text stands indebted. The tune is so popular, that it has since become the war-march, or gathering of the clan.

Coronach on Sir Lauchlan, Chief of Maclean.

'Which of all the Seanachies
Can trace thy line from the root, up to Paradise,
But Macvuirih, the son of Fergus?
No sooner had thine ancient stately tree
Taken firm root in Albin,
Than one of thy forefathers fell at Harlaw.—
'Twas then we lost a chief of deathless name!—

'Tis no base weed—no planted tree,
Nor a seedling of last autumn;
Nor a sapling planted at Beltain;¹
Wide, wide around, were spread its lofty branches—
But the topmost bough is lowly laid!
Thou hast forsaken us before Sawaine.²

Thy dwelling is the winter house;—
Loud, sad, and mighty is thy death song!—
Oh! courteous champion of Montrose!
Oh! stately warrior of the Celtic Isles!
Thou shalt buckle thy harness on no more!

The *Coronach* has for some years past been superseded at funerals by the use of the bag-pipe, and that also is, like many other Highland peculiarities, falling into disuse, unless in remote districts.

NOTE L.

'*Benedi saw the Cross of Fire,
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire*.'—P. 235.

A glance at the provincial map of Perthshire, or at any large map of Scotland, will trace the progress of the signal through the small district of lakes and mountains, which, in exercise of my poetical privilege, I have subjected

¹ Bel's fire, or Whitsunday.—² Hallow'e'en.

to the authority of my imaginary chieftain; and which, at the period of my romance, was really occupied by a clan who claimed a descent from Alpine, a clan the most unfortunate, and most persecuted, but neither the least distinguished, least powerful, or least brave, of the tribes of the Gael.

'Slioch non rioghrìdh duchaisach
Bha-shìos an Dun-Staibhinish
Aig an roubh crun na Halba othus
'Sag a cheil duchas fast ris.'

The first stage of the Fiery Cross is to Duncraggan, a place near the Brigg of Turk, where a short stream divides Loch Achray from Loch Vennachar. From thence it passes towards Callender, and then, turning to the left up the pass of Lennie, is consigned to Norman at the chapel of Saint Bride, which stood on a small and romantic knoll in the middle of the valley, called Strath-Ire. Tombea and Armandave, or Arduandave, are names of places in the vicinity. The alarm is then supposed to pass along the lake of Lubnair, and through the various glens in the district of Balquidder, including the neighbouring tracts of Glentfinlas and Strathgartney.

NOTE M.

'Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,
Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze.'—P. 239.

It may be necessary to inform the southern reader, that the heath on the Scottish moor-lands is often set fire to, that the sheep may have the advantage of the young herbage produced in room of the tough old heather plants. This custom (execrated by sportsmen) produces occasionally the most beautiful nocturnal appearances, similar almost to the discharge of a volcano. The simile is not new to poetry. The charge of a warrior, in the fine ballad of Hardy-knute, is said to be 'like a fire to heather set.'

NOTE N.

'By his Chieftain's hand.'—P. 240.

The deep and implicit respect paid by the Highland clansmen to their chief, rendered this both a common and a solemn oath. In other respects, they were like most savage nations, capricious in their ideas concerning the obligatory power of oaths. One solemn mode of swearing was by kissing the *dirk*, imprecating upon themselves death by that, or a similar weapon, if they broke their vow. But for oaths in the usual form, they are said to have had little respect. As for the reverence due to the chief, it may be guessed from the following odd example of a Highland point of honour:

'The clan whereto the above-mentioned tribe belongs, is the only one I have heard of, which is without a chief; that is, being divided into families, under several chieftains, without any particular patriarch of the whole name. And this is a great reproach, as may appear from an affair that fell out at my table, in the Highlands, between one of that name and a Cameron. The provocation given by the latter, was—Name your chief. The return to it, at once, was—You are a fool. They went out next morning, but having early notice of it, I sent a small party of soldiers after them, which, in all probability, prevented some barbarous mischief, that might have ensued; for the chiefless Highlander,

who is himself a petty chieftain, was going to the place appointed with a small sword and pistol, whereas the Cameron (an old man) took with him only his broadsword, according to agreement.

‘When all was over, and I had, at least seemingly, reconciled them, I was told the words, of which I seemed to think but slightly, were, to one of that clan, the greatest of all provocations.’—*Letters from the North of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 221.

NOTE O.

‘*Coir-nan-Uriskin*.’—P. 240.

This is a very steep and most romantic hollow in the mountain of Benvenue, overhanging the south-eastern extremity of Loch Katrine. It is surrounded with stupendous rocks, and overshadowed with birch-trees, mingled with oaks, the spontaneous production of the mountain, even where its cliffs appear denuded of soil. A dale in so wild a situation, and amid a people whose genius bordered on the romantic, did not remain without appropriate deities. The name literally implies the Corri, or Den, of the Wild or Shaggy Men. Perhaps this, as conjectured by Mr Alexander Campbell,¹ may have originally only implied its being the haunt of a ferocious banditti. But tradition has ascribed to the *Urisk*, who gives name to the cavern, a figure between a goat and a man; in short, however much the classical reader may be startled, precisely that of the Grecian Satyr. The *Urisk* seems not to have inherited, with the form, the petulance of the sylvan deity of the classics: his occupations, on the contrary, resembled those of Milton’s lubbar fiend, or of the Scottish Brownie, though he differed from both in name and appearance. ‘The *Urisks*,’ says Dr Graham, ‘were a sort of lubberly supernaturals, who, like the Brownies, could be gained over by kind attention, to perform the drudgery of the farm, and it was believed that many of the families in the Highlands had one of the order attached to it. They were supposed to be dispersed over the Highlands, each in his own wild recess, but the solemn stated meetings of the order were regularly held in this cave of Benvenue. This current superstition, no doubt, alludes to some circumstance in the ancient history of this country.’—*Scenery on the Southern Confines of Perthshire*, 1806, p. 19.

It must be owned that the *Coir*, or den, does not, in its present state, meet our ideas of a subterranean grotto or cave, being only a small and narrow cavity, among huge fragments of rocks, rudely piled together. But such a scene is liable to convulsions of nature, which a Lowlander cannot estimate, and which may have choked up what was originally a cavern. At least the name and tradition authorise the author of a fictitious tale to assert its having been such at the remote period in which his scene is laid.

NOTE P.

‘*The wild pass of Beal-nam-Bo*.’—P. 242.

Bealach-nam-Bo, or the pass of cattle, is a most magnificent glade, overhung with aged birch-trees, a little higher up the mountain than the *Coir-nan-Uriskin*, treated of in the last note. The whole composes the most sublime piece of scenery that imagination can conceive.

¹ Journey from Edinburgh, 1802, p. 109.

NOTE Q.

'A single page, to bear his sword,
Alone attended on his Lord.'—P. 242.

A Highland chief being as absolute in his patriarchal authority as any prince, had a corresponding number of officers attached to his person. He had his bodyguards, called *Luicht-tach*, picked from his clan for strength, activity, and entire devotion to his person. These, according to their deserts, were sure to share abundantly in the rude profusion of his hospitality. It is recorded, for example, by tradition, that Allan MacLean, chief of that clan, happened upon a time to hear one of these favourite retainers observe to his comrade, that their chief grew old—'Whence do you infer that?' replied the other. 'When was it,' rejoined the first, 'that a soldier of Allan's was obliged, as I am now, not only to eat the flesh from this bone, but even to tear off the inner skin, or filament?' The hint was quite sufficient, and MacLean next morning, to relieve his followers from such dire necessity, undertook an inroad on the mainland, the ravage of which altogether effaced the memory of his former expeditions for the like purpose.

Our officer of Engineers, so often quoted, has given us a distinct list of the domestic officers who, independent of *Luicht-tach*, or *gardes de corps*, belonged to the establishment of a Highland Chief. These are, 1. *The Henchman*. See the notes, p. 346. 2. The Bard. See p. 336. 3. *Bladier*, or Spokesman. 4. *Gillie-more*, or Sword-bearer, alluded to in the text. 5. *Gillie-casflue*, who carried the chief, if on foot, over the fords. 6. *Gillie-comstraine*, who leads the chief's horse. 7. *Gillie-trushanarish*, the baggage-man. 8. The piper. 9. The piper's gillie, or attendant, who carries the bagpipe.¹ Although this appeared, naturally enough, very ridiculous to an English officer, who considered the master of such a retinue as no more than an English gentleman of £500 a year; yet, in the circumstances of the chief, whose strength and importance consisted in the number and attachment of his followers, it was of the last consequence, in point of policy, to have in his gift subordinate offices, which called immediately round his person those who were most devoted to him, and, being of value in their estimation, were also the means of rewarding them.

CANTO IV.

NOTE A.

'The *Taghairm* call'd, by which, afar,
Our sires foresaw the events of war.'—P. 248.

The Highlanders, like all rude people, had various superstitious modes of inquiring into futurity. One of the most noted was the *Taghairm*, mentioned in the text. A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly-slain bullock, and deposited beside a waterfall, or at the bottom of a precipice, or in some other strange, wild, and unusual situation, where the scenery around him suggested nothing but objects of horror. In this situation he revolved in his

¹ Letters from Scotland, vol. ii. p. 158.

mind the question proposed, and whatever was impressed upon him by his exalted imagination, passed for the inspiration of the disembodied spirits who haunt these desolate recesses. In some of the Hebrides, they attributed the same oracular power to a large black stone by the sea-shore, which they approached with certain solemnities, and considered the first fancy which came into their own minds, after they did so, to be the undoubted dictate of the tutelary deity of the stone, and as such, to be, if possible, punctually complied with. Martin has recorded the following curious modes of Highland augury, in which the Taghairm, and its effects upon the person who was subjected to it, may serve to illustrate the text :

‘It was an ordinary thing among the over-curious to consult an invisible oracle concerning the fate of families and battles, &c. This was performed three different ways : the first was by a company of men, one of whom being detached by lot, was afterwards carried to a river, which was the boundary between two villages ; four of the company laid hold on him, and, having shut his eyes, they took him by the legs and arms, and then, tossing him to and again, struck his hips with force against the bank. One of them cried out, What is it you have got here? another answers, A log of birch-wood. The other cries again, Let his invisible friends appear from all quarters, and let them relieve him by giving an answer to our present demands ; and in a few minutes after, a number of little creatures came from the sea, who answered the question, and disappeared suddenly. The man was then set at liberty, and they all returned home, to take their measures according to the prediction of their false prophets ; but the poor deluded fools were abused, for the answer was still ambiguous. This was always practised in the night, and may literally be called the works of darkness.

‘I had an account from the most intelligent and judicious men in the Isle of Skie, that, about sixty-two years ago, the oracle was thus consulted only once, and that was in the parish of Kilmartin, on the east side, by a wicked and mischievous race of people, who are now extinguished, both root and branch.

‘The second way of consulting the oracle was by a party of men, who first retired to solitary places, remote from any house, and there they singled out one of their number, and wrapt him in a big cow’s hide, which they folded about him ; his whole body was covered with it, except his head, and so left in this posture all night, until his invisible friends relieved him, by giving a proper answer to the question in hand ; which he received, as he fancied, from several persons that he found about him all that time. His consorts returned to him at the break of day, and then he communicated his news to them ; which often proved fatal to those concerned in such unwarrantable inquiries.

‘There was a third way of consulting, which was a confirmation of the second above mentioned. The same company who put the man into the hide, took a live cat, and put him on a spit ; one of the number was employed to turn the spit, and one of his consorts inquired of him, What are you doing? he answered, I roast this cat, until his friends answer the question ; which must be the same that was proposed by the man shut up in the hide. And afterwards, a very big cat¹ comes, attended by a number of lesser cats, desir-

¹ The reader may have met with the story of the ‘King of the Cats,’ in Lord Lyttelton’s Letters. It is well-known in the Highlands as a nursery tale.

ing to relieve the cat turned upon the spit, and then answers the question. If this answer proved the same that was given to the man in the hide, then it was taken as a confirmation of the other, which, in this case, was believed infallible.

‘Mr Alexander Cooper, present minister of North-Vist, told me that one John Erach, in the Isle of Lewis, assured him, it was his fate to have been led by his curiosity with some who consulted this oracle, and that he was a night within the hide, as above-mentioned; during which time he felt and heard such terrible things, that he could not express them; the impression it made on him was such as could never go off, and he said for a thousand worlds he would never again be concerned in the like performance, for this had disordered him to a high degree. He confessed it ingenuously, and with an air of great remorse, and seemed to be very penitent under a just sense of so great a crime; he declared this about five years since, and is still living in the Lewis for anything I know.’—*Description of the Western Isles*, p. 110. See also PENNANT'S *Scottish Tour*, vol. ii. p. 361.

NOTE B.

‘*The choicest of the prey we had,
When swept our merry-men Gallangal.*’—P. 243.

I know not if it be worth observing, that this passage is taken almost literally from the mouth of an old Highland Kern, or Ketteran, as they were called. He used to narrate the merry doings of the good old time when he was follower of *Ghlune Dhu*, or *Blackknee*, a relation of Rob Roy Macgregor, and hardly his inferior in fame. This leader, on one occasion, thought proper to make a descent upon the lower part of the Loch Lomond district, and summoned all the heritors and farmers to meet at the Kirk of Drymen, to pay him black-mail, *i.e.*, tribute for forbearance and protection. As this invitation was supported by a band of thirty or forty stout fellows, only one gentleman, an ancestor, if I mistake not, of the present Mr Gralame of Gartmore, ventured to decline compliance. *Ghlune Dhu* instantly swept his land of all he could drive away, and among the spoil was a bull of the old Scottish wild breed, whose ferocity occasioned great plague to the Ketterans. ‘But ere we reached the Row of Denna,’ said the old man, ‘a child might have scratched his ears.’ The circumstance is a minute one, but it paints the times when the poor beere was compelled

‘To hoof it o’er as many weary miles,
With goading pikemen hollowing at his heels,
As e’er the bravest antler of the woods.’—*Ethwald*.

NOTE C.

‘*That huge cliff, whose ample verge
Tradition calls the Hero’s Targe.*’—P. 248.

There is a rock so named in the forest of Glenfinlas, by which a tumultuary cataract takes its course. This wild place is said in former times to have afforded refuge to an outlaw, who was supplied with provisions by a woman, who lowered them down from the brink of the precipice above. His water he procured for himself, by letting down a flaggon tied to a string, into the black pool beneath the fall.

NOTE D.

'Or raven on the blasted oak,
That, watching while the deer is broke,
His morsel claims with sullen croak.'—P. 219.

Everything belonging to the chase was matter of solemnity among our ancestors, but nothing was more so than the mode of cutting up, or, as it was technically called, *breaking* the slaughtered stag. The forester had his allotted portion; the hounds had a certain allowance; and, to make the division as general as possible, the very birds had their share also. 'There is a little gristle,' says Turberville, 'which is upon the spoone of the brisket, which we call the raven's bone; and I have seen in some places a raven so wont and accustomed to it, that she would never fail to croak and cry for it all the time you were in breaking up of the deer, and would not depart till she had it.' In the very ancient metrical romance of 'Sir Tristrem,' that peerless Knight, who is said to have been the very deviser of all rules of chase, did not omit this ceremony:—

'The raven he yaf his yiftes
Sat on the fourched tree.'

Sir Tristrem, 2d Edition, p. 31.

The raven might also challenge his rights by the Book of Saint Albaus; for thus says Dame Juliana Berners:—

'Slitteth anon
The bely to the side from the corbyn bone;
That is corbin's fee, at the death he will be.'

Jonson, in 'The Sad Shepherd,' gives a more poetical account of the same ceremony:—

'*Marian.* He that undoes him,
Doth cleave the brisket bone upon the spoon,
Of which a little gristle grows—you call it—
Robin Hood. The raven's bone.
Marian. Now o'er head sat a raven
On a sere bough, a grown, great bird and hoarse,
Who, all the time the deer was breaking up,
So croaked and cried for it, as all the huntsmen,
Especially old Scathlocke, thought it ominous.'

NOTE E.

'Which spills the foremost foeman's life,
That party conquers in the strife.'—P. 250.

Though this be in the text described as the response of the Taghairm, or Oracle of the Hide, it was of itself an augury frequently attended to. The fate of the battle was often anticipated in the imagination of the combatants, by observing which party first shed blood. It is said that the Highlanders under Montrose were so deeply imbued with this notion, that on the morning of the battle of Tippermoor, they murdered a defenceless herdsman, whom they found in the fields, merely to secure an advantage of so much consequence to their party.

NOTE F.

'*Alice Brand.*'—P. 254.

This little fairy tale is founded upon a very curious Danish ballad, which occurs in the *KIEMPE VISER*, a collection of heroic songs, first published in 1591, and reprinted in 1695, inscribed by Anders Sofrensen, the collector and editor, to Sophia, Queen of Denmark. I have been favoured with a literal translation of the original, by my learned friend Mr Robert Jamieson, whose deep knowledge of Scandinavian antiquities will, I hope, one day be displayed in illustration of the history of Scottish Ballad and Song, for which no man possesses more ample materials. The story will remind the readers of 'The Border Minstrelsy' of the tale of 'The Young Tamlane.' But this is only a solitary and not very marked instance of coincidence, whereas several of the other ballads in the same collection find exact counterparts in the *KIEMPE VISER*. Which may have been the originals will be a question for future antiquarians. Mr Jamieson, to secure the power of literal translation, has adopted the old Scottish idiom, which approaches so near to that of the Danish, as almost to give word for word, as well as line for line, and indeed in many verses the orthography alone is altered. As *Wester Haf*, mentioned in the first stanza of the ballad, means the *West Sea*, in opposition to the Baltic, or *East Sea*, Mr Jamieson inclines to be of opinion, that the scene of the disenchantment is laid in one of the Orkney or Hebride Islands. To each verse in the original is added a burden, having a kind of meaning of its own, but not applicable, at least not uniformly applicable, to the sense of the stanza to which it is subjoined; this is very common both in Danish and Scottish song.

THE ELFIN GRAY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH *KIEMPE VISER*, P. 143, AND FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1591.

*Der ligger en vold i Vester Haf,
Der agter en bondè at biggè:
Hand fører did baadè høg og hund,
Og agter dar om vinteren at liggè.*

(DE VILDE DIUR OG DIURENE UDI SKOFVEN.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 There liggs a wold in Wester Haf,
There a husbaude means to bigg,
And thither he carries baith hawk
and hound,
There meaning the winter to ligg.
(<i>The wild deer and daes i' the
shaw out.</i>)</p> <p>2 He taks wi' him bath hound and cock,
The langer he means to stay,
The wild deer in the shaws that are
May sairly rue the day.
(<i>The wild deer, &c.</i>)</p> | <p>3 He's hew'd the beech, and he's fell'd
the aik,
Sae has he the poplar gray:
And grim in mood was the growsome
elf,
That be sae bald he may.</p> <p>4 He hew'd him kipples, he hew'd him
bawks,
Wi' mickle moil and haste;
Synne speer'd the elf in the knock that
bade,
'Wha's hacking here sae fast?'</p> |
|---|--|

- 5 Syne up and spak the weiest Elf,
Crean'd as an immert sma:
'It's here is come a christian man;—
I'll flèy him or he ga.'
- 6 It's up syne started the firsten Elf,
And glowr'd about sae grim:
'It's we'll awa to the husbände's
house,
And hald a court on him.
- 7 'Here hews he down baith skugg and
shaw,
And wirks us scaith and scorn:
His huswife be sall gie to me;
They's rue the day they were born!'
- 8 The Elfen a' i' the knook that were
Gael dancing in a string:
They nized near the husband's
house;—
Sae lang their tails did hing.
- 9 The hound he yowls i' the yard;
The herd toots in his horn;
The earn scraichs, and the cock craws,
As the husbände had gien him his
corn.¹
- 10 The Elfen were five score and seven,
Sae laidly and sae grim;
And they the husbände's guests
maun be,
To eat and drink wi' him.
- 11 The husbände out o' Villenshaw
At his winnock the Elves can see:
'Help me now, Jesu, Mary's son;
Thir Elves they mint at me!'
- 12 In every nook a cross he coost,
In his chalmer maist ava;
The Elfen a' were flèy'd thereat,
And flew to the wild-wood shaw.
- 13 And some flew east, and some flew
west,
And some to the norwest flew;
And some they flew to the deep dale
down,
There still they are, I trow.²
- 14 It was then the weiest Elf,
In at the door braids he;
Agast was the husbände, for that Elf
For cross nor sign wad flee.
- 15 The buswife she was a canny wife,
She set the Elf at the board;
She set before him baith ale and
meat,
Wi' mony a well-waled word.
- 16 'Hear thou, Gudeman of Villenshaw,
What now I say to thee;
Wha bade thee bigg within our
bounds,
Without the leave o' me?
- 17 'But, an thou in our bounds will
bigg,
And bide, as well as may be,
Then thou thy dearest huswife
maun
To me for a lemman gie.'
- 18 Up spak the luckless husbände then,
As God the grace him gae:
'Eline she is to me so dear,
Her thou may na-gate hae.'
- 19 Till the Elf he answer'd as he couth:
'Lat but my buswife be,
And tak whate'er o' gude or gear
Is mine, awa wi' thee.'
- 20 'Then I'll thy Eline tak and thee
Aneath my feet to tread;
And hide thy goud and white monie
Aneath my dwalling-stead.'

¹ This singular quatrain stands thus in the original:—

'Hunden hand giör i gaarden:
Hiorden tudè i sit horn;
Ernen skriger, oz hanen galer,
Som bonden hafle gifret sit korn.'

² In the Danish:—

'Somme fløye øster, og somme fløye vester,
Nogle fløye nør paa;
Nogle fløye ned i dybenè dale,
Jeg troer de erè der endaa.'

- 21 The husbunde and his household a'
In sary rede they join:
'Far better that she be now forfairn,
Nor that we a' should tyne.'
- 22 Up, will of rede, the husbunde stood,
Wi' heart fu' sad and sair;
And he has gien his huswife Eline
Wi' the young Elf to fare.
- 23 Then blyth grew he, and sprang
about;
He took her in his arm:
The rud it left her comely cheek;
Her heart was clem'd wi' harm.
- 24 A waefu' woman than she was ane,
And the moody tears loot fa';
'God rew on me, unseely wife,
How hard a wierd I fa'!
- 25 'My fay I plight to the fairest wight
That man on mold mat see:
Maun I now mell wi' a laidly El,
His light lemman to be!'
- 26 He minted ance—He minted twice,
Wae wax'd her heart that syth:
Syne the laidliest fiend he grew that
e'er
To mortal ee did kyth.
- 27 When he the thirdden time can mint,
To Mary's Son she pray'd,
And the laidly elf was clean awa,
And a fair knight in his stead.
- 28 This fell under a linden green
That again his shape he found;
O' wae and care was the word nae
mair,
A' were sae glad that stound.
- 29 'O dearest Eline, hear thou this,
And thou my wife sall be,
And a' the goud in merry England
Sae freely I'll gie thee.
- 30 'Whan I was but a little wee bairn,
My mither died me frae;
My stepmither set me awa frae her;
I turn'd till an *E'fin Gray*.
- 31 'To thy husband I a gift will gie,
Wi' mickle state and gear,
As mends for Eline his huswife;—
Thou's be my heartis dear.'
- 32 'Thou nobil knyght, we thank now
God
That has freed us frae skaith,
Sae wed thou thee a maiden free,
And joy attend ye baith!
- 33 'Sin I to thee na maik can be,
My dochter may be thine;
And thy gude will right to fulfill,
Lat this be our propine.'
- 34 'I thank thee, Eline, thou wise
woman;
My praise thy worth sall hae;
And thy love gin I fail to win,
Thou here at hame sall stay.'
- 35 The husbunde biggit now on his oe,
And nae ane wrought him wrang;
His dochter wore crown in Engeland,
And happy lived and lang.
- 36 Now Eline the husbunde's huswife
las
Cour'd a' her grief and harms;
She's mither to a noble queen
That sleeps in a kingis arms.

GLOSSARY.

St. 1. *Wold*, a wood; a woody fastness.

Husbunde, from the Dan. *hos*, with, and *bunde*, a villain, or bondsman, who was a cultivator of the ground, and could not quit the estate to which he was attached, without the permission of his lord. This is the sense of the word, in the old Scottish records. In the Scottish 'Burghe Laws,' trans-

lated from the *Rej. Majest.* (Auchinleck MS. in the Adv. Lib.) it is used indiscriminately with the Dan. and Swed. *bondê*.

Bigg, build.

Ligt, lie.

Daes, does.

2. *Shaw*, wood.

Sairly, sorely,

3. *Aik*, oak.

Grousome, terrible.
Bald, bold.
Kipples (couples), beams joined at the top, for supporting a roof, in building.
Bawks, balks; cross-beams.
Moil, laborious industry.
Speer'd, asked.
Knock, hillock.
 5. *Weiest*, smallest.
Crean'd, shrunk, diminished; from the Gaelic, *erian*, very small.
Inmert, emmit; ant.
Christian, used in the Danish ballads, &c., in contradistinction to *demoniac*, as it is in England, in contradistinction to *brute*, in which sense, a person of the lower class, in England, would call a *Jew* or a *Turk*, a *Christian*.
Fley, frighten.
 6. *G'owr'd*, stared.
Hold, hold.
 7. *Skugg*, shade.
Skaith, harm.
 8. *Nighel*, approached.
 9. *Fowls*, howls.
Toots—in the Dan. *tude*, is applied both to the howling of a dog, and the sound of a horn.
Seraiehs, screams.
 10. *Laidly*, loathly; disgustingly, *ugly*.
Grim, fierce.
 11. *Winnock*, window.
Mint, aim at.
 12. *Coost*, east.
Chalmer, chamber.
Ma'st, mast.
Ara, of all.
 13. *Norwart*, northward.
Trow, believe.
 14. *Braids*, strides quickly forward.
Wad, would.
 15. *Canny*, adroit.
Mony, many.
Well-waled, well chosen.
 17. *An*, if.
Bide, abide.
Lemman, mistress.
 18. *Nagate*, nowise.
 19. *Couth*, could; knew how to.
Lat be, let alone.
Gude, goods; property.
 20. *Aneath*, beneath.
Dwaling-stead, dwelling place.

21. *Sary*, sorrowful.
Rede, counsel; consultation.
Forfairn, forlorn; lost; *gone*.
Tyne, (verb neut.) be lost; perish.
 22. *Will of rede*, bewildered in thought; in the Danish original '*vildraadige*;' Lat. '*inops consilii*;' Gr. *ἀπορῶν*. This expression is left among the *desiderata* in the Glossary to Ritson's Romances, and has never been explained. It is obsolete in the Danish as well as in English.
Fare, go.
 23. *Rud*, red of the cheek.
Clen'd, in the Danish, *klemt*; (which, in the north of England, is still in use, as the word *starved* is with us;) brought to a dying state. It is used by our old comedians.
Harm, grief; as in the original, and in the old Teutonic, English, and Scottish poetry.
 24. *Wæfu*, woeful.
Moody, strongly and wilfully passionate.
Rew, take ruth; pity.
Unseely, unhappy; unblest.
Wierd, fate.
Fa, (Icel. Dan. and Swed.) take; get; acquire; procure; have for my lot.—This Gothic verb answers, in its direct and secondary significations, exactly to the Latin *capio*; and Allan Ramsay was right in his definition of it. It is quite a different word from *fa'*, an abbreviation of *fall*, or *befall*; and is the principal root in *FANGEN*, to *fang*, take, or lay hold of.
 25. *Fay*, faith.
Mold, mould; earth.
Mat, mote; might.
Maun, must.
Mell, mix.
El, an elf. This term, in the Welch, signifies *what has in itself the power of motion; a moving principle; an intelligence; a spirit; an angel*. In the Hebrew it bears the same import.
 26. *Minted*, attempted; meant; showed a *mind*, or intention to. The original is:—
 'Hand *mindte* hende först—og anden gang;—

Hun giordis i hiortet sa vee :
 End blef hand den lediste diefvel Mand
 kunde med oyen see.
 Der hand vilde minde den tredie gang,"
 &c.

Syth, tide ; time.

Kyth, appear.

28. *Stound*, hour ; time ; moment.

29. *Merry*, (old Teut. *meré*,) famous ; renowned ; answering, in its etymological meaning, exactly to the Latin *mactus*. Hence *merry-men*, as the address of a chief to his followers ; meaning not men of mirth, but of re-

noun. The term is found in its original sense in the Gael. *már*, and the Welch *maur*, great ; and in the oldest Teut. Romances, *mar*, *mer*, and *mere*, have sometimes the same signification.

31. *Mends*, amends ; recompense.

33. *Maik*, match ; peer ; equal.

Propine, pledge ; gift.

35. *öe*, an island of the *second* magnitude ; an island of the *first* magnitude being called a *land*, and one of the *third* magnitude a *holm*.

36. *Cour'd*, recovered.

THE GHAIST'S WARNING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KEMPE VISER, P. 721.

By the permission of Mr Jamieson, this ballad is added from the same curious Collection. It contains some passages of great pathos.

Svend Dyring hand rider sig op under öe,
(Varð jeg selver ung !)
Der fastø hand sig saa ven en möe.
(Mig lyster ud i lunden at ridø, &c.)

- 1 Child Dyring has ridden him up under öe,¹
(And O gin I were young !)
 There wedded he him sae fair² a may,
(I' the greenwood it lists me to ride.)
- 2 Thegither they lived for seven lang year,
(And O, &c.)
 And they seven bairns hae gotten in fere.
(I' the greenwood, &c.)
- 3 Sae Death's come there intill that stead,
 And that winsome lily flower is dead.
- 4 That swain he has ridden him up under öe,
 And syne he has married anither may.
- 5 He's married a may, and he's fessen her hame ;
 But she was a grim and a laidly dame.
- 6 When into the castell court drave she,
 The seven bairns stuid wi' the tear in their ee.

¹ 'Under öe'—The original expression has been preserved here and elsewhere, because no other could be found to supply its place. There is just as much meaning in it in the translation as in the original ; but it is a standard Danish ballad phrase, and, as such, it is hoped, will be allowed to pass.—² 'Fair'—The Dan. and Swed. *ven. ven. vennø*, and the Gael. *làn*, in the oblique cases *bhàin (vàn)*, is the origin of the Scottish *bonnie*, which has so much puzzled all the etymologists.

- 7 The bairnies they stuid wi' dule and dout :

- 8 Nor ale nor mead to the bairnies she gave :
 ' But hunger and hate frae me ye's have.'
- 9 She took frae them the bowster blae,
 And said, ' Ye sall ligg i' the bare strae !'
- 10 She took frae them the groff wax light ;
 Says, ' Now ye sall ligg i' the mark a' night !'
- 11 'Twas lang i' the night, and the bairnies grat ;
 Their mither she under the mools heard that ;
- 12 That heard the wife under the eard that lay :
 ' Forsooth maun I to my bairnies gae !'
- 13 That wife can stand up at our lord's knee,
 And ' May I gang and my bairnies see ?'
- 14 She prigged sae sair, and she prigged sae lang,
 That he at the last gae her leave to gang.
- 15 ' And thou sall come back when the cock does crow,
 For thou nae langer sall bide awa.'
- 16 Wi' her banes sae stark, a bowt she gae ;
 She's riven baith wa' and marble gray.¹
- 17 Whan near to the dwelling she can gang,
 The dogs they wow'd till the lift it rang.
- 18 Whan she came till the castell yett,
 Her eldest dochter stood thereat.
- 19 ' Why stand ye here, dear dochter mine ?
 How are sma brithers and sisters thine ?'
- 20 ' For sooth ye're a woman baith fair and fine ;
 But ye are nae dear mither mine.'
- 21 ' Och ! how should I be fine or fair ?
 My cheek it is pale, and the ground 's my lair.'
- 22 ' My mither was white, wi' lire sae red ;
 But thou art wan, and liker ane dead.'
- 23 ' Och ! how should I be white and red,
 Sae lang as I've been cauld and dead !'
- 24 When she cam till the chalmer in,
 Down the bairns' checks the tears did rin.
- 25 She buskit the tane, and she brush'd it there ;
 She kem'd and plaited the tither's hair.

The original of this and the following stanza is very fine :—

' Hun sköd op sinè modigè been,
 Der revedè muur og graa marmorsteen.'
 ' Der hun gik igennem den by,
 De hundè de tudè saa højt i sky.'

- 26 The thirthen she dood'd upon her knee,
And the fourthen
- 27 She 's taen the fiften upon her lap,
And sweetly
- 28 Till her eldest dochter syne said she,
'Ye bid Child Dyring come here to me.'
- 29 Whan he cam till the ehalmer in,
Wi' angry mood she said to him :
- 30 'I left ye routh o' ale and bread ;
My bairnies quail for hunger and need.
- 31 'I left ahind me braw bowsters blae ;
My bairnies are ligg'in' i' the bare strae.
- 32 'I left ye sae mony a groff wax light ;
My bairnies ligg' i' the mark a' night.
- 33 'Gin aft I come back to visit thee,
Wae, dowy, and weary thy luck shall be.'
- 34 Up spak little Kirstin in bed that lay :
'To thy bairnies I'll do the best I may.'
- 35 Ay when they heard the dog nirr and bell,
Sae gae they the bairnies bread and ale.
- 36 Ay when the dog did wow, in haste
They cross'd and sain'd themsells frae the ghaist.
- 37 Ay whan the little dog yowl'd, wi' fear
(*And O gin I were young !*)
They shook at the thought that the dead was near.
(*I' the greenwood it lists me to ride,*)
or,
(*Fair words sae mony a heart they cheer.*)

GLOSSARY.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>St. 1. <i>Maid</i>, maid.
<i>Lists</i>, pleases.
2. <i>Stead</i>, place.
<i>Bairns</i>, children.
<i>In fere</i>, together.
3. <i>Winsome</i>, engaging ; giving joy, (old Teut.)
4. <i>Syne</i>, then.
5. <i>Fosca</i>, fetched ; brought.
6. <i>Drove</i>, drove.
7. <i>Dule</i>, sorrow.
<i>Dout</i>, fear.
9. <i>Bowster</i>, bolster ; cushion ; bed.
<i>Blae</i>, blue.
<i>Strae</i>, straw.</p> | <p><i>Mark</i>, mirk ; dark.
11. <i>Lang i' the night</i>, late.
<i>Grat</i>, wept.
<i>Mools</i>, mould ; earth.
12. <i>Eard</i>, earth.
<i>Gae</i>, go.
14. <i>Prigged</i>, entreated earnestly and perseveringly.
<i>Gang</i>, go.
15. <i>Craw</i>, crow.
16. <i>Banes</i>, bones.
<i>Stark</i>, strong.
<i>Bowt</i>, bolt ; elastic spring, like that of a bolt or arrow from a bow.
<i>Riven</i>, split asunder.
<i>Wa'</i>, wall.</p> |
|---|--|
10. *Groff*, great ; large in girth.

17. *Wow'd*, howled.
Lift, sky; firmament; *air*.
 18. *Yett*, gate.
 19. *Sma*, small.
 22. *Lire*, complexion.
 23. *Cald*, cold.
 24. *Till*, to.
Rin, run.
 25. *Buskit*, dressed.
Ken'd, combed.
Tither, the other.
 28. *Routh*, plenty.
Quail, are quelled; die.

Need, want.
 29. *Ahind*, behind.
Braw, brave; fine.
 31. *Dow*, sorrowful.
 33. *Nirr*, snarl.
Bell, bark.
 34. *Sain'd*, blessed; literally, *signed* with the *sign* of the cross. Before the introduction of Christianity, *Runes* were used in *saining*, as a spell against the power of enchantment and evil genii.
Ghaist, ghost.

NOTE G.

' *Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
 Who won'd within the hill.*'—P. 255.

In a long dissertation upon the Fairy superstition, published in the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' the most valuable part of which was supplied by my learned and indefatigable friend Dr John Leyden, most of the circumstances are collected which can throw light upon the popular belief which even yet prevails respecting them in Scotland. Dr Grahame, author of an entertaining work upon the Scenery of the Perthshire Highlands, already frequently quoted, has recorded, with great accuracy, the peculiar tenets held by the Highlanders on this topic, in the vicinity of Loch Katrine. The learned author is inclined to deduce the whole mythology from the Druidical system,—an opinion to which there are many objections.

'The *Daoine Shì*', or Men of Peace of the Highlanders, though not absolutely malevolent, are believed to be a peevish, repining race of beings, who, possessing themselves but a scanty portion of happiness, are supposed to envy mankind their more complete and substantial enjoyment. They are supposed to enjoy, in their subterraneous recesses, a sort of shadowy happiness,—a tinsel grandeur; which, however, they would willingly exchange for the more solid joys of mortality.

'They are believed to inhabit certain round grassy eminences, where they celebrate their nocturnal festivities by the light of the moon. About a mile beyond the source of the Forth, above Lochcon, there is a place called *Coirshì'an*, or the Cove of the Men of Peace, which is still supposed to be a favourite place of their residence. In the neighbourhood are to be seen many round conical eminences; particularly one, near the head of the lake, by the skirts of which many are still afraid to pass after sunset. It is believed, that if, on Halloweve, any person, alone, goes round one of these hills nine times, towards the left hand (*sinistrorsum*), a door shall open, by which he shall be admitted into their subterraneous abodes. Many it is said, of mortal race have been entertained in their secret recesses. There they have been received into the most splendid apartments, and regaled with the most sumptuous banquets and delicious wines. Their females surpass the daughters of men in beauty. The *seemingly* happy inhabitants pass their time in festivity, and in dancing to notes of the softest music. But unhappy is the mortal who joins in their joys, or ventures to partake of

their dainties. By this indulgence, he forfeits for ever the society of men, and is bound down irrevocably to the condition of a Shi'ich, or man of peace.

'A woman, as is reported in the Highland tradition, was conveyed, in days of yore, into the secret recesses of the men of peace. There she was recognised by one who had formerly been an ordinary mortal, but who had, by some fatality, become associated with the Shi'ichs. This acquaintance, still retaining some portion of human benevolence, warned her of her danger, and counselled her, as she valued her liberty, to abstain from eating and drinking with them, for a certain space of time. She complied with the counsel of her friend; and when the period assigned was elapsed, she found herself again upon earth, restored to the society of mortals. It is added, that when she examined the viands which had been presented to her, and which had appeared so tempting to the eye, they were found, now that the enchantment was removed, to consist only of the refuse of the earth.'—Pp. 107-111.

NOTE II.

' *Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?*'—P. 256.

It has been already observed, that Fairies, if not positively malevolent, are capricious, and easily offended. They are, like other proprietors of forests, peculiarly jealous of their rights of *vert* and *venison*, as appears from the cause of offence taken, in the original Danish ballad. This jealousy was also an attribute of the northern *Duergar*, or dwarfs; to many of whose distinctions the fairies seem to have succeeded, if, indeed, they are not the same class of beings. In the huge metrical record of German chivalry, entitled the 'Helden-Buch,' Sir Hildebrand, and the other heroes of whom it treats, are engaged in one of their most desperate adventures, from a rash violation of the rose-garden of an Elfin, or Dwarf King. There are yet traces of a belief in this worst and most malicious order of Fairies among the Border wilds. Dr Leyden has introduced such a dwarf into his ballad entitled the 'Cout of Keeldar,' and has not forgot his characteristic detestation of the chase:

The third blast that young Keeldar blew,
Still stood the limber fern,
And a wee man, of swarthy hue,
Upstart by a cairn.

His russet weeds were brown as heath,
That clothes the upland fell;
And the hair of his head was frizzly red
As the purple heather-bell.

An urchin, clad in prickles red,
Clung cowering to his arm;
The hounds they howl'd, and backward fled,
As struck by fairy charm.

' Why rises high the stag-hound's cry,
Where stag-hound ne'er should be?

Why wakes that horn the silent morn,
Without the leave of me?

' Brown dwarf, that o'er the muirland
strays,

Thy name to Keeldar tell!—

' The Brown Man of the Muirs, who stays
Beneath the heather-bell.

' 'Tis sweet beneath the heather-bell
To live in autumn brown;
And sweet to hear the lav'rocks swell,
Far, far from tower and town.

' But woe betide the shrilling horn,
The chase's surly cheer!
And ever that hunter is forlorn,
Whom first at morn I hear.'

The poetical picture here given of the Duergar corresponds exactly with the following Northumbrian legend, with which I was lately favoured by my learned and kind friend, Mr Surtees of Mainsforth, who has bestowed indefatigable labour upon the antiquities of the English border counties. The subject is in itself so curious, that the length of the note will, I hope, be pardoned.

‘I have only one record to offer of the appearance of our Northumbrian Duergar. My narratrix is Elizabeth Cockburn, an old wife of Offerton, in this county, whose credit, in a case of this kind, will not, I hope, be much impeached, when I add that she is, by her dull neighbours, supposed to be occasionally insane, but, by herself, to be at those times endowed with a faculty of seeing visions, and spectral appearances, which shun the common ken.

‘In the year before the great rebellion, two young men from Newcastle were sporting on the high moors above Elsdon, and after pursuing their game several hours, sat down to dine, in a green glen, near one of the mountain streams. After their repast, the younger lad ran to the brook for water, and after stooping to drink, was surprised, on lifting his head again, by the appearance of a brown dwarf, who stood on a crag covered with brackens, across the burn. This extraordinary personage did not appear to be above half the stature of a common man, but was uncommonly stout and broad built, having the appearance of vast strength. His dress was entirely brown, the colour of the brackens, and his head covered with frizzled red hair. His countenance was expressive of the most savage ferocity, and his eyes glared like a bull. It seems, he addressed the young man first, threatening him with his vengeance for having trespassed on his demesnes, and asking him if he knew in whose presence he stood? The youth replied, that he now supposed him to be the lord of the moors; that he offended through ignorance; and offered to bring him the game he had killed. The dwarf was a little mollified by this submission, but remarked that nothing could be more offensive to him than such an offer, as he considered the wild animals as his subjects, and never failed to avenge their destruction. He condescended further to inform him, that he was, like himself, mortal, though of years far exceeding the lot of common humanity; and (what I should not have had an idea of) that he hoped for salvation. He never, he added, fed on anything that had life, but lived, in the summer, on whortleberries, and, in winter, on nuts and apples, of which he had great store in the woods. Finally, he invited his new acquaintance to accompany him home, and partake his hospitality; an offer which the youth was on the point of accepting, and was just going to spring across the brook (which if he had done, says Elizabeth, the dwarf would certainly have torn him in pieces), when his foot was arrested by the voice of his companion, who thought he tarried long; and on looking round again, “the wee brown man was fled.” The story adds, that he was imprudent enough to slight the admonition, and to sport over the moors, on his way homewards; but, soon after his return, he fell into a lingering disorder, and died within the year.’

NOTE I.

‘*Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairy’s fatal green.*’—P. 256.

As the *Daoine Shi*, or Men of Peace, wore green habits, they were sup-

posed to take offence when any mortals ventured to assume their favourite colour. Indeed, from some reason, which has been, perhaps, originally a general superstition, *green* is held in Scotland to be unlucky to particular tribes and counties. The Caithness men, who hold this belief, allege, as a reason, that their bands wore that colour when they were cut off at the battle of Flodden; and for the same reason they avoid crossing the Ord on a Monday, being the day of the week on which their ill-omened array set forth. Green is also disliked by those of the name of Ogilvy; but more especially is it held fatal to the whole clan of Grahame. It is remembered of an aged gentleman of that name, that when his horse fell in a fox-chase, he accounted for it at once by observing that the whip-cord attached to his lash was of this unlucky colour.

NOTE K.

'For thou wert christen'd man.'—P. 256.

The Elves were supposed greatly to envy the privileges acquired by Christian initiation, and they gave to those mortals who had fallen into their power a certain precedence, founded upon this advantageous distinction. Tamlane, in the old ballad, describes his own rank in the fairy procession:—

'For I ride on a milk-white steed,
And aye nearest the town;
Because I was a christen'd knight,
They gie me that renown.'

I presume that, in the Danish ballad, the obstinacy of the 'Weiest Elf,' who would not flee for cross or sign, is to be derived from the circumstance of his having been 'christen'd man.'

How eager the elves were to obtain for their offspring the prerogatives of Christianity, will be proved by the following story:—'In the district called Haga, in Iceland, dwelt a nobleman called Sigward Forster, who had an intrigue with one of the subterranean females. The elf became pregnant, and exacted from her lover a firm promise that he would procure the baptism of the infant. At the appointed time, the mother came to the churehyard, on the wall of which she placed a golden cup, and a stole for the priest, agreeable to the custom of making an offering at baptism. She then stood a little apart. When the priest left the church, he inquired the meaning of what he saw, and demanded of Sigward if he avowed himself the father of the child. But Sigward, ashamed of the connexion, denied the paternity. He was then interrogated if he desired that the child should be baptized; but this also he answered in the negative, lest, by such request, he should admit himself to be the father. On which the child was left untouched, and unbaptized. Whereupon the mother, in extreme wrath, snatched up the infant and the cup, and retired, leaving the priestly cope, of which fragments are still in preservation. But this female denounced and imposed upon Sigward and his posterity, to the ninth generation, a singular disease, with which many of his descendants are afflicted at this day.' Thus wrote Einar Gudmund, pastor of the parish of Garpsdale, in Iceland, a man profoundly versed in learning, from whose manuscript it was extracted by the learned Torfæus.—*Historia Hrolfi Krakü, Hafnæ, 1715, prefatio.*

NOTE L.

'And gaily shins the fairy land;
But all is glistening show.'—P. 257.

No fact respecting Fairy-land seems to be better ascertained than the fantastic and illusory nature of their apparent pleasure and splendour. It has been already noticed, in the former quotations from Dr Grahame's entertaining volume, and may be confirmed by the following Highland tradition:—'A woman, whose new-born child had been conveyed by them into their secret abodes, was also carried thither herself, to remain, however, only until she should suckle her infant. She, one day, during this period, observed the *Shi'ichs* busily employed in mixing various ingredients in a boiling cauldron; and, as soon as the composition was prepared, she remarked that they all carefully anointed their eyes with it, laying the remainder aside for future use. In a moment when they are all absent, she also attempted to anoint her eyes with the precious drug, but had time to apply it to one eye only, when the *Davine Shi* returned. But with that eye she was henceforth enabled to see everything as it really passed in their secret abodes: she saw every object, not as she hitherto had done, in deceptive splendour and elegance, but in its genuine colours and form. The gaudy ornaments of the apartment were reduced to the walls of a gloomy cavern. Soon after, having discharged her office, she was dismissed to her own home. Still, however, she retained the faculty of seeing, with her medicated eye, everything that was done, anywhere in her presence, by the deceptive art of the order. One day, amidst a throng of people, she chanced to observe the *Shi'ich*, or man of peace, in whose possession she had left her child; though to every other eye invisible. Prompted by maternal affection, she inadvertently accosted him, and began to inquire after the welfare of her child. The man of peace, astonished at being thus recognised by one of mortal race, demanded how she had been enabled to discover him. Awed by the terrible frown of his countenance, she acknowledged what she had done. He spat in her eye, and extinguished it for ever.'—GRAHAME'S *Sketches*, p. 116-118. It is very remarkable, that this story, translated by Dr Grahame from popular Gaelic tradition, is to be found in the 'Otia Imperialia' of Gervase of Tilbury. A work of great interest might be compiled upon the origin of popular fiction, and the transmission of similar tales from age to age, and from country to country. The mythology of one period would then appear to pass into the romance of the next century, and that into the nursery-tale of the subsequent ages. Such an investigation, while it went greatly to diminish our ideas of the richness of human invention, would also show that these fictions, however wild and childish, possess such charms for the populace, as enable them to penetrate into countries unconnected by manners and language, and having no apparent intercourse, to afford the means of transmission. It would carry me far beyond my bounds to produce instances of this community of fable, among nations who never borrowed from each other anything intrinsically worth learning. Indeed, the wide diffusion of popular fictions may be compared to the facility with which straws and feathers are dispersed abroad by the wind, while valuable metals cannot be transported without trouble and labour. There lives, I believe, only one gentleman, whose unlimited acquaintance with this subject might enable

him to do it justice; I mean my friend Mr Francis Douce, of the British Museum, whose usual kindness will, I hope, pardon my mentioning his name, while on a subject so closely connected with his extensive and curious researches.

NOTE M.

*'I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And 'twixt life and death was snatch'd away,
To the joyless fairy bower.'*—P. 258.

The subjects of fairy-land were recruited from the regions of humanity by a sort of *crimping* system, which extended to adults as well as to infants. Many of those who were in this world supposed to have discharged the debt of nature, had only become denizens of the 'Londe of Faery.' In the beautiful fairy Romance of Orfee and Henrodiis (Orphens and Eurydice) in the Auchinleck MS. is the following striking enumeration of persons thus abstracted from middle earth. Mr Ritson unfortunately published this romance from a copy in which the following, and many other highly poetical passages, do not occur:—

'Then he gan biholde aboute al,
And seighe ful liggeand within the
wal,
Of folk that wer thidder y-brought,
And thought dede and n'ere nought;
Some stode withouten hadde;
And sum none armes made;
And sum thurch the bodi hadde
wounde;
And sum lay wode y-bounde;

And sum armed on hors sete;
And sum astrangled as thai ete;
And sum war in water adreynt;
And sum with fire al for-schreynt;
Wives ther lay on childe-bedde;
Sum dede, and sum awedde;
And wonder fele ther lay besides,
Right as thai slepe her undertides;
Eche was thus in this world y-nome,
With fairi thidder y-come.'

NOTE N.

*'Though space and law the stag we lend,
Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapped and slain?'*—P. 270.

Saint John actually used this illustration when engaged in confuting the plea of law proposed for the unfortunate Earl of Strafford:—'It was true, we give laws to hares and deer, because they are beasts of chase; but it was never accounted either cruelty or foul play to knock foxes or wolves on the head as they can be found, because they are beasts of prey. In a word, the law and humanity were alike; the one being more fallacious, and the other more barbarous, than in any age had been vented in such an authority.'—CLARENDON'S *History of the Rebellion*. Oxford, 1702, fol., vol. i. p. 183.

NOTE O.

*'His Highland cheer,
The harden'd flesh of mountain deer.'*—P. 271.

The Scottish Highlanders, in former times, had a concise mode of cooking their venison, or rather of dispensing with cooking it, which appears greatly to have surprised the French, whom chance made acquainted with it. The

Vidame of Chartres, when a hostage in England, during the reign of Edward VI., was permitted to travel into Scotland, and penetrated as far as to the remote Highlands (*au fin fond des sauvages*). After a great hunting party, at which a most wonderful quantity of game was destroyed, he saw these *Scottish savages* devour a part of their venison raw, without any further preparation than compressing it between two battons of wood, so as to force out the blood, and render it extremely hard. This they reckoned a great delicacy; and when the Vidame partook of it, his compliance with their taste rendered him extremely popular. This curious trait of manners was communicated by Mons. de Montmorency, a great friend of the Vidame, to Brantome, by whom it is recorded in *Vies des Hommes Illustres Discours*, lxxxix. art. 14. The process by which the raw venison was rendered eatable is described very minutely in the romance of 'Perceforest,' where Estonne, a Scottish knight-errant, having slain a deer, says to his companion Claudius: 'Sire, or mangerez vous et moy aussi. Voire si nous auions de feu, dit Claudius. Par l'ame de mon pere, dist Estonne, ie vous atourneray et euiray a la maniere de nostre pays comme pour cheualier errant. Lors tira son espee et sen vint a la branche dung arbre, et y fait vng grant trou, et puis fend al branche bien deux piedz et bonte la cuisse du cerf entredeux, et puis prend le licol de son cheval et en lye la branche et destraint si fort que le sang et les humeurs de la chair saillent hors et demeure la chair douce et seiche. Lors prend la chair et oste ius le cuir et la chaire demeure aussi blanche comme si ce feust dung chappon. Dont dist a Claudius, Sire ie la vous ay cuiste a la guise de mon pays, vous en pouez manger hardyement, car ie mangeray premier. Lors met sa main a sa selle en vng lieu quil y auoit, et tire hors sel et poudre de poivre et gingembre, mesle ensemble, et le iecte dessus, et le frote sus bien fort, puis le coupe a moytie, et en donne a Claudius l'une des pieces, et puis mort en l'autre aussi sauoureusement quil est audis que il en feist la pouldre voller. Quant Claudius veit quil le mangeoit de tel goust il en print grant fain et commenee a manger tresvolentiers, et dist a Estonne: Par l'ame de moy ie ne mangeay oncquesmais de chair atournee de telle guise: mais doresenauant ie ne me retourneroye pas hors de mon chemin par auoir la cuite. Sire, dist Estonne, quans ie suis en desers d'Escosse, dont ie suis seigneur, ie cheuaucheray huit iours ou quinze que ie n'entreray en chastel ne en maison, et si ne verray feu ne personne viuant fors que bestes sauuages, et de celles mangeray atournees en ceste maniere, et mieulx me plaira que la viande de l'empereur. Ainsi sen vont mangeant et cheuauchant iusques adone quilz arriuerent sur une moult belle fontaine qui estoit en vne valee. Quant Estonne la vit il dist a Claudius, allons boire a ceste fontaine. Or beuons, dist Estonne, du boire que le grant dieu a pourneu a toutes gens, et qui me plaist mieulx que les ceruoises d'Angleterre.'—*La Tresselegante Hystoire du tresnoble Roy Perceforest*. Paris, 1531, fol. tome i. fol. lv. vers.

After all, it may be doubted whether *la chaire nostree*, for so the French called the venison thus summarily prepared, was anything more than a mere rûle kind of deer-ham

CANTO V.

NOTE A.

'Nor then claim'd sovereignty his due,
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrow'd truncheon of command.'—P. 277.

There is scarcely a more disorderly period in Scottish history than that which succeeded the battle of Flodden, and occupied the minority of James V. Feuds of ancient standing broke out like old wounds, and every quarrel among the independent nobility, which occurred daily, and almost hourly, gave rise to fresh bloodshed. 'There arose,' says Pitscottie, 'great trouble and deadly feuds in many parts of Scotland, both in the north and west parts. The Master of Forbes, in the north, slew the Laird of Meldrum under tryst, (i. e., *at an agreed and secured meeting*.) Likewise, the Laird of Drummelziar slew the Lord Fleming at the hawking; and, likewise, there was slaughter among many other great lords.'—P. 121. Nor was the matter much mended under the government of the Earl of Angus; for though he caused the king to ride through all Scotland, 'under pretence and colour of justice, to punish thief and traitor, none were found greater than were in their own company. And none at that time durst strive with a Douglas, nor yet with a Douglas's man, for if they did, they got the worse. Therefore, none durst plainzie of no extortion, theft, reiff, nor slaughter done to them by the Douglasses, or their men; in that cause they were not heard, so long as the Douglasses had the court in guiding.'—*Ibid.* p. 133.

NOTE B.

'The Gael, of plain and riccer hair,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.'—P. 278.

The ancient Highlanders verified in their practice the lines of Gray:—

'An iron race the mountain cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain;
For where unwearied sinews must be found,
With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground;
To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood;
To tame the savage, rushing from the wood;
What wonder if, to patient valour train'd,
They guard with spirit what by strength they gain'd;
And while their rocky ramparts round they see
The rough abode of want and liberty,
(As lawless force from confidence will grow),
Insult the plenty of the vales below!'

Fragment on the Alliance of Education and Government.

So far, indeed, was a *Creagh*, or foray, from being held disgraceful, that a young chief was always expected to show his talents for command so soon as he assumed it, by leading his clan on a successful enterprise of this nature, either against a neighbouring sept, for which constant feuds usually furnished an apology, or against the *Sassenach*, Saxons, or Lowlanders, for which no

apology was necessary. The Gael, great traditional historians, never forgot that the Lowlands had, at some remote period, been the property of their Celtic forefathers, which furnished an ample vindication of all the ravages that they could make on the unfortunate districts which lay within their reach. Sir James Grant of Grant is in possession of a letter of apology from Cameron of Lochiel, whose men had committed some depredation upon a farm called Moines, occupied by one of the Grants. Lochiel assures Grant, that however the mistake had happened, his instructions were precise, that the party should foray the province of Moray (a Lowland district), where, as he coolly observes, 'all men take their prey.'

NOTE C.

'I only meant

To show the road on which you leant,

Deceiving this path you might pursue

Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.'—P. 281.

This incident, like some other passages in the poem, illustrative of the character of the ancient Gael, is not imaginary, but borrowed from fact. The Highlanders, with the inconsistency of most nations in the same state, were alternately capable of great exertions of generosity, and of cruel revenge and perfidy. The following story I can only quote from tradition, but with such an assurance from those by whom it was communicated, as permits me little doubt of its authenticity:—Early in the last century, John Gunn, a noted Catheran, or Highland robber, infested Inverness-shire, and levied *black-mail* up to the walls of the provincial capital. A garrison was then maintained in the castle of that town, and their pay (country banks being unknown) was usually transmitted in specie, under the guard of a small escort. It chanced that the officer who commanded this little party was unexpectedly obliged to halt, about thirty miles from Inverness, at a miserable inn. About nightfall, a stranger, in the Highland dress, and of very prepossessing appearance, entered the same house. Separate accommodation being impossible, the Englishman offered the newly-arrived guest a part of his supper, which was accepted with reluctance. By the conversation, he found his new acquaintance knew well all the passes of the country, which induced him eagerly to request his company on the ensuing morning. He neither disguised his business and charge, nor his apprehensions of that celebrated freebooter, John Gunn. The Highlander hesitated a moment, and then frankly consented to be his guide. Forth they set in the morning; and in travelling through a solitary and dreary glen, the discourse again turned on John Gunn. 'Would you like to see him?' said the guide; and, without waiting an answer to this alarming question, he whistled, and the English officer, with his small party, were surrounded by a body of Highlanders, whose numbers put resistance out of question, and who were all well armed. 'Stranger,' resumed the guide, 'I am that very John Gunn by whom you feared to be intercepted, and not without cause; for I came to the inn last night with the express purpose of learning your route, that I and my followers might ease you of your charge by the road. But I am incapable of betraying the trust you reposed in me, and having convinced you that you were in my power, I can only dismiss you unphundered and un-

injured.' He then gave the officer directions for his journey, and disappeared with his party, as suddenly as they had presented themselves.

NOTE D.

' *On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the empress of the world,
Of gore her eagle wings unfurled.*'—P. 282.

The torrent which discharges itself from Loch Vennachar, the lowest and easternmost of the three lakes which form the scenery adjoining to the Trosachs, sweeps through a flat and extensive moor, called Bochastle. Upon a small eminence, called the *Dun* of Bochastle, and indeed on the plain itself, are some entrenchments which have been thought Roman. There is adjacent to Callander, a sweet villa, the residence of Captain Fairfoul, entitled the Roman Camp.

NOTE E.

' *See here, all vantageless I stand,
Armed, like thyself, with single brand.*'—P. 283.

The duellists of former times did not always stand upon those punctilios respecting equality of arms which are now judged essential to fair combat. It is true, that in formal combats in the lists, the parties were, by the judges of the field, put as nearly as possible in the same circumstances. But in private duel it was often otherwise. In that desperate combat which was fought between Quelus, a minion of Henry III. of France, and Antragnet, with two seconds on each side, from which only two persons escaped alive, Quelus complained that his antagonist had over him the advantage of a poniard which he used in parrying, while his left hand, which he was forced to employ for the same purpose, was cruelly mangled. When he charged Antragnet with this odds, 'Thou hast done wrong,' answered he, 'to forget thy dagger at home. We are here to fight, and not to settle punctilios of arms.' In a similar duel, however, a younger brother of the house of Aubanye, in Angoulesme, behaved more generously on the like occasion, and at once threw away his dagger when his enemy challenged it as an undue advantage. But at this time hardly anything can be conceived more horridly brutal and savage than the mode in which private quarrels were conducted in France. Those who were most jealous of the point of honour, and acquired the title of *Raffinés*, did not scruple to take every advantage of strength, numbers, surprise, and arms, to accomplish their revenge. The *Sieur de Brantome*, to whose discourse on duels I am obliged for these particulars, gives the following account of the death and principles of his friend, the *Baron des Vitaux*:—

'J'ay oûi conter à un Tireur d'armes, qui apprit à Millaud à en tirer, lequel s'appelloit le Seigneur Jacques Ferron, de la ville d'Ast, qui avoit esté à moy, il fut depuis tué à Sainte-Basille en Gascogne, lors que Monsieur du Mayne l'assiégea, lui servant d'Ingénieur; et de malheur, je l'avois addressé audit Baron quelques trois mois auparavant, pour l'exercer à tirer, bien qu'il en sceust prou; mais il n'en fit conte: et le laissant, Millaud s'en servit, et le rendit fort adroit. Ce Seigneur Jacques donc me raconta, qu'il s'estoit monté sur un noyer, assez loing, pour en voir le combat, et qu'il ne vist jamais

homme y aller plus bravement, ny plus résolument, ny de grace plus assurée ny déterminée. Il commença de marcher de cinquante pas vers son ennemy, relevant souvent ses moustaches en haut d'une main; et estant à vingt pas de son ennemy. (non plastost) il mit la main à l'espée qu'il tenoit en la main, non qu'il l'eust tirée encore; mais en marchant, il fit voller le fourreau en l'air, en le secouant, ce qui est le beau de cela, et qui monstroit bien une grace de combat bien assurée et froide, et nullement ténéraire, comme il y en a qui tirent leurs espées de cinq cents pas de l'ennemy, voire de mille, comme j'en ay veu aucuns. Ainsi mourut ce brave Baron, le paragon de France, qu'on nommoit tel, à bien venger ses querelles, par grandes et déterminées résolutions. Il n'estoit pas seulement estimé en France, mais en Italie, Espagne, Allemagne, en Boulogne et Angleterre: et desiroient fort les Estrangers, venant en France, le voir; car je l'ay veu, tant sa renommée volloit. Il estoit fort petit de corps, mais fort grand de courage. Ses ennemis disoient qu'il ne tuoit pas bien ses gens, que par avantages et supercheries. Certes, je tiens de grands capitaines, et mesme d'Italiens, qui sont estez d'autres fois les premiers vengeurs du monde, *in ogni modo*, disoient-ils, qui ont tenu cette maxime, qu'une supercherie ne se devoit payer que par semblable monnoye, et n'y alloit point là de déshonneur.'—*Oeuvres de Brantome*, Paris, 1787-8, tome viii. p. 90-92. It may be necessary to inform the reader, that this paragon of France was the most foul assassin of his time, and had committed many desperate murders, chiefly by the assistance of his hired banditti; from which it may be conceived how little the point of honour of the period deserved its name. I have chosen to give my heroes, who are indeed of an earlier period, a stronger tincture of the spirit of chivalry.

NOTE F.

'*Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw.*—P. 285.

A round target of light wood, covered with strong leather, and studded with brass or iron, was a necessary part of a Highlander's equipment. In charging regular troops they received the thrust of the bayonet in this buckler, twisted it aside, and used the broadsword against the encumbered soldier. In the civil war of 1745, most of the front-rank of the clans were thus armed; and Captain Grose informs us, that, in 1747, the privates of the 42d regiment, then in Flanders, were for the most part permitted to carry targets.—*Military Antiquities*, vol. i. p. 164. A person thus armed had a considerable advantage in private fray. Among verses between Swift and Sheridan, lately published by Dr Barrett, there is an account of such an encounter, in which the circumstances, and consequently the relative superiority of the combatants, is precisely the reverse of that in the text:—

'A Highlander once fought a Frenchman at Margate,
The weapons, a rapier, a back-sword, and target;
Brisk Monsieur advanced as fast as he could,
But all his fine pushes were caught in the wood,
And Sawny, with back-sword, did slash him and nick him,
While t'other, enraged that he could not once prick him,
Cried, "Sirrah, you rascal, you son of a whore,
Me will fight you, be gar! if you'll come from your door."

NOTE G.

'For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.'—P. 285.

The use of defensive armour, and particularly of the buckler or target, was general in Queen Elizabeth's time, although that of the single rapier seems to have been occasionally practised much earlier.¹ Rowland Yorke, however, who betrayed the fort of Zutphen to the Spaniards, for which good service he was afterwards poisoned by them, is said to have been the first who brought the rapier-fight into general use. Fuller, speaking of the Swash-bucklers, or bullies of Queen Elizabeth's time, says, 'West Smithfield was formerly called Ruffians' Hall, where such men usually met, casually or otherwise, to try *masterships* with sword and buckler. More were frightened than hurt, more hurt than killed therewith, it being accounted unmanly to strike beneath the knee. But since that desperate traitor Rowland Yorke first introduced thrusting with rapiers, sword and buckler are disused.' In 'The Two Angry Women of Abingdon,' a comedy, printed in 1599, we have a pathetic complaint:—Sword and buckler fight begins to grow out of use. I am sorry for it; I shall never see good manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up; then a tall man, and a good sword and buckler man, will be spitted like a cat or rabbit.' But the rapier had upon the continent long superseded, in private duel, the use of sword and shield. The masters of the noble science of defence were chiefly Italians. They made great mystery of their art and mode of instruction, never suffered any person to be present but the scholar who was to be taught, and even examined closets, beds, and other places of possible concealment. Their lessons often gave the most treacherous advantages; for the challenger, having the right to choose his weapons, frequently selected some strange, unusual, and inconvenient kind of arms, the use of which he practised under these instructors, and thus killed at his ease his antagonist, to whom it was presented for the first time on the field of battle. See BRANTOME'S *Discourse on Duels*, and the work on the same subject, '*si gentement écrit*,' by the venerable Dr Paris de Puteo. The Highlanders continued to use broadsword and target until disarmed after the affair of 1745-6.

NOTE H

'Like mountain-cat, that guards her young,
Fall at Fitz-James's throat he sprung.'—P. 285.

I have not ventured to render this duel so savagely desperate as that of the celebrated Sir Ewan of Lochiel, chief of the clan Cameron, called, from his sable complexion, Ewan Dhu. He was the last man in Scotland who maintained the royal cause during the great civil war, and his constant incursions rendered him a very unpleasant neighbour to the republican garrison at Inverlochy, now Fort William. The governor of the fort detached a party of three hundred men to lay waste Lochiel's possessions, and cut down his trees; but, in a sudden and desperate attack, made upon them by the chieftain, with very inferior numbers, they were almost all cut to pieces. The skirmish is detailed

¹ See Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 61.

in a curious memoir of Sir Ewan's life, printed in the Appendix of Pennant's Scottish Tour:—

'In this engagement, Lochiel himself had several wonderful escapes. In the retreat of the English, one of the strongest and bravest of the officers retired behind a bush, when he observed Lochiel pursuing, and seeing him unaccompanied with any, he leaped out, and thought him his prey. They met one another with equal fury. The combat was long and doubtful: the English gentleman had by far the advantage in strength and size; but Lochiel exceeding him in nimbleness and agility, in the end tript the sword out of his hand: they closed, and wrestled, till both fell to the ground, in each other's arms. The English officer got above Lochiel, and pressed him hard, but stretching forth his neck, by attempting to disengage himself, Lochiel, who by this time had his hands at liberty, with his left hand seized him by the collar, and jumping at his extended throat, he bit it with his teeth quite through, and kept such a hold of his grasp, that he brought away his mouthful: this, he said, was *the sweetest bite he had ever in his lifetime.*'—Vol. i. p. 375.

NOTE I.

'*Ye towers! within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his sovereign bled;
And thou, O sad and fatal mound!
That oft hast heard the death-axe sound.*'—P. 290.

Stirling was often polluted with noble blood. It is thus apostrophised by J. Jonston:—

'Discordia tristis
Heu quoties procerum sanguine tinxit humum!
Hoc uno infelix, at felix cetera, nusquam
Lætior aut cæli frons geniusve soli.'

The fate of William, eighth Earl of Douglas, whom James II. stabbed in Stirling Castle with his own hand, and while under his royal safe-conduct, is familiar to all who read Scottish history. Murdock, Duke of Albany, Duncan, Earl of Lennox, his father-in-law, and his two sons, Walter and Alexander Stewart, were executed at Stirling, in 1425. They were beheaded upon an eminence without the castle walls, but making part of the same hill, from whence they could behold their strong castle of Doune, and their extensive possessions. This 'heading-hill,' as it was sometimes termed, bears commonly the less terrible name of Hurly-hacket, from its having been the scene of a courtly amusement alluded to by Sir David Lindsay, who says of the pastimes in which the young king was engaged,

'Some harled him to the Hurly-hacket;'

which consisted in sliding, in some sort of chair, it may be supposed, from top to bottom of a smooth bank. The boys of Edinburgh, about twenty years ago, used to play at the Hurly-hacket on the Calton Hill, using for their seat a horse's skull.

NOTE K.

'*The burghers hold their sports to-day.*'—P. 290.

Every burgh of Scotland, of the least note, but more especially the considerable towns, had their solemn *play*, or festival, when feats of archery were exhibited, and prizes distributed to those who excelled in wrestling, hurling

the bar, and other gymnastic exercises of the period. Stirling, a usual place of royal residence, was not likely to be deficient in pomp upon such occasions, especially since James V. was very partial to them. His ready participation in these popular amusements was one cause of his acquiring the title of King of the Commons, or *Rex Plebiorum*, as Lesley has latinized it. The usual prize to the best shooter was a silver arrow. Such a one is preserved at Selkirk and at Peebles. At Dumfries, a silver gun was substituted, and the contention transferred to firearms. The ceremony, as there performed, is the subject of an excellent Scottish poem, by Mr John Mayne, entitled 'The Siller Gun,' 1808, which surpasses the efforts of Ferguson, and comes near those of Burns.

Of James's attachment to archery, Pitcottie, the faithful, though rude recorder of the manners of that period, has given us evidence:—

'In this year there came an ambassador out of England, named Lord William Howard, with a bishop with him, with many other gentlemen, to the number of threescore horse, which were all able men and waled (picked) men for all kind of games and pastimes, shooting, louping, running, wrestling, and casting of the stone, but they were well 'sayed (essayed or tried) ere they past out of Scotland, and that by their own provocation; but ever they tint: till at last, the queen of Scotland, the king's mother, favoured the Englishmen, because she was the king of England's sister; and therefore she took an enterprise of archery upon the Englishmen's hands contrary her son the king, and any six in Scotland that he would wale, either gentlemen or yeomen, that the Englishmen should shoot against them, either at pricks, revers, or butts, as the Scots pleased.

'The king hearing this of his mother, was content, and gart her pawn a hundred crowns and a tun of wine upon the Englishmen's hands; and he incontinent laid down as much for the Scottish men. The field and ground was chosen in St Andrews, and three lauded men and three yeomen chosen to shoot against the Englishmen, to wit, David Weemyss of that ilk, David Arnott of that ilk, and Mr John Wedderburn, vicar of Dundee; the yeomen, John Thomson, in Leith, Steven Taburner, with a piper, called Alexander Bailie; they shot very near, and warred (worsted) the Englishmen of the enterprise, and wan the hundred crowns and the tun of wine, which made the king very merry, that his men wan the victory.'—P. 147.

NOTE L.

'*Robin Hood*.'—P. 292.

The exhibition of this renowned outlaw and his band was a favourite frolic at such festivals as we are describing. This sport, in which kings did not disdain to be actors, was prohibited in Scotland upon the Reformation, by a statute of the 6th parliament of Queen Mary, c. 61, A.D. 1555, which ordered, under heavy penalties, that 'na manner of person be chosen Robert Hude, nor Little John, Abbot of Unreason, Queen of May, nor otherwise.' But, in 1561, 'the rascal multitude,' says John Knox, 'were stirred up to make a Robin Hude, whilk enormity was of many years left and damned by statute and act of parliament; yet would they not be foridden.' Accordingly, they raised a very serious tumult, and at length made prisoners the magistrates, who endeavoured to suppress it, and would not release them till they extorted

a formal promise that no one should be punished for his share of the disturbance. It would seem, from the complaints of the General Assembly of the Kirk, that these profane festivities were continued down to 1592.¹ Bold Robin was, to say the least, equally successful in maintaining his ground against the reformed clergy of England; for the simple and evangelical Latimer complains of coming to a country church, where the people refused to hear him, because it was Robin Hood's day; and his mitre and rochet were fain to give way to the village pastime. Much curious information on this subject may be found in the preliminary Dissertation to the late Mr Ritson's edition of the songs respecting this memorable outlaw. The game of Robin Hood was usually acted in May; and he was associated with the morrice-dancers, on whom so much illustration has been bestowed by the commentators on Shakspeare. A very lively picture of these festivities, containing a great deal of curious information on the subject of the private life and amusements of our ancestors, was thrown by the late ingenious Mr Strutt, into his romance entitled '*Queen-hoo Hall*,' published after his death in 1808.

NOTE M.

*'Indifferent as to archer wight,
The monarch give the arrow bright.'*—P. 292.

The Douglas of the poem is an imaginary person, a supposed uncle of the Earl of Angus. But the king's behaviour during an unexpected interview with the Laird of Kilspindie, one of the banished Douglasses, under circumstances similar to those in the text, is imitated from a real story told by Hume of Godseroft. I would have availed myself more fully of the simple and affecting circumstances of the old history, had they not been already woven into a pathetic ballad by my friend Mr Finlay.²

'His (the king's) implacability (towards the family of Douglas) did also appear in his carriage towards Archibald of Kilspindie, whom he, when he was a child, loved singularly well for his ability of body, and was wont to call him his Gray-Steill.³ Archibald being banished into England, could not well comport with the humour of that nation, which he thought to be too proud, and that they had too high a conceit of themselves, joined with a contempt and despising of all others. Wherefore, being wearied of that life, and remembering the king's favour of old towards him, he determined to try the king's mercifulness and elemency. So he comes into Scotland, and taking occasion of the king's hunting in the park at Stirling, he casts himself to be in his way, as he was coming home to the castle. So soon as the king saw him afar off, ere he came near, he guessed it was he, and said to one of his courtiers, Yonder is my Gray-Steill, Archibald of Kilspindie, if he be alive. The other answered that it could not be he, and that he durst not come into the king's presence. The king approaching, he fell upon his knees, and craved pardon, and promised from thence forward to abstain from meddling in public affairs, and to lead a quiet and private life. The king went by without giving him any answer, and trotted a good round pace up the hill. Kilspindie followed,

¹ Book of the Universal Kirk, p. 414.—² See '*Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads*.' Glasgow, 1833, vol. ii. p. 117.—³ A champion of popular romance. See ELLIS'S *Romances* vol. iii.

and, though he wore on him a secret, or shirt of mail, for his particular enemies, was as soon at the castle gate as the king. There he sat him down upon a stone without, and entreated some of the king's servants for a cup of drink, being weary and thirsty: but they, fearing the king's displeasure, durst give him none. When the king was set at his dinner, he asked what he had done, what he had said, and whither he had gone? It was told him that he had desired a cup of drink, and had gotten none. The king reproved them very sharply for their discourtesy, and told them, that if he had not taken an oath that no Douglas should ever serve him, he would have received him into his service, for he had seen him sometime a man of great ability. Then he sent him word to go to Leith, and expect his further pleasure. Then some kinsman of David Falconer, the canonier, that was slain at Tantallon, began to quarrel with Archibald about the matter, wherewith the king showed himself not well pleased when he heard of it. Then he commanded him to go to France for a certain space, till he heard further from him. And so he did, and died shortly after. This gave occasion to the king of England (Henry VIII.) to blame his nephew, alleging the old saying, That a king's face should give grace. For this Archibald (whatsoever were Angus's or Sir George's fault) had not been principal actor of anything, nor no counsellor nor stirrer up, but only a follower of his friends, and that noways cruelly disposed.'—HUME *of Godscroft*, ii. 107.

NOTE N.

*'Prize of the wrestling match, the king
To Douglas gave a golden ring.'*—P. 293.

The usual prize of a wrestling was a ram and a ring, but the animal would have embarrassed my story. Thus in the 'Cokes Tale of Gamelyn,' ascribed to Chaucer:—

'There happed to be there beside
Tryid a wrastiling;
And therefore there was y-setten
A ram and als a ring.'

Again the 'lilil geste' of Robin Hood:—

<p>'By a bridge was a wrastling, And there taryed was he, And there was all the best yemen Of all the west country. A full fayre game there was set up, A white bull up y-pight,</p>	<p>A great courser with saddle and brydle, With gold burnished full bright; A payre of gloves, a red golde ringe, A pipe of wyne good fay; What man bereth bim best I wis, The prize shall bear away.'</p>
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RITSON'S *Robin Hood*, vol. i.

CANTO VI.

NOTE A.

*' These drew not for their fields the sword,
Like tenants of a feudal lord,
Nor own'd the patriarchal claim
Of chieftain in their leader's name;
Adventurers they.'—P. 303.*

The Scottish armies consisted chiefly of the nobility and barons, with their vassals, who held lands under them, for military service by themselves and their tenants. The patriarchal influence exercised by the heads of clans in the Highlands and Borders was of a different nature, and sometimes at variance with feudal principles. It flowed from the *Patria Potestas*, exercised by the chieftain as representing the original father of the whole name, and was often obeyed in contradiction to the feudal superior. James V. seems first to have introduced, in addition to the militia furnished from these sources, the service of a small number of mercenaries, who formed a body-guard, called the Foot-Band. The satirical poet, Sir David Lindsay (or the person who wrote the prologue to his play of the 'Three Estaites') has introduced Finlay of the Foot-Band, who, after much swaggering upon the stage, is at length put to flight by the fool, who terrifies him by means of a sheep's skull upon a pole. I have rather chosen to give them the harsh features of the mercenary soldiers of the period, than of this Scottish Thraso. These partook of the character of the Adventurous Companions of Froissart, or the Condottieri of Italy.

One of the best and liveliest traits of such manners is the last will of a leader, called Geoffroy Tete Noir, who, having been slightly wounded in a skirmish, his intemperance brought on a mortal disease. When he found himself dying, he summoned to his bedside the adventurers whom he commanded, and thus addressed them:—

'Fayre sirs, quod Geffray, I knowe well ye have alwayes served and honoured me as men ought to serve their soveraygne and capitayne, and I shal be the gladder if ye will agre to have to your capitayne one that is descended of my bloode. Behold here Aleyne Roux, my cosyn, and Peter his brother, who are men of armes and of my blode. I require you to make Aleyne your capitayne, and to swere to him faythe, obeysaunce, love, and loyalte, here in my presence, and also to his brother: howe be it, I wyll that Aleyne have the soverayne charge. Sir, quod they, we are well content, for ye haue ryght well chosen. There all the companyons made them servyant to Aleyne Roux and to Peter his brother. Whan all that was done, then Geffraye spake agayne, and sayde: Nowe, sirs, ye haue obeyed to my pleasure, I came you great thanke; wherefore, sirs, I will ye have parte of that ye have holpen to conquere. I saye unto you, that in yonder chest that ye se stande yonder, therin is to the some of xxx thousande frankes,—I wyll give them accordyng to my conscyence. Wyll ye all be content to fulfil my testament; how saye ye? Sir, quod they, we be ryght well contente to fulfil your commaundment. Thane firste, quod he, I wyll and give to the chapell of Saynt George, here in this ca-tell, for the reparacions therof, a thousand and five hundrede frankes: and I give to my

lover, who hath truly served me, two thousand and five hundrede frankes : and also I give to Aleyne Roux, your newe capitayne, foure thousande frankes : also to the variettes of my chambre I gyve fyve hundrede frankes. To mine ollycers I gyve a thousand and five hundred frankes. The rest I gyve and bequeth as I shall shew you. Ye le upon a thyrtye companyons all of one sorte ; ye ought to be bretherne, and all of one alyaunee, without debate, ryotte, or stryfe among you. All this that I have shewed you ye shall fynde in yonder cheste. I wyll that ye departe all the resydue equally and truely bitwene you thyrtye. And if ye be nat thus contente, but that the devylle wyll set debate bytwene you, than beholde yonder is a strong axe, breke up the coffer, and gette it who can. To those words every man ansuered and said, Sir, and dere maister, we are and shall be all of one accorde. Sir, we have so moche loved and doated you, that we will breke no coffer, nor breke no poynt of that ye have ordayned and commanded.'—Lord BERNER'S *Froissart*.

NOTE B.

' *Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp ;
Get thee an ape, and trudge the land.
The leader of a juggler band.*'—P. 306.

The jongleurs, or jugglers, as we learn from the elaborate work of the late Mr Strutt, on the sports and pastimes of the people of England, used to call in the aid of various assistants, to render these performances as captivating as possible. The glee-maiden was a necessary attendant. Her duty was tumbling and dancing ; and therefore the Anglo-Saxon version of Saint Mark's Gospel states Herodias to have vaulted or tumbled before King Herod. In Scotland, these poor creatures seem, even at a late period, to have been bond-women to their masters, as appears from a case reported by Fountainhall. 'Reid the mountebank pursues Scot of Harden and his lady, for stealing away from him a little girl, called the tumbling-lassie, that danced upon his stage ; and he claimed damages, and produced a contract, whereby he bought her from her mother, for L.30 Scots. But we have no slaves in Scotland, and mothers cannot sell their bairns ; and physicians attested, the employment of tumbling would kill her ; and her joints were now grown stiff, and she declined to return : though she was at least a 'prentice, and so could not run away from her master : yet some cited Moses's law, that if a servant shelter himself with thee, against his master's cruelty, thou shalt surely not deliver him up. The lords, *venitute cancellario*, assoilzied Harden, on the 27th of January (1687).'—FOUNTAINHALL'S *Decisions*, vol. i. p. 439.¹

The facetious qualities of the ape soon rendered him an acceptable addition to the strolling band of the jongleur. Ben Jonson, in his splenetic introduction to the comedy of 'Bartholomew Fair,' is at pains to inform the audience 'that he has ne'er a sword and buckler man in his fair, nor a juggler, with a well-

¹ Though less to my purpose, I cannot help noticing a circumstance respecting another of this Mr Reid's attendants, which occurred during James II's zeal for Catholic proselytism, and is told by Fountainhall with dry Scottish irony. 'January 17th, 1687.—Reid the mountebank is received into the popish church, and one of his blackamores was persuaded to accept of baptism from the popish priests, and to turn Christian papist ; which was a great trophy. he was called James, after the king and chanceller, and the apostle James.'—*Ibid.*, p. 44).

educated ape, to come over the chaine for the king of England, and back again for the prince, and sit still on his haunches for the pope and the king of Spaine.'

NOTE C.

'That stirring air which peals on high,
O'er Dermid's race our victory,
Strike it.'—P. 313.

There are several instances, at least in tradition, of persons so much attached to particular tunes, as to require to hear them on their deathbed. Such an anecdote is mentioned by the late Mr Riddel of Glenriddel, in his collection of Border tunes, respecting an air called the 'Dandling of the Bairns,' for which a certain Gallovidian laird is said to have evinced this strong mark of partiality. It is popularly told of a famous freebooter, that he composed the tune known by the name of 'Macpherson's Rant' while under sentence of death, and played it at the gallows-tree. Some spirited words have been adapted to it by Burns. A similar story is recounted of a Welsh bard, who composed and played on his deathbed the air called '*Dafydddy Garregg Wen*.'

But the most curious example is given by Brantome, of a maid of honour at the court of France, entitled Mademoiselle de Limeuil:—'Durant sa maladie, dont elle trespassa, jamais elle ne cessa, ains causa tousjours; car elle estoit fort grande parleuse, brocardeuse, et très-bien et fort à propos, et très-belle avec eela. Quand l'heure de sa fin fut venue, elle fit venir a soy son valet (ainsi que le filles de la cour en ont chacune un), qui s'appelloit Julien, et scavoit très-bien jôier du violon. "Julien, luy dit elle, prenez vostre violon et sonnez moy tousjours jusques a ce que me voyez morte (car je m'y en vais) la défaite des Suisses, et le mieux que vous pourrez, et quand vous serez sur le mot, 'Tout est perdu,' sonnez le par quatre ou cinq fois, le plus pitusement que vous pourrez;" ce qui fit l'autre, et elle-mesme lay aidoit de la voix, et quand ce vint "Tout est perdu," elle le rëtera par deux fois; et se tournant de l'autre costé du chevet, elle dit à ses compagnes, "Tout est perdu à ce coup, et à bone scient;" et ainsi décéda. Voilà une morte joyeuse et plaisante. Je tiens ce conte de deux de ses compagnes, dignes de foi, qui virent jôier ce mystere.'—*Oeuvres de Brantome*, iii. 507.

The tune to which this fair lady chose to make her final exit was composed on the defeat of the Swiss at Marignano. The burden is quoted by Panurge, in Rabelais, and consists of these words, imitating the jargon of the Swiss, which is a mixture of French and German:—

'Tout est verlore
La Tintelore,
Tout est verlore bi Got!'

NOTE D.

'Battle of Beal' an Duine.'—P. 313.

A skirmish actually took place at a pass thus called in the Trosachs, and closed with the remarkable incident mentioned in the text. It was greatly posterior in date to the reign of James V. :—

'In this roughly-wooded island,¹ the country people secreted their wives and

¹ That at the eastern extremity of Loch Katrine, so often mentioned in the text.

children, and their most valuable effects, from the rapacity of Cromwell's soldiers, during their inroad into this country, in the time of the republic. These invaders, not venturing to ascend by the ladders, along the side of the lake, took a more circuitous road, through the heart of the Trosachs, the most frequented path at that time, which penetrates the wilderness about half way between Binean and the lake, by a tract called Yea-chailleach, or the Old Wife's Bog.

'In one of the defiles of this by-road, the men of the country at that time hung upon the rear of the invading enemy, and shot one of Cromwell's men, whose grave marks the scene of action, and gives name to that pass.¹ In revenge of this insult, the soldiers resolved to plunder the island, to violate the women, and put the children to death. With this brutal intention, one of the party, more expert than the rest, swam towards the island, to fetch the boat to his comrades, which had carried the women to their asylum, and lay moored in one of the creeks. His companions stood on the shore of the main land, in full view of all that was to pass, waiting anxiously for his return with the boat. But, just as the swimmer had got to the nearest point of the island, and was laying hold of a black rock, to get on shore, a heroine, who stood on the very point where he meant to land, hastily snatching a dagger from below her apron, with one stroke severed his head from his body. His party seeing this disaster, and relinquishing all future hope of revenge or conquest, made the best of their way out of their perilous situation. This amazon's great-grandson lives at Bridge of Turk, who, besides others, attests the anecdote.'—*Sketch of the Scenery near Callander*. Stirling, 1806, p. 20. I have only to add to this account, that the heroine's name was Helen Stuart.

NOTE E.

'*And Snowdon's knight is Scotland's king.*'—P. 325.

This discovery will probably remind the reader of the beautiful Arabian tale of '*Il Boudocani*.' Yet the incident is not borrowed from that elegant story, but from Scottish tradition. James V., of whom we are treating, was a monarch whose good and benevolent intentions often rendered his romantic freaks venial, if not respectable, since, from his anxious attention to the interests of the lower and most oppressed class of his subjects, he was, as we have seen, popularly termed the *King of the Commons*. For the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently from the less justifiable motive of gallantry, he used to traverse the vicinage of his several palaces in various disguises. The two excellent comic songs entitled, '*The Gaberlunzie Man*,' and '*We'll gae nae mair a roving*,' are said to have been founded upon the success of his amorous adventures when travelling in the disguise of a beggar. The latter is perhaps the best comic ballad in any language.

Another adventure, which had nearly cost James his life, is said to have taken place at the village of Cramond, near Edinburgh, where he had rendered his addresses acceptable to a pretty girl of the lower rank. Four or five persons, whether relations or lovers of his mistress is uncertain, beset the dis-

¹ Beallach an Duine.

guised monarch, as he returned from his rendezvous. Naturally gallant, and an admirable master of his weapon, the king took post on the high and narrow bridge over the Almond river, and defended himself bravely with his sword. A peasant, who was threshing in a neighbouring barn, came out upon the noise, and, whether moved by compassion or by natural gallantry, took the weaker side, and laid about with his flail so effectually, as to disperse the assailants, well threshed, even according to the letter. He then conducted the king into his barn, where his guest requested a basin and towel, to remove the stains of the broil. This being procured with difficulty, James employed himself in learning what was the summit of his deliverer's earthly wishes, and found that they were bounded by the desire of possessing, in property, the farm of Braehead, upon which he laboured as a bondsman. The lands chanced to belong to the crown; and James directed him to come to the palace of Holy-Rood, and inquire for the Guidman (*i. e.* farmer) of Ballangiech, a name by which he is known in his excursions, and which answered to '*Il Bondocani*' of Haroun Alraschid. He presented himself accordingly, and found, with due astonishment, that he had saved his monarch's life, and that he was to be gratified with a crown-charter of the lands of Braehead, under the service of presenting an ewer, basin, and towel, for the king to wash his hands, when he shall happen to pass the Bridge of Cramond. This person was ancestor of the Howisons of Braehead, in Mid Lothian, a respectable family, who continue to hold the lands (now passed into the female line) under the same tenure.

Another of James's frolics is thus narrated by Mr Campbell, from the Statistical Account:—'Being once benighted when out a hunting, and separated from his attendants, he happened to enter a cottage in the midst of a moor, at the foot of the Ochil hills, near Alloa, where, unknown, he was kindly received. In order to regale their unexpected guest, the *gudeman* (*i. e.* landlord, farmer) desired the *gudervijè* to fetch the hen that roosted nearest the cock, which is always the plumpiest, for the stranger's supper. The king, highly pleased with his night's lodging and hospitable entertainment, told mine host, at parting, that he should be glad to return his civility, and requested that the first time he came to Stirling he would call at the castle and inquire for the *Gudeman of Ballingquich*. Donaldson, the landlord, did not fail to call on the *Gudeman of Ballingquich*, when his astonishment at finding that the king had been his guest afforded no small amusement to the merry monarch and his courtiers; and, to carry on the pleasantry, he was thenceforth designated by James with the title of King of the Moors, which name and designation have descended from father to son ever since, and they have continued in possession of the identical spot, the property of Mr Erskine of Mar, till very lately, when this gentleman, with reluctance, turned out the descendant and representative of the King of the Moors, on account of his majesty's invincible indolence, and great dislike to reform or innovation of any kind, although, from the spirited example of his neighbour tenants on the same estate, he is convinced similar exertion would promote his advantage.'

The author requests permission yet farther to verify the subject of his poem, by an extract from the genealogical work of Buchanan of Auchmar, upon Scottish surnames:—

'This John Buchanan of Auchmar and Arnprior was afterwards termed

King of Kippen,¹ upon the following account. King James V., a very sociable, *debonair* prince, residing at Stirling, in Buchanan of Arnpryor's time, carriers were very frequently passing along the common road, being near Arnpryor's house, with necessaries for the use of the king's family, and he having some extraordinary occasion, ordered one of these carriers to leave his load at his house, and he would pay him for it; which the carrier refused to do, telling him he was the king's carrier, and his load for his majesty's use; to which Arnpryor seemed to have small regard, compelling the carrier, in the end, to leave his load; telling him, if King James was king of Scotland, he was king of Kippen, so that it was reasonable he should share with his neighbour king in some of these loads, so frequently carried that road. The carrier representing this usage, and telling the story, as Arnpryor spoke it, to some of the king's servants, it came at length to his majesty's ears, who, shortly thereafter, with a few attendants, came to visit his neighbour king, who was in the mean time at dinner. King James having sent a servant to demand access, was denied the same by a tall fellow with a battle-axe, who stood porter at the gate, telling there could be no access till dinner was over. This answer not satisfying the king, he sent to demand access a second time; upon which he was desired by the porter to desist, otherwise he would find cause to repent his rudeness. His majesty finding this method would not do, desired the porter to tell his master that the goodman of Ballangeich desired to speak with the king of Kippen. The porter telling Arnpryor so much, he, in all humble manner, came and received the king, and having entertained him with much sumptuousness and jollity, became so agreeable to King James, that he allowed him to take so much of any provision he found carrying that road as he had occasion for; and, seeing he made the first visit, desired Arnpryor in a few days to return him a second at Stirling, which he performed, and continued in very much favour with the king, always thereafter being termed King of Kippen while he lived.—BUCHANAN'S *Essay upon the Family of Buchanan*. Edin. 1775, 8vo, p. 74.

The readers of Ariosto must give credit for the amiable features with which he is represented, since he is generally considered as the prototype of Zerbindo, the most interesting hero of the Orlando Furioso.

NOTE F.

'Stirling's Tower

Of yore the name of Snowdown claims.'—P. 326.

William of Worcester, who wrote about the middle of the fifteenth century, calls Stirling Castle Snowdown. Sir David Lindsay bestows the same epithet upon it in his 'Complaint of the Papingo.'

'Adieu, fair Snawdown, with thy towers high,
Thy chape-royal, park, and table round;
May, June, and July would I dwell in thee,
Were I a man, to hear the birdis sound,
Whilk doth agane thy royal rock rebound.'

Mr Chalmers, in his late excellent edition of Sir David Lindsay's works, has

¹ A small district of Perthshire.

refuted the chimerical derivation of Snawdoun from *snedding*, or cutting. It was probably derived from the romantic legend which connected Stirling with King Arthur, to which the mention of the Round Table gives countenance. The ring within which jousts were formerly practised, in the castle park, is still called the Round Table. Snawdoun is the official title of one of the Scottish heralds, whose epithets seem in all countries to have been fantastically adopted from ancient history or romance.

It appears from the preceding note, that the real name by which James was actually distinguished in his private excursions was the Goodman of Bal-lenguich; derived from a steep pass leading up to the Castle of Stirling, so called. But the epithet would not have suited poetry, and would besides at once, and prematurely, have announced the plot to many of my countrymen, among whom the traditional stories above mentioned are still current.

The Author has to apologise for the inadvertent appropriation of a whole line from the tragedy of Douglas—

‘ I hold the first who strikes, my foe.’







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