



LA  
(73) 0155  
1  
W. J. Gage & Co.'s English School Classics.

---

# MARMION :

A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, MAP, AND GLOSSARY.*

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

BY

EDWARD E. MORRIS, M. A.

Lincoln College, Oxford.

NEW EDITION.

W. J. GAGE AND COMPANY  
WELLINGTON STREET WEST  
TORONTO  
1881

195912  
25.1.34

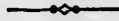
PR  
5311  
A1  
1881

---

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year  
1880 by W. J. GAGE & COMPANY, in the office of the Minister  
of Agriculture.

---

## INTRODUCTION.



GREATER ATTENTION is being given every day to the study of English in schools. It is not at present easy to determine whether it will attain to the position which Mr. Seeley claims for it, as the entrance for all to a classical education, or whether it will be contented with a humbler function side by side with the ordinary routine. Probably, in different places, both works lie before it.

Two main difficulties have been felt in the way of this study—the want of teachers, and the want of suitable editions. But the teachers are teaching themselves, and the books are being written. The Clarendon Press Series is filling up the gap, and the present is an attempt to follow—at a distance. These notes were chiefly compiled in teaching myself how to teach others: they are offered to the public, not without misgiving, in the hope that they may be useful to others in teaching.

LIFE OF SCOTT. I. *Early life.*—Walter Scott was born on August 15, 1771. His father—also a Walter—was a Writer to the Signet, or advocate, in Edinburgh. Young Walter was rendered lame by a fever in his infancy, and being sent for cure to the house of his grandfather, at Sandyknowe, a farm not far from Melrose, he there first contracted that passionate love for the Border-country, which held him through life. His lameness also, detaining him from the ordinary sports of youth, enriched him early with a love of reading. Yet he made no brilliant display at school; he was not usually dux, but rather dunce, of his class: and in after-years he bitterly regretted that he had neglected to store his mind with a sound knowledge of Greek. His father wished him to follow his own profession, so Walter Scott became a lawyer, but with no taste, no love for his work. In 1797, he married a French lady named Charpentier, but neither his love nor his marriage formed a turning-point in his life, as might perhaps have been expected with a poet. During this period his calling does not seem to have been literature: as a distinct vocation he almost despised it. His only excursion into that field was a translation of Goethe's "Goetz of the Iron Hand."

II. *The "Border Minstrelsy."* *Scott the Poet.*—It was in 1802 that he published the "Border Minstrelsy," in itself the work rather of an antiquarian than a poet; but its compilation changed the whole current of his life, by suggesting imitations of the ballads which he had collected, and also by the partnership which it induced him to commence with the Ballantynes.

The sum of the influences which made Scott a poet

will be better estimated later, when we come to consider the roots from which "Marmion" grew, and the criticisms of his poetry shall be reserved for fuller exposition there. Here we give the chronology only of his poems.

In 1804, being appointed Sheriff of Selkirk, he went to live at Ashestiel, in Ettrick Forest, on the Tweed, a little above the spot where the Yarrow joins it.

In 1805, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" appeared. Encouraged by its success, in 1808 he published "Marmion." "The Lady of the Lake" followed. These are generally considered the three best of his longer poems. The rest were "Don Roderick" (1811), "The Bridal of Triermain," "Rokeby" (1813), "The Lord of the Isles" (1815), "Harold" (1817). It was shortly after the publication of "Rokeby" that he purchased Abbotsford, still in the old Border-country, still on the Tweed, the dear home of his later life, and the place of his death.

III. "*Waverley.*" *Scott the Novelist.*—But his later poems were composed after the current of his life had again been changed. They are like pieces of Cromarty in the midst of Ross-shire. The publication of "*Waverley*," in July 1814, showed him that, however successful as a poet, his road henceforth lay in a different direction. The metrical romances became prose poems.

"What 'series' followed out of '*Waverley*,'" says Carlyle, "and how and with what result, is known to all men,—was witnessed and watched with a kind of rapt astonishment by all. Hardly any literary reputation ever rose so high in our island; no reputation at all ever spread so wide. Walter Scott became Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, of Abbotsford; on whom Fortune seemed to pour her whole cornucopia of wealth, honour, and worldly good; the favourite of princes and of peasants, and all intermediate men. His '*Waverley Series*,' swift following one on the other, apparently without

end, was the universal reading—looked for like an annual harvest, by all ranks, in all European countries.”

So much for their success: one word, and from no mean critic, on their value. Goethe described him as the “greatest writer of his time,” and said that his art was so high, it was hard to attempt giving a formal opinion on it.

IV. *The End*.—Most men, it has been remarked, have their troubles at the outset of their life; Scott's came towards the close. Parallel with the last two divisions of his life, there ran another. Scott, the poet and the novelist, was also a printer and publisher. He piqued himself on being a good man of business, he was not; and during the whole time in which he was engaged in it, the business seems to have been in an unsound state. 1825 was a year of commercial panic. Ballantynes' firm fell before the shock, and bankruptcy was the result. Scott determined to pay his creditors by the help of his pen. But the Muse will not so be forced; and Scott's later compositions—the end of the “Waverley Series,” “History of Scotland,” “Life of Napoleon,” “Demonology”—are manifestly hurried, made to sell. Nor was it only against fallen fortunes that Scott had to contend. In the year of his bankruptcy (1826), he lost also his wife. His later years were not happy. His troubles, and the forced labour of his old age, broke his health. He went to the Mediterranean for change, but a greater was in store for him: he hurried home to die. It was in his own Abbotsford, and within hearing of the Tweed he loved so well, that he died on September 21, 1832.

HIS FAME.—The fame of Scott has had a varying history. Hardly any literary man ever enjoyed such popularity as that which Scott won by the publication of his poems, and, enhanced by the mystery of his long-preserved incognito, of the “Waverley Novels.”

This popularity continued to the end of his life, although somewhat weakened by the later novels, and other literary efforts, bred of his pecuniary distresses. Then came a partial reaction, and men began to coincide with the opinions expressed about him by Jeffrey and by Byron; but that the popularity had not gone was shown by the enthusiasm with which Lockhart's "Life" was hailed. This book was, however, followed at once by Carlyle's criticisms in the "Westminster Review,"\* since which time many thinking men have followed Carlyle, and Scott has been condemned as superficial and wanting insight. Mr. Ruskin, however, courageously adhered to the opinions which were popular when he was a young man, and herein represents a band of admirers who have steadfastly retained their affection for Scott. With the public generally his reputation has been eclipsed by a younger poet. The present Professor of Poetry † at Oxford said, a little time ago: "Boys in my youth learnt by heart a canto of 'Marmion'; they now learn the 'Idylls of the King.'"

Let us place the estimates of Ruskin and Carlyle side by side:—

*Ruskin's Estimate.*—Ruskin ‡ selects Scott and Turner as "the great representative minds of the age," the one in literature, and the other in art, with a half apology for estimating so highly Scott's "poetry of careless glance and reckless rhyme." The tests of greatness are—(1) humility: Scott never talks about the dignity of literature; he has no affectation, and, although a mannerist, no assumption of manner; and (2) the ease with which he does his work. But in his faults, likewise, Ruskin finds him a representative of his age:—1. In faithlessness; 2. In the habit of looking idly back on the past,

\* January 1838, now reprinted in the *Miscellanies*, vol. iv.

† Sir Francis Doyle.

‡ *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. part iv. chap. 16. sec. 23-45.



without understanding it, without a real wish to recall it ; 3. In ignorance of true art ; 4. In the melancholy which underlies his scepticism. Observe, further, the way in which he looks at Nature, " as having an animation and pathos of its own, wholly irrespective of human presence or passion : " and his preference for colour over form in landscape painting.

*Carlyle's estimate* is very different. To the question whether Scott was a great man or not, this is his answer, at length:—" Friends to precision of epithet will probably deny his title to the name great. One knows not what idea worthy of the name of great, what purpose, instinct, or tendency that could be called great, Scott was ever inspired with. His life was worldly, his ambitions were worldly. There is nothing spiritual in him ; all is economical, material, of the earth, earthy. A love of picturesque, of beautiful, vigorous, and graceful things ; a genuine love, yet not more genuine than has dwelt in hundreds of men, named minor poets—this is the highest quality to be discerned in him." Yet, on the other hand, he was " genuine," " no shadow of cant," " an eminently well-conditioned man, healthy in body, healthy in soul ; " a thorough Scotchman, owing much to Knox and Presbyterianism, as all Scotland does. " No Scotchman of his time was more entirely Scotch than Walter Scott : the good and the not so good which all Scotchmen inherit ran through every fibre of him." No burning fire of genius in him—no real call to literature. " Station in society, solid power over the good things of this world, was Scott's avowed object, towards which the precept of precepts is that of Iago, ' Put money in thy purse.' " Lastly, on the rapidity of Scott's writing : " On the whole, contrasting ' Waverley,' which was carefully written, with most of its followers, which were written extempore, one may regret the extempore method." " Virgil and Tacitus, were they ready writers ? The

whole prophecies of Isaiah are not equal in extent to this cobweb of a review article."

"Look upon this picture and on that," painted both by master-hands. In each estimate of Scott there is much truth. It were presumption to attempt a harmony of them. Remember that the shield which was golden on the one side, was coated with silver on the other.

*Sources and Results of Scott's Poetry.*—We have already mentioned two of the sources from which Scott's poetry sprang—the poem of Goethe's youth, which Scott himself translated, Goetz von Berlichingen, with the Iron Hand, "a grain of seed that has lighted in the right soil;" and the collection which he made himself, the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." And we should add to these the book, which probably gave him the idea of his own collection, "Percy's Reliques," a favourite, as we know, of his boyish years.

Such are the seeds: let us note the fruit also. First we may place the "Waverley Novels," foremost of their kind, the first and most substantial result; and consider how much the modern novel in its best type, perhaps also in its less praiseworthy features, owes to these. Then, in the sphere of verse, Macaulay's "Lays" owe much of their spirit, and even turns of their expression, to the poetry of Scott. Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads," Bode's "Ballads from Herodotus," may, each and all, be affiliated to it. Lastly, in quite recent days, Mr. Conington's translation of the "Æneid," the best that has yet appeared, has borrowed more than its metre from Sir Walter Scott.

But it was not only the ballads of the Border, it was the whole mass of the Border traditions acting on his young imagination, which produced this poetry. Their influence must be traced through the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" to "Marmion," both of them tales of that

charmed Border which Scott loved so well. But the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" is a tale of the Border proper, of the forays which made its very life; whilst "Marmion" centres round one of its later, more historical scenes, and at times wanders far away.

It was the popularity and success of the "Lay" which produced "Marmion." "Marmion," in its turn, was greeted with the same applause. But it must be noted that this applause was given by the people, readers and purchasers of the poem; not by the professional critics, amongst whom protesting voices might be heard—two especially, the voices of Jeffrey\* and Lord Byron.†

*Hostile Criticism.*—Jeffrey's opinion of its faults may be summed up thus: he thought it affected and inaccurate, Gothic and irregular. He lamented the day when a gentleman of such endowments was corrupted by the wicked tales of knight-errantry and enchantment.

Lord Byron's opinions will be found in the following lines:—

Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,  
The golden-crested haughty Marmion,  
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,  
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,  
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;  
A mighty mixture of the great and base.

He then proceeds to vent his anger upon Scott for selling his poem to its publishers, an accusation which seems to take us back to the complaint of Socrates against the Sophists. We should require in these modern days some proof that Lord Byron received nothing for his poems, and we should also remember that this particular bargain of Scott was caused by the necessities of his brother Thomas. In his own Introduction, written in 1830, he mentions this fact as an apology for the haste with which the poem was originally published.

\* Edinburgh Review, April 1808.

† English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

The indictment against this poem has a fourfold count:—1. It is irregular; 2. It is affected; 3. It is inaccurate; 4. The character of the hero is unsuited to the age in which he is placed.

*Answer to Charges.*—The first of these charges, that he built his poem upon Gothic models, that he has introduced into an epic poem all the irregularities of a ballad, is an accusation which the poet would not have cared to meet, because he offended with his eyes open. Perhaps he did not feel equal to an epic poem—perhaps the age would have been impatient of it. How many readers has the “Excursion”? What has been the success of “Festus”? Tennyson has not produced an “Arthuriad,” but the “Idylls of the King.”

The affectations are twofold—of allusions, needing notes; of language, needing a glossary. The first are the result of the placing of the scene in days not our own: all the details of the life of the Middle Ages, the clothes and the castle ceremonies, the kirtles and the wimples, the seneschals and sewers, against which Jeffrey is very angry, are intended to transport the reader more completely to the earlier times. The affectations of language are due partly to the same cause; but in some measure they are caused by the author’s carelessness.

The inaccuracies are chiefly to be found in the host’s story in Canto III., and are probably intended to represent the inaccuracy of an uneducated man. There are some also for which he has an excuse in poetic license, as well as in the example of Shakespeare, who in the play of “Henry VIII.” introduces the Earl of Surrey and his father the Duke of Norfolk, although at the time his father was dead. In this poem of “Marmion” there are at least four such inaccuracies, for each of which the author makes apology in his notes:—

- (1.) The substitution of Lady Ford for her husband as a hostage at the Scottish Court, and the alteration of his name from William to Hugh.

- (2.) Placing nuns at Whitby, Tynemouth, and Holy Island in the reign of Henry VIII.; also at Holy Island placing them in a house dedicated to St. Cuthbert, who hated women.
- (3.) Making Sir David Lindesay Lion-Herald, sixteen years before he attained that office; in this Scott followed the poem of "Flodden Field."
- (4.) Introducing Gawain Douglas as Bishop of Dunkeld, before he succeeded to the see.

On the last count of the indictment, no other has used such strong language as the author. In his Introduction (1830) he says:—

"The nature of Marmion's guilt, although similar instances were found, and might be quoted, as existing in feudal times, was nevertheless not sufficiently peculiar to be indicative of the character of the period, forgery being the crime of a commercial rather than of a proud and warlike age. This *gross defect* ought to have been remedied or palliated. Yet I suffered the tree to lie as it had fallen."\*

We have not, however, finished with fault-finding. There is yet another accuser. This poem has been made the basis of an historical drama, published anonymously in the year 1812, written especially with a design, according to the Preface, to introduce two alterations: "the first bringing the supposed guilt of Wilton nearer to the time of his unjust punishment; the other softening a little the dreadful doom of Constance, that the Abbess of Whitby (a good character, though tinged with professional prejudices) might no longer concur in a direct murder." The dramatist, therefore, makes Clara and the Abbess go to release Constance. On the second point the reader is referred to the note on II. xxv. 4. On the former, it may be observed that though the time is cer-

\* Another point to be noticed in Marmion's character is his combination of religious unbelief (IV. xxi. 23 and III. xxx. 7) with such credulity as made him issue forth at night to meet a spirit.

tainly long, twenty-five years from Stokefield to Flodden\*—and this is probably due to the hurry—guilt frequently remains long undiscovered; and there is, therefore, no inherent improbability that a charge should be trumped up many years after the time to which it alluded.

We have dwelt too long on the faults; but when they are all told, and every necessary deduction made from the merits of the poem, how much remains upon the other side? A friend of the author said that he should assign to it the very highest shelf of English poetry. This is not, however, the place for the language of eulogy, rather for that of discrimination.

When a teacher puts a book into his pupil's hands, it is because, having himself learned to appreciate its excellences, he would give his pupil an opportunity of doing the same. But the pupil, as yet untrained in taste, may easily fail to discover these without assistance; while, at the same time, it is certain that the points of excellence, in any work, are by none so keenly appreciated as by those who have found them for themselves. Some help then must be given with the opportunity, in order to secure its being improved, but not too much; enough only to direct the judgment, not enough to rob it of its independence. What is wanted is not a complete system of labelling, in the fashion of a botanical garden; but something more like the presentation of a nosegay, gathered at random and offered at the entrance, suggesting the kinds of flowers in some of their numerous varieties which may be found within, and stimulating search for them. With this conviction the following sentences are written.

Perhaps the best ideal standard by which to measure a work of art is given in the word *harmony*—that is,

\* Marmion was engaged at Bosworth Field; and this would be consistent with his being of the same age as Wilton.

such a well-ordered relation of all the parts to one another, that the whole work shall give the impression of being one thing and not many things. "Marmion" is a series of pictures. Therefore, while, in the first place, as most essential, the student must look to see if the series form one harmonious group, he must also notice how the successive pictures are related to each other; how some are intended to afford contrast with others—the scene at the inn in Canto III., with the scene going on at the same time at the convent in Canto II.; how one prepares the way for the next—the haughtiness of the Palmer at his first appearance, and his treatment of the apparition at Edinburgh, for the later revelation of himself; how figures or incidents in one scene are foreshadowings of their more perfect representation in others—the first mention, for instance, of Lady Heron. Again, the student must notice how far each picture is in itself a whole—whether it is clear or dim: this will open a study of epithets; whether the language, whether the rhythm of the verse, is in keeping with the thought intended to be conveyed. He must notice also the background—whether the scenery of nature, or architecture, with which the actors are surrounded, brings into due relief the spirit of the particular action.

But in music and in nature, difference is essential to harmony. There is a "discord dear to the musician," to the artist, to the poet. Let it be noticed, then, that variety is a sensible feature of Scott's longer poems. Here is a description of nature—Edinburgh, IV. xxx.: there a character drawn out—Sir David Lindesay, IV. vii.: presently a battle scene—Flodden Field, VI.: again, a picture of human action, where two or three figures fill the canvas—the Convent Trial, II. Some are simple, others more or less complex: here a character is sketched—Marmion's, Lindesay's, King James's; there merely suggested—Blount's, Lady Heron's. The

student should try to determine in which kind the artist best succeeds by pleasing most.

Furthermore, it would be well that the student should exercise his faculty of comparison. Let him compare, or contrast Scott with any other poet whose works he knows: with Shakespeare for knowledge of life and portrayal of character, with Homer for his battlefield, with Macaulay for his easy flow of verse, or with Tennyson for his nature-painting.

*Metre.*—As there is no recognised work on English Prosody, it may be as well to add a few words on the metre of “Marmion.” One is obliged to employ the classical names for feet with a somewhat different sense. Greek and Latin verses are scanned by quantity, English verses by accent. Yet, as it has no other name, an English foot of two syllables, in which the accent is laid on the second, must be called an *iambus*, on the first a *trochee*.

“Marmion” is chiefly written in iambic lines of eight syllables (*i.e.* four feet), each couplet rhyming.\* This is a very rapid metre, and excellently suited for rapid narrative. Scott described it as “a sort of light horseman stanza.” Its fault, however, is that when applied to a long poem it is monotonous: and Scott, recognising this fault, introduced occasional variations, the nature and use of which it will be well to notice. The monotony is relieved—

(1). By variation of the metre. (*a*). In the feet employed. Substitution of a trochee for an iambus, generally at the beginning, as

Raised the portcullis' ponderous guard.—I. iv. 13.

or of some other foot, an anapæst for instance—that is, a foot of three syllables, with the accent on the last, as in the second foot of I. iv. 1:

Now broach—ye a pipe—of Malvoisie.

\* The most perfect form of this metre is to be found in Coleridge's “Christabel.”



(b). In the number of feet employed. The most remarkable variation is in the employment of two half-lines, four-syllabled, in II. xxviii.—

Their oaths are said,  
Their prayers are prayed,  
Their lances in the rest are laid.

But the ordinary variation is to the six-syllabled iambic line, which is generally introduced to mark a fall in the sense, a full stop. Of this instances can easily be found.

(2). By variation of the rhyme. (a). In the use of triplets instead of couplets. See I. iii.

(b). In the rhyming of alternate lines, most commonly though not exclusively used, with the change to the six-syllabled line. The best instance is

Still is thy name in high account,  
And still thy verse has charms,  
Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,  
Lord Lion King-at-Arms.—IV. vii. 28.

(c). In the introduction of double or feminine rhymes. These are generally hypermetric, *i.e.*, a syllable beyond the usual number; and are attached either to the eight or the six-syllabled line :

While chafed the impatient squire like thunder,  
Old Hubert shouts, in fear and wonder.—IV. i. 19.

Of all the palaces so fair,  
Built for the royal dwelling,  
In Scotland, far beyond compare  
Linlithgow is excelling.—IV. xv. 1.

This was the passage which Jeffrey described as evidently formed in the school of Sternhold and Hopkins.

(3). By the introduction of songs. (a). The fragment of a ballad in I. xiii. 11, of an anapestic metre :

How the fierce Thirlwalls, and Ridleys all,  
Stout Wil|limondswick,  
And Hard|riding Dick,  
And Hugh|ie of Haw|don, and Will'o' the Wall  
Have set|on Sir Al bany Feat herstonhaugh,  
And ta|ken his life|at the Dead|man's-shaw.

The anapæstic metre consists of two or four feet, and each foot either an anapæst, a dactyl, or a spondee.

(b). Constance's song, in III. x. xi., has a distinctly dactylic movement, which is happily varied : (a), by the fact that the second lines in each couplet are catalectic, or deficient of the final syllable (*κατα λιγω*, to stop short); (β), by the occasional introduction of one hypermetric syllable :

Her|wing shall the|eagle flap,

a variation which will be made perfectly harmonious by judicious reading; and (γ), by an anticipation of the rhyme in two cases, the effect of which is to throw the final syllable of the first line into the second line of the couplet :

In the lost' battle  
Borne down by the|flying,  
Where' mingles war's|rattle  
With|groans of the|dying.

(c). Lady Heron's song in V. xii.—“Lochinvar.”

This also is an anapæstic metre, of four feet—the first a spondee, and the rest pure anapæsts :

O young' Lochinvar! is come out' of the west.  
One touch to her hand|and one word, in her ear.

One peculiarity of this edition will be noted at once—the omission of the Introductory Epistles. The poet himself originally intended to have published them separately, as “Six Epistles from Ettrick Forest.” Southey “wished them at the end of the volume, or at the beginning—anywhere except where they were.” Mr. George Ellis, to whom one was addressed, said that, “though excellent in themselves, they are in fact only interruptions to the fable, and accordingly nine readers out of ten have perused them separately, either before or after the poem.” Lockhart also concurs in this wish for a change of their position. It is from no lack of belief in their intrinsic beauty that they are omitted here; even the fact that they disturb the flow of the story would

not have been a sufficient excuse for omitting them, and altering the poet's own decision on the subject. Their omission is defended only by the special object of the present edition. It is not right to tamper with a poem : it is allowed to make extracts for the purposes of education.

The distinction between the Notes and the Glossary was intended to be that, all account of words should go into the Glossary, and all other information into the Notes. It has not, however, been found always possible to observe this distinction ; but where the account of a word occurs in a note, a reference to the note is given in the Glossary.

This edition was at first meant for the use of lower forms in schools, as an introduction to English for those for whom the Clarendon editions would be too hard. It has grown under my hands to be somewhat, in parts at least, more ambitious, but I hope that I have nowhere lost sight of my original object.

I cannot conclude without acknowledging my obligations to Mr. J. S. Phillpotts, of Rugby, for kind assistance in the compilation of Notes and Glossary.

E. E. M.

BADLEY COLLEGE, ABINGDON :  
*April 17, 1869.*

**ADVERTISEMENT**  
TO  
**THE FIRST EDITION.**

---

It is hardly to be expected, that an Author whom the Public have honoured with some degree of applause, should not be again a trespasser on their kindness. Yet the Author of **MARMION** must be supposed to feel some anxiety concerning its success, since he is sensible that he hazards, by this second intrusion, any reputation which his first poem may have procured him. The present story turns upon the private adventures of a fictitious character; but is called a Tale of Flodden Field, because the hero's fate is connected with that memorable defeat, and the causes which led to it. The design of the Author was, if possible, to apprise his readers, at the outset, of the date of his story, and to prepare them for the manners of the age in which it is laid. Any historical narrative, far more an attempt at Epic composition, exceeded his plan of a Romantic Tale; yet he may be permitted to hope, from the popularity of **THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL**, that an attempt to paint the manners of the feudal times, upon a broader scale, and in the course of a more interesting story, will not be unacceptable to the Public.

The Poem opens about the commencement of August, and concludes with the defeat of Flodden, September 9, 1513.



# M A R M I O N .

---

## CANTO I.

### *THE CASTLE.*

DAY set on Norham's castled steep, 1  
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,  
And Cheviot's mountains lone :  
The battled towers, the Donjon keep,  
The loophole grates where captives weep, 5  
The flanking walls that round it sweep,  
In yellow lustre shone.  
The warriors on the turrets high,  
Moving athwart the evening sky,  
Seemed forms of giant height : 10  
Their armour, as it caught the rays,  
Flashed back again the western blaze,  
In lines of dazzling light.  
SAINT GEORGE'S banner, broad and gay, ii  
Now faded, as the fading ray  
Less bright, and less, was flung ;  
The evening gale had scarce the power  
To wave it on the Donjon tower, 5  
So heavily it hung.  
The scouts had parted on their search,  
The Castle gates were barred ;

Above the gloomy portal arch, Timing his footsteps to a march, The warder kept his guard ;	10
Low humming, as he paced along, Some ancient Border gathering-song.	
A DISTANT trampling sound he hears—	iii
He looks abroad, and soon appears O'er Horncliff Hill a plump of spears, Beneath a pennon gay ;	
A horseman, darting from the crowd, Like lightning from a summer cloud, Spurs on his mettled courser proud, Before the dark array.	5
Beneath the sable palisade, That closed the Castle barricade, His bugle-horn he blew ;	10
The warder hasted from the wall, And warned the Captain in the hall, For well the blast he knew ;	
And joyfully that Knight did call, To sewer, squire, and seneschal :—	15
“ Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie, Bring pasties of the doe, And quickly make the entrance free, And bid my heralds ready be, And every minstrel sound his glee, And all our trumpets blow ;	iv
And, from the platform, spare ye not To fire a noble salvo-shot :	5
Lord Marmion waits below.”—	
Then to the Castle's lower ward Sped forty yeomen tall, The iron-studded gates unbarred, Raised the portcullis' ponderous guard, The lofty palisade unsparr'd, And let the drawbridge fall.	10
	15

ALONG the bridge Lord Marmion rode, v  
 Proudly his red-roan charger trod,  
 His helm hung at the saddlebow ;  
 Well, by his visage, you might know  
 He was a stalworth knight, and keen, 5  
 And had in many a battle been ;  
 The scar on his brown cheek revealed  
 A token true of Bosworth field ;  
 His eyebrow dark, and eye of fire,  
 Shewed spirit proud, and prompt to ire ; 10  
 Yet lines of thought upon his cheek,  
 Did deep design and counsel speak.  
 His forehead, by his casque worn bare,  
 His thick moustache, and curly hair,  
 Coal-black, and grizzled here and there, 15  
     But more through toil than age ;  
 His square-turned joints, and strength of limb,  
 Shewed him no carpet knight so trim,  
 But, in close fight, a champion grim ;  
     In camps, a leader sage. 20  
 WELL armed was he from head to heel, vi  
 In mail and plate of Milan steel ;  
 But his strong helm, of mighty cost,  
 Was all with burnished gold embossed ;  
 Amid the plumage of the crest, 5  
 A falcon hovered on her nest,  
 With wings outspread, and forward breast ;  
 E'en such a falcon, on his shield,  
 Soared sable in an azure field :  
 The golden legend bore aright, 10  
 " Who checks at me, to death is dight."  
 Blue was the charger's broidered rein ;  
 Blue ribbons decked his arching mane ;  
 The knightly housing's ample fold  
 Was velvet blue, and trapped with gold. 15



BEHIND him rode two gallant squires, Of noble name and knightly sires ; They burned the gilded spurs to claim ; For well could each a war-horse tame, Could draw the bow, the sword could sway, And lightly bear the ring away ; Nor less with courteous precepts stored, Could dance in hall, and carve at board ; And frame love ditties passing rare, And sing them to a lady fair.	vii 5 10
FOUR men-at-arms came at their backs, With halbert, bill, and battleaxe : They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong, And led his sumpter mules along, And ambling palfrey, when at need Him listed ease his battle-steed. The last, and trustiest of the four, On high his forky pennon bore ; Like swallow's tail, in shape and hue, Fluttered the streamer glossy blue, Where, blazoned sable, as before, The towering falcon seemed to soar. Last, twenty yeomen, two and two, In hosen black, and jerkins blue, With falcons broidered on each breast, Attended on their lord's behest. Each, chosen for an archer good, Knew hunting-craft by lake or wood ; Each one a six-foot bow could bend, And far a cloth-yard shaft could send ; Each held a boar-spear tough and strong, And at their belts their quivers rung. Their dusty palfreys, and array, Showed they had marched a weary way. 'Tis meet that I should tell you now, How fairly armed, and ordered how,	viii 5 10 15 20 ix

The soldiers of the guard,  
 With musket, pike, and morion,  
 To welcome noble Marmion, 5  
 Stood in the Castle-yard;  
 Minstrels and trumpeters were there,  
 The gunner held his linstock yare,  
 For welcome-shot prepared :  
 Entered the train, and such a clang, 10  
 As then through all his turrets rang,  
 Old Norham never heard.  
 THE guards their morrice-pikes advanced, x  
 The trumpets flourished brave,  
 The cannon from the ramparts glanced,  
 And thundering welcome gave.  
 A blythe salute, in martial sort, 5  
 The minstrels well might sound,  
 For, as Lord Marmion crossed the court,  
 He scattered angels round.  
 "Welcome to Norham, Marmion!  
 Stout heart, and open hand! 10  
 Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,  
 Thou flower of English land!  
 Two pursuivants, whom tabarts deck, xi  
 With silver scutcheon round their neck,  
 Stood on the steps of stone,  
 By which you reach the Donjon gate,  
 And there, with herald pomp and state, 5  
 They hailed Lord Marmion :  
 They hailed him Lord of Fontenaye,  
 Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,  
 Of Tamworth tower and town;  
 And he, their courtesy to requite, 10  
 Gave them a chain of twelve marks weight,  
 All as he lighted down.  
 "Now largesse, largesse, Lord Marmion,  
 Knight of the crest of gold !

A blazoned shield, in battle won, Ne'er guarded heart so bold."—	15
THEY marshalled him to the Castle-hall, Where the guests stood all aside, And loudly flourished the trumpet-call, And the heralds loudly cried:—	xii
"Room, lordings, room for Lord Marmion, With the crest and helm of gold!	5
Full well we know the trophies won In the lists at Cottiswold:	
There, vainly, Ralph de Wilton strove 'Gainst Marmion's force to stand;	10
To him he lost his lady-love, And to the King his land.	
Ourselves beheld the listed field, A sight both sad and fair;	
We saw Lord Marmion pierce his shield, And saw his saddle bare;	15
We saw the victor win the crest, He wears with worthy pride;	
And on the gibbet-tree, reversed, <i>see + verso</i> His foeman's scutcheon tied.	20
Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight! Room, room, ye gentles gay,	
For him who conquered in the right, <i>con + quere</i> Marmion of Fontenaye!"	
THEN stepped to meet that noble lord Sir Hugh the Heron bold,	xiii
Baron of Twisell and of Ford, And Captain of the Hold. +	
He led Lord Marmion to the deas, Raised o'er the pavement high,	5
And placed him in the upper place— They feasted full and high:	
The whiles a northern harper rude Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud,—	10

"How the fierce Thirlwalls, and Riddleys all,  
 Stout Willimondswick,  
 And Hard-riding Dick,  
 And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will o' the Wall,  
 Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh, 15  
 And taken his life at the Deadman's-shaw."

Scantly Lord Marmion's ear could brook  
 The harper's barbarous lay;  
 Yet much he praised the pains he took,  
 And well those pains did pay; 20  
 For lady's suit, and minstrel's strain,  
 By knight should ne'er be heard in vain.

"Now, good Lord Marmion," Heron says, xiv  
 "Of your fair courtesy,

I pray you bide some little space,  
 In this poor tower with me.  
 Here may you keep your arms from rust, 5  
 May breathe your war-horse well;  
 Seldom hath passed a week but giust  
 Or feat of arms befell:

The Scots can rein a mettled steed,  
 And love to couch a spear;— 10  
 Saint George! a stirring life they lead,  
 That have such neighbours near.

Then stay with us a little space,  
 Our northern wars to learn;  
 I pray you for your lady's grace."— 15  
 Lord Marmion's brow grew stern.

THE Captain marked his altered look, *alter = another* xv  
 And gave a squire the sign; *scutum = a shield*  
 A mighty wassail-bowl he took,  
 And crowned it high with wine.

"Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion: 5  
 But first I pray thee fair,  
 Where hast thou left that page of thine,  
 That used to serve thy cup of wine,

15, wass-hall = health - be with you  
 reason = to be + hall = health

Whose beauty was so rare? *L. rarus*  
 When last in Raby towers we met, 10

The boy I closely eyed,  
 And often marked his cheeks were wet

With tears he fain would hide :

His was no rugged horse-boy's hand,  
 To burnish shield, or sharpen brand, 15  
 Or saddle battle-steed ;

But meeter seemed for lady fair,

To fan her cheek, or curl her hair,

Or through embroidery, rich and rare, *fr. broder*  
 The slender silk to lead : 20

His skin was fair, his ringlets gold,

His bosom—when he sighed,

The russet doublet's rugged fold

Could scarce repel its pride ! *fills - I drive*

Say, hast thou given that lovely youth 25

To serve in lady's bower ?

Or was the gentle page, in sooth,

A gentle paramour ?"—

LORD MARMION ill could brook such jest ; xvi

He rolled his kindling eye, *a. s. candle*

With pain his rising wrath suppressed, *Leander*  
 Yet made a calm reply :

"That boy thou thought'st so goodly fair, 5

He might not brook the northern air.

More of his fate if thou wouldst learn,

I left him sick in Lindisfarne :

Enough of him.—But, Heron, say,

Why does thy lovely lady gay 10

Disdain to grace the hall to-day ?

Or has that dame, so fair and sage,

Gone on some pious pilgrimage ?"— *some day*

He spoke in covert scorn, for fame

Whispered light tales of Heron's dame. 15

UNMARKED, at least unrecked, the taunt, xvii  
 Careless the Knight replied :  
 " No bird, whose feathers gaily flaunt,  
 Delights in cage to bide :  
 Norham is grim, and grated close, 5  
 Hemmed in by battlement and fosse,  
 And many a darksome tower ;  
 And better loves my lady bright,  
 To sit in liberty and light,  
 In fair Queen Margaret's bower. 10  
 We hold our greyhound in our hand,  
 Our falcon on our glove ;  
 But where shall we find leash or band,  
 For dame that loves to rove ?  
 Let the wild falcon soar her swing, 15  
 She'll stoop when she has tired her wing."—  
 " NAY, if with Royal James's bride, xviii  
 The lovely Lady Heron bide,  
 Behold me here a messenger,  
 Your tender greetings prompt to bear ;  
 For, to the Scottish Court addressed, *In address* 5  
 I journey at our King's behest,  
 And pray you, of your grace, provide  
 For me and mine a trusty guide.  
 I have not ridden in Scotland since  
 James backed the cause of that mock prince, 10  
 Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,  
 Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.  
 Then did I march with Surrey's power,  
 What time we razed old Ayton Tower."—  
 " FOR suchlike need, my Lord, I trow, xix  
 Norham can find you guides enow ;  
 For here be some have pricked as far  
 On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar ;  
 Have drunk the monks of Saint Bothan's ale, 5  
 And driven the beeves of Lauderdale ;

Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,  
 And given them light to set their hoods."  
 "Now, in good sooth," Lord Marmion cried,      xx  
 "Were I in warlike wise to ride,  
 A better guard I would not lack,  
 Than your stout forayers at my back:  
 But, as in form of peace I go,      5  
 A friendly messenger, to know  
 Why through all Scotland, near and far,  
 Their King is mustering troops for war,  
 The sight of plundering Border spears  
 Might justify suspicious fears;      10  
 And deadly feud, or thirst of spoil,  
 Break out in some unseemly broil:  
 A herald were my fitting guide;  
 Or friar, sworn in peace to bide;  
 Or pardoner, or travelling priest,      15  
 Or strolling pilgrim, at the least."—  
 THE Captain mused a little space,      xxi  
 And passed his hand across his face:  
 "Fain would I find the guide you want,  
 But ill may spare a pursuivant,  
 The only men that safe can ride      5  
 Mine errands on the Scottish side:  
 And, though a bishop built this fort,  
 Few holy brethren here resort;  
 Even our good chaplain, as I ween,  
 Since our last siege, we have not seen:      10  
 The mass he might not sing or say,  
 Upon one stinted meal a day;  
 So, safe he sat in Durham aisle,  
 And prayed for our success the while.  
 Our Norham vicar, woe betide,      15  
 Is all too well in case to ride.  
 The priest of Shoreswood— he could rein  
 The wildest war-horse in your train;

But then, no spearman in the hall  
 Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl. 20  
 Friar John of Tillmouth were the man,  
 A blythesome brother at the can,  
 A welcome guest in hall and bower,  
 He knows each castle, town, and tower,  
 In which the wine and ale is good, 25  
 'Twixt Newcastle and Holy-Rood.  
 But that good man, as ill befalls,  
 Hath seldom left our Castle walls,  
 Since, on the vigil of Saint Bede,  
 In evil hour, he crossed the Tweed, 30  
 To teach Dame Alison her creed.  
 Old Bughtrig found him with his wife;  
 And John, an enemy to strife,  
 Sans frock and hood fled for his life.  
 The jealous churl hath deeply swore, 35  
 That, if again he ventures o'er,  
 He shall shrive penitent no more.  
 Little he loves such risks, I know;  
 Yet, in your guard, perchance will go."—  
 YOUNG SELBY, at the fair hall-board xxii  
 Carved to his uncle, and that lord,  
 And reverently took up the word:  
 "Kind uncle, woe were we each one,  
 If harm should hap to brother John. 5  
 He is a man of mirthful speech,  
 Can many a game and gambol teach;  
 Full well at tables can he play,  
 And sweep at bowls the stake away. 1  
 None can a lustier carol bawl, 10  
 The needfullest among us all,  
 When time hangs heavy in the hall,  
 And snow comes thick at Christmas-tide,  
 And we can neither hunt, nor ride  
 A foray on the Scottish side. 15



The vowed revenge of Bughtrig rude,  
 May end in worse than loss of hood.  
 Let Friar John, in safety, still  
 In chimney-corner snore his fill,  
 Toast hissing crabs, or flagons swill: 20  
 Last night to Norham there came one,  
 Will better guide Lord Marmion."  
 "Nephew," quoth Heron, "by my fay,  
 Well hast thou spoke; say forth thy say."—  
 "HERE is a holy Palmer come, 23iii  
 From Salem first, and last from Rome;  
 One, that hath kissed the blessed tomb,  
 And visited each holy shrine,  
 In Araby and Palestine; 5  
 On hills of Armenie hath been,  
 Where Noah's ark may yet be seen;  
 By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,  
 Which parted at the prophet's rod;  
 In Sinai's wilderness he saw 10  
 The Mount, where Israel heard the law,  
 Mid thunder-dint, and flashing levin,  
 And shadows, mists, and darkness, given.  
 He shews Saint James's cockle-shell,  
 Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell; 15  
 And of that Grot where Olives nod,  
 Where, darling of each heart and eye,  
 From all the youth of Sicily,  
 Saint Rosalie retired to God.  
 To stout Saint George of Norwich merry, 22iv  
 Saint Thomas, too, of Canterbury,  
 Cuthbert of Durham and Saint Bede,  
 For his sins' pardon hath he prayed.  
 He knows the passes of the North, 5  
 And seeks far shrines beyond the Forth;  
 Little he eats, and long will wake,  
 And drinks but of the stream or lake.

This were a guide o'er moor and dale;  
 But, when our John hath quaffed his ale, 10  
 As little as the wind that blows,  
 And warms itself against his nose,  
 Kens he, or cares, which way he goes."—  
 "GRAMERCY!" quoth Lord Marmion, xxv  
 "Full loth were I that Friar John,  
 That venerable man, for me,  
 Were placed in fear or jeopardy.  
 If this same Palmer will me lead 5  
     From hence to Holy-Rood,  
 Like his good saint, I'll pay his meed,  
 Instead of cockle-shell, or bead,  
     With angels fair and good.  
 I love such holy rambles; still 10  
 They know to charm a weary hill,  
     With song, romance, or lay:  
 Some jovial tale; or glee, or jest,  
 Some lying legend at the least,  
     They bring to cheer the way."— 15  
 "AH! noble sir," young Selby said, xxvi  
 And finger on his lip he laid,  
 "This man knows much, perchance e'en more  
 Than he could learn by holy lore.  
 Still to himself he's muttering, 5  
 And shrinks as at some unseen thing.  
 Last night we listened at his cell;  
 Strange sounds we heard, and sooth to tell,  
 He murmured on till morn, howe'er  
 No living mortal could be near. 10  
 Sometimes I thought I heard it plain,  
 As other voices spoke again.  
 I cannot tell—I like it not—  
 Friar John hath told us it is wrote,  
 No conscience clear, and void of wrong, 15  
 Can rest awake, and pray so long.

Himself still sleeps before his beads,  
 Have marked ten aves, and two creeds."—  
 "LET pass," quoth Marmion; "by my fay,      xxvii  
 This man shall guide me on my way,  
 Although the great archfiend and he  
 Had sworn themselves of company;  
 So please you, gentle youth, 'to call      5  
 This Palmer to the Castle-hall."—  
 The summoned Palmer came in place;  
 His sable cowl o'erhung his face;  
 In his black mantle was he clad,  
 With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,      10  
     On his broad shoulders wrought;  
 The scallop-shell his cap did deck;  
 The crucifix around his neck  
     Was from Loretto brought;  
 His sandals were with travel tore,      15  
 Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore.  
 The faded palm-branch in his hand,  
 Shewed pilgrim from the Holy Land.  
 WHENAS the Palmer came in hall,      xxviii  
 Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall,  
 Or had a statelier step withal,  
     Or looked more high and keen;  
 For no saluting did he wait,      5  
 But strode across the hall of state,  
 And fronted Marmion where he sate,  
     As he his peer had been.  
 But his gaunt frame was worn with toil;  
 His cheek was sunk, alas the while!      10  
 And when he struggled at a smile,  
     His eye looked haggard wild:  
 Poor wretch! the mother that him bare,  
 If she had been in presence there,  
 In his wan face and sunburnt hair,      15  
     She had not known her child.

Danger, long travel, want, or woe,  
 Soon change the form that best we know—  
 For deadly fear can time outgo,  
     And blanch at once the hair ;                     20  
 Hard toil can roughen form and face,  
 And want can quench the eye's bright grace,  
 Nor does old age a wrinkle trace,  
     More deeply than despair.  
 Happy whom none of these befall,                     25  
 But this poor Palmer knew them all.  
 LORD MARMION then his boon did ask ;             xxix  
 The Palmer took on him the task,  
 So he would march with morning tide,  
 To Scottish Court to be his guide.  
 —“ But I have solemn vows to pay,                 5  
 And may not linger by the way,  
     To fair Saint Andrews bound,  
 Within the ocean-cave to pray,  
 Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,  
 From midnight to the dawn of day,                 10  
     Sung to the billow's sound ;  
 Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,  
 Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,  
     And the crazed brain restore :  
 Saint Mary grant that cave or spring                 15  
 Could back to peace my bosom bring,  
     Or bid it throb no more ! ”—  
 AND now the midnight draught of sleep,             xxx  
 Where wine and spices richly steep,  
 In massive bowl of silver deep,  
     The page presents on knee.  
 Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest,             5  
 The Captain pledged his noble guest,  
 The cup went through among the rest,  
     Who drained it merrily ;  
 Alone the Palmer passed it by,

Though Selby pressed him courteously. 10  
 This was the sign the feast was o'er;  
 It nushed the merry wassail roar,  
     The minstrels ceased to sound.  
 Soon in the Castle nought was heard,  
 But the slow footstep of the guard, 15  
     Pacing his sober round.  
 WITH early dawn Lord Marmion rose: xxxi  
 And first the chapel doors unclose;  
 Then, after morning rites were done,  
 (A hasty mass from Friar John,)  
 And knight and squire had broke their fast, 5  
 On rich substantial repast,  
 Lord Marmion's bugles blew to horse:  
 Then came the stirrup-cup in course;  
 Between the Baron and his host,  
 No point of courtesy was lost; 10  
 High thanks were by Lord Marmion paid,  
 Solemn excuse the Captain made,  
 Till, filing from the gate, had past  
 That noble train, their Lord the last.  
 Then loudly rang the trumpet-call; 15  
 Thundered the cannon from the wall,  
     And shook the Scottish shore;  
 Around the Castle eddied slow,  
 Volumes of smoke as white as snow,  
     And hid its turrets hoar; 20  
 Till they rolled forth upon the air,  
 And met the river breezes there,  
 Which gave again the prospect fair.

## CANTO II.

## THE CONVENT.

THE breeze, which swept away the smoke, i  
 Round Norham Castle rolled,  
 When all the loud artillery spoke, *ars, artis, = art-*  
 With lightning-flash and thunder-stroke,  
 As Marmion left the Hold. 5  
 It curled not Tweed alone, that breeze, *an enclosure*  
 For, far upon Northumbrian seas, *claustrum*  
 It freshly blew, and strong,  
 Where, from high Whitby's cloistered pile, *claudo*  
 Bound to Saint Cuthbert's Holy Isle, *to shut-up.* 10  
 It bore a bark along.  
 Upon the gale she stooped her side,  
 And bounded o'er the swelling tide,  
 As she were dancing home ;  
 The merry seamen laughed, to see 15  
 Their gallant ship so lustily  
 Furrow the green sea-foam.  
 Much joyed they in their honoured freight ;  
 For, on the deck, in chair of state,  
 The Abbess of Saint Hilda placed, 20  
 With five fair nuns, the galley graced.  
 'Twas sweet to see these holy maids, ii  
 LIKE birds escaped to greenwood shades,  
 Their first flight from the cage,  
 How timid, and how curious too,  
 For all to them was strange and new, 5  
 And all the common sights they view,  
 Their wonderment engage.

One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,  
 With many a benedicite; *here + dice*  
 One at the rippling surge grew pale, 10  
 And would for terror pray;  
 Then shrieked, because the sea-dog, nigh,  
 His round black head and sparkling eye,  
 Reared o'er the foaming spray :  
 And one would still adjust her veil, 15  
 Disordered by the summer gale,  
 Perchance lest some more worldly eye  
 Her dedicated charms might spy ;  
 Perchance, because such action graced *ago*  
 Her fair-turned arm and slender waist. 20  
 Light was each simple bosom there,  
 Save two, who ill might pleasure share,—  
 The Abbess, and the Novice Clare.  
 X THE ABBESS was of noble blood, iii  
 But early took the veil and hood,  
 Ere upon life she cast a look,  
 Or knew the world that she forsook.  
 Fair too she was, and kind had been 5  
 As she was fair, but ne'er had seen  
 For her a timid lover sigh,  
 Nor knew the influence of her eye ;  
 Love, to her ear, was but a name,  
 Combined with vanity and shame ; 10  
 Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all  
 Bounded within the cloister wall :  
 The deadliest sin her mind could reach  
 Was of monastic rule the breach ; *monastic*  
 And her ambition's highest aim, *monos* 15  
 To emulate Saint Hilda's fame.  
 X For this she gave her ample dower,  
 To raise the Convent's eastern tower ;  
 For this, with carving rare and quaint,  
 She decked the chapel of the Saint. 20

And gave the relic-shrine of cost,  
With ivory and gems embossed.

The poor her Convent's bounty blest,  
The pilgrim in its halls found rest.

BLACK was her garb, her rigid rule  
Reformed on Benedictine school;

Her cheek was pale, her form was spare;  
Vigils, and penitence austere,

Had early quenched the light of youth,  
But gentle was the dame in sooth;

Though vain of her religious sway,  
She loved to see her maids obey;

Yet nothing stern was she in cell,  
And the nuns loved their Abbess well.

Sad was this voyage to the dame;  
Summoned to Lindisfarne, she came,

There, with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old,  
And Tynemouth's Prioress, to hold

A chapter of Saint Benedict,  
For inquisition stern and strict,

On two apostates from the faith,  
And, if need were, to doom to death.

NOTHING say I here of Sister Clare,  
Save this, that she was young and fair;

As yet a novice unprofessed,  
Lovely and gentle, but distressed.

She was betrothed to one now dead,  
Or worse, who had dishonoured fled.

Her kinsmen bade her give her hand  
To one who loved her for her land:

Herself, almost heart-broken now,  
Was bent to take the vestal vow,

And shroud, within Saint Hilda's gloom,  
Her blasted hopes and withered bloom.

SHE sate upon the galley's prow,  
And seemed to mark the waves below;

relating to the goddess Verta

for above  
Embaiter = bopulm

con ventus  
con venio

iv

an assemble  
penitencia

5

Laustera

sheir

10

inquire

15

m + quaero

P apostata

v

a streouan

be + brosh

5

vestalis

10

vi



Nay seemed, so fixed her look and eye,  
 To count them as they glided by.  
 She saw them not—'twas seeming all— 5  
 Far other scene her thoughts recal—  
 A sun-scorched desert, waste and bare,  
 Nor wave, nor breezes, murmured there;  
 There saw she, where some careless hand  
 O'er a dead corpse had heaped the sand, 10  
 To hide it till the jackals come,  
 To tear it from the scanty tomb.—  
 See what a woful look was given,  
 As she raised up her eyes to heaven!  
 LOVELY, and gentle, and distressed— vii  
 These charms might tame the fiercest breast:  
 Harpers have sung, and poets told,  
 That he, in fury uncontrolled,  
 The shaggy monarch of the wood, *monos = alone* 5  
 Before a virgin, fair and good, *arko = to rule*  
 Hath pacified his savage mood.  
 But passions in the human frame  
 Oft put the lion's rage to shame:  
 And jealousy, by dark intrigue, *p. jealous* 10  
 With sordid avarice in league,  
 Had practised with their bowl and knife  
 Against the mourner's harmless life.  
 This crime was charged 'gainst those who lay  
 Prisoned in Cuthbert's islet grey. 15  
 AND now the vessel skirts the strand viii  
 Of mountainous Northumberland;  
 Towns, towers, and halls successive rise,  
 And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.  
 Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay, 5  
 And Tynemouth's priory and bay;  
 They marked, amid her trees, the hall  
 Of lofty Seaton-Delaval;  
 They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods  
 Rush to the sea through sounding woods; 10

They passed the tower of Widderington,  
 Mother of many a valiant son ;  
 At Coquet Isle their beads they tell  
 To the good Saint who owned the cell ;  
 Then did the Alne attention claim, 15  
 And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name ;  
 And next, they crossed themselves, to hear  
 The whitening breakers sound so near,  
 Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar,  
 On Dunstanborough's caverned shore ; 20  
 Thy tower, proud Bamborough, marked they there,  
 King Ida's castle, huge and square,  
 From its tall rock look grimly down,  
 And on the swelling ocean frown ;  
 Then from the coast they bore away, 25  
 And reached the Holy Island's bay. ✕  
 THE tide did now its flood-mark gain, ix  
 And girdled in the Saint's domain :  
 For, with the flow and ebb, its style  
 Varies from continent to isle ;  
 Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day, 5  
 The pilgrims to the shrine find way ;  
 Twice every day, the waves efface  
 Of staves and sandaled feet the trace.  
 As to the port the galley flew,  
 Higher and higher rose to view 10  
 The Castle with its battled walls,  
 The ancient Monastery's halls,  
 A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,  
 Placed on the margin of the isle.  
 In Saxon strength that Abbey frowned, x  
 With massive arches broad and round,  
 That rose alternate, row and row,  
 On ponderous columns, short and low,  
 Built ere the art was known, 5

By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,  
 The arcades of an alley'd walk  
 To emulate in stone. *emulate*  
 On the deep walls the heathen Dane  
 Had poured his impious rage in vain ; 10  
 And needful was such strength to these,  
 Exposed to the tempestuous seas,  
 Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,  
 Open to rovers fierce as they,  
 Which could twelve hundred years withstand 15  
 Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand.  
 Not but that portions of the pile,  
 Rebuilt in a later style,  
 Shewed where the spoiler's hand had been ;  
 Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen 20  
 Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,  
 And mouldered in his niche the Saint,  
 And rounded, with consuming power,  
 The pointed angles of each tower :  
 Yet still entire the Abbey stood, 25  
 Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.  
 Soon as they neared his turrets strong, xi  
 The maidens raised Saint Hilda's song,  
 And with the sea-wave and the wind,  
 Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined,  
 And made harmonious close ; 5  
 Then, answering from the sandy shore,  
 Half-drowned amid the breakers' roar,  
 According chorus rose : *me*  
 Down to the haven of the Isle,  
 The monks and nuns in order file, 10  
 From Cuthbert's cloisters grim ;  
 Banner, and cross, and relics there,  
 To meet Saint Hilda's maids, they bare ;  
 And, as they caught the sounds on air,  
 They echoed back the hymn. 15

The islanders, in joyous mood,  
 Rushed emulously through the flood, *7 Murray*  
 To hale the bark to land ;  
 Conspicuous by her veil and hood,  
 Signing the cross, the Abbess stood, 20  
 And blessed them with her hand.  
 SUPPOSE we now the welcome said, xii  
 Suppose the Convent banquet made :  
 All through the holy dome,  
 Through cloister, aisle, and gallery,  
 Wherever vestal maid might pry, 5  
 Nor risk to meet unhallowed eye,  
 The stranger sisters roam :  
 Till fell the evening damp with dew,  
 And the sharp sea-breeze coldly blew,  
 For there e'en summer night is chill. 10  
 Then, having strayed and gazed their fill,  
 They closed around the fire ;  
 And all, in turn, essayed to paint  
 The rival merits of their Saint,  
 A theme that ne'er can tire 15  
 A holy maid ; for, be it known,  
 That their Saint's honour is their own.  
 THEN Whitby's nuns exulting told, xiii  
 How to their house three barons bold  
 Must menial service do ;  
 While horns blow out a note of shame,  
 And monks cry, " Fye upon your name ! 5  
 In wrath, for loss of sylvan game,  
 Saint Hilda's priest ye slew."—  
 " This, on Ascension Day, each year,  
 While labouring on our harbour-pier,  
 Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear." 10  
 They told, how in their convent-cell  
 A Saxon princess once did dwell,  
 The lovely Edelfled ;

And how, of thousand snakes, each one  
 Was changed into a coil of stone, 15  
     When holy Hilda prayed ;  
 Themselves, within their holy bound,  
 Their stony folds had often found.  
 They told, how sea-fowls' pinions fail,  
 As over Whitby's towers they sail, 20  
 And, sinking down, with flutterings faint,  
 They do their homage to the Saint.  
 Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughters fail, xiv  
 To vie with these in holy tale ;  
 His body's restingplace of old,  
 How oft their patron changed, they told ;  
 How, when the rude Dane burned their pile, 5  
 The monks fled forth from Holy Isle ;  
 O'er northern mountain, marsh, and moor,  
 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
 Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore.  
 They rested them in fair Melrose ; 10  
     But though, alive, he loved it well,  
 Not there his relics might repose ;  
     For, wondrous tale to tell !  
 In his stone-coffin forth he rides,  
 A ponderous bark for river-tides, 15  
 Yet light as gossamer it glides,  
     Downward to Tilmouth cell.  
 Nor long was his abiding there,  
 For southward did the Saint repair ;  
 Chester-le-Street and Rippon saw 20  
 His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw  
     Hailed him with joy and fear ;  
 And, after many wanderings past,  
 He chose his lordly seat at last,  
 Where his cathedral, huge and vast, 25  
     Looks down upon the Wear :

There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,  
His relics are in secret laid ;

But none may know the place,  
Save of his holiest servants three, 30  
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,

Who share that wondrous grace. ✕  
Who may his miracles declare ! xv

Even Scotland's dauntless king, and heir,  
(Although with them they led  
Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale,  
And Lodon's knights, all sheathed in mail, 5  
And the bold men of Teviotdale,)

Before his standard fled.

'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,  
Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane,  
And turned the Conqueror back again, 10  
When, with his Norman bowyer band,  
He came to waste Northumberland.

BUT fain Saint Hilda's nuns would learn, xvi  
If, on a rock, by Lindisfarne,

Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame  
The sea-born beads that bear his name :  
Such tales had Whitby's fishers told, 5

And said they might his shape behold,

And hear his anvil sound ;

A deadened clang,—a huge dim form,  
Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm,  
And night were closing round. 10

But this, as tale of idle fame,  
The nuns of Lindisfarne disclaim.

WHILE round the fire such legends go, xvii  
Far different was the scene of woe,

Where, in a secret aisle beneath,  
Council was held of life and death.

It was more dark and lone that vault, 5  
Than the worst dungeon-cell ;

Old Colwulf built it, for his fault  
 In penitence to dwell,  
 When he, for cowl and beads, laid down  
 The Saxon battle-axe and crown. 10  
 This den, which, chilling every sense  
 Of feeling, hearing, sight,  
 Was called the Vault of Penitence,  
 Excluding air and light,  
 Was, by the prelate Sexhelm, made 15  
 A place of burial, for such dead,  
 As, having died in mortal sin,  
 Might not be laid the church within.  
 'Twas now a place of punishment ;  
 Whence if so loud a shriek were sent, 20  
 As reached the upper air,  
 The hearers blessed themselves, and said,  
 The spirits of the sinful dead  
 Bemoaned their torments there.  
 BUT though, in the monastic pile, xviii  
 Did of this penitential aisle  
 Some vague tradition go,  
 Few only, save the Abbot, knew  
 Where the place lay ; and still more few 5  
 Were those, who had from him the clue  
 To that dread vault to go.  
 Victim and executioner  
 Were blindfold when transported there.  
 In low dark rounds the arches hung, 10  
 From the rude rock the side-walls sprung :  
 The gravestones, rudely sculptured o'er,  
 Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,  
 Were all the pavement of the floor ;  
 The mildew-drops fell one by one, 15  
 With tinkling splash, upon the stone.  
 A cresset, in an iron chain,  
 Which served to light this drear domain.

With damp and darkness seemed to strive,  
 As if it scarce might keep alive ; 20  
 And yet it dimly served to shew  
 The awful conclave met below.  
 THERE, met to doom in secrecy, xix  
 Were placed the heads of convents three :  
 All servants of Saint Benedict,  
 The statutes of whose order strict  
 On iron table lay ; 5  
 In long black dress, on seats of stone,  
 Behind were these three judges shewn,  
 By the pale cresset's ray :  
 The Abbess of Saint Hilda, there,  
 Sate for a space with visage bare, 10  
 Until, to hide her bosom's swell,  
 And tear-drops that for pity fell,  
 She closely drew her veil :  
 Yon shrouded figure, as I guess,  
 By her proud mien and flowing dress, 15  
 Is Tynemouth's haughty Prioress,  
 And she with awe looks pale :  
 And he, that Ancient Man, whose sight  
 Has long been quenched by age's night,  
 Upon whose wrinkled brow alone 20  
 Nor ruth nor mercy's trace is shewn,  
 Whose look is hard and stern,—  
 Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his style ;  
 For sanctity called, through the isle,  
 The Saint of Lindisfarne. 25  
 BEFORE them stood a guilty pair ; xx  
 But, though an equal fate they share,  
 Yet one alone deserves our care.  
 Her sex a page's dress belied ;  
 The cloak and doublet, loosely tied, 5  
 Obscured her charms, but could not hide.



Her cap down o'er her face she drew ;  
 And, on her doublet breast,  
 She tried to hide the badge of blue,  
 Lord Marmion's falcon crest. 10  
 But, at the Prioress' command,  
 A monk undid the silken band,  
 That tied her tresses fair,  
 And raised the bonnet from her head,  
 And down her slender form they spread, 15  
 In ringlets rich and rare.  
 Constance de Beverley they know,  
 Sister professed of Fontevraud,  
 Whom the Church numbered with the dead,  
 For broken vows, and convent fled. 20  
 WHEN thus her face was given to view, 21  
 (Although so pallid was her hue,  
 It did a ghastly contrast bear  
 To those bright ringlets glistening fair,) 5  
 Her look composed, and steady eye,  
 Bespoke a matchless constancy ;  
 And there she stood so calm and pale,  
 That, but her breathing did not fail,  
 And motion slight of eye and head,  
 And of her bosom, warranted 10  
 That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,  
 You might have thought a form of wax,  
 Wrought to the very life, was there ;  
 So still she was, so pale, so fair.  
 HER comrade was a sordid soul, 22  
 Such as does murder for a meed ;  
 Who, but of fear, knows no control,  
 Because his conscience, seared and foul,  
 Feels not the import of his deed ; 5  
 One, whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires  
 Beyond his own more brute desires.

Such tools the Tempter ever needs,  
 To do the savagest of deeds;  
 For them no visioned terrors daunt, 10  
 Their nights no fancied spectres haunt;  
 One fear with them, of all most base,  
 The fear of death,—alone finds place.  
 This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,  
 And shamed not loud to moan and howl, 15  
 His body on the floor to dash,  
 And crouch, like hound beneath the lash,  
 While his mute partner, standing near,  
 Waited her doom without a tear.  
 YET well the luckless wretch might shriek, xxiii  
 Well might her paleness terror speak!  
 For there were seen, in that dark wall,  
 Two niches, narrow, deep, and tall;—  
 Who enters at such grisly door, 5  
 Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.  
 In each a slender meal was laid,  
 Of roots, of water, and of bread :  
 By each, in Benedictine dress,  
 Two haggard monks stood motionless; 10  
 Who, holding high a blazing torch,  
 Shewed the grim entrance of the porch :  
 Reflecting back the smoky beam,  
 The dark-red walls and arches gleam.  
 Hewn stones and cement were displayed, 15  
 And building tools in order laid.  
 THESE executioners were chose, xxiv  
 As men who were with mankind foes,  
 And, with despite and envy fired,  
 Into the cloister had retired;  
 Or who, in desperate doubt of grace, 5  
 Strove, by deep penance, to efface  
 Of some foul crime the stain ;

For, as the vassals of her will,  
 Such men the Church selected still,  
 As either joyed in doing ill, 10  
 Or thought more grace to gain,  
 If, in her cause, they wrestled down  
 Feelings their nature strove to own.  
 By strange device were they brought there,  
 They knew not how, and knew not where. 15  
 AND now that blind old Abbot rose, xxv  
 To speak the Chapter's doom,  
 On those the wall was to inclose,  
 Alive, within the tomb ;  
 But stopped, because that woful maid, 5  
 Gathering her powers, to speak essayed.  
 Twice she essayed, and twice in vain ;  
 Her accents might no utterance gain ;  
 Nought but imperfect murmurs slip  
 From her convulsed and quivering lip : 10  
 'Twixt each attempt all was so still,  
 You seemed to hear a distant rill—  
 'Twas ocean's swells and falls ;  
 For though this vault of sin and fear  
 Was to the sounding surge so near, 15  
 A tempest there you scarce could hear,  
 So massive were the walls.  
 At length, an effort sent apart xxvi  
 The blood that curdled to her heart,  
 And light came to her eye,  
 And colour dawned upon her cheek,  
 A hectic and a fluttered streak, 5  
 Like that left on the Cheviot peak  
 By Autumn's stormy sky ;  
 And when her silence broke at length,  
 Still as she spoke, she gathered strength,  
 And armed herself to bear. 10

It was a fearful sight to see  
 Such high resolve and constancy,  
 In form so soft and fair.  
 " I SPEAK not to implore your grace ;                    xxvii  
 Well know I, for one minute's space  
 Successful might I sue :  
 Nor do I speak your prayers to gain ;  
 For if a death of lingering pain,                    5  
 To cleanse my sins, be penance vain,  
 Vain are your masses too.—  
 ✕ I listened to a traitor's tale,  
 I left the convent and the veil ;  
 For three long years I bowed my pride,                    10  
 A horse-boy in his train to ride ;  
 And well my folly's meed he gave,  
 Who forfeited, to be his slave,  
 All here, and all beyond the grave.— ✕  
 He saw young Clara's face more fair,                    15  
 He knew her of broad lands the heir,  
 Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,  
 And Constance was beloved no more.—  
 'Tis an old tale, and often told ;  
 But, did my fate and wish agree,                    20  
 Ne'er had been read, in story old,  
 Of maiden true betrayed for gold,  
 That loved, or was avenged, like me !  
 THE KING approved his favourite's aim ;                    xxviii  
 In vain a rival barred his claim,  
 Whose faith with Clare's was plight,  
 For he attaints that rival's fame  
 With treason's charge—and on they came,                    5  
 In mortal lists to fight.  
 Their oaths are said,  
 Their prayers are prayed,  
 Their lances in the rest are laid,  
 They meet in mortal shock ;                    10

And hark! the throng, with thundering cry,  
Shout 'Marmion! Marmion!' to the sky,

'De Wilton to the block!'

Say ye, who preach Heaven shall decide,  
When in the lists two champions ride, 15

Say, was Heaven's justice here? —

When, loyal in his love and faith,  
Wilton found overthrow or death,

Beneath a traitor's spear?

How false the charge, how true he fell, 20

This guilty packet best can tell."—

Then drew a packet from her breast,

Paused, gathered voice, and spoke the rest:

"STILL was false Marmion's bridal staid; xxix

To Whitby's convent fled the maid,

The hated match to shun.

'Ho! shifts she thus?' King Henry cried.

'Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride, 5

If she were sworn a nun.'

One way remained—the King's command

Sent Marmion to the Scottish land:

I lingered here, and rescue planned

For Clara and for me: 10

This caittiff monk, for gold did swear,

He would to Whitby's shrine repair,

And, by his drugs, my rival fair

A saint in heaven should be.

But ill the dastard kept his oath, *dastard kept* 15

Whose cowardice hath undone us both.

AND now my tongue the secret tells, xxx

Not that remorse my bosom swells, *As S. bosom*

But to assure my soul, that none

Shall ever wed with Marmion.

Had fortune my last hope betrayed, 5

This packet, to the King conveyed,

Had given him to the headsman's stroke,

Although my heart that instant broke —

Now, men of death, work forth your will,  
 For I can suffer, and be still ; 10  
 And come he slow, or come he fast,  
 It is but Death who comes at last.  
 YET dread me, from my living tomb, xxxi  
 Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome !  
 If Marmion's late remorse should wake,  
 Full soon such vengeance will he take,  
 That you shall wish the fiery Dane 5  
 Had rather been your guest again.  
 Behind, a darker hour ascends !  
 The altars quake, the crosier bends,  
 The ire of a despotic King  
 Rides forth upon destruction's wing. 10  
 Then shall these vaults, so strong and deep,  
 Burst open to the sea-wind's sweep ;  
 Some traveller then shall find my bones,  
 Whitening amid disjointed stones,  
 And, ignorant of priests' cruelty, *ignorant* 15  
 Marvel such relics here should be."  
 FIXED was her look, and stern her air ; xxxii  
 Back from her shoulders streamed her hair ;  
 The locks, that wont her brow to shade,  
 Stared up erectly from her head ;  
 Her figure seemed to rise more high ; 5  
 Her voice, despair's wild energy  
 Had given a tone of prophecy.  
 Appalled the astonished conclave sate ; *ad + pale dus pal*  
 With stupid eyes, the men of fate  
 Gazed on the light inspired form, 10  
 And listened for the avenging storm ;  
 The judges felt the victim's dread ; *next to be given*  
 No hand was moved, no word was said,  
 Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,  
 Raising his sightless balls to heaven :— 15

“ Sister, let thy sorrows cease ;  
Sinful brother, part in peace !”

From that dire dungeon, place of doom,  
Of execution too, and tomb,

Paced forth the judges three ; 20

Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell  
The butcher-work that there befell,  
When they had glided from the cell

Of sin and misery.

AN HUNDRED winding steps convey xxxiii

That conclave to the upper day ;

But, ere they breathed the fresher air,  
They heard the shriekings of despair,

And many a stifled groan : 5

With speed their upward way they take,  
(Such speed as age and fear can make,)

And crossed themselves for terror's sake,

As hurrying, tottering on :

Even in the vesper's heavenly tone, 10

They seemed to hear a dying groan,

And bade the passing knell to toll

For welfare of a parting soul.

Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,

Northumbrian rocks in answer rung ; 15

To Warkworth cell the echoes rolled,

His beads the wakeful hermit told ;

The Bamborough peasant raised his head,

But slept ere half a prayer he said ;

So far was heard the mighty knell, 20

The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,

Spread his broad nostril to the wind,

Listed before, aside, behind,

Then couched him down beside the hind ;

And quaked among the mountain fern, 25

To hear that sound, so dull and stern.

## CANTO III.

*THE HOSTEL, OR INN.*

THE livelong day Lord Marmion rode : i  
 The mountain path the Palmer shewed ;  
 By glen and streamlet winded still,  
 Where stunted birches hid the rill.  
 They might not choose the lowland road, 5  
 For the Merse forayers were abroad,  
 Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,  
 Had scarcely failed to bar their way.  
 Oft on the trampling band, from crown  
 Of some tall cliff, the deer looked down ; 10  
 On wing of jet, from his repose  
 In the deep heath, the black-cock rose ;  
 Sprung from the gorse the timid roe,  
 Nor waited for the bending bow ;  
 And when the stony path began, 15  
 By which the naked peak they wan,  
 Up flew the snowy ptarmigan.  
 The noon had long been passed, before  
 They gained the height of Lammermoor ;  
 Thence winding down the northern way, 20  
 Before them, at the close of day,  
 Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay.  
 No SUMMONS calls them to the tower, ii  
 To spend the hospitable hour.  
 To Scotland's camp the Lord was gone ;  
 His cautious dame in bower alone,



Dreaded her castle to unclose,	5
So late, to unknown friends or foes.	
On through the hamlet as they paced,	
Before a porch, whose front was graced	
With bush and flagon trimly placed,	
Lord Marmion drew his rein :	10
The village inn seemed large, though rude ;	
Its cheerful fire and hearty food	
Might well relieve his train.	
Down from their seats the horsemen sprung,	
With jingling spurs the courtyard rung ;	15
They bind their horses to the stall,	
For forage, food, and firing call,	
And various clamour fills the hall ;	
Weighing the labour with the cost,	
Toils everywhere the bustling host.	20
SOON, by the chimney's merry blaze,	iii
Through the rude hostel might you gaze ;	
Might see, where, in dark nook aloof,	
The rafters of the sooty roof	
Bore wealth of winter cheer ;	5
Of sea-fowl dried, and solands store,	
And gammons of the tusky boar,	
And savoury haunch of deer.	
The chimney arch projected wide ;	
Above, around it, and beside,	10
Were tools for housewives' hand :	
Nor wanted, in that martial day,	
The implements of Scottish fray,	
The buckler, lance, and brand.	
Beneath its shade, the place of state,	15
On oaken settle Marmion sate,	
And viewed, around the blazing hearth,	
His followers mix in noisy mirth ;	
Whom with brown ale, in jolly tide,	
From ancient vessels ranged aside,	20
Full actively their host supplied.	

THEIRS was the glee of martial breast, And laughter theirs at little jest ; And oft Lord Marmion deigned to aid, And mingle in the mirth they made :	iv
For though, with men of high degree, The proudest of the proud was he, Yet, trained in camps, he knew the art To win the soldier's hardy heart.	5
They love a captain to obey, Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May ; With open hand, and brow as free, Lover of wine and minstrelsy ; Ever the first to scale a tower, As venturous in a lady's bower :	10
Such buxom chief shall lead his host From India's fires to Zembla's frost.	15
RESTING upon his pilgrim staff, Right opposite the Palmer stood ; His thin dark visage seen but half, Half hidden by his hood.	v
Still fixed on Marnion was his look, Which he, who ill such gaze could brook, Strove by a frown to quell ;	5
But not for that, though more than once Full met their stern encountering glance The Palmer's visage fell.	10
BY fits less frequent from the crowd Was heard the burst of laughter loud ; For still, as squire and archer stared On that dark face and matted beard, Their glee and game declined.	vi
All gazed at length in silence drear, Unbroke, save when in comrade's ear Some yeoman, wondering in his fear, Thus whispered forth his mind :—	5
“ Saint Mary ! saw'st thou e'er such sight ?	10

- How pale his cheek, his eye how bright,  
 Whene'er the firebrand's fickle light  
 Glances beneath his cowl!  
 Full on our Lord he sets his eye;  
 For his best palfrey would not I 15  
 Endure that sullen scowl."—
- BUT Marmion, as to chase the awe vii  
 Which thus had quelled their hearts, who saw  
 The ever-varying firelight shew  
 That figure stern and face of woe,  
 Now called upon a squire :— 5  
 "Fitz-Eustace, know'st thou not some lay,  
 To speed the lingering night away?  
 We slumber by the fire."—
- "SO PLEASE YOU," thus the youth rejoined, viii  
 "Our choicest minstrel's left behind.  
 Ill may we hope to please your ear,  
 Accustomed Constant's strains to hear.  
 The harp full deftly can he strike, 5  
 And wake the lover's lute alike;  
 To dear Saint Valentine no thrush  
 Sings livelier from a springtide bush;  
 No nightingale her love-lorn tune  
 More sweetly warbles to the moon. 10  
 Woe to the cause, whate'er it be,  
 Detains from us his melody,  
 Lavished on rocks, and billows stern,  
 Or duller monks of Lindisfarne!  
 Now must I venture, as I may, 15  
 To sing his favorite roundelay."—
- A MELLOW VOICE Fitz-Eustace had, ix  
 The air he chose was wild and sad;  
 Such have I heard, in Scottish land,  
 Rise from the busy harvest band,  
 When falls before the mountaineer, 5  
 On lowland plains, the ripened ear.

Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,  
 Now a wild chorus swells the song :  
 Oft have I listened, and stood still,  
 As it came softened up the hill, 10  
 And deemed it the lament of men  
 Who languished for their native glen ;  
 And thought how sad would be such sound,  
 On Susquehana's swampy ground,  
 Kentucky's wood-encumbered brake, 15  
 Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,  
 Where heartsick exiles, in the strain,  
 Recalled fair Scotland's hills again !

## SONG.

WHERE shall the lover rest, x  
     Whom the Fates sever  
 From his true maiden's breast,  
     Parted for ever ?  
 Where, through groves deep and high, 5  
     Sounds the far billow,  
 Where early violets die,  
     Under the willow.

## CHORUS.

*Eleu loro, &c.* Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day, 10  
     Cool streams are laving ;  
 There, while the tempests sway,  
     Scarce are boughs waving ;  
 There, thy rest shalt thou take,  
     Parted for ever, 15  
 Never again to wake,  
     Never, O never !

## CHORUS.

*Eleu loro, &c.* Never, O never!

WHERE shall the traitor rest,	xi
He, the deceiver,	
Who could win maiden's breast,	
Ruin, and leave her?	
In the lost battle,	5
Borne down by the flying,	
Where mingles war's rattle	
With groans of the dying.	

## CHORUS.

*Eleu loro, &c.* There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap	10
O'er the false-hearted;	
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,	
Ere life be parted.	
Shame and dishonour sit	
By his grave ever;	15
Blessing shall hallow it, -	
Never, O never!	

## CHORUS.

*Eleu loro, &c.* Never, O never!

IT CEASED, the melancholy sound;	xii
And silence sunk on all around.	
The air was sad; but sadder still	
It fell on Marmion's ear,	
And plained as if disgrace and ill,	5
And shameful death were near.	

He drew his mantle past his face,  
 Between it and the band,  
 And rested with his head a space,  
 Reclining on his hand. 10

His thoughts I scan not ; but I ween,  
 That, could their import have been seen,  
 The meanest groom in all the hall,  
 That e'er tied courser to a stall,  
 Would scarce have wished to be their prey, 15  
 For Lutterward and Fontenaye.

HIGH MINDS, of native pride and force, xiii  
 Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse !  
 Fear, for their scourge, mean villains have,  
 Thou art the torturer of the brave !  
 Yet fatal strength they boast to steel 5  
 Their minds to bear the wounds they feel ;  
 Even while they writhe beneath the smart  
 Of civil conflict in the heart.

For soon Lord Marmion raised his head,  
 And, smiling, to Fitz-Eustace said :— 10  
 “ Is it not strange, that, as ye sung,  
 Seemed in mine ear a death-peal rung,  
 Such as in nunneries they toll

For some departing sister's soul ?  
 Say, what may this portend ?”— 15

Then first the Palmer silence broke,  
 (The livelong day he had not spoke,)

“ The death of a dear friend.”

MARMION, whose steady heart and eye xiv  
 Ne'er changed in worst extremity ;  
 Marmion, whose soul could scanty brook,  
 Even from his King, a haughty look ;  
 Whose accent of command controlled, 5

In camps, the boldest of the bold :  
 Thought, look, and utterance failed him now,  
 Fallen was his glance, and flushed his brow :

For either in the tone,  
 Or something in the Palmer's look, 10  
 So full upon his conscience strook,  
 That answer he found none.  
 Thus oft it haps, that when within  
 They shrink at sense of secret sin,  
 A feather daunts the brave ; 15  
 A fool's wild speech confounds the wise,  
 And proudest princes veil their eyes  
 Before their meanest slave.  
 WELL might he falter!—by his aid xv  
 Was Constance Beverley betrayed ;  
 Not that he augured of the doom,  
 Which on the living closed the tomb :  
 But, tired to hear the desperate maid 5  
 Threaten by turns, beseech, upbraid ;  
 And wroth, because, in wild despair,  
 She practised on the life of Clare ;  
 Its fugitive the Church he gave,  
 Though not a victim, but a slave ; 10  
 And deemed restraint in convent strange  
 Would hide her wrongs, and her revenge.  
 Himself, proud Henry's favourite peer,  
 Held Romish thunders idle fear,  
 Secure his pardon he might hold, 15  
 For some slight mulct of penance-gold.  
 Thus judging, he gave secret way,  
 When the stern priests surprised their prey :  
 His train but deemed the favourite page  
 Was left behind, to spare his age ; 20  
 Or other if they deemed, none dared  
 To mutter what he thought and heard :  
 Woe to the vassal, who durst pry  
 Into Lord Marmion's privacy !  
 His conscience slept—he deemed her well, xvi  
 And safe secured in distant cell ;

But, wakened by her favourite lay,  
 And that strange Palmer's boding say,  
 That fell so ominous and drear, 5  
 Full on the object of his fear,  
 To aid remorse's venom'd throes,  
 Dark tales of convent vengeance rose ;  
 And Constance, late betrayed and scorned,  
 All lovely on his soul returned : 10  
 Lovely as when, at treacherous call,  
 She left her convent's peaceful wall,  
 Crimsoned with shame, with terror mute,  
 Dreading alike escape, pursuit,  
 Till love, victorious o'er alarms, 15  
 Hid fears and blushes in his arms.  
 "ALAS!" he thought, "how changed that mien! xvii  
 How changed these timid looks have been,  
 Since years of guilt, and of disguise,  
 Have steeled her brow and armed her eyes!  
 No more of virgin terror speaks 5  
 The blood that mantles in her cheeks ;  
 Fierce, and unfeminine, are there,  
 Frenzy for joy, for grief despair ;  
 And I the cause—for whom were given  
 Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven!— 10  
 Would," thought he, as the picture grows,  
 "I on its stalk had left the rose !  
 Oh, why should man's success remove  
 The very charms that wake his love!—  
 Her convent's peaceful solitude 15  
 Is now a prison harsh and rude ;  
 And, pent within the narrow cell,  
 How will her spirit chafe and swell !  
 How brook the stern monastic laws !  
 The penance how—and I the cause!— 20  
 Vigil and scourge—perchance e'en worse !'  
 And twice he rose to cry, "To horse!"



And twice his Sovereign's mandate came,  
 Like damp upon a kindling flame :  
 And twice he thought, " Gave I not charge      25  
 She should be safe, though not at large ?  
 They durst not, for their island, shred  
 One golden ringlet from her head."—  
 WHILE thus in Marmion's bosom strove      xviii  
 Repentance and reviving love,  
 Like whirlwinds, whose contending sway  
 I've seen Loch Vennachar obey,  
 Their Host the Palmer's speech had heard,      5  
 And, talkative, took up the word :—  
     " Aye, reverend Pilgrim, you, who stray  
 From Scotland's simple land away,  
     To visit realms afar,  
 Full often learn the art to know,      10  
 Of future weal, or future woe,  
     By word, or sign, or star ;  
 Yet might a knight his fortune hear,  
 If, knight-like, he despises fear,  
 Not far from hence ;—if fathers old      15  
 'Aright our hamlet legend told."—  
 These broken words the menials move,  
 (For marvels still the vulgar love, )  
 And, Marmion giving license cold,  
 His tale the Host thus gladly told :—      20

THE HOST'S TALE.

A CLERK could tell what years have flown      xix  
 Since Alexander filled our throne,  
 (Third monarch of that warlike name,)  
 And eke the time when here he came  
 To seek Sir Hugo, then our lord :      5  
 A braver never drew a sword ;  
 A wiser never, at the hour  
 Of midnight, spoke the word of power :

The same, whom ancient records call	
The founder of the Goblin Hall.	10
I would, Sir Knight, your longer stay	
Gave you that cavern to survey.	
Of lofty roof, and ample size,	
Beneath the castle deep it lies:	
To hew the living rock profound,	15
The floor to pave, the arch to round,	
There never toiled a mortal arm,	
It all was wrought by word and charm;	
And I have heard my grandsire say,	
That the wild clamour and affray	20
Of those dread artisans of hell,	
Who laboured under Hugo's spell,	
Sounded as loud as ocean's war,	
Among the caverns of Dunbar.	
THE KING Lord Gifford's castle sought,	xx
Deep-labouring with uncertain thought:	
Even then he mustered all his host,	
To meet upon the western coast;	
For Norse and Danish galleys plied	5
Their oars within the frith of Clyde.	
There floated Haco's banner trim,	
Above Norweyan warriors grim,	
Savage of heart, and large of limb;	
Threatening both continent and isle,	10
Bute, Arran, Cunninghame, and Kyle.	
Lord Gifford, deep beneath the ground,	
Heard Alexander's bugle sound,	
And tarried not his garb to change,	
But, in his wizard habit strange,	15
Came forth,—a quaint and fearful sight	
His mantle lined with fox-skins white	
His high and wrinkled forehead bore	
A pointed cap, such as of yore	
Clerks say that Pharaoh's Magi wore;	20

His shoes were marked with cross and spell ;  
 Upon his breast a pentacle ;  
 His zone, of virgin parchment thin,  
 Or, as some tell, of dead man's skin,  
 Bore many a planetary sign, 25  
 Combust, and retrograde, and trine ;  
 And in his hand he held prepared,  
 A naked sword without a guard.  
 DIRE dealings with the fiendish race xxi  
 Had marked strange lines upon his face ;  
 Vigil and fast had worn him grim,  
 His eyesight dazzled seemed, and dim,  
 As one unused to upper day ; 5  
 Even his own menials with dismay  
 Beheld, Sir Knight, the grisly Sire,  
 In this unwonted wild attire ;—  
 Unwonted, for traditions run,  
 He seldom thus beheld the sun. 10  
 " I know," he said,—his voice was hoarse,  
 And broken seemed its hollow force,—  
 " I know the cause, although untold,  
 Why the King seeks his vassal's hold :  
 Vainly from me my liege would know 15  
 His kingdom's future weal or woe ;  
 But yet, if strong his arm and heart,  
 His courage may do more than art.  
 OF middle air the demons proud, xxii  
 Who ride upon the racking cloud,  
 Can read, in fixed or wandering star,  
 The issue of events afar ;  
 But still their sullen aid withhold, 5  
 Save when by mightier force controlled.  
 Such late I summoned to my hall ;  
 And though so potent was the call,  
 That scarce the deepest nook of hell  
 I deemed a refuge from the spell, 10

Yet, obstinate in silence still,  
 The haughty demon mocks my skill.  
 But thou,—who little know'st thy might  
 As born upon that blessed night,  
 When yawning graves, and dying groan, 15  
 Proclaimed hell's empire overthrown,—  
 With untaught valour shalt compel  
 Response denied to magic spell."—  
 "Gramercy!" quoth our Monarch free,  
 "Place him but front to front with me, 20  
 And, by this good and honoured brand,  
 The gift of Cœur-de-Lion's hand,  
 Soothly I swear, that, tide what tide,  
 The demon shall a buffet bide!"—  
 His bearing bold the wizard viewed, 25  
 And thus, well pleased, his speech renewed:—  
 "There spoke the blood of Malcolm!—mark:  
 Forth pacing hence, at midnight dark.  
 The rampart seek, whose circling crown  
 Crests the ascent of yonder down: 30  
 A southern entrance shalt thou find;  
 There halt, and there thy bugle wind,  
 And trust thine elfin foe to see,  
 In guise of thy worst enemy:  
 Couch then thy lance, and spur thy steed— 35  
 Upon him! and Saint George to speed!  
 If he go down, thou soon shalt know  
 Whate'er these airy sprites can shew;—  
 If thy heart fail thee in the strife,  
 I am no warrant for thy life."— 40  
 Soon as the midnight bell did ring, xxiii  
 Alone, and armed, rode forth the King  
 To that old camp's deserted round:—  
 Sir Knight, you well might mark the mound,  
 Left-hand the town,—the Pictish race 5  
 The trench, long since, in blood did trace;

The moor around is brown and bare,  
 The space within is green and fair :  
 The spot our village children know,  
 For there the earliest wild flowers grow ; 10  
 But woe betide the wandering wight,  
 That treads its circle in the night !  
 The breadth across, a bowshot clear,  
 Gives ample space for full career ;  
 Opposed to the four points of heaven, 15  
 By four deep gaps are entrance given.  
 The southernmost our Monarch past,  
 Halted, and blew a gallant blast ;  
 And on the north, within the ring,  
 Appeared the form of England's king ; 20  
 Who then, a thousand leagues afar,  
 In Palestine waged holy war :  
 Yet arms like England's did he wield,  
 Alike the leopards in the shield,  
 Alike his Syrian courser's frame, 25  
 The rider's length of limb the same :  
 Long afterwards did Scotland know,  
 Fell Edward was her deadliest foe.  
 THE vision made our Monarch start, 30  
 But soon he manned his noble heart,  
 And in the first career they ran,  
 The elfin knight fell, horse and man ;  
 Yet did a splinter of his lance 5  
 Through Alexander's visor glance,  
 And razed the skin—a puny wound.  
 The King, light leaping to the ground,  
 With naked blade his phantom foe  
 Compelled the future war to show. 10  
 Of Largs he saw the glorious plain,  
 Where still gigantic bones remain,  
 Memorial of the Danish war ;

Himself he saw, amid the field,  
 On high his brandished war-axe wield, 15  
 And strike proud Haco from his car,  
 While, all around the shadowy kings,  
 Denmark's grim ravens cowered their wings.  
 'Tis said, that, in that awful night,  
 Remoter visions met his sight, 20  
 Foreshewing future conquests far,  
 When our son's sons wage northern war;  
 A royal city, tower and spire,  
 Reddened the midnight sky with fire;  
 And shouting crews her navy bore, 25  
 Triumphant, to the victor shore.  
 Such signs may learned clerks explain,  
 They pass the wit of simple swain.  
 THE joyful King turned home again, xxv  
 Headed his host, and quelled the Dane;  
 But yearly, when returned the night  
 Of his strange combat with the sprite,  
 His wound must bleed and smart; 5  
 Lord Gifford then would gibing say,  
 "Bold as ye were, my liege, ye pay  
 The penance of your start."  
 Long since, beneath Dunfermline's nave,  
 King Alexander fills his grave, 10  
 Our Lady give him rest!  
 Yet still the nightly spear and shield  
 The elfin warrior doth wield,  
 Upon the brown hill's breast;  
 And many a knight hath proved his chance, 15  
 In the charmed ring to break a lance,  
 But all have foully sped;  
 Save two, as legends tell, and they  
 Were Wallace wight, and Gilbert Hay.—  
 Gentles, my tale is said. 20

THE quaighs were deep, the liquors strong,      xxvi  
 And on the tale the yeoman throng  
 Had made a comment sage and long,  
     But Marmion gave a sign ;  
 And, with their lord, the squires retire ;      5  
 The rest, around the hostel fire,  
     Their drowsy limbs recline ;  
 For pillow, underneath each head,  
 The quiver and the targe were laid :  
 Deep slumbering on the hostel floor,      10  
 Oppressed with toil and ale, they snore :  
 The dying flame, in fitful change,  
 Threw on the group its shadows strange.  
 APART, and nestling in the hay      xxvii  
 Of a waste loft, Fitz-Eustace lay ;  
 Scarce, by the pale moonlight, were seen  
 The foldings of his mantle green ;  
 Lightly he dreamt, as youth will dream,      5  
 Of sport by thicket, or by stream,  
 Of hawk or hound, of ring or glove,  
 Or, lighter yet, of lady's love.  
 A cautious tread his slumber broke,  
 And, close beside him, when he woke,      10  
 In moonbeam half, and half in gloom,  
 Stood a tall form, with nodding plume ;  
 But, ere his dagger Eustace drew,  
 His master Marmion's voice he knew.  
 —“ FITZ-EUSTACE ! rise,—I cannot rest ;      xxviii  
 Yon churl's wild legend haunts my breast,  
 And graver thoughts have chafed my mood ;  
 The air must cool my feverish blood ;  
 And fain would I ride forth, to see      5  
 The scene of elfin chivalry.  
 Arise, and saddle me my steed ;  
 And, gentle Eustace, take good heed

Thou dost not rouse these drowsy slaves ;  
 I would not that the prating knaves 10  
 Had cause for saying, o'er their ale,  
 That I could credit such a tale."—  
 Then softly down the steps they slid,  
 Eustace the stable-door undid,  
 And, darkling, Marmion's steed arrayed, 15  
 While, whispering, thus the Baron said :—  
 " DID'ST never, good my youth, hear tell, xxix  
     That on the hour when I was born,  
 Saint George, who graced my sire's chapelle,  
 Down from his steed of marble fell,  
     A weary wight forlorn ? 5  
 The flattering chaplains all agree,  
 The champion left his steed to me.  
 I would, the omen's truth to show,  
 That I could meet this elfin foe !  
 Blithe would I battle for the right 10  
 To ask one question at the sprite :—  
 Vain thought ! for elves, if elves there be,  
 An empty race, by fount or sea,  
 To dashing waters dance and sing,  
 Or round the green oak wheel their ring."— 15  
 Thus speaking, he his steed bestrode,  
 And from the hostel slowly rode.  
 FITZ-EUSTACE followed him abroad, xxx  
 And marked him pace the village road,  
 And listened to his horse's tramp,  
     Till, by the lessening sound,  
 He judged that of the Pictish camp 5  
     Lord Marmion sought the round.  
 Wonder it seemed, in the squire's eyes,  
 That one, so wary held, and wise,—  
 Of whom 'twas said, he scarce received  
 For gospel, what the Church believed,— 10



Should, stirred by idle tale,  
 Ride forth in silence of the night,  
 As hoping half to meet a sprite,  
     Arayed in plate and mail.  
 For little did Fitz-Eustace know, 15  
 That passions, in contending flow,  
     Unfix the strongest mind ;  
 Weared from doubt to doubt to flee,  
 We welcome fond credulity,  
     Guide confident, though blind. 20  
 LITTLE for this Fitz-Eustace cared, xxxi  
 But, patient, waited till he heard,  
 At distance, pricked to utmost speed,  
 The foot-tramp of a flying steed,  
     Come town-ward rushing on : 5  
 First, dead, as if on earth it trode,  
 Then, clattering on the village road,--  
 In other pace than forth he yode,  
     Returned Lord Marmion.  
 Down hastily he sprung from selle, 10  
 And, in his haste, wellnigh he fell ;  
 To the squire's hand the rein he threw,  
 And spoke no word as he withdrew :  
 But yet the moonlight did betray,  
 The falcon crest was soiled with clay ; 15  
 And plainly might Fitz-Eustace see  
 By stains upon the charger's knee,  
 And his left side, that on the moor  
 He had not kept his footing sure.  
 Long musing on these wondrous signs, 20  
 At length to rest the squire reclines,  
 Broken and short ; for still, between,  
 Would dreams of terror intervene :  
 Eustace did ne'er so blithely mark  
 The first notes of the morning lark. 25

## CANTO IV.

*THE CAMP.*

EUSTACE, I said, did blithely mark  
 The first notes of the merry lark.  
 The lark sung shrill, the cock he crew,  
 And loudly Marmion's bugles blew,  
 And, with their light and lively call, 5  
 Brought groom and yeoman to the stall.  
 Whistling they came, and free of heart;  
 But soon their mood was changed :  
 Complaint was heard on every part,  
 Of something disarranged. 10  
 Some clamoured loud for armour lost ;  
 Some brawled and wrangled with the host ;  
 " By Becket's bones," cried one, " I fear,  
 That some false Scot has stol'n my spear ! "—  
 Young Blount, Lord Marmion's second squire, 15  
 Found his steed wet with sweat and mire ;  
 Although the rated horse-boy sware,  
 Last night he dressed him sleek and fair.  
 While chafed the impatient squire like thunder,  
 Old Hubert shouts, in fear and wonder,— 20  
 " Help, gentle Blount ! help, comrades all !  
 Bevis lies dying in his stall :  
 To Marmion who the plight dare tell,  
 Of the good steed he loves so well ? "  
 Gaping for fear and ruth, they saw 25  
 The charger panting on his straw ;

Till one, who would seem wisest, cried,—  
 “What else but evil could betide,  
 With that curst Palmer for our guide?  
 Better we had through mire and bush 30  
 Been lantern-led by Friar Rush.”  
 FITZ-EUSTACE, who the cause but guessed, ii  
 Nor wholly understood,  
 His comrades’ clamorous plaints suppressed;  
 He knew Lord Marmion’s mood.  
 Him, ere he issued forth, he sought, 5  
 And found deep plunged in gloomy thought,  
 And did his tale display  
 Simply, as if he knew of nought  
 To cause such disarray.  
 Lord Marmion gave attention cold, 10  
 Nor marvelled at the wonders told,—  
 Passed them as accidents of course,  
 And bade his clarions sound, “To horse!”  
 YOUNG Henry Blount, meanwhile, the cost iii  
 Had reckoned with their Scottish host;  
 And, as the charge he cast and paid,  
 “Ill thou deserv’st thy hire,” he said;  
 “Dost see, thou knave, my horse’s plight? 5  
 Fairies have ridden him all the night,  
 And left him in a foam!  
 I trust that soon a conjuring band,  
 With English cross and blazing brand,  
 Shall drive the devils from this land, 10  
 To their infernal home:  
 For in this haunted den, I trow,  
 All night they trampled to and fro.”  
 The laughing host looked on the hire,—  
 “Gramercy, gentle southern squire, 15  
 And if thou com’st among the rest,  
 With Scottish broadsword to be blest,

Sharp be the brand, and sure the blow,  
 And short the pang to undergo."—  
 Here started their talk,—for Marmion 20  
 Gave now the signal to set on.  
 The Palmer shewing forth the way,  
 They journeyed all the morning day.  
 THE greensward way was smooth and good, iv  
 Through Humbie's and through Saltoun's wood ;  
 A forest glade, which, varying still,  
 Here gave a view of dale and hill ;  
 There narrower closed, till overhead 6  
 A vaulted screen the branches made.  
 "A pleasant path," Fitz-Eustace said ;  
 "Such as where errant-knights might see  
 Adventures of high chivalry ;  
 Might meet some damsel flying fast, 10  
 With hair unbound, and looks aghast ;  
 And smooth and level course were here,  
 In her defence to break a spear.  
 Here, too, are twilight nooks and dells ;  
 And oft, in such, the story tells, 15  
 The damsel kind, from danger freed,  
 Did grateful pay her champion's meed."—  
 He spoke to cheer Lord Marmion's mind ;  
 Perchance to shew his lore designed ;  
     For Eustace much had pored 20  
 Upon a huge romantic tome,  
 In the hall-window of his home,  
 Imprinted at the antique dome  
     Of Caxton or De Worde.  
 Therefore he spoke,—but spoke in vain, 25  
 For Marmion answered nought again.  
 Now sudden, distant trumpets shrill, v  
 In notes prolonged by wood and hill,  
     Were heard to echo far ;

Each ready archer grasped his bow,  
 But by the flourish soon they know, 5  
     They breathed no point of war.  
 Yet cautious, as in foeman's land,  
 Lord Marmion's order speeds the band,  
     Some opener ground to gain ;  
 And scarce a furlong had they rode, 10  
 When thinner trees, receding, shewed  
     A little woodland plain.  
 Just in that advantageous glade,  
 The halting troop a line had made,  
 As forth from the opposing shade 15  
     Issued a gallant train.  
 FIRST came the trumpets, at whose clang vi  
 So late the forest echoes rang ;  
 On prancing steeds they forward pressed,  
 With scarlet mantle, azure vest ;  
 Each at his trump a banner wore, 5  
 Which Scotland's royal scutcheon bore :  
 Heralds and pursuivants, by name  
 Bute, Islay, Marchmount, Rothesay, came,  
 In painted tabards, proudly showing  
 Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glowing, 10  
     Attendant on a King-at-arms,  
 Whose hand the armorial truncheon held,  
 That feudal strife had often quelled.  
     When wildest its alarms.  
 HE was a man of middle age ; vii  
 In aspect manly, grave, and sage,  
     As on king's errand come ;  
 But in the glances of his eye,  
 A penetrating, keen, and sly 5  
     Expression found its home ;  
 The flash of that satiric rage,  
 Which, bursting on the early stage,  
 Branded the vices of the age,  
     And broke the keys of Rome. 10

On milk-white palfrey forth he paced ;  
 His cap of maintenance was graced  
     With the proud heron-plume.  
 From his steed's shoulder, loin, and breast,  
     Silk housings swept the ground,                     15  
 With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,  
     Embroidered round and round.  
 The double tressure might you see,  
     First by Achaius borne,  
 The thistle and the fleur-de-lis,                     20  
     And gallant unicorn.  
 So bright the king's armorial coat,  
 That scarce the dazzled eye could note,  
 In living colours blazoned brave,  
 The Lion, which his title gave.                     25  
 A train, which well beseemed his state,  
 But all unarmed, around him wait.  
 Still is thy name in high account,  
     And still thy verse has charms—  
 Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,                     30  
     Lord Lion King-at-arms !  
 Down from his horse did Marmion spring,             viii  
 Soon as he saw the Lion-King,  
 For well the stately Baron knew,  
 To him such courtesy was due,  
 Whom Royal James himself had crowned,             5  
 And on his temples placed the round  
     Of Scotland's ancient diadem ;  
 And wet his brow with hallowed wine,  
 And on his finger given to shine  
     The emblematic gem.                                     10  
 Their mutual-greetings duly made,  
 The Lion thus his message said :—  
 " Though Scotland's King hath deeply swore,  
 Ne'er to knit faith with Henry more,  
 And strictly hath forbid resort                     15  
 From England to his royal court ;

Yet, for he knows Lord Marmion's name,  
 And honours much his warlike fame,  
 My liege hath deemed it shame, and lack  
 Of courtesy, to turn him back; 20  
 And, by his order, I, your guide,  
 Must lodging fit and fair provide,  
 Till finds King James meet time to see  
 The flower of English chivalry."  
 THOUGH inly chafed at this delay, ix  
 Lord Marmion bears it as he may.  
 The Palmer, his mysterious guide,  
 Beholding thus his place supplied,  
 Sought to take leave in vain: 5  
 Strict was the Lion-King's command,  
 That none who rode in Marmion's band,  
 Should sever from the train :  
 " England has here enow of spies  
 In Lady Heron's witching eyes ;" 10  
 To Marchmount thus, apart, he said,  
 But fair pretext to Marmion made.  
 The right-hand path they now decline,  
 And trace against the stream the Tyne.  
 AT length up that wild dale they wind, x  
 Where Crichtoun Castle crowns the bank :  
 For there the Lion's care assigned  
 A lodging meet for Marmion's rank. 5  
 That castle rises on the steep  
 Of the green vale of Tyne ;  
 And far beneath, where slow they creep  
 From pool to eddy, dark and deep,  
 Where alders moist, and willows weep,  
 You hear her streams repine. 10  
 The towers in different ages rose ;  
 Their various architecture shows  
 The builders' various hands ;

- A mighty mass, that could oppose,  
 When deadliest hatred fired its foes, 15  
 The vengeful Douglas bands.
- CRICHTOUN ! though now thy miry court xi  
 But pens the lazy steer and sheep,  
 Thy turrets rude, and tottered keep  
 Have been the minstrel's loved resort.  
 Oft have I traced, within thy fort, 5  
 Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,  
 Scutcheons of honour, or pretence,  
 Quartered in old armorial sort,  
 Remains of rude magnificence :  
 Nor wholly yet hath time defaced 10  
 Thy lordly gallery fair ;  
 Nor yet the stony cord unbraced,  
 Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,  
 Adorn thy ruined stair.  
 Still rises unimpaired, below, 15  
 The courtyard's graceful portico ;  
 Above its cornice, row and row  
 Of fair hewn facets richly shew  
 Their pointed diamond form,  
 Though there but houseless cattle go, 20  
 To shield them from the storm.  
 And, shuddering, still may we explore,  
 Where oft whilom were captives pent,  
 The darkness of thy Massy More ;  
 Or, from thy grass-grown battlement, 25  
 May trace, in undulating line,  
 The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.
- ANOTHER aspect Crichtoun shewed, xii  
 As through its portal Marmion rode ;  
 But yet 'twas melancholy state  
 Received him at the outer gate ;  
 For none were in the castle then, 5  
 But women, boys, or aged men.



With eyes scarce dried, the sorrowing dame,  
 To welcome noble Marmion came ;  
 Her son, a stripling twelve years old,  
 Proffered the Baron's rein to hold ; 10  
 For each man, that could draw a sword,  
 Had marched that morning with their lord,  
 Earl Adam Hepburn,—he who died  
 On Flodden, by his sovereign's side.  
 Long may his Lady look in vain ! 15  
 She ne'er shall see his gallant train  
 Come sweeping back through Crichtoun-Dean.  
 'Twas a brave race, before the name  
 Of hated Bothwell stained their fame.  
 AND here two days did Marmion rest, xiii  
     With every rite that honour claims,  
 Attended as the King's own guest,—  
     Such the command of Royal James,  
 Who marshalled then his land's array, 5  
 Upon the Borough Moor that lay.  
 Perchance he would not foeman's eye  
 Upon his gathering host should pry,  
 Till full prepared was every band  
 To march against the English land. 10  
 Here while they dwelt, did Lindesay's wit  
 Oft cheer the Baron's moodier fit ;  
 And, in his turn, he knew to prize  
 Lord Marmion's powerful mind, and wise,—  
 Trained in the lore of Rome and Greece, 15  
 And policies of war and peace.  
 It chanced, as fell the second night, xiv  
     That on the battlements they walked,  
 And, by the slowly-fading light,  
     Of varying topics talked ;  
 And, unaware, the Herald-bard 5  
 Said, Marmion might his toil have spared,  
     In travelling so far ;

For that a messenger from heaven  
 In vain to James had counsel given  
 Against the English war : 10  
 And, closer questioned, thus he told  
 A tale, which chronicles of old  
 In Scottish story have enrolled :—

## SIR DAVID LINDESAY'S TALE.

OF all the palaces so fair, xv  
 Built for the royal dwelling,  
 In Scotland, far beyond compare  
 Linlithgow is excelling ;  
 And in its park, in jovial June, 5  
 How sweet the merry linnet's tune,  
 How blithe the blackbird's lay !  
 The wild-buck bells from ferny brake,  
 The coot dives merry on the lake,  
 The saddest heart might pleasure take 10  
 To see all nature gay.  
 But June is, to our Sovereign dear,  
 The heaviest month in all the year :  
 Too well his cause of grief you know,—  
 June saw his father's overthrow. 15  
 Woe to the traitors, who could bring  
 The princely boy against his King !  
 Still in his conscience burns the sting.  
 In offices as strict as Lent,  
 King Jame's June is ever spent. 20  
 WHEN last this ruthful month was come, xvi  
 And in Linlithgow's holy dome  
 The King, as wont, was praying ;  
 While, for his royal father's soul,  
 The chaunters sung, the bells did toll, 5  
 The Bishop mass was saying,—

For now the year brought round again  
 The day the luckless King was slain.  
 In Katharine's aisle the Monarch knelt,  
 With sackcloth-shirt, and iron belt, 10

And eyes with sorrow streaming ;  
 Around him, in their stalls of state,  
 The Thistle's Knight-Companions sate,  
 Their banners o'er them beaming.

I too was there, and, sooth to tell, 15  
 Bedeafened with the jangling knell,  
 Was watching where the sunbeams fell,  
 Through the stained casement gleaming ;  
 But, while I marked what next befel,  
 It seemed as I were dreaming. 20

Stepped from the crowd a ghostly wight,  
 In azure gown, with cincture white ;  
 His forehead bald, his head was bare,  
 Down hung at length his yellow hair.—  
 New mock me not, when, good my Lord, 25

I pledge to you my knightly word,  
 That, when I saw his placid grace,  
 • His simple majesty of face,  
 His solemn bearing, and his pace  
 So stately gliding on,— 30

Seemed to me ne'er did limner paint  
 So just an image of the Saint,  
 Who propped the Virgin in her faint,—  
 The loved Apostle John !

HE stepped before the Monarch's chair, xvii  
 And stood with rustic plainness there,

And little reverence made,  
 Nor head, nor body, bowed nor bent,  
 But on the desk his arm he leant, 5

And words like these he said,  
 In a low voice,—but never tone  
 So thrilled through vein, and nerve, and bone :—

- " My mother sent me from afar,  
 Sir King, to warn thee not to war,— 10  
 Woe waits on thine array;  
 If war thou wilt, of woman fair,  
 Her witching wiles and wanton snare,  
 Her witching wiles and wanton snare,  
 James Stuart, doubly warned, beware :  
 God keep thee as he may !"— 15  
 The wondering Monarch seemed to seek  
 For answer, and found none ;  
 And when he raised his head to speak,  
 The monitor was gone.  
 The Marshal and myself had cast 20  
 To stop him as he outward past ;  
 But, lighter than the whirlwind's blast,  
 He vanished from our eyes,  
 Like sunbeam on the billow cast,  
 That glances but, and dies.— 25
- WHILE Lindesay told this marvel strange, xviii  
 The twilight was so pale,  
 He marked not Marmion's colour change,  
 While listening to the tale :  
 But, after a suspended pause, 5  
 The Baron spoke :—" Of Nature's laws  
 So strong I held the force,  
 That never superhuman cause  
 Could e'er control their course ;  
 And, three days since, had judged your aim 10  
 Was but to make your guest your game.  
 But I have seen, since past the Tweed,  
 What much has changed my sceptic creed,  
 And made me credit aught."—He staid,  
 And seemed to wish his words unsaid : 15  
 But, by that strong emotion pressed,  
 Which prompts us to unload our breast,  
 Even when discovery's pain,

To Lindesay did at length unfold The tale his village host had told, At Gifford, to his train.	20
Nought of the Palmer says he there, And nought of Constance, or of Clare : The thoughts, which broke his sleep, he seems To mention but as feverish dreams.	25
“IN VAIN,” said he, “to rest I spread My burning limbs, and couched my head : Fantastic thoughts returned ; And, by their wild dominion led, My heart within me burned.	xix 5
So sore was the delirious goad, I took my steed, and forth I rode, And, as the moon shone bright and cold, Soon reached the camp upon the wold. The southern entrance I passed through, And halted, and my bugle blew.	10
Methought an answer met my ear,— Yet was the blast so low and drear, So hollow, and so faintly blown, It might be echo of my own.	15
Thus judging, for a little space I listened, ere I left the place ; But scarce could trust my eyes, Nor yet can think they served me true, When sudden in the ring I view,	xx 5
In form distinct of shape and hue, A mounted champion rise.— I’ve fought, Lord-Lion, many a day, In single fight, and mixed affray, And ever I myself may say,	10
Have borne me as a knight ; But when this unexpected foe Seemed starting from the gulf below,— I care not though the truth I show,— I trembled with affright ;	15

And as I placed in rest my spear,  
 My hand so shock for very fear,  
     I scarce could couch it right.  
 WHY need my tongue the issue tell?                   xxi  
 We ran our course,—my charger fell;—  
 What could he 'gainst the shock of hell?—  
     I rolled upon the plain.  
 High o'er my head, with threatening hand,             5  
 The spectre shook his naked brand,—  
     Yet did the worst remain;  
 My dazzled eyes I upward cast,—  
 Not opening hell itself could blast  
     Their sight, like what I saw!                             10  
 Full on his face the moonbeams strook,—  
 A face could never be mistook!  
 I knew the stern vindictive look,  
     And held my breath for awe.  
 I saw the face of one who, fled                         15  
 To foreign climes, has long been dead,—  
     I well believe the last;  
 For ne'er, from visor raised, did stare  
 A human warrior, with a glare  
     So grimly and so ghast.                                 20  
 Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade;  
 But when to good Saint George I prayed,  
 (The first time e'er I asked his aid,)  
     He plunged it in the sheath;  
 And, on his courser mounting light,                     25  
 He seemed to vanish from my sight:  
 The moonbeam drooped, and deepest night,  
     Sunk down upon the heath.—  
 'Twere long to tell what cause I have  
     To know his face, that met me there,                 30  
 Called by his hatred from the grave  
     To cumber upper air:

Dead or alive, good cause had he  
 To be my mortal enemy."—

MARVELLED Sir David of the Mount;                 xxii  
 Then, learned in story, 'gan recount  
     Such chance had happ'd of old,  
 When once, near Norham, there did fight  
 A spectre fell of fiendish might,                     5  
 In likeness of a Scottish knight,  
     With Brian Bulmer bold,  
 And trained him nigh to disallow  
 The aid of his baptismal vow.  
 "And such a phantom, too, 'tis said,                 10  
 With Highland broadsword, targe, and plaid,  
     And fingers red with gore,  
 Is seen in Rothiemurcus glade,  
 Or where the sable pine-trees shade  
 Dark Tomantoul, and Auchnaslaid                 15  
     Dromouchty, or Glenmore.  
 And yet, whate'er such legends say,  
 Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,  
     On mountain, moor, or plain,  
 Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,                 20  
 True son of chivalry should hold  
     These midnight terrors vain;  
 For seldom have such spirits power  
 To harm, save in the evil hour  
 When guilt we meditate within,                 25  
 Or harbour unrepented sin."—  
 Lord Marmion turned him half aside,  
 And twice to clear his voice he tried,  
     Then pressed Sir David's hand,—  
 But nought, at length, in answer said;                 30  
 And here their farther converse staid,  
     Each ordering that his band  
 Should bowne them with the rising day,  
 To Scotland's camp to take their way,—  
     Such was the King's command.

- EARLY they took Dun-Edin's road, xxiii  
 And I could trace each step they trode;  
 Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rock, nor stone,  
 Lies on the path to me unknown.  
 Much might it boast of storied lore; 5  
 But, passing such digression o'er,  
 Suffice it that their route was laid  
 Across the furzy hills of Braid.  
 They passed the glen and scanty rill,  
 And climbed the opposing bank, until 10  
 They gained the top of Blackford Hill.
- BLACKFORD! on whose uncultured breast, xxiv  
 Among the broom, and thorn, and whin,  
 A truant-boy, I sought the nest,  
 Or listed, as I lay at rest,  
 While rose, on breezes thin, 5  
 The murmur of the city crowd,  
 And, from his steeple jangling loud,  
 Saint Giles's mingling din.  
 Now from the summit to the plain,  
 Waves all the hill with yellow grain; 10  
 And o'er the landscape as I look,  
 Nought do I see unchanged remain,  
 Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.  
 To me they make a heavy moan  
 Of early friendships past and gone. 15  
 BUT different far the change has been, xxv  
 Since Marmion, from the crown  
 Of Blackford, saw that martial scene  
 Upon the bent so brown:  
 Thousand pavilions, white as snow, 5  
 Spread all the Borough Moor below,  
 Upland, and dale, and down:  
 A thousand did I say? I ween,  
 Thousands on thousands there were seen,  
 That chequered all the heath between 10



The streamlet and the town ;  
 In crossing ranks extending far,  
 Forming a camp irregular ;  
 Oft giving way, where still there stood  
 Some relics of the old oak-wood, 15  
 That darkly huge did intervene,  
 And tamed the glaring white with green :  
 In these extended lines there lay  
 A martial kingdom's vast array.  
 For from Hebudes, dark with rain, xxvi  
 To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,  
 And from the southern Redswire edge,  
 To farthest Rosse's rocky ledge ;  
 From west to east, from south to north, 5  
 Scotland sent all her warriors forth.  
 Marmion might hear the mingled hum  
 Of myriads up the mountain come ;  
 The horses' tramp, and tingling clank,  
 Where chiefs reviewed their vassal rank, 10  
     And charger's shrilling neigh ;  
 And see the shifting lines advance,  
 While frequent flashed, from shield and lance,  
     The sun's reflected ray.  
 THIN curling in the morning air, xxvii  
 The wreaths of failing smoke declare,  
 To embers now the brands decayed,  
 Where the night-watch their fires had made.  
 They saw, slow rolling on the plain, 5  
 Full many a baggage-cart and wain,  
 And dire artillery's clumsy car,  
 By sluggish oxen tugged to war ;  
 And there were Borthwick's Sisters Seven,  
 And culverins which France had given. 10  
 Ill-omened gift ! the guns remain  
 The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain.

**NOR** marked they less, where in the air      xxviii  
 A thousand streamers flaunted fair ;  
     Various in shape, device, and hue,  
     Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,  
 Broad, narrow, swallow-tailed, and square,      5  
 Scroll, pennon, pencil, bandrol, there  
     O'er the pavilions flew.  
 Highest, and midmost, was descried  
 The royal banner floating wide :  
 The staff, a pine-tree strong and straight,      10  
     Pitched deeply in a massive stone,  
     Which still in memory is shown,  
 Yet bent beneath the standard's weight,  
 Whenc'er the western wind unrolled,  
 With toil, the huge and cumbrous fold,      15  
     And gave to view the dazzling field,  
     Where, in proud Scotland's royal shield,  
 The ruddy Lion ramped in gold.  
**LORD MARMION** view'd the landscape bright,— xxix  
     He viewed it with a chief's delight,—  
 Until within him burned his heart,  
 And lightning from his eye did part,  
     As on the battle-day ;      5  
 Such glance did falcon never dart,  
     When stooping on his prey.—  
 " Oh ! well, Lord-Lion, hast thou said,  
 Thy King from warfare to dissuade  
     Were but a vain essay ;      10  
 For, by Saint George, were that host mine,  
 Not power infernal, nor divine,  
 Should once to peace my soul incline,  
 Till I had dimmed their armour's shine,  
     In glorious battle-fray ! "—      15  
 Answered the bard, of milder mood :  
 " Fair is the sight,—and yet 'twere good,  
     That kings would think withal,

- When peace and wealth their land has blessed,  
 'Tis better to sit still at rest, 20  
 Than rise, perchance to fall."—
- + STILL on the spot Lord Marmion stayed, xxx  
 For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed,  
 When, sated with the martial show  
 That peopled all the plain below,  
 The wandering eye could o'er it go, 5  
 And mark the distant city glow  
 With gloomy splendour red ;  
 For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,  
 That round her sable turrets flow,  
 The morning beams were shed, 10  
 And tinged them with a lustre proud,  
 Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.  
 Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,  
 Where the huge castle holds its state,  
 And all the steep slope down, 15  
 Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
 Piled deep and massy, close and high,  
 Mine own romantic town !  
 But northward far, with purer blaze,  
 On Ochil mountains fell the rays, 20  
 And as each heathy top they kissed,  
 It gleamed a purple amethyst.  
 Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;  
 Here Preston-Bay, and Berwick-Law ;  
 And, broad between them rolled, 25  
 The gallant Firth the eye might note,  
 Whose islands on its bosom float,  
 Like emeralds chased in gold, ~~+~~  
 Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent ;  
 As if to give his rapture vent, 30  
 The spur he to his charger lent,  
 And raised his bridle-hand,

And, making demi-volte in air,  
 Cried, "Where's the coward that would not dare  
     To fight for such a land!" 35  
 The Lindesay smiled his joy to see;  
 Nor Marmion's frown repressed his glee.  
 THUS while they looked, a flourish proud, xxxi  
 Where mingled trump, and clarion loud,  
     And fife, and kettle-drum,  
 And sackbut deep, and psaltery,  
 And war-pipe with discordant cry, 5  
 And cymbal clattering to the sky,  
 Making wild music bold and high,  
     Did up the mountain come;  
 The whilst the bells, with distant chime,  
 Merrily tolled the hour of prime, 10  
     And thus the Lindesay spoke:—  
 "Thus clamour still the war-notes when  
 The King to mass his way has ta'en,  
 Or to Saint Catherine's of Sienne,  
     Or Chapel of Saint Rocque. 15  
 To you they speak of martial fame;  
 But me remind of peaceful game,  
     When blither was their cheer,  
 Thrilling in Falkland-woods the air,  
 In signal none his steed should spare, 20  
 But strive which foremost might repair  
     To the downfall of the deer.  
 "NOR less," he said,—“when looking forth, xxxii  
 I view yon Empress of the North  
     Sit on her hilly throne;  
 Her palace's imperial bowers,  
 Her castle proof to hostile powers, 5  
 Her stately halls and holy towers—  
     Nor less," he said, "I moan,

To think what woe mischance may bring,  
 And how these merry bells may ring  
 The death-dirge of our gallant King ; 10  
     Or, with their larum, call  
 The burghers forth to watch and ward,  
 'Gainst Southern sack and fires to guard  
     Dun-Edin's leaguered wall.—  
 But not for my presaging thought, 15  
 Dream conquest sure, or cheaply bought !  
     Lord Marmion, I say nay :—  
 God is the guider of the field,  
 He breaks the champion's spear and shield,—  
     But thou thyself shalt say, 20  
 When joins yon host in deadly stowre,  
 That England's dames must weep in bower,  
     Her monks the death-mass sing ;  
 For never saw'st thou such a power  
     Led on by such a King."— 25  
 And now, down winding to the plain,  
 The barriers of the camp they gain,  
     And there they made a stay.—  
 There stays the Minstrel, till he fling  
 His hand o'er every Border string, 30  
 And fit his harp the pomp to sing,  
 Of Scotland's ancient Court and King,  
     In the succeeding lay.

## CANTO V.

*THE COURT.*

THE train has left the hills of Braid; i

The barrier guard have open made,

(So Lindesay bade), the palisade,

That closed the tented ground;

Their men the warders backward drew, 5

And carried pikes as they rode through,

Into its ample bound.

Fast ran the Scottish warriors there,

Upon the Southern band to stare;

And envy with their wonder rose, 10

To see such well-appointed foes;

Such length of shafts, such mighty bows,

So huge, that many simply thought,

But for a vaunt such weapons wrought;

And little deemed their force to feel, 15

Through links of mail, and plates of steel,

When, rattling upon Flodden vale,

The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.

NOR less did Marmion's skiiful view ii

Glance every line and squadron through;

And much he marvelled one small land

Could marshal forth such various band:

For men-at-arms were here, 5

Heavily sheathed in mail and plate,

Like iron towers for strength and weight,

On Flemish steeds of bone and height,

With battleaxe and spear.

- Young knights and squires, a lighter train, 10  
 Practised their chargers on the plain,  
 By aid of leg, of hand, and rein,  
     Each warlike feat to show ;  
 To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain,  
 And high curvet, that not in vain 15  
 The sword-sway might descend amain  
     On foeman's casque below.  
 He saw the hardy burghers there  
 March armed, on foot, with faces bare,  
     For visor they wore none, 20  
 Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight ;  
 But burnished were their corslets bright,  
 Their brigandines, and gorgets light,  
     Like very silver shone.  
 Long pikes they had for standing fight. 25  
     Two-handed swords they wore,  
 And many wielded mace of weight,  
     And bucklers bright they bore.  
 ON foot the yeoman too, but dressed 30  
 In his steel jack, a swarthy vest,  
     With iron quilted well ;  
 Each at his back (a slender store),  
 His forty days' provision bore, 5  
     As feudal statutes tell.  
 His arms were halberd, axe, or spear,  
 A crossbow there, a hagbut here,  
     A dagger-knife, and brand.—  
 Sober he seemed, and sad of cheer, 10  
 As loth to leave his cottage dear,  
     And march to foreign strand ;  
 Or musing, who would guide his steer,  
     To till the fallow land.  
 Yet deem not in his thoughtful eye 15  
 Did aught of dastard terror lie ;  
     More dreadful far his ire,

- Than theirs, who, scorning danger's name,  
 In eager mood to battle came,  
 Their valour, like light straw on flame, 20  
     A fierce but fading fire.  
 Not so the Borderer :—bred to war, iv  
 He knew the battle's din afar,  
     And joyed to hear it swell.  
 His peaceful day was slothful ease ;  
 Nor harp nor pipe his ear could please 5  
     Like the loud slogan yell.  
 On active steed, with lance and blade,  
 The light-armed pricker plied his trade,—  
     Let nobles fight for fame ;  
 Let vassals follow where they lead, 10  
 Burghers, to guard their townships, bleed,  
     But war's the Borderer's game.  
 Their gain, their glory, their delight,  
 To sleep the day, maraud the night,  
     O'er mountain, moss, and moor ; 15  
 Joyful to fight they took their way,  
 Scarce caring who might win the day,  
     Their booty was secure.  
 These, as Lord Marmion's train passed by,  
 Looked on at first with careless eye, 20  
 Nor marvelled aught, well taught to know  
 The form and force of English bow.  
 But when they saw the Lord arrayed  
 In splendid arms and rich brocade,  
 Each Borderer to his kinsman said,— 25  
     " Hist, Ringan ! seest thou there !  
 Canst guess which road they'll homeward ride?—  
 Oh ! could we but on Porder-side,  
 By Eusedale glen, or Liddell's tide,  
     Beset a prize so fair ! 30



That fangless Lion, too; their guide,  
 Might chance to lose his glistering hide;  
 Brown Maudlin, of that doublet pied,  
 Could make a kirtle rare."

NEXT, Marmion marked the Celtic race, v  
 Of different language, form, and face,  
 A various race of man;

Just then the chiefs their tribes arrayed,  
 And wild and garish semblance made, 5  
 The chequered crews, and belted plaid,  
 And varying notes the war-pipes brayed,  
 To every varying clan;

Wild through their red or sable hair  
 Looked out their eyes, with savage stare, 10  
 On Marmion as he past;

Their legs above the knee were bare:  
 Their frame was sinewy, short, and spare,  
 And hardened to the blast;

Of taller race, the chiefs they own 15  
 Were by the eagle's plumage known.

The hunted red-deer's undressed hide  
 Their hairy buskins well supplied;

The graceful bonnet decked their head;  
 Back from their shoulders hung the plaid; 20  
 A broadsword of unwieldy length,  
 A dagger proved for edge and strength,

A studded targe they wore,  
 And quivers, bows, and shafts,—but, oh!

Short was the shaft, and weak the bow, 25  
 To that which England bore.

The Isles-men carried at their backs  
 The ancient Danish battleaxe.

They raised a wild and wondering cry,  
 As with his guide rode Marmion by. 30

Loud were their clamouring tongues, as when  
 The clanging sea-fowl leave the fen,

And, with their cries discordant mixed,  
 Grumbled and yelled the pipes betwixt.  
 THUS through the Scottish camp they passed,      vi  
 And reached the City gate at last,  
 Where all around, a wakeful guard,  
 Armed burghers kept their watch and ward.  
 Well had they cause of jealous fear,      5  
 When lay encamp'd, in field so near,  
 The Borderer and the Mountaineer.  
 As through the bustling streets they go,  
 All was alive with martial show;  
 At every turn, with dinning clang,      10  
 The armourer's anvil clashed and rang;  
 Or toiled the swarthy smith, to wheel  
 The bar that arms the charger's heel;  
 Or axe, or faulchion, to the side  
 Of jarring grindstone was applied.      15  
 Page, groom, and squire, with hurrying pace,  
 Through street, and lane, and marketplace,  
     Bore lance, or casque, or sword;  
 While burghers, with important face,  
     Described each new-come lord,      20  
 Discussed his lineage, told his name,  
 His following, and his warlike fame.  
 The Lion led to lodging meet,  
 Which high o'erlooked the crowded street;  
     There must the Baron rest,      25  
 Till past the hour of vesper-tide,  
 And then to Holy-Rood must ride,—  
     Such was the King's behest.  
 Meanwhile the Lion's care assigns  
 A banquet rich, and costly wines,      30  
     To Marmion and his train;  
 And when the appointed hour succeeds,  
 The Baron dons his peaceful weeds,  
 And following Lindesay as he leads,

The palace-halls they gain.	35
OLD Holy-Rood rung merrily,	vii
That night, with wassell, mirth, and glee;	
King James within her princely bower	
Feasted the chiefs of Scotland's power,	
Summoned to spend the parting hour;	5
For he had charged, that his array	
Should southward march by break of day.	
Well loved that splendid monarch eye	
The banquet and the song,	
By day the tourney, and by night	10
The merry dance, traced fast and light,	
The masquers quaint, the pageant bright,	
The revel loud and long.	
This feast outshone his banquets past;	
It was his blithest,—and his last.	15
The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,	
Cast on the court a dancing ray;	
Here to the harp did minstrels sing;	
There ladies touched a softer string;	
With long-eared cap, and motley vest,	20
The licensed fool retailed his jest;	
His magic tricks the juggler plied;	
At dice and draughts the gallants vied;	
While some, in close recess apart,	
Courted the ladies of their heart,	25
Nor courted them in vain;	
For often, in the parting hour,	
Victorious Love asserts his power	
O'er coldness and disdain;	
And flinty is her heart, can view	30
To battle march a lover true,—	
Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,	
Nor own her share of pain.	
THROUGH this mixed crowd of glee and game,	viii
The King to greet Lord Marmion came,	

While, reverend, all made room.  
 An easy task it was, I trow,  
 King James's manly form to know, 5  
 Although, his courtesy to show,  
 He doffed, to Marmion bending low,  
     His broidered cap and plume.  
 For royal were his garb and mien,  
 His cloak, of crimson velvet piled, 10  
     Trimmed with the fur of martin wild ;  
 His vest, of changeful satin sheen,  
     The dazzled eye beguiled ;  
 His gorgeous collar hung adown,  
 Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown, 15  
 The thistle brave, of old renown ;  
 His trusty blade, Toledo right,  
 Descended from a baldrick bright ;  
 White were his buskins, on the heel  
 His spurs inlaid of gold and steel ; 20  
 His bonnet, all of crimson fair,  
 Was buttoned with a ruby rare :  
 And Marmion deemed he ne'er had seen  
 A prince of such a noble mien.  
 THE Monarch's form was middle size ; ix  
 For feat of strength, or exercise,  
     Shaped in proportion fair ;  
 And hazel was his eagle eye,  
 And auburn of the darkest dye 5  
     His short curled beard and hair.  
 Light was his footstep in the dance,  
     And firm his stirrup in the lists ;  
 And, oh ! he had that merry glance,  
     That seldom lady's heart resists. 10  
 Lightly from fair to fair he flew,  
 And loved to plead, lament, and sue ;—  
 Suit lightly won, and shortlived pain !  
 For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

I said he joyed in banquet bower ; 15  
 But, 'mid his mirth, 'twas often strange,  
 How suddenly his cheer would change,  
     His look o'ercast and lower,  
     If, in a sudden turn, he felt  
     The pressure of his iron belt, 20  
 That bound his breast in penance pain,  
     In memory of his father slain.  
 Even so 'twas strange how, evermore,  
 Soon as the passing pang was o'er,  
 Forward he rushed, with double glee, 25  
 Into the stream of revelry :  
 Thus, dim-seen object of affright  
 Startles the courser in his flight,  
 And half he halts, half springs aside ;  
 But feels the quickening spur applied, 30  
 And, straining on the tightened rein,  
 Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.  
 O'ER James's heart, the courtiers say, x  
 Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway :  
     To Scotland's Court she came,  
 To be a hostage for her lord,  
 Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored, 5  
 And with the King to make accord,  
     Had sent his lovely dame.  
 Nor to that lady free alone  
 Did the gay King allegiance own ;  
     For the fair Queen of France 10  
 Sent him a turquois ring and glove,  
 And charged him, as her knight and love,  
     For her to break a lance ;  
 And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,  
 And march three miles on Southron land, 15  
 And bid his banners of his band  
     English breezes dance.

And thus, for France's Queen he drest  
 His manly limbs in mailed vest;  
 And thus admitted English fair 20  
 His inmost counsels still to share;  
 And thus, for both, he madly planned  
 The ruin of himself and land!  
 And yet, the sooth to tell,  
 Nor England's fair, nor France's Queen, 25  
 Were worth one pearl-drop, bright and sheen,  
 From Margaret's eyes that fell,—  
 His own Queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's bower,  
 All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour.  
 THE QUEEN sits lone in Lithgow pile, xi  
 And weeps the weary day,  
 The war against her native soil,  
 Her Monarch's risk in battle broil;—  
 And in gay Holy-Rood, the while, 5  
 Dame Heron rises with a smile  
 Upon the harp to play.  
 Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er  
 The strings her fingers flew;  
 And as she touched and tuned them all, 10  
 Ever her bosom's rise and fall  
 Was plainer given to view;  
 For, all for heat, was laid aside,  
 Her wimple, and her hood untied.  
 And first she pitched her voice to sing, 15  
 Then glanced her dark eye on the King,  
 And then around the silent ring;  
 And laughed, and blushed, and oft did say  
 Her pretty oath, by Yea, and Nay,  
 She could not, would' not, durst not play! 20  
 At length, upon the harp, with glee,  
 Mingled with arch simplicity,  
 A soft, yet lively, air she rung,  
 While thus the wily lady sung:—

## LOCHINVAR.

## LADY HERON'S SONG.

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the west, xii  
 Through all the wide border his steed was the best ;  
 And save his good broadsword he weapon had none,  
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.  
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war, 5  
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.  
 He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,  
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;  
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late : 10  
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.  
 So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,  
 Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all :  
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword, 15  
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)  
 " O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? "  
 " I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied ;—  
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide — 20  
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,  
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."  
 The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up, 25  
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup :  
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,  
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.  
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—  
 " Now tread we a measure ! " said young Lochinvar. 30  
 So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;  
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume.

Anē the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;  
 And the bride-maidens whispered, "Twere better by far<sup>35</sup>  
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."  
 One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
 When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood  
 near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung! 40  
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;  
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young  
 Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;  
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:  
 There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee, 45  
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

THE MONARCH o'er the siren hung, xiii  
 And beat the measure as she sung;  
 And, pressing closer, and more near,  
 He whispered praises in her ear.  
 In loud applause the courtiers vied; 5  
 And ladies winked and spoke aside.  
 The witching dame to Marmion threw  
 A glance, where seemed to reign  
 The pride that claims applauses due,  
 And of her royal conquest too, 10  
 A real or feigned disdain:  
 Familiar was the look, and told  
 Marmion and she were friends of old.  
 The King observed their meeting eyes,  
 With something like displeas'd surprise; 15  
 For monarchs ill can rivals brook,  
 Even in a word, or smile, or look.  
 Straight took he forth the parchment broad,



Which Marmion's high commission shewed:  
 "Our borders sacked by many a raid, 20  
 Our peaceful liegemen robbed," he said;  
 "On day of truce our Warden slain,  
 Stout Barton killed, his vessels ta'en—  
 Unworthy were we here to reign,  
 Should these for vengeance cry in vain; 25  
 Our full defiance, hate, and scorn,  
 Our herald has to Henry borne."—  
 HE paused, and led where Douglas stood, xiv  
 And with stern eye the pageant viewed:  
 I mean that Douglas, sixth of yore,  
 Who coronet of Angus bore,  
 And, when his blood and heart were high, 5  
 Did the Third James in camp defy,  
 And all his minions led to die  
 On Lauder's dreary flat:  
 Princes and favourites long grew tame,  
 And trembled at the homely name 10  
     Of Archibald Bell-the-Cat;  
 The same who left the dusky vale  
 Of Hermitage in Liddisdale,  
     Its dungeons and its towers,  
 Where Bothwell's turrets brave the air, 15  
 And Bothwell bank is blooming fair,  
     To fix his princely bowers.  
 Though now, in age, he had laid down  
 His armour for the peaceful gown,  
     And for a staff his brand, 20  
 Yet often would flash forth the fire,  
 That could, in youth, a monarch's ire  
     And minion's pride withstand;  
 And even that day, at council-board,  
 Unapt to sooth his Sovereign's mood. 25  
 Against the war had Angus stood,  
     And chafed his royal Lord.

HIS giant form, like ruined tower, xv  
 Though fallen its muscles' brawny vaunt,  
 Huge-boned, and tail, and grim, and gaunt,  
 Seemed o'er the gaudy scene to lower:  
 His locks and beard in silver grew; 5  
 His eyebrows kept their sable hue.  
 Near Douglas when the Monarch stood,  
 His bitter speech he thus pursued:—  
 "Lord Marmion, since these letters say 10  
 That in the North you needs must stay,  
 While slightest hopes of peace remain,  
 Uncourteous speech it were, and stern,  
 To say—Return to Lindisfarne,  
 Until my herald come again.—  
 Then rest you in Tantallon Hold, 15  
 Your host shall be the Douglas bold,—  
 A chief unlike his sires of old.  
 He wears their motto on his blade,  
 Their blazon o'er his towers displayed;  
 Yet loves his sovereign to oppose, 20  
 More than to face his country's foes.  
 And, I bethink me, by Saint Stephen,  
 But e'en this morn to me was given  
 A prize, the firstfruits of the war,  
 Ta'en by a galley from Dunbar, 25  
 A bevy of the maids of heaven.  
 Under your guard these holy maids  
 Shall safe return to cloister shades,  
 And, while they at Tantallon stay,  
 Requiem for Cochran's soul may say."— 30  
 And, with the slaughtered favourite's name,  
 Across the Monarch's brow there came  
 A cloud of ire, remorse, and shame.  
 IN answer nought could Augus speak; xvi  
 His proud heart swelled wellnigh to break:  
 He turned aside, and down his cheek

A burning tear there stole.  
 His hand the Monarch sudden took, 5  
 That sight his kind heart could not brook :  
 " Now, by the Bruce's soul,  
 Angus, my hasty speech forgive !  
 For sure as doth his spirit live,  
 As he said of the Douglas old, 10  
 I well may say of you,—  
 That never king did subject hold,  
 In speech more free, in war more bold,  
 More tender, and more true :  
 Forgive me, Douglas, once again."— 15  
 And, while the King his hand did strain,  
 The old man's tears fell down like rain.  
 To seize the moment Marmion tried,  
 And whispered to the King aside :—  
 " Oh ! let such tears unwonted plead 20  
 For respite short from dubious deed !  
 A child will weep a bramble's smart,  
 A maid to see her sparrow part,  
 A stripling for a woman's heart :  
 But woe awaits a country, when 25  
 She sees the tears of bearded men.  
 Then, oh ! what omen, dark and high,  
 When Douglas wets his manly eye !"—  
 DISPLEASED was James, that stranger viewed xvii  
 And tampered with his changing mood.  
 " Laugh those that can, weep those that may,"  
 Thus did the fiery Monarch say,  
 " Southward I march by break of day ; 5  
 And if within Tantallon strong,  
 The good Lord Marmion tarries long,  
 Perchance our meeting next may fall  
 At Tamworth, in his castle-hall."  
 The haughty Marmion felt the taunt, 10  
 And answered, grave, the royal vaunt :

" Much honoured were my humble home,  
 If in its hall King James should come ;  
 But Nottingham has archers good,  
 And Yorkshire men are stern of mood, 15  
 Northumbrian prickers wild and rude.  
 On Derby hills the paths are steep,  
 In Ouse and Tyne the fords are deep ;  
 And many a banner will be torn,  
 And many a knight to earth be borne, 20  
 And many a sheaf of arrows spent,  
 Ere Scotland's King shall cross the Trent :  
 Yet pause, brave prince, while yet you may."  
 The Monarch lightly turned away,  
 And to his nobles loud did call,— 25  
 " Lords, to the dance,—a hall ! a hall !"  
 Himself his cloak and sword flung by,  
 And led Dame Heron gallantly ;  
 And minstrels, at the royal order,  
 Rung out—" Blue Bonnets o'er the Border." 30  
 LEAVE we these revels now, to tell xviii  
 What to Saint Hilda's maids befel,  
 Whose galley, as they sailed again  
 To Whitby, by a Scot was ta'en.  
 Now at Dun-Edin did they bide, 5  
 Till James should of their fate decide ;  
     And soon, by his command,  
 Were gently summoned to prepare  
 To journey under Marmion's care,  
 As escort honoured, safe, and fair, 10  
     Again to English land.  
 The Abbess told her chaplet o'er,  
 Nor knew which Saint she should implore ;  
 For, when she thought of Constance, sore  
     She feared Lord Marmion's mood. 15  
 And judge what Clara must have felt !  
 The sword, that hung in Marmion's belt,

Had drunk De Wilton's blood.  
 Unwittingly, King James had given,  
     As guard to Whitby's shades, 20  
 The man most dreaded under heaven  
     By these defenceless maids ;  
 Yet what petition could avail,  
 Or who would listen to the tale  
 Of woman, prisoner and nun, 25  
 'Mid bustle of a war begun ?  
 They deemed it hopeless to avoid  
 The convoy of their dangerous guide.  
 THEIR lodging, so the King assigned, xix  
 To Marmion's, as their guardian, joined ;  
 And thus it fell that, passing night ;  
 The Palmer caught the Abbess' eye,  
     Who warned him by a scroll, 5  
 She had a secret to reveal,  
 That much concerned the Church's weal,  
     And health of sinners' soul ;  
 And, with deep charge of secrecy,  
     She named a place to meet, 10  
 Within an open balcony,  
 That hung from dizzy pitch, and high,  
     Above the stately street ;  
 To which, as common to each home,  
 At night they might in secret come. 15  
 At night, in secret, there they came, xx  
 The Palmer and the holy dame.  
 The moon among the clouds rode high,  
 And all the city hum was by.  
 Upon the street, where late before 5  
 Did din of war and warriors roar,  
     You might have heard a pebble fall,  
 A beetle hum, a cricket sing,  
 An owlet flap his boding wing  
     On Giles's steeple tall. 10

The antique buildings, climbing high,  
 Whose Gothic frontlets sought the sky,  
     Were here wrapt deep in shade ;  
 There on their brows the moonbeam broke,  
 Through the faint wreaths of silvery smoke,      15  
     And on the casements played.  
 And other light was none to see,  
     Save torches gliding far,  
 Before some chieftain of degree,  
 Who left the royal revelry      20  
     To bowne him for the war.—  
 A solemn scene the Abbess chose ;  
 A solemn hour, her secret to disclose.  
     “ O HOLY Palmer ! ” she began,—      xxi  
 “ For sure he must be sainted man,  
 Whose blessed feet have trod the ground  
 Where the Redeemer’s tomb is found ;—  
 For His dear Church’s sake, my tale      5  
 Attend, nor deem of light avail,  
 Though I must speak of worldly love,—  
 How vain to those who wed above !—  
 De Wilton and Lord Marmion wooed  
 Clara de Clare, of Gloster’s blood ;      10  
 (Idle it were of Whitby’s dame,  
 To say of that same blood I came ; )  
 And once, when jealous rage was high,  
 Lord Marmion said despiteously,  
 Wilton was traitor in his heart,      15  
 And had made league with Martin Swart,  
 When he came here on Simnel’s part ;  
 And only cowardice did restrain  
 His rebel aid on Stokefield’s plain,—  
 And down he threw his glove :—the thing      20  
 Was tried, as wont, before the King ;  
 Where frankly did De Wilton own,  
 That Swart in Guelders he had known ;

And that between them then there went  
 Some scroll of courteous compliment. 25  
 For this he to his castle sent ;  
 But when his messenger returned,  
 Judge how De Wilton's fury burned !  
 For in his packet there were laid  
 Letters that claimed disloyal aid, 30  
 And proved King Henry's cause betrayed.  
 His fame, thus blighted, in the field  
 He strove to clear, by spear and shield ;—  
 To clear his fame in vain he strove,  
 For wondrous are His ways above ! 35  
 Perchance some form was unobserved ;  
 Perchance in prayer, or faith, he swerved ;  
 Else how could guiltless champion quail,  
 Or how the blessed ordeal fail ?  
 His squire, who now De Wilton saw 40  
 As recreant doomed to suffer law,  
     Repentant, owned in vain,  
 That, while he had the scrolls in care,  
 A stranger maiden, passing fair, 5  
 Had drenched him with a beverage rare ;—  
     His words no faith could gain.  
 With Clare alone he credence won,  
 Who, rather than wed Marmion,  
 Did to Saint Hilda's shrine repair, 10  
 To give our house her livings fair,  
 And die a vestal vot'ress there.  
 The impulse from the earth was given,  
 But bent her to the paths of heaven.  
 A purer heart, a lovelier maid, 15  
 Ne'er sheltered her in Whitby's shade,  
 No, not since Saxon Edelfled ;  
 Only one trace of earthly strain,  
     That for her lover's loss  
 She cherishes a sorrow vain. 20

And murmurs at the cross.—  
And then her heritage ;—it goes  
    Along the banks of Tame ;  
Deep fields of grain the reaper mows,  
In meadows rich the heifer lows,                                 25  
The falconer and huntsman knows  
    Its woodlands for the game.  
Shame were it to Saint Hilda dear,  
And I her humble vot'ress here  
    Should do a deadly sin,   30  
Her temple spoiled before mine eyes,  
If this false Marmion such a prize  
    By my consent should win ;  
Yet hath our boisterous Monarch sworn,  
That Clare shall from our house be torn ;                     35  
And grievous cause have I to fear,  
Such mandate doth Lord Marmion bear.  
Now, PRISONER, helpless, and betrayed                     xxiii  
To evil power, I claim thine aid,  
    By every step that thou hast trod  
To holy shrine and grotto dim,  
By every martyr's tortured limb,                                 5  
By angel, saint, and seraphim,  
    And by the Church of God !  
For mark :—When Wilton was betrayed,  
And with his squire forged letters laid,  
She was, alas ! that sinful maid,                                 10  
    By whom the deed was done,—  
Oh ! shame and horror to be said !—  
    She was a perjured nun :  
No clerk in all the land, like her,  
Traced quaint and varying character.                     15  
    Perchance you may a marvel deem,  
    That Marmion's paramour,  
(For such vile thing she was,) should scheme  
    Her lover's nuptial hour ;



But o'er him thus she hoped to gain, 20  
 As privy to his honour's stain,  
 Illimitable power :  
 For this she secretly retained  
 Each proof that might the plot reveal,  
 Instructions with his hand and seal ; 25  
 And thus Saint Hilda deigned,  
 Through sinner's perfidy impure,  
 Her house's glory to secure,  
 And Clare's immortal weal.  
 'TWERE long, and needless, here to tell, xxiv  
 How to my hand these papers fell ;  
 With me they must not stay.  
 Saint Hilda keep her Abbess true !  
 Who knows what outrage he might do, 5  
 While journeying by the way ?—  
 O blessed Saint, if e'er again  
 I venturous leave thy calm domain,  
 To travel or by land or main,  
 Deep penance may I pay !— 10  
 Now, saintly Palmer, mark my prayer :  
 I give this packet to thy care,  
 For thee to stop they will not dare ;  
 And oh ! with cautious speed,  
 To Wolsey's hand the papers bring, 15  
 That he may show them to the King ;  
 And, for thy well-earned meed,  
 Thou holy man, at Whitby's shrine  
 A weekly mass shall still be thine,  
 While priests can sing and read.— 20  
 What ail'st thou ?—Speak !"—For as he took  
 The charge, a strong emotion shook  
 His frame ; and, ere reply,  
 They heard a faint, yet shrilly tone,  
 Like distant clarion feebly blown, 25  
 That on the breeze did die ;

And loud the Abbess shrieked in fear,  
 "Saint Withold save us!—What is here!  
 Look at yon City Cross!  
 See on its battled tower appear 30  
 Phantoms, that scutcheons seem to rear,  
 And blazoned banners toss!"—  
 DUN-EDIN'S Cross, a pillar'd stone, xxv  
 Rose on a turret octagon;  
 (But now is razed that monument,  
 Whence royal edict rang,  
 And voice of Scotland's law was sent 5  
 In glorious trumpet clang.  
 Oh! be his tomb as lead to lead,  
 Upon its dull destroyer's head!—  
 A minstrel's malison is said.—)  
 Then on its battlements they saw 10  
 A vision, passing Nature's law,  
 Strange, wild, and dimly seen;  
 Figures that seemed to rise and die,  
 Gibber and sign, advance and fly,  
 While nought confirmed could ear or eye 15  
 Discern of sound or mien.  
 Yet darkly did it seem, as there  
 Heralds and pursuivants prepare,  
 With trumpet sound and blazon fair,  
 A summons to proclaim; 20  
 But indistinct the pageant proud,  
 As fancy forms of midnight cloud,  
 When flings the moon upon her shroud  
 A wavering tinge of flame;  
 It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud, 25  
 From midmost of the spectre crowd,  
 This awful summons came:—  
 "PRINCE, prelate, potentate, and peer, xxvi  
 Whose names I now shall call,  
 Scottish, or foreigner, give ear!

Subjects of him who sent me here,  
 At his tribunal to appear, 5  
     I summon one and all :  
 I cite you by each deadly sin,  
 That e'er hath soiled your hearts within ;  
 I cite you by each brutal lust,  
 That e'er defiled your earthly dust,— 10  
     By wrath, by pride, by fear,  
 By each o'ermastering passion's tone,  
 By the dark grave, and dying groan !  
 When forty days are past and gone,  
 I cite you, at your Monarch's throne, 15  
     To answer and appear."—  
 Then thundered forth a roll of names :—  
 The first was thine, unhappy James !  
     Then all thy nobles came ;  
 Crawford, Glencairn, Montrose, Argyle, 20  
 Ross, Bothwell, Forbes, Lennox, Lyle,—  
 Why should I tell their separate style ?  
     Each chief of birth and fame,  
 Of Lowland, Highland, Border, Isle,  
 Foredoomed to Flodden's carnage pile, 25  
     Was cited there by name ;  
 And Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye,  
 Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,  
 De Wilton, erst of Aberley,  
 The selfsame thundering voice did say.— 30  
     But then another spoke :  
 " Thy fatal summons I deny,  
 And thine infernal lord defy,  
 Appealing me to Him on High,  
     Who burst the sinner's yoke."— 35  
 At that dread accent, with a scream,  
 Parted the pageant like a dream,  
     The summoner was gone.  
 Prone on her face the Abbess fell,

And fast, and fast, her beads did tell ; 40  
 Her nuns came, startled by the yell,  
 And found her there alone.  
 She marked not, at the scene aghast,  
 What time, or how, the Palmer passed.  
 SHIFT we the scene.—The camp doth move, xxvii  
 Dun-Edin's streets are empty now,  
 Save when, for weal of those they love,  
 To pray the prayer, and vow the vow,  
 The tottering child, the anxious fair, 5  
 The grey-haired sire, with pious care,  
 To chapels and to shrines repair.—  
 Where is the Palmer now, and where  
 The Abbess, Marmion, and Clare ?—  
 Bold Douglas ! to Tantallon fair, 10  
 They journey in thy charge :  
 Lord Marmion rode on his right hand,  
 The Palmer still was with the band ;  
 Angus, like Lindesay, did command,  
 That none should roam at large. 15  
 But in that Palmer's altered mien  
 A wondrous change might now be seen ;  
 Freely he spoke of war,  
 Of marvels wrought by single hand,  
 When lifted for a native land ; 20  
 And still looked high, as if he planned  
 Some desperate deed afar.  
 His courser would he feed and stroke,  
 And, tucking up his sable frocke,  
 Would first his mettle bold provoke, 25  
 Then sooth or quell his pride.  
 Old Hubert said, that never one  
 He saw, except Lord Marmion,  
 A steed so fairly ride.  
 SOME half-hour's march behind, there came, xxviii  
 By Eustace governed fair,

A troop escorting Hilda's Dame,  
 With all her nuns, and Clare.  
 No audience had Lord Marmion sought;                   5  
 Ever he feared to aggravate  
 Clara de Clare's suspicious hate;  
 And safer 'twas, he thought,  
 To wait till, from the nuns removed,  
 The influence of kinsmen loved,                               10  
 And suit by Henry's self approved,  
 Her slow consent had wrought.  
 His was no flickering flame, that dies  
 Unless when fanned by looks and sighs,  
 And lighted oft at lady's eyes;                             15  
 He longed to stretch his wide command  
 O'er luckless Clara's ample land:  
 Besides, when Wilton with him vied,  
 Although the pang of humbled pride  
 The place of jealousy supplied,                             20  
 Yet conquest, by that meanness won  
 He almost loathed to think upon,  
 Led him, at times, to hate the cause,  
 Which made him burst through honour's laws.  
 If e'er he loved, 'twas her alone,                             25  
 Who died within that vault of stone.  
 AND now, when close at hand they saw                   xxix  
 North Berwick's town, and lofty Law,  
 Fitz-Eustace bade them pause a while,  
 Before a venerable pile,  
 Whose turrets viewed, afar,                                     5  
 The lofty Bass, the Lambie Isle,  
 The ocean's peace or war.  
 At tolling of a bell, forth came  
 The convent's venerable Dame,  
 And prayed Saint Hilda's Abbess rest                       10  
 With her, a loved and honoured guest,  
 Till Douglas should a bark prepare,

To waft her back to Whitby fair.  
 Glad was the Abbess, you may guess,  
 And thanked the Scottish Prioress; 15  
 And tedious were to tell, I ween,  
 The courteous speech that passed between.  
 O'erjoyed the nuns their palfreys leave ;  
 But when fair Clara did intend,  
 Like them from horseback to descend, 20  
 Fitz-Eustace said,—“ I grieve,  
 Fair lady, grieve e'en from my heart,  
 Such gentle company to part :—  
     Think not discourtesy,  
 But lords' commands must be obeyed ; 25  
 And Marmion and the Douglas said,  
     That you must wend with me,  
 Lord Marmion hath a letter broad,  
 Which to the Scottish Earl he shewed,  
 Commanding that, beneath his care, 30  
 Without delay, you shall repair,  
 To your good kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.”—  
 THE startled Abbess loud exclaimed ; xxx  
 But she, at whom the blow was aimed,  
 Grew pale as death, and cold as lead,—  
 She deemed she heard her death-doom read.  
 “ Cheer thee, my child !” the Abbess said, 5  
 “ They dare not tear thee from my hand,  
 To ride alone with armed band.”—  
     “ Nay, holy mother, nay,”  
 Fitz-Eustace said ; “ the lovely Clare  
 Will be in Lady Angus' care, 10  
     In Scotland while we stay ;  
 And, when we move, an easy ride  
 Will bring us to the English side,  
 Female attendance to provide  
     Befitting Gloster's heir ; 15

Nor thinks, nor dreams, my noble lord,  
 By slightest look, or act, or word,  
 To harass Lady Clare.  
 Her faithful guardian he will be,  
 Nor sue for slightest courtesy 20  
 That e'en to stranger falls,  
 Till he shall place her, safe and free.  
 Within her kinsman's halls.—  
 He spoke, and blushed with earnest grace ;  
 His faith was painted on his face, 25  
 And Clare's worst fear relieved.  
 The Lady Abbess loud exclaimed  
 On Henry, and the Douglas blamed,  
 Entreated, threatened, grieved ;  
 To martyr, saint, and prophet prayed, 30  
 Against Lord Marmion inveighed,  
 And called the Prioress to aid,  
 To curse with candle, bell, and book.  
 Her head the grave Cistercian shook :  
 "The Douglas and the King," she said, 35  
 "In their commands will be obeyed ;  
 Grieve not, nor dream that harm can fall  
 The maiden in Tantallon Hall."—  
 THE Abbess, seeing strife was vain, xxxi  
 Assumed her wonted state again,—  
 For much of state she had,—  
 Composed her veil, and raised her head,  
 And—"Bid," in solemn voice she said, 5  
 "Thy master, bold and bad,  
 The records of his house turn o'er,  
 And, when he shall there written see,  
 That one of his own ancestry  
 Drove the Monks forth of Coventry, 10  
 Bid him his fate explore !  
 Prancing in pride of earthly trust,

His charger hurled him to the dust,  
 And, by a base plebeian thrust,  
 He died his band before. 15  
 God judge 'twixt Marmion and me ;  
 He is a chief of high degree,  
 And I a poor recluse ;  
 Yet oft, in holy writ, we see  
 Even such weak minister as me 20  
 May the oppressor bruise :  
 For thus, inspired, did Judith slay  
 The mighty in his sin,  
 And Jael thus, and Deborah,"—  
 Here hasty Blount broke in : 25  
 "Fitz-Eustace, we must march our band ;  
 Saint Anton' fire thee ! wilt thou stand  
 All day, with bonnet in thy hand,  
 To hear the Lady preach ?  
 By this good light ! if thus we stay, 30  
 Lord Marmion, for our fond delay,  
 Will sharper sermon teach.  
 Come, don thy cap, and mount thy horse ;  
 The Dame must patience take perforce."—  
 "SUBMIT we then to force," said Clare ; xxxii  
 "But let this barbarous lord despair  
 His purposed aim to win :  
 Let him take living, land, and life ;  
 But to be Marmion's wedded wife 5  
 In me were deadly sin :  
 And if it be the King's decree,  
 That I must find no sanctuary,  
 In that inviolable dome,  
 Where even a homicide might come, 10  
 And safely rest his head,  
 Though at its open portals stood,  
 Thirsting to pour forth blood for blood,  
 The kinsmen of the dead ;



Yet one asylum is my own, 15  
     Against the dreaded hour;  
 A low, a silent, and a lone,  
     Where kings have little power.  
 One victim is before me there.—  
 Mother, your blessing, and in prayer 20  
 Remember your unhappy Clare!—  
 Loud weeps the Abbess, and bestows  
     Kind blessings many a one;  
 Weeping and wailing loud arose  
 Round patient Clare, the clamorous woes 25  
     Of every simple nun.  
 His eyes the gentle Eustace dried,  
 And scarce rude Blount the sight could bide.  
     Then took the squire her rein,  
 And gently led away her steed, 30  
 And, by each courteous word and deed,  
     To cheer her strove in vain.  
 BUT scant three miles the band had rode, xxxiii  
     When o'er a height they passed,  
 And sudden, close before them showed,  
     His towers, Tantallon vast;  
 Broad, massive, high, and stretching far, 5  
 And held impregnable in war.  
 On a projecting rock they rose,  
 And round three sides the ocean flows;  
 The fourth did battled walls inclose,  
     And double mound and fosse. 10  
 By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,  
 Through studded gates, an entrance long,  
     To the main court they cross.  
 It was a wide and stately square:  
 Around were lodgings, fit and fair, 15  
     And towers of various form,  
 Which on the court projected far,  
 And broke its lines quadrangular.

Here was square keep, there turret high,  
 Or pinnacle that sought the sky, 20  
 Whence oft the Warder could descry  
     The gathering ocean-storm.  
 HERE did they rest.—The princely care xxxiv  
 Of Douglas, why should I declare,  
 Or say they met reception fair?  
     Or why the tidings say,  
 Which, varying, to Tantallon came, 5  
 By hurrying posts, or fleeter fame,  
     With every varying day?  
 And, first, they heard King James had won  
     Etall, and Wark, and Ford; and then,  
     That Norham Castle strong was ta'en. 10  
 At that sore marvelled Marmion;—  
 And Douglas hoped his Monarch's hand  
 Would soon subdue Northumberland:  
     But whispered news there came,  
 That, while his host inactive lay, 15  
 And melted by degrees away,  
 King James was dallying off the day  
     With Heron's wily dame.—  
 Such acts to chronicles I yield;  
     Go seek them there, and see: 20  
 Mine is a tale of Flodden Field,  
     And not a history.—  
 At length they heard the Scottish host  
 On that high ridge had made their post,  
     Which frowns o'er Millfield Plain; 25  
 And that brave Surrey many a band  
 Had gathered in the Southern land,  
 And marched into Northumberland,  
     And camp at Wooler ta'en.  
 Marmion, like charger in the stall, 30  
 That hears, without, the trumpet-call,  
     Began to chafe, and swear:—

“ A sorry thing to hide my head  
In castle, like a fearful maid,

When such a field is near!

35

Needs must I see this battle-day:

Death to my fame, if such a fray

Were fought, and Marmion away!

The Douglas, too, I wot not why,

Hath 'bated of his courtesy:

40

No longer in his halls I'll stay.”—

Then bade his band they should array

For march against the dawning day.

## CANTO VI.

*THE BATTLE.*

WHILE great events were on the gale, i  
 And each hour brought a varying tale,  
 And the demeanour, changed and cold,  
 Of Douglas fretted Marmion bold,  
 And, like the impatient steed of war, 5  
 He snuffed the battle from afar ;  
 And hopes were none, that back again  
 Herald should come from Terouenne,  
 Where England's King in leaguer lay,  
 Before decisive battle-day ; 10  
 While these things were, the mournful Clare  
 Did in the Dame's devotions share :  
 For the good Countess ceaseless prayed,  
 To Heaven and Saints, her sons to aid,  
 And, with short interval, did pass 15  
 From prayer to book, from book to mass,  
 And all in high baronial pride,  
 A life both dull and dignified ;  
 Yet as Lord Marmion nothing pressed  
 Upon her intervals of rest, 20  
 Dejected Clara well could bear  
 The formal state, the lengthened prayer,  
 Though dearest to her wounded heart  
 The hours that she might spend apart.  
 I SAID, Tantallon's dizzy steep ii  
 Hung o'er the margin of the deep

Many a rude tower and rampart there  
 Repelled the insult of the air,  
 Which, when the tempest vexed the sky, 5  
 Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by.  
 Above the rest, a turret square  
 Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear,  
 Of sculpture rude, a stony shield ;  
 The Bloody Heart was in the field, 10  
 And in the chief three mullets stood,  
 The cognisance of Douglas blood.  
 The turret held a narrow stair  
 Which, mounted, gave you access, where  
 A parapet's embattled row 15  
 Did seaward round the castle go ;  
 Sometimes in dizzy steps descending,  
 Sometimes in narrow circuit bending,  
 Sometimes in platform broad extending,  
 Its varying circle did combine 20  
 Bulwark, and bartisan, and line,  
 And bastion, tower, and vantage-coign ;  
 Above the booming ocean leant  
 The far-projecting battlement ;  
 The billows burst, in ceaseless flow, 25  
 Upon the precipice below.  
 Where'er Tantallon faced the land,  
 Gate-works, and walls, were strongly manned ;  
 No need upon the sea-girt side ;  
 The steepy rock, and frantic tide, 30  
 Approach of human step denied ;  
 And thus these lines, and ramparts rude,  
 Were left in deepest solitude.  
 AND, for they were so lonely, Clare 35  
 Would to these battlements repair,  
 And muse upon her sorrows there,  
 And list the seabird's cry ;  
 Or slow, like noontide ghost, would glide 5

Along the dark-grey bulwarks' side,  
 And ever on the heaving tide  
     Look down with weary eye.  
 Oft did the cliff, and swelling main,  
 Recal the thoughts of Whitby's fane,—                   10  
 A home she ne'er might see again ;  
     For she had laid adown,  
 So Douglas bade, the hood and veil,  
 And frontlet of the cloister pale,  
     And Benedictine gown :                                   15  
 It were unseemly sight, he said,  
 A novice out of convent shade.  
 Now her bright locks, with sunny glow,  
 Again adorned her brow of snow ;  
 Her mantle rich, whose borders, round,                   20  
 A deep and fretted broïdery bound,  
 In golden foldings sought the ground ;  
 Of holy ornament, alone  
 Remained a cross with ruby stone ;  
     And often did she look                                   25  
 On that which in her hand she bore,  
 With velvet bound, and broïdery o'er,  
     Her breviary book.  
 In such a place, so lone, so grim,  
 At dawning pale or twilight dim,                   30  
     It fearful would have been,  
 To meet a form so richly dressed,  
 With book in hand, and cross on breast,  
     And such a woeful mien.  
 Fitz-Eustace, loitering with his bow,                   35  
 To practise on the gull and crow,  
 Saw her, at distance, gliding slow,  
     And did by Mary swear,—  
 Some lovelorn Fay she might have been,  
 Or, in romance, some spellbound queen ;                   40  
 For ne'er, in workday world, was seen

A form so witching fair.

ONCE walking thus, at evening-tide, iv  
 It chanced a gliding sail she spied,  
 And, sighing, thought—"The Abbess there,  
 Perchance, does to her home repair;  
 Her peaceful rule, where Duty, free, 5  
 Walks hand in hand with Charity;  
 Where oft Devotion's tranced glow  
 Can such a glimpse of heaven bestow,  
 That the enraptured sisters see  
 High vision, and deep mystery; 10  
 The very form of Hilda fair,  
 Hovering upon the sunny air,  
 And smiling on her votaries' prayer.  
 Oh! wherefore, to my duller eye,  
 Did still the Saint her form deny! 15  
 Was it that, seared by sinful scorn,  
 My heart could neither melt nor burn?  
 Or lie my warm affections low,  
 With him, that taught them first to glow?  
 Yet, gentle Abbess, well I knew, 20  
 To pay thy kindness grateful due,  
 And well could brook the mild command,  
 That ruled thy simple maiden band.  
 How different now!—condemned to bide  
 My doom from this dark tyrant's pride. 25  
 But Marmion has to learn, ere long,  
 That constant mind and hate of wrong  
 Descended to a feeble girl,  
 From Red De Clare, stout Gloster's Earl:  
 Of such a stem, a sapling weak, 30  
 He ne'er shall bend, although he break.  
 BUT see!—what makes this armour here?" v  
 For in her path there lay  
 Targe, corslet, helm;—she viewed them near.—  
 "The breastplate pierced!—Aye, much I fear,

Weak fence wert thou 'gainst foeman's spear,      5  
 That hath made fatal entrance here,  
     As these dark blood-gouts say.—  
 Thus Wilton!—Oh! not corslet's ward,  
 Not truth, as diamond pure and hard,  
 Could be thy manly bosom's guard,      10  
     On yon disastrous day!"—  
 She raised her eyes in mournful mood,—  
 WILTON himself before her stood!  
 It might have seemed his passing ghost,  
 For every youthful grace was lost;      15  
 And joy unwonted, and surprise,  
 Gave their strange wildness to his eyes.—  
 Expect not, noble dames and lords,  
 That I can tell such scene in words:  
 What skilful limner ere would choose      20  
 To paint the rainbow's varying hues,  
 Unless to mortal it were given  
 To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?  
 Far less can my weak line declare  
     Each changing passion's shade;      25  
 Brightening to rapture from despair,  
 Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,  
 And joy, with her angelic air,  
 And hope, that paints the future fair,  
     Their varying hues displayed:      30  
 Each o'er its rival's ground extending,  
 Alternate conquering, shifting, blending,  
 Till all, fatigued, the conflict yield,  
 And mighty Love retains the field.  
 Shortly I tell what then he said,      35  
 By many a tender word delayed,  
 And modest blush, and bursting sign,  
 And question kind, and fond reply:—



## DE WILTON'S HISTORY.

“FORGET we that disastrous day, When senseless in the lists I lay. Thence dragged,—but how I cannot know, For sense and recollection fled,— I found me on a pallet low, Within my ancient beadsman's shed. Austin,—remember'st thou, my Clare, How thou didst blush, when the old man, When first our infant love began, Said we would make a matchless pair?— Menials, and friends, and kinsmen fled From the degraded traitor's bed,— He only held my burning head, And tended me for many a day, While wounds and fever held their sway. But far more needful was his care, When sense returned to wake despair; For I did tear the closing wound, And dash me frantic on the ground, If e'er I heard the name of Clare. At length, to calmer reason brought, Much by his kind attendance wrought, With him I left my native strand, And, in a Palmer's weeds arrayed, My hated name and form to shade, I journeyed many a land; No more a lord of rank and birth, But mingled with the dregs of earth. Oft Austin for my reason feared, When I would sit, and deeply brood On dark revenge, and deeds of blood, Or wild mad schemes upreared.	vi     5    10    15    20    25   30
--	---

My friend at length fell sick, and said,  
 God would remove him soon ;  
 And, while upon his dying bed, 85  
 He begged of me a boon--  
 If e'er my deadliest enemy  
 Beneath my brand should conquered lie,  
 Even then my mercy should awake,  
 And spare his life for Austin's sake. 40  
 STILL restless as a second Cain, 7ii  
 To Scotland next my route was ta'en.  
 Full well the paths I knew ;  
 Fame of my fate made various sound,  
 That death in pilgrimage I found, 5  
 That I had perished of my wound,—  
 None cared which tale was true :  
 And living eye could never guess  
 De Wilton in his Palmer's dress ;  
 For now that sable slough is shed, 10  
 And trimmed my shaggy beard and head,  
 I scarcely know me in the glass.  
 A chance most wondrous did provide,  
 That I should be that Baron's guide—  
 I will not name his name !— 15  
 Vengeance to God alone belongs ;  
 But, when I think on all my wrongs,  
 My blood is liquid flame !  
 And ne'er the time shall I forget,  
 When, in a Scottish hostel set, 20  
 Dark looks we did exchange :  
 What were his thoughts I cannot tell ;  
 But in my bosom mustered Hell  
 Its plans of dark revenge.  
 A WORD of vulgar augury, 7iii  
 That broke from me, I scarce knew why,  
 Brought on a village tale ;

Which wrought upon his moody sprite,  
 And sent him armed forth by night. 5  
     I borrowed steed and mail,  
 And weapons, from his sleeping band ;  
     And passing from a postern-door,  
 We met, and 'countered, hand to hand,—  
     He fell on Gifford Moor. 10  
 For the death-stroke my brand I drew,  
 (Oh then my helmed head he knew,  
     The Palmer's cowl was gone,)  
 Then had three inches of my blade  
 The heavy debt of vengeance paid,— 15  
 My hand the thought of Austin staid,—  
     I left him there alone.  
 Oh, good old man ! even from the grave,  
 Thy spirit could thy master save :  
 If I had slain my foeman, ne'er 20  
 Had Whitby's Abbess, in her fear,  
 Given to my hand this packet dear,  
 Of power to clear my injured fame,  
 And vindicate De Wilton's name.  
 Perchance you heard the Abbess tell 25  
 Of the strange pageantry of Hell,  
     That broke our secret speech :  
 It rose from the infernal shade,  
 Or featly was some juggle played,  
     A tale of peace to teach. 30  
 Appeal to Heaven I judged was best,  
 When my name came among the rest.  
 Now here, within Tantallon Hold, ix  
 To Douglas late my tale I told,  
 To whom my house was known of old.  
 Won by my proofs, his falchion bright  
 This eve anew shall dub me knight. 5  
 These were the arms that once did turn  
 The tide of fight on Otterburne,

And Harry Hotspur forced to yield,  
 When the dead Douglas won the field.  
 These Angus gave : his armourer's care, 10  
 Ere morn, shall every breach repair ;  
 For nought, he said, was in his halls,  
 But ancient armour on the walls,  
 And aged chargers in the stalls,  
 And women, priests, and grey-haired men ; 15  
 The rest were all in Twisel Glen.  
 And now I watch my armour here,  
 By law of arms, till midnight's near ;  
 Then, once again a belted knight,  
 Seek Surrey's camp with dawn of light. 20  
 THERE soon again we meet, my Clare !  
 x  
 This Baron means to guide thee there :  
 Douglas reveres his King's command,  
 Else would he take thee from his band.  
 And there thy kinsman, Surrey, too, 5  
 Will give De Wilton justice due.  
 Now meeter far for martial broil,  
 Firmer my limbs, and strung by toil,  
 Once more "——" O Wilton ! must we then  
 Risk new-found happiness again, 10  
 Trust fate of arms once more ?  
 And is there not a humble glen,  
 Where we, content and poor,  
 Might build a cottage in the shade,  
 A shepherd thou, and I to aid 15  
 Thy task on dale and moor ?—  
 That reddening brow !—too well I know,  
 Not even thy Clare can peace bestow  
 While falsehood stains thy name :  
 Go then to fight ! Clare bids thee go ! 20  
 Clare can a warrior's feelings know,  
 And weep a warrior's shame ;  
 Can Red Earl Gilbert's spirit feel,

- Buckle the spurs upon thy heel,  
 And belt thee with thy brand of steel, 25  
 And send thee forth to fame!"—
- THAT night, upon the rocks and bay, xi  
 The midnight moonbeam slumbering lay,  
 And poured its silver light, and pure,  
 Through loophole, and through embrasure,  
 Upon Tantallon tower and hall; 5  
 But chief where arched windows wide  
 Illuminate the chapel's pride,  
 The sober glances fall.
- Much was there need; though, seamed with scars,  
 Two veterans of the Douglas' wars, 10  
 Though two grey priests were there,  
 And each a blazing torch held high,  
 You could not by their blaze descry  
 The chapel's carving fair.
- Amid that dim and smoky light, 15  
 Chequering the silvery moonshine bright,  
 A Bishop by the altar stood,  
 A noble lord of Douglas blood,  
 With mitre sheen, and rocquet white.
- Yet shewed his meek and thoughtful eye 20  
 But little pride of prelacy;  
 More pleased that, in a barbarous age,  
 He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,  
 Than that beneath his rule he held  
 The bishopric of fair Dunkeld. 25
- Beside him ancient Angus stood,  
 Doffed his furred gown, and sable hood:  
 O'er his huge form, and visage pale,  
 He wore a cap and shirt of mail;  
 And leaned his large and wrinkled hand 30  
 Upon the huge and sweeping brand,  
 Which wont, of yore, in battle-fray,  
 His foeman's limbs to shred away,

As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.  
 He seemed as, from the tombs around 35  
     Rising at judgment-day,  
 Some giant Douglas may be found  
     In all his old array ;  
 So pale his face, so huge his limb,  
 So old his arms, his look so grim. 40  
 THEN at the altar Wilton kneels, xii  
 And Clare the spurs bound on his heels ;  
 And think what next he must have felt,  
 At buckling of the falchion belt !  
     And judge how Clara changed her hue, 5  
 While fastening to her lover's side  
 A friend, which, though in danger tried,  
     He once had found untrue !  
 Then Douglas struck him with his blade :  
 " Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid, 10  
     I dub thee knight.  
 Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir !  
 For king, for church, for lady fair,  
     See that thou fight."—  
 And Bishop Gawain, as he rose, 15  
 Said,—“ Wilton ! grieve not for thy woes,  
     Disgrace, and trouble ;  
 For He, who honour best bestows,  
     May give thee double.”—  
 De Wilton sobbed, for sob he must— 20  
 “ Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust  
     That Douglas is my brother ! ”—  
 “ Nay, nay,” old Angus said, “ not so ;  
 To Surrey's camp thou now must go,  
     Thy wrongs no longer smother. 25  
 I have two sons in yonder field ;  
 And if thou meet'st them under shield,  
 Upon them bravely—do thy worst ;  
 And foul fall him that blenches first ! ”—

Not far advanced was morning day,	xiii
When Marmion did his troop array	
To Surrey's camp to ride ;	
He had safe-conduct for his band,	
Beneath the royal seal and hand,	5
And Douglas gave a guide :	
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,	
Would Clara on her palfry place,	
And whispered, in an undertone,	
“ Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown.”	10
The train from out the castle drew,	
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu :—	
“ Though something I might plain,” he said,	
“ Of cold respect to stranger guest,	
Sent hither by your King's behest,	15
While in Tantallon's towers I staid ;	
Part we in friendship from your land,	
And, noble Earl, receive my hand.”—	
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,	
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :—	20
“ My manors, halls, and bowers shall still	
Be open, at my Sovereign's will,	
To each one whom he lists, howe'er	
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.	
My castles are my King's alone,	25
From turret to foundation-stone—	
The hand of Douglas is his own ;	
And never shall in friendly grasp	
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.”—	
BURNED Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,	xiv
And shook his very frame for ire,	
And—“ This to me !” he said,—	
“ An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,	
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared	5
To cleave the Douglas' head !	
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,	

He, who does England's message here,  
 Although the meanest in her state,  
 May well, proud Angus, be thy mate: 10  
 And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,  
     Even in thy pitch of pride,  
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,  
 (Nay, never look upon your lord,  
 And lay your hands upon your sword,) 15  
     I tell thee, thou 'rt defied !  
 And if thou saidst I am not peer  
 To any lord in Scotland here,  
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,  
     Lord Angus, thou hast lied !"— 20  
 On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage  
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age :  
 Fierce he broke forth,—“ And dar'st thou then  
 To beard the lion in his den,  
     The Douglas in his hall ? 25  
 And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go ?—  
 No, by Saint Bryde of Bothwell, no !—  
 Up drawbridge, grooms !—what, Warder, ho !  
     Let the portcullis fall.”—  
 Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need ! 30  
 And dashed the rowels in his steed,  
 Like arrow through the archway sprung,  
 The ponderous gate behind him rung :  
 To pass there was such scanty room,  
 The bars, descending, razed his plume. 35  
 THE steed along the drawbridge flies, xv  
 Just as it trembled on the rise ;  
 Not lighter does the swallow skim  
 Along the smooth lake's level brim :  
 And when Lord Marmion reached his band, 5  
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand,  
 And shout of loud defiance pours,  
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.



"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"  
 But soon he reined his fury's pace: 10  
 "A royal mesenger he came,  
 Though most unworthy of the name.—  
 A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!  
 Did ever knight so foul a deed!  
 At first in heart it liked me ill, 15  
 When the King praised his clerkly skill.  
 Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,  
 Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line:  
 So swore I, and I swear it still,  
 Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.— 20  
 Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!  
 Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,  
 I thought to slay him where he stood.  
 'Tis pity of him too," he cried;  
 "Bold can he speak, and fairly ride: 25  
 I warrant him a warrior tried"—  
 With this his mandate he recalls,  
 And slowly seeks his castle halls.  
 THE day in Marmion's journey wore; xvii  
 Yet, ere his passion's gust was o'er,  
 They crossed the heights of Stanrig Moor.  
 His troop more closely there he scann'd,  
 And missed the Palmer from the band.— 5  
 "Palmer or not," young Blount did say,  
 "He parted at the peep of day;  
 Good sooth, it was in strange array."—  
 "In what array?" said Marmion, quick.  
 "My lord, I ill can spell the trick; 10  
 But all night long, with clink and bang,  
 Close to my couch did hammers clang;  
 At dawn the falling drawbridge rang,  
 And from a loophole while I peep,  
 Old Bell-the-Cat came from the keep, 15  
 Wrapped in a gown of sables fair,

As fearful of the morning air ;  
 Beneath, when that was blown aside,  
 A rusty shirt of mail I spied,  
 By Archibald won in bloody work, 20  
 Against the Saracen and Turk :  
 Last night it hung not in the hall ;  
 I thought some marvel would befall.  
 And next I saw them saddled lead  
 Old Cheviot forth, the Earl's best steed ; 25  
 A matchless horse, though something old,  
 Prompt to his paces, cool and bold.  
 I heard the Sheriff Sholto say,  
 The Earl did much the Master pray  
 To use him on the battle-day ; 30  
 But he preferred "—“ Nay, Henry, cease !  
 Thou sworn horse-courser, hold thy peace.—  
 Eustace, thou bear'st a brain—I pray,  
 What did Blount see at break of day ?"—  
 “ IN brief, my lord, we both descried 37  
 (For I then stood by Henry's side)  
 The Palmer mount, and outwards ride,  
     Upon the Earl's own favourite steed ;  
 All sheathed he was in armour bright, 5  
 And much resembled that same knight,  
 Subdued by you in Cotswold fight :  
     Lord Angus wished him speed.”—  
 'The instant that Fitz-Eustace spoke,  
 A sudden light on Marmion broke ;— 10  
 “ Ah ! dastard fool, to reason lost ! ”  
 He muttered ; “ 'Twas nor fay nor ghost,  
 I met upon the moonlight wold,  
 But living man of earthly mould.—  
     Oh, dotage blind and gross ! 15  
 Had I but fought as wont, one thrust  
 Had laid De Wilton in the dust,  
     My path no more to cross.—

How stand we now?—he told his tale  
To Douglas: and with some avail; 20

'Twas therefore gloomed his rugged brow.—

+ Will Surrey dare to entertain,  
'Gainst Marmion, charge disproved and vain?

Small risk of that, I trow.—

Yet Clare's sharp questions must I shun; 25

Must separate Constance from the Nun—

Oh, what a tangled web we weave,

When first we practise to deceive!—

A Palmer too!—no wonder why

I felt rebuked beneath his eye: 30

I might have known there was but one,

Whose look could quell Lord Marmion."—

STRUNG with these thoughts, he urged to speed xviii

His troop, and reached, at eve, the Tweed,

Where Lennel's convent closed their march. +

(There now is left but one frail arch,

Yet mourn thou not its cells; 5

Our time a fair exchange has made;

Hard by, in hospitable shade,

A reverend pilgrim dwells,

Well worth the whole Bernardine brood,

That e'er wore sandal, frock, or hood.) 10

Yet did Saint Bernard's Abbot there

Give Marmion entertainment fair,

And lodging for his train and Clare.

Next morn the Baron climbed the tower,

To view afar the Scottish power, 15

Encamped on Flodden edge:

The white pavilions made a show,

Like remnant<sup>s</sup> of the winter snow,

Along the dusky ridge.

Long Marmion looked:—at length his eye 20

Unusual movement might descry

Amid the shifting lines:

The Scottish host drawn out appears,  
 For, flashing on the hedge of spears,  
 The eastern sunbeam shines. 25  
 Their front now deepening, now extending,  
 Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,  
 Now drawing back, and now descending,  
 The skilful Marmion well could know,  
 They watched the motions of some foe, 30  
 Who traversed on the plain below.

EVEN so it was;—from Flodden ridge xix  
 The Scots beheld the English host  
 Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,  
 And heedful watched them as they crossed  
 The Till by Twisel Bridge. 5  
 High sight it is, and haughty; while  
 They dive into the deep defile;  
 Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,  
 Beneath the castle's airy wall.

By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree, 10  
 Troop after troop are disappearing;  
 Troop after troop their banners rearing,  
 Upon the eastern bank you see.  
 Still pouring down the rocky den,  
 Where flows the sullen Till, 15  
 And rising from the dim wood-glen,  
 Standards on standards, men on men,  
 In slow succession still,  
 And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,  
 And pressing on, in ceaseless march, 20  
 To gain the opposing hill.

That morn, to many a trumpet-clang,  
 Twisel! thy rock's deep echo rang;  
 And many a chief of birth and rank,  
 Saint Helen! at thy fountain drank. 25  
 Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see  
 In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,

Had then from many an axe its doom,  
 To give the marching columns room.  
 AND why stands Scotland idly now, xx  
 Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,  
 Since England gains the pass the while,  
 And struggles through the deep defile?  
 What checks the fiery soul of James? 5  
 Why sits that champion of the dames  
     Inactive on his steed,  
 And sees, between him and his land,  
 Between him and Tweed's southern strand,  
     His host Lord Surrey lead? 10  
 What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand?—  
 O Douglas, for thy leading wand!  
     Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!  
 Oh for one hour of Wallace wight,  
 Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight, 15  
 And cry—"Saint Andrew and our right!"  
 Another sight had seen that morn,  
 From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,  
 And Flodden had been Bannockbourne!—  
 The precious hour has passed in vain, 20  
 And England's host has gained the plain;  
 Wheeling their march, and circling still,  
 Around the base of Flodden Hill.  
 ERE yet the bands met Marmion's eye, xxi  
 Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,—  
 "Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!  
 And see ascending squadrons come  
     Between Tweed's river and the hill, 5  
 Foot, horse, and cannon:—hap what hap,  
 My basnet to a prentice cap,  
     Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!--  
 Yet more! yet more!—how fair arrayed  
 They file from out the hawthorn shade, 10

And sweep so gallant by!  
 With all their banners bravely spread,  
 And all their armour flashing high,  
 Saint George might waken from the dead,  
 To see fair England's standards fly."— 15  
 "Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount; "thou'dst best,  
 And listen to our lord's behest."  
 With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,—  
 "This instant be our band arrayed;  
 The river must be quickly crossed, 20  
 That we may join Lord Surrey's host.  
 If fight King James,—as well I trust,  
 That fight he will, and fight he must,—  
 The Lady Clare behind our lines  
 Shall tarry, while the battle joins."— 25  
 HIMSELF he swift on horseback threw, xxii  
 Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu;  
 Far less would listen to his prayer,  
 To leave behind the helpless Clare.  
 Down to the Tweed his band he drew, 5  
 And muttered as the flood they view,—  
 "The pheasant in the falcon's claw,  
 He scarce will yield to please a daw:  
 Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,  
 So Clare shall bide with me." 10  
 Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,  
 Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,  
 He ventured desperately:  
 And not a moment will he bide,  
 Till squire, or groom, before him ride; 15  
 Headmost of all he stems the tide,  
 And stems it gallantly.  
 Eustace held Clare upon her horse,  
 Old Hubert led her rein,  
 Stoutly they braved the current's course, 20  
 And though far downward driven perforce,

The southern bank they gain ;  
 Behind them, straggling, came to shore,  
 As best they might, the train :  
 Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore, 25  
 A caution not in vain ;  
 Deep need that day that every string,  
 By wet unharmed, should sharply ring.  
 A moment then Lord Marmion staid,  
 And breathed his steed, his men arrayed, 30  
 Then forward moved his band,  
 Until, Lord Surrey's rearguard won,  
 He halted by a cross of stone,  
 That, on a hillock standing lone,  
 Did all the field command. 35  
 HENCE might they see the full array xxiii  
 Of either host for deadly fray ;  
 Their marshalled lines stretched east and west,  
 And fronted north and south,  
 And distant salutation passed 5  
 From the loud cannon mouth ;  
 Not in the close successive rattle,  
 That breathes the voice of modern battle,  
 But slow and far between.—  
 The hillock gained, Lord Marmion stayed : 10  
 " Here, by this cross," he gently said,  
 " You well may view the scene ;  
 Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare :  
 Oh ! think of Marmion in thy prayer !—  
 Thou wilt not ?—Well,—no less my care 15  
 Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—  
 You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,  
 With ten picked archers of my train ;  
 With England if the day go hard,  
 To Berwick speed amain.— 20  
 But, if we conquer, cruel maid !  
 My spoils shall at your feet be laid,

When here we meet again."—  
 He waited not for answer there,  
 And would not mark the maid's despair, 25  
 Nor heed the discontented look  
 From either squire; but spurred amain,  
 And, dashing through the battle-plain,  
 His way to Surrey took.

"—THE good Lord Marmion, by my life! xxiv  
 Welcome to danger's hour!—  
 Short greeting serves in time of strife:—  
 Thus have I ranged my power:  
 Myself will rule this central host, 5  
 Stout Stanley fronts their right,  
 My sons command the vaward post,  
 With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight;  
 Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,  
 Shall be in rearward of the fight, 10  
 And succour those that need it most.  
 Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,  
 Would gladly to the vanguard go;  
 Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,  
 With thee their charge will blithely share; 15  
 There fight thine own retainers too,  
 Beneath De Burg, thy steward true."—  
 "Thanks, noble Surrey!" Marmion said,  
 Nor further greeting there he paid;  
 But, parting like a thunderbolt, 20  
 First in the vanguard made a halt,  
 Where such a shout there rose  
 Of "Marmion! Marmion!" that the cry  
 Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,  
 Startled the Scottish foes. 25

BLOUNT and Fitz-Eustace rested still xxv  
 With Lady Clare upon the hill;  
 On which, (for far the day was spent,)  
 The western sunbeams now were bent.



The cry they heard, its meaning knew, 5  
 Could plain their distant comrades view :  
 Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,  
 " Unworthy office here to stay !  
 No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—  
 But, see ! look up—on Flodden bent, 10  
 The Scottish foe has fired his tent."—  
 And sudden, as he spoke,  
 From the sharp ridges of the hill,  
 All downward to the banks of Till,  
 Was wreathed in sable smoke. 15  
 Volumed and vast, and rolling far,  
 The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,  
 As down the hill they broke ;  
 Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,  
 Announced their march ; their tread alone, 20  
 At times one warning trumpet blown,  
 At times a stifled hum,  
 Told England, from his mountain-throne  
 King James did rushing come.—  
 Scarce could they hear or see their foes, 25  
 Until at weapon-point they close.—  
 They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,  
 With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust ;  
 And such a yell was there,  
 Of sudden and portentous birth, 30  
 As if men fought upon the earth,  
 And fiends in upper air ;  
 O life and death were in the shout,  
 Recoil and rally, charge and rout,  
 And triumph and despair. 35  
 Long looked the anxious squires ; their eye  
 Could in the darkness nought descry.  
 At length the freshening western blast 40  
 Aside the shroud of battle cast ;  
 And, first, the ridge of mingled spears  
 Above the brightening cloud appears ;

And in the smoke the pennons flew, 5  
 As in the storm the white sea-mew.  
 Then marked they, dashing broad and far,  
 The broken billows of the war,  
 And plumed crests of chieftains brave,  
 Floating like foam upon the wave ; 10  
     But nought distinct they see :  
 Wide raged the battle on the plain ;  
 Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain ;  
 Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;  
 Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again, 15  
     Wild and disorderly.  
 Amid the scene of tumult, high  
 They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly :  
 And stainless Tunstall's banner white,  
 And Edmund Howard's lion bright, 20  
 Still bear them bravely in the fight ;  
     Although against them come,  
 Of gallant Gordons many a one,  
 And many a stubborn Highlandman,  
 And many a rugged Border clan, 25  
     With Huntley, and with Home.  
 FAR on the left, unseen the while, xxvii  
 Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle ;  
 Though there the western mountaineer  
 Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,  
 And flung the feeble targe aside, 5  
 And with both hands the broadsword plied :  
 'Twas vain :—But Fortune, on the right,  
 With fickle smile cheered Scotland's fight.  
 Then fell that spotless banner white,  
     The Howard's lion fell ; 10  
 Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew  
 With wavering flight, while fiercer grew  
     Around the battle yell.  
 The Border slogan rent the sky !

"A Home!" "A Gordon!" was the cry; 15  
 Loud were the clanging blows;  
 Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,  
 The pennon sunk and rose;  
 As bends the bark's mast in the gale,  
 When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail, 20  
 It wavered 'mid the foes.  
 No longer Blount the view could bear:—  
 "By heaven, and all its saints, I swear,  
 I will not see it lost!  
 Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare 25  
 May bid your beads and patter prayer,—  
 I gallop to the host."  
 And to the fray he rode amain,  
 Followed by all the archer train.  
 The fiery youth, with desperate charge, 30  
 Made, for a space, an opening large,—  
 The rescued banner rose,—  
 But darkly closed the war around,  
 Like pine-tree rooted from the ground,  
 It sunk among the foes. 35  
 Then Eustace mounted too;—yet staid,  
 As loth to leave the helpless maid,  
 When, fast as shaft can fly,  
 Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,  
 The loose rein dangling from his head, 40  
 Housing and saddle bloody red,  
 Lord Marmion's steed rushed by;  
 And Eustace, maddening at the sight,  
 A look and sign to Clara cast,  
 To mark he would return in haste, 45  
 Then plunged into the fight.  
 ASK me not what the maiden feels, xxviii  
 Left in that dreadful hour alone:  
 Perchance her reason stoops, or reels;  
 Perchance a courage, not her own,  
 Braces her mind to desperate tone.—

The scattered van of England wheels ;—  
 She only said, as loud in air  
 The tumult roared, “ Is Wilton there ? ”—  
 They fly, or, maddened by despair,  
 Fight but to die.—“ Is Wilton there ? ”— 10  
 With that, straight up the hill there rode  
     Two horsemen drenched with gore,  
 And in their arms, a helpless load,  
     A wounded knight they bore.  
 His hand still strained the broken brand ; 15  
 His arms were smeared with blood and sand :  
 Dragged from among the horses’ feet,  
 With dented shield, and helmet beat,  
 The falcon-crest and plumage gone,  
 Can that be haughty Marmion ! . . . 20  
 Young Blount his armour did unlace,  
 And, gazing on his ghastly face,  
     Said—“ By Saint George, he’s gone !  
 That spear-wound has our master sped,  
 And see the deep cut on his head ! 25  
     Good night to Marmion.”—  
 “ Unnurtured Blount ! thy brawling cease :  
 He opes his eyes,” says Eustace ; “ peace ! ”—  
 WHEN, doffed his casque, he felt free air,      xxix  
 Around ’gan Marmion wildly stare :—  
 “ Where’s Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace where ?  
 Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare !  
 Redeem my pennon,—charge again ! 5  
 Cry—‘ Marmion to the rescue ! ’—vain !  
 Last of my race, on battle-plain  
 That shout shall ne’er be heard again !—  
 Yet my last thought is England’s :—fly,  
     To Dacre bear my signet ring ; 10  
     Tell him his squadrons up to bring :—  
 Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie ;  
 Tunstall lies dead upon the field,  
     His life-blood stains the spotless shield :

Edmund is down;—my life is reft;— 15  
 The Admiral alone is left.  
 Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—  
 With Chester charge, and Lancashire,  
 Full upon Scotland's central host,  
 Or victory and England's lost.— 20  
 Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!  
 Leave Marmion here alone—to die.”—  
 They parted, and alone he lay;  
 Clare drew her from the sight away,  
 Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan, 25  
 And half he murmured,—“ Is there none,  
     Of all my halls have nursed,  
 Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring  
 Of blessed water from the spring,  
     To slake my dying thirst!”— 30  
 O WOMAN! in our hours of ease, xxx  
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
 And variable as the shade  
 By the light quivering aspen made;  
 When pain and anguish wring the brow, 5  
 A ministering angel thou!—  
 Scarce were the pitying accents said,  
 When, with the Baron's casque, the maid  
     To the nigh streamlet ran:  
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears; 10  
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,  
     Sees but the dying man.  
 She stooped her by the runnel's side,  
     But in abhorrence backward drew;  
 For, oozing from the mountain's side, 15  
 Where raged the war, a dark red tide  
     Was curdling in the streamlet blue.  
 Where shall she turn!—behold her mark  
     A little fountain cell,  
 Where water, clear as diamond-spark, 20  
     In a stone bason fell.

Above, some half-worn letters say,  
**Drink. weary. pilgrim. drink. and. pray.**  
**For. the. kind. soul. of. Sybil. Gray.**

**Who. built. this. cross. and. well.** 25

She filled the helm, and back she hied,  
 And with surprise and joy espied

A Monk supporting Marmion's head ;  
 A pious man, whom duty brought  
 To dubious verge of battle fought, 30

To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

DEEP drank Lord Marmion of the wave, xxxi

And, as she stooped his brow to lave—

“ Is it the hand of Clare,” he said,

“ Or injured Constance, bathes my head ? ”

Then, as remembrance rose, — 5

“ Speak not to me of shrift or prayer !

I must redress her woes.

Short space, few words, are mine to spare ;

Forgive and listen, gentle Clare ! ”

“ Alas ! ” she said, “ the while, — 10

Oh think of your immortal weal !

In vain for Constance is your zeal ;

She——died at Holy Isle ! ”

Lord Marmion started from the ground,

As light as if he felt no wound ; 15

Though in the action burst the tide,

In torrents, from his wounded side.

“ Then it was truth ! ” he said, “ I knew

That the dark presage must be true.

I would the Fiend, to whom belongs 20

The vengeance due to all her wrongs,

Would spare me but a day !

For wasting fire, and dying groan,

And priests slain on the altar-stone,

Might bribe him for delay. 25

It may not be!—this dizzy trance—  
 Curse on yon base marauder's lance,  
 And doubly curst my failing brand!  
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand."  
 Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk, 30  
 Supported by the trembling Monk.  
 WITH fruitless labour, Clara bound, xxxii  
 And strove to staunch, the gushing wound:  
 The Monk, with unavailing cares,  
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers.  
 Ever, he said, that, close and near, 5  
 A lady's voice was in his ear,  
 And that the priest he could not hear,  
 For that she ever sung,  
 " *In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*  
*Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!*" 10  
 So the notes rung;—  
 " Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,  
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—  
 Oh look, my son, upon yon sign  
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine: 15  
 Oh think on faith and bliss!  
 By many a deathbed I have been,  
 And many a sinner's parting seen,  
 But never aught like this."  
 The war, that for a space did fail, 20  
 Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,  
 And—STANLEY! was the cry;—  
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,  
 And fired his glazing eye:  
 With dying hand, above his head 25  
 He shook the fragment of his blade,  
 And shouted " Victory!—  
 " Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!" . . .  
 Were the last words of Marmion.  
 BY this, though deep the evening fell, xxxiii  
 Still rose the battle's deadly swell,

For still the Scots, around their King,  
 Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.  
 Where's now their victor vaward wing,                   5  
     Where Huntley, and where Home?—  
 Oh for for a blast of that dread horn,  
 On Fontarabian echoes borne,  
     That to King Charles did come,  
 When Rowland brave, and Olivier,                   10  
 And every paladin and peer,  
     On Roncesvalles died !  
 Such blast might warn them, not in vain,  
 To quit the plunder of the slain,  
 And turn the doubtful day again,                   15  
     While yet on Flodden side,  
 Afar, the Royal Standard flies,  
 And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,  
     Our Caledonian pride !  
 In vain the wish—for far away,                   20  
 While spoil and havoc mark their way,  
 Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.—  
 “ O Lady,” cried the Monk, “ away ! ”—  
     And placed her on her steed ;  
 And led her to the chapel fair,                   25  
     Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.  
 There all the night they spent in prayer,  
 And, at the dawn of morning, there  
 She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.  
 BUT as they left the dark'ning heath,                   xxxiv  
 More desperate grew the strife of death.  
 The English shafts in volleys hailed,  
 In headlong charge their horse assailed ;  
 Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,                   5  
 To break the Scottish circle deep,  
     That fought around their King.  
 But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,  
 Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,



Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow, 10  
     Unbroken was the ring;  
 The stubborn spearmen still made good  
 Their dark impenetrable wood,  
 Each stepping where his comrade stood,  
     The instant that he fell. 15  
 No thought was there of dastard flight;  
 Linked in the serried phalanx tight,  
 Groom fought like noble; squire like knight,  
     As fearlessly and well;  
 Till utter darkness closed her wing 20  
 O'er their thin host and wounded King.  
 Then skilful Surrey's sage commands  
 Led back from strife his shattered bands;  
     And from the charge they drew,  
 As mountain-waves, from wasted lands, 25  
     Sweep back to ocean blue.  
 Then did their loss his foemen know;  
 Their King, their lords, their mightiest, low,  
 They melted from the field as snow,  
 When streams are swoll'n and south winds blow, 30  
     Dissolves in silent dew.  
 Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,  
     While many a broken band,  
 Disordered, through her currents dash,  
     To gain the Scottish land; 35  
 To town and tower, to down and dale,  
 To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,  
 And raise the universal wail.  
 Tradition, legend, tune, and song,  
 Shall many an age that wail prolong: 40  
 Still from the sire the son shall hear  
 Of the stern strife and carnage drear,  
     Of Flodden's fatal field,  
 Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,  
     And broken was her shield! 45

DAY dawns upon the mountain's side :— xxxv  
 There, Scotland! lay thy bravest pride,  
 Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one;  
 The sad survivors all are gone.—  
 View not that corpse mistrustfully, 5  
 Defaced and mangled though it be;  
 Nor to yon Border castle high  
 Look northward with upbraiding eye;  
 Nor cherish hope in vain,  
 That, journeying far on foreign strand, 10  
 The Royal Pilgrim to his land  
 May yet return again.  
 He saw the wreck his rashness wrought;  
 Reckless of life, he desperate fought,  
 And fell on Flodden plain: 15  
 And well in death his trusty brand,  
 Firm clenched within his manly hand,  
 Beseeemed the monarch slain.  
 But, oh! how changed since yon blithe night!—  
 Gladly I turn me from the sight 20  
 Unto my tale again.  
 SHORT is my tale :—Fitz-Eustace' care xxxvi  
 A pierced and mangled body bare  
 To moated Lichfield's lofty pile;  
 And there, beneath the southern aisle,  
 A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair, 5  
 Did long Lord Marmion's image bear.  
 (Now vainly for its sight you look;  
 'Twas levelled, when fanatic Brook  
 The fair cathedral stormed and took;  
 But, thanks to heaven, and good Saint Chad, 10  
 A guerdon meet the spoiler had!)  
 There erst was martial Marmion found,  
 His feet upon a couchant hound,  
 His hands to heaven upraised;  
 And all around, on scutcheon rich, 15  
 And tablet carved, and fretted niche,

His arms and feats were blazed.  
 And yet, though all was carved so fair,  
 And priests for Marmion breathed the prayer,  
 The last Lord Marmion lay not there. 20  
 From Ettrick woods, a peasant swain  
 Followed his lord to Flodden plain,—  
 One of those flowers, whom plaintive lay  
 In Scotland mourns as “wede away;”  
 Sore wounded, Sybil’s Cross he spied, 25  
 And dragged him to its foot, and died.  
 Close by the noble Marmion’s side.  
 The spoilers stripped and gashed the slain,  
 And thus their corpses were mista’en; 30  
 And thus, in the proud Baron’s tomb,  
 The lowly woodsman took the room.  
 LESS easy task it were, to shew xxxvii  
 Lord Marmion’s nameless grave, and low.  
 They dug his grave e’en where he lay,  
 But every mark is gone;  
 Time’s wasting hand has done away 5  
 The simple Cross of Sybil Gray,  
 And broke her fount of stone:  
 But yet from out the little hill  
 Oozes the slender springlet still.  
 Oft halts the stranger there, 10  
 For thence may best his curious eye  
 The memorable field descry;  
 And shepherd boys repair  
 To seek the water-flag and rush,  
 And rest them by the hazel bush, 15  
 And plait their garlands fair;  
 Nor dream they sit upon the grave,  
 That holds the bones of Marmion brave.—  
 When thou shalt find the little hill,  
 With thy heart commune, and be still. 20  
 If ever, in temptation strong,

Thou left'st the right path for the wrong,  
 If every devious step, thus trod,  
 Still led thee further from the road ;  
 Dread thou to speak presumptuous doom,                   25  
 On noble Marmion's lowly tomb ;  
 But say, " He died a gallant knight,  
 With sword in hand, for England's right."

I DO NOT rhyme to that dull elf,                   xxxviii  
 Who cannot image to himself,  
 That all through Flodden's dismal night,  
 Wilton was foremost in the fight ;  
 That, when brave Surrey's steed was slain,                   5  
 'Twas Wilton mounted him again ;  
 'Twas Wilton's brand that deepest hewed  
 Amid the spearmen's stubborn wood :  
 Unnamed by Hollinshed or Hall,  
 He was the living soul of all ;                                 10  
 That, after fight, his faith made plain,  
 He won his rank and lands again ;  
 And charged his old paternal shield  
 With bearings won on Flodden Field.  
 Nor sing I to that simple maid,                                 15  
 To whom it must in terms be said,  
 That king and kinsmen did agree,  
 To bless fair Clara's constancy ;  
 Who cannot, unless I relate,  
 Paint to her mind the bridal's state ;                             20  
 That Wolsey's voice the blessing spoke,  
 More, Sands, and Denny passed the joke :  
 That bluff King Hal the curtain drew,  
 And Catherine's hand the stocking threw ;  
 And afterwards, for many a day,                                 25  
 That it was held enough to say,  
 In blessing to a wedded pair,  
 " Love they like Wilton and like Clare !"—

*L'ENVOY.*

TO THE READER.

Why then a final note prolong,  
 Or lengthen out a closing song,  
 Unless to bid the gentles speed,  
 Who long have listed to my rede?  
 To Statesmen grave, if such may deign 5  
 To read the Minstrel's idle strain,  
 Sound head, clean hand, and piercing wit,  
 And patriotic heart—as PITT!  
 A garland for the hero's crest,  
 And twined by her he loves the best; 10  
 To every lovely lady bright,  
 What can I wish but faithful knight?  
 To every faithful lover too,  
 What can I wish but lady true?  
 And knowledge to the studious sage, 15  
 And pillow soft to head of age?  
 To thee, dear schoolboy, whom my lay  
 Has cheated of thy hour of play,  
 Light task, and merry holiday!  
 To all, to each, a fair good night, 20  
 And pleasing dreams and slumbers light.

END OF MARMION.

# NOTES TO MARMION.



## CANTO I.—THE CASTLE.

LORD MARMION, the hero of the poem, arrives at Norham Castle, on the Tweed, where he is entertained by Sir Hugh the Heron. He is on his way from England to the Scotch Court, with a message from Henry VIII. to the Scotch King: his mission is to inquire why King James IV. is now mustering his army upon the Borough Moor, near Edinburgh, and whether this is being done with any hostile intention against England. He asks for a guide to Holy-Rood, the royal palace of Scotland, preferring a herald or a priest, as he is on a peaceful errand. The very man to act as such guide is found in a Palmer, who had arrived at Norham on the previous night. Lord Marmion accordingly starts next morning for Holy-Rood, under his guidance.

i. 1. *Norham's castled steep.*] “The ruinous castle of Norham (anciently called Ubbanford) is situated on the southern bank of the Tweed, about six miles above Berwick, and where that river is still the boundary between England and Scotland. The extent of its ruins, as well as its historical importance, shows it to have been a place of magnificence as well as strength. Edward I. resided there when he was created umpire of the dispute concerning the Scottish succession. It was repeatedly taken and retaken during the wars between England and Scotland; and, indeed, scarce any happened in which it had not a principal share. Norham Castle is situated on a steep bank, which overhangs the river. The repeated sieges which the castle had sustained rendered frequent repairs necessary. It was almost rebuilt by Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, who added a huge keep, or donjon, notwithstanding which, King Henry II. took the castle from the Bishop, and committed the keeping of it to William de Neville. After this period it seems to have been chiefly garrisoned by the King, and considered as a royal fortress. The Greys of Chillinghame Castle were frequently the castellans, or captains of the garrison; yet, as the castle was situated in the patrimony of St. Cuthbert, the property was in the See of Durham till the Reformation. After that period it passed through various hands. The ruins of the castle are at present considerable, as well as picturesque. They consist of a large shattered tower, with many vaults, and fragments of other edifices, enclosed within an outward wall, of great circuit.”—S.

i. 2. *Tweed's fair river.*] This river, which rises in the south of the county of Peebles, in Scotland, flows eastward, past the town of Peebles and Melrose Abbey; then becomes the boundary between England and Scotland, receiving tributaries on both sides; and flows into the German Ocean near Berwick, after a course of more than 100 miles. It is famous as a salmon-producing river.

3. *Cheviot's mountains.*] The Cheviots are a range of hills, separating the county of Roxburgh, in Scotland, from that of Northumberland, in England.

4. *Donjon-keep.*] "Dun" is the Celtic for hill. It is the same root as the German *Düne*, French *dune*, English *downs*. Dunkirk = "church of the sandhills." The donjon was the strongest part of a castle, usually a tower built on the highest elevation. A donjon-keep was a prison in or under such a tower. The ordinary spelling for such a prison is *dungeon*. Others derive it from Latin *dominio*; cf. Fr. *songe*, from *somniare*.

ii. 1. *Saint George.*] Cf. *infra*, xiv. 11, *note*.

iii. 4. *Pennon,*] or pennant (Latin *penna*). A small pointed flag, anciently borne by an esquire. When he was knighted, the triangular end was cut off, leaving a small square flag. The cognate word *pendant* (may not this, however, be derived from Latin *pendeo*, to hang?) denotes a long narrow flag, ending in one or two points, carried by ships as a sign that they are in active service. On the varieties of flags, cf. *infra*, IV. xxviii., cf. *vane*.

9, 10. *Palisade, barricade.*] Both words are derived from the French: both signify a defence formed of stakes. The latter is related to our words *bar*, *barrier*; the former to our *pole* and *pale*, which is (1), that which forms a boundary; (2), that which is bounded, an inclosure, and so a district. The following may refer to either of these senses:—"The studious cloister's pale" (Milton); "Within the pale of Christianity" (Atterbury); "The Irish without the pale." (3) It has also a special sense in heraldry, for the division of a shield lengthwise.

iii. 16. *Sewer.*] An officer, whose chief function seems to have been setting on and removing dishes from the table at a feast. An early poet, Barclay (Edw. II.), remarks upon them:—

"Slow be the sewers in serving in alway,  
But swift be they after in taking meat away."

Milton mentions them in connection with the seneschal, as in this place ('Par. Lost,' ix. 35):—

"Then marshalled feast,  
Served up in hall with sewers and seneschals."

Dryden places them in lower company:—

"The cook and sewer each his talent tries:  
In various figures scenes of dishes rise."

In the stage directions to "Macbeth" (act i. scene 7), the sewer is mentioned attended by inferior servants.

It seems also to have been his business to bring water for the hands of the guests, and he therefore carried a towel, as the token of his office. Cf. Ben Jonson, "Epiccene" (act iii. scene 3):—

"Marry, sir, get me your pheasants, and your godwits, and your best meat, and dish it in silver dishes of your cousin's presently, and say nothing, but clap me a clean towel about you like a sewer, and bare-headed march before it with a good confidence."

And Chapman's "Odyssey":—

"Then the sewer

Pour'd water from a great and golden ewre."

There are still four gentlemen sewers in the Royal Household.

Five derivations have been given for the word:—

1. French, *asseoir*, to set on.
2. French, *suiivre*, to follow, follower. Our sue, snit, etc.
3. French, *essuyer*, a towel, the mark of his office.
4. Old French, *escuyer*, our esquire; but whereas in *sc* the *s* is generally dropped, in this case it would be the *c* that is lost.
5. French, *assayer*, to try: assigning to the sewer a new duty—that of tasting, as well as arranging, the dishes at the feast, to see that they were not poisoned.

iii. 16. *Squire*,] or esquire. French *écuyer*, originally written *escuyer*, and derived from Latin (*scutum*, shield), an armour-bearer or attendant of a knight, or a person of the rank next below knighthood. We now use the two forms of the same word in somewhat different senses. A squire is a country gentleman in possession of an estate. Esquire is a title now given by courtesy, indiscriminately, in the addressing of letters, but properly signifying the possession of a certain amount of property.

*Seneschal*.] A French title of dignity, given to certain high officers of justice; also to certain officials in a palace, who have the duties of stewards. For this union of offices, note that the officer who presides over the House of Lords, when it sits as a Court of Impeachment, is the Lord High Steward of England. Derivation uncertain: old German *sineys*, old; cf. Lat. *senex*. The termination, like that of marshal, is from German—*schalk*, a servant. Low Lat. *seniscalcus*.

iv. 1. *Malvoisie*,] or Malmsey. A species of wine, so called from Napoli di Malvasia, on the east side of the Morea, where it is produced. The song of "Simon the Cellarer" speaks of "Malmsey and Malvoisie," as if they were different wines: this is inaccurate. The Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of Malmsey. Cf. Shakespeare, "Richard III." (act i. scene iv.)

8. *Salvo-shot*.] Salute. Lat. *salve*, hail. Cf. salvage, salvation.

v. 2. *Red-roan*.] Lat. *rufus*; Ital. *rovano*, *roano*; Fr. *ronan*. *Rcan* usually signifies a red, or nearly red, horse.

8. *Bosworth field*.] In Leicestershire. The battle fought Aug. 22, 1485, at which King Richard was defeated and killed by Henry Tudor,



Earl of Richmond, who was immediately proclaimed king, under the title of Henry VII. 1513 is the date of this poem; so that this scar was 28 years old.

v. 18. *Carpet knight.*] Cf. Shakespeare, "Twelfth Night" (act iii. scene 4), "He is a knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration." Where Johnson's note is as follows: "That is, he is no soldier by profession, not a knight-banneret dubbed on the field of battle, but on some carpet consideration at a festivity, or on some peaceable occasion, when knights receive this dignity kneeling not in war but on a carpet."

vi. 2. *Milan steel.*] "The artists of Milan were famous in the Middle Ages for their skill in armoury, as appears from the following passage, in which Froissart gives an account of the preparations made by Henry Earl of Hereford (afterwards Henry IV.), and Thomas Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marischal, for their proposed combat in the lists at Coventry:—'These two lords made ample provisions of all things necessary for the combat; and the Earl of Derby sent off messengers to Lombardy, to have armour from Sir Galeas, Duke of Milan. The Duke complied with joy, and gave the knight, called Sir Francis, who had brought the message, the choice of all his armour for the Earl of Derby. When he had selected what he wished for in plated and mail armour, the Lord of Milan, out of his abundant love for the Earl, ordered four of the best armourers in Milan to accompany the knight to England, that the Earl of Derby might be more completely armed.'—Johnes's 'Froissart,' vol. iv. p. 597."—S.

vii. 3. *Gilded spurs.*] Mark of knighthood.

6. *Bear the ring away.*] One variety of the ancient game of tilting was running at the ring. A small ring was hung at about the level of the eye of the horseman, who endeavoured to carry it off on his lance's point, whilst at full gallop.

viii. 8, 9. *Forky pennon, swallow's tail.*] Cf. note on i. iii. 4. A "swallow's tail" is still the technical name of a nautical pennon forked into that particular shape.

20. *Cloth-yard shaft.*] Cf. V. i. 18. Hollinshed describes certain arrows of the Cornish insurgents in 1496 as "in length a full cloth-yard." Cloth-yard = 5 quarters = ell.

ix. 9. *Welcome shot.*] Cf. supra, iv. 8, *salvo-shot*. A salute on arrival.

x. 8. *Angel.*] An English gold coin bearing the stamp of an angel, in allusion, as some say, to Gregory the Great's "Non Angli sed angeli." (On which story see Stanley's "Memorials of Canterbury," p. 7 *et seq.*: he gives it from Bede.) Its value varied at different times, but it was somewhere about ten shillings.

xi. 1. *Pursuirants.*] (Latin *persequor*; French *poursuivre*, follow.) Attendants on heralds. It was customary for gentlemen to undertake this service with the view of becoming heralds. They were called in French *poursuivants d'armes*, "followers of armoury," whence the English name.

xi. 1. *Tabarts.*] (French, *tabarre.*) A short garment, not unlike a modern shirt, but closer-fitting. "Tabard; a jaquet or sleevelesse coate, worn in times past by noblemen in the warres, but now only by heraults (heralds), and is called theyre 'coate of arms in service.' It is the signe of an inne in Southwarke by London."—Speght Gloss. to "Chaucer." It was at this inn that the pilgrims to Canterbury met, according to Chaucer. ('Prol.' line 20.) Mr. R. Morris (Chaucer, l. c.); says that the Tabardars of Queen's College, Oxford, were scholars, so called because they wore the tabard. (Cf. Lat. *trabea*, robe of state.)

6. *They hailed Lord Marmion, etc.*] "Lord Marmion, the principal character of the present romance, is entirely a fictitious personage. In earlier times, indeed, the family of Marmion, Lords of *Fontenay in Normandy*, was highly distinguished. Robert de Marmion, Lord of Fontenay, a distinguished follower of the Conqueror, obtained a grant of the castle and town of *Tamworth*, and also of the manor of *Scriveby, in Lincolnshire*. One, or both, of these noble possessions was held by the honourable service of being the Royal Champion, as the ancestors of Marmion had formerly been to the Dukes of Normandy. But after the castle and demesne of Tamworth had passed through four successive barons from Robert, the family became extinct in the person of Phillip de Marmion, who died in 20th Edward I. without issue male. He was succeeded in his castle of Tamworth by Alexander de Freville, who married Mazera, his granddaughter. Baldwin de Freville, Alexander's descendant, in the reign of Richard I., by the supposed tenure of his castle of Tamworth, claimed the office of Royal Champion, and to do the service appertaining: namely, on the day of coronation, to ride, completely armed, upon a barbed horse, into Westminster Hall, and there to challenge the combat against any who would gainsay the King's title. But this office was adjudged to Sir John Dymoke, to whom the manor of Scriveby had descended by another of the co-heiresses of Robert de Marmion; and it remains in that family, whose representative is Hereditary Champion of England at the present day.\* The family and possessions of Freville have merged in the Earls of Ferrers. I have not, therefore, created a new family, but only revived the titles of an old one in an imaginary personage.

"It was one of the Marmion family, who, in the reign of Edward II., performed that chivalrous feat before the very castle of Norham, which Bishop Percy has woven into his beautiful ballad, 'The Hermit of Warkworth.'"—S.

This story is told by Leland. Another, to which allusion is made in V. xxxi. 6, is given by William of Newbury: it will be found in the Notes.

7. *Lutterward.*] Probably Lutterworth, a market town in the south

---

\* Sir Henry Dymoke, who acted as Champion at the Coronation of George IV., died in 1865; and his brother, the Rev. John Dymoke, is now lord of the manor of Scriveby.

of the county of Leicester, on a little brook called the Swift, which is a tributary of the Avon. It is most famous as the town of which Wickliffe the Reformer was rector, where he died, and was buried in 1385, though his remains were afterwards disinterred, burnt, and the ashes cast into the Swift by his malignant enemies.

xi. 8. *Tamworth.*] A town and parliamentary borough, partly in the county of Stafford, and partly in Warwickshire. It is on the River Tame. It is, perhaps, most famous as the borough for which Sir Robert Peel was member. Percy has a ballad, "King Edward and the Tanner of Tamworth."

11. *Marks.*] The mark was a weight used in several countries for various commodities, especially gold and silver. A French or Dutch mark was about equal to half a pound. The word was used in England to denote a coin, value 13s. 4d. Names of weights often pass into names of coins. Cf. "pound."

13. *Largesse.*] A French word (Latin *largitia*), signifying liberality. It was a cry which greeted the distribution of money among heralds, or sometimes among the people on grand occasions. "The heralds, like the minstrels, were a race allowed to have great claims upon the liberality of the knights, of whose feats they kept a record, and proclaimed them aloud, as in the text, upon suitable occasions."—S.

xii. 8. *Cottiswold.*] The Cottiswold Hills in Gloucestershire. On termination, vide "wold" in Gloss.

17. Crests were often given in commemoration of great achievements.

19. The ceremony of degradation of the vanquished. The whole story of this tourney will be found below. Cf. II. xxviii., V. xxi.—ii.

xiii. 2. "Were accuracy of any consequence in a fictitious narrative, this castellan's name ought to have been William; for William Heron of Ford was husband to the famous Lady Ford, whose syren charms are said to have cost our James IV. so dear. Moreover, the said William Heron was, at the time supposed, a prisoner in Scotland, being surrendered by Henry VIII., on account of his share in the slaughter of Sir Robert Ker of Cessford. His wife, represented in the text as residing at the Court of Scotland, was, in fact, living in her own castle at Ford."—S.

11. This verse seems to be due to a hoax, played upon the author of "Marmion" by his friend Mr. Robert Surtees of Mainsforth, author of the "History of Antiquities of the County Palatine of Northampton." Mr. Surtees pretended that it was an old Northumbrian ballad, "taken down from the recitation of a woman eighty years of age, mother of one of the miners of Alston Moor, by an agent for the lead-mines there." Scott gave the whole poem in his notes to "Marmion," and also in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," with some explanations by Mr. Surtees. The reason of the success in the deception is to be found in the fact that the events mentioned in the ballad are supported by historical and contemporary evidence.

The following are the notes of Mr. Surtees :—

“ *Willimoteswick*, the chief seat of the ancient family of Ridley, is situated two miles above the confluence of the Allon and Tyne. It is a house of strength, as appears from one oblong tower, still in tolerable preservation. It has been long in possession of the Blacket family. *Hardriding Dick* is not an epithet referring to horsemanship, but means Richard Ridley of Hardriding, the seat of another family of that name, which in the time of Charles I. was sold, on account of expenses incurred by the loyalty of the proprietor, the immediate ancestor of Sir Matthew Ridley. Ridley, the bishop and martyr, was, according to some authorities, born at Hardriding, where a chair was preserved, called the Bishop's Chair. Others, and particularly his biographer and namesake, Dr. Gloucester Ridley, assign the honour of the martyr's birth to Willimoteswick. *Will of the Wat'* seems to be William Ridley of Walltown, so called from its situation on the great Roman Wall. *Thirlwall* Castle, whence the clan of Thirlwalls derived their name, is situated on the small river of Tipple, near the western boundary of Northumberland. It is near the wall, and takes its name from the rampart having been *thirled*, i.e. pierced or breached, in its vicinity. Featherston Castle lies south of the Tyne, towards Alston Moor. *Albany Featherstonhaugh*, the chief of that ancient family, made a figure in the reign of Edward VI. A feud did certainly exist between the Ridleys and Featherstons, productive of such consequences as the ballad narrates :—‘ 24 Oct. 22do Henrici 8vi. (1530). *Inquisitio capt. apud Hautwhistle, sup. visum corpus Alexandri Featherston, Gen. apud Grensilhaugh felonice interfecti, 22 Oct. per Nicolaum Ridley de Uthanke, Gen. Hugon Ridle, Nicolaum Rille, et alios ejusdem nominis.*’ Nor were the Featherstons without their revenge ; for, 36to Henrici 8vi (1544), we have—‘ *Utlagatio Nicolai Felherston, ac Thome Nyxson, &c. &c. pro homicidio Will. Riddle de Morate.*’ ”

xiii. 16. *Deadman's-shaw.*] Another reading is “ *Deadmanshaugh.*” *Haugh*, according to Ogilvy, is a Scotch word, connected with German *hag*, an enclosed meadow, and means low-lying ground, properly on the border of a river, and such as is sometimes overflowed. So *hay* in Devon, *Bonhay*, and *Shil-hay* on the Exe. Whereas *shaw* is from the Saxon *scuwa*, a shade. It means a thicket of trees, a small shady wood. Chaucer uses it—“ *Gaillard he was as goldfinch in the shawe.*” It is still used in Staffordshire, and is frequent in the composition of names, as *Aldershaw*, *Gentleshaw*.

xiv. 7. *Giust.*] Generally written joust, a mock combat on horseback. “ *A joust of arms.*” (Tennyson). From the French *joûte*, anciently *jouste*—same root as our “ *jostle.*” The Italians call it *giostra*. From Lat. *juxta*. “ *Mon champ joûte au sien.*”

11. *Saint George.*] The patron saint of England. He was a Cappadocian of low origin, born in the fourth century. He became Bishop of Alexandria ; but his whole life is so full of cruelty and fraud, that we can but wonder how he came into the Calendar of Saints.

xv. 3. *Wassail-bowl.*] A great vessel out of which the Saxons used to pledge each other's health at public entertainments. The custom is still kept up in parts of England, especially at Christmas-time. It has been derived from Anglo-Saxon, *wacs-hdl*=either (1) "Be well"; or (2) health-liquor. See a ballad by Wace in Masson's "Lyre Française," p. 323.

10. *Raby towers.*] The Castle of Raby, nineteen miles from Durham, was formerly the seat of the Earls of Westmoreland. It now belongs to the Duke of Cleveland.

xvi. 8. *Lindisfarne.*] Vide infra, note II. i. 10.

xvii. 1. Note the construction. It means, "the taunt being unrecked." This may be called the nominative absolute, and may be compared with the Greek nominativus pendens and genitive absolute, and with the Latin ablative absolute. The following are instances:—III. xiv. 3; xvi. 3. VI. xxii. 32; xxii. 10; xxix. 1. Cf. also Tennyson, "Locksley Hall," line 4, and "Idylls of the King," p. 8:—

"There on a day, be sitting high in hall,  
Before him came a forestar of Dean."

And again, p. 83. And Shakespeare, "Henry VIII." (i. i. 79).

10. *Queen Margaret.*] Vide infra, note V. x. 27.

12. *Falcon on our glove.*] Before being started in pursuit of game, falcons were carried on the hand, with a hood over their heads.

13. *Leash.*] From Latin *laqueus*, through French *laisse*, a leathern thong, by which falcons were held. It was afterwards applied to bands for holding any animals. It is also used by sportsmen in a technical sense for a couple and a half of hounds—three hounds. Cf. Shakespeare, "Henry V." prol. line 6:—

"And at his heels,  
Leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire  
Crouch for employment."

xviii. 10. *Perkin Warbeck*, or Peter Osbec, was the son of a merchant of the city of Tournay, in Flanders, who, in the reign of Henry VII., pretended to be Richard Duke of York, second son of King Edward IV., who, with his brother, King Edward V., had been murdered in the Tower. He was well received for a time in various quarters: first in Ireland, then at the French Court by Charles VIII., then by the sister of Edward IV., Elizabeth Duchess of Burgundy, who gave him the name of the White Rose of England. In 1496 he was received honourably in Scotland, where King James IV. gave him a relation of his own in marriage, the beautiful Lady Catherine Gordon. Then Perkin Warbeck, proclaiming himself King Richard IV., with King James in person, crossed the Border; but the invasion achieved no greater result than a little plunder. It was in retaliation for this that the Earl of Surrey, at the head of a considerable army, marched

into Berwickshire, but retreated after the capture and destruction of the unimportant fortress of *Ayton*. A truce soon put an end to the war; and Perkin Warbeck, after a final effort in Cornwall, was induced to surrender. Being imprisoned in the Tower, he was accused of entering into a plot with Edward, Earl of Warwick, the last of the Plantagenets, for which offence he was hanged at Tyburn. This was the second imposture in the reign of Henry VII. (Cf. *note*, V. *xxi.* 17.)

xviii. 14.] Ford mentions this attack on Ayton in his drama of "Perkin Warbeck."

xix. 4. *Dunbar*.] A famous old royal burgh and port at the mouth of the Firth of Forth. It is about thirty miles distant from both Edinburgh and Berwick.

5. *Saint Bothan's*.] A convent in the north-east of Berwickshire, founded by Ada, daughter of King William the Lion. It seems to be a mistake to speak of the monks, as this was solely a convent of Cistercian nuns. It fell, with other like institutions, at the Reformation; but the parish in which it stood is still known as Abbey St. Bathans. The personality of the Saint is a greater difficulty, as, according to the "Statistical Account of Scotland" (vol. ii. p. 106), there are four saints with similar names; of whom the most probable is St. Baithen, cousin of St. Columba, and his successor as Abbot of Iona. He employed much of his time in propagating the doctrines of Christianity in Scotland, and in establishing churches there. Cf. VI. xv. 17, where he seems to be invoked as the patron-saint of ignorance.

*Lauderdale*.] The western part of Berwickshire.

7. *Greenlaw*.] Capital town of Berwickshire.

8.] "A phrase, by which the Borderers jocularly intimated the burning a house. When the Maxwells, in 1685, burned the castle of Lochwood, they said they did so to give the Lady Johnstone '*light to set her hood*.' Nor was the phrase inapplicable; for in a letter, to which I have mislaid the reference, the Earl of Northumberland writes to the King and Council that he dressed himself at midnight, at Warkworth, by the blaze of the neighbouring villages burned by the Scottish marauders."—S.

xx. 4. *Forayers*.] Foray is the same word as forage. It signifies, first, "food for cattle"; whence the meaning of the verb, "to collect food for cattle." From the manner in which soldiers generally did this, it came to mean ravage. Derivation, uncertain. Dr. Johnson derives it from Lat. *foris*, abroad; others connect it with *voro*, devour. It is more probably connected with fodder, and from an Anglo-Saxon root.

15. *Pardoner*.] The term for those persons who, before the Reformation, in every Christian country, retailed both the Pope's indulgences, which were permissions to sin, or to omit duties before the act, and his

absolutions, which were releases from the consequences after the act. Luther attacked them openly in Germany, whilst Chaucer and Lyndsay, by their poetry, had made them contemptible in England and Scotland. The Pardoner is a frequent character in the old "Moralities." In Sir David Lyndsay's drama, the "Satyre of the Three Estaitis," one is introduced with the appropriate nickname of "Robin Rome-raker." Chaucer introduces a Pardoner as one of the company of pilgrims which assembled at the "Tabard," Southwark, and went together to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury. (Vide Morris's "Chaucer," p. 21.)

xxi. 5.] "At Berwick, Norham, and other Border fortresses of importance, pursuivants usually resided, whose inviolable character rendered them the only persons that could, with perfect assurance of safety, be sent on necessary embassies into Scotland."—S.

7. *A Bishop.*] Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham. (Cf. note on I. i. 1.)

17. *Shoreswood.*] Village near Norham.

21. *Tilmouth.*] A village, as its name shows, at the mouth of the Till, a little tributary of the Tweed. There are still to be seen the ruins of St. Cuthbert's Chapel, where the stone coffin of St. Cuthbert was preserved. (Cf. II. xiv. 17.)

25. *Holy-Rood.*] The palace of the Scottish Kings at Edinburgh, so called from the chapel being dedicated to the Holy Rood, or Cross. "Rood" we have in "rood-screen," "rood-loft," in cathedrals, as at Exeter. "By God's rood!" was a not uncommon mediæval oath.

29. *Saint Bede.*] The Venerable Bede (A.D. 673-735), a monk of Jarrow, and the earliest English Church historian. He wrote "Lives of the Saints," and "Ecclesiastical History of the Nations of the Angles." The title "Venerable" is from the monkish inscription on his tomb, in the Galilee Chapel of Durham Cathedral:—

"Hac sunt in fossa Bcdæ venerabilis ossa."

The sixth word is said to have been added by an angel, when the composer, tired of the effort to fill the gap, had dropped asleep.

xxii. 8. *Tables.*] An ancient game, something like backgammon.

xxiii. 1. *Palmer.*] A pilgrim to the Holy Land. They were so called because they usually carried staves of palm, at once a souvenir and an evidence of their journey. "A 'palmer,' opposed to a 'pilgrim,' was one who made it his sole business to visit different holy shrines, travelling incessantly, and subsisting by charity; whereas the pilgrim retired to his usual home and occupations, when he had paid his devotions at the particular spot which was the object of his pilgrimage."—S. An old writer (Blount's "Glossography") gives the difference still more fully:—"A pilgrim and a palmer differed thus: a pilgrim had some dwelling—the palmer none; the pilgrim travelled to some certain place—the palmer to all, not one in particular: the pilgrim might bear his own charges—the palmer must profess wilful poverty; the pilgrim might

relinquish his vocation—the palmer must be constant till he won the palm, that is, victory over his ghostly enemies, and life by death.”

Chancer and Pope seem to make the distinction:—

Chancer (Prol. line 12)—

“Thanne longen folk to go on pilgrimages,  
And palmers for to seeken straunge strondes.”

Pope—

“Behold yon isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,  
Mou bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod.”

The difference is not observed in the following extract from Camden's “Remains”:—“As palmer—that is, pilgrim—for that they carried palm when they came from Jerusalem.”

“Palmer's-weeds,” used as a disguise (Spenser, “F. Q.” II. i. 52, 58).

xxiii. 2. *Salem.*] Jerusalem.

3. *The blessed tomb.*] Our Lord's Sepulchre, still shown at Jerusalem.

6.] Ararat, in Armenia. Cf. Gen. viii. 4.

12.] Cf. Chancer, “Wife of Bath,” prol.:—

“With wilde thonder dint and fry leven  
Mote thy wicked nekke be to-broke.”

14. *Saint James's cockleshell.*] A token that the pilgrim had visited the shrine of St. James of Compostello. There is a town in Galicia, in the north-west corner of Spain, with two names, both of which refer to this shrine, which has given the town its name and fame: Santiago, which is simply the Spanish for St. James; and Compostello, for which two derivations have been found—either Campus Stellæ, because a star pointed out the place where the body of the Apostle was concealed; or Giacomo Apostolo, the Italian for James the Apostle. The Spanish Church claims, apparently on very small foundation, that St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. James the Elder visited Spain shortly after the Crucifixion. But as Italy laid claim to the other two, St. James alone became the tutelary saint of Spain. The local tradition was that after St. James was beheaded at Jerusalem, in A.D. 42, his body was taken to Joppa, and thence was miraculously transported to Padron, near Compostello. [Compare the story of St. Cuthbert (II. xiv.), and of the House of Loretto (I. xxvii. 12).] This afterwards became the most important shrine in Spain; and as the Spaniards were prohibited from going on the Crusades, because there were infidels in their own country, a great deal of the feeling, which elsewhere found an outlet in the Crusades, was in Spain expended upon this shrine. In A.D. 1148 a military Order of Santiago was founded, which, like the Order of the Templars, from being at first poor and humble, became rich, powerful, and insolent, and the authority of its Master rivalled the power of the Sovereign. In the person of Ferdinand the Catholic, however, the two offices were united, and a violent suppression like that of the Templars thereby avoided.

The *scallop* (xxvii. 13) or cockleshell abounded in the neighbourhood, and was of course sacred to the saint. Moreover, it must be remembered that St. James was a fisherman.



Pilgrimages are still made, though the life has gone from the performance. Vide "Ford's Handbook of Spain," p. 601. Cf. "Percy's Reliques," Book II. xviii. "The Friar of Orders Gray"—

"And how should I know your true love  
From many another one?  
O by his cockle, hat, and staff,  
And by his sandal shoon!"

which verse Percy has adapted from Shakespeare, "Hamlet," IV. v. 23.

Southey also has written a ballad to which reference should be made, called "The Pilgrim to Compostella."

xxiii. 15. *Montserrat.*] A mountain in the north-west of Spain, on which was a shrine of the Virgin.

19. *Saint Rosalie.*] A holy maid of Palermo, in Sicily, who retired from the world, and lived in a cave on an almost inaccessible mountain.

xxiv. 1. *Saint George of Norwich merry.*] In the year 1385 a fraternity, consisting of brethren and sisters, was formed at Norwich in honour of St. George. They endowed a chaplaincy, to celebrate a daily service to the saint in the cathedral. The association obtained a charter from King Henry V., and appears to have been closely connected with the corporation of the city of Norwich. They became a very wealthy body, and had very imposing processions on St. George's Day. Perhaps the word "merry" refers to the festivities on these occasions; perhaps it refers to the English cry, "St. George for merry England!" Cf. Henry Taylor, "O England, merry England, styled of yore."

2. *Sair Thomas.*] Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, the great opponent of Henry II. Interesting accounts of the murder of Becket, and of his shrine, will be found in Stanley's "Memorials of Canterbury."

3. *Saint Cuthbert.*] Vide note II. i. 10, xiv. 1.

*Saint Bede.*] Vide note xxi. 29.

xxvi. 18. *Aves.*] A short Latin form of prayer addressed to the Virgin by Roman Catholics. It is so called from its commencement, *Ave Maria*, "Hail Mary!"

*Creeds.*] The name *creed* is also derived from its first word, *credo*, "I believe."

xxvii. 7. *In place.*] For *into place*. Cf. xxviii. 1, in hall.

12. *Scallop-shell.*] This is the shell of a mollusc which is found abundantly on the coasts of Palestine. Pilgrims used to wear them as a proof that they had visited the Holy Land. The word *scallop* is akin to German *schale*, and our *shell*, *scale*, *skull*.

13. *Loretto.*] A small town on the east coast of Italy, near Ancona, famous as containing the *Santa Casa*, or house of the Virgin Mary, in which she received the notice of her divine mission. This structure, a

small brick building, is said to have been carried by angels from Nazareth to the neighbourhood of Fiume, in Dalmatia, when Christianity ceased out of the Holy Land. As this situation proved unsatisfactory, owing to the wickedness of the inhabitants, it was again removed, by the same miraculous agency, to its present position in the year 1294. It was deposited on the lands of a noble and pious lady, called Lauretta, after whom the town which soon grew up around the *Santa Casa* was named. The Virgin's house contains a very old statue of her in cedar, which is attributed to St. Luke. It is, however, most rudely executed. Relics so sacred attracted immense numbers of pilgrims from all parts of the Catholic world. A splendid church is built over the *Santa Casa*, to prevent it from moving again; and it is also encased in a most elaborately-designed covering of white marble. It was, and is, customary for pious Roman Catholics to have crosses, medals, and similar articles laid upon the sacred relics, by which process they believe them to acquire some peculiar virtue. (Vide Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine," p. 444.)

xxvii. 16. *Budget*.] A small bag, from the French *bougette*, a little leathern bag; *bouge*, a closet. All these words are, perhaps, from the same root as *bag*. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's annual accounts are called the Budget, from their being in the form of a bundle of papers. It is also a term used in heraldry.

*Scip*.] Also signifies a small bag, or wallet. In 1 Sam. xvii. 40, we read that David took five smooth stones, "and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scip." Cf. Matt. x. 10, Luke xxii. 35-6, Greek *πίψα*=a leather pouch for victuals. This word is entirely unconnected with the *scip*, which is derived from Latin, *scribe*. It is related to the words *gripe* and *grab*, and means anything drawn together and puckered.

xxviii. 1. *Whenas*.] Like whereas. Cf. Matt. i. 18.

xxix. 7. *Saint Andrews*.] A royal burgh on the east coast of Fife, about thirty miles north-east of Edinburgh. It was here that Christianity was first introduced into Scotland by Regulus, or St. Rule, a monk of Patre in Achala, who came hither with the bones of St. Andrew. A cave in which he lived as a hermit is still pointed out in the rocks overhanging the sea. St. Andrews (originally called Kilrule, Cella Reguli, or the Cell of Regulus) was the metropolitan see of Scotland. It is also the seat of a university.

12. *St. Fillan*.] Was Abbot of Pittenweem, in Fifeshire, in the eighth century. Whilst occupied in translating the Scriptures, his left hand shone miraculously, so that he was enabled to write without other light. He afterwards returned to a hermit's life in a vale in the west of Perthshire, which is still called after him. He was the favourite saint of Robert Bruce. There is a pool of water ten miles north of Loch Lomond, known as the Holy Pool, which was long supposed to have received from this saint the virtue of curing lunacy. (Cf. "Lady of the Lake," Canto I. line 2.)

xxx. 4. *Hasty mass.*] "In Catholic countries, in order to reconcile the pleasures of the great with the observances of religion, it was common, when a party was bent for the chase, to celebrate mass, abridged and maimed of its rites, called a hunting mass, the brevity of which was designed to correspond with the impatience of the audience."—*Note* to "The Abbot."

---

## CANTO II.—THE CONVENT.

THE scene is laid at the Convent of St. Cuthbert in Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, where a chapter of St. Benedict was going to be held to consider the case of two criminals of the order. The Abbot of St. Cuthbert's, the Prioress of Tynemouth, and the Abbess of St. Hilda's at Whitby, form the chapter, which was held in a vault of the convent. The criminals were a nun and a monk. The nun, Constance de Beverley, had by false promises been induced by Lord Marmion to run away from the Convent of Fontevrand. But when Lord Marmion, enticed by the prospect of broad acres, wanted to marry another, Clara de Clare, Constance had, in order to gain power over him, been guilty of forgery, keeping the proofs of the guilt, that she might be able to produce them against him. The forgery had implicated De Wilton of Aberley, Lord Marmion's rival and Clara's true lover, in a charge of treason; and in the trial by combat which ensued, Lord Marmion overthrew his opponent. The unfortunate De Wilton went into exile, and Clara fled to Whitby convent; but as Lord Marmion, the favourite of King Henry, was powerful enough even to take her thence, Constance, fearing the marriage would still take place, intrigued with the monk, now her fellow-prisoner, to poison Clara. But his courage failed, and the plan remained unexecuted. For the apostacy and the attempt to murder, Constance de Beverley, with her companion in guilt, was condemned to death. They were, according to the custom of the convent, bricked up in a recess in the wall.

i. 9. *Whitby.*] A town on the north-east coast of Yorkshire, of very great antiquity. In Saxon times it was called Streoneshah, which is supposed to mean "The tower on the strand." The earliest mention of it seems to be in Bede, who says "that the Lady Hilda founded a monastery there, in consequence of a vow made by Oswy, King of Northumberland, and that his infant daughter Ælfleda took refuge in it." Allusion is made to this below, xiii. 11, where various traditions of the abbey are given. "It contained both monks and nuns of the Benedictine order; but, contrary to what was usual in such establishments, the abbess was superior to the abbot. The monastery was afterwards ruined by the Danes, and rebuilt by William Percy, in the reign of the Conqueror. There were no nuns there in Henry the Eighth's time,

nor long before it."—S. The name Whitby is Danish, like most names with that termination. The celebrated abbey, the "cloistered pile," which now remains only as a venerable ruin, stands on a high cliff on the south of the town. There is a beautiful engraving of it in Turner and Ruskin's "Harbours of England," Plate X.

i. 10. *Holy Isle.*] An island on the coast of Northumberland, not very far south of the town of Berwick. In ancient times it was called Lindisfarne, from Lindis, a small stream upon the opposite coast, and a Celtic word, *fahren*, meaning a recess. It was first chosen as the site of an episcopal see by St. Aidan; and shortly afterwards a Priory was established there. The name Holy Island bears testimony to the sanctity of lives of these primitive Christians, to which Bede also gives more direct evidence. Under St. Cuthbert, who became its Prior or Abbot, it attained great fame. Of the Priory there now remain ruins only; but the Priory church, built later with the materials of the old cathedral, and in imitation of Durham Cathedral, is still in good repair. The island was very much exposed to the ravages of the piratical Danes.

*Saint Cuthbert.*] Was Prior, but afterwards Bishop of Lindisfarne: having resigned the cares of this last office, he retired as a hermit to Ferne Isle, but returned to his see at the earnest request of the King. He was a very celebrated saint in the North of England, and not less than forty churches are dedicated to his honour—Durham Cathedral amongst the number (cf. xiv. 25). Allusion is made below (xiv., xv.) to his numerous miracles, which did not cease at his death.

20. Of *Saint Hilda*, to whom the Abbey of Whitby was dedicated, very little is known, beyond the fact that she was a Northumbrian lady of rank who founded this Abbey.

ii. 9. *Benedicite.*] Latin—"bless ye." It is the first word of one of the Latin canticles, "Benedicite, omnia opera," or (as in the English Prayer Book), "O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord."

12. *Sea-dog.*] Either (1) the dog-fish, or (2) a kind of seal.

iii. 17. *Dower.*] from Latin, *dotare*. A marriage portion, usually the property which a woman brings to her husband on marriage. Here it means the property which the Abbess would have brought to a husband if she had married anyone, but she espoused the Church, and therefore gave everything to it. The word is now used as a legal term for the portion of her husband's estate to which a widow can lay claim after his death.

18. *The eastern tower*, which the Abbess thus built, may be supposed to be that which fell in upon June 15, 1830, on the day before the death of George IV.

iv. 2. *Benedictine.*] St. Benedict was an Italian monk of the end of the fifth century. In early life he became a hermit. He was chosen

abbot of a monastery, but as his views were opposed to those of the monks, he broke off the connection; and so many persons followed him, that he was able to found twelve new monasteries. He instituted his famous order at Monte Cassino, where he composed his Rule (*Regula Monachorum*), pronounced by Gregory the Great to be the best ever written. The Benedictine order became very illustrious, and served as the model for all other orders. In the twelfth century it is said that there were no less than twelve thousand monasteries in Europe under its rule. Innumerable popes, emperors, princes, and great men belonged to it. It became a favourite order in England, because our great missionary and first Archbishop of Canterbury, St. Augustine, was a Benedictine. The Venerable Bede also belonged to this order. In consequence of their wearing a long black robe, the Benedictine monks were commonly called Black Friars. Cf. "Black was her garb."

iv. 14. *Tynemouth.*] A town, as its name implies, on the mouth of the River Tyne, on the north, famous for its priory, the beautiful remains of which may still be seen on the cliff looking towards the sea.

15. *Chapter.*] A meeting of heads (*capita*). A court was about to be held, at which the heads of three religious houses, belonging to the Order of St. Benedict, would hold a trial on the two apostates. It is a name given to a body of ecclesiastics attached to a church or cathedral.

17. *Apostate.*] From Greek ἀφίστημι. One who deserts the religion or sect to which he belongs. The Emperor Julian of Byzantium, who renounced Christianity, is usually known as Julian the Apostate.

v. 3. *Unprofessed.*] Sc. having not yet taken the vows.

5. *One now dead, or worse.*] Sc. De Wilton.

8. *One who loved her for her land.*] Sc. Marmion.

10. *Vestal.*] Lit. of Vesta, the ancient goddess of the hearth. As virgins used to be consecrated to her service, the word is now used generally, for virgins set apart for any religious purpose.

vii. 5. Una and the lion in Spenser, "F. Q.," book i. canto iii. et 5.

12. *Bowl.*] Sc. of poison.

viii. 5. *Monk-Wearmouth.*] A town in Durham, at the mouth of the Wear, now almost forming a part of the comparatively modern town of Sunderland. It is a town of great antiquity: quite recently a Saxon cross has been dug up in the church. There was a famous monastery there, the early history of which is given by Bede. This monastery was destroyed by the Danes; but the present church is very old, probably dating from Saxon times.

*Tynemouth.*] Cf. iv. 14.

*Seaton-Delaval.*] The family seat of the Delaval family, built in the style of the Renaissance.

viii. 9. *Widderington.*] The home of the Widdrington family, a very ancient family, certainly as old as the reign of Henry II. Reference is made to one of them in "Chevy Chase" :—

" For Witherington my heart was woe,  
That ever he should slain be,  
For when his legs were hewn in two,  
He knelt and fought on his knee."

15. *A/ne.*] A river on which Alnwick is situated.

16. *Warkworth.*] At the mouth of the River Coquet. It belongs to the Percy family, of which the Duke of Northumberland is the head, to whom it gives a second title. The castle is famous in history; and Shakespeare laid there the scene of part of "Henry IV." But it is, perhaps, best known on account of Bishop Percy's ballad, "The Hermit of Warkworth."

20. *Dunstanborough Castle.*] Now a ruin, perched on the top of a ridge of basaltic rocks, which rise from the sea in black perpendicular pillars. Though there was a structure there in much earlier times, the castle was built by Thomas Earl of Lancaster, grandson of Henry III., and the powerful subject in the reign of Edward II., who was executed after his defeat at the battle of Borough Bridge.

21. *Bamborough.*] Though still a magnificent castle, dates from a period long before the Conquest. It was built by Ida, the first Saxon king of Northumbria; and shortly afterwards it was called Bedbanburgh, in honour of Bebbu, a Saxon queen. Frequent batterings in various wars, and consequent rebuildings, make it almost impossible to say whether any part of the original "King Ida's Castle" remains. It now belongs to Lord Crewe's charity, which consists chiefly of benefactions to the University of Oxford, to Lincoln College, Oxford, and to various local and diocesan objects.

ix. 3. "Lindisfarne is not properly an island, but rather, as the Venerable Bede has termed it, a semi-isle; for although surrounded by the sea at full tide, the ebb leaves the sands dry between it and the opposite coast of Northumberland, from which it is about three miles distant."—S.

13. *Dark red pile.*] Built of red sandstone.

x. 1. "The ruins of the monastery upon Holy Island betoken great antiquity. The arches are, in general, strictly Saxon, and the pillars which support them short, strong, and massy. In some places, however, there are pointed windows, which indicate that the building has been repaired at a period long subsequent to the original foundation. The exterior ornaments of the building, being of a light sandy stone, have been wasted, as described in the text."—S.

5. *The art.*] Gothic architecture. The early Gothic architects drew their inspiration from nature, and copied in their stone carvings the

foliage of trees, and in their arches the interlacing boughs of an avenue ; so that what was said of feudalism may be applied also with truth to Gothic architecture : " Ce beau système a été trouvé dans les bois."

xi. 10.] "The nunnery of Holy Island is altogether fictitious."—S. Indeed, St. Cuthbert had a special dislike to women, owing, it is said, to a trick which was played on him by a Pictish princess. There was in the floor of Durham Cathedral a cross of blue marble, which no woman was allowed to pass, lest she should approach the shrine of the saint.

xiii.] In this stanza four stories are given, as related by the nuns of Whitby :—

1.] (i.) The authority for this story is an old document, said to be as much a fiction as this poem. Three knights were chasing the wild boar in the neighbourhood of Whitby. Their dogs ran the boar so hotly that at length he took refuge in the small chapel of a hermit, and therein died. When the hermit came out, and showed his death to the sportsmen, they ran at him with their hunting-spears, and he died of the wounds ; but, when dying, he begged of the Abbot of Whitby that the lives of the knights might not be forfeited for his life, if they would consent to hold their lands of the Abbot of Whitby and his successors. The service by which they were to hold their lands was to be the act of driving a certain number of stakes into the seashore upon Ascension Day of each year, whilst the Abbot's officer was to cry, " Out upon you, out upon you, for the heinous crime of you ! " Herbert is not the name given in the old story, but Allotson ; but part of the lands thus held were afterwards held by a gentleman of the name of Herbert. The whole story can be seen in Young's " History of Whitby."

11.] (ii.) Edelfled, or Ælfleda, daughter of Oswy, King of Northumbria, dedicated by her father to the service of God in the monastery of Whitby, out of gratitude for a victory which he won over the pagan King of Mercia.

14.] (iii.) " These two miracles are much insisted upon by all ancient writers who have occasion to mention either Whitby or St. Hilda. The relics of the snakes which infested the precincts of the convent, and were, at the Abbess's prayer, not only beheaded, but petrified, are still found about the rocks, and are termed by Protestant fossilists *Ammonitæ*."—S. These fossils, of which Scott has given the technical name in his note, as well as the legend, have the appearance of snakes coiled up, but without heads. They are called by the inhabitants " snake-stones," and are found in great abundance in the alum-shale. The legend is common to Whitby, with other parts of the country where ammonites are found, but in Whitby has the peculiar addition that the heads of the snakes were broken off in falling from the very high cliff.

19.] (iv.) The other story seems to arise from the fact that sea-gulls are in the habit of alighting near Whitby in great numbers.

(v.) Another miracle in connection with St. Hilda is to be found in VI. iv. 11.

xiv.] In this and the next stanzas, five stories are given in connection with St. Cuthbert, the patron-saint of Holy Isle :—

(1) As to the resting of the body of St. Cuthbert. “St. Cuthbert was, in the choice of his sepulchre, one of the most mutable and unreasonable saints in the Calendar. He died A. D. 666, in a hermitage upon the Farne Islands, having resigned the bishopric of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, about two years before. His body was brought to Lindisfarne, where it remained until a descent of the Danes, when the monastery was nearly destroyed. The monks fled to Scotland, with what they deemed their chief treasure, the relics of St. Cuthbert. The Saint was, however, a most capricious fellow-traveller; which was the more intolerable as, like Sinbad’s Old Man of the Sea, he journeyed upon the shoulders of his companions. They paraded him through Scotland for several years, and came as far west as Whithorn, in Galloway, whence they attempted to sail for Ireland, but were driven back by tempests. He at length made a halt at Norham; from thence he went to Melrose, where he remained stationary for a short time, and then caused himself to be launched upon the Tweed in a stone coffin, which landed him at Tilmouth, in Northumberland. This boat is finely shaped, ten feet long, three feet and a half in diameter; and only four inches thick; so that, with very little assistance, it might certainly have swam. It still lies, or at least did so a few years ago, in two pieces, beside the ruined chapel of Tilmouth. From Tilmouth, Cuthbert wandered into Yorkshire; and at length made a long stay at Chester-le-Street, to which the Bishop’s see was transferred. At length, the Danes continuing to infest the country, the monks removed to Ripon for a season; and it was in return from thence to Chester-le-Street, that, passing through a forest called Dunholme, the Saint and his carriage became immovable at a place named Wardlaw, or Wardilaw. Here the Saint chose his place of residence; and all who have seen Durham must admit that, if difficult in his choice, he evinced taste in at last fixing it.”—S.

10. *Melrose.*] These ruins, situated on the south bank of the Tweed, in Roxburghshire, are the most beautiful in Scotland. The Abbey was originally founded in A. D. 655, soon after the establishment of the bishopric of Holy Isle, and St. Cuthbert was one of its first monks. It was destroyed by the English, under Edward II. King Robert Bruce, however, made a splendid grant for its restoration, which was commenced at once; and the heart of that patriot-king was buried here. Scott has a fine description of the ruins in the “Lay of the Last Minstrel” (II. i.). It is also identical with the religious house described in his novel, “The Monastery.”

17. *Tilmouth.*] Cf. *supra*, I. xxi. 21.

20. *Chester-le-Street.*] In the north of the county of Durham, midway between Durham and Gateshead, now a large village, but once a place of great importance (Eboracæstre), being a Roman station, founded in the early days of the imperial rule, and, after a thriving existence, one of the last places deserted at the withdrawal of the Roman arms. In



Saxon times it was the seat of a bishopric—when the see was removed to Durham.

xiv. 21. *Wardilaw* (or *Wardon-law*.)] The name of a height not far from Sunderland, where the body of St. Cuthbert rested on its travels. It remained until, after three days of prayer and fasting, a monk was warned in a dream to bear the body to Dunholme.

26. *Wear*.] This river, on which Durham is beautifully situated, rises in the extreme west of the county of Durham, in Wear-dale. It flows into the sea at Monk-Wearmouth (cf. *supra*, viii. 5). Sunderland is on the river, just above the mouth.

27. *Durham*.] The capital of a county, the seat of a university and of a bishopric. The cathedral, dedicated to St. Cuthbert, is one of the finest specimens of Norman architecture in England. Dr. Johnson's description of it will justify Scott's epithets of "lordly, huge, and vast." He said that it conveyed to him the notion of "rocky solidity and indeterminate duration." The see used to be the richest in England, and the Bishop had the title of Prince-Bishop.

29.] "It is said that the Northumbrian Catholics still keep secret the precise spot of the Saint's sepulchre, which is only entrusted to three persons at a time. When one dies, the survivors associate to them, in his room, a person judged fit to be the depositary of so valuable a secret."—S. In 1827, however, 1,139 years after the Saint's death, his remains were discovered in a grave under his shrine, in Durham Cathedral, and now even the Roman Catholics allow that the coffin discovered was that of St. Cuthbert. Full particulars may be found about the history of the Saint and his body in a book called "Saint Cuthbert," by James Raine, M.A. (4to. Durham, 1828).

(2) xv. 2. *Even Scotland's dauntless King*.] When David I., with his son Henry, invaded Northumberland, the English host marched against them under the holy banner of St. Cuthbert, to the efficacy of which was imputed the great victory which they obtained in the bloody battle of Northallerton, or Cuton Moor. The conquerors were at least as much indebted to the jealousy and intractability of the different tribes who composed David's army; among whom, as mentioned in the text, were the Galwegians, the Britons of Strath-Clyde, the men of Teviotdale and Lothian, with many Norman and German warriors, who asserted the cause of the Empress Maud."—S.

4. *Galwegians*.] Sc. men of Galloway, a district in the south of Scotland, stretching from the Solway to the Clyde.

5. *Lodon* (or *Lothian*.)] A district along the south shore of the Firth of Forth, including three counties—Haddington, Edinburgh, and Linlithgow—called, respectively, East, Middle, and West Lothian.

6. *Teviotdale*.] Valley of the Teviot, a tributary of the Tweed, in the county of Roxburgh.

(3; xv. 9. *Edged Alfred's falchion.*] "Cuthbert, we have seen, had no great reason to spare the Danes, when opportunity offered. Accordingly, I find in Simeon of Durham that the Saint appeared in a vision to Alfred, when lurking in the marshes of Glastonbury, and promised him assistance and victory over his heathen enemies—a consolation which, as was reasonable, Alfred, after the battle of Ashendown, rewarded by a royal offering at the shrine of the Saint."—S.

(4) 10. *Turned the Conqueror.*] "As to William the Conqueror, the terror spread before his army, when he marched to punish the revolt of the Northumbrians, had forced the monks to fly once more to Holy Island with the body of the Saint. It was, however, replaced before William left the North; and, to balance accounts, the Conqueror having intimated an indiscreet curiosity to view the Saint's body, he was, while in the act of commanding the shrine to be opened, seized with heat and sickness, accompanied with such a panic terror, that, notwithstanding there was a sumptuous dinner prepared for him, he fled without eating a morsel (which the monkish historian seems to have thought no small part both of the miracle and the penance), and never drew his bridle till he got to the River Tees."—S.

xvi. 4. *Sea-born beads.*] Certain small fossils, called *Entrochites*, which are found among the rocks of Holy Isle, are commonly termed St. Cuthbert's beads. He was supposed to forge them at night, sitting upon one rock, and using another as his anvil.

xvii. 7. *Colwulf.*] A King of Northumberland in the eighth century, who abdicated, and retired to Holy Isle, where he died in the odour of sanctity. St. Bede dedicated his "Ecclesiastical History" to him.

15. *Sexhelm.*] A.D. 947, Bishop of Chester-le-Street. (Vide Stubbs's "Episcopal Succession in England," p. 15.) Two old chroniclers tell a story about him, that he was very avaricious, and addicted to simony, the sin of taking money for holy things.

Simeon of Durham—"Historia de Dunelmensi Ecclesia" (History of the Church of Durham), lib. ii. cap. xix.—has the following: "When Bishop Uthred died, Sexhelm was ordained in his room; but he had not resided many months in that see when he fled, driven away by St. Cuthbert. For when, wandering from the paths of his predecessors, inflamed by avarice, he was distressing the people of this very Saint, and the servants of the Church, he was frightened by the Saint in a dream, and ordered to depart with all speed. Whilst he delayed, on a second night, the Saint, chiding him with more vehemence, bade him quickly go away, threatening punishment if he delayed. Yet not even then was he willing to obey, when a third time, far more sternly than before, the Saint attacked him, and commanded him to escape, and not presume to take aught of the property of the Church; if he delayed longer, he threatened that death should come speedily upon him. When Sexhelm awoke out

of sleep, he began to be ill, but nevertheless hastened to depart, lest he should run a risk of death. Whilst flying, however, at York, he began to recover his health; and, in his room, Aldred mounted the episcopal throne."

xix. 3. *Saint Benedict.*] Vide *supra*, iv. 2, note.

16. *Tynemouth's haughty Prioress.*] "That there was an ancient priory at Tynemouth is certain. Its ruins are situated on a high rocky point; and, doubtless, many a vow was made to the shrine by the distressed mariners who drove towards the iron-bound coast of Northumberland in stormy weather. It was anciently a nunnery; for Virca, Abbess of Tynemouth, presented St. Cuthbert (yet alive) with a rare winding-sheet, in emulation of a holy lady called Tuda, who had sent him a coffin. But, as in the case of Whitby and of Holy Island, the introduction of nuns at Tynemouth, in the reign of Henry VIII., is an anachronism."—S.

xx. 17. *Beverley.*] A town in Yorkshire, from which the family took its name. The French *de*, in a name, denoted the possession of an estate.

18. *Fontevraud.*] (or *Fontevrault*). A town in France, in the department of Marne-et-Loire, famous for its abbey, the finest and richest in France, and of a unique character. This abbey was at the head of a singular order, in which the men were made subject to the women. It consisted of a hundred nuns and seventy monks, under the rule of an abbess, always a lady of high degree. It was founded in A.D. 1099 by Robert d'Arbrissel, a celebrated preacher in Brittany, whom Pope Urban I. commissioned to preach in favour of the Second Crusade. It originally contained within its bounds five churches, but only one now remains. This was the cemetery of the early Plantagenet kings of England, who were also Counts of Anjou; and the tombs may still be seen (though seriously mutilated by the violence of the French Revolution) of Henry II., Richard Cœur-de-Lion, Eleanor of Guienne, wife of Henry II., and Isabelle of Angoulême, widow of King John.

xxi. 10. *Warranted.*] Guaranteed, proved.

xxiv. 1. *Chose.*] A preterite used for a past participle, to assist the exigencies of the rhyme. The following may be compared:—I. xxiii. 8, trod; xxvi. 14, wrote; xxxi. 5, broke; III. vi. 7, unbroke; IV. v. 10, V. xxxiii. 1, rode; IV. viii. 13, swore; xxi. 12, mistock. Cf. Charles Wesley in Trench's "Household Book of Poetry" (p. 218, l. 59 and 67):—

"In vain, I have not wept and strove."

"The Sun of Righteousness on me hath rose."

xxv. 4.] Scott's defence of the introduction of the immuring of the nun is twofold:—(1) That it is well known that the Catholics punished those who broke vows of religion in the same way as the Romans punished the vestals in a similar case. So Rœa Sylvia was treated. Cf. Macaulay's "Prophecy of Capys," "the mother to the tomb." (2) That some

years ago a skeleton, seemingly of an immured nun, was discovered among the ruins of the Abbey of Coldingham. It may, however, be observed that such a practice was not in accordance with any law, civil or ecclesiastical.

xxvi. 5. *Hectic.*] Greek ἥctic, habit, from ἔχω, to have, means primarily habitual. It is the term applied to a species of intermittent fever, and thus to the colour of a consumptive patient.

xxvii. 13. *Who forfeited.*] The antecedent of this relative is to be supplied out of the pronoun "my" in the preceding verse.

16. *He knew her of broad lands the heir.*] For knew her to be the heir. This ellipse is not uncommon. Cf. Tennyson's "Idylls":—

"When I that knew him fierce and turbulent."

xxviii. 1. *The King.*] Henry VIII.

2. *A rival.*] De Wilton.

6. *Fight.*] Trial by wager of battle was an ancient practice among the nations of Northern Europe. It was introduced into England by the Normans, and was legal in—(1) cases of honour; (2) appeals of feony; and (3) certain disputes as to ownership of property. The disputants might fight either personally or by champions. Marmion's combat probably came under the first of the cases named above. The last combat in a civil case was in 1571, though authorised duels in cases of honour took place as late as 1638. In the year 1818, one Abraham Thornton, being charged with the murder of a girl, to the surprise of everyone pleaded "Not guilty; and I am ready to defend the same on my body." The King's Bench decided that the prisoner had a right to "wage his battle"; and as the next of kin of the murdered girl was unwilling to fight, the accused was liberated. A statute was passed immediately afterwards, abolishing trial by combat in all cases.

7. *Oaths.*] Previous to joining issue, the combatants made oath that they had not called in the aid of sorcery, or other unlawful means, to prejudice the fight.

14. *Heaven shall decide.*] It was the common belief that the justice of Heaven decided the issue of their combat.

xxix. 6. *Sworn a nun.*] Previous to becoming a nun, it was usual to pass a certain time in the convent as a novice, during which period the intending nun was free to change her intention. She had not "taken the vows;" she was "unprofessed." If at the end of her noviciate she still desired to retire from the world, she then took the vows by which she was thenceforth bound.

xxxi. 2. *Rome.*] The rhyme requires that it be pronounced *room*, which seems to have been the old pronunciation. Cf. Shakespeare:—

"Now is it Rome indeed, and *room* enough."—Julius Cæsar, i. ii. 156.

"That I have *room* with Rome to curse awhile."—King John, iii. i. 180

xxx. 5. Constance warns them that if Marmion's love for her should revive, he would execute a vengeance on her slayers more terrible than the ravages of the Danes, referred to in xiv. 5.

7. *A darker hour.*] Constance is here made, by a poetical license, to foretell the Reformation, naturally regarded as the triumph of darkness by the adherents of the old religion. At this time (A.D. 1513) the impulse which led to this great event was beginning to be felt, and the preaching of Luther was already making a stir in Germany.

8. *Crosier.*] A bishop's staff, here used for the power of the bishop.

9. *The ire of a despotic King.*] An allusion to the suppression of the monasteries by King Henry VIII. and his minister, Thomas Cromwell.

xxxii. 3. *Wont.*] "To be wont" is the commoner form of this word, where "wont" seems to be a past participle of "won"; but "to wont" is by no means infrequent. Cf. "Lady of the Lake," I. xx. 20, and Waller:—

"The eagle's fate and mine are one,  
Which on the shaft that made him die,  
Espied a feather of his own,  
Wherewith he *wont* to soar so high."

"Wonted" is a familiar past participle from the same verb.

12. *The victim's dread.*] The dread usually felt by the victim.

xxxiii. 12. *Passing knell.*] A bell that is rung at a death, to mark the passing of a soul to heaven.

16. *Warkworth.*] Cf. note, *supra*, viii. 16.

18. *Bamborough.*] Cf. note, *supra*, viii. 21.

21. *Cheviot Fell.*] On the Cheviots, cf. *supra*, I. i. 3. Cheviot Fell is the highest of them.

### CANTO III.—THE HOSTEL, OR INN.

LORD MMARMION, journeying northward with the Palmer as guide, arrives at the village inn of Gifford, in Haddingtonshire. In the evening, the grim aspect of the Palmer casting a gloom over the party, at Marmion's request Fitz-Euace, one of his pages, sings a song. It was about the true lover and the false, and familiar to Marmion as a favourite of Constance, the nun who had followed him as his page. This does not cheer the conscience-stricken Marmion, who says, moreover, that he hears a death-peal, which the Palmer interprets as portending the death of a dear friend. Then the host tells a story. Alexander III., King of Scotland, had once visited Lord Gifford, the lord of the village, who had a reputation as a magician. The King wished to know the future, and Lord Gifford explained to him that if he would go at midnight to an old

Pictish camp, and blow a bugle, he would see an elfin in the shape of his worst enemy, whom if he conquered he could force to tell the future. He found one in the shape of Edward I. of England, and having conquered him, was informed about the coming battle of Largs and other future events. Lord Marnion was so moved by the story that he rose in the night, and went forth to try his success; but returned hastily, with his crest soiled, and other evident marks of an overthrow.

*Hostel.*] A French and English word, signifying in the former language a grand house, in the latter an inn. Our ordinary word hotel is the same word. It is derived from the Latin *hospitale*, apartment for the reception of strangers. *Hospes*, guest or host, originally stranger, is the same word as *hostis*, enemy, for every stranger was considered an enemy. When a stranger arrived at a strange place, it was doubtful whether he would meet with hostility or hospitality. Host, the landlord of an inn, or a private person, who entertains strangers.

i. 6. *Merse.*] The south-eastern division of the county of Berwick, the other two being Lauderdale and Lammermoor. It was called Merse, or March, from its being on the Border, or Marches, between England and Scotland. (Mark, a boundary.)

17. *Parraigian.*] A light-coloured species of grouse, found in the Scotch mountains.

19. *Lammermoor.*] A ridge of hills, stretching from the eastern border of Peeblesshire, across the south of Midlothian, passing between East Lothian and Berwick, and terminating on the east coast in the rugged and abrupt cliffs which form St. Abbs Head. One of the Waverley Novels is called the "Bride of Lammermoor."

22. *Gifford.*] This village lies about four miles south-east from Haddington. It is near Yester House, the seat of the Marquis of Tweeddale, and a little higher up the stream which falls from the Lammermoor hills are the ruins of the old castle. In this village the first flax-mill was established.

ii. 9. *Bush.*] It was an old custom to hang out a bush as a sign in front of a tavern. Hence the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush" (Shakespeare, "As You Like It," Epilogue), meaning that if a tavern kept good wine there was no necessity it should keep up a sign. Men would find it by its reputation, or by a sort of instinct. The bush seems to have been usually of ivy, because this plant was always sacred to Bacchus; it may, therefore, be a classical custom. Many passages from old authors (vide Notes to Shakespeare) prove its antiquity. A trace of the custom is still preserved in the sign of "the Bush," retained by many inns in England; and at the present day the custom is observed in some places. "A wine-shop, the usual sign of which is in Germany the branch of a tree affixed to the door-post."—Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau. It is used in Italy also.—Cf. Hawthorne's "Transformations," vol. ii. ch. vi.

iii. 6. *Solands.*] Or solan-geese, aquatic fowl of the pelican family, found on the Scotch coast. This bird is nearly of the same size as the domestic goose; its colour is chiefly white, but with tips of wings black. It feeds on little fishes, especially herrings.

iv. 16. *Zembla's frost.*] Nova Zembla is an island in the Arctic Ocean, to the north of European Russia. The island is considerably larger than Great Britain, but, owing to the excessive cold, it has no permanent population.

viii. 7. *To dear Saint Valentine, no thrush.*] Thrushes are said to pair upon Saint Valentine's Day (Feb. 14). Cf. Shakespeare, "Midsummer Night's Dream," IV. i. 136:—

"Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;  
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?"

Cf. also Tennyson's "Princess," p. 119:—

"Birds that piped their valentines."

Valentine was a priest, who assisted the martyrs at Rome in the persecution under Claudian II. He was beaten with clubs, and beheaded, after a year's imprisonment, on February 14, about A. D. 270. The popular observances of the day are of heathen origin, and belong to the worship of Juno; the connection with the saint is merely accidental. Cf. "Annotated Book of Common Prayer. Notes on the Calendar."

11, 12. *The cause detains.*] Understand which.

ix. 7. *One shrill voice the notes prolong.*] We should not expect *notes* to be the nominative to the verb, but *voice*: the verb should then be *prolongs*. "Good Homer sometimes nods." There is an opposite mistake of plural nominative and a singular verb, V. xxi. 29:—"was laid letters," and xxii. 28:—"The falconer and huntsman knows."

ix. 14. *Susquehanna.*] A river in Pennsylvania, U.S.

15. *Kentucky.*] One of the south-western States of the American Union.

16. *Oniario.*] The last of the great chain of American lakes. It is a little way below the Falls of Niagara. The name is now applied to the province formerly known as Canada West, which lies on its northern shore.

xiii. 8. *Civil conflict.*] A conflict between the passion in one's own breast, as opposed to a conflict with an external adversary, just as a civil war is strife between members of one State as opposed to strife between two or more States.

14. *Departing sister's soul.* Cf. *supra*, II. xxxii. 12.

xiv. 11. *Strook*, for struck, an unusual form.

xv. 3. *Augured*] = had any suspicion of. It properly means to foretell or conjecture from certain signs, as the Roman Augurs did.

15. *Secure*] = sure. The latter word comes from secure, and that from Lat. *se* (sine) *cura*.

16. The system of selling pardons and indulgences by the Church was widespread in the Middle Ages, and gave great grounds and aid to the efforts of the Reformers. (Cf. I. xx. 15.)

xvii. 6. *Mantles*.] This word means, primarily, to spread the wings, as a hawk does when pleased. Thus Milton has:—

“The swan with arched neck  
Between her white wings mantling, rows  
Her state with oary feet.”

—“Par. Lost,” vii. 438.

The word also means (as here) to gather on the surface, like froth, or to ferment. Cf. Pope, “Imitations of Horace,”—

“From plate to plate your eyeballs roll,  
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.”

The derivation of the word *mantle* in these senses is unknown, unless it comes from the substantive *mantle*, and signifies spread out as a cloak.

10. *Hopes in heaven*.] The breach of convent vows was a most heinous crime in the eyes of a Roman Catholic; it was breaking a solemn promise and covenant with God Himself.

23. *His Sovereign's mandate*.] Which prevented his returning for Constance.

27. Cf. what Constance had said, II. xxxi. 3.

xviii. 4. *Vennachar*], or Vennachoir. A lake (about 4 m. by 1 m.) in the south-western part of Perthshire, one of several lakes formed by southern branch of Frith.

xix. 2. Alexander III. reigned from 1249 to 1263. The clerk's answer, therefore, would be 150 years.

19. *Dunbar*.] Cf. I. xix. 4.

xx. 8. *Norweyan*.] for Norwegian. Cf. Shakespeare, “Macbeth,” II. ii. 31, 49. So Troyan, for Trojan, “Merchant of Venice,” V. i. 4.

11. *Bute* and *Arran* are islands in the estuary of the Clyde. *Cunninghame* and *Kyle* are, respectively, the northern and central portions of Ayrshire.

15. “Magicians, as is well known, were very curious in the choice and form of their vestments. Their caps are oval, or like pyramids, with lappets on each side, and fur within. Their gowns are long, and furred with fox-skins, under which they have a linen garment reaching to the knee. Their girdles are three inches broad, and have many cabalistical names, with crosses, trines, and circles inscribed on them. Their shoes



should be of new russet leather, with a cross cut upon them. Their knives are dagger-fashioned; and their swords have neither guard nor scabbard.—See these, and many other particulars, in the discourse concerning Devils and Spirits, annexed to Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, edition 1663."—S.

xx. 22. *Pentacle* (Gk. πέντε, 5).] A piece of fine linen, folded with five corners, emblematic of the senses, and inscribed with mysterious signs. Some say it is emblematic of the five wounds in Our Lord's body.

26. *Combust, retrograde and trine* are adjectives, agreeing with *sign*. The Host could not have known what they meant.

xxli. 14. *As born upon*.] Those who were born on Good Friday or Christmas Day were vulgarly believed to have the gift of seeing spirits. Alexander III. w<sup>as</sup> born Sept. 4, 1241, which could not have been Good Friday or Christmas Day. If Sir Walter wished to describe the careless habits of speech of the lower classes, he has succeeded to a marvel.

22. *The gift*.] Another mistake of the Host. This speech must have been made in A.D. 1262 or 1263, by a king who was born in 1241. Cœur-de-Lion died in 1199.

27. *Malcolm III.*, surnamed Cean-mohr, from the great size of his head, succeeded to the Scotch throne in A.D. 1056. He was a prince of great courage and generosity. He carried on frequent wars against England, and was finally killed before Alnwick. His wife Margaret, sister of Edgar Atheling, was afterwards canonised.

36. *Saint George to speed!*] Cf. VI. xv. 13, "Saint Jude to speed!"

xxiii. 5. *Left-hand the town*.] Elliptic expression for "on the left hand of the town."

*Pictish race*.] The Picts were the predominant race in Scotland during the first four centuries of the Christian era: they then began to be ousted by the Scots, who came from Ireland, and ultimately subjugated them. Very little is known of the Picts, save that they were rude savages. Their religion was Druidical, and the poet is, therefore, justified in imputing bloody rites to them.

15. *Four points of heaven*.] The cardinal points.

20. *England's King*.] Slight anachronisms. Alexander's vision must have been *very shortly* before the battle of Largs (1262 or 1263), because he was then only just out of his teens. Edward I. came to his throne in 1272. He went to Holy Land *after* the battle of Evesham (1265).

26. *Length of limb*.] Edward I. was surnamed Longshanks.

xxiv. 6. *Visor*.] A word which is variously written, as, vizard, vizor, &c. (from Latin, *video*, see). That part of the helmet which protected the face, and which consisted of bars, or other open work, to enable the wearer to see.

xxiv. 11. *Of Largs he saw the glorious plain*.] Largs is in Ayrshire, on the eastern bank of the estuary of the Clyde. In 1263 Haco, king of

Norway, invaded Scotland with a powerful fleet. After taking the islands of Arran and Bute, he disembarked his forces at Largs, to give battle to the Scots, who were assembled there under their king, Alexander III. Owing to a storm he was only able to land a part of his troops; he therefore suffered a decisive defeat (1263). Heaps of stones still mark the spots under which the slain lie, and barrows, which, being opened, have been found to contain urns and bones.

xxiv. 17. *The shadowy Kings.*] I. e. himself and Haco, as seen in his vision.

20. This is in allusion to the expedition undertaken by the English against Copenhagen, in 1801, when Denmark and Sweden formed an alliance with Russia with the object of depriving England of her maritime supremacy. Sir Hyde Parker was the admiral of the English fleet; but Nelson was the second in command, and the foremost in the battle. Some account of this expedition will be found in Southey's "Life of Nelson," chap. vii. The insertion of a prophecy of historical events, later than the times spoken of, is not uncommon in poets: perhaps the best-known instance is in Virgil's "Sixth Æneid."

xxv. 9. *Dunfermline.*] Malcolm Canmohr resided here with his wife, sister of Edgar Atheling, through whom the Anglo-Saxon civilisation was introduced into Scotland. He had established an important religious house here, and ordered that it should be the regular burialplace of the Scottish kings. The Abbey became very important, and though destroyed by Edward I. it was splendidly rebuilt, and many of the kings were interred in it. Dunfermline was long a royal residence. Charles I. was born here.

19. *Wallace wight.*] Sir William Wallace was born of good family in the reign of Alexander III. Edward I. conquered Scotland in 1296. Wallace kept up a band of active insurgents, but, being ill-supported by the Scottish nobles, he was not very successful. He was betrayed to the English, taken to London, tried, hanged, drawn and quartered. It is worth notice that the English spent fifteen years in the attempt to subjugate Scotland, and were at the height of their power when Wallace was executed. Six months later Scotland was free. Very contrary estimates of his character may be found in Dickens's "Child's History of England," where he is a hero, and in a book called "The Greatest of the Plantagenets," where he is a scoundrel of the blackest dye.

xxvi. 1. *Quaigh.*] "A wooden cup, composed of staves hooped together."—S. A small and shallow cup or drinking-vessel, with two ears for handles, generally of wood, but sometimes of silver. Gaelic.—In Irish Gaelic, it is *cuach*. The word is probably not unconnected with our English *quaff*, to drink, which some say is derived from it. Smollett gives the following account of the vessel in "Humphry Clinker" (iii. p. 18, old edit. p. 287): "It is emptied into a quaff, that is, a curious cup made of different pieces of wood, such as box and ebony, cut into little staves, joined alternately, and secured with delicate hoops, having two ears or

handles. It holds about a gill, is sometimes tipped round the mouth with silver, and has a plate of the same metal at bottom with the land-lord's cipher engraved."

### CANTO IV.—THE CAMP.

IN THE morning Marmion's horse was nearly dying, and the horse of a squire seemed to have been violently ridden in the night. Nevertheless, Marmion with his train continued his journey. He was soon met by Sir David Lindesay, Lord Lion King-at-Arms, chief herald of Scotland, who had been sent by the King of Scotland to conduct Marmion to his presence. The Palmer was not, however, allowed to depart, for Sir David's orders were that no one was to leave the train. Sir David conducted Marmion to Crichtoun Castle, and after resting there for two days, they continued their journey to the camp at Borough Moor near Edinburgh, where King James was mustering his forces.

1. 13. *Becket.*] Cf. *supra*, I. xxiv. 2, *note*.

15. On *Blount's* character.

The following epithets are applied to him by the poet:—

1. *Gentle* (sc. well-born), by Hubert, IV. l. 21.
2. *Hasty*, V. xxxi. 27:—"Saint Anton' fire thee!"
3. *Rude*, V. xxxii. 27.
4. *Unnurtured*, by Eustace. VI. xxviii. 27:—Cf. "Stint in thy prate," VI. xxi. 16, and again xxvii. 23.
5. *Sworn horse-courser*, by Marmion, VI. xvi. 32.

Jeffrey, in the "Edinburgh Review," described Blount's speeches as "a great deal too unpolished for a noble youth aspiring to knighthood." But is it not truer to nature to recognise that there are persons so naturally uncourteous that even chivalry, the essence of which was courtesy, could not polish them?

31. *Lantern-led by Friar Rush.*] Sir Walter Scott in his note says, "alias Will-o'-the-Wisp." Then, to explain the name, "he is a strolling demon, who once upon a time got admission into a monastery as a scullion, and played the monks many pranks." He then adds, "he was also a sort of Robin Goodfellow and Jack o'Lantern." Mr. Keightley, in his "Fairy Mythology" (p. 34, *note*), describes this as "a precious confusion," into which condemnation text as well as the note falls. Sir Walter, however, followed Milton in his mistake ("L'Allegro," 103):—

"She was pinched and pulled, she said;  
And he, by *friar's lantern* led,  
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat  
To earn his cream-bowl duly set."

Whom also Keightley corrects: "The Friar is the celebrated Friar Rush, who haunted houses, not fields, and was never the same with Jack-o'-the-Lantern. It was probably the name Rush, which suggested rush-light, that caused Milton's error. He is the Bruder Rausch of Germany, the Broder Ruus of Denmark. His name is either, as Grimm thinks, noise, or, as Wolf deems, drunkenness, our old word rouse." Cf. Tennyson, "Vision of Sin":—

"Have a *rouse* before the morn."

iv. 2. *Humbie* and *Saltoun* are parishes in Haddingtonshire.

24. William Caxton set up the first printing-press in England. He lived 1412-1491. Wynkyn de Worde was his successor. Cf. Pope's "Dunciad," bk. i. 149:—

"There Caxton slept with Wynkyn at his side;  
One clasped in wood, and one in strong cow-hide."

v. 6. *Point of war*] = nobe of war. Cf. Macaulay's "Ivry," 59.

vi. 8. Places in Scotland, from which the national heralds took their names:—

*Bute*, an island on the west, at the mouth of the Frith of Clyde.

*Islay*, another island, a little farther west.

*Marchmont*: the castle of Marchmont, now called Roxburgh Castle.

*Rothsay*, an ancient royal residence in the Isle of Bute.

9. *Tabards*.] Cf. I. xi. 1.

11. *King-at-arms*.] These officers presided over the colleges of the heralds, and determined various matters relating to heraldry.

vii. 12. *Cap of maintenance*.] An heraldic term for a cap of dignity worn by distinguished persons. It originally belonged to the rank of a duke. The fur cap of the Lord Mayor of London, worn by him on state occasions, is so called. The Mayor of Exeter also has one, given by Henry VII.

19. *Achais* (Eocha), Scottish king of the time of Charlemagne (cf. note on VI. xxxiii. 9), with whom it is stated, though on very slight grounds, that he made a treaty, and that the double tressure with the fleur-de-lys was introduced into the Scottish shield, as a reminder that Scotland had come to the aid of France.

vii. 30. *Sir David Lindsay of the Mount*.] The name is also spelt Lyndsay, and Lindsay. In early life he was page to James V., to whom he afterwards wrote, in his "Complaynt," asking that something might be done in memory of his early services. It was in answer to this that he received the appointment of Lord Lion King-at-Arms, chief of

the heralds of Scotland, in which capacity he discharged several diplomatic functions at various courts—amongst others to the Emperor Charles V. The Mount was his patrimonial estate, near Cupar in Fifeshire. He is best known as a poet, his peculiar branch being satire, in which he is still considered a master. He attacked the abuses of the Roman Catholic Church with great severity, and being a contemporary of Luther, he may be counted as one of the chief movers in the Reformation, and a precursor of the party of Knox. (Cf. *note* on "Palmer," I. xxiii. 1.) His chief poems are—i. "The Complaynt"; ii. "The Dream"; iii. "Satyre of the Three Estaitis," a drama; iv. "The Tragedie of the late Cardinal," sc. the assassination of Cardinal Beaton, which is remarkable for containing no condemnation of the event. He died about 1560, probably in his bed. A life of him will be found in P. F. Tytler's "Scottish Worthies." "I am uncertain," says Scott, "if I abuse poetical licence, by introducing Sir David Lindesay in the character of Lion Herald, sixteen years before he obtained that office. At any rate, I am not the first who has been guilty of the anachronism; for the author of 'Flodden Field' despatches *Della-mount*, which can mean nobody but Sir David de la Mont, to France, on the message of defiance from James IV. to Henry VIII."

viii. 5. *Whom Royal James himself had crowned.*] "The office of heralds, in feudal times, being held of the utmost importance, the inauguration of the King-at-Arms, who presided over their colleges, was proportionally solemn. In fact, it was the mimicry of a royal coronation, except that the unction was made with wine instead of oil. In Scotland, a namesake and kinsman of Sir David Lindesay, inaugurated a little later, 'was crowned by King James with the ancient crown of Scotland, which was used before the Scottish Kings assumed a close crown'; and, on occasion of the same solemnity, dined at the King's table, wearing the crown. It is probable that the coronation of his predecessor was not less solemn."—S.

22. The reception of ambassadors was part of the duty of a King-at-Arms.

ix. 10. *Lady Heron.*] Cf. *supra*, I. xvi.—xviii., and *infra*, *note*, xvii. 12.

14. *Tyne.*] This river (which is not to be confounded with its English namesake between Northumberland and Durham) rises on the borders of Edinburghshire, and runs in a north-easterly direction, for some thirty miles, through Haddingtonshire to the Frith of Forth, which it joins not far to the east of North Berwick.

x. 2. *Crichtoun Castle.*] "A large ruinous castle on the banks of the Tyne, about ten miles south from Edinburgh. As indicated in the text, it was built at different times, and with a very differing regard to splendour and accommodation. The oldest part of the building is a narrow keep, or tower, such as formed the mansion of a lesser Scottish baron; but so many additions have been made to it, that there is now a large courtyard, surrounded by buildings of different ages. The eastern front of the court is raised above a portico, and decorated with entablature."

tures, bearing anchors. All the stones of this front are cut into diamond facets, the angular projections of which have an uncommonly rich appearance. The inside of this part of the building appears to have contained a gallery of great length and uncommon elegance. Access was given to it by a magnificent staircase, now quite destroyed. The soffits (technical term for the inside of an arch) are ornamented with twining cordage and rosettes: and the whole seems to have been far more splendid than was usual in Scottish castles. The castle belonged originally to the Chancellor, Sir William Crichton, and probably owed to him its first enlargement, as well as its being taken by the Earl of Douglas, who imputed to Crichton's counsels the death of his predecessor, Earl William, beheaded in Edinburgh Castle, with his brother. It is said to have been totally demolished on that occasion; but the present state of the ruin shows the contrary. It was garrisoned by Lord Crichton, then its proprietor, against King James III., whose displeasure he had incurred. From the Crichton family the castle passed to that of the Hepburns, Earls Bothwell; and when the forfeitures of Stewart, the last Earl Bothwell, were divided, the barony and castle of Crichton fell to the share of the Earl of Buccleuch. They were afterwards the property of the Pringles of Clifton, and are now that of Sir John Callander, Baronet."—S.

xi. 7. *Scutcheon of honour.*] Given to commemorate some noble action.

*Scutcheon of pretence.*] A shield containing the arms of a wife who is an heiress, borne in the middle of the husband's shield.

24. *Massy More.*] "The Castle of Crichton has a dungeon-vault, called the Massy More. The epithet, which is not uncommonly applied to the prisons of other old castles in Scotland, is of Saracenic origin. It is a corruption of a Moorish word—Mazmorra. 'Carcer subterraneus, sive, ut Mauri appellant, Mazmorra.' The same word applies to the dungeons of the ancient Moorish castles in Spain, and serves to show from what nation the Gothic style of castle-building was originally derived."—S.

xii. 10.] A customary courtesy in receiving guests of distinction.

13. *Earl Adam Hepburn.*] He was the second Earl of Bothwell, and fell in the field of Flodden, where, according to an ancient English poet, he distinguished himself by a furious attempt to retrieve the day:—

"Then on the Scottish part, right proud,  
The Earl of Bothwell then out brast,  
And stepping forth, with stomach good,  
Into the enemies' throng he thrast;  
And 'Bothwell! Bothwell!' cried bold,  
To cause his souldiers to ensue,  
But there he caught a wellcome cold,  
The Englishmen straight down him threaw.  
Thus Haburn through his hardy heart  
His fatal fine in conflict found," &c.

—"Flodden Field," a Poem; edited by H. Weber (Edin. 1802).

xii. 13. *He who.*] This should be "him who," in apposition to lord, which is governed by with.

19. *Hated Bothwell.*] James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, the murderer of Darnley, and third husband of Mary Queen of Scots. He was grandson of Earl Adam.

xv. This tale is given by Pitscottie in his History of Scotland. The apparition seems to have been an imposture got up by the opponents of the war in order to deter the King from it. Such is Scott's own account. Cf. "Tales of a Grandfather" (Scotland), vol. i. p. 181. For a similar event, cf. V. xxiv. 30.

4. *Linlithgow* is the capital of the county of the same name, called also West Lothian. It was from very early times a royal domain; and the palace was generally bestowed as dower-house on the Queens of Scotland. James IV., who was very fond of the place, and resided there frequently, made many additions to the palace. It was finally burnt by some English soldiers, quartered there, and is now in ruins. An account of its appearance may be found in Sir Walter Scott's "Provincial Antiquities" (Prose Works, vol. vii. p. 382).

xv. 15.] In 1487 a conspiracy was formed against King James III. under the Earl of Angus and other nobles. The conspirators had by fraud obtained possession of the King's eldest son, and made good use of the young prince's name. The opposing forces met at Sauchieburn, three miles north-east of the famous field of Bannockburn (June 18, 1548), where the royal troops were defeated, and the King met his death in flight. His son James IV. never ceased to feel remorse for his conduct, and ever after wore a heavy iron belt, adding a link of an ounce or two every year to increase the penance.

xvi. 2. *Linlithgow's holy dome.*] The Church of St. Michael, not a cathedral, as the word "dome" might seem to imply. It was built by David I.

9. *Katharine's aisle.*] The south transept, called St. Katharine's Chapel, because dedicated to St. Katharine of Sienna. James built this chapel for himself, with twelve stalls for the Knights Companions of the Order of the Thistle. By reference to the note on St. Katharine (xxxi. 14), it will be seen that she had not long been made a saint.

xvi. 10. *Iron belt.*] Cf. xv. 15 and V. ix. 20.

13. *Thistle.*] The most ancient Order of the Thistle is said to have been instituted by King Achaius (Cf. vii. 19), the collar to have been added by James V., and new life given to the order by James II., King of the United Kingdom. It now consists of the sovereign and sixteen knights. Its motto is, "Nemo me impune lacessit."

20. *As.] Understood if.*

xvii. 9.] These are the words of his message, according to Pitscottie:—"Sir King, my mother hath sent me to you, desiring you not to pass, at

this time, where thou art purposed ; for if thou does, thou wilt not fare well in thy journey, nor none that passeth with thee. Further, she bade thee mell with no woman, nor use their counsel, nor let them touch thy body, nor thou theirs ; for if thou do it, thou wilt be confounded and brought to shame."

Notice the words, "my mother sent me," used by St. John, the adopted son of the Virgin Mary. (Cf. St. John xix. 26-7.) Some historians, Lingard for instance, speak of the appearance as of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, but these words could not have been used except by St. John.

xvii. 12. *Woman.*] Lady Heron. Cf. *infra*, note, V. x. 2.

14. *Doubly warned.*]—1. Not to war ; 2. Not to meddle with a woman.

20. Cf. Pitscottie's account : "I heard say, Sir David Lindesay, Lyonherald, and John Inglis the marshal, who were at that time young men, and special servants to the King's grace, were standing presently beside the King, who thought to have laid hands on this man, that they might have speired further tidings at him : But all for nought ; they could not touch him ; for he vanished away betwixt them, and was no more seen."

22. Sir Walter seems to have drawn his metaphors from Pitscottie. He "vanished away, as he had been a blink of the sun, or a whip of the whiriwind, and could no more be seen."

xxi. 15. He was to have seen an elfin foe in guise of his worst enemy, (III. xxii. 34). Who was it likely to have been ?

22. *Saint George.*] Cf. note, I. ii. 1.

xxii. 4. *Norham.*] Cf. note, I. i. 1.

7. *Brian Bulmer.*] This story comes from an old manuscript, originally in the Chapter Library, Durham. It is in Latin. The Englishman, who is called Radulphus Bulmer, on coming forth from the camp near Norham, meets a Scotch knight, with whom at first, as an old acquaintance, he held some slight converse, and then, as in duty bound, joined battle. Bulmer was speedily overthrown : and the other then promised not only to spare him, but to heal his wounds, on condition that he would not pray to God, to the Virgin, or to any saint. But on his opponent whispering some obscenity into his ear at the same time as he raised him, Bulmer cried out, "Mi Jesu," and instantly the other fled. The manuscript ends with an expression of belief that it was the devil himself with whom Bulmer had fought.

10. "The forest of Glenmore, in the North Highlands (in Ross-shire), is believed to be haunted by a spirit called Lham-dearg (bloody hand), in the array of an ancient warrior, having a bloody hand, from which he takes his name."—S.

13. *Rothiemurcus.*] Extensive fir-woods, on the banks of the River Spey, in Elginshire.



xxiii. 1. *Dun-Edin.*] Celtic name for Edinburgh, being a translation of the Saxon name. Dun (Cf. note, I. ii. 4) means a hill, or fortress on a hill. Cf. *Lugdunum*, etc. Edinburgh is the fort of Edwin, a Saxon king of Northumbria, who in the seventh century possessed the South of Scotland.

8, 11. *Braid.*] A short range of rocky hills to the south of Edinburgh; *Blackford hill*, to the north of them, between them and Edinburgh.

xxiv. 8. *Saint Giles's* is the Cathedral of Edinburgh. It has a very fine spire, in the shape of an octagonal lantern.

xxv. 6. *Borough-moor.*] "The Borough, or Common Moor of Edinburgh, was of very great extent, reaching from the southern walls of the city to the bottom of Braid Hills. It was anciently a forest; and, in that state, was so great a nuisance, that the inhabitants of Edinburgh had permission granted to them of building wooden galleries, projecting over the street, in order to encourage them to consume the timber, which they seem to have done very effectually. When James IV. mustered the array of the kingdom there, the Borough-moor was, according to Hawthornden, 'a field spacious, and delightful by the shade of many stately and aged oaks.' Upon that and similar occasions, the royal standard is traditionally said to have been displayed from the Hare Stane, a high stone, now built into the wall, on the left hand of the highway leading towards Braid, not far from the head of Burntsfield Links. The Hare Stane probably derives its name from the British word *har*, signifying an army."—S.

xxvi. 1. *Hebudes.*] Ancient name of the Hebrides, which are very rugged and mountainous. It is well known that mountains attract rain: hence the epithet in the text.

2. *Lodon*] = Lothian. Cf. *supra*, note, II. xv. 5.

3. *Redswire.*] A part of the Carter Mountain, in the extreme south of Scotland, about ten miles from Jedburgh. There is a ballad, called "The Raid of Redswire," in the "Border Minstrelsy," vol. ii. In the MS. it is spelt Reidsquhair. Swair (or Swire) = the descent of a hill. Red is either (1) from the colour of the heath; or (2) Reid-water, a small river which rises at no great distance.

4. *Rosse*, usually Ross-shire, the northernmost county in Scotland, except Sutherland and Caithness.

xxvii. 9. *Borthwick's sisters seven,*] i.e., cannon cast by a man named Borthwick.

xxix. 6. *Falcon.*] Marmion's crest. Cf. I. vi. 8.

xxx. 20. *Ochil.*] A range of mountains in Perth, Clackmannan, and Stirling. The highest is Ben Clench, and the best known, Dunmyat.

xxx. 23. Cf. the following lines:—

“Traced like a map the landscape lies,  
 In cultured beauty stretching wide;  
 There Pentland's green acclivities;  
 There Ocean with its azure tide;  
 There Arthur's Seat; and gleaming through,  
 Thy southern wing, Dunedin blue!  
 While in the Orient, Lammer's daughters,  
 A distant giant-range, are seen,  
 North Berwick Law, with cone of green,  
 And Bass amid the waters.”

—“Delta” (*nom de plume* of the late David Macbeth Moir, of Musselburgh, a contributor to Blackwood, author of “Mansie Waugh,” the “Legend of Genevieve,” etc.)

24. *Preston Bay.*] A small bay by the village of Prestonpans, on the south coast of the Frith of Forth, memorable for the battle (Sept. 21, 1745) in which Prince Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, with his Highlanders, defeated the royal troops under Sir J. Cope.

*Berwick Law.*] Vide *infra*, note on V. xxix. 2.

28. “Observe, the only hints at form, given throughout, are in the somewhat vague words, ‘ridgy,’ ‘massy,’ ‘close,’ and ‘high,’ the whole being still more obscured by modern mystery, in its most tangible form of smoke. But the *colours* are all definite; note the rainbow band of them—gloomy or dusky red, sable (pure black), amethyst (pure purple), green, and gold—a noble chord throughout.”—Ruskin, “Modern Painters,” vol. iii. p. 280.

xxxi. 9. *The whilst.*] Cf. I. xiii. 9; VI. xxxi. 10, “Alas the while,” and “Lady of the Lake,” II. ii. 7. “Then, stranger, go! good speed the while.” It is explained as a Scottish idiom; but it may be compared with the classical *τὸ ὄν*, etc. May it not be a substantive? Cf. “a long while.”

xxxi. 14. *To St. Katharine's of Sienne.*] i. e. to the chapel dedicated to her in the church of Linlithgow. (Cf. *supra*, note, xvi. 9.) “This popular saint was the daughter of a dyer; she took the vows when only eight years of age. Her revelations and miracles gained her so high a repute, that she succeeded in inducing Gregory XI. to remove the Holy See from Avignon after it had been fixed there for seventy years. She died in 1400, and was canonised in 1461.”—Murray's “Handbook to Central Italy.”

xxxi. 15. *Saint Rocque.*] or Roche. According to Chalmers's “Caledonia” (iii. 666), no account can be found of this saint, though more than one chapel is dedicated to him. This chapel was at the end of the Bridge of Stirling, and James made frequent offerings in it. There is

another in Glasgow; and upon the heights above Bingen on the Rhine is one dedicated to St. Roch, or Rochus. His festival, of which Goethe wrote an account, is on the Sunday after August 15.

19. *Falkland Woods,*] in Fifeshire, south-west from Cupar. There was a palace of the Scotch kings at Falkland.

---

## CANTO V.—THE COURT.

LORD MARMION is received by King James, whilst giving a parting entertainment to the Scottish nobles, with a courtesy which soon changes to coldness, when the King perceives that Marmion seems to have an old acquaintance with Lady Heron, then an object of the King's attentions. Lord Marmion had been sent to ask why the Scotch army was being collected. King James enumerates the reasons which prompted him to make war. But as Marmion's commission said that he was to stay in the North whilst there was the slightest hope of peace, the King commands him to be entertained by Earl Douglas at Tantallon Castle. The Abbess of Whitby, with her attendant nuns, had been captured by a Scotch galley on their return from Lindisfarne. The King wished now to send them back to England under escort of Lord Marmion. The Abbess, knowing his character, and also his designs on Clara, is in great fear; wherefore, at Edinburgh, she seeks counsel from the Palmer, and intrusts to his hand the proof of Lord Marmion's guilt and of De Wilton's innocence. Their converse is suddenly stopped by an apparition seen upon the town-cross of Edinburgh. The party moves towards Tantallon: from North Berwick the Abbess and nuns return by ship to Whitby; but Clara, in spite of her own protestations and those of the Abbess, is still detained by Douglas, in consequence of a letter which Lord Marmion had shown him.

i. 6. *Carried pikes.*] Probably some method of saluting. "To carry arms," however, in the present day means to trail, not to salute.

18. *Cloth-yard arrows.*] Cf. I. viii. 20.

ii. 27. *Mace of weight.*] Cf. II. iii. 21, relic-shrine of cost.

iv. 29. *Liddell's tide.*] In xiv. 13, Liddesdale, the valley of the Liddel, a tributary of the Esk. It flows through Roxburghshire, and is the valley on the north side of the Cheviot Hills.

33. *Maudlin.*] A corruption of Magdalen. Cf. the pronunciation of Magdalen College. The adjective *maudlin* is said to be derived from Magdalen also, because painters represent her with swollen eyes, and confused with weeping.

v. 1. *Celtic.*] The Highlanders are Celtic or Gaelic, whilst the Lowlanders are of Saxon or Scandinavian origin. The names of Celtic tribes may be thus connected: Celtæ, Keltæ, Galatæ, Galli, Gael, Wales,

Cornwall, Walloon. Cf. *Cæsar*, B. G. I. i. "qui ipsorum lingua Celtæ, nostra Galli appellantur."

vi. 22. *Following*.] Scott, on using this word, added the explanation "feudal retainers" in a note. It is now common enough, especially as used of a Parliamentary party.

27. *Holy Rood*.] Cf. I. xxi. 25.

30. *Costly wines*.] A customary present to ambassadors.

vii. 12. *Maskers*.] Actors in masks. Cf. Shakespeare's "Henry VIII." I. iv. Hence the word masquerade.

viii. 16. *Thistle*.] Cf. *supra*, IV. xiv. 13.

17. *Toledo*.] A very ancient city of Spain, once its capital, situated on the River Tagus, and thirty-seven miles south-west of Madrid. Its architecture is chiefly Moorish, the result of the occupation of Spain by the Saracens, but its history dates from a much earlier period. It is mentioned by Livy (xxxv. 22), "Toletum ibi parva urbs erat sed loco munito," and (xxxix. 30) he tells us of its capture by M. Fabius Nobilior, 193 B.C. By the Goths, it was made the capital of their monarchy. It has long been famous for its manufacture of swords, the Moors having brought the art from the East. Charles III. had a huge building erected for this object, about two miles from the city. The sword-blades were remarkable for their temper, and a proof of their elasticity is given by the fact that they were sometimes sold in boxes, coiled up like the mainspring of a watch. "Compassed like a good Bilboa, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head." Falstaff in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor," III. v. 110.

ix. 20. *Iron bell*.] Cf. IV. xv. 15.

x. 2. *Sir Hugh the Heron's wife*.] In I. xvii. Sir Hugh had announced that his wife was at the Scotch court: in IV. ix. 10, Sir David Lyndsay had called her a spy for England: the warning against woman's wiles, in IV. xvii. 12, is directed against her. It is said by most historians that "the delays which led to the fatal defeat of Flodden" (S.) are to be traced to the influence which this lady exercised over the King.

Lingard (vol. iv. p. 150, *note*), however, denies that there were any such delays, because Norham surrendered on the 29th of August, whilst Surrey reached Alnwick on the 3rd of September, and Ford, Etall, and Wark were taken in the meantime. Scott's answer to another such defender of Lady Ford, is that it is certain she came and went between the armies of James and Surrey—evidence, however, insufficient for conviction. Her husband had been accessory to the slaughter of Sir Robert Kerr of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches, for which he had been delivered up to King James. Lady Ford's object was to obtain her husband's liberty.

x. 10. *Queen of France*.] Anne of Brittany, widow of Charles VIII., and second wife of Louis XII. It was through her marriage with two

Kings of France that Brittany, the last of the great fiefs, was united to the crown of France. The account of her message to James is from Pitscottie.

The turquois ring is said to be now in the London College of Herald's.

x. 27. *Margaret.*] Daughter of Henry VII. of England. After the death of James IV. at Flodden, she married secondly Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, from whom she was divorced; and thirdly Henry Stuart, Lord Methvin. It was through the marriage of Margaret to James IV. that James VI. was heir to the English crown, and at his accession united the crowns of England and Scotland.

28. *Lithgow.*] Same as Linlithgow. Cf. *supra*, IV. xv. 4.

xii. 1. *Lochinvar.*] The Gordons were Lords of Lochinvar, a castle by a lake of the same name, in the parish of Dalry in Kirkcudbright, beyond the borders of Dumfries.

The Grahams were Lords of Netherby Hall, near Carlisle in Cumberland. Helen Graham was the young lady who was to be married to one of the Musgraves, by the wish of her father and mother; but Lochinvar was the lady's true-love, who carried her off from her father's mansion. Lochinvar crossed the Esk and rode over *Cannobie Lee*, a plain in Dumfriesshire, divided from Cumberland by the River Liddel.

8. *Eske,*] or Esk. A river which flows into the Solway. It is chiefly in Dumfriesshire. The Liddel is its tributary. (Cf. iv. 29.)

xiii. 1. *Siren.*] Gr. Σειρήν. In ancient mythology a mermaid or goddess who enticed men into her power by the charms of music, and then destroyed them. The legend is first found in Homer's *Odyssey*, xii. 39. Hence used for an enticing woman, one with dangerous allurements.

20. The real causes of the war between England and Scotland in which Flodden was the chief battle, seem, according to Lingard (vol. iv. p. 178), to have been three: 1. The detention by Henry VIII. of some jewels which Henry VII. had bequeathed to his daughter the Scotch Queen.—2. The murder of Sir Robert Ker, the Warden of the Scottish Marches, by the bastard Heron of Ford (vide note on x. 5).—3. The death of Andrew Barton.

23. *Stout Barton.*] John Barton had been captured in 1476 by the Portuguese. King James gave to him and his brothers, of whom Andrew is the best known, letters of reprisal, or permission to attack any Portuguese ships. They, however, found this business so pleasant and lucrative, that they stopped and plundered English ships also. Henry VIII. pronounced the Bartons pirates, and in an action with an English ship-of-war, Andrew Barton was killed. There is a ballad upon Sir Andrew in Percy's "Reliques."

xiv. 1. *Douglas.*] Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, surnamed *Bell-the-Cut*, which surname he thus acquired. James III., being fond of

architecture and music, was unwise enough to make favourites of his architects and musicians. One of his unworthy favourites was a stonemason named Cochran; him he created Earl of Mar. The nobles, taking advantage of being assembled for war with England, held a midnight council in the Church of Lauder, to take measures to rid them of this Cochran. Lord Gray told the assembly—who were agreed as to their object, although no one would volunteer to carry it out—the fable of the mice and the cat: the mice determined that they would tie a bell round the cat's neck, so that they might hear her coming; but their excellent intentions were frustrated because no one would bell the cat. "I understand you," said Lord Angus; "I will bell the cat." Accordingly, Cochran was seized by Lord Angus, and afterwards hung over the Bridge of Lauder.

Earl Angus, now an old man, was strongly opposed to the Flodden war, whereupon the King insultingly told him that he might go home if he was afraid.

xiv. 8. *Lauder.*] A small town in the extreme west of Berwickshire. It is on the River Leader, a tributary of the Tweed.

13. *Hermitage Castle.*] A famous Border castle, which originally belonged to the Lords Soulis, afterwards to the Douglas family.

*Liddesdale.*] Cf. *supra*, iv. 29.

15, 27. *Bothwell Castle.*] Now a magnificent ruin on the River Clyde, stands a few miles above the town of Hamilton. It was once the great stronghold of the Douglas family. Near Bothwell Bridge was fought a battle (June 22, 1679), in which the Covenanters were defeated by the royal troops under the Duke of Monmouth. "The Clyde here makes a beautiful sweep, and forms the semicircular declivity, celebrated in Scottish song as *Bothwell Bank.*"—Guide Book.

xv. 15. *Tantallon Hold.*] Cf. *infra*, xxxiii. "The ruins of Tantallon Castle occupy a high rock projecting into the German Ocean, about two miles east of North Berwick. The building is not seen till a close approach, as there is rising ground betwixt it and the land. The circuit is of large extent, fenced upon three sides by the precipice which overhangs the sea, and on the fourth by a double ditch and very strong outworks. Tantallon was a principal castle of the Douglas family, and when the Earl of Angus was banished, it continued to hold out against James V. The King went in person against it, and for its reduction borrowed, from the Castle of Dunbar, then belonging to the Duke of Albany, two great cannons, whose names, as Pitscottie informs us with laudable minuteness, were 'Thrawn-mouth'd Meg and her Marrow'; also, 'two great botcards, and two moyan, two double falcons, and four quarter falcons'; for the safe guiding and redelivery of which three lords were laid in pawn at Dunbar. Yet, notwithstanding all this apparatus, James was forced to raise the siege, and only afterwards obtained possession of Tantallon by treaty with the governor, Simon Panango. When the Earl of Angus returned from banishment, upon the death of James, he again obtained

possession of Tantallon, and it actually afforded refuge to an English ambassador, under circumstances similar to those described in the text. This was no other than the celebrated Sir Ralph Sadler, who resided there for some time under Angus's protection, after the failure of his negotiation for matching the infant Mary with Edward VI. He says, that though this place was poorly furnished, it was of such strength as might warrant him against the malice of his enemies, and that he now thought himself out of danger.

"There is a military tradition, that the old Scottish March was meant to express the words,

'Ding down Tantallon,  
Mak a brig to the Bass.'

"Tantallon was at length 'dung down' and ruined by the Covenanters—its lord, the Marquis of Douglas, being a favourer of the royal cause. The castle and barony were sold, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, to President Dalrymple, of North Berwick, by the then Marquis of Douglas."—S.

One of Scott's friends, Mr. Guthrie Wright, once bantered him for having taken Marmion to Edinburgh by Gifford, Crichtoun, Borthwick, and Blackford Hill, a circuitous and impossible route. Scott replied that he took him by that route because he wished to describe those scenes. But it was at the suggestion of the same friend that Marmion was taken back by Tantallon.—Lockhart's "Life of Scott," vol. iii. p. 17.

xv. 18. *Motto, blazon.*] The arms of the Douglas family consist of a heart, surmounted with a crown. This represents Bruce's heart, which on his deathbed, in 1329, he commanded the good Lord Douglas to carry to the Holy Land. Their motto was "both time and hour"; but it seems now to be changed for "jamais arrière." Cf. VI. ii. 10, "bloody heart."—Vide "Tales of a Grandfather" (Scotland), vol. i. p. 86.

25. *Dunbar.*] Cf. note, I. xix. 4.

xvi. 7. *Bruce.*] King Robert Bruce:

10. *The Douglas old.*] Lord James Douglas, surnamed the Good. Cf. *supra*.

xvii. 26. "A hall! a hall!"] Ancient cry, to make room for a dance or pageant. Cf. "Romeo and Juliet," I. v. 27.

"You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play.  
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls."

xviii. 12. *Told her chaplet o'er.*] Cf. Gloss., *bead*.

xxi. 10. *Glostcr.*] Cf. note, VI. iv. 29.

16. *Martin Swart.*] "A German general, who commanded the auxiliaries sent by the Duchess of Burgundy with Lambert Simnel. He was defeated and killed at Stokefield. The name of this German general is preserved by that of the field of battle, which is called, after him, Swart-

moor. There were songs about him long current in England.—See Ritson's 'Ancient Songs' (1792), p. lxi.—S.

xxi. 17. *Simmel.*] Lambert Simnel was the son of a baker, the pupil of an Oxford priest named Simmons, who trained him to personate Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, son of George Duke of Clarence, who was drowned in a butt of malmsey. He was at first well received in Ireland; and the Duchess of Burgundy sent to him 2,000 German soldiers. The motley army which Simnel got together (Irish and Germans and a few English), under the Earl of Lincoln, were routed in the battle of Stokefield, and the greater number slain. Simnel was made a turnspit in the King's palace, and afterwards rose to be a falconer. This was the first imposture in the reign of Henry VII. (Cf. I. xviii. 10.)

19. *Stokefield.*] In Nottinghamshire, halfway between the towns of Newark and Nottingham. Date of battle, A.D. 1486.

23. *Gueldres.*] A town of Rhenish Prussia, between the Rivers Meuse and Rhine.

29. On the grammar, cf. xxii. 24, and note on III. ix. 7.

xxii. 17. *Fdelsted.*] Cf. *supra*, II. xiii. 11—13.

23. *Tame.*] A river, which rises near Walsall, and, after a course of thirty-eight miles, falls into the Trent near Tamworth. It is not to be confused with the Thame, a tributary of the Thames, which it joins at Dorchester in Oxfordshire.

34. *Boisterous monarch.*] Cf. VI. xxxviii. 23, "Bluff King Hal." "King Henry the Eighth, whom it has been too much the fashion to call 'Bluff King Hal,' and 'Burly King Harry,' and other fine names; but whom I shall take the liberty to call, plainly, one of the most detestable villains that ever drew breath."—Dickens's "Child's History of England," p. 254.

It is but fair to add that one modern historian, at least, has taken King Henry's part: "With all his faults about him, he was still perhaps the greatest of his contemporaries; and the man best able of all living Englishmen to govern England, had been set to do it by the circumstances of his birth."—Froude's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 178.

xxiv. 15. *Wolsey.*] 1471—1530. A short life of Wolsey will be found prefixed to Hunter's edition of Shakespeare's "Henry VIII.,"; a much longer life in Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors."

28. *Saint Withold.*] Withold seems to have been the saint popularly invoked against the nightmare. The Abbess, therefore, invokes his aid against this vision. Cf. Shakespeare's "King Lear" (IV. iii. 125):—



“Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;  
 He met the nightmare, and her ninefold;  
 Bid her alight,  
 And her troth plight,  
 And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!”

Where the old reading, “Swithold footed thrice the old,” seems to have been in this way correctly explained. Cf. also Scott’s “Ivanhoe” (vol. i. p. 232): “The convent of Saint Wittol, or Withold, or whatever they call that churl of a Saxon saint at Burton-on-Trent.” No such convent, however, is to be found in any accounts of that city.

xxiv. 30. There can be no doubt that this story was designed “a tale of peace to teach” (VI. viii. 30). Cf. “Tales of a Grandfather” (Scotland), vol. i. p. 182: “Another story, though not so well authenticated, says, that a proclamation was heard at the market-cross of Edinburgh, at the dead of night, summoning the King by his name and titles, and many of his nobles and principal leaders, to appear before the tribunal of Pluto, within the space of forty days. This also has the appearance of a stratagem, invented to deter the King from his expedition.”

xxv. 1. *Dun-Fin’s Cross.*] “The cross of Edinburgh was an ancient and curious structure. The lower part was an octagonal tower, sixteen feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet high. At each angle there was a pillar, and between them an arch, of the Grecian shape. Above these was a projecting battlement, with a turret at each corner, and medallions, of rude but curious workmanship, between them. Above this rose the proper cross, a column of one stone upwards of twenty feet high, surmounted with a unicorn. This pillar is preserved in the grounds of the property of Drum, near Edinburgh. The Magistrates of Edinburgh, with consent of the Lords of Session (*proh pudor!*) destroyed this curious monument, under a wanton pretext that it encumbered the street; while, on the one hand, they left an ugly mass called the Luckenbooths, and, on the other, an awkward, long, and low guardhouse, which were fifty times more encumbrance than the venerable and inoffensive cross.

“From the tower of the cross, so long as it remained, the heralds published the Acts of Parliament; and its site, marked by radii, diverging from a stone centre, in the High Street, is still the place where proclamations are made.”—S.

xxviii. 2. *Fair*] = fairly.

xxix. 2. *North Berwick’s town.*] A royal burgh and seaport in the county of Haddington, in Scotland, situated on a small bay at the south entrance of the Frith of Forth, and twenty-one miles from Edinburgh. It is at the base of a conical hill, 940 feet in height, called North Berwick Law. About a quarter of a mile from the town, on the summit of a gentle elevation, stand the ruins of the Abbey of North Berwick, “the venerable pile.”

*Law* seems to mean a beacon hill. Cf. *Greenlaw*, *Dunse Law*, &c. In Derbyshire the word “low” is used in a somewhat similar sense. So

also Brinklow, near Rugby. Probably they are derived from the Anglo-Saxon, "Hlæw," a heap, or hill. Cf., however, ley, lea, &c.

The convent was of Cistercian nuns, founded by Duncan, Earl of Fife in 1216.

xxix. 6. *Lofty Bass.*] A precipitous rock, about two miles from the shore, much frequented by the solan-geese. (Cf. III. iii. 6.)

*Lambie Isle.*] There are three small islands off the coast—Craigeleith, the Lamb (in one MS. it was "the Lamb's green isle"), and Fidra. The first is just outside the harbour of North Berwick, the Lamb about a quarter of a mile farther west. They are too small for any but an Ordnance map.

xxx. 33. *To curse with candle, bell, and book.*] This was the most solemn form of excommunication. Twelve priests in surplices, with lighted candles, stood round the bishop, and as he pronounced the sentence they dashed their candles to the ground. The bells were rung in order that the devils might be kept away from the church, who were supposed to seize upon the excommunicated person at once. The book was the service-book, from which the sentence of excommunication was read. Vide Maskell's "Monumenta Ritualia," vol. i. p. 256.

Cf. Shakespeare's "King John," (III. iii. 12):

"Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back."

34. *Cistercians.*] A religious order, founded by Robert, Benedictine Abbot of Molesme. They derived their name from that of their first convent, which was at Citana (Cistercium), near Bearne. The rule of the Cistercians was that of St. Benedict. The monks wore a white robe. The order grew very rapidly, and owned a very large number of monasteries within a hundred years of its establishment.

xxxi. 7. *The records of his house, &c.*] "This relates to the catastrophe of a real Robert de Marmion, in the reign of King Stephen, whom William of Newbury describes with some attributes of my fictitious hero: *Homo bellicosus, ferocia et astucia fere nullo suo tempore impar* (a warlike man, in fierceness of temper and in cleverness surpassed by hardly anyone of his own time). This baron, having expelled the monks from the church of Coventry, was not long of experiencing the divine judgment, as the same monks, no doubt, termed his disaster. Having waged a feudal war with the Earl of Chester, Marmion's horse fell, as he charged in the van of his troop, against a body of the Earl's followers: the rider's thigh being broken by the fall, his head was cut off by a common foot-soldier, ere he could receive any succour. The whole story is told by William of Newbury."—S.

22. *Judith.*] Vide Book of Judith, in the Apocrypha.

24. *Jael, Deborah.*] Vide Judges iv. & v.

27. *Saint Antony* was one of the earliest Christian hermits (third century). He was a native of the Thebaid in Egypt, from which he went

forth to spend a solitary life. His temptations by the devil are famous : they drove him from place to place. Afterwards his fame spread abroad, and he had many followers. His life was written by Saint Athanasius. An account of him is given by Mr. Kingsley in "The Hermits" (Sunday Library).

xxxiv. 9. *Etall.*] A castle, now in ruins, embattled by Sir Robert de Manners, a knight of Edward III.

*Wark.*] As a Border castle, was often besieged by the Scots. Edward III. defended it against them. It stood on the south bank of the River Tweed, east of Teviotdale, not far from Kelso. At the Union the castle was demolished. Cf. Percy's "Hermit of Warkworth":—

"Lord Percy's knights their bleeding friend  
To Wark's fiery castle bore."

*Ford.*] Separated from Flodden by the River Till. There is a castle here, originally built by Sir William Heron, but frequently altered. It was in this castle that James IV. was said to have lingered, lured by the fatal fascinations of Lady Heron. Cf. *supra*, x. 2.

10. Cf. Lingard, vol. iv. pp. 179, 180.

25. *Millfield.*] Where was once an old palace of the Kings of Bernicia. A skirmish took place near it shortly before Flodden, in which the Scots under Lord Home were defeated, principally through an ambuscade.

26. *Surrey.*] Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, afterwards Duke of Norfolk. The dukedom had been forfeited by the attainder of his father John, on the accession of Henry VII. It was restored to Thomas, as a reward for his victory of Flodden.

On his sons, vide *infra*, VI. xxiv. 14.

29. *Wooler.*] A small and uninteresting town, described as the metropolis of the Cheviot district.

---

## CANTO VI.—THE BATTLE.

MARMION is detained with his train, including Clara, at Tantallon. The Palmer there reveals to Lord Douglas that he is no other than De Wilton, and, having told his story, receives from him a promise that he would dub him knight afresh ; after which he reveals himself to his true-love, Clara. The ceremony of knighting is performed ; and next morning Marmion, eager for battle, departs for the English camp before Flodden, an angry scene taking place with Douglas at his departure. He had not gone far before he noticed the absence of the Palmer, and discovered that he was his hated rival. The rest of the poem can be briefly told. There is a very spirited description of the Battle of Flodden Field, and of Marmion's death, after deeds of wondrous valour, his last

moments being soothed by the injured Clara herself. De Wilton likewise distinguishes himself in the battle, and without difficulty wins back fame and position. By his marriage with Clara, celebrated with almost royal splendour, poetic justice is secured: in the interests of which, it must further be observed, Lord Marmion's body receives the undistinguished burial of the battlefield, whilst the sumptuous monument intended for him in Lichfield Cathedral is raised over the body of a peasant.

i. 8. *Terouenne.*] In the province of Artois, south-east of Calais. It was besieged by Henry VIII., in whose camp the Emperor Maximilian was then serving as a volunteer. A league had been formed against France, between Henry VIII., the Emperor of Germany, and Pope Leo X. The town was surrendered to the English after the Battle of Spurs, and was razed to the ground at the request of Maximilian.

ii. 10. *Bloody Heart* | Cf. note, V. xv. 18.

iv. 11. *The very form of Hilda fair.*] "This is only a reflection caused by the splendour of the sunbeams." (Charlton's "History of Whitby," p. 33.) On Lady Hilda's other miracles, see II. viii. and notes.

29. *Red De Clare, stout Gloster's Earl.*] Cf. x. 23. Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law of King Edward I. He was descended from Richard de Clare, Earl of Hertford, and Arnica his wife, daughter and sole heiress of William Earl of Gloucester. Their son Gilbert became Earl of Hertford in 1218, and, in right of his mother, of Gloucester. Both Richard and Gilbert were amongst the twenty-five barons who were appointed to enforce the observance of Magna Charta (Cf. Hume, vol. i. p. 471). 1230, Richard de Clare, son and heir, Earl of Hertford and Gloucester. 1262, his son and heir, Gilbert de Clare, to whom reference is here made. In the barons' wars in the reign of Henry III., he was at first the adherent of Simon de Montfort—afterwards, disgusted with his policy, the opponent. This defection was of importance in strengthening the King's hands before the battle of Evesham. Gilbert de Clare afterwards married Joan Plantagenet, known as "Joan of Acre," daughter of Edward I. But although the Earl of Gloucester was his son-in-law, on a later occasion, Edward fined him for an act of private violence the sum of 10,000 marks (Cf. Hume, vol. ii. p. 21). This earl is mentioned by Gray ("The Bard," i. 13). His son and heir, another Gilbert, was slain at Bannockburn in 1314, with whom the earldom became extinct. His third daughter, Elizabeth, with her portion of the family estates, in 1347 endowed Clare Hall, now Clare College, at Cambridge.—See the "Historic Peerage of England" by Sir Harris Nicolas.

ix. 7. *The tide of fight on Otterburne, &c.*] Otterburne is a village in Northumberland, on the River Otter, where the battle between the Scots and the English was fought (August 15, 1388), upon which the ballad of "Chevy Chase" is founded. (Vide Percy's "Reliques," vol. i.) Of its merit one may judge from what Sir Philip Sidney said: "I never heard the old

song of Percie and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with the sound of a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style." There is also a Scottish account of the battle in a ballad called "The Battle of Otterburne," in Scott's "Border Minstrelsy," vol. i. p. 345, where also an account of the battle is added, from which the following is abridged:—James Earl of Douglas invaded Northumberland, Newcastle being defended by Harry Percy, surnamed Hotspur. Earl Douglas captured Hotspur's lance and pennon, to rescue which, Hotspur made a night-attack on the Scottish camp at Otterburne, thirty-two miles from Newcastle. A moonlight fight ensued: in which, at length, Douglas rushed upon the English ranks, armed with his tremendous iron mace, and followed only by a chaplain and two squires. When his men came up, the squires were killed, and the priest was defending the mortally-wounded body of their beloved leader. "I die like my forefathers," said he, "in a field of battle, and not on a bed of sickness. Conceal my death, defend my standard, and avenge my fall! It is an old prophecy that a dead man shall gain a field, and I hope it will be accomplished to-night."

["I saw a dead man win a fight,  
And I think that man was I."]

With these words he expired, and the fight being renewed with double obstinacy, by morning the victory at last inclined to the side of the Scotch: Harry Percy and his brother were taken prisoners. A memorial, strangely called Percy's Cross, is erected where Earl Douglas is said to have fallen.

x. 23. *Red Earl Gilbert.*] Cf. note, iv. 29.

xi. 17. *A bishop.*] Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld. He translated Virgil's "Æneid" into his native tongue, and wrote other poems of merit. He was not at this time a bishop. A fuller account of him will be found in Tytler's "Scottish Worthies."

19. *Rocquet.*] now usually spelt rochet. (Low Latin, *rochetum*, *roccus*. Cf. G. Rock, Anglo-Saxon *roc*.) "A linen habit peculiar to the Bishop, and worn under what we call the 'chimere.' Bishops were obliged by the Canon Law to wear their rochettes whenever they appeared in public, which practice was constantly kept up in England till the Reformation; but since that time the Bishops have not used them at any place out of the church, except in the Parliament House, and there always with the chimere or upper robe."—"Wheatly on the Common Prayer," chap. ii. sec. 3.

25. *Dunkeld.*] Fifteen miles from Perth, on the way to Inverness, beautifully situated on the River Tay. The greater part of the cathedral is now nothing better than a ruin, though the choir is fitted up and used as a parish church.

xii. 10. The following account of the creation of a knight is from Milman's "Latin Christianity" (book vii. chap. vi.) :—

“He knelt before his godfather in this war-baptism. He was publicly sworn to maintain the right, to be loyal to all true knighthood, to protect the poor from oppression. He must forswear all treason, all injustice. Where woman needed his aid, he must be ever prompt and valiant; to protect her virtue was the first duty and privilege of a true knight. He must fast every Friday, give alms according to his means; keep faith with all the world, especially his brethren in arms; succour, love, honour all loyal knights. When he had taken his oath, knights and ladies arrayed him in his armour: each piece had its symbolic meaning, its moral lesson. His godfather then struck him with a gentle blow, and laid his sword three times on his neck. ‘In the name of God, St. Michael (or St. George, or some other tutelar saint) and (ever) of Our Lady, we dub thee knight.’ The church-bells pealed out; the church rang with acclamations; the knight mounted his horse, and rode round the lists, or over the green meadows, amid the shouts of the rejoicing multitude.”

xii. 13. Notice the threefold duty of a knight:—

1. To God and His Church.
2. To his king and feudal superior to whom he owed allegiance.
3. To his lady, and all ladies in distress.

xiv. 27. *Saint Bride.*] Bryde, Brigide, or Bridget. There seem to have been two saints of this name, one Irish, and one Scotch. Many churches are dedicated in it—one in Fleet Street, London.

1. *Irish*, virgin and abbess. February 1 is St. Bride's Day. St. Patrick, St. Columba, and St. Bride (called Thaumaturga, the wonder-worker), are regarded as the patron-saints of Ireland.

2. *Scotch*. Her relics are shown at a collegiate church, at Abernethie in Perthshire, where a church was dedicated to her by Nethan or Nectan, a Pictish king, of 5th century, and which was for a short time the seat of a bishopric. She seems to have been regarded as the patron-saint of cattle. In Lyndsay's poems, frequently, e. g. vol. iii. p. 7:—

“To Saint Bryde, to keep calf and kow.”

She was a favourite saint of the Douglas family, with a shrine at Bothwell, where they had a castle (V. xiv. 1). Cf. “Lay of the Last Minstrel,” VI. xxvii. 6. “Saint Bride of Douglas,” where in his note Scott quotes from Godscroft (vol. ii. p. 131), to the effect that the Earl of Angus swore “by the might of God,” when he was “serious and in anger; at other times it was by Saint Bryde of Douglas.”

xv. 13. “*Saint Jude to speed!*”] Cf. III. xxii. 36, “Saint George to speed!” There seems to be no particular reason why this saint should be selected for invocation. The chief oaths of the Douglas are mentioned in the last note. It has been suggested that in Douglas's ignorance, he invokes Judas Iscariot under the name of a saint. In a ballad

by Southey, called "Queen Mary's Christening," St. Jude is made to share the odium which attaches to the name of the arch-traitor:—

"I never can call him Judas,  
It isn't a Christian name."

17. *Saint Bothan.*] Cf. *note*, I. xix. 5.

xvi. 29. *The Master.*] George, Master of Angus. Master is the title given to the eldest son of a Scotch lord. He was now in King James's camp: cf. xii. 26.

xviii. 3. *Lenne's convent.*] "A Cistercian house of religion, now almost entirely demolished," near Coldstream.

6. *A fair exchange.*] It was the residence of Sir W. Scott's friend, Patrick Brydone, Esq., author of "Travels in Sicily and Malta."

9. *Bernardine.*] A reformed branch of the Cistercians (V. xxx. 34, *note*), founded by St. Bernard at Clairvaux. St. Bernard was very successful as an Abbot, and is said to have established upwards of 150 monasteries. A very good Life of him has been written by Mr. J. C. Morison.

xi. 1. "On the evening previous to the memorable Battle of Flodden, Surrey's head-quarters were at Barmoor Wood, and King James held an inaccessible position on the ridge of Flodden Hill, one of the last and lowest eminences detached from the ridge of Cheviot. The Till, a deep and slow river, winded between the armies. On the morning of September 9, 1513, Surrey marched in a north-westerly direction, and crossed the Till, with his van and artillery, at Twisel Bridge, nigh where that river joins the Tweed, his rearguard column passing about a mile higher, by a ford."—S. Surrey's object, in which he was very successful, was to force King James from his advantageous position, by getting between him and Scotland so as to cut off his supplies. This movement was suggested by Surrey's son, Lord Thomas Howard. James ought to have attacked the English whilst crossing the river; but is said to have refrained from this through a chivalrous preference for a "fair field and no favour." He had, however, shown no anxiety for this when he but reluctantly left his advantageous position on Flodden. His inactivity seems rather due to a want of military skill.

5. *Twisel (or Twizell) Bridge.*] Said to have been built in the sixteenth century, not long therefore before the battle. It is still standing.

25. *Saint Helen's well* is a petrifying spring a little below Twizell Bridge.

xx. 12. *Douglas.*] Cf. *note* on V. xvi. 7.

13. *Randolph.*] Sir Thomas Randolph, sister's son to King Robert Bruce, and created by him Earl of Murray; after a short alienation at the first, one of Bruce's best supporters. There was a sort of rivalry between him and Good Lord James Douglas (Cf. *note*, V. xv. 18), which

should do the boldest and most hazardous actions.—Vide “Tales of a Grandfather” (Scotland), vol. I. chap. ix. They were both with Bruce at Bannockburn (1314). On the death of Bruce his son David II. being only four years old, Randolph was Regent of Scotland: in this capacity Randolph was famed for the severity of his justice. He died at Musselburgh. His death was so great a loss to the Scottish nation (as is shown by the disturbances which followed it), that it was said that he had been poisoned by the English; but for this there is no foundation.

xx. 14. *Wallace wight.*] Cf. *supra*, III. xxv. 19, *note*.

15. *Bruce.*] Cf. *supra*, V. xvi. 7.

19. *Flodden had been Bannockbourne.*]—i. e., Flodden would, like Bannockbourne, have been a victory for the Scotch instead of the English. Bannockburn is the name of a village in Scotland, about two miles south-east of Stirling, on the River Bannock, near which a battle was fought on Monday, June 24, 1314, between the English forces under Edward II., amounting, it is said, to 100,000 men, and the Scotch troops under Robert Bruce, consisting of only 30,000 men. The Scotch won a very decisive victory, and thereby the independence of Scotland was finally secured. The loss of the English was nearly as great as the number of the Scotch troops before the battle.

xxii. 12. *Leat.*] A little stream in Berwickshire, which joins the Tweed a very short distance above Coldstream. (Does the Leat flow in an *artificial* channel? Word so used in Devon. Cf. *lead*.)

23. *Wet unharmed.*] Cf. the account given in Stanley’s “Memorials of Canterbury” of the Battle of Cressy, where the strings of the Italian bowmen “had been so wet by the rain that they could not draw them,” and the English gained the battle chiefly through having “kept their bows in cases during the storm” (p. 136).

xxiv. 6.] “The English army advanced in four divisions. On the right, which first engaged, were the sons of Earl Surrey—namely, Thomas Howard, the Admiral of England; and Sir Edmund Howard, the Knight-Marshal of the army. Their divisions were separated from each other; but, at the request of Sir Edmund, his brother’s battalion was drawn very near to his own. The centre was commanded by Surrey in person; the left wing by Sir Edward Stanley, with the men of Lancashire and of the palatinate of Chester. Lord Dacre, with a large body of horse, formed a reserve.”—S.

8. *Brian Tunstall, stainless knight.*] Of Thurland Castle, one of the few Englishmen of rank who fell at Flodden. He seems to have “derived his epithet ‘the undefiled’ from his white armour and banner, the latter bearing a white cock about to crow, as well as from his unstained loyalty and knightly faith.”—S.

xxv. 11. *Fired his tent.*] Probably in order to prevent the camp falling into the hands of the enemy.



19. Cf. the official account, given in the gazette of the battle, which will be found in Pinkerton's History (vol. ii. p. 456) : " Les quelz Escossois descendirent la montaigne en bonne ordre en la manière que marchent les Allemands, sans parler, ne faire aucun bruit."

xxvi. 6. *Sea-mew.*] A sea-fowl, a gull. The appearance of these birds, called by sailors "Mother Carey's chickens," is regarded by them as the warning of an impending storm.

24. *Highlandman.*] In some editions, *Badenoch-man.* Badenoch, a district in the south-west of Inverness-shire, so called from a word meaning bushy, as it was, and still is in parts, a rough uncultivated mountainous tract. Robert II. gave it to his son Alexander, who was known as the Wolf of Badenoch.

26. The Scotch commanders were—on the right wing, the Earls of Argyle and Lennox; on the left, the Earls of Huntly and Home. The left wing was chiefly composed of undisciplined Highlanders, whilst Home's men were principally Borderers.

xxix. 4. *Hearts of hare!*]—i.e. timid. Cf. Homer's "Iliad," i. 225. Cf. "Harold Harefoot."

xxxii. 9. Cf. II. xi. 5.

xxxiii. 7-12. *King Charles, the Great,* usually called Charlemagne. It is better, however, to translate the name than to preserve the French form of it; for he was more of a Teuton than a Frenchman, reigning over France only as a conqueror. Cf. Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire," chap. v. Gibbon (chap. xlix., which see) remarks that of all the princes who have been called great, "Charlemagne is the only prince in whose favour the title has been indissolubly blended with his name." That he deserved the title no one can deny, not only from the extent of his dominions, stretching from the Elbe to the Ebro, but from the variety and universality of his genius. (Cf. Hallam's "Middle Ages," chap. i. p. 12.) His titles to greatness are:—(1) as a conqueror; (2) as a legislator; (3) as the founder of the Holy Roman Empire, which he built on the pattern of the old Roman Empire of the West, and which, amidst various changes, lasted until the beginning of the present century. He was crowned, in A.D. 800, by Pope Leo III.

According to the Spanish romances, King Charles fell in this struggle with the Saracens. History tells us that he died at his capital, Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle), on January 28, A.D. 814, and was buried in the cathedral which he had built there. Milton, however, followed the romances ("Paradise Lost," I. 386) :

"When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell  
By Fontarabia."

An account of this battle will be found in Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads," the "March of Bernardo del Carpio." Alfonso the Chaste had no son. He therefore invited Charles into Spain, proposing the succession to the crown as the price of the alliance. But Bernardo, the

illegitimate son of the Queen, stirred up the nobility to resist this proposal. Then Alfonso repented; and when Charles came to expel the Moors from Spain, he found that the conscientious Alfonso had banded himself with the infidels against him. As his army was passing through the Pyrenees, his rearguard was attacked in the pass of Roncesvalles, or Roncevaux, when Charles was defeated, and (according to the Spanish romances) slain, with many of his followers—amongst others, *Rowland* and *Olivier*.

Rowland, Roland, Rutland, or Orlando, the Paladin (vide *Gloss.*), possessed a magic horn, which could be heard thirty leagues distant, but which he refused to wind when attacked, until all his companions were slain, although King Charles was still within hearing, and might have rescued him. Roland is frequently celebrated in the early French romances, one of the earliest and best known of which, the "Chanson de Roland," relates this story. In the Augustinian Abbey of Roncevaux, the monks still show memorials of the illustrious Paladin.

On this action Gibbon remarks, in a note, that "the Spaniards are too proud of a victory which history ascribes to the Gascons, and romance to the Saracens": whereupon Dean Milman adds: "In fact, it was a sudden onset of the Gascons, assisted by the Basque mountaineers, and possibly a few Navarrese."

*Fontarabia*, or Fuenterrabia, is a very ancient Spanish town on the mouth of the Bidassoa, once the boundary between Spain and France. It is in the province of Guipuzcoa, one of the three Basque or northern provinces of Spain.

xxxv. 5. The French gazette which gives an account of this battle says that King James was killed within a lance's length of the Earl of Surrey. The Scotch peasantry, however, long refused to believe that he was dead. They expected his return to Scotland, as the Welsh expected the reappearance of Arthur, and the French peasantry of Napoleon. The Earl of Home was accused not only of failing to support the King on the battlefield, but of having conveyed him to his own Border castle, and there murdered him. Others said that James had gone upon a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, in order to expiate his conduct towards his father, and the breach of his oath with Henry. It was objected also that the English could not show the belt which he always wore; they can, however, show his sword and dagger, which are still preserved in the Heralds' College in London. Moreover, his body was recognised on the field of battle, embalmed, and conveyed to the Monastery of Sheen, in Surrey, where Stow the historian afterwards saw it flung into a lumber-room.—Vide "Tales of a Grandfather" (Scotland), chap. xxiv.

xxxvi. 3. Lichfield Cathedral and thirty-one churches in the midland counties are dedicated to St. Chad. On Lichfield Cathedral, cf. Hawthorne's "Our Old Home," chap. v.

xxxvi. 8, 9. During the civil wars of the 17th century the Close of

Lichfield sustained no less than three sieges, alternately from Puritans and Cavaliers. "This storm of Lichfield, which had been garrisoned on the part of the King, took place in the Great Civil War. Lord Brook, who, with Sir John Gill, commanded the assailants, was shot with a musket-ball through the vizor of his helmet," by a gentleman named Dyott, who, from a battlement of one of the cathedral towers, saw his lordship directing a battery on the east gate of the close. "The royalists remarked that he was killed by a shot fired from St. Chad's Cathedral, and upon St. Chad's Day, and received his death-wound in the very eye with which he had said he hoped to see the ruin of all the cathedrals in England." He had vowed the destruction of this hateful temple of episcopacy, and prayed for some especial token of God's favour upon his attempt. He had the token, said the Royalists, but not as he anticipated. "This magnificent church suffered cruelly upon this and other occasions, the principal spire being ruined by the fire of the besiegers."—S.

10. Ceadda, or *Chad*, was the first Bishop of Lichfield. He had been a pupil of St. Aidan, at Lindisfarne. He was consecrated to the see of York, but resigned it shortly afterwards, because Wilfrid had by some mistake been also consecrated to it. He then went to live near the village of Lichfield, where his fame soon became widely extended. It was there that he accomplished the conversion of Wulfhere, King of Mercia, a determined pagan and persecutor of the Christians. The legend runs that St. Chad converted him by the strange miracle of hanging a cloak on a sunbeam. When the great see of Mercia was divided into five separate sees, the hermit Chad was made the first Bishop of Lichfield. He died of the plague three years later.

21. *Ettrick woods*,] or Ettrick Forest. A beautiful pastoral district in the county of Selkirk in Scotland, called Ettrick, because watered by the River Ettrick and its tributary the Yarrow; and Forest, because it once formed part of the great Caledonian Forest. Although now it is almost entirely divested of trees, it retains its name. Ettrick is also the name of a parish and village near the source of the River Ettrick, which gave a name to James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd.

The district (*vide next note*) lost a great many inhabitants at Flodden, and has since been still more depopulated.

Cf. Introduction to Second Canto (in this edition omitted):—

"The scenes are desert now, and bare,  
Where flourished once a forest fair."

xxxvi. 23.

"One of those flowers, whom plaintive lay  
— In Scotland mourns as 'wede' away."

The lay to which allusion is made is called "The Flowers of the Forest," and is given by Sir Walter Scott in his "Border Minstrelsy" (vol. iii. p. 333), with some account of the poem, the authorship being assigned to a lady, whose name Mr. Palgrave ("Golden Treasury," p. 118) gives as Jane Elliott:—

“ I’ve heard them liltin, at the ewe milkin,  
 Lasses a’ liltin before dawn of day ;  
 But now they are moaning, on ilka green loanin ;  
 The flowers of the forest are a’ wede awae.”

And later, referring to Flodden Field :—

“ Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border !  
 The English, for once, by guile won the day :  
 The flowers of the forest, that fought aye the foremost,  
 The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.”

Sir Walter says that the first and fourth lines of the first stanza are ancient. The poem is due “to the remembrance of the fatal battle of Flodden, in the calamities accompanying which the inhabitants of Ettrick Forest suffered a distinguished share, and to the present solitary and desolate appearance of the country.”

xxxviii. 9. *Hollinshed or Hall.*] English chroniclers, who lived about half a century after Flodden. We know very little about the early or private life of Raphael Holinshed (usually spelt with one *l*). He was editor and chief author of a series of chronicles which go under his name. His share of the work has been reprinted in recent times. Edward Hall, an English lawyer and historian, but apparently of foreign extraction; educated at Eton and King’s College, Cambridge; serjeant-at-law, of Gray’s Inn. His chronicle, called “The Union of the Houses of York and Lancaster,” has been reprinted lately. Its character seems doubtful. Hearne says it is written in an elegant and masculine style, whilst Bishop Nicholson speaks of it as only a record of the fashions of clothes.

Lingard says that we have four contemporary and detailed accounts of the Battle of Flodden—(1) by Hall, xlii.; (2) by an Italian historian, Giovio; (3) by Lord Thomas Howard, in Pinkerton; (4) in Galt’s “Life of Wolsey.” It will be observed that there is none by Holinshed.

21. *Wolsey.*] Cf. *supra*, V. xxiv. 15.

22. *More.*] Sir Thomas More, Lord High Chancellor of England in the reign of Henry VIII., and one of the most illustrious of the men who have held that office. It has been said that he was the first layman in that position; and, though this is not the case, it was then generally held by an ecclesiastic. He differed from the King on the matter of his divorce from Katharine of Arragon, which opposition, as might be expected, did not endear him to her successor, Anne Boleyn. This was the reason why he resigned his chancellorship, and his language on the same subject led afterwards to the loss of his head. He was remarkable for his learning, integrity, and magnanimity; no time-server—as is shown not only in his opposition about the King’s divorce, but also in his refusal to accept the Reformation. Though its power was manifestly growing, his learning and character were on the other side—

“ *Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*”

Yet he was no bigot, but was on terms of friendship with Erasmus, Colet, and other Reformers. Moreover, in his "Utopia"—the only portion of his contributions to literature which is now read—he advocates the principles of toleration, although his precept upon that subject is in advance of his practice.

xxxviii. 22. *Sands.*] Vide Shakespeare, "Henry VIII." (Act I. Sc. iii.). Sir William Sands, or Sandys, created Lord Sands, and succeeded the Earl of Worcester as Chamberlain to Henry VIII. He and Sir Nicholas Vaux conducted the Duke of Buckingham from the Temple-landing to the Tower after his condemnation. It was he who, with Sir Henry Guildford, arranged the banquets at Cardinal Wolsey's, to which the King used to go as a masquer.—Cavendish, "Life of Cardinal Wolsey."

*Denny.*] Sir Anthony Denny, knight, one of the Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber to King Henry VIII. He was a good scholar, having been educated at St. Paul's School, under the grammarian Lilly, and at St. John's College, Cambridge. He was a great favourite of King Henry VIII., and was appointed by him one of the executors of his will. He acquired a large fortune at the dissolution of the monasteries. He was so great a benefactor as to be almost a second founder of the Grammar School of Sedbergh, in Yorkshire; so that his liberality in this respect may atone somewhat for his rapacity in the matter of the Church estates. His personal character seems to have stood very high, both according to the testimony of his contemporaries, and testing it by his associates. He was a friend of Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury; he only of the royal courtiers directed heavenwards the thoughts of the dying King. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, wrote his epitaph, and Sir John Cheke honoured his memory by the compilation of a poem.

23. *Bluff King Hal.*] Cf. V. xxii. 34.

*L'Envoy.*] An address: a term borrowed from the old French poetry, and adopted by our writers in the same sense. It was the technical name for additional lines subjoined to a poem, or part of a poem, as from the author—conveying the moral, or addressing the piece to some patron.

From *envoyer*, French. It is thus defined in the Dictionary of the French Academy, under "envoi": "Couplet qui termine un chant royal, une ballade, et qui sert à adresser l'ouvrage à celui pour qui il a été fait." Cf. Shakespeare, "Love's Labour Lost," III. i.

"*Moth.* Is not l'envoye a salve? [Q. Latin *salve*=good-bye.]

*Armado.* No, page; it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain  
Some obscure precedence, that hath 'tofore been said."

# GLOSSARY.

---

**Aisle.]** (II. xvii. 3.) Fr. *aile*, Lat. *ala*: wing, of a church.  
**Amain.]** (VI. xxiii. 20, 27.) With violence, suddenly. Cf. "Lycidas," iii. "The golden opes, the iron shuts *amain*." Cf. the expressions "might and *main*," "main force." Derivation, Germ. *mögen*, strength, from which also *may* and *might* come.

**Angel.]** Vide note, I. x. 8.

**Argent.]** Heraldic term for silver (from the Latin through the French).

**Ashen.]** (VI. xiv. 22.) Of the colour of the ash, sc. between brown and gray. Elsewhere it means "made of ash."

**Attaint.]** (II. xxviii. 4.) Through French *atteindre*, from Lat. *ad* and *tingo*: to stain, corrupt—used of a legal conviction which deprives of civil rights. Cf. *taint*. So *paint* from *pingo*.

**Azure.]** Heraldic term for blue (French), Low Lat. *lazur*, *lazulum*, cf. *lapis lazuli*. Heraldic phraseology is French for a like reason that "beef" and "mutton" are. Vide *Beeves*. English heraldry is due to the conquering Normans.

**Baldric.]** (V. viii. 18.) Derivation: 1. Du Cange says from low Latin *baldringus*, ring or belt of a bold man; 2. Others from Latin, *balteus*, belt; 3. Others make it bell-ring, because it is the belt used to fasten the clapper of the bell. It was a belt, or girdle worn transversely, used in feudal times, to mark the rank of the wearer. Cf. "Lay of Last Minstrel," II. xix. 6:—

"A palmer's amice wrapped him round,  
With a wrought Spanish *baldric* bound."

**Bandrol.]** (IV. xxviii. 6.) A little flag, or streamer, such for instance as that which hangs from a trumpet.

**Barricade.]** Vide note, I. ii. 10.

**Bartizan.]** (VI. ii. 21.) A small overhanging turret, projecting from the angle of a square tower.

**Basnet.]** (VI. xxi. 7), bassinet, a helmet, so called from its resembling a small bason, generally without visor. Knights wore them, when fatigued, for ease. They were commonly worn by the infantry.

**Bastion.]** (VI. ii. 22.) A technical term in engineering for a projection from a rampart, a bulwark. Cf. Fr. *bastion*. Bastille, our battlement.

**Battled.]** (I. i. 4.) Supplied with battlements. It is also used in heraldry of marks on a shield like battlements.

**Bead.]** (I. xxv. 8; II. xvii. 9.) *Bid.]* (VI. xxvii. 26), derived from A.S. *biddan*, G. *beten*, to pray. Small balls of glass, pearl, or the like, strung upon a thread, used by the mediæval Christians, and by Romanists now, to count their prayers. So "to bid one's beads" meant to be at prayer: and later the phrases "to tell leads" (II. viii. 13; V. xxvi. 40), "to be at one's beads," were used with the same meaning, and later even "to tell one's chaplet" (V. xviii. 12). Kitchin ("Faerie Queene," I. Gloss. *bid*) quotes from the "Glossary of the Shepherd's Calender," "To bidde is to pray, whereof cometh beades for praiers, and so they say 'to bidde his beades,' sc. to say his praiers."

Cf. Dryden:—

"By some haycock or some shady thorn,  
He bids his beads both evensong and morn."

Spenser, "Faerie Queene," I. i. 30:—

"Bidding his beades all day for his trespass."

Again, x. 3:—

"All night she spent in bidding of her beades."

To *bid* seems originally to have meant praying, not commanding; traces of which we have in the "*bidding* prayer," and in such phrases as "*bid* you God speed," "*bid* you good-bye," meaning, pray that God may speed you, may be with you.

**Beadsman.]** (VI. vi. 6.) A man employed in praying, generally for another. Cf. Spenser's "Faerie Queene," I. x. 36:—

"An holy hospitale,  
In which seven *bead-men*, that had vowed all  
Their life to service of high heaven's King,  
Did spend their days in doing godly thing."

Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," i. 1:—

"In thy danger  
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayer,  
For I will be thy *beadsman*, Valentine.  
*Val.* And on a love-book pray for my success."

**Beads, Saint Cuthbert's.]** Vide note, II. xvi. 4.

**Beard.]** (VI. xiv. 24.) To oppose to the face, to set at defiance. In the language of the ancient romances, to beard was to cut off a man's beard—a punishment commonly inflicted upon prisoners, and a deadly insult. Cf. Shakespeare, First Part of "Henry VI.," Act I., sc. iii.:—

"Winchester. Do what thou dar'st. I beard thee to thy face!  
Gloucester. What! an I dared, and bearded to my face?"

And "Macaulay's Lays," Horatius, xxxiii. 3:—

"The tribunes *beard* the high."

Molière, "Femmes savantes," ii. 9:—"Je m'en vais être homme à la barbe des gens."

**Beeves.]** (I. xix. 6.) Oxen. The animal, when alive, is usually called by a Saxon name (ox); when dead, by a Norman (bœuf—beef). The Saxons had the trouble of keeping and feeding the animals: the Normans ate them. On this see *Ivanhoe*, chap. i. Cf. Tennyson's *Enid*, p. 77:—

"And men brought in whole hogs and quarter *beeres*."

**Bells.]** (IV. xv. 8.) A shortened form of English, bellow. It is used by Chaucer:—

"He gan to blasin out a soun  
As loude as *bellith* winde in hel."

**Bent.]** (IV. xxv. 4.) Old French *penste*, the slope of a hill. It is also used by Dryden, who adopted it from Chaucer.

**Bide.]** A.-S. *beidan* (1) verb neuter. (V. xvii. 5.) To dwell in, remain. Hence (2) verb active (III. xxii. 24, VI. iv. 24), endure. Cf. Shakespeare, "King Lear," III. iv. 28:—

"Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
That *bide* the pelting of the pitiless storm."

**Bill.]** (I. viii. 2.) A species of battleaxe. Germ. *Beil*, axe.

**Blazon.]** (I. xi. 15 and V. xv. 19.) subs. The verb, to blazon, is a technical term in heraldry, meaning to describe a coat of arms in words. The substantive, however, is here used, as both have been frequently, for the painting of the arms. Tennyson uses the verb of painting generally, "In Memoriam," lxxxvi. 8:—

"The prophets *blazoned* on the panes."

**Bowne.]** (IV. xxii. 33, V. xx. 21.) verb. Scotch, to go. Cf. English phrase, "whither are you *bound*?" Cf. "Lay of Last Minstrel" V. xxx. 2, "Were *bowning* back to Cumberland." In "Lady of Lake," IV. viii. 8, an adjective, "for battle *bowne*," &c., ready.

**Bowyer.]** (II. xv. 11.) An archer; one who uses the bow. Dryden has, "Call for vengeance from the *bowyer* king." A later meaning is one whose trade it is to make bows. It has passed into an ordinary English name.

**Brake.]** (IV. xv. 8.) Properly a fern; a thicket (of ferns.) Cf. Bracken.

**Brand.]** (III. iii. 14, IV. iii. 9.) Germ. *brennen*, to burn. A burning piece of wood. Later it means a sword—hence our "brandish"; because in motion it glitters like a firebrand. The Cid's sword is called *Tizon*, from *titio*, a burning brand. Cf. Milton, "Par. Lost," ii. 643:—

"Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
Waved over by that flaming *brand*."

And Tennyson, "Morte d'Arthur," 27: "the *brand* Excalibur."



**Breviary.]** (VI. iii. 28.) Originally an abridgement (Lat. *brevis*, short); but afterwards used for the book containing the daily service of the Church of Rome, as opposed to the Missal.

**Brigandine.]** (V. ii. 23.) French, a coat of mail. From brigand, which originally meant a foot-soldier. Cf. Jerem. xlvi. 4, "Furbish the spears, and put on the *brigandines*"; and Milton, "Samson Agonistes," 1120:—

"Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet  
And *brigandine* of brass, thy broad habergeon,  
Vant-brace and greaves."

**Broach.]** (I. iv. 1.) *V.* pierce, tap, from Fr. *broche*, spit. In "*broach* the subject" we have a metaphorical use of the same word.

**Brocade.]** (V. iv. 24.) A silken stuff, variegated with colours of gold or silver.

**Brook.]** 1. Endure (I. xiii. 17); 2. Guide, restrain (I. x. 11). Brook, from A.-S. *brucan*, to keep food on the stomach. Cf. the verb "stomach."

**Buckler.]** (I. iii. 14, III. iii. 14.) A shield buckled on the arm. Cf. Ps. xvii. 7.

**Budget.]** Vide *note*, I. kxviii. 16.

**Buffet.]** (III. xxii. 24.) A blow. Tennyson's "Enid," p. 50, "Swung from his brand an airy *buffet* out." Cf. 1 Pet. ii. 20, "For what glory is it, if, when ye be *buffeted* for your faults, ye shall take it patiently?" And 2 Cor. xii. 7, "A thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to *buffet* me."

**Bush.]** Before a tavern. Vide *note*, III. ii. 9.

**Buskin.]** (V. v. 18, viii. 19.) High-boot, reaching up as high as the knee. It was worn by tragic actors to give them greater height, and the word is sometimes used for tragedy. Cf. Milton, "Il Penseroso," 102, "The *buskined* stage." So sock for comedy.

**Caitiff.]** (II. xxix. 11.) Through French *chétif*, from Lat. *captivus*. Properly a prisoner, which in ancient days was the same thing as a slave. Then the social passed into a moral degradation, and the word acquired its present sense, a miscreant.

**Casque.]** A helmet.

**Chapelle.]** (III. xxix. 3.) French for chapel.

**Chapter.]** Cf. *note*, II. iv. 15.

**Check at.]** (I. vi. 11.) Stop, interfere with.

**Chequer.]** (IV. xxv. 10.) Or checker, verb. Derived most probably from French, *échiquier*, a chess-board. Originally, to variegate with cross-lines, make like a chess-board: hence, generally, to variegate, diversify.

**Chief.]** (VI. ii. 11.) An heraldic term. "The chief is so called of the French word *chef*, the head or upper part: this possesses the upper third part of the escutcheon." (Peacham.)

**Chose.]** (II. xxiv. 1.) Past part. of choose=modern, chosen.

**Churl.]** A.-S. *ceorl*; Germ. *Kerl*, a male.

(1). A countryman (III. xxviii. 2). The Eorl and the Ceorl, Earl and Churl, were the poles of Anglo-Saxon society.

(2). A rude, ill-bred person; used half humorously (I. xxi. 35). Cf. Tennyson, "In Memoriam," cx. :—

"The *churl* in spirit, up or down  
The social ranks."

Note the tendency of an aristocracy to make a word of social inferiority pass into a moral inferiority.

**Cincture.]** (IV. xvi. 22.) Belt, girdle. Lat. *cingo*, surround.

**Combust.]** (III. xx. 26.) Lat. *combuo*, burn. Astrological term. A planet was said to be combust, or in combustion, when not more than  $8\frac{1}{2}$  degrees from the sun.

**Conclave.]** (II. xxxiii. 2.) Lat. *cum*, with, and *clavis*, a key. A secret room, especially the room at Rome in which the Cardinals meet for the election of the Pope. Hence it was used for any meeting of Cardinals, and then for any close assembly.

**Corset.]** (VI. v. 3.) A little cuirass; armour to protect the body. Lat. *corpus*. For termination, cf. bracelet, anklet, frontlet, varlet.

**Couch.]** From French *coucher*, to lay down. (II. xxxiii. 24.) It was also the technical word for placing the spear in a horizontal position for a charge. (I. xiv. 10; III. xxii. 35.)

**Cowl.]** A monk's head-dress. Lat. *cucullus*.

**Cresset.]** (II. xviii. 17, xix. 8.) "An antique chandelier"—S. A lantern: a beacon-light.—"Lay of Last Minstrel," III. xxvi. 8.

Cf. Fr. *creuset*, sort of lamp; *cruise* of oil.

**Crosier.]** (II. xxxi. 8.) Fr. *croix*. A bishop's staff in the form of a shepherd's crook. So the Fr. *croisse*, a curved stick, used in the game *La Crosse*.

**Croupe.]** (V. ii. 14.) Fr. *croupe*, the buttocks of a horse: over which passes our "crupper." In the French Dictionary it gives "gagner la *croupe* du cheval de son ennemi, l'approcher par derrière."

**Darkling.]** (II. xxviii. 15.) Being in the dark. Cf. Milton's "Par. Lost," iii. 39:

"The wakeful bird  
Sings *darkling*, and in shadiest covert hid  
Tunes her nocturnal note."

Used of Milton's blindness. Thomson's "Winter," 536.

**Dean.]** (IV. xii. 17.) Still used in the North for a little valley. Cf. Tenterden.

**Deas.]** (I. xiii. 5.) More commonly *dais*: a raised part of the floor of a hall, on which was the high table; or, the high table itself. Prov. *deis*, from Lat. *disc-us*, quoit, quoit-shaped table.

**Dight.]** (I. vi. 2.) Past participle of a verb "dight" (A.-S. *diht-an*), which signifies establish, prepare; very often, deck, array. Cf. Milton's "Il Penseroso," 159:

"Storied windows richly *dight*,  
Casting a dim religious light."

It here means ordained, doomed = bedlight.

- Dint.]** (I. xxiii. 12.) A blow, stroke, or its impress; force. Akin to *din*.  
**Ditty.]** (I. vii. 9.) Ger. *dicht*, poem.  
**Doff.]** (V. viii. 7.) Put off; lit. do off.  
**Dome.]** (II. xii. 3, IV. iv. 23.) Simply a house. Lat. *domus*; not, as sometimes (e.g. IV. xvi. 2), a church; much less, a cupola.  
**Don.]** (V. vi. 33.) Put on, lit. do on, contrasted with doff. Cf. "dup"=do up. Shakespeare's "Hamlet," IV. v. :

" Then up he rose, and *donned* his clothes,  
 And *duppel* the chamber door."

And "dout"=do out, extinguish.—*Id. ib.* I. iv. 37 (according to one reading) :

" The dram of base  
 Doth all the noble substance often *dout*."

- Donjon.]** Vide note, I. i. 4.  
**Dower.]** Vide note, II. iii. 17.  
**Dub.]** (VI. xii. 11.) To make a knight by striking with the blade of a sword. Derivation A.-S. *dubban*; to strike.

**Eke.]** (III. xix. 4.) And, also, in addition. Ger. *auch*; Cf. verb to *eke* out, to add to, increase.

**Elfin.]** (III. frequently.) Adjective from elf, fairy.

**Elf.]** A.-S. *ælf*. Fairy; but in VI. xxxviii. 1, it almost=oaf, fool.

**Embrazure.]** (VI. xi. 4.) An opening in a wall or parapet; generally used like a loophole for firing through.

**Facets.]** (IV. xi. 18.) Little faces, as the *facets* of a diamond. In architecture, flat projections between the flutings of columns.

**Falchion.]** A sword; properly, a crooked sword, scimitar. Lat. *falx*, reaping-hook.

**Fay.]** (a.) =fairy. Fr. *fee*; Lat. *fata* (VI. iii. 39, xvii. 12).

(b.) =faith. Fr. *foi*; Lat. *fides* (I. xxii. 23, xxvii. 1).

**Featly.]** (VI. viii. 29.) Cleverly, neatly. Cf. Shakespeare's "Tempest," I. ii., in Ariel's song. (From *feat*, Fr. *fait*, Lat. *factum*, a deed worthy the name.)

**Feud.]** (a) Connected with our foe, fiend. Germ. *feind*, enemy; *fehde*, war. A deadly quarrel, not between nations, but between families and small tribes.

**Feud (b) and Feudal.]** Der. (1) Gothic, *fee*, reward (a physician's fee) and *odh*, property; or (2) Lat. *fideicommissum* (through the Spanish). A feud was land held on condition of performing certain duties. Feudal, belonging to such feud. So we speak of the Feudal System, the tenure of land for military service. Some connect with *feud* (a).

**Fitful.]** (III. xxvi. 22.) Intermittent. Cf. Shakespeare's "Macbeth," "Life's *fitful* fever."

**Following.]** Cf. note, V. vi. 22.

**Forayers, foray.]** Cf. *note*, I. xx. 4.

**Fosse.]** (I. xvii. 6.) Moat. Lat. *fossa*.

**Frontlet.]** (1.) (VI. iii. 14.) A band worn on the forehead. Cf. Deut. vi. (V. xx. 12.) (2.) Term used in architecture, meaning ornaments at the top.

**Galliard.]** Fr. *gaillard*. Adj. gay, saucy. Subs. (1) A gay young man. (2) (V. xxii. 32). A lively dance. Cf. Shakespeare's "Henry V.," I. ii. 252 :

" And bids you be advised there's nought in France,  
That can be with a nimble *galliard* won."

And "Twelfth Night," I. iii. 123 :

" *Sir Toby*. What is thy excellence in a *galliard*, knight?

*Sir Andrew*. Faith, I can cut a caper.

*Sir Toby*. Why dost not thou go to a church in a *galliard*, and come home in a coranto?"

**Gammon.]** (III. iii. 7.) Ham. Fr. *jambon*, from *jambe*, a leg.

**Garish.]** (Apparently from A.-S. word *gearwian*, to dress). Magnificent, showy, glaring.—Shakespeare, "Romeo and Juliet," III. ii. : "The *garish* sun." And Milton's "Il Penseroso," 138 : "Day's *garish* eye."

**Ghast.]** (IV. xxi. 20.) The commoner form of the word is *ghastly*.

**Glee.]** (I. iv. 5.) From A.-S. *glogg*=music. Hence, the gaiety of a feast, and thence, mirth. It is not connected with glad, as might be at first supposed.

**Gorget.]** (V. ii. 23.) A piece of armour for defending throat or neck. Fr. *gorge*, throat.

**Gossamer.]** (II. xiv. 16.) A fine filmy substance, like cobwebs, which floats in the air in calm, clear weather, especially in autumn.

Cf. Tennyson, "In Memoriam," xi. 7 :—

" All the silvery *gossamers*  
That twinkle into green and gold."

Derivation, God-summer. Germ. *sommer-fäden*, *Marien-fäden*, from the legend that the gossamer is the remnant of Our Lady's winding-sheet, which fell away in fragments as she was taken up to heaven. It is this divine origin which is indicated by the first syllable of the English word. Keightley ("Fairy Mythology," p. 513) derives it from *gorse* and *samite*.

**Gouts, blood-gouts.]** (VI. v. 7.) Fr. *goulte*; Lat. *gutta*, a drop. Cf. "Macbeth," II. i. 46 :

" And on thy blade and dudgeon *gouts of blood*."

**"Gramercy!"]** (I. xxv. 1; III. xxii. 19.) Fr. *grand merci*, many thanks.

**Guerdon.]** (VI. xxxvi. 11.) A reward, requital, recompense; either in good or bad sense. From same root as re-ward, re-gard, French.

**Gules.]** (IV. vi. 10.) Heraldic term for red; bright red. Fr. *gueules*, from the colour of the gullet, throat; Lat. *gula*.

**Hagbut.]** (V. iii. 8.) Also spelt hackbut. A musket. Hackbuteer. "Lay of Last Minstrel," III. xxi. 12. French, *arquebuse*, from German, *hakenbüchse*. *Haken*, hook, and *büchse*, a fire-arm.

**Halbert.]** (I. viii. 2; V. iii. 7.) Germ. *hellebarde*; Fr., *hallebarde*. A spear with an axe at the end of it. Some derive from Germ. *helm*, handle (cf. helm, handle of ship's rudder), and *barte*, an axe. There is an Old Germ. form, *helmbarte*. The halbert is now only used by the town-officers in Scotland, who attend a magistrate, and who may be compared with the English javelin-men.

**Hale.]** (II. xi. 18.) Drag. Cf. St. Luke, xii. 58, "*hale* thee to the judge." Cf. haul, hale-yard.

**Harry.]** (I. xix. 7.) 1. Same as harrow; devastate, ravage; especially used of plundering lands. Cf. "Lay of Last Minstrel," IV. xxiv. 13. "*Harried* the lands of Richard Musgrave." It is also found in a very curious though not uncommon expression, which may be seen in Spenser's "*Faerie Queene*," I. x. 40, where he speaks of Our Lord as "He that *harrowed* hell:" and in Lyndsay's "*Three Estates*," l. 306, and frequently (ed. Chalmers), "*Christ who harried* hell," and in Percy's "*Reliques*." To *harrow* a field is to tear up the soil.

2. A later sense is worry, annoy. Cf. Tennyson's "*Guinevere*," 244 :

"Thou, their fool, set on to plague  
And play upon and *harry* me."

It comes from A.-S. *hergian*, to ravage as an army (Germ. *heer*, army). There is also a Norman verb *harer*, to provoke; and Fr. *harasser*, which would seem to be of the same family.

**Hosen.]** (I. viii. 14.) An old form of the plural of hose, a covering for the legs, corresponding to stockings. Cf. hosier.

**Hostel.]** Vide note, III. *Introd.*

**Jeopardy.]** Danger. Scotch, *jeopard*, a battle. Curious derivations:—1. Fr., *jeu perdu*, a lost game. 2. Fr., *jeu parti*, divided or even game; *jocus partitus*; Chaucer spells it *jeupartie*. 3. Germ., *gefahr*, danger.

**Jerkin.]** (I. viii. 14.) A short coat or jacket. Languedoc word, *hergaon*, overcoat.

**Ken.]** (I. xxiv. 13.) Know. (Germ. *kennen*.) A Scotch word.

**Kirtle.]** (A.-S., *cyrtel*; Lat., *curt-us*; Fr., *court*; Eng., *curt*.) An upper garment, mantle, worn by women. (V. iv. 34.) "Lay of Last Minstrel," II. xxvi. 2, VI. iv. 7. In Percy's "*Reliques*," the word "*kyrtell*" is used for a man's nether garment; in his Glossary he gives the two words separately—kirtle for a woman's, and kyrtell for a man's, garment. In a note, also, he quotes from an old author, "He sent for the *kyrtle* of Holy Hugh the Abbot there."

**Leaguer.]** (VI. i. 9.) Subs. The camp of the assailants in a siege, whence a besieged town was said to be *beleaguered*. Of Dutch origin. *Leaguer* is connected with *layer*, *lair*. The army lies before the town;

as in the word *siege*, it sits. An old writer, Sir J. Smythe ("Certain Discourse," 1590, fol. 2), says:—"They will not vouchsafe in their speeches or writings to use our termes belonging to matters of warre, but doo call a campe by the Dutch name of *legar*: nor will not afford to say that such a towne or such a fort is besieged, but that it is *belegar'd*." Cf. Germ. *belägerung*, *siege*. Shakespeare, "All's Well," III. vi. :—"We will bind and hoodwink him so that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the *leaguer* of the adversaries, when we bring him to our tents." And A. Wood, "Annals Univ. Ox." (anno 1646) :—"They shot into the *leaguer* at Hedington Hill."

**Leash.]** Vide note I. vii. 13.

**Lee.]** (V. xii. 45.) A plain, untilled land. It is more usually spelt *lea*. Cf. Gray's "Elegy," 2 :—"The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the *lea*." Derivations :—*Ley*, A.-S. fallow ; *Leag*, A.-S. pasture. In Scotch, *lea* is used as an adj. = not plowed, used for pasture only. Cf. Ramsay's "Poems," i. 60 (quoted in Jamieson's "Scotch Dictionary") :—

"Plenty shall cultivate ilk scawp and moor,  
Now *lea* and bare, because thy landlord's poor."

**L'envoy.]** Vide the *last note*.

**Levin.]** (I. xxiii. 12.) Lightning. A.-S., *lige*=flame of light; vide quotation from Chaucer, *note*, I. xxiii. 12. Still used in Scotch. Cf. "Lay of Last Minstrel," IV. xviii. 10 :—"Bore the *levin*-darting guns."

**Liege.]** Fr. *lige*, Lat. *ligo*, bind. Bound by a feudal tenure: thus subjects are called liegemen; the lord of liegemen, a liege-lord; and later, a sovereign, a liege (III. xxi. 15).

**Limner.]** (VI. v. 20.) Fr. *enlumineur*, Lat. *illuminator*. A painter.

**Linstock.]** (I. ix. 8.) A wooden fork, to hold a lighted match, or fuse, for firing cannon. (Deriv., lint and stock.) Cf. Shakespeare, "Henry V., III.," Chorus, 33 :

"And the nimble gunner  
With *linstock* now the devilish cannon touches."

**List.]** (a.) Firstly, the edge of cloth, or flannel; then, a catalogue of names; then, a line forming the extremity of a field of combat. Hence lists (plural)=long enclosed space in which tournaments were fought. (I. xii. 8.)

(b.) Verb, contracted from listen.—(L'Envoy, 4.)

(c.) Verb, wish (from German *lústen*.) (VI. xiii. 23; I. viii. 6.) Cf. St. John iii. 8, "the wind bloweth where it *listeth*"; Macaulay's "Armada," "Attend all ye who *list* to hear our noble England's praise." It is connected with the verb *lust*, which is, however, a stronger word, though not always used in a bad sense. Cf. Psalms xxxiv. 12 (Prayer-book version), "What man is he that *lusteth* to live?" Another meaning is a leaning, i.e., the ship has a *list* to starboard.

**Listed.]** (I. xii. 13.) Derived from list (a.) Cf. "Lay of Last Minstrel," V. xxvii. 1: "*listed* plain."

**Mail.]** (VI. viii. 6.) Fr. *maille*; Lat. *macula*. Cf. Gray's "Bar<sup>d</sup>," 5, "h wberk's twisted *mail*." The more usual form is coat of mail. It was the old word for armour, and was of three kinds—scale, chain, and plate.

**Malison.]** (V. xxv. 9.) Curse. Fr. *malichon*; Old Eng. *malisoun*. Edward the Black Prince, by his will, left to his son Richard his *malison* if he should empeche, or suffer to be empeched, his will. Benison is the converse: of. "Lay of Last Minstrel," VI. vi. 14.

**Mantles.]** Vide notes, III. xvii. 6.

**Maraud.]** Verb. (V. iv. 14.) *Marauder*, subs. (VI. xxxi. 27), much more common. Mr. Jeaffreson ("Lady of the Lake," ii. 232) gives a long list of derivations offered for this word. I wish to add to them, from Murray's "North Germany," the village Merode.

**Mark.]** Vide note, I. xi. 11.

**Mass.]** (IV. xvi. 6; V. xxiv. 9, xxxii. 23.) The name for the celebration of the Eucharist in the Roman Catholic Church. It is said to be derived from the Lat. *mitto*, because of the dismissal of the non-communicants: last words of the service, "missa est:" sc. concio. Fr. *messe*.

**Mell.]** Meddle, note, IV. xvii. 9.

**Mettled.]** (I. iii. 7.) High-spirited; probably connected with Germ. *mutz*, courage. Some connect mettle with metal.

**Morion.]** (I. ix. 4.) A round iron hat, derived from Moor=*a Moorish helmet*: so *burganet*, a Burgundian helmet.

**Morrice-pikes.]** (I. x. 1.) Moorish pikes. Cf. Morris-dancers.

**Mulct.]** Fine (Lat. *multa*).

**Mullet.]** (VI. ii. 11.) Lat. *mola*. A term in heraldry. "A *mullet* is the rowel of a spur, and hath never but five points; a star hath six."—Peacham, "On Blazoning."

**Novice.]** (through the French, from the Latin *novus*) at first means one who is new to a business, a "novice in the trade." In II. ii. 23, used in a more technical sense: one who has entered a religious house, but not yet taken the vows, still a probationer.

**Offices.]** (IV. xv. 19.) Lat. *officium*, duty. Offices of religion=*acts of worship*. Cf. the expression "officiating minister."

**Or.]** Heraldic term for gold (through the French, from Lat. *aurum*).

**Paladin.]** (VI. xxxiii. 11.) A name used in the old romances for some of the principal lords and knights who followed King Charles the Great to war, of whom Roland is the most celebrated: by extension used for knights generally. He is a true Paladin=*He has plenty of claims to bravery and gallantry*. Derivation through the French, from *Palatium*, and=*a knight of the king's palace*.

**Palfrey.]** (I. viii. 5.) A showy kind of horse, ridden by nobles on state occasions; also a small horse, adapted for ladies' use before the invention of carriages. It comes from Fr. *palefroi*, the derivation of which is probably *par le frein*, by the bridle, because palfreys were so led.

**Palisade, pale.]** Cf. note, I. ii. 9.

**Pallet.]** (VI. vi. 5.) A small mean bed. Chaucer spells it *paillet*, from Fr. *paille*, straw. Cf. Campbell's "Soldier's Dream,"

"When reclining that night on my *pallet* of straw."

**Palmer.]** Vide note, I. xxiii. 1.

**Pardoner.]** Vide note, I. xx. 15.

**Patter.]** (VI. xxvii. 26.) To repeat, or recite hastily. Cf. Chaucer "before the people *pattere* and *praie*." Cf. "Lay of Last Minstrel," II. vi. 4; "Save to *patter* an Ave Mary." It also means, to strike in quick succession; *pattering* footsteps, *pattering* hail. Der. (1.) *pat*, strike gently; or (2.) Fr. *patte*, the foot, and so first of quick succession of sounds in running. (3.) Old Eng. *Patren*, pray, from *Pater*, the first word of the Lord's Prayer; in Latin, *Pateroster*.

**Peer.]** (Fr. *pair*.) Latin, *par*, equal.

(1) Equal (I. xxviii. 8, VI. xiv. 17): "He hath na peer," motto of the Napier family. "No one is to be condemned except by the judgment of his *peers*."—Magna Charta.

(2) A lord, noble. (VI. xxxii. 11.) The House of *Peers*, or Lords. They were so called because all the nobles had equal privileges.

The two senses will be found together (VI. xiv.).

**Pennon.]** Vide note on I. iii. 4.

**Pensil.]** (IV. xxviii. 6.) Lat. *pendeo*. A hanging flag.

**Pentacle.]** Vide note III. xx. 22.

**Pike.]** (I. ix. 4.) A long wooden staff, with a pointed steel head. It answered the purpose of the modern bayonet.

**Plain.]** (VI. xii. 5, XII. xiii. 13.) Fr. *plaindre*. The simple form of com-plain. Cf. plaintive (VI. xxx. 11), plaintiff, plaint.

**Platform.]** (I. iv. 7.) Lat. *platea*, Gr. *πλατὺς*, Germ. *plat*, whence our plate and flat. A levelled elevation in a fortress on which cannon are placed. Cf. plateau, platter.

**Plight.]** (IV. i. 23.) Lat. *plicatus*. A state of being involved; hence, condition, state; used absolutely both for good and bad case. Cf. Swift: "When a traveller and his horse are in heart and *plight*." It is to be distinguished from *plight*, pledge, a word of Teutonic origin.

**Plump.]** (I. iii. 3.) A knot or cluster, properly applied to wild fowl; but applied by analogy to a body of horsemen. It is probably derived from the adjective plump, which means "fat and well-liking," but the derivation of which is uncertain. It seems, however, in common with the word clump, a cluster of trees, to be allied with or derived from the word lump. The following passages illustrate its use:—

"England, Scotland, and Ireland lie all in a *plump* together, not accessible but by sea."—*Bacon*.

"We rested under a *plump* of trees."—*Sandys*.

"Spread upon a lake, with upward eye  
A *plump* of fowl behold their foe on high;  
They close their trembling troop, and all attend  
On whom the sowsing eagle will descend."—*Dryden*.



"Warwick having espied certain *plumps* of Scottish horsemen ranging the field, turned towards the arriere to prevent danger."—*Howard*.

"There is a knight of the North Country,  
Which leads a lusty *plump* of spears."

*Ballad of Flodden Field.*

**Portcullis.]** (I. iv. 13.) Sometimes called Portcluse. "A sort of door formed of crossbars of iron like a grate. It has not hinges like a door, but is drawn up by pulleys, and let down when any danger approaches. It may be let go in a moment, and then falls down into the doorway; and as it has great iron spikes at the bottom, it crushes all that it lights upon."—*Tales of a Grandfather* (Scotland), vol. 1. p. 70. Cf. "Lay of Last Minstrel," VI. iii. 10: "the portcullis, iron grate." Derived from French, *porte-coulisse*.

**Prick.]** (VI. xix. 3.) Lit. to spur; hence to ride hard, gallop. Cf. Spenser, "Faerie Queene," I. i. 1:—

"A gentle knight was *pricking* on the plaine."

And Milton, "Par. Lost," ii. 536:—

"Before each van  
*Prick* forth the airy knights, and couch their spears."

**Pricker.]** (V. iv. 8, xvii. 16.) A light horseman, whether pricking with spur (Cf. *prick*, *supra*) or lance.

**Prime.]** (IV. xxxi. 10.) One of the services in the Church before the Reformation. It was held at six o'clock in the morning, and the name is derived from Lat. *primus*, because at the first hour of the day, according to the old calculation.

**Pursuivant.]** Vide *note*, I. xi. 1.

**Quaigh.]** Vide *note* on III. xxvi. 1.

**Quiver.]** (III. xxvi. 9.) A case for arrows. Prob. deriv., (1) Fr. *couvrir*, cover; (2) Fr. *cuivre*, metal of which the quiver was made.

**Ramp.]** (IV. xxviii. 18.) Fr. *ramper*, climb. To stamp, prance, caper. So Chaucer:—

"Whan she cometh home, she *rampeth* in my face  
And cryeth, False coward, wreke thy wife!"

Cf. the slang words *rampageous* and *rampage*, to stamp about in a rage, in Dickens's "Great Expectations." The word *ramp* has a secondary meaning, to climb, which is its use in heraldry. Peacham, an old writer on heraldry, says, "*Rampant* is when the lion is reared up in the escutcheon, as it were ready to combat with his enemy." Cf. "a *ramping* and a roaring lion."—Ps. xxii. 13, (Prayer-book version.) Perhaps, however, that ramp is somewhat different, and connected with Lat. *rapere*. Cf. Rampart, (VI. ii. 3.)

**Recluse.]** (V. xxxi. 18.) A person who lives in retirement from the

world. Derived, through French *reclus*, from Latin *recludo*, but not in the classical sense. *Recludo* means to open (*re*, back, and *claudo*, shut).

**Rede.]** (L'Envoy, 4.) Words. Cf. "Tales of a Grandfather" (Scotland), vol. i. p. 30, "Short *rede*, good *rede*, slay we the bishop," which means, "Few words are best, let us kill the bishop." Spenser, "Hymn of Heavenly Love :"

"Such mercy He by His most holy *reade*  
Unto us taught."

The original meaning of *rede* (subs. and verb) seems to be advice, to advise; but afterwards it means speech, to speak. It also means to explain, to guess, and is here connected with the ordinary English read, "*Read me my riddle.*" Henry III. (Proclamation, 1248) calls the Parliament his *redesmen*.

**Requiem.]** (V. xv. 30.) Accusative of Latin *requies*, rest. It passed into the English language from being the first word of a hymn used in the Roman Catholic Church at the funeral mass, praying for the rest of the soul of the deceased. Cf. "Lay of Last Minstrel," VI. xxx. 16. It is now used, more generally, for any musical composition in honour of the dead.

**Retrograde.]** (III. xx. 26.) Term in astrology, for a backward movement, and contrary to the order of the signs of the Zodiac.

**Rocquet.]** Vide *note*, VI. xi. 19.

**Romance.]** A tale of adventure, so called because it took its origin in the southern parts of France, which remained longest under the Roman influence.

**Roundelay.]** (III. viii. 16.) Fr. *rondelet*: a kind of song which was often combined with a dance. Cf. Shakespeare, "Mids. Night Dream," I. iii.—

"Come now a *roundel* and a fairy song."

Of Fr. *rondelet* we have made *roundelay*, as though compounded with *lay*, a song.

**Rowel.]** The wheel of a spur. Cf. *millet*, *supra*. (Fr. *roue*, wheel.)

**Ruth.]** (II. xix. 21; IV. i. 25), pity. From *rue*, which is a Teutonic word. Germ. *reuen*, repent. Milton's "Lycidas," I. 163 :—

"Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with *ruth*."

And Gray's "Bard," l, "*ruthless* king."

**Sable.]** Heraldic term for black. It is properly the skin of an animal that lives in the northern regions of Asia.

**Sackbut.]** (IV. xxxi. 4.) A wind instrument; a kind of trumpet which can be either lengthened or shortened according to the tone required. In the Bible it is not a wind instrument, but a kind of lyre or harp. Dan. iii. 5.

**Sanguine.]** (IV. xxviii. 4.) Of the colour of blood, red. Cf. Shakespeare, "Henry VI." IV. i. 90.—

"This fellow  
Upbraided me about the rose I wear :  
Saying the *sanguine* colour of the leaves  
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks."

Milton's "Par. Lost.":—

"A stream of nectarous humour issuing flowed  
*Sanguine.*"

**Sans.]** (I. xxi. 34.) Without: a French word frequently used by early English writers. Cf. Shakespeare's "Tempest," I. ii.—

"A confidence *sans* bound."

And "As You Like It," II. vii. 66 :—

"*Sans* teeth, *sans* eyes, *sans* taste, *sans* everything."

**Scaur.]** (V. xii. 41.) Cf. Tennyson's "Idylls," p. 150 a steep place, broken off. Cf. shear, share, ploughshare, shard (pot-*sherd*), scarce. Germ. *scharren*, to scrape. Shoreditch, the ditch that took the scrapings of the streets. "Scar, a cliff, a naked detached rock, also written or pronounced scaur in Scotland." (Ogilby.) There is a rock called the Scar at Whitby.

**Scouts.]** (I. ii. 7.) Spies, lit. listeners; from French *écouter* (*escouter*).

**Scrip.]** Vide note, I. xxviii. 16.

**Scutcheon.]** (I. xi. 2, xii. 20), or escutcheon (through the French *escussor*, *escusson*, from Latin *scutum*, shield). A shield of arms.

**Selle.]** (III. xxxi. 10.) Lat. *sella*. French word for saddle, formerly used in English. Cf. Spenser's "Faerie Queene," II. ii. 11, 6 :—

"He left his loftie steed with golden *selle*."

Scott ("Lay of Last Minstrel," VI. viii. 6) uses it for seat generally :—

"As those that sat in lordly *selle*."

**Seneschal.]** Vide note, I. iii. 16.

**Seraphim.]** (V. xxiii. 6.) Plural of seraph, a Hebrew word. Cf. Cherubin and Teraphim.

**Settle.]** (III. iii. 16.) A.-S. *setl*, Germ. *sessel*, Lat. *scdile*, something on which to sit: used for a bench by Dryden. In Ezek. xliii. 14, 17, xlv. 19 (Vulgate, *crepido*), it is used in a somewhat different sense, for a kind of ledge round the bottom of an altar.

**Sewer.]** Vide note, I. iii. 16.

**Shaw.]** Vide note, I. xiii. 16.

**Sheen.]** (1.) Adj. (V. x. 27.) Shining. A.-S. *scén*, Germ. *schön*. Cf. Eheen, old name for Richmond, Surrey. (2.) Subs. (V. viii. 12.) Splendour.

**Shrift.]** (VI. xxxi. 6), and *shrive.*] (I. xxi. 37, VI. xxx. 31.) (A.S. *scrifan*, the written penance imposed by priest. Germ. *schreiben*; Lat. *scribo*.) Confession, to confess; also absolution as following confession. Obsolete since the Reformation. Cf. Tennyson's "Idylls," p. 204 :—

“ Bid call the ghostly man  
Hither, and let me *shrive* me clean, and die.”

*Shrove* is preterite : hence *Shrove Tuesday*.

**Sire.]** (I. viii. 2.) Father : through Fr. *sire, sieur*, from Lat. *senior*. “*Sir*” is the same word.

**Slogan.]** (V. iv. 6.) The war-cry or gathering word of a clan : originally written *slughorne, sloggorne*, probably from *slege*, *slay*, and *cour*, horn. Cf. “*Lay of Last Minstrel*,” IV. xxvi. 20 :—

“ Our *slogan* is their lyke-wake dirge.”

**Slough.]** (VI. vii. 10.) The skin of a serpent, which it is said to shed or cast. A.-S. *slōg*, hollow place, i. e. skin *alone*.

**Solands.]** Vide *note*, III. iii. 6.

**Sooth.]** Truth : cf. *forsooth*.

**Soothly.]** Truly.

**Speed.]** Its first meaning is to hasten (Gr. *σπεύδω*) : hence it comes to signify help forward, aid.

**Squire.]** Vide *note*, I. iii. 16.

**Stalworth,]** or *stalwart*. (I. v. 5.) Strong, firm. Either (1) steel-worthy, or (2) steal-worthy, worthy to be stolen.

**Stare.]** (II. xxxii. 4.) Germ. *starren*, be stiff. To stand up : obsolete. Cf. Shakespeare’s “*Julius Cæsar*,” IV. iii. :—

“ Thou mak’st my blood cold, and my hair to *stare*.”

**Stoop.]** (I. xvii. 16.) Technical term for descent of a falcon.

**Stowre,]** or *stour*. (IV. xxxii. 21.) A.-S. *styrian*. Disturbance, stir as of battle. In Scotch, it also means stir of dust.

**Strook.]** (III. xiv. 11, IV. xxi. 11.) Old form of struck.

**Successful.]** (II. xxvii. 3.) Without success. So Dryden :

“ The hopes of thy *successful* love resign.”

**Sumpter-mules.]** (I. viii. 4.) A beast of burden. Der. O. Fr. *sommier*, Fr. *somme*, It. *soma*, Lat. *summa*.

**Sward.]** (IV. iv. 1.) A word of Teutonic origin. It first means the skin of bacon. Hence it is applied to the surface part of grass-land, containing the roots of grass.

**Tabart.]** Vide *note*, I. xi. 1.

**Targe.]** (VI. v. 3, VI. xxxvii. 3, “the feeble *t*.”) A round target of light wood, covered with strong leather, and studded with brass or iron. In charging regular troops, the Highlander received the thrust of the bayonet in this buckler, twisted it aside, and used the broadsword against the encumbered soldier. (*Note* on “*Lady of Lake*,” V. xv. 2.)

**Tide.]** (Verb.) To happen. Derived from the Anglo-Saxon *tidan*, to happen, to fall. “*Tide what tide*” (III. xxii. 3) means “happen what may,” “whate’er betide,” or (as VI. xvi. 6) “hap what hap.”

The word “tidings” means news of what has happened.

**Tide.]** (Subs.) (a.) The time at which anything happens. Morning

tide (I. xxix. 3); vesper tide (V. vi. 26); eventide (VI. iv. 1). It is also common in compounds, as Whitsuntide, Shrovetide.

**Tide.]** (Subs.) (b.) The rise and fall of the waters of the sea (VI. ii. 30); and, metaphorically, of blood (VI. xxx. 16, xx i. 16); of flight (VI. ix. 7); of ale (III. iiii. 19).

**Tome.]** Volume, French.

**Tread, a measure.]** (V. xii. 30.) Dance. Cf. Shakespeare, "Venus and Adonis," 1148.

**Tressure.]** (IV. vii. 14.) A species of heraldic border; as in Scottish coat of arms.

**Trews.]** Trousers. Fr. *trousse*.

**Trine.]** (III. xx. 26.) Lat. Threefold. In astrology, a triangular position of planets, which was thought to be propitious.

**Un-nurtured.]** (VI. xxviii. 27.) Not educated.

**Un-recked.]** (I. xvii. 1.) Disregarded.

**Un-sparred.]** (I. iv. 14.) The obsolete word *spar* signifies to close or bar. Germ. *sperr'en*. Thus Chaucer, Rom. R. 3320:

"He it *sparred* with a keie."

**Vantage-coign.]** (VI. ii. 22.) Coign, coin, or quoin (usually the last in architecture), means a corner. It is Fr. *coin*. A vantage-ground is a place from which one can gain an advantage. Cf. Bacon's Essay, i. "Vantage ground for truth," and Tennyson's Preface to "Idylls," "A vantage-ground for pleasure." So a vantage-coign means a corner whence one obtains advantage. Cf. the Biblical phrase, "the head-stone of the corner."

**Varlet.]** (VI. xxix. 21.) Same word as valet, which was anciently spelt with the *r*, originally of rather higher rank, a page or knight's follower. Then the word became degraded, *valet* coming to mean a gentleman's servant ("No man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre"), and *varlet*, an impudent rascal. In Shakespeare's time the word was used in both senses, more frequently as an opprobrious epithet: "varlet vile." Scott here uses it with something of the old sense. (Cf. Trench's "Study of Words," pp. 156—160.)

**Vassal.]** (II. xxxi. 2.) A tenant under the feudal system. From the French, perhaps derived from Lat. *vas*, *vadis*, bail, because the tenant was pledged to assist the lord.

**Visor.]** Vide *note*, III. xxiv. 6.

**Wan.]** (III. i. 16.) Uncommon form of won, preterite of win.

**War.]** (VI. xxv. 17.) Used poetically for forces, array. Cf. Milton, "Paradise Lost," xii. 213:

"O'er the embattled ranks the waves return,  
And overwhelm their *war*."

So battle is used by Shakespeare, probably for battalion. Cf. 1 Samuel, xvii. 2, "set the *battlé* in array."

**Warrant.]** Verb: (1) authorise, (2) maintain, (3) justify. 'Same

word as guarantee.) Subs. : act or document by which any of these is done. In III. xxii. 40, used for the man who warrants.

**Wassell, or Wassail.]** Vide note, I. xv. 3.

**Weal.]** Wellbeing.

**Wede.]** Weeded. (Scotch.)

**Weeds.]** (V. vi. 33, VI. vi. 24.) Originally, clothes of any kind; now used, except in poetry, only for the mourning of a widow: a widow's weeds. Cf. Tennyson, "In Memoriam," v. 9:

' In words, like *weeds*, I'll wrap me o'er,  
Like coarsest clothes against the cold."

A.-S. *wood*. Mr. Kitchin (Spenser, I. *Gloss.*) suggests that it may be connected with weeds, grass, which "clothes the field."

**Wight.]** (1) Subs. : a person, being—almost obsolete now, and its use confined to burlesque. Dryden has—

"The *wight* of all the world who loves thee best."

A.-S. *wiht*; Germ. *wicht*. Perhaps connected with quick.

(2) Adj. (a). Swift.

"He was so wimble and so *wight*,  
From bough to bough he leaped light."—Spenser.

(b). Strong.

"Wrastlen by veray force and veray *wight*,  
With any young man were he never so *wight*."—Chaucer.

(c). Large.

"Great Orontes, that montane *wicht*."—Lindesay.

**Wimple.]** (V. xi. 14.) A cloth or handkerchief for the neck, distinguished from the veil. Cf. "Lay of Last Minstrel," V. xvii. 4:—"White was her *wimple* and her veil." Spenser uses it for the white linen plaited cloth which nuns wear about their neck. There is also a verb, to *wimple*, meaning to plait or fold. A.-S. *winvel*, Fr. *guimpe*, a neck-kerchief. Germ. *wimpel*, a pennon or flag. Welsh *gwempyl*, a veil. In Isaiah iii. 22 it is mentioned amongst the bravery of women. Spenser, "Fairie Queene," I. xii. 22:—"And widow-like sad *wimple* thrown away:" and in Tennyson's "Lilian."

**Wis.]** Pret. wist. Think. Ger. *wissen*.

**Wizard.]** From wise; properly only a wise man, but usually applied only to magicians, and men badly wise. The termination perhaps implies the bad sense. Cf. sluggard, drunkard, dotard, haggard (a useless hawk).

**Wold.]** (V. ix. 9, VI. xvii. 13; termination of Cottiswold, I. xii. 8.) A lawn or plain. A common termination of names in Leicestershire and Lincolnshire. Cf. Tennyson, "To J. S."—

"The wind, that beats the mountain, blows  
More softly round the open *wold*."

Cf. similar word, *weald*. "The *weald* of Essex." Tennyson's "Idylls," p. 231 :—

"Fled all night long by glimmering waste and *weald*."

**Wont.** Vide note, II. xxxii. 3.

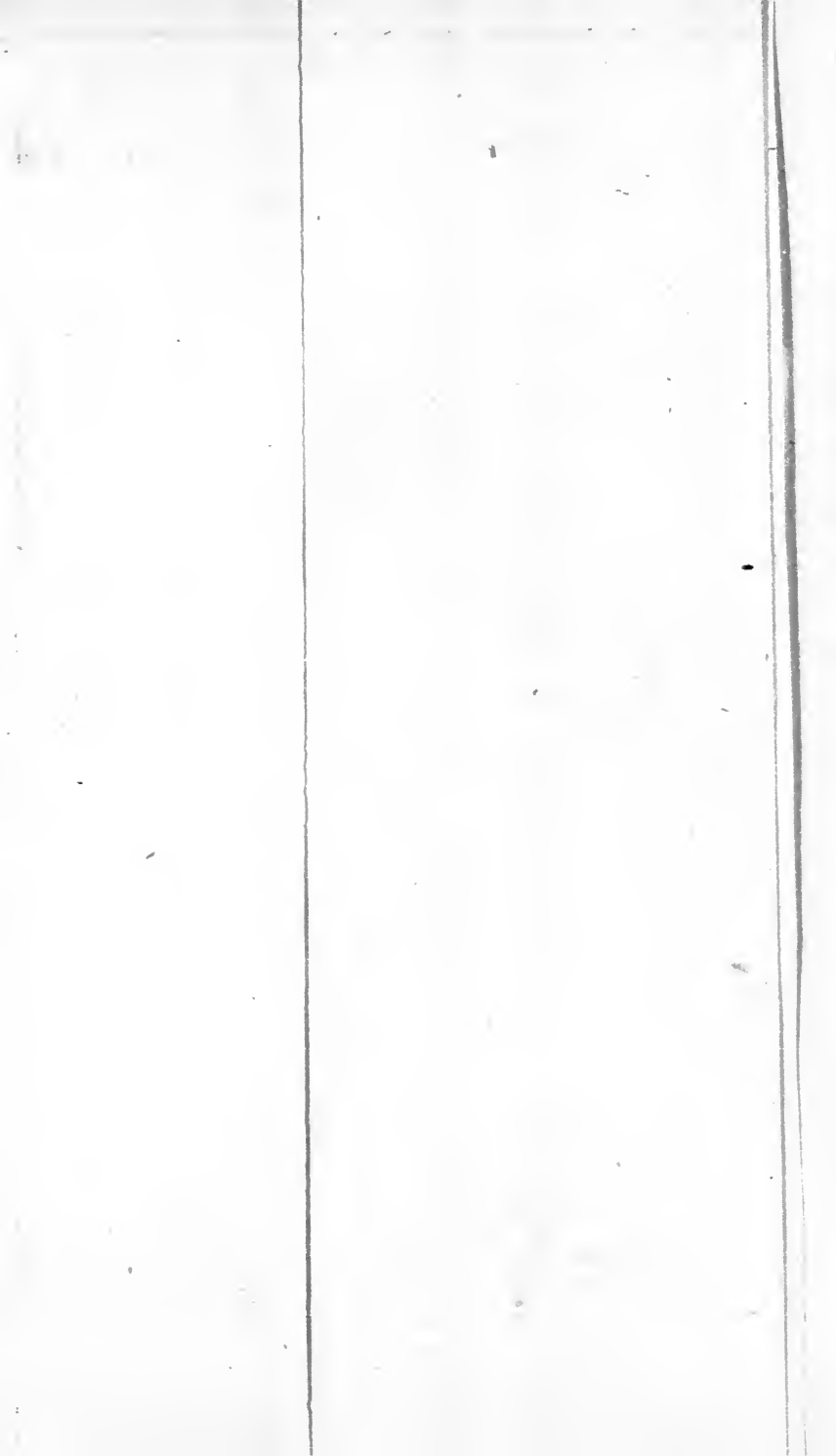
**Wore.]** (II. xviii. 3.) For worn, past part. from wear. Vide note II. xxiv. 1.

**Wot.]** Preterite of to weet, or wit. A.-S. *witan*, know. Cf. *Witanagemote*. *Wot* seems to be used as a present in Acts vii. 49 :—"As for this Moses, we *wot* not what is become of him."

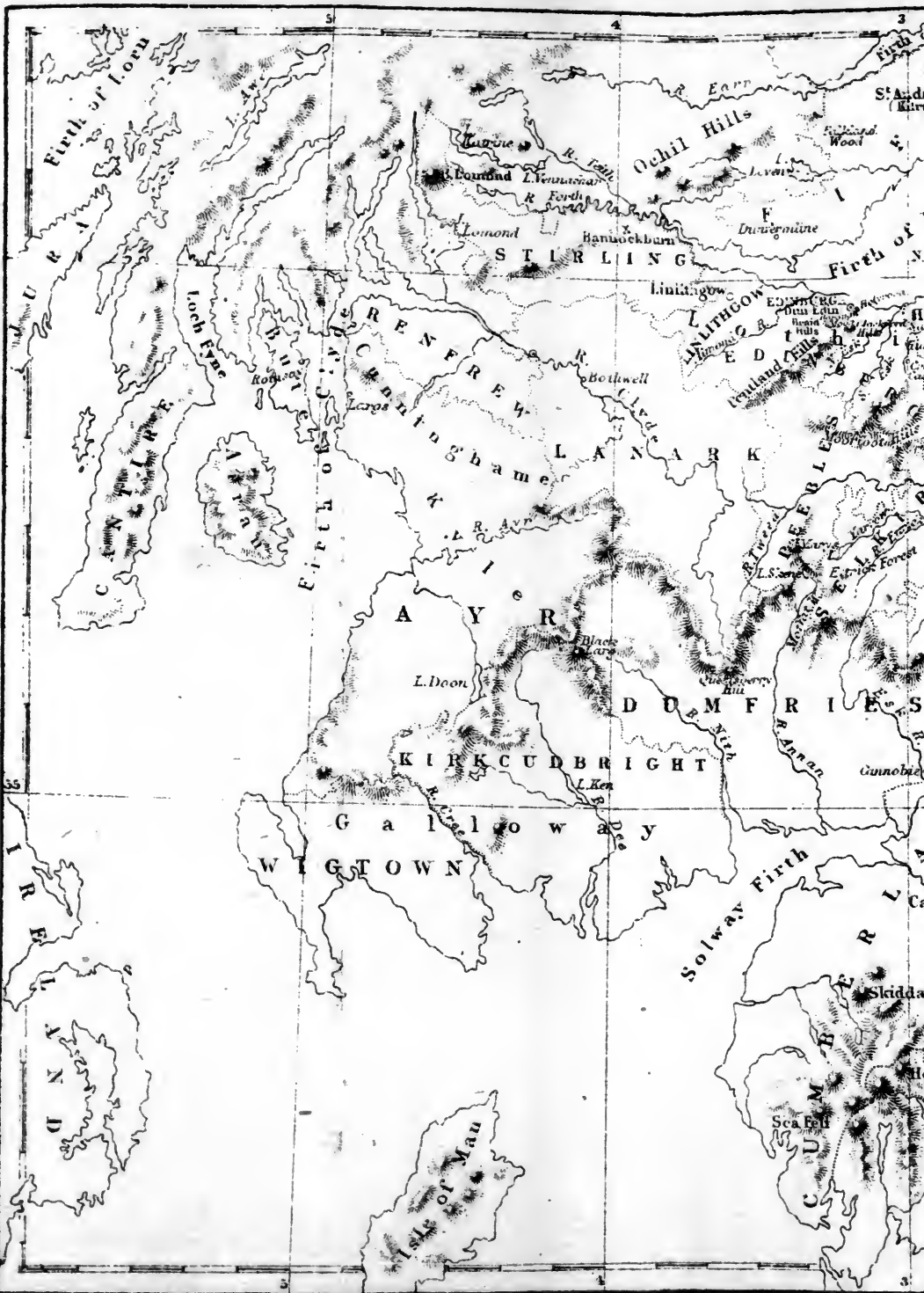
**Yare.]** (I. ix. 8.) Ready; also eager. A.-S. *gearo*; Germ. *gar*: *der Fisch ist gar*, the fish is done. A word in ordinary use amongst sailors. Cf. opening of Shakespeare's "Tempest."

**Yeoman.]** Properly a man who owns a small estate in land. Germ. *gemein*, common, a commoner.

**Yode.]** (III. xxxi. 8.) Went. Preterite of an old verb *yede* or *yead*, to go. Spenser makes pret. *yode*; Chaucer, *yede*. Richardson derives it as if "goed."







Firth of Forth

4

3

S' Andro (Kilru)

Ochil Hills

L. Lomond  
R. Forth  
R. Tay  
R. Don

STIRLING

Firth of Forth

Perth  
Dundee  
Dumfriesshire  
Kirkcudbright  
Galloway  
Wigtown

L. Lomond  
R. Tay  
R. Don  
R. Great Ouse

A Y R

DUMFRIES

KIRKCUDBRIGHT

Galloway

WIGTOWN

Solway Firth

55

Highland

Isle of Mull

Sea Foll

Sliddale

5

4

3

Map  
TO ILLUSTRATE  
"MARMION"

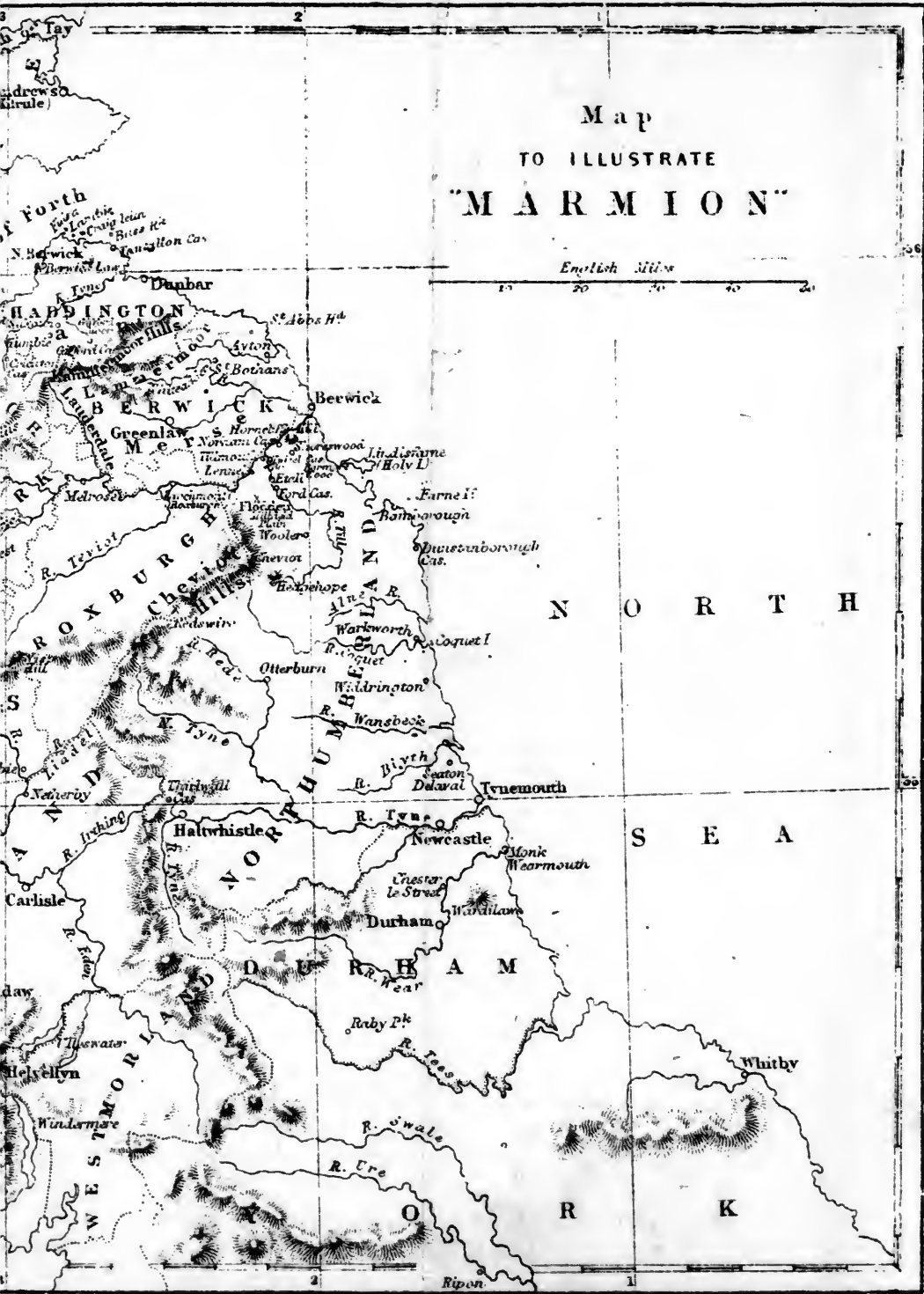
English Miles

10 20 30 40

N O R T H

S E A

R O K





ATE  
ON

R T H

E A

K

Firth of Clyde

Loch Fyne

FIRTH OF CLYDE

DUNBARTON

PAISLEY

GREENLAW

MELROSE

Glasgow

Whitby

IR  
EL  
AN  
D

WIG

ORIAN

# BOOKS FOR TEACHERS & STUDENTS,

By DR. McLELLAN.

"In our opinion the best Collection of Problems on the American Continent."—*National Teachers' Monthly, N. Y.*

## EXAMINATION PAPERS in ARITHMETIC,

By J. A. McLELLAN, M.A., LL.D., Inspector High Schools, Ont., and THOMAS KIRKLAND, M.A., Science Master, Normal School, Toronto.

Fourth Complete Edition, Price, \$1.00.

## Examination Papers in Arithmetic.—Part 1

By J. A. McLELLAN, M.A., LL.D., and THOS. KIRKLAND, M.A.

PRICE, . . . . . 50 CENTS.

This Edition has been issued at the request of a large number of Public School teachers who wished to have a Cheap Edition for the use of their pupils preparing for admission to High school.

## Hints and Answers to Examination Papers in Arithmetic,

By J. A. McLELLAN, M.A., LL.D., and THOS. KIRKLAND, M.A.

2nd EDITION, . . . . . \$1.00,

## McLellan's Mental Arithmetic.—Part 1.

Containing the Fundamental Rules, Fractions and Analysis.

By J. A. McLELLAN, M.A., LL.D., Inspector High Schools, Ontario

2nd EDITION, . . . . . 30 CENTS.

## McLellan's Mental Arithmetic,---Part II.

Specially adapted for Model and High School Students.

SECOND EDITION,

PRICE, . . . . . 45 CENTS.

W. J. Gage & Co., Educational Publishers.

SOMETHING NEW IN ELEMENTARY ALGEBRA I

**New Methods. New Solutions. New Examples.**

—:o:—

# THE TEACHER'S HANDBOOK of ALGEBRA,

—BY—

**J. A. McLELLAN, M.A., L.L.D.,**

Inspector of High Schools, Ontario.

- It contains over 2,500 Exercises, including about Three Hundred and Fifty Solved Examples, illustrating every type of question set in elementary Algebra.
- It contains complete explanation of Horner's Multiplication and Division, with application not given in the Text-Books.
- It contains a full explanation of the Principles of Symmetry with numerous illustrative examples.
- It contains a more complete illustration of the Theory of Divisors, with its beautiful applications, than is to be found in any Text-Book.
- It contains what able Mathematical Teachers have pronounced to be the "finest chapter on factoring that has ever appeared."
- It contains the latest and best methods of treatment as given by the great Masters of Analysis.
- It contains the finest selections of properly classified Equations, with methods of resolution and reduction, that has yet appeared.
- It contains a set of Practice Papers made up by selecting the best of the questions set by the University of Toronto during twenty years.
- It is a Key of the Methods, a Repertory of Exercises, which cannot fail to make the teacher a better teacher, and the student a more thorough algebraist.

225 PAGES, TONED PAPER, PRICE \$1.25.

**W. J. GAGE & Co.**

# W. J. GAGE & CO'S MANUALS FOR TEACHERS.

No. 1.

## MISTAKES IN TEACHING.

By J. LAUGHLIN HUGHES, *Supt.*  
*of Public Schools, Toronto.*

This work discusses in a terse manner **OVER ONE HUNDRED** of the mistakes commonly made by untrained or inexperienced Teachers. It is designed to warn young Teachers of the errors they are liable to make, and to help the older members of the profession to discard whatever methods or habits may be preventing their highest success.

The mistakes are arranged under the following heads:

1. Mistakes in Management.
2. Mistakes in Discipline.
3. Mistakes in Methods.
4. Mistakes in Manner.

TONED PAPER.

CLOTH EXTRA.

Price 50 Cents.

# MANUAL OF DRILL & CALISTHENICS,

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS.

BY J. LAUGHLIN HUGHES,

*Public School Inspector, Toronto, Graduate of Military School,  
H. M. 29th Regiment.*

---

**T**HE WORK contains:

The Squad Drill prescribed\* for Public Schools in Ontario, with full and explicit directions for teaching it Free Gymnastic Exercises, carefully selected from the best German and American systems, and arranged in proper classes.

German Calisthenic Exercises, as taught by the late Colonel Goodwin in Toronto Normal School, and in England.

Several of the best Kindergarten Games, with the words and music of the songs used and detailed explanations which will enable any Public School Teacher to introduce them.

A Few Choice Exercise Songs; several exercises to be performed with the aid of GOOD-YEAR'S POCKET GYMNASIUM, the simplest and most efficient single piece of apparatus used; and rules for School movements in general.

The instructions throughout the book are divested as far as possible of unnecessary technicalities.

THE WORK IS ILLUSTRATED BY A NUMBER OF CUTS.

PRICE. - 40 CENTS.

W. J. GAGE & CO., EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHERS.

W. J. GAGE & CO.'S

# Manuals for Teachers.

No 2.

## MANUAL OF PENMANSHIP.

S. G. BEATTY, late Principal of Ontario Business College,  
and author of Beatty's Practical Penmanship.

A. F. MACDONALD, Principal of Wellesley School, Toronto.

**A Handbook intended to accompany Beatty's system of Penmanship, containing a full exposition of the system.**

### CONTENTS:

*Organizing Classes.*

*Distribution & Collection of Writing Materials.*

*Position, Pen Holding, Rests and Movements.*

*Movement Exercises.*

*Counting in Concert.*

*Spacing, Slope, Shade, &c.*

*Formation, Analysis, and Criticism of Small  
and Capital Letters.*

*Continuation of Letters*

*Figure Making.*

*Hints to Teachers.*

Embellished with Cuts, illustrating the length and size of Letters, Spacing, Slope, Movement Exercises, Rests, Position and Pen Holding.

PRINTED ON TONED PAPER, Price 50 cents.



## HOW TO READ.

A DRILL BOOK FOR CORRECT AND EXPRESSIVE READING, ADAPTED  
FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

By RICHARD LEWIS, Teacher of Elocution, Author of "Domitian Elocutionist," &c. 3rd Ed., Price 75 Cents.

*Authorized by the Minister of Education for Ontario.*

*Authorized by the Chief Supt. of Education, Manitoba.*

D. H. SMITH, A.M., Inspector of Schools, Colchester Co., N. S.

"Lewis' 'How to Read,' comes in good time. In no branch of study is there more deficiency displayed than in that of reading. Many of our teachers really appear to have no conception as to how reading should be taught, but by a careful study of Lewis' 'How to Read' they can without any difficulty render themselves fit to give instruction with the utmost satisfaction."

L. S. MORSE, M.A., Inspector Schools, Annapolis Co., N. S.

"Lewis' 'How to Read' treats of a subject which cannot be too highly recommended. Such a work is much needed in our schools. The art of reading effectively has been acquired by few teachers, hence they should procure this work and thoroughly and practically master the rules and principles therein contained.

J. D. MCGILLIVRAY, Inspector of Schools, Co. Hants.

"Lewis' 'How to Read,' is the best drill book in elocution for school use that I have seen. I have read it over with a great deal of care."

C. T. ANDREWS, Inspector for Queen's Co., N. S.

"I have examined 'How to Read,' and have no hesitation in pronouncing it the best little work on elocution for teachers that has yet come under my notice. A thorough drill in the exercises, with due attention to the elementary sounds of the language as illustrated by the author, and an intelligent conception of the principles and suggestions therein given will insure pleasing and expressive reading. It cannot but be hailed with pleasure by every teacher as it supplies a want long felt in our schools, and gives to the important subject of reading its due prominence, as both an art and a science."

A. C. A. DOANE, Inspector of Schools, Shelburne Co., N. S.

"How to Read,' is just what is needed, both as a school class book and an aid to teachers in the proper training of pupils in the principles of effective reading.

Rev. JOHN AMBROSE, M.A., Inspector P. Schools, Digby, N. S.

HOW TO READ BY RICHARD LEWIS.—"This book, for the size of it, is the best by far that I have ever seen on the subject."

W. L. DANAGH, Inspector for Cumberland, N. S.

"How to Read is a seasonable publication. As a drill book for expressive reading it supplies a desideratum in our schools. It must be admitted that better teaching on this branch is greatly needed. The work shows skill and is highly creditable to the author."

New Work, Authorized by the Education Department in Ontario for use of Teachers.

---

**ELEMENTARY**

**ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE,**

For Schools and Families.

BY EDWARD PLAYTER, M.D., EDITOR OF THE SANITARY JOURNAL,

PRICE 90 CENTS.

---

Not too large and Technical, nor too elementary and incomplete.

Comprehensive—comprising all parts of the subjects treated of.

Concise, yet highly interesting.

Well and practically illustrated; and with copious questions and a full index.

“As a text-book for schools, we have no hesitation in recommending it in preference to any of the text-books on this subject now in use.”—*Canada Lancet*.

“A very judicious selection has been made of what is likely to be useful and absorbed by, the non-professional reader.”—*Canadian Journal of Medical Science*.

“An admirable little book. Specially adapted to High Schools and intelligent laymen.”—*Michigan Medical News Detroit*.

---

**W. J. GAGE & COMPANY,**

**Educational Publishers.**

W. J. GAGE & CO.'S EDUCATIONAL SERIES.

---

**NEW WORK ON BOTANY.**

---

AN

**ELEMENTARY BOTANY**

INTENDED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS

*With special reference to the study of*

**CANADIAN PLANTS,**

TO WHICH IS ADDED A

SELECTION OF EXAMINATION PAPERS.

BY

**JOHN MACOUN, M.A., F.L.S.**

Professor of Botany in Albert University.

AND

**H. B. SPOTTON, M. A.;**

Head Master of Barrie High School.

---

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHORS.

---

**180 Pages, Toned Paper, \$1.00.**

# THE CANADA SCHOOL JOURNAL

—RECEIVED—

AN HONORABLE MENTION AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION 1878.

*Recommended by the Minister of Education for Ontario.  
Recommended by the Council of Public Inst., Quebec.  
Recommended by Chief Supt. of Educ., New Brunswick.  
Recommended by Chief Supt. of Educ., Nova Scotia.  
Recommended by Chief Supt. of Educ., Brit. Columbia.  
Recommended by Chief Supt. of Educ., Manitoba.*

—IS EDITED BY—

—A Committee of Some of the Leading Educationists in Ontario,—

—ASSISTED BY—

Able Provincial Editors in the Provinces of Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, and British Columbia, thus having each section of the Dominion fully represented.

CONTAINS

## 24 PAGES OF READING MATTER,

Live Editorials; Contributions on important Educational topics; Selections—Readings for the School Room; and Notes and News from each Province,

### PRACTICAL DEPARTMENT

Will always contain useful hints on methods of teaching different subjects.

### MATHEMATICAL DEPARTMENT

Gives solutions to difficult problems, also to Examination Papers.

### OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT

Contains such regulations as may be issued from time to time.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$1.00 per Annum, strictly in advance.  
Specimen Number Free. Address W. J. GAGE & Co.,  
Publishers Toronto.

Only Complete Copyright Edition.

---

SCOTT'S POEMS,  
THE LADY OF THE LAKE,

With Introduction, Sketch of Life, Notes  
and Glossarial Index,

—BY—

R. W. TAYLOR, M. A.,

Assistant Master in Rugby School, and formerly  
Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

TO WHICH IS ADDED AN

*Introduction to Scott's Poems,*

(FROM LAY OF LAST MINSTREL,)

—BY—

J. SURTEES PHILLPOTTS, M. A.

---

☞ CANTOS I. TO VI. ☜

---

INTERLEAVED, PRICE 60 Cts.

---

**W. J. GAGE & CO.,**

Educational Publishers, . . . Toronto, Ont.



T.R.

C. XII

Wycliffe

# WYCLIFFE COLLEGE

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

## The History and Principles

—OF—

## Wycliffe College.

AN ADDRESS TO THE ALUMNI

—BY THE—

Rev. Principal Sheraton, D.D.

OCTOBER 7th, 1891.

TORONTO:

THE J. E. BRYANT COMPANY (LIMITED)

1891.

462  
22/4/92

---

CHURCH PUBLICATIONS  
OF  
THE J. E. BRYANT COMPANY (LIMITED).

---

The Evangelical Churchman.  
The Church Sunday School Lesson Leaflets.  
The Church Sunday School Lesson Helps.

---

Parish and Home.

---

The Algoma Missionary News.  
The Canadian Church Magazine.

---

The Protestantism of the Prayer Book.

---

---



WYCLIFFE COLLEGE

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

---

The History and Principles

—OF—

Wycliffe College.

---

AN ADDRESS TO THE ALUMNI

—BY THE—

Rev. Principal Sheraton, D.D.

OCTOBER 7th, 1891.

---

TORONTO:

THE J. E. BRYANT COMPANY (LIMITED)

1891.



# *The History and Principles of Wycliffe College.*

---

ADDRESS TO THE ALUMNI, OCT. 7, 1891,

BY THE

REV. PRINCIPAL SHERATON, D.D.

---

THE opening of this new and commodious building furnishes a fitting opportunity for a brief review of the past history of our College and the reassertion of the principles it is intended to embody and to propagate. It is fitting to do so, both that we may be stirred up to gratitude and devout thanksgiving to Him without whose guiding and sustaining hand we had in vain attempted to build, and that we may be reminded of the trust committed to us, and, taking courage from the past, may go forward with increased ardour and hopefulness in our work.

## THE HISTORY OF THE COLLEGE.

The very origin of the College is a proof of its vitality and a pledge of its stability. For it was not the result of any formal ecclesiastical deliberation, but the outcome of the spontaneous and voluntary action of earnest Christian people, loyal members of our communion, chiefly laymen, together with a small band of earnest and faithful clergymen.

This informal spontaneity of inception has been characteristic of the most useful enterprises of the Christian Church in missions, in education, in the circulation of the Scriptures, and in the rescue of the sinning and the suffering. It is the best guarantee of success, because it is the strongest evidence of vitality. It marks that which proceeds out of the very heart and inmost being of the Church, and not merely arises from the routine of formal deliberation and official procedure.

The situation in this diocese and throughout Canada was most serious. We were feeling the blighting influence of the mediæval reaction which has torn and weakened the Mother Church. It became necessary to withstand the growing sacerdotalism by means of organization and agitation. The association formed for this purpose battled with the evil courageously. More and more it was apparent that the contest lay between the majority of the Protestant laity of our communion on the one hand, and, on the other hand, a large section of the clergy who had ceased to be in sympathy with the principles and spirit of the Reformation. The conviction grew that the only adequate remedy must be found in the provision of distinctive Evangelical teaching in the training and education of candidates for the sacred ministry, and out of this conviction, deepened by thought and prayer, originated Wycliffe College.

The initiation of the work evoked, as is well known, strong and persistent opposition. It was alleged that it was opposed to the law and order of our Church, and the authority of the Bishop was invoked to arrest it. Charges of disloyalty and lawlessness were persistently alleged. Now all educational work, including the training of theo-

logical students, has ever been carried on in the Church of England by the voluntary action of her members, as distinguished from the corporate action of the Church. In the elasticity of this voluntarism she has found her chief counter action to the inflexibility of an Establishment and her most reliable safeguard against the disintegration of parties, which thus found within her scope and liberty of action. The promoters of this College in their resistance to attempted coercion were contending for this freedom of voluntary action within legal limits which both laity and clergy have ever deemed an inalienable right and necessity. Moreover, that which they sought to do was no innovation. Individually they had the right, as was admitted at the time, to prepare men for the Bishop's examinations, and it was urged that this should content them. But what had been done before in a desultory and unsatisfactory way, they proposed now to do by methods more thorough and systematic; and surely, as they contended, their liberty extended to the better doing of that which they were already doing less completely and satisfactorily.

The Church in Canada had no corporate connection with the work of theological education, and no control over theological colleges. Even the Provincial Synod had not dealt with the matter. So late as in 1883, a committee of that Synod declined to recommend any action, a decision which, I rejoice to say, has been reconsidered so far as relates to theological examinations and degrees. Thus the matter stood; law could not be violated where no law existed; and no accusation could be more devoid of foundation than the statement repeatedly made that the founders of this College were acting in opposition to the settled laws of the Church.

Painful as it is to recur to these misrepresentations, they could not be passed over in silence in any just and accurate review of our history ; and although in every stage of the work the same misrepresentations have pursued the workers, I shall refrain, as far as possible, from any further allusion to them. Only we who know the motives of our founders and benefactors, their real and strong affection for the Church of their fathers, their devotion to its principles ; we who are impelled by the same strong convictions of truth and duty, and who see with sorrow the perils and conflicts which have gathered around our historic communion ; we who know and share these things, and who are jealous for the good name of this College, must indignantly repel the charges of disloyalty and faction which have been flung forth so gratuitously and vindicate the integrity and legality of our position.

In October, 1877, this work was begun in a very unassuming form in one of the Bible Class rooms of the school-house belonging to St. James' Cathedral, under whose fostering wings the infant institution was sheltered, and to the co-operation of whose members, under the late lamented Dean Grasett, the work owes an incalculable debt. In what was then known as the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School a little band of students assembled, and some six of the Evangelical clergy of the city gave their valuable and gratuitous services as instructors. And although the growth of the College and the increase of the staff have enabled us to diminish our demands upon their time and strength, their zeal has not grown cold, nor their co-operation less valuable, in the work. At our dedication service last evening three of these standard-bearers who led the

work at that time conducted our devotions and voiced our thankfulness for the progress achieved—the Venerable Archdeacon Boddy, M.A., the Rev. Alexander Sanson, and the Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A.

In 1878 the bitterness of the conflict was somewhat mitigated by the agreement arrived at between the representatives of the two parties in the diocese, upon the basis of which the Church Association was dissolved and the present Bishop of the diocese elected by a unanimous vote.

This partial recognition of the place and rights of the Divinity School was followed by two important steps towards placing it upon a more permanent and efficient basis. One was its incorporation in 1879; the other was the erection of the building upon College street in 1882, which gave the work a local habitation and supplied the accommodation and appliances without which it could not be efficiently conducted. The institution was still in the weakness of infancy, and at times the most resolute were tempted to despond, so great were the perils which threatened it. But the work of building was taken in hand and the contracts signed by the then Chairman and Treasurer, the Hon. S. H. Blake and Mr. W. H. Howland, who became personally responsible for the funds required, and to whose courageous faith we owe, in a large measure, the determination to build and its successful completion.

The original building soon proved inadequate, and in 1885 an addition was completed which almost doubled its capacity, giving additional dormitories, a refectory, and a splendid room for the library. The chief financial basis of the extension was furnished by the Hon. Edward Blake's munificent gift of \$10,000 for this purpose, but one of his many

generous benefactions to the College. Notwithstanding these additions the building proved inadequate for the growing work, and while the College Council was contemplating further extensions an opportunity was given to sell the building for hospital purposes. The proposition, at first refused, was ultimately accepted, the Council being reluctant to part with so central and convenient a site. The wisdom of the course taken is sufficiently justified by the erection of these buildings in a position altogether suitable for the work. The foundation was laid in the spring of 1890, and now, in the autumn of 1891, we are enabled by the Divine goodness to take possession of these new quarters, substantial and commodious, which owe very much more than I can tell you to the unwearied supervision of Sir Casimir Gzowski, whose unflagging interest in the work is everywhere manifest. But it will be a grievous mistake to regard this work as complete. Further enlargement will soon be necessary. I hope before very long to see an extension to the south, with a front towards University College, providing additional dormitories, and a convocation hall which shall supply more adequately the accommodation for public gatherings now temporarily secured in the suite of lecture rooms in which we are assembled.

Commensurate with the growth of the building, there has been an increase in the financial basis of support. The steady inflow of voluntary contributions is an indication of the deep interest felt in the work and a measure of the donors' attachment to the principles of the College. To name these many generous and self-denying friends is impossible. The record of their benefactions is attached to the annual calendar. At first there was no method with



regard to the collection of these gifts ; but the increase in the requirements of the work necessitated a more systematic procedure. Our friends are greatly indebted in this matter to the indefatigable energy and devotion of the Financial Secretary, the Rev. T. R. O'Meara. A partial endowment from gifts and legacies has been secured. Of this the foundation was laid by the liberality of Messrs. A. H. Campbell, Homer Dixon, J. K. Kerr, Sir C. S. Gzowski, the Blakes, and the late Sheriff Jarvis. Its increase, as rapidly as possible, ought to be strenuously sought after by our friends. For although it is well that such an institution as this should always be partially dependent upon voluntary offerings, and by this means kept in touch with its constituency ; yet because of its comparative remoteness from its supporters, not being in daily and weekly contact with them as a congregation is with its pastor and organization, it is necessary that there should be a backbone of endowment, a reserve of financial support, to meet the inevitable vicissitudes and delays of voluntary annual subscriptions.

Let me pass now from the material growth to the more internal and vital progress. The *personnel* of the staff is of vital importance to the efficiency of the work. We began with one paid professor, relying very largely upon the generous assistance of city clergymen already overburdened with the work of populous parishes. We have gradually enlarged our regular staff until we have four professors devoted to the work. In this enlargement we have followed a policy which, I believe, has amply justified itself. We found some years ago in making inquiries in England and taking counsel with such competent ad-

visers as Principal Moule, of Ridley Hall, in the University of Cambridge, that we must either afford very large inducements to tried and experienced men who were already in positions of responsibility, or take young and untried men. The former course was beyond our resources. If we must adopt the latter, it were better far than bringing from abroad men unknown to us and unproved in their own land, to take men whom we knew, men young but of promise, honour-graduates of the Toronto University, as well as of our own College, who were imbued with the spirit of our work and filled with enthusiasm for its advancement. This policy has been followed in Ridley Hall itself and elsewhere. The results here have more than justified its wisdom. I would speak very warmly and with heartiest approval of the work done by my younger colleagues. We have an increasing body of graduates from which we can draw for the development of our work. I trust that our friends will soon give us funds to add another instructor to our staff, and help us thus to reasonably realize the ideal toward which we have been working.

The library is an indispensable factor in the work of the College. The basis of our own was laid in the munificent gift of the family of the late Dean Grasett and in other contributions of generous friends, especially Mr. Wyld, and now reaches nearly eight thousand volumes. But we greatly need a library endowment fund and some provision for an annual increase to our books, not only from current literature, but also from the great works of the past, in not a few departments of theological study. This matter cannot be kept too prominently before the friends of the College. Our students are, however, by no means restricted

to our own College library. They have access to the great library of the University, now being reconstructed upon a most ample and acceptable basis, and numbering not less than forty thousand volumes, and to the valuable and extensive public library of this city, and to others of lesser extent. These are invaluable privileges.

Wycliffe College stands in two intimate and important educational relationships which merit consideration; the one literary – to the University of Toronto; and the other theological—to our Church in Canada.

Our connection with the University of Toronto was at first merely the local one of convenient proximity and access to its lecture-rooms and appliances. Even this was a very great advantage, in which we owed very much to the sympathy and co-operation of the revered President, Sir Daniel Wilson. In 1885 Wycliffe College was by statute of the University Senate, confirmed by the Governor in Council, affiliated to the University. In 1889 the College was by Act of the Ontario Legislature confederated and made a constituent part of the University of Toronto. From this close and intimate relationship with our national University the College derives great advantages. All our revenues are devoted to theological teaching, while the general literary training is provided by the University. Our students are able to avail themselves of all the resources of the University in the various departments of study, especially those which bear the closest relation to theology. Moreover, by our connection with the University we are preserved from that tendency to narrowness of which an isolated theological school stands in great danger. Our students commingle with those among whom their life-work

is to be carried on. They come into contact with men of different communions and destined for various professions, have their sympathies broadened, and learn to take broader and juster views of life. I lay great stress upon the influence of a common university life and the relations of our students with their fellow-students with whom they are associated in the pursuits of learning, and in the religious work which, I rejoice to say, is carried on both by the University Young Men's Christian Association and in other ways.

After much delay the Provincial Synod, in 1889, passed a canon relating to examinations and degrees in theology. The scheme was adopted in consultation with the theological colleges, and is chiefly based, with some modifications, not always improvements, upon the lines developed by Lightfoot and Westcott in connection with the University of Cambridge, and with what is known in England as the Preliminary Examination for Holy Orders. By this canon Wycliffe College is recognized as one of the six institutions devoted to theological teaching in this Ecclesiastical Province, and the Board of Examiners is constituted, upon which Wycliffe is represented equally with the other institutions. This scheme, which first comes into operation this year, has the hearty support of the Council of Wycliffe College, and we welcome it with great satisfaction, believing that it will exercise a very marked and beneficial influence upon theological education in Canada, elevating its standards and improving its methods. While, then, our College preserves completely its autonomy and carries on its work upon its own lines, it is intimately and organically connected, on the one hand, with our national system of educa-

tion, which has its crown and completion in the University of Toronto, and, on the other hand, with the special theological education of our own Church. The student of Wycliffe can, at the close of his course, go forth with his degree in Arts, the certificate and guarantee of his literary attainments, bearing the imprimatur of the University of Toronto, and with the certificate of the Board of Examiners of the Provincial Synod, bearing the imprimatur of the highest ecclesiastical authority in our Canadian Church.

No sketch of Wycliffe would be complete without some reference to the missionary work supported by our graduates, and the outcome of the practical work of the students which has been encouraged and developed in connection with their theological training, and which is as valuable and indispensable as the clinical side of medical studies. Already there are supported by the Missionary Society of the College and its friends a travelling missionary in Algoma, a missionary in Rupert's Land, and two missionaries in Japan, where we hope to see developed a strong and aggressive centre of educational and evangelistic work, and which specially commends itself to the prayerful and practical sympathy of the friends of Wycliffe.

Another educational enterprise at home has had its origin and impulse in Wycliffe College. There was long felt the necessity for a boys' school which should be of the highest standing in educational efficiency and pervaded by an earnest religious spirit to which those who value the Protestant and Evangelical principles of our Church could send their sons with confidence. Bishop Ridley College, St. Catharines, has now entered upon the second year of its existence under the energetic and admirable management of the Rev. J. O.

Miller, M.A., assisted by an able staff, and in its signal success has already more than justified the expectations of its promoters.

These enterprises, missionary and educational, and, above all, the faithful work of our alumni in their parishes and missions, are the practical outcome of the principles embodied in this College, which exists to provide such workers and to promote such work. For this object the College exists—to send forth faithful, earnest, devoted ministers of the Gospel of Christ, not mere theological theorists, but practical men, faithful to the Reformation principles and devoting themselves without reserve to the service of humanity in the most blessed of all ministries, the bond-service of Jesus Christ. To say that there may have been, and to expect that there will be, no failures, no disappointments, would be to claim what is unknown in any enterprise committed to frail men; but we can say, humbly and thankfully, that the labours of our alumni and the whole work of the College have been blessed beyond the most sanguine expectations of its friends, and that the promise of the future is rich and encouraging, so that we are ready to go forward with unabated confidence, assured that the same strong and loving Presence to which we owe all the success of the past will abide with us in the days to come, and prove, as of old, the exhaustless source of wisdom and strength, filling our work with abounding vigour and keeping it true to its original design and to the principles which it embodies.

#### JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH ONLY.

The whole value of our work depends upon those principles which it represents and propagates. Nothing

less than the most vital issues can either vindicate its past course or guarantee the stability and success of its future development. Profound and far-reaching, we believe these issues to be. In any enquiry into their nature we must bear in mind that we are not dealing with isolated statements, fragments without connection or relationship, among which we can pick and choose, each selecting for himself what he will retain or reject. On the contrary, we have to do with one homogeneous whole, a correlated system, a living organism, all of whose parts stand in a definite and vital relationship to each other. Moreover, we find this organism of truth dominated and controlled by a few great principles. If these principles are clearly understood and resolutely held, the whole compass of the truth revealed in Christ stands forth luminous and self-consistent. But if they are ignored, displaced, or perverted, our whole religious belief is vitiated, and our conceptions of God, of liberty, and of righteousness suffer. Still further it will be seen that these principles converge into one focus, that they centre themselves in the one point, of all others the most practically important and momentous—How shall sinful man be just with God?—in the question of the anxious heart, tersely and urgently voiced by the Philippian jailor, “What must I do to be saved?” It is in the answers given to this question that the fundamental and vital differences between the sacerdotal and the Evangelical theologies most vividly present themselves. Nowhere does this stand out more manifestly than in the development of the great Reformation and in the life histories of the Reformers, *e.g.*, of Luther. Take him at the outset of his career, a pious and ardent monk, whose

whole concern, as Dorner observes, was about the salvation of his soul. Profoundly conscious of the Divine holiness, and of his own sinfulness, in vain he sought for peace and deliverance by following the prescriptions and observances of the sacerdotal Church, as he himself afterwards confessed, with fastings, vigils, prayers, and other exercises, torturing and wearying his body far more than his most bitter enemies and persecutors ever did. But it was all in vain until he learnt the great truth that man is justified by faith without works of law, and apprehended the glorious significance of the words of the Apostolic Creed—"I believe in the forgiveness of sins." Thus Luther first came into the possession of the personal experience of salvation by faith. It was only by degrees that he came to know the full significance of this truth and its bearing upon theology as well as upon life. He had, as Dorner says, as yet no presentiment of the fact that there lay in it the germ of a totally different system of the economy of salvation from the ecclesiastical. There is not time to trace the steps by which he was led towards a consummation he had never dreamt of. He was himself astonished at the light which the knowledge acquired upon one point shed upon the whole compass of theology, and unveiled to him the manifold errors of the dominant system. He found the truth of the appropriation by faith of the free grace of God in Christ to be a principle of universal significance. By it he was ushered into a new world of Evangelical freedom. It became the constructive principle of his theology, and, as expressed in the doctrine of justification by faith only, apart from works, it soon became manifest that it was entitled to the place universally conceded to it as the



great subjective principle of the Reformation. He himself called it *articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ*, the article of a standing or falling Church. His Roman antagonists themselves viewed it as the keystone of the Protestant position, and hence the principal theologians of the Council of Trent, as Sarpi in his history of that Council relates, advised that their fathers and divines should be assiduous and exact in their studies concerning the doctrine of justification "because all the errors of Martin (Luther) were resolved into that point." They conceded the doctrine of justification by faith only, to be the master principle of the Reformation. "Therefore," they alleged, "by a contrary way, he that will establish the body of the Catholic doctrine must overthrow the heresy of justification by faith only."

The student of St. Paul's life cannot fail to observe how close is the parallel between his experience and that of Luther. Study in the light of the apostolic history the third chapter of Philippians, and the contrast there drawn between the Pharisaic legalist who sought by his devotion to ritual and his obedience to law to build up for himself a sure ground of acceptance with God, and the humble disciple and bond-slave of Jesus of Nazareth, who accounts all his attainments, privileges, and performances as dross, vile, and worthless, and finds his only hope of acceptance, his only ground of confidence before God, his only righteousness, in the merits of the Redeemer appropriated by faith. Study St. Paul's conflict with the Judaizers, whose error is identical in substance with that of legalists and sacerdotalists in all ages; read in the Epistle to the Galatians his impassioned denunciation of their perversion of the Gos-

pel of Christ and his vindication of the liberty of the Gospel and of the gratuitousness of salvation, and you will not be surprised that Luther chose this epistle as his most efficient engine in overthrowing the vast superstructure of error which had been raised upon the simple foundations of the Gospel, and that his "Commentary on the Galatians" remains, as Bishop Lightfoot affirms, a speaking monument of the mind of the Reformers and of the principles of the Reformation. All departures from the Reformation position can be traced back to unfaithfulness to this great master principle, justification by faith only. Our great Hooker, in his notable sermon on justification, finds here the essential point in the differences between England and Rome, and affirms the Roman doctrine of justification to be the mystery of the man of sin. In this he is at one with our Reformers and great divines. Archbishop Usher overflows with it. Bishops Downname and Davenant have devoted volumes to this controversy. The keynote of our Church's teaching is sounded in Article XI., that "we are accounted righteous before God only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by faith and not for our own works or deservings." "Then," to quote the words of the judicious Hooker, "although in ourselves we be altogether sinful and unrighteousness, yet even the man who is impious in himself, full of iniquity, full of sin, him, being found in Christ through faith and having his sin remitted through repentance, him God beholdeth with a gracious eye, putteth away his sin by not imputing it, taketh quite away the punishment due thereto by pardoning it, and accepteth him in Jesus Christ as perfectly righteous, as if he had fulfilled all that was commanded him in the law."

In the history of our Church there occur two periods of lamentable defection from Reformation doctrine, and between them a remarkable parallelism can be traced. I refer to the Laudian and the Tractarian movements. The errors and evils in each can be traced up to one central and fountain error. The decline in each began with the obscuring and setting aside of the truth of justification by faith only, and substituting therefor the old legal and sacerdotal figment of a progressive justification by works, ceremonies, and sacraments. The work of Bishop Bull on the agreement of St. Paul with St. James on justification is an outcome of the earlier of these defections. The character of its theology, confused, illogical, and unscriptural, can be judged from its definition of faith, which Bull states, "comprehends in one word all the works of Christian piety." The influence of this pernicious work upon the theology of non-jurors and High Churchmen has been very great; and to this day it is recommended as an authority by bishops and examining chaplains of that school. It is one of the books which have transmitted the errors of the Laudian divines to the later Tractarian school, and prepared the way for the more pronounced developments of Oxford theology. Dr. Pusey condemns those who "sever justification from baptism and make it consist in the act of reliance on the merits of Christ alone." He asserts that "we are by baptism brought into the state of salvation or justification"; and he further tells us that it is "a state admitting of degrees according to the degree of sanctification." In Newman's lectures on justification, written before his departure to Rome and approved by Dr. Pusey, it is stated that "the righteousness wherein we must stand at the last day is not Christ's own imputed

obedience, but our own good works." He tells us that "cleanness of heart and spirit, obedience by word and deed, these alone can constitute our justification." "The gift of righteousness or justification is not an imputation, but an inward work." "If He (God) accounts righteous, it is by making righteous." But, as Godet points out, this is the vital difference between Romanism and Protestantism: the former teaches an inward regeneration by means of the sacraments, on the ground of which God pardons; the latter teaches a free reconciliation through faith in Christ's merits, on the ground of which God regenerates. Faber, in his primitive "Doctrine of Justification," draws the contrast between the certainty and sufficiency of the Gospel plan of salvation and the painful uncertainties of sacerdotalism. If we follow the teaching of the Reformers, "we shall build our justification, not upon the ever-shifting sands of man's imperfect and inherent righteousness, but upon the immovable rock and absolute cubical unity of the perfect and finished righteousness of Christ."

The latest Tractarian doctrine differs from the earlier in that it has been formulated more completely into a system which is in its essence a Pantheistic Hegelianism. It is curious and instructive to follow out this teaching to its source. The Tractarian doctrine was first elaborated by Archdeacon Wilberforce, afterwards a pervert to Rome, in his work on the Incarnation. It may be thus briefly stated. The Incarnation is the central dogma of Christianity. Christ having completed His manifestation of Himself upon the earth is now enthroned in heaven as the Head of His mystical body, the Church, which, as Gore says, is of a piece with the Incarnation, whose benefits it perpetuates by means

of a once for all empowered and commissioned ministry through the sacraments which are the instruments by which we are incorporated into Christ and the channels of spiritual gifts, the sacraments themselves being dependent upon the ministry, apart from whose succession and authority they have no validity. Now, as I said, it is curious to trace the genesis of this theory of the sacraments as the extension of the Incarnation. Wilberforce first introduced it into Tractarianism. He derived it from the German Roman Catholic theologian, Moehler, of a portion of whose "Symbolik" his book is substantially an expansion. Moehler's object was to express Roman theology in the terms of contemporary philosophical thought, and thus, if possible, to place its dogmas upon a philosophical basis. He took hold of the Pantheistic conception of God perpetually becoming man, an eternal incarnation of God in humanity, as Schelling formulated it. Hegel had constructed upon this basis a philosophy of history. A little later Strauss utilized it in his myth theory of the origin of the Gospel history. Moehler transferred the idea from humanity in general to the Roman Church, so that instead of its being the incarnation of God in humanity, it became, in his theory, the incarnation of God in the Church; the Church being the form or incarnation in which God existed for the world, and through which the world could find access to God, so that to be united to the Church is to be united to God in Christ. Wilberforce simply adapted Moehler's theory to Tractarian exigencies, and to the Tractarian conception of the Church, which included the Anglican and Greek as well as the Roman. The practical result of such a theology is to give the Church that position of mediatorship which belongs to Christ alone; and accordingly the means

by which man is reconciled to God is the reception of the sacraments and submission to the priesthood. A man-devised method of reconciliation is substituted for that proclaimed in the Gospel. It is clear then that the only effective remedy for such a perversion is the proclamation of the Gospel itself. This was the instrument so effective in the hands of its first preachers, and which proved, as St. Paul declared, the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth. It was by the same instrumentality that the Reformation was achieved, and by no other means can our Church be delivered from the false gospel of sacerdotalism. It is to bear witness to this great truth of justification by faith only that this College exists, that it may impress it upon its students and send them forth to teach and enforce it and make it the living centre of their preaching.

#### THE SUPREMACY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

To justification by faith there is a correlative truth—the absolute supremacy of the Word of God as the only rule of Christian faith and life. The one is the inner and subjective, the other the external objective principle of Evangelical Protestantism; and the two are closely related, for the Word of God is the warrant of faith. It is from the promise and revelation of God in Christ that faith derives the guarantees upon which it rests. The written record of the Scriptures sets forth the person of Christ in whom faith trusts, the work of Christ upon which faith builds. The career of Luther forcibly illustrates the relationship between the two truths. When he could not find pardon and peace by means of the prescriptions of the Church, he obtained it by faith in the promises of the Gospel. Then he found the

authority of the Church arrayed against him. Against it he had but one appeal, and it is upon the Word of God that he takes his stand. "That," he exclaims, "is God's Word ; on that will I risk body and life, and a hundred thousand necks, if I had them."

The doctrine of tradition was the substitution of man's word for God's. At quite an early period in Church history the question came to be, not what does God's Word teach, but what do fathers teach and councils affirm that God's Word declares. The Church was thus made the mediator of truth as well as of grace. As man cannot receive what God gives, so neither can he know what God reveals except through the Church, that is, the priesthood. The patristic rule of *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus creditum est*, proved as embarrassing as it was false. Even its originator, Vincentius Lirinensis, was obliged to limit it to "the consent of all or nearly all the clergy." And ever since the Reformation the Church of Rome has been more and more pressed by the insufficiency and inconvenience of the requirement of universal consent as the test of truth, as the progress of historical knowledge and the methods of historical enquiry began to show the novelty of her distinctive dogmas. Moehler again came to the rescue with his philosophizing. As he made the Church the substitute for Christ by his adaptation of the Hegelian hypothesis of an eternal Incarnation, so he also made the Church the substitute for the Holy Scriptures by the skilful application to theology of the philosophical doctrine of development. Inspiration was thus taught to be continuous in the Church, to which new revelations were constantly being made. Tradition was as little necessary as Scripture to the authentication of a

dogma. The voice of the living Church becomes a sufficient substitute for both. And as there were false as well as true developments, a criterion was necessary to distinguish them. This was provided in the infallible authority of the Pope, the Vicar of Christ, whose decisions were final, so that Pius the Ninth could say, "I am the tradition." The development theory of Moehler was adopted by Newman, and is the accepted hypothesis of the younger Tractarians of the Lux Mundi school, and requires only the doctrine of the Papal Infallibility as its correlative. It is the last desperate attempt of our Anglican traditionalists to defend their dogmas against the encroachments of modern critical enquiry. The disintegration may be delayed, but it cannot be arrested; and when it does come, the collapse will be all the more complete.

Now, it is characteristic of all these theories that they make the Scriptures the initial point in a course of development. They make the development begin with the completed Scriptures and go on through the whole course of Church life, bringing in thoughts and dogmas which are confessedly not in the Scriptures at all. The Scriptures are thus virtually superseded. They no longer possess either finality or completeness. They no longer remain the one supreme authority which determines what we ought to believe and do according to the mind of Christ.

We, on the contrary, hold fast to the supremacy of the Scriptures. It is because they contain God's revelation of Himself in His Son that they are final and complete, until that Son comes again. Before His advent, God spoke in the prophets, giving a fragmentary, preparatory, and incomplete revelation. At last He spoke in His Son, who is the



express image of His substance. That revelation cannot be superseded or supplemented. We accept it as final and complete for the present dispensation. But this finality does not exclude progress in theology. There is and must be a continuous advance in a living Church, but it is not an advance away from and beyond the Scriptures; it is an advance which, beginning in each successive generation with the measure of its understanding of the Divine Word, goes on to a fuller and riper knowledge of that Word. The starting point is the measure possessed of the knowledge of the truth; the goal is the complete knowledge of the truth revealed. The historical development is not the receiving of new revelations which virtually set aside the Scriptures, but it is a growing up into the full understanding and the complete assimilation of the revelation given once for all in the Incarnate Son of God.

But it may be said, Is not this great Protestant principle of the supremacy of the Scriptures superseded and discredited, not merely by sacerdotal assumptions, but also by modern scholarship and research? We hear in some quarters a good deal about the errors of Scripture, the mistakes of Moses, the contradictions of theology and science. What weight are we to attach to these? I cannot now enter at length into the questions here raised, but I will set before you a few considerations which may be of service to the timid.

First, inspiration is one thing, a theory of inspiration is another. We may not be agreed as to the precise terms of the theory. We cannot but accept the glorious reality that God has revealed Himself to us. If He could not, where is His power? If He would not, where is His love? And to

do it, and yet to do it so feebly, so uncertainly, so vaguely, that we cannot know whether or not He speaks or what He utters, were not worthy of a weak and fallible man, much less of an eternal and omnipotent God. With the fact of the Christian revelation, Theism must stand or fall.

Secondly, truth is self-attesting. This is characteristic of all truth, whether mathematical, physical, or ethical. Every humble seeker verifies for himself the Divine promise which is, in its inmost nature, the assertion of a Divine law—"Ye shall know the truth." Truth does not need any external authority, whether of Council, Pope, or Father, to rest upon. It verifies itself. It is by the manifestation of the truth, to use St. Paul's expression, that the true teacher commends himself to every man's conscience. Let us have confidence in the truth. It is often the excess of scepticism which leads to superstition. It was Newman's distrust of God's revelation of Himself in reason and in Scripture which drove him to the alternative of absolute unbelief or of submission to external authority. He chose the latter alternative, and his own premises logically led him into submission to Rome.

Thirdly, it is a mistake to speak of contradictions between nature and revelation. What we do find are apparent contradictions between science, which is man's interpretation of nature, and theology, which is man's interpretation of revelation. In either of these interpretations man may err, and has repeatedly erred. When confronted by these perplexities, let us have patience and courage. The timidity of some Christians is as reprehensible and more hurtful than the arrogance of many unbelievers. What a curious commentary on human fallibility is the conflict between Genesis

and geology. We smile alike at the rash zeal of some apologists who found in the presence of shells on the heights of the Alps a proof of a universal deluge, and the superficial cleverness of Voltaire, who evaded the force of the supposed demonstration by the suggestion that the shells had been dropped by pilgrims from the Holy Land. We may not yet be fully able to synchronize every stage in the record with every successive step in the evolution of the world ; but we refuse to accept the now almost incredible suggestion once seriously made that God created the fossils and placed them in the rocks as a test of our faith. And who does not marvel as he contrasts the puerilities and absurdities of other ancient cosmogonies with the grandeur and verisimilitude of that of Moses? Who can fail to trace the marvellous correspondence between its testimony and that of the rocks to the order and beauty of the Divine method which unfolded itself in those *dies ineffabiles*, those God-divided, not sun-divided, days, as the great Augustine called them centuries before geology had begun to trace the vast periods of the world's formation. Profound problems in biology are now to be dealt with. And if, while we are still but children in knowledge, we protest against the haughty dogmatism of some scientists as to revelation, let us theologians beware lest we repeat their error by an equally crude and self-sufficient condemnation of the working hypotheses of science.

Fourthly, let us remember that the science of the Biblical criticism of the Old Testament is still in its infancy, and there is too strong a disposition to accept as true what are still, to say the least, unproved hypotheses. But these speculations are not to be met by dogmatic denunciation, but by the more thorough study of the documents and their history.

It is not very long since the Biblical criticism of the New Testament was in an equally tentative position. And what have been the results? When our Authorized Version was made, the Greek text was substantially that of Erasmus, founded upon a few late and inferior Greek manuscripts, and in the case of the Book of Revelation upon one defective manuscript of the 15th century, so that he had to retranslate a portion of it (some six verses) from the Vulgate into Greek. Now a science of textual criticism, as exact and thorough as research and scholarship can make it, has discussed and arranged some 1,500 manuscripts, some of them dating from the fourth and fifth centuries; has compared and collated some 150,000 various readings, and has given us a text which with but comparatively few exceptions we can confidently affirm to be the *ipsissima verba* of the writers. Yet the result has not been a revolution but a confirmation of the substantial accuracy of Erasmus and his co-workers.

So the genuineness and authenticity of the New Testament writings were challenged. They were subjected to the severest and often the most unfair tests; yet, even those who have taken the position of hostile critics concede the authenticity of four, with few exceptions of eight, of the most important New Testament writings, sufficient to establish every great truth of Christianity. I speak now of the minimum of admission of the most pronounced enemies of Evangelical religion. And while there are still problems awaiting solution, the result of this conflict has been to place the historical basis of our faith and its documents upon a stronger foundation than ever, and to confirm the judgment of the Christian Church throughout the ages.

Such, too, will be the result of the present controversies relating to the Old Testament. Some changes may be required in our belief as to the authorship and age of some Old Testament books; some traditional views may have to be replaced by a more accurate and critical estimate of the process by which the Canon of the Old Testament was formed and preserved; some of our conceptions of God's working in the older dispensation may be modified; but the outcome will be the triumphant vindication of the inerrancy of Him who said "One jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law until all be fulfilled," and who could affirm of Himself as a co-ordinate authority as well as a competent witness, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." Recent researches into the history and antiquities of the east have vivified our knowledge of the Old Testament, and furnished innumerable corroborations of its truthfulness, so that not too confident is the expectation of Professor Sayce, of Oxford, that the Biblical history will yet be disinterred by pick and spade from the soil of Palestine.

Moreover, the difficulties of the Bible are the difficulties of life; they are those which inhere in the present constitution of things; and their presence in the Bible is the best demonstration that it is a living book and proceeds from the God of all life and wisdom. Were it otherwise, were the Bible so superficial as to present no problems and create no difficulties, we must either cease to regard it as Divine, or accept the boast of the proud Gnostic, that he knew God as thoroughly as the staff in his hand. But let such impious thoughts begone in the presence of Him whose judgments are unsearchable and His ways past

finding out. Surely such a God must transcend our puny reason; but He cannot contradict it. He would not have us despise His own gift. Let us beware lest we incur the censure not unjustly cast upon some Evangelicals, that their hatred of rationalism turned into fear of reason. Intellectual timidity is nearly as hurtful, if less criminal, than moral cowardice. Let us seek for large views of God and of His universe.

As Bishop Lightfoot has grandly stated it—"the abnegation of reason is not the evidence of faith, but the confession of despair." Let us be in sympathy with science, with research, with the restless daring spirit of the age which must question, examine, test all things; a spirit indeed capable of awful perversions, if it be the fruit of self-assertion, akin to the old Babel ambition to build a tower to heaven; but which may be and is, in its best and true form, a determination to know truth and to stamp out falsehood, a passion for the real, a God-given impulse to subdue this great world of matter and of thought and to rule over it and to make it subservient to those supreme moral and spiritual ends for which God created it.

So far, then, from having any reason to distrust or to discard that great principle of our Protestantism which leads us to acknowledge no Lord over the conscience, no king of truth, but God Himself, the God who has given us a revelation of Himself, not only in nature and reason, but, above all, in His Son; we have every reason to hold fast to it as the great anchor of our hope, the impregnable foundation of our faith. The Bible is to-day more fresh, more real, more accessible, than it ever was. It speaks now with as paramount authority as of old. It attests itself as decisively by its power to

search the heart, to convict the conscience, to transform the life, and to bring man into that fellowship with God which is at once the necessity and the perfection of his nature.

From these two primary principles of Evangelical Protestantism, logically follow the Evangelical doctrines of the Church, the ministry, and the sacraments. Upon them depends the whole organism of Evangelical truth, which, as a correlative system, must, in all its essential members, stand or fall together. No *via media* is possible, except in the delusions of illogical minds, or in the compromises of false expediency. The choice must ultimately lie between a thoroughgoing Sacerdotalism and a consistent and decided Evangelicalism. Between these two the conflict is irrepressible. Indolence or cowardice may lead us to attempt to evade the issues ; but it will prove impossible. Each one of us is called to contend for the truth. Let us see to it that while we speak the truth, we speak it in love. The stronger our confidence in the truth, the greater should be our patience and tenderness towards those who oppose it. We are not contending with men, but with false principles ; and what we desire, as a great English statesman has recently said, is the good of our opponents ; their conversion, not their confusion.

Lastly, let us remember that our theology is Christocentric. The dogmas are but definitions of certain relations in which we stand towards Christ, a relation of obedience to His Word and of confidence in His promise. Not the holding of dogmas saves, but the holding of the Head Himself. It is possible, let us remember, for those who have but a feeble intellectual grasp of the doctrine to hold fast to the living Christ, to follow Him truly, and possess His Spirit.

And it is possible, on the other hand, to have accurate conceptions of doctrine and yet to lack that personal trust in Christ and that loyal subjection to Him which are essentials in a truly Evangelical life. The whole man must be in subjection to Christ. We must have His love in our hearts and His law in our conscience, not less than His truth in our understanding. A dead Evangelicalism is of all things the most repulsive. A living Evangelicalism means a life of service to men, inspired by supreme love to the Son of Man. We can be safe and strong, morally and spiritually, only in so far as we are in touch with the living Christ, united to Him by a living and fruitful faith.





