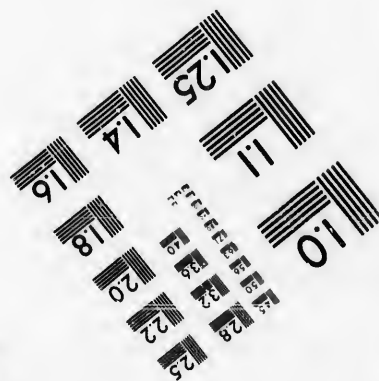
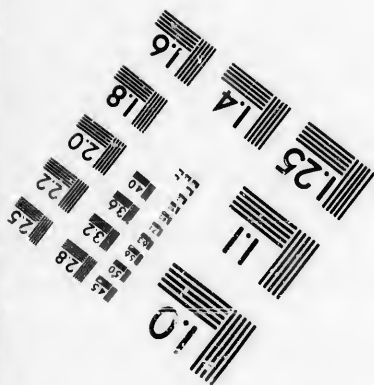
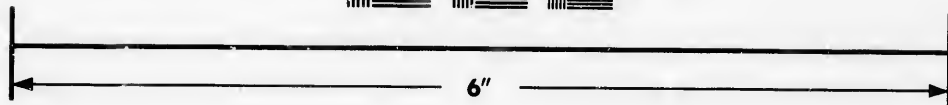
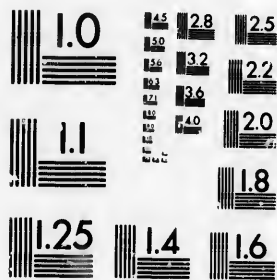


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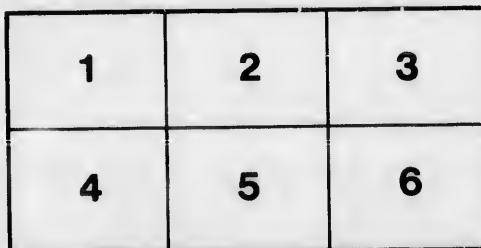
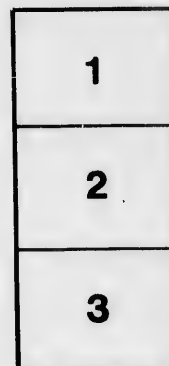
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Scott, Walter

CAMPBELL'S EDUCATIONAL SERIES.

SCOTT'S

Lady of the Lake,

WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES,
AND INDEX.

BY

T. C. L. ARMSTRONG, M.A.

COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, HAMILTON.



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SCOTT AND HIS PERIOD

A THOROUGH knowledge of a poet involves, to some extent, a knowledge of his contemporary poets, for in literature, as in other matters, certain characteristics are found to be popular in each age, and thus by their prevalence to become the leading feature of the period. These peculiarities are generally the result of known causes,—the influence of a foreign literature, the stimulating effect of some great domestic event, even the influence of some great man, and, finally, the very nature of poetry and thought. A glance at English literature will show us that it naturally resolves itself into several great periods or clusters of poets having well-marked peculiarities and following each other in natural sequence. Practically beginning with the initiative period of Chaucer, following the stirring times of the birth of the English nation proper, and modelled after the early French and Italian literatures, our literature has passed through several natural phases, alternately creative and critical. (When some great national event stirs the passions of men and agitates the nation to its very centre, we may expect the intellectual activities also to be quickened, and hence immediately following, or associated with such event, there will be a great productive period in the literary life of the nation. Some corresponding period in a foreign literature gives it tone, and the whole literature of the nation clusters around a few great men till the impulse is gradually expended, and writers, no longer feeling the national spur, begin to associate art and criticism with their productions, and content themselves with a strict ad-

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herence to the rules of art, deduced from the investigation of the works of the great writers. But mere art soon wearies, and hence poetry languishes or dies of mere inanition and the nation lies waiting for some great event to arouse it to renewed life.

Of the different phases through which our literature has passed we might take as representatives Chaucer, Shakespeare, Pope and Wordsworth.

The period of Chaucer was not followed by a critical age in England, owing to the lamentable condition of the nation; but on the continent it is called the period of Classical Revival, or the Renaissance. The second productive period, that of Shakespeare and the drama, follows the religious reformation, and was influenced by the literatures of Italy, and of Greece and Rome, for England had at last been affected by the classical revival. When this Elizabethan period was exhausted it passed through the usual critical stage, but owing to various circumstances this critical period became a very prominent feature in our poetry, and is known as the Augustan Age, or the period of artificial excellence. It followed the stirring times of the political revolution in England, and was modelled on the great Augustan Age of French literature, that of Louis XIV. This gradually died out and left us a barren transitional period, lasting from Johnson to Cowper, during which little was produced worthy a place in literature. The baleful effect of giving too much prominence to outward form at the sacrifice of thought and feeling, was clearly shown. French art and formality and classical purity were everywhere. Artistic imitation was abundant, but no creative energy; the nation lay ready waiting for a new creative impulse which soon came. Some premonitory symptoms of the coming change were seen in Gray's *Elegy*, Goldsmith's works, Thomson's *Seasons*, etc.; but the harbingers of the *natural* school were Cowper in his *Task*, and Burns in his songs. These were quite divorced from the old school; both were natural, spontaneous and sincere; no artificial sentiment or form in either. The human sympathies of Burns shown in such pieces as the *Mountain Daisy*, and the rough, vigorous line and love of nature in Cowper, put them

in concord with nature. Soon follow the poets of the early years of the present century—a galaxy only equalled by those of the beginning of the seventeenth.

This great period of poetry was caused by many combined forces acting on the social world at the close of the last century, some of which were the following:—

1st. The natural weariness following the excess of artistic productions. People became tired of the artificial form and forced sentiment of these foreign imitations and turned to the early native poetry.

2d. The awakened interest in this old poetry in its various forms tended greatly towards the formation of a more healthy and vigorous poetical taste. The first outburst of a poetical age is likely to be lyrical; in this respect the present period resembles the Elizabethan in its love of the metrical romances of chivalry and the simple narrative ballads. This fancy for early poetry is well marked by the literary forgeries to which it gave occasion, viz.:—Macpherson's "Poems of Ossian" (1760), Chatterton's "Rowley Poems, etc.," Ireland's forgeries of Shakespeare, and by the publication and imitation of many old poets, especially Shakespeare and Spenser. But, perhaps, the most significant, and certainly the most influential work of that nature was Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (1765). Ballad poetry has at all ages had a firm hold on the imagination of the people; at times, indeed, a song has been sufficient to rouse a nation to mighty deeds,—witness the Welsh bards, the Swiss *Ranz des Vaches*, Wharton's *Lillibulero*, and the *Marseillaise*. But in this period it had a great influence on poetic taste, it gave the first impulse to the genius of Scott, who was passionately fond of it, and collected his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* in imitation of the *Reliques*; indeed, it may be traced in most poets of the period. Wordsworth says:—"I do not think that there is an able writer in verse of the present day who would not be proud to acknowledge his obligations to the *Reliques*; I know that it is so with my friends; for myself, I am happy to make a public avowal of my own." Another book that marks this antiquarian spirit is

Thos. Warton's *History of English Poetry*. This peculiarity of the age is of special importance to us, as it permeates Scott's poetry through and through, giving us his beautiful lyrics, and deciding the form and nature of his poems.

3d. The influence of German literature began to be felt. European nations being intimately connected, their literatures must mutually affect one another; hence a great period in one reproduces its peculiarities to some extent in other nations. This foreign influence is entirely different from the classical literature which is a perpetual spring of taste to all nations. English literature, and, indeed, European literature, has been affected in turn by the Italian, the French and the German, and in each case the characteristics of the foreign literature have been reproduced in a modified form. The great Italian period gave us Chaucer, Shakespère, Spenser and Milton; the French Augustan period gave us Pope and Dryden, with the usual French qualities seen in the sparkle, the wit, the super-refinement, and the strict adherence to the formalities of art. The great German period of Goethe and Schiller was now beginning to captivate the world with its dreamy reflection and metaphysical analysis, and these *Sturm und Drang* sentiments of this German school were making their way into English literature when Scott began his literary life. The first great example of it was Henry Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling*, and Scott's first literary attempts were translations of Bürger's *Lenore* and *The Wild Huntsman*.

4th. This age, like all great poetical ages, was the immediate result of a great struggle among the people; in this case the struggle was not confined to England, but was spread over all Europe. It was the gigantic struggle of the people against tyranny, which led in France to a revolt against all restraint. England was powerfully affected by the sentiments that thus divided people, and when she herself was drawn into the contest the effect was as great as in the time of the Armada. Her sluggish, conservative nature drove her into an attitude of firm resistance to the efforts of liberty; but poets all ardently sympathized with the patriots till they went to the extreme of license, then some gave them up in despair, while others con-

tinued to dream of liberty and reformation. Scott never sympathized with these poets of liberty; the whole struggle only confirmed him in his determined opposition to the demands of the "rabble." These, then, were the forces at work to produce this remarkable activity in the literary world of England, and we can now point out the leading peculiarities of the period.

1st. We have the love of nature gradually increasing till in Wordsworth it became a vital principle. Now, for the first time, we have natural scenery introduced for æsthetic effect, and the art of description fully developed. A more healthy sentiment permeated the poems of this age. Those great passions and impulses that concern so intimately mankind in general, and not merely a section, formed the theme of poetry; hence the poor and lowly were, at first apologetically, but finally boldly, taken as the subject of the finest poems.

2d. The language became less refined. As in the Elizabethan age, more stress was laid on the substance than on the outward form; the poets of both ages excel more in originality of genius than in perfection of execution. Much of this originated in this period from the reaction against the cold elaboration of the critical age, and in the irregularity of the ballads and romances. Many of the poets aimed at a studied simplicity of style and sentiment and a rugged versification.

3d. The popularity of old writers continued to some extent. It was shown chiefly by Byron's imitation of Spenser in the first canto of *Childe Harold*, and by Scott in his metrical romances and the antiquarian lore so profusely employed in his poems.

4th. It was perhaps in imitation of the old romances of chivalry and their offshoot, the narrative ballad, that Scott adopted a narrative form for his poems; and so successfully did he employ it that it became the most popular and prevailing form of poem, and, indeed, continues to this day to be the only kind favourably received by the public. From narrative in verse it was an easy transition to the prose narrative of the romance and the novel into which Scott glided. The novel is less ambitious and less artificial; but it is simply an inferior sort of poem, and requires

much the same literary ability for its production as a poem does, especially a narrative poem, so that Scott's transition from poetry to prose was easy and natural.

5th. Another noted variety of poetry cultivated at this period most successfully was the *lyrical* poem or song. The songs of Burns, Scott, Moore, Byron, Campbell, etc., make this the chief lyrical age of our literature.

6th. The influence of German literature was chiefly felt toward the end of this period, and at the present day continues to exert more or less influence on our literature, especially on the high class novel and the magazine literature, which are the two most popular and characteristic species of literary composition of our time.

Having given above the causes and peculiarities of the period, a few words about the chief writers are necessary. We have seen that the practical founder of the school was William Cowper (*The Task*, 1785), who had the two leading qualities, the love of nature for herself, and large human sympathies. He was ably aided by Crabbe in England, (*The Village Parish Register*, *Tales of a Hall*, etc.) and by Burns in Scotland (*Cotter's Saturday Night*, *Songs*, etc.). A new impetus was given by the French Revolution, which divided all poets into poets of liberty and poets of order, according as they adopted or rejected the revolutionary ideas.

ROBERT SOUTHEY. (*Wat Tyler*, 1794, *Thalaba*, *Madoc*, etc.) was a prolific writer of considerable genius; he adopted the narrative but chose foreign and fanciful subjects. He at first hailed the revolution, but abandoned it after the excesses in Paris.

S. T. COLERIDGE.—(*Odes to the Departing Year*, *To France*, *To Dejection*, etc.) One of the greatest poetical geniuses that ever lived. His poetry is grand and metaphysical,—a poet of liberty:

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH is the great central figure of the period. He had the deep love for nature and the wide sympathy for man in the highest degree. He purposely adopted a plainness of sentiment and of expression that often laid him open to attack. (*Descriptive Sketches*, *Lyrical Ballads*, *Excursion*, *Prelude*, etc.)

SCOTT AND HIS PERIOD.

7

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—A poet of order. The mighty events transpiring around him could not command an encouraging smile from his conservative mind. His work in the period was perfecting the narrative poem and the historical romance. He lived entirely in the past, and thus exhausted the antiquarian spirit of this age. His vivid natural descriptions and his strong nationality make him very popular with his countrymen.

THOMAS CAMPBELL (*Pleasures of Hope*, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, *Songs*, etc.) belongs partly to the old and partly to the new.

SAMUEL ROGERS (*Pleasures of Memory*) is an isolated poet of the previous age.

THOMAS MOORE (*Songs*, and *Lalla Rookh*) is scarcely a natural poet. He resembles the previous age in his flash and glitter.

LORD BYRON resembles the past in his "*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*," and the opening canto of *Childe Harold*; but his other poems belong to the new school, and in *Cain* and *Don Juan* he flies into open revolt against all conventional morality, religion and politics.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (*Queen Mab*, *Alastor*, *Prometheus Unbound*, etc.) had poetical genius of a high order. He sought a state of purity, and wrote in a spirit of revolt from all that was established.

JOHN KEATS (*Endymion*, *Hyperion*) marks the close of the great impulse. Its energy was spent, and Keats had to go to Greek literature for inspiration.

The above sketch does not presume to give more than a few facts to direct the student in his study of this important period. For further information he is referred to any of the more accessible histories of literature; such as Craik's, Spalding's, or Angus's. Critical information can also be had from the same works, as well as from the essays of Lord Jeffrey, Carlyle, Ruskin, and Prof. Wilson (Christopher North).

Biographical information may be gleaned from the able articles in Chambers' or the Britannic Encyclopædia, from Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, or from Morley's *Scott* in the "English Men of Letters" series. A few notes are here subjoined, chiefly extracts from the latter work.

CHILDHOOD.—“ Sir Walter Scott was the first literary man of a great riding, sporting and fighting clan. Indeed, his father, a writer to the Signet, *i.e.*, Edinburgh Solicitor, was the first of his race to adopt a town life and a sedentary profession.”

“ Sir Walter’s father reminds one, in not a few of the formal and rather martinetish traits which are related of him, of the father of Goethe. ‘A formal man, with strong ideas of a straight-laced education, passionately orderly, and never so much excited as by a necessary deviation from household rules.’” Of this father, Alexander Fairford in *Redgauntlet* is a thinly disguised picture.

Walter, the ninth of twelve children, was born in Edinburgh, on the 15th of August, 1771. An early fever resulted in a life-long lameness. His early life was spent with his grandfather, at Sandy Knowe, to which and his life there he refers in the introduction to canto iii. of *Marmion*.

“ It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled ;

* * * * *

For I was wayward, bold and wild,
A self-willed imp, a grandame’s child ;
But half a plague and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, caressed.”

YOUTH.—“ As Scott grew up, entered the classes of the college, and began his legal studies, first as an apprentice to his father, and then in the law classes of the University, he became noticeable for his gigantic memory, the rich stores of romantic material with which it was loaded, his giant feats of industry for any cherished purpose, and his delight in adventure and in all athletic enterprises.” His youthful escapades often took the form of *raids* into Liddesdale, from which he derived much of his knowledge for after use in his literary works.

Scott continued to practise at the bar—nominally at least—for fourteen years, but his impatience of solicitor’s patronage, his well known dabbings in poetry, and his general repute for wild and unprofessional adventurousness, were all against him. In his eighth year at the bar he was made sheriff of Selkirkshire.

In 1798 he married a lady of some means, a Miss Carpenter,

the daughter of a French royalist, within a year of his disappointment in his love for Miss Margaret Stuart Belcher.

EARLY POETRY.—His first serious attempt in poetry was a version of Bürger's *Lenore*, a spectre ballad. In 1802 he published his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, containing some ballads of his own of great merit; to this early date belong also *Glenfinlas*, *Cadyow Castle*, *The Eve of St. John*, etc.

MATURER POEMS.—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel* appeared in 1805, when Scott was thirty-four years old. It grew out of a request of Lady Dalkeith to write a poem on the legend of the goblin page, Gilpin Horner; this Scott attempted to do, intending the poem to be included in the *Border Minstrelsy*, but it grew too long for that, and became so uncouth and irregular that the whole was put into the mouth of an aged harper. Scott says the introduction of the harper was to avoid the imputation of "setting up a new school of poetry," instead of imitating an old school; but it has been suggested that the harper may have typified himself in his devotion to the lady of his "chief," as he always called the head of the house of Scott. It became very popular; its rugged beauty and romantic sentiment were something unusual. The old harper is generally admired.

In 1808 appeared *Marmion, a Tale of Flodden Field*, his greatest poem. It is superior to the *Lay* by having a complete, well told story, instead of a confused legend: but in a poem we do not derive our chief interest from the story; the narrative should be subordinate to the thought and that insight into the deeper side of life and manners, in expressing which poetry has so great an advantage over prose; this is wherein *Marmion* excels the others. Its descriptions of war and of nature are justly celebrated.

Next in order comes the *Lady of the Lake* (1810), his most popular poem, but probably containing less poetry of a high nature than *Marmion*.

The *Vision of Don Roderick* (1811) was intended by the author to celebrate the achievements of Wellington in Spain. It is generally considered a failure.

Rokeby (1812), a Yorkshire story of a date immediately subsequent to the battle of Marston Moor, 1644. In this, Scott appears to be at home neither in the epoch nor the place, and the poem is at times insipid. The author says of the first three poems, that the interest of the *Lay* depends chiefly on the style; that of *Marmion*, upon the descriptions; and that of the *Lady of the Lake* upon the incidents. But this was probably an after-thought; they all seem to be modelled on the metrical romance, and to be framed from hints and suggestions gleaned in his antiquarian studies.

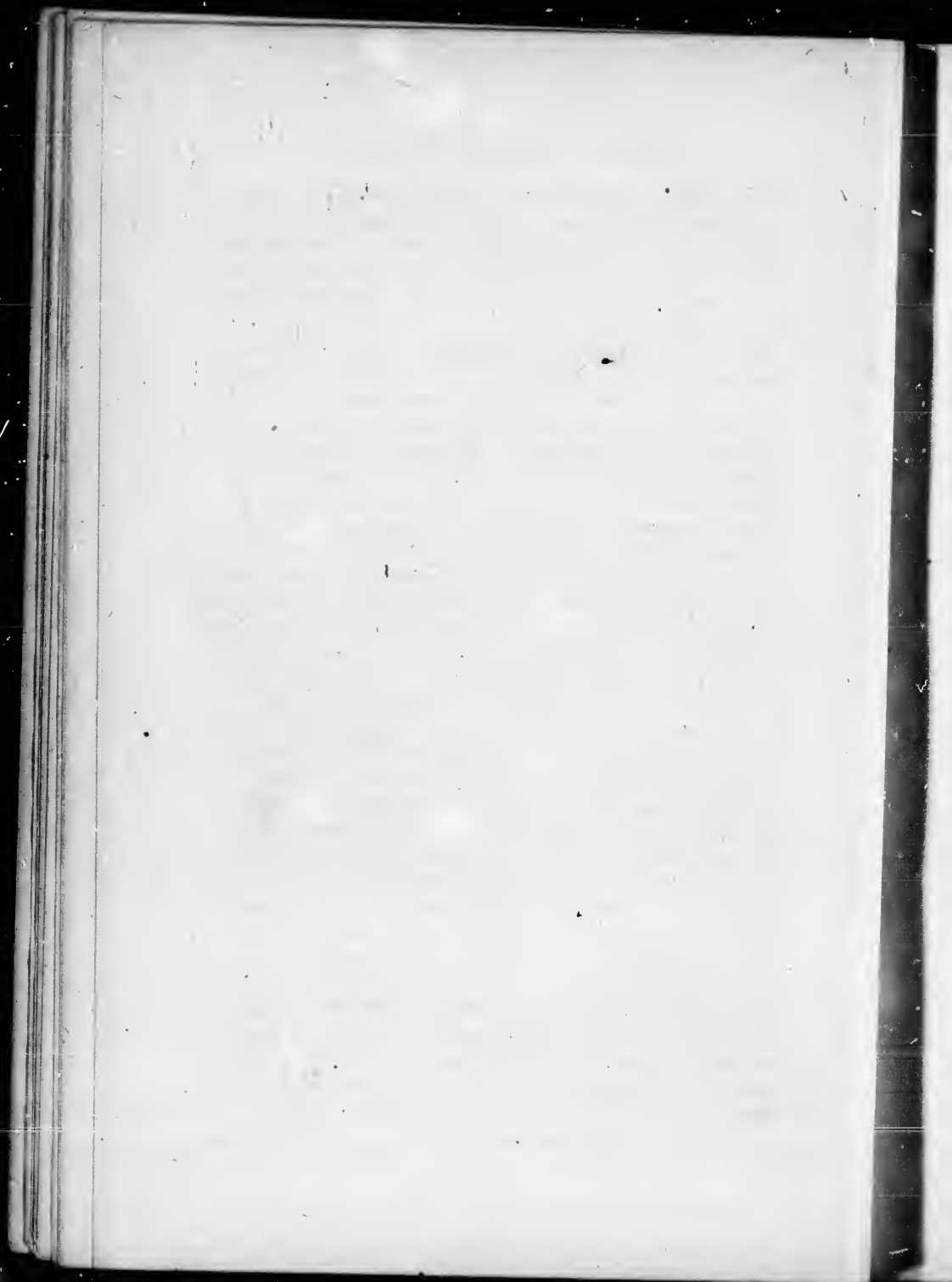
The *Lord of the Isles* (1814), "A wild tale of Albyn's warrior day," a story of the return of Bruce in 1307. The struggle of Bannockburn and the wild scenery of the Highlands are well painted and harmonized, but the poem lacks interest. After this poem Scott relinquished poetry for prose; but to the list must be added, *The Bridal of Triermain* and *Harold the Dauntless*, which had been published anonymously, and in 1822 he again took up poetry, publishing *Halidon Hill*, a drama of chivalry, in which the author, to avoid Shakespeare's Hotspur, has transferred the events of Homildon Hill, 1402, to Halidon Hill, 1333. It was not intended for the stage, but "to illustrate military antiquities."

HIS HOMES.—"So completely was Scott an out-of-doors man that he cannot be adequately known, either through his poems or through his friends, without also knowing his external surroundings and occupations." His first country home was at Lasswood, on the Esk, a cottage which he took shortly after his marriage in 1798, and retained till 1804, when he left it for Ashestiel, the beauties of which he has painted in *Marmion*, Canto I. Here he remained, attending to his duties as Sheriff, writing his poems and amusing himself looking after the landlord's woods, hunting, fishing, etc. In 1812 Scott bought a "mountain farm" at Abbotsford on the Tweed, and removed to it, changing its name from "Clarty Hole" to Abbotsford. To pay for this he wrote "Rokeby." Once here, a rage for building and for planting trees seized him, that finally led to his financial ruin. Mr. Lockhart admits that before the crash came he had invested £29,000 in the purchase of land alone. Another wild

speculation was his partnership with the Ballantynes, to establish a large publishing house. But neither the Ballantynes nor Scott had the judgment for such an undertaking; the new firm incurred many unnecessary expenses, published all sorts of books which did not sell, and the result was failure and mutual recriminations.

Scott's greatest fame rests on his novels, generally known as the Waverley Novels. These were produced with marvellous rapidity; from Waverley (1814) to Woodstock (1826), a period of twelve years, he published nineteen novels, a feat unequalled since the days of Shakespeare. A discussion of the merits of these novels would be interesting, but would be foreign to the object of these notes.

When the great crash came he found himself saddled with a debt of £117,000, and set himself resolutely to work to *write it off*. On the 17th Jan., 1826, the announcement was made, and on the 19th he resumed the composition of *Woodstock*, and completed "about twenty printed pages." Adversity to him was "a tonic and bracer," but part of this dogged resolution was the result of pride, for the heaviest blow was the blow to his great pride. Throughout life he only valued his literary productions because they brought him the means of building up, not a reputation, but a family mansion; he aimed at founding a family, a new house of Scotts. He was the possessor, and wanted to be thought so, of many of those heroic qualities of chivalry he knew so well how to describe; he wished to be *un preux chevalier sans peur et sans tache*, and this will probably account for his dread of pity, which so often showed itself in his life. Be this as it may, he struggled on, and by January, 1828, he had earned for his creditors nearly £40,000, and would have paid the whole debt off if his health had continued. His *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, the work of two years, sold for £18,000. His last works were *Castle Dangerous* and *Count Robert of Paris*, and an unpublished novel written at Naples, *The Siege of Malta*. A year's absence in Italy failed to restore his health, and returning home he died at Abbotsford, Sept. 21, 1832.



CRITICISM.

The student will notice that in the notes the more important passages are criticised. For further information of this nature the following extracts are reprinted.

I. A condensation of Lord Jeffrey's article in the *Edinburgh Review* (Aug., 1810).

After considerable space devoted to the discussion of the difference between the *quality* and the *quantity* of popularity, and of the actual and the popular merit of a work of fine art, more especially of a poem, he proceeds:—

"The beautiful but minute delineations of such admirable observers as Crabbe or Cowper are apt to appear tedious to those who take little interest in their subjects, and have no concern about their art;—and the refined, deep and sustained pathetic of Campbell is still more apt to be mistaken for monotony and languor by those who are either devoid of sensibility or impatient of quiet reflection. The most popular style, undoubtedly, is that which has great variety and brilliancy, rather than exquisite finish in its images and descriptions, and which touches lightly on many passions, without raising any so high as to transcend the comprehension of ordinary mortals, or dwelling on it so long as to exhaust their patience.

"That Mr. Scott has actually made use of all our recipes for popularity, we think very evident. Confident in the force and originality of his own genius, he has not been afraid to avail himself of the commonplaces, both of diction and of sentiment, whenever they appeared to be beautiful or impressive; he has made use of that great treasury of characters, images and expressions, which have been accumulated by the most celebrated of his predecessors. The great secret of his popularity, however, and the leading characteristic of his poetry, appear to us to consist evidently in this: that he has made more use of common topics, images and expressions than any original poet of later times; and, at the same time, displayed more genius and originality than any recent author who has worked in the same materials.

"In the choice of his subjects, for example, he does not attempt to interest merely by fine observation or pathetic sentiment, but takes the assistance of a story, and enlists the reader's curiosity among his motives for attention. Then his characters are all selected from the most common *dramatis personæ* of poetry: kings, warriors, knights, outlaws, nuns, minstrels, secluded damsels, wizards, and true lovers. He never ventures to carry us into the cottage of the modern peasant, like Crabbe or Cowper; nor into the bosom of domestic privacy, like Campbell; nor among creatures of the imagination, like Southey or Darwin. Such personages, we readily admit, are not in themselves so interesting or striking as those to whom Mr. Scott has devoted himself, but they are far less familiar in poetry, and are, therefore, more likely, perhaps, to engage the attention of those to whom poetry is familiar.

In the management of his passions, again, Mr. Scott appears to us to have pursued the same popular and comparatively easy course. He has raised all the most familiar and poetical emotions by the most obvious aggravations. He has dazzled the reader with the splendour, and even warmed him with the

transient heat of various affections, but he has nowhere fairly kindled him with enthusiasm or melted him into tenderness.

With regard to diction and imagery, too, it is quite obvious that Mr. Scott has not aimed at writing either in a very pure or a very consistent style. He seems to have been anxious only to strike, and to be easily and universally understood; and, for this purpose, to have culled the most glittering and conspicuous expressions of the most popular authors, and to have interwoven them in splendid confusion with his own nervous diction and irregular versification. Indifferent whether he coins or borrows, and drawing with equal freedom on his memory and his imagination, he goes boldly forward, in full reliance on a never-failing abundance.

There is nothing in Mr. Scott of the severe and majestic style of Milton, or of the terse and fine composition of Pope, or of the elaborate elegance and melody of Campbell, or even of the flowing and redundant diction of Southey. But there is a medley of bright images and glowing words, set carelessly and loosely together—a diction, tinged successively with the careless richness of Shakespeare, and the harshness and antique simplicity of the old romances, the homeliness of vulgar ballads and anecdotes, and the sentimental glitter of the most modern poetry, passing from the borders of the ludicrous to those of the sublime—alternately minute and energetic—sometimes artificial and frequently negligent, but always full of spirit and vivacity, and never expressing a sentiment which it can cost the most ordinary reader any exertion to comprehend.

There is nothing cold, creeping, or feeble in all his poetry; no laborious littleness or puling classical affectation. There is certainly no living poet whose works seem to come from him with so much ease.

Among his minor peculiarities we might notice his singular talent for description, and especially for the description of scenes abounding in *motion* or action of any kind. In this department, indeed, we conceive him to be almost without a rival, either among modern or ancient poets; and the character and process of his descriptions are as extraordinary as their effect is astonishing. He places before the eyes of his readers a more distinct and complete picture, perhaps, than any other artist ever presented by mere words; and yet he does not (like Crabbe) enumerate all the visible parts of the subjects with any degree of minuteness, nor confine himself, by any means, to what is visible. The singular merit of his delineations, on the contrary, consists in this, that, with a few bold and abrupt strokes, he finishes a most spirited outline, and then instantly kindles it by the sudden light and colour of some moral affection. There are none of his fine descriptions, accordingly, which do not derive a great part of their clearness and picturesque effect, as well as their interest, from the quantity of character and moral expression which is thus blended with their details.

Another very striking peculiarity in Mr. Scott's poetry is the air of freedom and nature which he has contrived to impart to most of his distinguished characters, and with which no poet more modern than Shakespeare has ventured to represent personages of such dignity.

This work is more polished in its diction and more regular in its versification [than the "Lay" or "Marmion"]; the story is constructed with infinitely more skill and address; there is a greater proportion of pleasing and tender passages, with much less of antiquarian detail; and, upon the whole, a larger variety of characters more artfully and judiciously contrasted. There is nothing so fine, perhaps, as the battle in Marmion, or so picturesque as some of the scattered sketches in the "Lay"; but there is a richness and a spirit in the whole piece which does not pervade either of those poems—a profusion of incident and a shifting brilliancy of colouring that reminds us of the witchery of Ariosto.

The story, upon the whole, is well digested and happily carried on. It has the fault, indeed, of all stories that turn upon an *anagnorisis* or recognition,—that the curiosity, which is excited during the first reading, is extinguished forever when we arrive at the discovery; but we must say for Mr. Scott, that

his secret is very discreetly kept, and most felicitously revealed. If we were to scrutinize the fable with malicious severity we might also remark that Malcolm Græme has too insignificant a part assigned to him, considering the favor in which he is held both by Ellen and the author; and that in bringing out the shaded and imperfect character of Roderick Dhu as a contrast to the purer virtue of his rival, Mr. Scott seems to have fallen into the common error of making him more interesting than him whose virtues he was intended to set off, and converted the villain of the piece in some measure into its hero. There are several improbabilities, too, in the story. Allowing that the King of Scotland might have twice disappeared for several days, without exciting any alarm in his court, it is certainly rather extraordinary that neither the Lady Margaret nor old Allan-bane should have recognized his person, and, almost as wonderful, that he should have found any difficulty in discovering the family of his entertainers. There is something rather awkward, too, in the sort of blunder or misunderstanding which gives occasion to Sir Roderick's gathering, and all its consequences; nor can any machinery be conceived more clumsy for effecting the deliverance of a distressed hero than the introduction of a mad woman, who, without knowing or caring about the wanderer, warns him *by a song*. Though great pains have evidently been taken with Brian the Hermit, we think his whole character a failure and mere deformity, hurting the interest of the story by its improbability, and rather heavy and disagreeable than sublime or terrible in its details. The quarrel between Malcolm Græme and Roderick is also ungraceful and offensive.

II. Scott was early a drinker at the fountain of German poetry, but his robust and manly character of mind, however, and his strong nationalism, with the innate disposition of his mind to live in the past rather than in the future, saved him from the puerilities or the extravagances into which the imitation of German writers had led others. Having found the same qualities that charmed him in his foreign favourites in the popular ballad poetry, he soon gave himself up exclusively to the more congenial inspiration of that native minstrelsy. His poems are all lays or romances of chivalry, but infinitely finer than any that had before been written. With all their irregularity and carelessness, that element of life in all writing which comes of the excited feeling and earnest belief of the writer exists in greater strength in no poetry than in that of Scott, redeeming a thousand defects, and triumphing over all the reclamations of criticism. All cultivated and perfect enjoyment of poetry, or of any other of the fine arts, is partly emotional and partly critical; the enjoyment and appreciation are only perfect when these two qualities are blended. But most of the poetry that had been produced among us in modern times had arrived at affording chiefly, if not exclusively, a critical gratification. The Lay of the Last Minstrel surprised readers of all degrees with a long and elaborate poem, which carried them onward with an excitement of heart as well as of head. The narrative form of the poems, no doubt, did much to produce this effect, giving to it, even without poetry, the interest and excitement of a novel; but all readers felt also the charm of the verse, and the poetic glow with which the work was all alive. *Marmion* carried the same feelings to a much higher pitch; it is undoubtedly Scott's greatest poem, or the one, at any rate, in which the noblest passages are found; though the more domestic attractions of the *Lady of the Lake* made it the most popular on its first appearance.

Notwithstanding the previous appearance of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and some other writers, it was Scott who first in his day made poetry the rage, and with him properly commences the busy poetical production of the period. But what is still more worthy of note is, that Scott's poetry impressed its own character upon all the poetry that was produced among us for many years after: it put an end to long works in verse of a didactic or merely reflective character, and directed the current of all writing

of that kind into the form of narrative. If Scott's own genius, indeed, were to be described by any single epithet, it would be called a narrative genius. Hence, when he left off writing verse, he betook himself to the productions of fictions in prose; and, in that freer form of composition, succeeded in achieving a second reputation still more brilliant than his first.—CRAIK.

III. The secret of the success of Scott's poetry lay partly in his subjects, partly in his mode of treating them, and partly in his versification. He loves to sketch knighthood and chivalry, baronial castles, the camp, the court, the grove, with antique manners and institutions. To these he adds beautiful descriptions of natural scenery, and graphic delineations of passion and character. His personages he takes sometimes from history, and sometimes from imagination; the former idealized by fancy, and the latter made the more real by being associated with men and women already familiar to us on the page of history or in actual life. In the power of vivifying and harmonizing all his characters, Scott is second only to Shakespeare. For background he has magnificent groupings of landscape and incident, which acquire additional charm from the power he gives them of exciting human sentiment and emotion. Previous sketches of chivalry and of antiquity were made in stilted and obsolete phraseology; Scott's language is always forcible and transparent. His characters are all typical, rather than individual, and as such they excite universal sympathy. They are drawn, moreover, by broad and vigorous strokes: not by a delicate analysis of motives, or a curious exhibition of contending passion.

His versification, moreover, is ever appropriate to his purpose; it is based upon the eight-syllabled rhyming metre of the Trouvères, which was admirably adapted by its easy flow for narrative poems.—ANGUS.

IV. Scott and Byron were in succession the most successful of all poets of the period, and owed their popularity mainly to characteristics which they had in common.

They are distinctively poets of active life. They portray, in spirited narrative, idealized resemblances of the scenes of reality; events which arise out of the universal relations of society; hopes and fears and wishes which are open to the consciousness of all mankind. Both of them have described some of their works as tales; and it has been said of Scott, while it might with not less truth have been said of Byron, that his works are romances in verse. It is unquestionable, that they have neither the elevation nor the regularity belonging to the highest kind of narrative poetry; and the poems of Scott are in many points strikingly analogous to his own historical novels.

But the model of both was something different from the regular epic: Scott's originals were the Romances of Chivalry, and after the extraordinary success of his attempts at embodying the chivalrous and national idea, nothing was more natural than that the example should be applied by Byron as well as by others, in the construction of narratives founded on a different kind of sentiments.

In accounting for Scott's popularity, we must remember that he was the earliest adventurer in a region hitherto unknown; and that on his first appearance he stood in the eye of the world at large quite unaccompanied. No note of preparation had been sounded, unless by Scott's own "minstrelsy," when in 1805 he broke in on the public with his series of poetical narratives. In these he appealed to national sympathies through ennobling historic recollections; he painted the externals of scenery and manners with unrivalled picturesqueness; he embellished with an infectious enthusiasm all that was generous and brave in the world of chivalry; and he seldom forgot to dress out the antique in so much of modern trappings as might make it both intelligible and interesting.—SPALDING.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO FIRST.

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 thy 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 bowed ;
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy [less eye.
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's match-

O wake once more ! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray ;
O wake once more ! though scarce my skill command
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.

I.

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.

II.

As Chief, who hears his warder call,
 'To arms ! the foemen storm the wall,'
 The antlered 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.

III.

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.
 A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
 Clattered a hundred steeds along,
 Their peal the merry horns rung out,
 A 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 route 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.

IV.

Less loud the sounds of silvan war
Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old ;
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant, staid perforce,
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,
And of the trackers of the deer,
Scarce half the lessening pack was near ;
So shrewdly on the mountain side,
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

V.

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 copsewood gray,
That waved and wept on Loch Achray,
And mingled with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.
Fresh vigour with the hope returned,
With flying foot the heath he spurned,
Held westward with unwearied race,
And left behind the panting chase.

VI.

'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.

VII.

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,
 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 stanch;
 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.

VIII.

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.

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 Trosachs' 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.

IX.

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!'

X.

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 round the sounds were cast,
 Till echo seemed an answering blast :
 And on the hunter hid his way,
 To join some comrades of the day ;
 Yet often paused, so strange the road,
 So wondrous were the scenes it shewed.

XI.

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-splinter'd 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.
 The 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 drops sheen,
 The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
 And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
 Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

XII.

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 cliff 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,
 Gray 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.

XIII.

Onward, amid the copse '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.

XIV.

And now, to issue from the glen,
 No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,

Unless he climb, with footing nice,
 A far projecting precipice.
 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 burnished 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 on the lake in masses threw
 Crag, 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.

XV.

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 matins' 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.

XVI.

' Blithe were it then to wander here,
 But now,—beshrew yon 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.—
 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.'

XVII.

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 weep,
 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 touched the 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.

XVIII.

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 shew
 Short glimpses of the 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 harebell 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 list'ner held his breath to hear

XIX.

A Chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
 Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
 Her golden brooch such birth betrayed.
 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 !

XX:

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 wont to fly.

XXI.

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 trod the shore.
 Slighting the petty need he shewed,
 He told of his benighted road ;
 His ready speech flowed fair and free
 In phrase of greatest courtesy ;
 Yet seemed that tone, and gesture bland,
 Less used to sue than to command.

XXII.

A while the maid the Stranger eyed,
 And, reassured, at length replied,
 That Highland halls were open still
 To wildered wanderers of the hill.
 'Nor think you unexpected come
 To yon 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 tost,
 My way, my friends, my courser lost,
 I ne'er before, believe me, fair,
 Have ever drawn — mountain air,

Till on this lake's romantic strand,
I found a fay in fairy land !'—

XXIII.

'I well believe,' the maid replied,
As her light 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.
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 tasselled horn so gaily gilt,
That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,
That cap with heron 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.'—

XXIV.

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.

XXV.

The Stranger viewed the shore around ;
 'Twas all so close with copsewood bound,
 Nor track 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.

XXVI.

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!'

XXVII.

'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 broadswords, 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 silvan hall.

XXVIII.

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 sword.
 '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;
 But in the absent giant's hold
 Are women now, and menials old.'

XXIX.

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.
 Such then the reverence to a guest,
 That fellest foe might join the feast,
 And from his deadliest foeman's door
 Unquestioned 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 fall'n 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.'

XXX.

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 :—
 'Weird women we ! by daie 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.

XXXI.

SONG.

'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 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 champ'ing,
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamp'ing.

XXXII.

She paused—then, blushing, led the lay
 To grace the stranger of the day.
 Her mellow notes a while 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 reveillé.
 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 reveillé.

XXXIII.

The hall was cleared—the Stranger's bed
 Was there of mountain heather spread,
 Where oft a 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 lulled 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,
 O were his senses false or true!
 Dreamed he of death, or broken vow,
 Or is it all a vision now!

XXXIV.

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.

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 ?
I 'll dream no more—by manly mind
Not even in sleep is will resigned,
My midnight orisons said o'er,
I 'll turn to rest, and dream no more.
His midnight orisons 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.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO SECOND.

The Island.

I.

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,
And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain,
Mixed with the sounding harp, O white-haired Allan-bane

II.

'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 battle line,

Good hawk and hound for silvan 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 with friendship's smile
 Be memory of the lonely isle.

III.

'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.'

IV.

As died the sounds upon the tide,
 The shallop reached the mainland 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.

V.

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!

VI.

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!'

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.

VII.

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 bidd'st, O noble maid,'
 Clasping his withered hands, he said—
 'Vainly thou bidd'st 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,
 Can thus its master's fate foretell,
 Then welcome be the minstrel's knell!

VIII.

'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.—
 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!'

IX.

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.

X.

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 birthright 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 !'

XI.

'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 footsteps 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,

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.'—

XII.

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 ;
 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,
 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 ;
 And 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.'—

XIII.

'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 with Ellen Douglas dwell
 A votaress in Maronnan's cell ;
 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.

XIV.

'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 ;
 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 .
 No 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 honor, 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 maider 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 ?—

XV.

'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,
 What time he leagued, no longer foes,
 His Border spears with Hotspur's bows,
 Did, self-unscabbarded, foreshew
 The footstep of a secret foe.
 If courtly spy hath 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 ledst 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's hoary beard,
 Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard—
 And hark again ! some pipe of war
 Sends the bold pibroch from afar,'

XVI.

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.
 Nearer and nearer as they bear,
 Spear, 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 chanters down, and sweep
 The furrowed bosom of the deep,
 As, rushing through the lake amain,
 They plied the ancient Highland strain.

XVII.

Ever, as on they bore, more loud
 And louder rung the pibroch proud.
 At first the sound, by distance tame,
 Mellowed along the waters came,
 And, lingering long by cape and bay,
 Wiled 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;
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.

XVIII.

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 a hundred clansmen raise
Their voices in their Chieftain's praise.
Each boatman, bending to his oar,
With measured sweep the burden 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.

XIX.

BOAT SONG.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honoured and blest be the ever-green Pine!
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,

Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
 While every Highland glen
 Sends our shout back agen,
 'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

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 moun-
 tain,

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!'

XX.

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
 And Bannochar'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.

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!
 O! that the rose-bud that graces yon 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 the deepest glen,
 'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

XXI.

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 kinsman 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 mainland cast,
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 sunbeam, 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.

XXII.

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 steeped,
Though 'twas a hero's eye that weeped.
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 I not till Douglas named his name,
Although the youth was Malcolm Græme.

XXIII.

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 :
' Canst 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 !'

XXIV.

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.

XXV.

Of stature tall, 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.

XXVI.

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 left,
 Were all of Douglas I have left.
 I met young Malcolm as I strayed
 Far eastward, in Glénfinlas' shade,
 Nor strayed I safe; for, all around,
 Hunters and horsemen scoured the ground
 This youth, though still a royal ward,
 Risked 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.'

XXVII.

Sir Roderick, who to meet them came,
 Reddened at sight of Malcolm Græme,
 Yet, not 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

XXVIII.

'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,
 Where chiefs, with hound and hawk who came
 To share their monarch's silvan game,
 Themselves in bloody toils were snared ;
 And when the banquet they prepared,
 And wide their loyal portals flung,
 O'er their own gateway 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 silvan game.
 What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye,
 By fate of Border chivalry.
 Yet more ; amid Glenfinlas green,
 Douglas, thy stately form was seen.

This by espial sure I know ;
Your counsel in the streight I shew.

XXIX.

Eilen and Margaret fearfully
Sought comfort in each other's eye,
Then 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 Malcom Græme ;
But from his glance it well appeared,
'Twas but for Ellen that he feared ;
While, sorrowful, but undismayed,
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.'—

XXX.

'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 heart 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 agen.'

XXXI.

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 unintermitted 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 foreshew?—
 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 withstand,
 To buy his safety with her hand.

XXXII.

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 may find,
 Without a cause to mine combined.'

XXXIII.

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 Demon of the night,
 Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway
 Upon the nighted pilgrim's way:
 But, unrequited Love! thy dart
 Plunged deepest its envenomed smart,
 † 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.

XXXIV.

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 deep the anguish of despair
 Burst, in fierce jealousy to air.
 With stalwart grasp his hand he laid
 On Malcolm's breast and belted plaid :
 ' Back, beardless boy ! ' he sternly said ;
 ' Back, minion ! hold'st thou thus at nought
 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 doomed 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,

XXXV.

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:
 Then mayest 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 shew.—
 Malise, what ho!'—his henchman came;
 '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 silvan bower.

XXXVI.

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—

XXXVII.

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.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO THIRD.

The Gathering.

I.

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 happed 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.

II.

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 reared of silver bright ;
 The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
 Begemmed with dewdrops, led her fawn ;
 The gray mist left the mountain side,
 The torrent shewed 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.

III.

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 Benvenue,
 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.

IV.

A heap of withered boughs was piled,
 Of juniper and rowan wild,

Mingled with shivers from the oak,
Rent by the 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,
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.

V.

Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.
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 field-fare framed her lowly nest ;
 There the slow blind-worm 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 ;
 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.

VI.

Alone, among his young compeers,
 Was Brian from his infant years ;
 A moody and heart-broken 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 wrung,
 Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,
 And hid him from the haunts of men.

VII.

The desert gave him visions wild,
 Such as might suit the Spectre's child.
 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 eye 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 ;
 Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,
 Of charging steeds, careering fast,
 Along Benharrow's shingly side,
 Where mortal horsemen ne'er might ride ;
 The thunderbolt had split the pine—
 All augured ill to Alpine's line.
 He girt his loins, and came to shew
 The signals of impending woe,
 And now stood prompt to bless or ban,
 As bade the chieftain of his clan.

VIII.

'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 formed with care,
 A cubit's length in measure due :
 The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,
 Whose parents in Inch-Caillach wave
 Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,
 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.

IX.

'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.

X.

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 goss-hawk'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.

XI.

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.

XII.

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 henchmen on the prow;
 So rapidly the bargemen row,
 The bubbles, where they launched their 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.

XIII.

Speed, Malise, speed ! the dun deer's hide
 On fleeter foot was never tied.
 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 !

XIV.

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 slacked the messenger his pace ;
 He shewed 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 the scythe ;
 The herds without a keeper strayed,
 The plough was in mid-furrow staid,
 The ialc'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.

XV.

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 mayst 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 coronach resound.

XVI.

CORONACH.

He is gone on the mountain,
 He is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain,
 When our need was the sorest.
 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,
 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!

XVII.

See Stumah, 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.
 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!

XVIII.

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 be gone,
 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 tossed 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.

XIX.

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,
 It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.
 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 Saint Bride was seen.
Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge,
But Angus paused not on the edge ;
Though the 'ark 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.

XX.

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
Bonneted 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.

XXI.

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.
 Ail 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, brook no delay ;
 Stretch to the race—away ! away !

XXII.

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, with feeling strong,
 Burst into voluntary song.

XXIII.

SONG.

The heath this night must be my bed,
 The bracken 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 fraught,
 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!

XXIV.

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,
 Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze,
 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 dales 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,
 No law, but Roderick Dhu's command.

XXV.

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 scanned 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 been sung;
A softer name the Saxons gave,
And called the grot the Goblin-cave.

XXVI.

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 primeval 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 silvan grot.
The oak and birch, with mangled 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 satyrs hold their silvan court,
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

XXVII.

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;
 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;
 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.

XXVIII.

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 measure slow and high
 Attuned to sacred minstrelsy.
 What melting voice attends the strings ?
 'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings.

XXIX.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

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 demons of the earth and air,
 From this their walled 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 !

XXX.

Died on the harp the closing hymn—
 Unmoved in attitude and limb,
 As listening stiel, 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.

XXXI.

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 brakens 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.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO FOURTH.

The Prophecy.

I.

'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.

II.

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 lied 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.'

III.

Together up the pass they sped:
 'What of the foemen?' Norman said.—
 'Varying reports from near and far;
 This certain—that a band of war
 Has for two days been ready bouned,
 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? —

IV.

'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.
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.
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 Dennan's Row,
A child might scatheless stroke his brow?—

V.

NORMAN.

'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.
Couched on a shelve 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 not he, Malise, like a ghost,
That hovers o'er a slaughtered host ?
Or raven on the blasted oak,
That, watching while the deer is broke,
His morsel claims with sullen croak ?'

MALISE.

—‘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.’

VI.

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, unfurled,
 The curtain of the future world.
 Yet, witness every quaking limb,
 My sunken pulse, mine eyeballs dim,
 My soul with harrowing anguish torn,
 This for my Chieftain have I borne!—
 The shapes that sought my fearful couch,
 A 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 fatal 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.’

VII.

‘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 has 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 shew !
 Malise ! what tidings of the foe ?'—

VIII.

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 boune.'
 '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 Trosachs' 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-omened 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. <

IX.

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 cowed 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?'—

X.

ELLEN.

'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 on 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 report 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 saidst, about him wound.
 Think'st thou he trowed 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 friend's safety with his own;—
 He goes to do—what I have done,
 Had Douglas' daughter been his son!

XI.

'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 wondrous 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.

XII.

Ballad.

ALICE BRAND.

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
 When the mavis and merle 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 all for thine eyes so blue,
 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 wont on harp to stray,
 A cloak must sheer 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.'

XIII.

BALLAD CONTINUED.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
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 woned within the hill—
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 ?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairies' fatal green ?

'Up, Urgan, up ! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christened man ;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For muttered word or ban.

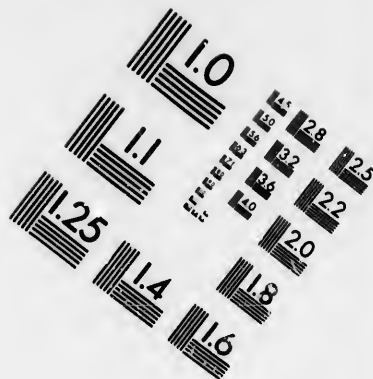
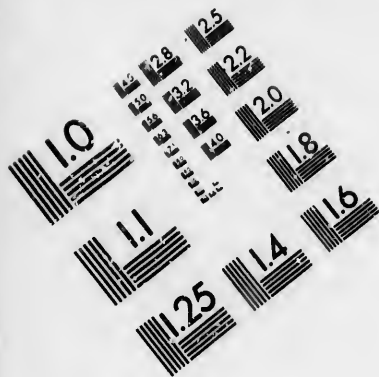
'Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye ;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die.'

XIV.

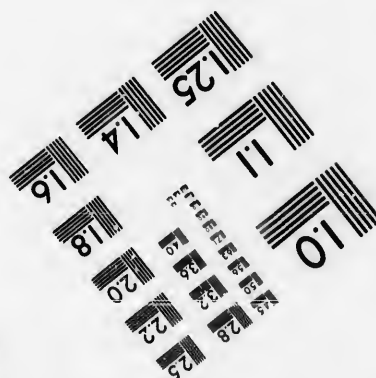
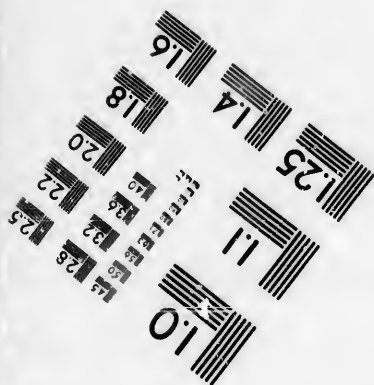
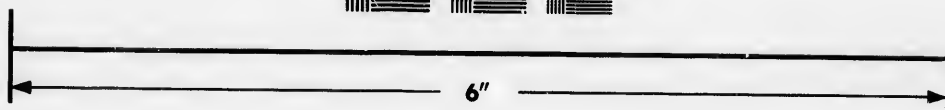
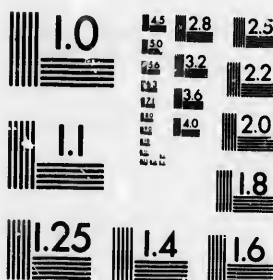
BALLAD CONTINUED.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
Though the birds have stilled their singing ;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is fagots bringing.





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 THE LADY OF THE LAKE. [CANTO IV.

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 stepped 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, Demon elf,
 By Him whom Demons fear,
 To shew us whence thou art thyself,
 And what thine errand here?'—

XV.

BALLAD CONTINUED.

'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,
 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 night and lady seem,
 And now like uwarf 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 snatched away
To the joyless Elfin bower.

'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 drother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Duniermline gray
When all the bells were ringing.

XVI.

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 suppressed 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 marshalled, 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.'—
 'O 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.'—

XVII.

'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 weighed 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 wouldst 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!

XVIII.

Fitz-James knew every 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.
 O haste thee, and from Allan learn,
 If thou mayst 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.

XIX.

'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 reck 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 circlet 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.

XX.

All in the Trosachs' 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 Trosachs' 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.

XXI.

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 nought 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.

XXII.

SONG.

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 made 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.

XXIII.

'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 strik'st her but one blow,
 I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far
 As ever peasant pitched 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 brier in mid air staid,
 Wave forth a banner fair and free,
 Meet signal for their revelry.'—

XXIV.

'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.

XXV.

'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,
Bearing his branches sturdily ;
He came stately down the glen,
Ever sing hardily, hardily.

'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.'

XXVI.

Fitz-James's mind was passion-tossed,
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.

XXVII.

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 stanch 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,
 For 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!—
 O! 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.

XXVIII.

A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James;
 Fast poured his eyes 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 imbrue
 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 must prove the last!
 Who e'er so mad but might have guessed,
 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.'

XXIX.

The shades of eve come slowly down,
 The woods are wrapt 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 shew
 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,
 Tempered 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.

XXX.

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 darest 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 recked, 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 mayst thou know
 Each proud oppressor's mortal foe.'—
 'Enough, enough; sit down and share
 A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare.'

XXXI.

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 my 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, not 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.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO FIFTH.

The Combat.

I.

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.

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II.

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 Gael around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain gray.

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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 rival's all but Beauty's tear !

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III.

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 torrents 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.

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IV.

'Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
 Hangs in my belt, and by my side;
 Yet, sooth to tell,' the Saxon said,
 'I dreamt 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 iaws?
 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.'—

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V.

'Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—
 Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
 Say, heard ye not 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.

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But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,
 Bewildered in the mountain game,
 Whence the bold boast by which you shew
 Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?
 'Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew
 Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
 Save as an outlawed 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.'

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VI.

Wrothful at such arraignment foul,
 Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.
 A space he paused, then sternly said,
 'And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?
 Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
 Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
 What recked 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,
 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 ruined Lowland swain
 His herds and harvest reared in vain.
 Methinks a soul like thine should scorn
 The spoils from such foul foray borne.'

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VII.

The Gael behind him grim the while,
 And answered with disdainful smile—
 'Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
 I marked thee send-delighted eye,

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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 birthright of the Gael;
 The stranger came with iron hand,
 And from our fathers rest 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.
 Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold
 That plundering Lowland field and fold
 Is aught but retribution true?
 Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu.'

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VIII.

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—

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Free hadst thou been to come and go ;
 But secret path marks secret foe.
 Nor yet, for this, even as a spy, 180
 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. 185
 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, 190
 As leader seeks his mortal foe.
 For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
 Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
 As I, until before me stand
 This rebel Chieftain and his band !' 195

IX.

'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. 200
 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, 205
 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 garrisoned the glea 210
 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. 215
 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, 220
 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? 225
 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
 And, Saxon—I am Roderick Dhu!'

X.

Fitz-James was brave :—Though to his heart
 The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
 He manned himself with dauntless air, 230
 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.' 235
 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 : 240
 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 ; 245
 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, 250
 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
 On bracken green, and cold gray stone. 255

XI.

Fitz-James looked round—yet scarce believed
 The witness that his sight received ;
 Such apparition well might seem
 Delusion of a dreadful dream.
 Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed, 260
 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 : 265
 Nor would I call a clansman’s brand
 For aid against one valiant hand,
 Though on our strife lay every vale
 Reft by the Saxon from the Gael.
 So move we on ;—I only meant 270
 To shew the reed on which you leant,
 Deeming this path you might pursue
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.’
 They moved ;—I said Fitz-James was brave,
 As ever knight that belted glaive ; 275
 Yet dare not say, that now his blood
 Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
 As, following Roderick’s stride, he drew
 That sec’ning lonesome pathway through,
 Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife 280
 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, 285
 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 290
 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. 295

XII.

60 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 unfurled:
 65 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.
 70 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,
 75 A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
 See, here, all vantageless I stand,
 Armed, like thyself, with single brand:
 For this is Coilantogle ford,
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword.'

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XIII.

80 The Saxon paused:—'I ne'er delayed,
 When foeman bade me draw my blade;
 Nay more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death:
 Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
 85 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!
 90 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,
 95 His party conquers in the strife."—
 'Then, by my word,' the Saxon said,
 'Thy riddle is already read.'

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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.'

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XIV.

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, begone!
 Yet think not that by thee alone,
 Proud Chief! can courtesy be shewn;
 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 falchion drew,
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw,

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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.

XV.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
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.
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 backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

XVI.

'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 :
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his aims 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 !— 415
 They tug, they strain ! down, down they go,
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
 The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
 His knee was planted in his breast ; 420
 His clotted locks he backward threw,
 Across his brow his hand he drew,
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,
 Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright !—
 —But hate and fury ill supplied 425
 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 gleamed on high,
 Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye. 430
 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. 435

XVII.

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 ; 440
 In Roderick's gore he dipped the braid—
 'Poor Blanche ! thy wrongs are dearly paid ;
 Yet with thy foe must die, or live,
 The praise that Faith and Valour give.' 445
 With that he blew a bugle note,
 Undid the collar from his throat,
 Unbonneted, and by the wave
 Sat down his brow and hands to lave.
 Then faint afar are heard the feet
 Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet ; 450
 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 reined up his horse—
 With wonder viewed the bloody spot—
 'Exclaim not, gallants ! question not.—
 You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,
 And hind 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 boune,
 To see the archer game at noon ;
 But lightly Bayard clears the lea.—
 De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

XVIII.

'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 crossbow
 Forth launched, along the plain they go.
 They dashed that rapid torrent through,
 And up Carhonie'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 cast ;
 They rise, the bannered towers of Doune
 They sink in distant woodland soon ;

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Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,
 They sweep like breeze through Ochertyre;
 They mark just glance and disappear
 The lofty brow of ancient Kier;
 They bathe their courser's sweltering sides,
 Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides,
 And on the opposing shore take ground,
 With plash, 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.

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XIX.

As up the flinty path they strained,
 Sudden b^o steed the leader reined;
 A signal ^o his squire he flung,
 Who instant ^o 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 shew
 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 straight
 They won the castle's postern gate.

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XX.

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 Eræme,
 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 !
 That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,
 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.
 James will be there ; he loves such show,
 Where the good yeoman bends his bow,
 And the tough wrestier 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,
 Whose force so oft, in happier days,
 His boyish wonder loved to praise.'

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XXI.

The Castle gates were open flung, 575
 The quivering drawbridge rocked and rung,
 And echoed loud the flinty street
 Beneath the courser's clattering feet,
 As slowly down the steep descent
 Fair Scotland's King and nobles went, 580
 While all along the crowded way
 Was jubilee and loud huzza.
 And ever James was bending low,
 To his white jennet's saddlebow,
 Doffing his cap to city dame, 585
 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, 590
 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, 595
 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 ; 600
 There nobles mourned their pride restrained,
 And the mean burgher's joys disdained ;
 And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,
 Were each from home a banished man,
 There thought upon their own gray tower, 605
 Their waving woods, their feudal power,
 And deemed themselves a shameful part
 Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

XXII.

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out
 Their chequered bands the joyous rout, 610
 There morricers, with bell at heel,
 And blade in hand, their mazes wheel ;

But chief, beside the butts, there stand
 Bold Robin Hood and all his band—
 Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl,
 Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl.
 Maid Marion, 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 archer's 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.

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XXIII.

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,
 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 suppressed ;
 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,

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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 moralise on the decay
 Of Scottish strength in modern day.

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XXIV.

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 marked 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 wrecked 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!

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XXV.

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 Bordeaux 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 antlered 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.

XXVI.

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 yeoman 'gan to bend their bows—
 'Break off the sports!' he said, and frowned,
 'And bid our horsemen clear the ground.'

XXVII.

Then uproar wild and misarray
 Marred 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 the 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.

XXVIII.

'Here, 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.
O let your patience ward such ill,
And keep your right to love me still!'

XXIX.

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 wrongs and ire,
To whom the prattlers owed a sire.

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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.

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XXX.

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,
 O who would wish to be thy King !—

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XXXI.

But soft ! what messenger of speed
 Spurs hitherward his panting steed ?
 I guess his cognizance afar—
 What from our cousin, John of Mar ?—
 '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 ;

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810 '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, from such danger he provide,
 With scanty train you will not ride.

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XXXII.

815 '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 coursers spurned,
 And to his towers the King returned.

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XXXIII.

840 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,

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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.'
And there his word the speaker staid,
And finger on his lip he laid,
Or pointed to his dagger blade.
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.

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THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO SIXTH.

The Guard-Room.

I.

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, O ! what scenes of woe,
 Are witnessed by that red and struggling beam !
 The fevered patient, from his pallet low,
 Through crowded hospital beholds its stream ;
 The ruined maiden trembles at its gleam,
 The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and jail,
 The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream ;
 The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
 Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble wail.

II.

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 barred
 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 shewed 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,
 Shewed 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.

III.

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, 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 shewed 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 halberd, brand, and shield;
 In camps licentious, wild, and bold;
 In pillage fierce and uncontrolled;
 And now, by holytide and feast,
 From rules of discipline released.

IV.

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 marred the dicer's 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.'

V.

SOLDIER'S SONG.

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 fagon of sack;
 Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with thy liquor,
 Drink upsees 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!

VI.

The warder's challenge, heard without,
 Staid 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 scarred,
 Was entering now the Court of Guard.
 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 oply 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.'

VII.

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.'
'Hezr 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 stepped between,
And dropped 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.

VIII.

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.'

IX.

The Captain came, a gallant young—
 (Or 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—
 'O 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.'

X.

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 O 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.

XI.

When Ellen forth with Lewis went,
Allan made suit to John of Brent :—
'My lady safe, O 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.'

XII.

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 headsman's sword,
 And many an hideous engine grim,
 For wrenching joint, and crushing limb,
 By artist 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
 Deemed fit for captive noble's hold.
 'Here,' said De Brent, 'thou mayst remain
 Till the Leech 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 growled 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.

XIII.

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;—
 O! how unlike her course at 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?’—
 ‘O, 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.’

XIV.

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 cheeks.
 —‘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!—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.

XV.

BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE.

' 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 eyry 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 bound for battle-strife,
 Or bard of martial lay,
 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
 One glance at their array !

XVI.

' Their light-armed archers far and near
 Surveyed the tangled ground,
 Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
 A twilight forest frowned,
 Their barbed 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.
 They 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 vanward 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 Trosachs' rugged jaws ;
 And here the horse and spearmen pause,
 While, to explore the dangerous glen,
 Dive through the pass the archer-men.

XVII.

' 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 plight they ply—
 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 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 levelled low ;
 And closely shouldering side to side,
 The bristling ranks the onset bide.
 "We'll quell the savage mountaineer
 As their Tinchel cows the game !
 They come as fleet as forest deer,
 We'll drive them back as tame."

XVIII.

' 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 horsemen 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 !"—
 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 reftuent through the pass of fear
 The battle's tide was poured;
 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.

XIX.

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 Trosachs' 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 Trosachs' gorge,
 Mine ear but heard the 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 gler
 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 foeman, sternly stand !
 Their banners stream like tattered sail,
 That flings its fragments to the gale,
 And broken arms and disarray
 Marked the fell havock of the day.

XX.

'Viewing the mountain's ridge askance
 The Saxon 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 Duncraggan'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.

XXI.

“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
 A 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'

XXII.

LAMENT.

' And art thou cold and lowly laid,
 Thy foemen'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.—
 A 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 Clan-Alpine's honoured Pine.'

XXIII.

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 lightened 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 the 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 woeful hour!
 'Twas from a turret that o'erhung
 Her latticed bower, the strain was sung.

XXIV.

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN.

' 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 forest 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 yon 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 !'

XXV.

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 Snowdoun'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 be but thy guide, sweet maid,
 With Scotland's King thy suit to aid.
 No tyrant he, though ire and pride
 May lay 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.

XXVI.

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
 Aerial 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 Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King !

XXVII.

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 shewed 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 nought 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 stanch'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.'

XXVIII.

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 stepped 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 Snowdoun claims,
 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 ?'

XXIX.

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 kneeled 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 lee,
 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!

✱

D VI.

vell!

PREFACE.

A few words as to the nature of these Notes may be necessary. The writer's object was to combine with the ordinary explanatory notes a literary criticism of the poem, based on the ordinary rules of the art of poetry and fiction. This was thought necessary, as the book is intended for students, who may reasonably be deemed anxious to know how to study a poem to the best advantage; and for this reason the critical Notes are made self-explanatory. All technical terms used are defined and explained, and most of them emphasized by italics. It was the writer's intention to add an introductory chapter embodying the chief features of poetic composition and the elements of literature; but, dreading the increase in the size of the book, he has withheld it, and would merely refer the student to any text-book on rhetoric, especially Prof. Bain's excellent "*Manual of Composition and Rhetoric*," on which these Notes are to some extent founded.

Though these Notes may appear unnecessary to some and imperfect to many, yet no apology is due for their appearance. Their aim is to create and supply a demand. The "Notes" hitherto used in our schools have been mostly of a nature to assist a student through a class exercise on language, but not to aid him in appreciating the literary beauties of the work read; such matters being left to the teacher, who, in most cases, being uncertain

of the accuracy of his opinion, and certain that such knowledge would rarely be asked for by the examiner, quietly overlooked such matters, and contented himself with the ordinary grammatical, philological, geographical, and biographical gossip. The result is, that our National school system has given us absolutely nothing in the shape of literature and literary taste; and the prospect in the future is almost as disheartening as the barrenness of the past. However, something has been done to elevate and improve the study of English language and literature by the National University (on paper at least), and by the various teachers' examinations. The latter is a powerful instrument in giving any required tone to our education, and much of the good derived from our school system depends on the nature of the examinations set from year to year. Considerable improvement has already been effected by the *Intermediate* examination, and the recent changes in the requirements for first-class certificates have been made with the view of improving the literary taste of teachers.

Like all such Notes, many of these are merely fragmentary, but they are of such a nature as, it is hoped, may serve as hints to the student or teacher. The 5th and 6th Cantos of the poem, being those selected for examination, have been most fully annotated. A synopsis and critique of the poem might have been given, but all such matters can be best made by the student himself, either from the text or the Notes.

NOTES.

CANTO I.

These opening stanzas of each canto are very beautiful and highly poetical; this one serves as an introduction to the whole poem, and is an invocation to the spirit of old Scottish minstrelsy to inspire the song, thus letting the reader know, without actually telling him, that the poet's aim is to imitate and revive those old songs and sentiments of the romantic past that so powerfully charm us. It has been customary in all ages for narrative poets, by means of an invocation, to take occasion to state the object of their poem; this is especially the case with epic poems, in which the invocation should include the main theme, the obstacles, and the means of removing them, of which the opening lines of *Paradise Lost* afford a good example. As these introductory lines are devoid of the interest of the story, the poet has taken extra pains to give them an interest and a beauty of their own, by couching them in more careful and more elevated language, giving them a more lavish supply of illustrative figures and bright fancies, suggestive of some human sympathy or passion, generally of a melancholy nature—that sweet sadness so dear to poets.

The pentameter line of these stanzas affords greater scope for poetic ornament, and requires, from its very nature, greater skill in construction. The arrangement of the rhyme, and the long line at the end, are additional expedients for increasing the effect. Scott employs this stanza only in the introductions to the cantos of this poem, and of "The Lord of the Isles;" he also uses it in some of his songs and in the *Vision of Don Roderick*. It was, however, often used about his time—evidence of the revived interest in such old writers as Spenser, from whom it is named "Spenserian." He wrote his *Fairie Queene* in this stanza, and in imitation of that poem Thomson employed it in his *Castle of Indolence*, and Byron in his *Childe Harold*.

1ST STANZA.—Among the poetic peculiarities of this stanza, note the following:—(1.) By a *personification* and metaphor combined, he addresses old northern poetry under the similitude of a harp.

(2.)—*Mouldering* touches that feeling in us that is pleased with the veneration attached to anything old—one of the chief varieties of interest in Scott's poems.

(3.)—**Witch-elm** (though not radically connected with the noun *witch*), and “*St. Fillan’s Spring*,” refer us to the miraculous power popularly believed to belong to certain persons, places and things. The contemplation of such *supernatural power*, or even the mere suggestion of it, as here, has a powerful and pleasing effect. It constitutes that species of the *sublime* that we derive (by sympathy) from the exhibition of great power, in this case so great, that we can neither explain nor comprehend it. The supernatural belongs *essentially* to epic poetry, and hence in some degree to the lay also, as it is a narrative poem.

(4.)—**Fitful breeze flung**, forms an expressive and *suggestive fancy*. The Eolian harp probably suggested the metaphor.

(5.)—**Numbers, ringlet, and accents** are used in a sense only allowed in poetry, and hence are pleasing by being unexpected.

(6.)—The *picturesqueness of poetry*, and especially of Scott’s poetry, is well obtained by selecting particular objects instead of making general statements, as *the witch-elm, Saint Fillan’s Spring, ivy*, etc.

(7.)—**Envious ivy**, if the *metaphor* were expanded, would probably be *oblivion*. *Personal metaphor* is the name given to this habit of attributing human qualities to objects in nature.

(8.)—*Alliteration* in vv. 3, 6 and 8; and v. 7 is a good example of *harmony of language*, so also is v. 3.

(9.)—**Thy sweeter sounds** is a *poetic condensation*, and “*sounds keeping silence*” is only allowable in poetry.

(10.)—**Warrior and maid** refer to war, love and affection,—circumstances of the greatest *force to interest us*.

2d STANZA.—**Caledon** (*ia*). From *Cal*, Gael, and *dun*, a hill. This is a fair sample of the poetic use of *proper names*. In the first place, the common name of the place is avoided and another one used—either an old or a descriptive name, or epithet, or a name only used in poetry, being selected, which, in turn, is *frequently contracted* for euphony, as here. There is considerable scope for the exhibition of *poetic taste* in the use of proper names. Our author, however, does not take many liberties in this respect, preferring the prose names, mostly perforce for want of others, but the student will not fail to notice his fondness for using names. The “*Lay of Hopeless Love*” subduing the proud beauty, the tale of glory won, arousing the timid soldier, fair dames, crested chiefs, knighthood’s dauntless deed, and beauty’s matchless eye, all prepare us for the coming Lay. These are the ordinary subjects of Scott’s poetry; they form an *interesting subject* in themselves, and hence are largely introduced into all poetry. The poet must *select*, either from real life or fancy, personages that we can *admire*. But this peculiarity of poetry will appear more fully as we read on.

3d STANZA.—The *anaphora*, or repetition of the opening phrase in the 1st and 3d line is very forcible. The figures of repetition generally emphasize some idea by a passionate repetition at the beginning (*epizeuxis*), at the end (*epiphora*), in the middle (*anadiplosis*), at the beginning of several clauses (*anaphora*), or at the beginning and end of the same sentence (*epanalepsis*). This stanza affords an example of the last two. The student should note the self-depreciation of the poet in this stanza. It is a modest way of referring to himself and attributing a philanthropic aim to the poem.

THE CHASE.

1.—The student should notice that these subdivisions of the poem are not of uniform length, like the introduction. They simply correspond to paragraphs in prose, each exhausting a single picture, so that the whole poem consists of a panorama of animated scenes which carry the narrative on. This is one of the greatest charms in Scott's wonderful narrative, and has contributed more than any other quality to his immense popularity. A stanza, the length of which depends on the requirements of the rhyme, would have hampered him as much as the pentameter line. Owing to the powerful effect of the narrative and the "fatal facility of the octosyllabic line," we must not be surprised at finding many imperfections; but many of these were, no doubt, intentionally allowed to remain, being characteristic of the old Minstrel lays, of which this poem is avowedly an imitation.

The poet wastes no time in explanations, but abruptly hastens us into the midst of an exciting stag-hunt in the mountains.

An artistic effect is produced here by leading up gradually from the lonely stillness of the forest to the clanging sounds of the approaching chase. There is a fine harmony in v. 7, and an *alliterative harmony* in the last two lines.

2.—The alarm and flight of the stag are most vividly pictured here by two *suggestive personal similes* and an *animated anaphora*.

Line 3 affords an example of a very common poetic expedient for the purpose of giving variety to the expression, viz. : *Periphrasis*, or the use of a descriptive phrase, or a definition instead of a name. The alliteration in the last lines, like that in the previous paragraph, is, perhaps, harmonious also, *i. e.*, the breathing sounds f, x and v repeated to denote fear and rapidity.

3.—The scene is now changed to the chase which bursts on us with the wildest uproar; dogs, horses, horns, men, and echoes, all swell the tumult.

Yelled, clattered, and peal are placed at the beginning of their sentences for emphasis.

Awakened mountain, a per. mctr., suggestive of the contrast with the quietness of night.

Hundred is used for any large number, a mode of adding definiteness, often used in poetry: it is a variety of the figure *metonymy*; there may also be here an *hyperbole* or exaggeration. A *metonymy* is one of the figures depending on the association of related ideas, by means of which we can suggest the idea of an object by mentioning something else commonly associated with it; there are many varieties of it, as for example:—

Cause for effect and *vice versa*,—I am reading Cicero.

Concrete for abstract and *v. v.*,—As, a youth.

Sign for thing signified and *v. v.*,—Grey hairs, seals.

Container for contents and *v. v.*,—Kettle boils, church.

A species of metonymy called *synecdoche* consists in giving a more or less comprehensive meaning to a word. It is of frequent use thus:—

The part for the whole and *vice versa*,—As, ten sail.

Singular for plural and plural for singular.

A definite for an indefinite number.

The genus for species and species for genus.

The material for the article made out of it.

The latter part of the paragraph shows the more extended use of this suggestiveness in description; the poet stops for a moment to tell us how the denizens of the wild were *affected* by the tumult. The effect is good, if the particulars mentioned are interesting and appropriate, as here.

The last few lines contain some examples of *alliterative harmony*, and the paragraph ends with a contrasted silence settling "far and wide," which, with its attendant circumstances, "the lone wood and the mighty hill," contains the elements of sublimity.

4.—The chase drags a little now, and so does the tale. The giant is an *interesting circumstance* thrown in. **Silvan war** is poetic for chase. Where we have Latin and A. S. words originally referring to the same thing, the A. S. generally keeps the literal, while the Latin takes the associated or figurative meaning: cf. dark, obscure, short, brief. **Shrewdly** = severely, an unusual meaning now. This word has followed the law of amelioration, and from meaning deep moral blame, has, through the weakness of our moral indignation against evil, gradually changed to mean "sagacious." Its old meaning may be seen in CHAUCER'S—

"The prophete saith: Flee *shrewdnesse* and do goodnesse."

The Tale of Melebeus.

5.—This stanza introduces the description of natural scenery, for which Scott is justly famous.

The stag is made to pause on the summit of a hill in order that a hasty sketch of the landscape may be thrown in. The object of the poet in this is to vary the interest by alternating narrative and description.

Line 6 is a good *allitn.* **Waved and wept** suggests the morning breezes and dew. **Was pausing** gives the force of the figure *Vision*; it gives a *reality* to the scene to represent thus an action as continuous.

Here again we have the individual element. **Copsewood gray** and **pine-trees blue** illustrate a striking peculiarity of Scott, viz.: the employment of the element *colour* in his descriptions, many examples of which will occur in the poem. This is also a prominent feature in all Scottish poets. It adds to the vividness of the picture, since we can as easily imagine color as size, form, position, or any other quality of concrete objects. It is also an easy way of producing variety and contrast.

Line 14 is noted for the quality *strength*: **flying** and **spurred** are examples of those picturesque words that are full of suggestive meaning.

6.—Of course he had no intention of naming those who failed, as they have not hitherto been mentioned, and take no further part in the poem; but by the use of a happy *paraleipsis* or pretended omission he disposes of all but the foremost horseman.

7.—This gives us a close view of the now wearied hunt. The efforts of dogs and deer are well painted; v. 6. is a fine example of *harmony*.

Desperate and **vindictive** are strong and suggestive words.

Scourge and **steel**, and **stock** and **rock**, are used for *poetic effect*; the former has the *associated effect of metonymy*, the latter *condensation* and rhyme. **Stanch** is from Lat. *stagnum* (sto, to stand). Fr. *étang*, standing water; hence, water-tight, and finally reliable. **Quarry** = the *heart*, etc., of the game given to the dogs, then the game itself. From Lat. *cor*, the heart; Fr. *curée*. The other word "quarry" comes from Lat. *quadrus*, square = the place where stones are squared.

8.—Here we have the intense excitement of the close of the chase; but much to our surprise and delight, the wily quarry escapes. Although improbable, the escape is well merited, and the disappointment of the hunter prepares the way for further troubles and developments.

9.—The death of the horse, after so noble a chase, calls forth our pity to such an extent that we cannot sympathize with the impatient rider who has ridden him to death. The poet's object is probably to get rid of the horse—to produce that feeling of pity we all feel for noble, faithful animals—to place the hunter in difficulty, and, probably, also to exhibit a trait in his character—thoughtless impatience in the pursuit of pleasure, and the sudden remorse of one governed by his passions. *Stretched his stiff limbs*, is an attempt at harmony of sound and sense. *Worth* = be to. A. S. *weordhan*. Ger. *werden*, to become.

10.—The conscious disappointment of the "leaders of the chase," as they obey the horn, is a *touch of nature*.

The fanciful effect of the horn and echo is pleasing.

The last lines suggest the description which, however, properly occupies a new paragraph.

11.—In this and a few following stanzas we have one of the finest pieces of natural description in our literature. Its chief charms are its *romantic picturesqueness*, its *reality*, *method*, *colour*, and *fancy*.

Ebbing day and **level ray**, besides the metaphor, add an additional accompanying circumstance of a particular *point of time*, thus adding to the reality. **Purple peak** and **dark ravines** show the contrast of light and shadow made by the sunset.

The plan or method of description is that of selecting the main objects, peaks and ravines, to form the outline, which are illustrated by a fanciful similitude, and heightened by variety of colour by such words as *sheen*, *green* and *dyes*. The wild picture exactly suits Scott's taste and powers; "shivered rocks," "split and rent," "thunder-splintered pinnacle," "huge as the tower, etc.," these are his delight. He gives us the picturesque and occasionally the sublime, but rarely the beautiful, as in the quiet plain; his landscapes are like those of all Scottish poets, intensely Scottish and *mountainous*. Note that the form is mostly indicated by reference to well known objects, *turret*, *cupola*, *castle*, etc.

12.—Now that the outline has been given, the particulars are filled in; and again we have individuality and colour, all enhanced by a good method in ascending from the bottom to the top, till we see the "summer heaven's delicious blue."

The stanza closes by a comparison with the scenery of fairy land, a place endowed by poets with *idealized beauty*. We are always delighted with fanciful pictures of beauty unknown on earth, as in "Paradise," "Arabian Nights," "Garden of the Hesperides," fairy tales, etc., and hence a mere reference to such poetic ideas, as here, is pleasing.

13.—This still fills in the outline. The plan is now the *traveller's point of view*, which combines the narrative as well. *Picturesque vividness* is added by tracing the course of the water till it becomes a lake studded with islands. Water, on account of its graceful windings, its bright colour, and its pleasant associations, is always an effective landmark in description.

14.—The change of scene here is distinctly marked, and we have a more extended view from the "airy point," from which we have a sunset glimpse of Loch Katrine, with Benvenue on the south and Ben-an on the north. The whole is full of wild beauty, and so *real* that the poet must have known every foot of the region,—individuality and minuteness of delineation are everywhere.

15.—This stanza gives a fanciful turn to the picture, in order to bring us back gracefully to the traveller and his distress.

16.—A narrative stanza, made *animated* by continuing the musings of the stranger. The style is made *condensed* by the omission of connectives. The student should supply them. "To-morrow's merriment," "friendly feast," and "alone," are perhaps meant to show the stranger's characteristic fondness for the good things of life and his social qualities. He shows no delight for the "greenwood," indeed Scott himself shows but little, and probably never felt that intense *love* for nature that came into being with Cowper and glows so warmly in Wordsworth. But see vi., "The Farewell."

17.—Here we have one of those startling effects that Scott knew so well how to work into the narrative. The chief hero and heroine are thus romantically introduced to us, and fully described before we have met any of the subordinate characters. This is not usual. Another slight touch of scenery serves as a background to the "Lady of the Lake," and as she pauses, standing on the beach, the poet describes her personal appearance and moral qualities.

18.—Delineation of character in fiction is a fine art, and constitutes the chief interest in some varieties of fiction, such as the drama and the ethical novel. In a romance, whether in prose or in metre, as this poem is, character is subordinate to incident, and incident often to poetic ornament. Yet Scott has drawn some of his characters very fully, especially his men. In his delineation of female character he is not free from fault, and shows little of the genius displayed in his male charac-

ters. His ladies are all alike—all insipid and commonplace in sentiment and manners, totally unlike the splendid men by whom they are surrounded. Character is, of course, in a metrical romance like this, subordinate to incident and ornament; but even in his novels Scott does not display a high order of genius in detecting and delineating the deeper and finer working of the human mind, but contents himself with the broad outlines of character, aiming always at scenic effect and rapid action. He attributes many qualities to Ellen, but we know very little of her *real mental character*; his chivalrous disposition seems to have so exalted his opinion of a lady as to dazzle his judgment. The description of each individual is graphic and picturesque, and the effect is heightened by the skill with which he makes the outward appearance indicate the mental and moral qualities. Yet Ellen has only the common attributes of all fair ones, and differs from other high-born beauties of poetry only in having a Scotch accent, a sun-browned face, and an untrained step. The *exclamatory* style in which he introduces these exceptions adds to the *animation*, but the reference to the classical sculpture is too vague to have much effect. **Naiad.** The early Greeks, unable to account for the various faculties of the mind, gradually associated them with external causes; hence, in their mythology every phase of nature was presided over by some spirit or deity. These superior beings were supposed to be absolutely perfect in form, and the attempt to represent them in marble led to the wonderful excellence of Grecian sculpture. The *Naiads* were nymphs of the rivers and lakes; *Oreads*, of mountains; *Dryads*, of woods, etc. The three Graces were, Aglaia, Euphrosyne, and Thalia. They presided over beauty and pleasure. The reference to the "elastic harebell" has often done duty in such description; it is one of those commonplaces of poetry that abound in Scott. They are really imitations from the classics—Ovid sings of Atlanta, and Virgil of Camilla. There is an *alliterative harmony* in the last lines.

19.—We have in this stanza qualities that endear Ellen to us; they finish the picture well, but we see little of them afterwards. The chief simile is poetical, and the allusion to her love enhances our interest and prepares for future events. In drawing his characters, Scott takes advantage of the latitude allowed in the ballad and romantic poetry generally, and indulges in the idealizing process largely; hence, he paints higher mental and moral qualities, greater beauty and fortune, than anything found in real life.

20.—**Silent horn.** Poetry being a fine art, operating by means of the suggested ideas of language, it seeks to be as vivid and concrete as possible. For this purpose *abstract terms are avoided*; hence, instead of the abstract notion, silence of the horn, we have the concrete idea **silent horn**.

"The rocks—loved." The *personal metaphor* seeks to enhance the pleasure by representing *inanimate nature as sympathizing* with us in trouble or joy. In this case the rocks delight to re-echo the sweet sound.

The sudden appearance of the stranger and Ellen's alarm are well drawn. The last lines suggest the description that follows.

21.—Scott is happier in depicting the male character than the female,

By a few bold touches he gives us here a well defined picture, but it is considerably *idealized* from the historical character of James V. The student will not fail to notice the poet's peculiarity of giving a *picturesque sketch* of each person as he is introduced. He should also compare the picture of each, and classify their respective qualities. Their actions and sentiments throughout should *harmonize* with the sketches. Characters in fiction should be well *defined*, well *sustained* and *varied*, as well as *natural* and *consistent*. The character here given of James V., resembles that given of James IV. in *Marmion*, v. 9.

22.—*Of the hill* is one of those phrases used to fill up the line, and make the rhyme. Such licenses are allowed in this poetry of Scott's, as it imitates the old minstrel poetry, but they were quite at variance with the poetry in vogue just before his time. But there is no justification for the grossly ungrammatical structure in the last four lines of the "courteous stranger's" speech.

23.—The supernatural element is more allowable in ballad poetry and its imitations than in more regular poetry; hence, the frequent use of it by Scott. Ellen's minuteness of description was prompted by Allan's vision, and though rather improbable under the circumstances, harmonizes with her frank, guileless nature, and affords an opportunity for completing the picture of the stranger's appearance by describing his hunting suit, which is that of the old ballads.

Fair degree, not **high degree**, is used lest the reader should surmise who the stranger is. To produce the interest of plot the utmost care is required to conceal the nature of the termination or *denouement*.

24.—The stranger lightly accepts the prophecy as one appointing him a knight-errant, whose duty was to wander round, seeking to protect weak women. A true huntsman, though, would have taken his dogs into the boat; perhaps this also is a characteristic negligence. **Frequent** and **until** are not the words wanted.

26.—The description of the outside of the lodge is here given, each particular is shown, and the scene is gracefully changed to the inside.

27.—This gives us the inside of the lodge hung with trophies of war or the chase. The circumstance of the sword dropping is borrowed from old legends, and is used for poetic effect further on.

28.—The immense size of the sword reminds him of Douglas, but it would mar the story to mention him here. Ellen, in her answer, keeps up the idea that she is a "fay in fairy-land," and is protected by a giant as large as Ferragus' (from *Orlando Furioso*), or Ascabart (from *Bevis of Hampton*), two heroes of chivalry.

29.—V. 6.—Ellen treated the lady as her mother, though that relationship did not exist between them; she was Ellen's aunt.

The allusion to Highland hospitality is pleasing.
The rank and title now given mislead the readers as well as those in the story.

Barren heritage. Owing to the power of the nobles, the royal power was weak.

His sire had fallen. James IV. invaded England and perished with most of his nobles in the battle of Flodden Field.

30.—**Innocently gay.** A pleasing feature in Ellen. She still keeps up the allusion to fairy-land, and, innocent of all vanity, sings as the bird sings; but we have still another surprise when Allan or some other viewless minstrel, "filled up the symphony."

31.—Scott had great narrative powers, and "knew every wile" to gain our ear. To assist him in his story he adopted the tetrameter line with all the irregularity of the old minstrelsy; and as an additional charm, he threw in many beautiful little songs, written in imitation of the ballad in various metres. The trochaic metre in this one adds a variety by the very change, and is bright and cheerful, but it is more usual to write such quieting songs in iambics, as that foot suits slow music. Perhaps, however, it is more in *harmony* with Ellen's assumed character of a fairy to have the metre most suitable for light, airy, rapid music. The song is very beautiful, as, indeed, are most of his lyrical pieces; they breathe the intensity of Scott's own feelings.

32.—We have a prodigy in Ellen, who here appears in the new role of an improvising minstrel. This is rather *improbable*, even for romantic poetry, but such poetical power is, however, said to be found in Southern Europe.

Where the near sun
Gives with unstinted boon ethereal flame,
Where the rude villager, his labour done,
In verse spontaneous chants some favourite name.—SCOTT.

33.—This dream is a good example of Scott's *invention* and *description*. It is finely *imagined*, and comes in *naturally* after the excitement of the day. Dreams and omens should not be introduced without *due regard to the unity of the story*. This one could certainly be tolerated on account of its *intrinsic beauty* and *pathetic force*, but it also arouses our curiosity by throwing an air of mystery round the people of the island. It shadows forth the part Fitz-James takes in the story; hints at his affection for, and estrangement from, the Douglas; and, moreover, its fulfilment afterwards is an *additional pleasure* to the reader. It also gives a melancholy and thoughtful close to the canto.

34.—The *dusky lustre* of the flickering fire, dimly revealing the *uncouth trophies* and the huge sword to the awakened stranger, is well conceived. The sword naturally connects itself with the dream, and the stranger cannot banish the crowding thoughts.

35.—In the opening lines we have an exquisite moonlight view in fine contrast with the troubled stranger, who seeks rest from its peacefulness, and

'He felt its calm, that warrior guest.'

Then we are told that the brand he thought of was that of the Douglas, that Ellen has the Douglas eye, and his dream has just been of the Douglas. Our curiosity is thus keenly aroused, and we long for the second canto. This is one of the expedients of narrators of stories, to keep the attention on the alert.

One of the best exercises in composition is obtained by writing condensed accounts of a work read. In this the merit consists in catching the chief objective points and making them prominent. Without a thorough acquaintance with the work, this is impossible; hence, synopses are frequently asked for at examinations. In this canto the chief points are as follows; their peculiarities have already been pointed out:—The introduction, the chase, the hunter's dilemma and the description of the country, the sudden appearance of the "Lady of the Lake," the personal portrait of Ellen and the huntsman, the lodge, the song and the dream.

We have now two of the characters introduced and described and a romantic and mysterious interest thrown round the people in the Island.

CANTO II.

The division into cantos serves to relieve the monotony, and adds to the definiteness and simplicity of the plan of narrative; this effect is increased by limiting each canto to a day's performance.

1.—The introductory stanzas give a picture of the departure of the stranger far more animated than any narration could give.

2.—The presence of white-haired Allan Bane gives a romantic interest to the story. His dreams, visions, forebodings, fidelity, and affection raise us out of our every-day thoughts, and take us back to the golden time of yore. The student should remember that it was Scott's ambition to be a minstrel. In the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," he himself is the minstrel playing to his feudal "chiefs," the Earl and Countess Dalkeith. Feudal fidelity was a religion with him. Imitating Coieridge, he makes use of a great variety of metre in the songs he throws in, which, of course, adds to the variety of the poem. Allan seems to surmise that the stranger is some great personage in disguise. His song shows that he is probably thinking of the exiled Douglas, and the want of gratitude in the King, though he merely makes a general statement in the simile suggested by the flashing of the oars. It must be remembered, however, that it is a peculiarity of Scott's to draw a melancholy-sentiment from his circumstances in nature.

The *metaphor* in the third stanza is very fine, but, of course, not original.

4.—The picture of the sad old Harper here is drawn with true poetic genius. The scenery is made to *harmonize* by putting in the old *blighted tree*, and the *calmness* of the morning. It is one of those

happy strokes of *invention* that the true poet knows how and when to throw in. We will see that this quiet morning *contrasts* with the stirring events of the day, and the angry dispute in the evening.

The death-like stillness is emphasized by the *similitude* to the dead, and by the *anaphora*.

5.—Note in this stanza that the poet, instead of narrating the cause of Ellen's smile, introduces *vivacity* by answering a supposed reason (prolepsis) by an *interrogation*, by an *exclamatory* appeal to fidelity, and finally by an appeal to the ladies, in the figure *anacoenosis* (*i. e.*, an appeal to the common opinion of those addressed).

6.—We have here the beginning of the *love interest*. It would be most powerful (as those concerned are the chief *successful* characters) if it had been genuine and reciprocated; but as it is neither, it chiefly serves to show the respective traits of the two persons: the stranger's *hasty* and *fickle love* and *influence over the opposite sex*, both historical, and Ellen's momentary affection, followed by a sudden burst that makes us aware of the *true love* of the lay. In her ingenuous self-accusation, true to her frank nature, she gives way to the revulsion of feeling, and for a moment forgets her maiden modesty, and immediately blushes at it.

The love interest in the story is very tame. Both Roderick and Fitz-James sue for Ellen's hand; the former with a *fierce, lasting love*, but she rewards another—one who occupies a subordinate place in the story. This increases the difficulty of interesting us in the story considerably.

7.—It was customary in olden times to attribute supernatural power to weapons and harps. This, of course, heightened the interest in the marvellous stories that were told of them, if believed in; and even if not, as in our time, it gives a *pleasing fancy*. Here, however, we must pay some attention to Allan's sadness. He has already prophesied correctly, and we are filled with a *vague alarm* that increases as he proceeds, in spite of Ellen's cheerfulness. *O well for me*. Allan's devotion to the Douglas prompts this wish that the harp foretells evil only to himself. *Saint Modan*. An abbot of the 17th century. Though he was not known to have possessed musical powers, the allusion is probable, as many of the old ballads originated in the monasteries.

8.—The whole conversation of these two, besides giving us a *pleasing contrast* between the gloomy foreboding of age, and the bright gaiety of youth, and preparing us for coming troubles, is intended to give us the story of the Douglas and his exile, preparatory to his introduction, and to show the *contentment* in which he and Ellen dwell. Thus we see the variety of interest sought to be created by the poet in this and following stanzas, viz.: (1.) The story itself, for these episodes belong to the main story, since they concern one of the chief characters; and here (2.) The narrative is abandoned for the dramatic effect of *dialogue*; (3.) The awe-inspiring *supernatural*; (4.) The love and *devotion* of Allan; (5.) The *contrast of character*; (6.) Ellen's *happy, confiding, youthful nature, filial love* and *high spirit*.

9.—The two fine similitudes here are *beautiful* and *natural*.

10.—**As hermits.** This shows that illustrative language is not always used on the principle of explaining the known by the unknown. It has but little effect here, requiring too much effort. The *intense affection* of old Allan for Ellen is very pleasing.

11.—We have in this stanza Sir Roderick mentioned for the first time. The unexpected turn at the end has the effect of *wit*, though heavy. It is remarkable that Scott's humour never appears in his poems.

12.—The details of the terrible Roderick's life, and his connection with the Douglas, are given here by Allan, and his evil deeds justify, for the time being, Ellen's rejection of him. It will be noticed, as we advance, that we are alternately attracted and repelled by this formidable chieftain.

Dispensation. Needed here, as Ellen and Roderick were cousins, and could not wed without it.

13.—The inversion of some of the sentences here is awkward. The line, "My blood, my life—but not my hand," is forcible, and has the effect of an *epigram*, *i. e.*, an apparent contradiction in the language.

The *spirited* outburst of Ellen shows her to possess what is always admired in poetry, and other idealized compositions, *viz.*: an inalienable *allegiance* to the laws of *true love*.

14.—In ascertaining a character in fiction we must estimate properly the opinions of his associates; here we have a vigorous *picture* of Roderick, given by Ellen, which justifies her antipathy to him.

As it is a passionate outburst, figurative language will abound. We find *antithesis*, *anaphora*, *simile*, *metonymy*, *metaphor*, and *zeugma* (grant him wild).

The metaphor and simile combined, in the lines referring to his virtues, are very striking.

15.—We now see why the sword fell on the stranger's entrance to the lodge. This supernatural power and origin are common properties of the swords of old romantic heroes, *e. g.*, King Arthur's "Excalibur," the Cid's "Tizo," and Hrolf Kraka's "Skofnung." It is also as old as Homer.

Tineman. Unlucky man. Archibald, 3d Earl of Douglas, defeated at Homildon Hill by Hotspur; killed in France, 1424.—SCOTT. **Tine** is an old verb, meaning to lose. Cf. "Better *tine* life since tint is good fame."—SCOTT.

Self-uncabbarded is an awkward compound, and may have been prompted by Scott's familiarity with German. The event referred to is the battle of Shrewsbury. **Spears** and **bows** are used by *metonymy* for soldiers.

Roderick's jealousy is here referred to, further exhibition of which we are soon to see.

16.—The quiet scene is *broken* into by the sudden appearance of the chieftain and his warriors. Their gradual approach is given in a few words. The gay scene is proud with "all the pomp and circumstance of war."

17. The highland pibroch is here described. This old martial music represented the various phases of the fight, and the poet, in describing it in these lines, makes use of the *harmony of language*—that is, makes the sound an echo of the sense. For the soft notes heard in the distance we have *liquids* and *slender vowels*, as in *mellowed, came, lingering long, bay, wailed, away*; for rapidity we have, *rapid, 'thick beat,' battered tread*: for the sound of battle, *cry, shriek, ward, jarred, groaning, 'moan prolonged and low.'* All these show *harmony*, but there is not much care taken to produce it by a skilful selection and arrangement of words; Scott's style was too hurried, and his ear too dull for that.

19.—Roderick certainly comes on the stage with great *eclat*, and we feel that in him we are to recognize the *chief figure of the story*. The "martial ditty" is the "gathering," and is in harmony with the "wild cadence;" its irregular metre, wild, half gaelic chorus, and fierce sentiments, are in uncouth harmony with the character of Roderick Duu. The lines are dactylic, of various length, with double rhyme on the 1st and 3d lines, made by dropping the last syllable of the dactyl; the 2d and 4th lines have only one syllable of the fourth foot. In the second stanza the rhythm is made continuous by completing the last foot of each line by unaccented syllables at the beginning of the next. This, probably, imitates the regular "marching on." The emphatic words are generally placed properly at the beginning; and throughout, there is the vigorous exultation of victory. The "hol ieroe" at the end are probably of the class of meaningless syllables that are frequently found in old ballads and songs, and serve as a sort of symphony or accompaniment to the song. The pleasure derived from such sounds arises from the attention being directed to the mere music, apart from the thought, thus giving a pleasing variety.

20.—The *evergreen pine* was on the crest of Van Alpine. The *rosebud* is Ellen.

21.—Scott always shows skill in conducting the narrative. Having with him gazed on the romantic and picturesque scene of the approaching host, and listened to the spirit-stirring song, it would be difficult to interest us in further details, and he seeks other means of doing so. The women flocking down with "loose tresses," "bare arms," and "shrill acclaim," fill out the *picture*, and give us an interesting circumstance in old Celtic manners. We are reminded of Roderick's *love*, and made to share in Ellen's perplexity—and, by one of those unexpected, lucky coincidences for which Scott always shows a weakness, we, as well as she, are agreeably surprised by the approach of her father; and, although our curiosity is on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of the strangely heralded, terrible Roderick, we are hurried off to meet the Douglas, in whom we have as yet a deeper interest.

22.—Parental and filial affection are only less powerful than sexual love, and representations of these are always pleasing in fiction. It is here very affectingly exhibited in these two exiles entirely devoted to each other; in Ellen especially it charms us. The opening lines are noble, though defaced by the atrocious "steeped" and "weeped." Ellen, moreover, is guilty of a *poetic fault* in not noticing the presence of her lover *FIRST*; but the bashfulness of Malcolm is a *natural* touch.

23.—The object of this stanza is to remind us of the former greatness of the Douglas, and to show us his present *contentment* and happiness in the increased affection of his daughter and minstrel.

It is characteristic of the faithful old Allan to be filled with sad reflections at the comparison of the present position of Douglas and Roderrick. We would not expect the Douglas to boast of his former greatness, and we feel that his allusion to it is only a poetic expedient to emphasize his resignation and reciprocal affection, which are always preferred in poetry to worldly greatness, since they are qualities we like to contemplate. **The while** is a scotticism. **Spray** is here a weak word, used for the sake of rhyme.

Twice ten. Poetry often thus divides a number into two or more parts for greater effect. Cf.

"Four times fifty living souls."—*Ancient Mariner*.

Percy's. This may refer to the battle of Chevy-Chase, 1388. But this Douglas is not an historical character; he is the imaginary uncle of the Earl of Angus.

Name—put for the owner, by *metonymy*. Cf.

"The dreaded name of Demogorgon."—MILTON, *P. L.*

Waned crescent. This refers to the Percies, as a silver crescent was in their coat of arms. Cf.

"The blodye Harte in the Douglas armes
His standarde stode on hye;
That every man myght full well knowe:
By syde stode Starres (stars) thre.

"The whyte Lyon on the Ynglyshe parte
For soth as I you sayne;
The Lucetts and the Cressaunts both:
The Skotts fought them agayne."

—PERCY'S RELIQUES, *Batt. Otterburne*.

Out beggars is an awkward word. *Out* is merely intensive = make my former position a beggar compared with my present one.

24.—This is a graceful stanza, full of *natural*, well-invented circumstances;—Ellen's delight—illustrated by a beautiful simile—her efforts to hide it, the *natural* conduct of the animals, the *picturesque* group, and last, but not least, the fond enthusiast.

25.—Having called attention to Malcolm, the poet now paints him,

picturesquely as usual, skilfully weaving in his mental qualities, which, as he is merely a lover, are the usual poetic qualities, viz. —

“Lively, ardent, frank and kind,” “blithe heart,”
“His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth.”

These are qualities that show an *unselfish* and *truthful* mind. We like to meet with such in the world, but they are rarely found, and their very rarity increases their effect in fiction as a compensation for the cold, selfish world. Hence such qualities always succeed in poetry over the sterner virtues or severe calculation. This belongs to the idealizing process of poetry and fiction.

25.—We have now the *personnel* of the poem all introduced and characterized. We are ready for further developments, and as all are evidently going to meet on the Isle, we may expect something startling.

And why? Of course we know what she would have said. The effect is deepened by the omission: this rhetorical figure is called *apostrophe*, in which the sentence is left unfinished, owing to some deep emotion. Douglas' fondness for hunting, as his sole remaining pleasure, increases our interest in him, by awakening the pity we naturally feel for fallen greatness. Malcolm's generous conduct is further explained. **Royal ward**—hence he risked “life and land” by aiding an outlaw, and we find him afterwards imprisoned for it.

Not unpursued. This is a slight affirmative, as one negative denies the denial of the other. Here it is used for rhetorical effect, as in such phrases as “He is no fool.” The figure is called *litotes*.

27.—**Reddened** is an ill-formed and an incorrect word to express the effect of jealousy. Roderick's hospitality was not dictated by kindness or by any nobility of nature, but by the *custom of the clan*, and perhaps by courtesy to Douglas and Ellen.

His *imperious nature* is shown in his self-command, in his gathering all around the fire, even Ellen, in his curt speech, and long self-communion. From this group thus *picturesquely collected* around the fire, the *plot* begins to *develop* itself. Roderick's mistake is the key-note to all.

This stanza also creates a greater *interest in Roderick*, and reminds us of the misdeeds of James, who, in his attempt to reduce the border chieftains to his authority, actually perpetrated these atrocities. In 1529, James V. swept Etrick Forest and the border region with 10,000 men under the pretence of a hunting expedition. During his progress he hanged many of the leaders of these lawless clans. Among the most noted were Piers Cockburn, Adam Scott, and John Armstrong. He took possession of a large district and had it farmed for himself.

Counsel is governed by **give**, or some such word omitted, but the line is somewhat ambiguous.

29.—While Douglas is hesitating, the poet points out the fears of the various personages. Douglas decides to depart, and advises Roderick to submit, showing us that, though protected by Roderick, he does not sympathize with him,

Homage is here used literally. It was a ceremony by which a tenant acknowledged himself to be the lord's "man" (homo).

Mountain—moor. These are mere phrases, their use being allowable in ballad poetry. Cf., also, "tower and town," "on the hill," "hall and bower."

30.—Roderick's "*blunt*" proposal is *characteristic*, and in his ardour he displays a *fierceness* that frightens Ellen, and justifies her in refusing him. But his *savage threat* is in *keeping* with the vindictive nature of the *Highland character*.

31.—The long comparison here leaves us too long in doubt as to what is coming, but it is, perhaps, in *imitation* of Ellen's amazement.

32.—Douglas shows his unwavering *loyalty* to, and *fondness* for, the king, whom he only accuses of *hasty wrath*, caused by *slandering* tongues. This *interrupted* friendship and its *renewal* at the close is one of the main threads in the plot.

Enough, enough. The *epizeuxis* here has not much rhetorical force, merely indicating haste.

Hectic is a technical word become popularized with a limited meaning. It is properly an habitual disease (Greek *hexis*, habit), then habitual or intermittent fever, then the *flush* of fever, and ultimately any *flush*.

33.—The opening simile is rather vague. The convulsive sobbing of Roderick is quite in *keeping* with his *passionate nature*, and we are made to *sympathize* with him along with "eyes that mocked at tears before." We feel the indiscretion of Græme's conduct, and yet it is most *natural*, and hence interesting.

Nighted. Cf. "Nighted life."—*King Lear*. Verbs from nouns simply, are frequent in poetry.

34.—A *powerful stanza*; the various *characteristics* of the men are kept up. The fierce and hasty jealousy of Roderick is well shown, and it is a *happy invention* to restrain by "this roof, the Douglas, and that maid," the undaunted chief who slew a knight in the very presence of the king. **Minion**, Fr. *mignon*, a pet. Ger. *minne*, love. Cf. Macbeth, the "minions of their race." But like all favourites, it has fallen into contempt, and now means a flatterer, a servile follower.

35.—The *scornful sarcasm* of Roderick and his haughty defiance of "James Stuart" come in *opportunistically*, when he speaks from *wounded vanity*, and to his successful rival. Note that it is "Roderick" and "James Stuart," he says. Malcolm's defiance of Roderick and abrupt departure terminate the *unseemly quarrel*.

Nay. We have here the figure *aposiopesis*.

Find an hour. This threat contains more than is expressed.

Hour is a species of metonymy.

Henchman, a servant. Perhaps so called because he stood at his *haunch*.

36.—To the wind, *i. e.*, uttered. An unusual meaning of the phrase.

37.—Give the rest to air is a similar phrase. Both are weak. **Dare**, *aposiopesis*; he was evidently thinking of Ellen. Malcolm proposes to find a shelter for Douglas and Ellen among his own clan, though contrary to law. And Roderick has decided to raise his clan, so that we have enough to stimulate our *curiosity* as to the next canto.

CANTO III.

1.—The opening sentence constitutes a *truism, i. e.*, the sententious expression of a well known truth in concise language. Its repetition at the end is pleasing, and constitutes the figure *epanalepsis*; the contemplation of the ceaseless course of time is pleasing to us, as it is associated with the grandeur of eternity and the vague terrors of death. There is a melancholy shade thrown over the whole stanza, which, together with the wondering boyhood and beautiful simile, fills the stanza with the very essence of poetic feeling and imagination. **Infancy** being abstract, is not a happy word, as poetry seeks chiefly to give pleasure, and hence avoids any difficult abstract ideas. The second stanza connects the thought with the subject of the canto.

Field, etc. These words form a *metonymy*, place for people.

Yet live there who. A *latinism* frequently used in poetry. Cf. Lat. *sunt qui*.

What time. Adverbial obj. of time = a relative adverb.

Kindred, i. e., of the clan.

Gathering sound. A verbal noun used adjectively, as, gold ring. The two words = a compound, like walking-stick, riding-coat, labouring-day, —two nouns with the dative or genitive relation, *i. e.*, the sound of or for the "Gathering."

2.—This beautiful picture is drawn with the best poetic skill; perhaps no portion of the whole poem contains more poetic beauty.

Let us examine some of the means employed to render it so intensely pleasing.

1.—The *subject* is pleasing, a bright mountain lake surrounded by hills. The poet must show taste in the selection of his subjects—he must evince a sensibility to the emotional effects of objects in nature. Circumstances introduced into poetry to give pleasure—the sole aim of poetry—should be (1) *intrinsically beautiful*, or (2) should *call up pleasing associations*, or (3) *harmonize with pleasing feelings* otherwise arising. Here we have the summer dawn, the lake, the soft air, the torrent, the forest, the mountain, the birds and flowers, each pleasing in all three respects.

2.—It is made *picturesque* and *real* by mentioning.

(a) *Concrete individuals*—lake, trees, lily, doe and fawn, mist, lark, etc.

(b), by mentioning the *colour* of the objects, as purple, blue, shadow, bright, silver, gray mist, flecked, speckles.

(c), by taking some *particular time*, and telling the state or action of

each individual at that time; a vivid reality is thus given, as if the objects were actually before the eye.

3.—Its *fidelity to nature* is pleasing. Poetry, like painting, is an *imitative art*, and we value it according to the closeness of the imitation. Sometimes this is the only species of pleasure sought to be produced by a painting or a poem; such are said to belong to the *realistic school*. Generally, however, such pleasure is only additional, as here.

4.—Our *sympathy with animals* is awakened by the part they perform. Warm sympathy with and *love for nature*, animate and inanimate, had only just been introduced into our poetry by the contemporaries of Scott, since whose time it has held a prominent place.

5.—The flow of the rhythm and the melody of the language well suit the mild, soft air and peaceful scene; hence there is harmony of language.

6.—The illustrative imagery is appropriate and pleasing. "Just kissed the lake," is a pleasing *metaphor*, and suggests the simile of the maiden coy. "In bright uncertainty like future joys to Fancy's eye," is fine; in it we have the *personification* in "Fancy," and a reference to bright hope is always pleasing, but the shadows represent disappointment, a melancholy turn that is not unpleasant to contemplate. It is a purely *ornamental figure*, being a mental or emotional simile for a physical object. These are some of the means employed here to give us this pleasing picture of "peace, and rest, and love."

3.—The previous stanza was designedly a *contrast* to this. The peace and love in nature enhance the effect of the passion and alarm of man.

Impatient blade is an example of *transferred epithet*; it was he that was impatient. This figure has the force of an *epigram*, as there is one meaning asserted, but we immediately see that there is another meant, and this spontaneous substitution is the source of pleasure. Roderick, to be a fit hero or villain for poetry, must have *great qualities*; whether good or bad, we admire the exhibition of *power*. His "awe-inspiring glance" is well hit and well illustrated.

6.—**Sable lettered**. Old English letters are sometimes called black letter type. Books on necromancy long continued to be written in the old Gothic letters. **Cabala** = a secret science of the hidden mysteries of the scriptures.

7.—The object of the poet is to produce *terror* by a minute description of this mysterious ceremony performed by the almost unearthly being. The *supernatural* here is only an *episode*, and should not occupy so much space; our pleasure in such fancies, which are, in our day, contrary to our judgment, is soon exhausted.

9.—This solemn anathema is, perhaps, rather long to maintain its interest to general readers, but the *strange custom* is just old enough to have a *romantic interest* thrown around it, and this, associated with the other circumstances,—the hermit Brian, the yew from the sacred burial place, the pagan sacrifice associated with the cross, the terrible triple denunciation, the solemn responses of the vassals, women, and even *children*,—certainly does awaken our terror to the highest degree.

The structure of the curse is *highly artistic*; every part of it is intended to impress with *awe*. There is *imitative harmony* throughout in both metre and words; it is for this reason that the rhyme runs on in each stanza through four lines, while these quatrains are cut off and made emphatic by rhyming trimeters of terrible power. There is also a *grim terror* prevailing in the wild animals of prey, thus *suggesting* the slaughter that follows as the usual result of this ceremony.

10.—The denunciations are continued after the hermit has "scathed the cross with flame." They correspond in each case to the ceremony. 1st. The cross is of *yew* from the sacred isle, hence disobedience to it will call down the execration of the whole clan; the culprit will be exiled in this world and the next from his kindred. 2d. The burning is typical of the fate that will overtake the coward. His house is to be burned, his home destroyed, while all who make home dear—women and children—unite in execrating him and in dooming him to *infamy and woe*; even hospitality, extended by the Highlander to all, will fail to him. The triplet at the end introduces particulars to give an *associated effect*, and the goblin cave is brought in to increase the terror.

11.—After a very *effective pause*, the third part of the curse is spoken. The coward's life is to be extinguished as the fire on the cross, his blood is to sink into the ground as did that of the victim, while corporal infirmity is denounced in addition to the vengeance of the clan, and finally salvation, typified by the cross, is to be refused him. The deep solemn *Amen* is very effective. Roderick's *impatience* is kept in view by such expressions as "impatient blade," "ready blade," "impatient look," and by his curt order to Malise. This rapid circulation of the cross, and its varied reception, is very powerfully painted. It is one of the best passages in Scott's writings.

13.—The author abandons narrative as too tame, and *cries out* to the fleet runner; the *anaphora* adds to the emphasis and effect; the *alliterations* are well chosen, and in *harmony*.

14.—The force of this stanza consists in mentioning *individuals* and their occupations, instead of making general statements. The hasty glimpse we get of quiet Loch Achray is beautiful, and comes in here in *fine contrast*—enabling the poet to draw one of his *sentimental reflections* from it;—a single exclamation sufficing to call up in us a throb of deep pathos.

15.—*Speed Malise, speed*. Such repetitions are so common in Scott that they amount to a *mannerism*. The student should note the *variety of interest* the author attempts to raise throughout this rapid career: action, death, marriage, rural occupation and sports, love, animal fidelity, and scenic description, all in rapid succession. *What woeful, etc.* This *erotesis* or *interrogation* adds animation to the narrative.

But knows not why—a natural touch, as pleasing as it is unexpected.

16.—A *coronach* is a funeral dirge, common among the Celts and

some other nations; the mourners were sometimes hired as professional mourners. It corresponds to the Latin *Ululatus* and the Irish *Ululao*. The poet is restricted on *aesthetic grounds* as to the nature of the song; his main object is to please by raising that *vague, pleasing melancholy feeling* caused by the contemplation of death; yet there is an attempt to suit the metre and imagery to the subject, though they are by no means "dismal." There is an irregularity in the metre that seems to *suit the wild grief*. This irregularity consists in violating the law of accents that does not allow more than two unaccented syllables to occur between any two accents: as between the last accent in one line and the first accent in the next there are frequently three unaccented syllables.

The metre is best scanned as amphibrachic, hence the rhymes are double. The *style is condensed*, connectives being omitted. The figures are happily chosen; the last similes are very expressive; we all dread the eternal separation from this world.

17.—**Stumah**. The strong affection shown by dogs for their dead masters probably suggested the presence of the dog here. For Scott's fondness for dogs and horses, see v. 18 and vi. 23, and notes.

18.—The alacrity and fidelity with which the cross is carried forward are shown by these various incidents; no private affair dare interfere. The martial energy of Duncraggan's widow adds to the general effect. We shall hear more of her further on. There were two classes of women that Scott could successfully portray, viz., Queens and wild and half barbarous women of low degree.

19.—The course of Angus is as *varied* as that of Malise. **Left**, supply "to." **Sympathetic** = in sympathy, *i.e.*, dizzily. Scott's fondness for using names of places is well shown here, a peculiarity that was well parodied by the brothers Smith in their "Rejected Addresses."

20.—As a *contrast* to the last scene we have here a merry rural marriage festival graphically described and then rudely broken up.

21.—*Eroticis* and *exclamation* here add animation, so does the repetition at the end of the clause; this is called *epiphora*.

22.—The mingled feelings that stirred the bosom of the messenger as he hurries on his way are well described. His song is very sweet, but under the circumstances rather *improbable*, and if "voluntary" near "spontaneous," the improbability is increased.

The sickening pang. Cf. "The heart-sick faintness of the hope delayed."—*Lord of the Isles*; and "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick,"—*Proverbs* xiii. 11.; and "That keep the word of promise to our ear and break it to our hope."—*Macbeth*.

23.—The metre is changed only in the rhyme in the triads, and in the last syllable of the fourth line being a trochee. This *characteristic song* is a fair specimen of Scott's love or *sentimental song*; it is not a passionate monody on one sentiment, on the contrary, every triad gives

us a new sentiment, set forth in a few vigorous words. The young soldier sings of the far separation from his love, her tears over his death, her fear, his regret stifled by devotion to his clan, constancy to death, and, lastly the sweet hope to soldier and lover of returning a conqueror.

24.—A hasty glimpse is given us of the mustering clan, from the "gray sire" to the "raw boy," and their characteristics are as hastily pointed out. The Fiery Cross was often used in the civil war of 1745-6. And Macaulay mentions its use before Killiecrankie, 1689.

25.—We are suddenly brought back to Roderick Dhu, whose anxious care for the safety of Ellen, in spite of her disdain, is an agreeable trait in his character; it is an ennobling circumstance that enlists our sympathy on the side of the gloomy chief.

26.—Another wild scene well painted. The subject, the description, the circumstances, and the illustrations, aim at arousing our *terror*, and in this respect approach the *sublime*. The place is made purposely terrible in order to arouse our *pity* for Ellen.

Blast. Cf. "And blasted with excess of light."—GRAY on *Milton*.

27.—Another picturesque group, wild and warlike, and in *full harmony* with the mountain scenery. It is a constant characteristic of Scott to *harmonize thus scenery and incident*. It is one of the requirements of *poetic description*, though, in this respect, it runs counter to the other rule, *i. e.*, fidelity to nature, to which, however, it is clearly superior in a romantic poem like this.

28.—"Was lingering," by representing the act as going on at present, calls up a mental image, and thus adds to the *reality of the scene*.

The terrible resolve, the fierce, constant love, the impatience, and the pride of Roderick, are all in *keeping with his character, i. e.*, just what we would expect him to do, and hence pleasing on that account, though more interesting as part of the story. The latter part of the stanza is weak.

29.—A devotional song, tender and effective. It is intended to show Ellen's calm, trustful, and resigned nature, although banished, outcast, and reviled, and in a dismal cave of such mysterious terror.

30.—Our sympathy is now entirely with the spell-bound chieftain in his great grief. Roderick's anxious care gained our respect, and now, his hovering near his lost treasure, his pride in not visiting her, his long entranced oblivion, and his impassioned, but too true forebodings—all enlist us on his side.

His words come true, but not as he intended. This is sometimes called *poetic irony*; there is an example of it in *Macbeth*.

31.—The clansmen when lying were scarce to be known from the heather, and this prepares us for a noted scene in Canto v.

CANTO IV.

1.—The double simile of the rose in this stanza is a pleasing fancy, and it is enhanced by putting it in the mouth of Norman, as he takes the rose as the emblem of hope and love. The conversation is interesting and condensed; it abounds in peculiar expressions as, "band of war," "boune" (ready), "the while" (mannerism), "cloud" (metr.), "bout" (turn), "plaid" (for warrior in his plaid).

2.—The object of bringing these two on the stage here is to give us many details which would be tedious in a narrative.

4.—The interruption of Malise to describe the bull is a *natural turn* in the dialogue. It is one of those "*asides*" that are occasionally thrown in with great effect. We share in the clansman's joyful recollection of their raid; but, perhaps, his description is to show us the surpassing excellence of this animal thus sacrificed. This would be after the manner of the ancients.

The incident here retailed is taken from the tradition of Rob Roy. *Kernes* are light soldiers. Cf.

"Of Kerns and Gallowglasses is supplied."—*Macbeth*.

5.—Norman's comparison of the hermit to a ghost or a raven causes us to share in the gloomy forebodings it implies; but Malise refuses to believe it, thus reminding us of the reverence in which the clan chief was held.

Broke. Cut up, a common word in the old *chase*. The raven comes from the same source.

6.—We feel but little terror at the "fearful strife" related by the Hermit. In spite of the terrible mystery thrown around his birth and actions, his presence adds but little interest to the poem, other than that which we take in such quaint old rites. We see now the utility of Brian's mysterious birth: no *mortal* could have endured that terrible night; even Brian did it only in the extreme danger of the clan to which he owed his only human tie.

The Prophecy is thus surrounded by all the *solemnity* and *awe* becoming so momentous a communication from the spiritual world. This sentiment, represented here as the response of the Taghairm, was really a superstitious belief, frequently acted upon by the highlanders, as at the battle of Tippermoor, where they murdered a defenceless shepherd in order to ensure victory.

7.—The device of leading a single spy into ambush is not very happy. It is, however, the cause of many thrilling incidents.

Roderick evidently knew all about his movements; but when we afterwards learn that it is Fitz-James who has come back to see Ellen, we see that Roderick was mistaken in considering him a spy. We are

not satisfied with this cruel charge of Roderick's, even against a spy, and begin to waver in our allegiance to him. Note that Murdock had charge to lead him into ambush before the response was known.

8.—Here we have the "stern joy" of the warrior at approaching conflict well shown; but we are at a loss to know why Moray and Mar are advancing on Roderick, nor do we learn till near the end of the fifth canto, when we find that it was owing to a second misunderstanding. Roderick collects his clan in defence against a supposed aggression on the part of the king. And the royal troops march northward to prevent a supposed aggressive movement by Roderick. **But why**, etc. This brings us back to Roderick's hopeless love, of which he is reminded by the mention of lover and maid; his words are to show us that it was not the tear of doubt or fear. The effect is rather weak, he himself being the speaker. The sudden, abrupt command is *startling*. The next three lines form a triplet, and are written to *imitate* the regular movement of the music and marching, which is done by *balancing* one phrase against the other. This use of the *balanced structure* to produce *harmony* is rare. We leave the clansmen suddenly, just as we are quite anxious to follow them,—a common trick of narrators when wishing to bring up a separate stream in the story.

9.—The story now turns to Ellen. Here we find that the Douglas has mysteriously disappeared, and we feel that we are to believe Ellen's view, that he has gone to surrender himself to the king.

The terror in "Clan Alpine's rugged swarm" prepares us for some evil to come.

10.—**Douglas.** Ellen never says "father," it is always "the Douglas." The effect is *harsh*, and consequently *weak*, though probably intended to give us a loftier opinion of Douglas' true position, as in thus giving him his title she uses court etiquette. It is, however, quite in keeping with Scott's own disposition.

Redden. Scott's heroes all **red**den on any sudden emotion. Critics all admit his inability to portray the workings of the mind. He is not a poet of thought and reflection.

Fetters. This dream, like all *dreams* in a work of art, *must come true*, which we find to be the case; though Allan probably would interpret them as fetters of love. Note Ellen's close sympathy with her father, and her high spirit.

11.—This *stanza* reminds us of Allan's power to foretell events, and hence we believe yet that all will be well with Ellen.

12.—This is a refitting of an old ballad, and is a fair specimen of that species of composition. The metre, spirit, quaintness, and abrupt narrative, are all admirably caught by the poet. Its presence here is very significant, reminding us that this was the period when the rage for old poetry was at its height. (See Introduction.)

"Mavis" (thrush), from Fr. *mauvis*, Lat. *malum vitis*, evil to vines, "merle" (black-bird), from Latin *merula*, "wold" (field), "pall"

(rich cloth—*pellis-pallium*), "vest" (garment), "vair" (squirrel skin), Lat. *varius*. These were all common words in the old ballads, and are adopted from the original.

Pall is the old A.S. form of Lat. *pallium*. Cf.

"And some of them were clad in greene,
And others were clad in pall;
And there came in my lord Barnarde's wife
The fairest among them all."—PERCY'S *Reliques*.

The common verse of the ballad is the quatrain of alternate tetrameters and trimeters rhyming with each other; but here the metre is purposely varied to imitate the irregularity of the old metre. In the first and third lines there is, in some of the verses, a double rhyme. The tetrameters, generally, have mid rhyme. The quaintness is increased by the use of obsolete words and phrases.

16.—Allan's fairy tale has no sooner soothed us than we are again *surprised* by the sudden appearance of Fitz-James. Roderick must have known of Fitz-James' intended return, and this would explain his anxiety about the western approach, dreading danger to the Douglas.

17.—Fitz-James treats her rather cavalierly, but it is quite in keeping with his character as sketched in the first canto. Ellen's frankness, modesty and tender conscience are charming, but the poet gave himself a difficult task when he mixes up dialogue and soliloquy, yet there was no other way of telling us the struggle going on in her mind.

If yet he is. An example of *epanorthosis*, *i.e.*, questioning the truth of a statement just made. It is generally a short exclamation, and is much more forcible than a regular qualifying statement could be. There is also in this phrase the figure *antanaclases*, *i.e.*, the use of a word in two different senses, as the word *is*, in these two lines.

True to maiden modesty, Ellen confesses her love only as a last resource.

18.—**Hope vanished**, etc. Fitz-James is the very *opposite* of Roderick in love. The latter could not thus have given up his passion, but fickleness is one of the failings given to Fitz-James. We admire, however, this first generous act of his in offering to protect her; an offer which Ellen dare not accept.

James V. bore some resemblance to his successor, Charles II., in possessing wit and libertinism, though Scott assigns a nobler aim to his incognito adventures. James is popularly believed to be the author of two ballads celebrating these adventures. They are, "The Gabelunzie Man" and "The Jolly Beggar," or "We'll gae na mare a roving," the former of which Percy has in his "Reliques." The first stanza is as follows:—

"The pauky auld Carle came over the lee
Wi' mony goodeens and days to mee,
Saying Goodwife, for zour courtesie,
Will ze lodge a silly poor man?"

The night was cauld, the Carle was wat,
And down azout the ingle he sat ;
My dochter's shoulders he gan to clap,
And cadgily (merrily) ranted and sang."

19.—The ring is often used in old writers as a means of unfolding the plot. We find, afterwards, that it leads to the *denouement*, and then we see that Fitz-James is really the deliverer of Ellen and the Douglas in almost as surprising a manner as the two exiles in Allan's fairy ballad. Hence we see the double object in the ballad—(1.) As a specimen of the old ballads; and (2.) As a prophetic forecast of the ultimate triumph of right over wrong. Indeed, it is no sooner ended than the deliverer appears. His words are intended to mislead, lest we might guess from his having the king's ring that he was more than a mere knight.

20.—Murdock's treacherous shout and the ominous accident of coming upon the dead steed, are means taken to *awaken our fear*. We see Fitz-James' *rashness* in still trusting his guide, but as yet he had not realized his danger, for his *sudden love* was so overpowering, that he did not catch the full import of Ellen's warning.

23.—As an *episode*, there is, probably, too much prominence and space given to this story of Blanche, and there is something *unnatural* in giving her so prominent a place, by making her the means of warning Fitz-James, and in giving her the gift of prophecy. The whole circumstances are *painful in the extreme*, and awaken the deepest *pathos*. Its twofold *object* is to turn us against Roderick, and to warn James, to whom it also gives an additional interest as her avenger. It reconciles us to Roderick's death, and acts as a real cause for fighting in the combat.

Prophecy and prophetic dreams abound in this canto—(1.) Allan dreams of the Græme in fetters, and foretells Ellen's happiness; (2.) Blanche foretells Murdock's death and her own; and (3.) The Taghairm itself.

25.—This stanza is metaphorical. Fitz-James is the full grown stag, "stag of ten" (horns), and she the "doe."

26.—Note the skill shown in the management of the story. Blanche's wretched condition was not enough to move us sufficiently; she must die, but to murder her purposely would have been too *horrible*; it is done accidentally. In the excitement of the chase the narrative is dropped, and the author cries out to the combatants as if they were actually before us.

27.—The poor girl, partly restored to reason, in her dying moments warns James against Roderick Dhu. Her helplessness, her terrible injuries, her treasured lock of her lover's hair and her tragic death, are all exceedingly affecting. We no longer sympathize with Roderick. We hate him for his cruelty, and look with increased interest on Fitz-

James, who is become her avenger, to mete out *poetic justice* on the cruel marauder. Scott probably borrowed the main idea of this ballad from the "Braes of Yarrow," in Percy's *Reliques*. Cf.

"How can I busk a bonny bonny bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How love him upon the Tweed,
That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow?"

"The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my own sewing;
Ah wretched me, I little kenned
He was in these to meet his ruin."

28.—Soliloquies are generally weak in fiction, unless short, and showing some naturally occurring mental perturbation. Here, of course, it is necessary.

A *favour* was a token of love, given by ladies to their knights to wear as a badge.

This frantic feat, etc. Notice the grammar of this couplet.

29.—A few suggestive particulars are given to picture the approach of evening, then the narrative is resumed.

30.—This sudden appearance of the mountaineer is well conceived. The whole stanza is bold, rapid and concise. We admire the unflinching bravery of Fitz-James; it is that romantic thoughtless bravery, of the age of chivalry, but its very thoughtlessness charms us. Under the circumstances, he might be pardoned some selfish calculation, but such would detract from the *poetic* effect.

We have already learned why Roderick lies apart thus from his clan. (See iv. 4 and 5.) The problem before the poet was to provide a private meeting between Roderick and Fitz-James, and the Taghairm afforded an opportunity of placing Roderick apart from his guards in a "misty glade," where the "spy" suddenly comes upon him. One event is thus made to give rise *naturally* to another,—a consideration of the greatest importance in fiction.

31.—The conduct of the two men here is the very essence of *poetic martial faith*, and when we learn that the lone sleeper is Roderick, we again begin to respect him. This martial faith belongs to the time of chivalry, with the spirit of which Scott was completely in unison.

CANTO V.

The Spenserian stanzas of this poem are so beautiful, that one would wish the whole poem had been written in them; but their artistic grace and careful rhythm did not suit the "galloping pace" of Scott's narration. The iambic pentameter is best suited for the various manipulations to which language is subjected in poetry, and hence has long been the favourite metre in literature; but Scott maintained, perhaps justly, that

the pentameter was unnatural, being too long by two syllables, and that English poetry was most readily written in tetrameters, the poet, in fact, having to employ some unnecessary or ornamental term for the extra foot of the pentameter, as in the following couplet:—

“ Achilles' wrath to Greece the *direful* spring
Of woes unnumbered *Heavenly* Goddess sing.”

The subject of this first stanza is martial faith and courtesy, thus reminding us of Roderick's chivalrous conduct in the last canto and that about to be described. The transposition in it is called *anastrophe*, and makes the sentence *periodic*, i.e., throws the chief words to the end, thus keeping the thought suspended till the last.

1 **Beam.** A *tree* or *log*, hence by *metr.* a collection or pencil of rays, but frequent use has worn the *metr.* away, and the word has assumed the fig. meaning as one of its ordinary meanings; this is a common occurrence in the history of words.

2 **Bewildered.** Used *literally*, by poetic license = lost in the wilderness. The ordinary meaning is *metaphorical*.

3 **Smiles and brow** contain *personal metrs.*

4 **Torrents.** Saxon possessive, used for the Norman, often occurring in poetry. It is shorter, older, less usual, and more personal.

5 **Mountain-side.** A poetic compound, used for brevity; for the same reason the *article* is omitted.

6 **Far as that,** etc. *Simile* and *anaphora*.

7 **Horror and danger.** Metonymy—quality for thing.

8 **Faith and Courtesy.** Written as if personified, but a moment's thought shows that there is an implied comparison to a star, hence *metr.*

9 **Storms, clod, brow, and War,** are all used *metaphorically*; war is compared to night.

The capitals here are for emphasis.

1 **Fair.** A. S. *faeger*; this word has followed the tendency of English to drop gutturals. Cf. nail, hail, sail, I, taught, etc. Literally it = *bright*; hence its many uses to apply to anything physically or morally pleasing. A good exercise might be had from tracing all the meanings of such words from the original, telling which are figurative and by which figure formed, or by giving phrases containing the word in each of its meanings, with their synonyms, thus: fair copy (free from blemish); fair nonsense (pure); fair landscape (pleasing to the eye); fair lady (beautiful); fair skin (free from dark hue); fair hair (of a light shade); fair day (free from clouds); fair wind (favourable); fair view (unobstructed); fair winter (open); fair fortune (prosperous); fair spoken (frank); fair play (impartial); fair dreams (pleasing); fair prospects (hopeful); fair success (moderate).

The word must be distinguished also from *fair*, a market, Lat. *feria*, and from *fare*, A. S. *faran*, to go.

2 **Pilgrim** (per. ager) = L., *peregrinus*; Prov., *pelegrin*. This word shows well the tendency of liquid letters to vary and interchange. The word is used here in its *literal* sense.

4 **Torrents.** Words in *ant* and *ent* were the Latin present participles; the forms in 'ant' come mostly through the French.

6 **Although, allowing all that; though** is an old case of *that*.

8 **Courtesy**, from Lat.; cohors—cors—hortus; Ger., garten = garden or yard. The word *court* originally meant a yard, then a select troop, then a select body around the sovereign, and hence the actions peculiar to such a body.

9 **Cloud**. A clot or clod of vapour.

2.—In all works of fiction the interest should deepen as the story advances, culminating just before the unravelling of the plot. This is well observed throughout this poem. Our tender feeling has been first awakened for each of the individuals, including even Roderick, and then, fold after fold, the plot has been woven, now till everyone of our friends is in trouble. Alarm, terror and distress are everywhere. Ellen is alone and in distress, in a terrible cave, deserted by her father, who has gone we know not whither, and by her lover, whom Roderick's jealousy and her father's outlawry keep from her side; the Douglas, believing himself the cause of all the trouble to his friends, yet scorning to lift a rebellious spear against his sovereign, whom he loves, has suddenly disappeared; Roderick, smarting under the pangs of unrequited love, thwarted schemes, and successful rivalry, and alarmed by the approach of the royal troops, is mustering his clan for the terrible, though desperate struggle; and finally, Fitz-James, whose violent love has tempted him back, disappointed in love, the probable deliverer of Ellen, the self-appointed avenger of Blanche, is betrayed by his guide, hunted as a spy, and threatened by a clansman whom his bold words have offended. The plot is at its darkest, and *the meeting of these two is the first step in the unravelling*, or the removal of the obstacles, as it is called. Here then we have the most intense interest culminating, and as the chief interest of the poem centres round these two, their meeting was well left for this important place. All the powers of the poet are now required to maintain the action, and he has well succeeded. The incidents are most striking, the descriptions grand, the dialogue powerful and characteristic, the action rapid and well marked, and the harmony of interest, of character, of scene, and of language, well maintained.

The *description* in the first three stanzas should be carefully noted; its characteristics will be found to be the same as those already pointed out in Canto I., *variety* being given by the progress of the travellers. *Colour* is again prominent, as in fair, sheen, red, dappled sky, varied hues, green, gray, bracken green, heather black.

Soldier matins. A poetic condensation; they were not matins for soldiers, but *short* because said by soldiers.

Wildering path. A poetic word = wild. The *exclamatory* form adds *vivacity* and *reality* to the description.

It rivals all, etc. Descriptions in fiction are for the purpose of raising the *fine art emotions*; *i. e.*, pleasurable feelings; hence the *illustrative language* should *harmonize* as in this comparison.

Twinkling, glimmer (gleam), dappled (daub), muttered (mu), and thicket (thick), are examples of various diminutive endings. Diamond (adamant); then (than); fair (fair and fare); sheen (shine); rouse (raise); awaked (watch, wait, bivouac, vigil); hue (hue and cry); winded (to twine or to blow), show that words are made by retaining different forms of the same word, and that words sometimes accidentally assume the same form. There are many of both classes.

Short. Probably a participle from shear, cognate with sheer, shire, shore, share. *Short* and *rude* are adjs. to meal.

Plaid. A Gaelic word from *pcallaid* = sheepskin; *pcall* = skin; Cf. *pellis, fell*.

Hawthorn. *Hedge* thorn. **Bursting** has no substantive expressed,—a condensed style only allowed in poetry. Supply "is" in the second last line and the *pleonasm* will be removed.

3.—There are few illustrative figures in this stanza. *Personal metaphor* occurs several times.

An hundred men prepares for the struggle in Canto VI.

Pass's jaws. The harshness of sound here is scarcely justified, even if for harmony, and "cause" is not the proper word to use.

Flows—Rose. The agreement of tense broken for the sake of rhyme. Down, lake, road, stern, host, shrub, and shingle, are words that have several meanings, being derived from different roots. Derive them.

Hardihood. Bravery, a Teutonic word, but used also in French; the "i" is a remnant of a connecting syllable, as in handiwork, nightingale, black-a-moor. In Latin compounds it is *l*, as *æriform*; in Greek *o*, as *æromaut*.

Where (and other words with "wh"), *might*, and *sought*, have dropped the guttural sound.

4.—This long dialogue savours of the *drama*, and must be examined as to its *object* and *effect*. In a work of art nothing should be introduced without some *special reason*. A dialogue is judged by the *natural effect* the *speakers* produce, by arousing various emotions; it is also used to *develop the plot* by carrying on the story. A further use is made of it in *exhibiting* and *calling forth* the *characteristics* of the individuals, and expressing them in appropriate language. In this dialogue all these uses appear, as will be shown. Fitz-James shows many of his traits of character in this stanza; thus his *contempt for danger* and *law*, shows his *bravery* and his superior station, for such is meant by his superiority to the laws given to the "poor mechanic." In olden times farm labourers were, for the most part, restricted to their parish, and only the "poor mechanic" would travel, seeking employment, but knights could wander at will; in fact, it was the duty of the knight-errant to go about seeking to do good.

Dangerous. See vi. 28.

Mist slumbering on yon hill. This is a very happy simile, *poetic, suggestive* and *picturesque*; every word has its force. Mist is easily *imagined*—suggests morning—and also calmness, and hence peace. **Slumbering** has the *personal* interest, and suggests night, the time of mists. **Yon hill** *fancies* the hill actually before us. This *comparison* of the mental quiet of peace and the physical quiet of mist, shows the nature of a simile. The two things must be dissimilar, and the force of the figure consists in the *unexpected, fanciful similarity* asserted. A metaphor differs from a simile only in omitting, for brevity, the formal comparison. Frequently the same expression contains both a simile and a metaphor, as the one before us. The following couplet is a fine example containing, besides the simile, four or five other figures:—

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

Sooth, obj. of to tell, which itself is an absolute infinitive. **Try**, infinitive after (*didst*). Yet it is a question whether this also may not be an absolute infinitive, as it would be in French. **Ask**, inf. after **hast**. **As gives**.—*As*, is usually called a relative pron. after *such* and *same*. However, there is no difficulty in explaining *as* as a relative adverb in all such cases, except when it occurs as an apparent subject, as in the case before us. The idea of comparison involved in *as* is foreign to the function of a relative pronoun; yet in origin *as* is pronominal, and the ellipsis, if supplied, would sometimes change the sense; hence, the difficulty in explaining its use. The choice lies between supplying the complete ellipsis, of which *as* is the representative, and taking *as* to be a substantive word, either a relative pronoun or a substantive adverb. **Enough** is an adj., qualifying the succeeding sentence. **A falcon flown**, etc. These nouns are in apposition with *cause*. Note the peculiar use of the adjs. *flown* and *strayed*, logically equivalent to a verbal noun, which is the real logical subject of the thought. **Dangerous** belongs to *path*; it is the complement of "to be," which when supplied would be the retained complementary object, after the passive verb "be known." **Self** and **alone** are expedients for emphasizing the restriction to danger; for the same purpose we use *mere*, *very*, *simply* itself, etc. "Alone" belongs to danger.

5.—Now we learn why the royal troops were marching, and we see Roderick's mistake. We also get a hint that there will probably be a conflict. Roderick's bold defiance is well set off by the figures used.

Under the circumstances Fitz-James' words are imprudently bold, but in poetry we admire generous impulse, and prefer it to selfish consideration. But the bravery of these heroes of Scott is *too poetic* to be *human*, and is too persistently thrust forward.

Ye. This use of ye in the singular is not common.

By my word. An exclamatory asseveration; supply *I swear*.

Aught. Adverbial object of degree.

Had, be and were, are in the subjunctive mood.

Brave. *inverted epithet*. It is a remnant of the old use of brave in romance poetry, with its original meaning—bright coloured.

Save as, etc. Supply "that I knew him;" this will make a noun sentence obj. of *save*, and the whole will be adverbial to "knew;" *man* and *chief* agree in case with **him**, to which they are connected by *as*, an adv. conjunction. Care must be taken in supplying the ellipsis to govern these words as "him" is governed.

Nought—Ne-ought = naught—and should be so spelled.

Guard is the French form of the word; *ward* is the English form. Compare, also, warder, guardian; wile, guile; wise, guise; war, guerre. These words are different forms of the same Teutonic roots.

6.—One object of this arraignment is evidently to give Roderick an opportunity of vindicating his character from these stains that Ellen, Allan, Malcolm, and now Fitz-James accuse him of. His indignant justification of himself following after his great troubles, and his chivalrous treatment of Fitz-James, are well able to enlist our feelings once more for him. This, of course, adds powerfully to the interest in the contest in which he, owing to his own generosity, is defeated.

Wrathful, more commonly *wrathful*. When an adj. is thus placed first for emphasis, it should refer to the subject or object, but the construction is changed here so as to make some quality of clansman (scowl) the subject. This construction is liable to ambiguity, but it is frequently used.

That (a) shameful, etc. This shows the ambiguity that sometimes arises from the omission of the article.

What. An adverbial object of degree.

If he stood, etc. A substantive clause, "if" = "whether."

His due, i.e., proper authority of a sovereign; the office or title (sovereignty) is here used for the person by *metonymy*. The turbulence of the times is mentioned further to excuse Roderick. (See explanatory notes.)

Mewed (Lat. *muto*). A hawking term = to shut up while moulting. Hence, to shut up as in a cage.

But then. Generally used to introduce some modification to a previous concession; the sentence is *exclamatory*. *Winning* and *wrenching* are in apposition with *life*.

Methinks. The construction here is:—A soul . . . borne thinks (to) me: the noun sentence is the subject; *thinks* is intransitive. A. S. *thyncan*, to seem. *Think*, to reason, is from A. S. *thincan*, to think.

7.—There is a sort of poetic justice in the Highland raids on the Lowland usurpers that justifies, in poetry, Roderick's conduct. This is the most powerful as well as the most *poetic* portion of his defence. The *poetic interest* is produced by various means. A picture is drawn before our "delighted eye" and maintained throughout by such words as "yon mountain," "yon river," "see rudely swell," "yon plain." *Metaphors* abound, "iron hand," "savage hill," "fortress," "heir." *Erotic*, "where dwell we now." *Anaphora*, "ask we, etc." *Personification*, in the reply of the mountain. *Metonymy* and *Hyperbole*, "ten thousand." *Anacoenosis*, "thinkest thou," and "where live, etc." There is also a vigour in the *sentiments* and *patriotism* of Roderick that gives animation to his words.

Grim the while. Grim (ly) is here an adverb; the adj. form is used in poetry for its brevity, its poetic effect by being removed from the prose form, and its *sensuous* effect, since adjs. approach the noun in meaning more nearly than the adverb.

The while is an adverbial object, rarely so used now but by the Scotch. **May** = can, its old meaning, yet used in poetry on account of its *quaintness*.

One. Individual or head, not herd.

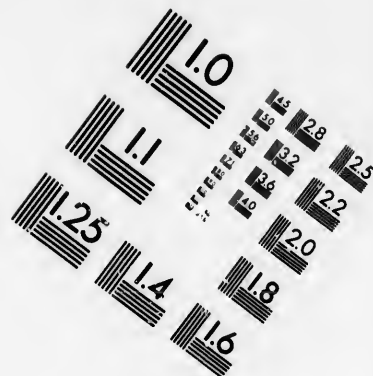
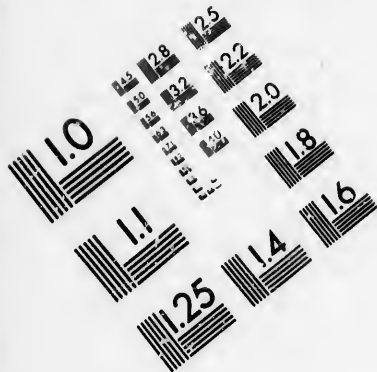
Shall. As the resolution of the subject is here meant and not constraint, *shall* is improperly used for *will*—a frequent mistake in Scott.

North. The capital is thus used when, by metonymy, the direction is put for the inhabitants or district.

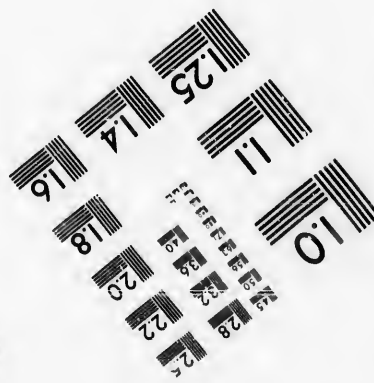
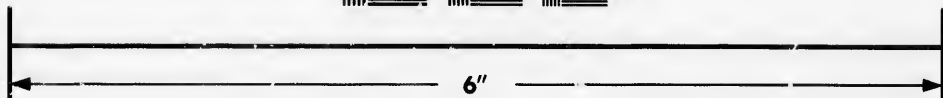
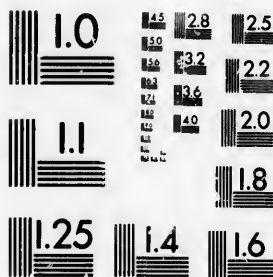
Yonder. Yon-d-er; the *d* is probably a strengthening consonant after the liquid *n*. Similarly *m* often takes *b*, as number, chamber; sound, land, etc.

Stranger. Lat. *extra*, out, beyond. We have the direct Latin word *extraneous*, and the French *strange*, a corruption of it. The *g* in strange is old *j*, which is another form of *i* = *e* in *cous*.





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Sires. Fr. *sire, sieur*. L. *senior*, comp. of *senex*, old. Other forms of it are, sir, seigneur, signor, messieurs.

Yore. Noun cognate with *ere* and *year*.

Target and claymors. The Gaelic words = a *hide* and a *great sword*.

Rest. L. *re-sto*, to stand; the A. S. (*rast*) rest = relaxation.

Robber. Cognate with *rap, reave, rive, and rove*. A double consonant in the middle of a word in English has always indicated a short preceding vowel. The same is true to some extent in other parts of a word. The antiquity of this orthographical expedient is shown by the spelling of the *Ormulum*, the writer of which recommends its general adoption. It has given us our chief rule for spelling, *i.e.*, doubling the consonant to preserve the short sound of the vowel.

8.—Fitz-James' last accusation and Roderick's excuse are both rather lame.

And if, etc. (and in vi.) **And heardst.** When *and* is used thus with questions it seems to indicate that the speaker wishes to suggest a further argument that his opponent has omitted.

(That) **I seek, etc.** N. sent. in appn. to *warning*.

Nor. Poetic for *and not*; yet a concessive conj.

Even as a spy. Even modifies what follows, "as (thou art) a spy"

Save, etc. A phrase limiting the previous general statement by excepting a particular purpose. As *save* takes either the nominative or accusative after it, it may be taken as a preposition governing, or an old participle in opposition with the noun sentence. "That you are condemned to fulfill, etc."

I come. We thus use the present for the future, if it is near, or if the verb follows, when, till, after, as soon as, etc.; the reason is that there was no ending for the future tense in the old language, and the present (subjunctive) was used instead.

As I (pant) until before, etc. The change of construction sounds awkward.

Mood, A. S. *mod*. passion; but Lat. mood = *modus*, a manner.

9—This episode is taken from actual facts; the story is told of a noted freebooter. It is most skilfully brought in, and with Scott's usual startling abruptness; the previous dialogue is well conducted, so as to show the *personal* enmity of the two men, and this occurs at the very nick of time, for by another of his "happy coincidences" they have just come to the midst of Roderick's clan lying in "ambuscade."

The description is admirable. Every word tells. Every circumstance is mentioned, and seems to render the scene more varied; the language is remarkably correct for Scott, and the illustrations natural, while the terrible announcement is most effectively given at the last. Yet, when we get time to think of it, how improbable it appears that Roderick should go through this theatrical performance for one stray soldier. However poetic the circumstance is, it is on a par with his other romantic and chivalrous exploits; while quivering on the eve of battle, he sleeps apart and without guards; he goes off on a long journey, and that away beyond his outposts, when he knows the royal troops are advancing upon him; and he throws away his target in order to

have no advantage over his opponent whom he had determined to kill. Such improbabilities interfere with our enjoyment of the story.

Sprung up at once the lurking foe. Scott mostly uses the form in *u* for the past tense. This is a fair specimen of a *poetic line*. *Sprung* and *foe*, the subject and verb, occupy the *places of emphasis* at the beginning and end. *Sprung* being especially emphatic, owing to the *hyperbaton*; *foe* is also an important word, and hence is well suited for the important office of *bearing the rhyme*. Every word has a meaning in the line. It is also the close of a *periodic clause*.

Full (y) five. *Full* as an adverb is a great favourite with poets. Here it modifies the numeral.

Yawning. This attribute is really part of the assertion; yet it is taken as a quality already known to belong to the hill, by a sort of condensation resembling *prolepsis*.

All. An indefinite numeral in apposition with *they*.

Like. An adverb modifying *hung*. **Craze**, obj. after *like* or (to). This is a good specimen of a *periodic sentence*.

10.—Notice in this Fitz-James' bravery and the sudden disappearance of the band.

Come one. One is in apposition with (thou) the subject of the imperative.

Shall fly. This is mere futurity, hence *shall* is an auxiliary or relational verb; *will* is more frequently used for this purpose in the 3d person, though *shall* may be, to some extent, justified by the fact that it is the ordinary verb for mere futurity, and should be used on all occasions where it would not lead to ambiguity. We must, however, supply *will* after *I*.

Gown sunk, etc. Another strong line.

Jack. (Fr. *Jaque*; Lat. *Jacobus*, James) = a coat of mail, hence diminutive *jacket*. *Jagues* is the most common name among the French, and hence it is taken as a type of anything common. In this sense it was borrowed into English; hence it means John, the most common name; any common implement—*boot-jack*, etc.,—a coat of mail—common to all, a male, a common fellow.

Cold, from its appearance, either as devoid of colour, or of life; it comes in very effectively here as a contrast to the previous scene.

11.—The alarm of Fitz-James is well depicted here.

Road, a *metaphor* taken from the Bible. **Leant** is not now used out of poetry. **Dreaming (that) etc.**, an adj. to "you," with a noun sentence as object.

Wont. P. participle of A.S. *wonian*, to live, to be accustomed.

Rife. Same as *ripe*. Here it means abounding in, alive.

Wind. Present tense for the rhyme.

Fancy. Gr. *phaino*, to appear. The frequent use of this word has given us its English spelling. It is used here more with the meaning of *imagination*. The two terms were synonymous, fancy being more frequently used in poetry, owing to its form. Cf. Dryden:

"'Tis fancy in her fiery car
Transports me to the thickest war."

But fancy mostly refers to something light, trifling, or merely verbal, while imagination is now the technical term for the quality of the mind that produces fancies and illusions.

12.—The three lakes are Katrine, Achray, and Vennachar, the country between them, the Trosachs. On the plain there is a mound called the *Dun* of Bochastle, supposed to be the site of an old Roman camp. Again, we are alarmed about Roderick, for this is where Fitz-James said his horses wait. (See iv., 17.)

Eagle wings. Referring to the eagle on the Roman ensign.

Target. This generous act of Roderick cost him his life, for he was trained to use the target as a shield; hence without it he was no match for a trained fencer, who used his blade as sword and shield. Yet it heightens our respect for the bold chieftain, and we feel the *irony* in his repetition of his faults. Shakespeare, in "Hamlet," makes Paris the best fencing school, but there is probably a slight anachronism in Scott's use of the art so early, as also the equality in the duel.

Man to man. An absolute phrase. The couplet is very forcible; its sudden energy startles us, though we half expected it. **Keep thee.** R. literally fulfilled his promise (see iv., 31). The phrase is an apt one for "defend thyself." We must not forget that Roderick's pride probably led him to count on an easy victory. The stranger had claimed his hospitality, hence he could not refuse it; he was true to the traditional honour of his clan, and gave all that was asked, "Rest, and a guide, and food and fire." But vengeance must come, and Roderick would disdain to ask assistance against one man.

13.—The difference between the two men is shown by the dogged determination of Roderick to take vengeance; and the grateful and generous impulse of Fitz-James that leads him to offer to rescind his vow.

By prophet bred, refers to Brian's birth; *bred* now usually means *brought up*—a secondary meaning. It may be cognate with *brew*, and the Welsh *breud*, warm. Hence its literal meaning would be to "generate by heat," to "produce." The old expression, "bred and born," may thus be literally correct in order of time, and no *hysteron proteron* read interpreted. The death of Murdock thus preserves the truth of prophecy as required by the laws of fiction.

Stark and stiff. Synonymous terms.

Strengths. Strongholds, an unusual meaning. "Native" means "natural," belonging to the land.

Alone, none, alone, only and lonely, are all compounds of *one*.

Spills, another form of spoils = destroys, the old meaning.

Conquer Lat. *con-queror*, to seek for) meant originally to acquire in any manner.

Plight never applied to property as "pledge." It is a Gothic word: A.S. *pliht*; Ger. *Pflicht*. Milton's "*plighted* clouds" is another word from Lat. *plecto*, to weave or fold.

14.—Roderick's anger is aroused not merely by the death of his clansman and the proposal of homage, but by the goading thought that the

very fates were turning against him, a thought that exasperates him to more determined revenge; hence his sarcastic words. His allusion to the braid of hair is employed to overcome Fitz-James' reluctance, and it reminds us as well of the unfortunate Blanche, so that we now sympathise once more with her avenger, who also bids for our favour by refusing to call assistance, though it was near. This short combat is one of Scott's happiest efforts; nothing can exceed the nervous vigour of the language. The recital and explanation of the events are briefly given; we are made to look at the contest before our eyes, and sympathise now with one, now with the other. The illustrations are striking. The interest is most intensely exciting, and is maintained to the last by concealing the result.

To name. An infinitive (gerundial) modifying *so*; or supply, "as it must soar high."

He. An effective pleonasm.

Carpet knight. An old epithet for a knight too effeminate to fight. (Lat. *carpo*, to pluck, wool.)

Truce. (Cognate with *true*) nom. of address, but the line is merely *exclamatory*.

Odds. Probably from *owe*, and = one *owed* over from the even number; *own* is a verb derived from *owe*, either the participle or inf. *own*, the adj. is the participle; *ought* is from the weak participle.

Quarrel. Usually a dispute, here = a contest; literally = a complaint (quæror).

Falchion is properly a short, crooked sword. Lat. *falx*, a sickle.

As (they would look on) what they, etc. Note the grammar. Each is 3d sing., and requires a pron. to correspond.

15.—**Fared.** (A. S. *faran* to go) = (1) to travel; (2) to happen well or ill; (3) to feed. Trace these to the root.

Trained. See "wrathful" in v. 6. It refers not to blade but to *James*, a construction caused by a change of subject during the progress of the sentence.

Death. A *metonymy* of effect for cause.

Drank. A *personal metaphor*. It adds force to the description to represent the blade thus thirsting for blood, a figure frequently used in poetry, which sprung from the habit of attributing supernatural power and life to the swords of heroes, which largely pertains through mediæval poetry.

Fierce, from Lat. *ferox*, cruel. It is the French form, the direct Latin form being *ferocious*. The word is here little more than a mere *ornamental epithet*, an expedient often made use of in poetry to throw in an additional pleasure by calling attention to some striking quality. Note also the *alliterative harmony* in the fear expressed by the repetition of the *f*. The alliteration of 10, 11, 12 and 13 should be noted.

Ta'en. The guttural (k) is dropped in order to combine the two syllables into one, a license too frequently employed in poetry. Many of the contractions, however, are euphonic, and have passed into the current language: such as *morn*, *eve*, *had*, *made*; it is simply the *euphonic corruption*, everywhere present in language, resulting from a rapid and careless pronunciation, whereby unaccented syllables are slurred over and ultimately dropped out. Examples are numerous. Thus, from

this stanza, it is well exemplified by the dropping of the guttural in whose, what (Cf. *quhat*, Lat. *quid*), tough (tug), hide (Cf. Lat. *cutis*), ward (Cf. guard), war (Cf. Fr. *guerre*), draught (drink), rain (A. S. *regen*), rage (Lat. *rabies*), advantage (*ad-ab-ante-ago*), (k)nee (Lat. *genu*, Gr. *gonu*), chieftain (Lat. *caput*), brought (bring). Note that English words here have dropped the guttural—an evident improvement. In *draught* and *tough* the *u* is pronounced *f*, probably a mistake, owing to the fact that *u* and *v* were formerly written alike. (Cf. *w*.)

On the other hand, as accent has caused sounds to drop out from the beginning, middle, or end of a word, so it has caused the accented syllables to be strengthened by additions; of these various processes, names and examples may be found in any book on etymology. In poetry, this principle is sometimes employed for effect, as in adown, deary, shrilly.

16.—This concludes the famous struggle. It is a powerful stanza; its sudden transitions are startling and keep the interest at the highest till the last moment.

Yield thee. Fitz-James' generosity leads him again to forget his vow, but it pleases us, and is in striking contrast with Roderick's unyielding bravery and pride.

Like, etc. The repeated similes are, here, a source of *strength*, by dwelling on the *rapidity* till we have a vivid idea of it; they are *appropriately* taken from the natives of the forest.

Now, etc. This word adds *reality* to the *exclamatory apostrophe*.

No maiden's hand means more than it expresses; not merely not a weak hand, but a very strong one. The figure is called *litotes*, and is very common in ordinary conversation.

They tug, they strain; down, down they go. Here we have *imitative harmony*, *epizeuxis*, *asyndeton* (omitting conjunctions), and *emphatic arrangement*.

His. Note the *weakening effect* of the repetition of this word. Moreover, it does not always refer to the same antecedent as it should.

But hate, etc. Note the effect of the dash and the arrestive *but*.

Odds of deadly game is rather *weak* in this momentous place: it is one of those convenient phrases that Scott seems to have at hand when in an emergency for rhyme, the frequent use of which led Byron to speak of the "fatal facility of the tetrameter line."

Reeled, etc. The repetition here of almost synonymous terms adds to the effect, which is further increased by the *balanced structure* and the unexpected destination of the blow.

17.—After a slight pause for relaxation after the intense excitement of the struggle, during which Fitz-James *literally* fulfils his vow, we are led rapidly to Stirling to see the archery games, though we reluctantly leave Roderick.

Die or live, i.e., it is his whether he die or live. His praise here and in vi., 29, is *generic*, and is very pleasing. It is probably imitated from the ballads. Cf.:—

" The Percé leanyde on his brand,
And sawe the Duglas de;
He tooke the déde man be the hande

And sayd, "Wo ys me for the ;
To have sayvde thy lyffe I wold have partyd with
My landes for years thre,
For a better man of harte nare of hande
Was not in all the north countrè."—*Chevy Chase.*

Squires. The attendant of a knight. Latin *scutum*, a shield, and *gero*, to carry; hence, *scutiger*, a shield-bearer. To this the French added a euphonic initial *e*, making it *escuyer*, from which we get *esquire* and *squire*, and "Esq.," now used as a general title of respect. This French *e* is seen also in estate (*sta*), espy (spy, Lat. *specio*), etc.

Palfrey. Originally an *extra* horse. Probably from Low L. *parapedus*. Gr. *para*, beside, and *veredus*, contr. from *velo*, to carry, and *rheda* a carriage. Usually applied in the ballads to a lady's horse.

Boune. An old participle of Norse *bera*, to make ready; it is now strengthened to *bound*.

Weed. Clothing, from *weave*.

I will before, etc. An ellipsis often found in old poetry. Note Scott's fondness for names, leading him to mention each man.

18. **Bayard.** Scott was intensely fond of horses and dogs. "Scott's life might well be fairly divided (into reigns) by the succession of his horses and dogs. The reigns of Captain, Lieutenant, Brown Adam, Daisy, divide at least the period up to Waterloo; while the reigns of Sybil, Grey, and the Covenanter divide the period of Scott's declining years." As the poet has to interest us now after the *sublime* contest, his aim is to do so by a rapid succession of events. The noble horse and his splendid rider are shown us before they start their rapid career, but the impetuosity of the gallop reminds us of the other noble steed that lay dead in the mountains.

They rise, etc. An example of *pleonasm*. It is borrowed from the old ballads, and hence adds quaintness to the lines. Such also are *site*, *might* (could), *right-hand*, *merry-men*. Here again we have a number of unimportant places mentioned. They all lie on the Firth between Callender and Stirling.

496 **Glance,** obj. compl. infinitive, after mark.

Stanzas 17 and 18 are weak, but contrast with the sublimity of the contest.

19. By another lucky coincidence we are suddenly brought into Douglas' company. He is immediately recognized by Fitz-James, and this leads us to wonder why Fitz-James himself was not recognized by those on the island.

Whom. But for the rhyme, probably, Scott would have written *who*, as he evidently meant, but as it stands we must suppose it to mean (*from*) *whom*.

Groom—man, a meaning it has also in *bridegroom*. It is the radical meaning. Goth. *guma*, a man; Cf. Lat. *homo*.

Jealousy. Lat. *zelus*, zeal. The jealousy that one courtier has of another is alluded to, but the reader scarcely understands the sarcasm unless he knows who the speaker is. Note that the poet purposely makes the affection of the king sharper than the jealousy or fear of the attendant.

Like form, etc. These two lines contain a construction not strictly correct. Supply (another).

Saint Srie. It was customary for knights to solicit the favour of particular saints, and, in asseverating, to call them to witness and to swear by them. The more common of these adjurations passed into mere oaths used to add vigour to language. Scott was severely criticized by Jeffrey, the critic of the *Edinburgh Review*, for making James swear by so obscure a saint, but he probably found many such in old ballads: Cf. "The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel."

The king. It is the King who is speaking. His words have one meaning to De Vaux and another to the reader, who is thus purposely thrown off his guard.

20.—We have here an *explanatory monologue*. Such an expedient is often employed by poets.

Bride of Heaven, implying that he had made arrangements to have Ellen become a nun in case he was slain.

**How excellent; but that is by,
And now my business is—to die.**

In the first line there is an *aposiopesis*; there is also an intense meaning in *by* and an almost *epigrammatic* turn in the effect of the dash. His *intense emotion justifies* his exclamation to "ye tovers" and thou "fatal mound." He refers to the murder of William, Earl of Douglas, in 1452, by James II., for refusing to abandon an alliance into which he had entered. The mound is "Hurley Hacket," the heading-hill near the castle. Murdoch, Duke of Albany, Duncan, Earl of Lennox, and Walter and Alexander Stuart were executed near it.—SCOTT.

Morrice dancers. Moorish dancers, in imitation of the Moors. Note the *alliterative pairs* in the latter part of this stanza.

Play my prize. A form of expression frequently used by old writers.

Wonder. A *metonymy*, quality for possessor.

Climbed. The *b* is not radical in this and such words as dumb, thumb, lamb, numb, crumb, etc.; it was added as a strengthening consonant after *m*, followed by some ending. When this ending dropped the *b* became silent.

Vengeance. (*Vim*, force; *dico*, to say); *m* changed to *n*. Vindication is the direct Latin.

Ransom. Redemption (*re-de-emp-ion*), *m* to *n* and *n* to *m*.

Sovereign. (Lat. *supra-an*). Its supposed connection with *reign* misled early writers. It should be *souvan*.

Sports. (Lat. *dis-porto*, to carry); *s* is a remnant of *dis*, dropped because unaccented.

21.—An unimportant stanza, but it must be remembered as a striking contrast to the evening scene. The emphatic "But" introduces a discordant element. The presence of the reluctant chiefs shows what grounds Roderick had for suspecting the King's actions, and in a measure justifies that part of the plot.

Shame. Modesty, as in *shamefaced*.

He chose. The proper use of conjunctions is one of the main fea-

tures of a good style, and the critical investigation of their force is very important in a literary analysis. Their omission or repetition has sometimes a rhetorical effect (asyndeton and polysyndeton), but they may sometimes be omitted without affecting the style or meaning. This happens when the relation expressed is very close (when they are useless), or very remote (when they are absurd): if an effect is stated, and followed immediately by a cause, as here, the conjunction is often omitted. The student should accustom himself to detect the relation of sentences to each other, and thus test the use of the connectives.

And chiefs, who, hostage, etc. If *hostage* is in apposition with *who*, we would expect *clans*; if with *each*, we should have *his*.
Each is in apposition with *who*; the part, with the whole.

Commons' King, i.e., the King who loved the common people. But James' object in courting the common people was to destroy the power of the nobles, whom the feudal system had rendered almost independent of the throne. This elevation of the town people, to counterbalance the nobility, had already been done in England by Hen. VII. and in France by Louis XI. From the latter country he also introduced the hired soldiery—a nucleus of a standing army—as a still more powerful means of furthering his schemes.

Jennet, a Spanish horse; Sp. *ginete*, a light horse soldier.

Doſſing, taking off = *do-off*; Cf. *don* = *do-on*, to put on.

Peer. Lat. *par*, equal = one's equal; hence, one fit to be a companion for nobles; hence, a noble.

Visage. Lat. *video*, to see; Fr. *visage*, the face.

Gray tower, i.e., old castle, a suggestive phrase. Tower, from Lat. *turris*.

22. The poet here gives us a glimpse of the old games of the people as distinguished from those of the knights; it is, however, the old English games, and not the Scotch, that he has given. The characters mentioned are taken from old poems, especially Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*. The stories of Robin Hood compose the *epic of our greenwoods*. He is supposed to have lived as an outlaw about the time of Edward II. As he protected the poor from the rapacity of the "rich carles," he speedily became a popular hero and the favourite subject of the songs of the people, and of their masques, too, as here. Douglas' wonderful shooting belongs to the regions of poetic ideal; it is borrowed from the ballads of Robin Hood and his times, as are most of the particulars mentioned. Cf.

"The first time Robin shot at the pricke
He met but an inch it froe;
The yeoman he was an archar good,
But he could never shoote soe."

"The second shoote had the wighte yeoman,
He shote within the garlande;
But Robin he shot far better than hee,
For he clave the good pricke wande."—*Robin Hood*.

23.—Two o'er the rest, and For life, etc. The abrupt statements of results merely is a condensation in imitation of the ballad, as a glance at Percy's *Reliques* will show; Cf., also, "Alice Brand."

And moralise, etc. The past is in the imagination always removed from reality, and clothed in the brightest colours. Poets of all ages have taken advantage of this fact to moralise on present degeneracy and to idealize the past. This sentiment is contained in such phrases as "the olden time," "the good old time," "the times gone by," "of yore," "the golden age." Scott probably imitates Homer in introducing the games here. The circumstances are borrowed to some extent from the games in the Iliad at the funeral of Patroclus.

24.—We are shown what a popular hero this imaginary Douglas was. The touch of satire at the end is natural. This also comes from the legendary ballads, where the freebooters, when captured, had to exhibit their skill before the King, and always gained the popular sympathy.

The head is a Scotticism; **each son**, an awkward condensation.

For he, etc., a pleonasm. The sentence is really not completed, and hence not intended to be grammatical; *he* is not in construction, and hence is independent of the sentence.

Their wont, i.e., the old, the young, and the women had each their own way of judging.

The honoured place, the place of honour. *Place* is the complementary obj. after *held*.

25.—The stag is a pure invention of Scott's. We have seen that the circumstances were taken from old legends, and the sentiments from the classics.

This stanza touches us more deeply than the previous parts of the games; it appeals to our strong liking for pets, especially dogs. Our interest is further aroused by making Lufra Ellen's favourite. The blow to the dog is a trifling circumstance, and yet affords a happy and natural means of precipitating matters.

Needs has buffet for its subject.

Last, an adv.; **worst**, an adj.

Pity of the crowd. Scott himself had that narrow pride, but it does not chime with the noble address of Douglas to the people. If we are conscious of no weakness, we dislike pity only when we despise the source.

26.—The Douglas makes himself known. The King's assumed anger again throws the reader off his guard.

Nor craves, etc. *Nor* = and—not; *but* is a preposition followed by a phrase representing a noun clause, the whole forming an adverbial phrase of limitation to the negative verb.

James of Bothwell. The Douglas of the poem is a fictitious personage. The affection between him and the King, and his treatment by the King and courtiers, are founded on the story of one Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie, who had been appointed guardian of the young prince, and whom the latter called his "Greyspiel"—a man of immense stature and strength.

Brook (*A. S. brucan, to bear*) = to endure; *brook*, a stream, is cognate with *break*. The King's severity here is uncalled for, but it shows his desire to restrain the haughty pride of the nobles.

Atone the war. *Atone* means (1) to make one, to reconcile; (2) to

unite in one (obsolete); (3) to expiate: here it has the third meaning Cf.:

"Or each atone his guilty love with life."—POPE.

The object of these stanzas is to awaken our pity and admiration for the Douglas, which is done by showing his harsh treatment by the King, his place in the affections of the people, and his generous patriotism.

With flint, etc. There is an attempt in these few lines to *imitate* the tumult he is describing.

Knighthood, etc. This was called "dubbing him a knight." The ceremony was performed by giving the recipient a slight blow on the shoulder with the flat of the sword while proclaiming that he was a knight. There is a species of *metonymy* here, the ceremony for the honour. It was formerly performed by any knight, then by generals, now by the sovereign or his representative. Cf.

"Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword."—Lay, iv.

28.—**Gentle.** From Lat. *gens*, a race or family, hence it literally means "well-born" (*genteel*); then qualities suiting one of good breeding; hence, not rough, mild, amiable.

Fealty. Lat. *fideltas*; Fr. *fid*, to trust. *Fidelity* is the learned or direct Latin form of the word, and retains its original meaning, while *fealty* has a technical meaning, derived from its use in old law.

As must. See v. 4.

My kind = my kindred. By Grimm's law we know this word to be cognate with Lat. *gens*.

Captive hour—a species of *metonymy* and *transferred epithet*.

Begun refers to all that follows, but has no noun expressed.

Widow's mate. *Prolepsis*—*mate* means literally one measured. There is another word *mate*, as in checkmate; *shâh mât*, Persian for "the king is dead."

Keep your right to love me, which they could not do if he brought evil upon them.

29.—The sudden change in the crowd, from wild fury to tears, strikes us as strange, but not when we consider the power of a popular hero and the ignorance and debased condition of the "rabble" in those early times.

30.—This stanza completes the *contrast* between the King and Douglas in their sympathy with the people. The people know the genuine feeling of Douglas, and reward it with love, but the King, when disappointed, cruelly orders his horsemen to clear the ground, and complains of their fickleness.

Many poets have sung of the fickleness of the common people, but Scott here is most likely imitating Shakespeare, who also represented the lower classes as too despicable.

In "Coriolanus," a play founded on this fickleness of the Roman populace, Coriolanus says to them in Act I., 1:—

"What would you have, you curs,

* * * * *

With every minute you do change a mind,

And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland."

Note that this opinion has given us the word *mob*, from Lat. *mobile vulgus*, the fickle crowd.

Fantastic, etc. Note the *alliteration* to denote the sneering contempt or aversion. This is a species of *imitative harmony*, for the sound represented by "f," from its puffing nature has become associated with what is unpleasant to us; this is seen in such words as *fie*, *phew*, *fear*, *flee*, *faugh*, *fiddle de de*, *fec fa fum*, *fudge*.

A simile on each of the four words follows to intensify the effect.

31.—**Cognizance.** Crest or heraldic coat by which a knight could be known when his visor was down.

Keep bound. *Keep* is in the imperative, *bound* is its obj. Here we have another misunderstanding that leads to the battle in the next canto.

32.—How did the King know this? See v. 19.

Lily lawn. This is a strange expression to put into the mouth of a hurried soldier. It savours too much of the old ballads, and is out of keeping.

Spurned. One of those strong words that add force to expression. It belongs to the vocabulary of strength.

33.—The scene closes in sorrow and gloom, both in the palace and the town. The rumours through the town arouse our curiosity, and prepare us for the coming stanza.

Of old. *Aposiopesis*; it fills us with alarm for the Douglas, who now has all our sympathy.

CANTO VI.

1.—Again we have the beautiful introductory stanzas chiming in with the close of the former canto, and suggesting what is coming. It is morning; but the poet has too much sympathy with man and his sorrows to give us a description of external nature. Compare the reflections here with the opening lines of Canto ii. iii. and v.; in the latter the poet paints the reviving life, the serene beauty or the brilliant glory of awakening nature; but here it is the busy haunt of man, where each is aroused to his task of care. It is not, however, man as one of "nature's children" that feels morn's "genial influence," it is man in the "dark city," where "morn" too often awakes him to woe, happily forgotten while under the influence of "the kind nurse of men." This melancholy moral, drawn from natural phenomena, is quite characteristic of Scott; the sentiments that occur to him are mostly of a *sad nature*, and none can be more generally *touching*. The scene given here is intensified by selecting *individual cases*, and these of the most *suggestive* and *touching nature*, with which all the attending *circumstances* are in *gloomy harmony*; the dark city, the sullen glance, sinful man, nurse of men, red and struggling beam, feeble wail,—all help to deepen the impression.

The language is *simple and terse*, with few of those obsolete words, meaningless phrases, and forced arrangement, that so frequently deface Scott's page; yet they are not altogether absent. *Caitiff* is weak. *Student pale* is an inversion that adds no force, and if occurring too often, as it does in this poem, it shows weak poetic powers. *Gyve and jail* are too jingling for this solemn stanza. The strength, here, consists in the pity aroused by the *suggestive particulars* and *attending circumstances*, not by the language itself; indeed felicity of expression seems to be rarely arrived at by Scott. Yet we have here some very *expressive words*, such as *awakening*, *sullen*, *prowling*, *lagging*, *struggling*, *tormenting*, and *feeble*. *Kind nurse* is beautiful, but not original. Cf. Macbeth II. 2 :

"Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care ;
The death of each day's life, scree labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—"

and 2 Hen. IV., III. 1 :

"O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee?"

and Young :

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."—*Night Thoughts*.

Sullen. Lat. *solus*, alone; **task**, same as *tax*, by an interchange of letters called *metathesis*. Cf. ask, from A. S. *acsian*.

Caitiff. Lat. *captivus*. As late as Addison's time it meant captive, now only the attending state of wretchedness. It frequently happens thus, that when there were two words, or two forms of the same word having the same meaning, they divide the meaning, and thus gradually become desynonymized.

Summoning. Lat. *sub-moneo* = to advise privately; the *b* being assimilated to *m*. **Revellers.** Lat. *re-bellum*; war = to make a noisy uproar, as if fighting.

Prowling, from Fr. *proi*; Lat. *præda*, prey.

Pallet. (1) A small bed, from Fr. *paille*, Lat. *palea*, chaff; (2) a tool, from Lat. *pala*, a spade.

Hospital. This is the direct Latin word; *hotel* is the same word coming through the French.

Trembles. Lat. *tremor*, *tremo*, to shake; note that the *b* is not radical.

Lorn. Another form of lost; it is the old participle.

Couch. Con. with *loco*, to place; hence *collocare*, to collect.

For an account of these pentameter stanzas, see the introductory stanzas to the other cantos. They should be carefully studied, as they contain much real poetry, and connect us more directly with the poet's own heart and time. The joys and sorrows of the poor people, here touched upon, formed the subject of some of the finest poetry of Scott's age, a fact that we would never glean from his poems, so completely was he permeated with the spirit of the romantic past.

2.—These opening stanzas give us a well defined picture of the guard-

room and its wild occupants. The description in this second one is worth remarking—(1.) It is given at a *particular time—at dawn*; (2.) It proceeds from *generals to particulars*, giving the outside before the inside; (3.) The most *striking objects* are first mentioned,—the smoky air, the *comfortless alliance* of the lights; (4.) The various positions and occupations are *suggestive* of weariness and confusion.

Haggard, from *hawk* and *ard* = wild-looking, with sunken eyes. **Ali** is an adv.

Board, from broad by *metathesis*.

Beaker. A large drinking cup, probably connected with beak; *pitcher* is the same word.

3.—Many *descriptive particulars* are here happily introduced. Note the three sorts of soldiers mentioned:—(1.) The vassals of a feudal lord who gave military service for their lands; (2.) The clansmen of the Highlands following the head of the family or clan; (3.) Adventurers who “lived by battle,” *i. e.* Fired soldiers, a small body of which James V. first introduced as a *body-guard*. In this he imitated the monarchs of Europe, who now for the first time made use of standing armies. This gave them such power over the nobles, that James probably introduced such soldiers for the same purpose, as he had but a small following otherwise. These mercenary bands were very extensively employed by the republics of Italy. Note the national traits thrown in.

Halberd. A long handled axe; from Ger. *halm*, a handle, and *barte*, an axe.

Holytide. Holiday, *i. e.*, for the games. It is mentioned here to increase the effect; they were at their wildest, now that discipline was relaxed and wine plentiful. These mercenary soldiers are also introduced into the “Lay.” Cf.

“The camp their home, their law the sword,
They knew no country, owned no lord.”—*Lay of Last Minstrel*.

4.—**Burden**, from the French *bourdon*; (1) a drone; (2) the sound of such, a hum, hence the refrain of a song. It is sometimes spelled *burthen*, from a supposed connection with that word; and this accidental resemblance has modified the meaning somewhat.

Yeoman. One next below a gentleman, in England. A man of small estate. From A. S. *gaw*, a district, and *man*; or from *gemeine*, common, hence a common man.

Chaser of the deer. A common term applied to poachers in the old legendary ballads. It is a *periphrasis*.

Host. Lat. *hostis*, an enemy. War is meant. There are also host. Lat. *hospes*, a guest, and host, Lat., *hostia*, a sacrifice.

Catch | **troll** = song I sing. A *catch* is a song, the parts of which are *caught up* by different voices. It is from Lat. *capio*, to take; through O. Fr. *catcher*. Its participle has dropped the guttural. **Troll** = to roll; hence to sing a song in parts.

Buxom. Merry or vigorous. It is a favourite word with poets, being handed down from generation to generation, though it has long since passed out of the current language. It first meant “yielding,” obedient, as in,—

“*Buxom* to the lawe.”—*Piers Plowman*.

"Winnowed the *buxom* air."—MILTON, *P. L.* (same phrase in Spencer's "Faerie Queene.")

"Such *buxom* chief shall lead his host
From India's fires to Zembla's frost."—SCOTT, *Marmion*.

In the sense of obedience it was frequently applied to women; as this quality gradually lost its importance, the word lost its old meaning, and assumed another denoting those qualities desirable in women, lively, cheerful grace, as in,—

"A female heir
So *buxom*, blithe, and full of face
As heaven had lent her all his grace."—GOWER.

"So *buxom*, blithe, and debonnair."—MILTON, *L'Allegro*.

A. S., *bocsum*; Fr., *bugan*, to bow; Ger., *beugsam* = bowsome, easily bent.

Cut short. Cut is a participle qualifying games; short is an adv.

5.—The soldier's song is *characteristic*, singing the praises of wine and women, and satirically defiant of "the vicar." The metre is anapaestic tetrameter, with an agreeable mixture of iambics.

Wrath and despair. Referring to his denunciations.

Black-jack. A metonymy for the liquor it contained.

Seven deadly sins. Pride, Sloth, Gluttony, Lust, Avarice, Envy and Anger—from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.—TAYLOR.

Sack, from Fr., *sec*, dry; L., *siccus*, a dry wine.

Upsees. A Bacchanalian interjection, borrowed from the Dutch.—SCOTT. *Upsee Dutch* meant being drunk.

A fig for, etc. And care not a fig for the vicar. *Fig* is the adverbial object, probably derived from the Italian *fico*, a mode of insult by putting the finger in the mouth. Cf. French, *faire la figue*.

Jack and Gillian were correlative terms in old songs. Cf. :

"Every Jack shall have his jill."—SHAK. *M. N. D.*

Cure, from the Lat. *cura*, care. The care of souls; hence, the district or duties of a priest.

Placket and pot. The favour of the ladies and the good things of life, good fare. These words are used by metonymy for contents; *placket*, a petticoat.³ *Dread prince of plackets.*—L. L. L., iii. 1.

There is another meaning to the word, however, that removes the coarseness; viz., Fr. *plquette*, a Belgian coin, dim. of *plaque*, a plate; Ger. *plack*, a plate, a rag; Gr. *plax*, a plain. From the French we get the meaning *coin*, and from the German, *rag*, and hence, petticoat. Cf.

"I had nae a plack in my pouch."—ALEX. ROSS.

6.—We immediately guess who the minstrel and maid are, and do not need to be told.

Without. The use of this word, and *within*, as adverbs, is frequent in poetry, but is rarely now found in prose.

Went— The old past tense of *wenden*, to go. It has supplied the place of *yode*. The dash indicates the abrupt turn in the thought.

Sirs. The plural is not usual in prose. "Gentlemen," or the French "Messieurs" being used instead. Note the history and use of this word:—Sir, sire, sieur, seigneur, signore, senior. Cf. elder, alderman, earl, and "our elders."

Loose = licentious or immodest. Cf. "loose speech" in 8 and "loose fancy" in 9; and also "loose fish," "free liver," "free thinker," "libertine." The censure incurred by the refusal to submit to discipline has given these words their disreputable meaning.

Store. From Lat. *instauro*, to provide; hence = *provision*, abundance.

Theirs. Objective genitive. It is also a double genitive form, the *s* being redundant.

Needs. An example of a word from the inflection of another word; it is an adverb formed from the genitive of the n. need. We have many such. Cf. whiles, perhaps, seldom, when, then, where, why, etc.

Juggler band. Fr. *jongleur*, from Lat. *joculator*, a jester, from *jocus*, a jest. The king's jester was often an important personage; we find by Doomsday Book that he had lands in Gloucestershire. "Joculator regio habet iii. villas."—PERCY. As the king kept his jongleur, or minstrel, for his entertainment, many of the nobility imitated him in this; so also did religious houses. These were sometimes allowed to journey from place to place, singing and playing, and ultimately they became independent. They gradually sank in character, till a law was passed against them in the reign of Elizabeth. "They 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."—SCOTT. Shakespeare ridicules such bands frequently, as in R. and J., M. N. D., Hamlet, etc.

7.—The effect of Ellen's bravery and beauty is well told and illustrated by a fine simile. This also is quite in keeping with the sentiments, the chivalric past. One effect of chivalry was to make woman, especially when young and beautiful, not the companion, but the goddess of man.

These. This use of *these* without its noun to refer to persons is almost obsolete, and is entirely so in the singular. With the verb "to be," however, when the predicate noun follows, it is used either in the singular or plural. *Harper* and *girl* are in apposition with *these*, making a *pleonasm* in the ballad style.

Purvey. From Lat. *pro-video*, to *provide*. Cf. purveyor. This word and *steed*, *hitherward*, *speed*, belong to poetic diction. The student should carefully investigate the use of such words and constructions as these; they constitute one of the chief distinctions between prose and poetry. In the latter they add gracefulness and quaintness; but should be carefully avoided in the former.

Lodge. The house in which a forester would live. As John of Brent is an exiled forester he draws his metaphors from hunting. *Lodge* and *lobby* are cognate. A.S. *logian*; Ger. *Laube*.

Despite. Lat. *de-specio*, to look = to look down on. This word comes from the participle *despectus*. Fr. *dépit*.

8.—When Ellen states that she is the poor daughter of an exiled sol-

dier, we feel that she employs the most powerful means of awakening the sympathies of this wild band. The *impulsive nature* of John de Brent is naturally first aroused for good as for evil.

And thou. This use of *and* as an introductory conjunction is found when the speaker utters words that have been or might have been used by the previous speaker.

By forest laws. These were formerly very severe in England.

Il Rose. *Epanorthosis*. His *lost love* adds to our interest in the generous outlaw.

Iron eye and brow. *A metaphor*. It generally denotes severity; here, only the rough, worn soldier.

He that steps. Another irregularly formed sentence, see v. 24; *he* is the antecedent of *his* and *that*, but is not in construction itself.

Injurious dart. A weak phrase, probably used for the rhyme; the meaning is forced. Maid is the indirect object. Note that it means radically a child of either sex. A. S. *mægth*; Ger. *magd*, *maid*; Goth. *magus*, a boy; Gael. *mac*, a son, as in *MacDonald*.

9.—The looseness of a soldier's life is shown in the bearing of the captain as well as in that of the men. The object here is to increase Ellen's troubles by these rude scoffs.

Young—. Note that the dash indicates the omission of the noun, the explanation being substituted. This figure is called *aposiopesis*.

Tullibardine = "*the bard's knoll*, in Perthshire, the old seat of the Murrays before they got the Athol estates and title by marriage."—TAYLOR. The explanatory parenthesis forms a *periphrasis*.

Spurs. In chivalry spurs were part of the outfit of a knight. "To win his spurs" = to gain knighthood.

Palfrey white. Lewis' speech is founded on the old customs of chivalry. This passage is probably imitated from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. In his letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, he says "a fair Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, coming to the queen, and falling down before her, sought the aid of a knight to release her parents from the power of a huge dragon." In the old trials by contest so frequently employed during the time of chivalry, if an individual could not fight (*i. e.*, priests, children, women, etc.) he had the privilege of selecting a champion, *i. e.*, one to take the *field* for him. In the case of a lady she might thus ride round the lists, thereby soliciting any warrior to become her champion; hence the *errant damosel*.

Venture = adventure. It would be presumptuous for a squire to offer himself as her champion, as his opponent might be a knight and refuse to fight with one beneath him.

Quest = request. Lat. *queror*, to ask.

Squire. See v. 17. He means to offer his services, if suitable by the laws of chivalry, *i. e.*, a man fought only with equals.

Damosel. O. Fr. *damoisel*; Fr. *demoiselle*, dim. of *dame*, fem. of *dominus*, a lord, *domus*, a house. In old legends a lady's palfrey was always "white," or "dapple gray," or "milk-white," or "fair." Cf.,—

Then forth she rode on a faire palfrey
O'er hill and dale about;

But never a champion could she find
 Wolde fighte with that knight so stout.—SIR ALDINGAR.

To do with pride. She checks her natural indignation and simply tells her mission. Note the alliteration in next line.

To back, to assist, a sort of *metonymy*.

Pledge. Old Fr. *plege* = something given as security.

Grateful claims = claims on his gratitude.

10.—The ring is here as powerful an "open sesame" as it always is in romantic fiction. Its use in poetry is a remnant of the custom of making a mark or sign as one's signature. Those entitled to crests would have such engraved on their rings so that they could be stamped on documents; hence, "signet-rings."

The alms of Ellen is a trifling circumstance and somewhat *masculine*, but it brings out an additional excellence in Brent. With a few touches Scott has given us a fair sketch of this imaginary outlaw, and has endowed him with all the generous qualities attributed to the bold foresters of the ballads—Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, Robin Hood, Little John, etc. His impatience at the interruption of the games, and his boisterous conduct with his comrades, show him to be one of those impetuous, ungovernable children of nature whom tyranny turns to outlaws; while his ready and brave championship of an outlaw's daughter, and the present refusal of money, and the solicitation of a "favor" to wear, are of the very essence of romantic poetry.

Own, to acknowledge. Note the *hyperbaton*. Here the grammatical order shows the relation of the word, viz. :—"If my folly failed to unknown worth veiled, etc."

Please you. This is best taken as an imperative verb with its subject expressed.

Repose you = an imperative with its object (reflexive).

Attendance. Abstract nouns are often thus used to denote the result of the action or the collectiveness of individuals performing it, —by *metonymy*.

Hest. Command. A. S. *be-hæst*, a command, from *hatan*; Goth. *haitan*, to bid. Cf. *hight*, called, a reduplicate word.

Guerdon. A reward; here = a gift. From old Fr. *guerredon*; A. S. *widherlean*—*widher*, against or back, and *lean*, reward; Ger. *widerlohn*.

Barret-cap. A cloth cap worn by soldiers. It is a romance word from Low Latin *birrus*, a coarse cloth.

Jeopardy. Danger. From Fr. *jeupart*; Lat. *jocus*, a game, *partior*, to divide, as if it were a divided or even chance, hard-chance.

Crests. Plumes on the helmet. From Lat. *crista*, *crinis*, hair.

11.—The student should observe the skill with which Scott conducts the *narrative* throughout. Where several characters have to be followed, the story really becomes as many separate stories, and great skill must be shown in alternately developing each. Events hurry on us in this canto with startling rapidity. Ellen and Allan come upon the scene when least expected, and the delay caused by the early hour gives

Allan an opportunity of asking after the Douglas. His words are so constructed as to mislead the guard, and he is led to the death-bed of Roderick, much to his and our surprise. Then come the battle, the death, the "lament," the chief love interest, and, finally, the "discovery" of Fitz-James. Nothing can exceed the powerful interest of this last canto. The story is, however, supplemented by many *subsidiary interests* which will be noticed as we proceed. In this stanza, of such a nature are Allan's account of his office and duties, his affection for his master, which calls forth a sympathetic burst from the generous Brent, whose unexpected manliness redeems the introduction of himself and his rough comrades. Jeffrey censured Scott for the introduction of such a scene into a poem whose general tenor was gracefulness. If this criticism were just, the author would be guilty of an offence against *harmony*, for in a poem, which is a fine art, everything should harmonize. The poet must show *good taste* not only in *treating his subject*, but also in *selecting his materials and incidents*. Hence, incidents and characters are not chosen at random, and are not made to imitate nature too closely where we find much that is disagreeable. This process is called the *idealizing process*, and is opposed to the *real*. The first gives us pleasure by presenting us pleasing and well-harmonized circumstances; the other by giving an accurate and faithful copy of nature, in which the excellence of the imitation, apart from any intrinsic beauty in the object, pleases us. Hence, some pictures and poems please us greatly, though on uninteresting or disagreeable objects, as, for instance, the writings of Dickens and Crabbe, and the paintings of Hogarth and the *genre* painting. Scott's poems belong to the first, or ideal, or romantic class, but this scene is *realistic*.

Waked. A favourite *metaphor* with poets.

Above their own. "His own" is probably meant, referring to *one*, but it may refer to *race*.

Hearse. Lit. a *harrow*. It was originally a triangular framework for holding candles placed over a tomb. From Lat. *hirpex*, a harrow, *rehearse* is from the same root. It is the mention of this death tribute that misleads De Brent.

Southern. The chief seat of English minstrelsy was around the borders between England and Scotland. The deeds of the rival races and clans are sung, and hence the terms *northern* and *southern* occur very frequently. Of these bards, the northern were most noted for their poetry, and hence the use of the word by Scott in his invocation and farewell. (See "Farewell.")

And but I loved to drive the deer. *But* is a prep. and governs the clause connecting it with *dwelt*; *drive* is poetic for hunt.

12.—The narrative interest is maintained by our hope of meeting with Douglas and the sudden surprise at seeing Roderick instead.

Artist. This is the singular, poetically used for the plural; but *their* in the next line is ungrammatical unless we make the antecedent plural. See 11. Some of these instruments of torture were the maiden, the rack, the wheel, the thumb-screw and the boot.

Antique garniture.—Old furniture, from Lat. *antiques*, old; and Fr. *garnir*, to furnish. *Garnir* or *garer*, is cognate with German

waren, to warn." From same root we get garnish, garniture, garment (garniment), garrison.

Hold. Noun from verb to hold = a place for confinement. Cf. hold, the *hole* or *hollow* part of a ship.

Leech. A physician; it is the same word as the worm leech. A. S. *laece*, from *laeccian*, to heal.

13.—The opening simile here is noble, but it is elaborated too much, and the latter part is weak. Our interest is aroused on this renewal of our acquaintance with Roderick. Note the order in which he asks after those dear to him,—Ellen first, as the dearest, then the clan, his mother, and Douglas; just the order we would naturally expect. The spasmodic ejaculations of Roderick are intended to indicate his weakness and his excitement at the thought of his broken clan.

For thy clan. An absolute phrase used to indicate the subject of the following assertion.

Bough. A metaphor.

14.—**Yon lone isle.** There is something exceedingly *pathetic* in this allusion to the island. The thought brings a thousand memories to his fevered brain and heart; hence his long pause. His gloomy prophecy is significant of the acuteness that comes before death, and fills us with sad thoughts for him and for that lone romantic island.

O'er Dermid's race. Scott in a note states that several instances are found in tradition of persons being so fond of particular tunes as to ask for them on their death-bed. It is noteworthy that Roderick selected one celebrating a victory. He was always most defiant when suffering from disappointment. Victory for himself and his clan was his "ruling passion" throughout life, and it chimes with a popular belief when thus represented as "strong at death." How natural it is to expect visions of daring deed and glory to come as a soothing balm to the "free spirit," and enable it, like a true soldier's, to "burst away" on "the fair field of fighting men." From the early cantos we are prepared for Allan's poetical power. The old bards were thus able to improvise their songs.

Again where ne'er. A bold but musical *hyperbaton*.

Clang—crash. Note the *imitative harmony* in this line, and the *alternate alliteration*.

For the fair, etc. A good *alliterative* line.

The *simile* at the close is very *picturesque*.

15.—**Beal' an Duine**, or "Bealach an Duine" = "The Pass of the Men." "A skirmish actually took place during the invasion of Scotland by Cromwell at a pass thus called in the Trosachs, and closed with the remarkable incident mentioned in the text. The heroine's name was Helen Stuart."—SCOTT. The picture here given of the battle is in Scott's best style. Every expedient is employed to heighten the effect. We share Roderick's anxiety for the result,—this is the *story interest*;—the sudden and terrible onslaught of the Highlanders is the more pleasing to us since we half expected it from their appearance to Fitz-James; the various *incidents* of the battle are told with *startling reality*; *vivid description* is mingled with *rapid narration*; a *life*.

like reality is given to the whole by the *imaginative vision* of the Bard. We see and hear all that takes place. Among the many expedients for *deepening the effect* notice (1) the *metre*, irregular, and broken at intervals by trimeters, while occasionally four lines rhyme together to *imitate rapidity*. It resembles the irregular metre of "Marmion," and has a *wild, rugged beauty*. (2) The *harmony of scenery with incident*. This should always be present if possible in poetry, especially romantic poetry; here the wild gorge of the Trosachs serves as a fitting back-ground for the fierce struggle. There is also a harmony of the *figurative illustrations*, of *language*, and of the *elements*. The poet has taken the assistance of a thunder storm to *harmonize* with the battle, but it also serves to discover the swimmer. Finally, there is a harmony of *incident with character* and with the *main story*, for from our knowledge of the clan of Roderick we would expect such a *wild, impetuous struggle*, and when it is all over, and we are reminded of Roderick, we feel the *harmony* of it with *his life and death*, and that his death itself is *characteristic*.

Farewell. Allan, like all poetical natures, would naturally become attached to so beautiful and quiet a spot. His farewell visit, therefore, not only gives a reason for his presence on the mountain's height, but suggests an additional *poetic sentiment harmonizing* with his character.

So lone a lake, etc. *Lone* suggests far from the bustling world; *lonely*, far from human aid and sympathy. Compare this quiet scene and its contrast to what follows with i. 1, and more especially with Loch Katrine in iii. 2, and cf. "By lone St. Mary's silent lake."—*Marmion*. One of the chief means of producing *strength* in composition is the introduction of *variety*. The poet seeks to amuse us in many ways: the *main story* with its many windings, the subordinate *incidents*, the *love interest*, the *description* of scenery, the *songs*, and the *characters*, all are used to engage our attention alternately. This variety appears not only in the *whole* but in every *portion* of the poem; many instances of it occur in this battle scene. Of this nature, also, is the *contrast of character with character*, *scene with scene*, etc., for contrast is merely the extreme case of variety; thus we have the lone, sweet lake contrasted with the wild uproar, the deep calm with the whirlwind and thunder. There is also a striking contrast between the two armies and their mode of fighting.

Yon thunder-cloud . . . shroud. Note the *reality* given by *yon* and the *suggestion* in *shroud*.

Distant hills. This *completes the landscape*. Observe that the poet has given *reality* and *concreteness* by the enumeration of *individual objects*—chiefly active *animals*—and their characteristic *action* during the mysterious stillness that precedes the storm.

Solemn sound. Note well the *alliteration* and *imitative harmony* in this and the following lines. The *interrogation* adds *vivacity*; a mere narrative would be too tame. Two storms are approaching, and we are in doubt for a moment which it is we see and hear.

They. *Pleonastic*. Note the indirect way of telling the time.

Cloud of Saxon war. Suggested by the looming thunder cloud.

War is a *metonymy* for soldiers. Saxon is applied to Lowland Scotch as well as to the English. Note the abrupt change in imitation of the ballad.

'**Twere.** Another pleonasm.

Eyry. Lit. = eggery; hence, a nest—generally the eagle's. From Old English *eyren*, eggs, but it may come from A. S. *Ari*. Ger. *Aar*, an eagle, and *ry*, denoting collectiveness.

Erne. An eagle. An old Saxon word.

16.—Here we take "one glance at their array" as they proceed in dumb march through that "seeming lonesome pathwry." See v. 9, 10, and 11.

Forest. Lat. *foras*, out of doors, a predicate nominative.

Barbed. Literally = armed with barbs, or beard-like points. It may refer to the helmets. It properly belongs to the horse, and means his trappings.

Battalia. A coined word = either the army marching to battle, or more probably used as the plural of the battalion.

Vanward. *Van*, contr. from Fr. *avant*, Lat. *ab, ante*.

Scouts. Old Fr. *escoute*. Lat. *ausculto*, to listen, from *auris*, the ear.

Deep-sea wave. The *simile* in these three lines is *well chosen*, and picturesquely describes the regularity of the march.

A narrow, etc. Note the *license* in the repetition of the article.

Shadowed o'er = o'ershadowed. The two ideas must be taken together to give the true meaning of the expression.

17.—A very *powerful* stanza. Its peculiarities are apparent. Note the two pairs of *rhyming quatrains* in the beginning to *denote haste*: a species of *harmony*.

At once and yell. Note the *emphatic position* of these *important* words.

As all = as if all. Common in Scott and Shakespeare.

Archery. L. *arcus*, a bow; *er*, an agent, and *y*, collection. Note the *periodic structure* from *forth* to *appear*.

Their plight they ply = they urge their flight. *Ply* = to urge on, to work steadily at, and *flight* = their present condition, *i.e.*, flight. Cf. Gray's—

"Nor busy housewife *ply* her evening *care*."

Maddening = raging. The accumulation of circumstances adds to the terror.

How shall it keep. Note the use of *it* as subject of a sentence before its antecedent is mentioned. The *animation* is thus increased; the *exclamation* is made as if the struggle were before our eyes, and the *explanatory* noun follows.

Twilight wood, i.e., twilight forest as in 16. Probably from its resemblance to a forest in the twilight.

Onset. We use many nouns thus composed of a verb and prefix though we do not now use the verb with the prefix. Cf. upshot, downfall, overthrow, income, outlook, etc., but verbs compounded with *over*, *under* and *with* are common.

Tinchel. A method of taking game by forming a ring round it and driving it into a pit or trap.

18.—**Like wave.** Another fine *simile* drawn from the sea, this time when lashed by the tempest. It is more fully elaborated than that in 16.

But Moray. Note that the transitions are clearly marked,—always necessary when the narrative changes from side to side. Note, also, the powerful effect of *giving the actual commands*. It is an expedient made use of very frequently. A good example of it is afforded by the "Charge of the Light Brigade."

Where, where. *Eptisuxis*. This ejaculation is imitated from the Romantic poetry,—

Cf. "O for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
Which to King Charles did come;
When Roland brave and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died."—SCOTT. *Marmion*.

Refluent. How *weak* the Latin adjective is here.

Linn. A deep pool or mountain lake. The last line is *touching*.

Brandishing. From Fr. *brandir*, to use as a *brand* or sword. The ending *ish* in verbs is from *issant*, the present participle.

Anvil. A. S. *anfill* = *on fall* = that on which the blows fall.

Lightsome = light or cheerful, a poetic word now:—

"The lightsome realms of love."—DRYDEN.

Bugle-horn. Literally, a *horn* of the *bugle*, or *buculus* Lat. wild-ox. It was a cup or a musical instrument.

19.—The scene changes to Loch Katrine. Note the *animated manner* in which the *transition* is indicated. Note, also, the *associated circumstances* introduced,—the sunset, the lowering scowl, livid blue, strange gusts, eddying surge, all in *harmony* with the terrible work going on in the gorge. The effect is rendered more appalling by the *suggestive description*: the imagination is filled with fearful fancies while *listening* to the "sullen sound" shaking the ground "like an earthquake"—"The dirge of many a passing soul." When at last the armies appear, to our surprise they are separated; the mountaineers are defeated but they have foiled their pursuers.

Issue. Fr. *issue*, from Lat. *ex-ire*, to go; used literally here.

Isle. From Fr. *île*. O. Fr. *isle*. Lat. *insula*. Similar words are the Celtic *ennis*, *innis*, or *inch*. Note that *island* is not cognate with this word, as the *s* is not radical in it, but was probably inserted under the belief that the word is a compound of *isle* and land, whereas it comes from A. S. *ea*, or Icel. *ey*, and *land*. The German form is *eiland*, while *island* is Icelandic in German and French.

Eddying. A. S. *ed*, back, and *ea*, water, or Icel. *yda*, to rush.

Gorge. Literally = the throat (formed from the sound); hence, a narrow passage.

Spake is not usually transitive.

But with, etc. But is a preposition connecting the following phrase with the verb *parts*. It limits the general negative by excepting the

special case "with," etc., and *with* will still connect its noun with the verb.

Parting. A favourite word with the poets for *departing*.

Dirge. From "*Dirige, Domine, Deus, Meus,*" etc., Psalm v. 8, or from the beginning of some Roman Catholic hymn sung at funerals. It is the imperative of *dirigo*, to direct. Cf. *Pater Noster, Ave Maria, Mass (missa est), Te Deum, miserere*, etc.

Martial. From *Mars*, the god of war. Cf. cereal, jovial, panic, mercurial, etc.

Havock, generally spelled *havoc*. A. S. *hafoc*. W. *hafog*, destruction. It was often used in hawking, and is supposed by some to be cognate with hawk.

Bay. A hunting term applied to deer when they turn on the dogs, thus standing to be *bayed* or barked at.

20.—In this stanza the past tense is used almost throughout. The student will not fail to see how tame it is compared with the present tense. Indeed, the present tense would be a great addition, especially in the last lines. We can scarcely imagine the minstrel seeing and hearing what occurred on "yon isle," for he was seated where "Loch Katrine lay beneath him cast;" the present tense would have removed the difficulty by bringing the vision before the readers. It would be a good class exercise to change the construction.

Askance. (Ital. *scancio*, slanting), obliquely; they were partly facing the island.

Lance. Lat. *lancea*, probably used for the rhyme.

Wring the hand. The sounds weak here. It is an *antiquated* form now, but yet common in Scotland.

Booty. A. S. *bot*, compensation, from *betan*, to make *better*; hence, we have to *boot*, a verb = to profit, as "what boots it;" *boot*, a noun = advantage, and *bootless*. Booty is the plunder obtained from a raid.

Wont. Here is a past tense like *wonned* in "Alice Brand," it = were accustomed.

Bonnet-pieces store. A coin on which the king's head had a *bonnet* instead of a crown. It was coined by James V., who, as the "Commons' King," omitted the crown. *Store* is probably here a noun = abundance, its usual employment, and *of* is to be supplied before bonnet-pieces.

Bowshot. The adverbial object of distance.

Duncraggan's widowed dame. See iii. 18, where her martial qualities prepare us for this deed.

An oak. Note the *contrast* between this scene and that when Ellen's boat stood underneath this oak. (See i. 17.)

In John de Brent and Duncraggan's widow we have a glimpse at the power Scott afterwards developed in his novels of depicting wild, lawless men and *masculine* women, the only variety of woman he could successfully portray, as Meg Dods, Meg Merrilees, etc.

21.—The battle and Roderick's life come to a sudden stop, thus giving us a *double surprise*. We feel the fitness of his death on the defeat of his clan. He could never submit; his proud spirit was not made for thralldom. The *circumstances* of his death move our pity; we forget his faults and heartily join in the "lament." Roderick was

to be the "obstacle"—the evil character, whose punishment *poetic justice* demands before the poem ended, but his qualities are so great that their *magnitude makes them respectable*, and he overshadows all the rest, even "the Lady" herself. Scott has been censured for this, and certainly the interest of the plot is distracted to a considerable degree by our sympathy for him, especially now, since his death atones for all. Indeed, with his death the *dramatic* interest ceases.

Elemental. A favourite word in poetry and ridiculed as such by Shakespeare, who, however, several times uses it for *sky*, as air was one of the four elements,—fire, earth, air, water,—

"And the complexion of the element."—*Julius Cæsar*

"The element itself
Shall not behold her face."—*Twelfth Night*.

Herald's voice. Note the condensation in this passage. The knight was the herald and had the clarion by his side, at least no others are mentioned.

Grim and still. *Epithets transferred* from the person to his spirit.
Was fled. What difference in history and meaning between this and "had fled?"

22.—The "Lament" has another *variation* in the metre. It is in triplets repeated three times in the stanza, which in turn is repeated three times. Note that the chief points that captivate us in Roderick's character and life are mentioned,—his *bravery* towards foes, aid to his *clan*, *lonely death* in grief and in prison, the grief of his clan, his *sad lot* in life, ending with the strongest—in poetry—*love*.

There are a few figures, but the student should now be able to detect and examine them himself.

23.—Note the sudden transition. Not a word to denote the change except **the while**, which, by the way, is used so frequently as to be a *mannerism*. Note also that it is the chief *love interest* that comes on the stage now. Nothing else could affect us after the death of Roderick. Ellen's regretful longing for the *simple joys* of "that lone isle," is a piece of *natural sentiment* that goes to the heart of every one. While her heart is "bursting" with the remembrance of those dear to her, her father, her lover, and even her companion, Lufra—now, perhaps, all lost to her forever—the splendour of the "lordly bower" and the obsequiousness of the "menial train" are unheeded. Our *pity* is thus strongly aroused for her, for

"'Tis truth the poet sings
That sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things."

—TENNYSON.

et there is one powerful charm that can arouse her from her gloom, and by a *happy chance* it is present. Note that we are recalled to Malcolm, so that we know who the singer in the next stanza is. Love of country is also suggested here. Every one knows Scott's lines on this sentiment in "The Lay," Canto vii., beginning with—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead."

Notice, also, that Lufra is not forgotten. This is a piece of Scott's *self-painning*, for love of dogs was a passion with him: Camp, Nimrod, Maida, etc., were in turn his favourites; to the latter he erected a marble tomb. See v. 18.

Storied pane = illuminated windows, having historical figures painted on them. Cf. Gray's "storied urn," *i.e.*, with the stories written. In "storied past" we have a different meaning—rich in story, or "old in story."

Gilded roof. Cf. Gray's "fretted vault," and Milton's "The roof was fretted gold," and Shakespeare's,—

"This majestic roof fretted with golden fire."

Omen. From *oscinis*, a divining bird, from Lat. *os*, mouth, and *cano*, to divine.

At random = by chance, or not such as the question would require.

Latticed bower, i.e., having lattice windows. Lattice (same root as *lath*) means a frame made of cross bars or laths either of wood or iron. *Bower* (as *buan*, to dwell; cf. *boor*, neighbour) had this meaning of "chamber" or "lodging-room." Cf.

"She led him up into a godly *bower*."—SPENCER.

Now its ordinary meaning is a "shady recess" or arbour. Cf.

"In shadier *bower*
Pan or Sylvanus never slept."—MILTON.

24.—This is probably the weakest of the lyrics in this poem. It abounds in alliteration, and expresses very well the intense longing for freedom of a bold young spirit,—a distinct variety of the feeling from that felt by Roderick Dhu. (See 14.)

Dull steeple's drowsy chime is very expressive; so is **crawl**.

Not a hall of joy. Note the emphatic sense of *not*. It is rhetorically more than a mere negative.

25.—**Brave Fitz-James.** Note Scott's habit of applying the term *brave* on all occasions to his heroes. James had shown no bravery to Ellen, hence with her it is a mere poetical epithet; but such epithets belong to the "bold Robin Hood" age.

The boon to give = to give the boon is not in my power.

Boon = prayer, favour, from A. S. *ben*, a prayer; Dan. *bon*. The adj. *boon* is from Lat. *bonus*; Fr. *bon*, as in "boon nature," i. 12. Note that the words of Fitz-James are framed to mislead us, in order to increase the effect of the *discovery* in the "presence" chamber.

Come, Ellen, come. This repetition becomes a mere *mannerism* when used so frequently without any special feeling.

Prime = *primus, i.e.*, the first hour for prayers; but it has now only the meaning of *early*.

Of pride. Cf. "Man of pride," v. 8; "breast of snow," i. 18; and "hall of joy," vi. 24. These are genitives of definition, used poetically for adjectives.

26.—This stanza *divulges* the *great secret* of the poem—"Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King." Many expedients were made throughout the poem to conceal the secret, and we are as much surprised as Ellen was. The "presence," *i.e.*, reception room, is a scene of *ideal splendour*.

Scott, in a note, states that this discovery is founded on tradition. James V., during his incognito adventures among the poor, sometimes mingled gallantry with his better motives. See iv. 28.

27.—The opening *simile* is very fine—*sudden, beautiful and silent*. Ellen's behaviour is natural to a timid girl, brought up with all the old romantic veneration for the king. We have here some of those hasty expressions that often disfigure Scott's lines; such are his favourite "the while," "circle's smile," "graceful"—a weak word here. "Fair" (see v. 1). Note this use of the adj. for the noun = *synecdoche*.

Vulgar crowd. Scott's own contempt for the common people is shown by such expressions as this. It is not a happy expression for the "Commons' King." *Vulgar*, however, has its old meaning, "general."

De Vaux and Glencairn represent the enemies of the Douglas at court.

Gray. An example of *metonymy*, as it suggests *age*.

Bulwark = *bole-work*, a stronghold made of the *boles* or trunks of trees.

Infidel. Lat. *in*, not, *fides*, faith, an "unbeliever," the proper word here, so that *infidel* has here a rhetorical force—a technical word used in a popular sense. *Miscraicit*, originally the same word, has adopted only the crusader's contempt for the "unbelieving dogs."

28.—We are now prepared for everything ending happily, and the liberation of Douglas is no surprise, but is very happily and strikingly done; but the stanzas drag somewhat slowly along. The rapture of Douglas and Ellen is natural, but the joy of the king is too great for the removal of sorrows, the prime cause of which had been his own hasty temper. His explanation of his assumed name is a piece of information that does not interest us here, and we never were sufficiently interested in his love to induce us now to pay any attention to the "*aside*" that he whispers to Ellen.

Hung. Note the condensed style.

Drank. A *metaphor* commonly used to denote the enjoyment of something that gives intense pleasure.

General eye = the public gaze. It was often used to denote the public or community. Cf. Shakespeare,—

"I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the *general*."—*Julius Cæsar*.

Proselyte. A convert. From Gr. *pros*, to, and *elython*, come. It refers to infidel in 27.

That brought, etc. *That* has for its antecedent the word *my*,—a construction only allowed in poetry where it is a remnant of the old meaning of *my*, *i.e.*, the genitive case of the personal pronoun. *My* has

now lost too much of its pronominal nature to bear the prominence of an antecedent.

Chance. An unexpected event. From Lat. *cadens*, pres. part. of *cado*, to fall. Cadence, case, accident, casual, etc., are cognate words.

Speed. A successful issue. One of its regular meanings. Cf. "I pray thee send me good *speed* this day."—Gen. xxiv. 12, and ii. 2.

Snowdown. William of Worcester and Sir David Lindsay call Sterling Castle Snowdown.—SCOTT.

Normans call me James Fitz-James, i.e., James the son of James. In the Norman French Fitz = son = French *fil*, Lat. *filius*. Note that **Normans** and **Germans** take the plural in *s* though compounds of "man." Probably owing to the French influence.

Dangerous hour. A *synecdoche*. Lat. *hora*, Fr. *heur*. *Dangerous* is another form of *damage*; both are feudal terms, and come from Latin *damnum*, a fine or penalty, or *damages*. It soon came to denote what was liable to damages, as in the legal phrase *damage feasant, i.e.,* trespass. Then the risk of penalty, seizure for trespass, and hence risk of injury of any sort. It meant also power to inflict fine or injury; as in Shakespeare's—

"You stand *within his danger*, do you not?"—*M. of V.*

and in—

"Come not *within his danger* by thy will."—*V. and A.*

From its use in quarrelling over damages it came to mean cautious, and then, "niggardly," as in—

My wages ben full streyt and eke ful smale;
My lord to me is hard and *dangerous*.

CHAUCER.—*The Friar's Tale.*

The synonyms of *danger* are, *peril*, *jeopardy*; *hazard*, *risk*; yet *danger* is more a generic term that includes the others. Colloquially it means mere "chance" or "likelihood," as in—

"There is no *danger* of it happening."

Talisman. A figure used as a charm; anything used to avert evil or produce wonderful results. It is probably Arabic. Cf. Gr. *telesma*, an incantation. "The *Talisman*" is the name of one of Scott's novels; it and "Ivanhoe" are founded on events of five hundred years ago.

29.—Ellen's generous and thoughtful prayer for Roderick is a happy *invention* of the poet. It is a *noble action* on her part. Her bashfulness when asking for Malcolm is *true* to her modest nature, and pleases us as something essentially feminine.

The close is *graceful* and *pleasing*; the fetters and chain *fulfil* Allan's *dream*. See iv. 10, 11.

Grace = pardon. Lat. *gratia*, favour, *gratus*, agreeable.

Wings. A weak metaphor. We can heartily sympathize with the king in his praise of Roderick Dhu, as Scott has painted him a hero, almost, it would seem, in spite of himself; as we gather from the fol-

lowing. He said in a letter: "I am a bad hand at depicting a hero, properly so called, and have an unfortunate propensity for the dubious characters of borderers, buccaneers, highland robbers, and all others of a Robin Hood description." In another letter he says: "My rogue always, in despite of me, turns out my hero."—From LOCKHART'S *Life of Scott*. The king's praise of Roderick is imitated from Percy and Douglas. See v. 17.

Arrefuge. These lines explain to us that Græme had made good his promise to seek a shelter for the Douglas. See II, 37. They also explain why he was in prison.

Stained = caused to blush. It usually has the meaning of disapprobation or defect, *i.e.*, to sully, to mark with guilt, etc. The usual words for blushing are "dye," "tinge," "suffuse," "glow." He has evidently sacrificed *strength for oddity and alliterative effect*. The word is a contr. for *distain* = to discolour by giving a wrong colour. From Lat. *dis* and *tingo*, to tinge; hence, the *s* in stain is the remnant of the prefix. Cf. sport, story, strange, stray.

Glowing. A *proleptic* use of the adjective for brevity. The cheek was not glowing till stained.

Pay. To reduce one to *peace* by satisfying his claims (clamo); it is from Lat. *pax*, peace.

Treachorous. Faithless, from Lat. *trado* = (*trans*, over, *do*, to give) to betray. Provençal, *trachar*. The French form is *traitorous*.

Loyal. The French form of *legal* (Lat. *lex*, law); A. S. *lawful*. These three words have followed the course of all words of which different forms exist, and have now almost entirely different meanings. *Legal* = in accordance with, or instituted by law, and is strictly scientific, as "a legal holiday," "legal enactment." *Lawful* = permitted by law, as something usual or right; as, "lawful conduct," "every lawful day." *Loyal* = (1) obedient to law, as "loyal people," but it has been transferred from *law* (2) to the representative of *law*, the king; hence, a *loyalist* may have no reference to law. From the last it has (3) the meaning of faithful to one's friends, true-hearted. *Leal* is also used; it is the old Romanic form. Cf. "The land of the *leal*" (heaven), and Cf.

"There Laodamia with Evadne moves,
Unhappy both, but *loyal* in their loves."—DRYDEN.

THE FAREWELL.

Harp of the North, farewell (see first Canto). By this he means Scotland as the north of the island. The minstrel poetry most abounded in the border district and not in the north. Scott is simply adopting a ballad term. Cf. "There is scarcely an old historical song or ballad wherein a Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is characterized by way of eminence to have been 'of the north country.' * * * On the other hand, the scene of the finest Scottish ballads is laid in the south of Scotland, which should seem to have been peculiarly the nursery of minstrels."—BISHOP PERCY.

"There can be, I conceive, no question as to the superiority of Scotland in new ballads. * * * The nameless minstrel is often in-

spired with an Homeric power of rapid narration, bold description, lively or pathetic touches of sentiment."—HALLAM.

These concluding verses are exquisitely beautiful. The *melancholy sentiment* is again prominent (see Canto i.), and chimes here very sweetly with the gloom of approaching night. The first stanza very happily strikes this meditative or pensive chord by suggestive particulars; the whole stanza is an *accumulation of picturesque* (i.e., easily imagined) *circumstances* that suggest evening, and, by their *associated ideas*, that *poetic musing* belonging peculiarly to evening. An apt illustration of this effect is had from the opening lines of Gray's "Elegy," where the same sentiment is awakened by similar means:—

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant fold."

The only difference between the scenes is Scott's "wild breeze," which would seem to break the solemn spell, but it is characteristic of Scott, who loved the wild, the irregular, the grand in nature or man; it is also in keeping with the "wizard elm." The "deer" and "fountain" are objects suited to the rural scene and add a further grace to the picture. The *taste* shown in *selecting* them is evident; they are both *beautiful* in themselves and *suggestive* of the beauty, the simplicity and the pleasure of nature's charms in solitude; the fountain also suggests an additional pleasure in the *sweet sound*; the student will not fail to notice the prominence given to sounds here. In the calmness of evening sounds are much more distinctly heard than in the day time; hence the force of "distant echo."

Purple. Note the *method of description*—(1) "purple peaks," (2) "hills grow dark," (3) the *twilight* copse with the glow worm and deer.

Covert is lit. *covered*: it is the p. p. of French *couvrir*, to cover, from Lat. *cooperio*, from *con* and *aperto*, to open.

Numbers = poetry or song. A meaning *numerous* (a number) had in Latin, referring to the numbered feet in the line. Cf. Milton's "numerous line."

If we compare this with the "Invocation" we will find a somewhat similar scene. The harp there flung its numbers down the "fitful breeze" till "envious ivy" muffled it; but the ivy is now removed and the sweeter sounds must no longer keep their silence.

Nature's vespers = the various sounds he mentions, which are, as it were, the evening hymn of nature—a *metaphor*. There is a *personified metaphor* in the address to the Harp, and *alliteration* is very skilfully employed.

Yet once again. A pleasing *anaphora*. How regretfully we say farewell to those we love; so the poet lingers on it here by *repetition*.

Feeble sway. Modest *self-depreciation*. See Canto i.

Idly cavil. It was rather severely criticized by Jeffrey, but it remains his most popular poem.

Secret woes. So Goldsmith address poetry as—

“ My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
Thou found'st me poor at first and keep'st me so.”

—*Deserted Village.*

Scott is probably here referring to his unrequited love, whose power he could so well paint in Roderick Dhu. He had indulged, for nearly six years, the hope of marrying a Miss Stuart Belches. It was his first and only passion; the real circumstances of the refusal, however, the “world has never known,” and never will know. Thirty years after, when Scott had lost all his property, and shortly after the death of his wife, he met this lady, then the wife of Sir Wm. Forbes, and in his diary he seems to hint that there had been some misunderstanding: “I was fit for nothing but shedding tears and repeating verses for the whole night. * * * Yet what a romance to tell—and told I fear it will one day be, and then my three years of dreaming and two years of wakening will be chronicled, doubtless. But the dead will feel no pain.” Nov. 1827.—LOCKHART'S *Life of Scott*.

It was shortly after the break-up of his hopes in this attachment he wrote the following lines—*To a Violet*—as beautiful and delicate as anything he afterwards wrote:—

“ The violet in her greenwood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen, in copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dewdrop's weight reclining,
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through watery lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
Ere yet the day be past its morrow ;
Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remained the tear of parting sorrow.”

Bitter was, etc., *i.e.*, because devoured alone. His great pride led him to conceal his grief, and probably, also, it was pride that induced him to marry within a year. He speaks thus of his pride long after, when suffering from his financial collapse. “I have a secret pride—I fancy it will be so most truly termed—which impels me to mix with my distresses strange snatches of mirth ‘which have no mirth in them.’”—LOCKHART'S *Life*.

The last stanza contains a fine, *harmonious description* of the departure of the Enchantress.

The gradual melting of the “dying numbers” is a fine imagination, and adds a *poetic cadence* to the poem, until it finally ends in the *grandeur of silence*, and the lingering farewell is repeated.

Lingering gives us pleasure by suggesting his own pleasure in the “idle lay.” From *long-er*, with the modification usually found in *e, a, u*, when the syllable added contains *e*; this change of vowel depends

on the law of assimilation and constitutes our "strong forms," which occur in the comparison of adjs., the formation of nouns and verbs by radical change, the number of nouns and in tense. Let the student show examples of each of these "strong forms."

Touch of fire = impassioned music. It is a common *metaphor* to represent feeling by warmth and the absence of it by coldness.

Rugged dell. Once more notice Scott's intense fondness for rugged landscapes and mountains. His descriptions of such are always true, but he fails when he attempts the beautiful in its more regular forms. He, for this reason, loved the Border country: "There was something bold, stern, and solitary about it," he said to Washington Irving; "when I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, I wish myself back among my honest gray hills; and if I did not see the heather at least once a year, I think I should die."—LOCKHART'S *Life*.

VOCABULARY OF PROPER NAMES.

The following forms will be found useful to know in ascertaining the meaning of Celtic words:—*Al* = white; *rad*, high; *rau*, a rushing; *ath*, a ford; *auch*, a field; *avon, an*, a river; *bala*, issue of a lake; *bally*, a town; *ban*, white; *beg*, little; *blair*, a plain; *car*, a fort; *cain, ken*, white; *cam*, crooked; *clyd*, warm; *craig*, a rock; *dal*, a plain; *dour, der*, water; *drum*, a ridge; *dun*, a hill; *graw*, rough; *inch*, island; *ken, kin*, a head; *kil*, a cell or church; *lis, luss*, a mound; *levan, lane*, smooth; *mor*, great, or the sea; *tor*, rock.

Saint Fillan's spring—near the head of Loch Lomond. See *Mar-mion*, i. 29.

"Thence to St. Fillan's blessed well,
Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,
And the crazed brain restore."

Glen Artney = "the *glen* of the *Artney*," in Perthshire.

Benvoirlich = "the *great mountain of the lake*," one of the Gram-pians.

Uam Yar = "the *great den*," the highest pt. of the Braes of Doune.

Menteith = "the *plain* of the *Tenth*," between Callender and Stirling.

Lochard = "the *high loch* or lake," in Perth.

Loch Achray = "the *lake* of the *level field*," at the foot of Benvenue.

Benvenue = "the *centre mountain*," between Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi.

Cambus More = "the *crooked water*," an estate near Callender.

Benledi = "the *Mountain of God*," in Perth; supposed to have been associated with some heathen worship of *Baal*.

Vennachar = "the *lake* on the *high field*," the most eastern of the "three mighty lakes."

Brig of Turk = "Bridge" of the Turk which connects Achray and Vennachar.

Trosachs = "the *rough country*," the country between Lochs Katrine and Achray, especially the woody pass.

Seine. See James IV.

Katrine = "the lake of the catterans or kerns," SCOTT;—or, "the lake of the battle," COL. ROBERTSON—east of Ben Lomond.

Ben-an = "the little *ben* or *mountain*," it separates the Trosachs from Glenfinlas.

Ferragus and Ascabart. Two renowned giants of chivalry. The former as "Ferrau" is celebrated by Ariosto as the antagonist of Orlando, by whom he was slain.

In the Romance of Charlemagne he is thus described:

"He hadde twenti men strengthe,
And forti feet of lengthe,
And four feet in fae,
Ymeten (measured) in the place."

"Ascabart," or Ascapart, is often referred to by the Elizabethan authors; and Cf. Pope's—

"Each man an Ascapart of strength to toss
For quoits, both Temple-Bar and Charing-Cross."

He occurs in Sir Bevis of Hampden, another giant, by whom he was slain. Cf. :—

"He was wonderliche strong,
Rome (full) thretti fote long;
His clob was, to yene (give) a stroke,
A lite (light) body of an oak."

II.—**The Grame.** Scott spelled it so to show the pronunciation. He mentions three members of the family of historic note: Sir John Graham, the companion of Wallace; the Marquis of Montrose, and Claverhouse.

Saint Modan lived in the 17th century. Scott did not know that this saint was a player, but he quoted the legend of Saint Dunstan's harp, which, "of its own accord sounded this anthime, etc."

Holy Rood = Holy Cross. An abbey and palace at Edinburgh, founded by David I., 1128.

Douglasses. One of the most powerful and popular families in Scotland. Their history is identified with the country, in whose independence they took a prominent part, being associated with Wallace and Bruce. The Douglas is the hero in the battle of Otterburn and in Chevy Chase. As the Douglasses were connected with the Baliol family, the Stuarts, who succeeded the Bruces, had reason to mistrust this powerful clan, who thus could claim the throne through the elder branch; hence they checked the Douglasses on every favourable occasion. James II. even stabbed with his own hand William, Earl of Douglas, 1452. See v., 33. This led to a civil war, during which James advanced a younger branch of the family—the house of Angus, whose seat was at Tantallon; that of the elder was at Bothwell. Some of the more prominent members of the Douglasses are the following:—

(1.) The Good Sir James, the right-hand man of Bruce, whom Bruce commissioned to bury his heart in the Holy Land. He was slain in the attempt to do so.

In *Marmion* occurs the line—

“ He wears their motto on his blade.”

And Scott's note says,—

“ A very ancient sword in the possession of Lord Douglas * * * bears two hands pointing to a heart, and the date 1329, the year in which Bruce charged Douglas to carry his heart to the Holy Land. The following lines are inscribed on it :—

‘ I will ye charge, after yat I depart,
To holy grawe, and there bury my hart, etc.’ ”

(2.) Archibald, 3d Earl of Douglas, called “ Tineman,” because he *tinied* or lost nearly every battle he fought. He was vanquished, wounded and made prisoner by Hotspur at Homildon Hill; again wounded and taken when allied with Percy, at Shrewsbury. He engaged in the *Foul Raid* against Roxburgh Castle. Slain, with 2,000 followers, at Vernoel, 1424.

(3.) Archibald, “ Bell-the-Cat,” who got his name from his part in removing the King's favourites. The nobles, in secret conclave, resolved to rid the King (James III.) of his minions, but their plans were about to fall through, like those of the mice in the fable, for want of a mouse sufficiently brave to put a bell on the cat, when Angus said, “ I will *bell the cat.*” (Read *Marmion*, v. 18.) This same earl stoutly opposed the fatal expedition which ended in Flodden, 1513. After this fatal day, in which his two sons were slain, he retired into a religious house, and died within a year.

(4.) The grandson of “ Bell-the-Cat ” succeeded to the title, and soon after married the Queen Dowager. He soon came into collision with the regent Albany; and, after being twice banished, was chosen one of a council of three to take care of the young Prince James V. But he refused to give him up, keeping him practically a prisoner (see v. 6), ruling in his stead. After various unsuccessful attempts to rescue the Prince, he escaped of his own accord and assumed the reins of power, of which his first act was to forbid the Douglasses to come within six miles of his presence. Angus fortified himself in Tantallon, and refusing to obey in reference to some further depredations, the place was “ *ding down* ” (razed), his property forfeited, and he banished.

“ 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, is imitated from a real story told by Hume of Godscroft.”—SCOTT.

x **Albany.** Son of a younger brother of James III. On the death of James IV., the nobles asked him to assume the regency. He returned from France (whither he had gone to escape his brother) and brought a French retinue and French habits. After holding feeble and interrupted rule for nine years, he finally withdrew to France, 1524.

Tweed to Spey. Rivers on the south and north of Scotland; hence, the expression means all Scotland. It is imitated from the Bible, “ from Dan to Beersheba.” Similar phrases are “ from Land's End to John

O'Groat's," "from Sarnia to Gaspé." "Strathspey" is the valley of the Spey, now mostly applied to a dance taking its name thence.

+ **Clan-Alpine** included all descended from Kenneth McAlpine, an ancient king. These included the Macgregors, the Grants, Mackies, Mackinnons, MacNabs, etc. The pine tree was their emblem.

Roderick Dhu of the poem is an imaginary person. The incidents of his life are mostly gleaned from the legends of the Highlands irrespective of time or place. His character is meant to be typical of the fierce, proud old chiefs. He has, however, somewhat of Scott's own disposition unconsciously added.

Loch Lomond. A large lake separating Dunbarton and Stirling. Its southern end is studded with islands, one of which, Inch Cailliach (*island of women*, from a convent on it), is the sacred burial ground of Clan Alpine.

Maronnan's cell. This is a poetic privilege Scott has availed himself of. *Cell* means *chapel*, so also does the Celtic *kill*; hence the transposition from "Kilmaronock." Cf. "Colmkill" in Macbeth for Colomba's cell.

Brack-linn = "white foaming pool" on the Keltie.

Beltane = "Baal's fire." A remnant of the sun worship of the heathen Celts; it was a festival on the first of May, supposed to have been attended with human sacrifices, of which the fire was a typical remnant. After the conversion to Christianity the ceremony would be naturally kept up as a season of merry making. Cf.

"The shepherd lights his beltane fire."—*Lord of the Isles.*

Glengyle = "the western glen or valley," separated from Loch Lomond by a narrow ridge of rocks.

Breadalbane = perhaps the *broad white water*. (*Ane* = *avon* = *wan* or *anne*; *alb* = white.)

Glen Fruin = "the valley of the sheltered places." It runs into Loch Lomond.

GlenLuss = "the *high glen*," runs into Lomond.

Leven Glen. "The level valley," between Lomond and the Clyde.

Percy and the Douglas fought the battle of Otterburn in 1388. The pennon (having the crescent and three silver stars) was taken in a skirmish, but Hotspur attacked the Scots to recover it. He was, however, defeated and taken prisoner, and Douglas was slain. This is supposed to have given rise to the ballad of Chevy Chase, though most of the incidents are different. Chevy Chase comes from *chevauchi'*, a horse raid, or more likely from *cheviot chase*, *i. e.*, the "hunt on the Cheviot hills," which it really was.

Glenfinlas = "the grey-white valley." Scott states in the notes on his "Glenfinlas" that it was called the Valley of the Green Woman, from the incident he celebrates in that poem.

III.—**The River Demon**, or Kelpie, a malignant spirit of the Highland lakes and rivers. The "ncontide hag," in Gaelic, *Glas-lich*, is a gigantic female figure, haunting various districts.

Ben Shie (*ben*, a woman—*sigh*, a fairy) = the *f-iry's* wife. Supposed to foretell death by shrieks.

Coir Uriskin = "the den of the Urisks, or wild men," a cleft on the north side of Benvenue. The Urisk resembles the Satyr in having a human body and a goat's feet.

Strath Ire = a valley in the Trosachs. It contains "Teith's young waters."

Lubnaig = "the lake of small bends," at the foot of Ben Ledi. About half a mile from the south end of it is *St. Bride's Chapel* (= Bridget = strength).

Balbuidder = "the town of the back lying country" in Strathire; the burial place of Rob Roy and his wife Helen. The heath is often set on fire to allow the grass to grow.

Balvaig = the small river (?); *bala*, the entrance to a river—*vaig* = *beg*, small. It is in Strathire.

Strath-gartney = the rough valley (?). From *garw*, rough. The north side of Loch Katrine.

+ IV.—**Doune** = the "Dun" or "*port*," or "hill," on the Teith.

Taghairm. "The foretelling." From *targair*, to foretell. It was one of the many ways of foretelling events. A person wrapped in the hide of a newly slain bullock was deposited near a water-fall to think over the problem during the night, and was supposed in this way to be inspired.

Dennan's Row for Rowardennan, for poetic effect.

Beal' Maha = "the pass of the plain," east of Loch Lomond.

Cambus Kenneth = "the *crooked ford* by the *headland*" (?) (From *can*, crooked, *ken*, a head, *ath*, a ford). A famous abbey on one of the links (bends) of the Forth, founded by David I., 1147, the burial place of James III.

Unfermline = *Dun-fearn-linn* = "the fort by the alder pool," an ancient town in Fife, with an abbey founded by Malcolm III. It is the birthplace of Charles I., and the burial place of King Robert Bruce.

Fairies The beings referred to are a variety of fairies, the *Daoine Shi*, or men of peace. The Highlanders believed them to be malevolent if interfered with in any way, as by talking of them, wearing green clothes, hunting their favourite deer, injuring their trees, or prying into their secrets. They envied mortals the privileges of baptism. Their ranks were filled by kidnapping mortals, as in the story.

+ **James Fitz-James**. This was not a name assumed by James in his adventures, but is an invention of the poet to avoid the danger of discovery. The real name was the "Gudeman (farmer) of Ballenguich." Many of the incidents of his reign are alluded to in the poem: the regency of Albany (Canto v.); his imprisonment by Angus (v.), and his escape to Stirling; his intimacy with France (i. and v.) and its effects chiefly seen in the troubles of his reign. He visited France in 1536, and married Magdalen, the king's daughter, and on her death, Mary of Guise. He attempted to introduce the imperialism he saw abroad, unwarned by the troubles of Albany. His mercenary troops were for this purpose, as also his favour to the "Commons," in order to counteract the power of the nobles. His border expedition has been mentioned, and in 1540 he made a similar trip to the north, taking captive some chiefs to hold as sureties for the good behaviour of their clans.

Allan = "the white river," in Perth. Empties into the Forth.

Devan = "the two streams," south of the Ochil hills.
 + **Coilantogle** = *Coil-an-t ogle*, "the noisy water by the height" (?) (*coil*, noise, *an*, water, *ochil*, a hill). A ford where the Teith issues from Vennachar.

+ **V.—Carhonic**, "the hilly place." **Torry**, "the rocky hill."
 + **Lendrick** = "the smooth ridge" (*lan-rigg*). **Blair Drummon**, "the plain on the hill." **Ochertyre** = "the hilly field."

+ **Stirling Castle** An old fort. It was a royal residence in the fifteenth century.

Robin Hood. A famous outlaw, the subject of many ballads, supposed to have lived between the times of Richard II. and Edward I. His chief residence was Sherwood Forest. The most noted of his followers were Little John (Nailor), William Scathelock, or Scarlet, George a Green, Much, a miller's son, Friar Tuck, and Maid Marion. One account states that his real name was Robert Fitzooth; that he was born at Locksley, about 1160.

Tullibardine = "the bard's knoll," in Perth, an old seat of the Murrays.

John de Brent may be founded on Tom Purdie, Scott's gillie or servant, a man who had attracted Scott's attention when brought before him for poaching, and whom he kept in his service till the last.

