

"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 chuff before the wind of heaven,
 The archery appear:
 For life! for life! their flight they ply¹—
 And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
 And plaids and bonnets waving high,
 And broadswords flashing to the sky,
 Are maddening in the rear.
 Onward they drive in drendful 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 levelled low;
 And closely shouldering side to side,
 The bristling ranks the onset hide.—
 'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
 As their Tinchel² cows the game!
 They come as fleet as forest deer,
 We'll drive them back as tame.'

"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.

¹ **flight they ply**—Did their best to get out of the difficulty.

² **Tinchel**—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.