

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 showing, 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.

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## xxxv.

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 passions 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 ?

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