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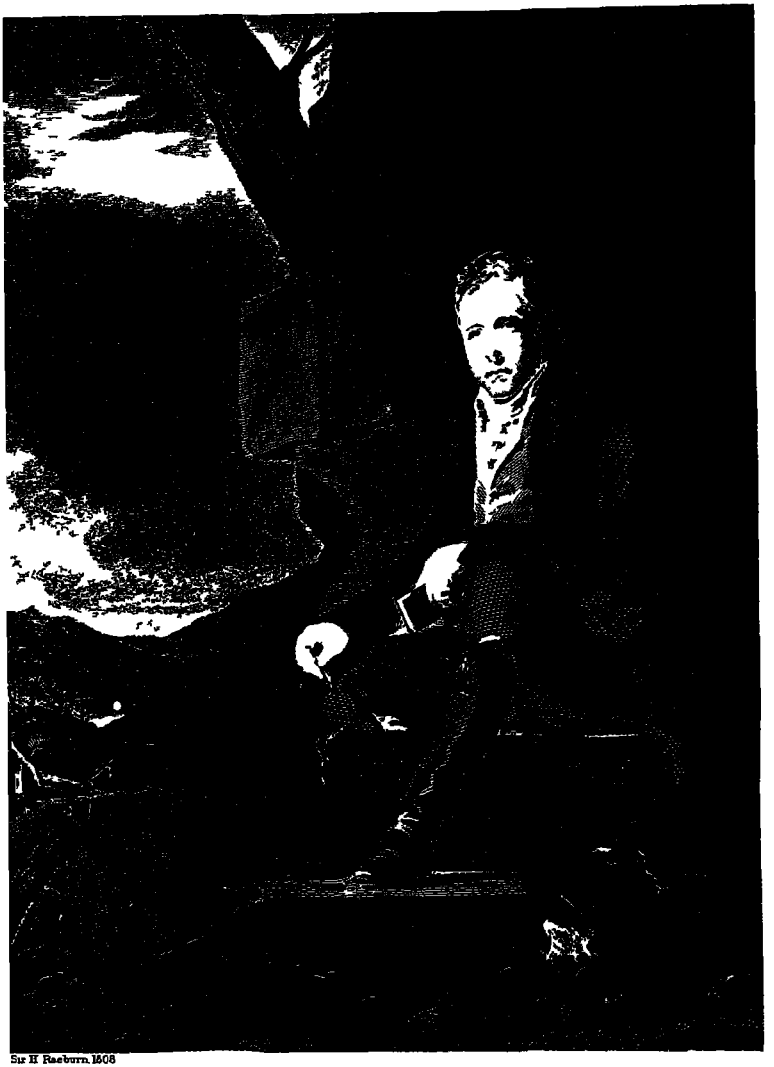
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Sir H Raeburn 1808

SIR WALTER SCOTT

MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER

CONSISTING OF

Historical and Romantic Ballads

Collected in the Southern Counties of Scotland with a few of Modern Date founded upon Local Tradition

EDITED, WITH A NEW GLOSSARY, BY

THOMAS HENDERSON

The songs, to savage virtue dear,
That won of yore the public ear,
Ere Polity, sedate and sage,
Had quench'd the fires of feudal rage.

WARTON



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TO HIS GRACE

HENRY DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

THESE TALES

which in elder times have celebrated the prowess and cheered the halls of his gallant ancestors are respectfully inscribed by His Grace's much obliged and most humble servant

WALTER SCOTT

PREFACE

The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border is the first important landmark in the literary life of Sir Walter Scott; it is also one of the great monuments of Scottish literature. As Andrew Lang remarks: "It was through his collecting and editing of *The Border Minstrelsy* that Sir Walter Scott glided into literature."

From early childhood Scott's imagination had fed on the old stories and romantic legends of his ancestors' countryside, where every hill has its history and every stream its part in the nation's glory. From these, it is probable, he received the impulse to make his literary debut by translating ballads from the German—Bürger's *Lenore* and *The Wild Huntsman*. From that mild literary exercise he returned with fresh fervour to the ballads of his beloved Borderland. He told James Ballantyne when first mooting the proposal to publish *The Minstrelsy* that he had been for years collecting Border Ballads. His appointment as Sheriff of Selkirkshire, or, as he preferred to put it, of Ettrick Forest, brought him into intimate contact with the folk of one of the chief sanctuaries of old romance. His meeting with John Leyden gave him exactly what he needed—a colleague of brains, boundless energy, and disciplined enthusiasm. Much about the same time he met William Laidlaw and that erratic genius, James Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd." Both of these became valuable assistants. Hogg, in particular, brought many ballads to Scott.

Hogg's contributions have been responsible for much of the controversy over Scott's versions and his methods of editing. Into the details of that controversy we need not now enter. Suffice it to say that Sir Walter, as he himself admitted, half apologetically, half proudly, could never retell a story without decking it out "with a cocked hat and a sword." Fortunately for the great majority of his fellow-men, his interest in the ballads was literary, not scientific. If it be true, as it almost certainly is, that he had a hand in polishing or in retouching most of the forty odd ballads first printed by him, let it be remembered that he was by blood and instinct a ballad writer and his 'improvements' were true to the spirit, if not to the letter. He left his imprint clear in several of the best of the ballads (compare *Kinmont Willie* with *Jock o' the Side*). We may well be thankful that it was so, for, beyond all doubt, *The Border Minstrelsy* as he left it is one of the most brilliant, inspiring, and masterly pictures of a rough, tumultuous, but vigorous and romantic past of which any country can boast.

Scott's mind was essentially creative, not analytical. We need not, therefore, be surprised by his not infrequent lapses from critical

soundness. He was, to put it frankly, not a first-class critic. He was completely deceived by Surtees' palpable imitations: *The Death of Featherstonhaugh* and *Barthram's Dirge*. Another instance may be cited. He said of Jean Elliot's *Flowers of the Forest*, a most beautiful poem in its own right:

> the manner of the ancient minstrels is so happily imitated that it required the most positive evidence to convince the editor that the song was of modern date.

It is of interest to note that long before Scott penned that revealing confession Robert Burns had written of the same poem:

> This fine ballad is even a more palpable imitation than *Hardiknute*. The manners are indeed old, but the language is of yesterday. Its author must soon be discovered.

These criticisms suggest questions of some importance as to the *quality* of the minds of these two great Scotsmen.

Despite Scott's shortcomings as a critic, perhaps, in some degree, because of them, he was an unwearied collector and arranger. It is impossible to overestimate the trouble and hard work he undertook to get his materials. He corresponded with anybody and everybody who could give him the least assistance. He consulted the then recognized authorities on ballads—Bishop Percy of *The Reliques* and Percy's bitter critic, Joseph Ritson, the precursor of the 'scientific' school. He compared and collated. He scrutinized his variant texts with care. In search of ballads he rode hither and thither through the fastnesses of the Border dales, over trackless moors, through boggy wastes, by hill paths "up to the middle in snow." He poured forth in his notes to the ballads the rich treasures of his wide and curious knowledge of bygone Scotland.

Lockhart quotes with deserved approval in the *Life* the opinion of a critic of the time who:

> said that the book contained "the elements of a hundred historical romances"; and this critic was a prophetic one. No person who has not gone through its volumes for the express purpose of comparing their contents with his great original works, can have formed a conception of the endless variety of incidents and images now expanded and emblazoned by his mature art, of which the first hints may be found either in the text of these primitive ballads, or in the notes, which the happy rambles of his youth had gathered together for their illustration.

Scott's whole life took meaning and purpose from this collection of ballads that was the rich flowering of his youthful pleasures and pursuits. In *The Border Minstrelsy* his universal genius found its first worthy expression. His theme was peculiarly Scottish, but of perennial interest to all whose pulses can be stirred by tales of "old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago." The manners and

speech of the men and women of these ballads have long since disappeared, but let us hope that the spirit of bravery, of fortitude, of independence, and of freedom, can still inspire generous youth and cooler age to high resolve and laborious endeavour.[1]

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[1] The language of the ballads is not really difficult. One hint may usefully be given. The ballads were made for chanting or reading aloud. The method is still worth using. Incidentally, it frequently reveals to the ear a meaning that the eye alone cannot discover.

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INTRODUCTION

FROM the remote period when the Roman province was contracted by the ramparts of Severus until the union of the kingdoms, the Borders of Scotland formed the stage upon which were presented the most memorable conflicts of two gallant nations. The inhabitants at the commencement of this era formed the first wave of the torrent which assaulted, and finally overwhelmed, the barriers of the Roman power in Britain. The subsequent events in which they were engaged tended little to diminish their military hardihood, or to reconcile them to a more civilized state of society. We have no occasion to trace the state of the Borders during the long and obscure period of Scottish history which preceded the accession of the Stuart family. To illustrate a few ballads, the earliest of which is hardly coeval with James V, such an inquiry would be equally difficult and vain. If we may trust the Welsh bards in their account of the wars betwixt the Saxons and Danes of Deira and the Cumraig (570), imagination can hardly form any idea of conflicts more desperate than were maintained on the borders between the ancient British and their Teutonic invaders. Thus the Gododin describes the waste and devastation of mutual havoc in colours so glowing as strongly to recall the words of Tacitus: *"Et ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant."* [1]

At a later period the Saxon families who fled from the exterminating sword of the Conqueror, with many of the Normans themselves whom discontent and intestine feuds had driven into exile, began to rise into eminence upon the Scottish Borders. They brought with them arts, both of peace and of war, unknown in Scotland; and among their descendants we soon number the most powerful Border chiefs. Such, during the reign of the last Alexander (1249), were Patrick, Earl of March, and Lord Soulis, renowned in tradition; and such were also the powerful Comyns, who early acquired the principal sway upon the Scottish Marches. In the civil wars betwixt Bruce and Baliol all those powerful chieftains espoused the unsuccessful party. They were forfeited and exiled; and upon their ruins was founded the formidable house of Douglas.

[1] In the spirited translation of this poem, by Jones, the following verses are highly descriptive of the exhausted state of the victor army:—

"At Madoc's tent the clarion sounds,
With rapid clangour hurried far:
Each echoing dell the note resounds—
But when return the sons of war!
Thou, born of stern necessity,
Dull peace! the desert yields to thee,
And owns thy melancholy sway."

The Borders, from sea to sea, were now at the devotion of a succession of mighty chiefs whose exorbitant power threatened to place a new dynasty upon the Scottish throne. It is not my intention to trace the dazzling career of this race of heroes, whose exploits were alike formidable to the English and to their own sovereign.

The sun of Douglas set in blood. The murders of the sixth Earl and his brother in the castle of Edinburgh were followed by that of their successor, poniarded at Stirling by the hand of his prince. His brother, Earl James, appears neither to have possessed the abilities nor the ambition of his ancestors. He drew, indeed, against his prince the formidable sword of Douglas, but with a timid and hesitating hand. Procrastination ruined his cause; and he was deserted at Abercorn by the Knight of Cadyow, chief of the Hamiltons, and by his most active adherents, after they had ineffectually exhorted him to commit his fate to the issue of a battle (1453). The Border chiefs, who longed for independence (1455), showed little inclination to follow the declining fortunes of Douglas. On the contrary, the most powerful clans engaged and defeated him at Arkinholme, in Annandale, when, after a short residence in England, he again endeavoured to gain a footing in his native country.[1] The spoils of

[1] At the battle of Arkinholme the Earl of Angus, a near kinsman of Douglas, commanded the royal forces; and the difference of their complexion occasioned the saying, "that the *Red Douglas* had put down the *Black*." The Maxwells, the Johnstones, and the Scotts composed his army. Archibald, Earl of Murray, brother to Douglas, was slain in the action; and Hugh, Earl of Ormond, his second brother, was taken and executed. His captors, Lord Carlisle and the Baron of Johnstone, were rewarded with a grant of the lands of Pittinane, upon Clyde (Godscroft, vol. i, p. 375; Balfour's MS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; Abercrombie's *Achievements*, vol. ii, p. 361, folio ed.). The other chiefs were also distinguished by royal favour. By a charter upon record, dated 25th February 1548, the king grants to Walter Scott of Kirkurd, ancestor of the house of Buccleuch, the lands of Abingtown, Phareholm, and Glentonan Craig, in Lanarkshire, "*Pro suo fideli servitio nobis impenso, et pro quod interfuit in conflictu de Arkinholme in occisione et captione nostrorum rebellium quondam Archibaldi et Hugonis de Douglas olim comitum Moraviæ et de Ormond et aliorum rebellium nostrorum in eorum comitiva existen: ibidem captorum et interfectorum.*" Similar grants of land were made to Finnart and Arran, the two branches of the house of Hamilton; to the chiefs of the Battisons; but above all, to the Earl of Angus, who obtained from royal favour a donation of the lordship of Douglas, and many other lands, now held by Lord Douglas, as his representative. There appears, however, to be some doubt whether, in this division, the Earl of Angus received more than his natural right. Our historians, indeed, say that William, 1st Earl of Douglas, had three sons: (1) James, the second Earl, who died in the field of Otterburn; (2) Archibald the Grim, third Earl; and (3) George, in right of his mother, Earl of Angus. Whether, however, this Archibald was actually the son of William seems very doubtful; and Sir David Dalrymple has strenuously maintained the contrary. Now if Archibald the Grim intruded into the earldom of Douglas, without being a son of that family, it follows that the house of Angus, being kept out of their just rights for more than a century, were only restored to them after the battle of Arkinholme. Perhaps this may help to account for the eager interest taken by the Earl of Angus against his kinsman (*Remarks on History of Scotland*, Edinburgh, 1773, p. 121).

Douglas were liberally distributed among his conquerors, and royal grants of his forfeited domains effectually interested them in excluding his return. An attempt on the East Borders (1457) by "*the Percy* and *the Douglas, both together,*" was equally unsuccessful. The Earl, grown old in exile, longed once more to see his native country, and vowed that upon St Magdalen's Day (1483) he would deposit his offering on the high altar at Lochmaben. Accompanied by the banished Earl of Albany, with his usual fortune he entered Scotland. The Borderers assembled to oppose him, and he suffered a final defeat at Burnswark, in Dumfriesshire. The aged Earl was taken in the fight by a son of Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, one of his own vassals. A grant of lands had been offered for his person: "Carry me to the King!" said Douglas to Kirkpatrick, "thou art well entitled to profit by my misfortune; for thou wast true to me while I was true to myself." The young man wept bitterly and offered to fly with the Earl into England. But Douglas, weary of exile, refused his proffered liberty, and only requested that Kirkpatrick would not deliver him to the King till he had secured his own reward.[1] Kirkpatrick did more: he stipulated for the personal safety of his old master. His generous intercession prevailed; and the last of the Douglasses was permitted to die in monastic seclusion in the Abbey of Lindores.

After the fall of the house of Douglas no one chieftain appears to have enjoyed the same extensive supremacy over the Scottish Borders. The various barons, who had partaken of the spoil, combined in resisting a succession of uncontrolled domination. The Earl of Angus alone seems to have taken rapid steps in the same course of ambition which had been pursued by his kinsmen and rivals, the Earls of Douglas. Archibald, sixth Earl of Angus, called *Bell-the-Cat*, was at once Warden of the East and Middle Marches, Lord of Liddisdale and Jedwood Forest, and possessed of the strong castles of Douglas, Hermitage, and Tantallon. Highly esteemed by the ancient nobility, a faction which he headed shook the throne of the feeble James III, whose person they restrained, and whose minions they led to an ignominious death. The King failed not to show his sense of these insults, though unable effectually to avenge them. This hastened his fate: and the field of Bannockburn, once the scene of a more glorious conflict, beheld the combined chieftains of the Border counties arrayed against their sovereign, under the banners of his own son. The King was supported by almost all the barons of the north; but the tumultuous ranks of the Highlanders were ill able to endure the steady and rapid charge of the men of Annandale and Liddisdale, who bore spears two ells longer than were used by the rest of their countrymen. The yells with which they accompanied their onset caused the heart of James to quail within him. He deserted his host and fled towards Stirling (1488); but, falling from his horse, he was murdered by the pursuers.

[1] A grant of the King, dated 2nd October 1484, bestowed upon Kirkpatrick, for this acceptable service, the lands of Kirkmichael.

James IV, a monarch of a vigorous and energetic character, was well aware of the danger which his ancestors had experienced from the preponderance of one overgrown family. He is supposed to have smiled internally when the Border and Highland champions bled and died in the savage sports of chivalry by which his nuptials were solemnized. Upon the waxing power of Angus he kept a wary eye; and, embracing the occasion of a casual slaughter, he compelled that Earl and his son to exchange the lordship of Liddisdale, and the castle of Hermitage, for the castle and lordship of Bothwell.[1] By this policy he prevented the house of Angus, mighty as it was, from rising to the height whence the elder branch of their family had been hurled.

Nor did James fail in affording his subjects on the Marches marks of his royal justice and protection. The clan of Turnbull having been guilty of unbounded excesses, the King came suddenly to Jedburgh (1510), by a night march, and executed the most rigid justice upon the astonished offenders. Their submission was made with singular solemnity. Two hundred of the tribe met the King at the water of Rule, holding in their hands the naked swords with which they had perpetrated their crimes, and having each around his neck the halter which he had well merited. A few were capitally punished, many imprisoned, and the rest dismissed after they had given hostages for their future peaceable demeanour (Holinshed's *Chronicle*, Lesly).

The hopes of Scotland, excited by the prudent and spirited conduct of James, were doomed to a sudden and fatal reverse. Why should we recapitulate the painful tale of the defeat and death of a high-spirited prince? Prudence, policy, the prodigies of superstition, and the advice of his most experienced counsellors were alike unable to subdue in James the blazing zeal of romantic chivalry. The monarch and the flower of his nobles, precipitately rushed to the fatal field of Flodden (1513), whence they were never to return.

The minority of James V presents a melancholy scene. Scotland,

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[1] Spens of Kilspindie, a renowned cavalier, had been present in court when the Earl of Angus was highly praised for strength and valour. "It may be," answered Spens, "if all be good that is upcome"; insinuating that the courage of the Earl might not answer the promise of his person. Shortly after Angus, while hawking near Borthwick with a single attendant, met Kilspindie. "What reason had ye," said the Earl, "for making question of my manhood? Thou art a tall fellow, and so am I; and by St Bride of Douglas, one of us shall pay for it!" "Since it may be no better," answered Kilspindie, "I will defend myself against the best earl in Scotland." With these words they encountered fiercely, till Angus, with one blow, severed the thigh of his antagonist, who died upon the spot. The Earl then addressed the attendant of Kilspindie: "Go thy way: tell my gossip, the King, that here was nothing but fair play. I know my gossip will be offended; but I will get me into Liddisdale, and remain in my castle of the Hermitage till his anger be abated" (Godscroft, vol. ii, p. 59). The price of the Earl's pardon seems to have been the exchange mentioned in the text. Bothwell is now the residence of Lord Douglas. The sword with which Archibald *Bell-the-Cat* slew Spens was, by his descendant, the famous Earl of Morton, presented to Lord Lindesay of the Byres when about to engage in single combat with Bothwell at Carberry Hill (Godscroft, vol. ii, p. 175).

through all its extent, felt the truth of the adage, "that the country is hapless, whose prince is a child." But the Border counties, exposed from their situation to the incursions of the English, deprived of many of their most gallant chiefs, and harassed by the intestine struggles of the survivors, were reduced to a wilderness, inhabited only by the beasts of the field and by a few more brutal warriors. Lord Home, the chamberlain and favourite of James IV, leagued with the Earl of Angus, who married the widow of his sovereign, held for a time the chief sway upon the East Border. Albany, the Regent of the kingdom, bred in the French court, and more accustomed to wield the pen than the sword, feebly endeavoured to control a lawless nobility, to whom his manners appeared strange, and his person despicable. It was in vain (1516) that he inveigled the Lord Home to Edinburgh, where he was tried and executed. This example of justice, or severity, only irritated the kinsmen and followers of the deceased baron: for though in other respects not more sanguinary than the rest of a barbarous nation, the Borderers never dismissed from their memory a deadly feud till blood for blood had been exacted to the uttermost drachm.[1] Of this the fate of Anthony d'Arcey, Seigneur de la Bastie, affords a melancholy example. This gallant French cavalier was appointed Warden of the East Marches by Albany, at his first disgraceful retreat to France. Though De la Bastie was an able statesman, and a true son of chivalry, the choice of the regent was nevertheless unhappy. The new warden was a foreigner, placed in the office of Lord Home (1517) as the delegate of the very man who had brought that baron to the scaffold. A stratagem, contrived by Home of Wedderburn, who burned to avenge the death of his chief, drew De la Bastie towards Langton, in the Merse. Here he found himself surrounded by his enemies. In attempting, by the speed of his horse, to gain the castle of Dunbar[2] the warden plunged into a morass, where he was overtaken and cruelly butchered. Wedderburn himself cut off his head; and in savage triumph knitted it to his saddle-bow by the long flowing hair, which had been admired by the dames of France (Pitscottie, edit. 1728, p. 130; Pinkerton's *History of Scotland*, vol. ii, p. 169).[2]

The Earl of Arran, head of the house of Hamilton, was appointed to succeed De la Bastie in his perilous office. But the Douglasses, the Homes, and the Kerrs proved too strong for him upon the Border.

[1] The statute 1594, cap. 231, ascribes the disorders on the border in a greater measure to the "counselles, directions, receipt, and partaking of chieftains, principalles of the branches, and househalders of the saides surnames, and clannes, quhilkis bears quarrel, and seeks revenge for the least hurting or slauchter of ony ane of their unhappy race, although it were ordour of justice, or in rescuing and following of trew mens geares stollen or reft."

[2] This tragedy, or perhaps the preceding execution of Lord Home, must have been the subject of the song, the first two lines of which are preserved in the *Complaynt of Scotland*:

"God sen' the Duc hed byddin in France,
And de la Baté had never come hame."

P. 100, Edin. 1801.

He was routed by these clans at Kelso (1520) and afterwards in a sharp skirmish fought betwixt his faction and that of Angus in the High Street of the metropolis.[1]

The return of the regent was followed by the banishment of Angus, and by a desultory warfare with England, carried on with mutual incursions. Two gallant armies, levied by Albany, were dismissed without any exploit worthy notice, while Surrey, at the head of ten thousand cavalry, burned Jedburgh and laid waste all Tiviotdale. This general pays a splendid tribute to the gallantry of the Border chiefs. He terms them, "the boldest men, and the hottest, that I ever saw in any nation (1523)."[2]

Disgraced and detested Albany bade adieu to Scotland for ever. The Queen-Mother and the Earl of Arran for some time swayed the kingdom. But their power was despised on the Borders, where Angus, though banished, had many friends. Scott of Buccleuch even appropriated to himself domains belonging to the Queen, worth 400 merks yearly; being probably the castle of Newark, and her jointure lands in Ettrick Forest.[3] This chief, with Kerr of Cessford, was committed

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[1] The particulars of this encounter are interesting. The Hamiltons were the most numerous party, drawn chiefly from the western counties. Their leaders met in the palace of Archbishop Beaton, and resolved to apprehend Angus, who was come to the city to attend the Convention of Estates. Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, a near relation of Angus, in vain endeavoured to mediate betwixt the factions. He appealed to Beaton, and invoked his assistance to prevent bloodshed. "On my conscience," answered the Archbishop, "I cannot help what is to happen." As he laid his hand upon his breast at this solemn declaration, the hauberk, concealed by his rochet, was heard to clatter: "Ah! my Lord!" retorted Douglas, "your conscience sounds hollow." He then expostulated with the secular leaders, and Sir Patrick Hamilton, brother to Arran, was convinced by his remonstrances; but Sir James, the natural son of the Earl, upbraided his uncle with reluctance to fight. "False bastard!" answered Sir Patrick, "I will fight to-day where thou darest not be seen." With these words they rushed tumultuously towards the High Street, where Angus, with the Prior of Coldinghame, and the redoubted Wedderburn, waited their assault at the head of 400 spearmen, the flower of the East Marches, who, having broken down the gate of the Netherbow, had arrived just in time to the Earl's assistance. The advantage of the ground, and the disorder of the Hamiltons, soon gave the day to Angus. Sir Patrick Hamilton and the Master of Montgomery were slain. Arran and Sir James Hamilton escaped with difficulty; and with no less difficulty was the military Prelate of Glasgow rescued from the ferocious Borderers by the generous interposition of Gawin Douglas. The skirmish was long remembered in Edinburgh by the name of "Cleanse the Causeway" (Pinkerton's *History*, vol. ii, p. 181; Pitscottie, edit. 1728, p. 120; *Life of Gawin Douglas, prefixed to his Virgil*).

[2] A curious letter from Surrey to the King is printed in the Appendix, No. I.

[3] In a letter to the Duke of Norfolk, October 1524, Queen Margaret says: "Sen that the Lard of Sessford and the Lard of Baclw vas put in the castell of Edinbrouh, the Erl of Lenness hath past hyz vay vythout lycyens, and in despyt; and thynkyth to make the brek that he may, and to solyst other lordis to tak hyz part; for the said laird of Bavklw vas hyz man, and dyd the gretyst ewelyz that myght be dwn, and twk part playnly vyth theffyz as is well known" (Cot. MSS., *Calig.*, bk. I).



J.M.W. Turner, R.A.

EDINBURGH

to ward, from which they escaped to join the party of the exiled Angus (1525). Leagued with these and other Border chiefs Angus effected his return to Scotland, where he shortly after acquired possession of the supreme power, and of the person of the youthful King. "The ancient power of the Douglasses," says the accurate historian, whom I have so often referred to, "seemed to have revived, and, after a slumber of near a century, again to threaten destruction to the Scottish monarchy" (Pinkerton, vol. ii, p. 277).

In fact, the time now returned when no one durst strive with a Douglas or with his follower. For, although Angus used the outward pageant of conducting the King around the country, for punishing thieves and traitors, "yet," says Pitscottie, "none were found greater than were in his own company." The high spirit of the young King was galled by the ignominious restraint under which he found himself; and in a progress to the Border, for repressing the Armstrongs, he probably gave such signs of dissatisfaction as excited the laird of Buccleuch to attempt his rescue.

This powerful baron (1526) was the chief of a hardy clan, inhabiting Ettrick Forest, Eskdale, Ewsdale, the higher part of Tiviotdale, and a portion of Liddesdale. In this warlike district he easily levied a thousand horse, comprehending a large body of Elliots, Armstrongs, and other broken clans, over whom the laird of Buccleuch exercised an extensive authority, being termed, by Lord Dacre, "chief maintainer of all misguided men on the Borders of Scotland."—*Letter to Wolsey*, July 18, 1528. The Earl of Angus, with his reluctant ward, had slept at Melrose, and the clans of Home and Kerr, under the Lord Home and the barons of Cessford and Fairnihirst, had taken their leave of the King, when, in the grey of the morning, Buccleuch and his band of cavalry were discovered hanging like a thunder-cloud upon the neighbouring hill of Haliden.[1] A herald was sent to demand his purpose, and to charge him to retire. To the first point he answered that he came to show his clan to the King, according to the custom of the Borders; to the second, that he knew the King's mind better than Angus. When this haughty answer was reported to the Earl, "Sir," said he to the King, "yonder is Buccleuch, with the thieves of Annandale and Liddesdale, to bar your grace's passage. I vow to God they shall either fight or flee. Your grace shall tarry on this hillock with my brother George, and I will either clear your road of yonder banditti, or die in the attempt." The Earl, with these words, alighted and hastened to the charge, while the Earl of Lennox (at whose instigation Buccleuch made the attempt) remained with the King, an inactive spectator. Buccleuch and his followers likewise dismounted

[1] Near Darnick. By a corruption from Skirmish Field, the spot is still called the Skinnersfield. Two lines of an old ballad on the subject are still preserved:

"There were sic belts and blows,
The Mattous burn ran blood."

and received the assailants with a dreadful shout and a shower of lances. The encounter was fierce and obstinate; but the Homes and Kerrs, returning at the noise of battle, bore down and dispersed the left wing of Buccleuch's little army. The hired banditti fled on all sides; but the chief himself, surrounded by his clan, fought desperately in the retreat. The laird of Cessford, chief of the Roxburgh Kerrs, pursued the chase fiercely, till at the bottom of a steep path Elliot of Stobs, a follower of Buccleuch, turned and slew him with a stroke of his lance. When Cessford fell, the pursuit ceased; but his death, with those of Buccleuch's friends who fell in the action, to the number of eighty, occasioned a deadly feud betwixt the names of Scott and Kerr, which cost much blood upon the Marches.[1] See Pitscottie, Lesly, and Godscroft.

Stratagem at length effected what force had been unable to accomplish (1528); and the King, emancipated from the iron tutelage of Angus, made the first use of his authority, by banishing from the kingdom his late lieutenant and the whole race of Douglas. This command was not enforced without difficulty; for the power of Angus was strongly rooted in the East Border, where he possessed the castle of Tantallon and the hearts of the Homes and Kerrs. The former, whose strength was proverbial,[2] defied a royal army; and the latter, at the Pass of Pease, baffled the Earl of Argyle's attempts to enter the Merse as lieutenant of his sovereign. On this occasion the Borderers regarded with wonder and contempt the barbarous array and rude equipage of their northern countrymen. Godscroft has preserved the beginning of a scoffing rhyme, made upon this occasion:

"The Earl of Argyle is bound to ride
From the border of Edgebucklin brae;[3]
And all his habergeons him beside,
Each man upon a sonk of strae.

They made their vow that they would slay—
. . . . . .

Godscroft, vol. ii, p. 104, ed. 1743.

The pertinacious opposition of Angus to his doom irritated to the extreme the fiery temper of James, and he swore, in his wrath, that a Douglas should never serve him; an oath which he kept in circum-

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[1] Buccleuch contrived to escape forfeiture, a doom pronounced against those nobles who assisted the Earl of Lennox in a subsequent attempt to deliver the King by force of arms. "The laird of Bukcleugh has a respecte, and is not forfeited; and will get his pece, and was in Lethquo, both Sondaye, Mondaye, and Tewisday last, which is grete displeasure to the Carres."—*Letter from Sir C. Dacre to Lord Dacre*, December 2, 1526.

[2] "To ding down Tantallon, and make a bridge to the Bass," was an adage expressive of impossibility. The shattered ruins of this celebrated fortress still overhang a tremendous rock on the coast of East Lothian.

[3] Edgebucklin, near Musselburgh.

stances under which the spirit of chivalry, which he worshipped,[1] should have taught him other feelings.

While these transactions, by which the fate of Scotland was influenced, were passing upon the Eastern Border, the Lord Maxwell seems to have exercised a most uncontrolled domination in Dumfriesshire. Even the power of the Earl of Angus was exerted in vain against the banditti of Liddesdale, protected and bucklered by this mighty chief. Repeated complaints were made by the English residents of the devastation occasioned by the depredations of the Elliots, Scotts, and Armstrongs, connived at and encouraged by Maxwell, Buccleuch, and Fairnihirst. At a convention of Border commissioners it was agreed that the King of England, in case the excesses of the Liddesdale freebooters were not duly redressed, should be at liberty to issue letters of reprisal to his injured subjects, granting " power to invade the said inhabitants of Liddesdale, to their slaughter, burning, hership, robbing, reifing, despoiling and destruction, and so to continue the same at his Grace's pleasure," till the attempts of the inhabitants were fully atoned for. This impolitic expedient, by which the Scottish prince, unable to execute justice on his turbulent subjects, committed to a rival sovereign the power of unlimited chastisement, was a principal cause of the savage state of the Borders. For the inhabitants, finding that the sword of revenge was substituted for that of justice, were loosened from their attachment to Scotland, and boldly threatened to carry on their depredations in spite of the efforts of both kingdoms.

James V, however, was not backward in using more honourable expedients to quell the banditti on the Borders. The imprisonment of their chiefs (1529) and a noted expedition, in which many of the principal thieves were executed (see introduction to the ballad called

[1] I allude to the affecting story of Douglas of Kilspindie, uncle to the Earl of Angus. This gentleman had been placed by Angus about the King's person, who when a boy loved him much on account of his singular activity of body, and was wont to call him his *Graysteil*, after a champion of chivalry in the romance of *Sir Eger and Sir Grime*. He shared, however, the fate of his chief, and for many years served in France. Weary at length of exile the aged warrior, recollecting the King's personal attachment to him, resolved to throw himself on his clemency. As James returned from hunting in the park at Stirling he saw a person at a distance, and turning to his nobles exclaimed, " Yonder is my *Graysteil*, Archibald of Kilspindie ! " As he approached Douglas threw himself on his knees and implored permission to lead an obscure life in his native land. But the name of Douglas was an amulet which steeled the King's heart against the influence of compassion and juvenile recollection. He passed the suppliant without an answer, and rode briskly up the steep hill towards the castle. Kilspindie, though loaded with a hauberk under his clothes, kept pace with the horse, in vain endeavouring to catch a glance from the implacable monarch. He sat down at the gate, weary and exhausted, and asked for a draught of water. Even this was refused by the royal attendants. The King afterwards blamed their discourtesy ; but Kilspindie was obliged to return to France, where he died of a broken heart ; the same disease which afterwards brought to the grave his unrelenting sovereign. Even the stern Henry VIII blamed his nephew's conduct, quoting the generous saying, " A king's face should give grace " (Godscroft, vol. ii, p. 107).

Johnie Armstrong), produced such good effects that, according to an ancient picturesque history, " thereafter there was great peace and rest a long time, wherethrough the King had great profit; for he had ten thousand sheep going in the Ettrick forest, in keeping by Andrew Bell, who made the king so good count of them, as they had gone in the bounds of Fife " (Pitscottie, p. 153).

A breach with England interrupted the tranquillity of the Borders (1532). The Earl of Northumberland, a formidable name to Scotland, ravaged the Middle Marches and burned Branxholm, the abode of Buccleuch, the hereditary enemy of the English name. Buccleuch, with the barons of Cessford and Fairnihirst, retaliated by a raid into England, where they acquired much spoil. On the East March Fowbery was destroyed (1533) by the Scots, and Dunglass Castle by D'Arcy and the banished Angus.

A short peace was quickly followed by another war which proved fatal to Scotland and to her king. In the battle of Haddenrig the English and the exiled Douglasses were defeated by the Lords Huntly and Home; but this was a transient gleam of success. Kelso was burned and the Borders ravaged (1542) by the Duke of Norfolk; and finally, the rout of Solway Moss, in which ten thousand men, the flower of the Scottish army, were dispersed and defeated by a band of five hundred English cavalry, or rather by their own dissensions, broke the proud heart of James; a death more painful a hundredfold than was met by his father in the field of Flodden.

When the strength of the Scottish army had sunk, without wounds and without renown, the principal chiefs were led captive into England. Among these was the Lord Maxwell, who was compelled by the menaces of Henry to swear allegiance to the English monarch. There is still in existence the spirited instrument of vindication, by which he renounces his connexion with England and the honours and estates which had been proffered him as the price of treason to his infant sovereign. From various bonds of manrent, it appears that all the Western Marches were swayed by this powerful chieftain. With Maxwell (1543), and the other captives, returned to Scotland the banished Earl of Angus and his brother, Sir George Douglas, after a banishment of fifteen years. This powerful family regained at least a part of their influence upon the Borders; and, grateful to the kingdom which had afforded them protection during their exile, became chiefs of the English faction in Scotland, whose object it was to urge a contract of marriage betwixt the young queen and the heir-apparent of England. The impetuosity of Henry, the ancient hatred betwixt the nations, and the wavering temper of the Governor, Arran, prevented the success of this measure. The wrath of the disappointed monarch discharged itself in a wide-wasting and furious invasion of the East Marches, conducted by the Earl of Hertford. Seton, Home, and Buccleuch, hanging on the mountains of Lammermoor, saw, with ineffectual regret, the fertile plains of Merse and Lothian, and the metropolis itself, reduced to a smoking desert. Hertford had scarcely

retreated with the main army when Evers and Latoun laid waste the whole vale of Tiviot, with a ferocity of devastation hitherto unheard of.[1] The same "lion mode of wooing," being pursued during the minority of Edward VI, totally alienated the affections even of those Scots who were most attached to the English interest. The Earl of Angus, in particular, united himself to the Governor, and gave the English a sharp defeat at Ancram Moor, a particular account of which action (1545) is subjoined to the ballad entitled *The Eve of St John*. Even the fatal defeat at Pinkey, which at once renewed the carnage of Flodden and the disgrace of Solway, served to prejudice the cause of the victors. The Borders saw, with dread and detestation, the ruinous fortress of Roxburgh once more receive an English garrison, and the widow of Lord Home driven from his baronial castle to make room for the "*Southern reivers*" (1547). Many of the barons made a reluctant submission to Somerset; but those of the higher part of the Marches remained among their mountains, meditating revenge. A similar incursion was made on the West Borders by Lord Wharton, who with five thousand men ravaged and overran Annandale, Nithsdale, and Galloway, compelling the inhabitants to receive the yoke of England.[2]

The arrival of French auxiliaries and of French gold rendered vain the splendid successes of the English. One by one the fortresses which they occupied were recovered by force or by stratagem; and the vindictive cruelty of the Scottish Borderers made dreadful retaliation for the injuries they had sustained. An idea may be conceived of this horrible warfare from the memoirs of Beaugé, a French officer serving in Scotland.

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[1] In Hayne's *State Papers*, from p. 43 to p. 64, is an account of these destructive forays. One list of the places burned and destroyed enumerates:

Monasteries and Freerehouses . .	7
Castles, towres, and piles . . .	16
Market townes	5
Villages	243
Mylnes	13
Spytells and hospitals . . .	3

See also official accounts of these expeditions in Dalyell's *Fragments*.

[2] Patten gives us a list of those East Border chiefs who did homage to the Duke of Somerset on the 24th of September 1547; namely, the lairds of Cessforth, Fernyherst, Grenehead, Hunthill, Hundely, Makerstone, Bymerside, Bounjedworth, Ormeston, Mellestaines, Warmesay, Synton, Egerston, Merton, Mowe, Rydell, Beamerside. Of gentlemen he enumerates George Tromboul, Jhon Haliburton, Robert Car, Robert Car of Greyden, Adam Kirton, Andrew Mether, Saunders Purvose of Erleston, Mark Car of Littledean, George Car of Faldenside, Alexander Mackdowal, Charles Rutherford, Thomas Car of the Yere, Jhon Car of Meynthorn (Nenthorn), Walter Haliburton, Richard Hangansyde, Andrew Car, James Douglas of Cavers, James Car of Mersington, George Hoppringle, William Ormeston of Emerden, John Grymslowe (Patten, in Dalyell's *Fragments*, p. 87).

On the West Border the following barons and clans submitted and gave

The castle of Fairnihirst, situated about three miles above Jedburgh, had been taken and garrisoned by the English. The commander and his followers are accused of such excesses of lust and cruelty "as would," says Beaugé, "have made to tremble the most savage Moor in Africa." A band of Frenchmen, with the laird of Fairnihirst and his Borderers, assaulted this fortress (1549). The English archers showered their arrows down the steep ascent leading to the castle, and from the outer wall by which it was surrounded. A vigorous escalade, however, gained the base court, and the sharp fire of the French arquebusiers drove the bowmen into the square keep, or dungeon, of the fortress. Here the English defended themselves till a breach in the wall was made by mining. Through this hole the commandant

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pledges to Lord Wharton that they would serve the King of England with the number of followers annexed to their names:—

Annerdale	
Laird of Kirkmighel	222
,, Rose	165
,, Hempsfield	163
,, Home Ends	162
,, Wamfrey	102
,, Dunwoddy	44
,, Newby and Gratney	122
,, Tinnel (Tinwald)	102
Patrick Murray	203
Christie Urwin (Irving) of Coveshawe	102
Cuthbert Urwen of Robbgill	34
Urwens of Sennersack	40
Wat Urwen	20
Jeffrey Urwen	93
T. Johnson of Crackburn	64
James Johnston of Coites	162
Johnstons of Craggyland	37
Johnstons of Driesdell	46
Johnstons of Malinshaw	65
Gawen Johnston	31
Will Johnston, the laird's brother	110
Robin Johnston of Lochmaben	67
Laird of Gillersbie	30
Moffits	24
Bells of Tostints	142
Bells of Tindills	222
Sir John Lawson	32
Town of Annan	33
Roomes of Tordephe	32
Nithsdale	
Mr Maxwell and more	1000
Laird of Closeburn	403
,, Lag	202
Laird of Cransfield	27
Mr Ed. Creighton	10
Laird of Cowhill	91
Maxwells of Brackenside, and Vicar of Carlaverick	310
Annerdale and Galway	
Lord Carlisle	101
Annerdale and Clidsdale	
Laird of Applegirth	242
Liddesdale and Debateable Land	
Armstrongs	300
Elwoods (Elliots)	74
Nixons	32
Galloway	
Laird of Dawbaytie	41
Orcherton	111
Carlisle	206
Loughenwar	45
Tutor of Bombie	140
Abbot of Newabbey	141
Town of Dumfries	201
Town of Kircubrie	36
Tividale	
Laird of Drumlire	364
Caruthers	71
Trumbells	12
Eskdale	
Battisons and Thomsons	166

Total, 7008 men under English assurance.

Nicholson, from Bell's MS. *Introduction to History of Cumberland*, p. 65.

creeped forth; and, surrendering himself to De la Mothe-rouge, implored protection from the vengeance of the Borderers. But a Scottish Marchman, eyeing in the captive the ravisher of his wife, approached him ere the French officer could guess his intention, and at one blow carried his head four paces from the trunk. Above a hundred Scots rushed to wash their hands in the blood of their oppressor, bandied about the severed head, and expressed their joy in such shouts as if they had stormed the city of London. The prisoners who fell into their merciless hands were put to death after their eyes had been torn out; the victors contending who should display the greatest address in severing their legs and arms before inflicting a mortal wound. When their own prisoners were slain, the Scottish, with an unextinguishable thirst for blood, purchased those of the French; parting willingly with their very arms in exchange for an English captive. "I myself," says Beaugé, with military *sang-froid*, "I myself sold them a prisoner for a small horse. They laid him down upon the ground, galloped over him with their lances in rest, and wounded him as they passed. When slain, they cut his body in pieces, and bore the mangled gobbets in triumph on the points of their spears. I cannot greatly praise the Scottish for this practice. But the truth is that the English tyrannized over the Borders in a most barbarous manner; and I think it was but fair to repay them, according to the proverb, in their own coin" (*Campagnes de Beaugé*).

A peace in 1551 put an end to this war, the most destructive which, for a length of time, had ravaged Scotland. Some attention was paid by the Governor and Queen-Mother to the administration of justice on the Border; and the chieftains who had distinguished themselves during the late troubles received the honour of knighthood.[1]

At this time also (1552) the Debateable Land, a tract of country situated betwixt the Esk and Sarke, claimed by both kingdoms, was divided by royal commissioners, appointed by the two crowns. By their award this land of contention was separated by a line, drawn from east to west, betwixt the rivers. The upper half was adjudged to Scotland, and the more eastern part to England. Yet the Debateable Land continued long after to be the residence of the thieves and banditti to whom its dubious state had afforded a desirable refuge.[2]

In 1557 a new war broke out, in which rencounters on the Borders were, as usual, numerous, and with varied success. In some of these

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[1] These were the lairds of Buccleuch, Cessford, and Fairnihirst, Littleden, Grenehed, and Coldingknows. Buccleuch, whose gallant exploits we have noticed, did not long enjoy his new honours. He was murdered in the streets of Edinburgh by his hereditary enemies the Kerrs, *anno* 1552.

[2] The jest of James VI is well known, who, when a favourite cow had found her way from London back to her native country of Fife, observed, "that nothing surprised him so much as her passing uninterrupted through the Debateable Land!"

the too famous Bothwell is said to have given proofs of his courage, which was at other times very questionable.[1] About this time the Scottish Borderers seem to have acquired some ascendancy over their southern neighbours (Strype, vol. iii, p. 437). In 1559 peace was again restored.

The flame of reformation, long stifled in Scotland, now burst forth with the violence of a volcanic eruption. The siege of Leith was commenced by the combined forces of the Congregation and of England. The Borderers cared little about speculative points of religion; but they showed themselves much interested in the treasures which passed through their country for payment of the English forces at Edinburgh. Much alarm was excited lest the Marchers should intercept these weighty Protestant arguments; and it was probably by voluntarily imparting a share in them to Lord Home that he became a sudden convert to the new faith.[2]

Upon the arrival of the ill-fated Mary in her native country, she found the Borders in a state of great disorder. The exertions of her natural brother (afterwards the famous Regent Murray) were necessary to restore some degree of tranquillity. He marched to Jedburgh, executed twenty or thirty of the transgressors, burned many houses, and brought a number of prisoners to Edinburgh. The chieftains of the principal clans were also obliged to grant pledges for their future obedience. A noted convention (for the particulars of which see *Border Laws*, p. 84) adopted various regulations, which were attended with great advantage to the Marches.[3]

The unhappy match betwixt Henry Darnley and his sovereign led to new dissensions on the Borders. The Homes, Kerrs, and other East Marchers, hastened to support the Queen against Murray, Chatelherault, and other nobles, whom her marriage had offended. For the same purpose the Johnstones, Jardines, and clans of Annandale entered into bonds of confederacy. But Liddesdale was under the influence of England; insomuch, that Randolph, the English minister, proposed to hire a band of *strapping Elliots* to find *Home*

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[1] He was lord of Liddesdale and keeper of the Hermitage castle. But he had little effective power over that country and was twice defeated by the Armstrongs, its lawless inhabitants (*Border History*, p. 584). Yet the unfortunate Mary, in her famous *Apology*, says, "that in the weiris against Ingland, he gaif proof of his valyentnes, courage, and gude conduct"; and praises him especially for subjugating "the rebellious subjectis inhabiting the cuntreis lying ewest the marches of Ingland" (Keith, p. 388). He appears actually to have defeated Sir Henry Percy in a skirmish called the Raid of Haltwellswire.

[2] This nobleman had, shortly before, threatened to spoil the English East March; "but," says the Duke of Norfolk, "we have provided such sauce for him that I think he will not deal in such matter; but if he do fire but one hay-goff, he shall not go to Home again without torch-light, and, peradventure, may find a lanthorn at his own house."

[3] The commissioners on the English side were the elder Lord Scroope of Bolton, Sir John Foster, Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Dr Rookby. On the Scottish side appeared Sir John Maxwell of Terreagles and Sir John Bellenden.

business at home, in looking after his corn and cattle (Keith, p. 265; App. 133).

This storm was hardly overblown when Bothwell received the commission of lieutenant upon the Borders; but, as void of parts as of principle, he could not even recover to the Queen's allegiance his own domains in Liddesdale (Keith, App. 165). The Queen herself advanced to the Borders to remedy this evil and to hold courts at Jedburgh. Bothwell was already in Liddesdale, where he had been severely wounded in an attempt to seize John Elliot of the Parke, a desperate freebooter; and happy had it been for Mary had the dagger of the moss-trooper struck more home. Bothwell being transported to his castle of Hermitage, the Queen, upon hearing the tidings, hastened thither. A dangerous morass, still called the *Queen's Mire*,[1] is pointed out by tradition as the spot where the lovely Mary and her white palfrey were in danger of perishing. The distance betwixt Hermitage and Jedburgh, by the way of Hawick, is nearly twenty-four English miles. The Queen went and returned the same day. Whether she visited a wounded subject, or a lover in danger, has been warmly disputed in our latter days.

To the death of Henry Darnley, it is said, some of the Border lords were privy. But the subsequent marriage betwixt the Queen and Bothwell alienated from her the affections of the chieftains of the Marches, most of whom aided the association of the insurgent barons. A few gentlemen of the Merse, however, joined the army which Mary brought to Carberry Hill. But no one was willing to fight for the detested Bothwell, nor did Bothwell himself show any inclination to put his person in jeopardy. The result to Mary was a rigorous captivity in Lochleven Castle; and the name of Bothwell scarcely again pollutes the page of Scottish history.

The distress of a beautiful and affiicted princess softened the hearts of her subjects; and, when she escaped from her severe captivity, the most powerful barons in Scotland crowded around her standard. Among these were many of the West Border men, under the Lords Maxwell and Herries.[2] But the defeat at Langside was a death-blow to her interest in Scotland.

Not long afterwards occurred that period of general confusion on the Borders, when the insurrection of the Catholic Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland took place upon the Borders of England.

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[1] The *Queen's Mire* is still a pass of danger, exhibiting, in many places, the bones of the horses which have been entangled in it. For what reason the Queen chose to enter Liddesdale by the circuitous route of Hawick does not appear. There are two other passes from Jedburgh to Hermitage Castle; the one by the *Note of the Gate*, the other over the mountain called Winburgh. Either of these, but especially the latter, is several miles shorter than that by Hawick and the Queen's Mire. But by the circuitous way of Hawick the Queen could traverse the districts of more friendly clans than by going directly into the disorderly province of Liddesdale.

[2] The followers of these barons are said to have stolen the horses of their friends while they were engaged in the battle.

Their tumultuary forces were soon dispersed, and the Earls themselves, with their principal followers, sought refuge upon the Scottish Marches. Northumberland was betrayed into the hands of the Regent; but Westmoreland, with his followers, took refuge in the Castle of Fairnihirst, where he was protected by its powerful owner. The Regent himself came to Jedburgh, to obtain possession of these important pledges; but as he marched towards the Castle of Fairnihirst, his men shrunk from him by degrees, till he was left with a small body of his own personal dependents, inadequate to the task for which he had undertaken the expedition. Westmoreland afterwards escaped to Flanders by sea. Robert Constable, a spy sent by Sir Ralph Sadler into Scotland, gives a lively account of the state of the Borders at this time.[1]

[1] He was guided by one Pyle of Millheuch (upon Oxnam Water), and gives the following account of his conversation with him on the state of the country, and the power of his master, the Baron of Fairnihirst: "By the way as we rode, I tould my oste that the Lord of Farneherst, his master, had taken such an entrepise in hand as not a subject in England durst do the like, to kepe any mann openly as he did the Earle of Westmorland, against the will of the chief in aucthoritie. He said that his master cared not so much for the Regent as the Regent cared for him, for he was well able to raise iij thousand men within his own rule, beside that his first wief, by whom he hed goodly children, was daughter to the Lord Grange, Captaine of Edenborowe Castell, and Provoste of Edenborowe. This wief that he married lately is sister to the Lord of Bucclewghe, a man of greater power than his master; also my Lord Hume, and almost all the gentlemen in Tevydale, the Marsh, and Lowdyan, were knitt together in such friendship that they are agred all to take one part; and that the Lord Grange was offended with the Lord Hume and the Lord Farneherst, because they toke not the Earle of Northumberland from my Lord Regent at Gedworthe, and sent plane word to the Lord Farneherst, that if the Lord Regent came any more to seeke him in Tevydale, he should lose all his bulles, both the Duke, the Lord Herris, the secretary, and others, he should sett them all at libertye that would come with all their power, with good will, to take his part; and by as much as I hear since the Tevydale menn pretends to do the anoyances that they can to England, so sone as this storme is past, and meanes not to answer to any day of truce."

Another passage presents a lively picture of the inside of the outlaw's cabin: "I left Farneherst, and went to my ostes house, where I found many gests of dyvers factions, some outlawes of Ingland, some of Scotland, some neighbors therabout, at cards; some for ale, some for plake and hardhedds; and after that I had diligently learned and enquired that there was none of any surname that had me in deadly fude, nor none that knew me, I sat downe, and plaid for hardhedds emongs them, where I hard, *vox populi*, that the Lord Regent would not, for his own honor, nor for thonor of his countery, deliver the Earles, if he had them bothe, unlest it were to have there Quene delivered to him; and if he wold agre to make that change, the Borderers wold stert up in his contrary, and reave both the Quene and the Lords from him, for the like shame was never done in Scotland; and that he durst better eate his owne luggs then come again to seke Farneherst; if he did, he should be fought with ere he came over Sowtrey edge. Hector of Tharlowes'[2] hedd was wished to have been eaten amongs us at supper" (Sadler's *State Papers*, Edin. 1809, vol. ii, pp. 384, 388).

[2] Hector of Harlaw is meant, an outlaw who betrayed the Earl of Northumberland.

The death of the Regent Murray, in 1569, excited the party of Mary to hope and to exertion. It seems that the design of Bothwellhaugh, who slew him, was well known upon the Borders; for, the very day on which the slaughter happened, Buccleuch and Fairnihirst, with their clans, broke into England, and spread devastation along the frontiers, with unusual ferocity. It is probable they well knew that the controlling hand of the regent was that day palsied by death. Buchanan exclaims loudly against this breach of truce with Elizabeth, charging Queen Mary's party with having "houndit furth proude and uncircumspecte young men, to hery, burne, and slay, and tak prisoneris, in her realme, and use all misordour and crueltie, not only usit in weir, but detestabil to all barbar and wild Tartaris, in slaying of prisoneris, and contrair to all humanitie and justice, keeping na promeis to miserabil captives resavit anis to thair mercy" (*Admonitioun to the trew lordis*; Striveling, 1571). He numbers, among these insurgents, Highlanders as well as Borderers, Buccleuch and Fairnihirst, the Johnstons and Armstrongs, the Grants, and the clan Chattan. Besides these powerful clans, Mary numbered among her adherents the Maxwells and almost all the West Border leaders, excepting Drumlanrig and Jardine of Applegirth. On the Eastern Border the faction of the infant King was more powerful; for, although deserted by Lord Home, the greater part of his clan, under the influence of Wedderburn, remained attached to that party. The laird of Cessford wished them well, and the Earl of Angus naturally followed the steps of his uncle Morton. A sharp and bloody invasion of the Middle March, under the command of the Earl of Sussex, avenged with interest the raids of Buccleuch and Fairnihirst. The domains of these chiefs were laid waste, their castles burned and destroyed. The narrow vales of Beaumont and Kale, belonging to Buccleuch, were treated with peculiar severity; and the forays of Hertford were equalled by that of Sussex. In vain did the chiefs request assistance from the government to defend their fortresses. Through the predominating interest of Elizabeth in the Scottish councils, this was refused to all but Home, whose castle, nevertheless, again received an English garrison; while Buccleuch and Fairnihirst complained bitterly that those who had instigated their invasion durst not even come so far as Lauder to show countenance to their defence against the English. The bickerings which followed distracted the whole kingdom. One celebrated exploit may be selected as an illustration of the Border fashion of war.

The Earl of Lennox, who had succeeded Murray in the regency, held a parliament at Stirling in 1571. The young King was exhibited to the great council of his nation. He had been tutored to repeat a set speech, composed for the occasion; but, observing that the roof of the building was a little decayed, he interrupted his recitation, and exclaimed, with childish levity, "that there was a hole in the parliament"—words which, in these days, were held to presage the deadly breach shortly to be made in that body by the death of him in whose name it was convoked.

Amid the most undisturbed security of confidence, the lords, who composed this parliament, were roused at daybreak by the shouts of their enemies in the heart of the town. *God and the Queen!* resounded from every quarter, and in a few minutes the Regent, with the astonished nobles of his party, were prisoners to a band of two hundred Border cavalry, led by Scott of Buccleuch, and to the Lord Claud Hamilton, at the head of three hundred infantry. These enterprising chiefs, by a rapid and well-concerted manœuvre, had reached Stirling in a night march from Edinburgh and, without so much as being bayed at by a watch-dog, had seized the principal street of the town. The fortunate obstinacy of Morton saved his party. Stubborn and undaunted he defended his house till the assailants set it in flames, and then yielded, with reluctance, to his kinsman Buccleuch. But the time which he had gained effectually served his cause. The Borderers had dispersed to plunder the stables of the nobility; the infantry thronged tumultuously together on the main street, when the Earl of Mar, issuing from the castle, placed one or two small pieces of ordnance in his own half-built house,[1] which commands the market-place. Hardly had the artillery began to scour the street when the assailants, surprised in their turn, fled with precipitation. Their alarm was increased by the townsmen thronging to arms. Those who had been so lately triumphant were now, in many instances, asking the protection of their own prisoners. In all probability not a man would have escaped death or captivity but for the characteristic rapacity of Buccleuch's marauders, who, having seized and carried off all the horses in the town, left the victors no means of following the chase. The Regent was slain by an officer named Caulder in order to prevent his being rescued. Spens of Ormiston, to whom he had surrendered, lost his life in a generous attempt to protect him.[2]

[1] This building still remains in the unfinished state which it then presented.

[2] Birrel says that "the Regent was shot by an unhappy fellow while sitting on horseback behind the laird of Buccleuch." The following curious account of the whole transaction is extracted from a journal of principal events in the years 1570, 1571, 1572, and part of 1573, kept by Richard Bannatyne, amanuensis to John Knox: "The fourt of September, they of Edinburgh, horsemen and futmen (and, as was reported, the most part of Clidisdaill, that pertenit to the Hamiltons), come to Striveling, the number of iii or iiii c men, on hors bak, guydit be ane George Bell, their hacbutteris being all horsed, enterit in Striveling, be fyve houris in the morning (whair thair was never one to mak watche), crying this slogane, 'God and the Queen! ane Hamiltoun! Think on the bishop of St Androis, all is owres'; and so a certaine come to everie grit manis ludgene, and apprehendit the Lordis Mortoun and Glencarne; but Mortounis hous they set on fyre, wha randerit him to the laird of Balcleuch. Wormestoun being appointed to the Regentes hous, desyred him to cum furth, which he had no will to doe, yet, be perswasione of Garleys and otheris, with him, tho't it best to come in will, nor to byde the extremitie, becaus they supposed there was no resistance, and swa the regent come furth, and was rendered to Wormestoun, under promeis to save his lyfe. Captane Crawfurde, being in the town, gat sum men out of the castell, and uther gentlemen being in the town, come as they my't best to the geat, chased them out of the town. The regent was schot by ane Captain Cader, wha confessed that he did it at commande of George

Hardly does our history present another enterprise so well planned, so happily commenced, and so strangely disconcerted. To the licence of the Marchmen the failure was attributed; but the same cause ensured a safe retreat. (Spottiswoode, Godscroft, Robertson, Melville.)

The wily Earl of Morton, who, after the short intervening regency of Mar, succeeded to the supreme authority, contrived, by force or artifice, to render the party of the King everywhere superior. Even on the Middle Borders he had the address to engage in his cause the powerful, though savage and licentious, clans of Rutherford and Turnbull, as well as the citizens of Jedburgh. He was thus enabled to counterpoise his powerful opponents, Buccleuch and Fairnihirst, in their own country; and after an unsuccessful attempt to surprise Jedburgh, even these warm adherents of Mary relinquished her cause in despair.

While Morton swayed the state, his attachment to Elizabeth, and the humiliation which many of the Border chiefs had undergone, contributed to maintain good order on the Marches till James VI himself assumed the reins of government. The intervening skirmish of the Reidswire (see the Ballad under that title) was but a sudden explosion of the rivalry and suppressed hatred of the Borderers of both kingdoms. In truth, the stern rule of Morton and of his delegates, men unconnected with the Borders by birth, maintained in that country more strict discipline than had ever been there exercised. Perhaps this hastened his fall.

The unpopularity of Morton, acquired partly by the strict administration of justice and partly by avarice and severity, forced him from the regency. In 1578 he retired, apparently, from state affairs, to his castle of Dalkeith; which the populace, emphatically expressing their awe and dread of his person, termed the *Lion's Den*. But Morton could not live in retirement; and early in the same year the

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Bell, wha was comandit so to doe be the Lord Huntlie and Claud Hamilton. Some sayis, that Wormestoun was schot by the same schot that slew the Regent, but alwayis he was slane, notwithstanding the Regent cryed to save him, but it culd not be, the furie was so grit of the persewaris, who, following so fast, the lord of Mortone said to Balcleuch, 'I sall save you as ye savit me,' and so he was tane. Garleys, and sindrie otheris, war slane at the port, in the persute of thame. Thair war ten or twelve gentlemen slane of the king's folk, and als mony of theiris, or mea, as was said, and a dosone or xvi tane. Twa especiall servantis of the Lord Argyle's were slane also. This Cader, that schot the regent, was once turned bak off the toune, and was send again (as is said), be the Lord Huntlie, to cause Wormistoun retire; but, before he come agane, he was dispatched, and had gottin deidis woundis. "The Regent being schot (as said is), was brought to the castell, whar he callit for ane phisitione, ane for his soule, ane uther for his bodie. But all hope of life was past, for he was schot in his entreallis; and swa, after sumthingis spokin to the Lordis, which I know not, he departed, in the feare of God, and made a blessed end; whilk the rest of the Lordis, that tho't thame to his hiert, and lytle reguardit him, shall not mak so blised ane end, unles they mend thair maneirs."

This curious manuscript has been lately published under the inspection of John Graham Dalyell, Esq.

aged lion again rushed from his cavern. By a mixture of policy and violence he possessed himself of the fortress of Stirling and of the person of James. His nephew Angus hastened to his assistance. Against him appeared his own old adherent Cessford, with many of the Homes and the citizens of Edinburgh. Alluding to the restraint of the King's person, they bore his effigy on their banners, with a rude rhyme, demanding liberty or death (Birrel's *Diary*, *ad annum* 1578). The Earl of Morton marched against his foes as far as Falkirk, and a desperate action must have ensued but for the persuasion of Bowes, the English ambassador. The only blood then spilt was in a duel betwixt Tait, a follower of Cessford, and Johnstone, a West Border man attending upon Angus. They fought with lances and on horseback, according to the fashion of the Borders. The former was unhorsed and slain, the latter desperately wounded (Godscroft, vol. ii, p. 261). The prudence of the late Regent appears to have abandoned him when he was decoyed into a treaty upon this occasion. It was not long before Morton, the veteran warrior and the crafty statesman, was forced to bend his neck to an engine of death,[1] the use of which he himself had introduced into Scotland.

Released from the thraldom of Morton the King, with more than youthful levity, threw his supreme power into the hands of Lennox and Arran. The religion of the first and the infamous character of the second favourite excited the hatred of the commons, while their exclusive and engrossing power awakened the jealousy of the other nobles. James, doomed to be the sport of contending factions, was seized at Stirling by the nobles, confederated in what was termed the Raid of Ruthven. But the conspirators soon suffered their prize to escape and were rewarded for their enterprise with exile or death.

In 1585 an affray took place at a Border meeting in which Lord Russel, the Earl of Bedford's eldest son, chanced to be slain. Queen Elizabeth imputed the guilt of this slaughter to Thomas Ker of Fairnihirst, instigated by Arran. Upon the imperious demand of the English ambassador both were committed to prison; but the minion Arran was soon restored to liberty and favour; while Fairnihirst, the dread of the English Borderers and the gallant defender of Queen Mary, died in his confinement of a broken heart (Spottiswoode, p. 341).

The tyranny of Arran becoming daily more insupportable, the exiled lords, joined by Maxwell, Home, Bothwell, and other Border chieftains, seized the town of Stirling, which was pillaged by their disorderly followers, invested the castle, which surrendered at discretion, and drove the favourite from the King's council.[2]

[1] A rude sort of guillotine, called the *Maiden*. The implement is now in possession of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries.

[2] The associated nobles seem to have owed their success chiefly to the Border spearmen; for though they had a band of mercenaries who used firearms, yet they were such bad masters of their craft their captain was heard to observe that "those who knew his soldiers as well as he did would hardly chuse to *march before them*" (Godscroft, vol. ii, p. 368).

The King, perceiving the Earl of Bothwell among the armed barons, to whom he surrendered his person, addressed him in these prophetic words : " Francis, Francis, what moved thee to come in arms against thy prince, who never wronged thee ? I wish thee a more quiet spirit, else I foresee thy destruction " (Spottiswoode, p. 343).

In fact the extraordinary enterprises of this nobleman disturbed the next ten years of James's reign. Francis Stuart, son to a bastard of James V, had been invested with the titles and estates belonging to his maternal uncle, James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, upon the forfeiture of that infamous man ; and consequently became lord of Liddesdale and of the castle of Hermitage. This acquisition of power upon the Borders, where he could easily levy followers willing to undertake the most desperate enterprise, joined to the man's native daring and violent spirit, rendered Bothwell the most turbulent insurgent that ever disturbed the tranquillity of a kingdom. During the King's absence in Denmark, Bothwell, swayed by the superstition of his age, had tampered with certain soothsayers and witches, by whose pretended art he hoped to foretell, or perhaps to achieve, the death of his monarch. In one of the courts of inquisition which James delighted to hold upon the professors of the occult sciences, some of his cousin's proceedings were brought to light, for which he was put in ward in the castle of Edinburgh. Burning with revenge he broke from his confinement and lurked for some time upon the Borders, where he hoped for the countenance of his son-in-law Buccleuch. Undeterred by the absence of that chief, who, in obedience to the royal command, had prudently retired to France, Bothwell attempted the desperate enterprise of seizing the person of the King while residing in his metropolis. At the dead of the night, followed by a band of Borderers, he occupied the court of the palace of Holyrood and began to burst open the doors of the royal apartments. The nobility, distrustful of each other and ignorant of the extent of the conspiracy, only endeavoured to make good the defence of their separate lodgings ; but darkness and confusion prevented the assailants from profiting by their disunion. Melville, who was present, gives a lively picture of the scene of disorder, transiently illuminated by the glare of passing torches ; while the report of firearms, the clatter of armour, the din of hammers thundering on the gates mingled wildly with the war-cry of the Borderers, who shouted incessantly, " Justice ! Justice ! A Bothwell ! A Bothwell ! " The citizens of Edinburgh at length began to assemble for the defence of their sovereign ; and Bothwell was compelled to retreat, which he did without considerable loss (Melville, p. 356). A similar attempt on the person of James while residing at Falkland also misgave ; but the credit which Bothwell obtained on the Borders by these bold and desperate enterprises was incredible. " All Tiviotdale," says Spottiswoode, " ran after him," so that he finally obtained his object ; and at Edinburgh in 1593 he stood before James, an unexpected apparition, with his naked sword in his hand. " Strike ! " said James, with royal dignity, " Strike, and end thy

work! I will not survive my dishonour." But Bothwell, with unexpected moderation, only stipulated for remission of his forfeiture, and did not even insist on remaining at court, whence his party was shortly expelled by the return of the Lord Home and his other enemies. Incensed at this reverse Bothwell levied a body of four hundred cavalry and attacked the King's guard in broad day upon the Borough Moor, near Edinburgh. The ready succour of the citizens saved James from falling once more into the hands of his turbulent subject.[1] On a subsequent day Bothwell met the laird of Cessford, riding near Edinburgh, with whom he fought a single combat which lasted for two hours.[2] But his credit was now fallen: he retreated to England, whence he was driven by Elizabeth, and then wandered to Spain and Italy, where he subsisted, in indigence and obscurity, on the bread which he earned by apostatizing to the faith of Rome. So fell this agitator of domestic broils, whose name passed into a proverb denoting a powerful and turbulent demagogue.[3]

While these scenes were passing in the metropolis the Borders were furiously agitated by civil discord. The families of Cessford and Fairnihirst disputed their right to the wardenry of the Middle Marches and to the provostry of Jedburgh; and William Kerr of Ancram, a follower of the latter, was murdered by the young chief of Cessford at the instigation of his mother (Spottiswoode, p. 383). But this was trifling compared to the civil war waged on the western frontier between the Johnstons and Maxwells, of which there is a minute account in the introduction to the ballad entitled *Maxwell's Goodnight*. Prefixed to that termed *Kinmont Willie* the reader will find an account of the last warden raids performed upon the Border.

My sketch of Border history now draws to a close. The accession of James to the English crown converted the extremity into the centre of his kingdom.

The East Marches of Scotland were at this momentous period in a state of comparative civilization. The rich soil of Berwickshire soon invited the inhabitants to the arts of agriculture. Even in the days of Lesly the nobles and barons of the Merse differed in manners from

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[1] Spottiswoode says the King awaited this charge with firmness; but Birrel avers that he fled upon the gallop. The same author, instead of the firm deportment of James when seized by Bothwell, describes "the king's majestie as flying down the back stair, with his breeches in his hand, in great fear" (Birrel, *apud* Dalyell, p. 30). Such is the difference betwixt the narrative of the courtly archbishop and that of the Presbyterian burgess of Edinburgh.

[2] This rencounter took place at Humbie, in East Lothian. Bothwell was attended by a servant called Gibson, and Cessford by one of the Rutherfords, who was hurt in the cheek. The combatants parted from pure fatigue: for the defensive armour of the times was so completely impenetrable that the wearer seldom sustained much damage by actual wounds.

[3] Sir Walter Raleigh, in writing of Essex, then in prison, says: "Let the queen hold Bothwell while she hath him" (Murdin, vol. ii, p. 812). It appears from Creichton's *Memoirs* that Bothwell's grandson, though so nearly related to the royal family, actually rode a private in the Scottish horse-guards in the reign of Charles II (Edinburgh, 1731, p. 42).

the other Borderers, administered justice with regularity, and abstained from plunder and depredation (*De Moribus Scotorum*, p. 7). But on the Middle and Western Marches, the inhabitants were unrestrained moss-troopers and cattle-drivers, "knowing no measure of law," says Camden, "but the length of their swords." The sterility of the mountainous country which they inhabited offered little encouragement to industry; and for the long series of centuries which we have hastily reviewed, the hands of rapine were never there folded in inactivity nor the sword of violence returned to the scabbard. Various proclamations were in vain issued for interdicting the use of horses and arms upon the West Border of England and Scotland.[1] The evil was found to require the radical cure of extirpation. Buccleuch collected under his banners the most desperate of the Border warriors, of whom he formed a legion for the service of the States of Holland, who had as much reason to rejoice on their arrival upon the Continent as Britain to congratulate herself upon their departure. It may be presumed that few of this corps ever returned to their native country. The clan of Græme, a hardy and ferocious set of freebooters inhabiting chiefly the Debateable Land, were, by a very summary exertion of authority, transported to Ireland, and their return prohibited under pain of death. Against other offenders, measures equally arbitrary were without hesitation pursued. Numbers of Border riders were executed without even the formality of a trial; and it is even said that, in mockery of justice, assizes were held upon them after they had suffered. For these acts of tyranny see Johnston, pp. 39, 93, 374, 414. The memory of Dunbar's legal proceedings at Jedburgh are preserved in the proverbial phrase *Jeddart Justice*, which signifies trial after execution.[2] By this rigour, though sternly and unconscientiously exercised, the Border marauders were in the course of years either

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[1] "Proclamation shall be made, that all inhabiting within Tynedale and Riddesdale, in Northumberland, Bewcastledale, Willgavey, the north part of Gilsland, Esk, and Leven, in Cumberland; East and West Tividale, Liddesdale, Eskdale, Ewsdale, and Annerdale, in Scotland (saving noblemen and gentlemen unsuspected of felony and theft, and not being of broken clans, and their household servants, dwelling within those several places, before recited,) shall put away all armour and weapons, as well offensive as defensive, as jacks, spears, lances, swords, daggers, steel-caps, hack-buts, pistols, plate sleeves, and such like; and shall not keep any horse, gelding, or mare, above the value of fifty shillings sterling, or thirty pounds Scots, upon the like pain of imprisonment" (*Proceedings of the Border Commissioners*, 1505; *Introduction to History of Cumberland*, p. 127).

[2] A similar proverb in England of the same interpretation is *Lydford Law*, derived from Lydford, a corporation in Devonshire, where it seems the same irregular administration of justice prevailed. A burlesque copy of verses on this town begins

"I oft have heard of Lydford Law,
How in the morn they hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after."

See Westcott's *History of Devonshire*.

reclaimed or exterminated; though nearly a century elapsed ere their manners were altogether assimilated to those of their countrymen.[1]

In these hasty sketches of border history I have endeavoured to select such incidents as may introduce to the reader the character of the Marchmen, more briefly and better than a formal essay upon their manners. If I have been successful in the attempt, he is already acquainted with the mixture of courage and rapacity by which they were distinguished, and has reviewed some of the scenes in which they acted a principal part. It is, therefore, only necessary to notice more minutely some of their peculiar customs and modes of life.

Their morality was of a singular kind. The rapine by which they subsisted they accounted lawful and honourable. Ever liable to lose their whole substance by an incursion of the English on a sudden breach of truce, they cared little to waste their time in cultivating crops to be reaped by their foes. Their cattle was, therefore, their chief property; and these were nightly exposed to the southern Borderers, as rapacious and active as themselves. Hence robbery assumed the appearance of fair reprisal. The fatal privilege of pursuing the marauders into their own country for recovery of stolen goods led to continual skirmishes. The warden also, himself frequently the chieftain of a Border horde, when redress was not instantly granted by the opposite officer for depredations sustained by his district, was entitled to retaliate upon England by a warden raid. In such cases the moss-troopers who crowded to his standard found themselves pursuing their craft under legal authority and became the favourites and followers of the military magistrate whose ordinary duty it was to check and suppress them. See the curious history of *Geordie Bourne*, App. No. II. Equally unable and unwilling to make nice distinctions, they were not to be convinced that what was to-day fair booty was to-morrow a subject of theft. National animosity

[1] See the Acts 18 Cha. II, c. 3, and 30 Cha. II, c. 2, against the Border Moss-troopers; to which we may add the following curious extracts from *Mercurius Politicus*, a newspaper published during the usurpation:—

"*Thursday, November* 11, 1662.

"EDINBURGH.—The Scotts and Moss-troopers have again revived their old custom of robbing and murthering the English, whether soldiers or other, upon all opportunities, within these three weeks. We have had notice of several robberies and murders, committed by them. Among the rest, a lieutenant, and one other of Col. Overton's regiment, returning from England, were robbed not far from Dunbarr. A lieutenant, lately master of the customs at Kirkcudbright, was killed about twenty miles from this place; and four foot soldiers of Col. Overton's were killed, going to their quarters, by some mossers, who, after they had given them quarter, tied their hands behind them, and then threw them down a steep hill, or rock, as it was related by a Scotchman, who was with them, but escaped."

Ibidem.—"*October* 13, 1663.—The Parliament, October 21, past an act, declaring, any person that shall discover any felon, or felons (commonly called, or known, by the name of Moss-troopers), residing upon the Borders of England and Scotland, shall have a reward of ten pound upon their conviction."

usually gave an additional stimulus to their rapacity; although it must be owned that their depredations extended also to the more cultivated parts of their own country.[1]

Satchells, who lived when the old Border ideas of *meum* and *tuum* were still in some force, endeavours to draw a very nice distinction betwixt a freebooter and a thief; and thus sings he of the Armstrongs:

"On that Border was the Armstrongs, able men;
Somewhat unruly, and very ill to tame.
I would have none think that I call them thieves,
For, if I did, it would be arrant lies.
. . . . . .
Near a Border frontier, in the time of war,
There's ne'er a man but he's a freebooter.
. . . . . .
Because to all men it may appear,
The freebooter he is a volunteer;
In the muster rolls he has no desire to stay;
He lives by purchase, he gets no pay.
. . . . . .
It's most clear, a freebooter doth live in hazard's train;
A freebooter's a cavalier that ventures life for gain:
But, since King James the Sixth to England went,
There has been no cause of grief;
And he that hath transgress'd since then,
Is no *Freebooter*, but a *Thief*."
History of the Name of Scott.

The inhabitants of the inland counties did not understand these subtle distinctions. Sir David Lindsay, in the curious drama published by Mr Pinkerton, introduces, as one of his *dramatis personæ*, *Common Thift*, a Borderer, who is supposed to come to Fife to steal the Earl of Rothes' best hackney and Lord Lindsay's brown jennet. *Oppression* also, another personage there introduced, seems to be connected with the Borders, for finding himself in danger he exclaims:

"War God that I were sound and haill,
Now liftit into Liddesdail;
The Mers sowld fynd me beiff and caill,
What rack of breid?
War I thair lyftit with my lyfe,
The devill sowld styk me with a knyffe,
An' ever I cum agane in Fyfe,
Till I were deid—"
Pinkerton's *Scottish Poems*, vol. ii, p. 180.

Again, when *Common Thift* is brought to condign punishment, he remembers his Border friends in his dying speech:

[1] The armorial bearings adopted by many of the Border tribes show how little they were ashamed of their trade of rapine. Like Falstaff they were "gentlemen of the night, minions of the moon," under whose countenance they committed their depredations.—Hence the emblematic moons and stars so frequently charged in the arms of Border families. Their mottoes also bear allusion to their profession: "*Reparabit cornua Phœbe*," *i.e.*, "We'll have moon-light again," is that of the family of Harden; "Ye shall want, ere I want," that of Cranstoun; "Watch weel," of Haliburton, etc.

"The widdefow wardanis tuik my geir,
And left me nowthir horse nor meir,
Nor erdly guid that me belangit;
Now, walloway! I mon be hangit.

. . . . . .

Adew! my bruthir Annan thieves,
That holpit me in my mischevis:
Adew! Grossars, Nicksonis, and Bells,
Oft have we fairne owthreuch the fells:
Adew! Robsons, Howis, and Pylis,
That in our craft hes mony wilis:
Littlis, Trumbells, and Armestranges;
Adew! all theeves, that me belangis;
Baileowes, Erewynis, and Elwandis,
Speedy of flicht, and slicht of handis:
The Scotts of Eisdale, and the Gramis,
I haif na time to tell your namis." *Ibid.*, p. 156.

When *Common Thift* is executed (which is performed upon the stage) *Falset* (Faleshood), who is also brought forth for punishment, pronounces over him the following eulogy:—

"Waes me for thee, gude Common Thift!
Was never man made more honest chift,
His living for to win:
Thair wes not, in all Liddesdail,
That ky mair craftelly could steil,
Whar thou hingis on that pin!" *Ibid.*, p. 194.

Sir Richard Maitland, incensed at the boldness and impunity of the thieves of Liddesdale in his time, has attacked them with keen iambics. His satire, which, I suppose, had very little effect at the time, forms No. III of the Appendix to this Introduction.

The Borderers had, in fact, little reason to regard the inland Scots as their fellow-subjects or to respect the power of the Crown. They were frequently resigned, by express compact, to the bloody retaliation of the English without experiencing any assistance from their prince and his more immediate subjects. If they beheld him, it was more frequently in the character of an avenging judge than of a protecting sovereign. They were, in truth, during the time of peace a kind of outcasts against whom the united powers of England and Scotland were often employed. Hence the men of the Borders had little attachment to the monarchs whom they termed, in derision, the kings of Fife and Lothian; provinces which they were not legally entitled to inhabit,[1] and which, therefore, they pillaged with as little remorse as if they had belonged to a foreign country. This strange, precarious, and adventurous mode of life led by the Borderers was not without its pleasures, and seems, in all probability, hardly so disagreeable to us as the monotony of regulated society must have been to those who had been long accustomed to a state of rapine. Well has it been remarked by the eloquent Burke that the shifting tides of fears and

[1] By Act 1587, c. 96, Borderers are expelled from the inland counties unless they can find security for their quiet deportment.

hope, the flight and pursuit, the peril and escape, alternate famine and feast of the savage and the robber after a time render all course of slow, steady, progressive, unvaried occupation, and the prospect only of a limited mediocrity at the end of long labour to the last degree tame, languid, and insipid. The interesting nature of their exploits may be conceived from the account of Camden :

" What manner of cattle stealers they are, that inhabit these valleys in the Marches of both kingdoms, John Lesly, a Scotchman himself, and Bishop of Ross, will inform you. They sally out of their own Borders in the night, in troops, through unfrequented by-ways, and many intricate windings. All the day-time, they refresh themselves and their horses in lurking holes they had pitched upon before, till they arrive in the dark at those places they have a design upon. As soon as they have seized upon the booty they, in like manner, return home in the night, through blind ways, and fetching many a compass. The more skilful any captain is to pass through those wild deserts, crooked turnings, and deep precipices, in the thickest mists and darkness, his reputation is the greater, and he is looked upon as a man of an excellent head. And they are so very cunning, that they seldom have their booty taken from them, unless sometimes, when, by the help of blood-hounds following them exactly upon the track, they may chance to fall into the hands of their adversaries. When being taken, they have so much persuasive eloquence, and so many smooth insinuating words at command, that if they do not move their judges, nay, and even their adversaries (notwithstanding the severity of their natures), to have mercy, yet they incite them to admiration and compassion " (Camden's *Britannia*). The reader is requested to compare this curious account, given by Lesly, with the ballad called *Hobbie Noble*.[1]

The inroads of the Marchers when stimulated only by the desire of plunder were never marked with cruelty, and seldom even with bloodshed, unless in the case of opposition. They held that property was common to all who stood in want of it ; but they abhorred and avoided

[1] The following tradition is also illustrative of Lesly's account. Veitch of Dawyk, a man of great strength and bravery, who flourished in the sixteenth century, is said by tradition to have been upon bad terms with a neighbouring proprietor, Tweedie of Drummelzier, dwelling also near the source of Tweed. By some accident, a flock of Dawyk's sheep had strayed over into Drummelzier's grounds at the time when Dickie of the Den, a Liddesdale outlaw, was making his rounds in Tweeddale. Seeing this flock of sheep, he drove them off without ceremony. Next morning Veitch, perceiving his loss, summoned his servants and retainers, laid a bloodhound upon the traces of the robber, by whom they were guided for many miles till, on the banks of Liddel, the dog staid upon a very large haystack. The pursuers were a good deal surprised at the obstinate pause of the bloodhound till Dawyk pulled down some of the hay and discovered a large excavation containing the robber and his spoil. He instantly flew upon Dickie, and was about to poniard him when the marauder, with the address noticed by Lesly, protested that he would never have touched a *cloot* (hoof) of them had he not taken them for Drummelzier's property. This dexterous appeal to Veitch's passions saved the life of the freebooter.

the crime of unnecessary homicide (Lesly, p. 63). This was, perhaps, partly owing to the habits of intimacy betwixt the Borderers of both kingdoms, notwithstanding their mutual hostility and reciprocal depredations. A natural intercourse took place between the English and Scottish Marchers, at Border meetings and during the short intervals of peace. They met frequently at parties of the chase and football; and it required many and strict regulations on both sides to prevent them from forming intermarriages and from cultivating too close a degree of intimacy (*Scottish Acts*, 1587, c. 105; Wharton's *Regulations*, 6*th Edward VI*). The custom, also, of paying blackmail or protection rent introduced a connexion betwixt the countries; for a Scottish Borderer taking blackmail from an English inhabitant was not only himself bound to abstain from injuring such person, but also to maintain his quarrel and recover his property if carried off by others. Hence a union rose betwixt the parties, founded upon mutual interest, which counteracted in many instances the effects of national prejudice. The similarity of their manners may be inferred from that of their language. In an old mystery, imprinted at London, 1654, a mendicant Borderer is introduced, soliciting alms of a citizen and his wife. To a question of the latter he replies, "Savyng your honour, good maistress, I was born in Redesdale, in Northumberlande, and come of a wight riding sirname, call'd the Robsons: gude honeste men, and true, savyng a little shiftynge for theyr livyng; God help them, silly pure men." The wife answers, "What doest thou here, in this countrie? me thinke thou art a Scot by thy tongue." Beggar: "Trowe me never mair then, good deam; I had rather be hanged in a withie of a cow-taile, for thei are ever fare and fause" (Appendix to Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, 1783, p. 188). From the wife's observation, as well as from the dialect of the beggar, we may infer that there was little difference between the Northumbrian and the border Scottish —a circumstance interesting in itself and decisive of the occasional friendly intercourse among the Marchmen. From all these combining circumstances arose the lenity of the Borderers in their incursions, and the equivocal moderation which they sometimes observed towards each other in open war.[1]

[1] This practice of the Marchmen was observed and reprobated by Patten. "Another manner have they (*the English Borderers*) amoong them, of wearyng handkerchers roll'd about their armes, and lettres brouder'd (*embroidered*) upon their cappes: they said themselves, the use thearof was that ech of them might knowe his fellowe, and thearbye the sooner assemble, or in nede to ayd one another, and such lyke respectes; howbeit, thear wear of the army amoong us (sum suspicious men perchaunce), that thought thei used them for collusion, and rather bycaus thei might be knowen to the enemie, as the enemies are knowen to them (for thei have their markes too), and so in conflict either ech to spare oother, or gently eche to take oother. Indede, men have been mooved the rather to thinke so, bycaus sum of their crosses (*the English red crosses*) were so narrowe, and so singly set on, that a puffe of wynde might blowe them from their breastes, and that thei wear found right often talking with the Skottish prikkers within less than their gad's (*spear's*) length asunder; and when thei perceived thei had been espied, thei have

This humanity and moderation was on certain occasions entirely laid aside by the Borderers. In the case of deadly feud, either against an Englishman or against any neighbouring tribe, the whole force of the offended clan was bent to avenge the death of any of their number. Their vengeance not only vented itself upon the homicide and his family, but upon all his kindred, on his whole tribe; and on every one, in fine, whose death or ruin could affect him with regret (Lesly, p. 63; *Border Laws, passim*; *Scottish Acts*, 1594, c. 231). The reader will find in the following collection many allusions to this infernal custom, which always overcame the Marcher's general reluctance to shed human blood and rendered him remorselessly savage.

For fidelity to their word Lesly ascribes high praise to the inhabitants of the Scottish frontier. Robert Constable (himself a traitorous spy) describes the outlaws, who were his guides into Scotland, as men who would not hesitate to steal, yet would betray no man that trusted in them, for all the gold in Scotland or France. "They are my guides," said he; "and outlaws who might gain their pardon by surrendering me, yet I am secure of their fidelity, and have often proved it." Indeed, when an instance happened of breach of faith, the injured person, at the first Border meeting, rode through the

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begun one to run at anoother, but so apparently perlassent (*in parley*), as the lookers on resembled their chasyng lyke the running at base in an uplondish toun, whear the match is made for a quart of good ale, or like the play in Robin Cookes scole (*a fencing school*), whear, bycaus the punies mey lerne, thei strike fewe strokes but by assent and appointment. I hard sum men say, it did mooch augment their suspicion that wey, bycaus at the battail they sawe these prikkers so badly demean them, more intending the taking of prisoners, than the surety of victorye; for while oother men fought, thei fell to their prey; that as thear wear but fewe of them but brought home his prisoner, so wear thear many that had six or seven" (Patten's *Account of Somerset's Expedition, apud* Dalyell's *Fragments*, p. 76).

It is singular that about this very period the same circumstances are severely animadverted upon by the strenuous Scottishman who wrote the *Complaynt of Scotland*, as well as by the English author above quoted: "There is nothing that is occasione of your adhering to the opinion of Ingland contrair your natife cuntré, bot the grit familiarite that Inglis men and Scottes hes had on baith the boirdours, ilk ane witht utheris, in merchandeis, in selling and buying hors and nolt, and scheip, outfang, and infang, ilk ane amang utheris, the whilk familiarite is express contrar the lawis and consuetudis bayth of Ingland and Scotland. In auld tymis it was determit in the artiklis of the pace, be the twa wardanis of the boirdours of Ingland and Scotland, that there suld be na familiarite betwix Scottis men and Inglis men, nor marriage to be contrakit betwix them, nor conventions on holydais at gammis and plays, nor merchandres to be maid amang them, nor Scottis men till enter on Inglis grond, witht out the king of Ingland's save conduct, nor Inglis men til enter on Scottis grond, without the king of Scotland's save conduct, howbeit that ther war sure pace betwix the twa realmes. Bot thir sevyn yeir bygane, thai statutis and artiklis of the pace are adnullit, for ther hes been as grit familiarite, and conventions, and makyng of merchandreis, on the boirdours, this lang tyme betwix Inglis men and Scottis men, bayth in pace and weir, as Scottis men usis among theme selfis within the realme of Scotland: and sic familiarite has bene the cause that the kyng of Ingland gat intelligence with divers gentlemen of Scotland" (*Complaynt of Scotland*, Edinburgh, 1801, p. 164).

field, displaying a glove (the pledge of faith) upon the point of his lance and proclaiming the perfidy of the person who had broken his word. So great was the indignation of the assembly against the perjured criminal that he was often slain by his own clan, to wipe out the disgrace he had brought on them. In the same spirit of confidence it was not unusual to behold the victors, after an engagement, dismiss their prisoners upon parole, who never failed either to transmit the stipulated ransom or to surrender themselves to bondage if unable to do so. But the virtues of a barbarous people, being founded not upon moral principle but upon the dreams of superstition or the capricious dictates of ancient custom, can seldom be uniformly relied on. We must not, therefore, be surprised to find these very men, so true to their word in general, using upon other occasions various resources of cunning and chicane against which the Border Laws were in vain directed.

The immediate rulers of the Borders were the chiefs of the different clans, who exercised over their respective septs a dominion partly patriarchal and partly feudal. The latter bond of adherence was, however, the more slender; for, in the Acts regulating the Borders, we find repeated mention of "Clannes having captaines and chieftaines, whom on they depend, oft-times against the willes of their landelordes" (*Stat.* 1587, c. 95, *and the Roll thereto annexed*). Of course these laws looked less to the feudal superior than to the chieftain of the name for the restraint of the disorderly tribes; and it is repeatedly enacted that the head of the clan should be first called upon to deliver those of his sept who should commit any trespass, and that on his failure to do so he should be liable to the injured party in full redress (*ibidem*, and *Stat.* 1574, c. 231). By the same statutes the chieftains and landlords presiding over Border clans were obliged to find caution, and to grant hostages that they would subject themselves to the due course of law. Such clans as had no chieftain of sufficient note to enter bail for their quiet conduct became broken men, outlawed to both nations.

From these enactments the power of the Border chieftains may be conceived; for it had been hard and useless to have punished them for the trespasses of their tribes unless they possessed over them unlimited authority. The abode of these petty princes by no means corresponded to the extent of their power. We do not find on the Scottish Borders the splendid and extensive baronial castles which graced and defended the opposite frontier. The Gothic grandeur of Alnwick, of Raby, and of Naworth marks the wealthier and more secure state of the English nobles. The Scottish chieftain, however extensive his domains, derived no pecuniary advantage save from such parts as he could himself cultivate or occupy. Payment of rent was hardly known on the Borders till after the Union.[1] All that the landlord

[1] Stowe, in detailing the happy consequences of the Union of the Crowns, observes "that the northerne borders became as safe, and peaceable, as any part of the entire kingdome, so as in the fourthe yeare of the king's reigne, as

could gain from those residing upon his estate was their personal service in battle, their assistance in labouring the land retained in his natural possession, some petty quit-rents of a nature resembling the feudal casualties, and perhaps a share in the spoil which they acquired by rapine.[1] This, with his herds of cattle and of sheep and with the *blackmail* which he exacted from his neighbours, constituted the revenue of the chieftain; and from funds so precarious he could rarely spare sums to expend in strengthening or decorating his habitation. Another reason is found in the Scottish mode of warfare. It was early discovered that the English surpassed their neighbours in the arts of assaulting or defending fortified places. The policy of the Scottish, therefore, deterred them from erecting upon the Borders buildings of such extent and strength as, being once taken by the foe, would have been capable of receiving a permanent garrison.[2] To themselves the woods and hills of their country were pointed out by the great Bruce as their safest bulwarks, and the maxim of the Douglasses that "it was better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep" was adopted by every Border chief. For these combined reasons the residence of the chieftain was commonly a large square battlemented[3] tower, called a *keep* or *peel*, placed on a precipice or on the banks of a torrent, and, if the ground would permit, surrounded by a moat. In short, the situation of a Border house, encompassed by

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well gentlemen and others, inhabiting the places aforesayde, finding the auncient wast ground to be very good and fruitefull, began to contende in lawe about their bounds, challenging then, that for their hereditarie right, which formerly they disavowed, only to avoyde charge of common defence."

[1] "As for the humours of the people (*i.e.*, of Tiviotdale), they were both strong and warlike, as being inured to war and daily incursions, and the most part of the heritors of the country gave out all their lands to their tenants, for military attendance, upon rentals, and reserved only some few manses for their own sustenance, which were laboured by their tenants, besides their service. They paid an entry, a herauld, and a small rental-duty; for there were no rents raised here that were considerable, till King James went into England; yea, all along the border" (*Account of Roxburghshire*, by Sir William Scott of Harden, and Kerr of Sunlaws, *apud* Macfarlane's MSS.).

[2] The royal castles of Roxburgh, Hermitage, Lochmaben, etc., form a class of exceptions to this rule, being extensive and well fortified. Perhaps we ought also to except the baronial castle of Home. Yet, in 1455, the following petty garrisons were thought sufficient for the protection of the Border: two hundred spearmen, and as many archers, upon the East and Middle Marches; and one hundred spears, with a like number of bowmen, upon the Western Marches. But then the same statute provides: "They that are neare hand the bordoure, are ordained to have gud householdes, and abulzied men as effeiris; and to be reddie at their principal place, and to pass, with the wardanes, quhen and quhair they sall be charged" (*Acts of James II*, c. 55, *Of garisounes to be laid upon the borders*). Hence Buchanan has justly described, as an attribute of the Scottish nation,

"*Nec fossis, nec muris, patriam, sed Marte tueri.*"

[3] I have observed a difference in architecture betwixt the English and Scottish towers. The latter usually have upon the top a projecting battlement with interstices, anciently called *machicoules*, betwixt the parapet and the wall through which stones or darts might be hurled upon the assailants. This kind of fortification is less common on the South Border.

woods, and rendered almost inaccessible by torrents, by rocks, or by morasses, sufficiently indicated the pursuits and apprehensions of its inhabitants: "*Locus horroris et vastæ solitudinis, aptus ad prædam, habilis ad rapinam, habitatoribus suis lapis erat offensionis et petra scandali, utpote qui stipendiis suis minime contenti, totum de alieno, parum de suo, possidebant—totius provinciæ spolium.*" No wonder, therefore, that James V on approaching the castle of Lochwood, the ancient seat of the Johnstones, is said to have exclaimed, "that he who built it must have been a knave in his heart." An outer wall with some slight fortifications served as a protection for the cattle at night. The walls of these fortresses were of an immense thickness, and they could easily be defended against any small force; more especially, as the rooms being vaulted each story formed a separate lodgement, capable of being held out for a considerable time. On such occasions the usual mode adopted by the assailants was to expel the defenders by setting fire to wet straw in the lower apartments. But the Border chieftains seldom chose to abide in person a siege of this nature, and I have not observed a single instance of a distinguished baron made prisoner in his own house[1] (Patten's *Expedition*, p. 35). The common people resided in paltry huts, about the safety of which they were little anxious as they contained nothing of value. On the approach of a superior force they unthatched them to prevent their being burned, and then abandoned them to the foe (Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 665). Their only treasures were a fleet and active horse, with the ornaments which their rapine had procured for the females of their family, of whose gay appearance the Borderers were vain.

Some rude monuments occur upon the Borders, the memorial of ancient valour. Such is the Cross of Milholm, on the banks of the Liddel, said to have been erected in memory of the chief of the Armstrongs, murdered treacherously by Lord Soulis while feasting in Hermitage Castle. Such also is that rude stone, now broken and very much defaced, placed upon a mount on the lands of Haughhead, near the junction of the Kale and Teviot. The inscription records the defence made by Hobbie Hall, a man of great strength and courage, against an attempt by the powerful family of Ker to possess themselves of his small estate.[2]

[1] I ought to except the famous Dand Ker, who was made prisoner in his castle of Fairnihirst after defending it bravely against Lord Dacres, September 24, 1523.

[2] The rude strains of the inscription little correspond with the gallantry of a

> . . . village Hampden, who, with dauntless breast,
> The little tyrant of his fields withstood.

It is in these words:

> Here Hobbie Hall boldly maintained his right,
> 'Gainst rief, plain force, armed wi' awles might.
> Full thirty pleughs, harnes'd in all their gear,
> Could not his valiant noble heart make fear:
> But wi' his sword, he cut the foremost's soam
> In two; and drove baith pleughs and pleughmen home.
> 1620.

Soam means the iron links which fasten a yoke of oxen to the plough.

The same simplicity marked their dress and arms. Patten observes that in battle the laird could not be distinguished from the serf; all wearing the same coat armour called a jack, and the baron being only distinguished by his sleeves of mail and his head-piece. The Borderers in general acted as light cavalry, riding horses of a small size but astonishingly nimble, and trained to move by short bounds through the morasses with which Scotland abounds. Their offensive weapons were a lance of uncommon length; a sword, either two-handed or of the modern light size; sometimes a species of battle-axe, called a Jedburgh staff; and, latterly, dags or pistols. Although so much accustomed to act on horseback, that they held it even mean to appear otherwise, the Marchmen occasionally acted as infantry; nor were they inferior to the rest of Scotland in forming that impenetrable phalanx of spears, whereof it is said by an English historian, that "sooner shall a bare finger pierce through the skin of an angry hedge-hog, than any one encounter the brunt of their pikes." At the battle of Melrose, for example, Buccleuch's army fought upon foot. But the habits of the Borderers fitted them particularly to distinguish themselves as light cavalry, and hence the name of *prickers* and *hobylers* so frequently applied to them. At the blaze of their beacon fires they were wont to assemble ten thousand horsemen in the course of a single day. Thus rapid in their warlike preparations, they were alike ready for attack and defence. Each individual carried his own provisions, consisting of a small bag of oatmeal, and trusted to plunder, or the chase for ekeing out his precarious meal. Beaugé remarks that nothing surprised the Scottish cavalry so much as to see their French auxiliaries encumbered with baggage-waggons and attended by commissaries. Before joining battle it seems to have been the Scottish practice to set fire to the litter of their camp while, under cover of the smoke, the *hobylers* or Border cavalry executed their manœuvres. There is a curious account of the battle of Mitton, fought in the year 1319, in a valuable MS. *Chronicle of England* in the collection of the Marquis of Douglas, from which this stratagem seems to have decided the engagement. "In meyn time, while the wer thus lastyd, the kynge went agane into Skotlonde, that hitte was wonder for to wette, and bysechd the towne of Barwick; but the Skottes went over the water of Sold, that was iii myle from the hoste, and prively they stole away by nyghte, and come into England, and robbed and destroyed all that they myght, and spared no manner thing til that they came to Yorke. And, whan the Englischemen, that were left at home, herd this tiding, all tho that myght well travell, so well monkys and priestis, and freres, and chanouns, and seculars, come and met with the Skottes at Mytone of Swale, the xii day of October. Allas, for sorrow for the Englischemen! housbondmen, that could nothing in wer, ther were quelled and drenchyd in an arm of the see. And hyr chyftaines, Sir William Milton, ersch-biishop of Yorke, and the abbot of Selby, with her stedes, fled and com into Yorke; and that was her owne foyle that they had that mischaunce; for the passyd the

water of Swale, and the Skottes set on fiir three stalkes of hey, and the smoke thereof was so huge, that the Englischemen might nott see the Skottes; and whan the Englischemen were gon over the water, tho cam the Skottes, with hir wyng, in maner of a sheld, and come toward the Englischemen in ordour. And the Englischemen fled for unnethe they had any use of armes, for the kyng had hem al almost lost att the sege of Barwick. And the Scotsmen *hobylers* went betwene the brigge and the Englischemen; and when the gret hoste them met, the Englischemen fled between the *hobylers* and the gret hoste; and the Englischemen wer ther quelled, and he that myght wend over the water were saved, but many were drowned. Alas! for there were slayn many men of religion, and seculars, and priestis, and clerks, and with much sorwe the Erschbischope scaped from the Skottes; and, therefore, the Skottes called that battell the *White Battell*."

For smaller predatory expeditions the Borderers had signals and places of rendezvous, peculiar to each tribe. If the party set forward before all the members had joined, a mark, cut in the turf or on the bark of a tree, pointed out to the stragglers the direction which the main body had pursued.[1] Their warlike convocations were also frequently disguised, under pretence of meetings for the purpose of sport. The game of football, in particular, which was anciently, and still continues to be, a favourite Border sport, was the means of collecting together large bodies of moss-troopers, previous to any military exploit. When Sir Robert Carey was Warden of the East Marches the knowledge that there was a great match of football at Kelso, to be frequented by the principal Scottish riders, was sufficient to excite his vigilance and his apprehension.[2] Previous also to the murder of Sir John Carmichael (see Notes on *The Raid of the Reidswire*) it appeared at the trial of the perpetrators that they had assisted at a grand football meeting, where the crime was concerted.

Upon the religion of the Borderers there can very little be said. We have already noticed that they remained attached to the Roman Catholic faith rather longer than the rest of Scotland. This probably arose from a total indifference upon the subject; for we nowhere find in their character the respect for the Church which is a marked feature of that religion. In 1528 Lord Dacre complains heavily to Cardinal Wolsey that, having taken a notorious freebooter called Dyk Irwen, the brother and friends of the outlaw had, in retaliation, seized a man of some property, and a relation of Lord Dacre, called Jeffrey Middleton, as he returned from a pilgrimage to St Ninian's, in Galloway; and that notwithstanding the sanctity of his character, as a *true pilgrim*,

[1] In the parish of Linton, in Roxburghshire, there is a circle of stones, surrounding a smooth plot of turf, called the *Tryst* or place of appointment, which tradition avers to have been the rendezvous of the neighbouring warriors. The name of the leader was cut in the turf, and the arrangement of the letters announced to his followers the course which he had taken. See *Statistical Account of the Parish of Linton*.

[2] See Appendix.



J M W. Turner, R A

KELSO

and the Scottish monarch's safe-conduct, they continued to detain him in their fastnesses until he should redeem the said arrant thief, Dyk Irwen. The abbeys, which were planted upon the Border, neither seem to have been much respected by the English nor by the Scottish barons. They were repeatedly burned by the former in the course of the Border wars; and by the latter they seem to have been regarded chiefly as the means of endowing a needy relation or the subject of occasional plunder. Thus Andrew Home of Fastcastle, about 1488, attempted to procure a perpetual feu of certain possessions belonging to the abbey of Coldinghame; and being baffled by the King bestowing that opulent benefice upon the royal chapel at Stirling, the Humes and Hepburns started into rebellion; asserting that the priory should be conferred upon some younger son of their families according to ancient custom. After the fatal battle of Flodden one of the Kers testified his contempt for clerical immunities and privileges by expelling from his house the abbot of Kelso. These bickerings betwixt the clergy and the barons were usually excited by disputes about their temporal interest. It was common for the churchmen to grant lands in feu to the neighbouring gentlemen, who, becoming their vassals, were bound to assist and protect them.[1] But as the possessions and revenues of the benefices became thus intermixed with those of the laity, any attempts rigidly to enforce the claims of the church were usually attended by the most scandalous disputes. A petty warfare was carried on for years betwixt James, Abbot of Dryburgh, and the family of Halliburton of Mertoun, or Newmains, who held some lands from that abbey. These possessions were, under various pretexts, seized and laid waste by both parties, and some bloodshed took place in the contest betwixt the lay vassals and their spiritual superior. The matter was at length thought of sufficient importance to be terminated by a reference to his Majesty; whose decree arbitral, dated at Stirling the 8th of May 1535, proceeds thus: "Whereas we have been advised and know the said gentlemen, the Halliburtons, to be leal and true honest men, long servants unto the saide abbeye, for the saide landis, stout men at armes, and goode Borderers against Ingland; We doe therefore decree and ordaine, that they sall be repossess'd, and bruik and enjoy the landis and steedings they had of the said abbeye, paying the use and wonte: and that they sall be goode servants to the said venerabil father, like as they and their predecessours were to the said venerabil father, and his predecessours, and he a good master to them."[2] It is unnecessary to detain the reader with other

[1] These vassals resembled in some degree the Vidames in France and the Vogten or Vizedomen of the German abbeys, but the system was never carried regularly into effect in Britain, and this circumstance facilitated the dissolution of the religious houses.

[2] This decree was followed by a marriage betwixt the Abbot's daughter, Elizabeth Stewart, and Walter Halliburton, one of the family of Newmains. But even this alliance did not secure peace between the venerable father and his vassals. The offspring of the marriage was an only daughter

instances of the discord, which prevailed anciently upon the Borders, betwixt the spiritual shepherd and his untractable flock.

The reformation was late of finding its way into the Border wilds; for while the religious and civil dissensions were at their height in 1568 Drury writes to Cecil: "Our trusty neighbours of Teviotdale are holden occupied only to attend to the pleasure and calling of their own heads, to make some diversion in this matter." The influence of the reformed preachers, among the Borderers, seems also to have been but small; for upon all occasions of dispute with the kirk James VI was wont to call in their assistance (Calderwood, p. 129).

We learn from a curious passage in the life of Richard Cameron, a fanatical preacher during the time of what is called the "persecution," that some of the Borderers retained to a late period their indifference about religious matters. After having been licensed at Haughhead, in Teviotdale, he was, according to his biographer, sent first to preach in Annandale. "He said, 'how can I go there? I know what sort of people they are.' 'But,' Mr Welch said, 'go your way, Ritchie, and set the fire of hell to their tails.' He went; and the first day he preached upon that text, *How shall I put thee among the children*, etc. In the application he said, 'Put you among the children! the offspring of thieves and robbers! we have all heard of Annandale thieves.' Some of them got a merciful cast that day, and told afterwards, that it was the first field meeting they ever attended, and they went out of mere curiosity, to see a minister preach in a tent, and people sit on the ground" (*Life of Richard Cameron*).[1]

Cleland, an enthusiastic Cameronian, lieutenant-colonel of the regiment levied after the revolution from among that wild and fanatical sect, claims for the wandering preachers of his tribe the merit of converting the borderers. He introduces a cavalier, haranguing the Highlanders, and ironically thus guarding them against the fanatic divines:

"If their doctrine there get rooting,
Then, farewell theift, the best of booting.
And this ye see is very clear,
Dayly experience makes it appear;
For instance, lately on the Borders,
Where there was nought but theft and murders,

named Elizabeth Halliburton. As this young lady was her father's heir the Halliburtons resolved that she should marry one of her cousins to keep her property in the clan. But as this did not suit the views of the Abbot, he carried off by force the intended bride and married her at Stirling to Alexander Erskine, a brother of the laird of Balgony, a relation and follower of his own. From this marriage sprung the Erskines of Shielfield. This exploit of the Abbot revived the feud betwixt him and the Halliburtons, which only ended with the dissolution of the abbey (MS. *History of Halliburton Family, penes editorem*).

[1] This man was chaplain in the family of Sir Walter Scott, of Harden, who attended the meetings of the indulged Presbyterians; but Cameron, considering this conduct as a compromise with the foul fiend Episcopacy, was dismissed from the family. He was slain in a skirmish at Airdsmoss, bequeathing his name to the sect of fanatics still called Cameronians.

Rapine, cheating, and resetting,
Slight of hand in fortunes getting,
Their designation, as ye ken,
Was all along the *Taking Men.*
Now, rebels more prevails with words,
Then drawgoons does with guns and swords,
So that their bare preaching now
Makes the rush-bush keep the cow;
Better than Scots or English kings,
Could do by kilting them with strings.
Yea, those that were the greatest rogues,
Follows them over hills and bogues,
Crying for mercy and for preaching,
For they'll now hear no others teaching."
Cleland's *Poems*, 1697, p. 30.

The poet of the Whigs might exaggerate the success of their teachers; yet it must be owned that the doctrine of insubordination, joined to their vagrant and lawless habits, was calculated strongly to conciliate their Border hearers.

But though the church, in the border counties, attracted little veneration, no part of Scotland teemed with superstitious fears and observances more than they did. "The Dalesmen," [1] says Lesly, "never count their beads with such earnestness as when they set out upon a predatory expedition." Penances, the composition between guilt and conscience, were also frequent upon the Borders. Of this we have a record in many bequests to the Church and in some more lasting monuments; such as the Tower of Repentance in Dumfriesshire, and, according to vulgar tradition, the church of Linton,[2] in Roxburghshire. In the Appendix to this Introduction, No. IV, the reader will find a curious league, or treaty of peace, betwixt two hostile clans, by which the heads of each became bound to make the four pilgrimages of Scotland for the benefit of the souls of those of the opposite clan who had fallen in the feud. These were superstitions flowing immediately from the nature of the Catholic religion; but there was, upon the Border, no lack of others of a more general nature. Such was the universal belief in spells, of which some traces may yet

[1] An epithet bestowed upon the Borderers from the names of their various districts, as Tiviotdale, Liddesdale, Eskdale, Ewsdale, Annandale, etc. Hence an old ballad distinguishes the north as the country,

"Where every river gives name to a dale."
Ex-ale-tation of Ale.

[2] This small church is founded upon a little hill of sand, in which no stone of the size of an egg is said to have been found, although the neighbouring soil is sharp and gravelly. Tradition accounts for this by informing us that the foundresses were two sisters, upon whose account much blood had been spilt in that spot; and that the penance, imposed on the fair causers of the slaughter, was an order from the Pope to sift the sand of the hill upon which their church was to be erected. This story may, perhaps, have some foundation, for in the churchyard was discovered a single grave containing no fewer than fifty skulls, most of which bore the marks of having been cleft by violence.

remain in the wild parts of the country. These were common in the time of the learned Bishop Nicholson, who derives them from the time of the Pagan Danes. "This conceit was the more heightened by reflecting upon the natural superstition of our Borderers at this day, who were much better acquainted with, and do more firmly believe, their old legendary stories, of fairies and witches, than the articles of their creed. And to convince me yet further, that they are not utter strangers to the black art of their forefathers, I met with a gentleman in the neighbourhood who showed me a book of spells, and magical receipts, taken, two or three days before, in the pocket of one of our moss-troopers; wherein, among many other conjuring feats, was prescribed a certain remedy for an ague, by applying a few barbarous characters to the body of the party distempered. These, methought, were very near akin to Wormius's *Ram Runer*, which, he says, differed wholly in figure and shape from the common *runæ*. For, though he tells us that these *Ram Runer* were so called, *Eo quod molestias, dolores, morbosque hisce infligere inimicis soliti sunt magi*; yet his great friend, Arng. Jonas, more to our purpose, says, that—*His etiam usi sunt ad benefaciendum, juvandum, medicandum tam animi quam corporis morbis; atque ad ipsos cacodæmones pellendos et fugandos.* I shall not trouble you with a draught of this spell, because I have not yet had an opportunity of learning whether it may not be an ordinary one, and to be met with, among others of the same nature, in Paracelsus, or Cornelius Agrippa."—*Letter from Bishop Nicholson to Mr Walker*; *vide* Camden's *Britannia*, Cumberland. Even in the Editor's younger days he can remember the currency of certain spells for curing sprains, burns, or dislocations, to which popular credulity ascribed unfailing efficacy.[1] Charms, however, against spiritual enemies were yet more common than those intended to cure corporeal complaints. This is not surprising, as a fantastic remedy well suited an imaginary disease.

There were, upon the Borders, many consecrated wells, for resorting to which the people's credulity is severely censured by a worthy physician of the seventeenth century, who himself believed in a shower of living herrings having fallen near Dumfries. "Many run superstitiously to other wells, and there obtain, as they imagine, health and advantage; and there they offer bread and cheese, or money, by throwing them into the well." In another part of the MS. occurs the following passage: "In the bounds of the lands of Eccles, belonging to a lineage of the name of Maitland, there is a loch called the Dowloch, of old resorted to with much superstition, as medicinal both for men and beasts, and that with such ceremonies, as are

[1] Among these may be reckoned the supposed influence of Irish earth in curing the poison of adders or other venomous reptiles. This virtue is extended by popular credulity to the natives, and even to the animals, of Hibernia. A gentleman (who was educated to medicine, by the way), bitten by some reptile, so as to occasion a great swelling, seriously assured the Editor that he ascribed his cure to putting the affected finger into the mouth of an Irish mare!

shrewdly suspected to have been begun with witchcraft, and increased afterward by magical directions: for, burying of a cloth, or somewhat that did relate to the bodies of men and women, and a shackle, or tether, belonging to cow or horse, and these being cast into the loch, if they did float, it was taken for a good omen of recovery, and a part of the water carried to the patient, though to remote places, without saluting or speaking to any they met by the way; but, if they did sink, the recovery of the party was hopeless. This custom was of late much curbed and restrained; but since the discovery of many medicinal fountains near to the place, the vulgar, holding that it may be as medicinal as these are, at this time begin to re-assume their former practice" (*Account of Presbytery of Penpont*, in Macfarlane's MSS.).

The idea that the spirits of the deceased return to haunt the place where on earth they have suffered or have rejoiced, is, as Dr Johnson has observed, common to the popular creed of all nations.[1] The just and noble sentiment, implanted in our bosoms by the Deity, teaches us that we shall not slumber for ever, as the beasts that perish. Human vanity, or credulity, chequers with its own inferior and base colours the noble prospect which is alike held out to us by philosophy and by religion. We feel, according to the ardent expression of the poet, that we shall not wholly die;[2] but from hence we vainly and weakly argue that the same scenes, the same passions shall delight and actuate the disembodied spirit, which affected it while in its tenement of clay. Hence the popular belief that the soul haunts the spot where the murdered body is interred; that its appearances are directed to bring down vengeance on its murderers; or that, having left its terrestrial form in a distant clime, it glides before its former friends, a pale spectre, to warn them of its decease. Such tales, the foundation of which is an argument from our present feelings to those of the spiritual world, form the broad and universal basis of the popular superstition regarding departed spirits; against which reason has striven in vain, and universal experience has offered a disregarded testimony. These legends are peculiarly acceptable to barbarous tribes, and on the Borders they were received with most unbounded faith. It is true that these supernatural adversaries were no longer opposed by the sword and battle-axe, as among the unconverted Scandinavians. Prayers, spells, and exorcisms, particularly in the Greek and Hebrew languages, were the weapons of the Borderers, or rather of their priests and cunning men, against their aerial enemy.[3]

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[1] See *Rasselas*.

[2] *Non omnis moriar*.—Hor.

[3] One of the most noted apparitions is supposed to haunt Spedlin's Castle, near Lochmaben, the ancient baronial residence of the Jardines of Applegirth. It is said that, in exercise of his territorial jurisdiction, one of the ancient lairds had imprisoned in the *Massy More*, or dungeon of the castle, a person named Porteous. Being called suddenly to Edinburgh, the laird discovered as he entered the West Port that he had brought along with him the key of the dungeon. Struck with the utmost horror, he sent back his servant to relieve the prisoner; but it was too late. The wretched being was found lying upon the steps descending from the door of the vault,

The belief in ghosts, which has been well termed the last lingering phantom of superstition, still maintains its ground upon the Borders.

It is unnecessary to mention the superstitious belief in witchcraft, which gave rise to so much cruelty and persecution during the seventeenth century. There were several executions upon the Borders for this imaginary crime, which was usually tried not by the ordinary judges, but by a set of country gentlemen acting under commission from the privy council.[1]

Besides these grand articles of superstitious belief, the creed of the Borderers admitted the existence of sundry classes of subordinate spirits, to whom were assigned peculiar employments. The chief of these were the Fairies, concerning whom the reader will find a long dissertation in the Introduction to the *Tale of Tamlane*, p. 288. The Brownie formed a class of beings distinct in habit and disposition from the freakish and mischievous elves. He was meagre, shaggy, and wild in his appearance. Thus Cleland, in his satire against the Highlanders, compares them to

> "Faunes, or *Brownies*, if ye will,
> Or satyres come from Atlas Hill."

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starved to death. In the agonies of hunger he had gnawed the flesh from one of his arms. That his spectre should haunt the castle was a natural consequence of such a tragedy. Indeed, its visits became so frequent that a clergyman of eminence was employed to exorcise it. After a contest of twenty-four hours the man of art prevailed so far as to confine the goblin to the *Massy More* of the castle, where its shrieks and cries are still heard. A part, at least, of the spell depends upon the preservation of the ancient black-lettered Bible, employed by the exorcist. It was some years ago thought necessary to have this Bible rebound; but as soon as it was removed from the castle the spectre commenced his nocturnal orgies with tenfold noise; and it is verily believed that he would have burst from his confinement had not the sacred volume been speedily replaced.

A Mass John Scott, minister of Peebles, is reported to have been the last renowned exorciser, and to have lost his life in a contest with an obstinate spirit. This was owing to the conceited rashness of a young clergyman who commenced the ceremony of laying the ghost before the arrival of Mass John. It is the nature, it seems, of spirits disembodied as well as embodied, to increase in strength and presumption in proportion to the advantages which they may gain over the opponent. The young clergyman losing courage, the horrors of the scene were increased to such a degree that, as Mass John approached the house in which it passed, he beheld the slates and tiles flying from the roof, as if dispersed by a whirlwind. At his entry he perceived all the wax-tapers (the most essential instruments of conjuration) extinguished except one, which already burned blue in the socket. The arrival of the experienced sage changed the scene: he brought the spirit to reason; but unfortunately, while addressing a word of advice or censure to his rash brother, he permitted the ghost to obtain the *last word*, a circumstance which, in all colloquies of this nature, is strictly to be guarded against. This fatal oversight occasioned his falling into a lingering disorder of which he never recovered.

A curious poem upon the laying of a ghost forms article No. V of the Appendix.

[1] I have seen, *penes* Hugh Scott, Esq., of Harden, the record of the trial of a witch who was burned at Ducove. She was tried in the manner above mentioned.

In the day time he lurked in remote recesses of the old houses which he delighted to haunt; and in the night sedulously employed himself in discharging any laborious task which he thought might be acceptable to the family, to whose service he had devoted himself. His name is probably derived from the *Portuni*, whom Gervase of Tilbury describes thus: "*Ecce enim in Anglia dæmones quosdam habent, dæmones, inquam, nescio dixerim, an secretæ et ignotæ generationis effigies, quos Galli Neptunos, Angli Portunos nominant. Istis insitum est quod simplicitatem fortunatorum colonorum amplecturtur, et cum nocturnas propter domesticas operas agunt vigilias, subito clausis januis ad ignem califiunt, et ranunculas ex sinu projectas, prunis impositas comedunt, senili vultu, facie corrugata, statura pusilli, dimidium pollicis non habentes. Panniculis concertis induuntur, et si quid gestandum in domo fuerit, aut onerosi operis agendum, ad operandum se jungunt comedunt citius humana facilitate expediunt. Id illis insitum, est, ut obsequi possint, et obesse non possint*" (Otia. Imp., p. 980). In every respect, saving only the feeding upon frogs, which was probably an attribute of the Gallic spirits alone, the above description corresponds with that of the Scottish Brownie, whose very name is a corruption, in all probability, of Portunus. But the Brownie, although, like Milton's lubbar fiend, he loves to stretch himself by the fire,[1] does not drudge from the hope of recompense. On the contrary, so delicate is his attachment, that the offer of reward, but particularly of food, infallibly occasions his disappearance for ever.[2] We learn from Olaus Magnus,

[1] . . . how the drudging goblin swet,
To earn the cream-bowl duly set;
When, in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And, crop-full, out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.—*L'Allegro.*

When the menials in a Scottish family protracted their vigils around the kitchen fire, Brownie, weary of being excluded from the midnight hearth, sometimes appeared at the door, seemed to watch their departure, and thus admonished them: "Gang a' to your beds, sirs, and dinna put out the wee *grieshoch* (embers)."

[2] It is told of a Brownie, who haunted a Border family now extinct, that the lady having fallen unexpectedly in labour, and the servant, who was ordered to ride to Jedburgh for the *sage femme*, showing no great alertness in setting out, the familiar spirit slipt on the great-coat of the lingering domestic, rode to the town on the laird's best horse, and returned with the midwife *en croupe*. During the short space of his absence, the Tweed, which they must necessarily ford, rose to a dangerous height. Brownie, who transported his charge with all the rapidity of the ghostly lover of *Lenore*, was not to be stopped by this obstacle. He plunged in with the terrified old lady, and landed her in safety where her services were wanted. Having put the horse into the stable (where it was afterwards found in a woeful plight), he proceeded to the room of the servant whose duty he had discharged; and, finding him just in the act of drawing on his boots, he administered to him

that spirits, somewhat similar in their operations to the Brownie, were supposed to haunt the Swedish mines. The passage, in the translation of 1658, runs thus :

" This is collected in briefe, that in northerne kingdomes there are great armies of devils, that have their services, which they perform with the inhabitants of these countries : but they are most frequent in rocks and mines, where they break, cleave, and make them hollow : which also thrust in pitchers and buckets, and carefully fit wheels and screws, whereby they are drawn upwards ; and they show themselves to the labourers when they list, like phantasms and ghosts." It seems no improbable conjecture that the Brownie is a legitimate descendant of the *Lar Familiaris* of the ancients.

A being totally distinct from those hitherto mentioned is the Bogle or Goblin, a freakish spirit, who delights rather to perplex and frighten mankind, than either to serve or seriously to hurt them. This is the *Esprit Follet* of the French ; and Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, though enlisted by Shakespeare among the fairy band of Oberon, properly belongs to this class of phantoms. *Shellycoat*, a spirit who resides in the waters, and has given his name to many a rock and stone upon the Scottish coast, belongs also to the class of bogles.[1] When he appeared he seemed to be decked with marine productions, and, in particular, with shells, whose clattering announced his approach. From this circumstance he derived his name. He may, perhaps, be identified with the goblin of the northern English, which in the towns and cities, Durham and Newcastle for example, had the name

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a most merciless drubbing with his own horse-whip. Such an important service excited the gratitude of the laird, who, understanding that Brownie had been heard to express a wish to have a green coat, ordered a vestment of that colour to be made, and left in his haunts. Brownie took away the green coat, but was never seen more. We may suppose, that tired of his domestic drudgery, he went in his new livery to join the fairies. See Appendix, No. VI.

The last Brownie known in Ettrick Forest resided in Bodsbeck, a wild and solitary spot, where he exercised his functions undisturbed till the scrupulous devotion of an old lady induced her to *hire him away*, as it was termed, by placing in his haunt a porringer of milk and a piece of money. After receiving this hint to depart, he was heard the whole night to howl and cry, " Farewell to bonny Bodsbeck ! " which he was compelled to abandon for ever. Mr Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, has written a tale, in which the Brownie of Bodsbeck is explained as being one of the fugitive Cameronians.

[1] One of his pranks is thus narrated : Two men, in a very dark night, approaching the banks of the Ettrick, heard a doleful voice from its waves repeatedly exclaim " Lost ! lost ! " They followed the sound, which seemed to be the voice of a drowning person, and to their infinite astonishment they found that it ascended the river. Still they continued, during a long and tempestuous night, to follow the cry of the malicious sprite, and arriving before morning's dawn at the very sources of the river, the voice was now heard descending the opposite side of the mountain in which they arise. The fatigued and deluded travellers now relinquished the pursuit, and had no sooner done so than they heard Shellycoat applauding, in loud bursts of laughter, his successful roguery. The spirit was supposed particularly to haunt the old house of Gorinberry, situated on the river Hermitage, in Liddesdale.

of *Barguest*;[1] but in the country villages was more frequently termed *Brag*. He usually ended his mischievous frolics with a horse-laugh.

Shellycoat must not be confounded with *Kelpy*, a water spirit also, but of a much more powerful and malignant nature. His attributes have been the subject of a poem in Lowland Scottish, by the learned Dr Jamieson, of Edinburgh, which adorns the last part of this collection. Of *Kelpy*, therefore, it is unnecessary to say anything at present.

Of all these classes of spirits, it may be in general observed, that their attachment was supposed to be local and not personal. They haunted the rock, the stream, the ruined castle, without regard to the persons or families to whom the property belonged. Hence they differed entirely from that species of spirits to whom, in the Highlands, is ascribed the guardianship or superintendence of a particular clan, or family of distinction; and who, perhaps yet more than the Brownie, resembled the classic household gods. Thus, in a MS. history of Moray we are informed, that the family of Gurlinbeg is haunted by a spirit called *Garlin Bodacher*; that of the baron of Kinchardin by *Lamhdearg*,[2] or Red-hand, a spectre, one of whose hands is as red as blood; that of Tullochgorm, by *May Moulach*, a female figure, whose left hand and arm were covered with hair, who is also mentioned in Aubrey's *Miscellanies*, pp. 211, 212, as a familiar attendant upon the clan Grant. These superstitions were so engrafted in the popular creed, that the clerical synods and presbyteries were wont to take cognizance of them.[3]

Various other superstitions, regarding magicians, spells, prophecies, etc., will claim our attention in the progress of this work. For the present, therefore, taking the advice of an old Scottish rhymer, let us

> "Leave bogles, brownies, gyre carlinges, and ghaists."[4]
> *Flyting of Polwart and Mongomery.*

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[1] This is a sort of spirit peculiar to those towns. He has made his appearance in this very year (1809) in that of York, if the vulgar may be credited. His name is derived by Grose from his appearing near bars or styles, but seems rather to come from the German Bähr-Geist, or Spirit of the Bier.

[2] The following notice of Lamhdearg occurs in another account of Strathspey, *apud* Macfarlane's MSS.: "There is much talk of a spirit called *Ly-erg*, who frequents the Glenmore. He appears with a red hand, in the habit of a soldier, and challenges men to fight with him; as lately as 1669, he fought with three brothers, one after another, who immediately died thereafter."

[3] There is current in some parts of Germany a fanciful superstition concerning the *Stille Volk*, or silent people. These they suppose to be attached to houses of eminence, and to consist of a number, corresponding to that of the mortal family, each person of which has thus his representative amongst these domestic spirits. When the lady of the family has a child, the queen of the silent people is delivered in the same moment. They endeavour to give warning when danger approaches the family, assist in warding it off, and are sometimes seen to weep and wring their hands before inevitable calamity.

[4] So generally were those tales of *diablerie* believed, that one William Lithgow, a *bon vivant*, who appears to have been a native or occasional

The domestic economy of the Borderers next engages our attention. That the revenue of the chieftain should be expended in rude hospitality, was the natural result of his situation. His wealth consisted chiefly in herds of cattle, which were consumed by the kinsmen, vassals, and followers, who aided him to acquire and to protect them.[1]

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inhabitant of Melrose, is celebrated by the pot companion who composed his elegy, because

He was good company at jeists,
And wanton when he came to feists,
He scorn'd the converse of great beasts,
O'er a sheep's head;
He laugh'd at stories about ghaists;
Blyth Willie's dead!
Watson's *Scottish Poems*, Edin., 1706.

[1] We may form some idea of the style of life maintained by the Border warriors from the anecdotes, handed down by tradition, concerning Walter Scott of Harden, who flourished towards the middle of the sixteenth century. This ancient laird was a renowned freebooter, and used to ride with a numerous band of followers. The spoil, which they carried off from England, or from their neighbours, was concealed in a deep and impervious glen, on the brink of which the old tower of Harden was situated. From thence the cattle were brought out, one by one, as they were wanted, to supply the rude and plentiful table of the laird. When the last bullock was killed and devoured, it was the lady's custom to place on the table a dish, which, on being uncovered, was found to contain a pair of clean spurs, a hint to the riders that they must shift for their next meal. Upon one occasion, when the village herd was driving out the cattle to pasture, the old laird heard him call loudly *to drive out Harden's cow.* "*Harden's cow!*" echoed the affronted chief—"Is it come to that pass? by my faith they shall sune say Harden's *kye*" (cows). Accordingly he sounded his bugle, mounted his horse, set out with his followers, and returned next day with "*a bow of kye, and a bassen'd* (brindled) *bull.*" On his return with his gallant prey, he passed a very large hay-stack. It occurred to the provident laird that this would be extremely convenient to fodder his new stock of cattle; but as no means of transporting it occurred, he was fain to take leave of it with this apostrophe, now proverbial: "By my soul, had ye but four feet, ye should not stand lang there." In short, as Froissart says of a similar class of feudal robbers, nothing came amiss to him that was not *too heavy, or too hot.* The same mode of house-keeping characterized most Border families on both sides. A MS. quoted in *History of Cumberland*, p. 466, concerning the Græmes of Netherby, and others of that clan, runs thus: "They were all stark moss-troopers and arrant thieves: both to England and Scotland outlawed: yet sometimes connived at, because they gave intelligence forth of Scotland, and would raise 400 horse at any time, upon a raid of the English into Scotland." A saying is recorded of a mother to her son (which is now become proverbial), "*Ride, Rouly* (Rowland), *hough's i' the pot*"; that is, the last piece of beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high time for him to go and fetch more. To such men might, with justice be applied the poet's description of the Cretan warrior, translated by my friend Dr Leyden:

My sword, my spear, my shaggy shield,
With these I till, with these I sow;
With these I reap my harvest field,
The only wealth the gods bestow:
With these I plant the purple vine,
With these I press the luscious wine.

We learn from Lesly that the Borderers were temperate in the use of intoxicating liquors, and we are therefore left to conjecture how they occupied the time when winter or when accident confined them to their habitations. The little learning, which existed in the Middle Ages, glimmered a dim and dying flame in the religious houses ; and even in the sixteenth century, when its beams became more widely diffused, they were far from penetrating the recesses of the Border mountains. The tales of tradition, the song, with the pipe or harp of the minstrel, were probably the sole resources against *ennui* during the short intervals of repose from military adventure.

This brings us to the more immediate subject of the present publication.

Lesly, who dedicates to the description of Border manners a chapter, which we have already often quoted, notices particularly the taste of the Marchmen for music and ballad poetry: "*Placent admodum sibi sua musica, et rythmicis suis cantionibus, quas de majorum suorum gestis, aut ingeniosis predandi precandive stratagematis ipsi confingunt*" (Leslæus, *in capitulo de morbis eorum qui Scotiæ limites Angliam versus incolunt*). The more rude and wild the state of society, the more general and violent is the impulse received from poetry and music. The muse, whose effusions are the amusement of a very small part of a polished nation, records, in the laws of inspiration, the history, the laws, the very religion of savages. Where the pen and the press are wanting, the flow of numbers impresses upon the memory of posterity the deeds and sentiments of their forefathers. Verse is naturally connected with music ; and among a rude people the union is seldom broken. By this natural alliance the lays, " steeped in the stream of harmony," are more easily retained by the reciter, and produce upon his audience a more impressive effect. Hence there has hardly been found to exist a nation so brutishly rude as not to listen with enthusiasm to the songs of their bards, recounting the exploits of their forefathers, recording their laws and moral precepts, or hymning the praises of their deities. But where the feelings are frequently stretched to the highest pitch, by the vicissitudes of a life of danger and military adventure, this predisposition of a savage people, to admire their own rude poetry and music, is heightened, and its tone becomes peculiarly determined. It is not the peaceful Hindu at his loom, it is not the timid Esquimaux in his canoe, whom we must expect to glow at the war-song of Tyrtæus. The music and the poetry of each country must keep pace with their usual tone of mind as well as with the state of society.

My sword, my spear, my shaggy shield,
They make me lord of all below;
For he who dreads the lance to wield,
Before my shaggy shield must bow,
His lands, his vineyards, must resign,
And all that cowards have is mine.
Hybrias (*ap. Athenæum*).

The morality of their compositions is determined by the same circumstances. Those themes are necessarily chosen by the bard which regard the favourite exploits of the hearers; and he celebrates only those virtues which from infancy he has been taught to admire. Hence, as remarked by Lesly, the music and songs of the Borders were of a military nature, and celebrated the valour and success of their predatory expeditions. Rasing, like Shakespeare's pirate, the eighth commandment from the decalogue, the ministrels praised their chieftains for the very exploits against which the laws of the country denounced a capital doom. An outlawed freebooter was to them a more interesting person than the King of Scotland exerting his power to punish his depredations; and, when the characters are contrasted, the latter is always represented as a ruthless and sanguinary tyrant. Spenser's description of the bards of Ireland applies, in some degree, to our ancient Border poets. "There is, among the Irish, a certain kinde of people, called bardes, which are to them instead of poets; whose profession is to set forth the praises or dispraises of men, in their poems or rhymes; the which are had in such high regard or esteem amongst them, that none dare displease them, for fear of running into reproach through their offence, and to be made infamous in the mouths of all men; for their verses are taken up with a general applause, and usually sung at all feasts and meetings, by certain other persons, whose proper function that is, who also receive, for the same, great rewardes and reputation amongst them." Spenser, having bestowed due praise upon the poets, who sung the praises of the good and virtuous, informs us that the bards, on the contrary, "seldom use to choose unto themselves the doings of good men for the arguments of their poems; but whomsoever they finde to be most licentious of life, most bold and lawless in his doings, most dangerous and desperate in all parts of disobedience, and rebellious disposition, him they set up and glorify in their rhythmes; him they praise to the people, and to young men to make an example to follow." *Eudoxus*: "I marvail what kind of speeches they can find, or what faces they can put on, to praise such bad persons, as live so lawlessly and licentiously upon stealths and spoyles, as most of them do; or how they can think, that any good mind will applaud or approve the same." In answer to this question, *Iranæus*, after remarking the giddy and restless disposition of the ill-educated youth of Ireland, which made them prompt to receive evil counsel, adds, that such a person, "if he shall find any to praise him, and to give him any encouragement, as those bards and rhythmers do, for little reward, or a share of a stolen cow,[1] then waxeth he most insolent, and half mad, with the love of himself and his own lewd deeds. And as for words to set forth such lewdness, it

[1] The reward of the Welsh bards, and perhaps of those upon the Border, was very similar. It was enacted by Howel Dha, that if the King's bard played before a body of warriors, upon a predatory excursion, he should receive in recompense the best cow which the party carried off (*Leges Walliæ*, l. i, cap. 19).

is not hard for them to give a goodly and painted show thereunto, borrowed even from the praises which are proper to virtue itself. As of a most notorious thief, and wicked outlaw, which had lived all his lifetime of spoils and robberies, one of their bardes, in his praise, will say, 'that he was none of the idle milksops that was brought up by their fireside, but that most of his days he spent in arms and valiant enterprises; that he never did eat his meat, before he had won it with his sword; that he lay not all night slugging in his cabin under his mantle, but used commonly to keep others waking to defend their lives, and did light his candle at the flames of their houses to lead him in the darkness; that the day was his night, and the night his day; that he loved not to be long wooing of wenches to yield to him; but where he came, he took by force the spoil of other men's love, and left but lamentations to their lovers; that his music was not the harp, nor lays of love, but the cries of people, and clashing of armour; and finally, that he died, not bewailed of many, but made many wail when he died, that dearly bought his death.' Do not you think, Eudoxus, that many of these praises might be applied to men of best deserts? Yet, are they all yielded to a most notable traitor, and amongst some of the Irish not smally accounted of" (*State of Ireland*). The same concurrence of circumstances, so well pointed out by Spenser, as dictating the topics of the Irish bards, tuned the Border harps to the praise of an outlawed Armstrong, or Murray.

For similar reasons, flowing from the state of society, the reader must not expect to find, in the Border ballads, refined sentiment, and, far less, elegant expression; although the style of such compositions has, in modern hands, been found highly susceptible of both. But passages might be pointed out in which the rude minstrel has melted in natural pathos, or risen into rude energy. Even where these graces are totally wanting, the interest of the stories themselves, and the curious picture of manners which they frequently present, authorize them to claim some respect from the public. But it is not the Editor's present intention to enter upon a history of Border poetry; a subject of great difficulty, and which the extent of his information does not as yet permit him to engage in. He will, therefore, now lay before the reader the plan of the present publication; pointing out the authorities from which his materials are derived, and slightly noticing the nature of the different classes into which he has arranged them.

The MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER contains Three Classes of Poems:

I. HISTORICAL BALLADS.
II. ROMANTIC.
III. IMITATIONS OF THESE COMPOSITIONS BY MODERN AUTHORS.

The Historical Ballad relates events which we either know actually to have taken place, or which, at least, making due allowance for the

exaggerations of poetical tradition, we may readily conceive to have had some foundation in history. For reasons already mentioned, such ballads were early current upon the Border. Barbour informs us that he thinks it unnecessary to rehearse the account of a victory gained in Eskdale over the English, because

> —Whasa liks, thai may her
> Young woman, when thai will play,
> Syng it among thaim ilk day.
> *The Bruce*, bk. xvi.

Godscroft also, in his *History of the House of Douglas*, written in the reign of James VI, alludes more than once to the ballads current upon the Border, in which the exploits of those heroes were celebrated. Such is the passage relating to the death of William Douglas, Lord of Liddesdale, slain by the Earl of Douglas, his kinsman, his godson, and his chief.[1] Similar strains of lamentation were poured by the Border poets over the tomb of the Hero of Otterbourne; and over the unfortunate youths who were dragged to an ignominious death from the very table at which they partook of the hospitality of their sovereign. The only stanza preserved of this last ballad is uncommonly animated—

> Edinburgh castle, towne and toure,
> God grant thou sink for sinne!
> And that even for the black dinoure
> Erl Douglas gat therein.

Who will not regret, with the Editor, that compositions of such interest and antiquity should be now irrecoverable? But it is the nature of popular poetry, as of popular applause, perpetually to shift with the objects of the time; and it is the frail chance of recovering some old manuscript, which can alone gratify our curiosity regarding the earlier efforts of the Border Muse. Some of her later strains, composed during the sixteenth century, have survived even to the present day; but the recollection of them has, of late years, become

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[1] "The Lord of Liddesdale being at his pastime, hunting in Ettrick forest, is beset by William, Earl of Douglas, and such as he had ordained for the purpose, and there assailed, wounded, and slain, beside Galeswood, in the year 1353, upon a jealousy that the Earl had conceived of him with his lady, as the report goeth; for so sayeth the old song,

> 'The Countess of Douglas out of her bower she came,
> And loudly there that she did call—
> It is for the Lord of Liddesdale,
> That I let all these tears down fall.'

The song also declareth, how she did write her love-letters to Liddesdale, to dissuade him from that hunting. It tells likewise the manner of the taking of his men, and his own killing at Galeswood; and how he was carried the first night to Linden kirk, a mile from Selkirk, and was buried in the abbey of Melrose" (Godscroft, vol. i, p. 144, ed. 1743).

Some fragments of this ballad are still current, and will be found in the ensuing work.

like that of a " tale which was told." In the sixteenth century these northern tales appear to have been popular even in London; for the learned Mr Ritson has obligingly pointed out to me the following passages respecting the noted ballad of *Dick o' the Cow* (p. 191); " Dick o' the Cow, that mad demi-lance Northern Borderer, who plaid his prizes with the Lord Jockey so bravely " (Nashe's *Have with you to Saffren-Walden, or Gabriell Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596, 4to; *Epistle Dedicatorie*, sig. A. 2, 6). And in a list of books, printed for and sold by P. Brocksby (1688), occurs " Dick-a-the-Cow, containing north country songs." [1] Could this collection have been found, it would probably have thrown much light on the present publication: but the editor has been obliged to draw his materials chiefly from oral tradition.

Something may be still found in the Border cottages resembling the scene described by Pennicuik:

" On a winter's night, my grannam spinning,
To mak a web of good Scots linen;
Her stool being placed next to the chimley,
(For she was auld, and saw right dimly),
My lucky dad, an honest whig,
Was telling tales of Bothwell-brigg;
He could not miss to mind the attempt,
For he was sitting pu'ing hemp;
My aunt, whom nane dare say has no grace,
Was reading in the Pilgrim's Progress;
The meikle tasker, Davie Dallas,
Was telling blads of William Wallace;
My mither bade her second son say,
What he'd by heart of Davie Lindsay:
Our herd, whom all folks hate that knows him,
Was busy hunting in his bosom;
. . . . . .
The bairns, and oyes, were all within doors;
The youngest of us chewing cinders,
And all the auld anes telling wonders."

Pennicuik's *Poems*, p. 7.

The causes of the preservation of these songs have either entirely ceased, or are gradually decaying. Whether they were originally the composition of minstrels, professing the joint arts of poetry and music; or whether they were the occasional effusions of some self-taught bard, is a question into which I do not here mean to inquire. But it is certain that till a very late period the pipers, of whom there was one attached to each Border town of note, and whose office was often hereditary, were the great depositaries of oral, and particularly of poetical, tradition. About spring-time, and after harvest, it was

[1] The Selkirkshire ballad of *Tamlane* seems also to have been well known in England. Among the popular heroes of romance, enumerated in the introduction to the history of *Tom Thumbe* (London, 1621, bl. letter), occurs " Tom a Lin, the devil's supposed bastard." There is a parody upon the same ballad in the *Pinder of Wakefield* (London, 1621).

the custom of these musicians to make a progress through a particular district of the country. The music and the tale repaid their lodging, and they were usually gratified with a donation of seed corn.[1] This order of minstrels is alluded to in the comic song of *Maggy Lauder*, who thus addresses a piper—

" Live ye upo' the Border ? "

By means of these men much traditional poetry was preserved, which must otherwise have perished. Other itinerants, not professed musicians, found their welcome to their night's quarters readily insured by their knowledge in legendary lore. John Græme, of Sowport, in Cumberland, commonly called the Long Quaker,[2] a person of this latter description, was very lately alive ; and several of the songs, now published, have been taken down from his recitation. The shepherds also, and aged persons, in the recesses of the Border mountains, frequently remember and repeat the warlike songs of their fathers. This is more especially the case in what are called the South Highlands, where in many instances the same families have occupied the same possessions for centuries.

It is chiefly from this latter source that the Editor has drawn his materials, most of which were collected many years ago, during his early youth. But he has been enabled, in many instances, to supply and correct the deficiencies of his own copies from a collection of Border songs, frequently referred to in the work, under the title of *Glenriddel's MS.* This was compiled from various sources by the late Mr Riddel, of Glenriddel, a sedulous Border antiquary, and since his death has become the property of Mr Jollie, bookseller at Carlisle ; to whose liberality the Editor owes the use of it while preparing this work for the press. No liberties have been taken, either with the recited or written copies of these ballads, farther than that, where they disagreed, which is by no means unusual, the Editor, in justice to the

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[1] These town-pipers, an institution of great antiquity upon the Borders, were certainly the last remains of the minstrel race. Robin Hastie, town-piper of Jedburgh, perhaps the last of the order, died nine or ten years ago : his family was supposed to have held the office for about three centuries. Old age had rendered Robin a wretched performer ; but he knew several old songs and tunes, which have probably died along with him. The town-pipers received a livery and salary from the community to which they belonged ; and in some burghs they had a small allotment of land called the Piper's Croft. For further particulars regarding them, see Introduction to *Complaynt of Scotland*, Edinburgh, 1801, p. 142.

[2] This person, perhaps the last of our professed ballad reciters, died since the publication of the first edition of this work. He was by profession an itinerant cleaner of clocks and watches ; but a stentorian voice and tenacious memory qualified him eminently for remembering accurately, and reciting with energy, the Border gathering songs and tales of war. His memory was latterly much impaired ; yet the number of verses which he could pour forth, and the animation of his tone and gestures, formed a most extraordinary contrast to his extreme feebleness of person and dotage of mind.

author, has uniformly preserved what seemed to him the best or most poetical reading of the passage. Such discrepancies must very frequently occur, wherever poetry is preserved by oral tradition; for the reciter, making it a uniform principle to proceed at all hazards, is very often, when his memory fails him, apt to substitute large portions from some other tale, altogether distinct from that which he has commenced. Besides, the prejudices of clans and of districts have occasioned variations in the mode of telling the same story. Some arrangement was also occasionally necessary to recover the rhyme, which was often, by the ignorance of the reciters, transposed or thrown into the middle of the line. With these freedoms, which were essentially necessary to remove obvious corruptions, and fit the ballads for the press, the Editor presents them to the public, under the complete assurance that they carry with them the most indisputable marks of their authenticity.

The same observations apply to the Second Class, here termed ROMANTIC BALLADS; intended to comprehend such legends as are current upon the Border, relating to fictitious and marvellous adventures. Such were the tales with which the friends of Spenser strove to beguile his indisposition:

> "Some told of ladies, and their paramours;
> Some of brave knights, and their renowned squires;
> Some of the fairies, and their strange attires,
> And some of giants, hard to be believed."

These, carrying with them a general, and not merely a local interest, are much more extensively known among the peasantry of Scotland than the Border-raid ballads, the fame of which is in general confined to the mountains where they were originally composed. Hence it has been easy to collect these tales of romance to a number much greater than the Editor has chosen to insert in this publication.[1] With this class are now intermingled some lyric pieces, and some ballads, which, though narrating real events, have no direct reference to Border history or manners. To the politeness and liberality of Mr Herd, of Edinburgh, the editor of the first classical collection of Scottish songs and ballads (Edinburgh, 1774, 2 vols.), the Editor is indebted for the use of his MSS., containing songs and ballads, published and unpublished, to the number of ninety and upwards. To this collection frequent references are made in the course of the following pages. Two books of ballads, in MS., have also been communicated to me

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[1] Mr Jamieson, of Macclesfield, a gentleman of literary and poetical accomplishment, was for some years employed in a compilation of Scottish ballad poetry which was published in 1806. I therefore, as far as the nature of my work permitted, sedulously avoided anticipating any of his materials: and the curious reader will find in his collection some important light on the history of Scottish Song, derived from comparing it with the ballad of the Scandinavians.

by my learned and respected friend, Alexander Fraser Tytler, Esq.[1] I take the liberty of transcribing Mr Tytler's memorandum respecting the manner in which they came into his hands.

"My father[2] got the following songs from an old friend, Mr Thomas Gordon, Professor of Philosophy, King's College, Aberdeen. The following extract of a letter of the Professor to me, explains how he came by them: 'An aunt of my children, Mrs Farquhar, now dead, who was married to the proprietor of a small estate, near the sources of the Dee, in Braemar, a good old woman, who had spent the best part of her life among flocks and herds, resided in her latter days in the town of Aberdeen. She was possest of a most tenacious memory, which retained all the songs she had heard from nurses and countrywomen in that sequestered part of the country. Being maternally fond of my children, when young, she had them much about her, and delighted them with her songs, and tales of chivalry. My youngest daughter, Mrs Brown, at Falkland, is blest with a memory as good as her aunt, and has almost the whole of her songs by heart. In conversation I mentioned them to your father, at whose request, my grandson, Mr Scott, wrote down a parcel of them, as his aunt sung them. Being then but a mere novice in music, he added in the copy, such musical notes as, he supposed, might give your father some notion of the airs, or rather lilts, to which they were sung.'"

From this curious and valuable collection the Editor has procured very material assistance. At the same time, it contains many beautiful legendary poems of which he could not avail himself, as they seemed to be the exclusive property of the bards of Angus and Aberdeenshire. But the copies of such as were known on the Borders, have furnished him with various readings, and with supplementary stanzas, which he has frequent opportunities to acknowledge. The MSS. are cited under the name of Mrs Brown of Falkland, the ingenious lady to whose taste and memory the world is indebted for the preservation of the tales which they contain. The other authorities, which occur during the work, are particularly referred to. Much information has been communicated to the Editor, from various quarters, since the work was first published, of which he has availed himself to correct and enlarge the subsequent editions.

In publishing both classes of Ancient Ballads, the Editor has excluded those which are to be found in the common collections of this nature, unless in one or two instances, where he conceived it possible to give some novelty by historical or critical illustration.

It would have been easy for the Editor to have given these songs an appearance of more indisputable antiquity, by adopting the rude orthography of the period, to which he is inclined to refer them.

[1] Now a senator of the College of Justice, by the title of Lord Woodhouselee (1810; now deceased, 1820).

[2] William Tytler, Esq., the ingenious defender of Queen Mary, and author of a *Dissertation upon Scottish Music* which does honour to his memory.

But this (unless when MSS. of antiquity can be referred to) seemed too arbitrary an exertion of the privileges of a publisher, and must, besides, have unnecessarily increased the difficulties of many readers. On the other hand, the utmost care has been taken never to reject a word or phrase used by a reciter, however uncouth or antiquated. Such barbarisms, which stamp upon the tales their age and their nation, should be respected by an editor, as the hardy emblem of his country was venerated by the poet of Scotland:

"The rough bur-thistle spreading wide
Amang the bearded beer,
I turned the weeder-clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear."

BURNS.

The meaning of such obsolete words is usually given at the bottom of the page. For explanation of the more common peculiarities of the Scottish dialect, the English reader is referred to the excellent glossary annexed to the best editions of Burns's works.

The Third Class of Ballads are announced to the public as MODERN IMITATIONS of the ancient style of composition in that department of poetry, and they are founded upon such traditions as we may suppose in the elder times would have employed the harps of the minstrels. This kind of poetry has been supposed capable of uniting the vigorous numbers and wild fiction which occasionally charm us in the ancient ballad, with a greater equality of versification and elegance of sentiment than we can expect to find in the works of a rude age. But upon my ideas of the nature and difficulty of such imitations I ought, in prudence, to be silent, lest I resemble the dwarf who brought with him a standard to measure his own stature. I may, however, hint at the difference, not always attended to, betwixt the legendary poems and real imitations of the old ballad: the reader will find specimens of both in the modern part of this collection. The legendary poem called *Glenfinlas* and the ballad entitled *The Eve of St John* were designed as examples of the difference betwixt these two kinds of composition.

It would have the appearance of personal vanity were the Editor to detail the assistance and encouragement which he has received during his undertaking from some of the first literary characters of our age. The names of Steuart, Mackenzie, Ellis, Currie, and Ritson, with many others, are talismans too powerful to be used for bespeaking the world's favour to a collection of old songs; even although a veteran bard has remarked, "that both the great poet of Italian rhyme, Petrarch, and our Chaucer, and other of the upper house of the muses have thought their canzons honoured in the title of a ballad." To my ingenious friend, Dr John Leyden,[1] my readers will at once perceive that I lie under extensive obligations for the poetical pieces with which he has permitted me to decorate my compilation; but I am yet

[1] Now, to the great loss of literature, and of his friends, no more. 1820.

farther indebted to him for his uniform assistance in collecting and arranging materials for the work.

In the Notes and occasional Dissertations it has been my object to throw together, perhaps without sufficient attention to method, a variety of remarks regarding popular superstitions and legendary history which, if not now collected, must soon have been totally forgotten. By such efforts, feeble as they are, I may contribute somewhat to the history of my native country, the peculiar features of whose manners and character are daily melting and dissolving into those of her sister and ally. And trivial as may appear such an offering to the manes of a kingdom once proud and independent, I hang it upon her altar with a mixture of feelings which I shall not attempt to describe.

"Hail, land of spearmen! seed of those who scorn'd
To stoop the proud crest to Imperial Rome!
Hail! dearest half of Albion, sea-wall'd!
Hail! state unconquer'd by the fire of war,
Red war, that twenty ages round thee blaz'd!
To thee, for whom my purest raptures flow,
Kneeling with filial homage, I devote
My life, my strength, my first and latest song."

APPENDIX No. I.

LETTER FROM THE EARL OF SURREY TO HENRY VIII

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE STORM OF JEDBURGH

Cott. MSS., Calig., bk. iii, fol. 29

"PLEISITH it your grace to be advertised, that upon Fridaye, at x a clok at nyght, I retourned to this towne, and all the garnysons to their places assigned, the bushopricke men, my Lorde of Westmoreland, and my Lorde Dacre, in likewise, every man home with their companys, without loss of any men, thanked be God; saving viii or x slayne, and dyvers hurt, at skyrmyshis and saults of the town of Gedwurth, and the fortereissis; which towne is soo surely brent, that no garnysons ner none other shal bee lodged there, unto the tyme it bee newe buylded; the brennyng whereof I comytted to twoo sure men, Sir William Bulmer, and Thomas Tempeste. The towne was moch bettir then I went (*i.e.*, ween'd) it had been, for there was twoo tymys moo houses therein then in Berwike, and well buylded, with many honest and faire houses therein, sufficiente to have lodged M horsemen in garnyson, and six good towres therein; whiche towne and towers be clenely destroyed, brent, and throwen downe. Undoubtedly there was noo journey made into Scotland, in noo manys day leving, with soo fewe a nombre, that is recownted to be soo high an enterprise as this, bothe with thies contremen, and Scottishmen, nor of truthe so muche hurt doon. But in th' ende a great mysfortune ded fal, onely by foly, that such ordre, as was commaunded by me to be kepte, was not observed, the maner whereof hereaftir shall ensue. Bifore myn entre into Scotland, I appointed Sir William Bulmer and Sir William Evers too be marshallis of th' army; Sir William Bulmer for the vanguard, and Sir William Evers for the reregard. In the vanguard I appointed my Lord of Westmoreland, as chief, with all the bushopricke, Sir William Bulmer, Sir William Evers, my Lord Dacre, with all his company; and with me remayned all the rest of the garnysons, and the Northumberland men. I was of counsaill with the marshallis at th' ordering of our lodging, and our campe was soo well envirowned with ordynance, carts, and dikes, that hard it was to entre or issue, but at certain places appointed for that purpos, and assigned the mooste commodious place of the saide campe for my Lord Dacre company, next the water, and next my Lord of Westmoreland. And

at suche tyme as my Lord Dacre came into the felde, I being at the sault of th' abby, whiche contynued unto twoo houres within nyght, my seid Lord Dacre wolde in nowise bee contente to ly within the campe, whiche was made right sure, but lodged himself without, wherewith, at my retourne, I was not contente, but then it was too late to remove; the next daye I sente my seid Lorde Dacre to a strong hold, called Fernherste, the lorde whereof was his mortal enemy; and wyth him, Sir Arthur Darcy, Sir Marmaduke Constable, with viii c of their men, one cortoute, and dyvers other good peces of ordynance for the feld (the seid Fernherste stode marvelous strongly, within a grete woode); the seid twoo knights, with the moost parte of their men, and Strickland, your grace's servaunte, with my Kendall men, went into the woode on fote, with th' ordynance, where the said Kendall men were soo handled, that they found hardy men, that went noo foote back for theym; the other two knightes were also soo sharply assayled, that they were enforced to call for moo of their men; and yet could not bring the ordynance to the forteresse, unto the tyme my Lord Dacre, with part of his horsemen, lighted on fote; and marvelously hardly handled himself, and fynally, with long skirmysh-ing, and moche difficultie, gat forthe th' ordynance within the howse and threwe down the same. At which skyrmyshe, my seid Lord Dacre, and his brother, Sir Cristofer, Sir Arthure, and Sir Marmaduke, and many other gentilmen, did marvellously hardly; and found the best resistence that hath been seen with my comyng to their parties, and above xxxii Scottis sleyne, and not passing iiij Englishmen, but above xl hurt. Aftir that, my seid lord retournyng to the campe, wold in nowise bee lodged in the same, but where he lay the furst nyght. And he being with me at souper, about viij a clok, the horses of his company brak lowse, and sodenly ran out of his feld, in such nombre, that it caused a marvellous alarome in our feld; and our standing watche being set, the horses cam ronnyng along the campe, at whome were shot above one hundred shief of arrows, and dyvers gonnys, thinking they had been Scots, that wold have saulted the campe; fynally, the horses were soo madde, that they ran like wild dere into the feld; above xv c. at the leest, in dyvers companys, and, in one place, above L felle downe a grete rok, and slew theymself, and above ij c. ran into the towne being on fire, and by the women taken, and carried awaye right evill brent, and many were taken agayne. But, finally, by that I can esteme by the nombre of theym that I sawe goo on foote the next daye, I think thare is lost above viij c. horses, and all with foly for lak of not lying within the camp. I dare not write the wondres that my Lord Dacre, and all his company, doo saye they sawe that nyght, vj. tyms of spirits and fereful sights. And unyversally all their company saye playnly, the devil was that nyght among theym vi. tyms; whiche mysfortune hath blemyshed the best journey that was made in Scotland many yeres. I assure your grace I found the Scottes, at this tyme, the boldest men, and the hotest, that ever I sawe any nation, and all the journey, upon all parts of th' armye, kepte us with soo contynual

skyrmyshe, that I never sawe the like. If they might assemble xl M as good men as I nowe sawe xv c or ij M, it wold bee a hard encountre to mete theym. Pitie it is of my Lord Dacres losse of the horses of his company; he brought with hym above iiij M. men, and came and lodged one night in Scotland, in his moost mortal enemy's contre. There is noo herdyer, ner bettir knyght, but often tyme he doth not use the most sure order, which he hath nowe payd derely for. Written at Berwike the xxvij of September.

Your most bownden,

T. SURREY."

No. II

HISTORY OF GEORDIE BOURNE

In the following passages, extracted from the Memoirs of Sir Robert Carey, then deputy of his father, Lord Hunsdon, Warden of the East Marches, afterwards Earl of Monmouth, the reader will find a lively illustration of the sketch given of Border manners in the preceding Introduction.

"Having thus ended with my brother, I then beganne to thinke of the charge I had taken upon mee, which was the government of the East March, in my father's absence. I wrote to Sir Robert Kerr,[1] who was my opposite warden, a brave active young man, and desired him that hee would appoint a day, when hee and myselfe might privately meet in some part of the Border, to take some good order for the quieting the Borders, till my retourne from London, which journey I was shortly of necessity to take. Hee stayed my man all night, and wrote to mee back, that hee was glad to have the happinesse to be acquainted with mee, and did not doubt but the country would be better governed by our good agreements. I wrote to him on the Monday, and the Thursday after hee appointed the place and hour of meeting.

"After hee had filled my man with drinke, and putt him to bed, hee, and some halfe a score with him, gott to horse, and came into England to a little village. There hee broke up a house, and tooke out a poore fellow, who (hee pretended) had done him some wrong, and before the doore, cruelly murthered him, and so came quietly home, and went to bed. The next morning hee delivered my man a letter in answer to mine, and retourned him to mee. It pleased me well at the reading of his kinde letter; but when I heard what a *brave* hee had put upon mee, I quickly resolved what to do, which was, never to have to do with him, till I was righted for the greate wrong hee had

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[1] Sir Robert Kerr of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches and ancestor of the house of Roxburghe.

done mee. Upon this resolution, the day I should have mett with him I tooke post, and with all the haste I could, rode to London, leaving him to attend my coming to him as was appointed. There hee stayed from one till five, but heard no news of mee. Finding by this that I had neglected him, hee retourned home to his house, and so things rested (with greate dislike the one of the other) till I came back, which was with all the speede I could, my businesse being ended. The first thing I did after my retourne, was to ask justice for the wrong hee had done mee; but I could gett none. The Borderers, seeing our disagreement, they thought the time wished for of them was come. The winter being begunne, their was roades made out of Scotland into the East March, and goods were taken three or four times a weeke. I had no other meanes left to quiet them, but still sent out of the garrison horsemen of Barwicke, to watch in the fittest places for them, and it was their good hap many times to light upon them, with the stolen goods driving before them. They were no sooner brought before mee, but a jury went upon them, and being found guilty, they were frequently hanged: a course which hath been seldom used, but I had no way to keep the country quiet but so to do; for, when the Scotch theeves found what a sharp course I tooke with them that were found with the bloody hand, I had in a short time the country more quiet. All this while wee were but in jest as it were, but now beganne the greate quarrell betweene us.

"There was a favorite of his, a greate theife, called Geordie Bourne. This gallant, with some of his associates, would, in a bravery, come and take goods in the East March. I had that night some of the garrison abroad. They met with this Geordie and his fellowes, driving of cattle before them. The garrison set upon them, and with a shott killed Geordie Bourne's unckle, and hee himselfe, bravely resisting till he was sore hurt in the head, was taken. After he was taken, his pride was such, as hee asked, who it was that durst avow that nightes worke? but when he heard it was the garrison, he was then more quiet. But so powerful and so awfull was this Sir Robert Kerr, and his favourites, as there was not a gentleman in all the East March that durst offend them. Presently after hee was taken, I had most of the gentlemen of the March come to mee, and told mee, that now I had the ball at my foote, and might bring Sir Robert Kerr to what conditions I pleased; for that this man's life was so neere and deare unto him, as I should have all that my heart could desire, for the good and quiet of the country and myselfe, if upon any condition I would give him his life. I heard them and their reasons; notwithstanding, I called a jury the next morning, and hee was found guilty of March Treason. Then they feared that I would cause him to be executed that afternoone, which made them come flocking to mee, humbly entreating me, that I would spare his life till the next day, and if Sir Robert Kerr came not himselfe to mee, and made mee not such proffers, as I could not but accept, that then I should do with him what I pleased. And further, they told mee plainly, that if I should execute

him, before I had heard from Sir Robert Kerr, they must be forced to quitt their houses, and fly the country; for his fury would be such, against me and the March I commanded, as hee would use all his power and strength to the utter destruction of the East March. They were so earnest with mee, that I gave them my word hee should not dye that day. There was post upon post sent to Sir Robert Kerr, and some of them rode to him themselves, to advertise him in what danger Geordie Bourne was; how he was condemned, and should have been executed that afternoone, but, by their humble suit, I gave them my word, that hee should not dye that day; and therefore besought him, that hee would send to mee, with all the speede hee could, to let mee know, that hee would be the next day with mee to offer mee good conditions for the safety of his life. When all things were quiet, and the watch set at night, after supper, about ten of the clock, I took one of my men's liveryes, and putt it about mee, and tooke two other of my servants with mee in their liveryes, and we three, as the warden's men, came to the provost marshall's, where Bourne was, and were lett into his chamber. Wee sate down by him, and told him, that wee were desirous to see him, because wee heard hee was stoute and valiant, and true to his friend; and that wee were sorry our master could not be moved to save his life. He voluntarily of himselfe said, that hee had lived long enough to do so many villainies as hee had done; and withal told us, that hee had layne with about forty men's wives, what in England, and what in Scotland; and that he had killed seven Englishmen with his own hands, cruelly murthering them: that hee had spent his whole life in whoring, drinking, stealing, and taking deep revenge for slight offences. Hee seemed to be very penitent, and much desired a minister for the comfort of his soule. Wee promised him to lett our master know his desire, who, wee knew, would presently grant it. We took our leaves of him, and presently I tooke order, that Mr Selby, a very worthy honest preacher, should go to him, and not stirre from him till his execution the next morning; for, after I had heard his own confession, I was resolved no conditions should save his life: and so tooke order, that at the gates opening the next morning, hee should be carried to execution, which accordingly was performed. The next morning I had one from Sir Robert Kerr for a parley, who was within two miles staying for mee. I sent him word, 'I would meet him where hee pleased, but I would first know upon what termes and conditions.' Before his man was retourned, hee had heard, that in the morning, very early, Geordie Bourne had been executed. Many vowes hee made of cruell revenge, and retourned home full of griefe and disdaine, and from that time forward still plotted revenge. Hee knew the gentlemen of the country were altogether sacklesse, and to make open road upon the March would but shew his malice, and lay him open to the punishment due to such offences. But his practice was how to be revenged on mee, or some of mine.

"It was not long after that my brother and I had intelligence, that

there was a great match made at footeball, and the chiefe ryders were to be there. The place they were to meet at was Kelsy, and that day, wee heard it, was the day for the meeting. Wee presently called a counsaile, and after much dispute it was concluded, that the likeliest place he was to come to, was to kill the scoutes. And it was the more suspected, for that my brother, before my coming to the office, for the cattaile stolne out of the bounds, and as it were from under the walles of Barwicke, being refused justice (upon his complaint,) or at least delaid, sent off the garrison into Liddisdale, and killed there the chiefe offender, which had done the wrong.

" Upon this conclusion, there was order taken, that both horse and foote should lye in ambush, in diverse parts of the boundes, to defend the scoutes, and to give a sound blow to Sir Robert and his company. Before the horse and foote were sett out with directions what to do, it was almost darke night, and the gates ready to be lockt. Wee parted, and as I was by myselfe, comeing to my house, God put it into my mind, that it might well be, hee meant destruction to my men, that I had sent out to gather tithes for mee at Norham, and their rendezvous was every night to lye and sup at an ale-house in Norham. I presently caused my page to take horse, and to ride as fast as his horse could carry him, and to command my servants (which were in all eight) that, presently upon his coming to them, they should all change their lodging, and go streight to the castle, there to lye that night in strawe and hay. Some of them were unwilling thereto, but durst not disobey; so altogether left their ale-house, and retired to the castle. They had not well settled themeselves to sleep, but they heard in the town a great alarm; for Sir Robert and his company came streight to the ale-house, broke open the doors, and made enquiry for my servants. They were answered, that by my command they were all in the castle. After they had searched all the house, and found none, they feared they were betrayed, and, with all the speede they could, made haste homewards again. Thus God blessed me from this bloody tragedy.

" All the whole March expected nightly some hurt to be done; but God so blessed mee and the government I held, as, for all his fury, hee never drew drop of blood in all my March, neither durst his theeves trouble it much with stealing, for fear of hanging, if they were taken. Thus wee continued a yeare, and then God sent a meanes to bring things to better quiet by this occasion.

" There had been commissioners in Barwicke, chosen by the Queene and King of Scottes, for the better quieting of our Borders. By their industry they found a great number of malefactors guilty, both in England and Scotland; and they tooke order, that the officers of Scotland should deliver such offenders, as were found guilty in their jurisdictions, to the opposite officers in England, to be detained prisoners, till they had made satisfaction for the goods they had taken out of England. The like order was taken with the Wardens of England, and days prefixed for the delivery of them all. And in case any of the officers, on either side, should omit their duties, in not delivering

the prisoners at the dayes and places appointed, that then there should a course be taken by the soveraignes, that what chiefe officer soever should offend herein, he himself should be delivered and detained, till he had made good what the commissioners had agreed upon.

" The English officers did punctually, at the day and place, deliver their prisoners, and so did most of the officers of Scotland ; only the Lord of Bocleuch and Sir Robert Kerr were faultie. They were complained of, and new dayes appointed for the delivery of their prisoners. Bocleuch was the first, that should deliver ; and hee failing, entered himselfe prisoner into Barwicke, there to remaine till those officers under his charge were delivered to free him. He chose for his guardian Sir William Selby, master of the ordinance at Barwicke. When Sir Robert Kerr's day of delivery came, he failed too, and my Lord Hume, by the king's command, was to deliver him prisoner into Barwicke upon the like terms, which was performed. Sir Robert Kerr (contrary to all men's expectation) chose mee for his guardian, and home I brought him to my own house, after hee was delivered to mee. I lodged him as well as I could, and tooke order for his diet, and men to attend on him, and sent him word, that (although by his harsh carriage towards mee, ever since I had that charge, he could not expect any favour, yet) hearing so much goodness of him, that hee never broke his worde, if hee should give me his hand and credit to be a true prisoner, hee would have no guard sett upon him, but have free liberty for his friends in Scotland to have ingresse and regresse to him as oft as hee pleased. He tooke this very kindly at my handes, accepted of my offer, and sent me thankes.

" Some four dayes passed ; all which time his friends came into him, and hee kept his chamber. Then hee sent to mee, and desired mee, I would come and speake with him, which I did ; and after long discourse, charging and recharging one another with wrong and injuries, at last, before our parting, wee became good friends, with greate protestations on his side, never to give mee occasion of unkindnesse again. After our reconciliation, hee kept his chamber no longer, but dined and supt with me. I tooke him abroad with mee at the least thrice a-weeke, a hunting, and every day wee grew better friends. Bocleuch, in a few dayes after, had his pledges delivered, and was set at liberty. But Sir Robert Kerr could not get his, so that I was commanded to carry him to Yorke, and there to deliver him prisoner to the archbishop, which accordingly I did. At our parting, he professed greate love unto mee for the kind usage I had shewn him, and that I would find the effects of it upon his delivery, which hee hoped would be shortly.

" Thus wee parted ; and, not long after, his pledges were gott, and brought to Yorke, and hee sett at liberty. After his retourne home, I found him as good as his word. We met oft at dayes of truce, and I had as good justice as I could desire ; and so we continued very kinde and good friends, all the time that I stayed in that March, which was not long."

No. III

MAITLAND'S COMPLAYNT, AGANIS THE THIEVIS OF LIDDISDAIL

FROM PINKERTON'S EDITION, COLLATED WITH A MS. OF MAITLAND'S POEMS, IN THE LIBRARY OF EDINBURGH COLLEGE

Of Liddisdail the commoun theifis
Sa peartlie steillis now and reifis,
That nane may keip
Horse, nolt, nor scheip,
Nor yett dar sleip
For their mischeifis.

Thay plainly throw the country rydis,
I trow the mekil devil thame gydis!
Quhair they onsett,
Ay in thair gaitt,
Thair is na yet
Nor dor, thame bydis.

Thay leif rich nocht, quhair ever thay ga;
Their can na thing be hid them fra;
For gif men wald
Thair housis hald,
Than wax they bald,
To burne and slay.

Thay theifis have neirhand herreit hail,
Ettricke forest and Lawderdail;
Now are they gane,
In Lawthiane;
And spairis nane
That thay will waill.

Thay landis ar with stouth sa socht,
To extreame povertye ar broucht,
Thay wicked scrowis
Has laid the plowis,
That nane or few is
That are left oucht.

Bot commoun taking of blak mail,
Thay that had flesche, and breid and aill,
Now are sae wrakit,
Made bair and nakit,
Fane to be slakit
With watter caill.

Thay theifis that steillis and tursis hame,
Ilk ane of them has ane to-name ; [1]
Will of the Lawis,
Hab of the Schawis :
To mak bair wawis
Thay thinke na schame.

Thay spuilye puir men of their pakis,
Thay leif them nocht on bed nor bakis ;
Baith hen and cok,
With reil and rok,
The Lairdis Jok,
All with him takis.

Thay leif not spindell, spoone, nor speit ;
Bed, boster, blanket, sark, nor scheit ;
Johne of the Parke
Ryps kist and ark ;
For all sic wark
He is richt meit.

He is weil kend, John of the Syde ;
A greater theif did never ryde.
He never tyris
For to brek byris ;
Ouir muir and myris
Ouir guide ane gyde.

Thair is ane, callet Clement's Hob,
Fra ilk puir wyfe reifis the wob,
And all the lave,
Quhatever they haife,
The devil receive
Thairfoir his gob.

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[1] Owing to the Marchmen being divided into large clans bearing the same surname, individuals were usually distinguished by some epithet, derived from their place of residence, personal qualities, or descent. Thus every distinguished moss-trooper had what is here called a *to-name*, or *nom de guerre*, in addition to his family name.

To sic grit stouth quha eir wald trow it,
Bot gif some great man it allowit?
Rycht sair I trew,
Thocht it be rew:
Thair is sa few
That dar avow it.

Of sum great men they have sic gait,
That redy are thame to debait,
And will up weir
Thair stolen geir;
That nane dare steir
Thame air nor late.

Quhat causis theifis us ourgang,
Bot want of justice us amang?
Nane takis cair,
Thocht all for fear;
Na man will spair
Now to do wrang.

Of stouth thocht now thay come gude speid,
That nother of men nor God has dreid;
Yet, or I dee,
Sum sall thame sie,
Hing on a tree
Quhill thay be died—

Quo' Sir R. M. *of* Lethington, *knicht.*

No. IV

BOND OF ALLIANCE; OR, FEUD STAUNCHING

BETWIXT THE CLANS OF SCOTT AND KER

The battle of Melrose (see Introduction, p. 23) occasioned a deadly feud betwixt the name of Scott and Ker. The following indenture was designed to reconcile their quarrel. But the alliance, if it ever took effect, was not of long duration; for the feud again broke out about 1553, when Sir Walter Scott was slain by the Kers in the streets of Edinburgh.

"Thir indentures, made at Ancrum the 16th of March, 1529 years, contains, proports, and bears leil and suithfast witnessing, That it is appointed, agreed, and finally accorded betwixt honourable men; that is to say, Walter Ker of Cessford, Andrew Ker of Fairnieherst, Mark Ker of Dolphinston, George Kerr, tutor of Cessford, and Andrew

Ker of Primesideloch, for themselves, kin, friends, mentenants, assisters, allies, adherents, and partakers, on the one part; and Walter Scot of Branxholm, knight, Robert Scot of Allanhaugh, Robert Scot, tutor of Howpaisly, John Scot of Roberton, and Walter Scot of Stirkshaws, for themselves, their kin, friends, mentenants, servants, assisters, and adherents, on the other part; in manner, form, and effect, as after follows: For staunching all discord and variance betwixt them, and for furth-bearing of the king's authority, and punishing trespasses, and for amending all slaughters, heritages, and steedings, and all other pleas concerning thereto, either of these parties to others, and for unitie, friendship, and concord, to be had in time coming, 'twixt them, of our sovereign lord's special command: that is to say, either of the said parties, be the tenor hereof, remits and forgives to others the rancour, hatred, and malice of their hearts; and the said Walter Scot of Branxholm shall gang, or cause gang, at the will of the party, to the four head pilgrimages of Scotland, and shall say a mass for the souls of umquhile Andrew Ker of Cessford, and them that were slain in his company, in the field of Melrose; and, upon his expence, shall cause a chaplain say a mass daily, when he is disposed, in what place the said Walter Ker and his friends pleases, for the weil of the said souls, for the space of five years next to come.—Mark Ker of Dolphinston, Andrew Kerr of Graden, shall gang at the will of the party, to the four head pilgrimages of Scotland, and shall gar say a mass for the souls of umquhile James Scot of Eskirk, and other Scots, their friends, slain in the field of Melrose; and, upon their expence, shall gar a chaplain say a mass daily, when he is disposed, for the heal of their souls, where the said Walter Scot and his friends pleases, for the space of three years next to come: and the said Walter Scott of Branxholm shall marry his son and heir upon one of the said Walter Ker his sisters; he paying, therefor, a competent portion to the said Walter Ker and his heir, at the sight of the friends of baith parties. And also, baith the saids parties bind and oblige them, be the faith and truth of their bodies, that they abide at the decreet and deliverance of the six men chosen arbiters, anent all other matters, quarrels, actiones, and debates, whilk either of them likes to propone against others betwixt the said parties: and also the six arbiters are bound and obliged to decreet and deliver, and give forth their deliverance thereuntil, within year and day after the date hereof.—And attour, either of the said parties bind and oblige them, be the faith and truth of their bodies, ilk ane to others, that they shall be leil and true to others, and neither of them will another's skaith, but they shall lett it at their power, and give to others their best counsel, and it be asked; and shall tak leil and aeffald part ilk ane with others, with their kin, friends, servants, allies, and partakers, in all and sundry their actions, quarrels, and debates, against all that live and die (may the allegiance of our sovereign lord the king allenarly be excepted).—And for the obliging and keeping all thir premises above written, baith the saids parties are bound and obliged, ilk ane to others, be the faith and truth of their bodies, but

fraud or guile, under the pain of perjury, men-swearing, defalcation, and breaking of the bond of deadly. And, in witness of the whilk, ilk ane to the procuratory of this indenture remain with the said Walter Scot and his friends, the said Walter Ker of Cessford has affixed his proper seal, with his subscription manual, and with the subscription of the said Andrew Ker of Fairnieherst, Mark Ker of Dolphinston, George Ker, tutor of Cessford, and Andrew Ker of Primesideloch, before these witnesses, Mr Andrew Drurie, abbot of Melrose, and George Douglas of Boonjedward, John Riddel of that ilk, and William Stewart.

Sic Subscribitur, WALTER KER of Cessford.
ANDREW KER of Fairnieherst.
MARK KER.
GEORGE KER.
ANDREW KER of Primesideloch."

The four pilgrimages are Scoon, Dundee, Paisley, and Melrose.

No. V

ANE INTERLUDE OF THE LAYING OF A GAIST

This burlesque poem is preserved in the Bannatyne MSS. It is in the same strain with the verses concerning the *Gyre Carline*. As the mention of *Bettokis Bowr* occurs in both pieces, and as the scene of both is laid in East Lothian, they are perhaps composed by the same author. The humour of these fragments seems to have been directed against the superstitions of Rome, but it is now become very obscure. Nevertheless, the verses are worthy of preservation for the sake of the ancient language and allusions.

Listen, lordis, I sall tell you,
Off ane very grit marvell,
Off Lord Fergussis gaist,
How meikle Sir Andro it chest,
Unto Beittokis bour,
The silly sowle to succour:
And he hes written unto me,
Auld storeis for to se,
Gif it appinis him to meit,
How he sall conjure the spreit:
And I haif red mony quars,
Bath the Donet, and Dominus que pars,
Ryme maid, and als redene,
Baith Inglis and Latene:
And ane story haif I to reid,
Passes Bonitatem in the creid.

To conjure the littil gaist he mon haif
Of tod's tails ten thraif,
And kast the grit holy water
With pater noster, pitter patter;
And ye man sit in a compas,
And cry, Harbert tuthless,
Drag thou, and ye's draw,
And sit thair quhil cok craw.
The compas mon hallowit be
With aspergis me Domine;
The haly writ schawis als
Thair man be hung about your hals
Pricket in ane wool poik
Of neis powder ane grit loik.
Thir thingis mon ye beir,
Brynt in ane doggis eir,
Ane pluck, ane pindill, and ane palme cors,
Thre tuskis of ane awld hors,
And of ane yallow wob the warp,
The boddome of ane awld herp,
The heid of ane cuttit reill,
The band of an awld quheill,
The *taill* of ane *yield* sow,
And ane bait of blew wow,
Ane botene, and ane brechame,
And ane quhorle made of lame,
To luke out at the littil boir,
And cry, Crystis crosse, you befoir:
And quhen you see the littil gaist,
Cumand to you in all haist,
Cry loud, Cryste eleisone,
And speir quhat law it levis on?
And gif it sayis on Godis ley,
Than to the littil gaist ye say,
With braid benedicite;
—" Littil gaist, I conjure the,
With lierie and larie,
Bayth fra God, and Sanct Marie,
First with ane fischis mouth,
And syne with ane sowis tooth,
With ten pertane tais,
And nyne knokis of windil strais,
With thre heidis of curle doddy."—
And bid the gaist turn in a boddy.
Then after this conjuratioun,
The littill gaist will fall in soun,
And thair efter down ly,
Cryand mercy peteously;

Than with your left heil sane,
And it will nevir cum agane,
As meikle as a mige amaist.[1]

He had a littil we leg,
And it wes cant as any cleg,
It wes wynd in ane wynden schet,
Baythe the handis and the feit:
Suppose this gaist wes litill
Yit it stal Godis quhitell;
It stal fra peteous Abrahame,
Ane quhorle and ane quhim quhame;
It stal fra ye carle of ye mone
Ane payr of awld yin schone;
It rane to Pencatelane,
And wirreit ane awld chaplane;
This litil gaist did na mair ill
But clok lyk a corn mill;
And it wald play and hop,
About the heid ane stre strop;
And it wald sing and it wald dance,
Oure fute, and Orliance.[2]
Quha conjurit the litill gaist say ye?
Nane bot the littil Spenzie fle,
That with hir wit and her ingyne,
Gart the gaist leif agane;
And sune mareit the gaist the fle,
And croun'd him king of Kandelie;
And they gat theme betwene
Orpheus king, and Elpha quene.[3]
To reid quha will this gentil geist,
Ye hard it not at Cockilby's feist.[4]

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[1] Apparently some lines are here omitted.
[2] Ouerfoot and Orleans—two dancing steps.
[3] This seems to allude to the old romance of *Orfeo and Heurodis*, from which the reader will find extracts, vol. ii. The wife of Orpheus is here called Elpha, probably from her having been extracted by the elves or fairies.
[4] Alluding to a strange unintelligible poem in the Bannatyne MSS. called *Cockelby's Sow*.

No. VI

SUPPLEMENTAL STANZAS TO COLLINS'S ODE ON THE SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS

By WILLIAM ERSKINE, Esq., Advocate

The Editor embraces this opportunity of presenting the reader with the following stanzas, intended to commemorate some striking Scottish superstitions, omitted by Collins in his ode upon that subject; and which, if the Editor can judge with impartiality of the production of a valued friend, will be found worthy of the sublime original. The reader must observe that these verses form a continuation of the address by Collins to the author of *Douglas*, exhorting him to celebrate the traditions of Scotland. They were first published in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for April 1788.

Thy muse may tell, how, when at evening's close,
To meet her love beneath the twilight shade,
O'er many a broom-clad brae and heathy glade,
In merry mood the village maiden goes;
There, on a streamlet's margin as she lies,
Chaunting some carol till her swain appears,
With visage deadly pale, in pensive guise,
Beneath a wither'd fir his form he rears![1]
Shrieking and sad, she bends her eirie flight,
When, mid dire heaths, where flits the taper blue,
The whilst the moon sheds dim a sickly light,
The airy funeral meets her blasted view!
When, trembling, weak, she gains her cottage low,
Where magpies scatter notes of presage wide,
Some one shall tell, while tears in torrents flow,
That, just when twilight dimm'd the green hill's side,
Far in his lonely shiel her hapless shepherd died.

Let these sad strains to lighter sounds give place!
Bid thy brisk viol warble measures gay!
For see! recall'd by thy resistless lay,
Once more the Brownie shows his honest face.
Hail, from thy wanderings long, my much-lov'd sprite!
Thou friend, thou lover of the lowly, hail!
Tell, in what realms thou sport'st thy merry night,
Trail'st the long mop, or whirl'st the mimic flail.

[1] The *wraith*, or spectral appearance, of a person shortly to die is a firm article in the creed of Scottish superstition. Nor is it unknown in our sister kingdom. See the story of the beautiful Lady Diana Rich (Aubrey's *Miscellanies*, p. 89).

Where dost thou deck the much-disordered hall,
While the tired damsel in Elysium sleeps,
With early voice to drowsy workman call,
Or lull the dame, while mirth his vigils keeps?
'Twas thus in Caledonia's domes, 'tis said,
Thou pliedst the kindly task in years of yore:
At last, in luckless hour, some erring maid
Spread in thy nightly cell of viands store:
Ne'er was thy form beheld among their mountains more.[1]

Then wake (for well thou canst) that wond'rous lay,
How, while around the thoughtless matrons sleep,
Soft o'er the floor the treach'rous fairies creep,
And bear the smiling infant far away:
How starts the nurse, when, for her lovely child,
She sees at dawn a gaping idiot stare!
O snatch the innocent from demons vilde,
And save the parents fond from fell despair!
In a deep cave the trusty menials wait,
When from their hilly dens, at midnight's hour,
Forth rush the fairy elves in mimic state,
And o'er the moonlight-heath with swiftness scour:
In glittering arms the little horsemen shine;
Last, on a milk-white steed, with targe of gold,
A fay of might appears, whose arms entwine
The lost, lamented child! the shepherds bold[2]
The unconscious infant tear from his unhallowed hold.

No. VII

EXCOMMUNICATION OF BORDER ROBBERS

By RICHARD FOX

BISHOP OF DURHAM IN THE TIME OF HENRY VII

This very curious document, which contains some particulars highly illustrative of the state of Border manners, was given to the Editor by his valued friend, Richard Surtees, Esq., of Mainsforth, in the bishoprick of Durham, eminent for his knowledge of Border antiquities.

RICHD. FOX. Bp. TEMP. H. J.

MONITIO CONTRA FAMOSOS LATRONES DE TYNDALL ET RYDSDALL

Ricardus permissione divina Dunelm. Episcopus dilectis Nobis Mag^ro. Georgio Ogle, A.M. necnon universis et singulis ecclesiarum

[1] See Introduction, p. 57.

[2] For an account of the fairy superstition, see Introduction to the *Tale of Tamlane*.

parochialium infra Tyndalle et Riddysdale nostræ dioces. constitutarum Rectoribus et Vicariis necnon Capellarum et Cantanarum, inibi Capellanis Curatis et non Curatis, Salutem. Quia tam fama quam notorietate facti referentibus ad aures nostras delatum est quod nonnulli Villas, Villulas, Hamelectas, et alia loca de Tyndale et Ryddisdalle inhabitantes, nec divina nec humana jura timentes, quibus se illaqueatos esse (quod summopere dolemus) intelligunt aut saltem intelligere debent de eisdem Villis Villulis Hamelectis ad in episcopatu villis, villulis, hamelectis, ad et in episcopatum Dunelm. et comitatum Northumbriæ aliaq. loca dictis locis de Tyndalle et Ryddisdalle confinia et adjacentia, Latronum, Rapientium ac Deprædantium, more, per diuturna tempora sæpe, sæpius, et sæpissime, publice, et manifeste, nocte dieq. incurrentes, prout adhuc indies, cotidie, sæpe, sæpius, et sæpissime noctu dieq. publice et manifeste sic incurrunt, furta, latrocinia, rapinas, et depredationes passim committentes, pecora et catalla in eisdem inventa furati deprædatiq. fuerunt, et ab eisdem ad partes et territoria de Tyndall et Ryddisdalle prædict. aliaq. loca eisdem confinia, ad libitum suarum voluntatum asportaverunt, fugaverunt, et abigerunt, prout adhuc indies nulli equidem rei, quam, hujusmodi furtis, latrociniis, rapinis, et deprædationibus, dediti, furantur deprædantur, fugant et abigunt. Et quod ipso delicto deterius est, per tabernas, et alia loca publica, iniquitatibus, furtis, latrociniis, et deprædationibus suis hujusmodi gloriantes se talia commisisse, et de cætero committere, palam et publice jactari non desinant; hisq. malis non contenti sed potius furtum furto, latrocinium latrocinio, rapinam rapinæ, deprædationem deprædationi, aliaq. mala malis accumulantes, in hujusmodi furtorum, latrociniorum, et deprædationum aggravationem, non solum ipsi furantur, verum etiam fures et latrones et raptores quoscunq. ad ipsos confugientes, receptant, nutriunt, hospitantur, confovent et confortant; suosq. liberos, servientes, atq. famulos in hujusmodi latrociniorum, furtorum, deprædationum et rapinarum perpetratione, quod maxime detestandum est, educant, et exercitant, adeo ut furtum, latrocinium, deprædationem, rapinam, aut robberiam hujusmodi committere, aut eidem consentire non solum non vereantur, sed crassam, immo verius quæsitam ignorantiam prætendentes, et dictas rapinas, furtum et deprædationes, tanquam artem, unde victum suum querant, publice et manifeste profitentes, crimen esse non agnoscunt: Suntq. nonnulli viri in partibus prædictis, quorum quidam sunt ministri justitiæ et regii justiciarii, qui eosdem fures, latrones, depredatores, et raptores, aliosq. malefactores rectificare et justificare deberent, quidam vero sunt viri nobiles et potentes in confinibus et territoriis de Tyndalle et Ryddisdalle prædictis, aliisq. villis eisdem convicinis, circumvicinis, et adjacentibus degentes et commorantes, qui fures, latrones, raptores, deprædatores prædictos ab hujusmodi criminibus prædictis refrænare et impedire possent, si suas ad id manus, ut deberent, porrigerent adjutrices. Quorum omnium, viz. justitiæ ministrorum, et aliorum, saltem nobilium et potentium in partibus et territoriis de Tyndalle

et Ryddysdalle prædictis, aliisq. villis et locis eisdem convicinis et circumvicinis adjacentium, quidam conniventi oculo, quidam ex pacto et collusione, quidam vero propter lucrum, quod cum eis participant, nonnulli siquidem propter amorem, favorem, familiaritatem, affinitatem, et sanguinis conjunctionem, necnon nominis, indemnitatem hujusmodi furtis, latrociniis rapinis, et deprædationibus, aliquando tacite, interdum etenim expresse, consentientes, fures ipsos, latrones, et deprædatores per eorum terras et districtus cum rebus, pecoribus et catallis, quæ furati sunt, liberum habere transitum, scienter tolerant et permittant; ac nonnunquam eosdem cum rebus, pecoribus, et catallis raptis, deprædatis, et furto ablatis receptarunt, prout adhuc recipiunt indies, et receptant non ignorantes receptatores hujusmodi quoscunq. non minori pœna dignos quam raptores, fures, latrones, et prædones: Nam si non esset qui foveret, reciperet, et confortaret, nullus rapinam, latrocinium, deprædationes hujusmodi committeret, committereve auderet: Eodemq. delicto singulas villas, villulas, hamelectas dictarum partium de Tyndall et Ryddisdall laborare intelleximus, quod maxime abhorrendum est; nam latrones, fures, raptores, deprædatores famosos et manifestos sic, ut præfertur, recipiunt, hospitantur, fovent, et nutriunt, ac inter eos et cum eisdem in partibus præsentibus, ut vicinos suos et familiares, habitare permittunt, et ad eadem facinora reiteranda invitant, et confortant publice, palam, et manifeste: Compluresq. capellanos, sæpe nominatarum partium et territoriorum de Tyndalle et Ryddysdalle, publicos et manifestos concubinarios, irregulares, suspensos, excommunicatos, et interdictos, necnon literarum penitus ignaros, adeo ut per decennium celebrantes, nec ipsa quidem verba sacramentalia, uti quibusdam eorum opponentes experti sumus, legere sciant; nonnullos etiam non ordinatos, sed sacerdotii effigiem duntaxat prætendentes, non modo in locis sacris et dedicatis, verum etiam in prophanis et interdictis ac miserabiliter ruinosis; necnon vestimentis ruptis, laceratis, et fædissimis, nec divino, immo noc humano officio aut servitio dignis, quibus, deum contemnentes, induti Divina celebrare, Sacraq. et Sacramentalia ministrare intelleximus. *Dicti præterea capellani supradictis furibus*, latronibus, deprædatoribus, receptatoribus, et raptoribus manifestis et famosis, sacramenta et sacramentalia ministrant, sine debita restitutione aut animo restituendi, ut ex facti evidentia constat, sicq. eos sine cautione de restituendo, ecclesiasticæ sepulturæ, cum ex sacrorum canonum, et sanctorum patrum institutis, hæc facere districte prohibentur, passim committunt, in animarum suarum grave periculum, aliorumq. Christi fidelium exemplum perniciosum plurimorumq. spoliatorum et privatorum bonis, rebus, pecoribus, et catallis suis hujusmodi, damnum non modicum et gravamen. Nos igitur animarum hujusmodi malefactorum saluti providere cupientes, spoilatorumq. et privatorum hujusmodi jacturis et dispendiis paternali affectu compatientes et, quantum in nobis est, remedium in hac parte apponere, ut tenemur, volentes, vobis omnibus et singulis Rectoribus, Vicariis, Capellanis, Curatis, et non Curatis prædictis tenere præsen-

tium, in virtute sanctæ obedientæ firmiter injungendo mandamus, quatenus proximis diebus dominicis et festivis, inter missarum et aliorum divinorum solemnia in ecclesiis et capellis vestris, dum major in eisdem aderit populi multitudo, omnes et singulos fures, latrones, raptores, prædones, deprædatores, et eos præsertium quos famosos et manifestos latrones, raptores, et deprædatores fuisse et esse intelleximus, quorum nomina in præsenti rescripto sunt descripta, peremptorie moneatis, quos nos etiam tenore præsentium primo, secundo, et tertio, ac peremptorie monemus, ut ipsi omnes et singuli ab hujusmodi incursionibus, furtis, latrociniis, rapinis, deprædationibus de cætero se abstineant et desistant, sub pœna majoris excommunicationis sententiæ, quam ex sacrorum canonum institutis incurrunt, sicq. eos et eorum quemlibet incurrere volumus ipso facto.

Citetis insuper, seu citari faciatis peremptorie omnes et singulos famosos et manifestos fures, latrones, raptores, et deprædatores, quorum nomina sunt in dorso præsentis schedulæ sive rescripti descripta, et eorum quemlibet, quod compareant, sicq. quilibet eorum compareat coram nobis aut nostro in hac parte, commissario in Galilea[1] Ecclesiæ nostræ Cathedralis Dunelm. locoq. consistoriali ejusdem, sexto die post citationem eis et eorum cuilibet in hac parte factam, si juridicus fuerit, alioquin proximo die juridico extunc sequente, quo die nos aut commissarium nostrum hujusmodi ibidem ad jura reddend. hora consueta pro tribunali sedere contigerit, certis articulis et interrogatoriis, meram animarum suarum salutem et correctionem concernentibus, commissario eisdem et eorum cuilibet in eorum adventu ex officio nostro mero objiciendis personaliter responsuri et parituri. Moneatis insuper sic, ut præmittitur, peremptorie omnes et singulos ministros justitiæ, cæterosq viros nobiles et potentes, dictas partes et territoria de Tyndall et Ryddysdall, et loca vicina et cirumjacentia inhabitantes, necnon omnes et singulos Capellanos, Curatos et non Curatos in eisdem partibus et territoriis de Tyndall et Ryddysdall divina celebrantes, quatenus ipsi justitiæ ministri et viri nobiles et potentes omnes et singulos fures et latrones, necnon raptores et deprædatores, in et ad partes et territoria de Tyndall et Ryddysdall cum rebus, pecoribus et catallis furtive oblatis, confugientes, necnon omnes et singulos fures, latrones, et deprædatores in eisdem partibus et territoriis de Tyndall et Ryddysdall commorantes et degentes, præsertim famosos, publicos, notorios, et manifestos nullatenus foveant, nutriant, aut confortent, hospitentur, aut manuteneant, immo eosdem fures, latrones, et deprædatores quoscunq. ab eisdem partibus et territoriis de Tyndall et Ryddysdall amoveant, sicq. amoveri faciant et procurent, seu saltem eosdem fures, latrones, deprædatores, et raptores quoscunq. capiant, sicq. capi facient eosdemq. rectificent et justificent.

[1] The *Galilee* was a side-chapel to which excommunicated persons had liberty of repairing while service was being celebrated. The *Galilee* at Durham is now a schoolroom.

Capellani vero, Curati, et non Curati, in eisdem partibus et territorsii divina celebrantes, hujusmodi fures, latrones, et deprædatores, saltem publicos, notorios, et manifestos ad sacramenta pœnitentiæ, eucharistiæ, sepulturæ, cæteraq. sacramenta aut sacramentalia sine debita restitutione spoliatis facta aut sufficienti cautione de restituendo præstita, nisi in mortis articulo, et tunc ad sacramenta pœnitentiæ et eucharistæ duntaxat, non autem ad sepulturam, sub pœna suspensionis ab officio et beneficio, nullatenus admittant.

Desiderantur sequentia, et conclusio, cum transgressorum nominibus propter hiatum quinq. foliorum in registro.

TESTIMONIALIS LITERA DNI. EPISCOPI SUPER ABSOLUTIONE QUORUNDAM LATRONUM, ET INJUCTIONES

Ricardus permissione divina Dunelm. Episcopus universis et singulis Rectoribus, Vicariis, Capellanis, Curatis, et non Curatis quibuscunq. curam animarum habentibus, infra territorium de Tyndall et Ryddisdall nostræ dioces. Salutem, gratiam, et benedictionem. Sciatis Sandy Charelton, Crysty Milborn, Howy Milborne, Arkyn Milborn, filium Willielmi Milborn, Laury Robeson, Davy Robeson, Sandy Robeson, Gilly Tod of ye Crake-aller of Smebemouth, George Tod, Rouly Tod, Tammy Tod, Sandy Tod of ye Shawe, George Mershell, Sandy Hunter, a sententia excommunicationis, quam in eosdem, pro eorum contumacia, promulgavimus, per nos absolutos esse, et communioni hominum ac sacris ecclesiæ restitutos, seq. nostræ correctioni humiliter submittentes, injuctiones, salutaremve suscepisse pœnitentiam, videlicet ut de cætero rapinam, furtum, aut latrocinium publice, manifeste, vel occulte non committant, nec aliquis eorum committat, aut talia committenti auxilium, consilium, vel favorem præstent, nec aliquis eorum præstet, seu talia committentium consilium quovismodo celent seu celet, celarive procurent seu procuret. Item quod post diem Merc. proxime futurum, viz. 26 diem mensis Septembris jam instant. non incedant nec aliquis eor. incedat pedes aut eques indictus subicinio Anglice, *a Jacke* aut galea, Anglice, *a Salet or a Knapescall*, aut aliis armis defensive quibusc. nec equitent aut eor. aliquis equitet super equo aut equa cujus valor, communi hominum æstimatione, excedit six solidos et octo denarios, nisi contra Scotus vel alios regis inimicos. Injungimus præterea quod postquam ingressi fuerint vel eor. aliquis ingressus fuerit cœmiterium, ecclesiæ vel capellæ cujuscunque infra territorium de Tynedall et Riddisdall ad divina inibi audiend. vel orationes inibi faciend. seu alia quæcunq. faciend. abjiciant seu deponant, sicq. eor. quilibet abjiciat et deponat arma invasiva quæc. si quæ habeant, si ad longitudinem unius cubiti se extendant et quamdiu fuerint seu aliquis eor. fuerit infra eand. eccl^{iam} seu capell. aut cœmiter. ejusd. cum nullo sermonem aut verbum habeat nisi cum Curato aut Sacerdote illius eccl^{iae} vel capellæ, sub pœna excomm. majoris, quam in eos et eorum quemlibet casu quo his nostris injunc-

tionibus aut uni eor. non paruerint cum effectu exnunc prout extunc, et extunc prout exnunc, promulgamus, in scriptis justitia mediante vobis igitur &c.

Dat. in castro n^ro^ de Norham sub s. n^ro^ 25 die mens. Sept. A.D. 1498.

No. VIII

DOUBLE OF THE CONTRACT BETWIXT THE KING AND SEVERAL OF HIS SUBJECTS

The original of this curious brief, by which the Borderers renounced their vocation of theft and robbery, is in the hands of the Editor, whose ancestor is one of the parties subscribing. Similar bonds were doubtless executed by the other clans, among whom copies would be distributed for their subscription. This appears to have referred chiefly to the clan of Scott.

We noblemen, barons, landit gentilmen, and uthers, under subscryveing, deiply considering with ourselves the wrackfull and intollerable calamities soe long sustained be us, our frends, our servants, and inhabitants, upon proper lands and heretages, at the hands of theives and murtherers, within the Highlands and Bordours; whereby our bloods have been cruelly shed, our goods be opin depredation violentlie reft and spuilzied, and our most plentifull and profitable roumes, for fear of their incursions and oppressions, left desolat and desert, without tennent or inhabitant, to our inexcuseable reproach and shameful wrack, if wee sall any longer neglect to use sic lawfull and allowable remedies, as God, our honor, and the memorable examples of our worthie predecessors, still extant in the records of ther days, craves at our hands, for the repressing of their insolence: And, considering, therwithall, the royall and princelie disposition of our most gracious soverane lord, utterit everie way for the suppressing of this infamous byke of lawless limmers, and quhat earnest and faithfull dutie our ranks and places craves of us, for the furtherance of his Majesties most honorable resolution at this tyme, for the extermination of sic a venime, whereby our oursights hithertill has bein na litle hinder to the good success of the great care and paynes tane alwayes be his highness and his secret counsell, to work the said effect: Thairfore, and for rameid of our bypast slouth that way, in the fear of God, and with his Majesties gracious approbation and allowance, we all and everie ane of us, have solemnly avowit, sworne, and protestit, lyke as, be the tenor heirof we avow, swear, and protest, upon our consciences and honors, that, as we are in hearts trew and faithfull, and obedient subjects, to the King's Majestie, our sovereign lord and his authoritie, and alwayes answerable to his hienes lawes; so, in our hearts, we abhorre, dampne, and detest all treason, murther,

fire-ryseing, reviseing of women, thift, resset of thift, fortifeieng or assisting with theives, shedding of true mens blood, common and manifest oppression, ressct of persons excommunicat, or at the horne,[1] for criminall causes, with the authors and committers thereof whatsumever; in further taken whereof, we bind and obleis us, our aires and successors of our lands and heretages, to our soverane lord and his successors, that, within ten dayes after our subscription to this present, we sall discharge, and be oppin proclamation at the Mercat-croces of heid-burrowes within the shrifdomes, quherin the theives and limmers dwell, as also, be particular intimation to themselfs, give up all bands of friendship, kyndnes, oversight, maintenance, or assureance, if ony we have, with common theives and broken clans or branches, unanswereable to his hienes lawes: and sall, fra then furth, affauldlie[2] and truelie, joyne and concurre together, als weill in action as in heart, to the pursute, with fire and sword, of all and whatsumever within this realme, of whatsumever clane, qualitie, or surname, who being charged, be opin proclamacione, to compeir to answer to complaints, and to relieve ther masters at his Majestie and true mens hands, are or sall for ther disobedience be denunced fugitives and outlawes, together with whatsoever ther partakers, supliers, and recepters, and all sic other, as frae the tyme they be denunced fugitives, sall furnish to them, ther wyfes or families, meat, drink, herbore, or other confort quhatsumever: As lykewayes we bind and obleis us, in maner forsaid, that if any persone, dwelling within our houses, upon our lands, within our tackes, steadings, roumes, portiounes, baillieries, or other office or jurisdiction quhatsumever, commits ony of the crymes before expreimit, or any uther punishable be lyfe or member, we, or any of us, under quhom the said persone dwells, being required thereto be his Majesties letters valentynes, or charges, or be his highnes consell or justice, sall neither directlie, nor indirectlie, give any warning or advertisement to him, quherby he may eschew his taking; but trewlie and effauldlie sall apprehend, bring and present him to underly his tryell of the cryme quherof he is dilatit, upon fiftein dayes warneing, without shift or excuse quhatsumever, as we sall ansuer to his Majestie upon our honors, and under the paynes contained in the generall bond and acts of Parliament quhatsumever; and sall be comptable to our soverane lord and his hienes thesaurer, for their escheats, in cace they be convict; and, in cace the persone or persons sa dilatit, becomes fugitives, wherby we cannot apprehend them to be presentit, we sall expell, put and hold them furth of our bounds, heretages, tacks and steidings, roumes, bailliaries, and jurisdictions quhatsumever, togither with ther wyfes, bairnes, and families, and sall take fra them their stocke and steiding, and put in other persones to occupy the same; and if it sall happin the saids malefactors to resort or come again within our bounds, or be sufferit to remain therein, with our witting, twelff hours togither, or to repair with our knowledge

[1] Outlawed. [2] Sincerely.

to oppin mercat unapprehendit, in that cace we grant and confess us to be culpable of quhatsumever crymes or skaithes committit be them at any time before or therefter: And if it shall happen at any tyme heirefter, ony creatures, rebells to our soverane lords authoritie, for criminall causes, to repair within our bounds, or any pairt of the shirriffdome, quharein we dwell, we sall be readie to ryse and concurre, with our freinds and forces, to ther pursute, till they be either apprehendit and presented to justice, or put out of the shiriffdome quharein we dwell; moreover, none of us herefter sall tryst or assure with any declared theeves or fugitives, but quhensoever any effray of theeves or reivers happens within our bounds or jurisdictions forsaids, we sall at the affray or forray be ourselves, our servants, kin, freinds, and sae many partakers as we may get, ryse, follow, and pursue the saids theeves and reivers, at the outermost of our power, as we wold doe to the rescue of our owne propper goods in cace they were in the lyke danger, being alwayes warned thereto be the scout-baillie in the countrie, requisitione of partie, or otherwayes quhatsumever: And if it be found, that we ly still at siclike effrayes and suffers the saids theeves and rubbers to pass throw our boundis, without purseuing them and making uther thorture or impediment we may, in that cace we accept on us the guiltiness of quhatsumever theft or uther cryme that they commit, as perters with them therin and punisheable therefore, conforme to the act of Parliament: And if it shall happin any stowth-reiff[1] or oppression to be committed at any tyme heirefter, upon any his heines subjects, be any inhabitants within our boundis and jurisdictions forsaids, the same being notified to us be the owners of the goods, or any uther follower therof in ther names, and the persone and place showin to us be quhom the gudes are stollen, and quhar they are resett within our boundis, we sall, immediatlie therefter, be ourselves, or be some speciall freind or servant, ayde and addresse us to the said place, and finding the goods ther, shall sie them rendered to the follower, without gratitude or good deid, and therwith sall apprehend the theif, if he be present on the ground, or can be found within our bounds, then, or at any tyme therefter, and present him to his Majestie, or to his justice, to be punished according to his merit; or, if we cannot find him, we sall intimate his name to the shriff, stewart, or wardane, to be denunced fugitives be them at the Mercat-croce of the next heidburgh, that he, his wyfe, and familie, therefter may be used in manner foresaid: Likewayes, that nane of us heirefter sall, aither opinlie or privilie, for any theif-hider, entertainer, or resetter of theft or theftous goods, assist nor defend them directlie nor indirectlie, solisit for their impunitie, or bear grudge, rancoure, or quarrell againes any man for their dilatione, apprehension, or pursute in any sorte, under the pain of infame and acceptance upon us of the guiltines of the said cryme, in cace they be convict: And if it sall happen us, or any of us, at ony tyme heirefter, to meit

[1] Robbery.

with ony notorious theif or lymmer, whom we may tak, we sall not faillie to apprehend, keip, and detaine him, in sure capptivitie and firmance, unfred or set to libertie, upon quhatsumever band, promise, restitutione, or assurance, he can giue us; but sall present him to his Majestie, his counsell or justice, to be punished for his offence, under the paine, likewayes, to be repute culpable of his theftuous deids, and punishable accordinglie: And finallie, that we ourselves and all sic persons quhatsumever, as dwells upon our lands and others forsaids, sall alwayes be answerable to our soverane lord and his auctoritie, and sall compeir before his hieness and his counsell, quhensoever we shall happin to be charged for that effect, under the paines contained in the acts of caution found for observation of the generall bands: And gif for execution of any of the premisses, we, or any of us, be quarrelled be ony clan, brensche, or surname, to quhom the theeves pertaines, we bind and obleis us and our forsaids, affauldie and truelie, to concurre and assist with others against the brensch, surname or clann, that quarrells, as if it were our proper caus; and sall esteem the feid, if any follow, equall to us all. In witness quhareof, our soverane lord, in taken of his said approbation, and allowance of the premisses, and evere ane of us, for us and our forsaids, have subscryvit this present, to be insert and registrat in the books of the secret counsell, and to have the strength of ane decreit thereof against the contraveiners. Wherunto our subscriptions sall serue for ane sufficient warrand for everie ane of us. This band, written be William Wylie, clerk, *Sic subscribitur*. James R., Lenox, Huntlie, Montross Cancellarius, Angus, Herys, Caithness, Traquair, Lochinvar, Johnstoun, Drumlangric, David Scot of Stobneill. *Apud* Jedburgh, 29th March, 1612, Walter Scot of Goldielands, Walter Scot of Tishelaw, Robert Scot, his sone, James Gledstanes of Cocklaw, William Elliot of Falneish, Robert Scot of Satsheills, Walter Scot of Harden, Sym Scot of Bonniton, and William Scot in Burnfute in the Water of Aill, with our hands at the pen, led be James Primerose, clerk of counsell, at our command. J. Primerose. Robert Scott in Stirkfield, with hand at the pen led be William Wyly, wryter of this band. William Scot of Hartwoodmyres, Philip Scot of Dryhop, Robert Scot of Aikwood, William Scot of Howpasly. Jedburgh, 29th of October, 1612, William Scot of Whythaught, James Scot of Gilmerscleugh, and John Dalgleish of Douchar, with our hands at the pen, led be William Wylie, clerk. W. Wylie.

MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER

PART FIRST

HISTORICAL BALLADS

MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER

SIR PATRICK SPENS

ONE edition of the present ballad is well known, having appeared in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, and having been inserted in almost every subsequent collection of Scottish songs. But it seems to have occurred to no editor that a more complete copy of the song might be procured. That with which the public is now presented is taken from two MS. copies,[1] collated with several verses recited by the Editor's friend, Robert Hamilton, Esq., advocate, being the 16th and the four which follow. But even with the assistance of the common copy, the ballad seems still to be a fragment. The cause of Sir Patrick Spens's voyage is, however, pointed out distinctly; and it shows that the song has claim to high antiquity, as referring to a very remote period in Scottish history.

Alexander III of Scotland died in 1285: and, for the misfortune of his country, as well as his own, he had been bereaved of all his children before his decease. The crown of Scotland descended upon his granddaughter Margaret, termed by our historians the *Maid of Norway*. She was the only offspring of a marriage betwixt Eric, King of Norway, and Margaret, daughter of Alexander III. The kingdom had been secured to her by the Parliament of Scotland, held at Scone the year preceding her grandfather's death. The regency of Scotland entered into a congress with the ministers of the King of Norway, and with those of England, for the establishment of good order in the kingdom of the infant princess. Shortly afterwards, Edward I conceived the idea of matching his eldest son, Edward, Prince of Wales, with the young Queen of Scotland. The plan was eagerly embraced by the Scottish nobles; for, at that time, there was little of the national animosity which afterwards blazed betwixt the countries, and they patriotically looked forward to the important advantage of uniting the island of Britain into one kingdom. But Eric of Norway seems to have been unwilling to deliver up his daughter; and

[1] That the public might possess this curious fragment as entire as possible, the Editor gave one of these copies, which seems the most perfect, to Mr Robert Jamieson to be inserted in his collection. It also has been published, with many curious illustrations, in Mr John Finlay's *Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads*. Glasgow, 1808.

while the negotiations were thus protracted, the death of the Maid of Norway effectually crushed a scheme the consequences of which might have been that the distinction betwixt England and Scotland would, in our day, have been as obscure and uninteresting as that of the realms of the heptarchy (Hailes' *Annals*, Fordun, etc.).

The unfortunate voyage of Sir Patrick Spens may really have taken place, for the purpose of bringing back the Maid of Norway to her own kingdom; a purpose which was probably defeated by the jealousy of the Norwegians and the reluctance of King Eric. I find no traces of the disaster in Scottish history; but, when we consider the meagre materials whence Scottish history is drawn, this is no conclusive argument against the truth of the tradition. That a Scottish vessel, sent upon such an embassy, might, as represented in the ballad, have been freighted with the noblest youth in the kingdom is sufficiently probable; and, having been delayed in Norway till the tempestuous season was come on, its fate can be no matter of surprise. The commissioners recorded in history as having been formally sent by the Scottish nation to receive their Queen were Sir David Wemyss of Wemyss and Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie; the same whose knowledge, surpassing that of his age, procured him the reputation of a wizard. But perhaps the expedition of Sir Patrick Spens was previous to their embassy. The introduction of the King into the ballad seems a deviation from history, unless we suppose that Alexander was, before his death, desirous to see his grandchild and heir.

The Scottish monarchs were much addicted to "sit in Dunfermline town" previous to the accession of the Bruce dynasty; it was a favourite abode of Alexander himself, who was killed by a fall from his horse in the vicinity and was buried in the abbey of Dunfermline.[1]

There is a beautiful German translation of this ballad, as it appeared in the *Reliques*, in the Volks-Lieder of Professor Herder; an elegant work, in which it is only to be regretted that the actual popular songs of the Germans form so trifling a proportion.

The tune of Mr Hamilton's copy of *Sir Patrick Spens* is different from that to which the words are commonly sung, being less plaintive and having a bold nautical turn in the close.

The King sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
"O[1] whare will I get a skeely skipper,[2]
To sail this new ship of mine?"

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the King's right knee,—
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sail'd the sea."

---

[1] In singing, the interjection O is added to the second and fourth lines.
[2] *Skeely skipper*—Skilful mariner.

Our King has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The King's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughed he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e.

"O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the King o' me,
To send us out, at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The King's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say,—

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our King's goud,
And a' our Queenis fee."
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie.

"For I brought as much white monie,
As gane[1] my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou[2] o' gude red goud,
Out o'er the sea, wi' me.

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[1] *Gane*—Suffice. [2] *Half-fou*—the eighth part of a peck.

"Make ready, make ready, my merrymen a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And, if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the top-masts lap,[1]
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall top-mast;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

"Gae, fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let na the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another of the twine,
And they wapped them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith, were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heel'd shoon!
But lang or a' the play was play'd,
They wat their hats aboon.

[1] *Lap*—Sprang.

And mony was the feather-bed,
That flattered[1] on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son,
That never mair cam hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves;
For them they'll see na mair.

O lang, lang, may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang, may the maidens sit,
Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see na mair.

O forty miles off Aberdeen,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

NOTES

To send us out, at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?—P. 99, v. 4.

By a Scottish act of parliament it was enacted, that no ship should be freighted out of the kingdom with any staple goods, betwixt the feast of St Simon's day and Jude and Candlemas (*James III, Parliament 2d, chap.* 15). Such was the terror entertained for navigating the north seas in winter.

When a bout flew out of our goodly ship.—P. 100, v. 7.

I believe a modern seaman would say, a plank had started, which must have been a frequent incident during the infancy of shipbuilding. Mr Finlay, however, thinks it rather means that a bolt gave way. The remedy applied seems to be that mentioned in Cook's *Voyages*, when, upon some occasion to stop a leak which could not be got at in the inside, a quilted sail was brought under the vessel, which being drawn into the leak by the suction, prevented the entry of more water. Chaucer says,

"There n'is na new guise that it na'as old."

O forty miles off Aberdeen.—P. 101, v. 5.

This concluding verse differs in the three copies of the ballad which I have collated. The printed edition bears,

"Have owre, have owre to Aberdour";

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[1] *Flattered*—Fluttered, or rather floated, on the foam.

And one of the MSS. reads,

" At the back of auld St Johnstone Dykes."

But in a voyage from Norway a shipwreck on the north coast seems as probable as either in the Firth of Forth or Tay; and the ballad states the disaster to have taken place out of sight of land.

AULD MAITLAND

THIS ballad, notwithstanding its present appearance, has a claim to very high antiquity. It has been preserved by tradition, and is, perhaps, the most authentic instance of a long and very old poem exclusively thus preserved. It is only known to a few old people upon the sequestered banks of the Ettrick, and is published as written down from the recitation of the mother of Mr James Hogg,[1] who sings, or rather chants it, with great animation. She learned the ballad from a blind man, who died at the advanced age of ninety, and is said to have been possessed of much traditionary knowledge. Although the language of this poem is much modernised, yet many words, which the reciters have retained without understanding them, still preserve traces of its antiquity. Such are the words, *springals* (corruptedly pronounced *springwalls*), *sowies*, *portcullize*, and many other appropriate terms of war and chivalry, which could never have been introduced by a modern ballad-maker. The incidents are striking and well-managed, and they are in strict conformity with the manners of the age in which they are placed. The Editor has, therefore, been induced to illustrate them, at considerable length, by parallel passages from Froissart and other historians of the period to which the events refer.

The date of the ballad cannot be ascertained with any degree of accuracy. Sir Richard Maitland, the hero of the poem, seems to have been in possession of his estate about 1250; so that, as he survived the commencement of the wars betwixt England and Scotland, in 1296, his prowess against the English, in defence of his castle of Lauder, or Thirlestane, must have been exerted during his extreme old age. He seems to have been distinguished for devotion as well as valour; for, A.D. 1249, Dominus Ricardus de Mautlant gave to the abbey of Dryburgh "*terras suas de Haubentside, in territorio suo de Thirlestane, pro salute animæ suæ, et sponsæ suæ, antecessorum*

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[1] This old woman is still alive, and at present resides at Craig of Douglas, in Selkirkshire [1805]. The mother of the " Ettrick Shepherd " is now deceased [1820].

suorum et successorum suorum, in perpetuum."[1] He also gave to the same convent "*omnes terras quas Walterus de Giling tenuit in feodo suo de Thirlestane, et pastura incommuni de Thirlestane, ad quadraginta oves, sexaginta vaccas, et ad viginti equos*" (Cartulary of Dryburgh Abbey, in the Advocates' Library).

From the following ballad, and from the family traditions referred to in the Maitland MSS., Auld Maitland appears to have had three sons; but we learn from the latter authority that only one survived him, who was thence surnamed *Burd-alane*, which signifies either *unequalled* or *solitary*. A *Consolation*, addressed to Sir Richard Maitland, of Lethington, a poet and scholar, who flourished about the middle of the sixteenth century, and who gives name to the Maitland MSS., draws the following parallel betwixt his domestic misfortunes and those of the first Sir Richard, his great ancestor :—

"Sic destanie and derfe devoring deid
Oft his own hous in hazard put of auld;
Bot your forbeiris, frovard fortounes steid
And bitter blastes ay buir with breistis bauld;
Luit wanweirdis work and walter ay they wald,
Thair hardie hairtis, hawtie and heroik,
For fortounes feid or force wald never fauld;
But stormis withstand with stomak stout and stoik.

Renowned Richert of your race record,
Quhais prais and prowis cannot be exprest;
Mair lustie lynyage nevir haid ane lord,
For he begat the bauldest bairnis and best,
Maist manful men, and madinis most modest,
That ever wes syn Pyramus son of Troy;
But piteouslie thai peirles perles a pest
Bereft him all bot Buird-allane, a boy.

Himselfe was aiget, his hous hang be a har,
Duill and distres almaist to deid him draife;
Yet Burd-allane, his only son and air,
As wretched, vyiss, and valient, as the laive,
His hous uphail'd, quhilk ye with honor haive.
So nature that the lyk invyand name,
In kindlie cair dois kindly courage craif,[2]
To follow him in fortoune and in fame.

Richerd he wes, Richerd ye are also,
And Maitland als, and magnanime as he;
In als great age, als wrappit are in wo,
Sewin sons[3] ye haid might contravaill his thrie,

[1] There exists also an indenture, or bond, entered into by Patrick, Abbot of Kelsau, and his convent, referring to an engagement betwixt them and Sir Richard Maitland, and Sir William, his eldest son, concerning the lands of Hedderwicke and the pasturages of Thirlestane and Blythe. This Patrick was abbot of Kelso betwixt 1258 and 1260.

[2] *i.e.*, Similar family distress demands the same family courage.

[3] "This must include sons-in-law; for the last Sir Richard, like his predecessor, had only three sons, namely, (1) William, the famous secretary of Queen Mary; (2) Sir John, who alone survived him, and is the *Burd-allane* of the Consolation; (3) Thomas, a youth of great hopes, who died in Italy.

Bot Burd-allane ye haive behind as he :
The lord his linage so inlarge in lyne,
And mony hundreith nepotis grie and grie[1]
Sen Richert wes as hundreth yeiris are hyne."

An Consolator Ballad to the Richt Honorabill Sir Richert Maitland, of Lethingtoune.—Maitland MSS. in Library of Edinburgh University.

Sir William Mautlant, or Maitland, the eldest and sole surviving son of Sir Richard, ratified and confirmed to the monks of Dryburgh "*omnes terras quas Dominus Ricardus de Mautlant, pater suus, fecit dictis monachis in territorio suo de Thirlestane.*" Sir William is supposed to have died about 1315 (Crawford's *Peerage*).

Such were the heroes of the ballad. The castle of Thirlestane is situated upon the Leader, near the town of Lauder. Whether the present building, which was erected by Chancellor Maitland, and improved by the Duke of Lauderdale, occupies the site of the ancient castle, I do not know ; but it still merits the epithet of a " *darksome house.*" I find no notice of the siege in history ; but there is nothing improbable in supposing that the castle, during the stormy period of the Baliol wars, may have held out against the English. The creation of a nephew of Edward I, for the pleasure of slaying him by the hand of young Maitland, is a poetical licence,[2] and may induce us to place the date of the composition about the reign of David II, or of his successor, when the real exploits of Maitland and his sons were in some degree obscured, as well as magnified, by the lapse of time. The inveterate hatred against the English, founded upon the usurpation of Edward I, glows in every line of the ballad.

Auld Maitland is placed by Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, among the popular heroes of romance, in his allegorical *Palice of Honour* :[3]

" I saw Raf Coilyear with his thrawin brow,
Crabit John the Reif, and auld Cowkilbeis Sow ;
And how the wran cam out of Ailsay,
And Piers Plowman, that meid his workmen few ;
Gret Gowmacmorne, and Fyn Mac Cowl, and how
They suld be goddis in Ireland, as they say.
Thair saw I Maitland upon auld bierd gray,
Robin Hude, and Gilbert with the quhite hand,
How Hay of Nauchton flew in Madin land."

But he had four daughters, married to gentlemen of fortune " (Pinkerton's *List of Scottish Poets*, p. 114).

[1] In regular descent ; from *gre*, French.

[2] Such liberties with the genealogy of monarchs were common to romancers. Henry the Minstrel makes Wallace slay more than one of King Edward's nephews ; and Johnie Armstrong claims the merit of slaying a sister's son of Henry VIII.

[3] It is impossible to pass over this curious list of Scottish romancers without a note ; to do any justice to the subject would require an essay. *Raf Coilyear* is said to have been printed by Lekprevick in 1572 and of late recovered ; has been reprinted by Mr David Laing of Edinburgh. Though it is now known only in its Scotch dress, this piece appears have to been originally French.

In this curious verse the most noted romances or popular histories of the poet's day seem to be noticed. The preceding stanza describes the sports of the field, and that which follows refers to the tricks of "jugailrie"; so that the three verses comprehend the whole pastimes of the middle ages, which are aptly represented as the furniture of dame Venus's chamber. The verse referring to Maitland is obviously

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John the Reif, as well as the former personage, is mentioned by Dunbar in one of his poems, where he styles mean persons

"Kyne of Rauf Colyard, and Johne the Reif."

They seem to have been both robbers. Lord Hailes conjectured John the Reif to be the same with Johnie Armstrong; but surely not with his usual accuracy, for the *Palice of Honour* was printed twenty-eight years before Johnie's execution. John the Reif is mentioned by Lindesay in his tragedy of *Cardinal Beatoun*:—

"—disagysit, like John the Raif, he geid."

Cowkilbeis Sow is a strange legend in the Bannatyne MSS. See *Complaynt of Scotland*, p. 131.

How the wran came out of Ailsay.—The wren, I know not why, is often celebrated in Scottish song. The Testament of the Wren is still sung by the children, beginning,

"The wren she lies in Care's nest,
Wi' meikle dole and pyne."

This may be a modification of the ballad in the text.

Piers Plowman is well known. Under the uncouth names of Gow Mac Morn, and of Fyn Mac Cowl, the admirers of Ossian are to recognize Gaul, the son of Morni, and Fingal himself; *heu, quantum mutatus ab illo!*

To illustrate the familiar character of *Robin Hood* would be an insult to my readers; but they may be less acquainted with *Gilbert with the White Hand*, one of his brave followers. He is mentioned in the oldest legend of that outlaw, Ritson's *Robin Hood*, p. 52.

"Thryes Robin shot about,
And alway he slist the wand;
And so dyde good *Gylberte*
With the White Hand."

Hay of Nachton I take to be the knight mentioned by Wintown, whose feats of war and travel may have become the subject of a romance or ballad. He fought in Flanders, under Alexander, Earl of Mar, in 1408, and is thus described:

"Lord of the Nachtane, Schire William,
Ane honest knycht, and of gud fame,
A travalit knycht lang before than."

And again, before an engagement:

"The Lord of Nachtane, Schire William
The Hay, a knycht than of gud fame,
Mad Schire Gilberte the Hay, knycht."
Cronykil, bk. ix, c. 27.

I apprehend we should read,

"How Hay of Nachton *slew* in Madin land."

Perhaps Madin is a corruption for Maylin, or Milan land.

corrupted; the true reading was, probably, "*with his* auld beird gray." Indeed the whole verse is full of errors and corruptions, which is the greater pity, as it conveys information to be found nowhere else.

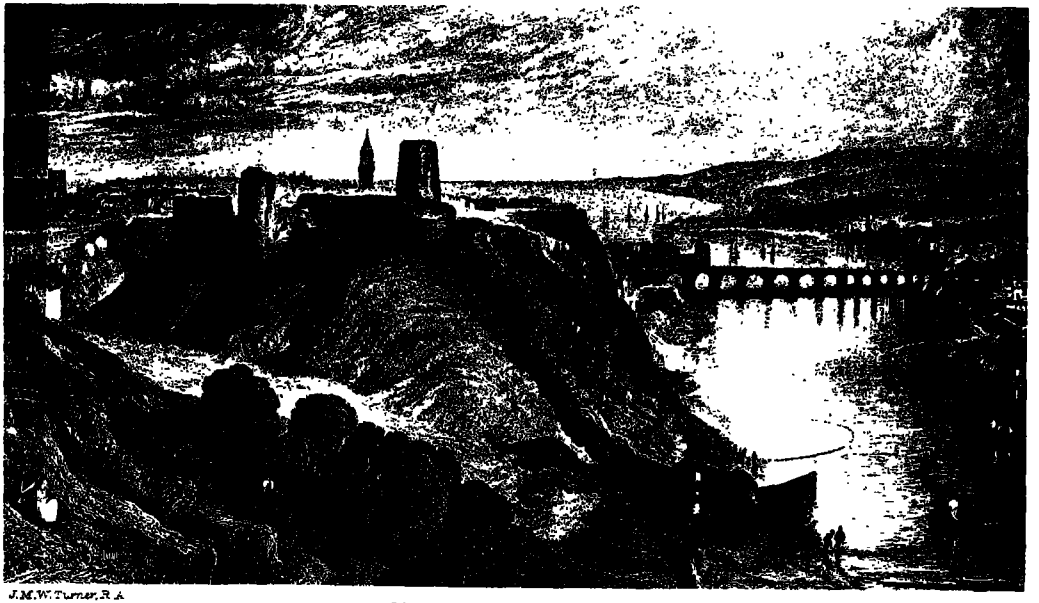
The descendant of Auld Maitland, Sir Richard, of Lethington, seems to have been frequently complimented on the popular renown of his great ancestor. We have already seen one instance; and in an elegant copy of verses in the Maitland MSS., in praise of Sir Richard's seat of Lethington, which he had built or greatly improved, this obvious topic of flattery does not escape the poet. From the terms of his panegyric we learn that the exploits of auld Sir Richard with the grey beard, and of his three sons, were "sung in many far countrie, albeit in rural rhyme"; from which we may infer that they were narrated rather in the shape of a popular ballad than in a *romance of price*. If this be the case, the song now published may have undergone little variation since the date of the Maitland MSS.; for, divesting the poem in praise of Lethington of its antique spelling, it would run as smoothly and appear as modern as any verse in the following ballad. The lines alluded to are addressed to the castle of Lethington:

"And happie art thou sic a place,
That few thy maik are sene;
But yit mair happie far that race
To quhome thou dois pertene.
Quha dois not knaw the Maitland bluid,
The best in all this land?
In quhilk sumtyme the honour stuid
And worship of Scotland.

Of auld Sir Richard, of that name,
We have hard sing and say;
Of his triumphant nobill fame,
And of his auld baird gray.
And of his nobill sonnis three,
Quhilk that tyme had no maik;
Quhilk maid Scotland renounit be,
And all England to quaik.

Quhais luifing praysis, maid trewlie,
Efter that simple tyme,
Ar sung in monie far countrie,
Albeit in rural rhyme.
And, gif I dar the treuth declair,
And nane me fleitschour call,
I can to him find a compair,
And till his barnis all."

It is a curious circumstance that this interesting tale, so often referred to by ancient authors, should be now recovered in so perfect a state; and many readers may be pleased to see the following sensible observations, made by a person born in Ettrick Forest, in the humble situation of a shepherd: "I am surprised to hear that this song is suspected by some to be a modern forgery; the contrary will be best proved by most of the old people hereabouts having a great



J.M.W. Turner, R.A.

BERWICK-UPON-TWEED

part of it by heart. Many, indeed, are not aware of the manners of this country: till this present age, the poor illiterate people in these glens knew of no other entertainment in the long winter nights than repeating and listening to the feats of their ancestors recorded in songs, which I believe to be handed down from father to son for many generations; although, no doubt, had a copy been taken at the end of every fifty years there must have been some difference, occasioned by the gradual change of language. I believe it is thus that many very ancient songs have been gradually modernized to the common ear, while, to the connoisseur, they present marks of their genuine antiquity."—*Letter to the Editor, from Mr James Hogg.* To the observations of my ingenious correspondent I have nothing to add, but that, in this and a thousand other instances, they accurately coincide with my personal knowledge.

There lived a king in southern land,
  King Edward hight his name;
Unwordily he wore the crown,
  Till fifty years were gane.

He had a sister's son o's ain,
  Was large of blood and bane;
And afterward, when he came up,
  Young Edward hight his name.

One day he came before the king,
  And kneel'd low on his knee—
"A boon, a boon, my good uncle,
  I crave to ask of thee!

"At our lang wars, in fair Scotland,
  I fain hae wished to be;
If fifteen hundred waled[1] wight men
  You'll grant to ride wi' me."

"Thou sall hae thae, thou sall hae mae;
  I say it sickerlie;
And I mysell, an auld gray man,
  Array'd your host sall see."

King Edward rade, King Edward ran—
  I wish him dool and pyne!
Till he had fifteen hundred men
  Assembled on the Tyne.

And thrice as many at Berwicke[2]
  Were all for battle bound,
Who, marching forth with false Dunbar,
  A ready welcome found.

[1] Chosen.

[2] North Berwick, according to some reciters.

They lighted on the banks of Tweed,
And blew their coals sae het,
And fired the Merse and Teviotdale,
All in an evening late.

As they fared up o'er Lammermore,
They burned baith up and down,
Untill they came to a darksome house;
Some call it Leader-Town.

"Wha hauds this house?" young Edward cry'd,
"Or wha gies't ower to me?"
A gray-hair'd knight set up his head,
And crackit right crousely:

"Of Scotland's king I haud my house;
He pays me meat and fee;
And I will keep my gude auld house,
While my house will keep me."

They laid their sowies to the wall,
Wi' mony a heavy peal;
But he threw ower to them agen
Baith pitch and tar barrel.

With springalds, stanes, and gads of airn,
Among them fast he threw;
Till mony of the Englishmen
About the wall he slew.

Full fifteen days that braid host lay,
Sieging auld Maitland keen,
Syne they hae left him, hail and fair,
Within his strength of stane.

Then fifteen barks, all gaily good,
Met them upon a day,
Which they did lade with as much spoil
As they could bear away.

"England's our ain by heritage;
And what can us withstand,
Now we hae conquer'd fair Scotland,
With buckler, bow, and brand?"

Then they are on to the land o' France,
Where auld King Edward lay,
Burning baith castle, tower, and town,
That he met in his way.

Untill he came unto that town,
Which some call Billop-Grace
There were Auld Maitland's sons, a' three,
Learning at school, alas!

The eldest to the youngest said,
" O see ye what I see?
Gin a' be trew yon standard says,[1]
We're fatherlesse a' three.

" For Scotland's conquer'd, up and down
Landmen we'll never be:
Now will ye go, my brethren two,
And try some jeopardy? "

Then they hae saddled twa black horse,
Twa black horse and a grey;
And they are on to King Edward's host,
Before the dawn of day.

When they arriv'd before the host,
They hover'd on the lay—
" Wilt thou lend me our king's standard,
To bear a little way? "

" Where wast thou bred? where wast thou born?
Where, or in what country? "
" In north of England I was born ":
(It needed him to lie.)

" A knight me gat, a lady bore,
I'm a squire of high renowne;
I well may bear't to any king,
That ever yet wore crowne."

" He ne'er came of an Englishman,
Had sic an e'e or bree;
But thou art the likest Auld Maitland,
That ever I did see.

" But sic a gloom on ae brow-head,
Grant I ne'er see agane!
For mony of our men he slew,
And mony put to pain."

When Maitland heard his father's name,
An angry man was he!
Then lifting up a gilt dagger,
Hung low down upon his knee—

[1] Edward had quartered the arms of Scotland with his own.

He stabb'd the knight the standard bore,
He stabb'd him cruellie;
Then caught the standard by the neuk,
And fast away rode he.

"Now, is't na time, brothers," he cried,
"Now, is't na time to flee?"
"Ay, by my sooth!" they baith replied,
"We'll bear you company."

The youngest turn'd him in a path,
And drew a burnished brand,
And fifteen of the foremost slew,
Till back the lave did stand.

He spurr'd the grey into the path,
Till baith his sides they bled—
"Grey! thou maun carry me away,
Or my life lies in wad?"

The captain lookit ower the wa',
About the break o' day;
There he beheld the three Scots lads
Pursued along the way.

"Pull up portcullize! down draw-brigg!
My nephews are at hand;
And they sall lodge wi' me to-night,
In spite of all England."

Whene'er they came within the yate,
They thrust their horse them frae,
And took three lang spears in their hands,
Saying, "Here sall come nae mae!"

And they shot out, and they shot in,
Till it was fairly day;
When mony of the Englishmen
Along the draw-brigg lay.

Then they hae yoked carts and wains,
To ca' their dead away,
And shot auld dykes aboon the lave,
In gutters where they lay.

The king, at his pavilion door,
Was heard aloud to say,
"Last night three o' the lads o' France
My standard stole away.

" Wi' a fause tale, disguis'd, they came,
And wi' a fauser trayne;
And to regain my gaye standard,
These men were a' down slayne."

" It ill befits," the youngest said,
A crowned king to lie;
But, or that I taste meat and drink,
Reproved sall he be."

He went before King Edward strait,
And kneel'd low on his knee;
" I wad hae leave, my lord," he said,
" To speak a word wi' thee."

The king he turn'd him round about,
And wistna what to say—
Quo' he, " Man, thou's hae leave to speak,
Tho' thou should speak a' day."

" Ye said, that three young lads o' France
Your standard stole away,
Wi' a fause tale, and fauser trayne,
And mony men did slay:

" But we are nane the lads o' France,
Nor e'er pretend to be;
We are three lads o' fair Scotland,
Auld Maitland's sons are we;

" Nor is there men, in a' your host,
Daur fight us three to three."
" Now, by my sooth," young Edward said,
" Weel fitted ye sall be!

" Piercy sall wi' the eldest fight,
And Ethert Lunn wi' thee:
William of Lancaster the third,
And bring your fourth to me! "

" *Remember, Piercy, aft the Scot*[1]
Has cower'd beneath thy hand:
For every drap of Maitland blood,
I'll gie a rig of land."

He clanked Piercy ower the head,
A deep wound and a sair,
Till the best blood o' his bodie
Came rinning down his hair.

[1] The two first lines are modern, to supply an imperfect stanza.

" Now I have slayne ane; slay ye the twa;
And that's gude companye;
And if the twa suld slay you baith,
Ye'se get na help frae me."

But Ethert Lunn, a baited bear,
Had many battles seen;
He set the youngest wonder sair,
Till the eldest he grew keen—

" I am nae king, nor nae sic thing:
My word it shanna stand!
For Ethert sall a buffet bide,
Come he beneath my brand."

He clankit Ethert ower the head,
A deep wound and a sair,
Till the best blood of his bodie
Came rinning ower his hair.

" Now I've slayne twa; slay ye the ane;
Is na that gude companye?
And tho' the ane suld slay ye baith,
Ye'se get na help o' me."

The twa-some they hae slayne the ane;
They maul'd him cruellie;
Then hung them over the draw-brigg,
That all the host might see.

They rade their horse, they ran their horse,
Then hovered on the lee;
" We be three lads o' fair Scotland,
That fain wad fighting see."

This boasting, when young Edward heard,
An angry man was he!
" I'll tak yon lad, I'll bind yon lad,
And bring him bound to thee!"

" Now God forbid," King Edward said,
" That ever thou suld try!
Three worthy leaders we hae lost,
And thou the fourth wad lie.

" If thou shouldst hang on yon draw-brigg,
Blythe wad I never be!"
But, wi' the poll-axe in his hand,
Upon the brigg sprang he.

The first stroke that young Edward gae,
He struck wi' might and mayn;
He clove the Maitlan's helmet stout,
And bit right nigh the brayn.

When Maitland saw his ain blood fa',
An angry man was he!
He let his weapon frae him fa',
And at his throat did flee.

And thrice about he did him swing,
Till on the ground he light,
Where he has halden young Edward,
Tho' he was great in might.

"Now let him up," King Edward cried,
"And let him come to me!
And for the deed that thou hast done,
Thou shalt hae erldomes three!"

"Its ne'er be said in France, nor e'er
In Scotland, when I'm hame,
That Edward once lay under me,
And e'er gat up again!"

He pierced him through and through the heart;
He maul'd him cruellie;
Then hung him ower the draw-brigg,
Beside the other three.

"Now, take frae me that feather-bed!
Make me a bed o' strae!
I wish I hadna lived this day,
To mak my heart sae wae.

"If I were ance at London tower,
Where I was wont to be,
I never mair suld gang frae hame,
Till borne on a bier tree."

NOTES

Young Edward hight his name.—P. 107, v. 2.

Were it possible to find an authority for calling this personage *Edmund*, we should be a step nearer history; for a brother, though not a nephew of Edward I, so named, died in Gascony during an unsuccessful campaign against the French (Knighton, lib. iii, chap. 8).

I wish him dool and pyne!—P. 107, v. 6.

Thus Spenser in *Mother Huberd's Tale*—

"Thus in this ape became a shepherd swain,
And the false fox his dog, God give them pain!"

Who, marching forth with false Dunbar,
A ready welcome found.—P. 107, v. 7.

These two lines are modern, and inserted to complete the verse. Dunbar, the fortress of Patrick, Earl of March, was too often opened to the English by the treachery of that baron during the reign of Edward I.

They laid their sowies to the wall,
Wi' mony a heavy peal.—P. 108, v. 5.

In this and the following verse the attack and defence of a fortress, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, is described accurately and concisely. The sow was a military engine resembling the Roman *testudo*. It was framed of wood covered with hides and mounted on wheels, so that being rolled forwards to the foot of the besieged wall it served as a shed or cover to defend the miners, or those who wrought the battering-ram, from the stones and arrows of the garrison. In the course of the famous defence made by Black Agnes, Countess of March, of her husband's castle of Dunbar, Montague, Earl of Salisbury, who commanded the besiegers, caused one of these engines to be wheeled up to the wall. The Countess, who with her damsels kept her station on the battlements, and affected to wipe off with her handkerchief the dust raised by the stones hurled from the English machines, awaited the approach of this new engine of assault. "Beware, Montague," she exclaimed, while the fragment of a rock was discharged from the wall—"Beware, Montague! for farrow shall thy sow!"[1] Their cover being dashed to pieces, the assailants with great loss and difficulty scrambled back to their trenches. "By the regard of such a ladye," would Froissart have said, "and by her comforting, a man ought to be worth two men at need." The sow was called by the French *Truie*. See Hailes' *Annals*, vol. ii, p. 89; Wyntoun's *Cronykil*, bk. viii; *William of Malmesbury*, lib. iv.

The memory of the *sow* is preserved in Scotland by two trifling circumstances. The name given to an oblong haystack is a *hay-sow*, and this may give us a good idea of the form of the machine. Children also play at a game with cherry-stones, placing a small heap on the ground which they term a *sowie*, endeavouring to hit it by throwing single cherry-stones, as the sow was formerly battered from the walls of the besieged fortress. My companions at the High School of Edinburgh will remember what was meant by *herrying a sowie*. It is strange to find traces of military antiquities in the occupation of the husbandman and the sports of children.

The pitch and tar barrels of Maitland were intended to consume the formidable machines of the English. Thus at a fabulous siege of York, by Sir William Wallace, the same mode of defence is adopted:

"The Englishmen, that cruel were and kene,
Keeped their town, and fended there full fast;
Faggots of fire among the host they cast,
Up *pitch and tar* on feil *sowis* they lent;
Many were hurt ere they from the walls went;
Stones on springalds they did cast out so fast,
And goads of iron made mony grone agast."
Henry the Minstrel's *History of Wallace*, bk. viii, c. 5.

[1] This sort of bravado seems to have been fashionable in those times: "Et avec drapeaux et leurs chaperons, ils torchoient les murs à l'endroit où les pierres venoient frapper" (*Notice des Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque Nationale*).

A more authentic illustration may be derived from Barbour's Account of the Siege of Berwick by Edward II in 1319, when a *sow* was brought on to the attack by the English, and burned by the combustibles hurled down upon it through the device of John Crab, a Flemish engineer in the Scottish service.

"And thai, that at the sege lay,
Or it was passyt the fyft day,
Had made thaim syndry apparall,
To gang eft sonys till assaill.
Off gret gests a *sow* thai maid,
That stalwart heildyne aboyne it haid;
With armyt men inew tharin,
And instruments for to myne.
Syndry scaffalds thai maid withall,
That war wele heyar than the wall,
And ordanyt als that, be the se,
The town suld weill assailyt be.

Thai within, that saw thaim swa,
Swa gret apparaill schap to ma,
Throw Craby's cunsaill that wes sley,
A crane thai haiff gert dress up hey,
Rynnand on quheills, that thai micht bryng
It quhar that nede war off helping.
And pyk, and ter, als haiff thai tane;
And lynt, and herds, and brymstane;
And dry treyis that wele wald brin,
And mellyt aythir other in:
And gret fagalds thairoff thai maid,
Gyrdyt with irne bands braid.
The fagalds weill mycht mesuryt be,
Till a gret towrys quantite.
The fagalds bryning in a ball,
With thair cran thoucht till awaill;
And giff the sow come to the wall,
To lay it brynand on her fall;
And with stark chenyeis hald it thar,
Quhill all war brynt up that thar war.

. . . . . .

Upon sic maner gan thai fycht,
Quhill it wes ner none off the day,
That thai without, on gret aray,
Pryssyt thair *sow* towart the wall;
And thai within sone gert call
The engynour, that takyn was,
And gret menance till hym mais,
And swour that he suld dey, bot he
Prowyt on the sow sic sutelté
That he to fruschyt ilk dele,
And he, that hath persawyt wele
That the dede wes wele ner hym till,
Bot giff he mycht fulfil thair will
Thoucht that he at hys mycht wald do.
Bendyt in gret by then wes sche,
That till the sow wes ewyn set.
In hy he gert draw the cleket;
And smertly swappyt owt a stane,
Ewyn our the sow the stane is gane,

And behind it a litill way
It fell: and then they cryt, "Hey!"
That war in hyr, "furth to the wall,
For dredles it is ours all!"

The gynour than deleuerly
Gert bend the gyn in full gret hy;
And the stane smertly swappyt out.
It flaw out quethyr, and with a rout,
And fell rycht ewyn befor the sow.
Thair harts than begouth to grow.
Bot yhet than, with thair mychts all
Thai pressyt the sow towart the wall;
And has hyr set tharto gentilly.
The gynour than gert bend in hy
The gyne, and wappyt owt the stane,
That ewyn towart the left is gane,
And with gret wycht syne duschyt doun,
Rycht be the wall in a randoun;
And hyt the sow in sic maner,
That it that wes the maist sowar,
And starkast for to stynt a stark,
In sundre with that dusche it brak.
The men that owt in full gret hy,
And on the wallis thai gan cry,
That thair sow wes feryt thar.
Jhon Crab, that had hys geer all yar
In hys fagalds has set the fyr,
And our the wall syne gan thai wyr,
And brynt the sow till brunds bar."

The Bruce, bk. xvii.

The *springalds* used in defence of the castle of Lauder were *balistæ*, or large cross-bows, wrought by machinery, and capable of throwing stones, beams, and huge darts. They were numbered among the heavy artillery of the age: "Than the kynge made all his navy to draw along by the cost of the Downes, every ship well garnished with bombardes, cros-bowes, archers, *springalls*, and other artillarie" (Froissart).

Goads, or sharpened bars of iron, were an obvious and formidable missile weapon. Thus, at the assault of Rochemiglion, "They within cast out great barres of iron, and pots with lyme, wherewith they hurt divers Englishmen, such as adventured themselves too far" (Froissart, vol. i, cap. 108).

From what has been noticed, the attack and defence of Lauder Castle will be found strictly conformable to the manners of the age, a circumstance of great importance in judging of the antiquity of the ballad. There is no mention of guns, though these became so common in the latter part of the reign of Edward III that, at the siege of St Maloes, "the English had well a four hondred gonnes, who shot day and night into the fortrysse and agaynst it" (Froissart, vol. i, cap. 336). Barbour informs us that guns, or "crakis of wer," as he calls them, and crests for helmets were first seen by the Scottish in their skirmishes with Edward the Third's host in Northumberland, A.D. 1327.

Which some call Billop-Grace.—P. 109, v. 1.

If this be a Flemish or Scottish corruption for Ville de Grace, in Normandy, that town was never besieged by Edward I, whose wars in France were confined to the province of Gascony. The rapid change of scene from Scotland to France excites a suspicion that some verses may have been lost in this place. The retreat of the English host, however, may remind us of

a passage in Wyntoun, when, after mentioning that the Earl of Salisbury raised the siege of Dunbar to join King Edward in France, he observes :

" It was to Scotland a gud chance,
That thai made thaim to werray in France ;
For had thai halyly thaim tane
For to werray in Scotland allane,
Eftyr the gret mischeffis twa,
Duplyn and Hallydowne war tha,
Thai suld have skaithit it to gretly.
Bot fortowne thoucht scho fald fekilly
Will noucht at anis myscheffis fall ;
Thare-fore scho set thare hartis all,
To werray Fraunce richit to be,
That Scottis live in grettar lé."

Cronykil, bk. viii, chap. 34.

Now will ye go, my brethren two,
And try some jeopardy ?—P. 109, v. 3.

The romantic custom of achieving or attempting some desperate and perilous adventure, without either necessity or cause, was a peculiar and perhaps the most prominent feature of chivalry. It was not merely the duty but the pride and delight of a true knight to perform such exploits as no one but a madman would have undertaken. I think it is in the old French romance of *Erec and Eneide* that an adventure, the access to which lay through an avenue of stakes garnished with the bloody heads of the knights who had attempted and failed to achieve it, is called by the inviting title of *La joie de la Cour*. To be first in advancing or last in retreating, to strike upon the gate of a certain fortress of the enemy, to fight blindfold or with one arm tied up, to carry off a banner or to defend one, were often the subjects of a particular vow among the sons of chivalry. Until some distinguishing exploit of this nature, a young knight was not said to have *won his spurs* ; and, upon some occasions, he was obliged to bear as a mark of thraldom a chain upon his arm, which was removed with great ceremony when his merit became conspicuous. These chains are noticed in the romance of *Jehan de Saintré*. In the language of German chivalry they were called *Ketten des Gelubdes* (fetters of duty). Lord Herbert of Cherbury informs us that the Knights of the Bath were obliged to wear certain strings of silk and gold upon their left arm until they had achieved some noble deed of arms. When Edward III commenced his French wars many of the young bachelors of England bound up one of their eyes with a silk riband, and swore before the peacock and the ladies that they would not see with both eyes until they had accomplished certain deeds of arms in France (Froissart, chap. 28).

A remarkable instance of this chivalrous frenzy occurred during the expedition of Sir Robert Knowles, who, in 1370, marched through France and laid waste the country up to the very gates of Paris. " 'There was a knight, in the companye, had made a vowe the day before, that he wolde ryde to the walles or gates of Parys, and stryke at the barryers with his speare. And, for the fournyshing of his vowe, he departed fro his companye, his spear in his fyst, his shelde about his neck, armed at all pecesse, on a good horsse, his squyer on another, behind him, with his bassenet. And whan he approached neare to Parys, he toke and dyde on his helme, and left his squyer behind him, and dashed his spurres to his horsse, and came gallopynge to the barryers, the whiche as then were opyn ; and the lordes, that were there, had wened he wolde have entred into the towne ; but that was not his mynde ; for, when he hadde stryken at the barryers, as he had before avowed, he towrned his reyne, and drue back agayne, and departed. Then the knightes of France, that sawe hym depart, sayd to him, ' Go your waye ; you have ryghte well acquitted yourself.' I can nat tell you what was thys knyghtes name, nor of what contre ; but the blazure of his armes was,

goules, two fesses sable, a border sable. Howbeit, in the subbarbes, he had a sore encontre ; for, as he passed on the pavement, he founde before hym a bocher, a bigge man, who had well sene this knighte pass by. And he helde in his handes a sharpe hevy axe, with a long poynt ; and as the knyght returned agayne, and toke no hede, this bocher came on his side, and gave the knyghte such a stroke, betwene the neck and the shulders, that he reversed forwarde heedlynge, to the neck of his horsse, and yet he recovered agayne. And than the bocher strake hym agayne, so that the axe entered into his body, so that for payne, the knyghte fell to the erthe, and his horsse ran away, and came to the squyer, who abode for his mayster at the stretes ende. And so, the squyer toke the horsse, and had gret marveyle what was become of his mayster ; for he had well sene him ryde to the barryers, and stryke therat with his glayve, and retourne agayne. Thanne he rode a lytell forthe, thyderwarde, and anone he saw where his master layn upon the erthe, bytwene foure men, layenge on him strokes, as they wolde have stryken on a stethey (*anvil*) ; and then the squyer was so affreyed, that he durst go no farther, for he sawe well he could nat help his mayster. Therefore he retourned as fast as he myght : so there the sayd knyghte was slayne. And the knyghtes, that were at the gate, caused hym to be buried in holy ground" (Froissart, chap. 281).

A similar instance of a military jeopardy occurs in the same author, chap. 364. It happened before the gates of Troyes. "There was an Englyshe squyer, borne in the bishopryke of Lincolne, an expert man of armes ; I can nat say whyder he could se or nat ; but he spurred his horse, his speare in his hande, and his targe about his necke ; his horse came rushying downe the waye, and lept clene over the barres of the baryers, and so galoped to the gate, where, as the Duke of Burgoyne and the other lords of France were, who reputed that dede for a great enterprise. The squyer thoughte to have returned, but he could nat ; for his horse was stryken with speares, and beaten downe, and the squyer slayn ; wherewith the Duke of Burgoyne was right sore displeased."

Wilt thou lend me our king's standard,
To bear a little way?—P. 109, v. 5.

In all ages and in almost all countries the military standards have been objects of respect to the soldiery, whose duty it is to range beneath them, and if necessary to die in their defence. In the ages of chivalry these ensigns were distinguished by their shape, and by the various names of banners, pennons, penoncelles, etc., according to the number of men who were to fight under them. They were displayed on the day of battle with singular solemnity, and consigned to the charge only of such as were thought willing and able to defend them to the uttermost. When the army of Edward the Black Prince was drawn up against that of Henry the Bastard, King of Castile, "Than Sir Johan Chandos brought his baner rolled up togyder to the prince, and said, 'Sir, behold here is my baner. I requyre you display it abrode, and give me leave this day to raise it ; for, Sir, I thanke God and you, I have land and heritage suffyciente to maynteyne it withal.' Than the Prince and King Dampeter (Don Pedro) toke the baner betwene their handes, and spred it abrode, the which was of sylver, a sharp pyle gaules, and delyvered it to hym, and said, 'Sir Johan, behold here youre baner ; God sende you joye and honour thereof!' Than Sir Johan Chandos bare his baner to his owne company, and sayde, 'Sirs, beholde here my baner, and yours ; kepe it as your owne.' And they toke it, and were right joyful therof, and sayd, that by the pleasure of God and Saint George, they wold kepe and defend it to the best of their powers. And so the baner abode in the handes of a good Englishe squyer, called William Alery, who bare it that day, and acquaytted himself right nobly" (Froissart, vol. i, chap. 237). The loss of a banner was not only great dishonour, but an infinite disadvantage. At the battle of Cocherel, in Normandy, the flower of the combatants on each

side were engaged in the attack and defence of the banner of the captall of Buche, the English leader. It was planted amid a bush of thorns and guarded by sixty men-at-arms, who defended it gallantly. "There were many rescues, and many a one hurt and cast to the earth, and many feats of armes done, and many gret strokes given with good axes of steel, that it was wonder to behold." The battle did not cease until the captall's standard was taken and torn to pieces.

We learn from the following passage in Stowe's *Chronicle* that the standard of Edward I was a golden dragon. "The King entred Wales with an army, appointing the footmen to occupie the enemies in fight whiles his horsemen in a wing set on the rere battell; himselfe with a power kept his place, where he pight his golden dragon, unto whiche, as to a castle, the wounded and wearied might repair."

> "*Where wast thou bred? where wast thou born?*
> *Where, or in what country?*"
> "*In north of England I was born*":
> (*It needed him to lie.*)—P. 109, v. 6.

Stratagems, such as that of Maitland, were frequently practised with success in consequence of the complete armour worn by the knights of the middle ages. In 1359 Edward III entered France to improve the success of the battle of Poictiers. Two French knights, Sir Galahaut of Rybamont and Sir Roger of Cologne, rode forth with their followers to survey the English host, and in short to seek adventures. It chanced that they met a foraging party of Germans retained in King Edward's service, under the command of Reynold of Boulant, a knight of that nation. By the counsel of a squire of his retinue, Sir Galahaut joined company with the German knight under the assumed character of Bartholomew de Bonne, Reynold's countryman and fellow-soldier in the English service. The French knights "were a seventy men of armes, and Sir Renolde had not past a thirty; and whan Sir Renolde saw theym he displayed his baner befor hym, and came softely rydynge towarde theym, wenyng to hym that they had been Englyshemen. Whan he approached he lyft up hys vyser, saluted Sir Galahaut in the name of Sir Bartylmewe de Bonnes. Sir Galahaut helde hymself styll secrete, and answered but fayntly, and sayd, 'let us ryde forth'; and so rode on, and hys men on the one syde and the Almaygnes on the other. Whan Sir Renolde of Boulant sawe theyr maner, and howe Sir Galahaut rode sometyme by hym and spake no word, than he begane to suspecte. And he had not so ryden the space of a quarter of an hour, but he stode styll under his baner among hys men, and sayd, 'Sir, I have dout what knyght ye be. I thinke ye be nat Sir Bartylmewe, for I knowe hym well; and I see well that yt ys nat you. I woll ye tell me your name, or I ryde any farther in your company.' Therwith Sir Galahaut lyft up hys vyser, and rode towardes the knyghte to have taken hym by the raynge of hys brydell, and cryed, '*Our Ladye of Rybamont!*' than Sir Roger of Coloyne sayd, '*Coloyne to the Rescue!*'[1] Whan Sir Renolde of Boulant sawe what case he was in, he was nat gretly afrayed, but drewe out his sworde; and as Sir Galahaut wolde have taken hym by the brydell, Sir Renolde put his sworde clene through hym, and drue agayne hys sworde out of hym, and toke his horse with the spurres, and left Sir Galahaut sore hurt. And whan Sir Galahautes men sawe theyr master in that case, they were sore dyspleased, and set on Sir Renolde's men; there were many cast to the yerth, but as sone as Sir Renolde had gyven Sir Galahaut that stroke, he strak hys horse with the spurres, and toke the feldes. Than certayne of Galahaut's squyers chasyd hym, and, whan he sawe that they followed hym so nere, that he muste other tourne agayne, or els be shamed, lyke a hardy knyght he tourned, and abode the foremost, and gave hym such a stroke, that he had no more lyste to

[1] The war-cries of their family.

folwe him. And thus, as he rode on, he served three of theym, that folowed hym, and wounded theym sore : if a good axe had been in hys hand, at every stroke he had slayne a man. He dyd so muche, that he was out of danger of the Frenchmen, and saved hymselfe without any hurte ; the whyche hys enemyes reputed for a grete prowess, and so dyd all other that harde thereof ; but hys men were nere slayne or taken, but few that were saved. And Sir Galahaut was caryed from thence sore hurt to Perone ; of that hurt he was never after perfectly hole ; for he was a knyght of suche courage, that, for all his hurte, he wold not spare hymselfe ; wherefore he lyved not long after" (Froissart, vol. i, chap. 207).

The youngest turn'd him in a path,
And drew a burnished brand, etc.—P. 110, v. 3.

Thus, Sir Walter Mauny, retreating into the fortress of Hanyboute after a successful sally, was pursued by the besiegers, who " ranne after them lyke madde men ; than Sir Gualtier saide, ' Let me never be beloved wyth my lady, wythout I have a course wyth one of these followers ! ' " and turning with his lance in the rest, he overthrew several of his pursuers before he condescended to continue his retreat (Froissart).

Whene'er they came within the yate,
They thrust their horse them frae, etc.—P. 110, v. 7.

" The Lord of Hangest (pursued by the English) came so to the barryrs (of Vandonne) that were open as his happe was, and so entred in thereat, and than toke his speare, and turned him to defence right valiantly" (Froissart, vol. i, chap. 367).

And if the twa suld slay you baith,
Ye'se get na help frae me.—P. 112, v. 1.

According to the laws of chivalry—laws which were also for a long time observed in duels—when two or more persons were engaged on each side, he who first conquered his immediate antagonist was at liberty, if he pleased, to come to the assistance of his companions. The play of *The Little French Lawyer* turns entirely upon this circumstance; and it may be remarked throughout the poems of Boiardo and Ariosto, particularly in the combat of three Christian and three Pagan champions in the 42nd canto of *Orlando Furioso*. But, doubtless, a gallant knight was often unwilling, like young Maitland, to avail himself of this advantage. Something of this kind seems to have happened in the celebrated combat fought in the presence of James II at Stirling, in 1449, between three French or Flemish warriors, and three noble Scottishmen, two of whom were of the house of Douglas. The reader will find a literal translation of Oliver de la Marche's account of this celebrated tournay in Pinkerton's *History*, vol. i, p. 428.

I am nae king, nor nae sic thing :
My word it shanna stand !—P. 112, v. 3.

Maitland's apology for retracting his promise to stand neuter is as curious as his doing so is natural. The unfortunate John of France was wont to say, that if truth and faith were banished from all the rest of the universe, they should still reside in the breast and the mouth of kings.

They maul'd him cruellie.—P. 112, v. 6.

This has a vulgar sound, but is actually a phrase of romance : *Tant frappant et* maillent *les deux vassaux l'un sur l'autre, que leurs heaumes, et leurs hauberts, sont tous cassez et rompus* (La Fleur des Batailles).

They rade their horse, they ran their horse,
Then hovered on the lee, etc.—P. 112, v. 7.

The sieges during the middle ages frequently afforded opportunity for single combat, of which the scene was usually the drawbridge or barriers of

the town. The former, as the more desperate place of battle, was frequently chosen by knights who chose to break a lance for honour and their ladies' love. In 1387 Sir William Douglas, lord of Nithsdale, upon the drawbridge of the town of Carlisle, consisting of two beams, hardly two feet in breadth, encountered and slew first a single champion of England, and afterwards two who attacked him together (*Forduni Scotichronicon*, lib. xiv, chap. 51).

"He brynt the suburbys of Carlele,
And at the bareris he faucht sa wel,
That on thare bryg he slew a man,
The wychtast that in the town wes than:
Quhare, on a plank of twa feet brade,
He stude, and swa gude payment made,
That he feld twa stout fechteris,
And but skath went till his feres."

Wyntoun's *Cronykil*, bk. ix, chap. 8.

These combats at the barriers or palisades, which formed the outer fortification of a town, were so frequent that the mode of attack and defence was early taught to the future knight, and continued long to be practised in the games of chivalry. The custom therefore of defying the inhabitants of a besieged town to this sort of contest was highly fashionable in the middle ages; and an army could hardly appear before a place without giving rise to a variety of combats at the barriers, which were in general conducted without any unfair advantage being taken on either part.

The following striking example of this romantic custom occurs in Froissart. During the French wars of Edward the Black Prince, and in the year 1370, a body of English and of adventurers retained in his service approached the city of Noyon, then occupied by a French garrison, and arrayed themselves with displayed banners before the town, defying the defenders to battle. "There was a Scottysh knyghte [1] dyde there a goodly feate of arms, for he departed fro his companye, hys speare in hys hand, and mounted on a good horse, hys page behynde hyme, and so came before the barryers. Thys knyghte was called Sir Johan Assueton,[2] a hardy man and a couragyous. Whan he was before the barryers of Noyon, he lyghted a-fote, and sayd to hys page, 'Holde, kepe my horse, and departe nat hens'; and so wente to the barryers. And wythyn the barryers, there were good knyghtes; as, Sir John of Roy, Sir Lancelot of Loutys, and a x or xii other, who had grete marveyle what thys sayde knyghte wolde do. Than he sayde to them, 'Sirs, I am come hyder to se you. I se well, ye wyll nat issue out of your barryers; therefore I will entre, and I can, and wyll prove my knyghthode agaynst yours; wyn me and ye can.' And therewyth he layde on round about hym, and they at hym. And thus, he alone fought agaynst them, more than an hour; and dyd hurte two or three of them; so that they of the towne, on the walles and garrettes, stode still, and behelde them, and had great pleasure to regarde his valyauntness, and dyd him no hurte; the whiche they myght have done, if they hadde list to have shotte, or cast stones at hym. And also the French knyghtes charged them to let hym and them alone togyder. So long they foughte, that at last, his page came near to the barryers, and spake in his langage, and sayd, 'Sir, come awaye; it is time for you to departe, for your cumpanye is departyng hens.' The knyghte harde hym well, and than gave a two or three strokes about him, and so, armed as he was, he lepte out of the barryers, and lepte upon his

[1] By the terms of the peace betwixt England and Scotland, the Scottish were left at liberty to take service either with France or England, at their pleasure. Sir Robert Knolles, therefore, who commanded the expedition, referred to in the text, had under his command a hundred Scottish spears.

[2] *Assueton* is a corruption for Swinton. Sir John Swinton, of Swinton, was a Scottish champion, noted for his courage and gigantic stature.

horse, without any hurte, behynde his page ; and sayd to the Frenchmen, 'Adue, sirs ! I thank you ' ; and so rode forthe to his own cumpanye. The whiche dede was moche praysed of many folkes" (Froissart, chap. 278).

The barriers, so often alluded to, are described by the same admirable historian to be grated palisades, the grates being about half a foot wide. In a skirmish before Honycourt, Sir Henry of Flanders ventured to thrust his sword so far through one of those spaces that a sturdy abbot who was within seized his sword-arm and drew it through the barriers up to the shoulder. In this awkward situation he remained for some time, being unwilling to dishonour himself by quitting his weapon. He was at length rescued, but lost his sword, which Froissart afterwards saw preserved as a relic in the monastery of Honycourt (vol. i, chap. 39). For instances of single combats at the barriers, see the same author, *passim*.

But, wi' the poll-axe in his hand,
Upon the brigg sprang he.—P. 112, v. 10.

The battle-axe, of which there are many kinds, was a knightly weapon much used in the middle ages, as well in single combat as in battle. " And also there was a younge bachelor called Bertrande of Glesguyne, who, duryng the seige, fought wyth an Englyshman called Sir Nycholas Dagerne : and that batayle was takene thre courses wyth a speare, thre strokes wyth an axe, and thre wyth a dagger. And eche of these knyghtes bare themselves so valyantly, that they departed fro the felde wythout any damage, and they were well regarded, bothe of theyme wythyn, and they wythout." This happened at the siege of Rennes, by the Duke of Lancaster, in 1357 (Froissart, vol. i, chap. 175). With the same weapon Godfrey of Harcourt long defended himself, when surprised and defeated by the French. " And Sir Godfraye's men kepte no good array, nor dyd nat as they had promysed ; moost part of theyme fledde ; whan Sir Godfraye sawe that, he sayde to himselfe, how he had rather there be slayne than be taken by the Frenchmen ; there he toke hys axe in hys handes, and set fast the one legge before the other, to stonde the more surely ; for hys one legge was a lytell crooked, but he was strong in the armes. There he fought valyantly and long : none durste well abyde hys strokes ; than two French men mounted on theyr horses, and ranne both with their speares at ones at hym, and so bare him to the yerth : than other, that were a-fote, came wyth theyr swerdes, and strake hym into the body, under his harneys, so that ther he was slayne " (*ibid.*, chap. 172). The historian throws Sir Godfrey into a striking attitude of desperation.

When Maitland saw his ain blood fa',
An angry man was he !—P. 113, v. 2.

There is a saying that a Scottishman fights best after seeing his own blood. Camerarius has contrived to hitch this foolish proverb into a national compliment ; for he quotes it as an instance of the persevering gallantry of his countrymen. " *Si in pugna proprium effundi sanguinem vidissent, non statim prostrato animo concedebant, sed irato potius in hostes velut furentes omnibus viribus incurrebant.*"

That Edward once lay under me,
And e'er gat up again !—P. 113, v. 5.

Some reciters repeat it thus :

" That *Englishman* lay under me,"

which is the true spirit of Blind Harry, who makes Wallace say,

" I like better to see the southeron die,
Than gold or land, that they can gie to me."

In slaying Edward Maitland acts pitilessly, but not contrary to the laws of arms, which did not enjoin a knight to show mercy to his antagonist until he yielded him, "*rescue or no rescue.*" Thus the Seigneur de Languerant came before the walls of an English garrison in Gascony and defied any of the defenders to run a course with a spear: his challenge being accepted by Bertrand Courant, the governor of the place, they couched their spears, like good knights, and dashed on their horses. Their spears were broke to pieces, and Languerant was overthrown, and lost his helmet among the horses' feet. His attendants were coming up; but Bertrand drew his dagger, and said: "Sir, yield ye my prisoner, rescue or no rescue; els ye are but dead." The dismounted champion spoke not a word; on which Bertrand, in fervent ire, dashed his dagger into his skull. Besides the battle was not always finished by one warrior obtaining this advantage over the other. In the battle of Nejara, the famous Sir John Chandos was overthrown, and held down, by a gigantic Spanish cavalier named Martino Fernandez. "Then Sir Johan Chandos," says Froissart, "remembred of a knyfe, that he had in his bosome, and drew it out, and struck this Martyne so in the backe, and in the sydes, that he wounded him to dethe, as he lay upon hym." The dagger which the knights employed in these close and desperate struggles was called the *Poniard of Mercy*.

BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

THE SCOTTISH EDITION

THE following edition of the Battle of Otterbourne, being essentially different from that which is published in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i, and being obviously of Scottish composition, claims a place in the present collection. The particulars of that noted action are related by Froissart, with the highest encomium upon the valour of the combatants on each side. James, Earl of Douglas, with his brother, the Earl of Murray, in 1387 invaded Northumberland at the head of three thousand men; while the Earls of Fife and Strathern, sons to the King of Scotland, ravaged the western borders of England with a still more numerous army. Douglas penetrated as far as Newcastle, where the renowned Hotspur lay in garrison. In a skirmish before the walls Percy's lance, with the pennon or guidon attached to it, was taken by Douglas, as most authors affirm, in a personal encounter betwixt the two heroes. The Earl shook the pennon aloft, and swore he would carry it as his spoil into Scotland, and plant it upon his Castle of Dalkeith. "That," answered Percy, "shalt thou never!" Accordingly, having collected the forces of the Marches, to a number equal or (according to the Scottish historians) much superior to the army of Douglas, Hotspur made a night attack upon the Scottish camp at Otterbourne, about thirty-two miles from Newcastle. An action took place, fought by moonlight with uncommon gallantry and desperation. At length Douglas, armed with an iron mace which few but he could wield, rushed into the thickest of the English battalions, followed only by his chaplain and two squires

of his body.[1] Before his followers could come up, their brave leader was stretched on the ground with three mortal wounds; his squires lay dead by his side; the priest alone, armed with a lance, was protecting his master from further injury. "I die like my forefathers," said the expiring hero, "in a field of battle, and not on a bed of sickness. Conceal my death, defend my standard,[2] and avenge my fall! It is an old prophecy that a dead man shall gain a field,[3] and I hope it will be accomplished this night" (Godscroft). With these words he expired, and the fight was renewed with double obstinacy around his body. When morning appeared, however, victory began to incline to the Scottish side. Ralph Percy, brother to Hotspur, was made prisoner by the Earl Marischal, and shortly after Harry Percy[4] himself was taken by Lord Montgomery. The number of captives, according to Wyntoun, nearly equalled that of the victors. Upon this the English retired and left the Scots masters of the dear-bought honours of the field; but the Bishop of Durham approaching at the head of a body of fresh forces, not only checked the pursuit of the victors, but made prisoners of some of the stragglers who had urged the chase too far. The battle was not, however, renewed, as the Bishop of Durham did not venture to attempt the rescue of Percy. The field was fought the 15th of August, 1388. (Fordun, Froissart, Hollinshed, Godscroft.)

The ground on which this memorable engagement took place is now the property of John Davidson, Esq., of Newcastle, and still retains the name of Battle Cross. A cross, erroneously termed *Percy's Cross*, has been erected upon the spot where the gallant Earl of Douglas is supposed to have fallen. These particulars were communicated to the editor, in the most obliging manner, by the present proprietor of Otterbourne.

The ballad published in the *Reliques* is avowedly an English production; and the author, with a natural partiality, leans to the side of his countrymen; yet that ballad, or some one similar, modified probably by national prejudice, must have been current in Scotland during the reign of James VI; for Godscroft, in treating of this battle, mentions its having been the subject of popular song, and proceeds thus: "But that which is commonly sung of the *Hunting of Cheviot* seemeth indeed poetical and a mere fiction, perhaps to stir

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[1] Their names were Robert Hart and Simon Glendinning. The chaplain was Richard Lundie, afterwards Archdeacon of Aberdeen (Godscroft). Hart, according to Wyntoun, was a knight. That historian says no one knew how Douglas fell.

[2] The banner of Douglas upon this memorable occasion was borne by his natural son, Archibald Douglas, ancestor of the family of Cavers, hereditary sheriffs of Teviotdale, amongst whose archives this glorious relic is still preserved. The Earl, at his onset, is said to have charged his son to defend it to the last drop of his blood.

[3] This prophecy occurs in the ballad as an ominous dream.

[4] Hotspur, for his ransom, built the castle of Penoon, in Ayrshire, belonging to the family of Montgomery, now Earls of Eglintoun.

up virtue; yet a fiction whereof there is no mention either in the Scottish or English Chronicle. Neither are the songs that are made of them both one; for the *Scots' song made of Otterbourne* telleth the time, about Lammas; and also the occasion, to take preys out of England; also the dividing the armies betwixt the Earls of Fife and Douglas, and their several journeys, almost as in the authentic history. It beginneth thus:

"It fell about the Lammas tide,
When yeomen win their hay,
The dochty Douglas 'gan to ride,
In England to take a prey."
Godscroft, ed. Edin. 1743, vol. i, p. 195.

I cannot venture to assert that the stanzas here published belong to the ballad alluded to by Godscroft, but they come much nearer to his description than the copy published in the first edition, which represented Douglas as falling by the poniard of a faithless page. Yet we learn from the same author that the story of the assassination was not without foundation in tradition: "There are that say that he (Douglas) was not slain by the enemy, but by one of his own men, a groom of his chamber, whom he had struck the day before with a truncheon, in ordering of the battle, because he saw him make somewhat slowly to. And they name this man John Bickerton, of Luffness, who left a part of his armour behind unfastened; and when he was in the greatest conflict, this servant of his came behind his back and slew him thereat" (Godscroft, *ut supra*). "But this narration," adds the historian, "is not so probable."[1] Indeed it seems to have no foundation but the common desire of assigning some remote and extraordinary cause for the death of a great man. The following ballad is also inaccurate in many other particulars, and is much shorter and more indistinct than that printed in the *Reliques*, although many verses are almost the same. Hotspur, for instance, is called *Earl Percy*, a title he never enjoyed. Neither was Douglas buried on the field of battle, but in Melrose Abbey, where his tomb is still shown.

This song was first published from Mr Herd's *Collection of Scottish Songs and Ballads*, Edin., 1774, 2 vols., octavo; but two recited copies have fortunately been obtained from the recitation of old persons residing at the head of Ettrick Forest, by which the story is brought out and completed in a manner much more correspondent to the true history.

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[1] Wyntoun assigns another cause for Douglas being carelessly armed:

"The Erle Jamys was sa besy
For til ordane his company,
And on his fays for to pas,
That reckles he of his armyng was;
The Erle of Mwrrawys Bassenet,
Thai sayd, at thot tyme was ferryhete."
Bk. viii, chap. 7.

The circumstance of Douglas omitting to put on his helmet occurs in the ballad.

I cannot dismiss the subject of the Battle of Otterbourne without stating (with all the deference due to the father of this species of literature) a doubt which occurs to me as to the account given of "Sir John of Augurstone," one of the Scottish warriors, in the learned and excellent notes subjoined to the ballad in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. This personage is there supposed to have been one of the Haggerstons of Haggerston, a Northumbrian family, who, according to the fate of war, were sometimes subjects of Scotland. I cannot, however, think that at this period, while the English were in possession both of Berwick and Roxburgh, with the intermediate fortresses of Wark, Cornhill, and Norham, the Scots possessed any part of Northumberland, much less a manor which lay within that strong chain of castles. I should presume the person alluded to rather to have been one of the Rutherfords, barons of Edgerstane, or Edgerston, a warlike family which has long flourished on the Scottish Borders, and who were at this very period retainers of the house of Douglas. The same notes contain an account of the other Scottish warriors of distinction who were present at the battle. These were the Earls of Monteith, Buchan, and Huntly; the barons of Maxwell and Johnston; Swinton of that ilk, an ancient family which, about that period, produced several distinguished warriors; Sir David (or rather, as the learned editor well remarks, Sir Walter) Scott of Buccleuch, Stewart of Garlies, and Murray of Cockpool.

"*Regibus et legibus Scotici constantes,*
Vos clypeis et gladiis pro patria pugnantes,
Vestra est victoria, vestra est et gloria,
In cantu et historia, perpes est memoria!"

BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

It fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
Into England, to drive a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Græmes,
With them the Lindesays, light and gay;
But the Jardines wald not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.

And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bambroughshire:
And three good towers on Roxburgh fells,
He left them all on fire.

And he march'd up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about;
"O wha's the lord of this castle,
Or wha's the lady o't?"

But up spake proud Lord Percy, then,
And O but he spake hie!
"I am the lord of this castle,
My wife's the lady gay."

"If thour't the lord of this castle,
Sae weel it pleases me!
For, ere I cross the border fells,
The tane of us shall die."

He took a lang spear in his hand,
Shod with the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there,
He rode right furiouslie.

But O how pale his lady look'd,
Frae aff the castle wa',
When down, before the Scottish spear,
She saw proud Percy fa'.

"Had we twa been upon the green,
And never an eye to see,
I wad hae had you, flesh and fell;[1]
But your sword sall gae wi' me."

"But gae ye up to Otterbourne,
And wait there dayis three;
And, if I come not ere three dayis end,
A fause knight ca' ye me."

"The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn;
'Tis pleasant there to be;
But there is nought at Otterbourne,
To feed my men and me.

"The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
The birds fly wild from tree to tree;
But there is neither bread nor kale,
To fend[2] my men and me.

"Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,
Where you shall welcome be;
And, if ye come not at three dayis end,
A fause lord I'll ca' thee."

[1] Hide. Douglas insinuates that Percy was rescued by his soldiers.
[2] Support.

"Thither will I come," proud Percy said,
"By the might of Our Ladye!"—
"There will I bide thee," said the Douglas,
"My trowth I plight to thee."

They lighted high on Otterbourne,
Upon the bent sae brown;
They lighted high on Otterbourne,
And threw their pallions down.

And he that had a bonnie boy,
Sent out his horse to grass;
And he that had not a bonnie boy,
His ain servant he was.

But up then spake a little page,
Before the peep of dawn—
"O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
For Percy's hard at hand."

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!
Sae loud I hear ye lie:
For Percy had not men yestreen,
To dight my men and me.

"But I hae dream'd a dreary dream,
Beyond the Isle of Sky;
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I."

He belted on his good braid sword,
And to the field he ran;
But he forgot the helmet good,
That should have kept his brain.

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu' fain!
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,
And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy with his good broad sword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he call'd on his little foot-page,
And said—"Run speedilie,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery."

"My nephew good," the Douglas said,
"What recks the death of ane!
Last night I dream'd a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain.

"*My wound is deep; I fain would sleep*;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the braken bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

"O bury me by the braken bush,
Beneath the blooming brier;
Let never living mortal ken,
That ere a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tear in his e'e;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merrie men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew,
But mony a gallant Englishman,
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood,
They steep'd their hose and shoon;
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain;
They swapped swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blude ran down between.

"Yield thee, O yield thee, Percy!" he said,
"Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"
"To whom shall I yield," said Earl Percy,
"Now that I see it must be so?"

"Thou shall not yield to lord nor loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the braken bush,
That grows upon yon lilye lee!"

"I will not yield to a braken bush,
Nor yet will I yield to a brier;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here."

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He stuck his sword's point in the gronde;
And the Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was done at Otterbourne,
About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
And the Percy led captive away.

. . . . . .

NOTES

He chose the Gordons and the Græmes.—P. 126, v. 2.

The illustrious family of Gordon was originally settled upon the lands of Gordon and Huntly, in the shire of Berwick, and are therefore of Border extraction. The steps by which they removed from thence to the shires of Aberdeen and Inverness are worthy of notice. In 1300 Adam de Gordon was Warden of the Marches (Rymer, vol. ii, p 870). He obtained from Robert the Bruce a grant of the forfeited estate of David de Strathbolgie, Earl of Athol; but no possession followed, the Earl having returned to his allegiance. John de Gordon, his great-grandson, obtained from Robert II a new charter of the lands of Strathbolgie, which had been once more and finally forfeited by David, Earl of Athol, slain in the battle of Kilblene. This grant is dated 13th July 1376. John de Gordon, who was destined to transfer from the Borders of England to those of the Highlands a powerful and martial race, was himself a redoubted warrior, and many of his exploits occur in the annals of that turbulent period. In 1371–2 the English Borderers invaded and plundered the lands of Gordon on the Scottish East March. Sir John of Gordon retaliated by an incursion on Northumberland, where he collected much spoil. But as he returned with his booty he was attacked at unawares by Sir John Lilburne, a Northumbrian, who, with a superior force, lay near Carham in ambush to intercept him. Gordon harangued and cheered his followers, charged the English gallantly, and, after having himself been five times in great peril, gained a complete victory, slaying many Southrons and taking their leader and his brother captive. According to the Prior of Lochleven he was desperately wounded; but

"Thare rays a welle grete renowne,
And gretly prysyd wes gud Gordown."

Shortly after this exploit Sir John of Gordon encountered and routed Sir Thomas Musgrave, a renowned English Marchman, whom he made prisoner. The Lord of Johnstone had, about the same time, gained a great advantage on the West Border, and hence, says Wyntoun:

"He and the Lord of Gordowne
Had a soverane gud renown,
Of ony that war of thare degré,
For full thai war of gret bounté."

Upon another occasion Sir John of Gordon is said to have partially succeeded in the surprisal of the town of Berwick, although the superiority of the garrison obliged him to relinquish his enterprise.

The ballad is accurate in introducing this warrior with his clan into the

host of Douglas at Otterbourne. Perhaps, as he was in possession of his extensive northern domains, he brought to the field the northern broadswords, as well as the lances of his Eastern Borderers. With his gallant leader he lost his life in the deadly conflict. The English ballad commemorates his valour and prudence :

" The Erle of Huntley, cawte and kene."

But the title is a premature designation. The earldom of Huntly was first conferred on Alexander Seaton, who married the granddaughter of the hero of Otterbourne, and assumed his title from Huntly, in the north. Besides his eldest son Adam, who carried on the line of the family, Sir John de Gordon left two sons, known in tradition by the familiar names of *Jock* and *Tam*. The former was the ancestor of the Gordons of Pitlurg; the latter of those of Lesmoir and of Craig-Gordon. This last family is now represented by James Gordon, Esq., of Craig, being the eleventh in direct descent from Sir John de Gordon.

The Græmes

The clan of Græme, always numerous and powerful upon the Border, were of Scottish origin, and deduce the descent of their chieftain, Græme of Netherby, from John *with the bright sword*, a son of Malice Græme, Earl of Menteith, who flourished in the fourteenth century. Latterly they *became Englishmen*, as the phrase went, and settled upon the Debateable Land, whence they were transported to Ireland by James VI, with the exception of a very few respectable families, " because," said his Majesty in a proclamation, " they do all (but especially the Græmes) confess themselves to be no meet persons to live in these countries; and also to the intent their lands may be inhabited by others, of good and honest conversation." But in the reign of Henry IV the Græmes of the Border still adhered to the Scottish allegiance, as appears from the tower of Græme in Annandale, Græmes Walls in Tweeddale, and other castles within Scotland to which they have given their name. The reader is, however, at liberty to suppose that the Græmes of the Lennox and Menteith, always ready to shed their blood in the cause of their country, on this occasion joined Douglas.

With them the Lindesays, light and gay.—P. 126, v. 2.

The chief of this ancient family, at the date of the battle of Otterbourne was David Lindissay, Lord of Glenesk, afterwards created Earl of Crawford. He was, after the manner of the times, a most accomplished knight. He survived the battle of Otterbourne and the succeeding carnage of Homildon. In May 1390 he went to England to seek adventures of chivalry, and justed upon London Bridge against the Lord of Wells, an English knight, with so much skill and success as to excite among the spectators a suspicion that he was tied to his saddle, which he removed by riding up to the royal chair, vaulting out of his saddle, and resuming his seat without assistance, although loaded with complete armour. In 1392 Lindsay was nearly slain in a strange manner. A band of Caterans, or wild Highlanders, had broken down from the Grampian Hills and were engaged in plundering the county of Angus. Walter Ogilvy, the sheriff, and Sir Patrick Gray, marched against them, and were joined by Sir David Lindsay. Their whole retinue did not exceed sixty men, and the Highlanders were above three hundred. Nevertheless, trusting to the superiority of arms and discipline the knights rushed on the invaders at Gasclune, in the Stormont. The issue was unfortunate. Ogilvy, his brother, and many of his kindred were overpowered and slain. Lindsay, armed at all points, made great slaughter among the naked Caterans; but, as he pinned one of them to the earth with his lance, the dying mountaineer writhed upwards and, collecting his force, fetched a blow with his broadsword which cut through the knight's stirrup-leather and steel-boot and nearly severed his leg. The Highlander expired, and

Lindsay was with difficulty borne out of the field by his followers (Wyntoun). Lindsay is also noted for a retort made to the famous Hotspur. At a march-meeting at Haldane-Stank he happened to observe that Percy was sheathed in complete armour. "It is for fear of the English horsemen," said Percy in explanation, for he was already meditating the insurrection immortalized by Shakspeare. "Ah! Sir Harry," answered Lindsay, "I have seen you more sorely bested by Scottish footmen than by English horse" (Wyntoun). Such was the leader of the "*Lindesays light and gay.*"

According to Froissart there were three Lindsays in the battle of Otterbourne, whom he calls Sir William, Sir James, and Sir Alexander. To Sir James Lindsay there fell "a strange chance of war," which I give in the words of the old historian. "I shall shewe you of Sir Mathewe Reedman (an English warrior, and governor of Berwick), who was on horsebacke, to save himselfe, for he alone coude nat remedy the mater. At his departynge Sir James Lindsay was nere him, and sawe Sir Mathewe departed. And this Sir James, to wyn honour, followed in chase Sir Mathewe Reedman, and came so nere him that he myght have stryken hym with hys speare if he had lyst. Than he said, 'Ah! sir knyght, tourne! it is a shame thus to fly! I am James of Lindsay. If ye will nat tourne, I shall strike you on the back with my speare.' Sir Mathewe spoke no worde, but struke his hors with his spurres sorer than he did before. In this maner he chased hym more than three myles; and at last Sir Mathewe Reedman's hors foundered, and fell under hym. Than he stept forthe on the erthe and drewe oute his swerde, and toke corage to defend himselfe. And the Scotte thoughte to have stryken hym on the brest, but Sir Mathewe Reedman swerved fro the stroke, and the speare point entred into the erthe. Than Sir Mathewe strak asonder the speare wyth his swerde. And whan Sir James Lindsay sawe howe he had lost his speare he cast away the tronchon, and lyghted a-fote, and toke a lyttell battell-axe that he carryed at his backe, and handled it with his one hand quickly and delyverly, in the whyche feate Scottes be well experte. And than he set at Sir Mathewe, and he defended himself properly. Thus they journeyed toguyder, one with an axe and the other with a swerde, a long season, and no man to lette them. Fynally, Sir James Lindsay gave the knyghte such strokes, and helde him so short, that he was putte out of brethe in such wyse that he yelded himselfe, and sayde, 'Sir James Lindsay, I yelde me to you.' 'Well,' quod he; 'and I receyve you, rescue or no rescue.' 'I am content,' quod Reedman, 'so ye dele wyth me like a good companyon.' 'I shall not fayle that,' quod Lindsay, and so put up his swerde. 'Well,' said Reedman, 'what will ye nowe that I shall do? I am your prisoner; ye have conquered me; I wolde gladly go agayn to Newcastell, and within fiftene dayes I shall come to you into Scotland, where as ye shall assigne me.' 'I am content,' quod Lindsay; 'ye shall promyse, by your faythe, to present yourselfe within these foure weekes at Edinborowe, and wheresoever ye go to repute yourself my prisoner.' All this Sir Mathewe sware, and promised to fulfil."

The warriors parted upon these liberal terms, and Reedman returned to Newcastle. But Lindsay had scarcely ridden a mile when he met the Bishop of Durham with 500 horse, whom he rode towards, believing them to be Scottish until he was too near them to escape. "The Bysshoppe stepte to him, and sayde, 'Lindsay, ye are taken; yelde ye to me.' 'Who be you?' quod Lindsay. 'I am,' quod he, 'the Bysshoppe of Durham.' 'And fro whens come you, sir?' quod Lindsay. 'I come fro the battell,' quod the Bysshoppe, 'but I strucke never a stroke there. I go backe to Newcastell for this night, and ye shal go with me.' 'I may not chuse,' quod Lindsay, 'sith ye will have it so. I have taken, and I am taken; suche is the adventures of armes.'" Lindsay was accordingly conveyed to the Bishop's lodging in Newcastle, and here he was met by his prisoner Sir Matthew Reedman, who "founde hym in a studye lying in a windowe, and sayde, 'What! Sir James Lindsay, what make you here?' Than Sir James came forth of the study to him, and sayde, 'By my fayth, Sir Mathewe, fortune hath brought

me hyder; for as soon as I was departed fro you, I mete by chaunce the Bysshoppe of Durham, to whom I am prisoner, as ye be to me. I beleve ye shall not nede to come to Edinborowe to me to mak your fynaunce. I think rather we shall make an exchange one for another, if the Bysshoppe be also contente.' 'Well, sir,' quod Reedman, 'we shall accord ryght well toguyder; ye shall dine this day with me; the Bysshoppe and our men be gone forth to fyght with your men. I can nat tell what we shall know at their retourne.' 'I am content to dyne with you,' quod Lindsay" (Froissart's *Chronicle*, translated by Bourchier, LordBerners, vol. i, chap. 146).

" O gran bontà de' cavalieri antiqui!
Eran rivali, eran di fè diversi;
E si sentian de gli aspri colpi iniqui,
Per tutta la persona anco dolersi;
E pur per selve oscure, e calle iniqui
Insieme van senza sospetta aversi."
L'ORLANDO.

But the Jardines wald not with him ride.—P. 126, v. 2.

The Jardines were a clan of hardy West Border men. Their chief was Jardine of Applegirth. Their refusal to ride with Douglas was probably the result of one of those perpetual feuds which usually rent to pieces a Scottish army.

And he that had a bonnie boy,
Sent out his horse to grass.—P. 128, v. 3.

Froissart describes a Scottish host of the same period as consisting of " IIII. M. men of armes, knightis, and squires, mounted on good horses; and other X. M. men of warre armed, after their gyse, right hardy and firse, mounted on lytle hackneys, the whiche were never tied, nor kept at hard meat, but lette go to pasture in the fieldis and bushes" (*Chronykle of Froissart*, translated by Lord Berners, chap. xvii).

THE SANG OF THE OUTLAW MURRAY

THIS ballad appears to have been composed about the reign of James V. It commemorates a transaction supposed to have taken place betwixt a Scottish monarch and an ancestor of the ancient family of Murray of Philiphaugh, in Selkirkshire. The Editor is unable to ascertain the historical foundation of the tale; nor is it probable that any light can be thrown upon the subject without an accurate examination of the family charter-chest. It is certain that, during the civil wars betwixt Bruce and Baliol, the family of Philiphaugh existed and was powerful; for their ancestor, Archibald de Moravia, subscribes the oath of fealty to Edward I, A.D. 1296. It is therefore not unlikely that, residing in a wild and frontier country they may have, at one period or other during these commotions, refused allegiance to the feeble monarch of the day, and thus extorted from him some grant of territory or jurisdiction. It is also certain that, by a charter from James IV, dated November 30, 1509, John Murray, of Philiphaugh,

is vested with the dignity of heritable Sheriff of Ettrick Forest; an office held by his descendants till the final abolition of such jurisdictions by 28th George II, c. 23. But it seems difficult to believe that the circumstances mentioned in the ballad could occur under the reign of so vigorous a monarch as James IV. It is true that the *dramatis personæ* introduced seem to refer to the end of the fifteenth, or beginning of the sixteenth century; but from this it can only be argued that the author himself lived soon after that period. It may, therefore, be supposed (unless further evidence can be produced tending to invalidate the conclusion) that the bard, willing to pay his court to the family, has connected the grant of the sheriffship by James IV with some further dispute betwixt the Murrays of Philiphaugh and their sovereign, occurring either while they were engaged upon the side of Baliol, or in the subsequent reigns of David II and Robert II and III, when the English possessed great part of the Scottish frontier, and the rest was in so lawless a state as hardly to acknowledge any superior: at the same time, this reasoning is not absolutely conclusive. James IV had particular reasons for desiring that Ettrick Forest, which actually formed part of the jointure lands of Margaret, his Queen, should be kept in a state of tranquillity (Rymer, vol. xiii, p. 66). In order to accomplish this object it was natural for him, according to the policy of his predecessors, to invest one great family with the power of keeping order among the rest. It is even probable that the Philiphaugh family may have had claims upon part of the lordship of Ettrick Forest, which lay intermingled with their own extensive possessions; and in the course of arranging, not indeed the feudal superiority but the property of these lands, a dispute may have arisen of sufficient importance to be the groundwork of a ballad. It is further probable that the Murrays, like other Border clans, were in a very lawless state and held their lands merely by occupancy, without any feudal right. Indeed the lands of the various proprietors in Ettrick Forest (being a royal demesne) were held by the possessors, not in property but as the kindly tenants or rentallers of the crown; and it is only about one hundred and fifty years since they obtained charters, striking the feu-duty of each proprietor at the rate of the quit-rent which he formerly paid. This state of possession naturally led to a confusion of rights and claims. The Kings of Scotland were often reduced to the humiliating necessity of compromising such matters with their rebellious subjects; and James himself even entered into a sort of league with Johnie Faa, the king of the gipsies. Perhaps, therefore, the tradition handed down in this song may have had more foundation than it would at present be proper positively to assert.

The merit of this beautiful old tale, it is thought, will be fully acknowledged. It has been for ages a popular song in Selkirkshire. The scene is, by the common people, supposed to have been the castle of Newark, upon Yarrow. This is highly improbable, because Newark was always a royal fortress. Indeed the late excellent antiquarian, Mr Plummer, Sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire, has assured the

Editor that he remembered the *insignia* of the unicorns, etc., so often mentioned in the ballad, in existence upon the old tower at Hangingshaw, the seat of the Philiphaugh family; although upon first perusing a copy of the ballad he was inclined to subscribe to the popular opinion. The Tower of Hangingshaw has been demolished for many years; it stood in a romantic and solitary situation on the classical banks of the Yarrow. When the mountains around Hangingshaw were covered with the wild copse which constituted a Scottish forest, a more secure stronghold for an outlawed baron can hardly be imagined.

The tradition of Ettrick Forest bears that the outlaw was a man of prodigious strength, possessing a baton or club with which he laid *lee* (*i.e.*, waste) the country for many miles round; and that he was at length slain by Buccleuch, or some of his clan, at a little mount covered with fir-trees adjoining to Newark Castle, and said to have been a part of the garden. A varying tradition bears the place of his death to have been near to the house of the Duke of Buccleuch's gamekeeper beneath the castle; and that the fatal arrow was shot by Scott of Haining from the ruins of a cottage on the opposite side of the Yarrow. There was extant, within these twenty years, some verses of a song on his death. The feud betwixt the outlaw and the Scotts may serve to explain the asperity with which the chieftain of that clan is handled in the ballad.

In publishing the following ballad, the copy principally resorted to is one apparently of considerable antiquity which was found among the papers of the late Mrs Cockburn, of Edinburgh, a lady whose memory will be long honoured by all who knew her. Another copy, much more imperfect, is to be found in Glenriddel's MSS. The names are in this last miserably mangled, as is always the case when ballads are taken down from the recitation of persons living at a distance from the scenes in which they are laid. Mr Plummer also gave the Editor a few additional verses not contained in either copy, which are thrown into what seemed their proper place. There is yet another copy, in Mr Herd's MSS., which has been occasionally made use of. Two verses are restored in the present edition from the recitation of Mr Mungo Park, whose toils, during his patient and intrepid travels in Africa, have not eradicated from his recollection the legendary lore of his native country.

The arms of the Philiphaugh family are said by tradition to allude to their outlawed state. They are, indeed, those of a huntsman, and are blazoned thus: Argent, a hunting-horn sable, stringed and garnished gules, on a chief azure, three stars of the first. Crest, a demi-forester winding his horn, proper. Motto, *Hinc usque superna venabor.*

Ettricke Foreste is a feir foreste,
In it grows manie a semelie trie;
There's hart and hynd, and dae and rae,
And of a' wilde beastes grete plentie.

There's a feir castelle, bigged wi' lyme and stane;
O! gin it stands not pleasauntlie!
In the forefront o' that castelle feir,
Twa unicorns are bra' to see;
There's the picture of a knight, and a ladye bright,
And the grene hollin abune their brie.

There an Outlaw keepis five hundred men;
He keepis a royalle cumpanie!
His merryemen are a' in ae liverye clad,
O' the Linkome grene sae gaye to see;
He and his ladye in purple clad,
O! gin they lived not royallie!

Word is gane to our nobil King,
In Edinburgh, where that he lay,
That there was an Outlaw in Ettricke Foreste,
Counted him nought, nor a' his courtrie gay.

"I make a vowe," then the gude King said,
"Unto the man that deir bought me,
I'se either be King of Ettricke Foreste,
Or King of Scotlande that Outlaw sall be!"

Then spak the lord, hight Hamilton,
And to the nobil King said he,
"My sovereign prince, sum counsell take,
First at your nobilis, syne at me.

"I redd ye, send yon braw Outlaw till,
And see gif your man cum will he:
Desyre him cum and be your man,
And hald of you yon Foreste frie.

"Gif he refuses to do that,
We'll conquess baith his landis and he!
Or else, we'll throw his castell down,
And make a widowe o' his gay ladye."

The King then call'd a gentleman,
James Boyd (the Earl of Arran his brother was he),
When James he cam before the King,
He knelit before him on his kné.

"Wellcum, James Boyd!" said our nobil King;
"A message ye maun gang for me;
Ye maun hye to Ettricke Foreste,
To yon Outlaw, where bydeth he:

"Ask him of whom he haldis his landis,
Or man, wha may his master be,
And desyre him cum, and be my man,
And hald of me yon Foreste frie.

"To Edinburgh to cum and gang,
His safe warrant I sall gie;
And gif he refuses to do that,
We'll conquess baith his landis and he.

"Thou may'st vow I'll cast his castell down,
And mak a widowe o' his gay ladye;
I'll hang his merryemen, payr by payr,
In ony frith where I may them see."

James Boyd tuik his leave o' the nobil King,
To Ettricke Foreste feir cam he;
Down Birkendale Brae when that he cam,
He saw the feir Foreste wi' his e'e.

Baith dae and rae, and hart and hinde,
And of a' wilde beastis great plentie;
He heard the bows that bauldly ring,
And arrows whidderan' hym near bi.

Of that feir castell he got a sight;
The like he neir saw wi' his e'e!
On the fore front o' that castell feir,
Twa unicorns were gaye to see;
The picture of a knight, and ladye bright,
And the grene hollin abune their brie.

Thereat he spyed five hundred men,
Shuting with bows on Newark Lee;
They were a' in ae livery clad,
O' the Linkome grene sae gaye to see.

His men were a' clad in the grene,
The knight was armed capapie,[1]
With a bended bow, on a milk-white steed;
And I wot they ranked right bonilie.

Therby Boyd kend he was master man,
And serv'd him in his ain degré.
"God mot thee save, brave Outlaw Murray!
Thy ladye, and all thy chyvalrie!"
"Marry, thou's wellcum, gentleman,
Some King's messenger thou seemis to be."

[1] From head to foot.

"The King of Scotlande sent me here,
And, gude Outlaw, I am sent to thee;
I wad wot of whom ye hald your landis,
Or man, wha may thy master be?"

"Thir landis are MINE!" the Outlaw said;
"I ken nae King in Christentie;
Frae Soudron[1] I this Foreste wan,
Whan the King nor his knightis were not to see."

"He desyres you'l cum to Edinburgh,
And hauld of him this Foreste frie;
And, gif ye refuse to do this,
He'l conquess baith thy landis and thee.
He hath vow'd to cast thy castell down,
And mak a widowe o' thy gaye ladye;

"He'll hang thy merryemen, payr by payr,
In ony frith where he may them finde."
"Aye, by my troth!" the Outlaw said,
"Than wald I thinke me far behinde.

"Ere the King my feir countrie get,
This land that's nativest to me!
Many o' his nobilis sall be cauld,
Their ladyes sall be right wearie."

Then spak his ladye, feir of face,
She sayd, "Without consent of me,
That an Outlaw suld cum befor a King;
I am right rad of treasonrie.
Bid him be gude to his lordis at hame,
For Edinburgh my lord sall nevir see."

James Boyd tuik his leave o' the Outlaw kene,
To Edinburgh boun is he;
When James he cam befor the King,
He knelit lowlie on his kné.

"Wellcum, James Boyd!" seyd our nobil King;
"What Foreste is Ettricke Foreste frie?"
"Ettricke Foreste is the feirest foreste
That evir man saw wi' his e'e.

"There's the dae, the rae, the hart, the hynde,
And of a' wild beastis grete plentie;
There's a pretty castell of lyme and stane,
O gif it stands not pleasauntlie!

[1] Southron, or English.

"Ther's in the forefront o' that castell,
Twa unicorns, sae bra' to see;
There's the picture of a knight, and a ladye bright,
Wi' the grene hollin abune their brie.

"There the Outlaw keepis five hundred men,
He keepis a royalle cumpanie!
His merryemen in ae livery clad,
O' the Linkome grene sae gaye to see.
He and his ladye in purple clad;
O! gin they live not royallie!

"He says, yon Foreste is his awin;
He wan it frae the Southronie;
Sae as he wan it, sae will he keep it,
Contrair all kingis in Christentie."

"Gar warn me Perthshire, and Angus baith;
Fife up and down, and the Louthians three,
And graith my horse!" said our nobil King,
"For to Ettricke Foreste hie will I me."

Then word is gane the Outlaw till,
In Ettricke Foreste, where dwelleth he,
That the King was cuming to his cuntrie,
To conquess baith his landis and he.

"I mak a vow," the Outlaw said,
"I mak a vow, and that trulie,
Were there but three men to tak my pairt,
Yon King's cuming full deir suld be!"

Then messengers he called forth,
And bade them hie them speedilye—
"Ane of ye gae to Halliday,
The laird of the Corehead is he.

"He certain is my sister's son;
Bid him cum quick and succour me!
The King cums on for Ettricke Foreste,
And landless men we a' will be."

"What news? What news?" said Halliday,
"Man, frae thy master unto me?"
"Not as ye wad; seeking your aide;
The King's his mortal enemie."

"Aye, by troth!" said Halliday,
"Even for that it repenteth me;
For gif he lose feir Ettricke Foreste,
He'll tak feir Moffatdale frae me.

"I'll meet him wi' five hundred men,
And surely mair, if mae may be;
And before he gets the Foreste feir,
We a' will die on Newark Lee!"

The Outlaw call'd a messenger,
And bid him hie him speedilye,
To Andrew Murray of Cockpool—
"That man's a deir cousin to me;
Desyre him cum, and mak me ayd,
With a' the power that he may be."

"It stands me hard," Andrew Murray said,
"Judge gif it stands na hard wi' me;
To enter against a King wi' crown,
And set my landis in jeopardie!
Yet, if I cum not on the day,
Surely at night he sall me see."

To Sir James Murray of Traquair,
A message cam right speedilye—
"What news? What news?" James Murray said,
"Man, frae thy master unto me?"

"What neids I tell? for weell ye ken,
The King's his mortal enemie;
And now he is cuming to Ettricke Foreste,
And landless men ye a' will be."

"And, by my trothe," James Murray said,
"Wi' that Outlaw will I live and die;
The King has gifted my landis lang syne—
It cannot be nae warse wi' me."

The King was cuming thro' Caddon Ford,[1]
And full five thousand men was he;
They saw the derke Foreste them before,
They thought it awsome for to see.

Then spak the lord, hight Hamilton,
And to the nobil King said he,
"My sovereign liege, sum council tak,
First at your nobilis, syne at me.

[1] A ford on the Tweed, at the mouth of the Caddon Burn, near Yair.

"Desyre him mete thee at Permanscore,
And bring four in his cumpanie;
Five erles sall gang yoursell befor,
Gude cause that you suld honour'd be.

"And, gif he refuses to do that,
We'll conquess baith his landis and he;
There sall nevir a Murray, after him,
Hald land in Ettricke Foreste frie."

Then spak the kene Laird of Buckscleuth,
A stalworthe man, and sterne was he—
"For a King to gang an Outlaw till,
Is beneath his state and his dignitie.

"The man that wons yon Foreste intill,
He lives by reif and felonie!
Wherefore, brayd on, my sovereign liege!
Wi' fire and sword we'll follow thee;
Or, gif your courtrie lords fa' back,
Our Borderers sall the onset gie."

Then out and spak the nobil King,
And round him cast a wilie e'e—
"Now had thy tongue, Sir Walter Scott,
Nor speik of reif nor felonie:
For, had everye honeste man his awin kye,
A right puir clan thy name wad be!"

The King then call'd a gentleman,
Royal banner-bearer there was he;
James Hoppringle of Torsonse, by name;
He cam and knelit upon his kné.

"Wellcum, James Pringle of Torsonse!
A message ye maun gang for me;
Ye maun gae to yon Outlaw Murray,
Surely where bauldly bideth he.

"Bid him mete me at Permanscore,
And bring four in his cumpanie;
Five erles sall cum wi' mysel,
Gude reason I suld honour'd be.

"And, gif he refuses to do that,
Bid him luke for nae good o' me!
There sall nevir a Murray, after him,
Have land in Ettricke Foreste frie."

James came before the Outlaw kene,
And serv'd him in his ain degré—
"Wellcum, James Pringle of Torsonse!
What message frae the King to me?"

"He bids ye mete him at Permanscore,
And bring four in your cumpanie;
Five erles sall gang himsell befor,
Nae mair in number will he be.

"And, gif you refuse to do that,
(I freely here upgive wi' thee)
He'll cast yon bonny castle down,
And make a widowe o' that gaye ladye.

"He'll loose yon bluidhound Borderers,
Wi' fire and sword to follow thee;
There will nevir a Murray, after thysell,
Have land in Ettricke Foreste frie."

"It stands me hard," the Outlaw said;
"Judge gif it stands na hard wi' me!
Wha reck not losing of mysell,
But a' my offspring after me.

"My merryemen's lives, my widowe's teirs—
There lies the pang that pinches me!
When I am straught in bludie eard,
Yon castell will be right dreirie.

"Auld Halliday, young Halliday,
Ye sall be twa to gang wi' me;
Andrew Murray, and Sir James Murray,
We'll be nae mae in cumpanie."

When that they cam before the King,
They fell before him on their kné—
"Grant mercie, mercie, nobil King!
E'en for his sake that dyed on trie."

"Sicken like mercie sall ye have;
On gallows ye sall hangit be!"
"Over God's forbode," quoth the Outlaw then,
"I hope your grace will bettir be!
Else, ere you come to Edinburgh port,
I trow thin guarded sall ye be:

"Thir landis of Ettricke Foreste feir,
I wan them from the enemie;
Like as I wan them, sae will I keep them,
Contrair a' kingis in Christentie."

All the noblis the King about,
Said pitie it were to see him die—
"Yet graunt me mercie, sovereign prince!
Extend your favour unto me!

"I'll give thee the keys of my castell,
Wi' the blessing o' my gaye ladye,
Gin thou'lt make me sheriffe of this Foreste,
And a' my offspring after me."

"Wilt thou give me the keys of thy castell,
Wi' the blessing of thy gaye ladye?
I'se make thee sheriffe of Ettricke Foreste,
Surely while upward grows the trie;
If you be not traitour to the King,
Forfaulted sall thou nevir be."

"But, Prince, what sall cum o' my men?
When I gae back, traitour they'll ca' me.
I had rather lose my life and land,
Ere my merryemen rebuked me."

"Will your merryemen amend their lives?
And a' their pardons I grant thee—
Now, name thy landis where'er they lie,
And here I RENDER them to thee."

"Fair Philiphaugh is mine by right,
And Lewinshope still mine shall be;
Newark, Foulshiells, and Tinnies baith,
My bow and arrow purchased me.

"And I have native steads to me,
The Newark Lee and Hangingshaw;
I have mony steads in the Foreste shaw,
But them by name I dinna knaw."

The keys o' the castell he gave the King,
Wi' the blessing o' his feir ladye;
He was made sheriffe of Ettricke Foreste,
Surely while upward grows the trie;
And if he was na traitour to the King,
Forfaulted he suld nevir be.

Wha ever heard, in ony times,
Sicken an Outlaw in his degré,
Sic favour get before a King,
As did the OUTLAW MURRAY of the Foreste frie?

NOTES

Then spak the Lord, hight Hamilton.—P. 136, v. 5.

This is in most copies the *earl* hight Hamilton, which must be a mistake of the reciters, as the family did not enjoy that title till 1503.

James Boyd (the Earl of Arran his brother), etc.—P. 136, v. 8.

Thomas Boyd, Earl of Arran, was forfeited with his father and uncle in 1469 for an attempt on the person of James III. He had a son James, who was restored and in favour with James IV about 1482. If this be the person here meant, we should read, "The Earl of Arran his *son* was he." Glenriddel's copy reads "a Highland laird I'm sure was he." Reciters sometimes call the messenger the Laird of Skene.

Down Birkendale Brae when that he cam.—P. 137, v. 4.

Birkendale Brae, now commonly called *Birkendailly*, is a steep descent on the south side of Minch-moor, which separates Tweed-dale from Ettrick Forest; and from the top of which we have the first view of the woods of Hangingshaw, the castle of Newark, and the romantic dale of Yarrow.

The laird of the Corehead, etc.—P. 139, v. 7.

This is a place at the head of Moffat-water, possessed of old by the family of Halliday.

To Andrew Murray of Cockpool.—P. 140, v. 3.

This family were ancestors of the Murrays, Earls of Annandale; but the name of the representative in the time of James IV was William, not Andrew. Glenriddel's MS. reads "the country-keeper."

To Sir James Murray of Traquair.—P. 140, v. 5.

Before the barony of Traquair became the property of the Stewarts it belonged to a family of Murrays, afterwards Murrays of Black-barony, and ancestors of Lord Elibank. The old castle was situated on the Tweed. The lands of Traquair were forfeited by Willielmus de Moravia previous to 1464, for in that year a charter, proceeding upon his forfeiture, was granted by the crown "Willielmo Douglas de Cluny." Sir James was, perhaps, the heir of William Murray. It would farther seem that the grant in 1464 was not made effectual by Douglas, for another charter from the crown, dated the 3rd February 1478, conveys the estate of Traquair to James Stewart, Earl of Buchan, son to the Black Knight of Lorne and maternal uncle to James III, from whom is descended the present Earl of Traquair. The first royal grant not being followed by possession, it is very possible that the Murrays may have continued to occupy Traquair long after the date of that charter. Hence Sir James might have reason to say, as in the ballad, "The King has gifted my lands lang syne."

James Hoppringle of Torsonse.—P. 141, v. 6.

The honourable name of Pringle, or Hoppringle, is of great antiquity in Roxburghshire and Selkirkshire. The old Tower of Torsonse is situated upon the banks of the Gala. I believe the Pringles of Torsonse are now represented by Sir John Pringle of Stitchell. There are three other ancient and distinguished families of this name, those of Whitebank, Clifton, and Torwoodlee.

He bids ye mete him at Permanscore.—P. 142, v. 2.

Permanscore is a very remarkable hollow on the top of a high ridge of hills, dividing the vales of Tweed and Yarrow, a little to the eastward of Minchmoor. It is the outermost point of the lands of Broadmeadows. The Glenriddel MS., which in this instance is extremely inaccurate as to names, calls the place of rendezvous "*The poor man's house*," and hints that the Outlaw was surprised by the treachery of the king:

"That he was aware of the king's coming,
With hundreds three in company,
I wot the muckle deel . . .
He learned kings to lie!
For to fetch me here frae amang my men,
Here like a dog for to die."

I believe the reader will think with me that the catastrophe is better as now printed from Mrs Cockburn's copy. The deceit supposed to be practised on the Outlaw is unworthy of the military monarch as he is painted in the ballad, especially if we admit him to be King James IV.

Fair Philiphaugh is mine by right.—P. 143, v. 6.

In this and the following verse the ceremony of feudal investiture is supposed to be gone through by the Outlaw resigning his possessions into the hands of the king, and receiving them back, to be held of him as superior. The lands of Philiphaugh are still possessed by the Outlaw's representative. Hangingshaw and Lewinshope were sold of late years. Newark, Foulshiels, and Tinnies have long belonged to the family of Buccleuch.

JOHNIE ARMSTRANG

THERE will be such frequent occasion, in the course of this volume, to mention the clan, or sept, of the Armstrongs, that the Editor finds it necessary to prefix to this ballad some general account of that tribe.

The Armstrongs appear to have been, at an early period, in possession of great part of Liddesdale and of the Debateable Land. Their immediate neighbourhood to England rendered them the most lawless of the Border depredators; and, as much of the country possessed by them was claimed by both kingdoms, the inhabitants, protected from justice by the one nation, in opposition to the other, securely preyed upon both.[1] The chief was Armstrong of Mangertoun; but at a later period they are declared a broken clan; *i.e.*, one which had

[1] In illustration of this position the reader is referred to a long correspondence betwixt Lord Dacre and the Privy Council of England, in 1550, concerning one Sandye Armstrang, a partisan of England and an inhabitant of the Debateable Land, who had threatened to become a Scottishman if he was not protected by the English Warden against the Lord Maxwell. See Introduction to Nicholson and Burn's *History of Cumberland and Westmoreland.*

no lawful head to become surety for their good behaviour. The rapacity of this clan, and of their allies, the Elliots, occasioned the popular saying, "Elliots and Armstrongs ride thieves all." But to what Border family of note, in former days, would not such an adage have been equally applicable? All along the river Liddel may still be discovered the ruins of towers possessed by this numerous clan. They did not, however, entirely trust to these fastnesses; but, when attacked by a superior force, abandoned entirely their dwellings, and retired into morasses accessible by paths known to themselves alone. One of their most noted places of refuge was the Tarras Moss, a desolate and horrible marsh, through which a small river takes its course. Upon its banks are found some dry spots which were occupied by these outlaws and their families in cases of emergency. The stream runs furiously among huge rocks, which has occasioned a popular saying:

> "Was ne'er ane drown'd in Tarras, nor yet in doubt,
> For e'er the head can win down, the harns (brains) are out."

The morass itself is so deep that, according to an old historian, two spears tied together would not reach the bottom. In this retreat the Armstrongs, *anno* 1588, baffled the Earl of Angus when lieutenant on the Border, although he reckoned himself so skilful in winding a thief, that he declared "he had the same pleasure in it as others in hunting a hare." On this occasion he was totally unsuccessful, and nearly lost his relation, Douglas of Ively, whom the freebooters made prisoner (Godscroft, vol. ii, p. 411).

Upon another occasion the Armstrongs were less fortunate. They had, in one of their incursions, plundered the town of Haltwhistle, on the borders of Cumberland. Sir Robert Carey, Warden of the West Marches, demanded satisfaction from the King of Scotland, and received for answer that the offenders were no subjects of his, and that he might take his own revenge. The English warden accordingly entered Liddesdale and ravaged the lands of the outlaws; on which occasion *Sim of the Cat-hill* (an Armstrong) was killed by one of the Ridleys of Haltwhistle. This incident procured Haltwhistle another visit from the Armstrongs, in which they burnt great part of the town, but not without losing one of their leaders by a shot from a window.

"The death of this young man," says Sir Robert Carey, "wrote (wrought) so deep an impression upon them (the outlaws), as many vowes were made, that, before the end of next winter, they would lay the whole Border waste. This (the murder) was done about the end of May (1598). The chiefe of all these outlaws was *old Sim of Whitram*.[1] He had five or six sonnes, as able men as the Borders

[1] Whitram is a place in Liddesdale. It is mistaken by the noble Editor for Whithern, in Galloway, as is Hartwesel (Haltwhistle, on the borders of Cumberland) for Twisel, a village on the English side of the Tweed, near Wark.

had. This old man and his sonnes had not so few as two hundred at their commands, that were ever ready to ride with them to all actions, at their beck.

" The high parts of the marsh (march) towards Scotland were put in a mighty fear ; and the chiefe of them, for themselves and the rest, petitioned to mee, and did assure mee, that unless I did take some course with them by the end of that summer, there was none of the inhabitants durst, or would, stay in their dwellings the next winter ; but they would fley the countrey, and leave their houses and lands to the fury of the outlawes. Upon this complaint, I called the gentlemen of the countrey together, and acquainted them with the misery that the highest parts of the marsh towards Scotland were likely to endure, if there were not timely prevention to avoid it, and desired them to give mee their best advice what course were fitt to be taken. They all showed themselves willing to give mee their best counsailes ; and most of them were of opinion, that I was not well advised to refuse the hundred horse that my Lord Euers had ; and that now my best way was speedily to acquaint the Quene and counsaile with the necessity of having more soldiers ; and that there could not be less than a hundred horse sent downe for the defence of the countrey, besides the forty I had already in pay ; and that there was nothing but force of soldiers could keep them in awe : and to let the counsaile plainly understand that the marsh, of themselves, were not able to subsist, whenever the winter and long nights came in, unlesse present cure and remedy were provided for them. I desired them to advise better of it, and to see if they could find out any other means to prevent their mischievous intentions, without putting the Quene and countrey to any further charge. They all resolved that there was no second meanes. Then I told them my intention what I meant to do, which was, that myselfe, with my two deputies and the forty horse that I was allowed, would, with what speede wee could, make ourselves ready to go up to the Wastes ; and there wee would entrench ourselves, and lye as near as wee could to the outlawes : and, if there were any brave spirits among them that would go with us, they should be very wellcome, and fare and lye as well as myselfe ; and I did not doubte, before the summer ended, to do something that should abate the pride of these outlawes. Those that were unwilling to hazard themselves liked not this motion ; they said that, in so doing, I might keep the countrey quiet the time I lay there ; but when the winter approached I could stay there no longer, and that was the theeves' time to do all their mischiefe. But there were divers young gentlemen that offered to go with mee, some with three, some with four horses, and to stay with mee as long I would there continue. I took a list of those that offered to go with mee, and found that, with myself, my officers, the gentlemen, and our servants, wee should be about two hundred good men and horse ; a competent number, as I thought, for such a service.

" The day and place was appointed for our meeting in the Wastes;

and, by the help of the Foot of Liddisdale [1] and Risdale, wee had soone built a pretty fort; and within it wee had all cabines made to lye in, and every one brought beds or mattresses to lye on. There wee stayed from the middest of June till almost the end of August. Wee were betweene fifty and sixty gentlemen, besides their servants and my horsemen; so that wee werr not so few as two hundred horse. Wee wanted no provisions for ourselves nor our horses, for the countrey people were well payed for any thing they brought us; so that wee had a good market every day before our fort, to buy what we lacked. The chiefe outlawes, at our coming, fled their houses where they dwelt, and betooke themselves to a large and great forest (with all their goodes), which was called the Tarras. It was of that strength, and so surrounded with bogges and marish grounds, and thicke bushes and shrubbes, as they feared not the force nor power of England nor Scotland, so long as they were there. They sent me word, that I was like the first puffe of a haggasse,[2] hottest at the first, and bade me stay there as long as the weather would give me leave. They would stay in the Tarras Wood till I was weary of lying in the Waste; and when I had had my time, and they no whit the worse, they would play their parts, which should keep mee waking the next winter. Those gentlemen of the countrey that came not with mee, were of the same minde; for they knew (or thought at least) that my force was not sufficient to withstand the furey of the outlawes. The time I stayed at the fort I was not idle, but cast, by all meanes I could, how to take them in the great strength they were in. I found a meanes to send a hundred and fifty horsemen into Scotland (conveighed by a muffled man [3] not known to any of the company), thirty miles within Scotland; and the businesse was carried so, that none in the country tooke any alarm at this passage. They were quietly brought to the back side of the Tarras, to Scotland-ward. There they divided themselves into three parts, and tooke up three passages which the outlawes made themselves secure of, if from England side they should at any time be put at. They had their scoutes on the tops of hills, on the English side, to give them warning if at any time any power of men should come to surprise them. The three ambushes were safely laid, without being discovered; and, about four o'clock in the morning, there were three hundred horse

[1] The Foot of Liddisdale were the garrison of King James in the Castle of Hermitage who assisted Carey on this occasion, as the Armstrongs were outlaws to both nations.

[2] A haggis (according to Burns, "the chieftain of the pudding-race") is an olio, composed of the liver, heart, etc., of a sheep, minced down with oatmeal, onions, and spices, and boiled in the stomach of the animal by way of bag. When the bag is cut the contents (if this savoury dish be well made) should spout out with the heated air. This will explain the allusion.

[3] A Muffled Man means a person in disguise, a very necessary precaution for the guide's safety; for, could the outlaws have learned who played them this trick, beyond all doubt it must have cost him dear.

and a thousand foot,[1] that came directly to the place where the scoutes lay. They gave the alarm; our men brake down as fast as they could into the wood. The outlawes thought themselves safe, assuring themselves at any time to escape; but they were so strongly set upon on the English side, as they were forced to leave their goodes, and betake themselves to their passages towards Scotland. There was presently five taken of the principall of them. The rest, seeing themselves, as they thought, betrayed, retired into the thicke woodes and bogges,[2] that our men durst not follow them for fear of loosing themselves. The principall of the five that were taken, were two of the eldest sonnes of *Sim of Whitram*. These five they brought to mee to the fort, and a number of goodes, both of sheep and kine, which satisfied most part of the countrey that they had stolen them from.

"The five that were taken were of great worth and value amongst them; insomuch that, for their liberty, I should have what conditions I should demand or desire. First, all English prisoners were set at liberty; then had I themselves, and most part of the gentlemen of the Scottish side, so strictly bound in bondes to enter to mee, in fifteen days warning, any offendour, that they durst not, for their lives, break any covenant that I made with them; and so, upon these conditions, I set them at liberty, and was never after troubled with these kind of people. Thus God blessed me in bringing this great trouble to so quiet an end; wee brake up our fort, and every man retired to his owne house" (Carey's *Memoirs*, p. 151).

The people of Liddesdale have retained, by tradition, the remembrance of *Carey's Raid*, as they call it. They tell that, while he was besieging the outlaws in the Tarras, they contrived, by ways known only to themselves, to send a party into England, who plundered the Warden's lands. On their return they sent Carey one of his own cows, telling him that, fearing he might fall short of provision during his visit to Scotland, they had taken the precaution of sending him some English beef. The anecdote is too characteristic to be suppressed.

From this narrative the power and strength of the Armstrongs, at this late period, appear to have been very considerable. Even upon the death of Queen Elizabeth, this clan, associated with other banditti of the West Marches, to the number of two or three hundred horse, entered England in a hostile manner, and extended their ravages as far as Penrith. James VI, then at Berwick, upon his journey to his new capital, detached a large force, under Sir William Selby, captain of Berwick, to bring these depredators to order. Their raid, remarkable for being the last of any note occurring in history, was

[1] From this it would appear that Carey, although his constant attendants in his fort consisted only of 200 horse, had upon this occasion, by the assistance probably of the English and Scottish royal garrisons, collected a much greater force.

[2] There are now no trees in Liddesdale except on the banks of the rivers, where they are protected from the sheep. But the stumps and fallen timber, which are everywhere found in the morasses, attest how well the country must have been wooded in former days.

avenged in an exemplary manner. Most of the strongholds upon the Liddel were razed to the foundation, and several of the principal leaders executed at Carlisle; after which we find little mention of the Armstrongs in history. The precautions adopted by the Earl of Dunbar to preserve peace on the Borders, bore peculiarly hard upon a body of men long accustomed to the most ungoverned licence. They appear, in a great measure, to have fallen victims to the strictness of the new enactments (Redpath, p. 703; Stowe, 819; Laing, vol. i). The lands possessed by them in former days have chiefly come into the hands of the Buccleuch family, and of the Elliots; so that, with one or two exceptions, we may say that, in the country which this warlike clan once occupied there is hardly left a landholder of the name. One of the last Border reivers was, however, of this family, and lived within the beginning of the last century. After having made himself dreaded over the whole country, he at last came to the following end: One ——, a man of large property, having lost twelve cows in one night, raised the country of Tiviotdale, and traced the robbers into Liddesdale, as far as the house of this Armstrong, commonly called *Willie of Westburnflat*, from the place of his residence, on the banks of the Hermitage water. Fortunately for the pursuers, he was then asleep; so that he was secured, along with nine of his friends, without much resistance. He was brought to trial at Selkirk; and, although no precise evidence was adduced to convict him of the special fact, (the cattle never having been recovered,) yet the jury brought him in *guilty*, on his general character, or, as it is called in our law, on "habite and repute." When sentence was pronounced Willie arose, and seizing the oaken chair in which he was placed, broke it into pieces by main strength, and offered to his companions who were involved in the same doom that, if they would stand behind him, he would fight his way out of Selkirk with these weapons; but they held his hands, and besought him to let them *die like Christians*. They were accordingly executed on form of law. This was the last trial at Selkirk. The people of Liddesdale, who (perhaps not erroneously) still consider the sentence as iniquitous, remarked, that ——, the prosecutor, never throve afterwards, but came to beggary and ruin, with his whole family.

Johnie Armstrong, of Gilnockie, the hero of the following ballad, is a noted personage both in history and tradition. He was, it would seem from the ballad, a brother of the Laird of Mangertoun, chief of the name. His place of residence (now a roofless tower) was at the Hollows, a few miles from Langholm, where its ruins still serve to adorn a scene which, in natural beauty, has few equals in Scotland. At the head of a desperate band of freebooters, this Armstrong is said to have spread the terror of his name almost as far as Newcastle, and to have levied *blackmail*, or *protection and forbearance money*, for many miles around. James V, of whom it was long remembered by his grateful people that he made the "rush-bush keep the cow," about 1529, undertook an expedition through the Border counties, to

suppress the turbulent spirit of the Marchmen; but before setting out upon his journey, he took the precaution of imprisoning the different Border chieftains who were the chief protectors of the marauders. The Earl of Bothwell was forfeited and confined in Edinburgh Castle; the lords of Home and Maxwell, the lairds of Buccleuch, Fairniherst, and Johnston, with many others, were also committed to ward. Cockburn of Henderland, and Adam Scott of Tushielaw, called the King of the Border, were publicly executed (Lesly, p. 430). The King then marched rapidly forward, at the head of a flying army of ten thousand men, through Ettrick Forest and Ewsdale. The evil genius of our Johnie Armstrong, or, as others say, the private advice of some courtiers, prompted him to present himself before James, at the head of thirty-six horse, arrayed in all the pomp of Border chivalry. Pitscottie uses nearly the words of the ballad in describing the splendour of his equipment, and his high expectations of favour from the King. "But James, looking upon him sternly, said to his attendants, 'What wants that knave that a king should have?' and ordered him and his followers to instant execution. But John Armstrong," continues this minute historian, "made great offers to the king:—that he should sustain himself, with forty gentlemen, ever ready at his service, on their own cost, without wronging any Scottishmen; secondly, that there was not a subject in England, duke, earl, or baron, but, within a certain day, he should bring him to his majesty either quick or dead.[1] At length he, seeing no hope of favour, said very proudly, 'It is folly to seek grace at a graceless face; but,' said he, 'had I known this, I should have lived upon the Borders in despite of King Harry and you both; for I know King Harry would *down-weigh my best horse with gold*, to know that I were condemned to die this day'" (Pitscottie's *History*, p. 145). Johnie, with all his retinue, was accordingly hanged upon growing trees, at a place called Carlenrig Chapel, about ten miles above Hawick, on the high road to Langholm. The country people believe that, to manifest the injustice of the execution, the trees withered away. Armstrong

[1] The Borderers from their habits of life were capable of most extraordinary exploits of this nature. In the year 1511 Sir Robert Kerr, of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches of Scotland, was murdered at a border-meeting by the bastard Heron, Starhead, and Lilburn. The English monarch delivered up Lilburn to justice in Scotland, but Heron and Starhead escaped. The latter chose his residence in the very centre of England to baffle the vengeance of Kerr's clan and followers. Two dependants of the deceased, called Tait, were deputed by Andrew Kerr, of Cessford, to revenge his father's murder. They travelled through England in various disguises till they discovered the place of Starhead's retreat, murdered him in his bed, and brought his head in triumph to Edinburgh, where Kerr caused it to be exposed at the Cross. The bastard Heron would have shared the same fate had he not spread abroad a report of his having died of the plague, and caused his funeral obsequies to be performed (Ridpath's *History*, p. 481. See also *Metrical Account of the Battle of Flodden*, published by the Rev. Mr Lambe).

and his followers were buried in a deserted churchyard, where their graves are still shown.

As this Border hero was a person of great note in his way, he is frequently alluded to by the writers of the time. Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, in the curious play published by Mr Pinkerton, from the Bannatyne MS., introduces a pardoner, or knavish dealer in relics, who produces, among his holy rarities,

> "—— The cordis, baith grit and lang,
> Quhilt hangit Johnie Armistrang,
> Of gude hempt, soft and sound.
> Gude haly pepill, I stand ford,
> Wha'evir beis hangit in this cord,
> Neidis nevir to be drowned!"
> Pinkerton's *Scottish Poems*, vol. ii, p. 69.

In the *Complaynt of Scotland*, John Armistrangis' Dance, mentioned as a popular tune, has probably some reference to our hero.

The common people of the high parts of Teviotdale, Liddesdale, and the country adjacent, hold the memory of Johnie Armstrong in very high respect. They affirm also, that one of his attendants broke through the king's guard and carried to Gilnockie Tower the news of the bloody catastrophe.

This song was first published by Allan Ramsay, in his *Evergreen*, who says he copied it from the mouth of a gentleman called Armstrong, who was in the sixth generation from this John. The reciter assured him that this was the genuine old ballad—the common one false. By the common one, Ramsay means an English ballad upon the same subject but differing in various particulars, which is published in Mr Ritson's *English Songs*, vol. ii. It is fortunate for the admirers of the old ballad that it did not fall into Ramsay's hands when he was equipping with new sets of words the old Scottish tunes in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*. Since his time it has often been reprinted.

Sum speikis of lords, sum spelkis of lairds,
And sick lyke men of hie degrie;
Of a gentleman I sing a sang,
Sum tyme called laird of Gilnockie.

The King he wrytes a luving letter,
With his ain hand sae tenderly,
And he hath sent it to Johnie Armstrang,
To cum and speik with him speedily.

The Eliots and Armstrangs did convene;
They were a gallant cumpanie—
"We'll ride and meit our lawful King,
And bring him safe to Gilnockie."

"Make kinnen and capon ready then,
And venison in great plentie;
We'll wellcum here our royal King;
I hope he'll dine at Gilnockie!"

They ran their horse on the Langhome howm,
And brak their speirs wi' mickle main;
The ladies lukit frae their loft windows—
"God bring our men weel back agen!"

When Johnie cam before the King,
Wi' a' his men sae brave to see,
The King he movit his bonnet to him;
He ween'd he was a King as well as he.

"May I find grace, my sovereign liege,
Grace for my loyal men and me?
For my name it is Johnie Armstrang,
And a subject of yours, my liege," said he.

"Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out o' my sight soon may'st thou be!
I grantit nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee."

"Grant me my life, my liege, my King!
And a bonny gift I'll gie to thee—
Full four and twenty milk-white steids,
Were a' foaled in ae year to me.

"I'll gie thee a' these milk-white steids,
That prance and nicker at a speir;
And as mickle gude Inglish gilt,
As four o' their braid backs dow bear."

"Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out o' my sight soon may'st thou be!
I grantit nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee!"

"Grant me my life, my liege, my King!
And a bonny gift I'll gie to thee—
Gude four and twenty ganging mills,
That gang thro' a' the yeir to me.

"These four and twenty mills complete,
Sall gang for thee thro' a' the yeir;
And as mickle of gude reid wheit,
As a' their happers dow to bear."

"Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out o' my sight soon may'st thou be!
I grantit nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee."

"Grant me my life, my liege, my King!
And a great gift I'll gie to thee—
Bauld four-and-twenty sister's sons,
Sall for thee fecht, tho' a' should flee!"

"Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out o' my sight soon may'st thou be!
I grantit nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee."

"Grant me my life, my liege, my King!
And a brave gift I'll gie to thee—
All between heir and Newcastle town
Sall pay their yeirly rent to thee."

"Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out o' my sight soon may'st thou be!
I grantit nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee."

"Ye lied, ye lied, now, King," he says,
"Altho' a King and Prince ye be!
For I've luved naething in my life,
I weel dare say it, but honesty—

"Save a fat horse, and a fair woman,
Twa bonny dogs to kill a deir;
But England suld have found me meal and mault,
Gif I had lived this hundred yeir!

"Sche suld have found me meal and mault,
And beef and mutton in a' plentie;
But nevir a Scots wyfe could have said,
That e'er I skaith'd her a puir flee.

"To seik het water beneith cauld ice,
Surely it is a greit folie—
I have asked grace at a graceless face,
But there is nane for my men and me!

"But had I kenn'd ere I cam frae hame,
How thou unkind wadst been to me!
I wad have keepit the border side,
In spite of all thy force and thee.

"Wist England's King that I was ta'en,
O gin a blythe man he wad be!
For anes I slew his sister's son,
And on his breist bane brak a trie."

John wore a girdle about his middle,
Imbroidered ower wi' burning gold,
Bespangled wi the same metal;
Maist beautiful was to behold.

There hang nine targats at Johnie's hat,
And ilk ane worth three hundred pound—
"What wants that knave that a King suld have,
But the sword of honour and the crown!

"O whair got thou these targats, Johnie,
That blink sae brawly [1] abune thy brie?"
"I gat them in the field fechting,
Where, cruel King, thou durst not be.

"Had I my horse, and harness gude,
And riding as I wont to be,
It suld have been tald this hundred yeir,
The meeting of my King and me!

"God be with thee, Kirsty,[2] my brother!
Lang live thou laird of Mangertoun!
Lang may'st thou live on the border syde,
Ere thou see thy brother ride up and down!

"And God be with thee, Kirsty, my son,
Where thou sits on thy nurse's knee!
But and thou live this hundred yeir,
Thy father's better thou'lt nevir be.

"Farewell! my bonny Gilnock hall,
Where on Esk side thou standest stout!
Gif I had lived but seven yeirs mair,
I wad hae gilt thee round about."

John murdered was at Carlinrigg,
And all his gallant cumpanie;
But Scotland's heart was ne'er sae wae,
To see sae mony brave men die—

Because they saved their countrey deir,
Frae Englishmen! Nane were sae bauld
While Johnie lived on the border syde,
Nane of them durst cum neir his hauld.

[1] Glance so bravely. [2] Christopher.

SUPPLEMENT

The Editor believes his readers will not be displeased to see a Bond of Manrent, granted by this Border freebooter to the Scottish Warden of the West Marches, in return for the gift of a feudal casualty of certain lands particularized. It is extracted from Syme's *Collection of Old Writings*, MS. *penes* Dr Robert Anderson, of Edinburgh.

BOND OF MANRENT

" Be it kend till all men, be thir present letters, me, Johne Armistrang, for to be bound and oblist, and be the tenor of thir present letters, and faith and trewth in my body, lelie and trewlie, bindis and oblissis me and myn airis, to ane nobil and michtie lord, Robert Lord Maxwell, Wardane of the West Marches of Scotland, that, forasmikle as my said lord has given and grantit to me, and mine airis perpatuallie, the nonentries of all and hail the landis underwritten, that is to say, the landis of Dalbetht, Shield, Dalblane, Stapil-Gortown, Langholme, and * * * * * *, with their pertindis, lyand in the lordship of Eskdale, as his gift, maid to me, therupon beris in the self: and that for all the tyme of the nonentres of the samyn. Theirfor I, the said Johne Armistrang, bindis and oblissis me and myne airis, in manrent and service to the said Robert Lord Maxwell, and his airis, for evermair, first and befor all uthirs, myne allegiance to our soverane lord the king, allanerly except; and to be trewe, gude, and lele servant to my said lord, and be ready to do him service, baith in pece and weir, with all my kyn, friends, and servants, that I may and dowe to raise, and beand to my said lord's airis for evermair. And sall take his true and plane part in all maner of actions at myn outer power, and sall nouther wit, hear, nor se my said lordis skaith, lak, nor dishonestie, but we sall stop and lett the samyn, and geif we dowe not lett the samyn we sall warn him thereof in all possible haist; and geif it happenis me, the said Johne Armistrang, or myne airis, to fail in our said service and manrent, any maner of way, to our said lord (as God forbid we do,) than, and in that caiss, the gift and nonentres maid be him to us, of the said landis of Dalbetht, Shield, Dalblane, Stapil-Gortown, Langholme, and * * * * * *, with the pertinentis, to be of no avale, force, nor effect; but the said lord and his airis to have free regress and ingress to the nonentres of the samyn, but ony pley or impediment. To the keeping and fulfilling of all and sundry the premisses, in form above writtin, I bind and obliss me and my airis foresaids, to the said lord and his airis for evermare, be the faithis treuthis in our bodies, but fraud or gile. In witness of the whilk thing, to thir letters of manrent subscrievit, with my hand at the pen, my sele is hangin, at Drumfries, the secund day of November, the yeir of God, MD and XXV yeiris. JOHNE ARMISTRANG, with my hand at the pen."

The lands here mentioned were the possessions of Armstrong himself, the investitures of which not having been regularly renewed, the feudal casualty of non-entry had been incurred by the vassal. The brother of Johnie Armstrang is said to have founded or rather repaired Langholm Castle, before which, as mentioned in the ballad, verse 5th, they " ran their horse " and " brak their spears," in the exercise of Border chivalry (*Account of the Parish of Langholm, apud* Macfarlane's MSS.). The lands of Langholm and Staplegorton continued in Armstrong's family; for there is in the same MS. collection a similar bond of manrent, granted by " Cristofer Armstrang, calit *Johne's Pope*," on 24th January 1557, to Lord Johne Lord Maxwell, and to Sir Johne Maxwell of Terreglis, knight, his tutor and governor, in return for the gift of " the males of all and haill the landis whilk are conteint in ane bond made by umquhile Johne Armistrang, my father, to umquhile Robert Lord Maxwell, gudshore to the said Johne, now Lord Maxwell." It would therefore appear, that the bond of manrent granted by John Armstrong had been the price of his release from the feudal penalty arising from his

having neglected to procure a regular investiture from his superior. As Johnie only touched the pen, it appears that he could not write.

Christopher Armstrong above mentioned is the person alluded to in the conclusion of the ballad—*God be with thee, Kirsty, my son.* He was the father or grandfather of William Armstrong, called *Christie's Will*, a renowned freebooter, some of whose exploits the reader will find recorded in a subsequent part of this work.

LORD EWRIE

SIR RALPH EVRE, or Ewrie, or Evers, commemorated in the following lines, was one of the bravest men of a military race. He was son of the first, and father of the second Lord Ewrie; and was himself created a Lord of Parliament during his father's lifetime, in the thirty-fifth year of Henry VIII. The ballad is apparently a strain of gratulation upon that event. The poet, or more probably the reciter, has made some confusion in the lineage, by declaring that his hero was "married upon a Willoughbé." His mother, however, was of that family, and he was "kin to the Nevill and to the Percy." He was ennobled by Henry, on account of the vigour with which he prosecuted the Border warfare. But after "harrying the Mers and Tiviotdale, and knocking at Edinburgh gate," Lord Ewrie was slain in the battle of Ancram Moor, fought between him and the Earl of Angus, in 1546. See note to *The Eve of St John.*

The song was written down by my obliging friend, Richard Surtees, Esq., of Mainsforth, from the recitation of Rose Smith, of Bishop Middleham, a woman aged upwards of ninety-one, whose husband's father and two brothers were killed in the affair of 1715.

Lord Ewrie was as brave a man,
As ever stood in his degree;
The King has sent him a broad letter,[1]
All for his courage and loyalty.

Lord Ewrie is of a gentill blode,
A knighte's son sooth to say:
He is kin to the Nevill and to the Percy,
And is married upon a Willowbé.

A noble knight him trained upp,
Sir Rafe Bulmer is the man I mean;
At Flodden field, as men do say,
No better capten there was seen.

[1] Patent letters of nobility.

He led the men of Bishopricke,
Whan Thomas Ruthal bore the sway:
Tho' the Scottish Habs [1] were stout and true,
The English bowmen wan that day.

And since he has kepte Berwick upon Tweed,
The town was never better kept, I wot;
He maintained leal and order along the Border,
And still was ready to prick the Scot.

The country then lay in great peace,
And grain and grass was sown and won;
Then plenty filled the market-crosse,
When Lord Ewrie kept Berwick town.

With our queen's brother he hath been,
And rode rough shod through Scotland of late;
They have burned the Mers and Tiviotdale,
And knocked full loud at Edinburgh gate.

Now the king hath sent him a broad letter,
A Lord of Parliament to be:
It were well if every nobleman
Stood like Lord Ewrie in his degree.

NOTES

Sir Rafe Bulmer is the man I mean.—P. 157, v. 3.

Sir William Bulmer, of Brunspeth Castle, who is here said to have commanded the troops raised in the Bishopric in the battle of Floddenfield, was descended from an ancient and, at one period, noble family. The last who was summoned to Parliament as a peer of the realm was Ralph, from 1st till 23rd Edward III. Sir William routed the Borderers, who, under the command of Lord Home, made an excursion into Northumberland previous to the battle of Flodden. He is mentioned in the Metrical History of the battle, v. 105, etc. In the present ballad he is erroneously denominated Sir Ralph Bulmer.

With our queen's brother he hath been.—P. 158, v. 4.

The Earl of Hertford, afterwards Duke of Somerset, and brother of Queen Jane Seymour, made a furious incursion into Scotland in 1545. See Introduction.

[1] Contraction of Halbert (or Hobbie), once a common name in Scotland.

THE LOCHMABEN HARPER

[The Castle of Lochmaben was formerly a noble building, situated upon a peninsula projecting into one of the four lakes which are in the neighbourhood of the royal burgh, and is said to have been the residence of Robert Bruce while Lord of Annandale. Accordingly it was always held to be a royal fortress, the keeping of which, according to the custom of the times, was granted to some powerful lord, with an allotment of lands and fishings, for the defence and maintenance of the place. There is extant a grant, dated 16th March 1511, to Robert Lauder of the Bass, of the office of captain, and keeper of Lochmaben Castle for seven years, with many perquisites. Among others, the "*lands stolen frae the king*" are bestowed upon the captain as his proper lands. What shall we say of a country where the very ground was the subject of theft?]

O heard ye na o' the silly blind Harper,
How lang he lived in Lochmaben town?
And how he wad gang to fair England,
To steal the Lord Warden's Wanton Brown!

But first he gaed to his gude wyfe,
Wi' a' the haste that he could thole—
"This wark," quo' he, "will ne'er gae weel,
Without a mare that has a foal."

Quo' she—"Thou hast a gude gray mare,
That can baith lance o'er laigh and hie;
Sae set thee on the gray mare's back,
And leave the foal at hame wi' me."

So he is up to England gane,
And even as fast as he may drie;
And when he cam to Carlisle gate,
O whae was there but the Warden hie?

"Come into my hall, thou silly blind Harper,
And of thy harping let me hear!"
"O by my sooth," quo' the silly blind Harper,
"I wad rather hae stabling for my mare."

The Warden look'd ower his left shoulder,
And said unto his stable groom—
"Gae take the silly blind Harper's mare,
And tie her beside my Wanton Brown."

Then ay he harped, and ay he carped,
Till a' the lordlings footed the floor;
But an' the music was sae sweet,
The groom had nae mind o' the stable door.

And ay he harped, and ay he carped,
Till a' the nobles were fast asleep;
Then quickly he took aff his shoon,
And saftly down the stair did creep.

Syne to the stable door he hied,
Wi' tread as light as light could be;
And when he opened and gaed in,
There he fand thirty steeds and three.

He took a cowt halter [1] frae his hose,
And o' his purpose he didna fail;
He slipt it ower the Wanton's nose,
And tied it to his gray mare's tail.

He turned them loose at the castle gate,
Ower muir and moss and ilka dale;
And she ne'er let the Wanton bait,
But kept him a-galloping hame to her foal.

The mare she was right swift o' foot,
She didna fail to find the way;
For she was at Lochmaben gate,
A lang three hours before the day.

When she cam to the Harper's door,
There she gave mony a nicher and sneer—[2]
"Rise up," quo' the wife, "thou lazy lass;
Let in thy master and his mare."

Then up she rose, put on her clothes,
And keekit through at the lock-hole—
"O! by my sooth," then cried the lass,
"Our mare has gotten a braw brown foal!"

"Come, haud thy tongue, thou silly wench!
The morn's but glancing in your e'e."
"I'll wad my hail fee [3] against a groat,
He's bigger than e'er our foal will be."

Now all this while in merry Carlisle,
The Harper harped to hie and law;
And the fiend dought they do [4] but listen him to,
Until that the day began to daw.

But on the morn, at fair day-light,
When they had ended a' their cheer,
Behold the Wanton Brown was gane,
And eke the poor blind Harper's mare!

[1] Colt's halter.
[2] Neigh and snort.
[3] Bet my whole wages.
[4] Nothing could they do.

"Allace! allace!" quo' the cunning auld Harper,
"And ever allace that I cam here!
In Scotland I lost a braw cowt foal,
In England they've stown my gude gray mare!"

"Come! cease thy allacing, thou silly blind Harper,
And again of thy harping let us hear;
And weel payd sall thy cowt-foal be,
And thou sall have a far better mare."

Then ay he harped, and ay he carped;
Sae sweet were the harpings he let them hear!
He was paid for the foal he had never lost,
And three times ower for the gude GRAY MARE.

NOTES

The only remark which offers itself on the foregoing ballad seems to be that it is the most modern in which the harp, as a Border instrument of music, is found to occur.

I cannot dismiss the subject of Lochmaben without noticing an extraordinary and anomalous class of landed proprietors who dwell in the neighbourhood of that burgh. These are the inhabitants of four small villages near the ancient castle called the Four Towns of Lochmaben. They themselves are termed the King's Rentallers, or kindly tenants, under which denomination each of them has a right, of an allodial nature, to a small piece of ground. It is said that these people are the descendants of Robert Bruce's menials, to whom he assigned in reward of their faithful service these portions of land, burdened only with the payment of certain quit-rents, and grassums, or fines, upon the entry of a new tenant. The right of the rentallers is in essence a right of property, but in form only a right of lease, of which they appeal for the foundation to the rent-rolls of the lord of the castle and manor. This possession by rental, or by simple entry upon the rent-roll, was anciently a common and peculiarly sacred species of property granted by a chief to his faithful followers; the connexion of landlord and tenant being esteemed of a nature too formal to be necessary where there was honour upon one side and gratitude upon the other. But in the case of subjects granting a right of this kind it was held to expire with the life of the granter, unless his heir chose to renew it; and also upon the death of the rentaller himself, unless especially granted to his heirs, by which term only his first heir was understood. Hence, in modern days, the *kindly tenants* have entirely disappeared from the land. Fortunately for the inhabitants of the Four Towns of Lochmaben, the maxim that the king can never die prevents their right of property from reverting to the crown. The Viscount of Stormonth, as royal keeper of the castle, did, indeed, about the beginning of the last century, make an attempt to remove the rentallers from their possessions, or at least to procure judgment, finding them obliged to take out feudal investitures, and subject themselves to the casualties thereto annexed. But the rentallers united in their common defence, and having stated their immemorial possession, together with some favourable clauses in certain old acts of Parliament, enacting, that the king's *poor kindly-tenants* of Lochmaben should not be hurt, they finally prevailed in an action before

the Court of Session. From the peculiar state of their right of property, it follows that there is no occasion for feudal investitures, or the formal entry of an heir; and of course when they choose to convey their lands it is done by a simple deed of conveyance, without charter or sasine.

The kindly tenants of Lochmaben live (or at least lived till lately) much sequestered from their neighbours, marry among themselves, and are distinguished from each other by *sobriquets*, according to the ancient Border custom repeatedly noticed. You meet among their writings with such names as *John Out-bye, Will In-bye, White-fish, Red-fish*, etc. They are tenaciously obstinate in defence of their privileges of commonty, etc., which are numerous. Their lands are in general neatly inclosed and well cultivated, and they form a contented and industrious little community.

Many of these particulars are extracted from the MSS. of Mr Syme, Writer to the Signet. Those who are desirous of more information may consult *Craig de Feudis*, lib. ii, dig. 9, sec. 24. It is hoped the reader will excuse this digression, though somewhat professional, especially as there can be little doubt that this diminutive republic must soon share the fate of mightier states; for in consequence of the increase of commerce, lands possessed under this singular tenure being now often brought to sale and purchased by the neighbouring proprietors, will in process of time be included in their investitures, and the right of rentallage be entirely forgotten.

JAMIE TELFER OF THE FAIR DODHEAD

[There is another ballad, under the same title as the following, in which nearly the same incidents are narrated, with little difference, except that the honour of rescuing the cattle is attributed to the Liddesdale Elliots, headed by a chief there called Martin Elliot, of the Preakin Tower, whose son Simon is said to have fallen in the action. It is very possible that both the Teviotdale Scotts and the Elliots were engaged in the affair, and that each claimed the honour of the victory.

The Editor presumes that the Willie Scott here mentioned must have been a natural son of the Laird of Buccleuch.]

It fell about the Martinmas tyde,
When our border steeds get corn and hay,
The captain of Bewcastle hath bound him to ryde,
And he's ower to Tividale [1] to drive a prey.

The first ae guide that they met wi',
It was high up in Hardhaughswire;
The second guide that we met wi',
It was laigh down in Borthwick water.

"What tidings, what tidings, my trusty guide?"
"Nae tidings, nae tidings, I hae to thee;
But gin ye'll gae to the fair Dodhead,
Mony a cow's cauf I'll let thee see."

[1] Teviotdale.

And whan they cam to the fair Dodhead,
Right hastily they clam the peel;
They loosed the kye out, ane and a',
And ranshackled the house right weel.

Now Jamie Telfer's heart was sair,
The tear aye rowing in his e'e;
He pled wi' the captain to hae his gear,
Or else revenged he wad be.

The captain turned him round and leugh;
Said—"Man, there's naething in thy house,
But ae auld sword without a sheath,
That hardly now wad fell a mouse!"

The sun was na up, but the moon was down,
It was the gryming of a new fa'n snaw,
Jamie Telfer has run ten myles a-foot,
Between the Dodhead and the Stobs's Ha'.

And whan he cam to the fair tower yate,
He shouted loud, and cried weel hie,
Till out bespak auld Gibby Elliot—
"Whae's this that brings the fraye to me?"

"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
And a harried man I think I be!
There's naething left at the fair Dodhead,
But a waefu' wife and bairnies three."

"Gae seek your succour at Branksome Ha',
For succour ye'se get nane frae me!
Gae seek your succour where ye paid black-mail,
For, man! ye ne'er paid money to me."

Jamie has turned him round about,
I wat the tear blinded his e'e—
"I'll ne'er pay mail to Elliot again,
And the fair Dodhead I'll never see!

"My hounds may a' rin masterless,
My hawks may fly frae tree to tree,
My lord may grip my vassal lands,
For there again maun I never be!"

He has turned him to the Tiviot side,
E'en as fast as he could drie,
Till he cam to the Coultart Cleugh,
And there he shouted baith loud and hie.

Then up bespak him auld Jock Grieve—
"Whae's this that brings the fraye to me?"
"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
A harried man I trow I be.

"There's naething left in the fair Dodhead,
But a greeting wife and bairnies three,
And sax poor ca's [1] stand in the sta',
A' routing loud for their minnie." [2]

"Alack a wae!" quo' auld Jock Grieve,
"Alack! my heart is sair for thee!
For I was married on the elder sister,
And you on the youngest of a' the three."

Then he has ta'en out a bonny black,
Was right weel fed wi' corn and hay,
And he's set Jamie Telfer on his back,
To the Catslockhill to tak the fraye.

And whan he cam to the Catslockhill,
He shouted loud and cried weel hie,
Till out and spak him William's Wat—
"O whae's this brings the fraye to me?"

"It's I, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead,
A harried man I think I be!
The captain of Bewcastle has driven my gear;
For God's sake rise, and succour me!"

"Alas for wae!" quo' William's Wat,
"Alack, for thee my heart is sair!
I never cam by the fair Dodhead,
That ever I fand thy basket bare."

He's set his twa sons on coal-black steeds,
Himsel' upon a freckled gray,
And they are on wi' Jamie Telfer,
To Branksome Ha' to tak the fraye.

And whan they cam to Branksome Ha',
They shouted a' baith loud and hie,
Till up and spak him auld Buccleuch,
Said—"Whae's this brings the fraye to me?"

"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
And a harried man I think I be!
There's nought left in the fair Dodhead,
But a greeting wife and bairnies three."

[1] Calves. [2] Mother.

"Alack for wae!" quoth the gude auld lord,
"And ever my heart is wae for thee!
But fye gar cry on Willie, my son,
And see that he come to me speedilie!

"Gar warn the water, braid and wide,
Gar warn it sune and hastily!
They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,
Let them never look in the face o' me!

"Warn Wat o' Harden, and his sons,
Wi' them will Borthwick water ride;
Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,
And Gilmanscleugh, and Commonside.

"Ride by the gate at Priesthaughswire,
And warn the Currors o' the Lee;
As ye cum down the Hermitage Slack,
Warn doughty Willie o' Gorrinberry."

The Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran,
Sae starkly and sae steadilie!
And aye the ower-word o' the thrang
Was—"Rise for Branksome readilie!"

The gear was driven the Frostylee up,
Frae the Frostylee unto the plain,
Whan Willie has looked his men before,
And saw the kye right fast drivand.

"Whae drives thir kye?" gan Willie say,
"To mak an outspeckle o' me?"
"It's I, the captain o' Bewcastle, Willie;
I winna layne my name for thee."

"O will ye let Telfer's kye gae back,
Or will ye do aught for regard o' me?
Or, by the faith of my body," quo' Willie Scott,
"I'se ware my dame's cauf's skin on thee!"

"I winna let the kye gae back,
Neither for thy love, nor yet thy fear;
But I will drive Jamie Telfer's kye,
In spite of every Scott that's here."

"Set on them, lads!" quo' Willie than;
"Fye, lads, set on them cruellie!
For ere they win to the Ritterford,
Mony a toom saddle there sall be!"

Then till't they gaed, wi' heart and hand;
The blows fell thick as bickering hail;
And mony a horse ran masterless,
And mony a comely cheek was pale!

But Willie was stricken ower the head,
And thro' the knapscap the sword has gane;
And Harden grat for very rage,
Whan Willie on the grund lay slane.

But he's tane aff his gude steel cap,
And thrice he's waved it in the air—
The Dinlay [1] snaw was ne'er mair white
Nor the lyart locks of Harden's hair.

"Revenge! revenge!" auld Wat gan cry;
"Fye, lads, lay on them cruellie!
We'll ne'er see Tiviotside again
Or Willie's death revenged sall be."

O mony a horse ran masterless,
The splintered lances flew on hie;
But or they wan to the Kershope ford,
The Scotts had gotten the victory.

John o' Brigham there was slane,
And John o' Barlow, as I hear say;
And thirty mae o' the captain's men,
Lay bleeding on the grund that day.

The captain was run thro' the thick of the thigh,
And broken was his right leg bane;
If he had lived this hundred year,
He had never been loved by woman again.

"Hae back thy kye!" the captain said;
"Dear kye, I trow, to some they be!
For gin I suld live a hundred years,
There will ne'er fair lady smile on me."

Then word is gane to the captain's bride,
Even in the bower where that she lay,
That her lord was prisoner in enemy's land,
Since into Tividale he had led the way.

"I wad lourd have had a winding-sheet,
And helped to put it ower his head,
Ere he had been disgraced by the *border Scot*,
Whan he ower Liddel his men did lead!"

[1] A mountain in Liddesdale.

There was a wild gallant amang us a',
His name was Watty wi' the Wudspurs,[1]
Cried—"On for his house in Stanegirthside,
If ony man will ride with us!"

When they cam to the Stanegirthside,
They dang wi' trees, and burst the door;
They loosed out a' the captain's kye,
And set them forth our lads before.

There was an auld wyfe ayont the fire,
A wee bit o' the captain's kin—
"Whae dar loose out the captain's kye,
Or answer to him and his men?"

"It's I, Watty Wudspurs, loose the kye!
I winna layne my name frae thee!
And I will loose out the captain's kye,
In scorn of a' his men and he."

When they cam to the fair Dodhead,
They were a wellcum sight to see!
For instead of his ain ten milk kye,
Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three.

And he has paid the rescue shot,
Baith wi' goud, and white monie;
And at the burial o' Willie Scott,
I wat was mony a weeping e'e.

NOTES

It was high up in Hardhaughswire.—P. 162, v. 2.

Hardhaughswire is the pass from Liddesdale to the head of Teviotdale.

It was laigh down in Borthwick water.—P. 162, v. 2.

Borthwick water is a stream which falls into the Teviot, three miles above Hawick.

But gin ye'll gae to the fair Dodhead.—P. 162, v. 3.

The Dodhead in Selkirkshire, near Singlee, where there are still the vestiges of an old tower.

Now Jamie Telfer's heart was sair.—P. 163, v. 2.

There is still a family of Telfers residing near Langholm, who pretend to derive their descent from the Telfers of the Dodhead.

[1] Hotspur, or Madspur.

Between the Dodhead and the Stobs's Ha'.—P. 163, v. 4.

Stobs Hall, upon Slitterick. Jamie Telfer made his first application here, because he seems to have paid the proprietor of that castle *blackmail*, or protection money.

Gae seek your succour at Branksome Ha'.—P. 163, v. 7.

The ancient family seat of the lairds of Buccleuch, near Hawick.

Till he cam to the Coultart Cleugh.—P. 163, v. 10.

The Coultart Cleugh is nearly opposite to Carlinrig, on the road between Hawick and Mosspaul.

Gar warn the water, braid and wide.—P. 165, v. 2.

The *water*, in the mountainous districts of Scotland, is often used to express the banks of the river, which are the only inhabitable parts of the country. *To raise the water*, therefore, was to alarm those who lived along its side.

Warn Wat o' Harden, and his sons, etc.—P. 165, v. 3.

The estates mentioned in this verse belonged to families of the name of Scott, residing upon the waters of Borthwick and Teviot, near the castle of their chief.

Ride by the gate at Priesthaughswire.—P. 165, v. 4.

The pursuers seem to have taken the road through the hills of Liddesdale in order to collect forces and intercept the forayers at the passage of the Liddel on their return to Bewcastle. The Ritterford and Kershope-ford, after-mentioned, are noted fords on the river Liddel.

The gear was driven the Frostylee up.—P. 165, v. 6.

The Frostylee is a brook which joins the Teviot near Mosspaul.

And Harden grat for very rage.—P. 166, v. 2.

Of this Border laird, commonly called *Auld Wat of Harden*, tradition has preserved many anecdotes. He was married to Mary Scott, celebrated in song by the title of the Flower of Yarrow. By their marriage contract the father-in-law, Philip Scott of Dryhope, was to find Harden in horse-meat and man's meat at his tower of Dryhope for a year and a day; but five barons pledge themselves that, at the expiry of that period, the son-in-law *should remove without attempting to continue in possession by force!* A notary-public signed for all the parties to the deed, none of whom could write their names. The original is still in the charter-room of the present Mr Scott of Harden. By the Flower of Yarrow the Laird of Harden had six sons, five of whom survived him, and founded the families of Harden (now extinct), Highchesters (now representing Harden), Reaburn, Wool, and Synton. The sixth son was slain at a fray in a hunting-match by the Scotts of Gilmanscleugh. His brothers flew to arms, but the old laird secured them in the dungeon of his tower, hurried to Edinburgh, stated the crime, and obtained a gift of the lands of the offenders from the crown. He returned to Harden with equal speed, released his sons, and showed them the charter. "To horse, lads!" cried the savage warrior, "and let us take possession! the lands of Gilmanscleugh are well worth a dead son." The property thus obtained continued in the family till the beginning of last century, when it was sold by John Scott, of Harden, to Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch. A beautiful ballad, founded on this tradition, occurs in *The Mountain Bard*, a collection of legendary poetry by Mr James Hogg.

John o' Brigham there was slane.—P. 166, v. 6.

Perhaps one of the ancient family of Brougham, in Cumberland. The Editor has used some freedom with the original in the subsequent verse. The account of the captain's disaster (*teste læva vulnerata*) is rather too *naïve* for literal publication.

Cried—" On for his house in Stanegirthside.—P. 167, v. 1.

A house belonging to the Foresters, situated on the English side of the Liddel.

An article in the list of attempts upon England, fouled by the commissioners at Berwick in the year 1587, may relate to the subject of the foregoing ballad.

October, 1582.

Thomas Musgrave, deputy of Bewcastle, and tenants, against . . . { Walter Scott, laird of Buckluth, and his accomplices; for . . . . . } 200 kine and oxen, 300 gait and sheep.

Introduction to the History of Westmoreland and Cumberland, p. 31.

THE RAID OF THE REIDSWIRE

THIS poem is published from a copy in the Bannatyne MS. in the handwriting of the Hon. Mr Carmichael, advocate. It first appeared in Allan Ramsay's *Evergreen*; but some liberties have been taken by him in transcribing it: and, what is altogether unpardonable, the MS., which is itself rather inaccurate, has been interpolated to favour his readings; of which there remain obvious marks.

The skirmish of the Reidswire happened upon the 7th of June 1575 at one of the meetings held by the Wardens of the Marches, for arrangements necessary upon the Border. Sir John Carmichael, ancestor of the present Earl of Hyndford,[1] was the Scottish Warden, and Sir John Forster held that office on the English Middle March. In the course of the day, which was employed as usual in redressing wrongs, a bill or indictment, at the instance of a Scottish complainer, was fouled (*i.e.*, found a true bill) against one Farnstein, a notorious English freebooter. Forster alleged that he had fled from justice: Carmichael, considering this as a pretext to avoid making compensation for the felony, bade him " play fair ! " to which the haughty English Warden retorted by some injurious expressions respecting Carmichael's family, and gave other open signs of resentment. His retinue, chiefly men of Reesdale and Tynedale, the most ferocious of the English Borderers, glad of any pretext for a quarrel, discharged a flight of arrows among the Scots. A warm conflict ensued, in which, Carmichael being beat down and made prisoner, success seemed at first to incline to the English side; till the Tynedale men, throwing

[1] The title of Hyndford is now extinct (1830).

themselves too greedily upon the plunder, fell into disorder; and a body of Jedburgh citizens arriving at that instant, the skirmish terminated in a complete victory on the part of the Scots, who took prisoners,—the English Warden, James Ogle, Cuthbert Collingwood, Francis Russell, son to the Earl of Bedford, and son-in-law to Forster, some of the Fenwicks, and several other Border chiefs. They were sent to the Earl of Morton, then Regent, who detained them at Dalkeith for some days, till the heat of their resentment was abated; which prudent precaution prevented a war betwixt the two kingdoms. He dismissed them, with great expressions of regard; and to satisfy Queen Elizabeth,[1] sent up Carmichael to York, whence he was soon after honourably dismissed. The field of battle, called the Reidswire, is a part of the Carter Mountain, about ten miles from Jedburgh. See for these particulars Godscroft, Spottiswoode, and Johnstone's *History*.

The Editor has adopted the modern spelling of the word Reidswire, to prevent the mistake in pronunciation which might be occasioned by the use of the Scottish *qu* for *w*. The MS. reads *Reidsquair*. *Swair*, or *Swire*, signifies the descent of a hill; and the epithet *Red* is derived from the colour of the heath, or perhaps from the Reidwater, which rises at no great distance.

The seventh of July, the suith to say,
  At the Reidswire the tryst was set;
Our wardens they affixed the day,
  And, as they promised, so they met.
  Alas! that day I'll ne'er forgett!
Was sure sae feard, and then sae faine—
  They came theare justice for to gett,
Will never green to come again.

Carmichael was our warden then,
  He caused the country to conveen;
And the Laird's Wat, that worthie man,
  Brought in that sirname weil beseen:[2]
  The Armestranges, that aye hae been
A hardie house, but not a hail,
  The Elliot's honours to maintaine,
Brought down the lave o' Liddesdale.

---

[1] Her ambassador at Edinburgh refused to lie in a bed of state which had been provided for him, till this "*oudious fact*" had been enquired into (Murdin's *State Papers*, vol. ii, p. 282).

[2] Well appointed. The word occurs in *Morte d'Arthur*: "And when Sir Percival saw this, he hied them thither, and found the ship covered with silke, more blacker than any beare; and therein was a gentlewoman, of great beautie, and she was richly *beseene*, that none might be better."

Then Tividale came to wi' speid;
The sheriffe brought the Douglas down,
Wi' Cranstane, Gladstain, good at need,
Baith Rewle water, and Hawick town.
Beanjeddart bauldly made him boun,
Wi' a' the Trumbills, stronge and stout;
The Rutherfoords, with grit renown,
Convoyed the town of Jedbrugh out.

Of other clans I cannot tell,
Because our warning was not wide.—
Be this our folks hae taen the fell,
And planted down palliones [1] there to bide.
We looked down the other side,
And saw come breasting ower the brae,
Wi' Sir John Forster for their guyde,
Full fifteen hundred men and mae.

It grieved him sair, that day, I trow,
Wi' Sir George Hearoune of Schipsydehouse:
Because we were not men enow,
They counted us not worth a louse.
Sir George was gentle, meek, and douse,
But *he* was hail and het as fire;
And yet, for all his cracking crouse,
He rewd the raid o' the Reidswire.

To deal with proud men is but pain;
For either must ye fight or flee,
Or else no answer make again,
But play the beast, and let them be.
It was na wonder he was hie,
Had Tindaill, Reedsdaill, at his hand,
Wi' Cukdaill, Gladsdaill on the lee,
And Hebsrime, and Northumberland.

Yett was our meeting meek enough,
Begun wi' merriment and mowes,
And at the brae, aboon the heugh,
The clark sate down to call the rowes.
And some for kyne, and some for ewes,
Called in of Dandrie, Hob, and Jock—
We saw, come marching ower the knows,
Five hundred Fennicks in a flock.

---

[1] Tents.

With jack and speir, and bows all bent,
And warlike weapons at their will:
Although we were na well content,
Yet be my trouth, we feard no ill.
Some gaed to drink, and some stude still,
And some to cards and dice them sped;
Till on ane Farnstein they fyled a bill,
And he was fugitive and fled.

Carmichael bade them speik out plainlie,
And cloke no cause for ill nor good;
The other, answering him as vainlie,
Began to reckon kin and blood:
He raise, and raxed him where he stood,
And bade him match him with his marrows,
Then Tindaill heard them reasun rude,
And they loot off a flight of arrows.

Then was there nought but bow and speir,
And every man pulled out a brand;
"A Schafton and a Fenwick" thare:
Gude Symington was slain frae hand.
The Scotsmen cried on other to stand,
Frae time they saw John Robson slain—
What should they cry? the King's command
Could cause no cowards turn again.

Up rose the laird to red the cumber,[1]
Which would not be for all his boast;
What could we doe with sic a number?
Fyve thousand men into a host.
Then Henry Purdie proved his cost,[2]
And very narrowlie had mischiefed him,
And there we had our warden lost,
Wert not the grit God he relieved him.

Another throw the breiks him bair,
Whill flatlies to the ground he fell:
Than thought I weel we had lost him there,
Into my stomack it struck a knell!
Yet up he raise the treuth to tell ye,
And laid about him dints full dour;
His horsemen they raid sturdily,
And stude about him in the stoure.

---

[1] Quell the tumult. [2] Proved to be a cause of danger to him.

Then raise the slogan with ane shout—
"Fy Tindaill to it! Jedbrugh's here!"
I trow he was not half sae stout,
But [1] anis his stomach was asteir.
With gun and genzie,[2] bow and speir,
Men might see mony a cracked crown!
But up amang the merchant geir,
They were as busy as we were down.

The swallow tail frae tackles flew,
Five hundreth flain [3] into a flight,
But we had pestelets anow,
And shot among them as we might.
With help of God the game gaed right,
Frae time the foremost of them fell;
Then ower the know, without goodnight,
They ran with mony a shout and yell.

But after they had turned backs,
Yet Tindaill men they turned again;
And had not been the merchant packs,
There had been mae of Scotland slain.
But, Jesu! if the folks were fain
To put the bussing on their thies;
And so they fled, wi' a' their main,
Down ower the brae, like clogged bees.

Sir Francis Russell ta'en was there,
And hurt, as we hear men rehearse;
Proud Wallinton was wounded sair,
Albeit he be a Fennick fierce.
But if ye wald a souldier search,
Among them a' were ta'en that night,
Was nane sae wordie to put in verse,
As Collingwood, that courteous knight.

Young Henry Schafton, he is hurt;
A souldier shot him wi' a bow:
Scotland has cause to mak great sturt,
For laiming of the laird of Mow.
The Laird's Wat did weel, indeed;
His friends stood stoutlie by himsel',
With little Gladstain, gude in need,
For Gretein kend na gude be ill.

---

[1] Till once his anger was up.
[2] Engine of war.
[3] Arrows; hitherto absurdly printed *slain*.

The Sheriffe wanted not gude will,
  Howbeit he might not fight so fast;
Beanjeddart, Hundlie, and Hunthill,
  Three, on they laid weel at the last.
  Except the horsemen of the guard,
If I could put men to availe,
  None stoutlier stood out for their laird
Nor did the lads of Liddisdail.

But little harness had we there;
  But auld Badreule had on a jack,
And did right weel, I you declare,
  With all his Trumbills at his back.
  Gude Edderstane was not to lack,
Nor Kirktoun, Newton, noble men!
  Thirs [1] all the specials I of speake,
By [2] others that I could not ken.

Who did invent that day of play,
  We need not fear to find him soon;
For Sir John Forster, I dare well say,
  Made us this noisome afternoon.
  Not that I speak preceislie out,
That he supposed it would be perril;
  But pride, and breaking out of feuid,
Garr'd Tindaill lads begin the quarrel.

NOTES

Carmichael was our warden then.—P. 170, v. 2.

Sir John Carmichael was a favourite of the Regent Morton, by whom he was appointed Warden of the Marches in preference to the Border chieftains. With the like policy, the regent married Archibald Carmichael, the warden's brother, to the heiress of Edrom, in the Merse, much contrary to the inclination of the lady and her friends. In like manner he compelled another heiress, Jane Sleigh of Cumlege, to marry Archibald, brother to Auchinleck of Auchinleck, one of his dependants. By such arbitrary practices Morton meant to strengthen his authority on the Borders, instead of which he hastened his fall by giving disgust to his kinsman the Earl of Angus, and his other friends, who had been established in the country for ages (Godscroft, vol. ii, pp. 238, 246). Sir John Carmichael, the warden, was murdered 16th June 1600 by a party of Borderers at a place called Raesknows, near Lochmaben, whither he was going to hold a court of justice. Two of the ringleaders in the slaughter, Thomas Armstrong called *Ringan's Tam*, and Adam Scott called the *Pecket*, were tried at Edinburgh at the instance of Carmichael of Edrom. They were condemned to have their right hands struck off, thereafter to be hanged and their bodies gibbeted on the Borough Moor,

[1] These are.. [2] Besides.

which sentence was executed 14th November 1601. "This *Pecket*," saith Birrel in his *Diary*, "was ane of the maist notalrie thieffes that ever raid;" he calls his name Steill, which appears from the record to be a mistake. Four years afterwards an Armstrong called *Sandy of Rowanburn*, and several others of that tribe, were executed for this and other excesses.—*Books of Adjournal of these dates.*

And the Laird's Wat, that worthie man.—P. 170, v. 2.

The chief, who led out the surname of Scott upon this occasion was (saith Satchells) Walter Scott of Ancrum, a natural son of Walter of Buccleuch. The Laird of Buccleuch was then a minor. The ballad seems to have been popular in Satchells' days, for he quotes it literally. He must, however, have been mistaken in this particular, for the family of Scott of Ancrum, in all our books of genealogy, deduce their descent from the Scotts of Balwearie in Fife, whom they represent. The first of this family, settled in Roxburghshire, is stated in Douglas' *Baronage* to have been Patrick Scott, who purchased the lands of Ancrum in the reign of James VI. He therefore could not be the *Laird's Wat* of the ballad; indeed, from the list of Border families in 1597, Kerr appears to have been proprietor of Ancrum at the date of the ballad. It is plainly written in the MS. the *Laird's Wat, i.e.*, the Laird's son Wat, notwithstanding which it has always hitherto been printed the *Laird Wat*. If Douglas be accurate in his genealogy, the person meant must be the young laird of Buccleuch, afterwards distinguished for his surprise of Carlisle Castle. See *Kinmont Willie*. I am the more confirmed in this opinion because Kerr of Ancrum was at this time a fugitive for slaying one of the Rutherfords, and the tower of Ancrum given in keeping to the Turnbulls, his hereditary enemies. His mother, however, a daughter of Home of Wedderburn, contrived to turn out the Turnbulls and possess herself of the place by surprise (Godscroft, vol. ii, p. 250).

The Armestranges, that aye hae been.—P. 170, v. 2.

This clan are here mentioned as not being hail, or whole, because they were outlawed or broken men. Indeed, many of them had become Englishmen, as the phrase then went. Accordingly we find, from Patten, that forty of them under the laird of Mangertoun joined Somerset upon his expedition into Scotland (Patten in Dalyell's *Fragments*, p. 1). There was an old alliance betwixt the Elliots and Armstrongs here alluded to. For the enterprises of the Armstrongs against their native country when under English assurance, see Murdin's *State Papers*, vol. i, p. 43. From which it appears that by command of Sir Ralph Evers this clan ravaged almost the whole West Border of Scotland.

The sheriffe brought the Douglas down.—P. 171, v. 1.

Douglas of Cavers, Hereditary Sheriff of Teviotdale, descended from Black Archibald, who carried the standard of his father, the Earl of Douglas, at the battle of Otterbourne. See the ballad of that name.

Wi' Cranstane, Gladstain, good at need.—P. 171, v. 1.

Cranstoun of that ilk, ancestor to Lord Cranstoun, and Gladstain of Gladstains.

Wi' a' the Trumbills, stronge and stout;
The Rutherfoords, with grit renown.—P. 171, v. 1.

These were ancient and powerful Border clans residing chiefly upon the river Jed. Hence they naturally convoyed the town of Jedburgh out. Although notorious freebooters, they were specially patronized by Morton, who, by their means, endeavoured to counterpoise the power of Buccleuch and Ferniherst during the civil wars attached to the queen's faction.

The following fragment of an old ballad is quoted in a letter from an aged gentleman of this name, residing at New York, to a friend in Scotland :—

" Bauld Rutherfurd, he was fou stout,
Wi' a' his nine sons him round about ;
He led the town o' Jedburgh out,
All bravely fought that day."

Wi' Sir John Forster for their guyde.—P. 171, v. 2.

Sir John Forster, or, more properly, Forrester, of Balmborough Abbey, Warden of the Middle Marches in 1561, was deputy-governor of Berwick and governor of Balmborough Castle. He made a great figure on the Borders, and is said, on his monument at Balmborough church, to have possessed the office of Warden of the Mid Marches for thirty-seven years ; indeed, if we can trust his successor, Carey, he retained the situation until he became rather unfit for its active duties. His family ended in the unfortunate Thomas Forster, one of the generals of the Northumbrian insurgents in 1715 ; and the estate, being forfeited, was purchased by his uncle, Lord Crewe, and devised for the support of his magnificent charity.

Wi' Sir George Hearoune of Schipsydehouse.—P. 171, v. 3.

Sir George Heron of Chipchase Castle.

Had Tindaill, Reedsdaill, at his hand.—P. 171, v. 4.

These are districts, or dales, on the English Border. Mr George Ellis suggests, with great probability, that Hebsrime is a mistake, not for Hebburne, as the Editor stated in an earlier edition, but for Hexham, which, with its territory, formed a county independent of Northumberland, with which it is here ranked.

Five hundred Fennicks in a flock.—P. 171, v. 5.

The Fenwicks, a powerful and numerous Northumberland clan.

Then raise the slogan with ane shout.—P. 173, v. 1.

The gathering word, peculiar to a certain name or set of people, was termed *slogan* or *slughorn*, and was always repeated at an onset, as well as on many other occasions, as appears from the following passage of an old author whom this custom seems much to have offended—for he complains,

" That whereas alweys, both in al tounes of war, and in al campes of armies, quietnes and stilnes without nois is principally in the night, after the watch is set, observed (I need not reason why). Yet, our northern prikkers, the Borderers, notwithstanding, with great enormitie (as thought me), and not unlyke (to be playn) unto a masterless hounde houyling in a hie wey, when he hath lost him he wayted upon, sum hoopying, sum whistelyng, and most with crying, a *Berwyke!* a *Berwyke!* a *Fenwyke!* a *Fenwyke!* a *Bulmer!* a *Bulmer!* or so otherwise as theyr captein's names wear, never linnde those troublous and daungerous noyses all the night long. They sayd they did it to fynd out their captein and fellowes ; but if the soldiours of our oother countries and sheres had used the same maner, in that case we shoold have oftymes had the state of our campe more lyke the outrage of a dissolute huntyng, than the quiet of a wel ordred army" (Patten's *Account of Somerset's Expedition*, p. 76, *apud* Dalyell's *Fragments*).

Honest Patten proceeds, with great prolixity, to prove that this was a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance ; and, like Fluellen, declares " that such idle pribble-prabbles were contrary to all the good customs and disciplines of war." Nevertheless, the custom of crying

the *slogan*, or *ensenzie*, is often alluded to in all our ancient histories and poems. It was usually the name of the clan, or place of rendezvous, or leader. In 1335 the English, led by Thomas of Rosslyne and William Moubray, assaulted Aberdeen. The former was mortally wounded in the onset; and, as his followers were pressing forward, shouting *Rosslyne! Rosslyne!* "Cry *Moubray*," said the expiring chieftain, "*Rosslyne* is gone!" The Highland clans had also their appropriate slogans. The Macdonalds cried *Frich* (heather), the Macphersons *Craig-Ubh*, the Grants *Craig-Elachie*, and the Macfarlanes *Loch Sloy*.

The swallow tail frae tackles flew.—P. 173, v. 2.

The Scots on this occasion seem to have had chiefly fire-arms; the English retaining still their partiality for their ancient weapon, the long-bow. It also appears, by a letter from the Duke of Norfolk to Cecil, that the English Borderers were unskilful in fire-arms, or, as he says, "our countrymen be not so commyng with shots as I woolde wishe." See Murdin's *State Papers*, vol. i, p. 319.

And had not been the merchant packs.—P. 173, v. 3.

The ballad-maker here ascribes the victory to the real cause, for the English Borderers, dispersing to plunder the merchandise, gave the opposite party time to recover from their surprise. It seems to have been usual for travelling merchants to attend Border meetings, although one would have thought the kind of company usually assembled there might have deterred them.

Sir Francis Russell ta'en was there.—P. 173, v. 4.

This gentleman was son to the Earl of Bedford and Warden of the East Marches. He was at this time Chamberlain of Berwick. He was afterwards killed in a fray of a similar nature at a Border meeting between the same Sir John Forster (father-in-law to Russell) and Thomas Kerr of Fairnihurst, A.D. 1585.

Proud Wallinton was wounded sair.—P. 173, v. 4.

Fenwick of Wallington, a powerful Northumbrian chief.

As Collingwood, that courteous knight.—P. 173, v. 4.

Sir Cuthbert Collingwood of Esslington, Sheriff of Northumberland, the 10th and 20th of Elizabeth. Besides these gentlemen, James Ogle and many other Northumbrians of note were made prisoners. Sir George Heron, of Chipchase and Ford, was slain, to the great regret of both parties, being a man highly esteemed by the Scots as well as the English. When the prisoners were brought to Morton at Dalkeith, and, among other presents, received from him some Scottish falcons, one of his train observed that the English were nobly treated since they got live *hawks* for dead *herons* (Godscroft).

Young Henry Schafton.—P. 173, v. 5.

The Shaftoes are an ancient family settled at Bavington, in Northumberland, since the time of Edward I.; of which Sir Cuthbert Shaftoe, Sheriff of Northumberland in 1795, is the present representative.

For laiming of the laird of Mow.—P. 173, v. 5.

An ancient family on the Borders. The lands of Mowe are situated upon the river Bowmont, in Roxburghshire. The family is now represented by William Molle, Esq., of Mains, who has restored the ancient spelling of the name. The Laird of Mowe here mentioned was the only gentleman of note killed in the skirmish on the Scottish side.

For Gretein kend na gude be ill.—P. 173, v. 5.

Graden, a family of Kerrs.

Beanjeddart, Hundlie, and Hunthill.—P. 174, v. 1.

Douglas of Beanjeddart, an ancient branch of the house of Cavers, possessing property near the junction of the Jed and Teviot.

Hundlie.—Rutherford of Hundlie, or Hundalee, situated on the Jed above Jedburgh.

Hunthill.—The old tower of Hunthill was situated about a mile above Jedburgh. It was the patrimony of an ancient family of Rutherfords. I suppose the person here meant to be the same who is renowned in tradition by the name of the *Cock of Hunthill*. His sons were executed for March-treason, or Border-theft, along with the lairds of Corbet, Greenhead, and Overton, A.D. 1588 (Johnston's *History*, p. 129).

But auld Badreule had on a jack.—P. 174, v. 2.

Sir Andrew Turnbull of Bedrule, upon Rule Water. This old laird was so notorious a thief that the principal gentlemen of the clans of Hume and Kerr refused to sign a bond of alliance to which he, with the Turnbulls and Rutherfords, was a party, alleging that their proposed allies had stolen Hume of Wedderburn's cattle. The authority of Morton, however, compelled them to digest the affront. The debate (and a curious one it is) may be seen at length in Godscroft, vol. i, p. 221. The Rutherfords became more lawless after having been deprived of the countenance of the court for slaying the nephew of Forman, Archbishop of St Andrews, who had attempted to carry off the heiress of Rutherford. This lady was afterwards married to James Stuart of Traquair, son to James, Earl of Buchan, according to a papal bull, dated 9th November 1504. By this lady a great estate in Teviotdale fell to the family of Traquair, which was sold by James, Earl of Traquair, Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, in consequence of the pecuniary difficulties to which he was reduced by his loyal exertions in favour of Charles I.

Gude Edderstane was not to lack.—P. 174, v. 2.

An ancient family of Rutherfords; I believe, indeed, the most ancient now extant. The family is represented by Major Rutherford of Edgerstane. His seat is about three miles distant from the field of battle.

Nor Kirktoun, Newton, noble men!—P. 174, v. 2.

The parish of Kirktoun belonged, I believe, about this time to a branch of the Cavers family; but Kirkton of Stewartfield is mentioned in the list of Border clans in 1597.

Newton.—This is probably Grinyslaw of Little Newton, mentioned in the said roll of Border clans.

But pride, and breaking out of feuid,
Garr'd Tindaill lads begin the quarrel.—P. 174, v. 3.

In addition to what has been said of the ferocity of the Redesdale and Tynedale men, may be noticed a by-law of the Incorporated Merchant-adventurers of Newcastle in 1564, which, alleging evil repute of these districts for thefts and felonies, enacts, that no apprentice shall be taken "proceeding from such leude and wicked progenitors." This law, though in desuetude, subsisted until 1771.

KINMONT WILLIE

IN the following rude strains our forefathers commemorated one of the last and most gallant achievements performed upon the Border. The reader will find, in the subjoined extract from Spottiswoode, a minute historical account of the exploit; which is less different from that contained in the ballad than might perhaps have been expected :—

Anno 1596.—"The next year began with a trouble in the Borders, which was like to have destroyed the peace betwixt the two realms, and arose upon this occasion. The Lord Scroop being the Warden of the West Marches of England, and the laird of Bacleuch having the charge of Liddesdale, they sent their deputies to keep a day of truce, for redress of some ordinary matters.—The place of meeting was at the Dayholme of Kershop, where a small brook divideth England from Scotland, and Liddesdale from Bewcastle. There met, as deputy for the laird of Bacleuch, Robert Scott of Hayninge; and for the Lord Scroop, a gentleman within the west wardenry, called Mr Salkeld. These two, after truce taken and proclaimed, as the custom was, by sound of trumpet, met friendly, and, upon mutual redress of such wrongs as were then complained of, parted in good terms, each of them taking his way homewards. Meanwhile it happened, one William Armstrong, commonly called *Will of Kinmonth*, to be in company with the Scottish deputy, against whom the English had a quarrel, for many wrongs he had committed, as he was indeed a notorious thief. This man, having taken his leave of the Scots deputy, and riding down the river of Liddel on the Scottish side, towards his own house, was pursued by the English, who espied him from the other side of the river, and, after a chace of three or four miles, taken prisoner, and brought back to the English deputy, who carried him away to the castle of Carlisle.

"The laird of Bacleuch complaining of the breach of truce (which was always taken from the time of meeting, unto the next day at sunrising), wrote to Mr Salkeld, and craved redress. He excused himself by the absence of the Lord Scroop. Whereupon Bacleuch sent to the Lord Scroop, and desired the prisoner might be set at liberty, without any bond or condition, seeing he was unlawfully taken. Scroop answered, that he could do nothing in the matter, it having so happened, without a direction from the queen and council of England, considering the man was such a malefactor.—Bacleuch, loth to inform the king of what was done, lest it might have bred some misliking betwixt the princes, dealt with Mr Bowes, the resident ambassador of England, for the prisoner's liberty; who wrote very seriously to the Lord Scroop in that business, advising him to set the man free, and not to bring the matter to a further hearing. But no answer was returned: the matter thereupon was imparted to the king, and the queen of England solicited by letters to give direction

for his liberty; yet nothing was obtained; which Bacleuch perceiving, and apprehending both the king, and himself as the king's officer, to be touched in honour, he resolved to work the prisoner's relief, by the best means he could.

"And, upon intelligence that the castle of Carlisle, wherein the prisoner was kept, was surprisable, he employed some trusty persons to take a view of the postern gate, and measure the height of the wall, which he meant to scale by ladders, and, if those failed, to break through the wall with some iron instruments, and force the gates. This done, so closely as he could, he drew together some two hundred horse, assigning the place of meeting at the tower of Morton, some ten miles from Carlisle, an hour before sun-set. With this company, passing the water of Esk, about the falling, two hours before day, he crossed Eden beneath Carlisle bridge (the water, through the rain that had fallen, being thick), and came to the Sacery, a plain under the castle. There making a little halt, at the side of a small bourn, which they call Cadage, he caused eighty of the company to light from their horses, and take the ladders, and other instruments which he had prepared, with them. He himself, accompanying them to the foot of the wall, caused the ladders to be set to it, which proving too short, he gave order to use the other instruments for opening the wall nigh the postern; and finding the business likely to succeed, retired to the rest whom he had left on horseback, for assuring those that entered upon the castle against any eruption from the town. With some little labor a breach was made for single men to enter, and they who first went in, broke open the postern for the rest. The watchmen, and some few the noise awaked, made a little restraint, but they were quickly repressed, and taken captive. After which, they passed to the chamber wherein the prisoner was kept; and, having brought him forth, sounded a trumpet, which was a signal to them without that the enterprize was performed. My Lord Scroope and Mr Salkeld were both within the house, and to them the prisoner cried, 'a good night!' The captives taken in the first encounter were brought to Bacleuch, who presently returned them to their master, and would not suffer any spoil, or booty, as they term it, to be carried away; he had straitly forbidden to break open any door, but that where the prisoner was kept, though he might have made prey of all the goods within the castle, and taken the warden himself captive; for he would have it seen, that he did intend nothing but the reparation of his majesty's honor. By this time, the prisoner was brought forth, the town had taken the alarm, the drums were beating, the bells ringing, and a beacon put on the top of the castle, to give warning to the country. Whereupon Bacleuch commanded those that entered the castle, and the prisoner, to horse; and marching again by the Sacery, made to the river at the Stony-bank, on the other side, whereof certain were assembled to stop his passage; but he causing to sound the trumpet, took the river, day being then broken, and they choosing to give him way, he retired in order through the Grahams of

Esk (men at that time of great power, and his unfriends), and came back into Scottish ground two hours after sun-rising, and so homewards.

"This fell out the 13th of April, 1596. The Queen of England, having notice sent her of what was done, stormed not a little. One of her chief castles surprised, a prisoner taken forth of the hands of the warden, and carried away, so far within England, she esteemed a great affront. The lieger,[1] Mr Bowes, in a frequent convention kept at Edinburgh, the 22nd of May, did, as he was charged, in a long oration, aggravate the heinousness of the fact, concluding that peace could not longer continue betwixt the two realms, unless Bacleuch were delivered in England, to be punished at the Queen's pleasure. Bacleuch compearing, and charged with the fact, made answer—'That he went not into England, with intention to assault any of the Queen's houses, or to do wrong to any of her subjects, but only to relieve a subject of Scotland unlawfully taken, and more unlawfully detained; that, in the time of a general assurance, in a day of truce, he was taken prisoner against all order, neither did he attempt his relief till redress was refused; and that he had carried the business in such a moderate manner, as no hostility was committed, nor the least wrong offered to any within the castle; yet was he content, according to the ancient treaties observed betwixt the two realms, when as mutual injuries were alleged, to be tried by the commissioners that it should please their Majesties to appoint, and submit himself to that which they should decern.' The convention, esteeming the answer reasonable, did acquaint the ambassador therewith, and offered to send commissioners to the Borders, with all diligence, to treat with such as the Queen should be pleased to appoint for her part.

"But she, not satisfied with the answer, refused to appoint any commissioners; whereupon the council of England did renew the complaint in July thereafter; and the business being of new agitated, it was resolved of as before, and that the same should be remitted to the trial of commissioners: the King protesting, 'that he might, with great reason, crave the delivery of Lord Scroope, for the injury committed by his deputy, it being less favourable to take a prisoner, than relieve him that is unlawfully taken; yet, for the continuing of peace, he would forbear to do it, and omit nothing, on his part, that could be desired, either in equity, or by the laws of friendship.'—The Borders in the mean time, making daily incursions one upon another, filled all their parts with trouble, the English being continually put to the worse; neither were they made quiet, till, for satisfying the Queen, the laird of Bacleuch was first committed in St Andrews, and afterwards entered in England, where he remained not long"[2]

[1] Ambassador.

[2] The Bishop is, in this last particular, rather inaccurate. Buccleuch was indeed delivered into England, but this was done in consequence of the judgment of commissioners of both nations, who met at Berwick this same year. And his delivery took place, less on account of the raid of Carlisle than of a second exploit of the same nature, to be noticed hereafter.

(Spottiswoode's *History of the Church of Scotland*, pp. 414, 416, ed. 1677).

Scott of Satchells, in the extraordinary poetical performance, which he has been pleased to entitle *A History of the Name of Scott* (published 1688), dwells with great pleasure upon this gallant achievement, at which it would seem his father had been present. He also mentions that the laird of Buccleuch employed the services of the younger sons and brothers only of his clan, lest the name should have been weakened by the landed men incurring forfeiture. But he adds, that three gentlemen of estate insisted upon attending their chief, notwithstanding this prohibition. These were the lairds of Harden and Commonside and Sir Gilbert Elliot of the Stobbs, a relation of the laird of Buccleuch, and ancestor to the present Sir William Elliot, Bart. In many things Satchells agrees with the ballads current in his time, from which, in all probability, he derived most of his information as to past events, and from which he sometimes pirates whole verses, as noticed in the annotations upon the *Raid of the Reidswire*. In the present instance, he mentions the prisoner's *large spurs* (alluding to the fetters) and some other little incidents noticed in the ballad, which was, therefore, probably well known in his days.

All contemporary historians unite in extolling the deed itself as the most daring and well-conducted achievement of that age. "*Audax facinus, cum modica manu, in urbe mœnibus et multitudine oppidanorum munita, et callidæ audaciæ, vix ullo obsisti modo potuit*" (*Johnstoni Historia*, ed. Amstæl., p. 215). Birrel, in his gossiping way, says the exploit was performed "with shouting and crying, and sound of trumpet, puttand the said toun and countrie in sic ane fray, that the like of sic ane wassaladge wes nevir done since the memory of man, no not in Wallace dayis" (Birrel's *Diary*, April 6, 1596). This good old citizen of Edinburgh also mentions another incident which I think proper to insert here, both as relating to the personages mentioned in the following ballad, and as tending to show the light in which the men of the Border were regarded, even at this late period, by their fellow-subjects. The author is talking of the king's return to Edinburgh, after the disgrace which he had sustained there during the riot excited by the seditious ministers, on December 17, 1596. Proclamation had been made that the Earl of Mar should keep the West Port, Lord Seton the Nether-Bow, and Buccleuch, with sundry others, the High Gate. "Upon the morn, at this time, and befoir this day, thair wes ane grate rumour and word among the tounesmen, that the Kinges M. sould send in *Will Kinmond, the common thieffe*, and so many southland men as sould spulye the toun of Edinburgh. Upon the whilk, the haill merchants tuik their haill gear out of their buiths or chops, and transportit the same to the strongest hous that was in the toune, and remained in the said hous, thair, with thameselfis, thair servants, and luiking for nothing bot that thai sould have been all spulyeit. Sic lyke the hail craftsmen and comons convenit themselfis, thair best guidis, as it wer ten or twelve householdes in

ane, whilk wes the strongest hous, and might be best kepit from spuilyeing or burning, with hagbut, pistolet, and other sic armour, as might best defend thameselfis. Judge, gentill reider, giff this wes playing." The fear of the Borderers being thus before the eyes of the contumacious citizens of Edinburgh, James obtained a quiet hearing for one of his favourite orisones or harangues, and was finally enabled to prescribe terms to his fanatic metropolis. Good discipline was, however, maintained by the chiefs upon this occasion; although the fears of the inhabitants were but too well grounded, considering what had happened in Stirling ten years before, when the Earl of Angus, attended by Home, Buccleuch, and other Border chieftains, marched thither to remove the Earl of Arran from the king's councils: the town was miserably pillaged by the Borderers, particularly by a party of Armstrongs under this very Kinmont Willie, who not only made prey of horses and cattle, but even of the very iron gratings of the windows (*Johnstoni Historia*, ed. Amstæl., p. 102; Moyse's *Memoirs*, p. 100).

The renown of Kinmont Willie is not surprising, since in 1587 the apprehending that freebooter, and Robert Maxwell, natural brother to the Lord Maxwell, was the main but unaccomplished object of a royal expedition to Dumfries. "*Rex . . . . Robertum Maxvallium . . . . et Gulielmum Armstrangum Kinmonthum latrociniis intestinis externisque famosum, conquiri jubet. Missi e ministerio regio, qui per aspera loca vitabundos persequuntur, magnoque incommodo afficiunt. At illi latebris aut silvis se eripiunt*" (*Johnstoni Historia*, p. 138). About this time it is possible that Kinmont Willie may have held some connexion with the Maxwells, though afterwards a retainer to Buccleuch, the enemy of that tribe. At least the Editor finds that in a bond of manrent, granted by Simon Elliot of Whytheuch, in Liddesdale, to Lord Maxwell, styled therein Earl of Morton, dated February 28, 1599, William Armstrang, called *Will of Kinmond*, appears as a witness (Syme's MSS.). According to Satchells, this freebooter was descended of Johne Armstrong of Gilnockie (see Ballad, p. 145 of this volume),—*Est in juvencis, est et in equis, patrum virtus*. In fact, his rapacity made his very name proverbial. Mas James Melvine, in urging reasons against subscribing the Act of Supremacy in 1584, asks ironically, "Who shall take order with vice and wickedness? The court and bishops? As well as Martine Elliot, and Will of Kinmont, with stealing upon the Borders!" (Calderwood, p. 168).

This affair of Kinmont Willie was not the only occasion upon which the undaunted keeper of Liddesdale gave offence to the haughty Elizabeth. For even before this business was settled, certain of the English Borderers having invaded Liddesdale and wasted the country, the laird of Buccleuch retaliated the injury by a *raid* into England, in which he not only brought off much spoil, but apprehended thirty-six of the Tynedale thieves, all of whom he put to death (Spottiswoode, p. 450). How highly the Queen of England's resentment blazed on this occasion, may be judged from the preface to her letter to Bowes,

then her ambassador in Scotland. "I wonder how base-minded that king thinks me, that, with patience, I can digest this dishonourable * * * * * * * *. Let him know, therefore, that I will have satisfaction, or else * * * * * * * *." These broken words of ire are inserted betwixt the subscription and the address of the letter (Rymer, vol. xvi, p. 318). Indeed, so deadly was the resentment of the English, on account of the affronts put upon them by this formidable chieftain, that there seems at one time to have been a plan formed (not, as was alleged, without Elizabeth's privity) to assassinate Buccleuch (Rymer, vol. xvi, p. 107). The matter was at length arranged by the commissioners of both nations in Berwick, by whom it was agreed that delinquents should be delivered up on both sides, and that the chiefs themselves should enter into ward in the opposite countries till these were given up, and pledges granted for the future maintenance of the quiet of the Borders. Buccleuch and Sir Robert Kerr of Cessford (ancestor of the Duke of Roxburgh), appear to have struggled hard against complying with this regulation; so much so, that it required all James's authority to bring to order these two powerful chiefs (Rymer, vol. xvi, p. 322; Spottiswoode, p. 448; Carey's *Memoirs*, p. 131, *et sequen*). When at length they appeared for the purpose of delivering themselves up to be warded at Berwick, an incident took place which nearly occasioned a revival of the deadly feud which formerly subsisted between the Scotts and the Kers. Buccleuch had chosen for his guardian, during his residence in England, Sir William Selby, Master of the Ordnance at Berwick, and accordingly gave himself into his hands. Sir Robert Ker was about to do the same when a pistol was discharged by one of his retinue, and the cry of treason was raised. Had not the Earl of Home been present, with a party of Merse men to preserve order, a dreadful tumult would probably have ensued. As it was, the English commissioners returned in dismay to Berwick, much disposed to wreak their displeasure on Buccleuch; and he, on his side, mortally offended with Cessford, by whose means, as he conceived, he had been placed in circumstances of so much danger. Sir Robert Ker, however, appeased all parties by delivering himself up to ward in England; on which occasion he magnanimously chose for his guardian Sir Robert Carey, Deputy-Warden of the East Marches, notwithstanding various causes of animosity which existed betwixt them. The hospitality of Carey equalled the generous confidence of Cessford, and a firm friendship was the consequence.[1] Buccleuch appears to

[1] Such traits of generosity illuminate the dark period of which we treat. Carey's conduct on this occasion almost atones for the cold and unfeeling policy with which he watched the closing moments of his benefactress, Elizabeth, impatient till remorse and sorrow should extort her last sigh, that he might lay the foundation of his future favour with her successor by carrying him the first tidings of her death (Carey's *Memoirs*, p. 172, *et sequen*). It would appear that Sir Robert Ker was soon afterwards committed to the custody of the Archbishop of York, for there is extant a letter

have remained in England from October 1597 till February 1598 (*Johnstoni Historia*, p. 231 ; Spottiswoode, *ut supra*). According to ancient family tradition, Buccleuch was presented to Elizabeth, who, with her usual rough and peremptory address, demanded of him: "How he dared to undertake an enterprise so desperate and presumptuous." "What is it," answered the undaunted chieftain, "What is it that a man dares not do?" Elizabeth, struck with the reply, turned to a lord-in-waiting: "With ten thousand such men," said she, "our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne of Europe." Luckily, perhaps, for the murderess of Queen Mary, James's talents did not lie that way.

The articles settled by the commissioners at Berwick were highly favourable to the peace of the Border. They may be seen at large in the *Border Laws*, p. 103. By article six, all wardens and keepers are discharged from seeking reparation of injuries in the ancient hostile mode of riding, or causing to ride, in warlike manner against the opposite March; and that under the highest penalty, unless authorized by a warrant under the hand of their sovereign. The mention of the word *keeper* alludes obviously to the above-mentioned reprisals made by Buccleuch in the capacity of keeper of Liddesdale.

This ballad is preserved, by tradition, on the West Borders, but much mangled by reciters: so that some conjectural emendations have been absolutely necessary to render it intelligible. In particular, the *Eden* has been substituted for the *Eske*, p. 188, the latter name being inconsistent with geography.

O have ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde?
O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroope?
How they hae ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
On Haribee to hang him up?

---

from that prelate to the Lord Treasurer desiring instructions about the mode of keeping this noble hostage. "I understand," saith he, "that the gentleman is wise and valiant, but somewhat haughty here, and resolute. I would pray your lordship, that I may have directions whether he may not go with his keeper in my company, to sermons; and whether he may not sometimes dine with the council, as the last hostages did; and, thirdly, whether he may sometimes be brought to sitting to the common-hall, where he may see how careful her Majesty is that the poorest subjects in her kingdom may have their right, and that her people seek remedy by law, and not by avenging themselves. Perhaps it may do him good as long as he liveth" (Strype's *Annals, ad annum* 1597). It would appear from this letter that the treatment of the hostages was liberal, though one can hardly suppress a smile at the zeal of the good bishop for the conversion of the Scottish chieftain to a more Christian mode of thinking than was common among the Borderers of that day. The date is February 25, 1597, which is somewhat difficult to reconcile with those given by the Scottish historians. Another letter follows, stating that Sir Robert, having been used to open air, prayed for more liberty for his health's sake, "offering his word, which it is said he doth chiefly regard, that he would be true prisoner" (Strype, *ibid.*).

Had Willie had but twenty men,
But twenty men as stout as he,
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
Wi' eight score in his cumpanie.

They band his legs beneath the steed,
They tied his hands behind his back;
They guarded him, fivesome on each side,
And they brought him ower the Liddel-rack.

They led him thro' the Liddel-rack,
And also thro' the Carlisle sands;
They brought him to Carlisle castell,
To be at my Lord Scroope's commands.

"My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
And whae will dare this deed avow?
Or answer by the bòrder law?
Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch!"

"Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!
There's never a Scot shall set ye free:
Before ye cross my castle yate,
I trow ye shall take farewell o' me."

"Fear na ye that, my lord," quo' Willie:
"By the faith o' my body, Lord Scroope," he said,
"I never yet lodged in a hostelrie,
But I paid my lawing before I gaed."

Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper,
In Branksome Ha', where that he lay,
That Lord Scroope has ta'en the Kinmont Willie,
Between the hours of night and day.

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He garr'd the red wine spring on hie—
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
"But avenged of Lord Scroope I'll be!

"O is my basnet [1] a widow's curch? [2]
Or my lance a wand of the willow tree?
Or my arm a ladye's lilye hand,
That an English lord should lightly [3] me!

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Is Keeper here on the Scottish side?

[1] Helmet. [2] Coif. [3] Set light by.



J.M.W Turner, R.A.

CARLISLE

"And have they e'en ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Withouten either dread or fear?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Can back a steed, or shake a spear?

"O were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is none,
I would slight Carlisle castell high,
Tho' it were builded of marble stone.

"I would set that castell in a low,
And sloken it with English blood!
There's nevir a man in Cumberland,
Should ken where Carlisle castell stood.

"But since nae war's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be;
I'll neither harm English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!"

He has call'd him forty marchmen bauld,
I trow they were of his ain name,
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, call'd
The laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

He has call'd him forty marchmen bauld,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch;
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld,[1]
And gleuves of green, and feathers blue.

There were five and five before them a',
Wi' hunting horns and bugles bright;
And five and five came wi' Buccleuch,
Like warden's men, arrayed for fight:

And five and five, like a mason gang,
That carried the ladders lang and hie;
And five and five, like broken men;
And so they reached the Woodhouselee.

And as we cross'd the Bateable Land,
When to the English side we held,
The first o' men that we met wi',
Whae sould it be but fause Sakelde?

"Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?"
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!"
"We go to hunt an English stag,
Has trespassed on the Scots countrie."

[1] Armour on shoulder.

"Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men?"
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell me true!"
"We go to catch a rank reiver,
Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch."

"Where are ye gaun, ye mason lads,
Wi' a' your ladders, lang and hie?"
"We gang to herry a corbie's nest,
That wons not far frae Woodhouselee."

"Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?"
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!"
Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,
And the nevir a word o' lear had he.

"Why trespass ye on the English side,
Row-footed outlaws, stand!" quo' he;
The nevir a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust the lance through his fause bodie.

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we cross'd;
The water was great and meikle of spait,
But the nevir a horse nor man we lost.

And when we reached the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind was rising loud and hie;
And there the laird garr'd leave our steeds,
For fear that they should stamp and nie.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw;
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castle wa'.

We crept on knees, and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders against the wa';
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsell
To mount the first, before us a'.

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead—
"Had there not been peace between our land,
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed!—

"Now sound out, trumpets!" quo' Buccleuch;
"Let's waken Lord Scroope, right merrilie!"
Then loud the warden's trumpet blew—
"*O wha dare meddle wi' me?*"[1]

[1] The name of a Border tune.

Then speedilie to work we gaed,
And raised the slogan ane and a',
And cut a hole thro' a sheet of lead,
And so we wan to the castle ha'.

They thought King James and a' his men
Had won the house wi' bow and spear;
It was but twenty Scots and ten,
That put a thousand in sic a stear!

Wi' coulters, and wi' fore-hammers,
We garr'd the bars bang merrilie,
Until we cam to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

And when we cam to the lower prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie—
"O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou's to die?"

"O I sleep saft, and I wake aft;
Its lang since sleeping was fleyed frae me!
Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
And a' gude fellows that spier for me."

Then Red Rowan has hente him up,
The starkest man in Teviotdale—
"Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.

"Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope!
My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!" he cried—
"I'll pay you for my lodging maill,
When first we meet on the Border side."

Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
We bore him down the ladder lang;
At every stride Red Rowan made,
I wot the Kinmont's airns played clang!

"O mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I have ridden horse baith wild and wood;
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan,
I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.

"And many a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I've pricked a horse out oure the furs;
But since the day I backed a steed,
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs!"

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men, in horse and foot,
Cam wi' the keen Lord Scroope along.

Buccleuch has turned to Eden water,
Even where it flowed frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them thro' the stream.

He turned him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he—
"If ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me!"

All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane;
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes,
When thro' the water they had gane.

"He is either himself a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
I wad na have ridden that wan water,
For a' the gowd in Christentie."

NOTES

On Haribee to hang him up?—P. 185, v. 1.

Haribee is the place of execution at Carlisle.

And they brought him ower the Liddel-rack.—P. 186, v. 2.

The Liddel-rack is a ford on the Liddel.

And so they reached the Woodhouselee.—P. 187, v. 8.

Woodhouselee; a house on the Border, belonging to Buccleuch.

. . . . . .

The Salkeldes, or Sakeldes, were a powerful family in Cumberland, possessing, among other manors, that of Corby, before it came into the possession of the Howards in the beginning of the seventeenth century. A strange stratagem was practised by an outlaw, called Jock Graeme of the Peartree, upon Mr Salkelde, Sheriff of Cumberland, who is probably the person alluded to in the ballad, as the fact is stated to have happened late in Elizabeth's time. The brother of this freebooter was lying in Carlisle jail for execution when Jock of the Peartree came riding past the gate of Corby Castle. A child of the Sheriff was playing before the door, to whom the outlaw gave an apple, saying, "Master, will you ride?" The boy willingly consenting, Graeme took him up before him, carried him into Scotland, and would never part with him till he had his brother safe from the gallows. There is no historical ground for supposing either that Salkelde or anyone else lost his life in the raid of Carlisle.

In the list of Border clans, 1597, Will of Kinmonth, with Kyrstie Armestrange and John Skynbanke, are mentioned as leaders of a band of Armstrongs, called *Sandies Barnes*, inhabiting the Debateable Land. The ballad itself has never before been published.

DICK O' THE COW

THIS ballad, and the two which immediately follow it in the collection, were published, 1784, in the *Hawick Museum*, a provincial miscellany, to which they were communicated by John Elliot, Esq., of Reidheugh, a gentleman well skilled in the antiquities of the Western Border, and to whose friendly assistance the Editor is indebted for many valuable communications.

These ballads are connected with each other, and appear to have been composed by the same author. The actors seem to have flourished while Thomas Lord Scroope, of Bolton, was Warden of the West Marches of England and Governor of Carlisle Castle; which offices he acquired upon the death of his father, about 1590, and retained till the union of the crowns.

Dick of the Cow, from the privileged insolence which he assumes, seems to have been Lord Scroope's jester. In the preliminary dissertation, the reader will find the Border custom of assuming *noms de guerre* particularly noticed. It is exemplified in the following ballad, where one Armstrong is called the *Laird's Jock* (*i.e.*, the laird's son Jock), another *Fair Johnie*, a third *Billie Willie* (brother Willie), etc. The *Laird's Jock*, son to the laird of Mangerton, appears as one of the men of name in Liddesdale in the list of Border clans, 1597.

Dick of the Cow is erroneously supposed to have been the same with one Ricardus Coldall, de Plumpton, a knight and celebrated warrior, who died in 1462, as appears from his epitaph in the church of Penrith (Nicolson's *History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, vol. ii, p. 408).

This ballad is very popular in Liddesdale, and the reciter always adds, at the conclusion, that poor Dickie's cautious removal to Burgh-under-Stanemore did not save him from the clutches of the Armstrongs; for that, having fallen into their power several years after this exploit, he was put to an inhuman death. The ballad was well known in England so early as 1596. An illusion to it likewise occurs in Parrot's *Laquei Ridiculosi*, or *Springes for Woodcocks*. London, 1613.

> "Owenus wondreth since he came to Wales,
> What the description of this isle should be,
> That nere had seen but mountains, hills, and dales,
> Yet would he boast, and stand on pedigree,
> From Rice ap Richard, sprung from Dick a Cow,
> Be cod, was right gud gentleman, look ye now!"
> *Epigr.* 76.

Now Liddesdale has layen lang in,
There is na riding there at a';
The horses are a' grown sae lither fat,
They downa stir out o' the sta'.

Fair Johnie Armstrang to Willie did say—
"Billy, a riding we will gae;
England and us have been lang at feid;
Ablins we'll light on some bootie."

Then they are come on to Hatton Ha';
They rade that proper place about;
But the laird he was the wiser man,
For he had left nae gear without.

For he had left nae gear to steal,
Except sax sheep upon a lee:
Quo' Johnie—"I'd rather in England die,
Ere thir sax sheep gae to Liddesdale wi' me.

"But how ca' they the man we last met,
Billie, as we cam owre the know?"
"That same he is an innocent fule,
And men they call him Dick o' the Cow."

"That fule has three as good kye o' his ain,
As there are in a' Cumberland, billie," quo' he:
"Betide me life, betide me death,
These kye shall go to Liddesdale wi' me."

Then they have come on to the pure fule's house,
And they hae broken his wa's sae wide;
They have loosed out Dick o' the Cow's three kye,
And ta'en three co'erlets frae his wife's bed.

Then on the morn when the day was light,
The shouts and cries rase loud and hie:
"O haud thy tongue, my wife," he says,
"And o' thy crying let me be!

"O haud thy tongue, my wife," he says,
"And o' thy crying let me be;
And aye where thou hast lost ae cow,
In gude suith I shall bring thee three."

Now Dickie's gane to the gude Lord Scroope,
And I wat a dreirie fule was he;
"Now haud thy tongue, my fule," he says,
"For I may not stand to jest wi' thee."

"Shame fa' your jesting, my lord!" quo' Dickie,
"For nae sic jesting grees wi' me;
Liddesdale's been in my house last night,
And they hae awa my three kye frae me.

"But I may nae langer in Cumberland dwell,
To be your puir fule and your leal,
Unless you gie me leave, my lord,
To gae to Liddesdale and steal."

"I gie thee leave, my fule!" he says;
"Thou speakest against my honour and me,
Unless thou gie me thy trowth and thy hand,
Thou'lt steal frae nane but whae sta' frae thee."

"There is my trowth, and my right hand!
My head shall hang on Haribee,
I'll ne'er cross Carlisle sands again,
If I steal frae a man but whae sta' frae me."

Dickie's ta'en leave o' lord and master;
I wat a merry fule was he!
He's bought a bridle and a pair o' new spurs,
And pack'd them up in his breek thie.

Then Dickie's come on to Pudding-burn house,
E'en as fast as he might drie;
Then Dickie's come on to Pudding-burn,
Where there were thirty Armstrangs and three.

"O what's this come o' me now?" quo' Dickie;
"What mickle wae is this?" quo' he;
"For there is but ae innocent fule,
And there are thirty Armstrangs and three!"

Yet he has come up to the fair ha' board,
Sae weil he's become his courtesie!
"Weil may ye be, my gude Laird's Jock!
But the deil bless a' your cumpanie.

"I'm come to plain o' your man, fair Johnie Armstrang,
And syne o' his billie Willie," quo' he;
"How they've been in my house last night,
And they hae ta'en my three kye frae me."

"Ha!" quo' fair Johnie Armstrang, "we will him hang."
"Na," quo' Willie, "we'll him slae."
Then up and spak another young Armstrang,
"We'll gie him his batts,[1] and let him gae."

But up and spak the gude Laird's Jock,
The best falla in a' the cumpanie:
"Sit down thy ways a little while, Dickie,
And a piece o' thy ain cow's hough I'll gie ye."

[1] Dismiss him with a beating.

But Dickie's heart it grew sae grit,
That the ne'er a bit o't he dought to eat—
Then he was aware of an auld peat-house,
Where a' the night he thought for to sleep.

Then Dickie was aware of an auld peat-house,
Where a' the night he thought for to lye—
And a' the prayers the pure fule prayed
Were, "I wish I had amends for my gude three kye!"

It was then the use of Pudding-burn house,
And the house of Mangerton, all hail,
Them that cam na at the first ca',
Gat nae mair meat till the neist meal.

The lads, that hungry and weary were,
Abune the door-head they threw the key;
Dickie he took gude notice o' that,
Says—"There will be a bootie for me."

Then Dickie has in to the stable gane,
Where there stood thirty horses and three;
He has tied them a' wi' St Mary's knot,
A' these horses but barely three.

He has tied them a' wi' St Mary's knot,
A' these horses but barely three;
He's loupen on ane, ta'en another in hand,
And away as fast as he can hie.

But on the morn, when the day grew light,
The shouts and cries raise loud and hie—
"Ah! whae has done this?" quo' the gude Laird's Jock,
"Tell me the truth and the verity!"

"Whae has done this deed?" quo' the gude Laird's Jock;
"See that to me ye dinna lie!"
"Dickie has been in the stable last night,
And has ta'en my brother's horse and mine frae me.'

"Ye wad ne'er be tauld," quo' the gude Laird's Jock;
"Have ye not found my tales fu' leil?
Ye ne'er wad out o' England bide,
Till crooked, and blind, and a' would steal."

"But lend me thy bay," fair Johnie can say;
"There's nae horse loose in the stable save he;
And I'll either fetch Dick o' the Cow again,
Or the day is come that he shall die."

"To lend thee my bay!" the Laird's Jock can say,
"He's baith worth gowd and gude monie;
Dick o' the Cow has awa twa horse;
I wish na thou may make him three."

He has ta'en the laird's jack[1] on his back,
A twa-handed sword to hang by his thie;
He has ta'en a steil cap on his head,
And gallopped on to follow Dickie.

Dickie was na a mile frae aff the town,
I wat a mile but barely three,
When he was o'erta'en by fair Johnie Armstrang,
Hand for hand, on Cannobie lee.

"Abide, abide, thou traitour thief!
The day is come that thou maun die."
Then Dickie look't owre his left shoulder,
Said—"Johnie, hast thou nae mae in cumpanie?

"There is a preacher in our chapell,
And a' the live lang day teaches he:
When day is gane and night is come,
There's ne'er ae word I mark but three.

"The first and second is—Faith and Conscience;
The third—Ne'er let a traitour free:
But, Johnie, what faith and conscience was thine,
When thou took awa my three kye frae me?

"And when thou had ta'en awa my three kye,
Thou thought in thy heart thou wast not weil sped,
Till thou sent thy billie Willie ower the know,
To tak three coverlets off my wife's bed!"

Then Johnie let a speir fa' laigh by his thie,
Thought weil to hae slain the innocent, I trow;
But the powers above were mair than he,
For he ran but the pure fule's jerkin through.

Together they ran, or ever they blan;
This was Dickie the fule and he!
Dickie could na win at him wi' the blade o' the sword,
But fell'd him wi' the plummet under the e'e.

Thus Dickie has fell'd fair Johnie Armstrang,
The prettiest man in the south country—
"Gramercy!" then can Dickie say,
"I had but twa horse, thou hast made me three!"

[1] *Jack*=leather jacket or, as here, mail doublet (see note to *Rookhope Ryde*).

He's ta'en the steil jack aff Johnie's back,
The twa-handed sword that hang low by his thie;
He's ta'en the steil cap aff his head—
"Johnie, I'll tell my master I met wi' thee."

When Johnie wakened out o' his dream,
I wat a dreirie man was he:
"And is thou gane? Now, Dickie, than
The shame and dule is left wi' me.

"And is thou gane? Now, Dickie, than
The deil gae in thy cumpanie!
For if I should live these hundred years,
I ne'er shall fight wi' a fule after thee."

Then Dickie's come hame to the gude Lord Scroope,
E'en as fast as he might hie;
"Now, Dickie, I'll neither eat not drink,
Till hie hanged thou shalt be."

"The shame speed the liars, my lord!" quo' Dickie;
"This was na the promise ye made to me!
For I'd ne'er gane to Liddesdale to steal,
Had I not got my leave frae thee."

"But what garr'd thee steal the Laird's Jock's horse?
And, limmer, what garr'd ye steal him?" quo' he;
"For lang thou mightst in Cumberland dwelt,
Ere the Laird's Jock had stown frae thee."

"Indeed I wat ye lied, my lord!
And e'en sae loud as I hear ye lie!
I wan the horse frae fair Johnie Armstrang,
Hand to hand, on Cannobie lee.

"There is the jack was on his back;
This twa-handed sword hang laigh by his thie,
And there's the steil cap was on his head;
I brought a' these tokens to let thee see."

"If that be true thou to me tells,
(And I think thou dares na tell a lie),
I'll gie thee fifteen punds for the horse,
Weil tald on thy cloak lap shall be.

"I'll gie thee ane o' my best milk kye,
To maintain thy wife and children three;
And that may be as gude, I think,
As ony twa o' thine wad be."

"The shame speed the liars, my lord!" quo' Dickie;
"Trow ye aye to make a fule o' me?
I'll either hae twenty punds for the gude horse,
Or he's gae to Mortan fair wi' me."

He's gien him twenty punds for the gude horse,
A' in goud and gude monie;
He's gien him ane o' his best milk kye,
To maintain his wife and children three.

Then Dickie's come down thro' Carlisle toun,
E'en as fast as he could drie;
The first o' men that he met wi'
Was my lord's brother, Bailiff Glozenburrie.

"Weil be ye met, my gude Ralph Scroope!"
"Welcome, my brother's fule!" quo' he:
"Where didst thou get fair Johnie Armstrang's horse?"
"Where did I get him? but steal him," quo' he.

"But wilt thou sell me the bonny horse?
And, billie, wilt thou sell him to me?" quo' he:
"Aye; if thou'lt tell me the monie on my cloak lap,
For there's never ae penny I'll trust thee."

"I'll gie thee ten punds for the gude horse,
Weil tald on thy cloak lap they shall be;
And I'll gie thee ane o' the best milk kye,
To maintain thy wife and children three."

"The shame speed the liars, my lord!" quo' Dickie;
"Trow ye aye to mak a fule o' me!
I'll either hae twenty punds for the gude horse,
Or he's gae to Mortan fair wi' me."

He's gien him twenty punds for the gude horse,
Baith in goud and gude monie;
He's gien him ane o' his best milk kye,
To maintain his wife and children three.

Then Dickie lap a loup fu' hie,
And I wat a loud laugh laughed he—
"I wish the neck o' the third horse were broken,
If ony of the twa were better than he!"

Then Dickie's come hame to his wife again;
Judge ye how the poor fule had sped!
He has gien her twa score English punds,
For the three auld coverlets ta'en aff her bed.

"And tak thee these twa as gude kye,
I trow, as a' thy three might be;
And yet here is a white-footed nagie,
I trow he'll carry baith thee and me.

"But I may nae langer in Cumberland bide;
The Armstrangs they would hang me hie."
So Dickie's ta'en leave at lord and master,
And at Burgh under Stanmuir there dwells he.

NOTES

Then Dickie's come on to Pudding-burn house.—P. 193, v. 5.

This was a house of strength, held by the Armstrongs. The ruins at present form a sheep-fold on the farm of Reidsmoss, belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch.

The house of Mangerton.—P. 194, v. 3.

The Laird of Mangerton was chief of the clan Armstrong.

He has tied them a' wi' St Mary's knot.—P. 194, v. 5.

Hamstringing a horse is termed, in the Border dialect, *tying him with St Mary's knot.* Dickie used this cruel expedient to prevent a pursuit. It appears from the narration that the horses left unhurt belonged to fair Johnie Armstrang, his brother Willie, and the Laird's Jock, of which Dickie carried off two, and left that of the Laird's Jock, probably out of gratitude for the protection he had afforded him on his arrival.

Hand for hand, on Cannobie lee.—P. 195, v. 3.

A rising ground on Cannobie, on the borders of Liddesdale.

Ere the Laird's Jock had stown frae thee.—P. 196, v. 6.

The commendation of the Laird's Jock's honesty seems but indifferently founded, for in July 1586 a bill was fouled against him, Dick of Dryup, and others, by the deputy of Bewcastle at a warden-meeting, for 400 head of cattle taken in open foray from the Drysike in Bewcastle: and in September 1587 another complaint appears, at the instance of one Andrew Rutledge of the Nook, against the Laird's Jock and his accomplices, for 50 kine and oxen, besides furniture, to the amount of 100 merks sterling. See Bell's MSS., as quoted in the *History of Cumberland and Westmoreland.* In Sir Richard Maitland's poem against the thieves of Liddesdale, he thus commemorates the Laird's Jock:

"They spuilye puir men of thair pakis,
They leif them nocht on bed nor bakis;
Baith hen and cok,
With reil and rok,
The *Lairdis Jock*
All with him takis."

Those who plundered Dick had been bred up under an expert teacher.

JOCK O' THE SIDE

THE subject of this ballad, being a common event in those troublesome and disorderly times, became a favourite theme of the ballad-makers. There are, in this collection, no fewer than three poems on the rescue of prisoners, the incidents in which nearly resemble each other; though the poetical description is so different that the Editor did not think himself at liberty to reject any one of them as borrowed from the others. As, however, there are several verses which, in recitation, are common to all these three songs, the Editor, to prevent unnecessary and disagreeable repetition, has used the freedom of appropriating them to that in which they seem to have the best poetic effect.

The reality of this story rests solely upon the foundation of tradition. Jock o' the Side seems to have been nephew to the Laird of Mangertoun, cousin to the Laird's Jock, one of his deliverers, and probably brother to Chrystie of the Syde mentioned in the list of Border clans, 1597. Like the Laird's Jock, he also is commemorated by Sir Richard Maitland. See the Introduction.

"He is weil kend, Johne of the Syde,
A greater theif did never ryde;
He never tyris,
For to brek byris,
Our muir and myris
Ouir gude ane guide."

Jock o' the Side appears to have assisted the Earl of Westmoreland in his escape after his unfortunate insurrection with the Earl of Northumberland, in the twelfth year of Elizabeth. "The two rebellious rebels went into Liddesdale in Scotland, yesternight, where Martin Ellwood (Elliot) and others, that have given pledges to the regent of Scotland, did raise their forces against them; being conducted by Black Ormeston, an out-law of Scotland, that was a principal murtherer of the King of Scots, where the fight was offered, and both parties alighted from their horses; and, in the end, Ellwood said to Ormeston, he would be sorry to enter deadly feud with him by bloodshed; but he would charge him and the rest before the regent, for keeping of the rebels; and if he did not put them out of the country, the next day, he would doe his worst against them; whereupon, the two earls were driven to leave Liddesdale, and to fly to one of the Armstrongs, a Scot upon the batable [debateable] land on the Borders between Liddesdale and England. The same day the Liddesdale men stole the horses of the Countess of Northumberland, and of her two women, and ten others of their company; so as, the earls being gone, the Lady of Northumberland was left there on foot, at John of the Side's house, a cottage not to be compared to many a dog-kennel in England. At their departing from her, they went not above

fifty horse, and the Earl of Westmoreland, to be the more unknown, changed his coat of plate and sword with John of the Side, and departed like a Scottish Borderer" (*Advertisements from Hexham*, 22nd December 1569, in the *Cabala*, p. 160).

Now Liddesdale has ridden a raid,
But I wat they had better hae staid at hame;
For Michael o' Winfield he is dead,
And Jock o' the Side is prisoner ta'en.

For Mangerton house Lady Downie has gane,
Her coats she has kilted up to her knee;
And down the water wi' speed she rins,
While tears in spaits fa' fast frae her e'e.

Then up and spoke our gude auld lord—
"What news, what news, sister Downie, to me?"
"Bad news, bad news, my Lord Mangerton;
Michael is killed, and they hae ta'en my son Johnie."

"Ne'er fear, sister Downie," quo' Mangerton,
"I have yokes of ousen, eighty and three;
My barns, my byres, and my faulds a' weil fill'd,
I'll part wi' them a' ere Johnie shall die.

"Three men I'll send to set him free,
A' harneist wi' the best o' steil;
The English louns may hear, and drie
The weight o' their braid-swords to feel.

"The Laird's Jock ane, the Laird's Wat twa,
O Hobbie Noble, thou ane maun be!
Thy coat is blue, thou hast been true,
Since England banish'd thee to me."

Now Hobbie was an English man,
In Bewcastle dale was bred and born:
But his misdeeds they were sae great,
They banish'd him ne'er to return.

Lord Mangerton them orders gave,
"Your horses the wrang way maun be shod;
Like gentlemen ye mauna seem,
But look like corn-caugers ga'en the road.

"Your armour gude ye mauna shaw,
Nor yet appear like men o' weir;
As country lads be a' array'd,
Wi' branks and brecham on each mare."

Sae now their horses are the wrang way shod,
And Hobbie has mounted his grey sae fine;
Jock his lively bay, Wat's on his white horse behind,
And on they rode for the water of Tyne.

At the Cholerford they all light down,
And there, wi' the help of the light o' the moon,
A tree they cut, wi' fifteen nogs on each side,
To climb up the wa' of Newcastle toun.

But when they cam to Newcastle toun,
And were alighted at the wa',
They fand their tree three ells ower laigh,
They fand their stick baith short and sma'.

Then up and spak the Laird's ain Jock:
"There's naething for't; the gates we maun force."
But when they cam the gate untill,
A proud porter withstood baith men and horse.

His neck in twa the Armstrangs wrang;
Wi' fute or hand he ne'er play'd pa![1]
His life and his keys at anes they hae ta'en,
And cast the body ahint the wa'.

Now sune they reach Newcastle jail,
And to the prisoner thus they call;
"Sleeps thou, wakes thou, Jock o' the Side,
Or art thou weary of thy thrall?"

Jock answers thus, wi' dulefu' tone;
"Aft, aft, I wake—I seldom sleep:
But whae's this kens my name sae weil,
And thus to mese my waes does seek?"

Then out and spak the gude Laird's Jock,
"Now fear ye na, my billie," quo' he;
"For here are the Laird's Jock, the Laird's Wat,
And Hobbie Noble, come to set thee free."

"Now haud thy tongue, my gude Laird's Jock,
For ever, alas! this canna be;
For if a' Liddesdale were here the night,
The morn's the day that I maun die.

"Full fifteen stane o' Spanish iron,
They hae laid a' right sair on me;
Wi' locks and keys I am fast bound
Into this dungeon dark and dreirie."

[1] He made not the slightest motion.

"Fear ye na that," quo' the Laird's Jock;
"A faint heart ne'er wan a fair ladie;
Work thou within, we'll work without,
And I'll be sworn we'll set thee free."

The first strong door that they cam at,
They loosed it without a key;
The next chain'd door that they cam at,
They garr'd it a' to flinders flee.

The prisoner now upon his back,
The Laird's Jock has gotten up fu' hie;
And down the stair, him, airns and a',
Wi' nae sma' speed and joy, brings he.

"Now, Jock, my man," quo' Hobbie Noble,
"Some o' his weight ye may lay on me."
"I wat weil no!" quo' the Laird's ain Jock,
"I count him lighter than a flee."

Sae out at the gates they a' are gane,
The prisoner's set on horseback hie;
And now wi' speed they've ta'en the gate,
While ilk ane jokes fu' wantonlie:

"O Jock! sae winsomely's ye ride,
Wi' baith your feet upon ae side;
Sae weel ye're harneist, and sae trig,
In troth ye sit like ony bride!"

The night, tho' wat, they did na mind,
But hied them on fu' merrilie,
Until they cam to Cholerford brae,
Where the water ran like mountains hie.

But when they cam to Cholerford,
There they met with an auld man;
Says—"Honest man will the water ride?
Tell us in haste, if that ye can."

"I wat weel no," quo' the gude auld man;
"I hae lived here threty years and three,
And I ne'er yet saw the Tyne sae big,
Nor running anes sae like a sea."

Then out and spak the Laird's saft Wat,
The greatest coward in the cumpanie:
"Now halt, now halt! we need na try't;
The day is come we a' maun die!"

"Puir faint-hearted thief!" cried the Laird's ain Jock,
"There'l nae man die but him that's fie;
I'll guide ye a' right safely thro';
Lift ye the pris'ner on ahint me."

Wi' that the water they hae ta'en,
By ane's and twa's they a' swam thro';
"Here are we a' safe," quo' the Laird's Jock,
"And, puir faint Wat, what think ye now?"

They scarce the other brae had won,
When twenty men they saw pursue;
Frae Newcastle toun they had been sent,
A' English lads baith stout and true.

But when the land-sergeant [1] the water saw,
"It winna ride, my lads," says he;
Then cried aloud—"The prisoner take,
But leave the fetters, I pray, to me."

"I wat weil no," quo' the Laird's Jock;
"I'll keep them a'; shoon to my mare they'll be,
My gude bay mare—for I am sure,
She has bought them a' right dear frae thee."

Sae now they are on to Liddesdale,
E'en as fast as they could them hie;
The prisoner is brought to's ain fireside,
And there o's airns they mak him free.

"Now, Jock, my billie," quo' a' the three,
"The day is com'd thou was to die;
But thou's as weil at thy ain ingle side,
Now sitting, I think, 'twixt thee and me."

[1] The land-sergeant (mentioned also in *Hobbie Noble*) was an officer under the warden to whom was committed the apprehending of delinquents and the care of the public peace.

THE DEATH OF FEATHERSTONHAUGH

THIS old Northumbrian ballad was originally printed in the notes to *Marmion*, but is here inserted in its proper place. It was taken down from the recitation of a woman eighty years of age, mother of one of the miners in Alston Moor, by the agent of the lead-mines there, who communicated it to my friend and correspondent, R. Surtees, Esq., of Mainsforth. She had not, she said, heard it for many years; but when she was a girl it used to be sung at merry-makings, "till the roof rung again." To preserve this curious though rude rhyme, it is here inserted. The ludicrous turn given to the slaughter, marks that wild and disorderly state of society in which a murder was not merely a casual circumstance but, in some cases, an exceedingly good jest. The structure of the ballad resembles the *Fray of Suport*, having the same irregular stanza and wild chorus.

Hoot awa', lads, hoot awa',
Ha' ye heard how the Ridleys, and Thirlwalls, and a',
Ha' set upon Albany [1] Featherstonhaugh,
And taken his life at the Deadmanshaugh:
Ther was Willimoteswick,
And Hardriding Dick,
And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will of the Wa'
I canno' tell a', I canno' tell a',
And mony a mair that the deil may knaw.

The auld man went down, but Nicol, his son,
Ran away afore the fight was begun;
And he run, and he run,
And afore they were done,
There was many a Featherston gat sic a stun,
As never was seen since the world begun.

I canno tell a', I canno tell a';
Some gat a skelp,[2] and some gat a claw;
But they gar'd the Featherstons haud their jaw,—[3]
Nicol, and Alick, and a'.
Some gat a hurt, and some gat nane;
Some had harness, and some gat sta'en.[4]

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[1] Pronounced *Awbony*.

[2] Signifies slap, or rather is the same word which was originally spelled *schlap*.

[3] Hold their jaw; a vulgar expression still in use.

[4] Got stolen, or were plundered; a very likely termination of the fray.

Ane gat a twist o' the craig;
Ane gat a bunch o' the wame;
Symy Haw gat lamed of a leg,
And syne ran wallowing hame.

Hoot, hoot, the auld man's slain outright!
Lay him now wi' his face down:—he's a sorrowful sight.
Janet, thou donot,[1]
I'll lay my best bonnet,
Thou gets a new gude-man afore it be night.

Hoo away, lads, hoo away,
We's a be hangid if we stay.
Tak' up the dead man, and lay him anent the bigging;[2]
Here's the Bailey o' Haltwhistle,[3]
Wi' his great bull's pizzle,
That supp'd up the broo', and syne —— in the piggin'.

NOTE

In explanation of this ancient ditty Mr Surtees has furnished me with the following local memorandum: Willimoteswick, now more commonly called Ridley Hall, is situated at the confluence of the Allon and Tyne, and was the chief seat of the ancient family of Ridley. 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. Will of the Wa' 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 Tippell, 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, toward 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 Featherstones, productive of such consequences as the ballad narrates. *24 Oct., 22do Henrici 8vi, Inquisitio capt. apud Hautwhistle, sup. visum corpus Alexandri Featherston, Gen., apud Grensilhaugh, felonice interfecti, 22 Oct.*, per Nicolaum Ridley de Unthanke, Gen. *Hugon Ridle, Nicolaum Ridle, et alios ejusdem nominis.* Nor were the Featherstones without their revenge; for, 36to Henrici 8vi, we have—*Utlagatio Nicolai Featherston, ac Thomæ Nyxson, etc., pro homicidio Willmi. Ridle de Morale.*

[1] Silly slut. The Border Bard calls her so because she was weeping for her husband, a loss which he seems to think might be soon repaired.

[2] Against the house.

[3] The Bailiff of Haltwhistle seems to have arrived when the fray was over. This supporter of social order is treated with characteristic irreverence by the moss-trooping poet.

HOBBIE NOBLE

We have seen the hero of this ballad act a distinguished part in the deliverance of Jock o' the Side, and are now to learn the ungrateful return which the Armstrongs made him for his faithful services.[1] Halbert, or Hobbie Noble, appears to have been one of those numerous English outlaws who, being forced to fly their own country, had established themselves on the Scottish Borders. As Hobbie continued his depredations upon the English, they bribed some of his hosts, the Armstrongs, to decoy him into England under pretence of a predatory expedition. He was there delivered, by his treacherous companions, into the hands of the officers of justice, by whom he was conducted to Carlisle and executed next morning. The laird of Mangerton, with whom Hobbie was in high favour, is said to have taken a severe revenge upon the traitors who betrayed him. The principal contriver of the scheme, called here Sim o' the Maynes, fled into England from the resentment of his chief; but experienced there the common fate of a traitor, being himself executed at Carlisle about two months after Hobbie's death. Such is, at least, the tradition of Liddesdale. Sim o' the Maynes appears among the Armstrongs of Whitauch, in Liddesdale, in the list of clans so often alluded to.

Kershope-burn, where Hobbie met his treacherous companions, falls into the Liddel, from the English side, at a place called Turnersholm, where, according to tradition, tourneys and games of chivalry were often solemnized. The Mains was anciently a border-keep,

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[1] The original editor of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* has noticed the perfidy of this clan in another instance; the delivery of the banished Earl of Northumberland into the hands of the Scottish regent, by Hector of Harelaw, an Armstrong, with whom he had taken refuge (*Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i, p. 283). This Hector of Harelaw seems to have been an Englishman, or under English assurance, for he is one of those against whom bills were exhibited by the Scottish commissioners to the lord-bishop of Carlisle (*Introduction to the History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, p. 81). In the list of Borderers, 1597, Hector of Harelaw, with the Griefs and Cuts of Harelaw, also figures as an inhabitant of the Debateable Land. It would appear, from a spirited invective in the Maitland MS. against the regent, and those who delivered up the unfortunate Earl to Elizabeth, that Hector had been guilty of this treachery to redeem the pledge which had been exacted from him for his peaceable demeanour. The poet says that the perfidy of Morton and Lochlevin was worse than even that of

> "—the traitour Eckie of Harelaw,
> That says he sould him to redeem his pledge;
> Your deed is war, as all the world does know—
> You nothing can but covatice alledge."
>
> Pinkerton's *Maitland Poems*, vol. ii, p. 290.

Eckie is the contraction of Hector among the vulgar.

These little memoranda may serve still farther to illustrate the beautiful ballads upon that subject, published in the *Reliques*.

near Castletoun, on the north side of the Liddel, but is now totally demolished.

Askerton is an old castle, now ruinous, situated in the wilds of Cumberland, about seventeen miles north-east of Carlisle, amidst that mountainous and desolate tract of country bordering upon Liddesdale, emphatically termed the Waste of Bewcastle. Conscouthart Green, and Rodric-haugh, and the Foulbogshiel are the names of places in the same wilds, through which the Scottish plunderers generally made their raids upon England; as appears from the following passage in a letter from William, Lord Dacre, to Cardinal Wolsey, 18th July 1528; *Appendix to Pinkerton's Scotland*, vol. xii, No. XIX. "Like it also your grace, seeing the disordour within Scotlaund, and that all the mysguyded men, Borderers of the same, inhabiting within Eskdale, Ewsdale, Walghopedale, Liddesdale, and a part of Tividale, foranempt Bewcastelldale, and a part of the Middle Marches of this the King's Bordours, entres not this West and Middle Marches, to do any attemptate to the King our said soveraine's subjects: but thaye come thorow Bewcastelldale, and retornes, for the most part, the same waye agayne."

Willeva and Speir Edom are small districts in Bewcastledale, through which also the Hartlie-burn takes its course.

Of the castle of Mangertoun, so often mentioned in these ballads, there are very few vestiges. It was situated on the banks of the Liddel, below Castletoun. In the wall of a neighbouring mill, which has been entirely built from the ruins of the tower, there is a remarkable stone, bearing the arms of the lairds of Mangertoun, and a long broad-sword, with the figures 1583; probably the date of building or repairing the castle. On each side of the shield are the letters S. A. and E. E., standing probably for Simon Armstrong and Elizabeth Elliot. Such is the only memorial of the laird of Mangertoun, except those rude ballads which the Editor now offers to the public.

Foul fa'[1] the breast first treason bred in!
That Liddesdale may safely say:
For in it there was baith meat and drink,
And corn unto our geldings gay.

And we were a' stout-hearted men,
As England she might often say;
But now we may turn our backs and flee,
Since brave Noble is sold away.

Now Hobbie was an Englishman,
And born into Bewcastle dale;
But his misdeeds they were sae great,
They banish'd him to Liddesdale.

[1] Evil befall.

At Kershope foot the tryst was set,
Kershope of the lilye lee;
And there was traitor Sim o' the Mains,
And with him a private companie.

Then Hobbie has graithed his body fair,
Baith wi' the iron and wi' the steel;
And he has ta'en out his fringed grey,
And there, brave Hobbie, he rade him weel.

Then Hobbie is down the water gane,
E'en as fast as he could hie;
Tho' a' should hae bursten and broken their hearts,
Frae that riding tryst he wad na be.

"Weel be ye met, my feres five!
And now, what is your will wi' me?"
Then they cried a', wi ae consent,
"Thou'rt welcome here, brave Noble, to me.

"Wilt thou with us into England ride,
And thy safe warrand we will be?
If we get a horse, worth a hundred pound,
Upon his back thou sune shalt be."

"I dare not by day into England ride;
The land-sergeant has me at feid:
And I know not what evil may betide,
For Peter of Whitfield, his brother, is dead.

"And Anton Shiel he loves not me,
For I gat twa drifts o' his sheep;
The great Earl of Whitfield loves me not,
For nae geer frae me he e'er could keep.

"But will ye stay till the day gae down,
Until the night come o'er the grund,
And I'll be a guide worth ony twa
That may in Liddesdale be found?

"Tho' the night be black as pick and tar,
I'll guide ye o'er yon hill sae hie;
And bring ye a' in safety back,
If ye'll be true, and follow me."

He has guided them o'er moss and muir,
O'er hill and hope, and mony a down;
Until they came to the Foulbogshiel,
And there, brave Noble he lighted down.

But word is gane to the land-sergeant,
In Askerton where that he lay—
"The deer, that ye hae hunted sae lang,
Is seen into the Waste this day."

"Then Hobbie Noble is that deer!
I wat he carries the style fu' hie;
Aft has he driven our bluidhounds back,
And set ourselves at little lee.[1]

"Gar warn the bows of Hartlie-burn;
See they sharp their arrows on the wa':
Warn Willeva and Speir Edom,
And see the morn they meet me a'.

"Gar meet me on the Rodric-haugh,
And see it be by break o' day;
And we will on to Conscouthart-green,
For there, I think, we'll get our prey."

Then Hobbie Noble has dreimit a dreim,
In the Foulbogshiel, where that he lay;
He dreimit his horse was aneath him shot,
And he himself got hard away.

The cocks goud craw, the day goud daw,
And I wot sae even fell down the rain;
Had Hobbie na wakened at that time,
In the Foulbogshiel he had been ta'en or slain.

"Awake, awake, my feres five!
I true here makes a fu' ill day;
Yet the worst cloak o' this company,
I hope, shall cross the Waste this day."

Now Hobbie thought the gates were clear;
But, ever alas! it was na sae:
They were beset by cruel men and keen,
That away brave Hobbie might na gae.

"Yet follow me, my feres five,
And see ye keip of me guid ray;[2]
And the worst cloak o' this company
Even yet may cross the Waste this day."

But the land-sergeant's men came Hobbie before,
The traitor Sim came Hobbie behin',
So had Noble been wight as Wallace was,
Away, alas! he might na win.

[1] *Set at little lee*=held in contempt.
[2] *Keip of me guid ray*=keep close to me.

Then Hobbie had but a laddie's sword;
  But he did mair than a laddie's deed;
For that sword had cleared Conscouthart-green,
  Had it not broke o'er Jerswigham's head.

Then they hae ta'en brave Hobbie Noble,
  Wi's ain bowstring they band him sae;
But his gentle heart was ne'er sae sair,
  As when his ain five bound him on the brae.

They hae ta'en him on for west Carlisle;
  They asked him, if he kend the way?
Tho' much he thought, yet little he said;
  He knew the gate as weel as they.

They hae ta'en him up the Ricker-gate;[1]
  The wives they cast their windows wide;
And every wife to another can say,
  "That's the man loosed Jock o' the Side!"

"Fy on ye, women! why ca' ye me man?
  For it's nae man that I'm used like;
I am but like a forfoughen hound,
  Has been fighting in a dirty syke."

They hae had him up thro' Carlisle town,
  And set him by the chimney fire;
They gave brave Noble a loaf to eat,
  And that was little his desire.

They gave him a wheaten loaf to eat,
  And after that a can of beer;
And they a' cried, with one consent,
  "Eat, brave Noble, and make gude cheir!

"Confess my lord's horse, Hobbie," they said,
  "And to-morrow in Carlisle thou's na die."
"How can I confess them," Hobbie says,
  "When I never saw them with my e'e?"

Then Hobbie has sworn a fu' great aith,
  Bi the day that he was gotten and born,
He never had ony thing o' my lord's,
  That either eat him grass or corn.

---

[1] A street in Carlisle.

"Now fare thee weel, sweet Mangerton!
For I think again I'll ne'er thee see:
I wad hae betrayed nae lad alive,
For a' the gowd o' Christentie.

"And fare thee weel, sweet Liddesdale!
Baith the hie land and the law;
Keep ye weel frae the traitor Mains!
For goud and gear he'll sell ye a'.

"Yet wad I rather be ca'd Hobbie Noble,
In Carlisle, where he suffers for his fau't,
Than I'd be ca'd the traitor Mains,
That eats and drinks o' the meal and maut."

NOTES

The great Earl of Whitfield loves me not.—P. 208, v. 7.

Whitfield is explained by Mr Ellis of Otterbourne to be a large and rather wild manorial district in the extreme south-west part of Northumberland, the proprietor of which might be naturally called the Lord, though not Earl, of Whitfield. I suspect, however, that the reciters may have corrupted the *great* Ralph Whitfield into Earl of Whitfield. Sir Matthew Whitfield of Whitfield was sheriff of Northumberland in 1433, and the estate continued in the family from the reign of Richard II till about fifty years since.—T.H.

Aft has he driven our bluidhounds back.—P. 209, v. 2.

"The russet bloodhound, wont near Annand's stream,
To trace the sly thief with avenging foot,
Close as an evil conscience still at hand."

Our ancient statutes inform us that the blood-hound, or sluith-hound (so called from its quality of tracing the slot, or track, of men and animals), was early used in the pursuit and detection of marauders. *Nullus perturbet aut impediat canem trassantem, aut homines trassantes cum ipso, ad sequendum latrones* (*Regiam Majestatem*, lib. 4tus, cap. 32). And so late as 1616 there was an order from the King's commissioners of the northern counties, that a certain number of slough-hounds should be maintained in every district of Cumberland, bordering upon Scotland. They were of great value, being sometimes sold for a hundred crowns (*Exposition of Bleau's Atlas, voce Nithsdale*). The breed of this sagacious animal, which could trace the human footstep with the most unerring accuracy, is now nearly extinct.

ROOKHOPE RYDE

THIS is a bishoprick Border song, composed in 1569; taken down from the chanting of George Collingwood, the elder, late of Boltsburn, in the neighbourhood of Ryhope, who was interred at Stanhope the 16th December 1785.

Rookhope is the name of a valley about five miles in length; at the termination of which Rookhope-burn empties itself into the river Wear: the dale lies in the north part of the parish of Stanhope, in Weardale. Rookhopehead is the top of the vale. The ballad derives some additional interest from the date of the event being so precisely ascertained to be the 6th December 1572, when the Tynedale robbers, taking advantage of the public confusion occasioned by the rebellion of Westmoreland and Northumberland, and which particularly affected the bishoprick of Durham, determined to make this foray into Weardale. The late eminent antiquary, Joseph Ritson, took down this ballad from the mouth of the reciter and printed it as part of an intended collection of Border ballads, which was never published. His nephew, Mr Frank, was so good as to favour me with the copy from which it is here given. To the illustrations of Mr Ritson, I have been enabled to add those of my friend, Mr Surtees, of Mainsfort.

Rookhope stands in a pleasant place,
  If the false thieves wad let it be,
But away they steal our goods apace,
  And ever an ill death may they dee!

And so is the man of Thirlwall and Willie-haver,
  And all their companies thereabout,
That is minded to do mischief,
  And at their stealing stands not out.

But yet we will not slander them all,
  For there is of them good enow;
It is a sore consumed tree
  That on it bears not one fresh bough.

Lord God! is not this a pitiful case,
  That men dare not drive their goods to the fell,
But limmer thieves drives them away,
  That fears neither heaven nor hell?

Lord, send us peace into the realm,
  That every man may live on his own!
I trust to God, if it be his will,
  That Weardale men may never be overthrown.

For great troubles they've had in hand,
With Borderers pricking hither and thither,
But the greatest fray that e'er they had,
Was with the men of Thirlwall and Willie-haver.

They gather'd together so royally,
The stoutest men and the best in gear;
And he that rade not on a horse,
I wat he rade on a weil-fed mear.

So in the morning, before they came out,
So weel I wot they broke their fast;
In the forenoon they came unto a bye fell,
Where some of them did eat their last.[1]

When they had eaten aye and done,
They say'd, some captains here needs must be:
Then they choosed forth Harry Corbyl,
And 'Symon Fell,' and Martin Ridley.

Then o'er the moss, where as they came,
With many a brank and whew,
One of them could to another say,
"I think this day we are men enew."

For Weardale-men have a journey ta'en,
They are so far out o'er yon fell,
That some of them's with the two earls,
And others fast in Bernard castell.

There we shall get gear enough,
For there is nane but women at hame;
The sorrowful fend that they can make,
Is loudly cries [2] as they were slain.

Then in at Rookhope-head they came,
And there they thought tul a' had their prey,
But they were spy'd coming over the Dry-rig,
Soon upon Saint Nicholas' day.[3]

Then in at Rookhope-head they came,
They ran the forest but a mile;
They gather'd together in four hours
Six hundred sheep within a while.

[1] This would be about eleven o'clock, the usual dinner-hour in that period.

[2] This is still the phraseology of Westmoreland: a *poorly* man, a *softly* day, and the like.

[3] The 6th of December.

And horses I trow they gat,
But either ane or twa,
And they gat them all but ane
That belanged to great Rowley.

That Rowley was the first man that did them spy,
With that he raised a mighty cry;
The cry it came down Rookhope-burn,
And spread through Weardale hasteyly

Then word came to the bailiff's house
At the East-gate, where he did dwell;
He was walk'd out to the Smale-burns,
Which stands above the Hanging-well.[1]

His wife was wae when she heard tell,
So well she wist her husband wanted gear;
She gar'd saddle him his horse in haste,
And neither forget sword, jack,[2] nor spear.

The bailiff got wit before his gear came,
That such news was in the land,
He was sore troubled in his heart,
That on no earth that he could stand.

His brother was hurt three days before,
With limmer thieves that did him prick;
Nineteen bloody wounds lay him upon,
What ferly was't that he lay sick?

But yet the bailiff shrinked nought,
But fast after them he did hye,
And so did all his neighbours near,
That went to bear him company.

But when the bailiff was gathered,
And all his company,
They were number'd to never a man
But forty under fifty.

---

[1] A place in the neighbourhood of East-gate, known at present as well as the Dry-rig or Smale-burns; being the property of Mr Robert Richardson, by inheritance, since before 1583.—RITSON.

[2] A jacket or short coat, plaited or instiched with small pieces of iron, and usually worn by the peasantry of the Border in their journeys from place to place, as well as in their occasional skirmishes with the moss-troopers, who were most probably equipped with the same sort of harness.—RITSON.

The thieves was numbered a hundred men,
I wat they were not of the worst:
That could be choosed out of Thirlwall and Willie-haver
I trow they were the very first.[1]

But all that was in Rookhope-head,
And all that was i' Nuketon-cleugh,
Where Weardale-men o'ertook the thieves,
And there they gave them fighting eneugh.

So sore they made them fain to flee,
As many was a' out of hand,
And, for tul have been at home again,
They would have been in iron bands.

And for the space of long seven years
As sore they mighten a' had their lives,
But there was never one of them
That ever thought to have seen their wives.

About the time the fray began,
I trow it lasted but an hour,
Till many a man lay weaponless,
And was sore wounded in that stour.

Also before that hour was done,
Four of the thieves were slain,
Besides all those that wounded were,
And eleven prisoners there was ta'en.

George Carrick, and his brother Edie,
Them two, I wot, they were both slain;
Harry Corbyl, and Lennie Carrick,
Bore them company in their pain.

One of our Weardale-men was slain,
Rowland Emerson his name hight;
I trust to God his soul is well,
Because he fought unto the right.

But thus they say'd, "We'll not depart
While we have one:—Speed back again!"
And when they came amongst the dead men,
There they found George Carrick slain.

And when they found George Carrick slain,
I wot it went well near their heart;
Lord, let them never make a better end
That comes to play them sicken a part.

[1] The reciter, from his advanced age, could not recollect the original line thus imperfectly supplied.—RITSON.

I trust to God, no more they shall,
Except it be one for a great chance;
For God will punish all those
With a great heavy pestilence.

Thir limmer thieves, they have good hearts,
They never think to be o'erthrown;
Three banners against Weardale-men they bare,
As if the world had been all their own.

Thir Weardale-men, they have good hearts,
They are as stiff as any tree;
For, if they'd every one been slain,
Never a foot back man would flee.

And such a storm amongst them fell,
As I think you never heard the like;
For he that bears his head so high,
He oft-times falls into the dyke.

And now I do entreat you all,
As many as are present here,
To pray for the singer of this song,
For he sings to make blithe your cheer.

NOTES

And so is the man of Thirlwall and Willie-haver.—P. 212, v. 2.

Thirlwall, or Thirlitwall, is said by Fordun, the Scottish historian, to be a name given to the Picts' or Roman wall, from its having been thirled or perforated in ancient times by the Scots and Picts. Wyntoun also, who most probably copied Fordun, calls it Thirlwall. Thirlwall Castle, though in a very ruinous condition, is still standing by the site of this famous wall, upon the river Tippal. It gave name to the ancient family, De Thirlwall. Willie-haver, or Willeva, is a small district or township in the parish of Lanercost, near Bewcastle-dale, in Cumberland, mentioned in the preceding ballad of *Hobbie Noble*:

"Gar warn the bows of Hartlie-burn,
See they sharp their arrows on the wa';
Warn Willeva, and Spear Edom,
And see the morn they meet me a'."

That some of them's with the two earls.—P. 213, v. 6.

The two earls were Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Charles Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland, who, on the 15th of November 1569, at the head of their tenantry and others, took arms for the purpose of liberating Mary, Queen of Scots, and restoring the old religion. They besieged Barnard Castle, which was for eleven days stoutly defended by Sir George Bowes, who afterward, being appointed the Queen's marshal, hanged the poor constables and peasantry by dozens in a day to the amount of 800. The Earl of Northumberland, betrayed by the Scots with whom he had taken

refuge, was beheaded at York on the 22nd of August 1572; and the Earl of Westmoreland, deprived of the ancient and noble patrimony of the Nevils and reduced to beggary, escaped over sea into Flanders and died in misery and disgrace, being the last of his family. See two ballads on this subject in Percy's *Collection* (i, 271, 281), and consider whether they be genuine.—RITSON.

At the East-gate, where he did dwell.—P. 214, v. 3.

Now a straggling village so called; originally, it would seem, the gate-house or ranger's lodge at the east entrance of Stanhope-park. At some distance from this place is West-gate, so called for a similar reason.—RITSON.

"The mention of the bailiff's house at the East-gate is (were such a proof wanting) strongly indicative of the authenticity of the ballad. The family of Emerson of East-garth, a fief, if I may so call it, held under the bishop, long exercised the office of bailiff of Wolsingham, the chief town and borough of Weardale, and of Forster, &c. under successive prelates; and the present bishop's gamekeeper and ranger within Weardale, may be said to claim his office by maternal descent, being Emerson Muschamp (another ancient name) and though somewhat shorn of his beams, the lineal heir of the old bailiffs of Weardale.

"Rob. Emerson Parcarius de Stanhopp, 13 Aug. 7 Rob. Nevill Epi.

"Cuthb. Emerson de Eastgat sub Forestar. Parci de Stanhopp. 1 Wolsey.

"Lease of the East-gate to Mr George Emerson for 30 years, £10. p. ann. 4. Ed. C. Bp. Tunstall.

"Rob. Emerson de Eastgat. sede vacante p. depriv. Tunstall parcar. Dne Regine.

"Geo. et Ric. Emerson Ballivi de Wolsingham p. palens. 12 Sept. 1616, sicut Geo. Rolli vel Rollands Emerson olim tenuere."—SURTEES.

BARTHRAM'S DIRGE

THE following beautiful fragment was taken down by Mr Surtees from the recitation of Anne Douglas, an old woman who weeded in his garden. It is imperfect, and the words within brackets were inserted by my correspondent to supply such stanzas as the chauntress's memory left defective. The hero of the ditty, if the reciter be correct, was shot to death by nine brothers, whose sister he had seduced, but was afterwards buried at her request, near their usual place of meeting; which may account for his being laid not in holy ground, but beside the burn. The name of Barthram, or Bertram, would argue a Northumbrian origin, and there is, or was, a Headless Cross, among many so named, near Elsdon in Northumberland. But the mention of the Nine-Stane Burn, and Nine-Stane Rig, seem to refer to those places in the vicinity of Hermitage Castle,[1] which is countenanced by the mentioning our Lady's Chapel. Perhaps the hero may have been an Englishman, and the lady a native of Scotland; which renders the catastrophe even more probable. The style of the ballad is rather Scottish than Northumbrian. They certainly did

[1] See the ballad of *Lord Soulis*, *infra*.

bury in former days near the Nine-Stane Burn; for the Editor remembers finding a small monumental cross, with initials, lying among the heather. It was so small that, with the assistance of another gentleman, he easily placed it upright.

They shot him dead on the Nine-Stone Rig,
  Beside the Headless Cross,
And they left him lying in his blood,
  Upon the moor and moss.

. . . . . .

They made a bier of the broken bough,
  The sauch and the aspin gray,
And they bore him to the Lady Chapel,
  And waked him there all day.

A lady came to that lonely bower,
  And threw her robes aside,
She tore her ling [long] yellow hair,
  And knelt at Barthram's side.

She bath'd him in the Lady-Well
  His wounds so deep and sair,
And she plaited a garland for his breast,
  And a garland for his hair.

They rowed him in a lily-sheet,
  And bare him to his earth,
[And the Gray Friars sung the dead man's mass,
  As they pass'd the Chapel Garth].

They buried him at [the mirk] midnight,
  [When the dew fell cold and still,
When the aspin gray forgot to play,
  And the mist clung to the hill].

They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,
  By the edge of the Ninestone Burn,
And they covered him [o'er with the heather-flower],
  The moss and the (Lady) fern.

A Gray Friar staid upon the grave,
  And sang till the morning tide,
And a friar shall sing for Barthram's soul,
  While Headless Cross shall bide.[1]

[1] Mr Surtees observes, on this passage, that in the return made by the commissioners on the dissolution of Newminster Abbey, there is an item of a Chauntery for one priest to sing daily, *ad crucem lapideam*. Probably many of these crosses had the like expiatory solemnities for persons slain there.

ARCHIE OF CA'FIELD

IT may perhaps be thought that, from the near resemblance which this ballad bears to *Kinmont Willie* and *Jock o' the Side*, the Editor might have dispensed with inserting it in this collection. But although the incidents in these three ballads are almost the same, yet there is considerable variety in the language; and each contains minute particulars highly characteristic of Border manners which it is the object of this publication to illustrate. Ca'field, or Calfield, is a place in Wauchopdale belonging of old to the Armstrongs. In the account betwixt the English and Scottish Marches, Jock and Geordie of Ca'field, there called Calfhill, are repeatedly marked as delinquents (*History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, vol. i, Introduction, p. 33). The Editor has been enabled to add several stanzas to this ballad, since publication of the first edition. They were obtained from recitation; and, as they contrast the brutal indifference of the elder brother with the zeal and spirit of his associates, they add considerably to the dramatic effect of the whole.

As I was walking mine alane,
It was by the dawning of the day,
I heard twa brithers make their mane,
And I listened weel to what they did say.

The youngest to the eldest said,
"Blythe and merrie how can we be?
There were three brithren of us born,
And ane of us is condemned to die."

"An ye wad be merrie, an ye wad be sad,
What the better wad billy Archie be?
Unless I had thirty men to mysell,
And a' to ride in my cumpanie.

"Ten to hald the horses heads,
And other ten the watch to be,
And ten to break up the strong prison,
Where billy Archie he does lie."

Then up spak him mettled John Hall,[1]
(The luve of Teviotdale aye was he)
"An I had eleven men to mysell,
It's aye the twalt man I wad be."

[1] Mettled John Hall, from the laigh Teviotdale, is perhaps John Hall of Newbigging, mentioned in the list of Border clans as one of the chief men of name residing on the Middle Marches in 1597.

Then up bespak him coarse Ca'field,
(I wot and little gude worth was he)
"Thirty men is few anew,
And a' to ride in our cumpanie."

There was horsing, horsing in haste,
And there was marching on the lee;
Until they cam to Murraywhate,
And they lighted there right speedilie.

"A smith! a smith!" Dickie he cries,
"A smith, a smith, right speedilie,
To turn back the caukers of our horses' shoon!
For its unkensome we wad be."

"There lives a smith on the water side,
Will shoe my little black mare for me;
And I've a crown in my pocket,
And every groat of it I wad gie."

"The night is mirk, and it's very mirk,
And by candle light I canna weel see;
The night is mirk, and it's very pit mirk,
And there will never a nail ca' right for me."

"Shame fa' you and your trade baith,
Canna beet a gude fellow by your mystery![1]
But leeze me on thee, my little black mare,
Thou's worth thy weight in gold to me."

There was horsing, horsing in haste,
And there was marching upon the lee;
Until they cam to Dumfries port,
And they lighted there right speedilie.

"There's five of us will hold the horse,
And other five will watchmen be:
But wha's the man, among ye a',
Will gae to the Tolbooth door wi' me?"

O up then spak him mettled John Hall,
(Frae the laigh Tiviotdale was he)
"If it should cost my life this very night,
I'll gae to the Tolbooth door wi' thee."

---

[1] Trade.—See Shakespeare.

"Be of gude cheir, now, Archie, lad!
Be of gude cheir, now, dear billie!
Work thou within, and we without,
And the morn thou'se dine at Ca'field wi' me."

O Jockie Hall stepped to the door,
And he bended low back his knee;
And he made the bolts, the door hang on,
Loup frae the wa' right wantonlie.

He took the prisoner on his back,
And down the Tolbooth stair cam he;
The black mare stood ready at the door,
I wot a foot ne'er stirred she.

They laid the links out ower her neck,
And that was her gold twist to be;[1]
And they cam down thro' Dumfries toun,
And wow but they cam speedilie.

The live lang night these twelve men rade,
And aye till they were right wearie,
Until they cam to the Murraywhate,
And they lighted there right speedilie.

"A smith! a smith!" then Dickie he cries,
"A smith, a smith, right speedilie,
To file the irons frae my dear brither!
For forward, forward we wad be."

They had na filed a shackle of iron,
A shackle of iron but barely thrie,
When out and spak young Simon brave,
"O dinna ye see what I do see?

"Lo! yonder comes Lieutenant Gordon,
Wi' a hundred men in his cumpanie;
This night will be our lyke-wake night,
The morn the day we a' maun die."

O there was mounting, mounting in haste,
And there was marching upon the lee;
Until they cam to Annan water,
And it was flowing like the sea.

[1] The *Gold Twist* means the small gilded chains drawn across the chest of a war-horse, as a part of his caparison.

"My mare is young and very skeigh,
And in o' the weil she will drown me;
But ye'll take mine, and I'll take thine,
And sune through the water we sall be."

Then up and spak him, coarse Ca'field,
(I wot and little gude worth was he)
"We had better lose ane than lose a' the lave;
We'll lose the prisoner, we'll gae free."

"Shame fa' you and your lands baith!
Wad ye e'en [1] your lands to your born billy?
But hey! bear up, my bonnie black mare,
And yet thro' the water we sall be."

Now they did swim that wan water,
And wow but they swam bonnilie!
Until they cam to the other side,
And they wrang their cloathes right drunkily.

"Come thro', come thro', Lieutenant Gordon!
Come thro' and drink some wine wi' me!
For there is an ale-house here hard by,
And it shall not cost thee ae penny."

"Throw me my irons," quo' Lieutenant Gordon;
"I wot they cost me dear aneugh."
"The shame a ma," [2] quo' mettled John Ha',
"They'll be gude shackles to my pleugh."

"Come thro', come thro', Lieutenant Gordon!
Come thro' and drink some wine wi' me!
Yestreen I was your prisoner,
But now this morning am I free."

---

[1] Even, put into comparison. [2] More shame to you.

ARMSTRONG'S GOODNIGHT

[The following verses are said to have been composed by one of the Armstrongs, executed for the murder of Sir John Carmichael, of Edrom, Warden of the Middle Marches (see Notes on *The Raid of the Reidswire*). The tune is popular in Scotland, but whether these are the original words will admit of a doubt.]

This night is my departing night,
For here nae langer must I stay;
There's neither friend nor foe o' mine,
But wishes me away.

What I have done thro' lack of wit,
I never, never, can recall;
I hope ye're a' my friends as yet;
Goodnight and joy be with you all!

. . . . . .

THE FRAY OF SUPORT

AN ANCIENT BORDER GATHERING SONG

FROM TRADITION

Of all the Border ditties which have fallen into the Editor's hands this is by far the most uncouth and savage. It is usually chaunted in a sort of wild recitative, except the burden, which swells into a long and varied howl, not unlike to a view hollo'. The words, and the very great irregularity of the stanza (if it deserves the name), sufficiently point out its intention and origin. An English woman, residing in Suport, near the foot of the Kershope, having been plundered in the night by a band of the Scottish moss-troopers, is supposed to convoke her servants and friends for the pursuit, or *Hot Trod*; upbraiding them, at the same time, in homely phrase for their negligence and security. The *Hot Trod* was followed by the persons who had lost goods, with blood-hounds and horns to raise the country to help. They also used to carry a burning wisp of straw at a spear head, and to raise a cry similar to the Indian war-whoop. It appears, from articles made by the Wardens of the English Marches, September 12th, in 6th of Edward VI, that all, on this cry being raised, were obliged to follow the fray, or chase, under pain of death. With these explanations, the general purport of the ballad may be easily discovered, though particular passages have become inexplicable, probably through corruptions introduced by reciters. The present copy is corrected from four copies, which differed widely from each other.

Sleep'ry Sim of the Lamb-hill,
And snoring Jock of Suport-mill,
Ye are baith right het and fou';—
But my wae wakens na you.
Last night I saw a sorry sight—
Nought left me, o' four-and-twenty gude ousen and ky,
My weel-ridden gelding, and a white quey,
But a toom byre and a wide,
And the twelve nogs on ilka side.
Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' gane.

Weel may ye ken,
Last night I was right scarce o' men:
But Toppet Hob o' the Mains had guesten'd in my house by chance;
I set him to wear the fore-door wi' the speir, while I kept the back door wi' the lance;
But they hae run him thro' the thick o' the thie, and broke his knee-pan,
And the mergh o' his shin bane has run down on his spur leather whang:
He's lame while he lives, and where'er he may gang.
Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' gane.

But Peenye, my gude son, is out at the Hagbut-head,
His e'en glittering for anger like a fiery gleed;
Crying—"Mak sure the nooks
Of Maky's-muir crooks;
For the wily Scot takes by nooks, hooks, and crooks,[1]
Gin we meet a' together in a head the morn,
We'll be merry men."
Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' gane.

There's doughty Cuddy in the Heugh-head,
Thou was aye gude at a' need:
With thy brock-skin bag at thy belt,
Ay ready to mak a puir man help.
Thou maun awa' out to the Cauf-craigs
(Where anes ye lost your ain twa naigs),
And there toom thy brock-skin bag.
Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' ta'en.

[1] By all possible devices.

Doughty Dan o' the Houlet Hirst,
Thou was aye gude at a birst:
Gude wi' a bow, and better wi' a speir,
The bauldest march-man that e'er followed gear;
Come thou here.
Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' gane.

Rise, ye carle coopers, frae making o' kirns and tubs,
In the Nicol forest woods.
Your craft has na left the value of an oak rod,
But if you had had ony fear o' God,
Last night ye had na slept sae sound,
And let my gear be a' ta'en.
Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' ta'en.

Ah! lads, we'll fang them a' in a net!
For I hae a' the fords o' Liddel set;
The Dunkin, and the Door-loup,
The Willie-ford, and the Water-slack,
The Black-rack and the Trout-dub of Liddel;
There stands John Forster wi' five men at his back,
Wi' buft coat and cap of steil:
Boo! ca' at them e'en, Jock;
That ford's sicker, I wat weil.
Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' ta'en.

Hoo! hoo! gar raise the Reid Souter, and Ringan's Wat,
Wi' a broad elshin and a wicker;
I wat weil they'll mak a ford sicker.
Sae whether they be Elliots or Armstrangs,
Or rough riding Scots, or rude Johnstones,
Or whether they be frae the Tarras or Ewsdale,
They maun turn and fight, or try the deeps o' Liddel.
Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' ta'en.

"Ah! but they will play ye another jigg,
For they will out at the big rig,
And thro' at Fargy Grame's gap."
But I hae another wile for that:
For I hae little Will, and stalwart Wat,
And lang Aicky, in the Souter moor,
Wi' his sleuth dog sits in his watch right sure;

Shou'd the dog gie a bark,
He'll be out in his sark,
And die or won.
Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' ta'en.

Ha! boys—I see a party appearing—wha's yon!
Methinks it's the captain of Bewcastle, and Jephtha's John,
Coming down by the foul steps of Catlowdie's loan:
They'll make a sicker, come which way they will.
Ha lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' ta'en.

Captain Musgrave, and a' his band,
And coming down by the Siller-strand,
And the muckle toun-bell o' Carlisle is rung:
My gear was a' weel won,
And before it's carried o'er the Border, mony a man's gae down.
Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' gane.

NOTES

And there toom thy brock-skin bag.—P. 224, v. 4.

The badger-skin pouch was used for carrying ammunition.

In the Nicol forest woods.—P. 225, v. 2.

A wood in Cumberland, in which Suport is situated.

For I hae a' the fords o' Liddel set.—P. 225, v. 3.

Watching fords was a ready mode of intercepting the marauders; the names of the most noted fords upon the Liddel are recited in this verse.

And thro' at Fargy Grame's gap.—P. 225, v. 5.

Fergus Grame of Sowport, as one of the chief men of that clan, became security to Lord Scroope for the good behaviour of his friends and dependants, 8th January 1662 (*Introduction to History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, p. 111).

Wi' his sleuth dog sits in his watch right sure.—P. 225, v. 5.

The sentinels who, by the March laws, were planted upon the Border each night had usually sleuth-dogs, or blood-hounds, along with them. See Nicholson's *Border Laws* and Lord Wharton's *Regulations, in the 6th of Edward VI.*

Of the blood-hound we have said something in the notes on *Hobbie Noble*; but we may, in addition, refer to the following poetical description of the qualities and uses of that singular animal:

"Upon the banks
Of Tweed, slow winding thro' the vale, the seat
Of war and rapine once, ere Britons knew
The sweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands

To lasting leagues the haughty rivals awed,
There dwelt a pilfering race; well train'd and skill'd
In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil
Their only substance, feuds and war their sport.
Not more expert in every fraudful art
The arch felon was of old, who by the tail
Drew back his lowing prize; in vain his wiles,
In vain the shelter of the covering rock,
In vain the sooty cloud, and ruddy flames,
That issued from his mouth; for soon he paid
His forfeit life: a debt how justly due
To wronged Alcides, and avenging Heaven!
Veil'd in the shades of night, they ford the stream;
Then, prowling far and near, whate'er they seize
Becomes their prey; nor flocks nor herds are safe,
Nor stalls protect the steer, nor strong barr'd doors
Secure the favourite horse. Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage wan
The plunder'd owner stands, and from his lips
A thousand thronging curses burst their way.
He calls his stout allies, and in a line
His faithful hounds he leads; then, with a voice
That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers.
Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
Flourish'd in air, low bending, plies around
His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untried;
Till, conscious of the recent stains, his heart
Beats quick, his snuffling nose, his active tail,
Attest his joy; then, with deep-opening mouth
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
The audacious felon! foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the listening crowd
Applaud his reasonings. O'er the watery ford,
Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills,
O'er beaten tracks, with men and beast distain'd,
Unerring he pursues; till, at the cot
Arrived, and seizing by his guilty throat
The caitiff vile, redeems the captive prey:
So exquisitely delicate his sense!"

Somerville's *Chase*.

Methinks it's the captain of Bewcastle, etc.
Coming down by the foul steps of Catlowdie's loan.—P. 226, v. 2.

According to the late Glenriddell's notes on this ballad, the office of captain of Bewcastle was held by the chief of the Nixons.

Catlowdie is a small village in Cumberland, near the junction of the Esk and Liddel.

Captain Musgrave, and a' his band.—P. 226, v. 3.

This was probably the famous Captain Jack Musgrave who had charge of the watch along the Cryssop, or Kershope, as appears from the order of the watches appointed by Lord Wharton, when Deputy-Warden-General, in 6th Edward VI.

LORD MAXWELL'S GOODNIGHT

THIS beautiful ballad is published from a copy in Glenriddel's MSS., with some slight variations from tradition. It alludes to one of the most remarkable feuds upon the West Marches.

A.D. 1585, John, Lord Maxwell, or, as he styled himself, Earl of Morton, having quarrelled with the Earl of Arran, reigning favourite of James VI, and fallen, of course, under the displeasure of the court, was denounced rebel. A commission was also given to the laird of Johnstone, then Warden of the West Marches, to pursue and apprehend the ancient rival and enemy of his house. Two bands of mercenaries, commanded by Captains Cranstoun and Lammie, who were sent from Edinburgh to support Johnstone, were attacked and cut to pieces at Crawford-muir, by Robert Maxwell, natural brother to the chieftain;[1] who, following up his advantage, burned Johnstone's castle of Lochwood, observing, with savage glee, that he would give Lady Johnstone light enough by which to "set her hood." In a subsequent conflict Johnstone himself was defeated and made prisoner, and is said to have died of grief at the disgrace which he sustained. See Spottiswoode and Johnstone's *Histories*, and Moyse's *Memoirs*, *ad annum* 1585.

By one of the revolutions common in those days, Maxwell was soon after restored to the king's favour in his turn, and obtained the wardenry of the West Marches. A bond of alliance was subscribed by him and by Sir James Johnstone, and for some time the two clans lived in harmony. In the year 1593, however, the hereditary feud was revived on the following occasion: a band of marauders, of the clan Johnstone, drove a prey of cattle from the lands belonging to the lairds of Crichton, Sanquhar, and Drumlanrig; and defeated, with slaughter, the pursuers, who attempted to rescue their property. [See the following Ballad and Introduction.] The injured parties, being apprehensive that Maxwell would not cordially embrace their cause, on account of his late reconciliation with the Johnstones, endeavoured to overcome his reluctance by offering to enter into bonds of manrent, and so to become his followers and liegemen; he, on the other hand, granting to them a bond of maintenance, or protection, by which he bound himself, in usual form, to maintain their quarrel against all mortals, saving his loyalty. Thus the most powerful and respectable families in Dumfriesshire became, for a

[1] It is devoutly to be wished that this Lammie (who was killed in the skirmish) may have been the same miscreant who, in the day of Queen Mary's distress, "hes ensigne being of quhyt taffitae, had painted one it ye creuell murther of King Henry, and layed down before her majestie, at quhat time she presented herself as prisoner to ye lordis" (Birrel's *Diary*, June 15, 1567). It would be some satisfaction to know that the grey hairs of this worthy personage did not go down to the grave in peace.

time, the vassals of Lord Maxwell. This secret alliance was discovered to Sir James Johnstone by the laird of Cummertrees, one of his own clan, though a retainer to Maxwell. Cummertrees even contrived to possess himself of the bonds of manrent, which he delivered to his chief. The petty warfare betwixt the rival barons was instantly renewed. Buccleuch, a near relation of Johnstone, came to his assistance with his clan, "the most renowned freebooters (says a historian), the fiercest and bravest warriors, among the Border tribes." [1] With Buccleuch also came the Elliots, Armstrongs, and Graemes. Thus reinforced, Johnstone surprised and cut to pieces a party of the Maxwells, stationed at Lochmaben. On the other hand, Lord Maxwell, armed with the royal authority, and numbering among his followers all the barons of Nithsdale, displayed his banner as the king's lieutenant, and invaded Annandale at the head of 2000 men. In those days, however, the royal auspices seem to have carried as little good fortune as effective strength with them. A desperate conflict, still renowned in tradition, took place at the Dryffe Sands, not far from Lockerby, in which Johnstone, although inferior in numbers, partly by his own conduct, partly by the valour of his allies, gained a decisive victory. Lord Maxwell, a tall man, and heavily armed, was struck from his horse in the flight and cruelly slain, after the hand which he stretched out for quarter had been severed from his body. Many of his followers were slain in the battle, and many cruelly wounded; especially by slashes in the face, which wound was thence termed a "*Lockerby lick.*" The barons of Lag, Closeburn, and Drumlanrig escaped by the fleetness of their horses; a circumstance alluded to in the following ballad.

This fatal battle was followed by a long feud, attended with all the circumstances of horror proper to a barbarous age. Johnstone, in his diffuse manner, describes it thus: "*Ab eo ultro citroque in Annandia et Nithia magnis utriusque regionis jacturis certatum. Cædes, incendia, rapinæ, et nefanda facinora; liberi in maternis gremiis trucidati; mariti in conspectu conjugum suarum, incensæ villæ lamentabiles ubique querimoniæ et horribiles armorum fremitus*" (*Johnstoni Historia*, ed. Amstæl., p. 182).

John, Lord Maxwell, with whose *Goodnight* the reader is here presented, was son to him who fell at the battle of Dryffe Sands, and is said to have early vowed the deepest revenge for his father's death. Such, indeed, was the fiery and untameable spirit of the man, that neither the threats nor entreaties of the king himself could make him lay aside his vindictive purpose; although Johnstone, the object of his resentment, had not only reconciled himself to the court, but even obtained the wardenry of the Middle Marches, in room of Sir John Carmichael, murdered by the Armstrongs. Lord Maxwell was therefore prohibited to approach the Border counties; and having,

[1] *Inter accolas latrociniis famosos Scotos Buccleuchi clientes—fortissimos tribulium et ferocissimos* (*Johnstoni Historia*, ed. Amstæl., p. 182).

in contempt of that mandate, excited new disturbances, he was confined in the castle of Edinburgh. From this fortress, however, he contrived to make his escape; and having repaired to Dumfriesshire, he sought an amicable interview with Johnstone, under pretence of a wish to accommodate their differences. Sir Robert Maxwell, of Orchardstane (mentioned in the Ballad, v. 1), who was married to a sister of Sir James Johnstone, persuaded his brother-in-law to accede to Maxwell's proposal. The two chieftains met, each with a single attendant, at a place called Achmanhill, 6th April 1608. A quarrel arising betwixt the two gentlemen who attended them (Charles Maxwell, brother to the laird of Kirkhouse, and Johnstone of Lockerby), and a pistol being discharged, Sir James turned his horse to separate the combatants; at which instant Lord Maxwell shot him through the back with a brace of bullets, of which wound he died on the spot, after having for some time gallantly defended himself against Maxwell, who endeavoured to strike him with his sword. "A fact," saith Spottiswoode, "detested by all honest men, and the gentleman's misfortune severely lamented, for he was a man full of wisdom and courage" (Spottiswoode, edit. 1677, pp. 467, 504; *Johnstoni Historia*, ed. Amstæl., pp. 254, 283, 449).

Lord Maxwell, the murderer, made his escape to France; but having ventured to return to Scotland, he was apprehended lurking in the wilds of Caithness, and brought to trial at Edinburgh. The royal authority was now much strengthened by the union of the crowns, and James employed it in stanching the feuds of the nobility, with a firmness which was no attribute of his general character. But in the best actions of that monarch there seems to have been an unfortunate tincture of that meanness so visible on the present occasion. Lord Maxwell was indicted for the murder of Johnstone; but this was combined with a charge of *fire-raising*, which, according to the ancient Scottish law, if perpetrated by a landed man, constituted a species of treason, and inferred forfeiture. Thus the noble purpose of public justice was sullied by being united with that of enriching some needy favourite. John, Lord Maxwell, was condemned and beheaded, 21st May 1613. Sir Gideon Murray, treasurer-depute, had a great share of his forfeiture; but the attainder was afterwards reversed, and the honours and estate were conferred upon the brother of the deceased (Laing's *History of Scotland*, vol. i, p. 62; *Johnstoni Historia*, p. 493).

The lady mentioned in the ballad was sister to the Marquis of Hamilton, and according to Johnstone the historian, had little reason to regret being separated from her husband, whose harsh treatment finally occasioned her death. But Johnstone appears not to be altogether untinctured with the prejudices of his clan, and is probably, in this instance, guilty of exaggeration; as the active share taken by the Marquis of Hamilton in favour of Maxwell is a circumstance inconsistent with such a report.

Thus was finally ended, by a salutory example of severity, the "foul

debate" betwixt the Maxwells and Johnstones, in the course of which each family lost two chieftains; one dying of a broken heart, one in the field of battle, one by assassination, and one by the sword of the executioner.

It seems reasonable to believe that the following ballad must have been written before the death of Lord Maxwell in 1613; otherwise there would have been some allusion to that event. It must therefore have been composed betwixt 1608 and that period.

"Adieu, madame, my mother dear,
But and my sisters three!
Adieu, fair Robert of Orchardstane!
My heart is wae for thee.
Adieu, the lily and the rose,
The primrose fair to see;
Adieu, my ladye, and only joy!
For I may not stay with thee.

"Though I hae slain the Lord Johnstone,
What care I for their feid?
My noble mind their wrath disdains:
He was my father's deid.
Both night and day I laboured oft
Of him avenged to be;
But now I've got what lang I sought,
And I may not stay with thee.

"Adieu! Drumlanrig, false wert aye,
And Closeburn in a band!
The laird of Lag, frae my father that fled,
When the Johnstone struck aff his hand.
They were three brethren in a band—
Joy may they never see!
Their treacherous art, and cowardly heart,
Has twin'd my love and me.

"Adieu! Dumfries, my proper place,
But and Carlaverock fair!
Adieu! my castle of the Thrieve,
Wi' a' my buildings there:
Adieu! Lochmaben's gates sae fair,
The Langholm-holm where birks there be;
Adieu! my ladye, and only joy,
For, trust me, I may not stay wi' thee.

"Adieu! fair Eskdale up and down,
Where my puir friends do dwell;
The bangisters will ding them down,
And will them sair compell.

But I'll avenge their feid mysell,
When I come o'er the sea;
Adieu! my ladye, and only joy,
For I may not stay wi' thee."

"Lord of the land!"—that ladye said,
"O wad ye go wi' me,
Unto my brother's stately tower,
Where safest ye may be!
There Hamiltons and Douglas baith,
Shall rise to succour thee."
"Thanks for thy kindness, fair my dame,
But I may not stay wi' thee."

Then he tuik aff a gay gold ring,
Thereat hang signets three;
"Hae, take thee that, mine ain dear thing,
And still hae mind o' me:
But, if thou take another lord,
Ere I come ower the sea—
His life is but a three days' lease,
Tho' I may not stay wi' thee."

The wind was fair, the ship was clear,
That good lord went away;
And most part of his friends were there,
To give him a fair convey.
They drank the wine, they did na spair,
Even in that gude lord's sight—
Sae now he's o'er the floods sae gray,
And Lord Maxwell has ta'en his Goodnight.

NOTES

Adieu! Drumlanrig, etc.—P. 231, v. 3.

The reader will perceive, from the Introduction, what connexion the bond subscribed by Douglas of Drumlanrig, Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, and Grierson of Lagg had with the death of Lord Maxwell's father. For the satisfaction of those who may be curious as to the form of these bonds, I have transcribed a letter of manrent[1] from a MS. collection of upwards of twenty deeds of that nature, copied from the originals by the late John Syme, Esq., Writer to the Signet, for the use of which, with many other favours

[1] The proper spelling is *manred*. Thus in the romance of *Florice and Blancheflour*:

"He wil falle to thi fot,
And bicom thi man gif he mot;
His *manred* thou schalt afonge,
And the trewthe of his honde."

of a similar nature, I am indebted to Dr Robert Anderson of Edinburgh. The bond is granted by Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, to Robert, Lord Maxwell, father of him who was slain at the battle of the Dryffe Sands.

BOND OF MANRENT

" Be it kend till all men be thir present lettres, me Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closburn, to be bundin and oblist, and be the tenor heirof, bindis and oblissis me be the faith and treuth of my body, in manrent and service to ane nobil and mychty lord, Robert Lord Maxwell, induring all the dayis of my lyfe ; and byndis and oblissis me, as said is, to be leill and trew man and servant to the said Robert Lord Maxwell, my master, and sall nowthir heir nor se his skaith, but sall lat the samyn at my utir power, an warn him therof. And I sall conceill it that the said lord schawis to me, and sall gif him agane the best leill and trew counsale that I can, quhen he ony askis at me ; and that I sall ryde with my kin, freyndis, servandis, and allies, that wil do for me, or to gang with the said lord ; and do to him æfauld, trew, and thankful service, and take æfauld playne part with the said lord, my maister, in all and sindry his actionis, causis, quarrellis, leful and honest, movit, or to be movit be him, or aganis him, baith in peace and weir, contrair or aganis all thae that leiffes or de may (my allegeant to owr soveran ladye the quenis grace, her tutor and governor, allanerly except). And thir my lettres of manrent, for all the dayis of my life foresaid to indure, all dissimulations, fraud, or gyle, secludit and away put. In witness," etc. The deed is signed at Edinburgh, 3rd February 1542.

In the collection from which the extract is made there are bonds of a similar nature granted to Lord Maxwell, by Douglas of Drumlanrig, ancestor to the Duke of Queensberry ; by Crichton Lord Sanquhar, ancestor of the Earls of Dumfries, and many of his kindred ; by Stuart of Castlemilk ; by Stuart of Garlies, ancestor of the Earls of Galloway ; by Murray of Cockpool, ancestor of the Murrays, Lords Annandale ; by Grierson of Lagg, Gordon of Lochmaben, and many other of the most ancient and respectable barons in the south-west of Scotland, binding themselves, in the most submissive terms, to become the liegemen and the vassals of the house of Maxwell, a circumstance which must highly excite our idea of the power of that family. Nay, even the rival chieftain, Johnstone of Johnstone, seems at one time to have come under a similar obligation to Maxwell, by a bond, dated 11th February 1528, in which reference is made to the counter-obligation of the patron, in these words : " Forasmeikle as the said lord has oblist him to supple, maintene, and defend me, in the peciabill brouking and joysing of all my landis, rentis, &c. and to take my æfald, leill and trew part, in all my good actionis, causis, and quarles, leiful and honest, aganes all deedlie, his alledgeance to our soveraigne lord the king allanerly excepted, as at mair length is contained in his lettres of maintenance maid to me thereupon ; therefore, &c." he proceeds to bind himself as liegeman to the Maxwell.

I cannot dismiss the subject without observing, that in the dangerous times of Queen Mary, when most of these bonds are dated, many barons, for the sake of maintaining unanimity and good order, may have chosen to enrol themselves among the clients of Lord Maxwell, then Warden of the Border, from which, at a less turbulent period, personal considerations would have deterred them.

Adieu ! my castle of the Thrieve.—P. 231, v. 4.

This fortress is situated in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, upon an island several acres in extent, formed by the river Dee. The walls are very thick and strong, and bear the marks of great antiquity. It was a royal castle ; but the keeping of it, agreeable to the feudal practice, was granted by charter, or sometimes by a more temporary and precarious right, to different powerful families, together with lands for their good service in maintaining and

defending the place. This office of heritable keeper remained with the Nithsdale family (chief of the Maxwells) till their forfeiture, 1715. The garrison seems to have been victualled upon feudal principles, for each parish in the Stewartry was burdened with the yearly payment of a *lardner mart cow, i.e.*, a cow fit for being killed and salted at Martinmas for winter provisions. The right of levying these cattle was retained by the Nithsdale family, when they sold the castle and estate in 1704, and they did not cease to exercise it till their attainder (Fountainhall's *Decisions*, vol. i, p. 688).

This same castle of the Thrieve was, A.D. 1451–2, the scene of an outrageous and cruel insult upon the royal authority. The fortress was then held by William, VIIIth Earl of Douglas, who, in fact, possessed a more unlimited authority over the southern districts of Scotland than the reigning monarch. The Earl had, on some pretence, seized and imprisoned a baron called Maclellan, tutor of Bombie, whom he threatened to bring to trial by his power of hereditary jurisdiction. The uncle of this gentleman, Sir Patrick Gray of Foulis, who commanded the body-guard of James II, obtained from that prince a warrant requiring from Earl Douglas the body of the prisoner. When Gray appeared, the Earl instantly suspected his errand. "You have not dined," said he, without suffering him to open his commission: "it is ill talking between a full man and a fasting." While Gray was at meat, the unfortunate prisoner was, by Douglas's command, led forth to the court-yard and beheaded. When the repast was finished, the King's letter was presented and opened. "Sir Patrick," says Douglas, leading Gray to the court, "right glad had I been to honour the King's messenger; but you have come too late. Yonder lies your sister's son, without the head: you are welcome to his dead body." Gray, having mounted his horse, turned to the Earl and expressed his wrath in a deadly oath "that he would requite the injury with Douglas's heart blood." "To horse!" cried the haughty baron, and the messenger of his prince was pursued till within a few miles of Edinburgh. Gray, however, had an opportunity of keeping his vow; for being upon guard in the King's ante-chamber at Stirling, when James, incensed at the insolence of the Earl, struck him with his dagger, Sir Patrick rushed in and dispatched him with a pole-axe. The castle of Thrieve was the last of the fortresses which held out for the house of Douglas after their grand rebellion in 1453. James II writes an account of the exile of this potent family to Charles VII of France, 8th July 1455; and adds, that all their castles had been yielded to him, "*Excepto duntaxat castro de Trefe, per nostros fideles impræsentiarum obsesso; quod domino concedente in brevi obtinere speramus*" (Pinkerton's *History*, Appendix, vol. i, p. 486. See Pitscottie's *History*, Godscroft, etc.).

And most part of his friends were there.—P. 232, v. 4.

The ancestor of the present Mr Maxwell of Broomholm is particularly mentioned in Glenriddel's MSS. as having attended his chieftain in his distress, and as having received a grant of lands in reward of this manifestation of attachment.

Sae now he's o'er the floods sae gray.—P. 232, v. 4.

This seems to have been a favourite epithet in old romances. Thus in *Hornchilde* and *Maiden Rimuild*,

"Thai sayled ower the *flode so gray*,
In Inglond arrived were thay,
Ther him levest ware."

THE LADS OF WAMPHRAY

THE reader will find prefixed to the foregoing ballad an account of the noted feud betwixt the families of Maxwell and Johnstone. The following song celebrates the skirmish, in 1593, betwixt the Johnstones and Crichtons, which led to the revival of the ancient quarrel betwixt Johnstone and Maxwell, and finally to the battle of Dryffe Sands, in which the latter lost his life. Wamphray is the name of a parish in Annandale. Lethenhall was the abode of Johnstone of Wamphray, and continued to be so till of late years. William Johnstone of Wamphray, called the *Galliard*, was a noted freebooter. A place near the head of Teviotdale retains the name of the *Galliard's Faulds* (folds), being a valley where he used to secrete and divide his spoil with his Liddesdale and Eskdale associates. His *nom de guerre* seems to have been derived from the dance called *The Galliard*. The word is still used in Scotland to express an active, gay, dissipated character.[1] Willie of the Kirkhill, nephew to the Galliard, and his avenger, was also a noted Border robber. Previous to the battle of Dryffe Sands, so often mentioned, tradition reports that Maxwell had offered a ten-pound-land to any of his party who should bring him the head or hand of the laird of Johnstone. This being reported to his antagonist, he answered, he had not a ten-pound-land to offer, but would give a five-merk-land to the man who should that day cut off the head or hand of Lord Maxwell. Willie of the Kirkhill, mounted upon a young gray horse, rushed upon the enemy, and earned the reward by striking down their unfortunate chieftain and cutting off his right hand.

Leverhay, Stefenbiggin, Girth-head, etc., are all situated in the parish of Wamphray. The Biddes-burn, where the skirmish took place betwixt the Johnstones and their pursuers, is a rivulet which takes its course among the mountains on the confines of Nithsdale and Annandale. The Wellpath is a pass by which the Johnstones were retreating to their fastnesses in Annandale. Ricklaw-holm is a place upon the Evan water, which falls into the Annan, below Moffat. Wamphray-gate was in these days an alehouse. With these local explanations it is hoped the following ballad will be easily understood.

From a pedigree in the appeal case of Sir James Johnstone of Westeraw, claiming the honours and titles of Annandale, it appears that the Johnstones of Wamphray were descended from James, sixth son of the sixth baron of Johnstone. The male line became extinct in 1657.

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[1] Cleveland applies the phrase in a very different manner in treating of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, 1644:

> "And Selden is a *Galliard* by himself,
> And wel might be; there's more divines in him,
> Than in all this their Jewish Sanhedrim."

Skelton, in his railing poem against James IV, terms him *Sir Skyr Galyard*.

'Twixt Girth-head[1] and the Langwood end,
Lived the Galliard, and the Galliard's men;
But and the lads of Leverhay,
That drove the Crichton's gear away.

It is the lads of Lethenha',
The greatest rogues amang them a':
But and the lads of Stefenbiggin,
They broke the house in at the rigging.

The lads of Fingland, and Helbeck-hill,
They were never for good, but aye for ill;
'Twixt the Staywood-bush and Langside-hill,
They stealed the broked cow and the branded bull.

It is the lads of the Girth-head,
The deil's in them for pride and greed;
For the Galliard, and the gay Galliard's men,
They ne'er saw a horse but they made it their ain.

The Galliard to Nithsdale is gane,
To steal Sim Crichton's winsome dun;
The Galliard is unto the stable gane,
But instead of the dun, the blind he has ta'en.

"Now Simmy, Simmy of the Side,
Come out and see a Johnstone ride!
Here's the bonniest horse in a' Nithside,
And a gentle Johnstone aboon his hide."

Simmy Crichton's mounted then,
And Crichtons has raised mony a ane;
The Galliard trowed his horse had been wight,
But the Crichtons beat him out o' sight.

As soon as the Galliard the Crichton saw,
Behind the saugh-bush he did draw;
And there the Crichtons the Galliard hae ta'en,
And nane wi' him but Willie alane.

"O Simmy, Simmy, now let me gang,
And I'll never mair do a Crichton wrang!
O Simmy, Simmy, now let me be,
And a peck o' gowd I'll give to thee!

"O Simmy, Simmy, now let me gang,
And my wife shall heap it with her hand."
But the Crichtons wad na let the Galliard be,
But they hanged him hie upon a tree.

[1] Girthhead, Leverhay, Stefenbiggin, etc., are all situated in the parish of Wamphray.

O think then Willie he was right wae,
When he saw his uncle guided sae;
"But if ever I live Wamphray to see,
My uncle's death avenged shall be!"

Back to Wamphray he is gane,
And riders has raised mony a ane;
Saying—"My lads, if ye'll be true,
Ye shall a' be clad in the noble blue."

Back to Nithsdale they have gane,
And awa' the Crichtons' nowt hae ta'en;
But when they cam to the Wellpath-head,
The Crichtons bade them 'light and lead.

And when they cam to the Biddes-burn,
The Crichtons bade them stand and turn;
And they cam to the Biddes-strand,
The Crichtons they were hard at hand.

But when they cam to the Biddes-law,
The Johnstones bade them stand and draw;
"We've done nae ill, we'll thole nae wrang,
But back to Wamphray we will gang."

And out spoke Willy of the Kirkhill,
"Of fighting, lads, ye'se hae your fill."
And from his horse Willie he lap,
And a burnished brand in his hand he gat.

Out through the Crichtons Willie he ran,
And dang them down baith horse and man;
O but the Johnstones were wondrous rude,
When the Biddes-burn ran three days blood.

"Now, Sirs, we have done a noble deed;
We have revenged the Galliard's bleid;
For every finger of the Galliard's hand,
I vow this day I've killed a man."

As they cam in at Evan-head,
At Ricklaw-holm they spread abread,
Drive on, my lads! it will be late;
We'll hae a pint at Wamphray gate.

For where'er I gang, or e'er I ride,
The lads of Wamphray are on my side;
And of a' the lads that I do ken,
A Wamphray lad's the king of men.

LESLY'S MARCH

" But, O my country! how shall memory trace
Thy glories, lost in either Charles's days,
When through thy fields destructive rapine spread,
Nor sparing infants' tears, nor hoary head!
In those dread days, the unprotected swain
Mourn'd, in the mountains, o'er his wasted plain;
Nor longer vocal, with the shepherd's lay,
Were Yarrow's banks, or groves of Endermay."
Langhorne, *Genius and Valour.*

SUCH are the verses in which a modern bard has painted the desolate state of Scotland, during a period highly unfavourable to poetical composition. Yet the civil and religious wars of the seventeenth century have afforded some subjects for traditional poetry, and the reader is here presented with the ballads of that disastrous era. Some prefatory history may not be unacceptable.

That the Reformation was a good and a glorious work, few will be such slavish bigots as to deny. But the enemy came by night and sowed tares among the wheat; or rather, the foul and rank soil upon which the seed was thrown, pushed forth, together with the rising crop, a plentiful proportion of pestilential weeds. The morals of the reformed clergy were severe; their learning was usually respectable, sometimes profound; and their eloquence, though often coarse, was vehement, animated, and popular. But they never could forget that their rise had been achieved by the degradation, if not the fall, of the Crown; and hence a body of men who, in most countries have been attached to monarchy, were in Scotland for nearly two centuries sometimes the avowed enemies, always the ambitious rivals, of their prince. The disciples of Calvin could scarcely avoid a tendency to democracy, and the republican form of church government was sometimes hinted at, as no unfit model for the state; at least the kirkmen laboured to impress upon their followers and hearers the fundamental principle that the church should be solely governed by those unto whom God had given the spiritual sceptre. The elder Melvine, in a conference with James VI, seized the monarch by the sleeve, and addressing him as *God's sillie vassal*, told him, " There are two kings and two kingdomes. There is Christ, and his kingdome, the kirke; whose subject King James the Sixth is, and of whose kingdome he is not a king, nor a head, nor a lord, but a member; and they, whom Christ hath called and commanded to watch ower his kirke, and govern his spiritual kingdome, have sufficient authoritie and power from him so to do; which no Christian king, no prince should controul or discharge, but fortifie and assist: otherwise, they are not faithful subjects to Christ " (Calderwood, p. 329). The delegated theocracy thus sternly claimed was exercised with equal rigour. The offences in the King's household fell under their unceremonious jurisdiction,

and he was formally reminded of his occasional neglect to say grace before and after meat—his repairing to hear the word more rarely than was fitting—his profane banning and swearing, and keeping of evil company—and finally of his queen's carding, dancing, night-walking, and such like profane pastimes (Calderwood, p. 313). A curse, direct or implied, was formally denounced against every man, horse, and spear who should assist the King in his quarrel with the Earl of Gowrie; and from the pulpit the favourites of the listening sovereign were likened to Haman, his wife to Herodias, and he himself to Ahab, to Herod, and to Jeroboam. These effusions of zeal could not be very agreeable to the temper of James: and accordingly, by a course of slow and often crooked and cunning policy, he laboured to arrange the church government upon a less turbulent and menacing footing. His eyes were naturally turned towards the English hierarchy, which had been modelled, by the despotic Henry VIII, into such a form as to connect indissolubly the interest of the church with that of the regal power.[1] The Reformation in England had originated in the arbitrary will of the prince; in Scotland, and in all other countries of Europe, it had commenced among insurgents of the lower ranks. Hence the deep and essential difference which separated the Huguenots, the Lutherans, the Scottish Presbyterians, and, in fine, all the other reformed churches, from that of England. But James, with a timidity which sometimes supplies the place of prudence, contented himself with gradually imposing upon the Scottish nation a limited and moderate system of Episcopacy, which, while it gave to a proportion of the churchmen a seat in the council of the nation, induced them to look up to the sovereign as the power to whose influence they owed their elevation. In other respects James spared the prejudices of his subjects; no ceremonial ritual was imposed upon their consciences; the leading pastors were reconciled by the prospect of preferment;[2] the dress and train of the bishops were plain and decent; the system of tithes was placed upon a moderate and unoppressive footing;[3] and perhaps, on the whole, the Scottish hierarchy contained as few objectionable points as any system of church government in Europe. Had it subsisted to the present day, although its doctrines could not have been more pure, nor its morals more exemplary, than those of the present Kirk of Scotland, yet its degrees of promotion might have afforded greater encouragement to learning, and objects of

[1] Of this the Covenanters were so sensible as to trace (what they called) the Antichristian hierarchy, with its idolatry, superstition, and human inventions, "to the prelacy of England, the fountain whence all these Babylonish streams issue unto us." See their manifesto on entering England in 1640.

[2] Many of the preachers who had been loudest in the cause of presbytery were induced to accept of bishoprics. Such was, for example, William Cooper, who was created Bishop of Galloway. This recreant Mass John was a hypochondriac and conceived his lower extremities to be composed of glass; hence, on his court advancement, the following epigram was composed:

"Aureus heu! fragilem confregit malleus urnam."

[3] This part of the system was perfected in the reign of Charles I.

laudable ambition to those who might dedicate themselves to its service. But the precipitate bigotry of the unfortunate Charles I was a blow to Episcopacy in Scotland, from which it never perfectly recovered.

It has frequently happened, that the virtues of the individual, at least their excesses (if, indeed, there can be an excess in virtue), have been fatal to the prince. Never was this more fully exemplified than in the history of Charles I. His zeal for religion, his family affection, the spirit with which he defended his supposed rights, while they do honour to the man were the fatal shelves upon which the monarchy was wrecked. Impatient to accomplish the total revolution which his father's cautious timidity had left incomplete, Charles endeavoured at once to introduce into Scotland the church government, and to renew in England the temporal domination of his predecessor, Henry VIII. The furious temper of the Scottish nation first took fire; and the brandished footstool of a prostitute [1] gave the signal for civil dissension, which ceased not till the church was buried under the ruins of the constitution; till the nation had stooped to a military despotism; and the monarch to the block of the executioner.

The consequence of Charles's hasty and arbitrary measures was soon evident. The united nobility, gentry, and clergy of Scotland entered into the SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT, by which memorable deed they subscribed and swore a national renunciation of the hierarchy. The walls of the prelatic Jericho (to use the language of the times) were thus levelled with the ground, and the curse of Hiel, the Bethelite, denounced against those who should rebuild them. While the clergy thundered from the pulpits, against the prelatists and malignants (by which names were distinguished the scattered and heartless adherents of Charles), the nobility and gentry, in arms, hurried to oppose the march of the English army, which now advanced towards their Borders. At the head of their defensive forces they placed Alexander Lesly, who with many of his best officers had been trained to war under the great Gustavus Adolphus. They soon assembled an army of 26,000 men, whose camp upon Dunse-Law (1640) is thus described by an eyewitness. Mr Baillie acknowledges that it was an agreeable feast to his eyes, to survey the place: "It is a round hill about a Scots mile in circle, rising with very little declivity to the height of a bow-shot, and the head somewhat plain, and near a quarter of a mile in length and breadth; on the top it was garnished with near forty field-pieces, pointed towards the east and south. The colonels, who were mostly noblemen, as Rothes, Cassilis, Eglinton, Dalhousie, Lindsay, Lowdon, Boyd, Sinclair, Balcarras, Flemyng, Kirkcudbright, Erskine, Montgomery, Yester, &c. lay

[1] "*Out, false loon! wilt thou say the mass at my lug (ear)*" was the well-known exclamation of Margaret Geddes, as she discharged her missile tripod against the Bishop of Edinburgh, who, in obedience to the orders of the Privy Council, was endeavouring to rehearse the common prayer. Upon a seat more elevated the said Margaret had shortly before done penance before the congregation for the sin of fornication; such, at least, is the Tory edition.

in large tents at the head of their respective regiments; their captains, who generally were barons, or chief gentlemen, lay around them: next to these were the lieutenants, who were generally old veterans, and had served in that, or a higher station, over sea; and the common soldiers lay outmost, all in huts of timber, covered with divot or straw. Every company, which, according to the first plan, did consist of two hundred men, had their colours flying at the captain's tent door, with the Scots arms upon them, and this motto, in golden letters, 'FOR CHRIST'S CROWN AND COVENANT.'" Against this army, so well arrayed and disciplined, and whose natural hardihood was edged and exalted by a high opinion of their sacred cause, Charles marched at the head of a large force, but divided by the emulation of the commanders, and enervated by disuse of arms. A faintness of spirit pervaded the royal army, and the King stooped to a treaty with his Scottish subjects. This treaty was soon broken; and, in the following year, Dunse-law again presented the same edifying spectacle of a Presbyterian army. But the Scots were not contented with remaining there. They passed the Tweed; and the English troops, in a skirmish at Newburn, showed either more disaffection, or cowardice, than had at any former period disgraced their national character. This war was concluded by the treaty of Ripon; in consequence of which, and of Charles's concessions made during his subsequent visit to his native country, the Scottish parliament congratulated him on departing "a contented King, from a contented people." If such content ever existed, it was of short duration.

The storm, which had been soothed to temporary rest in Scotland, burst forth in England with treble violence. The popular clamour accused Charles, or his ministers, of fetching into Britain the religion of Rome and the policy of Constantinople. The Scots felt most keenly the first, and the English the second, of these aggressions. Accordingly, when the civil war of England broke forth, the Scots nation for a time regarded it in neutrality, though not with indifference. But when the successes of a Prelatic monarch against a Presbyterian parliament were paving the way for rebuilding the system of hierarchy, they could no longer remain inactive. Bribed by the delusive promise of Sir Henry Vane, and Marshall, the parliamentary commissioners, that the Church of England should be reformed, *according to the word of God*, which they fondly believed amounted to an adoption of Presbytery, they agreed to send succours to their brethren of England. Alexander Lesly, who ought to have ranked among the *contented* subjects, having been raised by the King to the honours of Earl of Leven, was nevertheless readily induced to accept the command of this second army. Doubtless, where insurrection is not only pardoned but rewarded, a monarch has little right to expect gratitude for benefits which all the world as well as the receiver must attribute to fear. Yet something is due to decency; and the best apology for Lesly is his zeal for propagating Presbyterianism in England, the bait which had caught the whole parliament of Scotland. But although

the Earl of Leven was commander-in-chief, David Lesly, a yet more renowned and active soldier than himself, was major-general of the cavalry, and in truth bore away the laurels of the expedition.

The words of the following march, which was played in the van of this Presbyterian crusade, were first published by Allan Ramsay in his *Evergreen*; and they breathe the very spirit we might expect. Mr Ritson, in his collection of Scottish songs, has favoured the public with the music, which seems to have been adapted to the bagpipes.

The hatred of the old Presbyterians to the organ was apparently invincible. It is here vilified with the name of a "*chest-full of whistles*," as the episcopal chapel at Glasgow was by the vulgar opprobriously termed the *Whistling Kirk*. Yet, such is the revolution of sentiment upon this, as upon more important points, that reports have lately been current of a plan to introduce this noble instrument into Presbyterian congregations.

The share which Lesly's army bore in the action of Marston Moor has been exalted or depressed as writers were attached to the English or Scottish nations, to the Presbyterian or Independent factions. Mr Laing concludes, with laudable impartiality, that the victory was equally due to "Cromwell's iron brigade of disciplined Independents, and to three regiments of Lesly's horse" (vol. i, p. 244).

March! march!
Why the devil do ye na march?
Stand to your arms, my lads,
Fight in good order;
Front about, ye musketeers all,
Till ye come to the English border;
  Stand till't, and fight like men,
  True gospel to maintain.
The parliament's blythe to see us a' coming.
  When to the kirk we come,
  We'll purge it ilka room,
Frae popish reliques, and a' sic innovation,
  That a' the warld may see,
  There's nane in the right but we,
Of the auld Scottish nation.

Jenny shall wear the hood,
Jocky the sark of God;
And the kist-fou of whistles,
That mak sic a cleiro,
  Our pipers braw,
  Shall hae them a',
  Whate'er come on it:
  Busk up your plaids, my lads!
  Cock up your bonnets!
Da Capo.

THE BATTLE OF PHILIPHAUGH

THIS ballad is so immediately connected with the former, that the Editor is enabled to continue his sketch of historical transactions from the march of Lesly.

In the insurrection of 1640, all Scotland south from the Grampians was actively and zealously engaged. But after the treaty of Ripon the first fury of the revolutionary torrent may be said to have foamed off its force, and many of the nobility began to look round with horror upon the rocks and shelves amongst which it had hurried them. Numbers regarded the defence of Scotland as a just and necessary warfare, who did not see the same reason for interfering in the affairs of England. The visit of King Charles to the metropolis of his fathers, in all probability, produced its effect on his nobles. Some were allied to the house of Stuart by blood; all regarded it as the source of their honours, and venerated the ancient hereditary royal line of Scotland. Many also had failed in obtaining the private objects of ambition, or selfish policy, which had induced them to rise up against the Crown. Amongst these late penitents, the well-known Marquis of Montrose was distinguished as the first who endeavoured to recede from the paths of "rude rebellion." Moved by the enthusiasm of patriotism, or perhaps of religion, but yet more by ambition, the sin of noble minds, Montrose had engaged eagerly and deeply upon the side of the Covenanters. He had been active in pressing the town of Aberdeen to take the Covenant, and his success against the Gordons at the bridge of Dee left that royal burgh no other means of safety from pillage. At the head of his own battalion he waded through the Tweed, in 1640, and totally routed the van-guard of the King's cavalry. But, in 1643, moved with resentment against the Covenanters, who preferred, to his prompt and ardent character, the caution of the wily and politic Earl of Argyle, or seeing, perhaps, that the final views of that party were inconsistent with the interests of monarchy and of the constitution, Montrose espoused the falling cause of royalty, and raised the Highland clans, whom he united to a small body of Irish, commanded by Alexander Macdonald, still renowned in the north under the title of *Colkitto*. With these tumultuary and uncertain forces he rushed forth like a torrent from the mountains, and commenced a rapid and brilliant career of victory. At Tippermoor, where he first met the Covenanters, their defeat was so effectual as to appal the Presbyterian courage, even after the lapse of eighty years.[1] A second army was defeated under the walls of

[1] Upon the breaking out of the insurrection, in the year 1715, the Earl of Rothes, Sheriff and Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Fife, issued out an order for "all the fencible men of the countie to meet him at a place called Cashmoor. The gentlemen took no notice of his orders, nor did the commons, except those whom the ministers forced to goe to the place of rendezvouse, to the number of fifteen hundred men, being all that their

Aberdeen, and the pillage of the ill-fated town was doomed to expiate the principles which Montrose himself had formerly imposed upon them. Argyleshire next experienced his arms; the domains of his rival were treated with more than military severity; and Argyle himself, advancing to Inverlochy for the defence of his country, was totally and disgracefully routed by Montrose. Pressed betwixt two armies, well appointed, and commanded by the most experienced generals of the Covenant, Montrose displayed more military skill in the astonishingly rapid marches by which he avoided fighting to disadvantage, than even in the field of victory. By one of these hurried marches, from the banks of Loch Katrine to the heart of Inverness-shire, he was enabled to attack, and totally to defeat, the Covenanters at Aulderne, though he brought into the field hardly one-half of their forces. Baillie, a veteran officer, was next routed by him at the village of Alford, in Strathbogie. Encouraged by these repeated and splendid successes, Montrose now descended into the heart of Scotland, and fought a bloody and decisive battle near Kilsyth, where four thousand Covenanters fell under the Highland claymore.

This victory opened the whole of Scotland to Montrose. He occupied the capital, and marched forward to the Border, not merely to complete the subjection of the southern provinces, but with the flattering hope of pouring his victorious army into England, and bringing to the support of Charles the sword of his paternal tribes.

Half a century before Montrose's career, the state of the Borders was such as might have enabled him easily to have accomplished his daring plan. The Marquis of Douglas, the Earls of Hume, Roxburgh, Traquair, and Annandale were all descended of mighty Border chiefs, whose ancestors could each of them have led into the field a body of their own vassals, equal in numbers and superior in discipline to the army of Montrose. But the military spirit of the Borderers, and their attachment to their chiefs, had been much broken since the union of the crowns. The disarming acts of James had been carried rigorously into execution, and the smaller proprietors, no longer feeling the necessity of protection from their chiefs in war, had aspired to independence and embraced the tenets of the Covenant. Without imputing, with Wishart, absolute treachery to the Border nobles, it may be allowed that they looked with envy upon Montrose, and with dread and aversion upon his rapacious and disorderly forces. Hence, had

utmost diligence could perform. But those of that countie, having been taught by their experience, that it is not good meddling with edge tools, especiallie in the hands of Highlandmen, were very averse from taking armes. No sooner they reflected on the name of the place of rendezvouse, Cashmoor, than Tippermoor was called to mind; a place not far from thence, where Montrose had routed them, when, under the command of my great-granduncle, the Earl of Wemyss, then generall of God's armie. In a word, the unlucky choice of a place, called *Moor*, appeared ominous; and that, with the flying report of the Highlandmen having made themselves masters of Perth, made them throw down their armes and run, notwithstanding the trouble that Rothes and the ministers gave themselves to stop hem" (*MS. Memoirs of Lord St Clair*).

it been in their power, it might not have altogether suited their inclinations to have brought the strength of the Border lances to the support of the northern clans. The once formidable name of Douglas still sufficed to raise some bands, by whom Montrose was joined in his march down the Gala. With these reinforcements, and with the remnant of his Highlanders (for a great number had returned home with Colkitto to deposit their plunder and provide for their families), Montrose, after traversing the Border, finally encamped upon the field of Philiphaugh.

The river Ettrick, immediately after its junction with the Yarrow and previous to its falling into the Tweed, makes a large sweep to the southward, and winds almost beneath the lofty bank on which the town of Selkirk stands, leaving upon the northern side a large and level plain, extending in an easterly direction from a hill covered with natural copse-wood, called the Harehead-wood, to the high ground which forms the banks of the Tweed, near Sunderland-hall. This plain is called Philiphaugh :[1] it is about a mile and a half in length and a quarter of a mile broad, and being defended to the northward by the high hills which separate Tweed from Yarrow, by the river in front, and by the high grounds already mentioned on each flank, it forms at once a convenient and a secure field of encampment. On each flank Montrose threw up some trenches, which are still visible, and here he posted his infantry, amounting to about twelve or fifteen hundred men. He himself took up his quarters in the burgh of Selkirk, and with him the cavalry, in number hardly one thousand, but respectable, as being chiefly composed of gentlemen and their immediate retainers. In this manner, by a fatal and unaccountable error, the river Ettrick was thrown betwixt the cavalry and infantry, which were to depend upon each other for intelligence and mutual support. But this might be overlooked by Montrose in the conviction that there was no armed enemy of Charles in the realm of Scotland ; for he is said to have employed the night in writing and dispatching this agreeable intelligence to the King. Such an enemy was already within four miles of his camp.

Recalled by the danger of the cause of the Covenant, General David Lesly came down from England at the head of those iron squadrons whose force had been proved in the fatal battle of Long Marston Moor. His army consisted of from five to six thousand men, chiefly cavalry. Lesly's first plan seems to have been to occupy the midland counties, so as to intercept the return of Montrose's Highlanders, and to force him to an unequal combat. Accordingly, he marched along the eastern coast, from Berwick to Tranent ; but there he suddenly altered his direction, and crossing through Mid-Lothian turned again to the southward, and, following the course of Gala water, arrived at Melrose the evening before the engagement. How it is possible

[1] The Scottish language is rich in words expressive of local situation. The single word *haugh* conveys to a Scotsman almost all that I have endeavoured to explain in the text by circumlocutory description.

that Montrose should have received no notice whatever of the march of so considerable an army seems almost inconceivable, and proves that the country was strongly disaffected to his cause or person. Still more extraordinary does it appear that, even with the advantage of a thick mist, Lesly should have the next morning advanced towards Montrose's encampment without being descried by a single scout. Such, however, was the case, and it was attended with all the consequences of the most complete surprisal. The first intimation that Montrose received of the march of Lesly was the noise of the conflict, or rather that which attended the unresisted slaughter of his infantry, who never formed a line of battle; the right wing alone, supported by the thickets of Harehead-wood and by the entrenchments which are there still visible, stood firm for some time. But Lesly had detached two thousand men, who, crossing the Ettrick still higher up than his main body, assaulted the rear of Montrose's right wing. At this moment the Marquis himself arrived, and beheld his army dispersed, for the first time, in irretrievable rout. He had thrown himself upon a horse the instant he heard the firing, and, followed by such of his disorderly cavalry as had gathered upon the alarm, he galloped from Selkirk, crossed the Ettrick, and made a bold and desperate attempt to retrieve the fortune of the day. But all was in vain, and, after cutting his way almost singly through a body of Lesly's troopers, the gallant Montrose graced by his example the retreat of the fugitives. That retreat he continued up Yarrow and over Minch-moor; nor did he stop till he arrived at Traquair, sixteen miles from the field of battle. Upon Philiphaugh he lost, in one defeat, the fruit of six splendid victories; nor was he again able effectually to make head in Scotland against the covenanted cause. The number slain in the field did not exceed three or four hundred; for the fugitives found refuge in the mountains which had often been the retreat of vanquished armies, and were impervious to the pursuer's cavalry. Lesly abused his victory and dishonoured his arms by slaughtering in cold blood many of the prisoners whom he had taken, and the courtyard of Newark Castle is said to have been the spot upon which they were shot by his command. Many others are said, by Wishart, to have been precipitated from a high bridge over the Tweed. This, as Mr Laing remarks, is impossible; because there was not a bridge over the Tweed betwixt Peebles and Berwick. But there is an old bridge over the Ettrick only four miles from Philiphaugh, and another over the Yarrow, both of which lay in the very line of flight and pursuit, and either might have been the scene of the massacre. But if this is doubtful, it is too certain that several of the Royalists were executed by the Covenanters as traitors to the King and Parliament.[1]

[1] A covenanted minister present at the execution of these gentlemen observed, "This wark gaes bonnilie on!" an amiable exclamation, equivalent to the modern *ça ira*, so often used on similar occasions (Wishart's *Memoirs of Montrose*).

I have reviewed at some length the details of this memorable engagement, which at the same time terminated the career of a hero likened, by no mean judge of mankind,[1] to those of antiquity and decided the fate of his country. It is further remarkable as the last field which was fought in Ettrick forest, the scene of so many bloody actions. The unaccountable neglect of patrols and the imprudent separation betwixt the horse and foot seem to have been the immediate causes of Montrose's defeat. But the ardent and impetuous character of this great warrior, corresponding with that of the troops which he commanded, was better calculated for attack than defence; for surprising others rather than for providing against surprise himself. Thus he suffered loss by a sudden attack upon part of his forces stationed at Aberdeen,[2] and had he not extricated himself with the most singular ability, he must have lost his whole army when surprised by Baillie during the plunder of Dundee. Nor has it escaped an ingenious modern historian that his final defeat at Dunbeath so nearly resembles in its circumstances the surprise at Philiphaugh, as to throw some shade on his military talents (Laing's *History*).

The following ballad, which is preserved by tradition in Selkirkshire, coincides accurately with historical fact. This, indeed, constitutes its sole merit. The Covenanters were not, I dare say, addicted more than their successors "to the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making."[3] Still, however, they could not refrain from some strains of exultation over the defeat of the *truculent tyrant*, James Grahame. For, gentle reader, Montrose, who, with resources which seemed as none, gained six victories and reconquered a kingdom; who, a poet, a scholar, a cavalier, and a general, could have graced alike a court and governed a camp: this Montrose was numbered by his covenanted countrymen among "the troublers of Israel, the fire-

[1] Cardinal de Retz.

[2] Colonel Hurry with a party of horse surprised the town while Montrose's Highlanders and cavaliers were "dispersed through the town, drinking carelessly in their lodgings; and, hearing the horses' feet, and great noise, were astonished, never dreaming of their enemy. However, Donald Farquharson happened to come to the causey, where he was cruelly slain, anent the Court de Guard; a brave gentleman, and one of the noblest captains amongst all the Highlanders of Scotland. Two or three others were killed, and some (taken prisoners) had to Edinburgh and cast into irons in the tolbooth. Great lamentation was made for this gallant, being still the king's man for life and death" (Spalding, vol. ii, p. 281). The journalist, to whom all matters were of equal importance, proceeds to inform us that Hurry took the Marquis of Huntly's best horse, and, in his retreat through Montrose, seized upon the Marquis's second son. He also expresses his regret that "the said Donald Farquharson's body was found in the street, stripped naked: for they tirr'd from off his body a rich stand of apparel, but put on the same day" (*ibid*).

[3] So little was the spirit of illiberal fanaticism decayed in some parts of Scotland that only thirty years ago, when Wilson, the ingenious author of a poem called *Clyde*, now republished, was inducted into the office of schoolmaster at Greenock, he was obliged formally, and in writing, to abjure the "*profane and unprofitable art of poem-making*." It is proper to add that such an incident is *now* as unlikely to happen in Greenock as in London.

brands of hell, the Corahs, the Balaams, the Doegs, the Rabshakehs, the Hamans, the Tobiahs, and Sanballats of the time."

THE BATTLE OF PHILIPHAUGH

On Philiphaugh a fray began,
At Hairhead wood it ended;
The Scots out o'er the Græmes they ran,
Sae merrily they bended.

Sir David frae the border came,
Wi' heart an' hand came he;
Wi' him three thousand bonny Scots,
To bear him company.

Wi' him three thousand valiant men,
A noble sight to see!
A cloud o' mist them weel concealed,
As close as e'er might be.

When they came to the Shaw burn,
Said he, "Sae weel we frame,
I think it is convenient,
That we should sing a psalm." [1]

When they came to the Lingly burn,
As day-light did appear,
They spied an aged father,
And he did draw them near.

"Come hither, aged father!"
Sir David he did cry,
"And tell me where Montrose lies,
With all his great army."

"But, first, you must come tell to me,
If friends or foes you be;
I fear you are Montrose's men,
Come frae the north country."

"No, we are nane o' Montrose's men,
Nor e'er intended to be;
I am Sir David Lesly,
That's speaking unto thee."

"If you're Sir David Lesly,
As I think weel ye be,
I'm sorry ye hae brought so few
Into your company.

[1] Various reading: "That we should take a dram."

"There's fifteen thousand armed men,
Encamped on yon lee;
Ye'll never be a bite to them,
For aught that I can see.

"But, halve your men in equal parts,
Your purpose to fulfil;
Let ae half keep the water side,
The rest gae round the hill.

"Your nether party fire must,
Then beat a flying drum;
And then they'll think the day's their ain,
And frae the trench they'll come.

"Then those that are behind them maun
Gie shot, baith grit and sma';
And so, between your armies twa,
Ye may make them to fa'."

"O were ye ever a soldier?"
Sir David Lesly said;
"O yes; I was at Solway flow,
Where we were all betray'd.

"Again I was at curst Dunbar,
And was a pris'ner ta'en;
And many a weary night and day
In prison I hae lien."

"If ye will lead these men aright,
Rewarded shall ye be;
But, if that ye a traitor prove,
I'll hang thee on a tree."

"Sir, I will not a traitor prove;
Montrose has plundered me;
I'll do my best to banish him
Away frae this country."

He halv'd his men in equal parts,
His purpose to fulfil;
The one part kept the water side,
The other gaed round the hill.

The nether party fired brisk,
Then turn'd and seem'd to rin;
And then they a' came frae the trench,
And cry'd, "the day's our ain!"

The rest then ran into the trench,
And loosed their cannons a';
And thus, between his armies twa,
He made them fast to fa'.

Now, let us a' for Lesly pray,
And his brave company!
For they hae vanquish'd great Montrose,
Our cruel enemy.

NOTES

When they came to the Shaw burn.—P. 248, v. 4.

A small stream that joins the Ettrick, near Selkirk, on the south side of the river.

When they came to the Lingly burn.—P. 248, v. 5.

A brook which falls into the Ettrick from the north, a little above the Shaw burn.

They spied an aged father.—P. 248, v. 5.

The traditional commentary upon the ballad states this man's name to have been Brydone, ancestor to several families in the parish of Ettrick, particularly those occupying the farms of Midgehope and Redford Green. It is a strange anachronism to make this aged father state himself as at the battle of *Solway Flow*, which was fought a hundred years before Philiphaugh; and, a still stranger, to mention that of Dunbar, which did not take place till five years after Montrose's defeat.

A tradition, annexed to a copy of this ballad, transmitted to me by Mr James Hogg, bears that the Earl of Traquair on the day of the battle was advancing with a large sum of money for the payment of Montrose's forces, attended by a blacksmith, one of his retainers. As they crossed Minchmoor they were alarmed by firing, which the Earl conceived to be Montrose exercising his forces, but which his attendant, from the constancy and irregularity of the noise, affirmed to be the tumult of an engagement. As they came below Broadmeadows-upon-Yarrow, they met their fugitive friends hotly pursued by the parliamentary troopers. The Earl, of course, turned and fled also; but his horse, jaded with the weight of dollars which he carried, refused to take the hill, so that the Earl was fain to exchange with his attendant, leaving him with the breathless horse and bag of silver to shift for himself, which he is supposed to have done very effectually. Some of the dragoons, attracted by the appearance of the horse and trappings, gave chase to the smith, who fled up the Yarrow; but finding himself, as he said, encumbered with the treasure, and unwilling that it should be taken, he flung it into a well or pond near the Tinnies, above Hangingshaw. Many wells were afterwards searched in vain; but it is the general belief that the smith, if he ever hid the money, knew too well how to anticipate the scrutiny. There is, however, a pond which some peasants began to drain not long ago in hopes of finding the golden prize, but were prevented, as they pretended, by supernatural interference.

THE GALLANT GRAHAMS

THE preceding ballad was a song of triumph over the defeat of Montrose at Philiphaugh; the verses which follow are a lamentation for his final discomfiture and cruel death. The present edition of *The Gallant Grahams* is given from tradition, enlarged and corrected by an ancient printed edition entitled *The Gallant Grahams of Scotland*, to the tune of "*I will away, and I will not tarry*," of which Mr Ritson favoured the Editor with an accurate copy.

The conclusion of Montrose's melancholy history is too well known. The Scottish army which sold King Charles I to his Parliament had, we may charitably hope, no idea that they were bartering his blood, although they must have been aware that they were consigning him to perpetual bondage.[1] At least the sentiments of the kingdom at large differed widely from those of the military merchants, and the danger of King Charles drew into England a well-appointed Scottish army, under the command of the Duke of Hamilton. But he met with Cromwell, and to meet with Cromwell was inevitable defeat. The death of Charles, and the triumph of the Independents, excited still more highly the hatred and fears of the Scottish nation. The outwitted Presbyterians, who saw too late that their own hands had been employed in the hateful task of erecting (1650) the power of a sect yet more fierce and fanatical than themselves, deputed a commission to the Hague to treat with Charles II, whom, upon certain conditions, they now wished to restore to the throne of his fathers. At the court of the exiled monarch, Montrose also offered to his acceptance a splendid plan of victory and conquest, and pressed for his permission to enter Scotland; and there, collecting the remains of the royalists, to claim the crown for his master with the sword in his hand. An able statesman might perhaps have reconciled these jarring projects; a good man would certainly have made a decided choice betwixt them. Charles was neither the one nor the other; and while he treated with the Presbyterians, with a view of accepting the crown from their hands, he scrupled not to authorize Montrose, the mortal enemy of the sect, to pursue his separate and inconsistent plan of conquest.

Montrose arrived in the Orkneys with six hundred Germans, was furnished with some recruits from those islands, and was joined by several royalists as he traversed the wilds of Caithness and Sutherland; but advancing into Ross-shire, he was surprised and totally defeated by Colonel Strachan, an officer of the Scottish parliament who had distinguished himself in the civil wars, and who afterwards became a decided Cromwellian. Montrose, after a fruitless resistance, at

[1] As Salmasius quaintly but truly expresses it, *Presbyteriani ligaverunt, independentes trucidaverunt.*

length fled from the field of defeat and concealed himself in the grounds of Macleod of Assaint, to whose fidelity he entrusted his life, and by whom he was delivered up to Lesly, his most bitter enemy.

He was tried for what was termed treason against the Estates of the Kingdom, and despite the commission of Charles for his proceedings, he was condemned to die by a Parliament who acknowledged Charles to be their King, and whom, on that account only, Montrose acknowledged to be a Parliament.

"The clergy," says a late animated historian, "whose vocation it was to persecute the repose of his last moments, sought, by the terrors of his sentence, to extort repentance; but his behaviour, firm and dignified to the end, repelled their insulting advances with scorn and disdain. He was prouder, he replied, to have his head affixed to the prison-walls, than to have his picture placed in the king's bed-chamber: 'and, far from being troubled that my limbs are to be sent to your principal cities, I wish I had flesh enough to be dispersed through Christendom, to attest my dying attachment to my King.' It was the calm employment of his mind that night to reduce this extravagant sentiment to verse. He appeared next day on the scaffold in a rich habit, with the same serene and undaunted countenance, and addressed the people, to vindicate his dying unabsolved by the church, rather than to justify an invasion of the kingdom, during a treaty with the estates. The insults of his enemies were not yet exhausted. The history of his exploits was attached to his neck by the public executioner; but he smiled at their inventive malice, declared that he wore it with more pride than he had done the garter; and, when his devotions were finished, demanding if any more indignities remained to be practised, submitted calmly to an unmerited fate" (Laing's *History of Scotland*, vol. i, p. 404).

Such was the death of James Graham, the great Marquis of Montrose, over whom some lowly bard has poured forth the following elegiac verses. To say that they are far unworthy of the subject is no great reproach, for a nobler poet might have failed in the attempt. Indifferent as the ballad is, we may regret its being still more degraded by many apparent corruptions. There seems an attempt to trace Montrose's career from his first raising the royal standard to his second expedition and death, but it is interrupted and imperfect. From the concluding stanza I presume the song was composed upon the arrival of Charles in Scotland, which so speedily followed the execution of Montrose that the King entered the city while the head of his most faithful and most successful adherent was still blackening in the sun.

Now, fare thee weel, sweet Ennerdale!
  Baith kith and countrie I bid adieu;
For I maun away, and I may not stay,
  To some uncouth land which I never knew.

To wear the blue I think it best,
Of all the colours that I see;
And I'll wear it for the gallant Grahams,
That are banished from their countrie.

I have no gold, I have no land,
I *have no pearl nor precious stane;*
But I wald sell my silken snood,
To see the gallant Grahams come hame.

In Wallace days when they began,
Sir John the Graham did bear the gree,
Through all the lands of Scotland wide;
He was a lord of the south countrie.

And so was seen full many a time;
For the summer flowers did never spring,
But every Graham, in armour bright,
Would then appear before the king.

They all were dressed in armour sheen,
Upon the pleasant banks of Tay;
Before a king they might be seen,
These gallant Grahams in their array.

At the Goukhead our camp we set,
Our leaguer down there for to lay;
And, in the bonnie summer light,
We rode our white horse and our gray.

Our false commander sold our king
Unto his deadly enemie,
Who was the traitor, Cromwell, then;
So I care not what they do with me.

They have betrayed our noble prince,
And banish'd him from his royal crown;
But the gallant Grahams have ta'en in hand,
For to command those traitors down.

In Glen-Prosen [1] we rendezvoused,
March'd to Glenshie by night and day,
And took the town of Aberdeen,
And met the Campbells in their array.

Five thousand men, in armour strong,
Did meet the gallant Grahams that day
At Inverlochie, where war began,
And scarce two thousand men were they.

[1] Glen-Prosen, in Angus.

Gallant Montrose, that chieftain bold,
Courageous in the best degree,
Did for the king fight well that day;
The lord preserve his majestie!

Nathaniel Gordon, stout and bold,
Did for King Charles wear the blue;
But the cavaliers they all were sold,
And brave Harthill, a cavalier too.

And Newton Gordon, burd-alone,
And Dalgatie, both stout and keen,
And gallant Veitch upon the field,
A braver face was never seen.

Now, fare ye weel, sweet Ennerdale!
Countrie and kin I quit ye free;
Cheer up your hearts, brave cavaliers,
For the Grahams are gone to high Germany.

Now brave Montrose he went to France,
And to Germany to gather fame;
And bold Aboyne is to the sea,
Young Huntly is his noble name.

Montrose again, that chieftain bold,
Back unto Scotland fair he came,
For to redeem fair Scotland's land,
The pleasant, gallant, worthy Graham!

At the water of Carron he did begin,
And fought the battle to the end;
Where there were killed for our noble king,
Two thousand of our Danish men.

Gilbert Menzies, of high degree,
By whom the king's banner was borne;
For a brave cavalier was he,
But now to glory he is gone.

Then woe to Strachan, and Hacket baith!
And Lesly, ill death may thou die!
For ye have betrayed the gallant Grahams,
Who aye were true to majestie.

And the laird of Assaint has seized Montrose,
And had him into Edinburgh town;
And frae his body taken the head,
And quartered him upon a trone.

And Huntly's gone the self-same way,
  And our noble king is also gone;
He suffered death for our nation,
  Our mourning tears can ne'er be done.

But our brave young king is now come home,
  King Charles the Second in degree;
The Lord send peace into his time,
  And God preserve his majestie!

NOTES

Now, fare thee weel, sweet Ennerdale.—P. 252, v. 1.

A corruption of Endrickdale. The principal and most ancient possessions of the Montrose family lie along the water of Endrick, in Dumbartonshire.

Sir John the Graham did bear the gree.—P. 253, v. 3.

The faithful friend and adherent of the immortal Wallace, slain at the battle of Falkirk.

Who was the traitor, Cromwell, then.—P. 253, v. 7.

This extraordinary character, to whom, in crimes and in success, our days only have produced a parallel, was no favourite in Scotland. There occurs the following invective against him in a MS. in the Advocates' Library. The humour consists in the dialect of a Highlander speaking English, and confusing *Cromwell* with *Gramach* (ugly):

"Te commonwelt, tat Gramagh ting,
Gar brek hem's word, gar de hem's king;
Gar pay hem's sesse, or take hem's (geers)
We'l no de at, del cowe de leers;
We'l bide a file amang te crowes, (*i.e.*, in the woods)
We'l scor te sword, and whiske te bowes;
And fen her nen-sel se te re, (the King)
Te del my care for *Gromaghee*."

The following tradition concerning Cromwell is preserved by an uncommonly direct line of traditional evidence, being narrated, as I am informed, by the grandson of an eyewitness. When Cromwell, in 1650, entered Glasgow, he attended divine service in the High Church; but the Presbyterian divine who officiated poured forth, with more zeal than prudence, the vial of his indignation upon the person, principles, and cause of the Independent General. One of Cromwell's officers rose and whispered his commander, who seemed to give him a short and stern answer, and the sermon was concluded without interruption. Among the crowd who were assembled to gaze at the General as he came out of the church was a shoemaker, the son of one of James the Sixth's Scottish footmen. This man had been born and bred in England, but after his father's death had settled in Glasgow. Cromwell eyed him among the crowd, and immediately called him by his name—the man fled; but at Cromwell's command, one of his retinue followed him and brought him to the General's lodgings. A number of the inhabitants remained at the door, waiting the end of this extraordinary scene. The shoemaker soon came out in high spirits and, showing some gold, declared he was going to drink Cromwell's health. Many attended him to hear the particulars of his interview, among others the grandfather of the narrator. The shoemaker said that he had been a playfellow of Cromwell when they were both boys, their parents residing in the same street;

that he had fled when the General first called to him, thinking he might owe him some ill-will on account of his father being in the service of the royal family. He added that Cromwell had been so very kind and familiar with him, that he ventured to ask him what the officer had said to him in the church. "He proposed," said Cromwell, "to pull forth the minister by the ears, and I answered that the preacher was one fool and he another." In the course of the day Cromwell held an interview with the minister, and contrived to satisfy his scruples so effectually that the evening discourse by the same man was tuned to the praise and glory of the victor of Naseby.

Nathaniel Gordon, stout and bold,
Did for King Charles wear the blue.—P. 254, v. 2.

This gentleman was of the ancient family of Gordon of Gight. He had served as a soldier upon the Continent and acquired great military skill. When his chief, the Marquis of Huntly, took up arms in 1640, Nathaniel Gordon, then called Major Gordon, joined him, and was of essential service during that short insurrection; but, being checked for making prize of a Danish fishing buss, he left the service of the Marquis in some disgust. In 1644 he assisted at a sharp and dexterous *camisade* (as it was then called), when the barons of Haddo, of Gight, of Drum, and other gentlemen, with only sixty men under their standard, galloped through the old town of Aberdeen and, entering the burgh itself about seven in the morning, made prisoners and carried off four of the covenanting magistrates, and effected a safe retreat though the town was then under the domination of the opposite party. After the death of the Baron of Haddo, and the severe treatment of Sir George Gordon of Gight, his cousin-german, Major Nathaniel Gordon seems to have taken arms in despair of finding mercy at the Covenanters' hands. On the 24th of July 1645 he came down with a band of horsemen upon the town of Elgin while St James' Fair was held, and pillaged the merchants of 14,000 merks of money and merchandize.[1] He seems to have joined Montrose as soon as he raised the royal standard, and as a bold and active partisan rendered him great service. But in November 1644 Gordon, now a colonel, suddenly deserted Montrose, aided the escape of Forbes of Craigievar, one of his prisoners, and reconciled himself to the kirk by doing penance for adultery, and for the almost equally heinous crime of having scared Mr Andrew Cant,[2] the famous apostle of the Covenant. This, however, seems to have been an artifice to arrange a correspondence betwixt Montrose and Lord Gordon, a gallant young nobleman, representative of the Huntly family and inheriting their loyal spirit, though hitherto engaged in the service of the Covenant. Colonel Gordon was successful, and returned to the royal camp with his converted chief. Both followed zealously the fortunes of Montrose, until Lord Gordon fell in the battle of Alford and Nathaniel Gordon was taken at Philiphaugh. He was one of ten loyalists devoted upon that occasion, by the Parliament, to expiate with their blood the crime of fidelity to their King. Nevertheless, the covenanted nobles would have probably been satisfied with the death of the gallant Rollock, sharer of Montrose's dangers and glory; of Ogilvy, a youth of eighteen, whose crime was the hereditary feud betwixt his family and Argyle; and of Sir Philip Nisbet, a cavalier of the ancient stamp, had not the pulpits resounded with the cry that God required the blood of the malignants to expiate the sins of the people. "What meaneth," exclaimed the ministers in the perverted language of scripture—"What meaneth, then, this bleating of the sheep in my ears, and the lowing of the oxen?" The appeal to the judgment of Samuel was decisive, and the shambles were instantly opened. Nathaniel

[1] Spalding, vol. ii, pp. 151, 154, 169, 181, 221; *History of the Family of Gordon*, Edinburgh, 1727, vol. ii, p. 299.

[2] He had sent him a letter which nigh frightened him out of his wits (Spalding, vol. ii, p. 231).

Gordon was brought first to execution He lamented the sins of his youth, once more (and probably with greater sincerity) requested absolution from the sentence of excommunication pronounced on account of adultery, and was beheaded 6th January 1646

And brave Harthill, a cavalier too —P 254, v 2

Leith, of Harthill, was a determined loyalist and hated the Covenanters, not without reason His father, a haughty high-spirited baron and chief of a clan, happened, in 1639, to sit down in the desk of Provost Lesly, in the high kirk of Aberdeen He was disgracefully thrust out by the officers and, using some threatening language to the Provost, was imprisoned like a felon for many months till he became furious and nearly mad Having got free of the shackles with which he was loaded, he used his liberty by coming to the tolbooth window, where he uttered the most violent and horrible threats against Provost Lesly and the other covenanting magistrates by whom he had been so severely treated Under pretence of this new offence he was sent to Edinburgh, and lay long in prison there, for, so fierce was his temper, that no one would give surety for his keeping the peace with his enemies if set at liberty At length he was delivered by Montrose, when he made himself master of Edinburgh (Spalding, vol 1, pp 201, 266) His house of Harthill was dismantled and miserably pillaged by Forbes of Craigievar, who expelled his wife and children with the most relentless inhumanity (*ibid*, vol II, p 225) Meanwhile young Harthill was the companion and associate of Nathaniel Gordon, whom he accompanied at plundering the fair of Elgin, and at most of Montrose's engagements He retaliated severely on the Covenanters by ravaging and burning their lands (*ibid*, vol II, p 301) His fate has escaped my notice

And Newton Gordon, burd-alone —P 254, v 3.

Newton, for obvious reasons, was a common appellation of an estate or barony, where a new edifice had been erected Hence, for distinction's sake, it was anciently compounded with the name of the proprietor, as Newton-Edmonstone, Newton-Don, Newton-Gordon, etc Of Gordon of Newton, I only observe that he was, like all his clan, a steady loyalist and a follower of Montrose

And Dalgatie, both stout and keen —P 254, v 3.

Sir Francis Hay, of Dalgatie, a steady cavalier and a gentleman of great gallantry and accomplishment He was a faithful follower of Montrose, and was taken prisoner with him at his last fatal battle He was condemned to death with his illustrious general Being a Roman Catholic he refused the assistance of the Presbyterian clergy, and was not permitted, even on the scaffold, to receive ghostly comfort in the only form in which his religion taught him to consider it as effectual He kissed the axe, avowed his fidelity to his sovereign, and died like a soldier (Montrose's *Memoirs*, p 322).

And gallant Veitch upon the field —P 254, v. 3

I presume this gentleman to have been David Veitch, brother to Veitch of Dawick, who, with many other of the Peeblesshire gentry, was taken at Philiphaugh. The following curious accident took place some years afterwards in consequence of his loyal zeal:

"In the year 1653, when the loyal party did arise in arms against the English, in the North and West Highlands, some noblemen and loyal gentlemen, with others, were forward to repair to them, with such forces as they could make, which the English, with marvelouse diligence, night and day, did bestir themselves to impede, making their troops of horse and dragoons to pursue the loyal party in all places, that they might not come to such a considerable number as was designed It happened, one night, that one Captain Masoun, commander of a troop of dragoons, that came from Carlisle,

in England, marching through the town of Sanquhar, in the night, was encountered by one Captain Palmer, commanding a troop of horse that came from Ayr, marching eastward; and, meeting at the tollhouse, or tolbooth, one David Veitch, brother to the laird of Dawick, in Tweeddale, and one of the loyal party, being prisoner in irons by the English, did arise, and came to the window at their meeting, and cryed out, that they should *fight valiantly for King Charles*. Where-through, they, taking each other for the loyal party, did begin a brisk fight, which continued for a while, till the dragoons, having spent their shot, and finding the horsemen to be too strong for them, did give ground; but yet retired, in some order, towards the castle of Sanquhar, being hotly pursued by the troop, through the whole town, above a quarter of a mile, till they came to the castle; where both parties did, to their mutual grief, become sensible of their mistake. In this skirmish there were several killed on both sides, and Captain Palmer himself dangerously wounded, with many more wounded in each troop, who did peaceably dwell together afterward for a time, until their wounds were cured, in Sanquhar Castle" (*Account of Presbytery of Penpont*, in Macfarlane's MSS.).

And bold Aboyne is to the sea,
Young Huntly is his noble name.—P. 254, v. 5.

James, Earl of Aboyne, who fled to France, and there died heart-broken. It is said his death was accelerated by the news of King Charles's execution. He became representative of the Gordon family, or *Young Huntly*, as the ballad expresses it, in consequence of the death of his elder brother George, who fell in the battle of Alford (*History of Gordon Family*).

Two thousand of our Danish men.—P. 254, v. 7.

Montrose's foreign auxiliaries, who, by the way, did not exceed 600 in all.

Gilbert Menzies, of high degree,
By whom the king's banner was borne.—P. 254, v. 8.

Gilbert Menzies, younger of Pitfoddells, carried the royal banner in Montrose's last battle. It bore the headless corpse of Charles I, with this motto, "*Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord!*" Menzies proved himself worthy of this noble trust, and, obstinately refusing quarter, died in defence of his charge (Montrose's *Memoirs*).

Then woe to Strachan, and Hacket baith!—P. 254, v. 9.

Sir Charles Hacket, an officer in the service of the estates.

And Huntly's gone the self-same way.—P. 255, v. 1.

George Gordon, second Marquis of Huntly, one of the very few nobles in Scotland who had uniformly adhered to the King from the very beginning of the troubles, was beheaded by the sentence of the Parliament of Scotland (so calling themselves) upon the 22nd March 1649, one month and twenty-two days after the martyrdom of his master. He has been much blamed for not cordially co-operating with Montrose; and Bishop Wishart, in the zeal of partiality for his hero, accuses Huntly of direct treachery. But he is a true believer, who seals with his blood his creed, religious or political; and there are many reasons, short of this foul charge, which may have dictated the backward conduct of Huntly towards Montrose. He could not forget that when he first stood out for the King, Montrose, then the soldier of the Covenant, had actually made him prisoner, and we cannot suppose Huntly to have been so sensible of Montrose's superior military talents as not to think himself, as equal in rank, superior in power, and more uniform in loyalty, entitled to equally high marks of royal trust and favour. This much is certain, that the gallant clan of Gordon contributed greatly to Montrose's success; for the gentlemen of that name, with the brave and loyal Ogilvies, composed the principal part of his cavalry.

THE BATTLE OF PENTLAND HILLS

We have observed the early antipathy mutually entertained by the Scottish Presbyterians and the house of Stuart. It seems to have glowed in the breast even of the good-natured Charles II. He might have remembered that, in 1651, the Presbyterians had fought, bled, and ruined themselves in his cause. But he rather recollected their early faults than their late repentance; and even their services were combined with the recollection of the absurd and humiliating circumstances of personal degradation,[1] to which their pride and folly had subjected him, while they professed to espouse his cause. As a man of pleasure, he hated their stern and inflexible rigour, which stigmatized follies even more deeply than crimes; and he whispered to his confidants, that "Presbytery was no religion for a gentleman." It is not therefore wonderful, that in the first year of his restoration he formally re-established Prelacy in Scotland; but it is surprising that, with his father's example before his eyes, he should not have been satisfied to leave at freedom the consciences of those who could not reconcile themselves to the new system. The religious opinions of sectaries have a tendency, like the water of some springs, to become soft and mild when freely exposed to the open day. Who can recognize in the decent and industrious Quakers, and Anabaptists, the wild and ferocious tenets which distinguished their sects, while they were yet honoured with the distinction of the scourge and the pillory? Had the system of coercion against the Presbyterians been continued until our day, Blair and Robertson would have preached in the wilderness, and only discovered their powers of eloquence and composition by rolling along a deeper torrent of gloomy fanaticism.

The western counties distinguished themselves by their opposition to the prelatic system. Three hundred and fifty ministers, ejected from their churches and livings, wandered through the mountains sowing the seeds of covenanted doctrine, while multitudes of fanatical followers pursued them, to reap the forbidden crop. These conventicles, as they were called, were denounced by the law, and their frequenters dispersed by military force. The genius of the persecuted became stubborn, obstinate, and ferocious; and although indulgencies were tardily granted to some Presbyterian ministers, few of the true Covenanters or Whigs, as they were called, would condescend to compound with a prelatic government, or to listen even to their own

[1] Among other ridiculous occurrences it is said that some of Charles's gallantries were discovered by a prying neighbour. A wily old minister was deputed, by his brethren, to rebuke the King for this heinous scandal. Being introduced into the royal presence, he limited his commission to a serious admonition that, upon such occasions, his Majesty should always shut the windows. The King is said to have recompensed this unexpected lenity after the Restoration. He probably remembered the joke, though he might have forgotten the service.

favourite doctrine under the auspices of the King. From Richard Cameron, their apostle, this rigid sect acquired the name of Cameronians. They preached and prayed against the indulgence, and against the Presbyterians who availed themselves of it, because their accepting this royal boon was a tacit acknowledgment of the King's supremacy in ecclesiastical matters. Upon these bigoted and persecuted fanatics, and by no means upon the Presbyterians at large, are to be charged the wild anarchical principles of anti-monarchy and assassination, which polluted the period when they flourished.

The insurrection, commemorated and magnified in the following ballad, as indeed it has been in some histories, was in itself no very important affair. It began in Dumfriesshire, where Sir James Turner, a soldier of fortune, was employed to levy the arbitrary fines imposed for not attending the Episcopal Churches. The people rose, seized his person, disarmed his soldiers, and having continued together, resolved to march towards Edinburgh, expecting to be joined by their friends in that quarter. In this they were disappointed; and being now diminished to half their numbers, they drew up on the Pentland Hills, at a place called Rullion Green. They were commanded by one Wallace; and here they awaited the approach of General Dalziel, of Binns; who, having marched to Calder to meet them on the Lanark road, and finding that by passing through Collington they had got to the other side of the hills, cut through the mountains and approached them. Wallace showed both spirit and judgment: he drew up his men in a very strong situation, and withstood two charges of Dalziel's cavalry; but upon the third shock, the insurgents were broken and utterly dispersed. There was very little slaughter, as the cavalry of Dalziel were chiefly gentlemen, who pitied their oppressed and misguided countrymen. There were about fifty killed, and as many made prisoners. The battle was fought on the 28th November 1666; a day still observed by the scattered remnant of the Cameronian sect, who regularly hear a field-preaching upon the field of battle.

I am obliged for a copy of the ballad to Mr Livingstone of Airds, who took it down from the recitation of an old woman residing on his estate.

The gallant Grahams, mentioned in the text, are Graham of Claverhouse's horse.

(This ballad is copied verbatim from the old woman's recitation.)

The gallant Grahams cum from the west,
Wi' their horses black as ony craw;
The Lothian lads they marched fast,
To be at the Rhyns o'Gallowa.

Betwixt Dumfries town and Argyle,
The lads they marched mony a mile;
Souters and taylors unto them drew,
Their covenants for to renew.

The Whigs, they, wi' their merry cracks,
Gar'd the poor pedlars lay down their packs;
But aye sinsync they do repent
The renewing o' their Covenant.

At the Mauchline muir, where they were reviewed,
Ten thousand men in armour shewed;
But, ere they came to the Brockie's burn,
The half o' them did back return.

General Dalyell, as I hear tell,
Was our lieutenant general;
And captain Welsh, wi' his wit and skill,
Was to guide them on to the Pentland hill.

General Dalyell held to the hill,
Asking at them what was their will;
And who gave them this protestation,
To rise in arms against the nation?

"Although we all in armour be,
It's not against his majesty;
Nor yet to spill our neighbour's bluid,
But wi' the country we'll conclude."

"Lay down your arms, in the King's name,
And ye shall a' gae safely hame";
But they a' cried out, wi ae consent,
"We'll fight a broken Covenant."

"O well," says he, "since it is so,
A wilfu' man never wanted woe";
He then gave a sign unto his lads,
And they drew up in their brigades.

The trumpets blew, and the colours flew,
And every man to his armour drew;
The Whigs were never so much aghast,
As to see their saddles toom sae fast.

The cleverest men stood in the van,
The Whigs they took their heels and ran;
But such a raking was never seen,
As the raking o' the Rullion Green.

THE BATTLE OF LOUDON-HILL

THE Whigs, now become desperate, adopted the most desperate principles; and retaliating as far as they could the intolerating persecution which they endured, they openly disclaimed allegiance to any monarch who should not profess presbytery, and subscribe the Covenant. These principles were not likely to conciliate the favour of government; and as we wade onward in the history of the times the scenes become yet darker. At length, one would imagine the parties had agreed to divide the kingdom of vice betwixt them; the hunters assuming to themselves open profligacy and legalized oppression; and the hunted the opposite attributes of hypocrisy, fanaticism, disloyalty, and midnight assassination. The troopers and cavaliers became enthusiasts in the pursuit of the Covenanters. If Messrs Kid, King, Cameron, Peden, etc., boasted of prophetic powers, and were often warned of the approach of the soldiers by supernatural impulse,[1] Captain John Creichton, on the other side, dreamed dreams and saw visions (chiefly, indeed, after having drunk hard), in which the lurking holes of the rebels were discovered to his imagination.[2] Our ears are scarcely more shocked with the profane execrations of the persecutors,[3] than with the strange and insolent familiarity used towards the Deity by the persecuted fanatics. Their indecent modes of prayer,[4] their extravagant expectations of miraculous assistance,

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[1] In the year 1684 Peden, one of the Cameronian preachers, about ten o'clock at night, sitting at the fireside, started up to his feet and said, "Flee auld Sandie (thus he designated himself), and hide yourself! for Colonel —— is coming to this house to apprehend you; and I advise you all to do the like, for he will be here within an hour"; which came to pass: and when they had made a very narrow search, within and without the house, and went round the thorn-bush, under which he was lying praying, they went off without their prey. He came in and said: "And has this gentleman (designating him by name) given poor Sandie and thir poor things such a fright? For this night's work, God shall give him such a blow, within a few days, that all the physicians on earth shall not be able to cure"; which came to pass, for he died in great misery (*Life of Alexander Peden*).

[2] See the life of this booted apostle of prelacy, written by Swift, who had collected all his anecdotes of persecution, and appears to have enjoyed them accordingly.

[3] "They raved," says Peden's historian, "like fleshly devils, when the mist shrouded from their pursuit the wandering Whigs." One gentleman closed a declaration of vengeance against the conventiclers with this strange imprecation: "Or may the devil make my ribs a gridiron to my soul!" (*MS. Account of the Presbytery of Penpont*). Our armies swore terribly in Flanders, but nothing to this!

[4] Peden complained heavily that, after a heavy struggle with the devil, he had got above him, *spur-galled* him hard, and obtained a wind to carry him from Ireland to Scotland, when behold! another person had set sail, and reaped the advantage of his *prayer-wind* before he could embark.

and their supposed inspirations might easily furnish out a tale at which the good would sigh and the gay would laugh.

In truth extremes always approach each other; and the superstition of the Roman Catholics was in some degree revived, even by their most deadly enemies. They are ridiculed by the cavaliers, as wearing the relics of their saints by way of amulet:

> "She shewed to me a box, wherein lay hid
> The pictures of Cargill and Mr Kid;
> A splinter of the tree, on which they were slain;
> A double inch of Major Weir's best cane;
> Rathillet's sword, beat down to table-knife,
> Which took at Magus' Muir a bishop's life;
> The worthy Welsh's spectacles, who saw,
> That windle-straws would fight against the law;
> They, windle-straws, were stoutest of the two,
> They kept their ground, away the prophet flew;
> And lists of all the prophets' names were seen
> At Pentland Hills, Aird's Moss, and Rullen Green.
> 'Don't think,' she says, 'these holy things are foppery;'
> They're precious antidotes against the power of popery.'"
>
> "The Cameronian Tooth," Pennicuik's *Poems*, p. 110.

The militia and standing army soon became unequal to the task of enforcing conformity and suppressing conventicles. In their aid, and to force compliance with a test proposed by government, the Highland clans were raised and poured down into Ayrshire. An armed host of undisciplined mountaineers, speaking a different language and professing, many of them, another religion, were let loose to ravage and plunder this unfortunate country; and it is truly astonishing to find how few acts of cruelty they perpetrated, and how seldom they added murder to pillage.[1] Additional levies of horse

[1] Cleland thus describes this extraordinary army:

> "Those, who were their chief commanders,
> As such who bore the pirnie standarts,
> Who led the van, and drove the rear,
> Were right weel mounted of their gear;
> With brogues, and trews, and pirnie plaids,
> With good blue bonnets on their heads,
> Which, on the one side, had a flipe,
> Adorn'd with a tobacco pipe,
> With durk, and snap-work, and snuff-mill,
> A bag which they with onions fill;
> And, as their strict observers say,
> A tup-horn filled with usquebay;
> A slasht out coat beneath her plaides,
> A targe of timber, nails, and hides;
> With a long two-handed sword,
> As good's the country can afford,
> Had they not need of bulk and bones,
> Who fought with all these armes at once?
> . . . . . .
> Of moral honestie they're clean,
> Nought like religion they retain;
> In nothing they're accounted sharp,
> Except in bag-pipe, and in harp;

were also raised, under the name of Independent Troops, and great part of them placed under the command of James Grahame of Claverhouse, a man well known to fame by his subsequent title of Viscount Dundee, but better remembered in the western shires under the designation of the Bloody Clavers. In truth he appears to have combined the virtues and vices of a savage chief. Fierce, unbending, and rigorous, no emotion of compassion prevented his commanding and witnessing every detail of military execution against the non-conformists. Undauntedly brave, and steadily faithful to his prince, he sacrificed himself in the cause of James, when he was deserted by all the world. If we add to these attributes a goodly person, complete skill in martial exercises, and that ready and decisive character so essential to a commander, we may form some idea of this extraordinary character. The Whigs whom he persecuted, daunted by his ferocity and courage, conceived him to be impassive to their bullets,[1] and that he had sold himself for temporal greatness to the seducer of mankind. It is still believed, that a cup of wine presented to him by his butler, changed into clotted blood; and that when he plunged his feet into cold water, their touch caused it to boil. The steed which bore him was supposed to be the gift of Satan; and precipices are shown,

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For a misobliging word,
She'll durk her neighbour o'er the boord,
And then she'll flee like fire from flint,
She'll scarcely ward the second dint;
If any ask her of her thrift,
Forsooth her nainsell lives by thift."

Cleland's *Poems*, Edin., 1697, p. 12.

[1] It was and is believed that the devil furnished his favourites, among the persecutors, with what is called *proof* against leaden bullets, but against those only. During the battle of Pentland-hills, Paton of Meadowhead conceived he saw the balls hop harmlessly down from General Dalziel's boots, and to counteract the spell, loaded his pistol with a piece of silver coin. But Dalziel, having his eye on him, drew back behind his servant, who was shot dead (*Paton's Life*). At a skirmish in Ayrshire, some of the wanderers defended themselves in a sequestered house, by the side of a lake. They aimed repeatedly, but in vain, at the commander of the assailants, an English officer, until their ammunition running short, one of them loaded his piece with the ball at the head of the tongs, and succeeded in shooting the hitherto impenetrable captain. To accommodate Dundee's fate to their own hypothesis, the Cameronian tradition runs, that in the battle of Killicrankie he fell, not by the enemy's fire, but by the pistol of one of his own servants, who, to avoid the spell, had loaded it with a silver button from his coat. One of their writers argues thus: "Perhaps some may think this, anent proof-shot, a paradox, and be ready to object here, as formerly concerning Bishop Sharpe and Dalziel—How can the devil have, or give power to save life? Without entering upon the thing in its reality, I shall only observe, (1) That it is neither in his power, or of his nature, to be a saviour of men's lives; he is called Apollyon, the destroyer. (2) That even in this case, he is said only to give enchantment against one kind of metal, and this does not save life; for though lead could not take Sharpe and Claverhouse's lives, yet steel and silver could do it; and for Dalziel, though he died not on the field, yet he did not escape the arrows of the Almighty."—*God's Judgement against Persecutors*. If the reader be not now convinced of *the thing in its reality*, I have nothing to add to such exquisite reasoning.

where a fox could hardly keep his feet, down which the infernal charger conveyed him safely in pursuit of the wanderers. It is remembered with terror, that Claverhouse was successful in every engagement with the Whigs, except that at Drumclog, or Loudon-hill, which is the subject of the following ballad. The history of Burly, the hero of the piece, will bring us immediately to the causes and circumstances of that event.

John Balfour of Kinloch, commonly called Burly, was one of the fiercest of the proscribed sect. A gentlemen by birth, he was, says his biographer, " zealous and honest-hearted, courageous in every enterprise, and a brave soldier, seldom any escaping that came in his hands " (*Life of John Balfour*). Creichton says that he was once chamberlain to Archbishop Sharpe, and by negligence or dishonesty, had incurred a large arrear, which occasioned his being active in his master's assassination. But of this I know no other evidence than Creichton's assertion, and a hint in Wodrow. Burly, for that is his most common designation, was brother-in-law to Hackston of Rathillet, a wild enthusiastic character, who joined daring courage and skill in the sword to the fiery zeal of his sect. Burly, himself, was less eminent for religious fervour than for the active and violent share which he had in the most desperate enterprises of his party. His name does not appear among the Covenanters who were denounced for the affair of Pentland. But in 1677 Robert Hamilton, afterwards commander of the insurgents at Loudon Hill and Bothwell Bridge, with several other nonconformists, were assembled at this Burly's house, in Fife. There they were attacked by a party of soldiers, commanded by Captain Carstairs, whom they beat off, wounding desperately one of his party. For this resistance to authority they were declared rebels. The next exploit, in which Burly was engaged, was of a bloodier complexion, and more dreadful celebrity. It is well known that James Sharpe, Archbishop of St Andrews, was regarded by the rigid Presbyterians, not only as a renegade, who had turned back from the spiritual plough, but as the principal author of the rigours exercised against their sect. He employed, as an agent of his oppression, one Carmichael, a decayed gentleman. The industry of this man in procuring information, and in enforcing the severe penalties against conventiclers, having excited the resentment of the Cameronians, nine of their number, of whom Burly and his brother-in-law Hackston were the leaders, assembled with the purpose of way-laying and murdering Carmichael; but while they searched for him in vain, they received tidings that the Archbishop himself was at hand. The party resorted to prayer; after which they agreed unanimously, that the Lord had delivered the wicked Haman into their hand. In the execution of the supposed will of Heaven, they agreed to put themselves under the command of a leader; and they requested Hackston of Rathillet to accept the office, which he declined, alleging, that should he comply with their request, the slaughter might be imputed to a private quarrel which existed betwixt

him and the Archbishop. The command was then offered to Burly, who accepted it without scruple; and they galloped off in pursuit of the Archbishop's carriage, which contained himself and his daughter. Being well mounted they easily overtook and disarmed the prelate's attendants. Burly, crying out "Judas, be taken!" rode up to the carriage, wounded the postilion, and ham-strung one of the horses. He then fired into the coach a piece, charged with several bullets, so near that the Archbishop's gown was set on fire. The rest, coming up, dismounted, and dragged him out of the carriage, when, frightened and wounded, he crawled towards Hackston, who still remained on horseback, and begged for mercy. The stern enthusiast contented himself with answering, that he would not himself *lay a hand on him.* Burly and his men again fired a volley upon the kneeling old man; and were in the act of riding off, when one, who remained to girth his horse, unfortunately heard the daughter of their victim call to the servant for help, exclaiming that his master was still alive. Burly then again dismounted, struck off the prelate's hat with his foot, and split his skull with his shable (broad sword), although one of the party (probably Rathillet) exclaimed, "*Spare these grey hairs.*"[1] The rest pierced him with repeated wounds. They plundered the carriage and rode off, leaving beside the mangled corpse the daughter, who was herself wounded in her pious endeavour to interpose betwixt her father and his murderers. The murder is accurately represented, in bas-relief, upon a beautiful monument erected to the memory of Archbishop Sharpe in the Metropolitan Church of St Andrews. This memorable example of fanatic revenge was acted upon Magus Muir, near St Andrews, 3rd May 1679.[2]

Burly was of course obliged to leave Fife; and upon the 25th of the same month he arrived in Evandale, in Lanarkshire, along with Hackston and a fellow called Dingwall, or Daniel, one of the same bloody band. Here he joined his old friend Hamilton, already men-

[1] They believed Sharpe to be proof against shot, for one of the murderers told Wodrow that at the sight of cold iron his courage fell. They no longer doubted this when they found in his pocket a small clue of silk rolled round a bit of parchment, marked with two long words in Hebrew or Chaldaic characters. Accordingly it is still averred that the balls only left blue marks on the prelate's neck and breast, although the discharge was so near as to burn his clothes.

[2] The question whether the Bishop of St Andrews' death was murder was a shibboleth, or *experimentum crucis*, frequently put to the apprehended conventiclers. Isabel Alison, executed at Edinburgh 26th January 1681, was interrogated before the Privy Council if she conversed with David Hackston? "I answered, I did converse with him, and I bless the Lord that ever I saw him; for I never saw ought in him but a godly pious youth. They asked, if the killing of the Bishop of St Andrews was a pious act? I answered, I never heard him say he killed him; but if God moved any, and put it upon them to execute his righteous judgment upon him, I have nothing to say to that. They asked me, when saw ye John Balfour (Burly), that pious youth? I answered, I have seen him. They asked when? I answered, these are frivolous questions; I am not bound to answer them" (*Cloud of Witnesses*, p. 85).

tioned; and as they resolved to take up arms, they were soon at the head of such a body of the "chased and tossed western men" as they thought equal to keep the field. They resolved to commence their exploits upon the 29th of May 1679, being the anniversary of the Restoration, appointed to be kept as a holiday by act of Parliament; an institution which they esteemed a presumptuous and unholy solemnity. Accordingly, at the head of eighty horse, tolerably appointed, Hamilton, Burly, and Hackston entered the royal burgh of Rutherglen, extinguished the bonfires made in honour of the day, burned at the cross the acts of Parliament in favour of Prelacy and for suppression of conventicles, as well as those acts of council which regulated the indulgence granted to Presbyterians. Against all these acts they entered their solemn protest, or testimony as they called it; and having affixed it to the cross, concluded with prayer and psalms. Being now joined by a large body of foot, so that their strength seems to have amounted to five or six hundred men, though very indifferently armed, they encamped upon Loudon Hill. Claverhouse, who was in garrison at Glasgow, instantly marched against the insurgents at the head of his own troop of cavalry and others, amounting to about one hundred and fifty men. He arrived at Hamilton on the 1st of June so unexpectedly as to make prisoner John King, a famous preacher among the wanderers; and rapidly continued his march, carrying his captive along with him, till he came to the village of Drumclog, about a mile east of Loudon Hill, and twelve miles south-west of Hamilton. At some distance from this place, the insurgents were skilfully posted in a boggy strait, almost inaccessible to cavalry, having a broad ditch in their front. Claverhouse's dragoons discharged their carabines, and made an attempt to charge; but the nature of the ground threw them into total disorder. Burly, who commanded the handful of horse belonging to the Whigs, instantly led them down on the disordered squadrons of Claverhouse, who were at the same time vigorously assaulted by the foot, headed by the gallant Cleland [1] and the enthusiastic Hackston. Claverhouse him-

[1] William Cleland, a man of considerable genius, was author of several poems published in 1697. His Hudibrastic verses are poor scurrilous trash, as the reader may judge from the description of the Highlanders, already quoted. But in a wild rhapsody, entitled "Hollo, my Fancy," he displays some imagination. His anti-monarchical principles seem to break out in the following lines:—

"Fain would I know (if beasts have any reason)
If falcons killing eagles do commit a treason?"

He was a strict nonconformist, and after the Revolution became lieutenant-colonel of the Earl of Angus's regiment, called the Cameronian regiment. He was killed 21st August 1689, in the churchyard of Dunkeld, which his corps manfully and successfully defended against a superior body of Highlanders. His son was the author of the letter prefixed to the *Dunciad*, and is said to have been the notorious Cleland, who, in circumstances of pecuniary embarrassment, prostituted his talents to the composition of indecent and infamous works; but this seems inconsistent with dates, and the latter personage was probably the grandson of Colonel Cleland.

self was forced to fly, and was in the utmost danger of being taken; his horse's belly being cut open by the stroke of a scythe, so that the poor animal trailed his bowels for more than a mile. In his flight he passed King, the minister, lately his prisoner, but now deserted by his guard, in the general confusion. The preacher hollowed to the flying commander "to halt, and take his prisoner with him"; or, as others say, "to stay, and take the afternoon's preaching." Claverhouse, at length remounted, continued his retreat to Glasgow. He lost in the skirmish about twenty of his troopers, and his own cornet and kinsman, Robert Graham, whose fate is alluded to in the ballad. Only four of the other side were killed, among whom was Dingwall, or Daniel, an associate of Burly in Sharpe's murder. "The rebels," says Creichton, "finding the cornet's body, and supposing it to be that of Clavers, because the name of Graham was wrought in the shirt-neck, treated it with the utmost inhumanity; cutting off the nose, picking out the eyes, and stabbing it through in a hundred places." The same charge is brought by Guild in his *Bellum Bothuellianum*, in which occurs the following account of the skirmish at Drumclog :—

"Mons est occiduus surgit qui celsus in oris
(Nomine Loudunum) fossis puteisque profundis
Quo scatet hic tellus et aprico gramine tectus:
Huc collecta (fuit) numeroso milite cincta;
Turba ferox, matres, pueri, innuptæque puellæ;
Quam parat egregia Græmus dispersere turma.
Venit, et primo campo discedere cogit;
Post hos et alios, cæno provolvit inerti;
At numerosa cohors, campum dispersa per omnem,
Circumfusa, ruit; turmasque indagine captas,
Aggreditur; virtus non hic, nec profuit ensis;
Corripuere fugam, viridi sed gramine tectis,
Precipitata perit, fossis, pars plurima, quorum
Cornipedes hæsere luto, sessore rejecto:
Tum rabiosa cohors, misereri nescia, stratos
Invadit laceratque viros: hic signifer eheu!
Trajectus globulo, Græmus, quo fortior alter,
Inter Scotigenas fuerat, nec justior ullus;
Hunc manibus rapuere feris, faciemque virilem
Fœdarunt, lingua, auriculis, manibusque resectis,
Aspera diffuso spargentes saxa cerebro;
Vix dux ipse fuga salvus, namque exta trahebat
Vulnere tardatus, sonipes generosus hiante;
Insequitur clamore cohors fanatica namque
Crudelis semper timidus si vicerit unquam."

MS. Bellum Bothuellianum.

Although Burly was among the most active leaders in the action he was not the commander-in-chief, as one would conceive from the ballad. That honour belonged to Robert Hamilton, brother to Sir William Hamilton of Preston, a gentleman, who, like most of those at Drumclog, had imbibed the very wildest principles of fanaticism. The Cameronian account of the insurrection states, that "Mr Hamilton discovered a great deal of bravery and valour, both in the conflict

with, and pursuit of the enemy; but when he and some others were pursuing the enemy, others flew too greedily upon the spoil, small as it was, instead of pursuing the victory: and some, without Mr Hamilton's knowledge, and against his strict command, gave five of these bloody enemies quarters, and then let them go: this greatly grieved Mr Hamilton, when he saw some of Babel's brats spared, after the Lord had delivered them to their hands, that might dash them against the stones. *Psalm* cxxxvii, 9. In his own account of this, he reckons the sparing of these enemies, and letting them go, to be among their first stepping aside; for which he feared that the Lord would not honour them to do much more for him; and says, that he was neither for taking favours from nor giving favours to the Lord's enemies." Burly was not a likely man to fall into this sort of backsliding. He disarmed one of the Duke of Hamilton's servants, who had been in the action, and desired him to tell his master he would keep till meeting, the pistols he had taken from him. The man described Burly to the Duke as a little stout man, squint-eyed, and of a most ferocious aspect; from which it appears that Burly's figure corresponded to his manners, and perhaps gave rise to his nick-name, *Burly* signifying *strong*. He was with the insurgents till the battle of Bothwell Bridge, and afterwards fled to Holland. He joined the Prince of Orange, but died at sea during the expedition. The Cameronians still believe he had obtained liberty from the prince to be avenged of those who had prosecuted the Lord's people; but through his death, the laudable design of purging the land with their blood is supposed to have fallen to the ground (*Life of Balfour of Kinloch*).

The consequences of the battle of Loudon Hill will be detailed in the introduction to the next ballad.

You'l marvel when I tell ye o'
  Our noble Burly, and his train;
When last he march'd up thro' the land,
  Wi' sax-and-twenty Westland men.

Than they I ne'er o' braver heard,
  For they had a' baith wit and skill
They proved right well, as I heard tell,
  As they cam up o'er Loudoun Hill.

Weel prosper a' the gospel lads,
  That are into the west countrie;
Aye wicked Claver'se to demean,
  And ay an ill deid may he die!

For he's drawn up i' battle rank,
  An' that baith soon an' hastilie;
But they wha live till simmer come,
  Some bludie days for this will see.

But up spak cruel Claver'se then,
Wi' hastie wit, an' wicked skill;
"Gie fire on yon Westlan' men;
I think it is my sov'reign's will."

But up bespake his Cornet, then,
"It's be wi' nae consent o' me!
I ken I'll ne'er come back again,
An' mony mae as weel as me.

"There is not ane of a' yon men,
But wha is worthy other three;
There is nae ane amang them a',
That in his cause will stap to die.

"An' as for Burly, him I knaw;
He's a man of honour, birth, an' fame;
Gie him a sword into his hand,
He'll fight thysel an' other ten."

But up spake wicked Claver'se then,
I wat his heart it raise fu' hie!
And he has cry'd that a' might hear,
"Man, ye hae sair deceived me.

"I never ken'd the like afore,
Na, never since I came frae hame,
That you sae cowardly here suld prove,
An' yet come of a noble Græme."

But up bespake his Cornet, then,
"Since that it is your honour's will,
Mysel shall be the foremost man
That shall gie fire on Loudoun Hill.

"At your command I'll lead them on,
But yet wi' nae consent o' me;
For weel I ken I'll ne'er return,
And mony mae as weel as me."

Then up he drew in battle rank;
I wat he had a bonny train!
But the first time that bullets flew,
Aye he lost twenty o' his men.

Then back he came the way he gaed,
I wat right soon an suddenly!
He gave command amang his men,
And sent them back, and bade them flee.

Then up came Burly, bauld an' stout,
Wi's little train o' Westland men;
Wha mair than either aince or twice
In Edinburgh confined had been.

They hae been up to London sent,
An' yet they're a' come safely down;
Sax troop o' horsemen they hae beat,
And chased them into Glasgow town.

THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIDGE

IT has often been remarked that the Scottish, notwithstanding their national courage, were always unsuccessful when fighting for their religion. The cause lay not in the principle but in the mode of its application. A leader like Mahomet, who is at the same time the prophet of his tribe, may avail himself of religious enthusiasm, because it comes to the aid of discipline, and is a powerful means of attaining the despotic command essential to the success of a general. But among the insurgents in the reigns of the last Stuarts were mingled preachers, who taught different shades of the Presbyterian doctrine; and minute as these shades sometimes were, neither the several shepherds nor their flocks could cheerfully unite in a common cause. This will appear from the transactions leading to the battle of Bothwell Bridge.

We have seen that the party which defeated Claverhouse at Loudon Hill were Cameronians, whose principles consisted in disowning all temporal authority which did not flow from and through the Solemn League and Covenant. This doctrine, which is still retained by a scattered remnant of the sect in Scotland, is in theory and would be in practice inconsistent with the safety of any well-regulated government, because the Covenanters deny to their governors that toleration which was iniquitously refused to themselves. In many respects, therefore, we cannot be surprised at the anxiety and rigour with which the Cameronians were persecuted, although we may be of opinion that milder means would have induced a melioration of their principles. These men, as already noticed, excepted against such Presbyterians as were contented to exercise their worship under the indulgence granted by government, or in other words, who would have been satisfied with toleration for themselves, without insisting upon a revolution in the state, or even in the church establishment.

When, however, the success at Loudon Hill was spread abroad, a number of preachers, gentlemen, and common people who had embraced the more moderate doctrine, joined the army of Hamilton,

thinking that the difference in their opinions ought not to prevent their acting in the common cause. The insurgents were repulsed in an attack upon the town of Glasgow, which, however, Claverhouse shortly afterwards thought it necessary to evacuate. They were now nearly in full possession of the west of Scotland, and pitched their camp at Hamilton, where, instead of modelling and disciplining their army, the Cameronians and Erastians (for so the violent insurgents chose to call the more moderate Presbyterians) only debated, in council of war, the real cause of their being in arms. Hamilton, their general, was the leader of the first party; Mr John Welsh, a minister, headed the Erastians. The latter so far prevailed as to get a declaration drawn up, in which they owned the King's government; but the publication of it gave rise to new quarrels. Each faction had its own set of leaders, all of whom aspired to be officers; and there were actually two councils of war issuing contrary orders and declarations at the same time; the one owning the King, and the other designating him a malignant, bloody, and perjured tyrant.

Meanwhile their numbers and zeal were magnified at Edinburgh, and great alarm excited lest they should march eastward. Not only was the foot militia instantly called out, but proclamations were issued, directing all the heritors in the eastern, southern, and northern shires to repair to the King's host, with their best horses, arms, and retainers. In Fife and other countries, where the Presbyterian doctrines prevailed, many gentlemen disobeyed this order, and were afterwards severely fined. Most of them alleged in excuse the apprehension of disquiet from their wives.[1] A respectable force was soon assembled; and James, Duke of Buccleuch and Monmouth, was sent down by Charles to take the command, furnished with instructions not unfavourable to the Presbyterians. The royal army now moved slowly forwards towards Hamilton, and reached Bothwell Moor on the 22nd of June 1679. The insurgents were encamped chiefly in the Duke of Hamilton's park, along the Clyde which separated the two armies. Bothwell Bridge, which is long and narrow, had then a portal in the middle, with gates which the Covenanters shut and barricadoed with stones and logs of timber. This important post was defended by three hundred of their best men, under Hackston of Rathillet and Hall of Haughhead. Early in the morning this party crossed the bridge and skirmished with the royal vanguard, now advanced as far as the village of Bothwell. But Hackston speedily retired to his post, at the western end of Bothwell Bridge.

While the dispositions made by the Duke of Monmouth announced

[1] "Balcanquhall of that ilk alleged, that his horses were robbed, but shunned to take the declaration, for fear of disquiet from his wife. Young of Kirkton—his ladyes dangerous sickness, and bitter curses if he should leave her, and the appearance of abortion on his offering to go from her. And many others pled, in general terms, that their wives opposed or contradicted their going. But the justiciary court found this defence totally irrelevant" (Fountainhall's *Decisions*, vol. i, p. 88).

his purpose of assailing the pass, the more moderate of the insurgents resolved to offer terms. Ferguson of Kaitloch, a gentleman of landed fortune, and David Hume, a clergyman, carried to the Duke of Monmouth a supplication demanding free exercise of their religion, a free parliament, and a free general assembly of the church. The duke heard their demands with his natural mildness, and assured them he would interpose with his Majesty in their behalf, on condition of their immediately dispersing themselves and yielding up their arms. Had the insurgents been all of the moderate opinion, this proposal would have been accepted, much bloodshed saved, and perhaps some permanent advantage derived to their party; or had they been all Cameronians, their defence would have been fierce and desperate. But while their motley and misassorted officers were debating upon the duke's proposal, his field-pieces were already planted on the eastern side of the river, to cover the attack of the foot guards, who were led on by Lord Livingstone to force the bridge. Here Hackston maintained his post with zeal and courage; nor was it until all his ammunition was expended, and every support denied him by the general, that he reluctantly abandoned the important pass.[1] When his party were drawn back, the Duke's army slowly, and with their cannon in front, defiled along the bridge, and formed in line of battle as they came over the river; the Duke commanded the foot and Claverhouse the cavalry. It would seem, that these movements could not have been performed without at least some loss, had the enemy been serious in opposing them. But the insurgents were otherwise employed. With the strangest delusion that ever fell upon devoted beings, they chose these precious moments to cashier their officers and elect others in their room. In this important operation they were at length disturbed by the Duke's cannon, at the very first discharge of which, the horse of the Covenanters wheeled and rode off, breaking and trampling down the ranks of their infantry in their flight. The Cameronian account blames Weir of Greenridge, a commander of the horse, who is termed a sad Achan in the camp. The more moderate party lay the whole blame on Hamilton, whose conduct, they say, left the world to debate whether he was most traitor, coward, or fool. The generous Monmouth was anxious to spare the blood of his infatuated countrymen, by which he incurred

[1] There is an accurate representation of this part of the engagement in an old painting, of which there are two copies extant; one in the collection of his Grace the Duke of Hamilton, the other at Dalkeith House. The whole appearance of the ground, even including a few old houses, is the same which the scene now presents: the removal of the porch, or gateway, upon the bridge, is the only perceptible difference. The Duke of Monmouth, on a white charger, directs the march of the party engaged in storming the bridge, while his artillery gall the motley ranks of the Covenanters. An engraving of this painting would be acceptable to the curious; and I am satisfied an opportunity of copying it for that purpose would be readily granted by either of the noble proprietors [1810]. . . . The picture has been engraved in outline for one of the publications of the Bannatyne Club [1830].

much blame among the high-flying royalists. Lucky it was for the insurgents that the battle did not happen a day later, when old General Dalziel, who divided with Claverhouse the terror and hatred of the Whigs, arrived in the camp with a commission to supersede Monmouth as commander-in-chief. He is said to have upbraided the Duke publicly with his lenity, and heartily to have wished his own commission had come a day sooner, when, as he expresses himself, "These rogues should never more have troubled the King or country."[1] But notwithstanding the merciful orders of the Duke of Monmouth, the cavalry made great slaughter among the fugitives, of whom four hundred were slain. Guild thus expresses himself:

> "Et ni Dux validus tenuisset forte catervas,
> Vix quisquam profugus vitam servasset inertem:
> Non audita Ducis verum mandata supremi
> Omnibus, insequitur fugientes plurima turba,
> Perque agros, passim, trepida formidine captos
> Obtruncat, sævumque adigit per viscera ferrum."
>
> *MS. Bellum Bothuellianum.*

The same deplorable circumstances are more elegantly bewailed in *Clyde*, a poem, reprinted in *Scottish Descriptive Poems*, edited by Dr John Leyden, Edinburgh, 1803:

> "Where Bothwell's bridge connects the margin steep,
> And Clyde below, runs silent, strong, and deep,
> The hardy peasant, by oppression driven
> To battle, deemed his cause the cause of Heaven;
> Unskilled in arms, with useless courage stood,
> While gentle Monmouth grieved to shed his blood:
> But fierce Dundee, inflamed with deadly hate,
> In vengeance for the great Montrose's fate,
> Let loose the sword, and to the hero's shade
> A barbarous hecatomb of victims paid."

The object of Claverhouse's revenge assigned by Wilson is grander, though more remote and less natural than that in the ballad, which imputes the severity of the pursuit to his thirst to revenge the death of his cornet and kinsman at Drumclog;[2] and to the quarrel betwixt

[1] Dalziel was a man of savage manners. A prisoner having railed at him while under examination before the Privy Council, calling him "a Muscovia beast, who used to roast men, the General, in a passion struck him, with the pomel of his shabble, on the face, till the blood sprung" (Fountainhall, vol. i, p. 159). He had sworn never to shave his beard after the death of Charles the First. This venerable appendage reached his girdle, and, as he wore always an old-fashioned buff-coat, his appearance in London never failed to attract the notice of the children and of the mob. King Charles II used to swear at him for bringing such a rabble of boys together, to be squeezed to death while they gaped at his long beard and antique habit, and exhorted him to shave and dress like a Christian to keep the poor *bairns*, as Dalziel expressed it, out of danger. In compliance with this request he once appeared at court fashionably dressed, excepting the beard; but when the King had laughed sufficiently at the metamorphosis, he resumed his old dress, to the great joy of the boys, his usual attendants (Creichton's *Memoirs*, p. 102).

[2] There is some reason to conjecture that the revenge of the Cameronians, if successful, would have been little less sanguinary than that of the royalists.

Claverhouse and Monmouth it ascribes, with great *naïveté*, the bloody fate of the latter. Local tradition is always apt to trace forcign events to the domestic causes which are more immediately in the narrator's view. There is said to be another song upon this battle, once very popular, but I have not been able to recover it. This copy is given from recitation.

There were two Gordons of Earlstoun, father and son. They were descended of an ancient family in the west of Scotland, and their progenitors were believed to have been favourers of the reformed doctrine, and possessed of a translation of the Bible, as early as the days of Wickliffe. William Gordon, the father, was in 1663 summoned before the Privy Council for keeping conventicles in his house and woods. By another act of Council he was banished out of Scotland, but the sentence was never put into execution. In 1667 Earlstoun was turned out of his house, which was converted into a garrison for the King's soldiers. He was not in the battle of Bothwell Bridge, but was met hastening towards it by some English dragoons engaged in the pursuit already commenced. As he refused to surrender, he was instantly slain (Wilson's *History of Bothwell Rising*; Life of Gordon of Earlston, in *Scottish Worthies*; Wodrow's *History*, vol. ii). The son, Alexander Gordon of Earlstoun, I suppose to be the hero of the ballad. He was not a Cameronian, but of the more moderate class of Presbyterians, whose sole object was freedom of conscience and relief from the oppressive laws against nonconformists. He joined the insurgents shortly after the skirmish at Loudon Hill. He appears to have been active in forwarding the supplication sent to the Duke of Monmouth. After the battle he escaped discovery by flying into a house at Hamilton, belonging to one of his tenants, and disguising himself in female attire. His person was proscribed, and his estate of Earlstoun was bestowed upon Colonel Theophilus Ogilthorpe by the Crown, first in security for £5000 and afterwards in perpetuity (Fountainhall, p. 390). The same author mentions a person tried at the circuit court, July 10, 1683, solely for holding intercourse with Earlstoun, an intercommuned (proscribed) rebel. As he had been in Holland after the battle of Bothwell, he was probably accessory to the scheme of invasion which the unfortunate Earl of Argyle was then meditating. He was apprehended upon his return to Scotland, tried, convicted of treason, and condemned to die; but his fate was postponed by a letter from the King, appointing him to be reprieved for a month that he might in the interim be tortured for the discovery of his accomplices. The

Creichton mentions that they had erected in their camp a high pair of gallows, and prepared a quantity of halters, to hang such prisoners as might fall into their hands; and he admires the forbearance of the King's soldiers who, when they returned with their prisoners, brought them to the very spot where the gallows stood, and guarded them there, without offering to hang a single individual. Guild, in the *Bellum Bothuellianum*, alludes to the same story, which is rendered probable by the character of Hamilton, the insurgent general.—Guild's MSS.; Creichton's *Memoirs*, p. 61.

Council had the unusual spirit to remonstrate against this illegal course of severity. On November 3, 1683, he received a farther respite, in hopes he would make some discovery. When brought to the bar to be tortured (for the King had reiterated his commands), he, through fear or distraction, roared like a bull, and laid so stoutly about him that the hangman and his assistant could hardly master him. At last he fell into a swoon, and on his recovery charged General Dalziel and Drummond (violent Tories), together with the Duke of Hamilton, with being the leaders of the fanatics. It was generally thought that he affected this extravagant behaviour to invalidate all that agony might extort from him concerning his real accomplices. He was sent first to Edinburgh Castle, and afterwards to a prison upon the Bass island; although the Privy Council more than once deliberated upon appointing his immediate death. On the 22nd of August 1684, Earlstoun was sent for from the Bass, and ordered for execution the 4th of November 1684. He endeavoured to prevent his doom by escape; but was discovered and taken after he had gained the roof of the prison. The Council deliberated whether, in consideration of this attempt, he was not liable to instant execution. Finally, however, they were satisfied to imprison him in Blackness Castle, where he remained till after the Revolution, when he was set at liberty and his doom of forfeiture reversed by act of Parliament. See Fountainhall, vol. i, pp. 238, 240, 245, 250, 301, 302.

THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIDGE

"O Billie, billie, bonny billie,
Will ye go to the wood wi' me?
We'll ca' our horse hame masterless,
An' gar them trow slain men are we."

"O no, O no!" says Earlstoun,
"For that's the thing that maunna be;
For I am sworn to Bothwell Hill,
Where I maun either gae or die."

So Earlstoun rose in the morning,
An' mounted by the break o' day;
An' he has joined our Scottish lads,
As they were marching out the way.

"Now, farewell, father, and farewell, mother,
An' fare ye weel, my sisters three;
An' fare ye weel, my Earlstoun,
For thee again I'll never see!"

So they're awa' to Bothwell Hill,
An' waly [1] they rode bonnily!
When the duke o' Monmouth saw them comin',
He went to view their company.

"Ye're welcome, lads," then Monmouth said,
"Ye're welcome, brave Scots lads, to me;
And sae are ye, brave Earlstoun,
The foremost o' your company!

"But yield your weapons ane an' a';
O yield your weapons, lads, to me;
For gin ye'll yield your weapons up,
Ye'se a' gae hame to your country."

Out up then spak a Lennox lad,
And waly but he spak bonnily!
"I winna yield my weapons up,
To you nor nae man that I see."

Then he set up the flag o' red,
A' set about wi' bonny blue;
"Since ye'll no cease, and be at peace,
See that ye stand by ither true."

They stell'd their cannons on the height,
And showr'd their shot down in the howe;
An' beat our Scots lads even down,
Thick they lay slain on every knowe.

As e'er you saw the rain down fa',
Or yet the arrow frae the bow,—
Sae our Scottish lads fell even down,
An' they lay slain on every knowe.

"O hold your hand," then Monmouth cry'd,
"Gie quarters to yon men for me!"
But wicked Claver'se swore an oath,
His cornet's death revenged sud be.

"O hold your hand," then Monmouth cry'd,
"If ony thing you'll do for me;
Hold up your hand, you cursed Græme,
Else a rebel to our King ye'll be."

Then wicked Claver'se turn'd about,
I wot an angry man was he;
And he has lifted up his hat,
And cry'd, "God bless his Majesty!"

[1] An interjection.

Then he's awa to London town,
Aye e'en as fast as he can dree;
Fause witnesses he has wi' him ta'en,
An' ta'en Monmouth's head frae his body.

Alang the brae, beyond the brig,
Mony brave man lies cauld and still;
But lang we'll mind, and sair we'll rue,
The bloody battle of Bothwell Hill.

NOTES

Then he set up the flag o' red,
A' set about wi' bonny blue.—P. 277, v. 5.

Blue was the favourite colour of the Covenanters; hence the vulgar phrase of a true-blue Whig. Spalding informs us, that when the first army of Covenanters entered Aberdeen, few or none "wanted a blue ribband; the Lord Gordon and some others of the Marquis (of Huntly's) family had a ribband, when they were dwelling in the town, of a red flesh colour, which they wore in their hats, and called it the *royal ribband*, as a sign of their love and loyalty to the King. In despite and derision thereof, this blue ribband was worn, and called the *Covenanter's ribband*, by the hail soldiers of the army, who would not hear of the royal ribband, such was their pride and malice" (vol. i, p. 123). After the departure of this first army, the town was occupied by the barons of the royal party till they were once more expelled by the Covenanters, who plundered the burgh and country adjacent; "no fowl, cock, or hen, left unkilled, the hail house-dogs, messens (*i.e.*, lap-dogs), and whelps, within Aberdeen, killed upon the streets; so that neither hound, messen, nor other dog, was left alive that they could see: the reason was this,—when the first army came here, ilk captain and soldier had a blue ribband about his craig (*i.e.*, neck); in despite and derision whereof, when they removed from Aberdeen, some women of Aberdeen, as was alledged, knit blue ribbands about their messens' craigs, whereat their soldiers took offence, and killed all their dogs for this very cause (p. 160).

I have seen one of the ancient banners of the Covenanters: it was divided into four compartments, inscribed with the words *Christ—Covenant—King—Kingdom*. Similar standards are mentioned in Spalding's curious and minute narrative, vol. ii, pp. 182, 245.

Hold up your hand, you cursed Græme,
Else a rebel to our King ye'll be.—P. 277, v. 9.

It is very extraordinary that in April 1685 Claverhouse was left out of the new commission of Privy Council as being too favourable to the fanatics. The pretence was his having married into the Presbyterian family of Lord Dundonald. An act of Council was also passed, regulating the payment of quarters, which is stated by Fountainhall to have been done in *odium* of Claverhouse, and in order to excite complaints against him. This charge, so inconsistent with the nature and conduct of Claverhouse, seems to have been the fruit of a quarrel betwixt him and the Lord High Treasurer (Fountainhall, vol. i, p. 360).

That Claverhouse was most unworthily accused of mitigating the persecution of the Covenanters will appear from the following simple, but very affecting, narrative extracted from one of the little publications which appeared soon after the Revolution, while the facts were fresh in the memory

of the sufferers. The imitation of the scriptural style produces, in some passages of these works, an effect not unlike what we feel in reading the beautiful book of Ruth. It is taken from the life of Mr Alexander Peden,[1] printed about 1720:

"In the beginning of May, 1685, he came to the house of John Brown and Marion Weir, whom he married before he went to Ireland, where he stayed all night; and in the morning, when he took farewell, he came out of the door, saying to himself, 'Poor woman, a fearful morning,' twice over. 'A dark misty morning!' The next morning, between five and six hours, the said John Brown having performed the worship of God in his family, was going, with a spade in his hand, to make ready some peat ground: the mist being very dark, he knew not until cruel and bloody Claverhouse compassed him with three troops of horse, brought him to his house, and there examined him; who, though he was a man of a stammering speech, yet answered him distinctly and solidly; which made Claverhouse to examine those whom he had taken to be his guides through the muirs, if ever they heard him preach? They answered, 'No, no, he was never a preacher.' He said, 'If he has never preached, meikle he has prayed in his time;' he said to John, 'Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die!' When he was praying, Claverhouse interrupted him three times; one time, that he stopt him, he was pleading that the Lord would spare a remnant, and not make a full end in the day of his anger. Claverhouse said, 'I gave you time to pray, and ye are begun to preach'; he turned about upon his knees, and said, 'Sir, you know neither the nature of preaching or praying, that calls this preaching.' Then continued without confusion. When ended, Claverhouse said, 'Take good-night of your wife and children.' His wife, standing by with her child in her arms that she had brought forth to him, and another child of his first wife's, he came to her, and said, 'Now, Marion, the day is come, that I told you would come, when I spake first to you of marrying me.' She said, 'Indeed, John, I can willingly part with you.' 'Then,' he said, 'this is all I desire, I have no more to do but die.' He kissed his wife and bairns, and wished purchased and promised blessings to be multiplied upon them, and his blessing. Clavers ordered six soldiers to shoot him; the most part

[1] The enthusiasm of this personage and of his followers invested him, as has been already noticed, with prophetic powers; but hardly any of the stories told of him exceeds that sort of gloomy conjecture of misfortune, which the precarious situation of his sect so greatly fostered. The following passage relates to the battle of Bothwell Bridge: "That dismal day, 22nd of June, 1679, at Bothwell-bridge, when the Lord's people fell and fled before the enemy, he was forty miles distant, near the Border, and kept himself retired until the middle of the day, when some friends said to him, 'Sir, the people are waiting for sermon.' He answered, 'Let them go to their prayers; for me, I neither can nor will preach any this day, for our friends are fallen and fled before the enemy, at Hamilton, and they are hacking and hewing them down, and their blood is running like water.'" The feats of Peden are thus commemorated by Fountainhall, 27th of March 1685: "News came to the Privy Council, that about one hundred men, well armed and appointed, had left Ireland, because of a search there for such malcontents, and landed in the west of Scotland, and joined with the wild fanatics. The Council, finding that they disappointed the forces, by skulking from hole to hole, were of opinion, it were better to let them gather into a body, and draw to a head, and so they would get them altogether in a snare. They had one Mr Peden, a minister, with them, and one Isaac, who commanded them. They had frighted most part of all the country ministers, so that they durst not stay at their churches, but retired to Edinburgh, or to garrison towns; and it was sad to see whole shires destitute of preaching, except in burghs. Wherever they came they plundered arms, and particularly at my Lord Dumfries's house" (Fountainhall, vol. i, p. 359).

of the bullets came upon his head, which scattered his brains upon the ground. Claverhouse said to his wife, 'What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?' She said, 'I thought ever much of him, and now as much as ever.' He said, 'It were but justice to lay thee beside him.' She said, 'If ye were permitted, I doubt not but your crueltie would go that length; but how will ye make answer for this morning's work?' He said, 'To man I can be answerable; and for God, I will take him in my own hand.' Claverhouse mounted his horse, and marched, and left her with the corpse of her dead husband lying there; she set the bairn on the ground, and gathered his brains, and tied up his head, and straighted his body, and covered him in her plaid, and sat down, and wept over him. It being a very desart place, where never victual grew, and far from neighbours, it was some time before any friends came to her; the first that came was a very fit hand, that old singular Christian woman, in the Cummerhead, named Elizabeth Menzies, three miles distant, who had been tried with the violent death of her husband at Pentland, afterwards of two worthy sons, Thomas Weir, who was killed at Drumclog, and David Steel, who was suddenly shot afterwards when taken. The said Marion Weir, sitting upon her husband's grave, told me, that before that, she could see no blood but she was in danger to faint; and yet she was helped to be a witness to all this, without either fainting or confusion, except when the shots were let off her eyes dazzled. His corpse were buried at the end of his house, where he was slain, with this inscription on his grave-stone:

> "In earth's cold bed, the dusty part here lies,
> Of one who did the earth as dust despise!
> Here, in this place, from earth he took departure;
> Now, he has got the garland of the martyr."

"This murder was committed betwixt six and seven in the morning: Mr Peden was about ten or eleven miles distant, having been in the fields all night: he came to the house betwixt seven and eight, and desired to call in the family, that he might pray amongst them; when praying, he said, 'Lord, when wilt thou avenge Brown's blood? Oh, let Brown's blood be precious in thy sight! and hasten the day when thou wilt avenge it, with Cameron's, Cargill's, and many others of our martyrs' names; and oh! for that day, when the Lord would avenge all our bloods!' When ended, John Muirhead inquired what he meant by Brown's blood? He said twice over, 'What do I mean? Claverhouse has been at the Preshil this morning, and has cruelly murdered John Brown; his corpse are lying at the end of his house, and his poor wife sitting weeping by his corpse, and not a soul to speak a word comfortably to her.'"

While we read this dismal story we must remember Brown's situation was that of an avowed and determined rebel, liable as such to military execution; so that the atrocity was more that of the times than of Claverhouse. That General's gallant adherence to his master, the misguided James VII, and his glorious death on the field of victory at Killicrankie have tended to preserve and gild his memory. He is still remembered in the Highlands as the most successful leader of their clans. An ancient gentleman, who had borne arms for the cause of Stuart in 1715, told the Editor that when the armies met on the field of battle at Sheriffmuir, a veteran chief (I think he named Gordon of Glenbucket), covered with scars, came up to the Earl of Mar and earnestly pressed him to order the Highlanders to charge before the regular army of Argyle had completely formed their line; and at a moment when the rapid and furious onset of the clans might have thrown them into total disorder. Mar repeatedly answered, it was not yet time, till the chieftain turned from him in disdain and despair and, stamping with rage, exclaimed aloud, "O for one hour of Dundee!"

Claverhouse's sword (a straight cut-and-thrust blade) is in the possession of Lord Woodhouselee. In Pennycuik-house is preserved the buff-coat which he wore at the battle of Killicrankie. The fatal shot-hole is under

the armpit, so that the ball must have been received while his arm was raised to direct the pursuit. However he came by his charm of *proof*, he certainly had not worn the garment usually supposed to confer that privilege, and which was called *the waistcoat of proof, or of necessity*. It was thus made: "On Christmas daie, at night, a thread must be sponne of flax, by a little virgine girle, in the name of the divell; and it must be by her woven, and also wrought with the needle. In the breast, or fore-part thereof, must be made with needle work, two heads; on the head, at the right side, must be a hat and a long beard; the left head must have on a crown, and it must be so horrible that it maie resemble Belzebub; and on each side of the wastcote must be made a crosse" (Scott's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, p. 231).

It would be now no difficult matter to bring down our popular poetry connected with history to the year 1745. But almost all the party ballads of that period have been already printed, and ably illustrated by Mr Ritson.

END OF HISTORICAL BALLADS

MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER

PART SECOND

ROMANTIC BALLADS

SCOTTISH MUSIC

AN ODE

By J. LEYDEN

TO IANTHE

Again, sweet siren! breathe again
That deep, pathetic, powerful strain;
  Whose melting tones, of tender woe,
Fall soft as evening's summer dew
That bathes the pinks and harebells blue
  Which in the vales of Teviot blow.

Such was the song that soothed to rest,
Far in the green isle of the west,
  The Celtic warrior's parted shade;
Such are the lonely sounds that sweep
O'er the blue bosom of the deep,
  Where shipwrecked mariners are laid.

Ah! sure, as Hindú legends tell,
When music's tones the bosom swell,
  The scenes of former life return;
Ere, sunk beneath the morning star,
We left our parent climes afar,
  Immured in mortal forms to mourn.

Or if, as ancient sages ween,
Departed spirits, half-unseen,
  Can mingle with the mortal throng;
'Tis when from heart to heart we roll
The deep-toned music of the soul,
  That warbles in our Scottish song.

I hear, I hear, with awful dread,
The plaintive music of the dead!
  They leave the amber fields of day:
Soft as the cadence of the wave,
That murmurs round the mermaid's grave,
  They mingle in the magic lay.

Sweet siren, breathe the powerful strain!
Lochroyan's Damsel [1] sails the main;
The crystal tower enchanted see!
"Now break," she cries, "ye fairy charms!"
As round she sails with fond alarms,
"Now break, and set my true love free!"

Lord Barnard is to greenwood gone,
Where fair *Gil Morrice* sits alone,
And careless combs his yellow hair;
Ah! mourn the youth, untimely slain!
The meanest of Lord Barnard's train
The hunter's mangled head must bear.

Or, change these notes of deep despair,
For love's more soothing tender air:
Sing, how, beneath the greenwood tree,
Brown Adam's [2] love maintained her truth,
Nor would resign the exiled youth
For any knight the fair could see.

And sing *the Hawk of pinion gray*,[3]
To southern climes who winged his way,
For he could speak as well as fly;
Her brethren how the fair beguiled,
And on her Scottish lover smiled,
As slow she raised her languid eye.

Fair was her cheek's carnation glow,
Like red blood on a wreath of snow;
Like evening's dewy star her eye;
White as the sea-mew's downy breast,
Borne on the surge's foamy crest,
Her graceful bosom heaved the sigh.

In youth's first morn, alert and gay,
Ere rolling years had passed away,
Remembered like a morning dream,
I heard these dulcet measures float,
In many a liquid winding note,
Along the banks of Teviot's stream.

Sweet sounds! that oft have soothed to rest
The sorrows of my guileless breast,
And charmed away mine infant tears:

[1] *The Lass of Lochroyan, infra.*
[2] See the ballad entitled *Brown Adam.*
[3] See the *Gay Goss Hawk.*



L. Clennell

BOTHWELL CASTLE

Fond memory shall your strains repeat,
Like distant echoes, doubly sweet,
  That in the wild the traveller hears.

And thus, the exiled Scotian maid,
By fond alluring love betrayed
  To visit Syria's date-crowned shore;
In plaintive strains, that soothed despair,
Did "Bothwell's banks that bloom so fair,"
  And scenes of early youth deplore.

Soft siren! whose enchanting strain
Floats wildly round my raptured brain,
  I bid your pleasing haunts adieu!
Yet, fabling fancy oft shall lead
My footsteps to the silver Tweed,
  Through scenes that I no more must view.

NOTES

Far in the green isle of the west.—P. 285, v. 2.

The *Flathinnis*, or Celtic Paradise.

Ah! sure, as Hindú legends tell.—P. 285, v. 3.

The effect of music is explained by the Hindús, as recalling to our memory the airs of paradise heard in a state of pre-existence. *Vide* Sacontala.

Did "Bothwell's banks that bloom so fair."—P. 287, v. 2.

"So fell it out of late years, that an English gentleman, travelling in Palestine, not far from Jerusalem, as he passed through a country town, he heard, by chance, a woman sitting at her door, dandling her child, to sing, *Bothwel bank, thou bloomest fair.* The gentleman hereat wondered, and forthwith, in English, saluted the woman, who joyfully answered him; and said, she was right glad there to see a gentleman of our isle: and told him, that she was a Scottish woman, and came first from Scotland to Venice, and from Venice thither, where her fortune was to be the wife of an officer under the Turk; who being at that instant absent, and very soon to return, she entreated the gentleman to stay there until his return. The which he did; and she, for country sake, to shew herself the more kind and bountiful unto him, told her husband, at his home-coming, that the gentleman was her kinsman; whereupon her husband entertained him very kindly; and, at his departure, gave him divers things of good value" (Verstigan's *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*: chap. "Of the Sirnames of our Antient Families." Antwerp, 1605).

INTRODUCTION TO THE TALE OF TAMLANE

ON THE FAIRIES OF POPULAR SUPERSTITION

" Of airy elves, by moon-light shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green."
POPE.

IN a work avowedly dedicated to the preservation of the poetry and tradition of the " olden time," it would be unpardonable to omit this opportunity of making some observations upon so interesting an article of the popular creed, as that concerning the Elves, or Fairies. The general idea of spirits, of a limited power and subordinate nature, dwelling among the woods and mountains is, perhaps, common to all nations. But the intermixture of tribes, of languages, and religion, which has occurred in Europe, renders it difficult to trace the origin of the names which have been bestowed upon such spirits and the primary ideas which were entertained concerning their manners and habits.

The word *elf*, which seems to have been the original name of the beings afterwards denominated fairies, is of Gothic origin, and probably signified, simply, a spirit of a lower order. Thus the Saxons had not only *dun-elfen*, *berg-elfen*, and *munt-elfen*—spirits of the downs, hills, and mountains; but also *feld-elfen*, *wudu-elfen*, *sae-elfen*, and *wæter-elfen*—spirits of the fields, of the woods, of the sea, and of the waters. In low German the same latitude of expression occurs; for night hags are termed *aluinnen* and *aluen*, which is sometimes Latinized *eluæ*. But the prototype of the English elf is to be sought chiefly in the *berg-elfen*, or *duergar*, of the Scandinavians. From the most early of the Icelandic Sagas, as well as from the Edda itself, we learn the belief of the Northern nations in a race of dwarfish spirits inhabiting the rocky mountains, and approaching, in some respects, to the human nature. Their attributes, amongst which we recognize the features of the modern Fairy, were supernatural wisdom and prescience, and skill in the mechanical arts, especially in the fabrication of arms. They are farther described as capricious, vindictive, and easily irritated. The story of the elfin-sword, *Tyrfing*, may be the most pleasing illustration of this position. Suafurlami, a Scandinavian monarch, returning from hunting bewildered himself among the mountains. About sunset he beheld a large rock, and two dwarfs sitting before the mouth of a cavern. The king drew his sword, and intercepted their retreat by springing betwixt them and their recess, and imposed upon them the following condition of safety: That they should make for him a faulchion, with a baldric and scabbard of pure gold, and a blade which should divide stones and iron as a garment, and which should render the wielder ever victorious

in battle. The elves complied with the requisition, and Suafurlami pursued his way home. Returning at the time appointed, the dwarfs delivered to him the famous sword *Tyrfing*; then, standing in the entrance of their cavern, spoke thus: "This sword, O king, shall destroy a man every time it is brandished; but it shall perform three atrocious deeds, and it shall be thy bane." The king rushed forward with the charmed sword and buried both its edges in the rock, but the dwarfs escaped into their recesses.[1] This enchanted sword emitted rays like the sun, dazzling all against whom it was brandished; it divided steel like water, and was never unsheathed without slaying a man (*Hervarar Saga*, p. 9). Similar to this was the enchanted sword *Skoffnung*, which was taken by a pirate out of the tomb of a Norwegian monarch. Many such tales are narrated in the Sagas; but the most distinct account of the *duergar*, or elves, and their attributes is to be found in a preface of Torfæus to the history of Hrolf Kraka, who cites a dissertation by Einar Gudmund, a learned native of Iceland. "I am firmly of opinion," says the Icelander, "that these beings are creatures of God, consisting, like human beings, of a body and rational soul; that they are of different sexes, and capable of producing children, and subject to all human affections, as sleeping and waking, laughing and crying, poverty and wealth; and that they possess cattle, and other effects, and are obnoxious to death, like other mortals." He proceeds to state that the females of this race are capable of procreating with mankind; and gives an account of one who bore a child to an inhabitant of Iceland for whom she claimed the privilege of baptism, depositing the infant for that purpose at the gate of the churchyard, together with a goblet of gold as an offering (*Historia Hrolfi Krakæ a* Torfæo).

Similar to the traditions of the Icelanders are those current among the Laplanders of Finland, concerning a subterranean people gifted with supernatural qualities and inhabiting the recesses of the earth. Resembling men in their general appearance, the manner of their existence, and their habits of life, they far excel the miserable Laplanders in perfection of nature, felicity of situation, and skill in mechanical arts. From all these advantages, however, after the partial conversion of the Laplanders, the subterranean people have derived no farther credit than to be confounded with the devils and magicians of the dark ages of Christianity; a degradation which, as will shortly be demonstrated, has been also suffered by the harmless Fairies of Albion, and indeed by the whole host of deities of learned

[1] Perhaps in this and similar tales we may recognize something of real history. That the Fins, or ancient natives of Scandinavia, were driven into the mountains by the invasion of Odin and his Asiatics is sufficiently probable; and there is reason to believe that the aboriginal inhabitants understood better than the intruders how to manufacture the produce of their own mines. It is therefore possible that, in process of time, the oppressed Fins may have been transformed into the supernatural *duergar*. A similar transformation has taken place among the vulgar in Scotland regarding the Picts, or Peghs, to whom they ascribe various supernatural attributes.

Greece and mighty Rome. The ancient opinions are yet so firmly rooted, that the Laps of Finland at this day boast of an intercourse with these beings in banquets, dances, and magical ceremonies, and even in the more intimate commerce of gallantry. They talk with triumph of the feasts which they have shared in the elfin caverns, where wine and tobacco, the productions of the Fairy region, went round in abundance, and whence the mortal guest, after receiving the kindest treatment and the most salutary counsel, has been conducted to his tent by an escort of his supernatural entertainers (Jessen's *de Lapponibus*).

The superstitions of the islands of Feroe concerning their *Frodden-skemen*, or underground people, are derived from the *duergar* of Scandinavia. These beings are supposed to inhabit the interior recesses of mountains, which they enter by invisible passages. Like the Fairies, they are supposed to steal human beings. "It happened," says Debes, p. 354, "a good while since, when the burghers of Bergen had the commerce of Feroe, that there was a man in Servaade, called Jonas Soideman, who was kept by spirits in a mountain, during the space of seven years, and at length came out; but lived afterwards in great distress and fear, lest they should again take him away; wherefore people were obliged to watch him in the night." The same author mentions another young man who had been carried away, and, after his return, was removed a second time upon the eve of his marriage. He returned in a short time, and narrated that the spirit that had carried him away was in the shape of a most beautiful woman, who pressed him to forsake his bride and remain with her, urging her own superior beauty and splendid appearance. He added, that he saw the men who were employed to search for him and heard them call; but they could not see him, nor could he answer them, till, upon his determined refusal to listen to the spirit's persuasions, the spell ceased to operate. The kidney-shaped West Indian bean, which is sometimes driven upon the shore of the Feroes, is termed by the natives "*the Fairie's kidney*."

In these traditions of the Gothic and Finnish tribes, we may recognize with certainty the rudiments of elfin superstition; but we must look to various other causes for the modifications which it has undergone. These are to be sought: 1st, in the traditions of the East; 2nd, in the wreck and confusion of the Gothic mythology; 3rd, in the tales of chivalry; 4th, in the fables of classical antiquity; 5th, in the influence of the Christian religion; 6th, and finally, in the creative imagination of the sixteenth century. It may be proper to notice the effect of these various causes before stating the popular belief of our own time regarding the Fairies.

I. To the traditions of the East, the Fairies of Britain owe, I think, little more than the appellation by which they have been distinguished since the days of the Crusades. The term "Fairy" occurs not only in Chaucer, and in yet older English authors, but also, and more

frequently, in the Romance language, from which they seem to have adopted it. Ducange cites the following passage from Gul. Guiart, in *Historia Francica*, MS. :—

" Plusiers parlent de Guenart,
Du Lou, de L'Asne, de Renart,
De *Faëries* et de Songes,
De phantosmes et de mensonges."

The *Lay le Frain*, enumerating the subjects of the Breton Lays, informs us expressly

" Many ther beth of *faëry*."

By some etymologists of that learned class, who not only know whence words come but also whither they are going, the term *Fairy*, or *Faërie*, is derived from *Faë*, which is again derived from *Nympha*. It is more probable the term is of Oriental origin, and is derived from the Persic through the medium of the Arabic. In Persic, the term *Peri* expresses a species of imaginary being, which resembles the Fairy in some of its qualities, and is one of the fairest creatures of romantic fancy. This superstition must have been known to the Arabs, among whom the Persian tales or romances, even as early as the time of Mahomet, were so popular that it required the most terrible denunciations of that legislator to proscribe them. Now, in the enunciation of the Arabs, the term *Peri* would sound *Fairy*, the letter *p* not occurring in the alphabet of that nation; and, as the chief intercourse of the early Crusaders was with the Arabs, or Saracens, it is probable they would adopt the term according to their pronunciation. Neither will it be considered as an objection to this opinion, that in Hesychius the Ionian term *Phereas*, or *Pheres*, denotes the satyrs of classical antiquity, if the number of words of Oriental origin in that lexicographer be recollected. Of the Persian Peris, Ouseley, in his *Persian Miscellanies*, has described some characteristic traits with all the luxuriance of a fancy impregnated with the Oriental association of ideas. However vaguely their nature and appearance is described, they are uniformly represented as gentle, amiable females, to whose character beneficence and beauty are essential. None of them are mischievous or malignant; none of them are deformed or diminutive, like the Gothic fairy. Though they correspond in beauty with our ideas of angels, their employments are dissimilar, and, as they have no place in heaven, their abode is different. Neither do they resemble those intelligences whom, on account of their wisdom, the Platonists denominated Dæmons; nor do they correspond either to the guardian Genii of the Romans, or the celestial virgins of paradise whom the Arabs denominate Houri. But the Peris hover in the balmy clouds, live in the colours of the rainbow, and as the exquisite purity of their nature rejects all nourishment grosser than the odours of flowers, they subsist by inhaling the fragrance of the jessamine and rose. Though their existence is not commensurate with the bounds of human life,

they are not exempted from the common fate of mortals. With the Peris, in Persian mythology, are contrasted the Dives, a race of beings who differ from them in sex, appearance, and disposition. These are represented as of the male sex, cruel, wicked, and of the most hideous aspect; or, as they are described by Mr Finch, "with ugly shapes, long horns, staring eyes, shaggy hair, great fangs, ugly paws, long tails, with such horrible difformity and deformity, that I wonder the poor women are not frightened therewith." Though they live very long, their lives are limited, and they are obnoxious to the blows of a human foe. From the malignancy of their nature, they not only wage war with mankind, but persecute the Peris with unremitting ferocity. Such are the brilliant and fanciful colours in which the imaginations of the Persian poets have depicted the charming race of the Peris; and if we consider the romantic gallantry of the knights of chivalry and of the Crusaders, it will not appear improbable that their charms might occasionally fascinate the fervid imagination of an amorous troubadour. But, further, the intercourse of France and Italy with the Moors of Spain, and the prevalence of the Arabic as the language of science in the dark ages facilitated the introduction of their mythology amongst the nations of the West. Hence the romances of France, of Spain, and of Italy unite in describing the Fairy as an inferior spirit in a beautiful female form, possessing many of the amiable qualities of the Eastern Peri. Nay, it seems sufficiently clear that the romancers borrowed from the Arabs, not merely the general idea concerning those spirits, but even the names of individuals amongst them. The Peri, *Mergian Banou* (see Herbelot, *ap. Peri*), celebrated in the ancient Persian poetry, figures in the European romances under the various names of *Mourgue La Faye*, sister to *King Arthur; Urgande La Deconnue*, protectress of *Amadis de Gaul*; and the *Fata Morgana* of Boiardo and Ariosto. The description of these nymphs by the troubadours and minstrels is in no respect inferior to those of the Peris. In the tale of *Sir Launfal*, in Way's *Fabliaux*, as well as in that of *Sir Gruelan*, in the same interesting collection, the reader will find the fairy of Normandy, or Bretagne, adorned with all the splendour of Eastern description. The fairy *Melusina*, also, who married Guy de Lusignan, Count of Poictou, under condition that he should never attempt to intrude upon her privacy, was of this latter class. She bore the count many children, and erected for him a magnificent castle by her magical art. Their harmony was uninterrupted until the prying husband broke the conditions of their union, by concealing himself to behold his wife make use of her enchanted bath. Hardly had *Melusina* discovered the indiscreet intruder, than, transforming herself into a dragon, she departed with a loud yell of lamentation, and was never again visible to mortal eyes; although, even in the days of Brantome, she was supposed to be the protectress of her descendants, and was heard wailing as she sailed upon the blast round the turrets of the castle of Lusignan the night before it was demolished. For the full story

the reader may consult the *Bibliothèque des Romans*.[1] Gervase of Tilbury (pp. 895 and 989) assures us that in his days the lovers of the Fadæ, or Fairies, were numerous, and describes the rules of their intercourse with as much accuracy as if he had himself been engaged in such an affair. Sir David Lindsay also informs us that a leopard is the proper armorial bearing of those who spring from such intercourse, because that beast is generated by adultery of the pard and lioness. He adds, that Merlin, the prophet, was the first who adopted this cognizance, because he was " borne of faarie in adultrè, and right sua the first duk of Guyenne was borne of a *fee*; and therefoir, the armes of Guyenne are a leopard " (*MS. on Heraldry*, Advocates' Library, w. 4, 13). While, however, the Fairy of warmer climes was thus held up as an object of desire and of affection, those of Britain, and more especially those of Scotland, were far from being so fortunate; but, retaining the unamiable qualities and diminutive size of the Gothic elves, they only exchanged that term for the more popular appellation of Fairies.

II. Indeed, so singularly unlucky were the British Fairies, that, as has already been hinted, amid the wreck of the Gothic mythology, consequent upon the introduction of Christianity, they seem to have preserved with difficulty their own distinct characteristics, while, at the same time, they engrossed the mischievous attributes of several other classes of subordinate spirits, acknowledged by the nations of the North. The abstraction of children, for example, the well-known practice of the modern Fairy, seems, by the ancient Gothic nations, to have rather been ascribed to a species of nightmare, or hag, than to the *berg-elfen*, or *duergar*. In the ancient legend of *St Margaret*, of which there is a Saxo-Norman copy in Hickes' *Thesaurus Linguar. Septen.*, and one, more modern, in the Auchinleck MSS., that lady encounters a fiend, whose profession it was, among other malicious tricks, to injure newborn children and their mothers; a practice afterwards imputed to the Fairies. Gervase of Tilbury, in the *Otia Imperialia*, mentions certain hags, or *Lamiæ*, who entered into houses in the night-time to oppress the inhabitants while asleep, injure their persons and property, and carry off their children. He likewise mentions the *Dracæ*, a sort of water-spirits, who inveigle women and children into the recesses which they inhabit, beneath lakes and rivers,

[1] Upon this, or some similar tradition, was founded the notion, which the inveteracy of national prejudice so easily diffused in Scotland, that the ancestor of the English monarchs, Geoffrey Plantagenet, had actually married a demon. Bowmaker, in order to explain the cruelty and ambition of Edward I, dedicates a chapter to show " how the kings of England are descended from the devil, by the mother's side " (Fordun, *Chron.*, lib. 9, cap. 6). The lord of a certain castle, called Espervel, was unfortunate enough to have a wife of the same class. Having observed, for several years, that she always left the chapel before the mass was concluded, the baron, in a fit of obstinacy or curiosity, ordered his guard to detain her by force, of which the consequence was that, unable to support the elevation of the host, she retreated through the air, carrying with her one side of the chapel and several of the congregation.

by floating past them, on the surface of the water, in the shape of gold rings or cups. The women, thus seized, are employed as nurses, and after seven years are permitted to revisit earth. Gervase mentions one woman, in particular, who had been allured by observing a wooden dish or cup float by her while washing clothes in a river. Being seized as soon as she reached the depths, she was conducted into one of these subterranean recesses, which she describes as very magnificent, and employed as nurse to one of the brood of the hag who had allured her. During her residence in this capacity, having accidentally touched one of her eyes with an ointment of serpent's grease, she perceived, at her return to the world, that she had acquired the faculty of seeing the *dracæ* when they intermingle themselves with men. Of this power she was, however, deprived by the touch of her ghostly mistress, whom she had one day incautiously addressed. It is a curious fact, that this story in almost all its parts is current in both the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, with no other variation than the substitution of Fairies for *dracæ*, and the cavern of a hill for that of a river.[1] These water fiends are thus characterized by Heywood in the *Hierarchie*:

> " Spirits, that have o'er water gouvernement,
> Are to mankind alike malevolent;
> They trouble seas, flouds, rivers, brookes, and wels,
> Meres, lakes, and love to enhabit watry cells;
> Hence noisome and pestiferous vapours raise;
> Besides, they men encounter divers ways.
> At wreckes some present are; another sort,
> Ready to cramp their joints that swim for sport:
> One kind of these, the Italians *fatæ* name,
> *Fee* the French, we *sybils*, and the same;
> Others *white nymphs*, and those that have them seen,
> *Night ladies* some, of which Habundia queen."
>
> *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*, p. 507.

The following Frisian superstition, related by Schott in his *Physica Curiosa*, p. 362, on the authority of Cornelius a Kempen, coincides more accurately with the popular opinions concerning the Fairies,

[1] Indeed, many of the vulgar account it extremely dangerous to touch anything which they may happen to find without *saining* (blessing) it, the snares of the Enemy being notorious and well attested. A poor woman of Teviotdale, having been fortunate enough, as she thought herself, to find a wooden beetle at the very time when she needed such an implement, seized it without pronouncing the proper blessing, and, carrying it home, laid it above her bed to be ready for employment in the morning. At midnight the window of her cottage opened, and a loud voice was heard calling upon some one within by a strange and uncouth name, which I have forgotten. The terrified cottager ejaculated a prayer which, we may suppose, insured her personal safety, while the enchanted implement of housewifery, tumbling from the bed-stead, departed by the window with no small noise and precipitation. In a humorous fugitive tract, the late Dr Johnson is introduced as disputing the authenticity of an apparition, merely because the spirit assumed the shape of a tea-pot and of a shoulder of mutton. No doubt a case so much in point as that we have now quoted would have removed his incredulity.

than even the *dracæ* of Gervase, or the water-spirits of Thomas Heywood: "In the time of the Emperor Lotharius, in 830," says he, "many spectres infested Friesland, particularly the white nymphs of the ancients, which the moderns denominate *witte wiven*, who inhabited a subterraneous cavern, formed in a wonderful manner, without human art, on the top of a lofty mountain. These were accustomed to surprise benighted travellers, shepherds watching their herds and flocks, and women newly delivered, with their children; and convey them into their caverns, from which subterranean murmurs, the cries of children, the groans and lamentations of men, and sometimes imperfect words, and all kinds of musical sounds, were heard to proceed." The same superstition is detailed by Bekker in his *World Bewitch'd*, p. 196 of the English translation. As the different classes of spirits were gradually confounded, the abstraction of children seems to have been chiefly ascribed to the elves, or Fairies; yet not so entirely as to exclude hags and witches from the occasional exertion of their ancient privilege. In Germany the same confusion of classes has not taken place. In the beautiful ballads of the *Erl King*, the *Water King*, and the *Mer-Maid*, we still recognize the ancient traditions of the Goths concerning the *wald-elven* and the *dracæ*.

A similar superstition, concerning abstraction by demons, seems, in the time of Gervase of Tilbury, to have pervaded the greatest part of Europe. "In Catalonia," says that author, "there is a lofty mountain, named Cavagum, at the foot of which runs a river with golden sands, in the vicinity of which there are likewise mines of silver. This mountain is steep, and almost inaccessible. On its top, which is always covered with ice and snow, is a black and bottomless lake, into which, if a stone be thrown, a tempest suddenly rises; and near this lake, though invisible to men, is the porch of the palace of demons. In a town adjacent to this mountain, named Junchera, lived one Peter de Cabinam. Being one day teazed with the fretfulness of his young daughter, he, in his impatience, suddenly wished that the devil might take her; when she was immediately borne away by the spirits. About seven years afterwards, an inhabitant of the same city, passing by the mountain, met a man, who complained bitterly of the burthen he was constantly forced to bear. Upon enquiring the cause of his complaining, as he did not seem to carry any load, the man related, that he had been unwarily devoted to the spirits by an execration, and that they now employed him constantly as a vehicle of burthen. As a proof of his assertion, he added, that the daughter of his fellow-citizen was detained by the spirits, but that they were willing to restore her, if her father would come and demand her on the mountain. Peter de Cabinam, on being informed of this, ascended the mountain to the lake, and, in the name of God, demanded his daughter; when, a tall, thin, withered figure, with wandering eyes, and almost bereft of understanding, was wafted to him in a blast of wind. After some time, the person, who had been

employed as the vehicle of the spirits, also returned, when he related where the palace of the spirits was situated; but added, that none were permitted to enter but those who devoted themselves entirely to the spirits; those who had been rashly committed to the devil by others, being only permitted, during their probation, to enter the porch." It may be proper to observe, that the superstitious idea, concerning the lake on the top of the mountain, is common to almost every high hill in Scotland. Wells, or pits, on the top of high hills, were likewise supposed to lead to the subterranean habitations of the Fairies. Thus Gervase relates (p. 975), " that he was informed the swine-herd of William Peverell, an English baron, having lost a brood-sow, descended through a deep abyss, in the middle of an ancient ruinous castle, situated on the top of a hill, called Bech, in search of it. Though a violent wind commonly issued from this pit, he found it calm; and pursued his way till he arrived at a subterraneous region, pleasant and cultivated, with reapers cutting down corn, though the snow remained on the surface of the ground above. Among the ears of corn he discovered his sow, and was permitted to ascend with her, and the pigs which she had farrowed." Though the author seems to think that the inhabitants of this cave might be Antipodes, yet, as many such stories are related of the Fairies, it is probable that this narration is of the same kind. Of a similar nature seems to be another superstition, mentioned by the same author, concerning the ringing of invisible bells, at the hour of one, in a field in the vicinity of Carleol, which, as he relates, was denominated *Laikibraine*, or *Lai ki brait*. From all these tales we may perhaps be justified in supposing that the faculties and habits ascribed to the Fairies, by the superstition of latter days, comprehended several originally attributed to other classes of inferior spirits.

III. The notions arising from the spirit of chivalry, combined to add to the Fairies certain qualities, less atrocious, indeed, but equally formidable with those which they derived from the last-mentioned source, and alike inconsistent with the powers of the *duergar*, whom we may term their primitive prototype. From an early period the daring temper of the northern tribes urged them to defy even the supernatural powers. In the days of Cæsar the Suevi were described, by their countrymen, as a people with whom the immortal gods dared not venture to contend. At a later period the historians of Scandinavia paint their heroes and champions, not as bending at the altar of their deities, but wandering into remote forests and caverns, descending into the recesses of the tomb, and extorting boons alike from gods and demons by dint of the sword and battle-axe. I will not detain the reader by quoting instances in which heaven is thus described as having been literally attempted by storm. He may consult Saxo, Olaus Wormius, Olaus Magnus, Torfæus, Bartholin, and other northern antiquaries. With such ideas of superior beings, the Normans, Saxons, and other Gothic tribes brought their ardent courage to ferment yet more highly in the genial climes of the south,

and under the blaze of romantic chivalry. Hence, during the dark ages, the invisible world was modelled after the material; and the saints, to the protection of whom the knights-errant were accustomed to recommend themselves, were accoutred like *preux chevaliers* by the ardent imaginations of their votaries. With such ideas concerning the inhabitants of the celestial regions, we ought not to be surprised to find the inferior spirits, of a more dubious nature and origin, equipped in the same disguise. Gervase of Tilbury (*Otia Imperial. ap. Script. rer. Brunsvic.*, vol. i, p. 797) relates the following popular story concerning a Fairy Knight: "Osbert, a bold and powerful baron, visited a noble family in the vicinity of Wandelbury, in the bishopric of Ely. Among other stories related in the social circle of his friends, who, according to custom, amused each other by repeating ancient tales and traditions, he was informed, that if any knight, unattended, entered an adjacent plain by moonlight, and challenged an adversary to appear, he would be immediately encountered by a spirit in the form of a knight. Osbert resolved to make the experiment, and set out, attended by a single squire, whom he ordered to remain without the limits of the plain, which was surrounded by an ancient entrenchment. On repeating the challenge, he was instantly assailed by an adversary, whom he quickly unhorsed, and seized the reins of his steed. During this operation, his ghostly opponent sprung up, and, darting his spear, like a javelin, at Osbert, wounded him in the thigh. Osbert returned in triumph with the horse, which he committed to the care of his servants. The horse was of a sable colour, as well as his whole accoutrements, and apparently of great beauty and vigour. He remained with his keeper till cock-crowing, when, with eyes flashing fire, he reared, spurned the ground, and vanished. On disarming himself, Osbert perceived that he was wounded, and that one of his steel boots was full of blood. Gervase adds, that as long as he lived, the scar of his wound opened afresh on the anniversary of the eve on which he encountered the spirit." [1] Less fortunate was the gallant Bohemian knight who, travelling by night with a single companion, came in sight of a fairy host, arrayed under displayed banners. Despising the remonstrances of his friend, the knight pricked forward to break a lance with a champion who advanced from the ranks, apparently in defiance. His companion

[1] The unfortunate Chatterton was not probably acquainted with Gervase of Tilbury, yet he seemed to allude, in the *Battle of Hastings*, to some modification of Sir Osbert's adventure:

> "So who they be that ouphant fairies strike,
> Their souls shall wander to King Offa's dike."

The entrenchment, which served as lists for the combatants, is said by Gervase to have been the work of the Pagan invaders of Britain. In the metrical romance of *Arthour and Merlin* we have also an account of Wandlesbury being occupied by the Sarasins, *i.e.*, the Saxons, for all Pagans were Saracens with the romancers. I presume the place to have been Wodnesbury, in Wiltshire, situated on the remarkable mound called Wansdike, which is obviously a Saxon work (Gough's *Camden's Britannia*, pp. 87–95).

beheld the Bohemian overthrown, horse and man, by his aerial adversary; and returning to the spot next morning he found the mangled corpse of the knight and steed (*Hierarchie of Blessed Angels*, p. 554).

To the same current of warlike ideas we may safely attribute the long train of military processions which the Fairies are supposed occasionally to exhibit. The elves indeed seem in this point to be identified with the aerial host, termed, during the middle ages, the *Milites Herlikini*, or *Herleurini*, celebrated by Pet. Blesensis, and termed, in the life of St Thomas of Canterbury, the *Familia Helliquinii*. The chief of this band was originally a gallant knight and warrior; but having spent his whole possessions in the service of the emperor, and being rewarded with scorn, and abandoned to subordinate oppression, he became desperate, and with his sons and followers formed a band of robbers. After committing many ravages, and defeating all the forces sent against him, Hellequin, with his whole troop, fell in a bloody engagement with the Imperial host. His former good life was supposed to save him from utter reprobation; but he and his followers were condemned, after death, to a state of wandering which should endure till the last day. Retaining their military habits, they were usually seen in the act of justing together, or in similar warlike employments. See the ancient French romance of *Richard sans Peur*. Similar to this was the *Nacht Lager*, or midnight camp, which seemed nightly to beleaguer the walls of Prague,

" With ghastly faces thronged, and fiery arms,"

but which disappeared upon recitation of the magical words, *Vezelé, Vezelé, ho! ho! ho!* For similar delusions, see Delrius, pp. 294, 295.

The martial spirit of our ancestors led them to defy these aerial warriors; and it is still currently believed that he who has courage to rush upon a fairy festival, and snatch from them their drinking cup, or horn, shall find it prove to him a cornucopia of good fortune, if he can bear it in safety across a running stream. Such a horn is said to have been presented to Henry I by a lord of Colchester (Gervas Tilb., p. 980). A goblet is still carefully preserved in Edenhall, Cumberland, which is supposed to have been seized at a banquet of the elves, by one of the ancient family of Musgrave; or, as others say, by one of their domestics, in the manner above described. The Fairy train vanished, crying aloud,

" If this glass do break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Edenhall!"

The goblet took a name from the prophecy, under which it is mentioned in the burlesque ballad, commonly attributed to the Duke of Wharton, but in reality composed by Lloyd, one of his jovial companions. The duke, after taking a draught, had nearly terminated the " luck of Edenhall," had not the butler caught the cup in a napkin as it dropped from his grace's hands. I understand it is not now

subjected to such risks, but the lees of wine are still apparent at the bottom.

"God prosper long, from being broke,
The luck of Edenhall."
Parody on Chevy Chace.

Some faint traces yet remain, on the Borders, of a conflict of a mysterious and terrible nature between mortals and the spirits of the wilds. The superstition is incidentally alluded to by Jackson, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The fern seed, which is supposed to become visible only on St John's Eve,[1] and at the very moment when the Baptist was born, is held by the vulgar to be under the special protection of the queen of Faëry. But as the seed was supposed to have the quality of rendering the possessor invisible at pleasure,[2] and to be also of sovereign use in charms and incantations, persons of courage, addicted to these mysterious arts, were wont to watch in solitude to gather it at the moment when it should become visible. The particular charms by which they fenced themselves during this vigil are now unknown; but it was reckoned a feat of no small danger, as the person undertaking it was exposed to the most dreadful assaults from spirits, who dreaded the effect of this powerful herb in the hands of a cabalist. "Much discourse," says Richard Bovet, "hath been about gathering of fern-seed (which is looked upon as a magical herb) on the night of Midsummer-eve; and I remember I was told of one that went to gather it, and the spirits whisk't by his ears like bullets, and sometimes struck his hat, and other parts of his body: in fine, though he apprehended he had gotten a quantity of it, and secured it in papers, and a box besides, when he came home, he found all empty. But, most probable, this appointing of times, and hours, is of the devil's own institution, as well as the fast, that having once ensnared people to an obedience to his rules, he may with more facility oblige them to a stricter vassalage" (*Pandæmonium*, Lond., 1684, p. 217). Such were the shades which the original superstition, concerning the Fairies, received from the chivalrous sentiments of the middle ages.

IV. An absurd belief in the fables of classical antiquity lent an

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[1] "Ne'er be I found by thee unawed,
On that thrice hallowed eve abroad,
When goblins haunt, from fire and fen,
And wood and lake, the steps of men."
Collins's *Ode to Fear.*

The whole history of St John the Baptist was, by our ancestors, accounted mysterious, and connected with their own superstitions. The fairy queen was sometimes identified with Herodias (Delrii, *Disquisitiones Magicæ*, pp. 168, 807). It is amusing to observe with what gravity the learned Jesuit contends that it is heresy to believe that this celebrated figurante (*saltatricula*) still leads choral dances upon earth!

[2] This is alluded to by Shakespeare and other authors of his time:

"We have the receipt of *fern-seed*; we walk invisible."
Henry IV, Part 1st, Act 2, Scene 3.

additional feature to the character of the woodland spirits of whom we treat. Greece and Rome had not only assigned tutelary deities to each province and city, but had peopled, with peculiar spirits, the Seas, the Rivers, the Woods, and the Mountains. The memory of the Pagan creed was not speedily eradicated in the extensive Provinces through which it was once universally received; and in many particulars it continued long to mingle with, and influence, the original superstitions of the Gothic nations. Hence we find the elves occasionally arrayed in the costume of Greece and Rome, and the Fairy Queen and her attendants transformed into Diana and her nymphs, and invested with their attributes and appropriate insignia (Delrius, pp. 168, 807). According to the same author, the Fairy Queen was also called *Habundia*. Like Diana, who in one capacity was denominated *Hecate*, the goddess of enchantment, the Fairy Queen is identified in popular tradition with the *Gyre-Carline*, *Gay Carline*, or mother witch of the Scottish peasantry. Of this personage, as an individual, we have but few notices. She is sometimes termed *Nicnevin*, and is mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, by Lindsay in his *Dreme*, p. 225, edit. 1590, and in his *Interludes*, *apud* Pinkerton's *Scottish Poems*, vol. ii, p. 18. But the traditionary accounts regarding her are too obscure to admit of explanation. In the burlesque fragment subjoined, which is copied from the Bannatyne MS., the Gyre Carline is termed the *Queen of Jowis* (Jovis, or perhaps Jews), and is, with great consistency, married to Mohammed.[1]

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[1] "In Tyberius tyme, the trew imperatour,
Quhen Tynto hills fra skraiping of toun-henis was keipit,
Thair dwelt ane grit Gyre Carling in awld Betokis bour,
That levit upoun Christiane menis flesche, and rewheids unleipit;
Thair wynit ane hir by, on the west syde, callit Blasour,
For luve of hir lauchane lippis, he walit and he weipit;
He gadderit ane menzie of modwartis to warp doun the tour;
The Carling with ane yren club, quhen yat Blasour sleipit,
Behind the heil scho hat him sic ane blaw,
Quhil Blasour bled ane quart
Off milk pottage inwart,
The Carling luche, and lut fart
North Berwik Law.

The King of Fary than come, with elfis many ane,
And sett ane sege, and ane salt, with grit pensallis of pryd;
And all the doggis fra Dunbar wes thair to Dumblane,
With all the tykis of Tervey, come to thame that tyd;
Thay quelle doune with thair gonnes mony grit stane,
The Carling schup hir on ane sow, and is her gaitis gane,
Grunting our the Greik sie, and durst na langer byd,
For bruklyng of bargane, and breiking of browis;
The Carling now for dispyte
Is mareit with Mahomyte,
And will the doggis interdyte,
For scho is quene of Jowis.

Sensyne the cockis of Crawmound crew nevir at day,
For dule of that devillisch deme wes with Mahoun mareit,

But chiefly in Italy were traced many dim characters of ancient mythology in the creed of tradition. Thus, so lately as 1536, Vulcan, with twenty of his Cyclops, is stated to have presented himself suddenly to a Spanish merchant, travelling in the night, through the forests of Sicily; an apparition which was followed by a dreadful eruption of Mount Ætna (*Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*, p. 504). Of this singular mixture the reader will find a curious specimen in the following tale, wherein the Venus of antiquity assumes the manners of one of the Fays, or Fatæ, of romance. "In the year 1058, a young man of noble birth had been married at Rome, and during the period of his nuptial feast, having gone with his companions to play at ball, he put his marriage ring on the finger of a broken statue of Venus in the area, to remain, while he was engaged in the recreation. Desisting from the exercise, he found the finger, on which he had put his ring, contracted firmly against the palm, and attempted in vain either to break it, or to disengage his ring. He concealed the circumstance from his companions, and returned at night with a servant, when he found the finger extended, and his ring gone. He dissembled the loss, and returned to his wife; but whenever he attempted to embrace her, he found himself prevented by something dark and dense, which was tangible, though not visible, interposing between them; and he heard a voice saying, 'Embrace me! for I am Venus, whom this day you wedded, and I will not restore your ring.' As this was constantly repeated, he consulted his relations, who had recourse to Palumbus, a priest, skilled in necromancy. He directed the young man to go, at a certain hour of night, to a spot among the ruins of ancient Rome, where four roads met, and wait silently till he saw a company pass by, and then, without uttering a word, to deliver a letter, which he gave him, to a majestic being, who rode in a chariot, after the rest of the company. The young man did as he was directed; and saw a company of all ages, sexes, and ranks, on horse and on foot, some joyful and others sad, pass along; among whom he distinguished a woman in a meretricious dress, who, from the tenuity of her garments, seemed almost naked. She rode on a mule; her long hair, which flowed over her shoulders, was bound with a golden fillet; and in her hand was a golden rod, with which she directed her mule. In the close of the procession, a tall majestic figure appeared in a chariot, adorned with emeralds and pearls, who fiercely asked the young man, 'What he did there?' He presented the letter in silence,

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And the henis of Hadingtoun sensyne wald not lay,
For this wild wibroun wich thame widlit sa and wareit;
And the same North Berwik Law, as I heir wyvis say,
This Carling, with a fals cast, wald away careit;
For to luck on quha sa lykis, na langer scho tareit;
All this languor for love before tymes fell,
Lang or Betok was born,
Scho bred of ane accorne;
The laif of the story to morne,
To you I sall telle."

which the demon dared not refuse. As soon as he had read, lifting up his hands to heaven, he exclaimed, 'Almighty God! how long wilt thou endure the iniquities of the sorcerer Palumbus!' and immediately dispatched some of his attendants, who, with much difficulty, extorted the ring from Venus, and restored it to its owner, whose infernal banns were thus dissolved" (*Forduni Scotichronicon*, vol. i, p. 407, *cura* Goodall).

But it is rather in the classical character of an infernal deity that the elfin queen may be considered, than as *Hecate*, the patroness of magic; for not only in the romance writers, but even in Chaucer are the fairies identified with the ancient inhabitants of the classical hell. Thus Chaucer, in his *Marchand's Tale*, mentions

> "Pluto that is king of fayrie—and
> Proserpine and all her fayrie."

In the *Golden Terge* of Dunbar the same phraseology is adopted. Thus,

> "Thair was Pluto that elricke incubus
> In cloke of grene, his court usit in sable."

Even so late as 1602, in Harsenet's *Declaration of Popish Imposture*, p. 57, Mercury is called *Prince of the Fairies*.

But Chaucer, and those poets who have adopted his phraseology, have only followed the romance-writers, for the same substitution occurs in the romance of *Orfeo and Heurodis*, in which the story of Orpheus and Eurydice is transformed into a beautiful romantic tale of faëry and the Gothic mythology engrafted on the fables of Greece. *Heurodis* is represented as wife of *Orfeo* and queen of Winchester, the ancient name of which city the romancer, with unparalleled ingenuity, discovers to have been Traciens, or Thrace. The monarch, her husband, had a singular genealogy:

> "His fader was comen of King Pluto,
> And his moder of King Juno;
> That sum time were as godes y-holde,
> For aventours that thai dede and tolde."

Reposing unwarily at noon, under the shade of an ymp tree,[1] *Heurodis* dreams that she is accosted by the King of Fairies:

> "With an hundred knights and mo,
> And damisels an hundred also,
> Al on snowe white stedes;
> As white as milk were her wedes
> Y no seigh never yete bifore,
> So fair creatours y-core:
> The kinge hadde a croun on hede,
> It nas of silver, no of golde red,
> Ac it was of a precious ston:
> As bright as the sonne it schon."

[1] *Ymp tree.*—According to the general acceptation, this only signifies a grafted tree; whether it should be here understood to mean a tree consecrated to the imps, or fairies, is left with the reader.

The King of Fairies, who had obtained power over the queen, perhaps from her sleeping at noon in his domain, orders her, under the penalty of being torn to pieces, to await him to-morrow under the ymp tree, and accompany him to Fairy-Land. She relates her dream to her husband, who resolves to accompany her and attempt her rescue:

"A morwe the under tide is come,
And Orfeo hath his armes y-nome,
And wele ten hundred knights with him,
Ich y-armed stout and grim;
And with the quen wenten he,
Right upon that ympe tre.
Thai made scheltrom in iche aside,
And sayd thai wold there abide,
And dye ther everichon,
Er the quen schuld fram hem gon:
Ac yete amiddes hem ful right,
The quen was oway y-twight,
With Fairi forth y-nome,
Men wizt never wher sche was become."

After this fatal catastrophe, *Orfeo*, distracted for the loss of his queen, abandons his throne, and with his harp retires into a wilderness, where he subjects himself to every kind of austerity, and attracts the wild beasts by the pathetic melody of his harp. His state of desolation is poetically described:

"He that werd the fowe and griis,
And on the bed the purpur biis,
Now on the hard hethe he lith,
With leves and gresse he him writh:
He that had castells and tours,
Rivers, forests, frith with flowers,
Now thei it commence to snewe and freze,
This king mot make his bed in mese:
He that had y-had knightes of priis,
Bifore him kneland and leuedis
Now seth he no thing that him liketh,
Bot wild wormes bi him striketh;
He that had y-had plente
Of mete and drink, of ich deynte,
Now may he al daye digge and wrote,
Er he find his fille of rote.
In somer he liveth bi wild fruit,
And verien bot gode lite.
In winter may he no thing find,
Bot rotes, grases, and the rinde.

. . . . . .

His here of his berd blac and rowe,
To his girdel stede was growe;
His harp, whereon was al his gle,
He hidde in ane holwe tre:
And, when the weder was clere and bright,
He toke his harp to him wel right,
And harped at his owen will,
Into al the wode the soun gan shill,

That al the wild bestes that ther beth
For joie abouten him thai teth;
And al the foules that ther wer,
Come and sete on ich a brere,
To here his harping a fine,
So miche melody was therein."

At last he discovers that he is not the sole inhabitant of this desert, for

"He might se him besides
Oft in hot undertides,
The King of Fairi, with his route,
Come to hunt him al about,
With dim cri and bloweing,
And houndes also with him berking;
Ac no best thai no nome,
No never he nist whider thai bi come.
And other while he might hem se
As a gret ost bi him te,
Well atourned ten hundred knightes,
Ich y-armed to his rightes,
Of cuntenance stout and fers,
With mane desplaid baners;
And ich his sword y-drawe hold,
Ac never he nist whider thai wold.
And otherwhile he seighe other thing;
Knightis and leuedis com daunceing,
In queynt atire gisely,
Queyete pas and softlie:
Tabours and trumpes gede hem bi,
And al maner menstraci.—
And on a day he seighe him biside,
Sexti leuedis on hors ride.
Gentil and jolif as brid on ris;
Nought o man amonges hem ther nis;
And ich a faucoun on hond bere,
And riden on hauken bi o river
Of game thai found wel gode haunt,
Maulardes, hayroun, and cormoraunt;
The foules of the water ariseth,
Ich faucoun hem wele deviseth,
Ich faucoun his pray slough,
That seize Orfeo and lough.
'Par fay,' quoth he, 'there is fair game
Hider Ichil bi Godes name,
Ich was y won swich work to se':
He aros, and thider gan te;
To a leuedie hi was y-come,
Bihelde, and hath wel under nome,
And seth, bi al thing, that is
His owen quen, dam Heurodis;
Gern hi biheld her, and sche him eke,
Ac nouther to other a word no speke:
For messais that sche on him seighe,
That had ben so riche and so heighe,
The teres fel out of her eighe;
The other leuedis this y-seighe,
And maked hir oway to ride,
Sche most with him no longer obide.

'Allas!' quoth he, 'nowe is mi woe,
Whi nil deth now me slo!
Allas! too long last mi liif,
When y no dare nought with mi wif,
Nor hye to me o word speke;
Allas whi nil miin hert breke!
Par fay,' quoth he, 'tide what betide,
Whider so this leuedis ride,
The selve way Ichil stretche;
Of liif, no dethe, me no reche.'"

In consequence, therefore, of this discovery, *Orfeo* pursues the hawking damsels, among whom he has descried his lost queen. They enter a rock, the king continues the pursuit and arrives at Fairy-Land, of which the following very poetical description is given:—

"In at roche the leuedis rideth,
And he after and nought abideth;
When he was in the roche y-go,
Wele thre mile other mo,
He com into a fair cuntray,
As bright soonne somers day,
Smothe and plain and al grene,
Hill no dale nas none ysene,
Amiddle the lond a castle he seighe,
Rich and reale and wonder heighe;
Al the utmast wal
Was cler and schine of cristal;
An hundred tours ther were about,
Degiselich and betaild stout;
The butrass come out of the diche
Of rede gold y-arched riche;
The bousour was anowed al,
Of ich maner deuers animal;
Within ther wer wide wones
Al of precious stones,
The werss piler onto biholde,
Was al of burnist gold:
Al that lond was ever light,
For when it schuld be therk and night,
The riche stonnes light gonne,
Bright as doth at nonne the sonne:
No man may tel, na thenke in thought,
The riche werk that ther was rought.

. . . . . .

Than he gan biholde about al,
And seighe ful liggeand with in the wal,
Of folk that wer thidder y-brought,
And thought dede and nere nought;
Sum stode with outen hadde;
And some none armes nade;
And sum thurch the bodi hadde wounde;
And sum lay wode y-bounde;
And sum armed on hors sete:
And sum astrangled as thai ete;
And sum war in water adreynt;
And sum with fire all for schreynt;
Wives ther lay on childe bedde;
Sum dede, and sum awedde;

And wonder fele ther lay besides,
Right as thai slepe her undertides;
Eche was thus in this warld y-nome,
With fairi thider y-come.[1]
There he seize his owhen wiif,
Dame Heurodis, his liif liif,
Slepe under an ympe tree:
Bi her clothes he knewe that it was she.

And when he had bihold this mervalis alle,
He went into the kinges halle;
Then seigh he there a semly sight,
A tabernacle blisseful and bright;
Ther in her maister king sete,
And her quen fair and swete;
Her crounes, her clothes schine so bright,
That unnethe bihold he hem might."

Orfeo and Heurodis, MS.

Orfeo, as a minstrel, so charms the Fairy King with the music of his harp that he promises to grant him whatever he should ask. He immediately demands his lost *Heurodis*, and, returning safely with her to Winchester, resumes his authority—a catastrophe less pathetic, indeed, but more pleasing than that of the classical story. The circumstances mentioned in this romantic legend correspond very exactly with popular tradition. Almost all the writers on demonology mention, as a received opinion, that the power of the demons is most predominant at noon and midnight. The entrance to the Land of Faëry is placed in the wilderness, a circumstance which coincides with a passage in Lindsay's *Complaint of the Papingo*:

"Bot sen my spreit mon from my bodye go,
I recommend it to the quene of Fary,
Eternally into her court to tarry
In *wilderness* amang the holtis hair."

Lindsay's *Works*, 1592, p. 222.

Chaucer also agrees in this particular with our romancer:

"In his sadel he clombe anon,
And priked over stile and ston,
An Elfe Quene for to espie;
Till he so long had riden and gone
That he fond in a privie wone
The countree of Faërie.

Wherein he soughte north and south,
And often spired with his mouth,
In many a foreste wilde;
For in that countree nas ther non,
That to him dorst ride or gon,
Neither wif ne childe."

Rime of Sir Thopas.

[1] It was perhaps from such a description that Ariosto adopted his idea of the Lunar Paradise, containing everything that on earth was stolen or lost.

V. Other two causes, deeply affecting the superstition of which we treat, remain yet to be noticed. The first is derived from the Christian religion, which admits only of two classes of spirits, exclusive of the souls of men—Angels, namely, and devils. This doctrine had a necessary tendency to abolish the distinction among subordinate spirits which had been introduced by the superstitions of the Scandinavians. The existence of the Fairies was readily admitted, but as they had no pretensions to the angelic character, they were deemed to be of infernal origin. The union, also, which had been formed betwixt the elves and the Pagan deities was probably of disservice to the former, since every one knows that the whole synod of Olympus were accounted demons.

The fulminations of the Church were, therefore, early directed against those who consulted or consorted with the Fairies; and, according to the inquisitorial logic, the innocuous choristers of Oberon and Titania were, without remorse, confounded with the sable inhabitants of the orthodox Gehennim; while the rings, which marked their revels, were assimilated to the blasted sward on which the witches held their infernal sabbath (*Delrii Disq. Mag.*, p. 179). This transformation early took place; for, among the many crimes for which the famous Joan of Arc was called upon to answer, it was not the least heinous that she had frequented the Tree and Fountain, near Dompré, which formed the rendezvous of the Fairies, and bore their name; that she had joined in the festive dance with the elves who haunted this charmed spot; had accepted of their magical bouquets, and availed herself of their talismans for the delivery of her country. *Vide Acta Judiciaria contra Johannam D'Arceam, vulgo vocatam Johanne la Pucelle.*

The Reformation swept away many of the corruptions of the Church of Rome, but the purifying torrent remained itself somewhat tinctured by the superstitious impurities of the soil over which it had passed. The trials of sorcerers and witches, which disgrace our criminal records, become even more frequent after the Reformation of the Church; as if human credulity, no longer amused by the miracles of Rome, had sought for food in the traditionary records of popular superstition. A Judaical observation of the precepts of the Old Testament also characterized the Presbyterian reformers. "*Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live*" was a text which at once (as they conceived) authorized their belief in sorcery, and sanctioned the penalty which they denounced against it. The Fairies were, therefore, in no better credit after the Reformation than before, being still regarded as actual demons, or something very little better. A famous divine, Doctor Jasper Brokeman, teaches us, in his system of divinity, "that they inhabit in those places that are polluted with any crying sin, as effusion of blood, or where unbelief or superstitione have gotten the upper hand" (*Description of Feroe*). The Fairies being on such bad terms with the divines, those who pretended to intercourse with them were, without scruple, punished as sorcerers, and such absurd

charges are frequently stated as exaggerations of crimes in themselves sufficiently heinous.

Such is the case in the trial of the noted Major Weir and his sister, where the following mummery interlards a criminal indictment, too infamously flagitious to be farther detailed: "9th April 1670. Jean Weir, indicted of sorceries, committed by her when she lived and kept a school at Dalkeith: that she took employment from a woman, to speak in her behalf to the *Queen of Fairii, meaning the devil*; and that another woman gave her a piece of a tree, or root, the next day, and did tell her, that as long as she kept the same, she should be able to do what she pleased; and that same woman, from whom she got the tree, caused her spread a cloth before her door, and set her foot upon it, and to repeat thrice, in the posture foresaid, these words, '*All her losses and crosses go alongst to the doors*,' which was truly a consulting with the devil, and an act of sorcery, &c. That after the spirit, in the shape of a woman, who gave her the piece of tree, had removed, she, addressing herself to spinning, and having spun but a short time, found more yarn upon the pirn than could possibly have come there by good means" [1] (*Books of Adjournal*).

Neither was the judgment of the criminal court of Scotland less severe against another familiar of the Fairies, whose supposed correspondence with the court of Elfland seems to have constituted the sole crime for which she was burned alive. Her name was Alison Pearson, and she seems to have been a very noted person. In a bitter satire against Adamson, Bishop of St Andrews, he is accused of consulting with sorcerers, particularly with this very woman, and an account is given of her travelling through Breadalbane in the company of the Queen of Faëry, and of her descrying, in the court of Elfland, many persons who had been supposed at rest in the peaceful grave.[2] Among these we find two remarkable personages, the

[1] It is observed in the record that Major Weir, a man of the most vicious character, was at the same time ambitious of appearing eminently godly, and used to frequent the beds of sick persons to assist them with his prayers. On such occasions, he put to his mouth a long staff which he usually carried, and expressed himself with uncommon energy and fluency, of which he was utterly incapable when the inspiring rod was withdrawn. This circumstance, the result probably of a trick or habit, appearing suspicious to the judges, the staff of the sorcerer was burned along with his person. One hundred and thirty years have elapsed since his execution, yet no one has during that space ventured to inhabit the house of this celebrated criminal.

[2] "For oght the kirk culd him forbid,
He sped him sone, and gat the thrid;
Ane carling of the Quene of Phareis,
That ewill win geir to elphyne careis;
Through all Brade Abane scho has bene,
On horsbak on Hallow ewin;
And ay in seiking certayne nightis,
As scho sayis with sur silly wychirs:
And names out nybours sex or sewin,
That we belevit had bene in heawin;

secretary, young Maitland of Lethington, and one of the old lairds of Buccleuch. The cause of their being stationed in Elfland probably arose from the manner of their decease, which, being uncommon and violent, caused the vulgar to suppose that they had been abstracted by the Fairies. Lethington, as is generally supposed, died a Roman death during his imprisonment in Leith, and the Buccleuch whom I believe to be here meant was slain in a nocturnal scuffle by the Kers, his hereditary enemies. Besides, they were both attached to the cause of Queen Mary and to the ancient religion, and were thence, probably, considered as more immediately obnoxious to the assaults of the powers of darkness.[1] The indictment of Alison Pearson notices her intercourse with the Archbishop of St Andrews, and contains some particulars, worthy of notice, regarding the court of Elfland. It runs thus: "28th May 1586. Alison Pearson, in Byrehill, convicted of witchcraft, and of consulting with evil spirits, in the form of one Mr William Sympsoune, her cosin, who she affirmed was a gritt scollar, and doctor of medicine, that healed her of her diseases when she was twelve years of age; having lost the power of her syde, and having a familiaritie with him for divers years, dealing with charms, and abuseing the common people by her arts of witchcraft, thir divers yeares by-past.

"*Item*, For hanting and repairing with the gude neighbours, and Queene of Elfland, thir divers years by-past, as she had confest; and that she had friends in that court, which were of her own blude, who had gude acquaintance of the Queene of Elfland, which might have helped her; but she was whiles well, and whiles ill, sometimes with them, and other times away frae them; and that she would be in her

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Scho said scho saw theme weill aneugh,
And speciallie gude auld Balcleuch,
The secretar, and sundrie uther:
Ane William Symsone, her mother brother,
Whom fra scho has resavit a buike
For ony herb scho likes to luke;
It will instruct her how to tak it,
In saws and sillubs how to mak it;
With stones that meikle mair can doe,
In leich craft, where scho lays them toe;
A thousand maladeis scho hes mendit;
Now being tane, and apprehendit,
Scho being in the bischopis cure,
And keipit in his castle sure,
Without respect of worldlie glamer,
He past into the witches chalmer."

Scottish Poems of XVI Century, Edin., 1801, vol. ii, p. 320.

[1] Buccleuch was a violent enemy to the English, by whom his lands had been repeatedly plundered (see Introduction), and a great advocate for the marriage betwixt Mary and the Dauphin, 1549. According to John Knox, he had recourse even to threats in urging the Parliament to agree to the French match. "The laird of Balcleuch," says the Reformer, "a bloody man, with many God's wounds, swore, they that would not consent should do worse."

bed haille and feire, and would not wytt where she would be the morn; and that she saw not the Queene this seven years, and that she was seven years ill handled in the court of Elfland; that, however, she had gude friends there, and that it was the gude neighbours that healed her, under God; and that she was comeing and going to St Andrews to haile folkes thir many years past.

"*Item*, Convict of the said act of witchcraft, in as far as she confest that the said Mr William Sympsoune, who was her guidsir sone, borne in Stireling, who was the King's smith, who, when about eight years of age, was taken away by ane Egyptian into Egypt; which Egyptian was a gyant, where he remained twelve years, and then came home.

"*Item*, That she being in Grange Muir, with some other folke, she, being sick, lay downe; and, when alone, there came a man to her, clad in green, who said to her, if she would be faithful, he would do her good; but she, being feared, cried out, but naebodye came to her; so she said, if he came in God's name, and for the gude of her saule, it was well; but he gaid away: that he appeared to her another time like a lustie man, and many men and women with him; that, at seeing him, she signed herself and prayed, and past with them, and saw them making merrie with pypes, and gude cheir and wine, and that she was carried with them; and that when she telled any of these things, she was sairlie tormentit by them; and that the first time she gaed with them, she gat a sair straike frae one of them, which took all the *poustie*[1] of her syde frae her, and left ane ill-far'd mark on her syde.

"*Item*, That she saw the gude neighbours make their sawes[2] with panns and fyres, and that they gathered the herbs before the sun was up, and they came verie fearful sometimes to her, and flaide[3] her verie sair, which made her cry, and threatened they would use her worse than before; and, at last, they took away the power of her haile syde frae her, which made her lye many weeks. Sometimes they would come and sitt by her, and promise all that she should never want, if she would be faithful, but if she would speak and telle of them, they should murther her; and that Mr William Sympsoune is with them, who healed her and telt her all things; that he is a young man not six years older than herself, and that he will appear to her before the court comes; that he told her he was taken away by them, and he bid her sign herself that she be not taken away, for the teind of them are tane to hell everie year.

"*Item*, That the said Mr William told her what herbs were fit to cure every disease, and how to use them; and particularlie tauld, that the Bishop of St Andrews laboured under sindrie diseases, sic as the ripples, trembling, fever, flux, &c. and bade her make a sawe, and anoint several parts of his body therewith, and gave directions for making a posset, which she made and gave him."

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[1] Power. [2] Salves. [3] Scared.

For this idle story the poor woman actually suffered death. Yet, notwithstanding the fervent arguments thus liberally used by the orthodox, the common people, though they dreaded even to think or speak about the Fairies, by no means unanimously acquiesced in the doctrine which consigned them to eternal perdition. The inhabitants of the Isle of Man call them the "*good people*; and say they live in wilds and forests, and on mountains, and shun great cities, because of the wickedness acted therein: all the houses are blessed where they visit, for they fly vice. A person would be thought impudently prophane who should suffer his family to go to bed, without having first set a tub, or pail, full of clean water, for those guests to bathe themselves in, which the natives aver they constantly do, as soon as ever the eyes of the family are closed, wherever they vouchsafe to come" (Waldron's *Works*, p. 126). There are some curious and perhaps anomalous facts concerning the history of Fairies, in a sort of Cock-lane narrative, contained in a letter from Moses Pitt to Dr Edward Fowler, Lord Bishop of Gloucester, printed at London in 1696, and preserved in Morgan's *Phœnix Britannicus*, 4to, London, 1732.

Anne Jefferies was born in the parish of St Teath in the county of Cornwall in 1626. Being the daughter of a poor man, she resided as servant in the house of the narrator's father, and waited upon the narrator himself in his childhood. As she was knitting stockings in an arbour of the garden, "six small people, all in green clothes," came suddenly over the garden wall; at the sight of whom, being much frightened, she was seized with convulsions, and continued so long sick that she became as a changeling, and was unable to walk. During her sickness she frequently exclaimed, "They are just gone out of the window! they are just gone out of the window! do you not see them?" These expressions, as she afterwards declared, related to their disappearing. During the harvest, when every one was employed, her mistress walked out; and dreading that Anne, who was extremely weak and silly, might injure herself or the house, by the fire, with some difficulty persuaded her to walk in the orchard till her return. She accidentally hurt her leg, and, at her return, Anne cured it by stroking it with her hand. She appeared to be informed of every particular, and asserted that she had this information from the Fairies, who had caused the misfortune. After this she performed numerous cures, but would never receive money for them. From harvest time to Christmas she was fed by the Fairies, and ate no other victuals but theirs. The narrator affirms, that looking one day through the keyhole of the door of her chamber he saw her eating, and that she gave him a piece of bread, which was the most delicious he ever tasted. The Fairies always appeared to her in even numbers, never less than two nor more than eight at a time. She had always a sufficient stock of salves and medicines, and yet neither made nor purchased any; nor did she ever appear to be in want of money. She one day gave a silver cup, containing about a quart,

to the daughter of her mistress, a girl about four years old, to carry to her mother, who refused to receive it. The narrator adds, that he had seen her dancing in the orchard among the trees, and that she informed him she was then dancing with the Fairies. The report of the strange cures which she performed, soon attracted the attention of both ministers and magistrates. The ministers endeavoured to persuade her that the Fairies, by which she was haunted, were evil spirits, and that she was under the delusion of the devil. After they had left her she was visited by the Fairies, while in great perplexity; who desired her to cause those who termed them evil spirits to read that place of scripture, *First Epistle of John*, chap. iv, 1: *Dearly beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they are of God*, etc. Though Anne Jefferies could not read, she produced a Bible folded down at this passage. By the magistrates she was confined three months, without food, in Bodmin jail, and afterwards for some time in the house of Justice Tregeagle. Before the constable appeared to apprehend her, she was visited by the Fairies, who informed her what was intended, and advised her to go with him. When this account was given, on May 1, 1696, she was still alive; but refused to relate any particulars of her connexion with the Fairies, or the occasion on which they deserted her, lest she should again fall under the cognizance of the magistrates.

Anne Jefferies' Fairies were not altogether singular in maintaining their good character in opposition to the received opinion of the Church. Aubrey and Lilly, unquestionably judges in such matters, had a high opinion of these beings, if we may judge from the following succinct and business-like memorandum of a ghost-seer: "*Anno* 1670. Not far from Cirencester was an apparition. Being demanded whether a good spirit or a bad, returned no answer, but disappeared with a curious perfume, and most melodious twang. M. W. Lilly believes it was a fairie. So Propertius,

> "Omnia finierat; tenues secessit in auras,
> Mansit odor, possis scire fuisse Deam!"
>
> Aubrey's *Miscellanies*, p. 80.

Webster gives an account of a person who cured diseases by means of a white powder. "To this I shall only add thus much, that the man was accused for invoking and calling upon evil spirits, and was a very simple and illiterate person to any man's judgment, and had formerly been very poor, but had gotten some pretty little means to maintain himself, his wife, and diverse small children, by his cures done with his white powder, of which there were sufficient proofs; and the judge asking him how he came by the powder, he told a story to this effect. That one night, before day was gone, as he was going home from his labour, being very sad and full of heavy thoughts, not knowing how to get meat and drink for his wife and children, he met a fair woman in fine clothes, who asked him why he was so sad, and he told her that it was by reason of his poverty, to which she said,

that if he would follow her counsel, she would help him to that which would serve to get him a good living; to which he said he would consent with all his heart, so it were not by unlawful ways: she told him that it should not be by any such ways, but by doing good, and curing of sick people; and so warning him strictly to meet her there the next night, at the same time, she departed from him, and he went home. And the next night, at the time appointed, he duly waited, and she (according to promise) came, and told him that it was well that he came so duly, otherwise he had missed that benefit, that she intended to do unto him, and so bade him follow her, and not be afraid. Thereupon she led him to a little hill, and she knocked three times, and the hill opened, and they went in, and came to a fair hall, wherein was a Queen sitting in great state, and many people about her, and the gentlewoman that brought him presented him to the Queen, and she said he was welcome, and bid the gentlewoman give him some of the white powder, and teach him how to use it, which she did, and gave him a little wood box full of the white powder, and bade him give two or three grains of it to any that were sick, and it would heal them; and so she brought him forth of the hill, and so they parted. And, being asked by the judge, whether the place within the hill, which he called a hall, were light or dark, he said, indifferent, as it is with us in the twilight; and being asked how he got more powder, he said, when he wanted, he went to that hill, and knocked three times, and said every time, I am coming, I am coming, whereupon it opened, and he, going in, was conducted by the aforesaid woman to the Queen, and so had more powder given him. This was the plain and simple story (however it may be judged of) that he told before the judge, the whole court, and the jury; and there being no proofs, but what cures he had done to very many, the jury did acquit him: and I remember the judge said, when all the evidence was heard, that if he were to assign his punishment, he should be whipped from thence to Fairy-hall; and did seem to judge it to be a delusion or an imposture" (Webster's *Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, p. 301).

A rustic, also, whom Jackson taxed with magical practices, about 1620, obstinately denied that the good King of the Fairies had any connexion with the devil; and some of the Highland seers, even in our day, have boasted of their intimacy with the elves, as an innocent and advantageous connexion. One Macoan, in Appin, the last person eminently gifted with the second sight, professed to my learned and excellent friend, Mr Ramsay, of Ochtertyre, that he owed his prophetic visions to their intervention.

VI. There remains yet another cause to be noticed, which seems to have induced a considerable alteration into the popular creed of England, respecting Fairies. Many poets of the sixteenth century, and, above all, our immortal Shakespeare, deserting the hackneyed fictions of Greece and Rome, sought for machinery in the superstitions of their native country. "The fays, which nightly dance upon the

wold," were an interesting subject; and the creative imagination of the bard, improving upon the vulgar belief, assigned to them many of those fanciful attributes and occupations which posterity have since associated with the name of Fairy. In such employments, as raising the drooping flower, and arranging the disordered chamber, the Fairies of South Britain gradually lost the harsher character of the dwarfs, or elves. Their choral dances were enlivened by the introduction of the merry goblin *Puck*,[1] for whose freakish pranks they exchanged their original mischievous propensities. The Fairies of Shakespeare, Drayton, and Mennis, therefore, at first exquisite fancy portraits, may be considered as having finally operated a change in the original which gave them birth.[2]

While the fays of South Britain received such attractive and poetical embellishments, those of Scotland, who possessed no such advantage, retained more of their ancient and appropriate character. Perhaps, also, the persecution which these sylvan deities underwent at the instance of the stricter Presbyterian clergy had its usual effect in hardening their dispositions, or at least in rendering them more dreaded by those among whom they dwelt. The face of the country, too, might have had some effect; as we should naturally attribute a less malicious disposition, and a less frightful appearance, to the fays who glide by moonlight through the oaks of Windsor, than to those who haunt the solitary heaths and lofty mountains of the north. The fact at least is certain, and it has not escaped a late ingenious traveller, that the character of the Scottish Fairy is more harsh and terrific than that which is ascribed to the elves of our sister kingdom. See Stoddart's *View of Scenery and Manners in Scotland.*

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[1] Robin Goodfellow, or Hobgoblin, possesses the frolicsome qualities of the French *Lutin.* For his full character the reader is referred to the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry.* The proper livery of this sylvan Momus is to be found in an old play. "Enter Robin Goodfellow, in a suit of leather, close to his body, his hands and face coloured russet colour, with a flail" (*Grim, the Collier of Croydon,* Act 4, Scene 1). At other times, however, he is presented in the vernal livery of the elves, his associates:

> "*Tim.* I have made
> Some speeches, sir, in verse, which have been spoke
> By a *green Robin Goodfellow*, from Cheapside conduit,
> To my father's company."
>
> *The City Match*, Act 1, Scene 6.

[2] The Fairyland, and Fairies of Spenser, have no connexion with popular superstition, being only words used to denote a Utopian scene of action, and imaginary and allegorical characters; and the title of the "Fairy Queen" being probably suggested by the elfin mistress of Chaucer's *Sir Thopas.* The stealing of the Red Cross Knight, while a child, is the only incident in the poem which approaches to the popular character of the Fairy:

> "A Fairy thee unweeting reft;
> There as thou sleptst in tender swadling band,
> And her base elfin brood there for thee left.
> Such men do changelings call, so chang'd by Fairies theft."
>
> Book I, Canto 10.

Some curious particulars concerning the *Daoine Shie*, or *Men of Peace*, for so the Highlanders call Fairies, may be found in Dr Graham's *Sketches of Picturesque Scenery on the Southern Confines of Perthshire*. They are, though not absolutely malevolent, believed to be a peevish, repining, and envious race, who enjoy, in the subterranean recesses, a kind of shadowy splendour. The Highlanders are at all times unwilling to speak of them, but especially on *Friday*, when their influence is supposed to be particularly extensive. As they are supposed to be invisibly present, they are at all times to be spoken of with respect.

The Fairies of Scotland are represented as a diminutive race of beings, of a mixed, or rather dubious nature, capricious in their dispositions, and mischievous in their resentment. They inhabit the interior of green hills, chiefly those of a conical form, in Gaelic termed *Sighan*, on which they lead their dances by moonlight; impressing upon the surface the marks of circles, which sometimes appear yellow and blasted, sometimes of a deep green hue, and within which it is dangerous to sleep, or to be found after sunset. The removal of those large portions of turf, which thunderbolts sometimes scoop out of the ground with singular regularity, is also ascribed to their agency. Cattle, which are suddenly seized with the cramp, or some similar disorder, are said to be *elf-shot*; and the approved cure is to chafe the parts affected with a blue bonnet, which, it may readily be believed, often restores the circulation. The triangular flints frequently found in Scotland, with which the ancient inhabitants probably barbed their shafts, are supposed to be the weapons of Fairy resentment, and are termed *elf arrow-heads*. The rude brazen battle-axes of the ancients, commonly called *celts*, are also ascribed to their manufacture. But, like the Gothic duergar, their skill is not confined to the fabrication of arms; for they are heard sedulously hammering in linns, precipices, and rocky or cavernous situations, where, like the dwarfs of the mines mentioned by Georg. Agricola, they busy themselves in imitating the actions and the various employments of men. The brook of Beaumont, for example, which passes in its course by numerous linns and caverns, is notorious for being haunted by the Fairies; and the perforated and rounded stones, which are formed by trituration in its channel, are termed by the vulgar, fairy cups and dishes. A beautiful reason is assigned by Fletcher for the fays frequenting streams and fountains. He tells us of

> "A virtuous well, about whose flowery banks
> The nimble-footed Fairies dance their rounds,
> By the pale moon-shine, dipping oftentimes
> Their stolen children, so to make them free
> From dying flesh, and dull mortality."
>
> *Faithful Shepherdess.*

It is sometimes accounted unlucky to pass such places without performing some ceremony to avert the displeasure of the elves. There is, upon the top of Minchmuir, a mountain in Peeblesshire, a

spring called the *Cheese Well*, because, anciently, those who passed that way were wont to throw into it a piece of cheese, as an offering to the Fairies, to whom it was consecrated.

Like the *feld elfen* of the Saxons, the usual dress of the Fairies is green; though, on the moors, they have been sometimes observed in heath-brown, or in weeds dyed with the stoneraw, or lichen.[1] They often ride in invisible procession, when their presence is discovered by the shrill ringing of their bridles. On these occasions they sometimes borrow mortal steeds; and when such are found at morning, panting and fatigued in their stalls, with their manes and tails dishevelled and entangled, the grooms, I presume, often find this a convenient excuse for their situation; as the common belief of the elves quaffing the choicest liquors in the cellars of the rich (see the story of Lord Duffus, below) might occasionally cloak the delinquencies of an unfaithful butler.

The Fairies, beside their equestrian processions, are addicted, it would seem, to the pleasures of the chase. A young sailor travelling by night from Douglas, in the Isle of Man, to visit his sister residing in Kirk Merlugh, heard the noise of horses, the holloa of a huntsman, and the sound of a horn. Immediately afterwards, thirteen horsemen, dressed in green and gallantly mounted, swept past him. Jack was so much delighted with the sport that he followed them, and enjoyed the sound of the horn for some miles; and it was not till he arrived at his sister's house that he learned the danger which he had incurred. I must not omit to mention, that these little personages are expert jockeys, and scorn to ride the little Manks ponies, though apparently well suited to their size. The exercise, therefore, falls heavily upon the English and Irish horses brought into the Isle of Man. Mr Waldron was assured by a gentleman of Ballafletcher, that he had lost three or four capital hunters by these nocturnal excursions (Waldron's *Works*, p. 132). From the same author we learn, that the Fairies sometimes take more legitimate modes of procuring horses. A person of the utmost integrity informed him, that, having occasion to sell a horse, he was accosted among the mountains by a little gentleman plainly dressed, who priced his horse, cheapened him, and after some chaffering finally purchased him. No sooner had the buyer mounted, and paid the price, than he sunk through the earth, horse and man, to the astonishment and terror of the seller; who experienced, however, no inconvenience from dealing with so extraordinary a purchaser (*ibid.*, p. 135).

It is hoped the reader will receive, with due respect, these and similar stories told by Mr Waldron; for he himself, a scholar and a gentleman, informs us, "as to circles in grass, and the impressions of small feet among the snow, I cannot deny but I have seen them frequently, and once thought I heard a whistle, as though in my ear, when nobody that could make it was near me." In this passage there

[1] Hence the hero of the ballad is termed an "elfin grey."

is a curious picture of the contagious effects of a superstitious atmosphere. Waldron had lived so long among the Manks, that he was almost persuaded to believe their legends.

The worthy Captain George Burton communicated to Richard Bovet, gent., author of the interesting work entitled, *Pandæmonium, or the Devil's Cloister Opened*, the following singular account of a lad called the *Fairy Boy* of Leith, who, it seems, acted as drummer to the elves, who weekly held rendezvous in the Calton Hill, near Edinburgh.

"About fifteen years since, having business that detained me for some time at Leith, which is near Edinburgh, in the kingdom of Scotland, I often met some of my acquaintance at a certain house there, where we used to drink a glass of wine for our refection; the woman which kept the house was of honest reputation among the neighbours, which made me give the more attention to what she told me one day about a fairy boy (as they called him) who lived about that town. She had given me so strange an account of him, that I desired her that I might see him the first opportunity, which she promised; and not long after, passing that way, she told me there was the fairy boy, but a little before I came by; and, casting her eye into the street, said, 'Look, you, sir, yonder he is at play with those other boys,' and designing him to me, I went, and by smooth words, and a piece of money, got him to come into the house with me; where, in the presence of divers people, I demanded of him several astrological questions, which he answered with great subtilty; and, through all his discourse, carried it with a cunning much above his years, which seemed not to exceed ten or eleven.

"He seemed to make a motion like drumming upon the table with his fingers, upon which I asked him, Whether he could beat a drum? To which he replied, Yes, sir, as well as any man in Scotland; for every Thursday night I beat all points to a sort of people that used to meet under yonder hill (pointing to the great hill between Edinburgh and Leith). How, boy? quoth I, What company have you there? There are, sir (said he), a great company both of men and women, and they are entertained with many sorts of musick, besides my drum; they have, besides, plenty of variety of meats and wine, and many times we are carried into France or Holland in a night, and return again, and, whilst we are there, we enjoy all the pleasures the country doth afford. I demanded of him, how they got under that hill? To which he replied, that there were a great pair of gates that opened to them, though they were invisible to others; and that within there were brave large rooms, as well accommodated as most in Scotland. I then asked him, How I should know what he said to be true? Upon which he told me he would read my fortune, saying, I should have two wives, and that he saw the forms of them sitting on my shoulders; that both would be very handsome women. As he was thus speaking, a woman of the neighbourhood coming into the room, demanded of him, What her fortune should

be? He told her that she had two bastards before she was married, which put her in such a rage, that she desired not to hear the rest.

"The woman of the house told me, that all the people in Scotland could not keep him from the rendezvous on Thursday night; upon which, by promising him some more money, I got a promise of him to meet me at the same place, in the afternoon, the Thursday following, and so dismist him at that time. The boy came again, at the place and time appointed, and I had prevailed with some friends to continue with me (if possible) to prevent his moving that night. He was placed between us, and answered many questions, until, about eleven of the clock, he was got away unperceived of the company, but I, suddenly missing him, hasted to the door, and took hold of him, and so returned him into the same room; we all watched him, and, on a sudden, he was again out of doors; I followed him close, and he made a noise in the street, as if he had been set upon; but from that time I could never see him. GEORGE BURTON."

Pandæmonium, or the Devil's Cloyster. By Richard Bovet, Gent. Lond., 1684, p. 172.

From the *History of the Irish Bards*, by Mr Walker, and from the glossary subjoined to the lively and ingenious tale of *Castle Rackrent*, we learn, that the same ideas concerning Fairies are current among the vulgar in that country. The latter authority mentions their inhabiting the ancient tumuli, called *Barrows*, and their abstracting mortals. They are termed "the good people"; and when an eddy of wind raises loose dust and sand the vulgar believe that it announces a Fairy procession, and bid God speed their journey.

The Scottish Fairies, in like manner, sometimes reside in subterranean abodes in the vicinity of human habitations, or, according to the popular phrase, under the "door-stane," or threshold; in which situation they sometimes establish an intercourse with men by borrowing and lending, and other kindly offices. In this capacity they are termed "the good neighbours," [1] from supplying privately the wants of their friends, and assisting them in all their transactions,

[1] Perhaps this epithet is only one example among many of the extreme civility which the vulgar in Scotland use towards spirits of a dubious, or even a determinedly mischievous, nature. The archfiend himself is often distinguished by the softened title of the "goodman." This epithet, so applied, must sound strange to a southern ear; but as the phrase bears various interpretations, according to the places where it is used, so, in the Scottish dialect, the *goodman of such a place* signifies the tenant, or life-renter, in opposition to the laird, or proprietor. Hence the devil is termed the goodman, or tenant, of the infernal regions. In the book of the *Universal Kirk*, 13th May 1594, mention is made of "the horrible superstitioune usit in Garioch, and dyvers parts of the countrie, in not labouring a parcel of ground dedicated to the devil, under the title of the *Guid-Man's Croft*." Lord Hailes conjectured this to have been the *temnos* adjoining to some ancient Pagan temple. The unavowed, but obvious, purpose of this practice was to avert the destructive rage of Satan from the neighbouring possessions. It required various fulminations of the General Assembly of the Kirk to abolish a practice bordering so nearly upon the doctrine of the Magi.

while their favours are concealed. Of this the traditionary story of Sir Godfrey Macculloch forms a curious example.

As this Gallovidian gentleman was taking the air on horseback, near his own house, he was suddenly accosted by a little old man arrayed in green and mounted upon a white palfrey. After mutual salutation, the old man gave Sir Godfrey to understand that he resided under his habitation, and that he had great reason to complain of the direction of a drain, or common sewer, which emptied itself directly into his chamber of dais.[1] Sir Godfrey Macculloch was a good deal startled at this extraordinary complaint; but, guessing the nature of the being he had to deal with, he assured the old man, with great courtesy, that the direction of the drain should be altered; and caused it to be done accordingly. Many years afterwards Sir Godfrey had the misfortune to kill, in a fray, a gentleman of the neighbourhood. He was apprehended, tried, and condemned.[2] The scaffold upon which his head was to be struck off, was erected on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh; but hardly had he reached the fatal spot, when the old man, upon his white palfrey, pressed through the crowd with the rapidity of lightning. Sir Godfrey, at his command, sprung on behind him; the "good neighbour" spurred his horse down the steep bank, and neither he nor the criminal were ever again seen.

The most formidable attribute of the elves was their practice of carrying away and exchanging children; and that of stealing human souls from their bodies. "A persuasion prevails among the ignorant," says the author of a MS. history of Moray, "that in a consumptive disease, the Fairies steal away the soul, and put the soul of a Fairy in the room of it." This belief prevails chiefly along the eastern coast of Scotland, where a practice, apparently of druidical origin, is used to avert the danger. In the increase of the March moon, withies of oak and ivy are cut and twisted into wreaths or circles, which they preserve till next March. After that period, when persons are consumptive, or children hectic, they cause them to pass thrice through these circles. In other cases the cure was more rough, and at least as dangerous as the disease, as will appear from the following extract:—

"There is one thing remarkable in this parish of Suddie (in Inverness-shire) which I think proper to mention. There is a small hill N.W. from the church, commonly called Therdy Hill, or Hill of Therdie, as some term it; on the top of which there is a well, which I had the curiosity to view, because of the several reports concerning it. When children happen to be sick, and languish long in their malady, so that they almost turn skeletons, the common people imagine they are taken away (at least the substance) by spirits, called

[1] The best chamber was thus currently denominated in Scotland, from the French *dais*, signifying that part of the ancient halls which was elevated above the rest, and covered with a canopy. The turf-seats which occupy the sunny side of a cottage wall are also termed the *dais*.

[2] In this particular, tradition coincides with the real fact; the trial took place in 1697.

Fairies, and the shadow left with them; so at a particular season in summer, they leave them all night, themselves watching at a distance, near this well, and this they imagine will either *end or mend them*; they say many more do recover than do not. Yea, an honest tenant who lives hard by it, and whom I had the curiosity to discourse about it, told me it has recovered some, who were about eight or nine years of age, and to his certain knowledge, they bring adult persons to it; for, as he was passing one dark night, he heard groanings, and coming to the well, he found a man, who had been long sick, wrapped in a plaid, so that he could scarcely move, a stake being fixed in the earth, with a rope, or tedder, that was about the plaid; he had no sooner enquired what he was, but he conjured him to loose him, and out of sympathy he was pleased to slacken that, wherein he was, as I may so speak, swaddled; but, if I right remember, he signified, he did not recover" (*Account of the Parish of Suddie, apud* Macfarlane's MSS.).

According to the earlier doctrine concerning the original corruption of human nature, the power of demons over infants had been long reckoned considerable in the period intervening between birth and baptism. During this period, therefore, children were believed to be particularly liable to abstraction by the fairies, and mothers chiefly dreaded the substitution of changelings in the place of their own offspring. Various monstrous charms existed in Scotland for procuring the restoration of a child which had been thus stolen; but the most efficacious of them was supposed to be the roasting of the supposititious child upon the live embers, when it was believed it would vanish, and the true child appear in the place whence it had been originally abstracted.[1] It may be questioned if this experiment could now be made without the animadversion of the law. Even that which is prescribed in the following legend is rather too hazardous for modern use:—

"A certain woman having put out her child to nurse in the country, found, when she came to take it home, that its form was so much altered, that she scarce knew it; nevertheless, not knowing what time might do, took it home for her own. But when, after some years, it could neither speak nor go, the poor woman was fain to carry it, with much trouble, in her arms; and one day, a poor man coming to the door, 'God bless you, mistress,' said he, 'and your poor child; be pleased to bestow something on a poor man.' 'Ah! this child,' replied she, 'is the cause of all my sorrow,' and related what had happened, adding, moreover, that she thought it changed, and none of her child. The old man, whom years had rendered more prudent

[1] Less perilous recipes were sometimes used. The Editor is possessed of a small relique termed by tradition a toad-stone, the influence of which was supposed to preserve pregnant women from the power of demons and other dangers incidental to their situation. It has been carefully preserved for several generations, was often pledged for considerable sums of money, and uniformly redeemed, from a belief in its efficacy.

in such matters, told her, to find out the truth, she should make a clear fire, sweep the hearth very clean, and place the child fast in his chair, that he might not fall, before it, and break a dozen eggs, and place the four-and-twenty half-shells before it; then go out, and listen at the door: for, if the child spoke, it was certainly a changeling; and then she should carry it out, and leave it on the dunghill to cry, and not to pity it, till she heard its voice no more. The woman, having done all things according to these words, heard the child say, 'Seven years old was I before I came to the nurse, and four years have I lived since, and never saw so many milk pans before.' So the woman took it up, and left it upon the dunghill to cry, and not to be pitied, till at last she thought the voice went up into the air; and coming, found there her own natural and well favoured child" (Grose's *Provincial Glossary*, quoted from *A Pleasant Treatise on Witchcraft*).

The most minute and authenticated account of an exchanged child is to be found in Waldron's *Isle of Man*, a book from which I have derived much legendary information. "I was prevailed upon myself," says that author, "to go and see a child, who, they told me, was one of these changelings, and, indeed, must own, was not a little surprised, as well as shocked, at the sight. Nothing under heaven could have a more beautiful face; but, though between five and six years old, and seemingly healthy, he was so far from being able to walk or stand, that he could not so much as move any one joint; his limbs were vastly long for his age, but smaller than any infant's of six months; his complexion was perfectly delicate, and he had the finest hair in the world. He never spoke nor cried, ate scarce any thing, and was very seldom seen to smile; but if any one called him a *fairy-elf*, he would frown, and fix his eyes so earnestly on those who said it, as if he would look them through. His mother, or at least his supposed mother, being very poor, frequently went out a chareing, and left him a whole day together. The neighbours, out of curiosity, have often looked in at the window, to see how he behaved while alone; which whenever they did, they were sure to find him laughing, and in the utmost delight. This made them judge that he was not without company, more pleasing to him than any mortals could be; and what made this conjecture seem the more reasonable, was, that if he were left ever so dirty, the woman, at her return, saw him with a clean face, and his hair combed with the utmost exactness and nicety" (p. 128).

Waldron gives another account of a poor woman to whose offspring, it would seem, the Fairies had taken a special fancy. A few nights after she was delivered of her first child, the family were alarmed by a dreadful cry of "Fire!" All flew to the door, while the mother lay trembling in bed, unable to protect her infant, which was snatched from the bed by an invisible hand. Fortunately, the return of the gossips, after the causeless alarm, disturbed the Fairies, who dropped the child, which was found sprawling and shrieking upon the threshold.

At the good woman's second *accouchement*, a tumult was heard in the cow-house, which drew thither the whole assistants. They returned when they found that all was quiet among the cattle, and lo! the second child had been carried from the bed and dropped in the middle of the lane. But upon the third occurrence of the same kind, the company were again decoyed out of the sick woman's chamber by a false alarm, leaving only a nurse, who was detained by the bonds of sleep. On this last occasion, the mother plainly saw her child removed, though the means were invisible. She screamed for assistance to the nurse; but the old lady had partaken too deeply of the cordials which circulate on such joyful occasions, to be easily awakened. In short, the child was this time fairly carried off, and a withered, deformed creature left in its stead, quite naked, with the clothes of the abstracted infant rolled in a bundle by its side. This creature lived nine years, ate nothing but a few herbs, and neither spoke, stood, walked, nor performed any other functions of mortality; resembling in all respects the changeling already mentioned (Waldron's *Works*, *ibid.*).

But the power of the Fairies was not confined to unchristened children alone; it was supposed frequently to extend to full-grown persons, especially such as, in an unlucky hour, were devoted to the devil by the execration of parents and of masters;[1] or those who were found asleep under a rock, or on a green hill, belonging to the Fairies, after sunset, or, finally, to those who unwarily joined their orgies. A tradition existed, during the seventeenth century, concerning an ancestor of the noble family of Duffus, who, "walking abroad in the fields, near to his own house, was suddenly carried away, and found the next day at Paris, in the French king's cellar, with a silver cup in his hand. Being brought into the king's presence, and questioned by him who he was and how he came thither, he told his name, his country, and the place of his residence; and that, on such a day of the month, which proved to be the day immediately preceding, being in the fields, he heard the noise of a whirlwind, and of voices, crying, '*Horse and Hattock!*' (this is the word which the Fairies are said to use when they remove from any place) whereupon he cried '*Horse and Hattock*' also, and was immediately caught up, and transported through the air, by the Fairies, to that place, where, after he had drunk heartily, he fell asleep, and before he woke the rest of the company were gone, and had left him in the posture wherein he was found. It is said the king gave him the cup, which was found in his

[1] This idea is not peculiar to the Gothic tribes, but extends to those of Sclavic origin. Tooke (*History of Russia*, vol. i, p. 100) relates that the Russian peasants believe the nocturnal demon, *Kikimoro*, to have been a child, whom the devil stole out of the womb of its mother because she had cursed it. They also assert, that if an execration against a child be spoken in an evil hour, the child is carried off by the devil. The beings so stolen are neither fiends nor men; they are invisible and afraid of the cross and holy water; but, on the other hand, in their nature and dispositions they resemble mankind, whom they love and rarely injure.

hand, and dismissed him." The narrator affirms that the cup was still preserved and known by the name of the *Fairy Cup*. He adds, that Mr Steward, tutor to the then Lord Duffus, had informed him, that, " when a boy, at the school of Forres, he, and his school-fellows, were upon a time whipping their tops in the church-yard, before the door of the church, when, though the day was calm, they heard a noise of a wind, and at some distance saw the small dust begin to rise and turn round, which motion continued advancing till it came to the place where they were, whereupon they began to bless themselves; but one of their number being, it seems, a little more bold and confident than his companions, said, '*Horse and Hattock with my top*,' and immediately they all saw the top lifted up from the ground, but could not see which way it was carried, by reason of a cloud of dust which was raised at the same time. They sought for the top all about the place where it was taken up, but in vain; and it was found afterwards in the church-yard, on the other side of the church." This puerile legend is contained in a letter from a learned gentleman in Scotland to Mr Aubrey, dated 15th March 1695, published in Aubrey's *Miscellanies*, p. 158.

Notwithstanding the special example of Lord Duffus, and of the top, it is the common opinion, that persons falling under the power of the Fairies were only allowed to revisit the haunts of men after seven years had expired. At the end of seven years more, they again disappeared, after which they were seldom seen among mortals. The accounts they gave of their situation differ in some particulars. Sometimes they were represented as leading a life of constant restlessness, and wandering by moonlight. According to others, they inhabited a pleasant region, where, however, their situation was rendered horrible by the sacrifice of one or more individuals to the devil, every seventh year. This circumstance is mentioned in Alison Pearson's indictment, and in the *Tale of the Young Tamlane*, where it is termed " the paying the kane to hell," or, according to some recitations, " the teind," or tenth. This is the popular reason assigned for the desire of the Fairies to abstract young children as substitutes for themselves in this dreadful tribute. Concerning the mode of *winning*, or recovering, persons abstracted by the Fairies, tradition differs; but the popular opinion, contrary to what may be inferred from the following tale, supposes, that the recovery must be effected within a year and a day, to be held legal in the Fairy court. This feat, which was reckoned an enterprise of equal difficulty and danger, could only be accomplished on Hallowe'en, at the great annual procession of the Fairy court.[1] Of this procession the

[1] See the inimitable poem of *Hallowe'en*:

" Upon that night, when Fairies light
On Cassilis Downans dance;
Or o'er the leys, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance," etc.

BURNS.

following description is found in Montgomery's *Flyting against Polwart*, apud *Watson's Collection of Scots Poems*, 1709, Part III, p. 12.

"In the hinder end of harvest, on All-Hallowe'en,
When our *good neighbours* dois ride, if I read right,
Some buckled on a bunewand, and some on a been,
Ay trottand in troups from the twilight;
Some saidled a she-ape, all grathed into green,
Some hobland on a hemp-stalk, hovand to the hight;
The king of Pharie and his court, with the Elf Queen,
With many elfish incubus was ridand that night.
There an elf on an ape, an ursel begat,
Into a pot by Pomathorne;
That bratchart in a busse was born;
They fand a monster on the morn,
Waur faced nor a cat."

The catastrophe of *Tamlane* terminated more successfully than that of other attempts, which tradition still records. The wife of a farmer in Lothian had been carried off by the Fairies, and, during the year of probation, repeatedly appeared on Sunday in the midst of her children, combing their hair. On one of these occasions she was accosted by her husband; when she related to him the unfortunate event which had separated them, instructed him by what means he might *win* her, and exhorted him to exert all his courage, since her temporal and eternal happiness depended on the success of his attempt. The farmer, who ardently loved his wife, set out on Hallowe'en, and in the midst of a plot of furze waited impatiently for the procession of the Fairies. At the ringing of the Fairy bridles, and the wild unearthly sound which accompanied the cavalcade, his heart failed him, and he suffered the ghostly train to pass by without interruption. When the last had rode past, the whole troop vanished with loud shouts of laughter and exultation; among which he plainly discovered the voice of his wife, lamenting that he had lost her for ever.

A similar but real incident took place at the town of North Berwick, within the memory of man. The wife of a man, above the lowest class of society, being left alone in the house a few days after delivery, was attacked and carried off by one of those convulsion fits incident to her situation. Upon the return of the family, who had been engaged in hay-making or harvest, they found the corpse much disfigured. This circumstance, the natural consequence of her disease, led some of the spectators to think that she had been carried off by the Fairies, and that the body before them was some elfin deception. The husband, probably, paid little attention to this opinion at the time. The body was interred, and after a decent time had elapsed, finding his domestic affairs absolutely required female superintendence, the widower paid his addresses to a young woman in the neighbourhood. The recollection, however, of his former wife, whom he had tenderly loved, haunted his slumbers; and one morning he came to the clergyman of the parish in the utmost dismay, declaring that she had appeared to him the preceding night,

informed him that she was a captive in Fairy Land, and conjured him to attempt her deliverance. She directed him to bring the minister and certain other persons, whom she named, to her grave at midnight. Her body was then to be dug up, and certain prayers recited; after which the corpse was to become animated, and fly from them. One of the assistants, the swiftest runner in the parish, was to pursue the body; and if he was able to seize it, before it had thrice encircled the church, the rest were to come to his assistance and detain it, in spite of the struggles it should use, and the various shapes into which it might be transformed. The redemption of the abstracted person was then to become complete. The minister, a sensible man, argued with his parishioner upon the indecency and absurdity of what was proposed, and dismissed him. Next Sunday, the banns being for the first time proclaimed betwixt the widower and his new bride, his former wife, very naturally, took the opportunity of the following night to make him another visit, yet more terrific than the former. She upbraided him with his incredulity, his fickleness, and his want of affection; and, to convince him that her appearance was no aerial illusion, she gave suck in his presence to her youngest child. The man, under the greatest horror of mind, had again recourse to the pastor; and his ghostly counsellor fell upon an admirable expedient to console him. This was nothing less than dispensing with the further solemnity of banns, and marrying him, without an hour's delay, to the young woman to whom he was affianced; after which no spectre again disturbed his repose.

Having concluded these general observations upon the Fairy superstition, which, although minute, may not, I hope, be deemed altogether uninteresting, I proceed to the more particular illustrations relating to the *Tale of the Young Tamlane*.

The following ballad, still popular in Ettrick Forest where the scene is laid, is certainly of much greater antiquity than its phraseology, gradually modernized as transmitted by tradition, would seem to denote. The *Tale of the Young Tamlane* is mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland*; and the air, to which it was chaunted, seems to have been accommodated to a particular dance; for the dance of *Thom of Lynn*, another variation of *Thomalin*, likewise occurs in the same performance. Like every popular subject, it seems to have been frequently parodied; and a burlesque ballad, beginning

"Tom o' the Linn was a Scotsman born,"

is still well known.

In a medley, contained in a curious and ancient MS. cantus, *penes* J. G. Dalyell, Esq., there is an allusion to our ballad:

"Sing young Thomlin, be merry, be merry, and twice so merry."

In *Scottish Songs*, 1774, a part of the original tale was published under the title of *Kerton Ha'*; a corruption of Carterhaugh; and

in the same collection there is a fragment containing two or three additional verses, beginning

" I'll wager, I'll wager, I'll wager with you," etc.

In Johnson's *Musical Museum*, a more complete copy occurs, under the title of *Tom Linn*, which, with some alterations, was reprinted in the *Tales of Wonder*.

The present edition is the most perfect which has yet appeared; being prepared from a collation of the printed copies with a very accurate one in Glenriddell's MSS., and with several recitals from tradition. Some verses are omitted in this edition, being ascertained to belong to a separate ballad, which will be found in a subsequent part of the work. In one recital only, the well-known fragment of the *Wee, wee Man* was introduced, in the same measure with the rest of the poem. It was retained in the first edition, but is now omitted; as the Editor has been favoured, by the learned Mr Ritson, with a copy of the original poem of which it is a detached fragment. The Editor has been enabled to add several verses of beauty and interest to this edition of *Tamlane*, in consequence of a copy, obtained from a gentleman residing near Langholm, which is said to be very ancient, though the diction is somewhat of a modern cast. The manners of the Fairies are detailed at considerable length, and in poetry of no common merit.

Carterhaugh is a plain, at the conflux of the Ettrick and Yarrow, in Selkirkshire, about a mile above Selkirk and two miles below Newark Castle; a romantic ruin which overhangs the Yarrow, and which is said to have been the habitation of our heroine's father, though others place his residence in the tower of Oakwood. The peasants point out upon the plain, those electrical rings which vulgar credulity supposes to be traces of the Fairy revels. Here, they say, were placed the stands of milk, and of water, in which *Tamlane* was dipped in order to effect the disenchantment; and upon these spots, according to their mode of expressing themselves, the grass will never grow. Miles Cross (perhaps a corruption of Mary's Cross), where fair Janet waited the arrival of the Fairy train, is said to have stood near the Duke of Buccleuch's seat of Bowhill, about half a mile from Carterhaugh. In no part of Scotland, indeed, has the belief in Fairies maintained its ground with more pertinacity than in Selkirkshire. The most sceptical among the lower ranks only venture to assert that their appearances and mischievous exploits have ceased, or at least become infrequent, since the light of the Gospel was diffused in its purity. One of their frolics is said to have happened late in the last century. The victim of elfin sport was a poor man, who, being employed in pulling heather upon Peatlaw, a hill not far from Carterhaugh, had tired of his labour and laid him down to sleep upon a Fairy ring. When he awakened he was amazed to find himself in the midst of a populous city, to which, as well as to the means of his transportation, he was an utter stranger. His coat was left upon the

Peatlaw; and his bonnet, which had fallen off in the course of his aerial journey, was afterwards found hanging upon the steeple of the church of Lanark. The distress of the poor man was, in some degree, relieved by meeting a carrier whom he had formerly known, and who conducted him back to Selkirk by a slower conveyance than had whirled him to Glasgow. That he had been carried off by the Fairies was implicitly believed by all, who did not reflect that a man may have private reasons for leaving his own country and for disguising his having intentionally done so.

THE YOUNG TAMLANE

O I forbid ye, maidens a',
That wear gowd on your hair,
To come or gae by Carterhaugh;
For young Tamlane is there.

There's nane, that gaes by Carterhaugh,
But maun leave him a wad;
Either gowd rings, or green mantles,
Or else their maidenheid.

Now, gowd rings ye may buy, maidens,
Green mantles ye may spin;
But, gin ye lose your maidenheid,
Ye'll ne'er get that agen.

But up then spak her, fair Janet,
The fairest o' a' her kin;
"I'll cum and gang to Carterhaugh,
And ask nae leave o' him."

Janet has kilted her green kirtle,[1]
A little abune her knee;
And she has braided her yellow hair,
A little abune her bree.

And when she cam to Carterhaugh,
She gaed beside the well;
And there she fand his steed standing,
But away was himsell.

She hadna pu'd a red red rose,
A rose but barely three;
Till up and starts a wee wee man,
At Lady Janet's knee.

[1] The ladies are always represented, in Dunbar's poems, with green mantles and yellow hair (*Maitland Poems*, vol. i, p. 45).

Says—"Why pu' ye the rose, Janet?
What gars ye break the tree?
Or why come ye to Carterhaugh,
Withouten leave o' me?"

Says—"Carterhaugh it is mine ain;
My daddie gave it me;
I'll come and gang to Carterhaugh,
And ask nae leave o' thee."

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
Amang the leaves sae green;
And what they did I cannot tell—
The green leaves were between.

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
Amang the roses red;
And what they did I cannot say—
She ne'er return'd a maid.

When she cam to her father's ha',
She looked pale and wan;
They thought she'd dried some sair sickness,
Or been wi' some leman.

She didna comb her yellow hair,
Nor make meikle o' her heid;
And ilka thing, that lady took,
Was like to be her deid.

Its four-and-twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the ba';
Janet, the wightest of them anes,
Was faintest o' them a'.

Four-and-twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the chess;
And out there came the fair Janet,
As green as any grass.

Out and spak an auld gray-headed knight,
Lay o'er the castle wa'—
"And ever alas! for thee, Janet,
But we'll be blamed a'!"

"Now haud your tongue, ye auld gray knight!
And an ill deid may ye die;
Father my bairn on whom I will,
I'll father nane on thee."

Out then spak her father dear,
And he spak meik and mild—
"And ever alas! my sweet Janet,
I fear ye gae with child."

"And, if I be with child, father,
Mysell maun bear the blame;
There's ne'er a knight about your ha'
Shall hae the bairnie's name.

"And if I be with child, father,
'Twill prove a wondrous birth;
For weel I swear I'm not wi' bairn
To any man on earth.

"If my love were an earthly knight,
As he's an elfin grey,
I wadna gie my ain true love
For nae lord that ye hae."

She princked hersell and prinn'd hersell,[1]
By the ae light of the moon,
And she's away to Carterhaugh,
To speak wi' young Tamlane.

And when she cam to Carterhaugh,
She gaed beside the well;
And there she saw the steed standing,
But away was himsell.

She hadna pu'd a double rose,
A rose but only twae,
When up and started young Tamlane,
Says—"Lady, thou pu's nae mae!

"Why pu' ye the rose, Janet,
Within this garden grene,
And a' to kill the bonny babe,
That we got us between?"

"The truth ye'll tell to me, Tamlane;
A word ye mauna lie;
Gin e'er ye was in haly chapel,
Or sained[2] in Christentie."

"The truth I'll tell to thee, Janet,
A word I winna lie;
A knight me got, and a lady me bore,
As well as they did thee.

[1] Adorned herself. [2] Hallowed.

"Randolph, Earl Murray, was my sire,
Dunbar, Earl March, is thine;
We loved when we were children small,
Which yet you well may mind.

"When I was a boy just turned of nine,
My uncle sent for me,
To hunt, and hawk, and ride with him,
And keep him cumpanie.

"There came a wind out of the north,
A sharp wind and a snell;
And a dead sleep came over me,
And frae my horse I fell.

"The Queen of Fairies keppit me,
In yon green hill to dwell;
And I'm a fairy, lyth and limb;
Fair ladye, view me well.

"But we that live in Fairy-land,
No sickness know, nor pain;
I quit my body when I will,
And take to it again.

"I quit my body when I please,
Or unto it repair;
We can inhabit, at our ease,
In either earth or air.

"Our shapes and size we can convert,
To either large or small;
An old nut-shell's the same to us,
As is the lofty hall.

"We sleep in rose-buds, soft and sweet,
We revel in the stream;
We wanton lightly on the wind,
Or glide on a sun-beam.

"And all our wants are well supplied,
From every rich man's store,
Who thankless sins the gifts he gets,
And vainly grasps for more.

"Then I would never tire, Janet,
In Elfish land to dwell;
But aye at every seven years,
They pay the teind to hell;
And I am sae fat, and fair of flesh,
I fear 'twill be mysell.

"This night is Hallowe'en, Janet,
The morn is Hallowday;
And, gin ye dare your true love win,
Ye hae na time to stay.

"The night it is good Hallowe'en,
When fairy folk will ride;
And they, that wad their true love win,
At Miles Cross they maun bide."

"But how shall I thee ken, Tamlane?
Or how shall I thee knaw,
Amang so many unearthly knights,
The like I never saw?"

"The first company, that passes by,
Say na, and let them gae;
The next company, that passes by,
Say na, and do right sae;
The third company, that passes by,
Than I'll be ane o' thae.

"First let pass the black, Janet,
And syne let pass the brown;
But grip ye to the milk-white steed,
And pu' the rider down.

"For I ride on the milk-white steed,
And aye nearest the town;
Because I was a christened knight,
They gave me that renown.

"My right hand will be gloved, Janet,
My left hand will be bare;
And these the tokens I gie thee,
Nae doubt I will be there.

"They'll turn me in your arms, Janet
An adder and a snake;
But had me fast, let me not pass,
Gin ye wad be my maike.

"They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and an ask;
They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A bale [1] that burns fast.

[1] A faggot.

"They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A red-hot gad o' airn;
But had me fast, let me not pass,
For I'll do you no harm.

"First dip me in a stand o' milk,
And then in a stand o' water;
But had me fast, let me not pass—
I'll be your bairn's father.

"And, next, they'll shape me in your arms,
A tod, but and an eel;
But had me fast, nor let me gang,
As you do love me weel.

"They'll shape me in your arms, Janet,
A dove, but and a swan;
And, last, they'll shape me in your arms,
A mother-naked man:
Cast your green mantle over me—
I'll be myself again."

Gloomy, gloomy, was the night,
And eiry [1] was the way,
As fair Janet, in her green mantle,
To Miles Cross she did gae.

The heavens were black, the night was dark,
And dreary was the place;
But Janet stood, with eager wish,
Her lover to embrace.

Betwixt the hours of twelve and one,
A north wind tore the bent;
And straight she heard strange elritch sounds
Upon that wind which went.

About the dead hour o' the night,
She heard the bridles ring;
And Janet was as glad o' that,
As any earthly thing!

Their oaten pipes blew wondrous shrill,
The hemlock small blew clear;
And louder notes from hemlock large,
And bog-reed struck the ear;
But solemn sounds, or sober thoughts,
The Fairies cannot bear.

[1] Producing superstitious dread.

They sing, inspired with love and joy,
Like sky-larks in the air;
Of solid sense, or thought that's grave,
You'll find no traces there.

Fair Janet stood, with mind unmoved,
The dreary heath upon;
And louder, louder, wax'd the sound,
As they came riding on.

Will o' Wisp before them went,
Sent forth a twinkling light;
And soon she saw the Fairy bands
All riding in her sight.

And first gaed by the black black steed,
And then gaed by the brown;
But fast she gript the milk-white steed,
And pu'd the rider down.

She pu'd him frae the milk-white steed,
And loot the bridle fa';
And up there raise an erlish [1] cry—
"*He's won amang us a'!*"

They shaped him in fair Janet's arms,
An esk,[2] but and an adder;
She held him fast in every shape—
To be her bairn's father.

They shaped him in her arms at last,
A mother-naked man;
She wrapt him in her green mantle,
And sae her true love wan.

Up then spake the Queen o' Fairies,
Out o' a bush o' broom—
"She that has borrowed young Tamlane,
Has gotten a stately groom."

Up then spake the Queen of Fairies,
Out o' a bush of rye—
"She's ta'en awa the bonniest knight
In a' my cumpanie.

"But had I kenn'd, Tamlane," she says,
"A lady wad borrow'd thee—
I wad ta'en out thy twa gray een,
Put in twa een o' tree.

[1] Elritch, ghastly. [2] Newt.

"Had I but kenn'd, Tamlane," she says,
"Before ye came frae hame—
I wad tane out your heart o' flesh,
Put in a heart o' stane.

"Had I but had the wit yestreen,
That I hae coft the day—
I'd paid my kane seven times to hell,
Ere you'd been won away!"

NOTES

Randolph, Earl Murray, was my sire,
Dunbar, Earl March, is thine, etc.—P. 330, v. 1.

Both these mighty chiefs were connected with Ettrick Forest and its vicinity. Their memory, therefore, lived in the traditions of the country. Randolph, Earl of Murray, the renowned nephew of Robert Bruce, had a castle at Ha' Guards, in Annandale, and another in Peeblesshire, on the borders of the forest, the site of which is still called Randall's Walls. Patrick of Dunbar, Earl of March, is said by Henry the Minstrel to have retreated to Ettrick Forest after being defeated by Wallace.

And all our wants are well supplied,
From every rich man's store,
Who thankless sins the gifts he gets, etc.—P. 330, v. 9.

To *sin our gifts, or mercies*, means ungratefully to hold them in slight esteem. The idea that the possessions of the wicked are most obnoxious to the depredations of evil spirits may be illustrated by the following tale of a *Buttery Spirit*, extracted from Thomas Heywood:

An ancient and virtuous monk came to visit his nephew, an innkeeper, and, after some discourse, enquired into his circumstances. Mine host confessed, that although he practised all the unconscionable tricks of his trade, he was still miserably poor. The monk shook his head, and asked to see his buttery, or larder. As they looked into it, he rendered visible to the astonished host an immense goblin, whose paunch, and whole appearance bespoke his being gorged with food, and who, nevertheless, was gormandizing at the innkeeper's expense, emptying whole shelves of food, and washing it down with entire hogsheads of liquor. "To the depredation of this visitor will thy viands be exposed," quoth the uncle, "until thou shalt abandon fraud, and false reckonings." The monk returned in a year. The host having turned over a new leaf, and given Christian measure to his customers, was now a thriving man. When they again inspected the larder, they saw the same spirit, but woefully reduced in size, and in vain attempting to reach at the full plates and bottles which stood around him; starving, in short, like Tantalus, in the midst of plenty. Honest Heywood sums up the tale thus:

"In this discourse, far be it we should mean
Spirits by meat are fatted made, or lean;
Yet certain 'tis, by God's permission, they
May, over goods extorted, bear like sway.
. . . . . .
All such as study fraud, and practise evil,
Do only starve themselves to plumpe the devill."
Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels, p. 577.

ERLINTON

THIS ballad is published from the collation of two copies, obtained from recitation. It seems to be the rude original, or perhaps a corrupted and imperfect copy of *The Child of Elle*, a beautiful legendary tale published in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. It is singular that this charming ballad should have been translated, or imitated, by the celebrated Bürger without acknowledgment of the English original. As *The Child of Elle* avowedly received corrections, we may ascribe its greatest beauties to the poetical taste of the ingenious editor. They are in the truest style of Gothic embellishment. We may compare, for example, the following beautiful verse with the same idea in an old romance :—

"The baron stroked his dark-brown cheek,
And turned his face aside,
To wipe away the starting tear,
He proudly strove to hide!"
Child of Elle.

The heathen Soldan, or Amiral, when about to slay two lovers relents in a similar manner :

"Weeping, he turned his heued awai,
And his swerde hit fel to grounde."
Florice and Blauncheflour.

Erlinton had a fair daughter,
I wat he weird her in a great sin,[1]
For he has built a bigly bower,
An' a' to put that lady in.

An' he has warn'd her sisters six,
An' sae has he her brethren se'en,
Outher to watch her a' the night,
Or else to seek her morn an' e'en.

She hadna been i' that bigly bower,
Na not a night, but barely ane,
Till there was Willie, her ain true love,
Chapp'd at the door, cryin', "Peace within?"

"O whae is this at my bower door,
That chaps sae late, or kens the gin?"[2]
"O it is Willie, your ain true love,
I pray you rise an' let me in!"

[1] Placed her in danger of committing a great sin.
[2] The slight or trick necessary to open the door ; from *engine*.

"But in my bower there is a wake
An' at the wake there is a wane;[1]
But I'll come to the green-wood the morn,
Whar blooms the brier by mornin' dawn."

Then she's gane to her bed again,
Where she has layen till the cock crew thrice,
Then she said to her sisters a',
"Maidens, 'tis time for us to rise."

She pat on her back a silken gown,
An' on her breast a siller pin,
An' she's tane a sister in ilka hand,
An' to the green-wood she is gane.

She hadna walk'd in the green-wood,
Na not a mile but barely ane,
Till there was Willie, her ain true love,
Whae frae her sisters has her ta'en.

He took her sisters by the hand,
He kiss'd them baith, an' sent them hame,
An' he's ta'en his true love him behind,
And through the green-wood they are gane.

They hadna ridden in the bonnie green-wood,
Na not a mile but barely ane,
When there came fifteen o' the boldest knights,
That ever bare flesh, blood, or bane.

The foremost was an aged knight,
He wore the grey hair on the chin,
Says, "Yield to me thy lady bright,
An' thou shalt walk the woods within."

"For me to yield my lady bright
To such an aged knight as thee,
People wad think I war gane mad,
Or a' the courage flown frae me."

But up then spake the second knight,
I wat he spake right boustouslie,
"Yield me thy life, or thy lady bright,
Or here the tane of us shall die."

"My lady is my warld's meed:
My life I winna yield to nane;
But if ye be men of your manhead,
Ye'll only fight me ane by ane."

[1] A number of people.

He lighted aff his milk-white steed,
An' gae his lady him by the head,
Say'n, "See ye dinna change your cheer,
Until ye see my body bleed."

He set his back unto an aik,
He set his feet against a stane,
An' he has fought these fifteen men,
An' kill'd them a' but barely ane;
For he has left that aged knight,
An' a' to carry the tidings hame.

When he gaed to his lady fair,
I wat he kiss'd her tenderlie;
"Thou art mine ain love, I have thee bought;
Now we shall walk the green-wood free."

THE TWA CORBIES

THIS poem was communicated to me by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., jun., of Hoddom, as written down from tradition by a lady. It is a singular circumstance that it should coincide so very nearly with the ancient dirge called *The Three Ravens*, published by Mr Ritson in his *Ancient Songs*; and that, at the same time, there should exist such a difference as to make the one appear rather a counterpart than copy of the other. In order to enable the curious reader to contrast these two singular poems, and to form a judgment which may be the original, I take the liberty of copying the English ballad from Mr Ritson's Collection, omitting only the burden and repetition of the first line. The learned Editor states it to be given "*From Ravencroft's Melismata. Musical Phansies, fitting the Cittie and Country Humours, to* 3, 4, *and* 5 *Voyces*, London, 1611, 4to. It will be obvious," continues Mr Ritson, "that this ballad is much older, not only than the date of the book, but most of the other pieces contained in it." The music is given with the words, and is adapted to four voices:

There were three ravens sat on a tre,
They were as blacke as they might be:

The one of them said to his mate,
"Where shall we our breakefast take?"

"Downe in yonder grene field,
There lies a knight slain under his shield;

"His hounds they lie down at his feete,
So well they their master keepe;

" His haukes they flie so eagerly,
There's no fowle dare come him nie.

" Down there comes a fallow doe,
As great with young as she might goe,

" She lift up his bloudy hed,
And kist his wounds that were so red.

" She got him up upon her backe,
And carried him to earthen lake.

" She buried him before the prime,
She was dead her selfe ere euen song time.

" God send euery gentleman,
Such haukes, such houndes, and such a leman."
Ancient Songs, 1792, p. 155.

I have seen a copy of this dirge much modernized.

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the t'other say,
"*Where sall we gang and dine to-day?*"

"In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
And nae body kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may make our dinner sweet.

"Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pike out his bonny blue een:
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair,
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

"Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken whare he is gane:
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY

THE ballad of *The Douglas Tragedy* is one of the few to which popular tradition has ascribed complete locality. The farm of Blackhouse, in Selkirkshire, is said to have been the scene of this melancholy event. There are the remains of a very ancient tower, adjacent to the farm-house, in a wild and solitary glen, upon a torrent named Douglas Burn, which joins the Yarrow after passing a craggy rock called the Douglas Craig. This wild scene, now a part of the Traquair estate, formed one of the most ancient possessions of the renowned family of Douglas; for Sir John Douglas, eldest son of William, the first Lord Douglas, is said to have sat, as baronial lord of Douglas Burn, during his father's lifetime, in a parliament of Malcolm Canmore held at Forfar (Godscroft, vol. i, p. 20). The tower appears to have been square, with a circular turret at one angle for carrying up the staircase and for flanking the entrance. It is said to have derived its name of Blackhouse from the complexion of the lords of Douglas, whose swarthy hue was a family attribute. But when the high mountains by which it is enclosed were covered with heather, which was the case till of late years, Blackhouse must also have merited its appellation from the appearance of the scenery.

From this ancient tower Lady Margaret is said to have been carried by her lover. Seven large stones, erected upon the neighbouring heights of Blackhouse, are shown as marking the spot where the seven brethren were slain; and the Douglas Burn is averred to have been the stream at which the lovers stopped to drink: so minute is tradition in ascertaining the scene of a tragical tale, which, considering the rude state of former times, had probably foundation in some real event.

Many copies of this ballad are current among the vulgar, but chiefly in a state of great corruption, especially such as have been committed to the press in the shape of penny pamphlets. One of these is now before me, which, among many others, has the ridiculous error of "*blue gilded* horn" for "*bugelet* horn." The copy principally used in this edition of the ballad was supplied by Mr Sharpe. The last three verses are given from the printed copy and from tradition. The hackneyed verse of the rose and brier springing from the grave of the lovers is common to most tragic ballads; but it is introduced into this with singular propriety, as the chapel of St Mary, whose vestiges may still be traced upon the lake to which it has given name, is said to have been the burial place of Lord William and Fair Margaret. The wrath of the Black Douglas, which vented itself upon the brier, far surpasses the usual stanza:

"At length came the clerk of the parish,
As you the truth shall hear,
And by mischance he cut them down,
Or else they had still been there."

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY

"Rise up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas," she says,
"And put on your armour so bright;
Let it never be said, that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night.

"Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright,
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest's awa the last night."

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit o'er his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And there he spy'd her seven brethren bold,
Come riding over the lee.

"Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father, I mak a stand."

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
And her father hard fighting, who lov'd her so dear.

"O hold your hand, Lord William!" she said,
"For your strokes they are wond'rous sair;
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair."

O she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
It was o' the holland sae fine,
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

"O chuse, O chuse, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"O whether will ye gang or bide?"
"I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William," she said,
"For ye have left me no other guide."

He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to tak a drink
Of the spring that ran sae clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she gan to fear.

"Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she says,
"For I fear that you are slain!"
"'Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water sae plain."

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they cam' to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted down.

"Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"Get up, and let me in!—
Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"For this night my fair ladye I've win.

"O mak my bed, lady mother," he says,
"O mak it braid and deep!
And lay Lady Marg'ret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep."

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Marg'ret lang ere day—
And all true lovers that go thegither,
May they have mair luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St Marie's kirk,
Lady Margaret in Mary's quire;
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o' the knight's a brier.

And they twa met, and they twa plat,
And fain they wad be near;
And a' the warld might ken right weel,
They were twa lovers dear.

But bye and rade the Black Douglas,
And wow but he was rough!
For he pull'd up the bonny brier,
And flang'd in St Marie's Loch.

YOUNG BENJIE

IN this ballad the reader will find traces of a singular superstition not yet altogether discredited in the wilder parts of Scotland. The lykewake, or watching a dead body, in itself a melancholy office, is rendered, in the idea of the assistants, more dismally awful by the mysterious horrors of superstition. In the interval betwixt death and interment the disembodied spirit is supposed to hover around its mortal habitation, and, if invoked by certain rites, retains the power of communicating, through its organs, the cause of its dissolution. Such inquiries, however, are always dangerous, and never to be resorted to unless the deceased is suspected to have suffered *foul play*, as it is called. It is the more unsafe to tamper with this charm in an unauthorized manner, because the inhabitants of the infernal regions are at such periods peculiarly active. One of the most potent ceremonies in the charm for causing the dead body to speak is setting the door ajar, or half open. On this account, the peasants of Scotland sedulously avoid leaving the door ajar while a corpse lies in the house. The door must either be left wide open, or quite shut; but the first is always preferred, on account of the exercise of hospitality usual on such occasions. The attendants must be likewise careful never to leave the corpse for a moment alone, or, if it is left alone, to avoid with a degree of superstitious horror the first sight of it. The following story, which is frequently related by the peasants of Scotland, will illustrate the imaginary danger of leaving the door ajar. In former times, a man and his wife lived in a solitary cottage on one of the extensive Border fells. One day the husband died suddenly, and his wife, who was equally afraid of staying alone by the corpse, or leaving the dead body by itself, repeatedly went to the door and looked anxiously over the lonely moor for the sight of some person approaching. In her confusion and alarm she accidentally left the door ajar, when the corpse suddenly started up and sat in the bed, frowning and grinning at her frightfully. She sat alone, crying bitterly, unable to avoid the fascination of the dead man's eye and too much terrified to break the sullen silence, till a Catholic priest, passing over the wild, entered the cottage. He first set the door quite open, then put his little finger in his mouth and said the paternoster backwards, when the horrid look of the corpse relaxed, it fell back on the bed and behaved as a dead man ought to do.

The ballad is given from tradition. I have been informed by a lady of the highest literary eminence that she has heard a ballad on the same subject, in which the scene was laid upon the banks of the Clyde. The chorus was

"O Bothwell banks bloom bonny!"

and the watching of the dead corpse was said to have taken place in Bothwell church.

Of a' the maids o' fair Scotland,
The fairest was Marjorie;
And young Benjie was her ae true love,
And a dear true love was he.

And wow! but they were lovers dear,
And loved fu' constantlie;
But aye the mair when they fell out,
The sairer was their plea.[1]

And they hae quarrelled on a day,
Till Marjorie's heart grew wae;
And she said she'd chuse another luve,
And let young Benjie gae.

And he was stout,[2] and proud-hearted,
And thought o't bitterlie;
And he's ga'en by the wan moonlight,
To meet his Marjorie.

"O open, open, my true love,
O open, and let me in!"
"I dare na open, young Benjie,
My three brothers are within."

"Ye lied, ye lied, ye bonny burd,
Sae loud's I hear ye lie;
As I came by the Lowden banks,
They bade gude e'en to me.

"But fare ye weel, my ae fause love,
That I have loved sae lang!
It sets [3] ye chuse another love,
And let young Benjie gang."

Then Marjorie turned her round about,
The tear blinding her e'e,—
"I darena, darena, let thee in,
But I'll come down to thee."

Then saft she smiled, and said to him,
"O what ill hae I done?"
He took her in his armis twa,
And threw her o'er the linn.

---

[1] Used obliquely for *dispute*.
[2] Through this whole ballad, signifies *haughty*.
[3] Becomes you—ironical.

The stream was strang, the maid was stout,
And laith laith to be dang,[1]
But, ere she wan the Lowden banks,
Her fair colour was wan.

Then up bespak her eldest brother,
"O see na ye what I see?"
And out then spak her second brother,
"It's our sister Marjorie!"

Out then spak her eldest brother,
"O how shall we her ken?"
And out then spak her youngest brother,
"There's a honey mark on her chin."

Then they've ta'en up the comely corpse,
And laid it on the ground—
"O wha has killed our ae sister,
And how can he be found?

"The night it is her low lykewake,
The morn her burial day,
And we maun watch at mirk midnight,
And hear what she will say."

Wi' doors ajar, and candle light,
And torches burning clear;
The streikit corpse, till still midnight,
They waked, but naething hear.

About the middle o' the night,
The cocks began to craw;
And at the dead hour o' the night,
The corpse began to thraw.

"O whae has done thee wrang, sister,
Or dared the deadly sin?
Whae was sae stout, and feared nae dout,
As thraw ye o'er the linn?"

"Young Benjie was the first ae man
I laid my love upon;
He was sae stout, and proud-hearted,
He threw me o'er the linn."

"Sall we young Benjie head, sister,
Sall we young Benjie hang;
Or sall we pike out his twa grey een,
And punish him ere he gang?"

[1] Defeated.

"Ye mauna Benjie head, brothers,
Ye mauna Benjie hang,
But ye maun pike out his twa grey een,
And punish him ere he gang.

"Tie a green gravat round his neck,
And lead him out and in,
And the best ae servant about your house
To wait young Benjie on.

"And ay, at every seven years' end,
Ye'll tak him to the linn;
For that's the penance he maun drie,
To scug[1] his deadly sin."

LADY ANNE

This ballad was communicated to me by Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe of Hoddom, who mentions having copied it from an old magazine. Although it has probably received some modern corrections, the general turn seems to be ancient and corresponds with that of a fragment, containing the following verses, which I have often heard sung in my childhood:

She set her back against a thorn,
And there she has her young son born;
"O smile nae sae, my bonny babe!
An ye smile sae sweet, ye'll smile me dead."
. . . . . .
An' when that lady went to the church,
She spied a naked boy in the porch.

"O bonny boy, an' ye were mine,
I'd clead ye in the silks sae fine."
"O mither dear, when I was thine,
To me ye were na half sae kind."
. . . . . .

Stories of this nature are very common in the annals of popular superstition. It is, for example, currently believed in Ettrick Forest that a libertine, who had destroyed fifty-six inhabited houses in order to throw the possessions of the cottagers into his estate, and who added to this injury that of seducing their daughters, was wont to commit to a carrier in the neighbourhood the care of his illegitimate children shortly after they were born. His emissary regularly carried them away, but they were never again heard of. The unjust and cruel gains of the profligate laird were dissipated by his extravagance, and the ruins of his house seem to bear witness to the truth

[1] Shelter or expiate.

of the rhythmical prophecies denounced against it, and still current among the peasantry. He himself died an untimely death; but the agent of his amours and crimes survived to extreme old age. When on his death-bed he seemed much oppressed in mind, and sent for a clergyman to speak peace to his departing spirit; but before the messenger returned the man was in his last agony, and the terrified assistants had fled from his cottage, unanimously averring that the wailing of murdered infants had ascended from behind his couch and mingled with the groans of the departing sinner.

LADY ANNE

Fair Lady Anne sate in her bower,
Down by the greenwood side,
And the flowers did spring, and the birds did sing,
'Twas the pleasant May-day tide.

But fair Lady Anne on Sir William call'd,
With the tear grit in her e'e,
"O though thou be fause, may Heaven thee guard,
In the wars ayont the sea!"

Out of the wood came three bonnie boys,
Upon the simmer's morn,
And they did sing, and play at the ba',
As naked as they were born.

"O seven lang year wad I sit here,
Amang the frost and snaw,
A' to hae but ane o' these bonnie boys,
A-playing at the ba'."

Then up and spake the eldest boy,
"Now listen, thou fair ladie,
And ponder well the rede that I tell,
Then make ye a choice of the three.

"'Tis I am Peter, and this is Paul,
And that ane, sae fair to see,
But a twelvemonth sinsyne to Paradise came,
To join with our companie."

"O I will hae the snaw-white boy,
The bonniest of the three."
"And if I were thine, and in thy propine,[1]
O what wad ye do to me?"

[1] Usually gift, but here the power of giving or bestowing.

"'Tis I wad clead thee in silk and gowd,
And nourice thee on my knee."
"O mither! mither! when I was thine,
Sic kindness I could na see.

"Beneath the turf, where now I stand,
The fause nurse buried me;
The cruel penknife sticks still in my heart,
And I come not back to thee."

. . . . . .

LORD WILLIAM

THIS ballad was communicated to me by Mr James Hogg; and although it bears a strong resemblance to that of *Earl Richard*, so strong, indeed, as to warrant a supposition that the one has been derived from the other, yet its intrinsic merit seems to warrant its insertion. Mr Hogg has added the following note, which, in the course of my enquiries, I have found most fully corroborated:—

"I am fully convinced of the antiquity of this song; for, although much of the language seems somewhat modernized, this must be attributed to its currency, being much liked, and very much sung in this neighbourhood. I can trace it back several generations, but cannot hear of its ever having been in print. I have never heard it with any considerable variation, save that one reciter called the dwelling of the feigned sweetheart, *Castleswa*."

Lord William was the bravest knight
That dwalt in fair Scotland,
And though renowned in France and Spain,
Fell by a ladie's hand.

As she was walking maid alone,
Down by yon shady wood,
She heard a smit [1] o' bridle reins,
She wish'd might be for good.

"Come to my arms, my dear Willie,
You're welcome hame to me;
To best o' cheer, and charcoal red,[2]
And candle burnin' free."

---

[1] Clashing noise, from smite—hence also (*perhaps*) Smith and Smithy.
[2] This circumstance marks the antiquity of the poem. While wood was plenty in Scotland, charcoal was the usual fuel in the chambers of the wealthy.

"I winna light, I darena light,
Nor come to your arms at a';
A fairer maid than ten o' you,
I'll meet at Castle-law."

"A fairer maid than me, Willie!
A fairer maid than me!
A fairer maid than ten o' me,
Your eyes did never see."

He louted ower his saddle lap,
To kiss her ere they part,
And wi' a little keen bodkin,
She pierced him to the heart.

"Ride on, ride on, Lord William, now,
As fast as ye can dree!
Your bonny lass at Castle-law
Will weary you to see."

Out up then spake a bonny bird,
Sat high upon a tree,—
"How could you kill that noble lord?
He came to marry thee."

"Come down, come down, my bonny bird,
And eat bread aff my hand!
Your cage shall be of wiry goud,
Whar now it's but the wand."

"Keep ye your cage o' goud, lady,
And I will keep my tree;
As ye hae done to Lord William,
Sae wad ye do to me."

She set her foot on her door step,
A bonny marble stane;
And carried him to her chamber,
O'er him to make her mane.

And she has kept that good lord's corpse
Three quarters of a year,
Until that word began to spread,
Then she began to fear.

Then she cried on her waiting maid,
Aye ready at her ca';
"There is a knight into my bower
'Tis time he were awa."

The ane has ta'en him by the head,
The ither by the feet,
And thrown him in the wan water,
That ran baith wide and deep.

"Look back, look back, now, lady fair,
On him that lo'ed ye weel!
A better man than that blue corpse
Ne'er drew a sword of steel."

THE BROOMFIELD HILL

THE concluding verses of this ballad were inserted in the copy of *Tamlane*, given to the public in the first edition of this work. They are now restored to their proper place. Considering how very apt the most accurate reciters are to patch up one ballad with verses from another, the utmost caution cannot always avoid such errors.

A more sanguine antiquary than the Editor might perhaps endeavour to identify this poem, which is of undoubted antiquity, with the "*Broom Broom on Hill,*" *mentioned by Lane in his Progress of Queen Elizabeth into Warwickshire*, as forming part of Captain Cox's Collection, so much envied by the black-letter antiquaries of the present day (Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, p. 166). The same ballad is quoted by one of the personages in a "very merry and pythie comedie," called "*The longer thou livest, the more Fool thou art.*" See Ritson's Dissertation prefixed to *Ancient Songs*, p. lx. "Brume brume on hill" is also mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland*. See Leyden's edition, p. 100.

There was a knight and a lady bright,
Had a true tryst at the broom;
The ane ga'ed early in the morning,
The other in the afternoon.

And aye she sat in her mother's bower door,
And aye she made her mane,
"O whether should I gang to the Broomfield hill,
Or should I stay at hame?

"For if I gang to the Broomfield hill,
My maidenhead is gone;
And if I chance to stay at hame,
My love will ca' me mansworn."

Up then spake a witch woman,
Ay from the room aboon;
"O, ye may gang to Broomfield hill,
And yet come maiden hame.

"For, when ye gang to the Broomfield hill,
Ye'll find your love asleep,
With a silver-belt about his head,
And a broom-cow at his feet.

"Take ye the blossom of the broom,
The blossom it smells sweet,
And strew it at your true love's head,
And likewise at his feet.

"Take ye the rings off your fingers,
Put them on his right hand,
To let him know, when he doth awake,
His love was at his command."

She pu'd the broom flower on Hive-hill,
And strew'd on's white hals bane,
And that was to be wittering true,
That maiden she had gane.

"O where were ye, my milk-white steed,
That I hae coft sae dear,
That wadna watch and waken me,
When there was maiden here?"

"I stamped wi' my foot, master,
And gar'd my bridle ring;
But na kin' thing wald waken ye,
Till she was past and gane."

"And wae betide ye, my gay goss hawk,
That I did love so dear,
That wadna watch and waken me,
When there was maiden here."

"I clapped wi' my wings, master,
And ay my bells I rang,
And aye cry'd, Waken, waken, master,
Before the ladye gang."

"But haste and haste, my gude white steed,
To come the maiden till,
Or a' the birds, of gude green wood,
Of your flesh shall have their fill."

"Ye needna burst your good white steed,
Wi' racing o'er the howm;
Nae bird flies faster through the wood,
Than she fled through the broom."

PROUD LADY MARGARET

[This ballad was communicated to the Editor by Mr Hamilton, music-seller, Edinburgh, with whose mother it had been a favourite. Two verses and one line were wanting, which are here supplied from a different ballad having a plot somewhat similar. These verses are the 6th and 9th.]

'Twas on a night, an evening bright,
When the dew began to fa',
Lady Margaret was walking up and down,
Looking o'er her castle wa'.

She looked east, and she looked west,
To see what she could spy,
When a gallant knight came in her sight,
And to the gate drew nigh.

"You seem to be no gentleman,
You wear your boots so wide;
But you seem to be some cunning hunter,
You wear the horn so syde." [1]

"I am no cunning hunter," he said,
"Nor ne'er intend to be;
But I am come to this castle
To seek the love of thee;
And if you do not grant me love,
This night for thee I'll die."

"If you should die for me, sir knight,
There's few for you will mane,
For mony a better has died for me,
Whose graves are growing green.

"But ye maun read my riddle," she said,
"And answer my questions three;
And but ye read them right," she said,
"Gae stretch ye out and die.—

"Now what is the flower, the ae first flower,
Springs either on moor or dale?
And what is the bird, the bonnie bonnie bird,
Sings on the evening gale?"

"The primrose is the ae first flower,
Springs either on moor or dale;
And the thristlecock is the bonniest bird,
Sings on the evening gale."

[1] Long or low.

"But what's the little coin," she said,
"Wald buy my castle bound?
And what's the little boat," she said,
"Can sail the world all round?"

"O hey, how many small pennies
Make thrice three thousand pound?
Or hey, how mony small fishes
Swim a' the salt sea round."

"I think ye maun be my match," she said,
"My match, and something mair;
You are the first e'er got the grant
Of love frae my father's heir.

"My father was lord of nine castles,
My mother lady of three;
My father was lord of nine castles,
And there's nane to heir but me.

"And round about a' thae castles,
You may baith plow and saw,
And on the fifteenth day of May
The meadows they will maw."

"O hald your tongue, Lady Margaret," he said,
"For loud I hear you lie!
Your father was lord of nine castles,
Your mother was lady of three;
Your father was lord of nine castles,
But ye fa' heir to but three.

"And round about a' thae castles,
You may baith plow and saw,
But on the fifteenth day of May
The meadows will not maw.

"I am your brother Willie," he said,
"I trow ye ken na me;
I came to humble your haughty heart,
Has gar'd sae mony die."

"If ye be my brother Willie," she said,
"As I trow weel ye be,
This night I'll neither eat nor drink,
But gae alang wi' thee."

"O hold your tongue, Lady Margaret," he said,
"Again I hear you lie;
For ye've unwashen hands, and ye've unwashen feet,[1]
To gae to clay wi' me.

[1] Alluding to the custom of washing and dressing dead bodies.

"For the wee worms are my bedfellows,
And cauld clay is my sheets;
And when the stormy winds do blow,
My body lies and sleeps."

THE ORIGINAL BALLAD OF THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS

[The beautiful air of Cowdenknows is well known and popular. In Ettrick Forest the following words are uniformly adapted to the tune, and seem to be the original ballad. An edition of this pastoral tale, differing considerably from the present copy, was published by Mr Herd in 1772. Cowdenknows is situated upon the Leader, about four miles from Melrose, and is now the property of Dr Home.]

O the broom, and the bonny bonny broom,
And the broom of the Cowdenknows!
And aye sae sweet as the lassie sang,
I' the bought, milking the ewes.

The hills were high on ilka side,
An' the bought i' the lirk o' the hill,
And aye, as she sang, her voice it rang,
Out o'er the head o' yon hill.

There was a troop o' gentlemen
Came riding merrilie by,
And one of them has rode out o' the way,
To the bought to the bonny may.

"Weel may ye save an' see, bonny lass,
An' weel may ye save an' see."
"An' sae wi' you, ye weel-bred knight,
And what's your will wi' me?"

"The night is misty and mirk, fair may,
And I have ridden astray,
And will ye be so kind, fair may,
As come out and point my way?"

"Ride out, ride out, ye ramp rider!
Your steed's baith stout and strang;
For out of the bought I dare na come,
For fear 'at ye do me wrang."

"O winna ye pity me, bonny lass,
O winna ye pity me?
An' winna ye pity my poor steed,
Stands trembling at yon tree?"

"I wadna pity your poor steed,
Though it were tied to a thorn;
For if ye wad gain my love the night,
Ye wad slight me ere the morn.

"For I ken you by your weel-busked hat,
And your merrie twinkling e'e,
That ye're the laird o' the Oakland hills,
An' ye may weel seem for to be."

"But I am not the laird o' the Oakland hills,
Ye're far mista'en o' me;
But I'm ane o' the men about his house,
An' right aft in his companie."

He's ta'en her by the middle jimp,
And by the grass-green sleeve;
He's lifted her over the fauld dyke,
And speer'd at her sma' leave.

O he's ta'en out a purse o' gowd,
And streek'd her yellow hair,
"Now, take ye that, my bonnie may,
Of me till you hear mair."

O he's leapt on his berry-brown steed,
An' soon he's o'erta'en his men;
And ane and a' cried out to him,
"O master, ye've tarry'd lang!"

"O I hae been east, and I hae been west,
An' I hae been far o'er the knowes,
But the bonniest lass that ever I saw,
Is i' the bought milking the ewes."

She set the cog upon her head,
An' she's gane singing hame—
"O where hae ye been, my ae daughter?
Ye hae na been your lane."

"O naebody was wi' me, father,
O naebody has been wi' me;
The night is misty and mirk, father,
Ye may gang to the door and see.

"But wae be to your ewe-herd, father,
And an ill dead may he die;
He bug the bought at the back o' the knowe,
And a tod has frighted me.

"There came a tod to the bought-door,
The like I never saw;
And ere he had tane the lamb he did,
I had lourd he had ta'en them a'."

O whan fifteen weeks was come and gane,
Fifteen weeks and three,
That lassie began to look thin and pale,
An' to long for his merry twinkling e'e.

It fell on a day, on a het simmer day,
She was ca'ing out her father's kye,
By came a troop o' gentlemen,
A' merrilie riding by.

"Weel may ye save an' see, bonny may
Weel may ye save and see!
Weel I wat, ye be a very bonny may,
But whae's aught that babe ye are wi'?"

Never a word could that lassie say,
For never a ane could she blame,
An' never a word could the lassie say,
But "I have a gudeman at hame?"

"Ye lied, ye lied, my very bonny may,
Sae loud as I hear you lie;
For dinna ye mind that misty night
I was i' the bought wi' thee?

"I ken you by your middle sae jimp,
An' your merry twinkling e'e,
That ye're the bonny lass i' the Cowdenknow,
An' ye may weel seem for to be."

Then he's leap'd off his berry-brown steed,
And he's set that fair may on—
"Ca' out your kye, gude father, yoursell,
For she's never ca' them out again.

"I am the laird of the Oakland hills,
I hae thirty plows and three;
An' I hae gotten the bonniest lass
That's in a' the south countrie."

LORD RANDAL

THERE is a beautiful air to this old ballad. The hero is more generally termed *Lord Ronald*; but I willingly follow the authority of an Ettrick Forest copy for calling him *Randal*; because, though the circumstances are so very different, I think it not impossible that the ballad may have originally regarded the death of Thomas Randolph, or Randal, Earl of Murray, nephew to Robert Bruce, and Governor of Scotland. This great warrior died at Musselburgh, 1332, at the moment when his services were most necessary to his country, already threatened by an English army. For this sole reason, perhaps, our historians obstinately impute his death to poison. See *The Bruce*, book xx. Fordun repeats, and Boece echoes, this story, both of whom charge the murder on Edward III. But it is combated successfully by Lord Hailes in his *Remarks on the History of Scotland.*

The substitution of some venomous reptile for food, or putting it into liquor, was anciently supposed to be a common mode of administering poison; as appears from the following curious account of the death of King John, extracted from a MS. Chronicle of England, *penes* John Clerk, Esq., advocate. "And, in the same time, the pope sente into Englond a legate, that men called Swals, and he was prest cardinal of Rome, for to mayntene King Johnes cause agens the barons of Englond; but the barons had so much pte (*poustie, i.e.*, power) through Lewys, the kinges sone of Fraunce, that King Johne wist not wher for to wend ne gone: and so hitt fell, that he wold have gone to Suchold; and as he went thedurward, he come by the abbey of Swinshed, and ther he abode II dayes. And, as he sate at meat, he askyd a monke of the house, how moche a lofe was worth, that was before hym sete at the table? and the monke sayd that loffe was worthe bot ane halfpenny. 'O!' quod the King, 'this is a grette cheppe of brede; now,' said the King, 'and yff I may, suche a loffe shalle be worth xxd. or half a yer be gone': and when he said the word, muche he thought, and ofte tymes sighed, and nome and ete of the bred, and said, 'By Gode, the word that I have spokyn shall be sothe.' The monke, that stode before the kyng, was ful sory in his hert; and thought rather he wold himself suffer peteous deth; and thought yff he myght ordeyn therfore sum remedy. And anon the monke went unto his abbott, and was schryved of him, and told the abbott all that the kyng said, and prayed his abbott to assoyl him, for he wold gyffe the kyng such a wassayle, that all Englond shuld be glad and joyful therof. Tho went the monke into a gardene, and fond a tode therin; and toke her upp, and put hyr in a cuppe, and filled it with good ale, and pryked hyr in every place, in the cuppe, till the venome come out in every place; an brought hitt befor the kyng, and knelyd, and said, 'Sir, wassayle; for never in your lyfe drancke ye of such a cuppe.' 'Begyne, monke,' quod the King; and the

monke dranke a gret draute, and toke the kyng the cuppe, and the kyng also drank a grett draute, and set downe the cuppe. The monke anon went to the Farmarye, and ther dyed anon, on whose soule God have mercy, Amen. And v monkes syng for his soule especially, and shall while the abbey stondith. The kyng was anon ful evil at ese, and comaunded to remove the table, and askyd after the monke; and men told him that he was ded, for his wombe was broke in sondur. When the king herd this tidying, he comaunded for to trusse; but all hit was for nought, for his bely began to swelle for the drink that he dranke, that he dyed within 11 dayes, the moro aftur Seynt Luke's day."

A different account of the poisoning of King John is given in a MS. Chronicle of England, written in the minority of Edward III, and contained in the Auchinleck MS. of Edinburgh. Though not exactly as to our present purpose, the passage is curious, and I shall quote it without apology. The author has mentioned the interdict laid on John's kingdom by the Pope, and continues thus:

"He was ful wroth and grim,
For no prest wald sing for him.
He made tho his parlement,
And swore his *croy de verament*,
That he shuld make such assaut,
To fade all Inglande with a spand,
And eke with a white lof,
Therefore I hope[1] he was God-loth.
A monk it herd of Swines heued,
And of his wordes he was adred,
He went hym to his fere,
And seyd to hem in this manner;
'The king has made a sori oth,
That he schal with a white lof
Fede all Inglonde, and with a spand,
Y wis it were a sori saut;
And better is that we die to,
Than all Inglond be so wo.
Ye schul for me belles ring,
And after wordes rede and sing;
So helpe you God, heven King,
Granteth me alle now min asking,
And I chim wil with puseoun slo,
Ne schal he never Inglond do wo.'

His brethren him graunt alle his bone,
He let him shrive swithe sone,
To make his soule fair and clene,
To for our leued i heven queen,
That sche schuld for him be,
To for her son in trinité.

Dansimond zede and gadred frut,
For sothe were plommes white,
The steles[2] he puld out everichon,
Puisoun he dede therin anon,

[1] *Hope, for think.* [2] Stalks.

And sett the steles al ogen,
That the gile schuld nought be sen.
He dede hem in a coupe of gold,
And went to the kinges bord;
On knes he him sett,
The king full fair he grett;
'Sir,' he said, 'by Seynt Austin,
This is frout of our garden,
And gif that your wil be,
Assayet herof after me.'
Dansimond ete frut, on and on,
And al the other ete King Jon;
The monke aros, and went his way,
God gif his soule wel gode day;
He gaf King Jon ther his puisoun,
Himself had that ilk doun,
He dede, it is nouther for mirthe ne ond,
Bot for to save al Inglond.

The King Jon sate at mete,
His wombe to wex grete;
He swore his oath, *per la croyde*,
His wombe wald brest a thre;
He wald have risen fram the bord,
Ac he spake never more word;
Thus ended his time,
Y wis he had an evel fine."

Shakspeare, from such old chronicles, has drawn his authority for the last fine scene in *King John*. But he probably had it from Caxton, who uses nearly the words of the prose chronicle. Hemingford tells the same tale with the metrical historian. It is certain that John increased the flux, of which he died, by the intemperate use of peaches and of ale, which may have given rise to the story of the poison. (See Matthew Paris.)

To return to the ballad: there is a very similar song in which, apparently to excite greater interest in the nursery, the handsome young hunter is exchanged for a little child, poisoned by a false step-mother.

"O where hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?
O where hae ye been, my handsome young man?"
"I hae been to the wild wood; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I din'd wi' my true-love; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I gat eels boil'd in broo'; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?
What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"
"O they swell'd and they died; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"O I fear ye are poison'd, Lord Randal, my son?
O I fear ye are poison'd, my handsome young man!"
"O yes! I am poison'd! mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wald lie down."

SIR HUGH LE BLOND

THIS ballad is a northern composition, and seems to have been the original of the legend called *Sir Aldingar*, which is printed in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. The incidents are nearly the same in both ballads, excepting that in *Aldingar* an angel combats for the Queen, instead of a mortal champion. The names of *Aldingar* and *Rodingham* approach near to each other in sound, though not in orthography, and the one might, by reciters, be easily substituted for the other. I think I have seen both the name and the story in an ancient prose chronicle, but am unable to make any reference in support of my belief.

The tradition upon which the ballad is founded is universally current in the Mearns; and the Editor is informed that, till very lately, the sword with which Sir Hugh le Blond was believed to have defended the life and honour of the Queen was carefully preserved by his descendants, the Viscounts of Arbuthnot. That Sir Hugh of Arbuthnot lived in the thirteenth century is proved by his having, in 1282, bestowed the patronage of the church of Garvoch upon the monks of Aberbrothwick, for the safety of his soul (*Register of Aberbrothwick*, quoted by Crawford in *Peerage*). But I find no instance in history in which the honour of a Queen of Scotland was committed to the chance of a duel. It is true that Mary, wife of Alexander II, was, about 1242, somewhat implicated in a dark story concerning the murder of Patrick, Earl of Athole, burned in his lodging at Haddington, where he had gone to attend a great tournament. The relations of the deceased baron accused of the murder Sir William Bisat, a powerful nobleman, who appears to have been in such high favour with the young Queen, that she offered her oath as a compurgator to prove his innocence. Bisat himself stood upon his defence, and proffered the combat to his accusers; but he was obliged to give way to the tide, and was banished from Scotland. This affair interested all the northern barons; and it is not impossible that some share taken in it by this Sir Hugh de Arbuthnot, may have given a slight foundation for the tradition of the country (Wyntoun, bk. vii, chap. 9). Or, if we suppose Sir Hugh le Blond to be a predecessor of

the Sir Hugh who flourished in the thirteenth century, he may have been the victor in a duel, shortly noticed as having occurred in 1154, when one Arthur, accused of treason, was unsuccessful in his appeal to the judgment of God. *Arthurus regem Malcolm proditurus duello periit* (Chron. Sanctæ Crucis, *ap.* Anglia Sacra, vol. i, p. 161).

But, true or false, the incident narrated in the ballad is in the genuine style of chivalry. Romances abound with similar instances, nor are they wanting in real history. The most solemn part of a knight's oath was to defend "all widows, orphelines, and maidens of gude fame" [1] (Lindsay's *Heraldry*, *MS.*). The love of arms was a real passion of itself, which blazed yet more fiercely when united with the enthusiastic admiration of the fair sex. The knight of Chaucer exclaims, with chivalrous energy,

> "To fight for a lady! a benedicite!
> It were a lusty sight for to see."

It was an argument, seriously urged by Sir John of Hainault, for making war upon Edward II, in behalf of his banished wife, Isabella, that knights were bound to aid, to their uttermost power, all distressed damsels living without counsel or comfort.

An apt illustration of the ballad would have been the combat undertaken by three Spanish champions against three Moors of Granada, in defence of the honour of the Queen of Granada, wife to Mohammed Chiquito, the last monarch of that kingdom. But I have not at hand *Las Guerras Civiles de Granada*, in which that achievement is recorded. Raymond Berenger, Count of Barcelona, is also said to have defended, in single combat, the life and honour of the Empress Matilda, wife of the Emperor Henry V, and mother to Henry II of England. See Antonio Ulloa, *del vero Honore Militare*. Venice, 1569.

A less apocryphal example is the duel fought in 1387 betwixt Jacques le Grys and John de Carogne, before the King of France. These warriors were retainers of the Earl of Alençon, and originally sworn brothers. John de Carogne went over the sea for the advancement of his fame, leaving in his castle a beautiful wife, where she lived soberly and sagely. But the devil entered into the heart of Jacques le Grys, and he rode one morning from the Earl's house to the castle of his friend, where he was hospitably received by the unsuspicious lady. He requested her to show him the donjon, or keep of the castle, and in that remote and inaccessible tower forcibly violated her chastity. He then mounted his horse and returned to the Earl of

[1] Such an oath is still taken by the Knights of the Bath; but, I believe, few of that honourable brotherhood will now consider it quite so obligatory as the conscientious Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who gravely alleges it as a sufficient reason for having challenged divers cavaliers, that they had either snatched from a lady her bouquet, or riband, or, by some discourtesy of similar importance, placed her, as his lordship conceived, in the predicament of a distressed damozell.

Alençon within so short a space that his absence had not been perceived. The lady abode within the donjon, weeping bitterly, and exclaiming, "Ah Jacques! it was not well done thus to shame me! but on you shall the shame rest, if God send my husband safe home!" The lady kept secret this sorrowful deed until her husband's return from his voyage. The day passed, and night came, and the knight went to bed; but the lady would not; for ever she blessed herself, and walked up and down the chamber, studying and musing, until her attendants had retired; and then, throwing herself on her knees before the knight, she shewed him all the adventure. Hardly would Carogne believe the treachery of his companion: but, when convinced, he replied, "Since it is so, lady, I pardon you; but the knight shall die for this villainous deed." Accordingly Jacques le Gr[illegible]s was accused of the crime, in the court of the Earl of Alençon. But, as he was greatly loved of his lord, and as the evidence was very slender, the Earl gave judgment against the accusers. Hereupon John Carogne appealed to the Parliament of Paris; which court, after full consideration, appointed the case to be tried by mortal combat betwixt the parties, John Carogne appearing as the champion of his lady. If he failed in his combat, then was he to be hanged and his lady burned as false and unjust calumniators. This combat, under circumstances so very peculiar, attracted universal attention; insomuch that the King of France and his peers, who were then in Flanders collecting troops for an invasion of England, returned to Paris, that so notable a duel might be fought in the royal presence. "Thus," says Froissart, "the Kynge, and his uncles, and the constable, came to Parys. Then the lystes were made in a place called Saynt Katheryne, behinde the Temple. There was soo moche people, that it was mervayle to beholde; and on the one side of the lystes there was made gret scaffoldes, that the lordes might the better see the batayle of the ii champions; and so they bothe came to the felde, armed at all peaces, and there eche of them was set in theyr chayre; the Erle of Saynt Poule gouverned John Carongne, and the Erle of Alanson's company with Jacques le Grys; and when the knyght entered in to the felde, he came to his wyfe, who was there syttynge in a chayre, covered in blacke, and he sayd to her thus: 'Dame, by your informacyon, and in your quarrell, I do put my lyfe in adventure, as to fyght with Jacques le Grys; ye knowe, if the cause be just and true.' 'Syr,' sayd the lady, 'it is as I have sayd; wherefore ye maye fyght surely; the cause is good and true.' With those wordes, the knyghte kissed the lady, and toke her by the hande, and then blessed hym, and soo entred into the felde. The lady sate styll in the blacke chayre, in her prayers to God, and to the Vyrgyne Mary, humbly prayenge them, by theyr specyall grace, to send her husbande the victory, accordynge to the ryght. She was in great hevynes, for she was not sure of her lyfe; for, if her husbande sholde have ben discomfyted, she was judged, without remedy, to be brente, and her husbande hanged. I cannot say whether she repented her or not, as the matter was so

forwarde, that both she and her husbande were in grete peryll: howbeit, fynally, she must as then abyde the adventure. Then these two champions were set one agaynst another, and so mounted on theyr horses, and behauved them nobly; for they knewe what perteyned to deeds of armes. There were many lordes and knyghtes of Fraunce, that were come thyder to se that batayle. The two champions justed at theyr fyrst metyng, but none of them dyd hurte other; and, after the justes, they lyghted on foote to perfourme theyr batayle, and soo fought valyauntly. And fyrst, John of Carongne was hurt in the thyghe, whereby al his frendes were in grete fere; but, after that, he fought so valyauntly, that he bette down his adversary to the erthe, and threst his sword in his body, and soo slewe hym in the felde; and then he demaunded, if he had done his devoyre or not? and they answered, that he had valyauntly atchieved his batayle. Then Jacques le Grys was delyuered to the hangman of Parys, and he drewe hym to the gybbet of Mountfawcon, and there hanged him up. Then John of Carongne came before the kynge, and kneled downe, and the kynge made him to stand up before hym; and, the same daye, the kynge caused to be delyvered to him a thousande franks, and reteyned him to be of his chambre, with a pencyon of ii hundred pounde by yere, durynge the term of his lyfe. Then he thanked the kynge and the lordes, and went to his wyfe, and kissed her; and then they wente togyder to the chyrche of Our Ladye, in Parys, and made theyr offerynge, and then retourned to their lodgynges. Then this Sir John of Carongne taryed not longe in Fraunce, but went, with Syr John Boucequant, Syr John of Bordes, and Syr Loys Grat. All these went to se Lamorabaquyn,[1] of whome, in those dayes, there was moche spekynge."

Such was the readiness with which, in those times, heroes put their lives in jeopardy for honour and lady's sake. But I doubt whether the fair dames of the present day will think that the risk of being burned, upon every suspicion of frailty, could be altogether compensated by the probability that a husband of good faith, like John de Carogne, or a disinterested champion, like Hugh le Blond, would take up the gauntlet in their behalf. I fear they will rather accord to the sentiment of the hero of an old romance, who expostulates thus with a certain duke:

> "Certes, sir duke, thou doest unright,
> To make a roast of your daughter bright;
> I wot you ben unkind."
>
> *Amis and Amelion.*

I was favoured with the following copy of *Sir Hugh le Blond* by K. Williamson Burnet, Esq., of Monboddo, who wrote it down from the recitation of an old woman, long in the service of the Arbuthnot family. Of course the diction is very much humbled, and it has in

[1] This odd name Froissart gives to the famous Mahomet, Emperor of Turkey, called the Great. It is a corruption of his Persian title, Ameer Uddeen Kawn.

all probability undergone many corruptions; but its antiquity is indubitable, and the story, though indifferently told, is in itself interesting. It is believed that there have been many more verses.

The birds sang sweet as ony bell,
The world had not their make,
The Queen she's gone to her chamber,
With Rodingham to talk.

"I love you well, my Queen, my dame,
'Bove land and rents so clear,
And for the love of you, my Queen,
Would thole pain most severe."

"If well you love me, Rodingham,
I'm sure so do I thee:
I love you well as any man,
Save the King's fair bodye."

"I love you well, my Queen, my dame;
'Tis truth that I do tell:
And for to lye a night with you,
The salt seas I would sail."

"Away, away, O Rodingham!
You are both stark and stoor;
Would you defile the King's own bed,
And make his Queen a whore?

"To-morrow you'd be taken sure,
And like a traitor slain;
And I'd be burned at a stake,
Although I be the Queen."

He then stepp'd out at her room-door,
All in an angry mood;
Until he met a leper-man,
Just by the hard way-side.

He intoxicate the leper-man
With liquors very sweet;
And gave him more and more to drink,
Until he fell asleep.

He took him in his arms two,
And carried him along,
Till he came to the Queen's own bed,
And there he laid him down.

He then stepp'd out of the Queen's bower,
As swift as any roe,
Till he came to the very place
Where the King himself did go.

The King said unto Rodingham,
"What news have you to me?"
He said, "your Queen's a false woman,
As I did plainly see."

He hasten'd to the Queen's chamber,
So costly and so fine,
Until he came to the Queen's own bed,
Where the leper-man was lain.

He looked on the leper-man,
Who lay on his Queen's bed;
He lifted up the snaw-white sheets,
And thus he to him said:—

"Plooky, plooky,[1] are your cheeks,
And plooky is your chin,
And plooky are your armis twa
My bonny Queen's layne in.

"Since she has lain into your arms,
She shall not lye in mine;
Since she has kiss'd your ugsome mouth,
She never shall kiss mine."

In anger he went to the Queen,
Who fell upon her knee;
He said, "You false, unchaste woman,
What's this you've done to me?"

The Queen then turn'd herself about,
The tear blinded her e'e—
"There's not a knight in a' your court
Dare give that name to me."

He said, "'Tis true that I do say;
For I a proof did make:
You shall be taken from my bower,
And burned at a stake.

"Perhaps I'll take my word again,
And may repent the same,
If that you'll get a Christian man
To fight that Rodingham."

[1] Pimpled.

"Alas! alas!" then cried our Queen,
"Alas, and woe to me!
There's not a man in all Scotland
Will fight with him for me."

She breathed unto her messengers,
Sent them south, east, and west;
They could find none to fight with him,
Nor enter the contest.

She breathed on her messengers,
She sent them to the north;
And there they found Sir Hugh le Blond,
To fight him he came forth.

When unto him they did unfold
The circumstance all right,
He bade them go and tell the Queen,
That for her he would fight.

The day came on that was to do
That dreadful tragedy;
Sir Hugh le Blond was not come up
To fight for our lady.

"Put on the fire," the monster said;
"It is twelve on the bell!"
"'Tis scarcely ten, now," said the King;
"I heard the clock mysell."

Before the hour the Queen is brought,
The burning to proceed;
In a black velvet chair she's set,
A token for the dead.

She saw the flames ascending high,
The tears blinded her e'e:
"Where is the worthy knight," she said,
"Who is to fight for me?"

Then up and spake the King himsel,
"My dearest, have no doubt,
For yonder comes the man himsel,
As bold as e'er set out."

They then advanced to fight the duel
With swords of temper'd steel,
Till down the blood of Rodingham
Came running to his heel

Sir Hugh took out a lusty sword,
'Twas of the metal clear;
And he has pierced Rodingham
Till's heart-blood did appear.

"Confess your treachery, now," he said,
"This day before you die!"
"I do confess my treachery,
I shall no longer lye:

"I like to wicked Haman am,
This day I shall be slain."
The Queen was brought to her chamber,
A good woman again.

The Queen then said unto the King,
"Arbattle's near the sea;
Give it unto the northern knight,
That this day fought for me."

Then said the King, "Come here, Sir Knight,
And drink a glass of wine;
And, if Arbattle's not enough,
To it we'll Fordoun join."

NOTES

Until he met a leper-man, etc.—P. 363, v. 7.

Filth, poorness of living, and the want of linen made this horrible disease formerly very common in Scotland. Robert Bruce died of the leprosy, and through all Scotland there were hospitals erected for the reception of lepers, to prevent their mingling with the rest of the community.

"It is twelve on the bell!"
"'Tis scarcely ten, now," said the King, etc.—P. 365, v. 6.

In the romance of Doolin, called *La Fleur des Battailles*, a false accuser discovers a similar impatience to hurry over the execution before the arrival of the lady's champion: *"Ainsi comme Herchambaut vouloit jetter la dame dedans le feu, Sanxes de Clervaut va a lui, et lui dict; 'Sire Herchambaut, vous estes trop à blasmer; car vous ne devez mener ceste chose que par droit ainsi qu'il est ordonné; je veux accorder que ceste dame ait un vassal qui la diffendra contre vous et Drouart, car elle n'a point de coulpe en ce que l'accusez; si la devez retarder jusque a midy, pour sçavoir si un bon chevalier l' a viendra secourir contre vous et Drouart'"* (cap. 22).

"And, if Arbattle's not enough,
To it we'll Fordoun join."—P. 366, v. 5.

Arbattle is the ancient name of the barony of Arbuthnot. Fordun has long been the patrimony of the same family.

GRÆME AND BEWICK

THE date of this ballad, and its subject, are uncertain. From internal evidence, I am inclined to place it late in the sixteenth century. Of the Græmes enough is elsewhere said. It is not impossible that such a clan, as they are described, may have retained the rude ignorance of ancient Border manners to a later period than their more inland neighbours, and hence the taunt of old Bewick to Græme. Bewick is an ancient name in Cumberland and Northumberland. The ballad itself was given, in the first edition, from the recitation of a gentleman who professed to have forgotten some verses. These have, in the present edition, been partly restored from a copy obtained by the recitation of an ostler in Carlisle, which has also furnished some slight alterations.

The ballad is remarkable as containing probably the very latest allusion to the institution of brotherhood-in-arms, whch was held so sacred in the days of chivalry, and whose origin may be traced up to the Scythian ancestors of Odin. Many of the old romances turn entirely upon the sanctity of the engagement contracted by the *frères-d'armes*. In that of *Amis and Amelion*, the hero slays his two infant children, that he may compound a potent salve with their blood to cure the leprosy of his brother-in-arms. The romance of *Gyron le Courtois* has a similar subject. I think the hero, like Græme in the ballad, kills himself out of some high point of honour towards his friend.

The quarrel of the two old chieftains, over their wine, is highly in character. Two generations have not elapsed since the custom of drinking deep and taking deadly revenge for slight offences produced very tragical events on the Border, to which the custom of going armed to festive meetings contributed not a little. A minstrel, who flourished about 1720, and is often talked of by the old people, happened to be performing before one of these parties when they betook themselves to their swords. The cautious musician, accustomed to such scenes, dived beneath the table. A moment after, a man's hand, struck off with a back-sword, fell beside him. The minstrel secured it carefully in his pocket, as he would have done any other loose moveable, sagely observing the owner would miss it sorely next morning. I choose rather to give this ludicrous example than some graver instances of bloodshed at Border orgies. I observe it is said, in a MS. account of Tweeddale, in praise of the inhabitants, that "when they fall in the humour of good fellowship, they use it as a cement and bond of society, and not to foment revenge, quarrels, and murders, which is usual in other countries"; by which we ought, probably, to understand Selkirkshire and Teviotdale (*Macfarlane's MSS.*).

GRÆME AND BEWICK

Gude Lord Græme is to Carlisle gane;
Sir Robert Bewick there met he;
And arm in arm to the wine they did go,
And they drank till they were baith merrie.

Gude Lord Græme has ta'en up the cup,
"Sir Robert Bewick, and here's to thee!
And here's to our twae sons at hame!
For they like us best in our ain countrie."

"O were your son a lad like mine,
And learn'd some books that he could read,
They might hae been twae brethren bauld,
And they might hae bragged the Border side.

"But your son's a lad, and he is but bad,
And billie to my son he canna be;
. . . . . .

"Ye sent him to the schools, and he wadna learn;
Ye bought him books, and he wadna read."—
"But my blessing shall he never earn,
Till I see how his arm can defend his head."

Gude Lord Græme has a reckoning call'd,
A reckoning then called he;
And he paid a crown, and it went roun';
It was all for the gude wine and free.[1]

And he has to the stable gaen,
Where there stude thirty steeds and three;
He's ta'en his ain horse amang them a',
And hame he rade sae manfullie.

"Welcome, my auld father!" said Christie Græme,
"But where sae lang frae hame were ye?"
"It's I hae been at Carlisle town,
And a baffled man by thee I be.

"I hae been at Carlisle town,
Where Sir Robert Bewick he met me;
He says ye're a lad, and ye are but bad,
And billie to his son ye canna be.

[1] The ostler's copy reads, very characteristically:
"It was all for good wine and *hay*."

"I sent ye to the schools, and ye wadna learn;
I bought ye books, and ye wadna read;
Therefore my blessing ye shall never earn,
Till I see with Bewick thou save thy head."

"Now, God forbid, my auld father,
That ever sic a thing suld be!
Billie Bewick was my master, and I was his scholar,
And ay sae weel as he learned me."

"O hald thy tongue, thou limmer loon,
And of thy talking let me be!
If thou does na end me this quarrel soon,
There is my glove I'll fight wi' thee."

Then Christie Græme he stooped low
Unto the ground, you shall understand;—
"O father, put on your glove again,
The wind has blown it from your hand."

"What's that thou says, thou limmer loun?
How dares thou stand to speak to me?
If thou do not end this quarrel soon,
There's my right hand thou shalt fight with me."

Then Christie Græme's to his chamber gane,
To consider weel what then should be;
Whether he suld fight with his auld father,
Or with his billie Bewick, he.

"If I suld kill my billie dear,
God's blessing I shall never win;
But if I strike at my auld father,
I think 'twad be a mortal sin.

"But if I kill my billie dear,
It is God's will, so let it be.
But I make a vow, ere I gang frae hame,
That I shall be the next man's die."

Then he's put on 's back a good auld jack,
And on his head a cap of steel,
And sword and buckler by his side;
O gin he did not become them weel!

We'll leave off talking of Christie Græme,
And talk of him again belive;
And we will talk of bonny Bewick,
Where he was teaching his scholars five.

When he had taught them well to fence,
And handle swords without any doubt;
He took his sword under his arm,
And he walk'd his father's close about.

He looked atween him and the sun,
And a' to see what there might be,
Till he spied a man in armour bright,
Was riding that way most hastilie.

"O wha is yon, that came this way,
Sae hastilie that hither came?
I think it be my brother dear;
I think it be young Christie Græme.

"Ye're welcome here, my billie dear,
And thrice ye're welcome unto me!"
"But I'm wae to say, I've seen the day
When I am come to fight wi' thee.

"My father's gane to Carlisle town,
Wi' your father Bewick there met he;
He says I'm a lad, and I am but bad,
And a baffled man I trow I be.

"He sent me to schools, and I wadna learn;
He gae me books, and I wadna read;
Sae my father's blessing I'll never earn,
Till he see how my arm can guard my head."

"O God forbid, my billie dear,
That ever such a thing suld be!
We'll take three men on either side,
And see if we can our fathers agree."

"O hald thy tongue, now, billie Bewick,
And of thy talking let me be!
But if thou'rt a man, as I'm sure thou art,
Come o'er the dyke, and fight wi' me."

"But I hae nae harness, billie, on my back,
As weel I see there is on thine."
"But as little harness as is on thy back,
As little, billie, shall be on mine."

Then he's thrown aff his coat of mail,
His cap of steel away flung he;
He stuck his spear into the ground,
And he tied his horse unto a tree.

Then Bewick has thrown aff his cloak,
And's psalter-book frae's hand flung he;
He laid his hand upon the dyke,
And ower he lap most manfullie.

O they hae fought for twae lang hours;
When twae lang hours were come and gane,
The sweat drapped fast frae aff them baith,
But a drap of blude could not be seen.

Till Græme gae Bewick an ackward[1] stroke,
Ane ackward stroke strucken sickerlie;
He has hit him under the left breast,
And dead-wounded to the ground fell he.

"Rise up, rise up, now, billie dear!
Arise, and speak three words to me!—
Whether thou's gotten thy deadly wound,
Or if God and good leaching may succour thee?"

"O horse, O horse, now, billie Græme,
And get thee far from hence with speed;
And get thee out of this country,
That none may know who has done the deed."

"O I have slain thee, billie Bewick,
If this be true thou tellest to me;
But I made a vow, ere I came frae hame,
That aye the next man I wad be."

He has pitched his sword in a moodie-hill,[2]
And he has leap'd twenty lang feet and three,
And on his ain sword's point he lap,
And dead upon the grund fell he.

'Twas then came up Sir Robert Bewick,
And his brave son alive saw he;
"Rise up, rise up, my son," he said,
"For I think ye hae gotten the victorie."

"O hald your tongue, my father dear!
Of your prideful talking let me be!
Ye might hae drunken your wine in peace,
And let me and my billie be.

"Gae dig a grave, baith wide and deep,
A grave to hald baith him and me;
But lay Christie Græme on the sunny side,
For I'm sure he wan the victorie."

[1] Backward. [2] Mole-hill.

"Alack! a wae!" auld Bewick cried,
"Alack! was I not much to blame!
I'm sure I've lost the liveliest lad
That e'er was born unto my name."

"Alack! a wae!" quo' gude Lord Græme,
"I'm sure I hae lost the deeper lack!
I durst hae ridden the Border through,
Had Christie Græme been at my back.

"Had I been led through Liddesdale,
And thirty horsemen guarding me,
And Christie Græme been at my back,
Sae soon as he had set me free!

"I've lost my hopes, I've lost my joy,
I've lost the key but and the lock;
I durst hae ridden the world round,
Had Christie Græme been at my back."

THE DUEL OF WHARTON AND STUART

IN TWO PARTS

DUELS, as may be seen from the two preceding ballads, are derived from the times of chivalry. They succeeded to the *combat at outrance*, about the end of the sixteenth century; and though they were no longer countenanced by the laws, nor considered a solemn appeal to the Deity, nor honoured by the presence of applauding monarchs and multitudes, yet they were authorized by the manners of the age and by the applause of the fair.[1] They long continued, they even yet

[1] "All things being ready for the ball, and every one being in their place, and I myself being next to the Queen (of France) expecting when the dancers would come in, one knockt at the door somewhat louder than became, as I thought, a very civil person. When he came in, I remember there was a sudden whisper among the ladies, saying, 'C'est Monsieur Balagny,' or, 'tis Monsieur Balagny; whereupon, also, I saw the ladies and gentlewomen, one after another, invite him to sit near them; and, which is more, when one lady had his company a while, another would say, 'you have enjoyed him long enough; I must have him now'; at which bold civility of theirs, though I were astonished, yet it added unto my wonder, that his person could not be thought, at most, but ordinary handsome; his hair, which was cut very short, half grey, his doublet but of sackcloth, cut to his shirt, and his breeches only of plain grey cloth. Informing myself of some standers by who he was, I was told he was one of the gallantest men in the world, as having killed eight or nine men in single fight; and that, for this reason, the ladies made so much of him; it being the manner of all French women to cherish gallant men, as thinking they could not make so much of any one else, with the safety of their honour" (*Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury*, p. 70). How near the character of the duellist, originally, approached to that of the

continue, to be appealed to as the test of truth; since, by the code of honour, every gentleman is still bound to repel a charge of falsehood with the point of his sword, and at the peril of his life. This peculiarity of manners, which would have surprised an ancient Roman, is obviously deduced from the Gothic ordeal of trial by combat. Nevertheless the custom of duelling was considered, at its first introduction, as an innovation upon the law of arms; and a book, in two huge volumes, entitled *Le vrai Théâtre d'Honneur et de la Chivalerie*, was written by a French nobleman to support the venerable institutions of chivalry against this unceremonious mode of combat. He has chosen for his frontispiece two figures: the first represents a conquering knight trampling his enemy underfoot in the lists, crowned by Justice with laurel and preceded by Fame sounding his praises. The other figure presents a duellist in his shirt, as was then the fashion (see the following ballad), with his bloody rapier in his hand: the slaughtered combatant is seen in the distance, and the victor is pursued by the Furies. Nevertheless, the wise will make some scruple, whether, if the warriors were to change equipments, they might not also exchange their emblematic attendants. The modern mode of duel, without defensive armour, began about the reign of Henry III of France, when the gentlemen of that nation, as we learn from Davila, began to lay aside the cumbrous lance and cuirass, even in war. The increase of danger being supposed to contribute to the increase of honour, the national ardour of the French gallants led them early to distinguish themselves by neglect of everything that could contribute to their personal safety. Hence duels began to be fought by the combatants in their shirts, and with the rapier only. To this custom contributed also the art of fencing, then cultivated as a new study in Italy and Spain, by which the sword became at once an offensive and defensive weapon. The reader will see the new "science of defence," as it was called, ridiculed by Shakespeare in *Romeo and Juliet*, and by Quevedo in some of his novels. But the more ancient customs continued for some time to maintain their ground. The Sieur Colombiere mentions two

knight-errant, appears from a transaction which took place at the siege of Juliers, betwixt this Balagny and Lord Herbert. As these two noted duellists stood together in the trenches, the Frenchman addressed Lord Herbert: "*Monsieur, on dit que vous êtes un des plus braves de votre nation, et je suis Balagny; allons voir que fera le mieux.*" With these words Balagny jumped over the trench, and Herbert as speedily following, both ran sword in hand towards the defences of the besieged town, which welcomed their approach with a storm of musquetry and artillery. Balagny then observed, this was hot service; but Herbert swore he would not turn back first; so the Frenchman was finally fain to set him the example of retreat. Notwithstanding the advantage which he had gained over Balagny in this "jeopardy of war," Lord Herbert seems still to have grudged that gentleman's astonishing reputation, for he endeavoured to pick a quarrel with him on the romantic score of the worth of their mistresses; and, receiving a ludicrous answer, told him with disdain that he spoke more like a *palliard* than a *cavalier*. From such instances the reader may judge whether the age of chivalry did not endure somewhat longer than is generally supposed.

gentlemen who fought with equal advantage for a whole day in all the panoply of chivalry, and the next day had recourse to the modern mode of combat. By a still more extraordinary mixture of ancient and modern fashions, two combatants on horseback ran a tilt at each other with lances without any covering but their shirts.

When armour was laid aside, the consequence was that the first duels were very sanguinary, terminating frequently in the death of one, and sometimes, as in the ballad, of both persons engaged. Nor was this all: the seconds, who had nothing to do with the quarrel, fought stoutly, *pour se desennuyer*, and often sealed with their blood their friendship for their principal. A desperate combat, fought between Messrs Entraguet and Caylus, is said to have been the first in which this fashion of promiscuous fight was introduced. It proved fatal to two of Henry the Third's minions, and extracted from that sorrowing monarch an edict against duelling, which was as frequently as fruitlessly renewed by his successors. The use of rapier and poniard together,[1] was another cause of the mortal slaughter in these duels, which were supposed, in the reign of Henry IV, to have cost France at least as many of her nobles as had fallen in the civil wars. With these double weapons, frequent instances occurred in which a duellist, mortally wounded, threw himself within his antagonist's guard, and plunged his poniard into his heart. Nay, sometimes the sword was altogether abandoned for the more sure and murderous dagger. A quarrel having arisen betwixt the Vicomte d'Allemagne and the Sieur de la Roque, the former, alleging the youth and dexterity of his antagonist, insisted upon fighting the duel in their shirts and with their poniards only; a desperate mode of conflict, which proved fatal to both. Others refined even upon this horrible struggle, by choosing for the scene a small room, a large hogshead, or, finally, a hole dug in the earth, into which the duellists descended as into a certain grave. Must I add, that even women caught the frenzy, and that duels were fought, not only by those whose rank and character rendered it little surprising, but by modest and well-born maidens! (Audiguier, *Traité de Duel*, *Théâtre d'Honneur*, vol. i).[2]

We learn, from every authority, that duels became nearly as common

[1] It appears from a line in the black-letter copy of the following ballad that Wharton and Stuart fought with rapier and dagger:

"With that stout Wharton was the first
Took *rapier* and *poniard* there that day."
Ancient Songs, 1792, p. 204.

[2] This folly ran to such a pitch that no one was thought worthy to be reckoned a gentleman who had not tried his valour in at least one duel, of which Lord Herbert gives the following instance: a young gentleman, desiring to marry a niece of Monsieur Disancour, *écuyer* to the Duke of Montmorenci, received this answer: "Friend, it is not yet time to marry; if you will be a brave man, you must first kill, in single combat, two or three men; then marry, and get two or three children; otherwise the world will neither have gained or lost by you" (Herbert's *Life*, p. 64).

in England, after the accession of James VI, as they had ever been in France. The point of honour, so fatal to the gallants of the age, was nowhere carried more highly than at the court of the pacific *Solomon* of Britain. Instead of the feudal combats upon the *Hie-gate of Edinburgh*, which had often disturbed his repose at Holy-rood, his levees at Theobald's were occupied with listening to the detail of more polished but not less sanguinary contests. I rather suppose that James never was himself disposed to pay particular attention to the laws of the *duello*; but they were defined with a quaintness and pedantry which, bating his dislike to the subject, must have deeply interested him. The point of honour was a science, which a grown gentleman might study under suitable professors, as well as dancing, or any other modish accomplishment. Nay, it would appear that the ingenuity of the *sword-men* (so these military casuists were termed) might often accommodate a bashful combatant with an honourable excuse for declining the combat:

> "Understand'st thou well nice points of duel?
> Art born of gentle blood and pure descent?
> Were none of all thy lineage hang'd, or cuckold?
> Bastard or bastinadoed? Is thy pedigree
> As long, as wide as mine? For otherwise
> Thou wert most unworthy; and 'twere loss of honour
> In me to fight. More: I have drawn five teeth—
> If thine stand sound, the terms are much unequal;
> And, by strict laws of duel, I am excused
> To fight on disadvantage."
>
> *Albumazar*, Act 4, Scene 7.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's admirable play of *A King and no King*, there is some excellent mirth at the expense of the professors of the point of honour.

But though such shifts might occasionally be resorted to by the faint-hearted, yet the fiery cavaliers of the English court were but little apt to profit by them; though their vengeance for insulted honour sometimes vented itself through fouler channels than that of fair combat. It happened, for example, that Lord Sanquhar, a Scottish nobleman, in fencing with a master of the noble science of defence, lost his eye by an unlucky thrust. The accident was provoking, but without remedy; nor did Lord Sanquhar think of it, unless with regret, until some years after, when he chanced to be in the French court. Henry the Great casually asked him, How he lost his eye? "By the thrust of a sword," answered Lord Sanquhar, not caring to enter into particulars. The King, supposing the accident the consequence of a duel, immediately enquired, "Does the man yet live?" These few words set the blood of the Scottish nobleman on fire; nor did he rest till he had taken the base vengeance of assassinating, by hired ruffians, the unfortunate fencing-master. The mutual animosity betwixt the English and Scottish nations had already occasioned much bloodshed among the gentry, by single combat, and James now found himself under the necessity of making

a striking example of one of his Scottish nobles, to avoid the imputation of the grossest partiality. Lord Sanquhar was condemned to be hanged, and suffered that ignominious punishment accordingly.

By a circuitous route we are now arrived at the subject of our ballad; for to the tragical duel of Stuart and Wharton, and to other instances of bloody combats and brawls betwixt the two nations, is imputed James's firmness in the case of Lord Sanquhar.

"For Ramsay, one of the King's servants, not long before Sanquhar's trial, had switched the Earl of Montgomery, who was the King's first favourite, happily because he took it so. Maxwell, another of them, had bitten Hawley, a gentleman of the Temple, by the ear, which enraged the Templars (in those times riotous, and subject to tumults) and brought it almost to a national quarrel till the King stept in, and took it up himself. The Lord Bruce had summoned Sir Edward Sackville (afterward Earl of Dorset) into France, with a fatal compliment to take death from his hand.[1] *And the much-lamented Sir James Stuart, one of the King's blood, and Sir George Wharton, the prime branch of that noble family, for little worthless punctilios of honor (being intimate friends), took the field, and fell together by each other's hand*" (Wilson's *Life of James VI*, p. 60).

The sufferers in this melancholy affair were both men of high birth, the heirs-apparent of two noble families, and youths of the most promising expectation. Sir James Stuart was a Knight of the Bath, and eldest son of Walter, first Lord Blantyre, by Nicolas, daughter of Sir James Somerville, of Cambusnethan. Sir George Wharton was also a Knight of the Bath, and eldest son of Philip, Lord Wharton, by Frances, daughter of Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland. He married Anne, daughter of the Earl of Rutland, but left no issue.

The circumstances of the quarrel and combat are accurately detailed in the ballad, of which there exists a black-letter copy in the Pearson Collection, now in the library of the late John, Duke of Roxburghe, entitled, "A Lamentable Ballad of a Combate, lately fought near London, between Sir James Stewarde, and Sir George Wharton, knights, who were both slain at that time. To the tune of *Down Plumpton Park*, etc." A copy of this ballad has been published in Mr Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, and upon comparison appears very little different from that which has been preserved by tradition in Ettrick Forest. Two verses have been added, and one considerably improved, from Mr Ritson's edition. These three stanzas are the fifth and ninth of Part First, and the penult verse of Part Second. I am thus particular that the reader may be able, if he pleases, to compare the traditional ballad with the original edition. It furnishes striking evidence that, "without characters, fame lives long." The difference, chiefly to be remarked betwixt the copies, lies in the dialect and in some modifications applicable to Scotland; as, using the words "*Our Scottish Knight.*" The black-letter ballad, in like

[1] See an account of this desperate duel in the *Guardian*.

manner, terms Wharton "*Our English Knight.*" My correspondent, James Hogg, adds the following note to this ballad: "I have heard this song sung by several old people; but all of them with this tradition, that Wharton bribed Stuart's second, and actually fought in armour. I acknowledge, that, from some dark hints in the song, this appears not impossible; but, that you may not judge too rashly, I must remind you that the old people inhabiting the head-lands (high grounds) hereabouts, although possessed of many original songs, traditions, and anecdotes, are most unreasonably partial when the valour or honour of a Scotsman is called in question." I retain this note, because it is characteristic; but I agree with my correspondent, there can be no foundation for the tradition except in national partiality.[1]

THE DUEL OF WHARTON AND STUART

PART FIRST

It grieveth me to tell you o'
  Near London late what did befall,
'Twixt two young gallant gentlemen;
  It grieveth me, and ever shall.

One of them was Sir George Wharton,
  My good Lord Wharton's son and heir;
The other, James Stuart, a Scottish knight,
  One that a valiant heart did bear.

When first to court these nobles came,
  One night, a-gaming, fell to words;
And in their fury grew so hot,
  That they did both try their keen swords.

---

[1] Since the publication of this work, I have seen cause to think that this insinuation was not introduced by Scottish reciters, but really founded upon the opinion formed by Stewart's friends. Sir James Stewart married the Lady Dorothy Hastings, and in a letter from the late venerable Countess of Moira and Hastings he is described, from family tradition, as the most accomplished person of the age he lived in, and in talents and abilities almost equal to what is recorded of the Admirable Crichton. Sir George Wharton is, on the other hand, affirmed to have been a man of a fierce and brutal temper, and to have provoked the quarrel by wanton and intolerable reflections on the Scottish national character. "In the duel," her ladyship concludes, "family tradition does not allow Sir James to have been killed fairly." From an anecdote respecting Sir George Wharton's conduct in a quarrel with the Earl of Pembroke, there is room to suppose the imputations on his temper were not without foundation. See Lodge's *Illustrations of English History*, vol. iii, p. 350. Lady Moira concludes that she had seen a copy of the ballad different from any one hitherto printed, in which the charge of foul play was directly stated against Wharton.

No manner of treating, nor advice,
Could hold from striking in that place;
For, in the height and heat of blood,
James struck George Wharton on the face.

"What doth this mean," George Wharton said,
"To strike in such unmanly sort?
But, that I take it at thy hands,
The tongue of man shall ne'er report!"

"But do thy worst, then," said Sir James,
"Now do thy worst, appoint a day!
There's not a lord in England breathes
Shall gar me give an inch of way."

"Ye brag right weel," George Wharton said;
"Let our brave lords at large alane,
And speak of me, that am thy foe;
For you shall find enough o' ane!

"I'll interchange my glove wi' thine;
I'll show it on the bed o' death;
I mean the place where we shall fight;
There ane or both maun lose life and breath!"

"We'll meet near Waltham," said Sir James;
"To-morrow, that shall be the day:
We'll either take a single man,
And try who bears the bell away."

Then down together hands they shook,
Without any envious sign;
Then went to Ludgate, where they lay,
And each man drank his pint of wine.

No kind of envy could be seen,
No kind of malice they did betray;
But a' was clear and calm as death,
Whatever in their bosoms lay,

Till parting time; and then, indeed,
They shew'd some rancour in their heart;
"Next time we meet," says George Wharton,
"Not half sae soundly we shall part!"

So they have parted, firmly bent
Their valiant minds equal to try:
The second part shall clearly show,
Both how they meet, and how they die.

PART SECOND

George Wharton was the first ae man
Came to the appointed place that day,
Where he espyed our Scots lord coming,
As fast as he could post away.

They met, shook hands; their cheeks were pale;
Then to George Wharton James did say,
"I dinna like your doublet, George,
It stands sae weel on you this day.

"Say, have you got no armour on?
Have you no under robe of steel?
I never saw an Englishman
Become his doublet half sae weel."

"Fy no! fy no!" George Wharton said,
"For that's the thing that mauna be,
That I should come wi' armour on,
And you a naked man truly."

"Our men shall search our doublets, George,
And see if one of us do lie!
Then will we prove wi' weapons sharp,
Ourselves true gallants for to be."

Then they threw off their doublets both,
And stood up in their sarks o' lawn;
"Now take my counsel," said Sir James,
"Wharton, to thee I'll make it knawn:

"So as we stand, so will we fight;
Thus naked in our sarks," said he;
"Fy no! fy no!" George Wharton says;
"That is the thing that must not be.

"We're neither drinkers, quarrellers,
Nor men that cares na for oursel;
Nor minds na what we're gaun about,
Or if we're gaun to heav'n or hell.

"Let us to God bequeath our souls,
Our bodies to the dust and clay!"
With that he drew his deadly sword,
The first was drawn on field that day.

Se'en bouts and turns these heroes had,
Or e'er a drop o' blood was drawn;
Our Scotch lord, wond'ring, quickly cry'd,
"Stout Wharton! thou still hauds thy awn!"

The first stroke that George Wharton gae,
He struck him thro' the shoulder-bane;
The neist was thro' the thick o' the thigh;
He thought our Scotch lord had been slain.

"Oh! ever alak!" George Wharton cry'd,
"Art thou a living man, tell me?
If there's a surgeon living can,
He'se cure thy wounds right speedily."

"No more of that," James Stuart said;
"Speak not of curing wounds to me!
For one of us must yield our breath,
Ere off the field one foot we flee."

They looked oure their shoulders both,
To see what company was there;
They both had grievous marks of death,
But frae the other nane wad steer.

George Wharton was the first that fell;
Our Scotch lord fell immediately:
They both did cry to Him above,
To save their souls, for they boud die.

NOTE

When first to court these nobles came,
One night, a-gaming, fell to words.—P. 377, v. 3.

Sir George Wharton was quarrelsome at cards, a temper which he exhibited so disagreeably when playing with the Earl of Pembroke, that the Earl told him: "Sir George, I have loved you long; but, by your manner in playing, you lay it upon me either to leave to love you, or to leave to play with you; wherefore, chusing to love you still, I will never play with you any more" (Lodge's *Illustrations*, vol. iii, p. 350).

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW

THIS fragment, obtained from recitation in the Forest of Ettrick, is said to relate to the execution of Cockburne of Henderland, a Border freebooter, hanged over the gate of his own tower by James V, in the course of that memorable expedition in 1529, which was fatal to Johnie Armstrang, Adam Scott of Tushielaw, and many other marauders. The vestiges of the castle of Henderland are still to be traced upon the farm of that name, belonging to Mr Murray of Henderland. They are situated near the mouth of the river Meggat, which falls into the lake of St Mary, in Selkirkshire. The adjacent country, which now hardly bears a single tree, is celebrated by Lesly as, in his time, affording shelter to the largest stags in Scotland. A mountain torrent, called Henderland Burn, rushes impetuously from the hills, through a rocky chasm, named the Dow-glen, and passes near the site of the tower. To the recesses of this glen, the wife of Cockburne is said to have retreated during the execution of her husband; and a place, called the *Lady's Seat*, is still shown, where she is said to have striven to drown, amid the roar of a foaming cataract, the tumultuous noise which announced the close of his existence. In a deserted burial-place, which once surrounded the chapel of the castle, the monument of Cockburne and his lady is still shown. It is a large stone, broken in three parts; but some armorial bearings may be yet traced, and the following inscription is still legible, though defaced:

HERR LYES PERYS OF COKBURNE AND HIS WIFE MARJORY

Tradition says that Cockburne was surprised by the King while sitting at dinner. After the execution, James marched rapidly forward, to surprise Adam Scott of Tushielaw, called the King of the Border, and sometimes the King of Thieves. A path through the mountains, which separate the vale of Ettrick from the head of Yarrow, is still called the *King's Road*, and seems to have been the route which he followed. The remains of the tower of Tushielaw are yet visible, overhanging the wild banks of the Ettrick; and are an object of terror to the benighted peasant, from an idea of their being haunted by spectres. From these heights, and through the adjacent county of Peebles, passes a wild path, called still the *Thief's Road*, from having been used chiefly by the marauders of the Border.

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW

My love he built me a bonny bower,
And clad it a' wi' lilye flour;
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the King that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear;
He slew my knight, and poin'd [1] his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sew'd his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair;
O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turn'd about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

[1] Poinded, attached by legal distress.

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNELL

THE following very popular ballad has been handed down by tradition in its present imperfect state. The affecting incident on which it is founded is well known. A lady, of the name of Helen Irving, or Bell [1] (for this is disputed by the two clans), daughter of the laird of Kirconnel, in Dumfriesshire, and celebrated for her beauty, was beloved by two gentlemen in the neighbourhood. The name of the favoured suitor was Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick; that of the other has escaped tradition; though it has been alleged that he was a Bell of Blacket House. The addresses of the latter were, however, favoured by the friends of the lady, and the lovers were therefore obliged to meet in secret, and by night, in the churchyard of Kirconnel, a romantic spot, almost surrounded by the river Kirtle. During one of these private interviews, the jealous and despised lover suddenly appeared on the opposite bank of the stream, and levelled his carabine at the breast of his rival. Helen threw herself before her lover, received in her bosom the bullet, and died in his arms. A desperate and mortal combat ensued between Fleming and the murderer, in which the latter was cut to pieces. Other accounts say that Fleming pursued his enemy to Spain, and slew him in the streets of Madrid.

The ballad, as now published, consists of two parts. The first seems to be an address, either by Fleming or his rival to the lady; if, indeed, it constituted any portion of the original poem. For the Editor cannot help suspecting that these verses have been the production of a different and inferior bard, and only adapted to the original measure and tune. But this suspicion, being unwarranted by any copy he has been able to procure, he does not venture to do more than intimate his own opinion. The second part, by far the most beautiful, and which is unquestionably original, forms the lament of Fleming over the grave of fair Helen.

The ballad is here given, without alteration or improvement, from the most accurate copy which could be recovered. The fate of Helen has not, however, remained unsung by modern bards. A lament, of great poetical merit, by the learned historian, Mr Pinkerton, with several other poems on this subject, have been printed in various forms.

The grave of the lovers is yet shown in the churchyard of Kirconnel,

[1] This dispute is owing to the uncertain date of the ballad, for, although the last proprietors of Kirconnel were Irvings, when deprived of their possessions by Robert Maxwell in 1600, yet Kirconnel is termed in old chronicles *The Bell's Tower*, and a stone with the arms of that family has been found among its ruins. Fair Helen's surname, therefore, depends upon the period at which she lived, which it is now impossible to ascertain.

near Springkell. Upon the tombstone can still be read—*Hic jacet Adamus Fleming*; a cross and sword are sculptured on the stone. The former is called, by the country people, the gun with which Helen was murdered; and the latter, the avenging sword of her lover. *Sit illis terra levis!* A heap of stones is raised on the spot where the murder was committed; a token of abhorrence common to most nations.[1]

PART FIRST

O! sweetest sweet, and fairest fair,
Of birth and worth beyond compare,
Thou art the causer of my care,
  Since first I loved thee.

Yet God hath given to me a mind,
The which to thee shall prove as kind
As any one that thou shalt find,
  Of high or low degree.

The shallowest water makes maist din,
The deadest pool the deepest linn,
The richest man least truth within,
  Though he preferred be.

Yet, nevertheless, I am content,
And never a whit my love repent,
But think the time was a' weel spent,
  Though I disdained be.

O! Helen sweet, and maist complete,
My captive spirit's at thy feet!
Think thou still fit thus for to treat
  Thy captive cruelly?

O! Helen brave! but this I crave,
Of thy poor slave some pity have,
And do him save that's near his grave,
  And dies for love of thee.

[1] This practice has only very lately become obsolete in Scotland. The Editor remembers that a few years ago a cairn was pointed out to him in the King's Park of Edinburgh, which had been raised in detestation of a cruel murder, perpetrated by one Nicol Muschat on the body of his wife in that place in the year 1720.

PART SECOND

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnell Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd [1] Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spak nae mair!
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I lighted down, my sword did draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma;
I hacked him in pieces sma,
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste, and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou liest low, and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

[1] Maid Helen.

HUGHIE THE GRÆME

THE Græmes, as we have had frequent occasion to notice, were a powerful and numerous clan, who chiefly inhabited the Debateable Land. They were said to be of Scottish extraction, and their chief claimed his descent from Malice, Earl of Stratherne. In military service they were more attached to England than to Scotland; but in their depredations on both countries they appear to have been very impartial; for in the year 1600 the gentlemen of Cumberland alleged to Lord Scroope, "that the Græmes, and their clans, with their children, tenants, and servants, were the chiefest actors in the spoil and decay of the country." Accordingly, they were, at that time, obliged to give a bond of surety for each other's peaceable demeanour; from which bond their numbers appears to have exceeded four hundred men (see Introduction to Nicolson's *History of Cumberland*, p. cviii).

Richard Græme, of the family of Netherbye, was one of the attendants upon Charles I when Prince of Wales, and accompanied him upon his romantic journey through France and Spain. The following little anecdote, which then occurred, will show that the memory of the Græmes' Border exploits was at that time still preserved.

"They were now entered into the deep time of Lent, and could get no flesh in their inns. Whereupon fell out a pleasant passage, if I may insert it, by the way, among more serious. There was near Bayonne, a herd of goats, with their young ones; upon the sight whereof, Sir Richard Graham tells the Marquis (of Buckingham) that he would snap one of the kids, and make some shift to carry him snug to their lodging. Which the Prince overhearing, 'Why, Richard,' says he, 'do you think you may practise here your old tricks upon the Borders?' Upon which words, they, in the first place, gave the goat-herd good contentment; and then, while the Marquis and Richard, being both on foot, were chasing the kid about the stack, the Prince, from horseback, killed him in the head, with a Scottish pistol. Which circumstance, though trifling, may yet serve to shew how his Royal Highness, even in such slight and sportful damage, had a noble sense of just dealing" (Sir Henry Wotton's *Life of the Duke of Buckingham*).

I find no traces of this particular Hughie Græme of the ballad; but, from the mention of the *Bishop*, I suspect he may have been one of about four hundred Borderers against whom bills of complaint were exhibited to Robert Aldridge, Lord Bishop of Carlisle, about 1553, for divers incursions, burnings, murders, mutilations, and spoils by them committed (Nicolson's *History*, Introduction, p. lxxxi). There appear a number of Græmes in the specimen which we have of that list of delinquents.

There occur, in particular,

Ritchie Grame of Bailie,
Will's Jock Grame,
Fargue's Willie Grame,
Muckle Willie Grame,
Will Grame of Rosetrees,
Ritchie Grame, younger of Netherby,
Wat Grame, called Flaughtail,
Will Grame, Nimble Willie,
Will Grame, Mickle Willie,

with many others.

In Mr Ritson's curious and valuable collection of legendary poetry, entitled *Ancient Songs*, he has published this Border ditty from a collation of two old black-letter copies, one in the collection of the late John, Duke of Roxburghe, and another in the hands of John Bayne, Esq. The learned Editor mentions another copy, beginning, "Good Lord John is a hunting gone." The present edition was procured for me by my friend Mr W. Laidlaw, in Blackhouse, and has been long current in Selkirkshire. Mr Ritson's copy has occasionally been resorted to for better readings.

Gude Lord Scroope's to the hunting gane,
He has ridden o'er moss and muir;
And he has grippit Hughie the Græme,
For stealing o' the Bishop's mare.

"Now, good Lord Scroope, this may not be!
Here hangs a broad sword by my side;
And if that thou canst conquer me,
The matter it may soon be try'd."

"I ne'er was afraid of a traitor thief;
Although thy name be Hughie the Græme,
I'll make thee repent thee of thy deeds,
If God but grant me life and time."

"Then do your worst now, good Lord Scroope,
And deal your blows as hard as you can!
It shall be tried within an hour,
Which of us two is the better man."

But as they were dealing their blows so free,
And both so bloody at the time,
Over the moss came ten yeomen so tall,
All for to take brave Hughie the Græme.

Then they hae grippit Hughie the Græme,
And brought him up through Carlisle town;
The lasses and lads stood on the walls,
Crying, "Hughie the Græme, thou'se ne'er gae down!"

Then hae they chosen a jury of men,
The best that were in Carlisle [1] town;
And twelve of them cried out at once,
"Hughie the Græme, thou must gae down!"

Then up bespak him gude Lord Hume,[2]
As he sat by the judge's knee,—
"Twenty white owsen, my gude lord,
If you'll grant Hughie the Græme to me."

"O no, O no, my gude Lord Hume!
Forsooth and sae it mauna be;
For, were there but three Græmes of the name,
They suld be hanged a' for me."

'Twas up and spake the gude Lady Hume,
As she sat by the judge's knee,—
"A peck of white pennies, my gude lord judge,
If you'll grant Hughie the Græme to me."

"O no, O no, my gude Lady Hume!
Forsooth and so it mustna be;
Were he but the one Græme of the name,
He suld be hanged high for me."

"If I be guilty," said Hughie the Græme,
"Of me my friends shall have small talk";
And he has louped fifteen feet and three,
Though his hands they were tied behind his back.

He looked over his left shoulder,
And for to see what he might see;
There was he aware of his auld father,
Came tearing his hair most piteously.

"O hald your tongue, my father," he says,
"And see that ye dinna weep for me!
For they may ravish me o' my life,
But they cannot banish me fro' Heaven hie.

"Fare ye weel, fair Maggie, my wife!
The last time we came ower the muir,
'Twas thou bereft me of my life,
And wi' the Bishop thou play'd the whore.

"Here, Johnie Armstrong, take thou my sword,
That is made o' the metal sae fine;
And when thou comest to the English [3] side,
Remember the death of Hughie the Græme."

[1] *Garlard*—Anc. Songs. [2] *Boles*—Anc. Songs. [3] *Border*—Anc. Songs.

NOTE

And wi' the Bishop thou play'd the whore.—P. 388, v. 9.

Of the morality of Robert Aldridge, Bishop of Carlisle, we know but little, but his political and religious faith were of a stretching and accommodating texture. Anthony à Wood observes that there were many changes in his time, both in church and state, but that the worthy prelate retained his offices and preferments during them all.

JOHNIE OF BREADISLEE

AN ANCIENT NITHSDALE BALLAD

THE hero of this ballad appears to have been an outlaw and deer-stealer—probably one of the broken men residing upon the Border. There are several different copies, in one of which the principal personage is called *Johnie of Cockielaw*. The stanzas of greatest merit have been selected from each copy. It is sometimes said that this outlaw possessed the old castle of Morton, in Dumfriesshire, now ruinous. "Near to this castle there was a park, built by Sir Thomas Randolph, on the face of a very great and high hill; so artificially, that, by the advantage of the hill, all wild beasts, such as deers, harts, and roes, and hares, did easily leap in, but could not get out again; and if any other cattle, such as cows, sheep, or goats, did voluntarily leap in, or were forced to do it, *it is doubted* if their owners were permitted to get them out again" (*Account of Presbytery of Penpont, apud* Macfarlane's MSS.). Such a park would form a convenient domain to an outlaw's castle, and the mention of Durrisdeer, a neighbouring parish, adds weight to the tradition. I have seen, on a mountain near Callendar, a sort of pinfold, composed of immense rocks piled upon each other, which, I was told, was anciently constructed for the above-mentioned purpose. The mountain is thence called *Uah var*, or the *Cove of the Giant*.

Johnie rose up in a May morning,
Called for water to wash his hands—
"Gar loose to me the gude graie dogs
That are bound wi' iron bands."

When Johnie's mother gat word o' that,
Her hands for dule she wrang—
"O Johnie! for my benison,
To the greenwood dinna gang!

"Eneugh ye hae o' the gude wheat bread,
And eneugh o' the blude-red wine:
And, therefore, for nae venison, Johnie,
I pray ye, stir frae hame."

But Johnie's busk't up his gude bend bow,
His arrows, ane by ane;
And he has gane to Durrisdeer
To hunt the dun deer down.

As he came down by Merriemass,
And in by the benty line,
There has he espied a deer lying
Aneath a bush of ling.

Johnie he shot, and the dun deer lap,
And he wounded her on the side;
But, atween the water and the brae,
His hounds they laid her pride.

And Johnie has bryttled [1] the deer sae weel,
That he's had out her liver and lungs;
And wi' these he has feasted his bludy hounds,
As if they had been erl's sons.

They eat sae much o' the venison,
And drank sae much o' the blude,
That Johnie and a' his bluidy hounds
Fell asleep as they had been dead.

And by there came a silly auld carle,
An ill death mote he die!
For he's awa to Hislinton,
Where the Seven Foresters did lie.

"What news, what news, ye gray-headed carle,
What news bring ye to me?"
"I bring nae news," said the gray-headed carle,
"Save what these eyes did see.

"As I came down by Merriemass,
And down amang the scroggs,
The bonniest childe that ever I saw
Lay sleeping amang his dogs.

[1] To cut up venison. See the ancient ballad of *Chevy Chace*, v. 8.

"The shirt that was upon his back
Was o' the Holland fine;
The doublet which was over that
Was o' the lincome twine.[1]

"The buttons that were on his sleeve
Were o' the goud sae gude;
The gude graie hounds he lay amang,
Their mouths were dyed wi' blude."

Then out and spak the First Forester,
The heid man ower them a'—
"If this be Johnie o' Breadislee,
Nae nearer will we draw."

But up and spak the Sixth Forester,
(His sister's son was he)
"If this be Johnie o' Breadislee,
We soon shall gar him die!"

The first flight of arrows the Foresters shot,
They wounded him on the knee;
And out and spak the Seventh Forester,
"The next will gar him die."

Johnie's set his back against an aik,
His fute against a stane;
And he has slain the Seven Foresters,
He has slain them a' but ane.

He has broke three ribs in that ane's side,
But and his collar bane;
He's laid him twa-fald ower his steed,
Bade him carry the tidings hame.

"O is there na a bonnie bird,
Can sing as I can say;
Could flee away to my mother's bower,
And tell to fetch Johnie away?"

The starling flew to his mother's window stane,
It whistled and it sang;
And ay the ower word o' the tune
Was—"Johnie tarries lang!"

They made a rod o' the hazel bush,
Another o' the slae-thorn tree,
And mony mony were the men
At fetching o'er Johnie.

[1] The Lincoln manufacture.

Then out and spak his auld mother,
And fast her tears did fa'—
"Ye wad nae be warned, my son Johnie,
Frae the hunting to bide awa.

"Aft hae I brought to Breadislee,
The less gear [1] and the mair,
But I ne'er brought to Breadislee,
What grieved my heart sae sair!

"But wae betyde that silly auld carle!
An ill death shall he die!
For the highest tree in Merriemass
Shall be his morning's fee."

Now Johnie's gude bend bow is broke,
And his gude graie dogs are slain;
And his body lies dead in Durrisdeer,
And his hunting it is done.

KATHERINE JANFARIE

[The ballad was published in the first edition of this work under the title of *The Laird of Laminton*. It is now given in a more perfect state from several recited copies. The residence of the lady, and the scene of the affray at her bridal, is said by old people to have been upon the banks of the Cadden, near to where it joins the Tweed. Others say the skirmish was fought near Traquair, and Katherine Janfarie's dwelling was in the glen about three miles above Traquair House.]

There was a may, and a weel far'd may [2]
Lived high up in yon glen;
Her name was Katherine Janfarie,
She was courted by mony men.

Up then came Lord Lauderdale,
Up frae the Lawland Border;
And he has come to court this may,
A' mounted in good order.

He told na her father, he told na her mother,
And he told na ane o' her kin;
But he whisper'd the bonnie lassie hersel',
And has her favour won.

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[1] Usually signifies *goods*, but here *spoil*. [2] A handsome maiden.

But out then cam Lord Lochinvar,
Out frae the English Border,
All for to court this bonnie may,
Weil mounted, and in order.

He told her father, he told her mother,
And a' the lave o' her kin;
But he told na the bonnie may hersel'
Till on her wedding e'en.

She sent to the Lord o' Lauderdale,
Gin he wad come and see;
And he has sent word back again,
Weel answered she suld be.

And he has sent a messenger
Right quickly through the land,
And raised mony an armed man
To be at his command.

The bride looked out at a high window,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And she was aware of her first true love,
With riders mony a one.

She scoffed him, and scorned him,
Upon her wedding day:
And said—"It was the Fairy court
To see him in array!

"O come ye here to fight, young lord,
Or come ye here to play?
Or come ye here to drink good wine
Upon the wedding day?"

"I come na here to fight," he said,
"I come na here to play;
I'll but lead a dance wi' the bonnie bride,
And mount, and go my way."

It is a glass of the blood-red wine
Was filled up them between,
And ay she drank to Lauderdale,
Wha her true love had been.

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve;
He's mounted her hie behind himsell,
At her kinsmen spear'd na leave.

"Now take your bride, Lord Lochinvar!
Now take her if you may!
But, if you take your bride again,
We'll call it but foul play."

There were four-and-twenty bonnie boys,
A' clad in the Johnstone grey; [1]
They said they would take the bride again,
By the strong hand, if they may.

Some o' them were right willing men,
But they were na willing a';
And four-and-twenty Leader lads
Bid them mount and ride awa'.

Then whingers flew frae gentles' sides,
And swords flew frae the shea's,
And red and rosy was the blood
Ran down the lily braes.

The blood ran down by Caddon bank,
And down by Caddon brae;
And, sighing, said the bonnie bride—
"O waes me for foul play!"

My blessing on your heart, sweet thing!
Wae to your wilfu' will!
There's mony a gallant gentleman
Whae's blude ye have garr'd to spill.

Now a' you lords of fair England,
And that dwell by the English border,
Come never here to seek a wife,
For fear of sic disorder.

They'll haik ye up, and settle ye bye,
Till on your wedding day;
Then gie ye frogs instead of fish,
And play ye foul foul play.

[1] The livery of the ancient family of Johnstone.

THE LAIRD O' LOGIE

AN edition of this ballad is current, under the title of *The Laird of Ochiltree*, but the Editor, since publication of this work, has been fortunate enough to recover the following more correct and ancient copy, as recited by a gentleman residing near Biggar. It agrees more nearly, both in the name and in the circumstances, with the real fact than the printed ballad of Ochiltree.

In the year 1592 Francis Stuart, Earl of Bothwell, was agitating his frantic and ill-concerted attempts against the person of James VI, whom he endeavoured to surprise in the palace of Falkland. Through the emulation and private rancour of the courtiers, he found adherents even about the King's person; among whom, it seems, was the hero of our ballad, whose history is thus narrated in that curious and valuable chronicle, of which the first part has been published under the title of *The Historie of King James the Sext*.

" In this close tyme it fortunit, that a gentleman, callit Weymis of Logye, being also in credence at court, was delatit as a traffekker with Frances Erle Bothwell; and he being examinat before King and counsall, confessit his accusation to be of veritie, that sundrie tymes he had spokin with him, expresslie aganis the King's inhibitioun proclamit in the contrare, whilk confession he subscryvit with his hand; and because the event of this mater had sik a success, it sall also be praysit be my pen, as a worthie turne, proceiding from honest chest loove and charitie, whilk suld on na wayis be obscurit from the posteritie, for the gude example; and therefore I have thought gude to insert the same for a perpetual memorie.

" Queen Anne, our noble princess, was servit with dyverss gentilwemen of hir awin cuntrie, and naymelie with ane callit Mres Margaret Twynstoun,[1] to whome this gentilman, Weymes of Logye, bure great honest affection, tending to the godlie band of marriage, the whilk was honestlie requytet be the said gentilwoman, yea evin in his greatest mister;[2] for howsone she understude the said gentilman to be in distress, and apperantlie be his confession to be puneist to the death, and she having prevelege to ly in the queynis chalmer that same verie night of his accusation, whare the King was also reposing that same night, she came furth of the dur prevelie, bayth the prencis being then at quyet rest, and past to the chalmer, whare the said gentilman was put in custodie to certayne of the garde, and commandit thayme that immediatelie he sould be broght to the king and queyne, whareunto thay geving sure credence, obeyeit. But howsone she was cum bak to the chalmer dur, she desyrit the watches to stay till he sould cum furth agayne, and so she closit the dur, and convoyit the gentilman to a windo', whare she ministrat a long corde unto him to

[1] Twynlace, according to Spottiswoode.

[2] Mister = necessity.

convoy himself doun upon; and sa, be hir gude cheritable help, he happelie escapit be the subteltie of love."

THE LAIRD O' LOGIE

I will sing, if ye will hearken,
If ye will hearken unto me;
The king has ta'en a poor prisoner,
The wanton lord o' young Logie.

Young Logie's laid in Edinburgh chapel;
Carmichael's the keeper o' the key;
And may Margaret's lamenting sair,
A' for the love of young Logie.

"Lament, lament na, may Margaret,
And of your weeping let me be;
For ye maun to the king himsell,
To seek the life of young Logie."

May Margaret has kilted her green cleiding,
And she has curl'd back her yellow hair—
"If I canna get young Logie's life,
Farewell to Scotland for evermair."

When she came before the king,
She knelit lowly on her knee—
"O what's the matter, may Margaret?
And what needs a' this courtesie?"

"A boon, a boon, my noble liege,
A boon, a boon, I beg o' thee!
And the first boon that I come to crave,
Is to grant me the life of young Logie."

"O na, O na, may Margaret,
Forsooth, and so it mauna be;
For a' the gowd o' fair Scotland
Shall not save the life of young Logie."

But she has stown the king's redding kaim,[1]
Likewise the queen her wedding knife;
And sent the tokens to Carmichael,
To cause young Logie get his life.

She sent him a purse o' the red gowd,
Another o' the white monie;
She sent him a pistol for each hand,
And bade him shoot when he gat free.

[1] Comb for the hair.

When he came to the tolbooth stair,
There he let his volley flee;
It made the king in his chamber start,
E'en in the bed where he might be.

"Gae out, gae out, my merrymen a',
And bid Carmichael come speak to me;
For I'll lay my life the pledge o' that,
That yon's the shot o' young Logie."

When Carmichael came before the king,
He fell low down upon his knee;
The very first word that the king spake,
Was—"Where's the laird of young Logie?"

Carmichael turn'd him round about,
(I wot the tear blinded his eye)
"There came a token frae your grace,
Has ta'en away the laird frae me."

"Hast thou play'd me that, Carmichael?
And hast thou played me that?" quoth he;
"The morn the justice-court's to stand,
And Logie's place ye maun supplie."

Carmichael's awa to Margaret's bower,
Even as fast as he may drie—
"O if young Logie be within,
Tell him to come and speak with me!"

May Margaret turned her round about,
(I wot a loud laugh laughed she)
"The egg is chipped, the bird is flown,
Ye'll see na mair of young Logie."

The tane is shipped at the pier of Leith,
The tother at the Queen's Ferrie:
And she's gotten a father to her bairn,
The wanton laird of young Logie.

NOTE

Carmichael's the keeper o' the key.—P. 396, v. 2.

Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael, the hero of the ballad called the *Raid of the Reidswire*, was appointed captain of the king's guard in 1588, and usually had the keeping of state criminals of rank.

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE

THIS is a sort of charm sung by the lower ranks of Roman Catholics, in some parts of the north of England, while watching a dead body, previous to interment. The tune is doleful and monotonous, and, joined to the mysterious import of the words, has a solemn effect. The word *sleet*, in the chorus, seems to be corrupted from *selt*, or salt; a quantity of which, in compliance with a popular superstition, is frequently placed on the breast of a corpse.

The late Mr Ritson found an illustration of this dirge in a MS. of the Cotton Library, containing an account of Cleveland, in Yorkshire, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was kindly communicated to the Editor by Mr Frank, Mr Ritson's executor, and runs thus: "When any dieth, certaine women sing a song to the dead bodie, recyting the jorney that the partye deceased must goe; and they are of beliefe (such is their fondnesse) that once in their lives, it is good to give a pair of new shoes to a poor man, for as much, as after this life, they are to pass barefoote through a great launde, full of thornes and furzen, except by the meryte of the almes aforesaid they have redemed the forfeyte; for, at the edge of the launde, an oulde man shall meet them with the same shoes that were given by the partie when he was lyving; and, after he hath shodde them, dismisseth them to go through thick and thin, without scratch or scalle" (*Julius*, F. VI, 459).

The mythologic ideas of the dirge are common to various creeds. The Mahometan believes, that, in advancing to the final judgment-seat, he must traverse a bar of red-hot iron, stretched across a bottomless gulph. The good works of each true believer, assuming a substantial form, will then interpose betwixt his feet and this "*Bridge of Dread*"; but the wicked, having no such protection, must fall headlong into the abyss (D'Herbelot, *Bibliothèque Orientale*).

Passages similar to this dirge are also to be found in *Lady Culross's Dream*, as quoted in the second Dissertation, prefixed by Mr Pinkerton to his *Select Scottish Ballads*, 2 vols. The dreamer journeys towards heaven accompanied and assisted by a celestial guide:

> "Through dreadful dens, which made my heart aghast,
> He bare me up when I began to tire.
> Sometimes we clamb o'er craggy mountains high,
> And sometimes stay'd on uglie braes of sand;
> They were so stay that wonder was to see;
> But, when I fear'd, he held me by the hand.
> Through great deserts we wandered on our way—
> Forward we passed on narrow bridge of trie,
> O'er waters great, which hediously did roar."

Again she supposes herself suspended over an infernal gulf:

"Ere I was ware, one gripped me at the last,
And held me high above a flaming fire.
The fire was great; the heat did pierce me sore;
My faith grew weak; my grip was very small;
I trembled fast; my fear grew more and more."

A horrible picture of the same kind, dictated probably by the author's unhappy state of mind, is to be found in Brooke's *Fool of Quality*. The dreamer, a ruined female, is suspended over the gulf of perdition by a single hair, which is severed by a demon, who, in the form of her seducer, springs upwards from the flames.

The Russian funeral-service, without any allegorical imagery, expresses the sentiment of the dirge in language alike simple and noble:

"Hast thou pitied the afflicted, O man? In death shalt thou be pitied. Hast thou consoled the orphan? The orphan will deliver thee. Hast thou clothed the naked? The naked will procure thee protection" (Richardson's *Anecdotes of Russia*).

But the most minute description of the *Brig o' Dread* occurs in the legend of *Sir Owain*, No. XL, in the MS. Collection of Romances, W. 4, 1, Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; though its position is not the same as in the dirge, which may excite a suspicion that the order of the stanzas in the latter has been transposed. Sir Owain, a Northumbrian knight, after many frightful adventures in St Patrick's purgatory, at last arrives at the bridge, which, in the legend, is placed betwixt purgatory and paradise:

"The fendes han the knight ynome,[1]
To a stinkand water thai ben ycome,
He no seigh never er[2] non swiche;
It stank fouler than ani hounde,
And mani mile it was to the grounde,
And was as swart as piche.

And Owain seigh ther ouer ligge,
A swithe strong naru brigge:
The fendes seyd tho;[3]
'Lo! sir knight, sestow[4] this?
This is the brigge of paradis,
Here ouer thou must go.

'And we thee schal with stones prowe,
And the winde thee schal ouer blow,
And wirche thee full wo;
Thou no schalt for all this unduerd,
Bot gif thou falle a midwerd,
To our fewes[5] mo.

'And when thou art adown yfalle,
Than schal com our felawes alle,
And with her[6] hokes the hede;
We schal thee teche a newe play:
Thou hast served us mani a day,
And into helle thee lede.'

[1] Taken. [2] Saw never before. [3] Then.
[4] See'st thou. [5] Probably contracted for fellows. [6] Their.

Owain biheld the brigge smert,
The water ther under blac and swert,
And sore him gan to drede:
For of othing[1] he tok yeme,[2]
Never mot, in sonne beme,
Thicker than the fendes yede.[3]

The brigge was as heigh as a tour,
And as scharpe as a rasour,
And naru it was also;
And the water that ther ran under,
Brend o' lighting and of thonder,
That thocht him michel wo.

Ther nis no clerk may write with ynke,
No *no man no may bithink*,
No no maister deuine;
That is ymade forsoth ywis,
Under the brigge of paradis,
Halvendel the pine.

So the dominical ous telle,
Ther is the pure entrae of helle,
Seine Poule berth witnesse;[4]
Whoso falleth of the brigge adown,
Of him nis no redempcioun,
Noither more nor lesse.

The fendes seyd to the knight tho,
'Ouer this brigge might thou nowght go,
For noneskines nede;[5]
Fle peril, sorwe, and wo,
And to that stede[6] ther thou com fro,
Wel fair we schal thee lede.'

Owain anon be gan bithenche,
Fram hou mani of the fendes wrenche,
God him saved hadde;
He sett his fot upon the brigge,
No feld he no scharpe egge,
No nothing him no drad.

When the fendes yseigh tho,
That he was more than half ygo,
Loude thai gun to crie;
'Allas! allas! that he was born!
This ich knight we have forlorn
Out of our baylie.'"[7]

The author of the legend of *Sir Owain*, though a zealous Catholic, has embraced, in the fullest extent, the Talmudic doctrine of an earthly paradise, distinct from the celestial abode of the just, and serving as a place of initiation, preparatory to perfect bliss, and to the beatific vision. See the Rabbi Menasse ben Israel, in a treatise called *Nishmath Chajim*, *i.e.*, The Breath of Life.

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[1] One thing. [2] Aim, notice. [3] Went.
[4] The reader will probably search St Paul in vain for the evidence here referred to.
[5] No kind of necessity. [6] Dwelling. [7] Jurisdiction.

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
  Every night and alle;
Fire and sleet, and candle lighte,
  And Christe receive thye saule.

When thou from hence away are paste,
  Every night and alle;
To Whinny-muir thou comest at laste;
  And Christe receive thye saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
  Every night and alle;
Sit thee down, and put them on;
  And Christe receive thye saule.

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gavest nane,
  Every night and alle;
The whinnes shall pricke thee to the bare bane
  And Christe receive thye saule.

From Whinny-muir when thou mayst passe,
  Every night and alle;
To Brigg o' Dread thou comest at laste;
  And Christe receive thye saule.

. . . . . .

[*A stanza wanting.*]

From Brigg o' Dread when thou mayst passe,
  Every night and alle;
To purgatory fire thou comest at laste;
  And Christe receive thye saule.

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,
  Every night and alle;
The fire shall never make thee shrinke;
  And Christe receive thye saule.

If meate or drinke thou never gavest nane,
  Every night and alle;
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane;
  And Christe receive thye saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
  Every night and alle;
Fire and sleet, and candle lighte,
  And Christe receive thye saule.

THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW

THIS ballad, which is a very great favourite among the inhabitants of Ettrick Forest, is universally believed to be founded in fact. The Editor found it easy to collect a variety of copies; but very difficult indeed to select from them such a collated edition as may, in any degree, suit the taste of "these more light and giddy-paced times."

Tradition places the event, recorded in the song, very early; and it is probable that the ballad was composed soon afterwards, although the language has been gradually modernized in the course of its transmission to us, through the inaccurate channel of oral tradition. The bard does not relate particulars, but barely the striking outlines of a fact, apparently so well known when he wrote, as to render minute detail as unnecessary, as it is always tedious and unpoetical.

The hero of the ballad was a knight of great bravery, called Scott, who is said to have resided at Kirkhope, or Oakwood Castle, and is, in tradition, termed the Baron of Oakwood. The estate of Kirkhope belonged anciently to the Scotts of Harden: Oakwood is still their property, and has been so from time immemorial. The Editor was therefore led to suppose that the hero of the ballad might have been identified with John Scott, sixth son of the laird of Harden, murdered in Ettrick Forest by his kinsmen, the Scotts of Gilmanscleugh (see notes to *Jamie Telfer*). This appeared the more probable, as the common people always affirm that this young man was treacherously slain, and that, in evidence thereof, his body remained uncorrupted for many years; so that even the roses on his shoes seemed as fresh as when he was first laid in the family vault at Hassendean. But from a passage in Nisbet's *Heraldry*, he now believes the ballad refers to a duel fought at Deucharswyre, of which Annan's Treat is a part, betwixt John Scott of Tushielaw and his brother-in-law, Walter Scott, third son of Robert of Thirlestane, in which the latter was slain.

In ploughing Annan's Treat, a huge monumental stone, with an inscription, was discovered; but being rather scratched than engraved, and the lines being run through each other, it is only possible to read one or two Latin words. It probably records the event of the combat. The person slain was the male ancestor of the present Lord Napier.

Tradition affirms that the hero of the song (be he who he may) was murdered by the brother, either of his wife or betrothed bride. The alleged cause of malice was the lady's father having proposed to endow her with half of his property, upon her marriage with a warrior of such renown. The name of the murderer is said to have been Annan, and the place of combat is still called Annan's Treat. It is a low muir, on the banks of the Yarrow, lying to the west of Yarrow Kirk. Two tall unhewn masses of stone are erected, about eighty

yards distant from each other; and the least child that can herd a cow will tell the passenger, that there lie "the two lords who were slain in single combat."

It will be, with many readers, the greatest recommendation of these verses that they are supposed to have suggested to Mr Hamilton of Bangour the modern ballad beginning

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride."

A fragment, apparently regarding the story of the following ballad, but in a different measure, occurs in Mr Herd's MS., and runs thus:

"When I look east, my heart is sair,
But when I look west, it's mair and mair;
For then I see the braes o' Yarrow,
And there, for aye, I lost my marrow."

Late at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawing.

"O stay at hame, my noble lord!
O stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray
On the dowie houms of Yarrow."

"O fare ye weel, my ladye gaye!
O fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return,
Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

She kissed his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
As oft she had done before, O;
She belted him with his noble brand,
And he's awa' to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies bank,
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,
Till, down in a den, he spied nine arm'd men,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"O come ye here to part your land,
The bonnie Forest thorough?
Or come ye here to wield your brand,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow?"

"I come not here to part my land,
And neither to beg nor borrow;
I come to wield my noble brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.

"If I see all, ye're nine to ane;
And that's an unequal marrow;
Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow."

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bloody braes of Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
And ran his bodie thorough.

"Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother [1] John,
And tell your sister Sarah,
To come and lift her leafu' lord;
He's sleepin sound on Yarrow."—

"Yestreen I dream'd a dolefu' dream;
I fear there will be sorrow!
I dream'd I pu'd the heather green,
Wi' my true love, on Yarrow.

"O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!

"But in the glen strive armed men;
They've wrought me dole and sorrow;
They've slain—the comeliest knight they've slain—
He bleeding lies on Yarrow."

As she sped down yon high high hill,
She gaed wi' dole and sorrow,
And in the den spyed ten slain men,
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

She kissed his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
She search'd his wounds all thorough;
She kiss'd them, till her lips grew red,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"Now, haud your tongue, my daughter dear!
For a' this breeds but sorrow;
I'll wed ye to a better lord
Than him ye lost on Yarrow."

"O haud your tongue, my father dear!
Ye mind me but of sorrow;
A fairer rose did never bloom
Than now lies cropp'd on Yarrow."

[1] *Beau-frère*, brother-in-law.

THE GAY GOSS HAWK

[This ballad is published partly from one under this title in Mrs Brown's Collection, and partly from a MS. of some antiquity, *penes Edit.* The stanzas appearing to possess most merit have been selected from each copy.]

"O waly, waly, my gay goss hawk,
Gin your feathering be sheen!"
"And waly, waly, my master dear,
Gin ye look pale and lean!

"O have ye tint, at tournament,
Your sword, or yet your spear?
Or mourn ye for the southern lass,
Whom you may not win near?"

"I have not tint, at tournament,
My sword, nor yet my spear;
But sair I mourn for my true love,
Wi' mony a bitter tear.

"But weel's me on ye, my gay goss hawk,
Ye can baith speak and flee;
Ye sall carry a letter to my love,
Bring an answer back to me."

"But how sall I your true love find,
Or how suld I her know?
I bear a tongue ne'er wi' her spake,
An eye that ne'er her saw."

"O well sall ye my true love ken,
Sae sune as ye her see;
For, of a' the flowers of fair England,
The fairest flower is she.

"The red, that's on my true love's cheek,
Is like blood drops on the snaw;
The white that is on her breast bare,
Like the down o' the white sea-maw.

"And even at my love's bour door
There grows a flowering birk;
And ye maun sit and sing thereon
As she gangs to the kirk.

"And four-and-twenty fair ladyes
Will to the mass repair;
But weel may ye my ladye ken,
The fairest ladye there."

Lord William has written a love letter,
Put it under his pinion gray;
And he is awa' to Southern land
As fast as wings can gae.

And even at that ladye's bour
There grew a flowering birk;
And he sat down and sung thereon
As she gaed to the kirk.

And weel he kent that ladye fair
Amang her maidens free;
For the flower that springs in May morning,
Was not sae sweet as she.

He lighted at the ladye's yate,
And sat him on a pin;
And sang fu' sweet the notes o' love,
Till a' was cosh [1] within.

And first he sang a low low note,
And syne he sang a clear;
And aye the o'erword o' the sang
Was—"Your love can no win here."

"Feast on, feast on, my maidens a':
The wine flows you amang:
While I gang to my shot-window,
And hear yon bonny bird's sang.

"Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The sang ye sung yestreen;
For weel I ken, by your sweet singing,
Ye are frae my true love sen."

O first he sang a merry sang,
And syne he sang a grave;
And syne he picked his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave.

"Have there a letter from Lord William:
He says he's sent ye three:
He canna wait your love langer,
But for your sake he'll die."

[1] Quiet.

"Gae bid him bake his bridal bread,
And brew his bridal ale;
And I shall meet him at Mary's kirk
Lang, lang ere it be stale."

The lady's gane to her chamber,
And a moanfu' woman was she;
As gin she had ta'en a sudden brash [1]
And were about to die.

"A boon, a boon, my father deir,
A boon I beg of thee!"
"Ask not that paughty Scottish lord,
For him you ne'er shall see.

"But, for your honest asking else,
Weel granted it shall be."
"Then gin I die in Southern land,
In Scotland gar bury me.

"And the first kirk that ye come to,
Ye's gar the mass be sung;
And the next kirk that ye come to,
Ye's gar the bells be rung.

"And when ye come to St Mary's kirk,
Ye's tarry there till night."
And so her father pledged his word,
And so his promise plight.

She has ta'en her to her bigly bour
As fast as she could fare;
And she has drank a sleepy draught,
That she had mix'd wi' care.

And pale, pale grew her rosy cheek,
That was sae bright of blee,
And she seemed to be as surely dead
As any one could be.

Then spak her cruel step-minnie,
"Take ye the burning lead,
And drap a drap on her bosome,
To try if she be dead."

They took a drap o' boiling lead,
They drapp'd it on her breast;
"Alas! alas!" her father cried,
"She's dead without the priest."

[1] Sickness.

She neither chatter'd with her teeth,
Nor shiver'd with her chin;
"Alas! alas!" her father cried,
"There is nae breath within."

Then up arose her seven brethren,
And hew'd to her a bier;
They hew'd it frae the solid aik,
Laid it o'er wi' silver clear.

Then up and gat her seven sisters,
And sewed to her a kell;
And every steek that they put in
Sewed to a siller bell.

The first Scots kirk that they cam to,
They garr'd the bells be rung;
The next Scots kirk that they cam to,
They garr'd the mass be sung.

But when they cam to St Mary's kirk,
There stude spearmen all on a raw;
And up and started Lord William,
The chieftane amang them a'.

"Set down, set down the bier," he said;
"Let me look her upon":
But as soon as Lord William touched her hand,
Her colour began to come.

She brightened like the lily flower,
Till her pale colour was gone;
With rosy cheek, and ruby lip,
She smiled her love upon.

"A morsel of your bread, my lord,
And one glass of your wine:
For I hae fasted these three lang days,
All for your sake and mine.

"Gae hame, gae hame, my seven bauld brothers!
Gae hame and blaw your horn!
I trow ye wad hae gi'en me the skaith,
But I've gi'en you the scorn.

"Commend me to my grey father,
That wish'd my saul gude rest;
But wae be to my cruel step-dame,
Garr'd burn me on the breast."

"Ah! woe to you, you light woman!
An ill death may ye die!
For we left father and sisters at hame
Breaking their hearts for thee."

NOTES

The red, that's on my true love's cheek,
Is like blood drops on the snaw.—P. 405, v. 7.

This simile resembles a passage in a MS. translation of an Irish fairy tale, called *The Adventures of Faravla, Princess of Scotland, and Carral O'Daly, Son of Donogho More O'Daly, Chief Bard of Ireland.*

" Faravla, as she entered her bower, cast her looks upon the earth, which was tinged with the blood of a bird which a raven had newly killed; 'Like that snow,' said Faravla, 'was the complexion of my beloved, his cheeks like the sanguine traces thereon; whilst the raven recalls to my memory the colour of his beautiful locks.'"

There is also some resemblance in the conduct of the story betwixt the ballad and the tale just quoted. The Princess Faravla, being desperately in love with Carral O'Daly, dispatches in search of him a faithful confidant, who, by her magical art, transforms herself into a hawk, and perching upon the windows of the bard, conveys to him information of the distress of the Princess of Scotland.

In the ancient romance of *Sir Tristrem*, the simile of the " blood drops upon snow " likewise occurs:

"A bride bright thai ches
As blode opon snoweing."

BROWN ADAM

[There is a copy of this ballad in Mrs Brown's Collection. The Editor has seen one printed on a single sheet. The epithet " Smith " implies, probably, the surname, not the profession, of the hero, who seems to have been an outlaw. There is, however, in Mrs Brown's copy a verse of little merit here omitted, alluding to the implements of that occupation.]

O wha wad wish the wind to blaw,
Or the green leaves fa' therewith?
Or wha wad wish a lealer love
Than Brown Adam the Smith?

But they hae banished him, Brown Adam,
Frae father and frae mother;
And they hae banished him, Brown Adam,
Frae sister and frae brother.

And they hae banished him, Brown Adam,
The flower o' a' his kin;
And he's bigged a bour in gude green-wood
Atween his ladye and him.

It fell upon a summer's day,
Brown Adam he thought lang;
And, for to hunt some venison,
To green-wood he wald gang.

He has ta'en his bow his arm o'er,
His bolts and arrows lang;
And he is to the gude green-wood
As fast as he could gang.

O he's shot up, and he's shot down,
The bird upon the brier;
And he's sent it hame to his ladye,
Bade her be of gude cheir.

O he's shot up, and he's shot down,
The bird upon the thorn;
And sent it hame to his ladye,
Said he'd be hame the morn.

When he cam to his ladye's bour door,
He stude a little forbye,
And there he heard a fou fause knight
Tempting his gay ladye.

For he's ta'en out a gay goud ring,
Had cost him mony a poun',
"O grant me love for love, ladye,
And this shall be thy own."

"I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she said;
"I trew sae does he me;
I wadna gie Brown Adam's love
For nae fause knight I see."

Out has he ta'en a purse o' goud,
Was a' fou to the string,
"O grant me love for love, ladye,
And a' this shall be thine."

"I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she says;
"I wot sae does he me:
I wad na be your light leman
For mair than ye could gie."

Then out he drew his lang bright brand,
And flashed it in her een;
"Now grant me love for love, ladye,
Or thro' ye this sall gang!"
Then sighing, says that ladye fair,
"Brown Adam tarries lang!"

Then in and starts him Brown Adam,
Says—"I'm just at your hand."
He's gar'd him leave his bonny bow,
He's gar'd him leave his brand,
He's gar'd him leave a dearer pledge—
Four fingers o' his right hand.

JELLON GRAME

THIS ballad is published from tradition, with some conjectural emendations. It is corrected by a copy in Mrs Brown's MS., from which it differs in the concluding stanzas. Some verses are apparently modernized.

Jellon seems to be the same name with *Jyllian* or *Julian*. "Jyl of Brentford's Testament" is mentioned in Warton's *History of Poetry*, vol. ii, p. 40. The name repeatedly occurs in old ballads, sometimes as that of a man, at other times as that of a woman. Of the former is an instance in the ballad of *The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter* (*Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. iii, p. 72).

"Some do call me Jack, sweetheart,
And some do call me *Jille*."

Witton Gilbert, a village four miles west of Durham, is throughout the bishopric pronounced Witton Jilbert. We have also the common name of Giles, always in Scotland pronounced Jill. For Gille, or Juliana, as a female name we have *Fair Gillian* of Croyden, and a thousand authorities. Such being the case, the Editor must enter his protest against the conversion of Gil Morrice into Child Maurice, an epithet of chivalry. All the circumstances in that ballad argue that the unfortunate hero was an obscure and very young man who had never received the honour of knighthood. At any rate, there can be no reason, even were internal evidence totally wanting, for altering a well-known proper name, which, till of late years, has been the uniform title of the ballad.

O Jellon Grame sat in Silverwood,[1]
He sharped his broadsword lang;
And he has call'd his little foot page
An errand for to gang.

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[1] Silverwood, mentioned in this ballad, occurs in a medley MS. song, which seems to have been copied from the first edition of the Aberdeen cantus, *penes* John G. Dalyell, Esq., advocate. One line only is cited, apparently the beginning of some song:

"Silverwood, gin ye were mine."

"Win up, my bonny boy," he says,
"As quickly as ye may;
For ye maun gang for Lillie Flower
Before the break of day."

The boy has buckled his belt about,
And through the green-wood ran;
And he came to the ladye's bower
Before the day did dawn.

"O sleep ye, wake ye, Lillie Flower?
The red sun's on the rain;
Ye're bidden come to Silverwood,
But I doubt ye'll never win hame."

She hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile but barely three,
Ere she came to a new-made grave,
Beneath a green aik tree.

O then up started Jellon Grame,
Out of a bush thereby;
"Light down, light down, now, Lillie Flower,
For it's here that ye maun lye."

She lighted aff her milk-white steed,
And kneel'd upon her knee;
"O mercy, mercy, Jellon Grame,
For I'm no prepared to die!

"Your bairn, that stirs between my sides,
Maun shortly see the light;
But to see it weltering in my blood,
Would be a piteous sight."

"O should I spare your life," he says,
"Until that bairn were born,
Full weel I ken your auld father
Would hang me on the morn."

"O spare my life, now, Jellon Grame!
My father ye needna dread:
I'll keep my babe in gude green-wood,
Or wi' it I'll beg my bread."

He took no pity on Lillie Flower,
Tho' she for life did pray;
But pierced her thro' the fair body
As at his feet she lay.

He felt nae pity for Lillie Flower,
Where she was lying dead;
But he felt some for the bonny bairn
That lay weltering in her bluid.

Up has he ta'en that bonny boy,
Given him to nurses nine;
Three to sleep, and three to wake,
And three to go between.

And he bred up that bonny boy,
Called him his sister's son:
And he thought no eye could ever see
The deed that he had done.

O so it fell upon a day,
When hunting they might be,
They rested them in Silverwood,
Beneath that green aik tree.

And many were the green-wood flowers
Upon the grave that grew,
And marvell'd much that bonny boy
To see their lovely hue.

"What's paler than the prymrose wan?
What's redder than the rose?
What's fairer than the lilye flower
On this wee know[1] that grows?"

O out and answered Jellon Grame,
And he spak hastilie—
"Your mother was a fairer flower,
And lies beneath this tree.

"More pale she was, when she sought my grace,
Than prymrose pale and wan;
And redder than rose her ruddy heart's blood,
That down my broad sword ran."

Wi' that the boy has bent his bow,
It was baith stout and lang;
And thro' and thro' him Jellon Grame,
He garr'd an arrow gang.

Says—"Lie ye there, now, Jellon Grame!
My malisoun gang you wi'!
The place that my mother lies buried in
Is far too good for thee."

[1] Little hillock.

WILLIE'S LADYE

ANCIENT COPY

MR LEWIS, in his *Tales of Wonder*, has presented the public with a copy of this ballad, with additions and alterations. The Editor has also seen a copy, containing some modern stanzas, intended by Mr Jamieson, of Macclesfield, for publication in his *Collection of Scottish Poetry*. Yet, under these disadvantages, the Editor cannot relinquish his purpose of publishing the old ballad, in its native simplicity, as taken from Mrs Brown of Falkland's MS.

Those who wish to know how an incantation, or charm, of the distressing nature here described was performed in classic days may consult the story of Galanthis's *Metamorphosis*, in Ovid, or the following passage in Apuleius: "*Eadem* (*Saga scilicet quædam*) *amatoris uxorem, quod in eam dicacule probrum dixerat, jam in sarcinam prægnationis, obsepto utero, et repigrato fœtu, perpetua prægnatione damnavit. Et ut cuncti numerant, octo annorum onere, misella illa, velut elephantum paritura, distenditur*" (Apul., *Metam.*, lib. 1).

There is also a curious tale about a Count of Westeravia whom a deserted concubine bewitched upon his marriage, so as to preclude all hopes of his becoming a father. The spell continued to operate for three years, till one day, the Count happening to meet with his former mistress, she maliciously asked him about the increase of his family. The Count, conceiving some suspicion from her manner, craftily answered, that God had blessed him with three fine children; on which she exclaimed, like Willie's mother in the ballad, "May Heaven confound the old hag, by whose counsel I threw an enchanted pitcher into the draw-well of your palace!" The spell being found and destroyed, the Count became the father of a numerous family (*Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*, p. 474).

Willie's ta'en him o'er the faem,[1]
He's wooed a wife, and brought her hame;
He's wooed her for her yellow hair,
But his mother wrought her meikle care;

And meikle dolour gar'd her drie,
For lighter she can never be;
But in her bower she sits wi' pain,
And Willie mourns o'er her in vain.

[1] The sea foam.

And to his mother he has gane,
That vile rank witch, o' vilest kind!
He says—"My ladie has a cup,
Wi' gowd and silver set about,
This gudely gift sall be your ain,
And let her be lighter o' her young bairn."

"Of her young bairn she's never be lighter,
Nor in her bour to shine the brighter:
But she sall die, and turn to clay,
And you sall wed another may."

"Another may I'll never wed,
Another may I'll never bring hame."
But, sighing, said that weary wight—
"I wish my life were at an end!"

"Yet gae ye to your mother again,
That vile rank witch, o' vilest kind!
And say, your ladye has a steed,
The like o' him's no in the land o' Leed.[1]

"For he is silver shod before,
And he is gowden shod behind;
At every tuft of that horse mane,
There's a golden chess,[2] and a bell to ring.
This gudely gift sall be her ain,
And let me be lighter o' my young bairn."

"Of her young bairn she's ne'er be lighter,
Nor in her bour to shine the brighter;
But she sall die, and turn to clay,
And ye sall wed another may."

"Another may I'll never wed,
Another may I'll never bring hame."
But, sighing, said that weary wight—
"I wish my life were at an end!"

"Yet gae ye to your mother again,
That vile rank witch, o' rankest kind!
And say your ladye has a girdle,
It's a' red gowd to the middle;

[1] Perhaps Lydia.
[2] Should probably be *jess*, the name of a hawk's bell.

"And aye at ilka siller hem
Hang fifty siller bells and ten;
This gudely gift sall be her ain,
And let me be lighter o' my young bairn."

"Of her young bairn she's ne'er be lighter,
Nor in your bour to shine the brighter;
For she sall die, and turn to clay,
And thou sall wed another may."

"Another may I'll never wed,
Another may I'll never bring hame."
But, sighing, said that weary wight—
"I wish my days were at an end!"

Then out and spak the Billy Blind,[1]
(He spak aye in gude time):
"Yet gae ye to the market-place,
And there do buy a loaf of wace;
Do shape it bairn and bairnly like,
And in it twa glassen een you'll put;

"And bid her your boy's christening to,
Then notice weel what she shall do;
And do ye stand a little away,
To notice weel what she may saye.

. . . . . .

[*A stanza seems to be wanting. Willie is supposed to follow the advice of the spirit.—His mother speaks.*]

"O wha has loosed the nine witch knots,
That were amang that ladye's locks?
And wha's ta'en out the kaims o' care,
That were amang that ladye's hair?

"And wha has ta'en down that bush o' woodbine,
That hung between her bour and mine?
And wha has kill'd the master kid,
That ran beneath that ladye's bed?
And wha has loosed her left foot shee,
And let that ladye lighter be?"

[1] A familiar genius, or propitious spirit, somewhat similar to the *Brownie*. He is mentioned repeatedly in Mrs Brown's Ballads, but I have not met with him anywhere else, although he is alluded to in the rustic game of *Bogle* (*i.e.*, *goblin*) *Billy-Blind*. The word is, indeed, used in Sir David Lindsay's plays, but apparently in a different sense:

"Priests sall leid you like ane *Billy Blinde*."

Pinkerton's *Scottish Poems*, 1792, vol. ii, p. 232.

Syne, Willy's loosed the nine witch knots,
That were amang that ladye's locks;
And Willy's ta'en out the kaims o' care,
That were into that ladye's hair;
And he's ta'en down the bush o' woodbine,
Hung atween her bour and the witch carline;

And he has kill'd the master kid,
That ran beneath that ladye's bed;
And he has loosed her left foot shee,
And latten that ladye lighter be;
And now he has gotten a bonny son,
And meikle grace be him upon.

CLERK SAUNDERS

THIS romantic ballad is taken from Mr Herd's MSS., with several corrections from a shorter and more imperfect copy, in the same volume, and one or two conjectural emendations in the arrangement of the stanzas. The resemblance of the conclusion to the ballad beginning, "There came a ghost to Margaret's door," will strike every reader. The tale is uncommonly wild and beautiful, and apparently very ancient. The custom of the passing bell is still kept up in many villages of Scotland. The sexton goes through the town ringing a small bell, and announcing the death of the departed, and the time of the funeral. The three concluding verses have been recovered since the first edition of this work; and I am informed by the reciter, that it was usual to separate from the rest that part of the ballad which follows the death of the lovers, as belonging to another story. For this, however, there seems no necessity, as other authorities give the whole as a complete tale.

Clerk Saunders and may Margaret
Walked ower yon garden green;
And sad and heavy was the love
That fell thir twa between.

"A bed, a bed," Clerk Saunders said,
"A bed for you and me!"
"Fye na, fye na," said may Margaret,
"Till anes we married be.

"For in may come my seven bauld brothers,
Wi' torches burning bright;
They'll say—'We hae but ae sister,
And behold she's wi' a knight!'"

"Then take the sword frae my scabbard,
And slowly lift the pin;
And you may swear, and safe your aith,
Ye never let Clerk Saunders in.

"And take a napkin in your hand,
And tie up baith your bonny een;
And you may swear, and safe your aith,
Ye saw me na since late yestreen."

It was about the midnight hour,
When they asleep were laid,
When in and came her seven brothers,
Wi' torches burning red.

When in and came her seven brothers,
Wi' torches shining bright;
They said, "We hae but ae sister,
And behold her lying with a knight!"

Then out and spake the first o' them,
"I bear the sword shall gar him die!"
And out and spake the second o' them,
"His father has nae mair than he!"

And out and spake the third o' them,
"I wot that they are lovers dear!"
And out and spake the fourth o' them,
"They hae been in love this mony a year!"

Then out and spake the fifth o' them,
"It were great sin true love to twain!"
And out and spake the sixth o' them,
"It were shame to slay a sleeping man!"

Then up and gat the seventh o' them,
And never a word spake he;
But he has striped his bright brown brand
Out through Clerk Saunders' fair bodye.

Clerk Saunders he started, and Margaret she turned
Into his arms as asleep she lay;
And sad and silent was the night
That was atween thir twae.

And they lay still and sleeped sound,
Until the day began to daw;
And kindly to him she did say,
"It is time, true love, you were awa'."

But he lay still, and sleeped sound,
Albeit the sun began to sheen;
She looked atween her and the wa',
And dull and drowsie were his een.

Then in and came her father dear,
Said—"Let a' your mourning be;
I'll carry the dead corpse to the clay,
And I'll come back and comfort thee."

"Comfort weel your seven sons;
For comforted will I never be:
I ween 'twas neither knave nor loon
Was in the bower last night wi' me."

The clinking bell gaed through the town,
To carry the dead corse to the clay;
And Clerk Saunders stood at may Margaret's window,
I wot, an hour before the day.

"Are ye sleeping, Margaret?" he says,
"Or are ye waking presentlie?
Give me my faith and troth again,
I wot, true love, I gied to thee."

"Your faith and troth ye sall never get,
Nor our true love sall never twin,
Until ye come within my bower,
And kiss me cheik and chin."

"My mouth it is full cold, Margaret,
It has the smell, now, of the ground;
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,
Thy days of life will not be lang.

"O, cocks are crowing a merry midnight,
I wot the wild fowls are boding day;
Give me my faith and troth again,
And let me fare me on my way."

"Thy faith and troth thou sall na get,
And our true love shall never twin,
Until ye tell what comes of women,
I wot, who die in strong traivelling?"[1]

"Their beds are made in the heavens high,
Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,
Weel set about wi' gillyflowers;
I wot sweet company for to see.

[1] Child-birth.

"O cocks are crowing a merry midnight,
I wot the wild fowl are boding day;
The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,
And I, ere now, will be missed away."

Then she has ta'en a crystal wand,
And she has stroken her troth thereon,
She has given it him out at the shot-window,
Wi' mony a sad sigh, and heavy groan.

"I thank ye, Marg'ret ; I thank ye, Marg'ret;
And aye I thank ye heartilie;
Gin ever the dead come for the quick,
Be sure, Marg'ret, I'll come for thee."

It's hosen and shoon, and gown alone,
She climbed the wall, and followed him,
Until she came to the green forest,
And there she lost the sight o' him.

"Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?
Is there ony room at your feet?
Or ony room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain, I wad sleep?"

"There's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's nae room at my feet;
My bed it is full lowly now:
Amang the hungry worms I sleep.

"Cauld mould is my covering now,
But and my winding-sheet;
The dew it falls nae sooner down,
Than my resting-place is weet.

"But plait a wand o' bonnie birk,
And lay it on my breast;
And shed a tear upon my grave,
And wish my saul gude rest.

"And fair Marg'ret, and rare Marg'ret,
And Marg'ret o' veritie,
Gin ere ye love another man,
Ne'er love him as ye did me."

Then up and crew the milk-white cock,
And up and crew the gray;
Her lover vanish'd in the air,
And she gaed weeping away.

NOTES

Weel set about wi' gillyflowers.—P. 419, v. 10.

From whatever source the popular ideas of heaven be derived, the mention of gillyflowers is not uncommon. Thus, in the *Dead Men's Song*—

"The fields about this city faire
Were all with roses set;
Gillyflowers, and carnations faire,
Which canker could not fret."
Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, p. 283.

The description given in the legend of *Sir Owain* of the terrestrial paradise at which the blessed arrive after passing through purgatory omits gillyflowers, though it mentions many others. As the passage is curious, and the legend has never been published, many persons may not be displeased to see it extracted—

"Fair were her erbers with flowers,
Rose and lili divers colours,
Primros and parvink;
Mint, feverfoy, and eglenterre,
Colombin, and mo ther wer
Than ani man mai bithenke.
It berth erbes of other maner,
Than ani in erth groweth here,
Tho that is lest of priis;
Evermore thai grene springeth,
For winter no somer it no clingeth,
And sweeter than licorice."

But plait a wand o' bonnie birk, etc.—P. 420, v. 8.

The custom of binding the new-laid sod of the churchyard with osiers, or other saplings, prevailed both in England and Scotland, and served to protect the turf from injury by cattle, or otherwise. It is alluded to by Gay in the *What d'ye call it*—

"Stay, let me pledge, 'tis my last earthly liquor,
When I am dead you'll bind my grave with *wicker*."

In the *Shepherd's Week* the same custom is alluded to, and the cause explained:

"With *wicker rods* we fenced her tomb around,
To ward, from man and beast, the hallowed ground,
Lest her new grave the parson's cattle raze,
For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze."
Fifth Pastoral.

EARL RICHARD

[There are two ballads in Mr Herd's MSS. upon the following story, in one of which the unfortunate knight is termed Young Huntin. A fragment, containing from the sixth to the tenth verse, has been repeatedly published. The best verses are here selected from both copies, and some trivial alterations have been adopted from tradition.]

"O lady, rock never your young son young,
One hour langer for me;
For I have a sweetheart in Garlioch Wells,
I love far better than thee.

"The very sole o' that lady's foot
Than thy face is far mair white."—
"But, nevertheless, now, Erl Richard,
Ye will bide in my bower a' night?"

She birled him with the ale and wine,
As they sat down to sup;
A living man he laid him down,
But I wot he ne'er rose up.

Then up and spake the popinjay,
That flew aboun her head;
"Lady! keep weel your green cleiding
Frae gude Erl Richard's bleid."

"O better I'll keep my green cleiding
Frae gude Erl Richard's bleid,
Than thou canst keep thy clattering toung,
That trattles in thy head."

She has call'd upon her bower maidens,
She has call'd them ane by ane;
"There lies a dead man in my bour:
I wish that he were gane!"

They hae booted him, and spurred him,
As he was wont to ride;—
A hunting-horn tied round his waist,
A sharpe sword by his side;
And they hae had him to the wan water,
For a' men call it Clyde.

Then up and spake the popinjay,
That sat upon the tree—
"What hae ye done wi' Erl Richard?
Ye were his gay ladye."

"Come down, come down, my bonny bird,
And sit upon my hand;
And thou sall hae a cage o' gowd,
Where thou hast but the wand."

"Awa! awa! ye ill woman:
Nae cage o' gowd for me;
As ye hae dune to Erl Richard,
Sae wad ye do to me."

She hadna cross'd a rigg o' land,
A rigg, but barely ane,
When she met wi' his auld father,
Came riding all alane.

"Where hae ye been, now, ladye fair,
Where hae ye been sae late?"
"We hae been seeking Erl Richard,
But him we canna get."

"Erl Richard kens a' the fords in Clyde,
He'll ride them ane by ane,
And though the night was ne'er sae mirk,
Erl Richard will be hame."

O it fell anes, upon a day,
The King was boun to ride;
And he hast mist him, Erl Richard,
Should hae ridden on his right side.

The ladye turn'd her round about,
Wi' meikle mournfu' din—
"It fears me sair o' Clyde water,
That he is drown'd therein."

"Gar douk, gar douk," the King he cried,
"Gar douk for gold and fee;
O wha will douk for Erl Richard's sake,
Or wha will douk for me?"

They douked in at ae weil-head,
And out ay at the other;
"We can douk nae mair for Erl Richard,
Although he were our brother."

It fell that, in that ladye's castle,
The King was boun to bed;
And up and spake the popinjay,
That flew abune his head.

"Leave off your douking on the day,
And douk upon the night;
And where that sackless knight lies slain,
The candles will burn bright."

"O there's a bird within this bower,
That sings baith sad and sweet;
O there's a bird within your bower,
Keeps me frae my night's sleep."

They left the douking on the day,
And douked upon the night;
And, where that sackless knight lay slain,
The candles burned bright.

The deepest pot in a' the linn,
They fand Erl Richard in;
A grene turf tyed across his breast,
To keep that gude lord down.

Then up and spake the King himsell,
When he saw the deadly wound—
"O wha has slain my right-hand man,
That held my hawk and hound?"

Then up and spake the popinjay,
Says—"What needs a' this din?
It was his light leman took his life,
And hided him in the linn."

She swore her by the grass sae grene,
Sae did she by the corn,
She had na seen him, Erl Richard,
Since Moninday at morn.

"Put na the wite on me," she said;
"It was my may Catherine."
Then they hae cut baith fern and thorn,
To burn that maiden in.

It wadna take upon her cheik,
Nor yet upon her chin;
Nor yet upon her yellow hair,
To cleanse the deadly sin.

The maiden touched the clay-cauld corpse,
A drap it never bled;
The ladye laid her hand on him,
And soon the ground was red.

Out they hae ta'en her, may Catherine,
And put her mistress in:
The flame tuik fast upon her cheik
Tuik fast upon her chin;
Tuik fast upon her faire bodye—
She burn'd like hollins green.

NOTES

The candles burned bright.—P. 424, v. 4.

These are unquestionably the corpse lights, called in Wales *Canhwyllan Cyrph*, which are sometimes seen to illuminate the spot where a dead body is concealed. The Editor is informed that, some years ago, the corpse of a man, drowned in the Ettrick below Selkirk, was discovered by means of these candles. Such lights are common in churchyards, and are probably of a phosphoric nature. But rustic superstition derives them from supernatural agency, and supposes that as soon as life has departed a pale flame appears at the window of the house in which the person had died, and glides towards the churchyard, tracing through every winding the route of the future funeral, and pausing where the bier is to rest. This and other opinions relating to the "tomb-fires' livid gleam" seem to be of Runic extraction.

The deepest pot in a' the linn.—P. 424, v. 5.

The deep holes scooped in the rock by the eddies of a river are called *pots*; the motion of the water having there some resemblance to a boiling cauldron.

Linn means the pool beneath a cataract.

The maiden touched the clay-cauld corpse,
A drap it never bled.—P. 425, v. 1.

This verse, which is restored from tradition, refers to a superstition formerly received in most parts of Europe, and even resorted to by judicial authority, for the discovery of murder. In Germany this experiment was called *bahr-recht*, or the law of the bier; because the murdered body being stretched upon a bier, the suspected person was obliged to put one hand upon the wound and the other upon the mouth of the deceased, and, in that posture, call upon heaven to attest his innocence. If, during this ceremony, the blood gushed from the mouth, nose, or wound, a circumstance not unlikely to happen in the course of shifting or stirring the body, it was held sufficient evidence of the guilt of the party.

The same singular kind of evidence, although reprobated by Mathaeus and Carpzovius, was admitted in the Scottish criminal courts at the short

distance of one century. My readers may be amused by the following instances:

"The laird of Auchindrane (Muir of Auchindrane, in Ayrshire) was accused of a horrid and private murder, where there were no witnesses, and which the Lord had witnessed from heaven, singularly by his own hand, and proved the deed against him. The corpse of the man being buried in Girvan church-yard, as a man cast away at sea, and cast out there, the laird of Colzean, whose servant he had been, dreaming of him in his sleep, and that he had a particular mark upon his body, came and took up the body, and found it to be the same person; and caused all that lived near by to come and touch the corpse, as is usual in such cases. All round the place came but Auchindrane and his son, whom nobody suspected, till a young child of his, Mary Muir, seeing the people examined, came in among them; and, when she came near the dead body, it sprang out in bleeding; upon which they were apprehended, and put to the torture" (Wodrow's *History*, vol. i, p. 513). The trial of Auchindrane happened in 1611. He was convicted and executed (Hume's *Criminal Law*, vol. i, p. 428).

A yet more dreadful case was that of Philip Standfield, tried upon 30th November 1687 for cursing his father (which, by the Scottish law, is a capital crime, Act 1661, chap. 20), and for being accessory to his murder. Sir James Standfield, the deceased, was a person of melancholy temperament; so that, when his body was found in a pond near his own house of Newmilns, he was at first generally supposed to have drowned himself. But, the body having been hastily buried, a report arose that he had been strangled by ruffians, instigated by his son Philip, a profligate youth, whom he had disinherited on account of his gross debauchery. Upon this rumour the Privy Council granted warrant to two surgeons of character, named Crawfurd and Muirhead, to dig up the body, and to report the state in which they should find it. Philip was present on this occasion, and the evidence of both surgeons bears distinctly that he stood for some time at a distance from the body of his parent; but being called upon to assist in stretching out the corpse, he put his hand to the head, when the mouth and nostrils instantly gushed with blood. This circumstance, with the evident symptoms of terror and remorse exhibited by young Standfield, seem to have had considerable weight with the jury, and are thus stated in the indictment: "That his (the deceased's) nearest relations being required to lift the corpse into the coffin, after it had been inspected, upon the said Philip Standfield touching of it (*according to God's usual mode of discovering murder*), it bled afresh upon the said Philip; and that thereupon he let the body fall, and fled from it in the greatest consternation, crying 'Lord have mercy upon me!'" The prisoner was found guilty of being accessory to the murder of his father, although there was little more than strong presumptions against him. It is true he was at the same time separately convicted of the distinct crimes of having cursed his father, and drank damnation to the monarchy and hierarchy. His sentence, which was to have his tongue cut out, and hand struck off, previous to his being hanged, was executed with the utmost rigour. He denied the murder with his last breath. "It is," says a contemporary judge, "a dark case of divination, to be remitted to the great day, whether he was guilty or innocent. Only it is certain he was a bad youth, and may serve as a beacon to all profligate persons" (Fountainhall's *Decisions*, vol. i, p. 483).

While all ranks believed alike the existence of these prodigies, the vulgar were contented to refer them to the immediate interference of the Deity, or, as they termed it, God's revenge against murder. But those who, while they had overleaped the bounds of superstition, were still entangled in the mazes of mystic philosophy, amongst whom we must reckon many of the medical practitioners, endeavoured to explain the phenomenon by referring to the secret power of sympathy which even Bacon did not venture to dispute. To this occult agency was imputed the cure of wounds, effected by applying salves and powders, not to the wound itself, but to the sword or dagger by

which it had been inflicted; a course of treatment which, wonderful as it may at first seem, was certainly frequently attended with signal success.[1] This, however, was attributed to magic, and those who submitted to such a mode of cure were refused spiritual assistance.

The vulgar continue to believe firmly in the phenomenon of the murdered corpse bleeding at the approach of the murderer. "Many (I adopt the words of an ingenious correspondent) are the proofs advanced in confirmation of the opinion, against those who are so hardy as to doubt it; but one in particular, as it is said to have happened in this place, I cannot help repeating.

"Two young men, going a-fishing in the river Yarrow, fell out; and so high ran the quarrel, that the one, in a passion, stabbed the other to the heart with a fish-spear. Astonished at the rash act, he hesitated whether to fly, give himself up to justice, or conceal the crime; and, in the end, fixed on the latter expedient, burying the body of his friend very deep in the sands. As the meeting had been accidental, he was never suspected, although a visible change was observed in his behaviour, from gaiety to a settled melancholy. Time passed on for the space of fifty years, when a smith, fishing near the same place, discovered an uncommon and curious bone, which he put in his pocket, and afterwards showed to some people in his smithy. The murderer being present, now an old white-headed man, leaning on his staff, desired a sight of the little bone; but how horrible was the issue! no sooner had he touched it, than it streamed with purple blood. Being told where it was found, he confessed the crime, was condemned, but was prevented, by death, from suffering the punishment due to his crime.

"Such opinions, though reason forbids us to believe them, a few moments' reflection on the cause of their origin will teach us to revere. Under the feudal system which prevailed, the rights of humanity were too often violated, and redress very hard to be procured; thus an awful deference to one of the leading attributes of Omnipotence begat on the mind, untutored by philosophy, the first germ of these supernatural effects; which was, by superstitious zeal, assisted, perhaps, by a few instances of sudden remorse, magnified into evidence of indisputable guilt."

[1] The first part of the process was to wash the wound clean and bind it up so as to promote adhesion and exclude the air. Now, though the remedies afterwards applied to the sword could hardly promote so desirable an issue, yet it is evident the wound stood a good chance of healing by the operation of nature, which, I believe, medical gentlemen call a cure by the first intention.

THE LASS OF LOCHROYAN

LOCHROYAN, whence this ballad probably derives its name, lies in Galloway. The lover, who, if the story be real, may be supposed to have been detained by sickness, is represented in the legend as confined by Fairy charms in an enchanted castle situated in the sea. The ruins of ancient edifices are still visible on the summits of most of those small islands, or rather insulated rocks, which lie along the coast of Ayrshire and Galloway; as Ailsa and Big Scaur.

This edition of the ballad obtained, is composed of verses selected from three MS. copies, and two from recitation. Two of the copies are in Herd's MSS., the third in that of Mrs Brown of Falkland.

A fragment of the original song, which is sometimes denominated *Lord Gregory*, or *Love Gregory*, was published in Mr Herd's Collection, 1774, and still more fully in that of Laurie and Symington, 1792. The story has been celebrated both by Burns and Dr Wolcott.

THE LASS OF LOCHROYAN

"O wha will shoe my bonny foot?
And wha will glove my hand?
And wha will lace my middle jimp
Wi' a lang, lang linen band?

"O wha will kame my yellow hair
With a new-made silver kame?
And wha will father my young son
Till Lord Gregory come hame?"

"Thy father will shoe thy bonny foot,
Thy mother will glove thy hand,
Thy sister will lace thy middle jimp,
Till Lord Gregory come to land.

"Thy brother will kame thy yellow hair
With a new-made silver kame,
And God will be thy bairn's father
Till Lord Gregory come hame."

"But I will get a bonny boat,
And I will sail the sea;
And I will gang to Lord Gregory,
Since he canna come hame to me."

Syne she's gar'd build a bonny boat,
To sail the salt salt sea:
The sails were o' the light green silk,
The tows [1] o' taffety.

She hadna sailed but twenty leagues,
But twenty leagues and three,
When she met wi' a rank robber,
And a' his company.

"Now whether are ye the queen hersell,
(For so ye weel might be)
Or are ye the lass of Lochroyan,
Seekin' Lord Gregory?"

"O I am neither the queen," she said,
"Nor sic I seem to be;
But I am the lass of Lochroyan,
Seekin' Lord Gregory."

"O see na thou yon bonny bower,
It's a' covered o'er wi' tin?
When thou hast sailed it round about,
Lord Gregory is within."

And when she saw the stately tower
Shining sae clear and bright,
Whilk stood aboon the jawing [2] wave,
Built on a rock of height;

Says—"Row the boat, my mariners,
And bring me to the land!
For yonder I see my love's castle
Close by the salt sea strand."

She sailed it round, and sailed it round,
And loud, loud, cried she—
"Now break, now break, ye Fairy charms,
And set my true love free!"

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
And to the door she's gane;
And long she knocked, and sair she ca'd,
But answer got she nane.

"O open the door, Lord Gregory!
O open, and let me in!
For the wind blaws through my yellow hair,
And the rain drops o'er my chin."

[1] Ropes. [2] Dashing.

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman!
Ye're no come here for good!
Ye're but some witch, or wil warlock,
Or mermaid o' the flood."

"I am neither witch, nor wil warlock,
Nor mermaid o' the sea;
But I am Annie of Lochroyan;
O open the door to me!"

"Gin thou be Annie of Lochroyan,
(As I trow thou binna she)
Now tell me some o' the love tokens
That past between thee and me."

"O dinna ye mind, Lord Gregory,
As we sat at the wine,
We chang'd the rings frae our fingers,
And I can shew thee thine?

"O yours was gude and gude enough,
But ay the best was mine;
For yours was o' the gude red gowd,
But mine o' the diamond fine.

"And has na thou mind, Lord Gregory,
As we sat on the hill,
Thou twin'd me o' my maidenheid
Right sair against my will?

"Now, open the door, Lord Gregory,
Open the door, I pray!
For thy young son is in my arms,
And will be dead ere day."

"If thou be the lass of Lochroyan,
(As I kenna thou be)
Tell me some mair o' the love tokens
Past between me and thee."

Fair Annie turned her round about—
"Weel! since that it be sae,
May never a woman, that has born a son,
Hae a heart sae fou o' wae!

"Take down, take down, that mast o' gowd!
Set up a mast o' tree!
It disna become a forsaken lady
To sail sae royallie."

When the cock had crawn, and the day did dawn,
And the sun began to peep,
Then up and raise him Lord Gregory,
And sair, sair did he weep.

"Oh I hae dreamed a dream, mother,
I wish it may prove true!
That the bonny lass of Lochroyan
Was at the yate e'en now.

"O I hae dreamed a dream, mother,
The thought o't gars me greet!
That fair Annie o' Lochroyan
Lay cauld dead at my feet."

"Gin it be for Annie of Lochroyan
That ye make a' this din,
She stood a' last night at your door,
But I trow she wan na in."

"O wae betide ye, ill woman!
An ill deid may ye die!
That wadna open the door to her,
Nor yet wad waken me."

O he's gane down to yon shore side
As fast as he could fare;
He saw fair Annie in the boat,
But the wind it tossed her sair.

"And hey Annie, and how Annie
O Annie, winna ye bide!"
But ay the mair he cried Annie,
The braider grew the tide.

"And hey Annie, and how Annie!
Dear Annie, speak to me!"
But ay the louder he cried Annie,
The louder roared the sea.

The wind blew loud, the sea grew rough,
And dashed the boat on shore;
Fair Annie floated through the faem,
But the babie rose no more.

Lord Gregory tore his yellow hair,
And made a heavy moan;
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
Her bonny young son was gone.

O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
And gowden was her hair;
But clay-cold were her rosy lips—
Nae spark o' life was there.

And first he kissed her cherry cheek,
And syne he kissed her chin,
And syne he kissed her rosy lips—
There was nae breath within.

"O wae betide my cruel mother!
An ill death may she die!
She turned my true love frae my door
Wha came sae far to me.

"O wae betide my cruel mother!
An ill death may she die!
She turned fair Annie frae my door,
Wha died for love o' me."

ROSE THE RED AND WHITE LILLY

[This legendary tale is given chiefly from Mrs Brown's MS. Accordingly, many of the rhymes arise from the northern mode of pronunciation, as *dee* for *do*, and the like. Perhaps the ballad may have originally related to the history of the celebrated Robin Hood, as mention is made of Barnisdale, his favourite abode.]

O Rose the Red, and White Lilly,
Their mother deir was dead:
And their father has married an ill woman,
Wished them twa little guid.

But she had twa as gallant sons
As ever brake man's bread;
And the tane o' them lo'ed her, White Lilly,
And the tother Rose the Red.

O bigged hae they a bigly bour,
Fast by the roaring strand;
And there was mair mirth in the ladyes' bour,
Nor in a' their father's land.

But out and spake their step-mother,
As she stood a little forebye—
"I hope to live and play the prank,
Sall gar your loud sang lie."

She's call'd upon her eldest son;
"Cum here, my son, to me:
It fears me sair,[1] my Bauld Arthur,
That ye maun sail the sea."

"Gin sae it maun be, my deir mother,
Your bidding I maun dee;
But, be never waur to Rose the Red,
Than ye hae been to me."

She's call'd upon her youngest son;
"Cum here, my son, to me.
It fears me sair, my Brown Robin,
That ye maun sail the sea."

"Gin it fear ye sair, my mother deir,
Your bidding I sall dee;
But, be never waur to White Lilly,
Than ye hae been to me."

"Now haud your tongues, ye foolish boys!
For small sall be their part:
They ne'er again sall see your face,
Gin their very hearts suld break."

Sae Bauld Arthur's gane to our king's court,
His hie chamberlain to be;
But Brown Robin, he has slain a knight,
And to grene-woode he did flee.

When Rose the Red, and White Lilly,
Saw their twa loves were gane,
Sune did they drop the loud, loud sang,
Took up the still mourning.

And out then spake her White Lilly;
"My sister, we'll be gane:
Why suld we stay in Barnisdale,
To mourn our bour within?"

O cutted hae they their green cloathing,
A little abune their knee;
And sae hae they their yellow hair,
A little abune their bree.

And left hae they that bonny bour,
To cross the raging sea;
And they hae ta'en to a holy chapel,
Was christened by Our Ladye.

[1] I am sore afraid.

And they hae changed their twa names,
Sae far frae ony toun;
And the tane o' them's hight Sweet Willie,
And the tother's Rouge the Rounde.

Between the twa a promise is,
And they hae sworn it to fulfil;
Whenever the tane blew a bugle-horn,
The tother suld cum her till.

Sweet Willie's gane to the king's court,
Her true love for to see;
And Rouge the Rounde to gude grene-wood,
Brown Robin's man to be.

O it fell anes, upon a time,
They putted at the stane;
And seven foot ayont them a',
Brown Robin's garr'd it gang.

She lifted the heavy putting-stane,
And gave a sad "O hon!"
Then out bespake him, Brown Robin,
"But that's a woman's moan!"

"O kent ye by my rosy lips?
Or by my yellow hair?
Or kent ye by my milk-white breast,
Ye never yet saw bare?"

"I kent na by your rosy lips;
Nor by your yellow hair;
But, cum to your bour whaever likes,
They'll find a ladye there."

"O gin ye come my bour within,
Through fraud, deceit, or guile,
Wi' this same brand, that's in my hand,
I vow I will thee kill."

"Yet durst I cum into your bour,
And ask nae leave," quo' he;
"And wi' this same brand, that's in my hand,
Wave danger back on thee."

About the dead hour o' the night,
The ladye's bour was broken;
And, about the first hour o' the day,
The fair knave bairn was gotten.

When days were gane, and months were come,
The ladye was sad and wan;
And aye she cried for a bour woman,
For to wait her upon.

Then up and spake him, Brown Robin,
"And what needs this?" quo' he;
"Or what can woman do for you,
That canna be done by me?"

"'Twas never my mother's fashion," she said,
"Nor shall it e'er be mine,
That belted knights should e'er remain
While ladyes dree'd their pain.

"But gin ye take that bugle-horn,
And wind a blast sae shrill,
I hae a brother in yonder court,
Will come me quickly till."

"O gin ye hae a brother on earth,
That ye lo'e mair than me,
Ye may blow the horn yoursell," he says,
"For a blast I winna gie."

She's ta'en the bugle in her hand,
And blawn baith loud and shrill;
Sweet William started at the sound,
And came her quickly till.

O up and starts him, Brown Robin,
And swore by Our Ladye,
"No man shall come into this bour,
But first maun fight wi' me."

O they hae fought the wood within,
Till the sun was going down;
And drops o' blood, frae Rose the Red,
Came pouring to the ground.

She leant her back against an aik,
Said—"Robin, let me be:
For it is a ladye, bred and born,
That has fought this day wi' thee."

O seven foot he started back,
Cried—"Alas and woe is me!
For I wished never, in all my life,
A woman's bluid to see:

"And that all for the knightly vow
I swore to Our Ladye;
But mair for the sake o' ae fair maid,
Whose name was White Lilly."

Then out and spake her, Rouge the Rounde,
And leugh right heartilie,
"She has been wi' ye this year and mair,
Though ye wistna it was she."

Now word has gane through all the land,
Before a month was gane,
That a forester's page, in gude grene-wood,
Had born a bonny son.

The marvel gaed to the king's court,
And to the king himsell;
"Now, by my fae,"[1] the king did say,
"The like was never heard tell!"

Then out and spake him, Bauld Arthur,
And laugh'd right loud and hie—
"I trow some may has plaid the lown,[2]
And fled her ain countrie."

"Bring me my steid!" the king can say;
"My bow and arrows keen;
And I'll gae hunt in yonder wood,
And see what's to be seen."

"Gin it please your grace," quo' Bauld Arthur,
"My liege, I'll gang you wi',
And see gin I can meet a bonny page,
That's stray'd awa frae me."

And they hae chased in gude grene-wood,
The buck but and the rae,
Till they drew near Brown Robin's bour,
About the close o' day.

Then out and spake the king himsell,
Says—"Arthur, look and see,
Gin yon be not your favourite page,
That leans against yon tree."

O Arthur's ta'en a bugle horn,
And blawn a blast sae shrill;
Sweet Willie started to her feet,
And ran him quickly till.

[1] By my faith. [2] Rogue.

"O wanted ye your meat, Willie,
Or wanted ye your fee?
Or gat ye e'er an angry word,
That ye ran awa frae me?"

"I wanted nought, my master dear;
To me ye ay was good:
I cam to see my ae brother,
That wons in this grene-wood."

Then out bespake the king again,—
"My boy, now tell to me,
Who dwells into yon bigly bour,
Beneath yon green aik tree?"

"O pardon me," said Sweet Willy,
"My liege, I dare na tell;
And gang na near yon Outlaw's bour,
For fear they suld you kill."

"O haud your tongue, my bonny boy!
For I winna be said nay;
But I will gang yon bour within,
Betide me weal or wae."

They have lighted frae their milk-white steids,
And saftlie entered in;
And there they saw her, White Lilly,
Nursing her bonny young son.

"Now, by the mass," the king he said,
"This is a comely sight;
I trow, instead of a forester's man,
This is a lady bright!"

O out and spake her, Rose the Red,
And fell low on her knee:—
"O pardon us, my gracious liege,
And our story I'll tell thee.

"Our father is a wealthy lord,
Lives into Barnisdale;
But we had a wicked step-mother,
That wrought us meikle bale.

"Yet had she twa as fu' fair sons,
As e'er the sun did see;
And the tane o' them lo'ed my sister deir,
And the tother said he lo'ed me.

Then out and cried him Bauld Arthur,
As by the king he stood,—
"Now, by the faith of my body,
This suld be Rose the Red!"

The king has sent for robes o' green,
And girdles o' shining gold;
And sae sune have the ladyes busked themselves,
Sae glorious to behold.

Then in and came him, Brown Robin,
Frae hunting o' the king's deer,
But when he saw the king himsell,
He started back for fear.

The king has ta'en Robin by the hand,
And bade him nothing dread,
But quit for aye the gude grene-wood,
And come to the court wi' speed.

The king has ta'en White Lilly's son,
And set him on his knee;
Says—"Gin ye live to wield a brand,
My bowman thou shalt be."

They have ta'en them to the holy chapelle,
And there had fair wedding;
And when they cam to the king's court,
For joy the bells did ring.

FAUSE FOODRAGE

THIS ballad has been popular in many parts of Scotland. It is chiefly given from Mrs Brown of Falkland's MSS. The expression,

"The boy stared wild, like a gray goss-hawk" (verse 31),

strongly resembles that in *Hardyknute*,

"Norse e'en like gray goss-hawk stared wild";

a circumstance which led the Editor to make the strictest enquiry into the authenticity of the song. But every doubt was removed by the evidence of a lady of high rank, who not only recollected the ballad, as having amused her infancy, but could repeat many of the verses, particularly those beautiful stanzas from the 20th to the 25th. The Editor is therefore compelled to believe that the author of *Hardyknute* copied the old ballad; if the coincidence be not altogether accidental.

King Easter has courted her for her lands,
  King Wester for her fee;
King Honour for her comely face,
  And for her fair bodie.

They had not been four months married,
  As I have heard them tell,
Until the nobles of the land
  Against them did rebel.

And they cast kevils [1] them amang,
  And kevils them between;
And they cast kevils them amang,
  Wha suld gae kill the king.

O some said yea, and some said nay,
  Their words did not agree;
Till up and got him Fause Foodrage,
  And swore it suld be he.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
  And a' men bound to bed,
King Honour and his gay ladye
  In a hie chamber were laid.

Then up and raised him, Fause Foodrage,
  When a' were fast asleep,
And slew the porter in his lodge,
  That watch and ward did keep.

O four and twenty silver keys
  Hang hie upon a pin;
And aye, as ae door he did unlock,
  He has fastened it him behind.

Then up and raise him, King Honour,
  Says—"What means a' this din?
Or what's the matter, Fause Foodrage,
  Or wha has loot you in?"

"O ye my errand weel sall learn,
  Before that I depart."
Then drew a knife, baith lang and sharp,
  And pierced him to the heart.

Then up and got the Queen hersell,
  And fell low down on her knee:
"O spare my life, now, Fause Foodrage!
  For I never injured thee.

[1] Lots.

"O spare my life, now, Fause Foodrage!
Until I lighter be!
And see gin it be lad or lass,
King Honour has left me wi."

"O gin it be a lass," he says,
"Weel nursed it sall be;
But gin it be a lad bairn,
He sall be hanged hie.

"I winna spare for his tender age,
Nor yet for his hie hie kin;
But soon as e'er he born is,
He sall mount the gallows pin."

O four and twenty valiant knights
Were set the Queen to guard!
And four stood aye at her bour door,
To keep both watch and ward.

But when the time drew near an end,
That she suld lighter be.
She cast about to find a wile,
To set her body free.

O she has birled these merry young men
With the ale but and the wine,
Until they were as deadly drunk
As any wild-wood swine.

"O narrow, narrow, is this window,
And big, big, am I grown!"
Yet through the might of Our Ladye,
Out at it she is gone.

She wandered up, she wandered down,
She wandered out and in;
And, at last, into the very swine's stythe,
The Queen brought forth a son.

Then they cast kevils them amang,
Which suld gae seek the Queen;
And the kevil fell upon Wise William,
And he sent his wife for him.

O when she saw Wise William's wife,
The Queen fell on her knee;
"Win up, win up, madam!" she says:
"What needs this courtesie?"

"O out o' this I winna rise,
Till a boon ye grant to me;
To change your lass for this lad bairn,
King Honour left me wi'.

"And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk,
Right weel to breast a steed;
And I sall learn your turtle dow
As weel to write and read.

"And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk
To wield baith bow and brand;
And I sall learn your turtle dow
To lay gowd[1] wi' her hand.

"At kirk and market when we meet,
We'll dare make nae avow,
But—'Dame, how does my gay goss-hawk?'
'Madame, how does my dow?'"

When days were gane, and years came on,
Wise William he thought lang;
And he has ta'en King Honour's son
A-hunting for to gang.

It sae fell out, at this hunting,
Upon a simmer's day,
That they came by a fair castell,
Stood on a sunny brae.

"O dinna ye see that bonny castell,
Wi' halls and towers sae fair?
Gin ilka man had back his ain,
Of it you suld be heir."

"How I suld be heir of that castell,
In sooth I canna see;
For it belangs to Fause Foodrage,
And he is na kin to me."

"O gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
You would do but what was right;
For I wot he kill'd your father dear,
Or ever ye saw the light.

"And gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
There is no man durst you blame;
For he keeps your mother a prisoner,
And she darna take ye hame."

[1] To embroider in gold.

The boy stared wild like a gray goss-hawk:
Says—"What may a' this mean?"
"My boy, ye are King Honour's son,
And your mother's our lawful Queen."

"O gin I be King Honour's son,
By Our Ladye I swear,
This night I will that traitor slay,
And relieve my mother dear!"

He has set his bent bow to his breast,
And leaped the castell wa';
And soon he has seized on Fause Foodrage,
Wha loud for help 'gan ca'.

"O haud your tongue now, Fause Foodrage,
Frae me ye shanna flee."
Syne pierc'd him thro' the fause fause heart,
And set his mother free.

And he has rewarded Wise William,
Wi' the best half of his land;
And sae has he the turtle dow,
Wi' the truth o' his right hand.

NOTES

King Easter has courted her for her lands,
King Wester for her fee;
King Honour, etc.—P. 439, v. 1.

King Easter and King Wester were probably the petty princes of Northumberland and Westmoreland. In the *Complaynt of Scotland* an ancient romance is mentioned under the title, "*How the king of Estmureland married the king's daughter of Westmureland,*" which may possibly be the original of the beautiful legend of *King Estmere*, in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. i, p. 62, 4th edit. From this it may be conjectured, with some degree of plausibility, that the independent kingdoms of the east and west coast were, at an early period, thus denominated, according to the Saxon mode of naming districts from their relative positions, as Essex, Wessex, Sussex. But the geography of the metrical romances sets all system at defiance; and in some of these, as *Clariodus* and *Meliades*, Estmureland undoubtedly signifies the land of the Easterlings, or the Flemish provinces at which vessels arrived in three days from England, and to which they are represented as exporting wool. *Vide Notes on the Tale of Kempion.* On this subject I have, since publication of the first edition, been favoured with the following remarks by Mr Ritson, in opposition to the opinion above expressed:

"Estmureland and Westmureland have no sort of relation to Northumberland and Westmoreland. The former was never called Eastmoreland,

nor were there ever any kings of Westmoreland, unless we admit the authority of an old rhyme cited by Usher:

'Here the king Westmer
Slow the king Rothinger.'

There is likewise, a 'king Estmere, of Spain,' in one of Percy's ballads.

"In the old metrical romance of *Kyng Horn*, or *Horn Child*, we find both Westnesse and Estnesse; and it is somewhat singular, that two places, so called, actually exist in Yorkshire at this day. But *ness*, in that quarter, is the name given to an inlet from a river. There is, however, great confusion in this poem, as *Horn* is called king sometimes of one country, and sometimes of the other. In the French original, Westir is said to have been the old name of Hirland, or Ireland; which, occasionally at least, is called Westnesse, in the translation, in which Britain is named Sudene; but here again it is inconsistent and confused.

"It is, at any rate, highly probable, that the story, cited in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, was a romance of *King Horn*, whether prose or verse; and consequently that Estmureland and Westmureland should there mean England and Ireland; though it is possible that no other instance can be found of those two names occurring with the same sense."

And they cast kevils them amang.—P. 439, v. 3.

Kevils—Lots. Both words originally meant only a portion, or share, of anything. *Leges Burgorum*, cap. 59, *de lot, cut, or kavil. Statuta Gildæ*, cap. 20. *Nullus emat lanam, etc., nisi fuerit confrater Gildæ, etc. Neque* lot *neque* cavil *habeat cum aliquo confratre nostro.* In both these laws, *lot* and *cavil* signify a share in trade.

Dame, how does my gay goss-hawk?—P. 441, v. 4.

This metaphorical language was customary among the northern nations. In 925 King Adelstein sent an embassy to Harald Harfagar, King of Norway, the chief of which presented that prince with an elegant sword, ornamented with precious stones. As it was presented by the point, the Norwegian chief, in receiving it, unwarily laid hold of the hilt. The English ambassador declared, in the name of his master, that he accepted the act as a deed of homage, for touching the hilt of a warrior's sword was regarded as an acknowledgment of subjection. The Norwegian prince, resolving to circumvent his rival by a similar artifice, suppressed his resentment and sent, next summer, an embassy to Adelstein, the chief of which presented Haco, the son of Harald, to the English prince, and placing him on his knees, made the following declaration: "*Haraldus, Normannorum rex, amice te salutat*; albamque *hanc* avem, *bene institutam mittit, utque melius deinceps erudias, postulat.*" The King received young Haco on his knees, which the Norwegian ambassador immediately accepted, in the name of his master, as a declaration of inferiority; according to the proverb, "*Is minor semper habetur, qui alterius filium educat.*" *Pontoppidani Vestiga Danor*, vol. ii, p. 67.

KEMPION

THE tale of *Kempion* seems, from the names of the personages and the nature of the adventure, to have been an old metrical romance, degraded into a ballad by the lapse of time and the corruption of reciters. The change in the structure of the last verses, from the common ballad stanza to that which is proper to the metrical romance, adds force to this conjecture.

Such transformations as the song narrates are common in the annals of chivalry. In the 25th and 26th cantos of the second book of the *Orlando Inamorato*, the Paladin, *Brandimarte*, after surmounting many obstacles, penetrates into the recesses of an enchanted palace. Here he finds a fair damsel seated upon a tomb, who announces to him that, in order to achieve her deliverance, he must raise the lid of the sepulchre, and kiss whatever being should issue forth. The knight, having pledged his faith, proceeds to open the tomb, out of which a monstrous snake issues forth, with a tremendous hiss. *Brandimarte*, with much reluctance, fulfils the *bizarre* conditions of the adventure; and the monster is instantly changed into a beautiful fairy, who loads her deliverer with benefits. For the satisfaction of those who may wish to compare the tale of the Italian poet with that of *Kempion*, a part of the original of Boiardo is given below.[1]

---

[1] Poich' ebbe il verso Brandimarte letto,
La lapida pesante in aria alzava:
Ecco fuor una serpe insin' al petto,
La qual, forte stridendo, zufolava,
Di spaventoso, e terribil' aspetto,
Aprendo il muso gran denti mostrava,
De' quali il cavalier non si fidando,
Si trasse a dietro, et mise mano al brando.

Ma quella Donna gridava " non fate "
Col viso smorto, e grido tremebondo,
" Non far, che ci farai pericolare,
E cadrem' tutti quanti nel profondo:
A te convien quella serpe baciare,
O far pensier di non esser' al mondo,
Accostar la tua bocca con la sua,
O perduta tener la vita tua."

" Come! non vedi, che i denti degrigna,
Che pajon fatti a posta a spiccar' nasi,
E fammi un certo viso de matrigna,"
Disse il Guerrier, " ch'io me spavento quasi."
" Anzi t' invita con faccia benigna ";
Disse la Donna, " e molti altri rimasi
Per vilta sono a questa sepoltura:
Or la t' accosta, e non aver paura."

There is a ballad somewhat resembling *Kempion*, called the *Laidley Worm of Spendleston-heugh*, which is very popular upon the Borders; but having been often published it was thought unnecessary to insert it in this collection. The most common version was either entirely composed, or rewritten, by the Rev. Mr Lamb of Norham.

A similar tradition is, by Heywood and Delrio, said to have existed at Basil. A tailor, in an adventurous mood, chose to descend into an obscure cavern in the vicinity of the city. After many windings he came to an iron door, through which he passed into a splendid chamber. Here he found, seated upon a stately throne, a lady whose countenance

---

Il cavalier s' accosta, ma di passo,
Che troppo grato quel baciar non gli era,
Verso la serpe chinandosi basso,
Gli parvo tanto orrenda, e tanto fera,
Che venne in viso freddo, com' un sasso;
E disse "si fortuna vuol' ch'io pera,
Fia tanto un altra volta, quanto addesso
Ma cagion dar non me ne voglio io stesso."

"Fuss' io certo d'andare in paradiso,
Come son' certo, chinandomi un poco,
Che quella bestia mi s'avventa al viso,
E mi piglia nel naso, o altro loco:
Egli e proprio cosi, com' io m'avviso,
Ch' altri ch'io stato e colto a questo gioco
E che costei mi da questo conforto
Per vindicarsi di colui, ch'ho morto." [1]

Cosi discendo, a rinculare attende,
Deliberato piu non s'accostare:
La donna si dispera, e lo reprende,
"Ah codardo," dicea, "che credi fare?
Perche tanta vilta l'alma t'offende,
Che ti fara alla fin mal capitare?
Infinita paura e poca fede,
La salute gli mostro, e non mi crede."

Punto il Guerrier de questi agre parole
Torna de nuovo ver la sepoltura,
Tinsegli in rose il color de viole,
In vergogna mutata la paura:
Pur stando ancor' fra due, vuole, e non vuole,
Un pensier lo spaventa, un l'assicura
Al fin tra l'animoso, el disperato,
A lei s'accosta, ed halle un bacio dato.

Un ghiaccio proprio gli parse a toccare
La bocca, che parea prima di foco:
La serpe se commincia a tramutare,
E diventa donzella a poco a poco:
Febosilla costei si fa chiamare,
Una fata, che fece quel bel loco,
E quel giardino, a quella sepoltura,
Ove grand tempo e stato in pena dura, etc.

---

[1] *Un cavalier occiso per Brandimarte nel entrare del palazzo incantato.*

was surprisingly beautiful, but whose shape terminated in a dragon's train, which warped around the chair on which she was placed. Before her stood a brazen chest, trebly barred and bolted; at each end of which lay crouched a huge black ban-dog, who rose up as if to tear the intruder in pieces. But the lady appeased them; and opening the chest displayed an immense treasure, out of which she bestowed upon the visitor some small pieces of money, informing him that she was enchanted by her step-dame, but should recover her natural shape on being kissed thrice by a mortal. The tailor assayed to fulfil the conditions of the adventure; but her face assumed such an altered, wild, and grim expression, that his courage failed, and he was fain to fly from the place. A kinsman of his, some years after, penetrated into the cavern, with the purpose of repairing a desperate fortune. But finding nothing but dead men's bones, he ran mad, and died. Sir John Mandeville tells a similar story of a Grecian island.

There are numerous traditions upon the Borders concerning huge and destructive snakes, and also of a poisonous reptile called a *man-keeper*; although the common adder and blind worm are the only reptiles of that *genus* now known to haunt our wilds. Whether it be possible that at an early period, before the country was drained and cleared of wood, serpents of a larger size may have existed, is a question which the Editor leaves to the naturalist. But not to mention the fabulous dragon slain in Northumberland by *Sir Bevis*, the fame still survives of many a *preux chevalier* supposed to have distinguished himself by similar achievements.

The manor of Sockburne, in the bishopric of Durham, anciently the seat of the family of Conyers, or Cogniers, is held of the Bishop by the service of presenting, or showing to him, upon his first entrance into his diocese an antique sword, or falchion. The origin of this peculiar service is thus stated in Beckwith's edition of *Blount's Ancient Tenures*, p. 200:

"Sir Edward Blackett (the proprietor of the manor) now represents the person of Sir John Conyers, who, as tradition says, in the fields of Sockburne, slew, with this falchion, a monstrous creature, a dragon, a worm, or flying serpent, that devoured men, women, and children. The then owner of Sockburne, as a reward for his bravery, gave him the manor, with its appurtenances, to hold for ever, on condition that he meets the Lord Bishop of Durham, with this falchion, on his first entrance into his diocese, after his election to that see.

"And, in confirmation of this tradition, there is painted, in a window of Sockburne church, the falchion we just now spoke of: and it is also cut in marble, upon the tomb of the great ancestor of the Conyers', together with a dog, and the monstrous worm, or serpent, lying at his feet, of his own killing, of which the history of the family gives the above account.

"When the Bishop first comes into his diocese, he crosses the river Tees, either at the ford at Nesham, or Croft-bridge, where the counties of York and Durham divide; at one of which places Sir Edward

Blackett, either in person, or by his representative, if the Bishop comes by Nesham, rides into the middle of the river Tees, with the ancient falchion drawn in his hand, or upon the middle of Croft-bridge; and then presents the falchion to the Bishop, addressing him in the ancient form of words; upon which the Bishop takes the falchion into his hand, looks at it, and returns it back again, wishing the lord of the manor his health, and the enjoyment of his estate." The falchion above alluded to has upon its hilt the arms of England, in the reign of King John, and an eagle, supposed to be the ensign of Morcar, Earl of Northumberland (Gough's *Camden's Britannia*, vol. iii, p. 114). Mr Gough, with great appearance of probability, conjectures the dragon, engraved on the tomb, to be an emblematical or heraldic ornament.

The property, called Pollard's Lands, near Bishop Auckland, is held by a similar tenure; and we are informed, in the work just quoted, that "Dr Johnson of Newcastle met the present Bishop, Dr Egerton, in September 1771, at his first arrival there, and presented a falchion upon his knee, and addressed him in the old form of words, saying,

"*My lord, in behalf of myself, as well as of the several other tenants of Pollard's Lands, I do humbly present your lordship with this falchion, at your first coming here, wherewith, as the tradition goeth, Pollard slew of old a great and venomous serpent, which did much harm to man and beast: and, by the performance of this service, these lands are holden*" (*Ancient Tenures*, p. 201).

Above the south entrance of the ancient parish church of Linton, in Roxburghshire, is a rude piece of sculpture, representing a knight with a falcon on his arm, encountering with his lance, in full career, a sort of monster which the common people call a *worm*, or snake. Tradition bears that this animal inhabited a den, or hollow, at some distance from the church, whence it was wont to issue forth and ravage the country, or, by the fascination of its eyes and breath, draw its prey into its jaws. Large rewards were in vain offered for the destruction of this monster, which had grown to so huge a bulk that it used to twist itself, in spiral folds, round a green hillock of considerable height, still called Wormeston, and marked by a clump of trees. When sleeping in this place, with its mouth open, popular credulity affirms that it was slain by the Laird of Lariston, a man brave even to madness, who, coming upon the snake at full gallop, thrust down its throat a *peat* (a piece of turf dried for fuel) dipt in scalding pitch, and fixed to the point of his lance. The aromatic quality of the peat is said to have preserved the champion from the effects of the monster's poisonous breath, while at the same time it clogged its jaws. In dying, the serpent contracted his folds with so much violence that their spiral impression is still discernible round the hillock where it lay. The noble family of Somerville are said to be descended from this adventurous knight, in memory of whose achievement they bear a dragon as their crest.

The sculpture itself gives no countenance to this fine story; for the animal, whom the knight appears to be in the act of slaying, has no resemblance to a serpent, but rather to a wolf, or boar, with which the neighbouring Cheviot mountains must in early times have abounded;[1] and there remain vestiges of another monster, of the same species, attacking the horse of the champion. An inscription, which might have thrown light upon this exploit, is now totally defaced. The vulgar, adapting it to their own tradition, tell us that it ran thus:

> "The wode laird of Lariestoun
> Slew the wode worm of Wormiestoune,
> And wan all Lintoun parochine."

It is most probable that the animal destroyed by the ancestor of Lord Somerville was one of those beasts of prey by which Caledonia was formerly infested; but which now,

> "Razed out of all her woods, as trophies hung,
> Grin high emblazon'd on her children's shields."

Since publishing the first edition of this work I have found the following account of Somerville's achievement in a MS. of some antiquity:—

"John Somerville (son to Roger de Somerville, baron of Wichenever, in Staffordshire) was made, by King William (the lion), his principal falconer, and got from that king the lands and baronie of Linton, in Tiviotdale, for an extraordinarie and valiant action; which, according to the manuscript of the family of Drum, was thus: In the parochen of Lintoun, within the sheriffdom of Roxburgh, there happened to breed a monster, in form of a serpent, or worme; in length, three Scots yards, and somewhat bigger than an ordinarie man's leg, with a head more proportionable to its length than greatness. It had its den in a hollow piece of ground, a mile south-east from Lintoun church; it destroyed both men and beast that came in its way. Several attempts were made to destroy it, by shooting of arrows, and throwing of darts, none daring to approach so near as to make use of a sword or lance. John Somerville undertakes to kill it, and being well mounted, and attended with a stoute servant, he cam, before the sun-rising, before the dragoun's den, having prepared some long, small, and hard peats (bog-turf dried for fuel), bedabbed with pitch, rosett, and brimstone, fixed with small wyre upon a wheel, at the point of his lance: these, being touched with fire, would instantly break out into flames; and, there being a breath of air, that served

[1] An altar, dedicated to Sylvan Mars, was found in a glen in Weardale, in the bishopric of Durham. From the following votive inscription it appears to have been erected by C. T. V. Micianus, a Roman general, upon taking an immense boar, which none of his predecessors could destroy:

"*Silvano invicto sacrum, C. Tetius Veturius Micianus Præf. Alae Sebosinae ob aprum eximiæ formæ captum, quem multi antecessores ejus prædari non potuerunt, Votum solvens lubenter posuit*" (Lamb's *Notes on Battle of Flodden*, 1774, p. 67).

to his purpose, about the sun-rising, the serpent, dragon, or worme, so called by tradition, appeared with her head, and some part of her body, without the den; whereupon his servant set fire to the peats upon the wheel, at the top of the lance, and John Somerville, advancing with a full gallop, thrust the same with the wheel, and a great part of the lance, directly into the serpent's mouth, which wente down its throat into the belly, and was left there, the lance breaking by the rebounding of the horse, and giving a deadly wound to the dragon; for which action he was knighted by King William; and his effigies was cut in stone in the posture he performed this actione, and placed above the principal church door of Lintoun, where it is yet to be seen, with his name and sirname: and the place, where this monster was killed, is at this day called, by the common people, who have the foresaid story by tradition, the Wormes Glen. And further to perpetuate this actione, the barons of Lintoun, Cowthally, and Drum, did always carry for crest, a wheel, and thereon a dragoun." Extracted from a genealogical MS. in the Advocates' Library, written about 1680. The falcon on the champion's arm, in the monument, may be supposed to allude to his office of falconer to William of Scotland.

The ballad of *Kempion* is given chiefly from Mrs Brown's MS., with corrections from a recited fragment.

"Cum heir, cum heir, ye freely feed,[1]
And lay your head low on my knee;
The heaviest weird[2] I will you read,
That ever was read to gay ladye.

"O meikle dolour sall ye dree,
And aye the salt seas o'er ye'se swim,
And far mair dolour sall ye dree
On Estmere crags, when ye them climb.

"I weird ye to a fiery beast,
And relieved sall ye never be,
Till Kempion, the kingis son,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss thee."

O meikle dolour did she dree,
And aye the salt seas o'er she swam;
And far mair dolour did she dree
On Estmere crags, e'er she them clamb.

And aye she cried for Kempion,
Gin he would but cum to her hand:
Now word has gane to Kempion,
That sicken a beast was in his land.

[1] Of noble birth.
[2] From the German auxiliary verb *werden*, "to become."

"Now, by my sooth," said Kempion,
"This fiery beast, I'll gang and see."
"And, by my sooth," said Segramour,
"My ae brother, I'll gang wi' thee."

Then bigged hae they a bonny boat,
And they hae set her to the sea;
But a mile before they reached the shore,
Around them she garr'd the red fire flee.

"O Segramour, keep the boat afloat,
And let her na the land o'er near;
For this wicked beast will sure gae mad,
And set fire to a' the land and mair."

Syne has he bent an arblast bow,
And aim'd an arrow at her head;
And swore if she didna quit the land,
Wi' that same shaft to shoot her dead.

"O out of my stythe I winna rise,
(And it is not for the awe o' thee)
Till Kempion, the kingis son,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me."

He has louted him o'er the dizzy crag,
And gien the monster kisses ane;
Awa she gaed, and again she cam,
The fieryest beast that ever was seen.

"O out o' my stythe I winna rise,
(And not for a' thy bow nor thee)
Till Kempion, the kingis son,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me."

He's louted him o'er the Estmere crags,
And he has gien her kisses twa:
Awa she gaed, and again she cam,
The fieryest beast that ever you saw.

"O out of my den I winna rise,
Nor flee it for the fear o' thee,
Till Kempion, that courteous knight,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me."

He's louted him o'er the lofty crag,
And he has gien her kisses three:
Awa she gaed, and again she cam,
The loveliest ladye e'er could be!

"And by my sooth," says Kempion,
"My ain true love (for this is she)
They surely had a heart o' stane,
Could put thee to such misery.

"O was it warwolf in the wood?
Or was it mermaid in the sea?
Or was it man, or vile woman,
My ain true love, that misshaped thee?"

"It was na warwolf in the wood,
Nor was it mermaid in the sea;
But it was my wicked step-mother,
And wae and weary may she be!"

"O a heavier weird shall light her on,
Then ever fell on vile woman;
Her hair shall grow rough, and her teeth grow lang,
And on her four feet shall she gang.

"None shall take pity her upon;
In Wormeswood she aye shall won;
And relieved shall she never be,
Till St Mungo[1] come over the sea."
And sighing said that weary wight,
"I doubt that day I'll never see!"

NOTES

On Estmere crags, when ye them climb.—P. 449, v. 2.

If by Estmere crags we are to understand the rocky cliffs of Northumberland, in opposition to Westmoreland, we may bring our scene of action near Bamborough, and thereby almost identify the tale of *Kempion* with that of the *Laidley Worm of Spindleston*, to which it bears so strong a resemblance.

I weird ye to a fiery beast.—P. 449, v. 3.

Our ideas of dragons and serpents are probably derived from the Scandinavians. The legends of *Regnar Lodbrog*, and of the huge snake in the Edda, by whose folds the world is encircled, are well known. Griffins and dragons were fabled by the Danes as watching over, and defending, hoards of gold (*Bartholin. de caus. cont. mortis*, p. 490; *Saxo Grammaticus*, lib. 2). The Edda also mentions one Fafner, who, transformed into a serpent, brooded over his hidden treasures. From these authorities, and that of Herodotus, our Milton draws his simile:

"As when a Gryphon, through the wilderness,
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspian, who, by stealth,
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold."

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[1] Saint Kentigern.

O was it warwolf in the wood?—P. 451, v. 2.

Warwolf, or Lycanthropus, signifies a magician, possessing the power of transforming himself into a wolf for the purpose of ravage and devastation. It is probable the word was first used symbolically to distinguish those who, by means of intoxicating herbs, could work their passions into a frantic state, and throw themselves upon their enemies with the fury and temerity of ravenous wolves. Such were the noted *Berserkar* of the Scandinavians, who, in their fits of voluntary frenzy, were wont to perform the most astonishing exploits of strength, and to perpetrate the most horrible excesses, although in their natural state they neither were capable of greater crimes nor exertions than ordinary men. This quality they ascribed to Odin. "*Odinus efficere valuit, ut hostes ipsius inter bellandum cæci vel surdi vel attoniti fierent, armaque illorum instar baculorum obtusa essent. Sui vero milites sine loricis incedebant, ac instar* canum vel luporum furebant, *scuta sua arrodentes: et robusti ut ursi vel tauri, adversarios trucidabant: ipsis vero neque ignis neque ferrum nocuit. Ea qualitas vocatur furor Berserkicus*" (*Snorro Sturleson*, quoted by *Bartholin. de causis comtemptæ mortis*, p. 344). For a fuller account of these frantic champions, see the *Hervarar Saga*, published by Suhm, also the *Christni Saga*, and most of the ancient Norwegian histories and romances. Camden explains the tales of the Irish concerning men transformed into wolves upon nearly the same principle. (Gough's edition of *Britannia*, vol. iii, p. 520).

But in process of time the transformation into a wolf was believed to be real, and to affect the body as well as the mind, and to such transformations our faithful Gervase of Tilbury bears evidence as an eyewitness. "*Vidimus frequenter in Anglia per lunationes homines in lupos mutari, quod hominum genus Oerulfos Galli vocunt, Angli vero* WER-WLF *dicunt.* WER *enim Anglice virum sonat,* WLF *lupum*" (*Ot. Imp. De oculis apertis post peccatum*). The learned commentators upon the art of sorcery differ widely concerning the manner in which the arch-fiend effects this change upon the persons of his vassals, whether by surrounding their bodies with a sort of pelisse of condensed air, having the form of a wolf; or whether by some delusion affecting the eyes of the spectators; or, finally, by an actual corporeal transformation. The curious reader may consult *Delrii Disquisitiones Magicæ*, p. 188; and (if he pleases) Evvichius, *de natura Sagarum*; Fincelius, lib. 2, *de Mirac*; Remigius, lib. 2, *de Dæmonolat.*; Binsfeld, *de Confession. Maleficarum*, not to mention Spondanus, Bodinus, Peucerus, Philippus Camerarius, Condronchus, Petrus Thyræus, Bartholomeus Spineus, Sir George Mackenzie, and King James I, with the sapient Monsieur Oufle of Bayle. The Editor presumes it is only since the extirpation of wolves that our British sorceresses have adopted the disguise of hares, cats, and such more familiar animals.

A wild story of a war-wolf, or rather a war-bear, is told in Torfæus' *History of Hrolfe Kraka*. As the original is a scarce book, little known in this country, some readers may be interested by a short analysis of the tale.

Hringo, King of Upland, had an only son, called Biorno, the most beautiful and most gallant of the Norwegian youth. At an advanced period of life the king became enamoured of a "*witch-lady*" whom he chose for his second wife. A mutual and tender affection had, from infancy, subsisted betwixt Biorno and Bera, the lovely daughter of an ancient warrior. But the new queen cast upon her step-son an eye of incestuous passion, to gratify which she prevailed upon her husband, when he set out upon one of those piratical expeditions which formed the summer campaign of a Scandinavian monarch, to leave the prince at home. In the absence of Hringo, she communicated to Biorno her impure affection, and was repulsed with disdain and violence. The rage of the weird step-mother was boundless. "Hence to the woods!" she exclaimed, striking the prince with a glove of wolf-skin; "Hence to the woods! subsist only on thy father's herds; live pursuing and die pursued!" From this time the prince Biorno was no more seen, and the herdsmen of the king's cattle soon observed that

astonishing devastation was nightly made among their flocks by a black bear of immense size and unusual ferocity. Every attempt to snare or destroy this animal was found vain: and much was the unavailing regret for the absence of Biorno, whose delight had been in extirpating beasts of prey. Bera, the faithful mistress of the young prince, added her tears to the sorrow of the people. As she was indulging her melancholy, apart from society, she was alarmed by the approach of the monstrous bear, which was the dread of the whole country. Unable to escape, she waited its approach in expectation of instant death, when to her astonishment the animal fawned upon her, rolled himself at her feet, and regarded her with eyes in which, spite of the horrible transformation, she still recognised the glances of her lost lover. Bera had the courage to follow the bear to his cavern, where, during certain hours, the spell permitted him to resume his human shape. Her love overcame her repugnance at so strange a mode of life, and she continued to inhabit the cavern of Biorno, enjoying his society during the periods of his freedom from enchantment. One day, looking sadly upon his wife, "Bera," said the prince, "the end of my life approaches. My flesh will soon serve for the repast of my father and his courtiers. But do thou beware lest either the threats or entreaties of my diabolical step-mother induce thee to partake of the horrid banquet. So shalt thou safely bring forth three sons, who shall be the wonder of the North." The spell now operated, and the unfortunate prince sallied from his cavern to prowl among the herds. Bera followed him weeping, and at a distance. The clamour of the chase was now heard. It was the old king, who returned from his piratical excursion, had collected a strong force to destroy the devouring animal which ravaged his country. The poor bear defended himself gallantly, slaying many dogs, and some huntsmen. At length, wearied out, he sought protection at the feet of his father. But his supplicating gestures were in vain, and the eyes of paternal affection proved more dull than those of love. Biorno died by the lance of his father, and his flesh was prepared for the royal banquet. Bera was recognised, and hurried into the queen's presence. The sorceress, as Biorno had predicted, endeavoured to prevail upon Bera to eat of what was then esteemed a regal dainty. Entreaties and threats being in vain, force was, by the queen's command, employed for this purpose, and Bera was compelled to swallow one morsel of the bear's flesh. A second was put into her mouth, but she had an opportunity of putting it aside. She was then dismissed to her father's house. Here, in process of time, she was delivered of three sons, two of whom were affected variously, in person and disposition, by the share their mother had been compelled to take in the feast of the king. The eldest, from his middle downwards, resembled an elk, whence he derived the name of Elgfrod. He proved a man of uncommon strength, but of savage manners, and adopted the profession of a robber. Thorer, the second son of Bera, was handsome and well shaped, saving that he had the foot of a dog, from which he obtained the appellation of Houndsfoot. But Bodvar, the third son, was a model of perfection in mind and body. He revenged upon the necromantic queen the death of his father, and became the most celebrated champion of his age (*Historia Hrolfi Krakæ*, Hafniæ, 1715).

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNIE

THIS ballad is now for the first time published in a perfect state. A fragment, comprehending the 2nd, 4th, 5th, and 6th verses, as also the 17th, has appeared in several collections. The present copy is chiefly taken from the recitation of an old woman residing near Kirkhill, in West Lothian, the same from whom were obtained the variations in the tale of *Tamlane* and the fragment of the *Wife of Usher's Well*, which is the next in order.

The tale is much the same with the Breton romance called *Lay Le Frain*, or the *Song of the Ash*. Indeed the Editor is convinced that the farther our researches are extended, the more we shall see ground to believe that the romantic ballads of later times are, for the most part, abridgments of the ancient metrical romances, narrated in a smoother stanza and more modern language. A copy of the ancient romance alluded to is preserved in the invaluable collection (W. 4, 1) of the Advocates' Library, and begins thus :

"We redeth oft and findeth ywrite
And this clerkes wele it wite
Layes that ben in harping
Ben yfound of ferli thing
Sum beth of wer and sum of wo
Sum of joye and mirthe also
And sum of trecherie and gile
Of old aventours that fel while
And sum of bourdes and ribaudy
And many ther beth of faery
Of al thinges that men seth
Maist o' love forsoth yai beth

In Breteyne bi hold time
This layes were wrought to seithe this rime
When kinges might our y here
Of ani mervailes that ther wer
They token a harp in glee and game
And maked a lay and gaf it name
Now of this aventours that weren y falle
Y can tell sum ac nought alle
Ac herkeneth Lordinges sothe to sain
I chil you tel *Lay le Frain*
Bifel a cas in Breteyne
Whereof was made Lay le Frain
In Ingliche for to tellen y wis
Of ane asche forsothe it is
On ane ensammple fair with alle
That sum time was bi falle," etc.

A ballad, agreeing in every respect with that which follows, exists in the Danish collection of ancient songs, entitled *Kæmpe Viser*. It

is called *Skiæn Anna*, *i.e.*, Fair Annie; and has been translated literally by my learned friend, Mr Robert Jamieson. See his *Popular Ballads*, Edin., 1806, vol. ii, p. 100. This work contains many original and curious observations on the connexion between the ancient poetry of Britain and of the Northern nations.

"It's narrow, narrow, make your bed,
And learn to lie your lane;
For I'm gaun o'er the sea, Fair Annie,
A braw bride to bring hame.
Wi' her I will get gowd and gear;
Wi' you I ne'er got nane.

"But wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or brew my bridal ale?
And wha will welcome my brisk bride,
That I bring o'er the dale?"

"It's I will bake your bridal bread,
And brew your bridal ale;
And I will welcome your brisk bride,
That you bring o'er the dale."

"But she that welcomes my brisk bride,
Maun gang like maiden fair;
She maun lace on her robe sae jimp,
And braid her yellow hair."

"But how can I gang maiden-like,
When maiden I am nane?
Have I not born seven sons to thee,
And am with child again?"

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
Another in her hand;
And she's up to the highest tower,
To see him come to land.

"Come up, come up, my eldest son,
And look o'er yon sea-strand,
And see your father's new-come bride,
Before she come to land."

"Come down, come down, my mother dear!
Come frae the castle-wa'!
I fear, if langer ye stand there,
Ye'll let yoursell down fa'."

And she gaed down, and farther down,
Her love's ship for to see;
And the top-mast and the main-mast
Shone like the silver free.

And she's gane down, and farther down,
The bride's ship to behold;
And the top-mast and the main-mast
They shone just like the gold.

She's ta'en her seven sons in her hand;
I wot she didna fail!
She met Lord Thomas and his bride,
As they came o'er the dale.

"You're welcome to your house, Lord Thomas;
You're welcome to your land;
You're welcome, with your fair ladye,
That you lead by the hand.

"Your welcome to your ha's, ladye;
You're welcome to your bowers;
You're welcome to your hame, ladye:
For a' that's here is yours."

"I thank thee, Annie; I thank thee, Annie;
Sae dearly as I thank thee;
You're the likest to my sister, Annie,
That ever I did see.

"There came a knight out o'er the sea,
And steal'd my sister away;
The shame scoup [1] in his company,
And land where'er he gae!"

She hang ae napkin at the door,
Another in the ha';
And a' to wipe the trickling tears,
Sae fast as they did fa'.

And aye she served the lang tables,
With white bread and with wine;
And aye she drank the wan water,
To had her colour fine.[2]

And aye she served the lang tables,
With white bread and with brown;
And aye she turned her round about,
Sae fast the tears fall down.

[1] Go, or rather fly. [2] To keep her from changing countenance.

And he's ta'en down the silk napkin,
Hung on a silver pin;
And aye he wipes the tear trickling
Adown her cheik and chin.

And aye he turned him round about,
And smil'd amang his men:
Says—"Like ye best the old ladye,
Or her that's new come hame?"

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men bound to bed,
Lord Thomas and his new-come bride,
To their chamber they were gaed.

Annie made her bed a little forebye,
To hear what they might say;
"And ever alas!" fair Annie cried,
"That I should see this day!

"Gin my seven sons were seven young rats,
Running on the castle-wa',
And I were a grey cat mysell!
I soon would worry them a'.

"Gin my seven sons were seven young hares,
Running o'er yon lilly lee,
And I were a grew hound mysell!
Soon worried they a' should be."

And wae and sad fair Annie sat,
And drearie was her sang:
And ever, as she sobb'd and grat,
"Wae to the man that did the wrang!"

"My gown is on," said the new-come bride,
"My shoes are on my feet,
And I will to fair Annie's chamber,
And see what gars her greet.

"What ails ye, what ails ye, fair Annie,
That ye make sic a moan?
Has your wine barrels cast the girds,
Or is your white bread gone?

"O wha was't was your father, Annie,
Or wha was't was your mother?
And had ye ony sister, Annie,
Or had ye ony brother?"

"The Earl of Wemyss was my father,
The Countess of Wemyss my mother:
And a' the folk about the house,
To me were sister and brother."

"If the Earl of Wemyss was your father,
I wot sae was he mine;
And it shall not be for lack o' gowd,
That ye your love sall tyne.

"For I have seven ships o' mine ain,
A' loaded to the brim;
And I will gie them a' to thee,
Wi' four to thine eldest son.
But thanks to a' the powers in heaven,
That I gae maiden hame!"

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

A FRAGMENT

There lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
Whan word came to the carline wife,
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
Whan word came to the carline wife,
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fishes[1] in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood!"

It fell about the Martinmas,
Whan nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

[1] Possibly *fashes*, *i.e.*, troubles.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates o' Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneugh.

. . . . . .

"Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well!
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide;
And she's ta'en her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bed-side.

. . . . . .

Up then crew the red red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
"'Tis time we were away."

The cock he hadna craw'd but once,
And clapp'd his wings at a',
Whan the youngest to the eldest said,
"Brother, we must awa'.

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin'[1] worm doth chide;
Gin we be mist out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

"Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass,
That kindles my mother's fire."

. . . . . .

NOTES

I wish the wind may never cease, etc.—P. 458, v. 4.

The sense of this verse is obscure, owing, probably, to corruption by reciters. It would appear that the mother had sinned in the same degree with the celebrated *Lenoré*.

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[1] Fretting.

And their hats were o' the birk.—P. 458, v. 5.

The notion that the souls of the blessed wear garlands seems to be of Jewish origin. At least, in the *Maase-book* there is a Rabbinical tradition to the following effect:—

"It fell out, that a Jew, whose name was Ponim, an ancient man, whose business was altogether about the dead, coming to the door of the school, saw one standing there who had a garland upon his head. Then was Rabbi Ponim afraid, imagining it was a spirit. Whereupon he, whom the Rabbi saw, called out to him, saying, 'Be not afraid, but pass forward. Dost thou not know me?' Then said Rabbi Ponim, 'Art not thou he whom I buried yesterday?' And he was answered, 'Yea, I am he.' Upon which Rabbi Ponim said, 'Why comest thou hither? How fareth it with thee in the other world?' And the apparition made answer, 'It goeth well with me, and I am in high esteem in Paradise.' Then said the Rabbi, 'Thou wert but looked upon in the world as an insignificant Jew. What good work didst thou do, that thou art thus esteemed?' The apparition answered, 'I will tell thee: the reason of the esteem I am in, is, that I rose every morning early, and with fervency uttered my prayer, and offered the grace from the bottom of my heart; for which reason I now pronounce grace in Paradise, and am well respected. If thou doubtest whether I am the person, I will show thee a token that will convince thee of it. Yesterday, when thou didst clothe me in my funeral attire, thou didst tear my sleeve.' Then asked Rabbi Ponim, 'What is the meaning of that garland?' The apparition answered, 'I wear it, to the end the wind of the world may not have power over me; for it consists of excellent herbs of Paradise.' Then did Rabbi Ponim mend the sleeve of the deceased; for the deceased had said, that if it was not mended, he should be ashamed to be seen amongst others, whose apparel was whole. And then the apparition vanished. Wherefore, let every one utter his prayer with fervency; for then it shall go well with him in the other world. And let care be taken that no rent, nor tearing, be left in the apparel in which the deceased are interred" (*Jewish Traditions, abridged from Buxtorf*, London, 1732, vol. ii, p. 19).

Gin we be mist out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.—P. 459, v. 6.

This will remind the German reader of the comic adieu of a heavenly apparition:

"Doch sieh! man schliesst die himmels thür:—
Adieu! der himmlische Portier
Ist streng, und hält auf ordnung."
Blumauer.

COSPATRICK

[A copy of this ballad, materially different from that which follows, appeared in *Scottish Songs*, 2 vols., Edinburgh, 1792, under the title of "Lord Bothwell." Some stanzas have been transferred from thence to the present copy, which is taken down from the recitation of a lady nearly related to the Editor. Some readings have been also adopted from a third copy in Mrs Brown's MS., under the title of "Child Brenton." Cospatrick (*Comes Patricius*) was the designation of the Earl of Dunbar in the days of Wallace and Bruce.]

Cospatrick has sent o'er the faem;
Cospatrick brought his ladye hame;
And fourscore ships have come her wi',
The ladye by the grene-wood tree.

There were twal' and twal' wi' baken bread,
And twal' and twal' wi' gowd sae reid,
And twal' and twal' wi' bouted flour
And twal' and twal' wi' the paramour.

Sweet Willy was a widow's son,
And at her stirrup he did run;
And she was clad in the finest pall,
But aye she let the tears down fall.

"O is your saddle set awrye?
Or rides your steed for you owre high?
Or are you mourning, in your tide,
That you suld be Cospatrick's bride?"

"I am not mourning, at this tide,
That I suld be Cospatrick's bride;
But I am sorrowing, in my mood,
That I suld leave my mother good.

"But, gentle boy, come tell to me,
What is the custom of thy countrie?"
"The custom thereof, my dame," he says,
"Will ill a gentle ladye please.

"Seven king's daughters has our lord wedded,
And seven king's daughters has our lord bedded,
But he's cutted their breasts frae their breast-bane,
And sent them mourning hame again.

"Yet, gin you're sure that you're a maid,
Ye may gae safely to his bed;
But gif o' that ye be na sure,
Then hire some damsell o' your bour."

The ladye's called her bour maiden,
That waiting was into her train;
"Five thousand merks I'll gie to thee,
To sleep this night with my lord for me."

When bells were rung, and mass was sayne,
And a' men unto bed were gane,
Cospatrick and the bonny maid,
Into ae chamber they were laid.

"Now speak to me, blankets, and speak to me, bed,
And speak, thou sheet, enchanted web;
And speak up, my bonny brown sword, that winna lie,
Is this a true maiden that lies by me?"

"It is not a maid that you hae wedded,
But it is a maid that you hae bedded;
It is a leal maiden that lies by thee,
But not the maiden that it should be."

O wrathfully he left the bed,
And wrathfully his claiths on did;
And he has ta'en him through the ha',
And on his mother he did ca'.

"I am the most unhappy man,
That ever was in Christen land!
I courted a maiden, meik and mild,
And I hae gotten naething but a woman wi' child."

"O stay, my son, into this ha',
And sport ye wi' your merrymen a';
And I will to the secret bour,
To see how it fares wi' your paramour."

The carline she was stark and sture,
She aff the hinges dang the dure;
"O is your bairn to laird or loun,
Or is it to your father's groom?"

"O hear me, mother, on my knee,
Till my sad story I tell to thee:
O we were sisters, sisters seven,
We were the fairest under heaven.

"It fell on a summer's afternoon,
When a' our toilsome task was done,
We cast the kevils us amang,
To see which suld to the grene-wood gang.

"O hon! alas, for I was youngest,
And aye my weird it was the hardest!
The kevil it on me did fa',
Whilk was the cause of a' my woe.

"For to the grene-wood I maun gae,
To pu' the red rose and the slae;
To pu' the red rose and the thyme,
To deck my mother's bour and mine.

"I hadna pu'd a flower but ane,
When by there came a gallant hende,
Wi' high-coll'd hose and laigh-coll'd shoon,
And he seemed to be sum kingis son.

"And be I maid, or be I nae,
He kept me there till the close o' day;
And be I maid, or be I nane,
He kept me there till the day was done.

"He gae me a lock o' his yellow hair,
And bade me keep it ever mair;
He gae me a carknet [1] o' bonny beads,
And bade me keep it against my needs.

"He gae to me a gay gold ring,
And bade me keep it abune a' thing."
"What did ye wi' the tokens rare,
That ye gat frae that gallant there?"

"O bring that coffer unto me,
And a' the tokens ye sall see."
"Now stay, daughter, your bour within,
While I gae parley wi' my son."

O she has ta'en her thro' the ha',
And on her son began to ca';
"What did ye wi' the bonny beads,
I bade ye keep against your needs?

"What did you wi' the gay gold ring,
I bade you keep abune a' thing?"
"I gae them to a ladye gay,
I met in grene-wood on a day.

[1] A necklace. Thus: "She threw away her rings and *carknet* cleen" (Harrison's translation of *Orlando Furioso*, Notes on book 37th).

"But I wad gie a' my halls and tours,
I had that ladye within my bours;
But I wad gie my very life,
I had that ladye to my wife."

"Now keep, my son, your ha's and tours;
Ye have that bright burd in your bours:
And keep, my son, your very life;
Ye have that ladye to your wife."

Now, or a month was come and gane,
The lady bore a bonny son;
And 'twas weel written on his breast bane,
"Cospatrick is my father's name."
O row my ladye in satin and silk,
And wash my son in the morning milk.

PRINCE ROBERT

[From the recitation of a lady nearly related to the Editor.]

Prince Robert has wedded a gay ladye,
He has wedded her with a ring;
Prince Robert has wedded a gay ladye,
But he darna bring her hame.

"Your blessing, your blessing, my mother dear!
Your blessing now grant to me!"
"Instead of a blessing ye sall have my curse,
And you'll get nae blessing frae me."

She has called upon her waiting maid,
To fill a glass of wine;
She has called upon her fause steward,
To put rank poison in.

She has put it to her roudes[1] lip,
And to her roudes chin,
She has put it to her fause fause mouth,
But the never a drap gaed in.

[1] Haggard.

He has put it to his bonny mouth,
And to his bonny chin,
He's put it to his cherry lip,
And sae fast the rank poison ran in.

"O ye hae poisoned your ae son, mother,
Your ae son and your heir;
O ye hae poisoned your ae son, mother,
And sons you'll never hae mair.

"O where will I get a little boy,
That will win hose and shoon,
To run sae fast to Darlinton,
And bid fair Eleanor come?"

Then up and spake a little boy,
That wad win hose and shoon—
"O I'll away to Darlinton,
And bid fair Eleanor come."

O he has run to Darlinton,
And tirled at the pin;
And wha was sae ready as Eleanor's sell
To let the bonny boy in?

"Your gude-mother has made ye a rare dinour,
She's made it baith gude and fine;
Your gude-mother has made ye a gay dinour,
And ye maun cum till her and dine."

It's twenty lang miles to Sillertoun town,
The langest that ever were gane;
But the steed it was wight, and the ladye was light,
And she cam linkin'[1] in.

But when she cam to Sillertoun town,
And into Sillertoun ha',
The torches were burning, the ladies were mourning,
And they were weeping a'.

"O where is now my wedded lord,
And where now can he be?
O where is now my wedded lord?
For him I canna see."

"Your wedded lord is dead," she says,
"And just gane to be laid in the clay;
Your wedded lord is dead," she says,
"And just gane to be buried the day.

[1] Riding briskly.

"Ye'se get nane o' his gowd, ye'se get nane o' his gear,
Ye'se get nae thing frae me;
Ye'se no get an inch o' his gude broad land,
Tho' your heart suld burst in three."

"I want nane o' his gowd, I want nane o' his gear,
I want nae land frae thee;
But I'll hae the ring that's on his finger,
For them he did promise to me."

"Ye'se no get the ring that's on his finger,
Ye'se no get them frae me;
Ye'se no get the ring that's on his finger,
An' your heart suld burst in three."

She's turned her back unto the wa',
And her face unto a rock;
And there, before the mother's face,
Her very heart it broke.

The tane was buried in Mary's kirk,
The tother in Marie's quair;
And out o' the tane there sprang a birk,
And out o' the tother a brier.

And thae twa met, and thae twa plat,
The birk but and the brier;
And by that ye may very weel ken
They were twa lovers dear.[1]

[1] The last two verses are common to many ballads, and are probably derived from some old metrical romance, since we find the idea occur in the conclusion of the voluminous history of *Sir Tristrem*: "*Ores veitil que de la tumbe Tristan yssoit une belle ronce verte et feuilleuse, qui alloit par la chapelle, et descendoit le bout de la ronce sur la tumbe d' Ysseult et entroit dedans.*" This marvellous plant was three times cut down, but, continues Rusticien de Puise, "*Le lendemain estoit aussi belle comme elle avoit cy-devant été, et ce miracle étoit sur Tristan et sur Ysseult a tout jamais advenir.*"

KING HENRIE

THE ANCIENT COPY

THE ballad is edited from the MS. of Mrs Brown, corrected by a recited fragment. A modernized copy has been published under the title of " Courteous King Jamie " (*Tales of Wonder*, vol. ii, p. 451).

The legend will remind the reader of the " Marriage of Sir Gawain," in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, and of the " Wife of Bath's Tale," in Father Chaucer. But the original, as it appears from the following quotation from Torfæus, is to be found in an Icelandic Saga :—

" *Hellgius, Rex Daniæ, mœrore ob omissam conjugem vexatus, solus agebat, et subducens se hominum commercio, segregem domum, omnis famulitii impatiens, incolebat. Accidit autem, ut nocte concubia, lamentabilis cujusdam ante fores ejulantis sonus auribus ejus obreperet. Expergefactus igitur, recluso ostio, informe quoddam mulieris simulacrum habitu corporis fœdum, veste squalore obsita, pallore, macie frigorisque tyrannide prope modum peremptum, deprehendit : quod precibus obsecratus, ut qui jam miserorum ærumnas ex propria calamitate pensare didicisset, in domum intromisit : ipse lectum petit. At mulier, ne hac quidem benignitate contenta, thori consortium obnixe flagitabat, addens id tanti referre, ut nisi impetraret, omnino sibi moriendum esset. Quod ea lege ne ipsum attingeret, concessum est. Ideo nec complexu eam dignatus rex avertit sese. Cum autem prima luce forte oculos ultro citroque converteret, eximiæ formæ virginem lecto receptam animadvertit; quæ statim ipsi placere cœpit: causam igitur tam repentinæ mutationis curiosius indaganti, respondit virgo, se unam e subterraneorum hominum genere diris novercalibus devotam, tam tetra et execrabili specie, quali primo comparuit, damnatam, quoad thori cujusdam principis socia fieret, multos reges hac de re sollicitasse. Jam actis pro præstito beneficio gratiis, discessum maturans, a rege formæ ejus illecebris capto comprimitur. Deinde petit, si prolem ex hoc congressu progigni contigerit, sequente hyeme, eodem anni tempore, ante fores positam in ædes reciperet, seque ejus patrem profiteri non gravaretur, secus non leve infortunium insecuturum prædixit: e quo præcepto cum rex postea exorbitasset, nec præ foribus jacentem infantem pro suo agnoscere voluisset, ad eum iterum, sed corrugata fronte, accessit, obque violatam fidem acrius objurgatum ab imminente periculo, præstiti olim beneficii gratia, exempturam pollicebatur, ita tamen ut, tota ultionis rabies in filium ejus effusa, graves aliquando levitatis illius pœnas exigeret. Ex hac tam dissimilium naturarum commixtione, Skulda, versuti et versatilis animi mulier, nata fuisse memoratur; quæ utramque naturam participans prodigiosorum operum effectrix perhibetur* " (Hrolffi Krakii, Hist., p. 49, Hafn. 1715).

KING HENRIE

Let never a man a-wooing wend,
That lacketh thingis thrie:
A rowth o' gold, an open heart,
And fu' o' courtesey.

And this was seen o' King Henrie,
For he lay burd alane;
And he has ta'en him to a haunted hunt's ha',
Was seven miles frae a toun.

He's chased the dun deer thro' the wood,
And the roe doun by the den,
Till the fattest buck, in a' the herd,
King Henrie he has slain.

He's ta'en him to his hunting ha',
For to make burly cheir;
When loud the wind was heard to sound,
And an earthquake rocked the floor.

And darkness cover'd a' the hall,
Where they sat at their meat;
The gray dogs, youling, left their food,
And crept to Henrie's feet.

And louder howled the rising wind,
And burst the fast'ned door;
And in there came a griesly ghost,
Stood stamping on the floor.

Her head touched the roof-tree of the house;
Her middle ye weel mot span:
Each frightened huntsman fled the ha',
And left the King alone.

Her teeth were a' like tether stakes,
Her nose like club or mell;
And I ken naething she appeared to be,
But the fiend that wons in hell.

"Sum meat, sum meat, ye King Henrie!
Sum meat ye gie to me!"
"And what meat's in this house, ladye,
That ye're na wellcum tee?"[1]
"O ye'se gae kill your berry-brown steed,
And serve him up to me."

[1] *Tee*, for *to*, is the Buchanshire and Gallovidian pronunciation.

O when he killed his berry-brown steed,
Wow gin his heart was sair!
She eat him a' up, skin and bane,
Left naething but hide and hair.

"Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henrie!
Mair meat ye gie to me!"
"And what meat's i' this house, ladye,
That ye're na wellcum tee?"
"O ye do slay your gude gray houndes,
And bring them a' to me."

O when he slew his gude gray houndes,
Wow but his heart was sair!
She's ate them a' up, ane by ane,
Left naething but hide and hair.

"Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henrie!
Mair meat ye gie to me!"
"And what meat's i' this house, ladye,
That I hae left to gie?"
"O ye do fell your gay goss-hawks,
And bring them a' to me."

O when he felled his gay goss-hawks,
Wow but his heart was sair!
She's ate them a' up, bane by bane,
Left naething but feathers bare.

"Some drink, some drink, ye King Henrie!
Sum drink ye gie to me!"
"And what drink's i' this house, ladye,
That ye're na wellcum tee?"
"O ye sew up your horse's hide,
And bring in a drink to me."

O he has sewed up the bluidy hide,
And put in a pipe of wine;
She drank it a' up at ae draught,
Left na a drap therein.

"A bed, a bed, ye King Henrie!
A bed ye make to me!"
"And what's the bed i' this house, ladye,
That ye're na wellcum tee?"
"O ye maun pu' the green heather,
And make a bed to me."

O pu'd has he the heather green,
And made to her a bed;
And up he has ta'en his gay mantle,
And o'er it he has spread.

"Now swear, now swear, ye King Henrie,
To take me for your bride!"
"O God forbid," King Henrie said,
"That e'er the like betide!
That e'er the fiend, that wons in hell,
Should streak down by my side."

. . . . . .

When day was come, and night was gane,
And the sun shone through the ha',
The fairest ladye that e'er was seen,
Lay atween him and the wa'.

"O weel is me!" King Henrie said,
"How lang will this last wi' me?"
And out and spake that ladye fair,
"E'en till the day ye die.

"For I was witched to a ghastly shape,
All by my stepdame's skill,
Till I should meet wi' a courteous knight,
Wad gie me a' my will."

ANNAN WATER

THE following verses are the original words of the tune of "*Allan Water*," by which name the song is mentioned in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*. The ballad is given from tradition; and it is said that a bridge over the Annan was built in consequence of the melancholy catastrophe which it narrates. Two verses are added in this edition, from another copy of the ballad, in which the conclusion proves fortunate. By the *Gatehope-Slack* is perhaps meant the *Gate Slack*, a pass in Annandale. The Annan and the Frith of Solway, into which it falls, are the frequent scenes of tragical accidents. The Editor trusts he will be pardoned for inserting the following awfully impressive account of such an event, contained in a letter from Dr Currie, of Liverpool, by whose correspondence, while in the course of preparing these volumes for the press, he has been alike honoured and instructed. After stating that he had some recollection of the ballad which follows, the biographer of Burns proceeds thus: "I

once in my early days heard (for it was night, and I could not see) a traveller drowning; not in the Annan itself, but in the Frith of Solway, close by the mouth of that river. The influx of the tide had unhorsed him, in the night, as he was passing the sands from Cumberland. The west wind blew a tempest, and, according to the common expression, brought in the water, *three foot a-breast*. The traveller got upon a standing-net, a little way from the shore. There he lashed himself to the post, shouting for half an hour for assistance—till the tide rose over his head! In the darkness of the night, and amid the pauses of the hurricane, his voice, heard at intervals, was exquisitely mournful. No one could go to his assistance—no one knew where he was—the sound seemed to proceed from the spirit of the waters. But morning rose—the tide had ebbed—and the poor traveller was found lashed to the pole of the net, and bleaching in the wind."

"Annan water's wading deep,
And my love Annie's wondrous bonny;
And I am laith she suld weet her feet,
Because I love her best of ony.

"Gar saddle me the bonny black;
Gar saddle sune, and make him ready:
For I will down the Gatehope-slack,
And all to see my bonny ladye."

He has loupen on the bonny black,
He stirr'd him wi' the spur right sairly;
But, or he wan the Gatehope-slack,
I think the steed was wae and weary.

He has loupen on the bonny grey,
He rade the right gate and the ready;
I trow he would neither stint nor stay,
For he was seeking his bonny ladye.

O he has ridden o'er field and fell,
Through muir and moss, and mony a mire;
His spurs o' steel were sair to bide,
And frae her fore-feet flew the fire.

"Now, bonny grey, now play your part!
Gin ye be the steed that wins my deary,
Wi' corn and hay ye'se be fed for aye,
And never spur sall make you wearie."

The grey was a mare, and a right good mare;
But when she wan the Annan water,
She couldna hae ridden a furlong mair,
Had a thousand merks been wadded[1] at her.

[1] Wagered.

"O boatman, boatman, put off your boat!
Put off your boat for gowden money!
I cross the drumly stream the night,
Or never mair I see my honey."

"O I was sworn sae late yestreen,
And not by ae aith, but by many;
And for a' the gowd in fair Scotland,
I dare na take ye through to Annie."

The side was stey, and the bottom deep,
Frae bank to brae the water pouring;
And the bonny grey mare did sweat for fear,
For she heard the water-kelpy roaring.

O he has pou'd aff his dapperpy [1] coat,
The silver buttons glanced bonny;
The waistcoat bursted aff his breast,
He was sae full of melancholy.

He has ta'en the ford at that stream tail;
I wot he swam both strong and steady;
But the stream was broad, and his strength did fail,
And he never saw his bonny ladye.

"O wae betide the frush saugh-wand!
And wae betide the bush of brier!
It brake into my true love's hand,
When his strength did fail, and his limbs did tire

"And wae betide ye, Annan water,
This night that ye are a drumlie river!
For over thee I'll build a bridge,
That ye never more true love may sever."

[1] *Query*—Cap-à-pee ?

THE CRUEL SISTER

THIS ballad differs essentially from that which has been published in various collections, under the title of *Binnorie*. It is compiled from a copy in Mrs Brown's MSS., intermixed with a beautiful fragment of fourteen verses transmitted to the Editor by J. C. Walker, Esq., the ingenious historian of the Irish bards. Mr Walker, at the same time, favoured the Editor with the following note: "I am indebted to my departed friend, Miss Brook, for the foregoing pathetic fragment. Her account of it was as follows: This song was transcribed several years ago, from the memory of an old woman, who had no recollection of the concluding verses; probably the beginning may also be lost, as it seems to commence abruptly." The first verse and burden of the fragment run thus:

"O sister, sister, reach thy hand!
Hey ho, my Nanny, O;
And you shall be heir of all my land,
While the swan swims bonny, O."

The first part of this chorus seems to be corrupted from the common burden of *Hey, Nonny, Nonny*, alluded to in the song beginning, "*Sigh no more, ladye.*" The chorus, retained in this edition, is the most common and popular; but Mrs Brown's copy bears a yet different burden, beginning thus:

"There were twa sisters sat in a bour,
Edinborough, Edinborough;
There were twa sisters sat in a bour,
Stirling for aye;
There were twa sisters sat in a bour,
There cam a knight to be their wooer,
Bonny St Johnston stands upon Tay."

The ballad being probably very popular, was the subject of a parody which is to be found in D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*.

There were two sisters sat in a bour;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
There came a knight to be their wooer;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with glove and ring;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
But he lo'ed the youngest aboon a' thing;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie

He courted the eldest with broach and knife;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
But he lo'ed the youngest abune his life;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest she was vexed sair;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And sore envied her sister fair;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest said to the youngest ane,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
"Will ye go and see your father's ships come in?"
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And led her down to the river strand;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The youngest stude upon a stane,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
The eldest came and pushed her in;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

She took her by the middle sma',
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And dash'd her bonny back to the jaw,
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O sister, sister, reach your hand,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And ye shall be heir of half my land."
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O sister, I'll not reach my hand,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And I'll be heir of all your land;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Shame fa' the hand that I should take,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
It's twin'd me, and my world's make."
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O sister, reach me but your glove,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And sweet William shall be your love."
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove!
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And sweet William shall better be my love."
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Garr'd me gang maiden evermair,"
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

Sometimes she sunk, and sometimes she swam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Until she cam to the miller's dam,
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O father, father, draw your dam!
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
There's either a mermaid, or a milk-white swan,"
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The miller hasted and drew his dam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And there he found a drown'd woman,
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could not see her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
For gowd and pearls that were sae rare,
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could na see her middle sma',
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Her gowden girdle was sae bra';
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

A famous harper passing by,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
The sweet pale face he chanced to spy;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

And when he looked that lady on,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
He sighed, and made a heavy moan;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He made a harp of her breast-bone,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The strings he framed of her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Whose notes made sad the listening ear;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He brought it to her father's hall;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And there was the court assembled all;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He laid this harp upon a stone,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And straight it began to play alone;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O yonder sits my father, the king,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And yonder sits my mother, the queen;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And by him my William sweet and true,"
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

But the last tune that the harp play'd then,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Was—"Woe to my sister, false Helen!"
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

THE QUEEN'S MARIE

"In the very time of the General Assembly, there comes to public knowledge a haynous murther, committed in the court; yea, not far from the Queen's lap: for a French woman, that served in the Queen's chamber, had played the whore with the Queen's own apothecary. The woman conceived and bare a childe, whom, with common consent, the father and mother murthered; yet were the cries of a new-born childe hearde, searche was made, the childe and the mother were both apprehended, and so were the man and the woman condemned to be hanged in the publicke street of Edinburgh. The punishment was suitable, because the crime was haynous. But yet was not the court purged of whores and whoredoms, which was the fountaine of such enormities; for it was well known that shame hasted marriage betwixt John Sempill, called the Dancer, and Mary Levingston,[1]

[1] "John Semple, son of Robert, Lord Semple (by Elizabeth Carlisle, a daughter of the Lord Torthorald), was ancestor of the Semples of Beltrees. He was married to Mary, sister to William Livingston, and one of the maids of honour to Queen Mary; by whom he had Sir James Semple of Beltrees, his son and heir," etc.; afterwards ambassador to England, for King James VI, in 1599 (Crawford's *History of Renfrew*, p. 101).

sirnamed the Lusty. What bruit the Maries, and the rest of the dancers of the court had, the ballads of that age do witnesse, which we, for modestie's sake, omit; but this was the common complaint of all godly and wise men, that, if they thought such a court could long continue, and if they looked for no better life to come, they would have wished their sonnes and daughters, rather to have been brought up with fiddlers and dancers, and to have been exercised with flinging upon a floore, and in the rest that thereof followes, than to have been exercised in the company of the godly, and exercised in virtue, which in that court was hated, and filthenesse not only maintained, but also rewarded; witness the Abbey of Abercorne, the Barony of Auchtermuchtie, and divers others, pertaining to the patrimony of the crown, given in heritage to skippers and dancers, and dalliers with dames. This was the beginning of the regiment of Mary, Queen of Scots, and these were the fruits that she brought forth of France. *Lord! look on our miseries! and deliver us from the wickednesse of this corrupt court!*" (Knox's *History of the Reformation*, pp. 373–74).[1]

Such seems to be the subject of the following ballad, as narrated by the stern apostle of Presbytery. It will readily strike the reader that the tale has suffered great alterations, as handed down by tradition; the French waiting-woman being changed into Mary Hamilton,[2] and the Queen's apothecary into Henry Darnley. Yet this is less surprising when we recollect that one of the heaviest of the Queen's complaints against her ill-fated husband was his infidelity, and that even with her personal attendants. I have been enabled to publish the following complete edition of the ballad, by copies from various quarters; that principally used was communicated to me, in the most polite manner, by Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe, of Hoddom, to whom I am indebted for many similar favours.

[1] A very odd coincidence in name, crime, and catastrophe occurred at the court of Czar Peter the Great. It is thus detailed by the obliging correspondent who recommended it to my notice:

Miss Hambleton, a maid of honour to the Empress Catherine, had an amour, which, at different times, produced three children. She had always pleaded sickness, but Peter, being suspicious, ordered his physician to attend her, who soon made the discovery. It also appeared that a sense of shame had triumphed over her humanity, and that the children had been put to death as soon as born. Peter enquired if the father of them was privy to the murder; the lady insisted that he was innocent; for she had always deceived him, by pretending that they were sent to nurse. Justice now called upon the Emperor to punish the offence. The lady was much beloved by the Empress, who pleaded for her; the amour was pardonable, but not the murder. Peter sent her to the castle, and went himself to visit her, and the fact being confessed, he pronounced her sentence with tears; telling her that his duty as a prince, and God's vicegerent, called on him for that justice which her crime had rendered indispensably necessary, and that she must therefore prepare for death. He attended her also on the scaffold, where he embraced her with the utmost tenderness, mixed with sorrow; and some say, when the head was struck off, he took it up by the ear whilst the lips were still trembling, and kissed them; a circumstance of an extraordinary nature, and yet not incredible, considering the peculiarities of his character.

[2] One copy bears "*Mary Miles*."

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
Wi' ribbons on her hair;
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton,
Than ony that were there.

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
Wi' ribbons on her breast;
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton,
Than he listen'd to the priest.

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
Wi' gluves upon her hands;
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton,
Than the queen and a' her lands.

She hadna been about the King's court
A month, but barely one,
Till she was beloved by a' the King's court,
And the King the only man.

She hadna been about the King's court
A month, but barely three,
Till frae the King's court Marie Hamilton,
Marie Hamilton durst na be.

The King is to the Abbey gane,
To pu' the Abbey tree,
To scale the babe frae Marie's heart;
But the thing it wadna be.

O she has row'd it in her apron,
And set it on the sea,—
"Gae sink ye, or swim ye, bonny babe,
Ye's get na mair o' me."

Word is to the kitchen gane,
And word is to the ha',
And word is to the noble room,
Amang the ladyes a',
That Marie Hamilton's brought to bed,
And the bonny babe's mist and awa'.

Scarcely had she lain down again,
And scarcely fa'en asleep,
When up then started our gude Queen,
Just at her bed-feet;
Saying—"Marie Hamilton, where's your babe?
For I'm sure I heard it greet."

"O no, O no, my noble Queen!
Think no such thing to be;
'Twas but a stitch into my side,
And sair it troubles me."

"Get up, get up, Marie Hamilton;
Get up and follow me;
For I am going to Edinburgh town,
A rich wedding for to see."

O slowly, slowly, raise she up,
And slowly put she on;
And slowly rode she out the way,
Wi' mony a weary groan.

The Queen was clad in scarlet,
Her merry maids all in green;
And every town that they cam to,
They took Marie for the Queen.

"Ride hooly, hooly, gentlemen,
Ride hooly now wi' me!
For never, I am sure, a wearier burd
Rade in your cumpanie."

But little wist Marie Hamilton,
When she rade on the brown,
That she was ga'en to Edinburgh town,
And a' to be put down.

"Why weep ye so, ye burgess wives,
Why look ye so on me?
O, I am going to Edinburgh town,
A rich wedding for to see."

When she gaed up the tolbooth stairs,
The corks frae her heels did flee;
And lang or e'er she cam down again,
She was condemned to die.

When she cam to the Netherbow port,
She laughed loud laughters three;
But when she cam to the gallows foot,
The tears blinded her e'e.

"Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
The night she'll hae but three;
There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,
And Marie Carmichael, and me.

"O, often have I dress'd my Queen,
And put gold upon her hair;
But now I've gotten for my reward
The gallows to be my share.

"Often have I dress'd my Queen,
And often made her bed;
But now I've gotten for my reward
The gallows tree to tread.

"I charge ye all, ye mariners,
When ye sail ower the faem,
Let neither my father nor mother get wit,
But that I'm coming hame.

"I charge ye all, ye mariners,
That sail upon the sea,
Let neither my father nor mother get wit
This dog's death I'm to die.

"For if my father and mother got wit,
And my bold brethren three,
O mickle wad be the gude red blude,
This day wad be spilt for me!

"O little did my mother ken,
The day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to die!"

NOTES

When she cam to the Netherbow port.—P. 479, v. 9.

The Netherbow Port was the gate which divided the city of Edinburgh from the suburb called the Canongate. It had towers and a spire, which formed a fine termination to the view from the Cross. The gate was pulled down in one of those fits of rage for indiscriminate destruction with which the magistrates of a corporation are sometimes visited.

Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
The night she'll hae but three, etc.—P. 479, v. 10.

The Queen's Maries were four young ladies of the highest families in Scotland, who were sent to France in her train, and returned with her to Scotland. They are mentioned by Knox in the quotation introductory to this ballad. Keith gives us their names (p. 55). "The young Queen, Mary, embarked at Dunbarton for France, . . . and with her went, . . ., and four young virgins, all of the name of Mary, viz. Livingston, Fleming, Seaton, and Beatoun." The Queen's Maries are mentioned again by the same

author (pp. 288 and 291, in the note). Neither Mary Livingston nor Mary Fleming is mentioned in the ballad; nor are the Mary Hamilton and Mary Carmichael, of the ballad, mentioned bv Keith. But if this corps continued to consist of young virgins, as when originally raised, it could hardly have subsisted without occasional recruits, especially if we trust our old bard and John Knox.

The following additional notices of the Queen's Maries occur in Monteith's *Translation of Buchanan's Epigrams*, etc.

P. 60. *Pomp of the Gods at the Marriage of Queen Mary, 29th July 1565, a Dialogue*

DIANA:

" Great father, Maries [1] five late served me,
Were of my quire the glorious dignitie;
With these dear five the heaven I'd regain,
The happiness of other gods to stain;
At my lot, Juno, Venus, were in ire,
And stole away one "——

P. 61. APOLLO:

" Fear not, Diana, I good tidings bring,
And unto you glad oracles I sing;
Juno commands your Maries to be married,
And, in all state, to marriage-bed be carried."

P. 62. JUPITER:

" Five Maries thine:
One Marie now remains of Delia's five,
And she at wedlock o'er shortly will arrive."

P. 64. To Mary Fleming, the king's valentyn—

P. 65. To Mary Beaton, Queen by lot, the day before the coronation. *Sundry Verses.*

The Queen's Maries are mentioned in many ballads, and the name seems t o have passed into a general denomination for female attendants:

" Now bear a hand, my Maries a',
And busk me brave, and make me fine."
Old Ballad.

[1] The Queen seems to be included in this number.

THE BONNY HYND

[From Mr Herd's MS., where the following Note is prefixed to it: "*Copied from the mouth of a Milkmaid, 1771, by W. L.*"]

It was originally the intention of the Editor to have omitted this ballad, on account of the disagreeable nature of the subject. Upon consideration, however, it seemed a fair sample of a certain class of songs and tales, turning upon incidents the most horrible and unnatural, with which the vulgar in Scotland are greatly delighted, and of which they have current amongst them an ample store. Such, indeed, are the subjects of composition in most nations, during the early period of society; when the feelings, rude and callous, can only be affected by the strongest stimuli, and where the mind does not, as in a more refined age, recoil, disgusted, from the means by which interest has been excited. Hence incest, parricide—crimes, in fine, the foulest and most enormous, were the early themes of the Grecian muse. Whether that delicacy, which precludes the modern bard from the choice of such impressive and dreadful themes, be favourable to the higher classes of poetic composition, may perhaps be questioned; but there can be little doubt that the more important cause of virtue and morality is advanced by this exclusion. The knowledge that enormities are not without precedent, may promote and even suggest them. Hence the publication of the *Newgate Register* has been prohibited by the wisdom of the legislature, having been found to encourage those very crimes of which it recorded the punishment. Hence, too, the wise maxim of the Romans, *Facinora ostendi dum puniantur, flagitia autem abscondi debent.*

The ballad has a high degree of poetical merit.

THE BONNY HYND

COPIED FROM THE MOUTH OF A MILKMAID, IN 1771

O May she comes, and May she goes,
Down by yon gardens green;
And there she spied a gallant squire,
As squire had ever been.

And May she comes, and May she goes,
Down by yon hollin tree;
And there she spied a brisk young squire,
And a brisk young squire was he.

"Give me your green manteel, fair maid:
Give me your maidenhead!
Gin ye winna give me your green manteel,
Give me your maidenhead!"

. . . . . .

"Perhaps there may be bairns, kind sir;
Perhaps there may be nane;
But, if you be a courtier,
You'll tell me soon your name."

"I am nae courtier, fair maid,
But new come frae the sea;
I am nae courtier, fair maid,
But when I court with thee.

"They call me Jack, when I'm abroad;
Sometimes they call me John;
But, when I'm in my father's bower,
Jock Randal is my name."

"Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonny lad!
Sae loud's I hear ye lee!
For I'm Lord Randal's ae daughter,
He has nae mair nor me."

"Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonny May!
Sae loud's I hear ye lee!
For I'm Lord Randal's ae ae son,
Just now come o'er the sea."

She's putten her hand down by her gare,
And out she's ta'en a knife;
And she has put it in her heart's bleed,
And ta'en away her life.

And he has ta'en up his bonny sister,
With the big tear in his e'en;
And he has buried his bonny sister,
Amang the hollins green.

And syne he's hied him o'er the dale,
His father dear to see—
"Sing, Oh! and Oh! for my bonny hynd,
Beneath yon hollin tree!"

"What needs you care for your bonny hynd!
For it you needna care;
Take you the best, gie me the warst,
Since plenty is to spare."

"I carena for your hynds, my lord;
I carena for your fee;
But Oh! and Oh! for my bonny hynd,
Beneath the hollin tree!"

"O were ye at your sister's bower,
Your sister fair to see,
You'll think nae mair o' your bonny hynd,
Beneath the hollin tree."

. . . . . .

O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE

FROM MR HERD'S MS.

O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysell a drap of dew,
Down on that red rose I would fa'.

O my love's bonny, bonny, bonny;
My love's bonny and fair to see;
Whene'er I look on her weel-far'd face,
She looks and smiles again to me.

O gin my love were a pickle of wheat,
And growing upon yon lily lee,
And I mysell a bonny wee bird,
Awa wi' that pickle o' wheat I wad flee.

O my love's bonny, etc.

O gin my love were a coffer o' gowd,
And I the keeper of the key,
I wad open the kist whene'er I list,
And in that coffer I wad be.

O my love's bonny, etc.

O TELL ME HOW TO WOO THEE

[The following verses are taken down from recitation, and are averred to be of the age of Charles I. They have, indeed, much of the romantic expression of passion common to the poets of that period, whose lays still reflected the setting beams of chivalry; but since their publication in the first edition of this work the Editor has been informed that they were composed by the late Mr Graham of Gartmore.]

If doughty deeds my ladye please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed;
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
That bears frae me the meed.
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
Thy picture in my heart;
And he, that bends not to thine eye,
Shall rue it to his smart.

Then tell me how to woo thee, love;
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
I'll dight me in array;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thy ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysell,
That voice that nane can match.

Then tell me how to woo thee, love; etc.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing,
O tell me how to woo.

O tell me how to woo thee, love; etc.

THE SOUTERS OF SELKIRK

THIS little lyric piece, with those which immediately follow in the collection, relates to the fatal battle of Flodden, in which the flower of the Scottish nobility fell around their sovereign, James IV.

The ancient and received tradition of the burgh of Selkirk affirms that the citizens of that town distinguished themselves by their gallantry on that disastrous occasion. Eighty in number, and headed by their town-clerk, they joined their monarch on his entrance into England. James, pleased with the appearance of this gallant troop, knighted their leader, William Brydone, upon the field of battle, from which few of the men of Selkirk were destined to return. They distinguished themselves in the conflict, and were almost all slain. The few survivors, on their return home, found by the side of Lady-Wood Edge, the corpse of a female, wife to one of their fallen comrades, with a child sucking at her breast. In memory of this latter event, continues the tradition, the present arms of the burgh bear a female, holding a child in her arms and seated on a sarcophagus, decorated with the Scottish lion; in the background a wood.

A learned antiquary, whose judgment and accuracy claim respect, has made some observations upon the probability of this tradition, which the Editor shall take the liberty of quoting, as an introduction to what he has to offer upon the same subject. And if he shall have the misfortune to differ from the learned gentleman, he will at least lay candidly before the public the grounds of his opinion.

"That the souters of Selkirk should, in 1513, amount to fourscore fighting men, is a circumstance utterly incredible. It is scarcely to be supposed, that all the shoemakers in Scotland could have produced such an army, at a period when shoes must have been still less worn than they are at present. Dr Johnson, indeed, was told at Aberdeen, that the people learned the art of making shoes from Cromwell's soldiers. 'The numbers,' he adds, 'that go barefoot, are still sufficient to show that shoes may be spared: they are not yet considered as necessaries of life; for tall boys, not otherwise meanly dressed, run without them in the streets; and, in the islands, the sons of gentlemen pass several of their first years with naked feet' (*Journey to the Western Islands*, p. 55). Away, then, with the fable of the souters of Selkirk! Mr Tytler, though he mentions it as the subject of a song, or ballad, 'does not remember ever to have seen the original genuine words,'—as he obligingly acknowledged in a letter to the editor. Mr Robertson, however, who gives the Statistical Account of the parish of Selkirk, seems to know something more of the matter—'Some,' says he, 'have *very falsely* attributed to this event (the battle of Flowden), that song,

> 'Up wi' the souters of Selkirk,
> And down with the Earl of Home.'

" ' There was no Earl of Home,' he adds, ' at that time, nor was this song composed till long after. It arose from a bet betwixt the Philiphaugh and Home families; the souters (or shoemakers) of Selkirk, against the men of Home, at a match of football, in which the souters of Selkirk completely gained, and afterwards perpetuated their victory in that song.' This is decisive; and so much for Scottish tradition" (Note to *Historical Essay on Scottish Song*, prefixed to *Scottish Songs*, in 2 vols., 1794).

It is proper to remark, that the passage of Mr Robertson's Statistical Account, above quoted, does not relate to the authenticity of the tradition, but to the origin of the song, which is obviously a separate and distinct question. The entire passage in the Statistical Account (of which a part only is quoted in the essay) runs thus:

" Here, too, the inhabitants of the town of Selkirk, who breathed the manly spirit of real freedom, justly merit particular attention. Of one hundred citizens, who followed the fortunes of James IV on the plains of Flowden, a few returned, loaded with the spoils taken from the enemy. Some of these trophies still survive the rust of time, and the effects of negligence. The desperate valour of the citizens of Selkirk, which, on that fatal day, was eminently conspicuous to both armies, produced very opposite effects. The implacable resentment of the English reduced their defenceless town to ashes; while their grateful sovereign (James V) showed his sense of their valour, by a grant of an extensive portion of the forest, the trees for building their houses, and the property as the reward of their heroism." A note is added by Mr Robertson. " A standard, the appearance of which bespeaks its antiquity, is still carried annually (on the day of riding their common) by the corporation of weavers, by a member of which it was taken from the English in the field of Flowden. It may be added, that the sword of William Brydone, the town-clerk, who led the citizens to the battle (and who is said to have been knighted for his valour), is still in the possession of John Brydone, a citizen of Selkirk, his lineal descendant." An additional note contains the passage quoted in the *Essay on Scottish Song*.

If the testimony of Mr Robertson is to be received as decisive of the question, the learned author of the essay will surely admit, upon reperusal, that the passage in the Statistical Account contains the most positive and unequivocal declaration of his belief in the tradition.

Neither does the story itself, upon close examination, contain anything inconsistent with probability. The towns upon the Border, and especially Selkirk and Jedburgh, were inhabited by a race of citizens, who, from the necessity of their situation, and from the nature of their possessions (held by burgage tenure) were inured to the use of arms. Selkirk was a county town, and a royal burgh; and when the array of the kingdom, amounting to no less than one hundred thousand warriors, was marshalled by the royal command, eighty men seems no unreasonable proportion from a place of consequence, lying so very near the scene of action.

Neither is it necessary to suppose, literally, that the men of Selkirk were all *souters*. This appellation was obviously bestowed on them because it was the trade most generally practised in the town, and therefore passed into a general epithet. Even the existence of such a craft, however, is accounted improbable by the learned essayist, who seems hardly to allow that the Scottish nation was at that period acquainted with the art "of accommodating their feet with shoes." And here he attacks us with our own weapons, and wields the tradition of Aberdeen against that of Selkirk. We shall not stop to enquire in what respect Cromwell's regiment of missionary cobblers deserves, in point of probability, to take precedence of the souters of Selkirk. But allowing that all the shoemakers of England, with *Praise-the-Lord Barebones* at their head, had generously combined to instruct the men of Aberdeen in the arts of psalmody and cobbling, it by no means bears upon the present question. If instruction was at all necessary, it must have been in teaching the natives how to make *shoes*, properly so called, in opposition to *brogues*: for there were cordiners in Aberdeen long before Cromwell's visit, and several fell in the battle of the Bridge of Dee, as appears from Spalding's *History of the Troubles in Scotland*, vol. ii, p. 140. Now the "single-soled shoon," made by the souters of Selkirk, were a sort of brogues, with a single thin sole; the purchaser himself performing the further operation of sewing on another of thick leather. The rude and imperfect state of this manufacture sufficiently evinces the antiquity of the craft. Thus the profession of the citizens of Selkirk, instead of invalidating, confirms the traditional account of their valour.

The total devastation of this unfortunate burgh, after the fatal battle of Flodden, is ascertained by the charters under which the corporation hold their privileges. The first of these is granted by James V, and is dated 4th March, 1535–36. The narrative or inductive clause of the deed is in these words: "*Sciatis quia nos considerantes et intelligentes quod Carte Evidencie et litere veteris fundacionis et infeofamenti burgi nostri de Selkirk et libertatum ejusdem burgensibus et communitati ipsius per nobilissimos progenitores nostros quorum animabus propicietur Deus dat. et concess. per guerrarum assultus pestem combustionem et alias pro majore parte vastantur et distruuntur unde mercantiarum usus inter ipsos burgenses cessavit in eorum magnam lesionem ac reipublice et libertatis Burgi nostri antedict. destruccionem et prejudicium ac ingens nobis dampnum penes nostras Custumas et firmas burgales et eodem nobis debit. si subitum in eisdem remedium minime habitum fuerit—NOS igitur pietati et justicia moti ac pro policia et edificiis infra regnum nostrum habend. de novo infeodamus*," etc. The charter proceeds, in common form, to erect anew the town of Selkirk into a royal burgh, with all the privileges annexed to such corporations. This mark of royal favour was confirmed by a second charter, executed by the same monarch, after he had attained the age of majority, and dated April 8, 1538. This deed of confirmation first narrates the charter, which has been already quoted, and then proceeds

to mention other grants, which had been conferred upon the burgh during the minority of James V, and which are thus expressed: "We for the gude trew and thankful service done and to be done to ws be owre lovittis the baillies burgesses and communite of our burgh of Selkirk and for certaine otheris reasonable causis and considerationis moving ws be the tennor hereof grantis and gevis license to thame and thair successors to ryfe out breke and teil yeirlie ane thousand [1] acres of their common landis of our said burgh in what part thairof thea pleas for polecy strengthing and bigging of the samyn for the wele of ws and of liegis repairand thairto and defence againis owre auld innemyis of Ingland and other wayis and will and grantis that thai sall nocht be callit accusit nor incur ony danger or skaith thairthrow in thair personis landis nor gudis in ony wise in time cuming NOCHTWITHSTANDING ony owre actis or statutis maid or to be maid in the contrar in ony panys contenit tharein anent the quhilkis we dispens with thame be thir owre letters with power to them to occupy the saidis landis with thare awne gudis or to set theme to tenentis as thai sall think maist expedient for the wele of our said burgh with frei ische and entri and with all and sindry utheris commoditeis freedomes asiamentis and richtuis pertinentis whatsumever pertenyng or that rychtuisly may pertene thairto perpetually in tyme cuming frelie quietlie wele and in peace but ony revocatioun or agane calling whatsumever Gevin under owre signet and subscrivit with owre hand at Striveling the twenty day of Junii The yere of God ane thousand five hundreth and thretty six yeris and of our regne the twenti thre yere." Here follows another grant: "We UNDERSTANDING that owre burgh of Selkirk and inhabitants thairof CONTINUALIE SEN THE FIELD OF FLODOUNE hes been oppressiit heriit and owre runin be theves and traitors whairthrow the haunt of merchandice has cessit amangis thame of langtyme bygane and thai heriit thairthrow and we defraudit of owre custumis and dewites THAIRFOR and for divers utheris resonable causis and considerationes moving us be the tenor heirof of our kinglie power fre motive and autorite ryall grantis and gevis to thame and thair successors ane fair day begynand at the feist of the Conception of owre Lady next to cum aftere the day of the date hereof and be the octavis of the sammyn perpetualy in time cuming To be usit and exercit be thame als frelie in time cuming as ony uther fair is usit or exercit be ony otheris owre burrowis within our realme payand yeirlie custumis and doweities aught and wont as efferiis

[1] It is probable that Mr Robertson had not seen this deed when he wrote his Statistical Account of the Parish of Selkirk, for it appears, that instead of a grant of lands, the privilege granted to the community was a right of tilling one thousand acres of those which already belonged to the burgh. Hence it follows, that, previous to the field of Flodden, the town must have been possessed of a spacious domain, to which a thousand acres in tillage might bear a due proportion. This circumstance ascertains the antiquity and power of the burgh; for, had this large tract of land been granted during the minority of James V, the donation, to be effectual, must have been included in the charters of confirmation.

frelie quietlie wele and in pece but ony revocation obstakill impediment or agane calling whatsumever Subscrivet with owre hand and gevin under owre Signet at KIRKALDY the secund day of September The yere of God ane thousand five hundreth and threty sex yeris and of our regne the twenty three yeir." The charter of confirmation, in which all these deeds and letters of donation are engrossed, proceeds to ratify and confirm them in the most ample manner. The testing clause, as it is termed in law language, is in these words : " *In cujus rei Testimonium huic presente carte nostre confirmationis magnum sigillum nostrum apponi precepimus* TESTIBUS *Reverendissimo reverendisque in Christo Patribus Gawino Archiepiscopo Glasguen. Cancellario nostro Georgio Episcopo Dunkelden. Henrico Episcopo Candide Case nostreque Capelle regie Strivilengen. decano ; dilectis nostris consanguineis Jacobo Moravie Comite &c. Archibaldo Comite de Ergile Domino Campbell et Lorne Magistro Hospicii nostri, Hugone Comite de Eglinton Domino Montgomery Malcolmo Domino Flemyng magno Camerario nostro, Venerabilibus in Christo Patribus Patricio Priore Ecclesie Metropolitane Sanctiandree, Alexandro Abbate Monaster iinostri de Cambuskynneth, dilectis familiaribus nostris Thomae Erskin de Brechin, Secretario nostro Jacobo Colville de Estwemis compotorum nostrorum rotulatore et nostre cancellarie directore, militibus, et Magistro Jacobo Foulis de Colintoun nostrorum rotulorum Registri et Concilii clerico—apud Edinburgh octavo die mensis Aprilis Anno Domin millesimo quingentesimo trigesimo octavo et regni nostri vicesimo quinto.*"

From these extracts, which are accurately copied from the original charters,[1] it may be safely concluded, 1st, that Selkirk was a place of importance before it was ruined by the English ; and 2nd, " that the voice of merchants had ceased in her streets," in consequence of the fatal field of Flodden. But further, it seems reasonable to infer that so many marks of royal favour, granted within so short a time of each other, evinced the gratitude as well as the compassion of the monarch, and were intended to reward the valour as well as to relieve the distress of the men of Selkirk. Thus every circumstance of the written evidence, as far as it goes, tallies with the oral tradition of the inhabitants ; and, therefore, though the latter may be exaggerated, it surely cannot be dismissed as entirely void of foundation. That William Brydone actually enjoyed the honour of knighthood, is ascertained by many of the deeds in which his name appears as a notary public. John Brydone, lineal descendant of the gallant town-clerk, is still alive, and possessed of the reliques mentioned by Mr Robertson. The old man, though in an inferior station of life, receives considerable attention from his fellow-citizens, and claims no small merit to himself, on account of his brave ancestor.

Thus far concerning the tradition of the exploits of the men of Selkirk at Flodden field. Whether the following verses do, or do not, bear any allusion to that event, is a separate and less interesting

[1] The charters are preserved in the records of the burgh.

question. The opinion of Mr Robertson, referring them to a different origin, has been already mentioned; but his authority, though highly respectable, is not absolutely decisive of the question.

The late Mr Plummer, sheriff-depute of the county of Selkirk, a faithful and accurate antiquary, entertained a very opposite opinion. He has thus expressed himself, upon the subject, in the course of literary correspondence with Mr Herd:

"Of the Souters of Selkirk, I never heard any words but the following verse:

'Up with the Sutors of Selkirk,
And down wi' the Earl of Home;
And up wi' a' the bra' lads
That sew the single-soled shoon.'

"It is evident, that these words cannot be so ancient as to come near the time when the battle was fought; as Lord Home was not created an Earl till near a century after that period.

"Our clergyman, in the 'Statistical Account,' vol. ii, p. 48, note, says, that these words were composed upon a match at foot-ball, between the Philiphaugh and Home families. I was five years at school at Selkirk, have lived all my days within two miles of that town, and never once heard a tradition of this imaginary contest till I saw it in print.

"Although the words are not very ancient, there is every reason to believe that they allude to the battle of Flodden, and to the different behaviour of the souters, and Lord Home, upon that occasion. At election dinners, etc. when the Selkirk folks begin to get fou' (merry), they always call for music, and for that tune in particular.[1] At such times I never heard a souter hint at the foot-ball, but many times speak of the battle of Flodden."—*Letter from Mr Plummer to Mr Herd, 13th January 1793.*

The Editor has taken every opportunity, which his situation[2] has afforded him, to obtain information on this point, and has been enabled to recover two additional verses of the song.

The yellow and green, mentioned in the second verse, are the liveries of the house of Home. When the Lord Home came to attend the governor, Albany, his attendants were arrayed in Kendal-green (Godscroft).

Up wi' the Souters of Selkirk,
And down wi' the Earl of Home;
And up wi' a' the braw lads,
That sew the single-soled shoon.

[1] A singular custom is observed at conferring the freedom of the burgh. Four or five bristles, such as are used by shoemakers, are attached to the seal of the burgess ticket. These the new-made burgess must dip in his wine, and pass through his mouth, in token of respect for the souters of Selkirk. This ceremony is on no account dispensed with.

[2] That the Editor succeeded Mr Plummer in his office of sheriff-depute, and has himself the honour to be a souter of Selkirk, may perhaps form the best apology for the length of this dissertation.

Fye upon yellow and yellow
And fye upon yellow and green;
But up with the true blue and scarlet,
And up wi' the single-soled sheen.

Up wi' the Souters of Selkirk,
For they are baith trusty and leal;
And up wi' the men of the Forest,[1]
And down with the Merse [2] to the deil.

NOTES

It is unnecessary here to enter into a formal refutation of the popular calumny which taxed Lord Home with being the murderer of his sovereign, and the cause of the defeat at Flodden. So far from exhibiting any marks of cowardice or disaffection, the division, headed by that unfortunate nobleman, was the only part of the Scottish army which was conducted with common prudence on that fatal day. This body formed the vanguard, and entirely routed the division of Sir Edmund Howard, to which they were opposed; but the reserve of the English cavalry rendered it impossible for Home, notwithstanding his success, to come to the aid of the King, who was irretrievably ruined by his own impetuosity of temper (Pinkerton's *History*, vol. ii, p. 105). The escape of James from the field of battle has long been deservedly ranked with that of King Sebastian, and similar *speciosa miracula* with which the vulgar have been amused in all ages. Indeed, the Scottish nation were so very unwilling to admit any advantage on the English part that they seem actually to have set up pretensions to the victory.[3] The same temper of mind led them eagerly to ascribe the loss of their monarch and his army to any cause rather than to his own misconduct and the superior military skill of the English. There can be no doubt that James actually fell on the field of battle, the slaughter-place of his nobles (Pinkerton, *ibid.*). His dead body was interred in the monastery of Sheen, in Surrey, and Stowe mentions, with regard to it, the following degrading circumstances:—

"After the battle, the bodie of the said king, being found, was closed in lead, and conveyed from thence to London, and to the monasterie of Sheyne, in Surry, where it remained for a time, in what order I am not certaine; but, since the dissolution of that house, in the reign of Edward VI, Henry Gray, Duke of Norfolke, being lodged, and keeping house there, I

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[1] Selkirkshire, otherwise called Ettrick Forest.
[2] Berwickshire, otherwise called the Merse.
[3] "Against the proud Scottes' clattering,
That never wyll leave their trattlying;
Wan they the field and lost theyr king?
They may well say, fie on that winning!
Lo these fond sottes and trattlying Scottes,
How they are blinde in theyr own minde,
And will not know theyr overthrow.
At Branxton moore they are so stowre,
So frantike mad, and say they had,
And wan the field with speare and shielde:
That is as true as black is blue," etc.
Skelton Laureate against the Scottes.

have been shewed the same bodie, so lapped in lead, close to the head and bodie, throwne into a waste room, amongst the old timber, lead, and other rubble. Since the which time, workmen there, for their foolish pleasure, hewed off his head ; and Lancelot Young, master glazier to Queen Elizabeth, feeling a sweet savour to come from thence, and seeing the same dried from all moisture, and yet the form remaining, with haire of the head, and beard red, brought it to London, to his house in Wood-street, where, for a time, he kept it, for its sweetness, but, in the end, caused the sexton of that church (St Michael's, Wood-street) to bury it amongst other bones taken out of their charnel" (Stowe's *Survey of London*, p. 539).

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

PART FIRST

THE following well-known and beautiful stanzas were composed, many years ago, by a lady of family in Roxburghshire. The manner of the ancient minstrels is so happily imitated that it required the most positive evidence to convince the Editor that the song was of modern date. Such evidence, however, he has been able to procure ; having been favoured, through the kind intervention of Dr Somerville (well known to the literary world as the historian of King William, etc.), with the following authentic copy of the *Flowers of the Forest*.

From the same respectable authority, the Editor is enabled to state that the tune of the ballad is ancient, as well as the two following lines of the first stanza :—

" I've heard them lilting at the ewes milking,
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away."

Some years after the song was composed, a lady, who is now dead, repeated to the author another imperfect line of the original ballad, which presents a simple and affecting image to the mind :—

" I ride single on my saddle,
For the flowers of the forest are a' wede away."

The first of these trifling fragments, joined 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, excited, in the mind of the author, the ideas which she has expressed in a strain of elegiac simplicity and tenderness, which has seldom been equalled.

I've heard them lilting, at the ewe milking,
Lasses a' lilting, before dawn of day;
But now they are moaning, on ilka green loaning;
The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

At bughts, in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorning;
Lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing;
Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her awae.

In har'st, at the shearing, nae youths now are jearing;
Bandsters are runkled, and lyart or grey;
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching;
The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae younkers are roaming
'Bout stacks, with the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk maid sits dreary, lamenting her deary—
The flowers of the forest are weded awae.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day:
The flowers of the forest, that fought aye the foremost,
The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting, at the ewe milking;
Women and bairns are heartless and wae:
Sighing and moaning, on ilka green loaning—
The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

The following explanation of provincial terms may be found useful:—
Lilting—singing cheerfully. *Loaning*—A broad lane. *Wede awae*—Weeded out. *Scorning*—Rallying. *Dowie*—Dreary. *Daffing and gabbing*—Joking and chatting. *Leglin*—milk-pail. *Har'st*—Harvest. *Shearing*—Reaping. *Bandsters*—Sheaf-binders. *Runkled*—Wrinkled. *Lyart*—Inclining to grey. *Fleeching*—Coaxing. *Gloaming*—Twilight.

NOTE

At fair or at preaching, etc.—P. 494, v. 2.

These lines have been said to contain an anachronism, the supposed date of the lamentation being about the period of the field of Flodden. The Editor can see no ground for this charge. Fairs were held in Scotland from the most remote antiquity, and are, from their very nature, scenes of pleasure and gallantry. The preachings of the friars were, indeed, professedly meetings for a graver purpose; but we have the authority of the *Wife of Bath* (surely most unquestionable in such a point), that they were frequently perverted to places of rendezvous:

"I had the better leisur for to pleie,
And for to see, and eke to be seie
Of lusty folk. What wist I where my grace
Was shapen for to be, or in what place?
Therefore I made my visitations
To vigilies and to processions;
To preachings eke, and to thise pilgrimages,
To plays of miracles, and marriages," etc.
Canterbury Tales.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

PART SECOND

THE following verses, adapted to the ancient air of the *Flowers of the Forest*, are, like the elegy which precedes them, the production of a lady. The late Mrs Cockburn, daughter of Rutherford of Fairnalie, in Selkirkshire, and relict of Mr Cockburn of Ormiston (whose father was lord-justice-clerk of Scotland), was the authoress. Mrs Cockburn has been dead but a few years. Even at an age advanced beyond the usual bounds of humanity she retained a play of imagination, and an activity of intellect, which must have been attractive and delightful in youth, but were almost preternatural at her period of life. Her active benevolence, keeping pace with her genius, rendered her equally an object of love and admiration. The Editor, who knew her well, takes this opportunity of doing justice to his own feelings; and they are in unison with those of all who knew his regretted friend.

The verses which follow were written at an early period of life and without peculiar relation to any event, unless it were the depopulation of Ettrick Forest.

I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
  I've tasted her favours, and felt her decay;
Sweet is her blessing, and kind her caressing,
  But soon it is fled—it is fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorned of the foremost,
  With flowers of the fairest, both pleasant and gay:
Full sweet was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming,
  But now they are wither'd, and a' wede awae.

I've seen the morning, with gold the hills adorning,
  And the red storm roaring, before the parting day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams, glittering in the sunny beams,
  Turn drumly and dark, as they rolled on their way.

O fickle Fortune! why this cruel sporting?
  Why thus perplex us poor sons of a day?
Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot cheer me,
  Since the flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

THE LAIRD OF MUIRHEAD

[This ballad is a fragment from Mr Herd's MS., communicated to him by J. Grossett Muirhead, Esq. of Breadesholm, near Glasgow, who stated that he extracted it, as relating to his own family, from the complete song, in which the names of twenty or thirty gentlemen were mentioned, contained in a large collection belonging to Mr Alexander Monro, merchant in Lisbon, supposed now to be lost.

It appears from the Appendix to Nesbit's *Heraldry*, p. 264, that Muirhead, of Lachop and Bullis, the person here called the Laird of Muirhead, was a man of rank, being rentaller, or perhaps feuar, of many crown lands in Galloway, and was, in truth, slain in *Campo Belli de Northumberland sub vexillo Regis*, *i.e.*, in the Field of Flodden.]

. . . . . .

Afore the King in order stude
The stout laird of Muirhead,
Wi' that same twa-hand muckle sword
That Bartram felled stark dead.

He sware he wadna lose his right
To fight in ilka field;
Nor budge him from his liege's sight,
Till his last gasp should yield.

Twa hunder mair, of his ain name,
Frae Torwood and the Clyde,
Sware they would never gang to hame,
But a' die by his syde.

And wond'rous weil they kept their troth;
This sturdy royal band
Rush'd down the brae, wi' sic a pith,
That nane could them withstand.

Mony a bloody blow they dealt,
The like was never seen;
And hadna that braw leader fallen,
They ne'er had slain the King.

ODE ON VISITING FLODDEN

BY J. LEYDEN

Green Flodden! on thy blood-stained head
Descend no rain nor vernal dew;
But still, thou charnel of the dead,
May whitening bones thy surface strew!
Soon as I tread thy rush-clad vale,
Wild fancy feels the clasping mail;
The rancour of a thousand years
Glows in my breast; again I burn
To see the bannered pomp of war return,
And mark, beneath the moon, the silver light of spears.

Lo! bursting from their common tomb,
The spirits of the ancient dead
Dimly streak the parted gloom,
With awful faces, ghastly red;
As once, around their martial king,
They closed the death-devoted ring,
With dauntless hearts, unknown to yield;
In slow procession round the pile
Of heaving corses, moves each shadowy file,
And chaunts, in solemn strain, the dirge of Flodden field.

What youth, of graceful form and mien,
Foremost leads the spectred brave,
While o'er his mantle's folds of green
His amber locks redundant wave?
When slow returns the fated day,
That viewed their chieftain's long array,
Wild to the harp's deep, plaintive string,
The virgins raise the funeral strain,
From Ord's black mountain to the northern main,
And mourn the emerald hue which paints the vest of spring.

Alas! that Scottish maid should sing
The combat where her lover fell!
That Scottish bard should wake the string,
The triumph of our foes to tell!
Yet Teviot's sons, with high disdain,
Have kindled at the thrilling strain
That mourned their martial fathers' bier;
And, at the sacred font, the priest,
Through ages left the master-hand unblest,
To urge, with keener aim, the blood-encrusted spear.

Red Flodden! when thy plaintive strain,
In early youth, rose soft and sweet,
My life-blood, through each throbbing vein,
With wild tumultuous passion beat.
And oft in fancied might, I trod
The spear-strewn path to Fame's abode,
Encircled with a sanguine flood;
And thought I heard the mingling hum,
When, croaking hoarse, the birds of carrion come
Afar, on rustling wing, to feast on English blood.

Rude Border Chiefs, of mighty name,
And iron soul, who sternly tore
The blossoms from the tree of fame,
And purpled deep their tints with gore,
Rush from brown ruins, scarred with age,
That frown o'er haunted Hermitage;
Where, long by spells mysterious bound,
They pace their round, with lifeless smile,
And shake, with restless foot, the guilty pile,
Till sink the mouldering towers beneath the burdened ground.

Shades of the dead! on Alfer's plain,
Who scorned with backward step to move,
But, struggling mid the hills of slain,
Against the Sacred Standard strove;
Amid the lanes of war I trace,
Each broad claymore and ponderous mace:
Where'er the surge of arms is tost,
Your glittering spears, in close array,
Sweep, like the spider's filmy web, away
The flower of Norman pride, and England's victor host.

But distant fleets each warrior ghost,
With surly sounds, that murmur far;
Such sounds were heard when Syria's host
Roll'd from the walls of proud Samàr.
Around my solitary head
Gleam the blue lightnings of the dead,
While murmur low the shadowy band—
"Lament no more the warrior's doom!
Blood, blood alone, should dew the hero's tomb,
Who falls, 'mid circling spears, to save his native land."

NOTES

And mourn the emerald hue which paints the vest of spring.—P. 497, v. 3.

Under the vigorous administration of James IV the young Earl of Caithness incurred the penalty of outlawry and forfeiture for revenging an ancient feud. On the evening preceding the battle of Flodden, accompanied by 300 young warriors arrayed in green, he presented himself before the King and submitted to his mercy. This mark of attachment was so agreeable to that warlike prince that he granted an immunity to the Earl and all his followers. The parchment on which this immunity was inscribed is said to be still preserved in the archives of the Earls of Caithness, and is marked with the drum-strings, having been cut out of a drum-head, as no other parchment could be found in the army. The Earl and his gallant band perished to a man in the battle of Flodden; since which period it has been reckoned unlucky in Caithness *to wear green*, or *cross the Ord on a Monday*, the day of the week on which the chieftain advanced into Sutherland.

Through ages left thè master-hand unblest, etc.—P. 497, v. 4.

In the Border counties of Scotland it was formerly customary, when any rancorous enmity subsisted between two clans, to leave the right hand of male children unchristened, that it might deal the more deadly or, according to the popular phrase, "unhallowed" blows to their enemies. By this superstitious rite they were devoted to bear the family feud or enmity. The same practice subsisted in Ireland, as appears from the following passage in Campion's *History of Ireland*, published in 1633: "In some corners of the land they used a damnable superstition, leaving the right armes of their infants, males, unchristened (as they termed it), to the end it might give a more ungracious and deadly blow" (p. 15).

Till sink the mouldering towers beneath the burdened ground.—P. 498, v. 2.

Popular superstition in Scotland still retains so formidable an idea of the *guilt of blood* that those ancient edifices, or castles, where enormous crimes have been committed, are supposed to sink gradually into the ground. With regard to the castle of Hermitage in particular, the common people believe that thirty feet of the walls sunk, thirty feet fell, and thirty feet remain standing.

Against the Sacred Standard strove, etc.—P. 498, v. 3.

The fatal battle of the Standard was fought on Cowton Moor, near Northallerton (A.S. Ealfertun), in Yorkshire, 1138. David I commanded the Scottish army. He was opposed by Thurston, Archbishop of York, who, to animate his followers, had recourse to the impressions of religious enthusiasm. The mast of a ship was fitted into the perch of a four-wheeled carriage; on its top was placed a little casket containing a consecrated host. It also contained the banner of St Cuthbert, round which were displayed those of St Peter of York, St John of Beverly, and St Wilfred of Rippon. This was the English standard, and was stationed in the centre of the army. Prince Henry, son of David, at the head of the men of arms, chiefly from Cumberland and Teviotdale, charged, broke, and completely dispersed the centre, but unfortunately was not supported by the other divisions of the Scottish army. The expression of Aldred (p. 345) describing this encounter, is more spirited than the general tenor of monkish historians: "*Ipsa globi australis parte instar cassis araneæ dissipata*"—That division of the phalanx was dispersed like a cobweb.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS[1]

ON

POPULAR POETRY

AND ON THE

VARIOUS COLLECTIONS OF BALLADS OF BRITAIN, PARTICULARLY THOSE OF SCOTLAND

THE Introduction originally prefixed to *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* was rather of an historical than a literary nature, and the remarks which follow have been added to afford the general reader some information upon the character of Ballad Poetry.

It would be throwing away words to prove, what all must admit, the general taste and propensity of nations in their early state to cultivate some species of rude poetry. When the organs and faculties of a primitive race have developed themselves, each for its proper and necessary use, there is a natural tendency to employ them in a more refined and regulated manner for purposes of amusement. The savage, after proving the activity of his limbs in the chase or the battle, trains them to more measured movements, to dance at the festivals of his tribe, or to perform obeisance before the altars of his deity. From the same impulse he is disposed to refine the ordinary speech which forms the vehicle of social communication betwixt him and his brethren, until by a more ornate diction, modulated by certain rules of rhythm, cadence, assonance of termination, or recurrence of sound or letter, he obtains a dialect more solemn in expression to record the laws or exploits of his tribe, or more sweet in sound in which to plead his own cause to his mistress.

This primeval poetry must have one general character in all nations, both as to its merits and its imperfections. The earlier poets have the advantage, and it is not a small one, of having the first choice out of the stock of materials which are proper to the art; and thus they compel later authors, if they would avoid slavishly imitating the fathers of verse, into various devices, often more ingenious than elegant, that they may establish, if not an absolute claim to originality,

[1] [These remarks were first appended to the edition of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 1830.]

at least a visible distinction betwixt themselves and their predecessors. Thus it happens that early poets almost uniformly display a bold, rude, original cast of genius and expression. They have walked at free-will, and with unconstrained steps, along the wilds of Parnassus, while their followers move with constrained gestures and forced attitudes, in order to avoid placing their feet where their predecessors have stepped before them. The first bard who compared his hero to a lion struck a bold and congenial note, though the simile in a nation of hunters be a very obvious one; but every subsequent poet who shall use it must either struggle hard to give his lion, as heralds say, with a *difference*, or lie under the imputation of being a servile imitator.

It is not probable that, by any researches of modern times, we shall ever reach back to an earlier model of poetry than Homer; but as there lived heroes before Agamemnon, so unquestionably poets existed before the immortal Bard who gave the King of kings his fame; and he whom all civilized nations now acknowledge as the Father of Poetry must have himself looked back to an ancestry of poetical predecessors, and is only held original because we know not from whom he copied. Indeed, though much must be ascribed to the riches of his own individual genius, the poetry of Homer argues a degree of perfection in an art which practice had already rendered regular, and concerning which his frequent mention of the bards, or chanters of poetry, indicates plainly that it was studied by many and known and admired by all.[1]

It is indeed easily discovered that the qualities necessary for composing such poems are not the portion of every man in the tribe; that the bard, to reach excellence in his art, must possess something more than a full command of words and phrases, and the knack of arranging them in such form as ancient examples have fixed upon as the recognized structure of national verse. The tribe speedily become sensible, that besides this degree of mechanical facility, which (like making what are called at school nonsense verses) may be attained by dint of memory and practice, much higher qualifications are demanded. A keen and active power of observation, capable of perceiving at a glance the leading circumstances from which the incident described derives its character; quick and powerful feelings, to enable the bard to comprehend and delineate those of the actors in his piece; and a command of language, alternately soft and elevated, and suited to express the conceptions which he had formed in his mind, are all necessary to eminence in the poetical art.

Above all, to attain the highest point of his profession the poet must have that original power of embodying and detailing circumstances which can place before the eyes of others a scene which

[1] [Sir Walter Scott, as this paragraph intimates, never doubted that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were substantially the works of one and the same individual. He said of the Wolfian hypothesis that it was the most *irreligious* one he had heard of, and could never be believed in by any *poet*.]

only exists in his own imagination. This last high a
faculty, namely, that of impressing the mind of the hearers
and sentiments having no existence save through their a
cured for the bards of Greece the term of Ποιητης, w
singularly happens, is literally translated by the Scot
for the same class of persons, whom they termed the *Makers*. The French phrase of Trouveurs, or Troubadours, namely, the Finders, or Inventors, has the same reference to the quality of original conception and invention proper to the poetical art, and without which it can hardly be said to exist to any pleasing or useful purpose.

The mere arrangement of words into poetical rhythm, or combining them according to a technical rule or measure, is so closely connected with the art of music that an alliance between these two fine arts is very soon closely formed. It is fruitless to enquire which of them has been first invented, since doubtless the precedence is accidental; and it signifies little whether the musician adapts verses to a rude tune, or whether the primitive poet, in reciting his productions, falls naturally into a chant or song. With this additional accomplishment the poet becomes ἀοιδος, or the man of song, and his character is complete when the additional accompaniment of a lute or harp is added to his vocal performance.

Here, therefore, we have the history of early poetry in all nations. But it is evident that, though poetry seems a plant proper to almost all soils, yet not only is it of various kinds, according to the climate and country in which it has its origin, but the poetry of different nations differs still more widely in the degree of excellence which it attains. This must depend in some measure, no doubt, on the temper and manners of the people, or their proximity to those spirit-stirring events which are naturally selected as the subject of poetry, and on the more comprehensive or energetic character of the language spoken by the tribe. But the progress of the art is far more dependent upon the rise of some highly gifted individual, possessing in a pre-eminent and uncommon degree the powers demanded, whose talents influence the taste of a whole nation, and entail on their posterity and language a character almost indelibly sacred. In this respect Homer stands alone and unrivalled, as a light from whose lamp the genius of successive ages, and of distant nations, has caught fire and illumination; and who, though the early poet of a rude age, has purchased for the era he has celebrated so much reverence that, not daring to bestow on it the term of barbarous, we distinguish it as the heroic period.

No other poet (sacred and inspired authors excepted) ever did or ever will possess the same influence over posterity in so many distant lands as has been acquired by the blind old man of Chios; yet we are assured that his works, collected by the pious care of Pisistratus, who caused to be united into their present form those divine poems, would otherwise, if preserved at all, have appeared to succeeding generations in the humble state of a collection of detached ballads, connected only as referring to the same age, the same

general subjects, and the same cycle of heroes, like the metrical poems of the Cid in Spain,[1] or of Robin Hood in England.

In other countries, less favoured either in language or in picturesque incident, it cannot be supposed that even the genius of Homer could have soared to such exclusive eminence, since he must at once have been deprived of the subjects and themes so well adapted for his muse, and of the lofty, melodious, and flexible language in which he recorded them. Other nations during the formation of their ancient poetry wanted the genius of Homer, as well as his picturesque scenery and lofty language. Yet the investigation of the early poetry of every nation, even the rudest, carries with it an object of curiosity and interest. It is a chapter in the history of the childhood of society, and its resemblance to, or dissimilarity from, the popular rhymes of other nations in the same stage must needs illustrate the ancient history of states; their slower or swifter progress towards civilization; their gradual or more rapid adoption of manners, sentiments, and religion. The study, therefore, of lays rescued from the gulf of oblivion must in every case possess considerable interest for the moral philosopher and general historian.

The historian of an individual nation is equally or more deeply interested in the researches into popular poetry, since he must not disdain to gather from the tradition conveyed in ancient ditties and ballads the information necessary to confirm or correct intelligence collected from more certain sources. And although the poets were a fabling race from the very beginning of time, and so much addicted to exaggeration, that their accounts are seldom to be relied on without corroborative evidence, yet instances frequently occur where the statements of poetical tradition are unexpectedly confirmed.

To the lovers and admirers of poetry as an art it cannot be uninteresting to have a glimpse of the National Muse in her cradle, or to hear her babbling the earliest attempts at the formation of the tuneful sounds with which she was afterwards to charm posterity. And I may venture to add that among poetry, which, however rude, was a gift of Nature's first fruits, even a reader of refined taste will find his patience rewarded by passages in which the rude minstrel rises into sublimity or melts into pathos. These were the merits which induced the classical Addison[2] to write an elaborate commentary upon the ballad of *Chevy Chase*, and which roused, like the sound of a trumpet, the heroic blood of Sir Philip Sidney.[3]

It is true that passages of this high character seldom occur; for,

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[1] [The *Poema del Cid* (of which Mr Frere has translated some specimens) is, however, considered by every historian of Spanish literature as the work of one hand, and is evidently more ancient than the detached ballads on the Adventures of the Campeador, which are included in the Cancioneros.]

[2] See *The Spectator*, Nos. 70 and 74.

[3] "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."—SIDNEY.

during the infancy of the art of poetry, the bards have been generally satisfied with a rude and careless expression of their sentiments; and even when a more felicitous expression or loftier numbers have been dictated by the enthusiasm of the composition, the advantage came unsought for, and perhaps unnoticed, either by the minstrel or the audience.

Another cause contributed to the tenuity of thought and poverty of expression, by which old ballads are too often distinguished. The apparent simplicity of the ballad stanza carried with it a strong temptation to loose and trivial composition. The collection of rhymes, accumulated by the earliest of the craft appear to have been considered as forming a joint stock for the common use of the profession; and not mere rhymes only, but verses and stanzas, have been used as common property, so as to give an appearance of sameness and crudity to the whole series of popular poetry. Such, for instance, is the salutation so often repeated—

> "Now Heaven thee save, thou brave young knight,
> Now Heaven thee save and see."

And such the usual expression for taking counsel with.

> "Rede me, rede me, brother dear,
> My rede shall rise at thee."

Such also is the unvaried account of the rose and the brier, which are said to spring out of the grave of the hero and heroine of these metrical legends, with little effort at a variation of the expressions in which the incident is prescriptively told. The least acquaintance with the subject will recall a great number of commonplace verses, which each ballad-maker has unceremoniously appropriated to himself; thereby greatly facilitating his own task, and at the same time degrading his art by his slovenly use of overscutched phrases. From the same indolence the ballad-mongers of most nations have availed themselves of every opportunity of prolonging their pieces, of the same kind, without the labour of actual composition. If a message is to be delivered, the poet saves himself a little trouble by using exactly the same words in which it was originally couched, to secure its being transmitted to the person for whose ear it was intended. The bards of ruder climes and less favoured languages may indeed claim the countenance of Homer for such repetitions; but whilst in the Father of Poetry they give the reader an opportunity to pause and look back upon the enchanted ground over which they have travelled, they afford nothing to the modern bard, save facilitating the power of stupefying the audience with stanzas of dull and tedious iteration.

Another cause of the flatness and insipidity, which is the great imperfection of ballad poetry, is to be ascribed less to the compositions in their original state when rehearsed by their *authors*, than to the ignorance and errors of the reciters or transcribers by whom they have been transmitted to us. The more popular the composition of

an ancient poet, or *Maker*, became, the greater chance there was of its being corrupted; for a poem transmitted through a number of reciters, like a book reprinted in a multitude of editions, incurs the risk of impertinent interpolations from the conceit of one rehearser, unintelligible blunders from the stupidity of another, and omissions equally to be regretted from the want of memory in a third. This sort of injury is felt very early, and the reader will find a curious instance in the Introduction to the *Romance of Sir Tristrem*. Robert de Brunne there complains that though the *Romance of Sir Tristrem* was the best which had ever been made, if it could be recited as composed by the author, Thomas of Erceldoune, yet that it was written in such an ornate style of language and such a difficult strain of versification as to lose all value in the mouths of ordinary minstrels, who could scarcely repeat one stanza without omitting some part of it, and marring consequently both the sense and the rhythm of the passage.[1] This deterioration could not be limited to one author alone; others must have suffered from the same cause in the same or a greater degree. Nay, we are authorized to conclude that in proportion to the care bestowed by the author upon any poem, to attain what his age might suppose to be the highest grace of poetry, the greater was the damage which it sustained by the inaccuracy of reciters, or their desire to humble both the sense and diction of the poem to their powers of recollection and the comprehension of a vulgar audience. It cannot be expected that compositions subjected in this way to mutilation and corruption should continue to present their original sense or diction; and the accuracy of our editions of popular poetry, unless in the rare event of recovering original or early copies, is lessened in proportion.

But the chance of these corruptions is incalculably increased when we consider that the ballads have been, not in one but innumerable instances of transmission, liable to similar alterations through a long course of centuries, during which they have been handed from one ignorant reciter to another, each discarding whatever original words or phrases time or fashion had, in his opinion, rendered obsolete, and substituting anachronisms by expressions taken from the customs of his own day. And here it may be remarked that the desire of the reciter to be intelligible, however natural and laudable, has been one of the greatest causes of the deterioration of ancient poetry. The minstrel who endeavoured to recite with fidelity the words of the author might indeed fall into errors of sound and sense and substitute corruptions for words he did not understand. But the ingenuity of a skilful critic could often, in that case, revive and restore the original

[1] "That thou may hear in Sir Tristrem:
Over gestes it has the steem,
Over all that is or was,
If men it sayd as made Thomas;
But I hear it no man so say—
But of some copple some is away," etc.

meaning ; while the corrupted words became in such cases a warrant for the authenticity of the whole poem.[1]

In general, however, the later reciters appear to have been far less desirous to speak the author's words than to introduce amendments and new readings of their own, which have always produced the effect of modernizing, and usually that of degrading and vulgarizing, the rugged sense and spirit of the antique minstrel. Thus, undergoing from age to age a gradual process of alteration and recomposition, our popular and oral minstrelsy has lost in a great measure its original appearance ; and the strong touches by which it had been formerly characterized have been generally smoothed down and destroyed by a process similar to that by which a coin, passing from hand to hand, loses in circulation all the finer marks of the impress.

The very fine ballad of *Chevy Chase* is an example of this degrading species of alchymy by which the ore of antiquity is deteriorated and adulterated. While Addison, in an age which had never attended to popular poetry, wrote his classical criticism on that ballad, he naturally took for his text the ordinary stall-copy, although he might, and ought to have suspected, that a ditty couched in the language nearly of his own time could not be the same with that which Sir Philip Sidney, more than one hundred years before, had spoken of as being " evil apparelled in the dust and cobwebs of an uncivilized age." The venerable Bishop Percy was the first to correct this mistake by producing a copy of the song as old at least as the reign of Henry VII, bearing the name of the author or transcriber, Richard Sheale.[2] But even the Rev. Editor himself fell under the mistake of supposing the modern *Chevy Chase* to be a new copy of the original ballad expressly modernized by some one later bard. On the contrary, the current version is now universally allowed to have been produced by the gradual alterations of numerous reciters during two centuries, in the course of which the ballad has been gradually moulded into a composition bearing only a general resemblance to the original—expressing the same events and sentiments in much smoother language and more flowing and easy versification, but losing in poetical fire and energy, and in the vigour and pithiness of the expression, a great deal more than it has gained in suavity of diction. Thus :

" The Percy owt of Northumberland,
And a vowe to God mayd he,
That he wolde hunte in the mountayns
Off Cheviot within dayes thre,
In the mauger of doughty Dougles,
And all that ever with him be,"

[1] An instance occurs in the valuable old ballad called *Auld Maitland* The reciter repeated a verse descriptive of the defence of a castle thus :

" With *spring-wall*, stanes, and goads of airn
Among them fast he threw."

Spring-wall is a corruption of *springald*, a military engine for casting darts or stones, the restoration of which reading gives a precise and clear sense to the lines.

[2] See Percy's *Reliques*, vol. i, p. 2.

becomes

" 'The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take," etc.

From this and other examples of the same kind, of which many might be quoted, we must often expect to find the remains of Minstrel poetry, composed originally for the courts of princes and halls of nobles, disguised in the more modern and vulgar dialect in which they have been of late sung to the frequenters of the rustic ale-bench. It is unnecessary to mention more than one other remarkable and humbling instance, printed in the curious collection entitled *A Ballad-Book*, where we find, in the words of the ingenious editor,[1] a stupid ballad, printed as it was sung in Annandale, founded on the well-known story of the Prince of Salerno's daughter, but with the uncouth change of Dysmal for Ghismonda, and Guiscard transformed into a greasy kitchen-boy.

" To what base uses may we not return ! "

Sometimes a still more material and systematic difference appears between the poems of antiquity as they were originally composed and as they now exist. This occurs in cases where the longer metrical romances, which were in fashion during the middle ages, were reduced to shorter compositions in order that they might be chanted before an inferior audience. A ballad, for example, of Thomas of Erceldoune and his intrigues with the Queen of Faery-Land is, or has been, long current in Teviotdale and other parts of Scotland. Two ancient copies of a poem or romance on the same subject, and containing very often the same words and turns of expression, are preserved in the libraries of the Cathedral of Lincoln and Peterborough. We are left to conjecture whether the originals of such ballads have been gradually contracted into their modern shape by the impatience of later audiences, combined with the lack of memory displayed by more modern reciters, or whether, in particular cases, some ballad-maker may have actually set himself to work to retrench the old details of the minstrels, and regularly and systematically to modernize and, if the phrase be permitted, to balladize a metrical romance. We are assured, however, that *Roswal and Lilian* was sung through the streets of Edinburgh two generations since ; and we know that the Romance of " *Sir Eger, Sir Grime, and Sir Greysteil* "[2] had also its own particular chant or tune. The stall-copies of both these romances, as they now exist, are very much abbreviated, and

[1] Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. The *Ballad-Book* was printed in 1823, and inscribed to Sir Walter Scott, the impression consisting of only thirty copies.

[2] These two ancient romances are reprinted in a volume of *Early Metrical Tales*, edited by Mr David Laing, Edinburgh, 1826, small 8vo. Only 175 copies printed.

probably exhibit them when they were undergoing, or had nearly undergone, the process of being cut down into ballads.

Taking into consideration the various indirect channels by which the popular poetry of our ancestors has been transmitted to their posterity, it is nothing surprising that it should reach us in a mutilated and degraded state, and that it should little correspond with the ideas we are apt to form of the first productions of national genius; nay, it is more to be wondered at that we possess so many ballads of considerable merit than that the much greater number of them which must have once existed should have perished before our time.

Having given this brief account of ballad poetry in general, the purpose of the present prefatory remarks will be accomplished by shortly noticing the popular poetry of Scotland, and some of the efforts which have been made to collect and illustrate it.

It is now generally admitted that the Scots and Picts, however differing otherwise, were each by descent a Celtic race; that they advanced in a course of victory somewhat farther than the present frontier between England and Scotland, and about the end of the eleventh century subdued and rendered tributary the Britons of Strathcluyd, who were also a Celtic race like themselves. Excepting, therefore, the provinces of Berwickshire and the Lothians, which were chiefly inhabited by an Anglo-Saxon population, the whole of Scotland was peopled by different tribes of the same aboriginal race[1]—a race passionately addicted to music, as appears from the kindred Celtic nations of Irish, Welsh, and Scottish, preserving each to this day a style and character of music peculiar to their own country, though all three bear marks of general resemblance to each other. That of Scotland in particular is early noticed and extolled by ancient authors, and its remains, to which the natives are passionately attached, are still found to afford pleasure even to those who cultivate the art upon a more refined and varied system.

This skill in music did not, of course, exist without a corresponding degree of talent for a species of poetry adapted to the habits of the country, celebrating the victories of triumphant clans, pouring forth lamentations over fallen heroes, and recording such marvellous adventures as were calculated to amuse individual families around their household fires, or the whole tribe when regaling in the hall of the chief. It happened, however, singularly enough, that while the music continued to be Celtic in its general measure, the language of Scotland most commonly spoken began to be that of their neighbours,

[1] [The author seems to have latterly modified his original opinion on some parts of this subject. In his reviewal of Mr P. F. Tytler's *History of Scotland* (*Quart. Rev.*, vol. xli, p. 328) he says, speaking of the period of the final subjugation of the Picts, "It would appear the *Scandinavians* had colonies along the fertile shores of Moray, and among the mountains of Sutherland, whose name speaks for itself, that it was given by the Norwegians; and probably they had also settlements in Caithness and the Orcades." In this essay, however, he adheres in the main to his anti-Pinkertonian doctrine, and treats the Picts as Celts.]

the English, introduced by the multitude of Saxons who thronged to the court of Malcolm Canmore and his successors; by the crowds of prisoners of war, whom the repeated ravages of the Scots in Northumberland carried off as slaves to their country; by the influence of the inhabitants of the richest and most populous provinces in Scotland, Berwickshire, namely, and the Lothians, over the more mountainous; lastly, by the superiority which a language like the Anglo-Saxon, considerably refined, long since reduced to writing, and capable of expressing the wants, wishes, and sentiments of the speakers, must have possessed over the jargon of various tribes of Irish and British origin, limited and contracted in every varying dialect, and differing at the same time from each other. This superiority being considered and a fair length of time being allowed, it is no wonder that, while the Scottish people retained their Celtic music, and many of their Celtic customs, together with their Celtic dynasty, they should nevertheless have adopted throughout the Lowlands the Saxon language, while in the Highlands they retained the Celtic dialect, along with the dress, arms, manners, and government of their fathers.

There was for a time a solemn national recognizance that the Saxon language and poetry had not originally been that of the royal family. For at the coronations of the Kings of Scotland, previous to Alexander III, it was a part of the solemnity that a Celtic bard stepped forth so soon as the King assumed his seat upon the fated stone and recited the genealogy of the monarch in Celtic verse, setting forth his descent and the right which he had by birth to occupy the place of sovereignty. For a time, no doubt, the Celtic songs and poems remained current in the Lowlands while any remnant of the language yet lasted. The Gaelic or Irish bards, we are also aware, occasionally strolled into the Lowlands, where their music might be received with favour, even after their recitation was no longer understood. But though these aboriginal poets showed themselves at festivals and other places of public resort, it does not appear that, as in Homer's time, they were honoured with high places at the board and savoury morsels of the chine, but they seem rather to have been accounted fit company for the feigned fools and sturdy beggars with whom they were ranked by a Scottish statute.[1]

Time was necessary wholly to eradicate one language and introduce another; but it is remarkable that, at the death of Alexander the Third, the last Scottish king of the pure Celtic race, the popular lament for his death was composed in Scoto-English, and though closely resembling the modern dialect, is the earliest example we have of that language, whether in prose or poetry.[2] About the same

[1] A curious account of the reception of an Irish or Celtic bard at a festival is given in Sir John Holland's *Buke of the Houlat*, Bannatyne edition, p. liii.

[2] "Whan Alexander our king was ded,
Wha Scotland led in luve and lee,
Away was sons of ale and bred,
Of wine and wax, of game and glee," etc.

time flourished the celebrated Thomas the Rhymer, whose poem, written in English or Lowland Scottish, with the most anxious attention both to versification and alliteration, forms, even as it now exists, a very curious specimen of the early romance. Such complicated construction was greatly too concise for the public ear, which is best amused by a looser diction, in which numerous repetitions and prolonged descriptions enable the comprehension of the audience to keep up with the voice of the singer or reciter and supply the gaps which in general must have taken place, either through a failure of attention in the hearers, or of voice and distinct enunciation on the part of the minstrel.

The usual stanza which was selected as the most natural to the language and the sweetest to the ear, after the complex system of the more courtly measures used by Thomas of Erceldoune was laid aside, was that which, when originally introduced, we very often find arranged in two lines thus :

> " Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed, most like a baron bold,
> Rode foremost of his company, whose armour shone like gold " ;

but which, after being divided into four, constitutes what is now generally called the ballad stanza—

> " Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
> Most like a baron bold,
> Rode foremost of his company,
> Whose armour shone like gold."

The breaking of the lines contains a plainer intimation how the stanza ought to be read, than every one could gather from the original mode of writing out the poem, where the position of the cæsura, or inflection of voice, is left to the individual's own taste. This was sometimes exchanged for a stanza of six lines, the third and sixth rhyming together. For works of more importance and pretension a more complicated versification was still retained, and may be found in the tale of *Ralph Coilzear*,[1] *The Adventures of Arthur at the Tarn Wathelyn*, *Sir Gawain*, and *Sir Gologras*, and other scarce romances. A specimen of this structure of verse has been handed down to our times in the stanza of *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, transmitted by King James I to Allan Ramsay and to Burns. The excessive passion for alliteration, which formed a rule of the Saxon poetry, was also retained in the Scottish poems of a more elevated character, though the more ordinary minstrels and ballad-makers threw off the restraint.

The varieties of stanza thus adopted for popular poetry were not, we may easily suppose, left long unemployed. In frontier regions, where men are continually engaged in active enterprise, betwixt the task of defending themselves and annoying their neighbours,

[1] This, and most of the other romances here referred to, may be found reprinted in a volume entitled *Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland* (Edin. 1822. Small 4to). Edited by Mr David Laing and inscribed to Sir Walter Scott.

they may be said to live in an atmosphere of danger, the excitation of which is peculiarly favourable to the encouragement of poetry. Hence the expressions of Lesly, the historian, quoted in the following Introduction, in which he paints the delight taken by the Borderers in their peculiar species of music, and the rhyming ballads in which they celebrated the feats of their ancestors or recorded their own ingenious stratagems in predatory warfare. In the same Introduction the reader will find the reasons alleged why the taste for song was and must have been longer preserved on the Border than in the interior of the country.

Having thus made some remarks on early poetry in general and on that of Scotland in particular, the Editor's purpose is to mention the fate of some previous attempts to collect ballad poetry, and the principles of selection and publication which have been adopted by various editors of learning and information; and although the present work chiefly regards the Ballads of Scotland, yet the investigation must necessarily include some of the principal collections among the English also.

Of manuscript records of ancient ballads very few have been yet discovered. It is probable that the minstrels, seldom knowing either how to read or write, trusted to their well-exercised memories. Nor was it a difficult task to acquire a sufficient stock in trade for their purpose, since the Editor has not only known many persons capable of retaining a very large collection of legendary lore of this kind, but there was a period in his own life when a memory that ought to have been charged with more valuable matter enabled him to recollect as many of these old songs as would have occupied several days in the recitation.

The press, however, at length superseded the necessity of such exertions of recollection, and sheafs of ballads issued from it weekly, for the amusement of the sojourners at the alehouse and the lovers of poetry in grange and hall, where such of the audience as could not read had at least read unto them. These fugitive leaves, generally printed upon broadsides, or in small miscellanies called Garlands, and circulating amongst persons of loose and careless habits—so far as books were concerned—were subject to destruction from many causes; and as the editions in the early age of printing were probably much limited, even those published as chap-books in the early part of the eighteenth century are rarely met with.

Some persons, however, seem to have had what their contemporaries probably thought the bizarre taste of gathering and preserving collections of this fugitive poetry. Hence the great body of ballads in the Pepysian collection at Cambridge, made by that Secretary Pepys, whose *Diary* is so very amusing; and hence the still more valuable deposit, in three volumes folio, in which the late Duke John of Roxburghe took so much pleasure that he was often found enlarging it with fresh acquisitions, which he pasted in and registered with his own hand.

The first attempt, however, to reprint a collection of ballads for a class of readers distinct from those for whose use the stall-copies were intended was that of an anonymous editor of three 12mo volumes which appeared in London with engravings. These volumes came out in various years in the beginning of the eighteenth century.[1] The editor writes with some flippancy, but with the air of a person superior to the ordinary drudgery of a mere collector. His work appears to have been got up at considerable expense, and the general introductions and historical illustrations which are prefixed to the various ballads are written with an accuracy of which such a subject had not till then been deemed worthy. The principal part of the collection consists of stall-ballads, neither possessing much poetical merit nor any particular rarity or curiosity. Still this original Miscellany holds a considerable value amongst collectors; and as the three volumes—being published at different times—are seldom found together, they sell for a high price when complete.

We may now turn our eyes to Scotland, where the facility of the dialect, which cuts off the consonants in the termination of the words, so as greatly to simplify the task of rhyming, and the habits, dispositions, and manners of the people, were of old so favourable to the composition of ballad-poetry that, had the Scottish songs been preserved, there is no doubt a very curious history might have been composed by means of minstrelsy only, from the reign of Alexander III in 1285 down to the close of the Civil Wars in 1745. That materials for such a collection existed cannot be disputed, since the Scottish historians often refer to old ballads as authorities for general tradition. But their regular preservation was not to be hoped for or expected. Successive garlands of song sprung, flourished, faded, and were forgotten in their turn, and the names of a few specimens are only preserved to show us how abundant the display of these wild flowers had been.

Like the natural free gifts of Flora, these poetical garlands can only be successfully sought for where the land is uncultivated; and civilization and increase of learning are sure to banish them as the plough of the agriculturist bears down the mountain daisy. Yet it is to be recorded with some interest that the earliest surviving specimen of the Scottish press is a Miscellany of Millar and Chapman,[2] which

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[1] [*A Collection of Old Ballads, collected from the best and most ancient Copies extant, with Introductions, Historical and Critical, illustrated with Copperplates.* This anonymous collection, first published in 1723, was so well received that it soon passed to a second edition, and two more volumes were added in 1723 and 1725. The third edition of the first volume is dated 1727.]

[2] [A facsimile reprint, in black-letter, of the Original Tracts which issued from the press of Walter Chepman and Andro Myllar at Edinburgh, in the year 1508, was published under the title of *The Knightly Tale of Golagrus and Gawane, and other Ancient Poems*, in 1827, 4to. The "litil geste" of Robin Hood, referred to in the text, is a fragment of a piece contained in Ritson's Collection.]

preserves a considerable fund of Scottish popular poetry, and among other things no bad specimen of the gests of Robin Hood, " the English ballad-maker's joy," and whose renown seems to have been as freshly preserved in the North as on the southern shores of the Tweed. There were probably several collections of Scottish ballads and metrical pieces during the seventeenth century. A very fine one belonging to Lord Montagu perished in the fire which consumed Ditton House about twenty years ago.

James Watson in 1706 published at Edinburgh a miscellaneous collection in three parts containing some ancient poetry. But the first editor who seems to have made a determined effort to preserve our ancient popular poetry was the well-known Allan Ramsay in his *Evergreen*, containing chiefly extracts from the ancient Scottish Makers, whose poems have been preserved in the Bannatyne Manuscript, but exhibiting amongst them some popular ballads. Amongst these is the *Battle of Harlaw*, apparently from a modernized copy, being probably the most ancient Scottish historical ballad of any length now in existence.[1] He also inserted in the same collection the genuine Scottish Border ballad of *Johnnie Armstrong*, copied from the recitation of a descendant of the unfortunate hero in the sixth generation. This poet also included in the *Evergreen* " Hardyknute," which, though evidently modern, is a most spirited and beautiful imitation of the ancient ballad. In a subsequent collection of lyrical pieces, called the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, Allan Ramsay inserted several old ballads, such as *Cruel Barbara Allan*, *The Bonnie Earl of Murray*, *There came a Ghost to Margaret's Door*, and two or three others. But his unhappy plan of writing new words to old tunes, without at the same time preserving the ancient verses, led him, with the assistance of " some ingenious young gentlemen," to throw aside many originals, the preservation of which would have been much more interesting than anything which has been substituted in their stead.[2]

In fine, the task of collecting and illustrating ancient popular poetry, whether in England or Scotland, was never executed by a competent person possessing the necessary powers of selection and annotation till it was undertaken by Dr Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore in Ireland. This reverend gentleman, himself a poet and ranking high among the literati of the day, commanding access to the individuals and institutions which could best afford him materials, gave the public the result of his researches in a work entitled *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, in three volumes, published in London, 1765, which has since gone through four editions.[3] The taste with which the materials were chosen, the extreme felicity with which they were illustrated, the display at once of antiquarian knowledge and classical

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[1] See Appendix, Note A. [2] See Appendix, Note B.

[3] [Sir Walter Scott corresponded frequently with the Bishop of Dromore at the time when he was collecting the materials of the *Border Minstrelsy*.]

reading which the collection indicated, render it difficult to imitate and impossible to excel—a work which must always be held among the first of its class in point of merit, though not actually the foremost in point of time. But neither the high character of the work nor the rank and respectability of the author could protect him or his labours from the invidious attacks of criticism.

The most formidable of these were directed by Joseph Ritson, a man of acute observation, profound research, and great labour. These valuable attributes were unhappily combined with an eager irritability of temper, which induced him to treat antiquarian trifles with the same seriousness which men of the world reserve for matters of importance, and disposed him to drive controversies into personal quarrels by neglecting, in literary debate, the courtesies of ordinary society.[1] It ought to be said, however, by one who knew him well, that this irritability of disposition was a constitutional and physical infirmity, and that Ritson's extreme attachment to the severity of truth corresponded to the rigour of his criticisms upon the labours of others. He seems to have attacked Bishop Percy with the greater animosity, as bearing no goodwill to the hierarchy, in which that prelate held a distinguished place.

Ritson's criticism, in which there was too much horse-play, was grounded on two points of accusation. The first point regarded Dr Percy's definition of the order and office of minstrels, which Ritson considered as designedly overcharged for the sake of giving an undue importance to his subject. The second objection respected the liberties which Dr Percy had taken with his materials in adding to, retrenching, and improving them, so as to bring them nearer to the taste of his own period. We will take some brief notice of both topics.

First, Dr Percy, in the first edition of his work, certainly laid himself open to the charge of having given an inaccurate and somewhat exaggerated account of the English Minstrels, whom he defined to be an " order of men in the middle ages, who subsisted by the arts of poetry and music, and sung to the harp the verses which they themselves composed." The reverend editor of the *Reliques* produced in support of this definition many curious quotations to show that in many instances the persons of these minstrels had been honoured and respected, their performances applauded and rewarded by the great and the courtly, and their craft imitated by princes themselves.

Against both these propositions Ritson made a determined opposition. He contended, and probably with justice, that the minstrels were not necessarily poets, or in the regular habit of composing the verses which they sung to the harp, and indeed that the word *minstrel* in its ordinary acceptation meant no more than musician.

Dr Percy, from an amended edition of his *Essay on Minstrelsy*

[1] See Appendix, Note C.

prefixed to the fourth edition of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, seems to have been to a certain point convinced by the critic's reasoning, for he has extended the definition impugned by Ritson, and the minstrels are thus described as singing verses "composed by themselves or *others*." This we apprehend to be a tenable position, for, as on the one hand it seems too broad an averment to say that all minstrels were by profession poets, so on the other it is extravagant to affirm that men who were constantly in the habit of reciting verse should not frequently have acquired that of composing it, especially when their bread depended on giving pleasure, and to have the power of producing novelty is a great step towards that desirable end. No unprejudiced reader, therefore, can have any hesitation in adopting Bishop Percy's definition of the minstrels and their occupation as qualified in the fourth edition of his *Essay*, implying that they were sometimes poets, sometimes the mere reciters of the poetry of others.

On the critic's second proposition Dr Percy successfully showed that at no period of history was the word minstrel applied to instrumental music exclusively, and he has produced sufficient evidence that the talents of the profession were as frequently employed in chanting or reciting poetry as in playing the mere tunes. There is appearance of distinction being sometimes made between minstrel recitations and minstrelsy of music alone, and we may add a curious instance, to those quoted by the Bishop. It is from the singular ballad respecting Thomas of Erceldoune,[1] which announces the proposition that *tongue* is chief of minstrelsy.

We may also notice that the word minstrel being in fact derived from the Minnesinger of the Germans, means in its primary sense one who *sings* of *love*—a sense totally inapplicable to a mere instrumental musician.

A second general point on which Dr Percy was fiercely attacked by Mr Ritson was also one on which both the parties might claim a right to sing *Te Deum*. It respected the rank or *status* which was held by the minstrels in society during the middle ages. On this point the editor of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* had produced the most satisfactory evidence that, at the courts of the Anglo-Norman princes, the professors of the gay science were the favourite solacers of the leisure hours of princes, who did not themselves disdain to share their tuneful labours and imitate their compositions. Mr Ritson replied to this with great ingenuity, arguing, that such instances of respect paid to French minstrels reciting in their native language in the court of Norman monarchs, though held in Britain, argued nothing in favour of English artists professing the same trade, and of whose compositions, and not of those existing in the French language, Dr Percy professed to form his Collection. The reason of the distinction betwixt the respectability of the French minstrels and the degradation of the same class of men in England, Mr Ritson

[1] *Select Remains of Popular Pieces of Poetry*. Edinburgh, 1822.

plausibly alleged to be that the English language, a mixed speech betwixt Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French, was not known at the court of the Anglo-Norman kings until the reign of Edward III,[1] and that therefore until a very late period, and when the lays of minstrelsy were going out of fashion, English performers in that capacity must have confined the exercise of their talents to the amusement of the vulgar. Now, as it must be conceded to Mr Ritson that almost all the English metrical romances which have been preserved till the present day are translated from the French, it may also be allowed that a class of men employed chiefly in rendering into English the works of others could not hold so high a station as those who aspired to original composition, and so far the critic has the best of the dispute. But Mr Ritson has overdriven his argument, since there was assuredly a period in English history when the national minstrels, writing in the national dialect, were, in proportion to their merit in their calling, held in honour and respect.

Thomas the Rhymer, for example, a minstrel who flourished in the end of the twelfth century, was not only a man of talent in his art but of some rank in society; the companion of nobles, and himself a man of landed property. He and his contemporary Kendal wrote, as we are assured by Robert de Brunne in a passage already alluded to, a kind of English which was designed for "pride and nobleye,"[2] and not for such inferior persons as Robert himself addressed, and to whose comprehension he avowedly lowered his language and structure of versification. There existed, therefore, during the time of this historian a more refined dialect of the English language, used by such composers of popular poetry as moved in a higher circle, and there can be no doubt that while their productions were held in such high esteem, the authors must have been honoured in proportion.

The education bestowed upon James I of Scotland, when brought up under the charge of Henry IV, comprehended both music and the art of vernacular poetry; in other words, minstrelsy in both branches. That poetry, of which the King left several specimens, was, as is well known, English; nor is it to be supposed that a prince upon whose education such sedulous care was bestowed would have

[1] That monarch first used the vernacular English dialect in a motto which he displayed on his shield at a celebrated tournament. The legend which graced the representation of a white swan on the king's buckler ran thus:

"Ha! ha! the whyte swan!
By Goddis soule I am thy man."

[2] [The learned editor of Warton's *History of English Poetry* is of opinion that Sir Walter Scott misinterpreted the passage referred to. De Brunne, according to this author's text, says of the elder reciters of the metrical romance:

"They said it for pride and nobleye,
That non were soulk as they";

i.e., they recited it in a style so lofty and noble that none have since equalled them.—Warton, edition 1824, vol. i, p. 183.]

been instructed in an art which, if we are to believe Mr Ritson, was degraded to the last degree and discreditable to its professors. The same argument is strengthened by the poetical exercises of the Duke of Orleans in English, written during his captivity after the battle of Agincourt.[1] It could not be supposed that the noble prisoner was to solace his hours of imprisonment with a degrading and vulgar species of composition.

We could produce other instances to show that this acute critic has carried his argument considerably too far. But we prefer taking a general view of the subject, which seems to explain clearly how contradictory evidence should exist on it, and why instances of great personal respect to individual minstrels, and a high esteem of the art, are quite reconcilable with much contempt thrown on the order at large.

All professors of the fine arts—all those who contribute, not to the necessities of life, but to the enjoyments of society, hold their professional respectability by the severe tenure of exhibiting excellence in their department. We are well enough satisfied with the tradesman who goes through his task in a workmanlike manner; nor are we disposed to look down upon the divine, the lawyer, or the physician unless they display gross ignorance of their profession: we hold it enough that if they do not possess the highest knowledge of their respective sciences, they can at least instruct us on the points we desire to know. But

> " mediocribus esse poetis
> Non dî, non homines, non concessere columnæ."

The same is true respecting the professors of painting, of sculpture, of music, and the fine arts in general. If they exhibit paramount excellence, no situation in society is too high for them which their manners enable them to fill; if they fall short of the highest point of aim, they degenerate into sign-painters, stonecutters, common crowders, doggrel rhymers, and so forth, the most contemptible of mankind. The reason of this is evident. Men must be satisfied with such a supply of their actual wants as can be obtained in the circumstances, and should an individual want a coat, he must employ the village tailor if Stultze is not to be had. But if he seeks for delight the case is quite different; and he that cannot hear Pasta or Sontag would be little solaced for the absence of these sirens by the strains of a crack-voiced ballad-singer. Nay, on the contrary, the offer of such inadequate compensation would only be regarded as an insult and resented accordingly.

The theatre affords the most appropriate example of what we mean. The first circles in society are open to persons eminently distinguished in the drama, and their rewards are, in proportion to those who profess the useful arts, incalculably higher. But those who lag in

[1] See the edition printed by Mr Watson Taylor for the Roxburghe Club.

the rear of the dramatic art are proportionally poorer and more degraded than those who are the lowest of a useful trade or profession. These instances will enable us readily to explain why the greater part of the minstrels, practising their profession in scenes of vulgar mirth and debauchery, humbling their art to please the ears of drunken clowns, and living with the dissipation natural to men whose precarious subsistence is, according to the ordinary phrase, from hand to mouth only, should fall under general contempt, while the *stars* of the profession, to use a modern phrase, looked down on them from the distant empyrean, as the planets do upon those shooting exhalations arising from gross vapours in the nether atmosphere.

The debate, therefore, resembles the apologue of the gold and silver shield. Dr Percy looked on the minstrel in the palmy and exalted state to which, no doubt, many were elevated by their talents, like those who possess excellence in the fine arts in the present day; and Ritson considered the reverse of the medal, when the poor and wandering glee-man was glad to purchase his bread by singing his ballads at the alehouse, wearing a fantastic habit, and latterly sinking into a mere crowder upon an untuned fiddle, accompanying his rude strains with a ruder ditty, the helpless associate of drunken revellers, and marvellously afraid of the constable and parish-beadle.[1] The difference betwixt those holding the extreme positions of highest and lowest in such a profession cannot surely be more marked than that which separated David Garrick or John Kemble from the outcasts of a strolling company, exposed to penury, indigence, and persecution according to law.[2]

There was still another and more important subject of debate between Dr Percy and his hostile critic. The former, as a poet and a man of taste, was tempted to take such freedoms with his original ballads as might enable him to please a more critical age than that in which they were composed. Words were thus altered, phrases improved, and whole verses were inserted or omitted at pleasure. Such freedoms were especially taken with the poems published from a folio manuscript in Dr Percy's own possession, very curious from the miscellaneous nature of its contents, but unfortunately having many of the leaves mutilated and injured in other respects by the gross carelessness and ignorance of the transcriber. Anxious to avail himself of the treasures which this manuscript contained, the editor of the *Reliques* did not hesitate to repair and renovate the songs which he drew from this corrupted yet curious source, and to accommodate them with such emendations as might recommend them to the modern taste.

For these liberties with his subject Ritson censured Dr Percy in the most uncompromising terms, accused him in violent language of interpolation and forgery, and insinuated that there existed no such thing *in rerum natura* as that folio manuscript, so often referred to

[1] See Appendix, Note D.

[2] See Appendix, Note E.

as the authority of originals inserted in the *Reliques*. In this charge the eagerness of Ritson again betrayed him farther than judgment and discretion as well as courtesy warranted. It is no doubt highly desirable that the text of ancient poetry should be given untouched and uncorrupted. But this is a point which did not occur to the editor of the *Reliques* in 1765, whose object it was to win the favour of the public at a period when the great difficulty was not how to secure the very words of old ballads, but how to arrest attention upon the subject at all. That great and important service to national literature would probably never have been attained without the work of Dr Percy—a work which first fixed the consideration of general readers on ancient poetry and made it worth while to enquire how far its graces were really antique, or how far derived from the taste with which the publication had been superintended and revised. The object of Dr Percy was certainly intimated in several parts of his work, where he ingenuously acknowledges that certain ballads have received emendations, and that others are not of pure and unmixed antiquity; that the beginning of some and end of others have been supplied; and upon the whole that he has, in many instances, decorated the ancient ballads with the graces of a more refined period.

This system is so distinctly intimated that if there be any critic still of opinion, like poor Ritson, whose morbid temperament led him to such a conclusion that the crime of literary imitation is equal to that of commercial forgery, he ought to recollect that guilt, in the latter case, does not exist without a corresponding charge of uttering the forged document, or causing it to be uttered, as genuine, without which the mere imitation is not culpable, at least not criminally so. This quality is totally awanting in the accusation so roughly brought against Dr Percy, who avowedly indulged in such alterations and improvements upon his materials as might adapt them to the taste of an age not otherwise disposed to bestow its attention on them.

We have to add that, in the fourth edition of the *Reliques*, Mr Thomas Percy, of St John's College, Oxford, pleading the cause of his uncle with the most gentlemanlike moderation and with every respect to Mr Ritson's science and talents, has combated the critic's opinion, without any attempt to retort his injurious language.

It would be now, no doubt, desirable to have had some more distinct account of Dr Percy's folio manuscript and its contents; and Mr Thomas Percy accordingly gives the original of the *Marriage of Sir Gawain*, and collates it with the copy published in a complete state by his uncle, who has on this occasion given entire rein to his own fancy, though the rude origin of most of his ideas is to be found in the old ballad. There is also given a copy of that elegant metrical tale, *The Child of Elle*, as it exists in the folio manuscript, which goes far to show it has derived all its beauties from Dr Percy's poetical powers. Judging from these two specimens, we can easily conceive why the Reverend Editor of the *Reliques* should have declined, by the pro-

duction of the folio manuscript, to furnish his severe Aristarch with weapons against him, which he was sure would be unsparingly used. Yet it is certain the manuscript contains much that is really excellent, though mutilated and sophisticated. A copy of the fine ballad of *Sir Caulin* is found in a Scottish shape, under the name of *King Malcolm and Sir Colvin*, in Buchan's *North Country Ballads*, to be presently mentioned. It is therefore unquestionably ancient, though possibly retouched, and perhaps with the addition of a second part, of which the Scottish copy has no vestiges. It would be desirable to know exactly to what extent Dr Percy had used the licence of an editor in these and other cases, and certainly at this period would be only a degree of justice due to his memory.

On the whole we may dismiss the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* with the praise and censure conferred on it by a gentleman, himself a valuable labourer in the vineyard of antiquities. "It is the most elegant compilation of the early poetry that has ever appeared in any age or country. But it must be frankly added that so numerous are the alterations and corrections, that the severe antiquary who desires to see the old English ballads in a genuine state must consult a more accurate edition than this celebrated work."[1]

Of Ritson's own talents as an editor of ancient poetry we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. The first collector who followed the example of Dr Percy was Mr T. Evans, bookseller, father of the gentleman we have just quoted. His *Old Ballads, Historical and Narrative, with some of Modern Date*, appeared in two volumes in 1777, and were eminently successful. In 1784 a second edition appeared, extending the work to four volumes. In this collection many ballads found acceptance, which Bishop Percy had not considered as possessing sufficient merit to claim admittance into the *Reliques*. The 8vo Miscellany of 1723 yielded a great part of the materials. The collection of Evans contained several modern pieces of great merit, which are not to be found elsewhere, and which are understood to be the productions of William Julius Mickle, translator of the *Lusiad*, though they were never claimed by him nor received among his works. Amongst them is the elegiac poem of *Cumnor Hall*, which suggested the fictitious narrative entitled *Kenilworth. The Red-Cross Knight*, also by Mickle, which has furnished words for a beautiful glee, first occurred in the same collection. As Mickle, with a vein of great facility, united a power of verbal melody which might have been envied by bards of much greater renown,[2] he must be considered as very successful in these efforts if the ballads be regarded as avowedly modern. If they are to be judged of as accurate imitations of ancient poetry, they have less merit; the deception being only maintained by a huge store of double consonants, strewed at random into ordinary words, resembling the real fashion of antiquity

[1] *Introduction to Evans's Ballads*, 1810. New edition, enlarged, etc.
[2] See Appendix, Note F.

as little as the niches, turrets, and tracery of plaster stuck upon a modern front. In the year 1810 the four volumes of 1784 were republished by Mr R. H. Evans, the son of the original editor, with very considerable alterations and additions. In this last edition the more ordinary modern ballads were judiciously retrenched in number, and large and valuable additions made to the ancient part of the collection. Being in some measure a supplement to the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, this Miscellany cannot be dispensed with on the shelves of any bibliomaniac who may choose to emulate Captain Cox of Coventry, the prototype of all collectors of popular poetry.

While Dr Percy was setting the example of a classical publication of ancient English poetry, the late David Herd was, in modest retirement, compiling a collection of Scottish songs, which he has happily described as " the poetry and music of the heart." The first part of his Miscellany contains heroic and historical ballads, of which there is a respectable and well-chosen selection. Mr Herd,[1] an accountant, as the profession is called in Edinburgh, was known and generally esteemed for his shrewd, manly common sense and antiquarian science, mixed with much good nature and great modesty. His hardy and antique mould of countenance and his venerable grizzled locks procured him amongst his acquaintance the name of Graysteil. His original collection of songs, in one volume, appeared in 1769; an enlarged one, in two volumes, came out in 1776. A publication of the same kind, being Herd's book still more enlarged, was printed for Lawrie and Symington in 1791. Some modern additions occur in this latter work, of which by far the most valuable were two fine imitations of the Scottish ballad by the gifted author of the *Man of Feeling*—(now, alas ! no more)—called *Duncan* and *Kenneth*.

John Pinkerton, a man of considerable learning, and some severity as well as acuteness of disposition, was now endeavouring to force himself into public attention, and his collection of *Select Ballads* (London, 1783) contains sufficient evidence that he understood, in an extensive sense, Horace's maxim, *Quidlibet audendi*. As he was possessed of considerable powers of poetry, though not equal to what he was willing to take credit for, he was resolved to enrich his collection with all the novelty and interest which it could derive from a liberal insertion of pieces dressed in the garb of antiquity, but equipped from the wardrobe of the editor's imagination. With a boldness, suggested perhaps by the success of Mr Macpherson, he included, within a collection amounting to only twenty-one tragic ballads, no less than five, of which he afterwards owned himself to have been altogether, or in great part, the author. The most

[1] [David Herd was a native of St Cyrus, in Kincardineshire, and though often termed a *writer*, he was only a clerk in the office of Mr David Russell, accountant in Edinburgh. He died, aged 78, in 1810, and left a very curious library, which was dispersed by auction. Herd by no means merited the character given him by Pinkerton of " an illiterate and injudicious compiler."]

remarkable article in this Miscellany was a second part to the noble ballad of *Hardyknute*, which has some good verses. It labours, however, under this great defect, that, in order to append his own conclusion to the original tale, Mr Pinkerton found himself under the necessity of altering a leading circumstance in the old ballad, which would have rendered his catastrophe inapplicable. With such licence, to write continuations and conclusions would be no difficult task. In the second volume of the *Select Ballads*, consisting of comic pieces, a list of fifty-two articles contained nine written entirely by the editor himself. Of the manner in which these supposititious compositions are executed it may be briefly stated that they are the work of a scholar much better acquainted with ancient books and manuscripts than with oral tradition and popular legends. The poetry smells of the lamp, and it may be truly said that if ever a ballad had existed in such quaint language as the author employs, it could never have been so popular as to be preserved by oral tradition. The glossary displays a much greater acquaintance with learned lexicons than with the familiar dialect still spoken by the Lowland Scottish, and it is, of course, full of errors.[1] Neither was Mr Pinkerton more happy in the way of conjectural illustration. He chose to fix on Sir John Bruce of Kinross the paternity of the ballad of *Hardyknute* and of the fine poem called *The Vision*. The first is due to Mrs Halket of Wardlaw, the second to Allan Ramsay, although, it must be owned, it is of a character superior to his ordinary poetry. Sir John Bruce was a brave, blunt soldier, who made no pretence whatever to literature, though his daughter, Mrs Bruce of Arnot, had much talent, a circumstance which may perhaps have misled the antiquary.

Mr Pinkerton read a sort of recantation, in a List of Scottish Poets, prefixed to a *Selection of Poems* from the Maitland Manuscript, vol. i, 1786, in which he acknowledges as his own composition the pieces of spurious antiquity included in his *Select Ballads*, with a coolness which, when his subsequent invectives against others who had taken similar liberties is considered, infers as much audacity as the studied and laboured defence of obscenity with which he disgraced the same pages.

In the meantime Joseph Ritson, a man of diligence and acumen equal to those of Pinkerton, but of the most laudable accuracy and fidelity as an editor, was engaged in various publications respecting poetical antiquities, in which he employed profound research. A select collection of English songs was compiled by him with great care and considerable taste and published at London, 1783. A new edition of this has appeared since Ritson's death, sanctioned by the name of the learned and indefatigable antiquary, Thomas Park, and augmented with many original pieces, and some which Ritson had prepared for publication.

[1] *Bansters*, for example, a word generally applied to the men on a harvest field who bind the sheaves, is derived from *ban*, to curse, and explained to mean " blustering, swearing fellows."

Ritson's *Collection of Songs* was followed by a curious volume entitled *Ancient Songs from the Time of Henry III to the Revolution* (1790), *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry* (1792), and *A Collection of Scottish Songs, with the genuine Music* (London, 1794). This last is a genuine but rather meagre collection of Caledonian popular songs. Next year Mr Ritson published *Robin Hood* (2 vols., 1795), being "A Collection of all the Ancient Poems, Songs, and Ballads now Extant, Relative to that Celebrated Outlaw." This work is a notable illustration of the excellences and defects of Mr Ritson's system. It is almost impossible to conceive so much zeal, research, and industry bestowed on a subject of antiquity. There scarcely occurs a phrase or word relating to Robin Hood, whether in history or poetry, in law books, in ancient proverbs or common parlance, but it is here collected and explained. At the same time the extreme fidelity of the editor seems driven to excess when we find him pertinaciously retaining all the numerous and gross errors which repeated recitations have introduced into the text, and regarding it as a sacred duty to prefer the worst to the better readings, as if their inferiority was a security for their being genuine. In short, when Ritson copied from rare books or ancient manuscripts there could not be a more accurate editor; when taking his authority from oral tradition and judging between two recited copies, he was apt to consider the worst as most genuine, as if a poem was not more likely to be deteriorated than improved by passing through the mouths of many reciters. In the Ballads of Robin Hood this superstitious scrupulosity was especially to be regretted, as it tended to enlarge the collection with a great number of doggerel compositions which are all copies of each other, turning on the same idea of Bold Robin meeting with a shepherd, a tinker, a mendicant, a tanner, etc. etc., by each and all of whom he is soundly thrashed, and all of whom he receives into his band. The tradition, which avers that it was the brave outlaw's custom to try a bout at quarter-staff with his young recruits, might indeed have authorized one or two such tales, but the greater part ought to have been rejected as modern imitations of the most paltry kind, composed probably about the age of James I of England. By adopting this spurious trash as part of Robin Hood's history, he is represented as the best cudgelled hero, Don Quixote excepted, that ever was celebrated in prose or rhyme. Ritson also published several garlands of North Country songs.

Looking on this eminent antiquary's labours in a general point of view, we may deprecate the eagerness and severity of his prejudices, and feel surprise that he should have shown so much irritability of disposition on such a topic as a collection of old ballads, which certainly have little in them to affect the passions; and we may be sometimes provoked at the pertinacity with which he has preferred bad readings to good. But while industry, research, and antiquarian learnings are recommendations to works of this nature, few editors will ever be found so competent to the task as Joseph Ritson. It must also be

added to his praise that although not willing to yield his opinion rashly, yet if he saw reason to believe that he had been mistaken in any fact or argument, he resigned his own opinion with a candour equal to the warmth with which he defended himself while confident he was in the right. Many of his works are now almost out of print, and an edition of them in common orthography, and altering the bizarre spelling and character which his prejudices induced the author to adopt, would be to antiquaries an acceptable present.

We have now given a hasty account of various collections of popular poetry during the eighteenth century; we have only further to observe that in the present century this species of lore has been sedulously cultivated. The *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* first appeared in 1802 in two volumes, and, what may appear a singular coincidence, it was the first work printed by Mr James Ballantyne (then residing at Kelso) as it was the first serious demand which the present author made on the patience of the public. The *Border Minstrelsy*, augmented by a third volume, came to a second edition in 1803. In 1803 Mr, now Sir John Grahame Dalzell, to whom his country is obliged for his antiquarian labours, published *Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century*, which among other subjects of interest contains a curious contemporary ballad of Belrinnes, which has some stanzas of considerable merit.[1]

The year 1806 was distinguished by the appearance of *Popular Ballads and Songs*, from Traditions, Manuscripts, and Scarce Editions, with Translations of Similar Pieces from the Ancient Danish Language, and a few Originals by the Editor, Robert Jamieson, A.M. and F.A.S.[2] This work, which was not greeted by the public with the

[1] The first opening of the ballad has much of the martial strain with which a pibroch commences. *Properat in medias res*—according to the classical admonition.

" MacCallanmore came from the west
With many a bow and brand;
To waste the Rinnes he thought it best,
The Earl of Huntly's land."

[2] [After the completion of the *Border Minstrelsy*, and nearly three years previous to the publication of his own Collection, Mr Jamieson printed in the *Scots Magazine* (October 1803) a List of *desiderata* in Scottish Song. His communication to the Editor of that work contains the following paragraph: " I am now *writing out for the press* a Collection of Popular Ballads and Songs from tradition, MSS., and scarce publications, with a few of modern date, which have been written for, and are exclusively dedicated to, my collection. As many of the pieces were common property, I have heretofore waited for the completion of Mr Walter Scott's work, with more anxiety for the cause in general, than for any particular and selfish interest of my own; as I was sure of having the satisfaction of seeing such pieces as that gentleman might choose to adopt, appear with every advantage which I, partial as I was, could wish them. The most sanguine expectations of the public have now been amply gratified; and much curious and valuable matter is still left for me by Mr Scott, to whom I am much indebted for many acts of friendship, and much liberality and good will shown towards me and my undertaking."]

attention it deserved, opened a new discovery respecting the original source of the Scottish ballads. Mr Jamieson's extensive acquaintance with the Scandinavian literature enabled him to detect not only a general similarity betwixt these and the Danish ballads preserved in the *Kiempe Viser*, an early collection of heroic ballads in that language, but to demonstrate that, in many cases, the stories and songs were distinctly the same, a circumstance which no antiquary had hitherto so much as suspected. Mr Jamieson's annotations are also very valuable, and preserve some curious illustrations of the old poets. His imitations, though he is not entirely free from the affectation of using rather too many obsolete words, are generally highly interesting. The work fills an important place in the collection of those who are addicted to this branch of antiquarian study.

Mr John Finlay, a poet whose career was cut short by a premature death,[1] published a short collection of *Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads* in 1808. The beauty of some imitations of the old Scottish ballad, with the good sense, learning, and modesty of the preliminary dissertations, must make all admirers of ancient lore regret the early loss of this accomplished young man.

Various valuable collections of ancient ballad-poetry have appeared of late years, some of which are illustrated with learning and acuteness, as those of Mr Motherwell[2] and of Mr Kinloch[3] intimate much taste and feeling for this species of literature. Nor is there any want of editions of ballads, less designed for public sale than to preserve floating pieces of minstrelsy which are in immediate danger of perishing. Several of those, edited, as we have occasion to know, by men of distinguished talent, have appeared in a smaller form and more limited edition, and must soon be among the *introuvables* of Scottish typography. We would particularize a duodecimo, under the modest title of a *Ballad Book*, without place or date annexed, which indicates by a few notes only the capacity which the editor possesses for supplying the most extensive and ingenious illustrations upon antiquarian subjects. Most of the ballads are of a comic character, and some of them admirable specimens of Scottish dry humour.[4] Another collection which calls for particular distinction is in the same size, or nearly so, and bears the same title with the preceding one, the date being Edinburgh, 1827. But the contents are announced as containing the budget, or stock-in-trade, of an old Aberdeenshire minstrel, the very last probably of the race, who, according to

[1] Mr Finlay, best known by his *Wallace, or The Vale of Ellerslie*, died in 1810, in his twenty-eighth year. An affectionate and elegant tribute to his memory, from the pen of Professor Wilson, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, November 1817.

[2] *Minstrelsy; Ancient and Modern, with an Historical Introduction and Notes*, by William Motherwell. 4to. Glasgow, 1827.

[3] *Ancient Scottish Ballads, recovered from Tradition, and never before published; with Notes, Historical and Explanatory, and an Appendix, containing the Airs of several of the ballads.* 8vo. Edinburgh, 1827.

[4] This is Mr C. K. Sharpe's work, already alluded to.

Percy's definition of the profession, sung his own compositions, and those of others, through the capital of the county, and other towns in that country of gentlemen. This man's name was Charles Leslie, but he was known more generally by the nickname of Mussel-mou'd Charlie, from a singular projection of his under lip. His death was thus announced in the newspapers for October 1792: "Died at Old Rain, in Aberdeenshire, aged one hundred and four years, Charles Leslie, a hawker, or ballad-singer, well known in that country by the name of Mussel-mou'd Charlie. He followed his occupation till within a few weeks of his death." Charlie was a devoted Jacobite, and so popular in Aberdeen that he enjoyed in that city a sort of monopoly of the minstrel calling, no other person being allowed under any pretence to chant ballads on the causeway or plain-stanes of "the brave burgh." Like the former collection, most of Mussel-mou'd Charlie's songs were of a jocose character.

But the most extensive and valuable additions which have been of late made to this branch of ancient literature are the collections of Mr Peter Buchan of Peterhead, a person of indefatigable research in that department, and whose industry has been crowned with the most successful results. This is partly owing to the country where Mr Buchan resides, which, full as it is of minstrel relics, has been but little ransacked by any former collectors; so that while it is a very rare event south of the Tay to recover any ballad having a claim to antiquity which has not been examined and republished in some one or other of our collections of ancient poetry, those of Aberdeenshire have been comparatively little attended to. The present Editor was the first to solicit attention to these northern songs, in consequence of a collection of ballads communicated to him by his late respected friend, Lord Woodhouselee. Mr Jamieson in his collections of *Songs and Ballads*, being himself a native of Moray-shire, was able to push this enquiry much farther, and at the same time, by doing so, to illustrate his theory of the connexion between the ancient Scottish and Danish ballads, upon which the publication of Mr Buchan throws much light. It is, indeed, the most complete collection of the kind which has yet appeared.[1]

Of the originality of the ballads in Mr Buchan's collection we do not entertain the slightest doubt. Several (we may instance the curious tale of *The Two Magicians*) are translated from the Norse, and Mr Buchan is probably unacquainted with the originals. Others refer to points of history, with which the editor does not seem to be familiar. It is out of no disrespect to this laborious and useful antiquary that we observe his prose composition is rather florid, and forms in this respect a strong contrast to the extreme simplicity of the ballads, which gives us the most distinct assurance that he has delivered the latter to the public in the shape in which he found them. Accordingly, we have never seen any collection of Scottish poetry

[1] *Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland, hitherto unpublished; with Explanatory Notes*, by P. B. 2 vols., 8vo. Edinburgh, 1828.

appearing from internal evidence so decidedly and indubitably original. It is perhaps a pity that Mr Buchan did not remove some obvious errors and corruptions ; but, in truth, though their remaining on record is an injury to the effect of the ballads in point of composition, it is in some degree a proof of their authenticity. Besides, although the exertion of this editorial privilege of selecting readings is an advantage to the ballads themselves, we are contented rather to take the whole in their present, though imperfect state, than that the least doubt should be thrown upon them by amendments or alterations which might render their authenticity doubtful. The historical poems, we observe, are few and of no remote date. That of the *Bridge of Dee* is among the oldest, and there are others referring to the times of the Covenanters. Some, indeed, are composed on still more recent events, as the marriage of the mother of the late illustrious Byron,[1] and a catastrophe of still later occurrence, *The Death of Leith-hall.*

As we wish to interest the admirers of ancient minstrel lore in this curious collection, we shall only add that on occasion of a new edition we would recommend to Mr Buchan to leave out a number of songs which he has only inserted because they are varied, sometimes for the worse, from sets which have appeared in other publications. This restriction would make considerable room for such as, old though they be, possess to this age all the grace of novelty.

To these notices of late collections of Scottish ballads we ought to add some remarks on the very curious *Ancient Legendary Tales, printed chiefly from Original Sources, edited by the Rev. Charles Henry Hartshorne, M.A.*, 1829. The editor of this unostentatious work has done his duty to the public with much labour and care, and made the admirers of this species of poetry acquainted with very many ancient legendary poems which were hitherto unpublished and very little known. It increases the value of the collection that many of them are of a comic turn, a species of composition more rare and, from its necessary allusion to domestic manners, more curious and interesting than the serious class of romances.

We have thus in a cursory manner gone through the history of English and Scottish popular poetry, and noticed the principal collections which have been formed from time to time of such compositions, and the principles on which the editors have proceeded. It is manifest that of late the public attention has been so much turned to the subject by men of research and talent, that we may well hope to retrieve from oblivion as much of our ancient poetry as there is now any possibility of recovering.

Another important part of our task consists in giving some account of the modern imitation of the English Ballad, a species of literary labour which the author has himself pursued with some success.

ABBOTSFORD,
1st March 1830.

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[1] [This song is quoted in Moore's *Life of Byron*, vol. i.]

APPENDIX

NOTE A

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.—P. 514.

THAT there was such an ancient ballad is certain, and the tune, adapted to the bagpipes, was long extremely popular, and, within the remembrance of man, the first which was played at *kirns* and other rustic festivals But there is a suspicious phrase in the ballad as it is published by Allan Ramsay. When describing the national confusion the bard says:

> " Sen the days of auld King Harie,
> Such slauchter was not heard or seen."

Query, Who was the " auld King Harie " here meant? If Henry VIII be intended, as is most likely, it must bring the date of the poem, at least of that verse, as low as Queen Mary's time The ballad is said to have been printed in 1668. A copy of that edition would be a great curiosity

See the Preface to the reprint of this ballad in the volume of *Early Metrical Tales*, *ante* referred to.

NOTE B

ALLAN RAMSAY'S *Evergreen*.—P. 514.

Green be the pillow of honest Allan, at whose lamp Burns lighted his brilliant torch! It is without enmity to his memory that we record his mistake in this matter. But it is impossible not to regret that such an affecting tale as that of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray should have fallen into his hands The southern reader must learn (for what northern reader is ignorant?) that these two beautiful women were kinsfolk, and so strictly united in friendship that even personal jealousy could not interrupt their union. They were visited by a handsome and agreeable young man who was acceptable to them both, but so captivated with their charms, that, while confident of a preference on the part of both, he was unable to make a choice between them. While this singular situation of the three persons of the tale continued, the breaking out of the plague forced the two ladies to take refuge in the beautiful valley of Lynedoch, where they built themselves a bower, in order to avoid human intercourse and the danger of infection. The lover was not included in their renunciation of society. He visited their retirement, brought with him the fatal disease, and unable to return to Perth, which was his usual residence, was nursed by the fair friends with all the tenderness of affection. He died, however, having first communicated the infection to his lovely attendants. They followed him to the grave, lovely in their lives and undivided in their death. Their burial-place, in the vicinity of the bower which they built, is still visible, in the romantic vicinity of Lord Lynedoch's mansion, and prolongs the memory of female friendship which even rivalry could not dissolve. Two stanzas of the original ballad alone survive:

> " Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
> They were twa bonnie lasses;
> They bigged a bower on yon burn brae,
> And theekit it ower wi' rashes.
>
> . . . .

" They wadna rest in Methvin kirk,
Among their gentle kin ;
But they wad lie in Lednoch braes,
To beek against the sun."

There is to a Scottish ear so much tenderness and simplicity in these verses as must induce us to regret that the rest should have been superseded by a pedantic modern song, turning upon the most unpoetic part of the legend, the hesitation, namely, of the lover, which of the ladies to prefer. One of the most touching expressions in the song is the following exclamation :—

" Oh, Jove ! she's like thy Pallas."

Another song, of which Ramsay chose a few words for the theme of a *rifacimento*, seems to have been a curious specimen of minstrel recitation. It was partly verse, partly narrative, and was alternately sung and repeated. The story was the escape of a young gentleman, pursued by a cruel uncle desirous of his estate ; or a bloody rival, greedy of his life ; or the relentless father of his lady-love, or some such remorseless character having sinister intentions on the person of the fugitive. The object of his rapacity or vengeance being nearly overtaken, a shepherd undertakes to mislead the pursuer, who comes in sight just as the object of his pursuit disappears, and greets the shepherd thus :

" Pursuer

Good morrow, shepherd, and my friend.
Saw you a young man this way riding ;
With long black hair, on a bob-tail'd mare.
And I know that I cannot be far behind him ?

The Shepherd

Yes, I did see him this way riding,
And what did much surprise my wit,
The man and the mare flew up in the air,
And I see, and I see, and I see her yet.
Behind yon white cloud I see her tail wave,
And I see, and I see, and I see her yet."

The tune of these verses is an extremely good one, and Allan Ramsay has adapted a bacchanalian song to it with some success ; but we should have thanked him much had he taken the trouble to preserve the original legend of the old minstrel. The valuable and learned friend [1] to whom we owe this mutilated account of it has often heard it sung among the High Jinks of Scottish lawyers of the last generation.

NOTE C

Joseph Ritson

Neglecting, in literary debate, the courtesies of ordinary society.—P. 515.

For example, in quoting a popular song, well known by the name of *Maggie Lauder*, the editor of the *Reliques* had given a line of the Dame's address to the merry minstrel thus :

" Gin ye be Rob, I've heard of you,
You dwell upon the Border."

Ritson insisted the genuine reading was,

" Come ye frae the Border ? "

[1] [The late Right Honourable William Adam, Lord Chief Commissioner of the Scotch Jury Court.]

And he expatiates with great keenness on the crime of the Bishop's having sophisticated the text (of which he produces no evidence) to favour his opinion that the Borders were a favourite abode of the minstrels of both kingdoms. The fact, it is believed, is undoubted, and the one reading seems to support it as well as the other.—[Joseph Ritson died in 1803.]

NOTE D

A mere crowder upon an untuned fiddle.—P. 519.

In Fletcher's comedy of *Monsieur Thomas* such a fiddler is questioned as to the ballads he is best versed in, and replies,

" Under your mastership's correction I can sing
' The Duke of Norfolk,' or the merry ballad
Of ' Divius and Lazarus ' ; ' The Rose of England ' ;
' In Crete, where Dedimus first began ' ;
' Jonas his crying out against Coventry.'
Thomas. Excellent !
Rare matters all.
Fiddler. ' Mawdlin the Merchant's Daughter ' ;
' The Devil and ye Dainty Dames.'
Thomas. Rare still.
Fiddler. ' The Landing of the Spaniards at Bow,
With the bloody battle at Mile-end.' "

The poor minstrel is described as accompanying the young rake in his revels. Launcelot describes

" The gentleman himself, young Monsieur Thomas,
Errant with his furious myrmidons ;
The *fiery fiddler* and myself—now singing,
Now beating at the doors," etc.

NOTE E

Minstrels.—P. 519.

The *Song of the Traveller*, an ancient piece lately discovered in the Cathedral Library of Exeter and published by the Rev. Mr Coneybeare in his *Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry* (1826), furnishes a most curious picture of the life of the Northern Scald, or minstrel, in the high and palmy state of the profession. The reverend editor thus translates the closing lines :

" Ille est carissimus Terræ incolis
Cui Deus addidit Hominum imperium gerendum,
Quum ille eos [bardos] habeat caros.
Ita comeantes cum cantilenis feruntur
Bardi hominum per terras multas ;
Simul eos remuneratur ob cantilenas pulchras,
Muneribus immensis, ille qui ante nobiles
Vult judicium suum extollere, dignitatem sustinere
Habet ille sub cœlo stabilem famam."—P. 22.

Mr Coneybeare contrasts this " flattering picture " with the following " melancholy specimen " of the minstrel life of later times—contained in some verses by Richard Sheale (the alleged author of the old *Chevy Chase*), which are preserved in one of the Ashmolean MSS.

" Now for the good cheere that I have had here,
I give you hearty thanks with bowing of my shankes,
Desiring you by petition to grant me such commission—
Because my name is Sheale, that both for meat and meale

To you I may resort sum tyme for my comforte.
For I perceive here at all tymes is good cheere,
Both ale, wyne, and beere, as hyt doth now appere,
I perceive without fable ye keepe a good table.
I can be contente, if hyt be out of Lent,
A piece of beefe to take my honger to aslake,
Both mutton and veale is goode for Rycharde Sheale;
Though I looke so grave, I were a veri knave,
If I wold thinke skorne ether evenynge or morne,
Beyng in honger, of fresshe samon or kongar,
I can fynde in my hearte, with my frendis to take a parte
Of such as Godde shal sende, and thus I make an ende.
Now farewel, good myn Hoste, I thank youe for youre coste
Until another tyme, and thus do I ende my ryme."—P. 28.

NOTE F

William Julius Mickle.—P. 521.

In evidence of what is stated in the text, the author would quote the introductory stanza to a forgotten poem of Mickle, originally published under the injudicious and equivocal title of *The Concubine*, but in subsequent editions called *Sir Martyn, or The Progress of Dissipation.*

" Awake, ye west winds, through the lonely dale,
And, Fancy, to thy faery bower betake;
Even now, with balmy sweetness breathes the gale,
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake;
Through the pale willows faltering whispers wake,
And evening comes with locks bedropp'd with dew;
On Desmond's mouldering turrets slowly shake
The wither'd ryegrass, and the hairbell blue,
And ever and anon sweet Mulla's plaints renew."

Mickle's facility of versification was so great that, being a printer by profession, he frequently put his lines into types without taking the trouble previously to put them into writing; thus uniting the composition of the author with the mechanical operation which typographers call by the same name.

MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER

PART THIRD

IMITATIONS OF THE ANCIENT BALLAD

ESSAY

ON

IMITATIONS OF THE ANCIENT BALLAD[1]

THE invention of printing necessarily occasioned the downfall of the Order of Minstrels, already reduced to contempt by their own bad habits, by the disrepute attached to their profession, and by the laws calculated to repress their licence. When the Metrical Romances were very many of them in the hands of every one, the occupation of those who made their living by reciting them was in some degree abolished, and the minstrels either disappeared altogether or sunk into mere musicians, whose utmost acquaintance with poetry was being able to sing a ballad. Perhaps old Anthony, who acquired from the song which he accounted his masterpiece the name of *Anthony Now Now*, was one of the last of this class in the capital; nor does the tenor of his poetry evince whether it was his own composition or that of some other.[2]

But the taste for popular poetry did not decay with the class of men by whom it had been for some generations practised and preserved. Not only did the simple old ballads retain their ground, though circulated by the new art of printing instead of being preserved by recitation, but in the *Garlands*, and similar collections for general sale, the authors aimed at a more ornamental and regular style of poetry than had been attempted by the old minstrels, whose composition, if not extemporaneous, was seldom committed to writing, and was not, therefore, susceptible of accurate revision. This was the more necessary, as even the popular poetry was now feeling the effects arising from the advance of knowledge and the revival of the study of the learned languages, with all the elegance and refinement which it induced.

In short, the general progress of the country led to an improvement

[1] [This essay was written in April 1830, and forms a continuation of the *Remarks on Popular Poetry*.]

[2] He might be supposed a contemporary of Henry VIII if the greeting which he pretends to have given to that monarch is of his own composition and spoken in his own person.

> " Good morrow to our noble king, quoth I:
> Good morrow, quoth he, to thou:
> And then he said to Anthony,
> O Anthony now now now."

in the department of popular poetry, tending both to soften and melodize the language employed, and to ornament the diction beyond that of the rude minstrels, to whom such topics of composition had been originally abandoned. The monotony of the ancient recitals was, for the same causes, altered and improved upon. The eternal descriptions of battles and of love dilemmas, which to satiety filled the old romances with trivial repetition, were retrenched. If anyone wishes to compare the two eras of lyrical poetry, a few verses taken from one of the latest minstrel ballads, and one of the earliest that were written for the press, will afford him in some degree the power of doing so.

The rude lines from *Anthony Now Now*, which we have just quoted, may, for example, be compared, as Ritson requests, with the ornamented commencement of the ballad of *Fair Rosamond*:

" When as King Henry ruled this land,
The second of that name,
Besides his queen he dearly loved
A fair and comely dame.

" Most peerless was her beauty found,
Her favour, and her face;
A sweeter creature in the world
Could never prince embrace.

" Her crisped locks, like threads of gold
Appear'd to each man's sight;
Her sparkling eyes, like orient pearls,
Did cast a heavenly light.

" The blood within her crystal cheeks
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lily and the rose
For mastership did strive." [1]

It may be rash to affirm that those who lived by singing this more refined poetry were a class of men different from the ancient minstrels, but it appears that both the name of the professors and the character of the minstrel poetry had sunk in reputation.

The facility of versification and of poetical diction is decidedly in favour of the moderns, as might reasonably be expected from the improved taste and enlarged knowledge of an age which abounded to such a degree in poetry, and of a character so imaginative as was the Elizabethan era. The poetry addressed to the populace, and enjoyed by them alone, was animated by the spirit that was breathed around. We may cite Shakespeare's unquestionable and decisive evidence in this respect. In *Twelfth Night* he describes a popular ballad with a beauty and precision which no one but himself could have affixed to its character; and the whole constitutes the strongest appeal in favour of that species of poetry which is written to suit the taste of the public in general, and is most naturally preserved by oral

[1] Percy's *Reliques*, vol. ii, p. 147.

tradition. But the remarkable part of the circumstance is, that when the song is actually sung by Feste the clown it differs in almost all particulars from what we might have been justified in considering as attributes of a popular ballad of that early period. It is simple, doubtless, both in structure and phraseology, but is rather a love song than a minstrel ballad—a love song, also, which, though its imaginative figures of speech are of a very simple and intelligible character, may nevertheless be compared to anything rather than the boldness of the preceding age, and resembles nothing less than the ordinary minstrel ballad. The original, though so well known, may be here quoted, for the purpose of showing what was in Shakespeare's time regarded as the poetry of "the old age." Almost every one has the passage by heart, yet I must quote it, because there seems a marked difference between the species of poem which is described, and that which is sung:

> "Mark it, Cæsario; it is old and plain:
> The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
> And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones,
> Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,
> And dallies with the innocence of love,
> Like the old age."

The song thus beautifully prefaced is as follows:—

> "Come away, come away, death,
> And in sad cypress let me be laid;
> Fly away, fly away, breath;
> I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
> My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
> O, prepare it;
> My part of death no one so true
> Did share it.
>
> "Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
> On my black coffin let there be strown;
> Not a friend, not a friend greet
> My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
> A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
> Lay me, O, where
> Sad true lover never find my grave,
> To weep there."

On comparing this love elegy, or whatever it may be entitled, with the ordinary, and especially the earlier popular poetry, I cannot help thinking that a great difference will be observed in the structure of the verse, the character of the sentiments, the ornaments and refinement of the language. Neither, indeed, as might be expected from the progress of human affairs, was the change in the popular style of poetry achieved without some disadvantages, which counterbalanced in a certain degree the superior art and exercise of fancy which had been introduced of late times.

The expressions of Sir Philip Sidney, an unquestionable judge of

poetry flourishing in Elizabeth's golden reign, and drawing around him like a magnet the most distinguished poets of the age, amongst whom we need only name Shakespeare and Spenser, still show something to regret when he compared the highly wrought and richly ornamented poetry of his own time with the ruder but more energetic diction of *Chevy Chase*. His words, often quoted, cannot yet be dispensed with on the present occasion. They are a chapter in the history of ancient poetry. "Certainly," says the brave knight, "I must confess my own barbarousness; I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet. And yet it is sung by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style, which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobwebs of that uncivil age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar." [1]

If we enquire more particularly what were the peculiar charms by which the old minstrel ballad produced an effect like a trumpet-sound upon the bosom of a real son of chivalry, we may not be wrong in ascribing it to the extreme simplicity with which the narrative moves forward, neglecting all the more minute ornaments of speech and diction, to the grand object of enforcing on the hearer a striking and affecting catastrophe. The author seems too serious in his wish to affect the audience to allow himself to be drawn aside by anything which can, either by its terror or the manner in which it is spoken, have the perverse effect of distracting attention from the catastrophe.

Such grand and serious beauties, however, occurred but rarely to the old minstrels, and in order to find them it became necessary to struggle through long passages of monotony, languor, and inanity. Unfortunately it also happened that those who, like Sidney, could ascertain, feel, and do full justice to the beauties of the heroic ballad were few compared to the numbers who could be sensible of the trite *verbiage* of a bald passage or the ludicrous effect of an absurd rhyme. In England, accordingly, the popular ballad fell into contempt during the seventeenth century; and although in remote counties [2] its inspiration was occasionally the source of a few verses, it seems to have become almost entirely obsolete in the capital. Even the Civil Wars, which gave so much occasion for poetry, produced rather song and satire than the ballad or popular epic. The curious reader may satisfy himself on this point should he wish to ascertain the truth of the allegation by looking through D'Urfey's large and curious collection,[3] when he will be aware that the few ballads which it contains are the most ancient productions in the book, and very seldom take their date after the commencement of the seventeenth century.

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[1] Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poesy*.

[2] A curious and spirited specimen occurs in Cornwall as late as the trial of the Bishops before the Revolution. The President of the Royal Society of London (Mr Davies Gilbert) has not disdained the trouble of preserving it from oblivion.

[3] [*Pills to Purge Melancholy*.]

In Scotland, on the contrary, the old minstrel ballad long continued to preserve its popularity. Even the last contests of Jacobitism were recited with great vigour in ballads of the time, the authors of some of which are known and remembered; nor is there a more spirited ballad preserved than that of Mr Skirving[1] (father of Skirving the artist) upon the battle of Prestonpans so late as 1745. But this was owing to circumstances connected with the habits of the people in a remote and rude country, which could not exist in the richer and wealthier provinces of England.

On the whole, however, the ancient Heroic ballad, as it was called, seemed to be fast declining among the more enlightened and literary part of both countries; and if retained by the lower classes in Scotland it had in England ceased to exist, or degenerated into doggerel of the last degree of vileness.

Subjects the most interesting were abandoned to the poorest rhymers, and one would have thought that, as in an ass-race, the prize had been destined to the slowest of those who competed for the prize. The melancholy fate of Miss Ray,[2] who fell by the hands of a frantic lover, could only inspire the Grub Street muse with such verses as these—that is, if I remember them correctly:

"A Sandwich favourite was this fair,
And her he dearly loved;
By whom six children had, we hear;
This story fatal proved.

"A clergyman, O wicked one,
In Covent Garden shot her;
No time to cry upon her God,
It's hoped He's not forgot her."

If it be true, as in other cases, that when things are at the worst they must mend, it was certainly time to expect an amelioration in the department in which such doggerel passed current.

Accordingly, previous to this time a new species of poetry seems to have arisen, which in some cases endeavoured to pass itself as the production of genuine antiquity, and in others honestly avowed an attempt to emulate the merits and avoid the errors with which the old ballad was encumbered; and in the effort to accomplish this a species of composition was discovered which is capable of being subjected to peculiar rules of criticism and of exhibiting excellences of its own.

In writing for the use of the general reader rather than the poetical antiquary, I shall be readily excused from entering into any enquiry respecting the authors who first showed the way in this peculiar department of modern poetry, which I may term the imitation of

[1] [See Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, vol. i.]

[2] [Miss Ray, the beautiful mistress of the Earl of Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty, was assassinated by Mr Hackman "in a fit of frantic jealous love," as Boswell expresses it, in 1779. See Croker's *Boswell*, vol. iv, p. 254.]

the old ballad, especially that of the latter or Elizabethan era. One of the oldest, according to my recollection, which pretends to engraft modern refinement upon ancient simplicity is extremely beautiful, both from the words and the simple and affecting melody to which they are usually sung. The title is *Lord Henry and Fair Catherine*. It begins thus :

" In ancient days, in Britain's isle,
Lord Henry well was known ;
No knight in all the land more famed,
Or more deserved renown.

" His thoughts were all on honour bent,
He ne'er would stoop to love :
No lady in the land had power
His frozen heart to move."

Early in the eighteenth century this peculiar species of composition became popular. We find Tickell, the friend of Addison, who produced the beautiful ballad, " Of Leinster famed for maidens fair," Mallet, Goldsmith, Shenstone, Percy, and many others, followed an example which had much to recommend it, especially as it presented considerable facilities to those who wished, at as little exertion of trouble as possible, to attain for themselves a certain degree of literary reputation.

Before, however, treating of the professed imitators of Ancient Ballad Poetry, I ought to say a word upon those who have written their imitations with the preconceived purpose of passing them for ancient.

There is no small degree of cant in the violent invectives with which impostors of this nature have been assailed. In fact, the case of each is special and ought to be separately considered, according to its own circumstances. If a young, perhaps a female, author chooses to circulate a beautiful poem, we will suppose that of *Hardyknute*, under the disguise of antiquity, the public is surely more enriched by the contribution than injured by the deception.[1] It is hardly possible, indeed, without a power of poetical genius and acquaintance with ancient language and manners possessed by very few, to succeed in deceiving those who have made this branch of literature their study. The very desire to unite modern refinement with the *verve* of the ancient minstrels will itself betray the masquerade. A minute acquaintance with ancient customs and with ancient history is also demanded to sustain a part which, as it must rest on deception, cannot be altogether an honourable one.

Two of the most distinguished authors of this class have in this manner been detected, being deficient in the knowledge requisite to support their genius in the disguise they meditated. *Hardyknute*, for instance, already mentioned, is irreconcilable with all chronology,

[1] " [*Hardyknute* was the first poem that I ever learnt—the last that I shall forget."—MS. note of Sir Walter Scott on a leaf of Allan Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*.]

and a chief with a Norwegian name is strangely introduced as the first of the nobles brought to resist a Norse invasion at the battle of Largs: the "needlework so rare," introduced by the fair authoress, must have been certainly long posterior to the reign of Alexander III. In Chatterton's ballad of *Sir Charles Baudwin* we find an anxious attempt to represent the composition as ancient, and some entries in the public accounts of Bristol were appealed to in corroboration. But neither was this ingenious but most unhappy young man, with all his powers of poetry and with the antiquarian knowledge which he had collected with indiscriminating but astonishing research, able to impose on that part of the public qualified to judge of the compositions which it had occurred to him to pass off as those of a monk of the fourteenth century. It was in vain that he in each word doubled the consonants, like the sentinels of an endangered army. The art used to disguise and misspell the words only overdid what was intended, and afforded sure evidence that the poems published as antiques had been, in fact, tampered with by a modern artist, as the newly forged medals of modern days stand convicted of imposture from the very touches of the file, by which there is an attempt to imitate the cracks and fissures produced by the hammer upon the original.[1]

I have only met in my researches into these matters with one poem which, if it had been produced as ancient, could not have been detected on internal evidence. It is the *War Song upon the Victory at Brunnanburg*, translated from the Anglo-Saxon into Anglo-Norman, by the Right Honourable John Hookham Frere. See Ellis's *Specimens of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. i, p. 32. The accomplished editor tells us that this very singular poem was intended as an imitation of the style and language of the fourteenth century, and was written during the controversy occasioned by the poems attributed to Rowley. Mr Ellis adds: "The reader will probably hear with some surprise that this singular instance of critical ingenuity was the composition of an Eton schoolboy."

The author may be permitted to speak as an artist on this occasion (disowning at the same time all purpose of imposition) as having written, at the request of the late Mr Ritson, one or two things of this kind; among others, a continuation of the romance of Thomas of Ercildoune, the only one which chances to be preserved.[2] And he thinks himself entitled to state that a modern poet engaged in such a task is much in the situation of an architect of the present day who, if acquainted with his profession, finds no difficulty in copying the external forms of a Gothic castle or abbey, but when it is completed can hardly, by any artificial tints or cement, supply the spots, weather-stains, and hues of different kinds with which time alone had invested the venerable fabric which he desires to imitate.

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[1] See Appendix, Note A.

[2] [See "Sir Tristrem," Scott's *Poetical Works*, vol. v, edition 1833.]

Leaving this branch of the subject, in which the difficulty of passing off what is modern for what is ancient cannot be matter of regret, we may bestow with advantage some brief consideration on the fair trade of manufacturing modern antiques, not for the purpose of passing them as contraband goods on the skilful antiquary, but in order to obtain the credit due to authors as successful imitators of the ancient simplicity, while their system admits of a considerable infusion of modern refinement. Two classes of imitation may be referred to as belonging to this species of composition. When they approach each other there may be some difficulty in assigning to individual poems their peculiar character, but in general the difference is distinctly marked. The distinction lies betwixt the authors of ballads or legendary poems who have attempted to imitate the language, the manners, and the sentiments of the ancient poems which were their prototypes, and those on the contrary who, without endeavouring to do so, have struck out a particular path for themselves, which cannot with strict propriety be termed either ancient or modern.

In the actual imitation of the ancient ballad, Dr Percy, whose researches made him well acquainted with that department of poetry, was peculiarly successful. The *Hermit of Warkworth*, the *Childe of Elle*, and other minstrel tales of his composition must always be remembered with fondness by those who have perused them in that period of life when the feelings are strong and the taste for poetry, especially of this simple nature, is keen and poignant. This learned and amiable prelate was also remarkable for his power of restoring the ancient ballad by throwing in touches of poetry so adapted to its tone and tenor as to assimilate with its original structure, and impress every one who considered the subject as being coeval with the rest of the piece. It must be owned that such freedoms, when assumed by a professed antiquary addressing himself to antiquaries, and for the sake of illustrating literary antiquities, are subject to great and licentious abuse; and herein the severity of Ritson was to a certain extent justified. But when the licence is avowed and practised without the intention to deceive, it cannot be objected to but by scrupulous pedantry.

The poet, perhaps, most capable, by verses, lines, even single words, to relieve and heighten the character of ancient poetry was the Scottish bard Robert Burns. We are not here speaking of the avowed lyrical poems of his own composition, which he communicated to Mr George Thomson, but of the manner in which he recomposed and repaired the old songs and fragments for the collection of Johnson [1] and others, when, if his memory supplied the theme or general subject of the song, such as it existed in Scottish lore, his genius contributed that part which was to give life and immortality to the whole. If this praise should be thought extravagant, the reader may compare his splendid lyric, "My Heart's in the Highlands," with the

[1] Johnson's *Musical Museum*, in 6 vols., was lately reprinted at Edinburgh.

tame and scarcely half-intelligible remains of that song as preserved by Mr Peter Buchan. Or, what is perhaps a still more magnificent example of what we mean, *Macpherson's Farewell*, with all its spirit and grandeur, as repaired by Burns, may be collated with the original poem called *Macpherson's Lament*, or sometimes the *Ruffian's Rant*. In Burns's brilliant *rifacimento* the same strain of wild ideas is expressed as we find in the original, but with an infusion of the savage and impassioned spirit of Highland chivalry, which gives a splendour to the composition, of which we find not a trace in the rudeness of the ancient ditty. I can bear witness to the older verses having been current while I was a child, but I never knew a line of the inspired edition of the Ayrshire bard until the appearance of Johnson's *Museum*.

Besides Percy, Burns, and others, we must not omit to mention Mr Finlay, whose beautiful song,

"There came a knight from the field of the slain,"

is so happily descriptive of antique manners; or Mickle, whose accurate and interesting imitations of the ancient ballad we have already mentioned with approbation in the former *Essay on Ballad Composition*. These, with others of modern date, at the head of whom we must place Thomas Moore, have aimed at striking the ancient harp with the same bold and rough note to which it was awakened by the ancient minstrels. Southey, Wordsworth, and other distinguished names of the present century have, in repeated instances, dignified this branch of literature, but no one more than Coleridge, in the wild and imaginative tale of the *Ancient Mariner*, which displays so much beauty with such eccentricity. We should act most unjustly in this department of Scottish ballad poetry not to mention the names of Leyden, Hogg, and Allan Cunningham. They have all three honoured their country by arriving at distinction from a humble origin, and there is none of them under whose hand the ancient Scottish harp has not sounded a bold and distinguished tone. Miss Anne Bannerman likewise should not be forgotten, whose *Tales of Superstition and Chivalry* appeared about 1802. They were perhaps too mystical and too abrupt; yet if it be the purpose of this kind of ballad poetry powerfully to excite the imagination without pretending to satisfy it, few persons have succeeded better than this gifted lady, whose volume is peculiarly fit to be read in a lonely house by a decaying lamp.

As we have already hinted, a numerous class of the authors (some of them of the very first class) who condescended to imitate the simplicity of ancient poetry gave themselves no trouble to observe the costume, style, or manner either of the old minstrel or ballad-singer, but assumed a structure of a separate and peculiar kind, which could not be correctly termed either ancient or modern, although made the vehicle of beauties which were common to both. The discrepancy between the mark which they avowed their purpose of shooting at and that at which they really took aim is best

illustrated by a production of one of the most distinguished of their number. Goldsmith describes the young family of his *Vicar of Wakefield* as amusing themselves with conversing about poetry. Mr Burchell observes that the British poets who imitated the classics have especially contributed to introduce a false taste by loading their lines with epithets, so as to present a combination of luxuriant images, without plot or connexion—a string of epithets that improve the sound without carrying on the sense. But when an example of popular poetry is produced as free from the fault which the critic has just censured, it is the well-known and beautiful poem of *Edwin and Angelina!* which, in felicitous attention to the language and in fanciful ornament of imagery, is as unlike to a minstrel ballad as a lady assuming the dress of a shepherdess for a masquerade is different from the actual Sisly of Salisbury Plain. Tickell's beautiful ballad is equally formed upon a pastoral, sentimental, and ideal model, not, however, less beautifully executed; and the attention of Addison's friend had been probably directed to the ballad stanza (for the stanza is all which is imitated) by the praise bestowed on *Chevy Chase* in the *Spectator*.

Upon a later occasion the subject of Mallet's fine poem, *Edwin and Emma*, being absolutely rural in itself, and occurring at the hamlet of Bowes, in Yorkshire, might have seduced the poet from the *beau idéal* which he had pictured to himself into something more immediately allied to common life. But Mallet was not a man to neglect what was esteemed fashionable, and poor Hannah Railton and her lover Wrightson were enveloped in the elegant but tinsel frippery appertaining to Edwin and Emma; for the similes, reflections, and suggestions of the poet are, in fact, too intrusive and too well said to suffer the reader to feel the full taste of the tragic tale. The verses are doubtless beautiful, but I must own the simple prose of the Curate's letter, who gives the narrative of the tale as it really happened, has to me a tone of serious veracity more affecting than the ornaments of Mallet's fiction. The same author's ballad, *William and Margaret*, has in some degree the same fault. A disembodied spirit is not a person before whom the living spectator takes leisure to make remarks of a moral kind, as,

> "So will the fairest face appear,
> When youth and years are flown,
> And such the robe that Kings must wear
> When death has reft their crown."

Upon the whole the ballad, though the best of Mallet's writing, is certainly inferior to its original, which I presume to be the very fine and even terrific old Scottish tale beginning,

> "There came a ghost to Margaret's door."

It may be found in Allan Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*.

We need only stop to mention another very beautiful piece of this fanciful kind by Dr Cartwright, called *Armin and Elvira*, containing

some excellent poetry expressed with unusual felicity. I have a vision of having met this accomplished gentleman in my very early youth, and am the less likely to be mistaken, as he was the first living poet I recollect to have seen.[1] His poem had the distinguished honour to be much admired by our celebrated philosopher, Dugald Stewart, who was wont to quote with much pathos the picture of resignation in the following stanza :—

> " And while his eye to Heaven he raised,
> Its silent waters stole away." [2]

After enumerating so many persons of undoubted genius who have cultivated the Arcadian style of poetry (for to such it may be compared), it would be endless to enumerate the various Sir Eldreds of the hills and downs whose stories were woven into *legendary tales* —which came at length to be the name assigned to this half-ancient, half-modern style of composition.

In general I may observe that the supposed facility of this species of composition, the alluring simplicity of which was held sufficient to support it, afforded great attractions for those whose ambition led them to exercise their untried talents in verse, but who were desirous to do so with the least possible expense of thought. The task seems to present, at least to the inexperienced acolyte of the Muses, the same advantages which an instrument of sweet sound and small compass offers to those who begin their studies in music. In either case, however, it frequently happens that the scholar, getting tired of the palling and monotonous character of the poetry or music which he produces, becomes desirous to strike a more independent note, even at the risk of its being a more difficult one.

The same simplicity involves an inconvenience fatal to the continued popularity of any species of poetry by exposing it in a peculiar degree to ridicule and to parody. Dr Johnson, whose style of poetry was of a very different and more stately description, could ridicule the ballads of Percy in such stanzas as these:

> " The tender infant, meek and mild,
> Fell down upon a stone ;
> The nurse took up the squalling child,
> But still the child squall'd on " ;

with various slipshod imitations of the same quality.[3] It did not

[1] If I am right in what must be a very early recollection, I saw Mr Cartwright (then a student of medicine at the Edinburgh University) at the house of my maternal grandfather, John Rutherford, M.D.

[2] Happily altered by an admiring foreigner, who read :

> " *The* silent waters stole away."

[3] [Percy was especially annoyed, according to Boswell, with

> " I put my hat upon my head,
> And walked into the Strand,
> And there I met another man
> With his hat in his hand."]

require his talents to pursue this vein of raillery, for it was such as most men could imitate and all could enjoy. It is therefore little wonderful that this sort of composition should be repeatedly laid aside for considerable periods of time, and certainly as little so that it should have been repeatedly revived, like some forgotten melody, and have again obtained some degree of popularity until it sunk once more under satire as well as parody, but above all the effects of satiety.

During the thirty years that I have paid some attention to literary matters, the taste for the ancient ballad melody, and for the closer or more distant imitation of that strain of poetry, has more than once arisen and more than once subsided, in consequence, perhaps, of too unlimited indulgence. That this has been the case in other countries we know; for the Spanish poet, when he found that the beautiful Morisco romances were excluding all other topics, confers upon them a hearty malediction.[1]

A period when this particular taste for the popular ballad was in the most extravagant degree of fashion became the occasion, unexpectedly indeed, of my deserting the profession to which I was educated, and in which I had sufficiently advantageous prospects for a person of limited ambition. I have in a former publication undertaken to mention this circumstance, and I will endeavour to do so with becoming brevity, and without more egotism than is positively exacted by the nature of the story.

I may in the first place remark that although the assertion has been made, and that by persons who seemed satisfied with their authority, it is a mistake to suppose that my situation in life or place in society were materially altered by such success as I attained in literary attempts. My birth, without giving the least pretension to distinction, was that of a gentleman, and connected me with several respectable families and accomplished persons. My education had been a good one, although I was deprived of its full benefit by indifferent health, just at the period when I ought to have been most sedulous in improving it. The young men with whom I was brought up and lived most familiarly were those who, from opportunities, birth, and talents, might be expected to make the greatest advances in the career for which we were all destined; and I have the pleasure still to preserve my youthful intimacy with no inconsiderable number of them, whom their merit has carried forward to the highest honours of their profession. Neither was I in a situation to be embarrassed by the *res angusta domi*, which might have otherwise brought painful additional obstructions to a path in which progress is proverbially slow. I enjoyed a moderate degree of business for my standing, and the friendship of more than one person of consideration and influence efficiently disposed to aid my views in life. The private fortune also which I might expect, and finally inherited, from my family

[1] See the Introduction to Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads*, 1823, p. xxii.

did not, indeed, amount to affluence, but placed me considerably beyond all apprehension of want. I mention these particulars merely because they are true. Many better men than myself have owed their rise from indigence and obscurity to their own talents, which were doubtless much more adequate to the task of raising them than any which I possess. But although it would be absurd and ungracious in me to deny that I owe to literature many marks of distinction to which I could not otherwise have aspired, and particularly that of securing the acquaintance, and even the friendship, of many remarkable persons of the age to whom I could not otherwise have made my way, it would, on the other hand, be ridiculous to affect gratitude to the public favour either for my general position in society or the means of supporting it with decency, matters which had been otherwise secured under the usual chances of human affairs. Thus much I have thought it necessary to say upon a subject which is, after all, of very little consequence to anyone but myself. I proceed to detail the circumstances which engaged me in literary pursuits.

During the last ten years of the eighteenth century the art of poetry was at a remarkably low ebb in Britain. Hayley, to whom fashion had some years before ascribed a higher degree of reputation than posterity has confirmed, had now lost his reputation for talent, though he still lived beloved and respected as an amiable and accomplished man. The Bard of Memory slumbered on his laurels, and He of Hope had scarce begun to attract his share of public attention. Cowper, a poet of deep feeling and bright genius, was still alive, indeed; but the hypochondria which was his mental malady impeded his popularity. Burns, whose genius our southern neighbours could hardly yet comprehend, had long confined himself to song-writing. Names which are now known and distinguished wherever the English language is spoken were then only beginning to be mentioned; and, unless among the small number of persons who habitually devote a part of their leisure to literature, even those of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge were still but little known. The realms of Parnassus, like many a kingdom at the period, seemed to lie open to the first bold invader, whether he should be a daring usurper or could show a legitimate title of sovereignty.

As far back as 1788 a new species of literature began to be introduced into this country. Germany, long known as a powerful branch of the European confederacy, was then for the first time heard of as the cradle of a style of poetry and literature of a kind much more analogous to that of Britain than either the French, Spanish, or Italian schools, though all three had been at various times cultivated and imitated among us. The names of Lessing, Klopstock, Schiller, and other German poets of eminence were only known in Britain very imperfectly. *The Sorrows of Werter* was the only composition that had attained any degree of popularity, and the success of that remarkable novel, notwithstanding the distinguished genius of the author, was retarded by the nature of its incidents. To the other

compositions of Goethe, whose talents were destined to illuminate the age in which he flourished, the English remained strangers, and much more so to Schiller, Bürger, and a whole cycle of foreigners of distinguished merit. The obscurity to which German literature seemed to be condemned did not arise from want of brilliancy in the lights by which it was illuminated, but from the palpable thickness of the darkness by which they were surrounded. Frederick II of Prussia had given a partial and ungracious testimony against his native language and native literature, and impolitically and unwisely, as well as unjustly, had yielded to the French that superiority in letters which, after his death, paved the way for their obtaining for a time an equal superiority in arms. That great Prince, by setting the example of undervaluing his country in one respect, raised a belief in its general inferiority, and destroyed the manly pride with which a nation is naturally disposed to regard its own peculiar manners and peculiar literature.

Unmoved by the scornful neglect of its sovereigns and nobles, and encouraged by the tide of native genius which flowed in upon the nation, German literature began to assume a new, interesting, and highly impressive character, to which it became impossible for strangers to shut their eyes. That it exhibited the faults of exaggeration and false taste, almost inseparable from the first attempts at the heroic and at the pathetic, cannot be denied. It was, in a word, the first crop of a rich soil which throws out weeds as well as flowers with a prolific abundance.

It was so late as the 21st day of April 1788 that the literary persons of Edinburgh, of whom at that period I am better qualified to speak than of those of Britain generally, or especially those of London, were first made aware of the existence of works of genius in a language cognate with the English, and possessed of the same manly force of expression. They learned, at the same time, that the taste which dictated the German compositions was of a kind as nearly allied to the English as their language. Those who were accustomed from their youth to admire Milton and Shakespeare became acquainted, I may say for the first time, with the existence of a race of poets who had the same lofty ambition to spurn the flaming boundaries of the universe [1] and investigate the realms of chaos and old night, and of dramatists who, disclaiming the pedantry of the unities, sought at the expense of occasional improbabilities and extravagancies to present life in its scenes of wildest contrast and in all its boundless variety of character, mingling without hesitation livelier with more serious incidents, and exchanging scenes of tragic distress, as they occur in common life, with those of a comic tendency. This emancipation from the rules so servilely adhered to by the French school, and particularly by their dramatic poets, although it was attended with some disadvantages, especially the risk of extravagance and

[1] [*Flammantia mœnia mundi.*—Lucretius.]

bombast, was the means of giving free scope to the genius of Goethe, Schiller, and others, which, thus relieved from shackles, was not long in soaring to the highest pitch of poetic sublimity. The late venerable Henry Mackenzie, author of *The Man of Feeling*, in an Essay upon the German Theatre introduced his countrymen to this new species of national literature, the peculiarities of which he traced with equal truth and spirit, although they were at that time known to him only through the imperfect and uncongenial medium of a French translation. Upon the day already mentioned (April 21, 1788) he read to the Royal Society an Essay on German Literature, which made much noise and produced a powerful effect. "Germany," he observed, "in her literary aspect presents herself to observation in a singular point of view; that of a country arrived at maturity, along with the neighbouring nations, in the arts and sciences, in the pleasures and refinements of manners, and yet only in its infancy with regard to writings of taste and imagination. This last path, however, from these very circumstances, she pursues with an enthusiasm which no other situation could perhaps have produced, the enthusiasm which novelty inspires, and which the servility incident to a more cultivated and critical state of literature does not restrain." At the same time the accomplished critic showed himself equally familiar with the classical rules of the French stage, and failed not to touch upon the acknowledged advantages which these produced, by the encouragement and regulation of taste, though at the risk of repressing genius.

But it was not the dramatic literature alone of the Germans which was hitherto unknown to their neighbours—their fictitious narratives, their ballad poetry, and other branches of their literature, which are particularly apt to bear the stamp of the extravagant and the supernatural, began to occupy the attention of the British *literati*.

In Edinburgh, where the remarkable coincidence between the German language and that of the Lowland Scottish encouraged young men to approach this newly discovered spring of literature, a class was formed of six or seven intimate friends who proposed to make themselves acquainted with the German language. They were in the habit of living much together, and the time they spent in this new study was felt as a period of great amusement. One source of this diversion was the laziness of one of their number, the present author, who, averse to the necessary toil of grammar and its rules, was in the practice of fighting his way to the knowledge of the German by his acquaintance with the Scottish and Anglo-Saxon dialects, and, of course, frequently committed blunders which were not lost on his more accurate and more studious companions. A more general source of amusement was the despair of the teacher on finding it impossible to extract from his Scottish students the degree of sensibility necessary, as he thought, to enjoy the beauties of the author to whom he considered it proper first to introduce them. We were desirous to penetrate at once into the recesses of the Teutonic literature, and therefore were ambitious of perusing Goethe and Schiller,

and others whose fame had been sounded by Mackenzie. Dr Willich (a medical gentleman), who was our teacher, was judiciously disposed to commence our studies with the more simple diction of Gesner, and prescribed to us *The Death of Abel* as the production from which our German tasks were to be drawn. The pietistic style of this author was ill adapted to attract young persons of our age and disposition. We could no more sympathize with the over-strained sentimentality of Adam and his family than we could have had a fellow-feeling with the jolly Faun of the same author, who broke his beautiful jug and then made a song on it which might have affected all Staffordshire. To sum up the distresses of Dr Willich, we with one consent voted Abel an insufferable bore, and gave the pre-eminence, in point of masculine character, to his brother Cain, or even to Lucifer himself. When these jests, which arose out of the sickly monotony and affected ecstasies of the poet, failed to amuse us, we had for our entertainment the unutterable sounds manufactured by a Frenchman, our fellow-student, who with the economical purpose of learning two languages at once was endeavouring to acquire German, of which he knew nothing, by means of English, concerning which he was nearly as ignorant. Heaven only knows the notes which he uttered in attempting with unpractised organs to imitate the gutturals of these two intractable languages. At length, in the midst of much laughing and little study, most of us acquired some knowledge, more or less extensive, of the German language, and selected for ourselves, some in the philosophy of Kant, some in the more animated works of the German dramatists, specimens more to our taste than *The Death of Abel*.

About this period, or a year or two sooner, the accomplished and excellent Lord Woodhouselee,[1] one of the friends of my youth, made a spirited version of *The Robbers* of Schiller, which I believe was the first published, though an English version appeared soon afterwards in London, as the metropolis then took the lead in everything like literary adventure. The enthusiasm with which this work was received greatly increased the general taste for German compositions.

While universal curiosity was thus distinguishing the advancing taste for the German language and literature, the success of a very young student in a juvenile publication seemed to show that the prevailing taste in that country might be easily employed as a formidable auxiliary to renewing the spirit of our own, upon the same system as when medical persons attempt, by the transfusion of blood, to pass into the veins of an aged and exhausted patient the vivacity of the circulation and liveliness of sensation which distinguish a young subject. The person who first attempted to introduce something like the German taste into English fictitious, dramatic, and poetical com-

[1] [Alexander Fraser Tytler, a judge of the Court of Session by the title of Lord Woodhouselee, author of the well-known *Elements of General History*, and long eminent as Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh. He died in 1810.]

position, although his works when first published engaged general attention, is now comparatively forgotten. I mean Matthew Gregory Lewis, whose character and literary history are so immediately connected with the subject of which I am treating that a few authentic particulars may be here inserted by one to whom he was well known.[1]

Lewis's rank in society was determined by his birth, which at the same time assured his fortune. His father was Under-Secretary at War, at that time a very lucrative appointment, and the young poet was provided with a seat in Parliament as soon as his age permitted him to fill it. But his mind did not incline him to politics, or, if it did, they were not of the complexion which his father, attached to Mr Pitt's administration, would have approved. He was, moreover, indolent, and though possessed of abilities sufficient to conquer any difficulty which might stand in the way of classical attainments, he preferred applying his exertions in a path where they were rewarded with more immediate applause. As he completed his education abroad he had an opportunity of indulging his inclination for the extraordinary and supernatural by wandering through the whole enchanted land of German faëry and *diablerie*, not forgetting the paths of her enthusiastic tragedy and romantic poetry.

We are easily induced to imitate what we admire, and Lewis early distinguished himself by a romance in the German taste called *The Monk*. In this work, written in his twentieth year and founded on the Eastern apologue of the Santon Barsisa, the author introduced supernatural machinery with a courageous consciousness of his own power to manage its ponderous strength, which commanded the respect of his reader. *The Monk* was published in 1795, and though liable to the objections common to the school to which it belonged and to others peculiar to itself, placed its author at once high in the scale of men of letters. Nor can that be regarded as an ordinary exertion of genius, to which Charles Fox paid the unusual compliment of crossing the House of Commons that he might congratulate the young author, whose work obtained high praise from many other able men of that able time. The party which approved *The Monk* was at first superior in the lists, and it was some time before the anonymous author of the *Pursuits of Literature* denounced as puerile and absurd the supernatural machinery which Lewis had introduced—

> " I bear an English heart,
> Unused at ghosts or rattling bones to start."

Yet the acute and learned critic betrays some inconsistency in praising the magic of the Italian poets and complimenting Mrs Radcliffe for her success in supernatural imagery, for which at the same moment he thus sternly censures her brother novelist.

A more legitimate topic of condemnation was the indelicacy of particular passages. The present author will hardly be deemed a

[1] [See more of Lewis in the *Life of Scott*, vol. ii, pp. 8–14.]

willing, or at least an interested, apologist for an offence equally repugnant to decency and good breeding. But as Lewis at once and with a good grace submitted to the voice of censure and expunged the objectionable passages, we cannot help considering the manner in which the fault was insisted on, after all the amends had been offered of which the case could admit, as in the last degree ungenerous and uncandid. The pertinacity with which the passages so much found fault with were dwelt upon seemed to warrant a belief that something more was desired than the correction of the author's errors, and that where the apologies of extreme youth, foreign education, and instant submission were unable to satisfy the critics' fury, they must have been determined to act on the severity of the old proverb, " Confess and be hanged." Certain it is that other persons, offenders in the same degree, have been permitted to sue out their pardon without either retraction or palinode.[1]

Another peccadillo of the author of *The Monk* was his having borrowed from Musæus, and from the popular tales of the Germans, the singular and striking adventure of the *Bleeding Nun*. But the bold and free hand with which he traced some scenes, as well of natural terror as of that which arises from supernatural causes, shows distinctly that the plagiarism could not have been occasioned by any deficiency of invention on his part, though it might take place from wantonness or wilfulness.

In spite of the objections we have stated, *The Monk* was so highly popular that it seemed to create an epoch in our literature. But the public were chiefly captivated by the poetry with which Mr Lewis had interspersed his prose narrative. It has now passed from recollection among the changes of literary taste ; but many may remember as well as I do the effect produced by the beautiful ballad of *Durandarte*, which had the good fortune to be adapted to an air of great sweetness and pathos ; by the ghost tale of *Alonzo and Imogine* ; and by several other pieces of legendary poetry which addressed themselves in all the charms of novelty and of simplicity to a public who had for a long time been unused to any regale of the kind. In his poetry as well as his prose Mr Lewis had been a successful imitator of the Germans, both in his attachment to the ancient ballad and in the tone of superstition which they willingly mingle with it. New arrangements of the stanza and a varied construction of verses were also adopted, and welcomed as an addition of a new string to the British harp. In this respect the stanza in which *Alonzo the Brave* is written was greatly admired, and received as an improvement worthy of adoption into English poetry.

In short, Lewis's works were admired, and the author became famous not merely through his own merit, though that was of no mean quality, but because he had in some measure taken the public by surprise by using a style of composition which, like national

[1] See Appendix, Note B.

melodies, is so congenial to the general taste that, though it palls by being much hackneyed, it has only to be for a short time forgotten in order to recover its original popularity.

It chanced that while his fame was at the highest Mr Lewis became almost a yearly visitor to Scotland, chiefly from attachment to the illustrious family of Argyle. The writer of these remarks had the advantage of being made known to the most distinguished author of the day by a lady who belongs by birth to that family, and is equally distinguished by her beauty and accomplishments.[1] Out of this accidental acquaintance, which increased into a sort of intimacy, consequences arose which altered almost all the Scottish ballad-maker's future prospects in life.

In early youth I had been an eager student of Ballad Poetry, and the tree is still in my recollection beneath which I lay and first entered upon the enchanting perusal of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*,[2] although it has long perished in the general blight which affected the whole race of Oriental *platanus* to which it belonged.[3] The taste of another person had strongly encouraged my own researches into this species of legendary lore. But I had never dreamed of an attempt to imitate what gave me so much pleasure.

I had, indeed, tried the metrical translations which were occasionally recommended to us at the High School. I got credit for attempting to do what was enjoined, but very little for the mode in which the task was performed, and I used to feel not a little mortified when my versions were placed in contrast with others of admitted merit. At one period of my schoolboy days I was so far left to my own desires as to become guilty of "Verses on a Thunder-storm,"[4] which were much approved of, until a malevolent critic sprung up in the shape of an apothecary's blue-buskined wife, who affirmed that my most sweet poetry was stolen from an old magazine. I never forgave the imputation, and even now I acknowledge some resentment against the poor woman's memory. She indeed accused me unjustly when she said I had stolen my brooms ready-made; but as I had, like most premature poets, copied all the words and ideas of which my verses consisted, she was so far right. I made one or two faint attempts at verse after I had undergone this sort of daw-plucking at the hands of the apothecary's wife, but some friend or other always advised me to put my verses in the fire, and, like Dorax in the play, I submitted, though "with a swelling heart." In short, excepting the usual tribute to a mistress's eyebrow, which is the language of passion rather than poetry, I had not for ten years indulged the wish

[1] [The Lady Charlotte Bury.]

[2] [See *Life of Scott*, vol. i, p. 53.]

[3] This tree grew in a large garden attached to a cottage at Kelso, the residence of my father's sister, where I spent many of the happiest days of my youth (1831).

[4] [See these Verses among the "Miscellanies" which follow this "Essay," where also many other pieces from the pen of Sir Walter Scott are now for the first time included in an edition of his *Poetical Works* (1841).]

to couple so much as *love* and *dove*, when, finding Lewis in possession of so much reputation, and conceiving that if I fell behind him in poetical powers I considerably exceeded him in general information, I suddenly took it into my head to attempt the style of poetry by which he had raised himself to fame.

This idea was hurried into execution in consequence of a temptation which others, as well as the author, found it difficult to resist. The celebrated ballad of *Lenoré*, by Bürger, was about this time introduced into England; and it is remarkable that, written as far back as 1775, it was upwards of twenty years before it was known in Britain, though calculated to make so strong an impression. The wild character of the tale was such as struck the imagination of all who read it, although the idea of the lady's ride behind the spectre horseman had been long before hit upon by an English ballad-maker. But this pretended English original, if in reality it be such, is so dull, flat, and prosaic as to leave the distinguished German author all that is valuable in his story by clothing it with a fanciful wildness of expression, which serves to set forth the marvellous tale in its native terror. The ballad of *Lenoré* accordingly possessed general attractions for such of the English as understood the language in which it is written; and, as if there had been a charm in the ballad, no one seemed to cast his eyes upon it without a desire to make it known by translation to his own countrymen, and six or seven versions were accordingly presented to the public. Although the present author was one of those who intruded his translation on the world at this time, he may fairly exculpate himself from the rashness of entering the lists against so many rivals. The circumstances which threw him into this competition were quite accidental, and of a nature tending to show how much the destiny of human life depends upon unimportant occurrences to which little consequence is attached at the moment.

About the summer of 1793 or 1794 the celebrated Miss Lætitia Aikin, better known as Mrs Barbauld, paid a visit to Edinburgh, and was received by such literary society as the place then boasted with the hospitality to which her talents and her worth entitled her. Among others she was kindly welcomed by the late excellent and admired Professor Dugald Stewart, his lady and family. It was in their evening society that Miss Aikin drew from her pocket-book a version of *Lenoré* executed by William Taylor, Esq., of Norwich, with as much freedom as was consistent with great spirit and scrupulous fidelity. She read this composition to the company, who were electrified by the tale. It was the more successful that Mr Taylor had boldly copied the imitative harmony of the German, and described the spectral journey in language resembling that of the original. Bürger had thus painted the ghostly career:

> "Und hurre, hurre, hop, hop, hop,
> Gings fort in sausendem Galopp,
> Dass Ross und Reiter schnoben,
> Und Kies und Funken stoben."

The words were rendered by the kindred sounds in En



" Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede,
Splash, splash, across the sea ;
Hurra, the dead can ride apace !
Dost fear to ride with me ? "

When Miss Aikin had finished her recitation she replaced in her pocket-book the paper from which she had read it, and enjoyed the satisfaction of having made a strong impression on the hearers, whose bosoms thrilled yet the deeper, as the ballad was not to be more closely introduced to them.

The author was not present upon this occasion, although he had then the distinguished advantage of being a familiar friend and frequent visitor of Professor Stewart and his family. But he was absent from town while Miss Aikin was in Edinburgh, and it was not until his return that he found all his friends in rapture with the intelligence and good sense of their visitor, but in particular with the wonderful translation from the German, by means of which she had delighted and astonished them. The enthusiastic description given of Bürger's ballad, and the broken account of the story, of which only two lines were recollected, inspired the author, who had some acquaintance, as has been said, with the German language and a strong taste for popular poetry, with a desire to see the original.

This was not a wish easily gratified ; German works were at that time seldom found in London for sale—in Edinburgh never. A lady of noble German descent,[1] whose friendship I have enjoyed for many years, found means, however, to procure me a copy of Bürger's works from Hamburg. The perusal of the original rather exceeded than disappointed the expectations which the report of Mr Stewart's family had induced me to form. At length, when the book had been a few hours in my possession, I found myself giving an animated account of the poem to a friend, and rashly added a promise to furnish a copy in English ballad verse.

I well recollect that I began my task after supper and finished it about daybreak the next morning, by which time the ideas which the task had a tendency to summon up were rather of an uncomfortable character. As my object was much more to make a good translation of the poem for those whom I wished to please than to acquire any poetical fame for myself, I retained in my translation the two lines which Mr Taylor had rendered with equal boldness and felicity.

My attempt succeeded far beyond my expectations, and it may readily be believed that I was induced to persevere in a pursuit which gratified my own vanity while it seemed to amuse others. I accomplished a translation of *Der Wilde Jäger*—a romantic ballad founded on a superstition universally current in Germany and known also in

[1] Born Countess Harriet Bruhl of Martinskirchen, and married to Hugh Scott, Esq., of Harden, now Lord Polwarth, the author's relative and much-valued friend almost from infancy.

Scotland and France. In this I took rather more licence than in versifying *Lenoré*; and I balladized one or two other poems of Bürger with more or less success. In the course of a few weeks my own vanity, and the favourable opinion of friends, interested by the temporary revival of a species of poetry containing a germ of popularity of which perhaps they were not themselves aware, urged me to the decisive step of sending a selection, at least, of my translations to the press to save the numerous applications which were made for copies. When was there an author deaf to such a recommendation? In 1796 the present author was prevailed on, "by request of friends," to indulge his own vanity by publishing the translation of *Lenoré*,[1] with that of *The Wild Huntsman*, in a thin quarto.[2]

The fate of this, my first publication, was by no means flattering. I distributed so many copies among my friends as, according to the booksellers, materially to interfere with the sale, and the number of translations which appeared in England about the same time, including that of Mr Taylor, to which I had been so much indebted and which was published in the *Monthly Magazine*, were sufficient to exclude a provincial writer from competition. However different my success might have been had I been fortunate enough to have led the way in the general scramble for precedence, my efforts sunk unnoticed when launched at the same time with those of Mr Taylor (upon whose property I had committed the kind of piracy already noticed, and who generously forgave me the invasion of his rights); of my ingenious and amiable friend of many years, William Robert Spenser; of Mr Pye, the laureate of the day, and many others besides. In a word, my adventure, where so many pushed off to sea, proved a dead loss, and a great part of the edition was condemned to the service of the trunk-maker. Nay, so complete was the failure of the unfortunate ballads that the very existence of them was soon forgotten; and in a newspaper, in which I very lately read, to my no small horror, a most appalling list of my own various publications, I saw this, my first offence, had escaped the industrious collector, for whose indefatigable research I may in gratitude wish a better object.[3]

The failure of my first publication did not operate in any unpleasant degree either on my feelings or spirits. I was coldly received by strangers, but my reputation began rather to increase among my own friends, and on the whole I was more bent to show the world that it had neglected something worth notice than to be affronted by its indifference. Or rather, to speak candidly, I found pleasure in the literary labour in which I had, almost by accident, become engaged,

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[1] [Under the title of *William and Helen*.]

[2] [This thin quarto was published by Messrs Manners & Miller of Edinburgh.]

[3] [The list here referred to was drawn up and inserted in the *Caledonian Mercury* by Mr James Shaw, for nearly forty years past in the house of Sir Walter Scott's publishers, Messrs Constable & Cadell of Edinburgh.] See it in *Life of Scott*, vol. x, pp. 260–276.

and laboured less in the hope of pleasing others, though certainly without despair of doing so, than in the pursuit of a new and agreeable amusement to myself. I pursued the German language keenly, and though far from being a correct scholar, became a bold and daring reader, nay, even translator, of various dramatic pieces from that tongue.[1]

The want of books at that time (about 1796) was a great interruption to the rapidity of my movements; for the young do not know, and perhaps my own contemporaries may have forgotten, the difficulty with which publications were then procured from the Continent. The worthy and excellent friend, of whom I gave a sketch many years afterwards in the person of Jonathan Oldbuck,[2] procured me Adelung's *Dictionary*, through the mediation of Father Pepper, a monk of the Scotch College of Ratisbon. Other wants of the same nature were supplied by Mrs Scott of Harden, whose kindness in a similar instance I have had already occasion to acknowledge. Through this lady's connexions on the Continent I obtained copies of Bürger, Schiller, Goethe, and other standard German works, and though the obligation be of a distant date it still remains impressed on my memory, after a life spent in a constant interchange of friendship and kindness with that family which is, according to Scottish ideas, the head of my house.

Being thus furnished with the necessary originals, I began to translate on all sides, certainly without anything like an accurate knowledge of the language; and although the dramas of Goethe, Schiller, and others powerfully attracted one whose early attention to the German had been arrested by Mackenzie's Dissertation and the play of *The Robbers*, yet the ballad poetry, in which I had made a bold essay, was still my favourite. I was yet more delighted on finding that the old English, and especially the Scottish language, were so nearly similar to the German, not in sound merely but in the turn of phrase, that they were capable of being rendered line for line with very little variation.[3]

By degrees I acquired sufficient confidence to attempt the imitation of what I admired. The ballad called *Glenfinlas* was, I think, the first original poem which I ventured to compose. As it is supposed to be a translation from the Gaelic, I considered myself as liberated from imitating the antiquated language and rude rhythm of the minstrel ballad. A versification of an Ossianic fragment came nearer to the idea I had formed of my task; for although controversy may have arisen concerning the authenticity of these poems, yet I never heard

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[1] [Sir Walter Scott's second publication was a translation of Goethe's drama of *Goetz of Berlichingen with the Iron Hand*, which appeared in 1799. He about the same time translated several other German plays which yet remain in MS.]

[2] [The late George Constable, Esq. See Introduction to the *Antiquary*, Waverley Novels, vol. v, p. iv.]

[3] See Appendix, Note C.

it disputed, by those whom an accurate knowledge of the Gaelic rendered competent judges, that in their spirit and diction they nearly resemble fragments of poetry extant in that language, to the genuine antiquity of which no doubt can attach. Indeed, the celebrated dispute on that subject is something like the more bloody, though scarce fiercer, controversy about the Popish Plot in Charles the Second's time, concerning which Dryden has said—

> " Succeeding times will equal folly call,
> Believing nothing, or believing all."

The Celtic people of Erin and Albyn had, in short, a style of poetry properly called national, though MacPherson was rather an excellent poet than a faithful editor and translator. This style and fashion of poetry existing in a different language was supposed to give the original of *Glenfinlas*, and the author was to pass for one who had used his best command of English to do the Gaelic model justice. In one point the incidents of the poem were irreconcilable with the costume of the times in which they were laid. The ancient Highland chieftains, when they had a mind to " hunt the dun deer down," did not retreat into solitary bothies or trust the success of the chase to their own unassisted exertions, without a single gillie to help them; they assembled their clan, and all partook of the sport, forming a ring, or enclosure, called the Tinchell, and driving the prey towards the most distinguished persons of the hunt. This course would not have suited me, so Ronald and Moy were cooped up in their solitary wigwam like two moorfowl-shooters of the present day.

After *Glenfinlas* I undertook another ballad, called *The Eve of St John*. The incidents, except the hints alluded to in the marginal notes, are entirely imaginary, but the scene was that of my early childhood. Some idle persons had of late years during the proprietor's absence torn the iron-grated door of Smailholm Tower from its hinges and thrown it down the rock. I was an earnest suitor to my friend and kinsman, Mr Scott of Harden already mentioned, that the dilapidation might be put a stop to and the mischief repaired. This was readily promised on condition that I should make a ballad, of which the scene should lie at Smailholm Tower, and among the crags where it is situated.[1] The ballad was approved of, as well as its companion *Glenfinlas*; and I remember that they procured me many marks of attention and kindness from Duke John of Roxburghe, who gave me the unlimited use of that celebrated collection of volumes from which the Roxburghe Club derives its name.

Thus I was set up for a poet, like a pedlar who has got two ballads to begin the world upon, and I hastened to make the round of all my acquaintances, showing my precious wares, and requesting criticism

[1] This is of little consequence, except in as far as it contradicts a story which I have seen in print averring that Mr Scott of Harden was himself about to destroy this ancient building, than which nothing can be more inaccurate.

—a boon which no author asks in vain. For it may be observed that, in the fine arts, those who are in no respect able to produce any specimens themselves hold themselves not the less entitled to decide upon the works of others ; and no doubt with justice to a certain degree ; for the merits of composition produced for the express purpose of pleasing the world at large can only be judged of by the opinion of individuals, and perhaps, as in the case of Molière's old woman, the less sophisticated the person consulted so much the better.[1] But I was ignorant at the time I speak of that though the applause of the many may justly appreciate the general merits of a piece, it is not so safe to submit such a performance to the more minute criticism of the same individuals when each in turn, having seated himself in the censor's chair, has placed his mind in a critical attitude and delivers his opinion sententiously and *ex cathedra*. General applause was in almost every case freely tendered, but the abatements in the way of proposed alterations and corrections were cruelly puzzling. It was in vain the young author, listening with becoming modesty and with a natural wish to please, cut and carved, tinkered and coopered, upon his unfortunate ballads—it was in vain that he placed, displaced, replaced, and misplaced ; every one of his advisers was displeased with the concessions made to his co-assessors, and the author was blamed by some one in almost every case for having made two holes in attempting to patch up one.

At last, after thinking seriously on the subject, I wrote out a fair copy (of *Glenfinlas*, I think) and marked all the various corrections which had been proposed. On the whole I found that I had been required to alter every verse, almost every line, and the only stanzas of the whole ballad which escaped criticism were two which could neither be termed good nor bad, speaking of them as poetry, but were of a mere commonplace character, absolutely necessary for conducting the business of the tale. This unexpected result, after about a fortnight's anxiety, led me to adopt a rule from which I have seldom departed during more than thirty years of literary life. When a friend whose judgment I respect has decided, and upon good advisement told me, that a manuscript was worth nothing, or at least possessed no redeeming qualities sufficient to atone for its defects, I have generally cast it aside ; but I am little in the custom of paying attention to minute criticisms, or of offering such to any friend who may do me the honour to consult me. I am convinced that, in general, in removing even errors of a trivial or venial kind the character of originality is lost, which upon the whole may be that which is most valuable in the production.

About the time that I shook hands with criticism and reduced my ballads back to the original form, stripping them without remorse of

[1] [See the account of a conversation between Sir Walter Scott and Sir Thomas Lawrence in Cunningham's *Lives of British Painters*, etc., vol. vi, p. 236.]

those " lendings " which I had adopted at the suggestion of others, an opportunity unexpectedly offered of introducing to the world what had hitherto been confined to a circle of friends. Lewis had announced a collection, first intended to bear the title of *Tales of Terror* and afterwards published under that of *Tales of Wonder*. As this was to be a collection of tales turning on the preternatural, there were risks in the plan of which the ingenious editor was not aware. The supernatural, though appealing to certain powerful emotions very widely and deeply sown amongst the human race, is nevertheless a spring which is peculiarly apt to lose its elasticity by being too much pressed on, and a collection of ghost stories is not more likely to be terrible than a collection of jests to be merry or entertaining. But although the very title of the proposed work carried in it an obstruction to its effect, this was far from being suspected at the time, for the popularity of the editor and of his compositions seemed a warrant for his success. The distinguished favour with which the *Castle Spectre* was received upon the stage seemed an additional pledge for the safety of his new attempt. I readily agreed to contribute the ballads of *Glenfinlas* and of *The Eve of St John*, with one or two others of less merit, and my friend Dr Leyden became also a contributor. Mr Southey, a tower of strength, added *The Old Woman of Berkeley*, *Lord William*, and several other interesting ballads of the same class, to the proposed collection.

In the meantime my friend Lewis found it no easy matter to discipline his northern recruits. He was a martinet, if I may so term him, in the accuracy of rhymes and of numbers ; I may add he had a right to be so, for few persons have exhibited more mastery of rhyme or greater command over the melody of verse. He was therefore rigid in exacting similar accuracy from others, and as I was quite unaccustomed to the mechanical part of poetry, and used rhymes which were merely permissible as readily as those which were legitimate, contests often arose amongst us which were exasperated by the pertinacity of my Mentor, who, as all who knew him can testify, was no granter of propositions. As an instance of the obstinacy with which I had so lately adopted a tone of defiance to criticism, the reader will find in the Appendix [1] a few specimens of the lectures which I underwent from my friend Lewis, and which did not at the time produce any effect on my inflexibility, though I did not forget them at a future period.

The proposed publication of the *Tales of Wonder* was, from one reason or another, postponed till the year 1801, a circumstance by which of itself the success of the work was considerably impeded; for protracted expectation always leads to disappointment. But besides, there were circumstances of various kinds which contributed to its depreciation, some of which were imputable to the editor or author, and some to the bookseller.

[1] See Appendix, Note D.

The former remained insensible of the passion for ballads and ballad-mongers having been for some time on the wane, and that with such alteration in the public taste the chance of success in that line was diminished. What had been at first received as simple and natural was now sneered at as puerile and extravagant. Another objection was that my friend Lewis had a high but mistaken opinion of his own powers of humour. The truth was, that though he could throw some gaiety into his lighter pieces, after the manner of the French writers, his attempts at what is called pleasantry in English wholly wanted the quality of humour, and were generally failures. But this he would not allow; and the *Tales of Wonder* were filled in a sense with attempts at comedy which might be generally accounted abortive.

Another objection, which might have been more easily foreseen, subjected the editor to a charge of which Mat Lewis was entirely incapable—that of collusion with his publisher in an undue attack on the pockets of the public. The *Tales of Wonder* formed a work in royal octavo, and were by large printing *driven out*, as it is technically termed, to two volumes, which were sold at a high price. Purchasers murmured at finding that this size had been attained by the insertion of some of the best known pieces of the English language, such as Dryden's *Theodore and Honoria*, Parnell's *Hermit*, Lisle's *Porsenna King of Russia*, and many other popular poems of old date and generally known, which ought not in conscience to have made part of a set of tales "written and collected" by a modern author. His bookseller was also accused in the public prints, whether truly or not I am uncertain, of having attempted to secure to himself the entire profits of the large sale which he expected, by refusing to his brethren the allowances usually, if not in all cases, made to the retail trade.

Lewis, one of the most liberal as well as benevolent of mankind, had not the least participation in these proceedings of his bibliopolist, but his work sunk under the obloquy which was heaped on it by the offended parties. The book was termed "*Tales of Plunder*," was censured by reviewers, and attacked in newspapers and magazines. A very clever parody was made on the style and the person of the author, and the world laughed as willingly as if it had never applauded.

Thus, owing to the failure of the vehicle I had chosen, my efforts to present myself before the public as an original writer proved as vain as those by which I had previously endeavoured to distinguish myself as a translator. Like Lord Home, however, at the battle of Flodden, I did so far well that I was able to stand and save myself; and amidst the general depreciation of the *Tales of Wonder* my small share of the obnoxious publication was dismissed without much censure, and in some cases obtained praise from the critics.

The consequence of my escape made me naturally more daring, and I attempted in my own name a collection of ballads of various kinds, both ancient and modern, to be connected by the common tie

of relation to the Border districts in which I had gathered the materials. The original Preface explains my purpose and the assistance of various kinds which I met with. The edition was curious, as being the first work printed by my friend and schoolfellow Mr James Ballantyne, who at that period was editor of a provincial newspaper called the *Kelso Mail*. When the book came out, in 1802, the imprint, Kelso, was read with wonder by amateurs of typography, who had never heard of such a place, and were astonished at the example of handsome printing which so obscure a town produced.

As for the editorial part of the task, my attempt to imitate the plan and style of Bishop Percy, observing only more strict fidelity concerning my originals, was favourably received by the public, and there was a demand within a short space for a second edition, to which I proposed to add a third volume. Messrs Cadell and Davies, the first publishers of the work, declined the publication of this second edition, which was undertaken at a very liberal price by the well-known firm of Messrs Longman and Rees of Paternoster Row. My progress in the literary career, in which I might now be considered as seriously engaged, the reader will find briefly traced in an Introduction prefixed to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

In the meantime the Editor has accomplished his proposed task of acquainting the reader with some particulars respecting the modern imitations of the Ancient Ballad, and the circumstances which gradually and almost insensibly engaged himself in that species of literary employment. W. S.

ABBOTSFORD,
April 1830.

APPENDIX

NOTE A

THE PRODUCTION OF MODERN AS ANCIENT BALLADS.—P. 541.

THIS failure applies to the repairs and *rifacimentos* of old ballads as well as to complete imitations. In the beautiful and simple ballad of *Gil Morris* some affected person has stuck in one or two factitious verses, which, like vulgar persons in a drawing-room, betray themselves by their over finery. Thus, after the simple and affecting verse which prepares the readers for the coming tragedy,

" Gil Morrice sat in good green wood,
He whistled and he sang;
' O, what mean a' yon folk coming,
My mother tarries lang?' "

some such " vicious intromitter " as we have described (to use a barbarous phrase for a barbarous proceeding) has inserted the following quintessence of affectation :

" His locks were like the threads of gold
Drawn from Minerva's loom;
His lips like roses drapping dew,
His breath was a' perfume.

" His brow was like the mountain snow,
Gilt by the morning beam;
His cheeks like living roses blow,
His een like azure stream.

" The boy was clad in robes of green,
Sweet as the infant spring;
And, like the mavis on the bush,
He gart the valleys ring."

NOTE B

M. G. LEWIS.—P. 552.

In justice to a departed friend I have subjoined his own defence against an accusation so remorselessly persisted in. The following is an extract of a letter to his father :—

" *Feb.* 23, 1798.

" MY DEAR FATHER,

" Though certain that the clamour raised against *The Monk* cannot have given you the smallest doubt of the rectitude of my intentions, or the purity of my principles, yet I am conscious that it must have grieved you to find any doubts on the subject existing in the minds of other people. To express my sorrow for having given you pain is my motive for now addressing you, and also to assure you, that you shall not feel that pain a second time on my account. Having made you feel it at all, would be a sufficient reason, had I no others, to make me regret having published the first edition of *The Monk*; but I have others, weaker, indeed, than the one mentioned, but still sufficiently strong. I perceive that I have put too much confidence

in the accuracy of my own judgment; that, convinced of my object being unexceptionable, I did not sufficiently examine whether the means by which I attained that object were equally so; and that, upon many accounts, I have to accuse myself of high imprudence. Let me, however, observe, that twenty is not the age at which prudence is most to be expected. Inexperience prevented my distinguishing what would give offence; but as soon as I found that offence was given, I made the only reparation in my power—I carefully revised the work, and expunged every syllable on which could be grounded the slightest construction of immorality. This, indeed, was no difficult task; for the objections rested entirely on expressions too strong, and words carelessly chosen, not on the sentiments, *characters*, or general *tendency* of the work;—that the *latter* is *undeserving* censure, Addison will vouch for me. The moral and outline of my story are taken from an allegory inserted by him in the 'Guardian,' and which he commends highly for ability of invention, and '*propriety of object.*' Unluckily, in working it up, I thought that the stronger my colours, the more effect would my picture produce; and it never struck me, that the exhibition of vice in her *temporary triumph*, might possibly do as much harm, as her final *exposure* and *punishment* could do good. To do *much* good, indeed, was more than I expected of my book; having always believed that our conduct depends on our own hearts and characters, not on the books we read, or the sentiments we hear. But though I did not hope much benefit to arise from the perusal of a trifling romance, written by a *youth* of *twenty*, I was in my own mind convinced, that no harm could be produced by a work whose subject was furnished by one of our best moralists, and in the composition of which, I did not introduce a single incident, or a single character, without meaning to illustrate some maxim universally allowed. It was then with infinite surprise, that I heard the outcry raised against the . . ."

[I regret that the letter, though once perfect, now only exists in my possession as a fragment.]

NOTE C

German Ballads.—P. 557.

Among the popular ballads, or Volkslieder, of the celebrated Herder, is (take one instance out of many) a version of the old Scottish song of *Sir Patrick Spence*, in which, but for difference of orthography, the two languages can be scarcely distinguished from each other. For example:

"The King sits in Dunfermling town,
Drinking the blood-red wine;
'Where will I get a good skipper
To sail this ship of mine?'"

"Der Kœnig sitzt in Dumfermling Schloss:
Er trinkt blutröthen Wein;
'O wo triff ich einen Segler gut
Dies Schiff zu seglen mein?'"

In like manner, the opening stanza of *Child Waters*, and many other Scottish ballads, fall as naturally and easily into the German habits and forms of speech as if they had originally been composed in that language:

"About Yule, when the wind was cule,
And the round tables began,
O there is come to our king's court
Mony weel favour'd man."

"In Christmessfest, in Winter kalt,
Als Tafel rund began,
Da kam zu König's Hoff und Hall
Manch wackrer Ritter an."

It requires only a smattering of both languages to see at what cheap expense, even of vocables and rhymes, the popular poetry of the one may be transferred to the other. Hardly anything is more flattering to a Scottish student of German; it resembles the unexpected discovery of an old friend in a foreign land.

NOTE D

EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF M. G. LEWIS.—P. 560.

My attention was called to this subject, which is now of an old date, by reading the following passage in Medwin's *Account of Some Passages in Lord Byron's Later Years*. Lord Byron is supposed to speak. "When Walter Scott began to write poetry, which was not at a very early age, Monk Lewis corrected his verse: he understood little then of the mechanical part of the art. The *Fire King*, in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, was almost all Lewis's. One of the ballads in that work, and, except some of Leyden's, perhaps one of the best, was made from a story picked up in a stage-coach; I mean, that of *Will Jones*.

'They boil'd Will Jones within the pot,
And not much fat had Will.'

"I hope Walter Scott did not write the review on *Christabel*; for he certainly, in common with many of us, is indebted to Coleridge. But for him, perhaps, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* would never have been thought of. The line,

'Jesu Maria shield thee well!'

is word for word from Coleridge."

There are some parts of this passage extremely mistaken and exaggerated, as generally attends any attempt to record what passes in casual conversation, which resembles, in difficulty, the experiments of the old chemists for fixing quicksilver.

The following is a specimen of my poor friend Lewis's criticism on my juvenile attempts at ballad poetry; severe enough, perhaps, but for which I was much indebted to him, as forcing upon the notice of a young and careless author hints which the said author's vanity made him unwilling to attend to, but which were absolutely necessary to any hope of his ultimate success.

Supposed 1799.

"Thank you for your revised *Glenfinlas*. I *grumble*, but say no more on *this* subject, although I hope you will not be so inflexible on that of your other ballads; for I do not despair of convincing you in time, that a *bad* rhyme is, in fact, no rhyme at all. You desired me to point out my objections, leaving you at liberty to make use of them or not; and so have at *Frederic and Alice*. Stanza 1st, '*hies*' and '*joys*' are not rhymes; the 1st stanza ends with '*joys*'; the 2d begins with '*joying*.' In the 4th, there is too sudden a change of tenses, '*flows*' and '*rose*.' 6th, 7th, and 8th, I like much. 9th, Does not '*ring his ears*' sound ludicrous in yours? The first idea that presents itself is, that his ears were pulled; but even *the ringing of the ears* does not please. 12th, '*Shower*' and '*roar*,' not rhymes. '*Soil*' and '*aisle*,' in the 13th, are not much better; but '*head*' and '*descried*' are execrable. In the 14th, '*bar*' and '*stair*' are ditto; and '*groping*' is a nasty word. *Vide* Johnson, '*He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.*' In the 15th, you change your metre, which has always an unpleasant effect; and '*safe*' and '*receive*' rhyme just about as well as Scott and Lewis would. 16th, '*within*' and '*strain*' are not rhymes. 17th, '*Hear*' and '*air*,' not rhymes. 18th, Two metres are mixed; the same objection to the third line of the 19th. Observe that, in the Ballad, I do not always object to a variation of metre; but then it ought to increase the melody, whereas, in my opinion, in these instances it is diminished.

"THE CHASE.—12th, The 2d line reads very harshly; and '*choir*' and '*lore*' are not rhymes. 13th, '*Rides*' and '*side*' are not rhymes. 30th,

'*Pour*' and '*obscure*' not rhymes. 4oth, '*Spreads*' and '*invades*' are not rhymes. 46th, '*Rends*' and '*ascend*' are not rhymes.

"WILLIAM AND HELEN.—In order that I may bring it nearer the original title, pray introduce, in the first stanza, the name of *Ellenora*, instead of Ellen. '*Crusade*' and '*sped*' not rhymes in the 2d. 3d, '*Made*' and '*shed*' are not rhymes; and if they were, come too close to the rhymes in the 2d. In the 4th, '*Joy*' and '*victory*' are not rhymes. 7th, The first line wants a verb, otherwise is not intelligible. 13th, '*Grace*' and '*bliss*' are not rhymes. 14th, '*Bale*' and '*hell*' are not rhymes. 18th, '*Vain*' and '*fruitless*' is tautology; and as a verb is wanted, the line will run better thus, 'And vain is every prayer.' 19th, Is not '*to her*' absolutely necessary in the 4th line? 20th, '*Grace*' and '*bless*' not rhymes. 21st, '*Bale*' and '*hell*," not rhymes. 22d, I do not like the word '*spent*.' 23d, '*O'er*' and '*star*' are vile rhymes. 26th, A verb is wanted in the 4th line; better thus, 'Then whispers thus a voice.' 28th, Is not 'Is't thou, my love?' better than 'My love! my love!' 31st, If '*wight*' means, as I conjecture, '*enchanted*,' does not this let the cat out of the bag? Ought not the spur to be *sharp* rather than *bright*? In the 4th line, '*Stay*' and '*day*' jingle together: would it not be better, 'I must be gone e'er day'? 32d, '*Steed*' and '*bed*' are not rhymes. 34th, '*Bride*' and '*bed*,' not rhymes. 35th, '*Seat*' and '*await*,' not rhymes. 39th, '*Keep hold*' and '*sit fast*' seem to *my* ear vulgar and prosaic. 40th, The 4th line is defective in point of English, and, indeed, I do not quite understand the meaning. 43d, '*Arose*' and '*pursues*' are not rhymes. 45th, I am not pleased with the epithet '*savage*'; and the latter part of the stanza is, to me, unintelligible. 49th, Is it not closer to the original in line 3d to say, 'Swift ride the dead'? 50th, Does the rain 'whistle'? 55th, line 3d, *Does* it express, 'Is Helen afraid of them'? 59th, '*Door*' and '*flower*' do not rhyme together. 60th '*Scared*' and '*heard*' are not rhymes. 63d, '*Bone*' and '*skeleton*,' not rhymes. 64th, The last line sounds ludicrous; one fancies the heroine coming down with a plump, and sprawling upon her bottom. I have now finished my *severe* examination, and pointed out every objection which I think can be suggested."

"*6th January* 1799.

"DEAR SCOTT, "WELLWYN, —99.

"Your last Ballad reached me just as I was stepping into my chaise to go to Brocket Hall (Lord Melbourne's), so I took it with me, and exhibited both that and *Glenfinlas* with great success. I must not, however, conceal from you, that nobody understood the *Lady* Flora of Glengyle to be a disguised demon till the catastrophe arrived; and that the opinion was universal, that some previous stanzas ought to be introduced descriptive of the nature and office of *the wayward Ladies of the Wood*. William Lambe,[1] too (who writes good verses himself, and, therefore, may be allowed to judge those of other people), was decidedly for the omission of the last stanza but one. These were the only objections started. I thought it as well that you should know them, whether you attend to them or not. With regard to *St John's Eve*, I like it much, and, instead of finding fault with its broken metre, I approve of it highly. I think, in this last Ballad, you have hit off the ancient manner better than in your former ones. *Glenfinlas*, for example, is more like a polished tale, than an old Ballad. But why, in verse 6th, is the Baron's helmet hacked and hewed, if (as we are given to understand) he had assassinated his enemy? Ought not *tore* to be *torn*? *Tore* seems to me not English. In verse 16th, the last line is word for word from *Gil Morrice*. 21st, '*Floor*' and '*bower*' are not rhymes," etc. etc. etc.

The gentleman noticed in the following letter, as partaker in the author's heresies respecting rhyme, had the less occasion to justify such licence, as his own have been singularly accurate. Mr Smythe is now Professor of Modern History at Cambridge.

[1] [Now Lord Melbourne.]

" LONDON, *January* 24, 1799.

" I must not omit telling you, for your own comfort, and that of all such persons as are *wicked* enough to make bad rhymes, that Mr Smythe (a very clever man at Cambridge) took great pains the other day to convince me, not merely that a bad rhyme might pass, but that occasionally a bad rhyme was better than a good one ! ! ! ! ! ! I need not tell you that he left me as great an infidel on this subject as he found me.

" Ever yours, " M. G. LEWIS."

The next letter respects the ballad called the *Fire King*, stated by Captain Medwin to be almost all Lewis's. This is an entire misconception. Lewis, who was very fond of his idea of four elementary kings, had prevailed on me to supply a Fire King. After being repeatedly urged to the task, I sat down one day after dinner, and wrote the *Fire King*, as it was published in the *Tales of Wonder*. The next extract gives an account of the manner in which Lewis received it, which was not very favourable; but instead of writing the greater part, he did not write a single word of it. Dr Leyden, now no more, and another gentleman who still survives, were sitting at my side while I wrote it; nor did my occupation prevent the circulation of the bottle.

Leyden wrote a ballad for the Cloud King, which is mentioned in the ensuing extract. But it did not answer Mat's ideas, either in the colour of the wings, or some point of costume equally important; so Lewis, who was otherwise fond of the ballad, converted it into the Elfin King, and wrote a Cloud King himself, to finish the hierarchy in the way desired.

There is a leading mistake in the passage from Captain Medwin. The *Minstrelsy of the Border* is spoken of, but what is meant is the *Tales of Wonder*. The former work contains none of the ballads mentioned by Mr Medwin—the latter has them all. Indeed, the dynasty of Elemental Kings were written entirely for Mr Lewis's publication.

My intimate friend, William Clerk, Esq., was the person who heard the legend of Bill Jones told in a mail-coach by a sea captain, who imagined himself to have seen the ghost to which it relates. The tale was versified by Lewis himself. I forget where it was published, but certainly in no miscellany or publication of mine.

I have only to add, in allusion to the passage I have quoted, that I never wrote a word parodying either Mr Coleridge or anyone else, which, in that distinguished instance, it would have been most ungracious in me to have done, for which the reader will see reasons in the Introduction to *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

" DEAR SCOTT, LONDON, 3*d February* 1800.

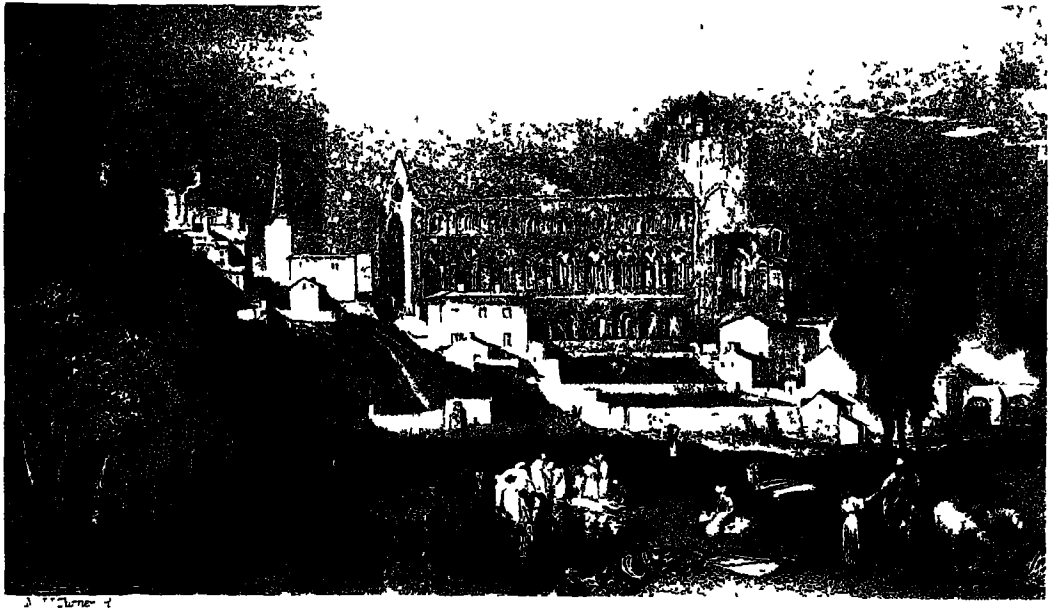
" I return you many thanks for your Ballad, and the Extract, and I shall be very much obliged to your friend for the *Cloud King*. I must, however, make one criticism upon the Stanzas which you sent me. The Spirit, being a wicked one, must not have such delicate wings as pale blue ones. He has nothing to do with Heaven except to deface it with storms; and therefore, in *The Monk*, I have fitted him with a pair of sable pinions, to which I must request your friend to adapt his Stanza. With the others I am much pleased, as I am with your *Fire King*; but every body makes the same objection to it, and expresses a wish that you had conformed your Spirit to the description given of him in *The Monk*, where his office is to play the Will o' the Wisp, and lead travellers into bogs, etc. It is also objected to, his being removed from his native land, Denmark, to Palestine; and that the office assigned to him in your Ballad has nothing peculiar to the 'Fire King,' but would have suited Arimanes, Beelzebub, or any other evil spirit, as well. However, the Ballad itself I think very pretty. I suppose you have heard from Bell respecting the copies of the Ballads. I was too much distressed at the time to write myself," etc. etc. " M. G. L."

CHRISTIE'S WILL

In the reign of Charles I, when the moss-trooping practices were not entirely discontinued, the tower of Gilnockie, in the parish of Cannoby, was occupied by William Armstrong, called, for distinction sake, *Christie's Will*, a lineal descendant of the famous John Armstrong, of Gilnockie, executed by James V.[1] The hereditary love of plunder had descended to this person with the family mansion; and, upon some marauding party, he was seized and imprisoned in the tolbooth of Jedburgh. The Earl of Traquair, Lord High Treasurer, happening to visit Jedburgh, and knowing Christie's Will, enquired the cause of his confinement. Will replied, he was imprisoned for stealing two *tethers* (halters); but, upon being more closely interrogated, acknowledged there were two *delicate colts* at the end of them. The joke, such as it was, amused the Earl, who exerted his interest and succeeded in releasing Christie's Will from bondage. Some time afterwards, a lawsuit, of importance to Lord Traquair, was to be decided in the Court of Session; and there was every reason to believe that the judgment would turn upon the voice of the presiding judge, who has a casting vote in case of an equal division among his brethren. The opinion of the President was unfavourable to Lord Traquair; and the point was, therefore, to keep him out of the way when the question should be tried. In this dilemma, the Earl had recourse to Christie's Will; who at once offered his service to kidnap the President. Upon due scrutiny, he found it was the judge's practice frequently to take the air, on horseback, on the sands of Leith, without an attendant. In one of these excursions, Christie's Will, who had long watched his opportunity, ventured to accost the President, and engage him in conversation. His address and language were so amusing that he decoyed the President into an unfrequented and furzy common, called the Frigate Whins, where, riding suddenly up to him, he pulled him from his horse, muffled him in a large cloak, which he had provided, and rode off with the luckless judge trussed up behind him. Will crossed the country with great expedition, by paths only known to persons of his description, and deposited his weary and terrified burden in an old castle, in Annandale, called the Tower of Graham.[2] The judge's horse being found, it was concluded he had thrown his rider into the sea; his friends went into mourning, and a successor was appointed to his office. Meanwhile, the poor President spent a heavy time in the vault of the castle. He was imprisoned and solitary; receiving his food through an aperture in the wall, and never hearing the sound of a human voice, save when a shepherd

[1] For his pedigree, the reader may consult the Appendix to the ballad of *Johnie Armstrong*, p. 52.

[2] It stands upon the water of Dryfe, not far from Moffat.



JEDBURGH ABBEY

called his dog, by the name of *Batty*, and when a female domestic called upon *Maudge*, the cat. These, he concluded, were invocations of spirits; for he held himself to be in the dungeon of a sorcerer. At length, after three months had elasped, the lawsuit was decided in favour of Lord Traquair; and Will was directed to set the President at liberty. Accordingly, he entered the vault at dead of night, seized the President, muffled him one more in the cloak, without speaking a single word, and, using the same mode of transportation, conveyed him to Leith sands, and set down the astonished judge on the very spot where he had taken him up. The joy of his friends, and the less agreeable surprise of his successor, may be easily conceived when he appeared in court to reclaim his office and honours. All embraced his own persuasion that he had been spirited away by witchcraft; nor could he himself be convinced of the contrary, until, many years afterwards, happening to travel in Annandale, his ears were saluted once more with the sounds of *Maudge* and *Batty*—the only notes which had solaced his long confinement. This led to a discovery of the whole story; but in these disorderly times, it was only laughed at as a fair *ruse de guerre*.

Wild and strange as this tradition may seem, there is little doubt of its foundation in fact. The judge upon whose person this extraordinary stratagem was practised was Sir Alexander Gibson, Lord Durie, collector of the reports well known in the Scottish law, under the title of *Durie's Decisions*. He was advanced to the station of an ordinary lord of session, 10th July 1621, and died at his own house of Durie, July 1646. Betwixt these periods his whimsical adventure must have happened; a date which corresponds with that of the tradition.

"We may frame," says Forbes, "a rational conjecture of his great learning and parts, not only from his collection of the decisions of the Session, from July 1621 till July 1642, but also from the following circumstances: 1. In a tract of more than twenty years, he was frequently chosen vice-president, and no other lord in that time. 2. 'Tis commonly reported that some party, in a considerable action before the session, finding that the Lord Durie could not be persuaded to think his plea good, fell upon a stratagem to prevent the influence and weight, which his lordship might have to his prejudice, by causing some strong masked men kidnap him, in the Links of Leith, at his diversion on a Saturday afternoon, and transport him to some blind and obscure room in the country, where he was detained captive, without the benefit of day-light, a matter of three months (though otherways civilly and well entertained); during which time his lady and children went in mourning for him, as dead. But, after the cause aforesaid was decided, the Lord Durie was carried back by incognitos, and dropt in the same place where he had been taken up" (Forbes's *Journals of the Session*, Edin., 1714. Preface, p. 28).

Tradition ascribes to Christie's Will another memorable feat which seems worthy of being recorded. It is well known that, during the

troubles of Charles I, the Earl of Traquair continued unalterably fixed in his attachment to his unfortunate master, in whose service he hazarded his person and impoverished his estate. It was of consequence, it is said, to the King's service that a certain packet, containing papers of importance, should be transmitted to him from Scotland. But the task was a difficult one, as the Parliamentary leaders used their utmost endeavours to prevent any communication betwixt the King and his Scottish friends. Traquair, in this strait, again had recourse to the services of Christie's Will; who undertook the commission, conveyed the papers safely to His Majesty, and received an answer, to be delivered to Lord Traquair. But in the meantime his embassy had taken air, and Cromwell had dispatched orders to intercept him at Carlisle. Christie's Will, unconscious of his danger, halted in the town to refresh his horse, and then pursued his journey. But as soon as he began to pass the long, high, and narrow bridge, which crosses the Eden at Carlisle, either end of the pass was occupied by a party of parliamentary soldiers, who were lying in wait for him. The Borderer disdained to resign his enterprise, even in these desperate circumstances; and at once forming his resolution, spurred his horse over the parapet. The river was in high flood. Will sunk—the soldiers shouted—he emerged again, and, guiding his horse to a steep bank, called the Stanners, or Stanhouse, endeavoured to land, but ineffectually, owing to his heavy horseman's cloak, now drenched in water. Will cut the loop, and the horse feeling himself disembarrassed made a desperate exertion and succeeded in gaining the bank. Our hero set off at full speed, pursued by the troopers, who had for a time stood motionless in astonishment at his temerity. Will, however, was well mounted; and having got the start, he kept it, menacing with his pistols any pursuer who seemed likely to gain on him—an artifice which succeeded, although the arms were wet and useless. He was chased to the river Esk, which he swam without hesitation; and finding himself on Scottish ground, and in the neighbourhood of friends, he turned on the northern bank, and, in the true spirit of a Border rider, invited his followers to come through and drink with him. After this taunt he proceeded on his journey, and faithfully accomplished his mission. Such were the exploits of the very last Border freebooter of any note.

The reader is not to regard the ballad as of genuine and unmixed antiquity, though some stanzas are current upon the Border, in a corrupted state. They have been eked and joined together in the rude and ludicrous manner of the original, but as it is to be considered as a modern ballad, it is transferred to this department of the work.

Traquair has ridden up Chapelhope,
And sae has he down by the Gray Mare's Tail;[1]
He never stinted the light gallop,
Until he speer'd for Christie's Will.

[1] A cataract above Moffat, so called.

Now Christie's Will peep'd frae the tower,
And out at the shot-hole keeked he;
"And ever unlucky," quo' he, "is the hour,
That the Warden comes to speer for me!"

"Good Christie's Will, now, have na fear!
Nae harm, good Will, shall hap to thee:
I saved thy life at the Jeddart air,[1]
At the Jeddart air frae the justice tree.

"Bethink how ye sware, by the salt and the bread,[2]
By the lightning, the wind, and the rain,
That if ever of Christie's Will I had need,
He would pay me my service again."

"Gramercy, my lord," quo' Christie's Will,
"Gramercy, my lord, for your grace to me!
When I turn my cheek, and claw my neck,
I think of Traquair, and the Jeddart tree."

And he has opened the fair tower yate,
To Traquair and a' his companie;
The spule o' the deer on the board he has set,
The fattest that ran on the Hutton Lee.

"Now, wherefore sit ye sad, my lord?
And wherefore sit ye mournfullie?
And why eat ye not of the venison I shot,
At the dead of night on Hutton Lee?"

"O weel may I stint of feast and sport,
And in my mind be vexed sair!
A vote of the canker'd Session Court,
Of land and living will make me bare.

"But if auld Durie to heaven were flown,
Or if auld Durie to hell were gane,
Or . . . if he could be but ten days stown . . .
My bonny braid lands would still be my ain."

"O mony a time, my lord," he said,
"I've stown the horse frae the sleeping loun;
But for you I'll steal a beast as braid,
For I'll steal Lord Durie frae Edinburgh town.

[1] Court held in Jedburgh.
[2] "He took bread and salt by this light, that he would never open his lips" (*The Honest Whore*, Act 5, Scene 12).

"O mony a time, my lord," he said
"I've stown a kiss frae a sleeping wench;
But for you I'll do as kittle a deed,
For I'll steal an auld lurdane aff the bench."

And Christie's Will is to Edinburgh gane;
At the Borough Muir then entered he;
And as he pass'd the gallow-stane,
He cross'd his brow, and he bent his knee.

He lighted at Lord Durie's door,
And there he knocked most manfullie;
And up and spake Lord Durie sae stoor,
"What tidings, thou stalward groom, to me?"

"The fairest lady in Teviotdale,
Has sent, maist reverent Sir, for thee;
She pleas at the session for her land, a' haill,
And fain she wad plead her cause to thee."

"But how can I to that lady ride,
With saving of my dignitie?"
"O a curch and mantle ye may wear,
And in my cloak ye sall muffled be."

Wi' curch on head, and cloak ower face,
He mounted the judge on a palfrey fyne;
He rode away, a right round pace,
And Christie's Will held the bridle reyn.

The Lothian Edge they were not o'er,
When they heard bugles bauldly ring,
And, hunting over Middleton Moor,[1]
They met, I ween, our noble king.

When Willie look'd upon our king,
I wot a frightened man was he!
But ever auld Durie was startled more,
For tyning of his dignitie.

The king he cross'd himself, I wis,
When as the pair came riding by—
"An uglier crone, and a sturdier loon,
I think, were never seen with eye!"

Willie has hied to the tower of Græme,
He took auld Durie on his back,
He shot him down to the dungeon deep,
Which garr'd his auld banes gie mony a crack.

[1] Middleton Moor is about fifteen miles from Edinburgh on the way to the Border.

For nineteen days, and nineteen nights,
Of sun, or moon, or midnight stern,
Auld Durie never saw a blink,
The lodging was sae dark and dern.

He thought the warlocks o' the rosy cross
Had fang'd him in their nets sae fast;
Or that the gypsies' glamour'd gang,
Had lair'd [1] his learning at the last.

"Hey! Batty, lad! far yaud! far yaud!" [2]
These were the morning sounds heard he;
And "ever alack!" auld Durie cried,
"The deil is hounding his tykes on me!"

And whiles a voice on *Baudrons* cried,
With sound uncouth, and sharp, and hie;
"I have tar-barrell'd mony a witch,
But now, I think, they'll clear scores wi' me!"

The king has caused a bill be wrote,
And he has set it on the Tron,—
"He that will bring Lord Durie back,
Shall have five hundered merks and one.

Traquair has written a privie letter,
And he has seal'd it wi' his seal,—
"Ye may let the auld brock [3] out o' the poke;
The land's my ain, and a's gane weel."

O Will has mounted his bonny black,
And to the tower of Græme did trudge,
And once again, on his sturdy back,
Has he hente up the weary judge.

He brought him to the council stairs,
And there full loudly shouted he,
"Gie me my guerdon, my sovereign liege,
And take ye back your auld Durie!"

[1] Bogged.
[2] The signal made by a shepherd to his dog, when he is to drive away some sheep at a distance. From Yoden, to go.—*Ang. Sax.*
[3] Badger.

NOTES

He thought the warlocks o' the rosy cross.—P. 573, v. 2.

"As for the rencounter betwixt Mr Williamson, schoolmaster at Cowper (who has wrote a grammar), and the Rosicrucians, I never trusted it, till I heard it from his own son, who is present minister of Kirkaldy. He tells, that a stranger came to Cowper, and called for him: after they had drank a little, and the reckoning came to be paid, he whistled for spirits; one, in the shape of a boy, came, and gave him gold in abundance; no servant was seen riding with him to the town, nor enter with him into the inn. He caused his spirits, against next day, bring him noble Greek wine, from the Pope's cellar, and tell the freshest news then at Rome; then trysted Mr Williamson at London, who met the same man, in a coach, near to London Bridge, and who called on him by his name; he marvelled to see any know him there; at last he found it was his Rosicrucian. He pointed to a tavern, and desired Mr Williamson to do him the favour to dine with him at that house; whither he came at twelve o'clock, and found him, and many others of good fashion there, and a most splendid and magnificent table, furnished with all the varieties of delicate meats, where they are all served by spirits. At dinner, they debated upon the excellency of being attended by spirits; and, after dinner, they proposed to him to assume him into their society, and make him participant of their happy life; but, among the other conditions and qualifications requisite, this was one, that they demanded his abstracting his spirit from all materiality, and renouncing his baptismal engagements. Being amazed at this proposal, he falls a-praying; whereat they all disappear, and leave him alone. Then he began to forethink what would become of him, if he were left to pay that vast reckoning; not having as much on him as would defray it. He calls the boy, and asks, what was become of these gentlemen, and what was to pay? He answered, there was nothing to pay, for they had done it, and were gone about their affairs in the city" (Fountainhall's *Decisions*, vol. i, p. 15). With great deference to the learned reporter, this story has all the appearance of a joke upon the poor schoolmaster, calculated at once to operate upon his credulity, and upon his fears of being left in pawn for the reckoning.

Or that the gypsies' glamour'd gang, etc.—P. 573, v. 2.

Besides the prophetic powers, ascribed to the gypsies in most European countries, the Scottish peasants believe them possessed of the power of throwing upon bystanders a spell, to fascinate their eyes, and cause them to see the thing that is not. Thus, in the old ballad of *Johnie Faa*, the elopement of the Countess of Cassillis, with a gypsy leader, is imputed to fascination:

> "As soon as they saw her weel-far'd face,
> They cast the *glamour* ower her."

Saxo Grammaticus mentions a particular sect of *Mathematicians*, as he is pleased to call them, "*per summam ludificandorum oculorum peritiam, proprios alienosque vultus, variis rerum imaginibus, adumbrare callebant; illicitisque formis veros obscurare conspectus.*" Merlin, the son of Ambrose, was particularly skilled in this art, and displays it often in the old metrical romance of *Arthour and Merlin*:

> "Tho' thai com the kinges neighe
> Merlin hef his heued on heighe
> And kest on hem enchauntement
> That he hem alle allmest blent
> That non other sen no might
> A gret while y you plight," etc.

The *jongleurs* were also great professors of this mystery, which has in some degree descended, with their name, on the modern jugglers. But durst Breslaw, the Sieur Boaz, or Katterfelto himself, have encountered, in a magical slight, the *tragetoures* of Father Chaucer, who

> "within a hall large
> Have made come in a water and a barge,
> And in the halle rowen up and down;
> Somtime hath semed come a grim leoun,
> And somtime flowres spring as in a mede;
> Somtime a vine and grapes white and rede,
> Somtime a castel al of lime and ston;
> And when hem liketh voided it anon.
> Thus seemeth it to every mannes sight."
>
> *Frankeleene's Tale.*

And, again, the prodigies exhibited by the clerk of Orleans to Aurelius:

> "He shewd him or they went to soupere
> Forestes, parkes, ful of wilde dere;
> Ther saw he hartes with hir hornes hie,
> The gretest that were ever seen with eie:
> He saw of them an hundred slain with houndes,
> And some with arwes blede of bitter woundes:
> He saw, when voided were the wilde dere,
> Thise fauconers upon a fair rivere,
> That with hir haukes han the heron slain:
> Tho saw he knightes justen on a plain;
> And after this he did him swiche pleasance,
> That he him shewd his lady on a dance,
> On which himselven danced, as him thought:
> And whan this maister that this magike wrought,
> Saw it was time, he clapt his handes two,
> And farewell! all the revel is ago.
> And yet remued they never out of the house,
> While they saw all thise sights merveillous:
> But in his studie ther his bookes be,
> They saten still and no wight but this three."
>
> *Ibidem.*

Our modern professors of the *magic natural* would likewise have been sorely put down by the *Jogulours* and *Enchantours* of the *Grete Chan*; "for they maken to come in the air the sone and the mone, beseminge to every mannes sight; and aftre, they maken the nyght so dirke, that no man may se no thing; and aftre, they maken the day to come agen, fair and plesant, with bright sone to every mannes sight; and than, they bringin in daunces of the fairest damyselles of the world, and richest arrayed; and after, they maken to comen in other damyselles, bringing coupes of gold, full of mylke of diverse bestes; and geven drinke to lordes and to ladyes; and than they maken knyghtes to justen in armes fulle lustyly; and they rennen togidre a gret randoun, and they frusschen togidre full fiercely, and they broken her speres so rudely, that the trenchouns flen in sprotis and pieces alle aboute the halle; and than they make to come in hunting for the hert and for the boor, with houndes renning with open mouthe: and many other things they dow of her enchauntements, that it is marveyle for to se" (Sir John Mandeville's *Travels*, p. 285). I question much, also, if the most artful *illuminatus* of Germany could have matched the prodigies exhibited by Pacolet and Adramain. "*Adonc Adramain leva une cappe par dessus une pillier, et en telle sort, qu'il sembla a ceux qui furent presens, que parmi la place couroit une riviere fort grande et terrible. Et en icelle riviere sembloit avoir poissons en grand abondance, grands et petits. Et quand ceux de palais virent l'eau*

si grande, ils commencerent tous a lever leur robes et a crier fort, comme s'ils eussent eu peur d'estre noyes ; et Pacolet, qui l'enchantement regarda, commenca a chanter, et fit un sort si subtil en son chant qu'il sembla a tous ceux de lieu que parmy la riviere couroit un cerf grand et cornu, qui jettoit et abbatoit a terre tout ce que devant lui trouvoit, puis leur fut advis que voyoyent chasseurs et veneurs courir apris le Cerf, avec grande puissance de levriers et des chiens. Lors y eut plusiers de la compagnie qui saillirent au devant pour le Cerf attraper et cuyder prendre ; mais Pacolet fist tost le Cerf sailler. 'Bien avez joué,' dit Orson, 'et bien scavez vostre art user'" (L'Histoire de Valentin et Orson, à Rouen, 1631). The receipt to prevent the operation of these deceptions was to use a sprig of four-leaved clover. I remember to have heard (certainly very long ago, for at that time I believed the legend) that a gypsy exercised his *glamour* over a number of people at Haddington, to whom he exhibited a common dung-hill coak trailing, what appeared to the spectators, a massy oaken trunk. An old man passed with a cart of clover ; he stopped and picked out a four-leaved blade ; the eyes of the spectators were opened, and the oaken trunk appeared to be a bulrush.

I have tar-barrell'd mony a witch.—P. 573, v. 4.

Human nature shrinks from the brutal scenes produced by the belief in witchcraft. Under the idea that the devil imprinted upon the body of his miserable vassals a mark which was insensible to pain, persons were employed to run needles into the bodies of the old women who were suspected of witchcraft. In the dawning of common sense upon this subject, a complaint was made before the Privy Council of Scotland, 11th September 1678, by Catherine Liddell, a poor woman, against the baron-bailie of Preston-Grange and David Cowan (a professed pricker) for having imprisoned and most cruelly tortured her. They answered : 1st, she was searched by her own consent, *et volenti non fit injuria* ; 2d, the pricker had learned his trade from Kincaid, a famed pricker ; 3d, he never acted but when called upon by magistrates or clergymen, so what he did was *auctore prætore* ; 4th, his trade was lawful ; 5th, Perkins, Delrio, and all divines and lawyers, who treat of witchcraft, assert the existence of the marks, or *stigmata sagarum* ; and 6thly, were it otherwise, *Error communis facit jus.*—Answered, 1st, denies consent ; 2d, nobody can validly consent to their own torture ; for, *Nemo est dominus membrorum suorum* ; 3d, the pricker was a common cheat. The last arguments prevailed, and it was found that inferior judges "might not use any torture by pricking or by withholding them from sleep" ; the council reserving all that to themselves, the justices, and those acting by commission from them. But Lord Durie, a lord of session, could have no share in these inflictions.

THOMAS THE RHYMER

IN THREE PARTS

PART FIRST—ANCIENT

FEW personages are so renowned in tradition as Thomas of Ercildoune, known by the appellation of *The Rhymer*. Uniting, or supposed to unite, in his person the powers of poetical composition and of vaticination, his memory, even after the lapse of five hundred years, is regarded with veneration by his countrymen. To give anything like a certain history of this remarkable man would be indeed difficult; but the curious may derive some satisfaction from the particulars here brought together.

It is agreed on all hands that the residence, and probably the birthplace, of this ancient bard was Ercildoune, a village situated upon the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed. The ruins of an ancient tower are still pointed out as the Rhymer's castle. The uniform tradition bears that his surname was Lermont, or Learmont; and that the appellation of *The Rhymer* was conferred on him in consequence of his poetical compositions. There remains, nevertheless, some doubt upon this subject. In a charter, which is subjoined at length,[1] the son of our poet designs himself "Thomas of Ercildoun, son and heir of Thomas Rymour of Ercildoun," which seems to imply that the father did not bear the hereditary name of Learmont; or, at least, was better known and distinguished by the epithet which he had acquired by his personal accomplishments. I must, however, remark, that down to a very late period the practice of distinguishing the parties, even in formal writings, by the epithets which had been bestowed on them from personal circumstances,

[1] *From the Chartulary of the Trinity House of Soltra, Advocates' Library*, W. 4, 14

ERSYLTON

Omnibus has literas visuris vel audituris Thomas de Ercildoun filius et heres Thomæ Rymour de Ercildoun salutem in Domino. Noveritis me per fustem et baculum in pleno judicio resignasse ac per presentes quietem clamasse pro me et heredibus meis Magistro domus Sanctæ Trinitatis de Soltre et fratribus ejusdem domus totam terram meam cum omnibus pertinentibus suis quam in tenemento de Ercildoun hereditarie tenui renunciando de toto pro me et heredibus meis omni jure et clameo quæ ego seu antecessores mei in eadem terra alioque tempore de perpetuo habuimus sive de futuro habere possumus. In cujus rei testimonio presentibus his sigillum meum apposui data apud Ercildoun die Martis proximo post festum Sanctorum Apostolorum Symonis et Jude Anno Domini Millessimo cc. Nonagesimo Nono.

instead of the proper surnames of their families, was common, and indeed necessary, among the Border clans. So early as the end of the thirteenth century, when surnames were hardly introduced in Scotland, this custom must have been universal. There is, therefore, nothing inconsistent in supposing our poet's name to have been actually Learmont, although, in this charter, he is distinguished by the popular appellation of *The Rhymer*.

We are better able to ascertain the period at which Thomas of Ercildoune lived, being the latter end of the thirteenth century. I am inclined to place his death a little farther back than Mr Pinkerton, who supposes that he was alive in 1300 (*List of Scottish Poets*), which is hardly, I think, consistent with the charter already quoted, by which his son, in 1299, for himself and his heirs, conveys to the convent of the Trinity of Soltre, the tenement which he possessed by inheritance (*hereditarie*) in Ercildoune, with all claim which he or his predecessors could pretend thereto. From this we may infer that the Rhymer was now dead; since we find his son disposing of the family property. Still, however, the argument of the learned historian will remain unimpeached as to the time of the poet's birth. For if, as we learn from Barbour, his prophecies were held in reputation[1] as early as 1306, when Bruce slew the Red Cummin, the sanctity, and (let me add to Mr Pinkerton's words) the uncertainty of antiquity, must have already involved his character and writings. In a charter of Peter da Haga de Bemersyde, which unfortunately wants a date, the Rhymer, a near neighbour, and, if we may trust tradition, a friend of the family, appears as a witness (*Chartulary of Melrose*).

It cannot be doubted that Thomas of Ercildoune was a remarkable and important person in his own time, since, very shortly after his death, we find him celebrated as a prophet and as a poet. Whether he himself made any pretensions to the first of these characters, or whether it was gratuitously conferred upon him by the credulity of posterity, it seems difficult to decide. If we may believe Mackenzie, Learmont only versified the prophecies delivered by Eliza, an inspired nun of a convent at Haddington. But of this there seems not to be the most distant proof. On the contrary, all ancient authors, who quote the Rhymer's prophecies, uniformly suppose them to have been emitted by himself. Thus, in Wyntoun's *Chronicle*,

> "Of this fycht quilum spak Thomas
> Of Ersyldoune, that sayd in derne,
> Thare suld meit stalwartly, starke and sterne.
> He sayd it in his prophecy;
> But how he wist it was *ferly*."
>
> Bk. viii, chap. 32.

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[1] The lines alluded to are these:

> "I hope that Thomas's prophesie,
> Of Erceldoun, shall truly be.
> In him, etc."

There could have been no *ferly* (marvel), in Wyntoun's eyes at least, how Thomas came by his knowledge of future events, had he ever heard of the inspired nun of Haddington; which, it cannot be doubted, would have been a solution of the mystery much to the taste of the prior of Lochleven.[1]

Whatever doubts, however, the learned might have as to the source of the Rhymer's prophetic skill, the vulgar had no hesitation to ascribe the whole to the intercourse between the bard and the Queen of Faëry. The popular tale bears that Thomas was carried off, at an early age, to the Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge which made him afterwards so famous. After seven years' residence, he was permitted to return to the earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers; still, however, remaining bound to return to his royal mistress when she should intimate her pleasure.[2] Accordingly, while Thomas was making merry with his friends in the tower of Ercildoune, a person came running in and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest and were, composedly and slowly, parading the street of the village.[3] The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still "drees his weird" in Fairy Land, and is one day expected to revisit earth. In the meanwhile, his memory is held in the most profound respect. The Eildon Tree, from beneath the shade of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists; but the spot is marked by a large stone, called Eildon Tree Stone. A neighbouring rivulet takes the name of the Bogle Burn (Goblin Brook) from the Rhymer's supernatural visitants. The veneration paid to his dwelling-place even attached itself in some degree to a person who, within the memory of man, chose to set up his residence in the ruins of Learmont's tower. The name of this man was Murray, a kind of herbalist; who, by dint of some knowledge in simples, the possession of a musical clock, an electrical machine, and a stuffed alligator, added to a supposed communication with

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[1] Henry the Minstrel, who introduces Thomas into the history of Wallace, expresses the same doubt as to the source of his prophetic knowledge:

"Thomas Rhymer into the faile was than
With the minister, which was a worthy man.
He used oft to that religious place;
The people deemed of wit he meikle can,
And so he told, though that they bless or ban,
In rule of war whether they tint or wan:
Which happened sooth in many divers case;
I cannot say by wrong or righteousness.
It may be deemed by division of grace," etc.
Hist. of Wallace, bk. ii.

[2] See the Dissertation on Fairies, prefixed to *Tamlane*, p. 315.

[3] There is a singular resemblance betwixt this tradition and an incident occurring in the life of Merlin Caledonius, which the reader will find a few pages onward.

Thomas the Rhymer, lived for many years in very good credit as a wizard.

It seemed to the Editor unpardonable to dismiss a person so important in Border tradition as the Rhymer without some further notice than a simple commentary upon the following ballad. It is given from a copy, obtained from a lady residing not far from Ercildoune, corrected and enlarged by one in Mrs Brown's MSS. The former copy, however, as might be expected, is far more minute as to local description. To this old tale the Editor has ventured to add a Second Part, consisting of a kind of Cento, from the printed prophecies vulgarly ascribed to the Rhymer; and a Third Part, entirely modern, founded upon the tradition of his having returned with the hart and hind to the Land of Faëry. To make his peace with the more severe antiquaries, the Editor has prefixed to the second part some remarks on Learmont's prophecies.

THOMAS THE RHYMER

PART FIRST—ANCIENT

True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e;
And there he saw a ladye bright
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane,
Hang fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas, he pull'd aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee,
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see."

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said;
"That name does not belang to me;
I am but the Queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said;
"Harp and carp along wi' me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never danton me."[1]
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

[1] That destiny shall never frighten me.

"Now, ye maun go wi' me," she said;
"True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro' weal or woe as may chance to be."

She mounted on her milk-white steed;
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on;
The steed gaed swifter than the wind,
Until they reached a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee,
Abide and rest a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three.

"O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

"And see ye not that braid braid road,
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

"And see ye not that bonny road
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For, if you speak word in Elflyn land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun or moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae stern light,
And they waded through red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude, that's shed on earth,
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree—
"Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that can never lie."

"My tongue is mine ain," true Thomas said;
"A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."
"Now hold thy peace!" the lady said,
"For as I say, so must it be."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And, till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

NOTE AND APPENDIX

She pu'd an apple frae a tree, etc.—P. 582, v. 1.

The traditional commentary upon this ballad informs us that the apple was the produce of the fatal Tree of Knowledge, and that the garden was the terrestrial paradise. The repugnance of Thomas to be debarred the use of falsehood, when he might find it convenient, has a comic effect.

The reader is here presented, from an old and unfortunately an imperfect MS., with the undoubted original of Thomas the Rhymer's intrigue with the Queen of Faëry. It will afford great amusement to those who would study the nature of traditional poetry, and the changes effected by oral tradition, to compare this ancient romance with the foregoing ballad. The same incidents are narrated, even the expression is often the same; yet the poems are as different in appearance as if the older tale had been regularly and systematically modernized by a *poet of the present day*.

Incipit Prophesia Thomæ de Erseldoun

"In a lande as I was lent,
In the gryking of the day,
Ay alone as I went,
In Huntle bankys me for to play:
I saw the throstyl, and the jay,
Ye mawes movyde of her song,
Ye wodwale sange notes gay,
That al the wod about range.
In that longyng as I lay,
Undir nethe a dern tre,
I was war of a lady gay,
Come rydyng ouyr a fair le;
Zogh I suld sitt to domysday,
With my tong to wrabbe and wry,

Certenly all hyr aray,
It beth neuyer discryuyd for me.
Hyr palfra was dappyll gray,
Sycke on say neuer none,
As the son is somers day,
All abowte that lady shone.
Hyr sadyl was of a rewel bone,
A semly syght it was to se,
Bryht with mony a precyous stone,
And compasyd all with crapste;
Stones of oryens gret plente,
Her hair about her hede it hang,
She rode ouer the farnyle.
A while she blew, a while she sang,
Her girths of nobil silke they were,
Her boculs were of beryl stone,
Sadyll and brydil war . . . :
With sylk and sendel about bedone,
Hyr patyrel was of a pall fyne
And hyr croper of the arase,
Hyr brydil was of gold fyne,
On euery syde forsothe hang bells thre,
Hyr brydil reynes . . .
A semly syzt . . .
Crop and patyrel . . .
In every joynt . . .
She led thre grew houndes in a leash,
And ratches cowpled by her ran;
She bar an horn about her halse,
And undir her girdle mene fiene.
Thomas lay and sa . . .
In the bankes of . . .
He sayd Yonder is Mary of Might,
That bar the child that died for me,
Certes bot I may speke with that lady bright,
Myd my hert will breke in three:
I schal me hye with all my might,
Hyr to mete at Eldyn Tre.
Thomas rathly up he rase,
And ran ouer mountayn hye,
If it be sothe the story says,
He met her euyn at Eldyn Tre.
Thomas kneyld down on his kne
Undir nethe the grenewood spray,
And sayd, Lovely lady, thou rue on me,
Queen of Heaven as you well may be;
But I am a lady of another countrie,
If I be pareld most of prise,
I ride after the wild fee,
My ratches rinnen at my devys.
If thou be pareld most of prise,
And rides a lady in strang foly,
Lovely lady as thou art wise,
Giue you me leue to lige ye by.
Do way, Thomas, that wert foly,
I pray ye, Thomas, late me be,
That sin will forde all my bewtie
Lovely ladye rewe on me,
And euer more I shall with ye dwell,
Here my trowth I plyght to thee,

Where you beleues in heuin or hell.
Thomas, and you myght lyge me by,
Undir nethe this grene wode spray,
Thou would tell full hastely,
That thou had layn by a lady gay.
Lady I mote lyg by the,
Under nethe the grene wode tre,
For all the gold in chrystenty,
Suld you neuer be wryede for me.
Man on molde you will me marre,
And yet bot you may haf your will,
Trow you well, Thomas, you cheuyst ye warre;
For all my bewtie wilt you spill.
Down lyghtyd that lady bryzt,
Undir nethe the grene wode spray,
And as ye story sayth full ryzt,
Seuyen tymes by her he lay.
She sayd, Man you lyst thi play,
What berde in bouyr may dele with thee,
That maries me all this long day;
I pray ye, Thomas, lat me be.
Thomas stode up in the stede,
And behelde the lady gay,
Her heyre hang down about hyr hede,
The tane was blak, the other gray,
Her eyn semyt onte before was gray,
Her gay clethyng was all away,
That he before hade sene in that stede;
Hyr body as blow as ony bede.
Thomas sighede, and sayd allas,
Me thynke this a dullfull syght,
That thou art fadyd in the face,
Before you shone as son so bryzt.
Tak thy leue Thomas, at son and mone,
At gresse, and at euery tre,
This twelmonth sall you with me gone,
Medyl erth you sall not se.
Alas, he seyd, ful wo is me,
I trow my dedes will werke me care,
Jesu, my sole tak to ye,
Whedir so euyr my body sal fare.
She rode furth with all her myzt,
Undir nethe the derne lee,
It was as derke as at mydnizt,
And euyr in water unto the kne;
Through the space of days thre,
He herde but swowyng of a flode:
Thomas sayd, Ful wo is me,
Now I spyll for fawte of fode;
To a garden she lede him tyte,
There was fruyte in grete plente,
Peyres and appless ther were rype,
The date and the damese,
The figge and als fylbert tre;
The nyghtyngale bredyng in her neste,
The papigaye about gan fle,
The throstylcok sang wold hafe no rest.
He pressed to pulle fruyt with his hand
As man for faute that was faynt;
She seyd, Thomas, lat al stand,

Or els the deuyl wil the ataynt.
Sche said, Thomas, I the hyzt,
To lay thi hede upon my kne,
And thou shalt see fayrer syght,
Than euyr sawe man in their kintre.
Sees thou, Thomas, yon fayr way,
That lyggs ouyr yone fayr playn?
Yonder is the way to heuyn for ay,
Whan synful sawles haf derayed their payne.
Sees thou, Thomas, yon secund way,
That lygges lawe undir the ryse?
Streight is the way sothly to say,
To the joyes of paradyce.
Sees thou Thomas, yon thyrd way,
That ligges ouyr yone how?
Wide is the way sothly to say,
To the brynyng fyres of hell.
Sees thou, Thomas, yone fayr castell,
That standes ouyr yone fayr hill?
Of town and tower it beereth the belle,
In middell erth is none like theretill.
Whan thou comyst in yone castell gaye,
I pray thou curteis man to be:
What so any man to you say,
Loke thu answer none but me.
My lord is servyd at yche messe,
With xxx kniztes feir and fre;
I sall say syttyng on the dese,
I toke thy speche beyonde the le.
Thomas stode as still as stone,
And behelde that ladye gaye;
Than was sche fayr and ryche anone,
And also ryal on hir palfreye.
The grewhoundes had fylde them on the dere,
The raches coupled, by my fay,
She blew her horn Thomas to chere,
To the castell she went her way.
The lady into the hall went,
Thomas folowyd at her hand;
Thar kept her mony a lady gent,
With curtasy and lawe.
Harp and fedyl both he fande,
The getern and the sawtry,
Lut and rybid ther gon gan,
Thair was al maner of mynstralsy.
The most fertly that Thomas thoght,
When he com emyddes the flore,
Fourty hertes to quarry were broght,
That had ben befor both long and store.
Lymors lay lappying blode,
And kokes standyng with dressyng knyfe,
And dressyd dere as thai wer wode,
And rewell was thair wonder
Knyghtes dansyd by two and thre,
All that leue long day.
Ladyes that were gret of gre,
Sat and sang of rich aray.
Thomas sawe much more in that place,
Than I can descryve,
Til on a day alas, alas,

My lovelye ladye sayd to me,
Busk ye Thomas you must agayn,
Here you may no longer be :
Hy then zerne that you were at hame,
I sal ye bryng to Eldyn Tre.
Thomas answered with heuy cher,
And sayd, Lowely ladye lat me be,
For I say ye certenly here
Haf I be bot the space of dayes three.
Sothely, Thomas, as I telle ye,
You hath ben here thre yeres,
And here you may no longer be;
And I sal tele ye a skele,
To-morowe of helle ye foule fende
Amang our folke shall chuse his fee;
For you art a larg man and an hende,
Trowe you wele he will chuse thee.
Fore all the golde that may be,
Fro hens unto the worldes ende,
Sall you not be betrayed for me,
And thairfor sall you hens wend.
She broght hym evyn to Eldyn Tre,
Undir nethe the grene wode spray,
In Huntle bankes was fayr to be,
Ther breddes syng both nyzt and day.
Ferre ouyr yon montayns gray,
Ther hathe my facon;
Fare wele, Thomas, I wende my way."

. . . . . .

[The Elfin Queen, after restoring Thomas to earth, pours forth a string of prophecies, in which we distinguish references to the events and personages of the Scottish wars of Edward III. The battles of Duplin and Halidon are mentioned, and also Black Agnes, Countess of Dunbar. There is a copy of this poem in the museum in the cathedral of Lincoln, another in the collection in Peterborough, but unfortunately they are all in an imperfect state. Mr Jamieson, in his curious collection of Scottish Ballads and Songs, has an entire copy of this ancient poem, with all the collations. The *lacunæ* of the former edition have been supplied from his copy.]

THOMAS THE RHYMER

PART SECOND

ALTERED FROM ANCIENT PROPHECIES

THE prophecies ascribed to Thomas of Ercildoune have been the principal means of securing to him remembrance "amongst the sons of his people." The author of *Sir Tristrem* would long ago have joined, in the vale of oblivion, "Clerk of Tranent, who wrote the adventure of *Schir Gawain*," if, by good hap, the same current of ideas respecting antiquity, which causes Virgil to be regarded as a magician by the Lazaroni of Naples, had not exalted the bard of Ercildoune to the prophetic character. Perhaps, indeed, he himself affected it during his life. We know at least, for certain, that a belief in his supernatural knowledge was current soon after his death. His

prophecies are alluded to by Barbour, by Wyntoun, and by Henry the Minstrel, or *Blind Harry*, as he is usually termed. None of these authors, however, give the words of any of the Rhymer's vaticinations, but merely narrate, historically, his having predicted the events of which they speak. The earliest of the prophecies ascribed to him, which is now extant, is quoted by Mr Pinkerton from a MS. It is supposed to be a response from Thomas of Ercildoune, to a question from the heroic Countess of March, renowned for the defence of the castle of Dunbar against the English, and termed, in the familiar dialect of her time, *Black Agnes* of Dunbar. This prophecy is remarkable, in so far as it bears very little resemblance to any verses published in the printed copy of the Rhymer's supposed prophecies. The verses are as follows :—

" *La Countesse de Dunbar demande a Thomas de Essedoune quant la guerre d'Escoce prendreit fyn. E yl l'a repoundy et dyt,*

" When man is mad a kyng of a capped man ;
When man is lever other mones thyng than is owen ;
When londe thouys forest, ant forest is felde ;
When hares kendles o' the her'stane ;
When Wyt and Wille weres togedere ;
When mon makes stables of kyrkes ; and steles castels with styes ;
When Rokesboroughe nys no burgh ant market is at Forwyleye ;
When Bambourne is donged with dede men ;
When men ledes men in ropes to buyen and to sellen ;
When a quarter of whaty whety is chaunged for a colt of ten markes ;
When prude (pride) prikes and pees is leyd in prisoun ;
When a Scot ne me hym hude ase hare in forme that the English ne shall hym fynde ;
When rycht ant wronge astente the togedere ;
When laddes weddeth lovedies ;
When Scottes flen so faste, that for faute of shep, hy drowneth hemselve ;
When shall this be ?
Nouther in thine tyme ne in mine ;
Ah comen ant gone
Withinne twenty winter ant one."

Pinkerton's *Poems*, from Maitland's MSS., quoting from Harl. Lib. 2253, F. 127.

As I have never seen the MS. from which Mr Pinkerton makes this extract, and as the date of it is fixed by him (certainly one of the most able antiquaries of our age) to the reign of Edward I or II, it is with great diffidence that I hazard a contrary opinion. There can, however, I believe, be little doubt that these prophetic verses are a forgery, and not the production of our Thomas the Rhymer. But I am inclined to believe them of a later date than the reign of Edward I and II.

The gallant defence of the castle of Dunbar, by Black Agnes, took place in the year 1337. The Rhymer died previous to the year 1299 (see the charter, by his son, in the Introduction to the foregoing ballad). It seems, therefore, very improbable that the Countess of Dunbar could ever have an opportunity of consulting Thomas the Rhymer, since that would infer that she was married, or at least engaged in

state matters, previous to 1299; whereas she is described as a young, or a middle-aged, woman at the period of being besieged in the fortress, which she so well defended. If the Editor might indulge a conjecture, he would suppose that the prophecy was contrived for the encouragement of the English invaders, during the Scottish wars; and that the names of the Countess of Dunbar and of Thomas of Ercildoune were used for the greater credit of the forgery. According to this hypothesis, it seems likely to have been composed after the siege of Dunbar, which had made the name of the Countess well known, and consequently in the reign of Edward III. The whole tendency of the prophecy is to aver, "that there sall be no end of the Scottish war (concerning which the question was proposed), till a final conquest of the country by England, attended by all the usual severities of war. "When the cultivated country shall become forest" —says the prophecy; "when the wild animals shall inhabit the abode of men;—when Scots shall not be able to escape the English, should they crouch as hares in their form"—all these denunciations seem to refer to the time of Edward III, upon whose victories the prediction was probably founded. The mention of the exchange betwixt a colt worth ten markes, and a quarter of "whaty (indifferent) wheat," seems to allude to the dreadful famine about the year 1388. The independence of Scotland was, however, as impregnable to the mines of superstition as to the steel of our more powerful and more wealthy neighbours. The war of Scotland is, thank God, at an end; but it is ended without her people having either crouched like hares in their form, or being drowned in their flight "for faute of ships,"—thank God for that too. The prophecy, quoted on p. 587, is probably of the same date, and intended for the same purpose. A minute search of the records of the time would probably throw additional light upon the allusions contained in these ancient legends. Among various rhymes of prophetic import, which are at this day current amongst the people of Teviotdale, is one, supposed to be pronounced by Thomas the Rhymer, presaging the destruction of his habitation and family:

> "The hare sall kittle (litter) on my hearth stane,
> And there will never be a laird Learmont again."

The first of these lines is obviously borrowed from that in the MS. of the Harl. Library. "When hares kendles o' the her'stane"—an emphatic image of desolation. It is also inaccurately quoted in the prophecy of Waldhave, published by Andro Hart, 1613:

> "This is a true talking that Thomas of tells,
> The hare shall hirple on the hard (hearth) stane."

Spottiswoode, an honest but credulous historian, seems to have been a firm believer in the authenticity of the prophetic wares vended in the name of Thomas of Ercildoune. "The prophecies yet extant in Scottish rhymes, whereupon he was commonly called *Thomas the*

Rhymer, may justly be admired; having foretold, so many ages before, the union of England and Scotland in the ninth degree of the Bruce's blood, with the succession of Bruce himself to the crown, being yet a child, and others divers particulars, which the event hath ratified and made good. Boethius, in his story, relateth his prediction of King Alexander's death, and that he did foretel the same to the Earl of March, the day before it fell out; saying, 'That before the next day at noon, such a tempest should blow, as Scotland had not felt for many years before.' The next morning, the day being clear, and no change appearing in the air, the nobleman did challenge Thomas of his saying, calling him an imposter. He replied that noon was not yet passed. About which time a post came to advertise the earl of the king his sudden death. 'Then,' said Thomas, 'this is the tempest I foretold; and so it shall prove to Scotland.' Whence, or how, he had this knowledge, can hardly be affirmed; but sure it is, that he did divine and answer truly of many things to come" (Spottiswoode, p. 47). Besides that notable voucher, Master Hector Boece, the good archbishop might, had he been so minded, have referred to Fordun for the prophecy of King Alexander's death. That historian calls our bard "*ruralis ille vates*" (Fordun, lib. x, cap. 40).

What Spottiswoode calls "the prophecies extant in Scottish rhyme," are the metrical predictions ascribed to the prophet of Ercildoune, which, with many other compositions of the same nature, bearing the names of Bede, Merlin, Gildas, and other approved soothsayers, are contained in one small volume, published by Andro Hart, at Edinburgh, 1615. Nisbet the herald (who claims the prophet of Ercildoune as a brother-professor of his art, founding upon the various allegorical and emblematical allusions to heraldry) intimates the existence of some earlier copy of his prophecies than that of Andro Hart, which, however, he does not pretend to have seen. The late excellent Lord Hailes made these compositions the subject of a dissertation, published in his *Remarks on the History of Scotland*. His attention is chiefly directed to the celebrated prophecy of our bard, mentioned by Bishop Spottiswoode, bearing that the crowns of England and Scotland should be united in the person of a king, son of a French queen, and related to Bruce in the ninth degree. Lord Hailes plainly proves that this prophecy is perverted from its original purpose in order to apply it to the succession of James VI. The groundwork of the forgery is to be found in the prophecies of Berlington, contained in the same collection, and runs thus:

"Of Bruce's left side shall spring out as a leafe,
As neere as the ninth degree;
And shall be fleemed of faire Scotland,
In France farre beyond the sea.
And then shall come again ryding,
With eyes that many men may see.
At Aberladie he shall light,
With hempen helteres and horse of tre.

. . . . . .

However it happen for to fall,
The lyon shall be lord of all ;
The French quen shal bearre the sonne,
Shal rule all Britainne to the sea ;
Ane from the Bruce's blood shal come also,
As neere as the ninth degree.

. . . . . .

Yet shal there come a keene knight over the salt sea,
A keene man of courage and bold man of armes ;
A duke's son dowbled (*i.e.*, dubbed), a borne mon in France,
That shall our mirths augment, and mend all our harmes ;
After the date of our Lord 1513, and thrice three thercafter :
Which shall brooke all the broad isle to himself,
Between 13 and thrice three the threip shal be ended,
The Saxons shall never recover after."

There cannot be any doubt that this prophecy was intended to excite the confidence of the Scottish nation in the Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland, who arrived from France in 1515, two years after the death of James IV in the fatal field of Flodden. The Regent was descended of Bruce by the left, *i.e.*, by the female side, within the ninth degree. His mother was daughter of the Earl of Boulogne, his father banished from his country—" fleemit of fair Scotland." His arrival must necessarily be by sea, and his landing was expected at Aberlady, in the Frith of Forth. He was a duke's son, dubbed knight ; and nine years, from 1513, are allowed him, by the pretended prophet, for the accomplishment of the salvation of his country, and the exaltation of Scotland over her sister and rival. All this was a pious fraud, to excite the confidence and spirit of the country.

The prophecy put in the name of our Thomas the Rhymer, as it stands in Hart's book, refers to a later period. The narrator meets the Rhymer *upon a land beside a lee*, who shows him many emblematical visions, described in no mean strain of poetry. They chiefly relate to the fields of Flodden and Pinkie, to the national distress which followed these defeats, and to future halcyon days which are promised to Scotland. One quotation or two will be sufficient to establish this fully :

" Our Scottish king sal come ful keene,
The red lyon beareth he ;
A feddered arrow sharp, I weene,
Shall make him winke and warre to see.
Out of the field he shall be led,
When he is bludie and woe for blood ;
Yet to his men shall he say,
'For God's luve turn you againe,
And give yon sutherne folk a frey !
Why should I lose the right is mine ?
My date is not to die this day.'"

Who can doubt, for a moment, that this refers to the battle of Flodden, and to the popular reports concerning the doubtful fate of James IV ? Allusion is immediately afterwards made to the death of George Douglas, heir-apparent of Angus, who fought and fell with his sovereign :

"The sternes three that day shall die,
That bears the harte in silver sheen."

The well-known arms of the Douglas family are the heart and three stars. In another place, the battle of Pinkie is expressly mentioned by name:

"At Pinken Cluch there shall be spilt,
Much gentle blood that day;
There shall the bear lose the guilt,
And the eagill bear it away."

To the end of all this allegorical and mystical rhapsody, is interpolated, in the later edition by Andro Hart, a new edition of Berlington's verses, before quoted, altered and manufactured so as to bear reference to the accession of James VI, which had just then taken place. The insertion is made with a peculiar degree of awkwardness, betwixt a question, put by the narrator, concerning the name and abode of the person who showed him these strange matters, and the answer of the prophet to that question:

"Then to the Beirne could I say,
Where dwells thou, or in what countrie?
[Or who shall rule the isle of Britane,
From the north to the south sey?
A French queene shall beare the sonne,
Shall rule all Britaine to the sea;
Which of the Bruce's blood shall come,
As neere as the nint degree:
I frained fast what was his name,
Where that he came, from what country.]
In Erslingtoun I dwell at hame,
Thomas Rymour men cals me."

There is surely no one who will not conclude, with Lord Hailes, that the eight lines inclosed in brackets are a clumsy interpolation, borrowed from Berlington, with such alterations as might render the supposed prophecy applicable to the union of the crowns.

While we are on this subject, it may be proper briefly to notice the scope of some of the other predictions in Hart's Collection. As the prophecy of Berlington was intended to raise the spirits of the nation, during the regency of Albany, so those of Sybilla and Eltraine refer to that of the Earl of Arran, afterwards Duke of Chatelherault, during the minority of Mary, a period of similar calamity. This is obvious from the following verses:

"Take a thousand in calculation,
And the longest of the lyon,
Four crescents under one crowne,
With St Andrew's croce thrise,
Then threescore and thrise three:
Take tent to Merling truely,
Then shall the warres ended be,
And never againe rise.
In that yere there shall a king,
A duke, and no crowned king;
Becaus the prince shall be yong,
And tender of yeares."

The date, above hinted at, seems to be 1549, when the Scottish Regent, by means of some succours derived from France, was endeavouring to repair the consequences of the fatal battle of Pinkie. Allusion is made to the supply given to the " Moldwarte (England) by the fained hart " (the Earl of Angus). The regent is described by his bearing the antelope; large supplies are promised from France, and complete conquest predicted to Scotland and her allies. Thus was the same hackneyed stratagem repeated whenever the interests of the rulers appeared to stand in need of it. The Regent was not, indeed, till after this period, created Duke of Chatelherault; but that honour was the object of his hopes and expectations.

The name of our renowned soothsayer is liberally used as an authority throughout all the prophecies published by Andro Hart. Besides those expressly put in his name, Gildas, another assumed personage, is supposed to derive his knowledge from him; for he concludes thus:

> " True Thomas me told in a troublesome time,
> In a harvest morn at Eldoun hills."
> *The Prophecy of Gildas.*

In the prophecy of Berlington, already quoted, we are told,

> " Marvellous Merlin, that many men of tells,
> And Thomas's sayings comes all at once."

While I am upon the subject of these prophecies, may I be permitted to call the attention of antiquaries to Merdwynn Wyllt, or *Merlin the Wild*, in whose name, and by no means in that of Ambrose Merlin, the friend of Arthur, the Scottish prophecies are issued? That this personage resided at Drummelziar, and roamed, like a second Nebuchadnezzar, the woods of Tweeddale, in remorse for the death of his nephew, we learn from Fordun. In the *Scotichronicon*, lib. 3, cap. 31, is an account of an interview betwixt St Kentigern and Merlin, then in this distracted and miserable state. He is said to have been called *Lailoken*, from his mode of life. On being commanded by the saint to give an account of himself, he says, that the penance which he performs was imposed on him by a voice from heaven, during a bloody contest betwixt Lidel and Carwanolow, of which battle he had been the cause. According to his own prediction, he perished at once by wood, earth, and water; for, being pursued with stones by the rustics, he fell from a rock into the river Tweed, and was transfixed by a sharp stake, fixed there for the purpose of extending a fishing-net:

> " *Sude perfossus, lapide percussus et unda*
> *Haec tria Merlinum fertur inire necem.*
> *Sicque ruit, mersusque fuit lignoque perpendi,*
> *Et fecit vatem per terna pericula verum.*"

But, in a metrical history of Merlin of Caledonia, compiled by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from the traditions of the Welsh bards, this

mode of death is attributed to a page whom Merlin's sister, desirous to convict the prophet of falsehood, because he had betrayed her intrigues, introduced to him under three various disguises, enquiring each time in what manner the person should die. To the first demand Merlin answered, the party should perish by a fall from a rock; to the second, that he should die by a tree; and to the third, that he should be drowned. The youth perished, while hunting, in the mode imputed by Fordun to Merlin himself.

Fordun, contrary to the Welsh authorities, confounds this person with the Merlin of Arthur; but concludes by informing us that many believed him to be a different person. The grave of Merlin is pointed out at Drummelziar, in Tweeddale, beneath an aged thorn-tree. On the east side of the churchyard the brook, called Pausayl, falls into the Tweed; and the following prophecy is said to have been current concerning their union:

> "When Tweed and Pausayl join at Merlin's grave,
> Scotland and England shall one monarch have."

On the day of the coronation of James VI the Tweed accordingly overflowed, and joined the Pausayl at the prophet's grave (Pennicuik's *History of Tweeddale*, p. 26). These circumstances would seem to infer a communication betwixt the south-west of Scotland and Wales, of a nature peculiarly intimate; for I presume that Merlin would retain sense enough to choose, for the scene of his wanderings, a country having a language and manners similar to his own.

Be this as it may, the memory of Merlin Sylvester, or the Wild, was fresh among the Scots during the reign of James V. Waldhave,[1] under whose name a set of prophecies was published, describes himself as lying upon Lomond Law; he hears a voice, which bids him stand to his defence; he looks around, and beholds a flock of hares and foxes[2] pursued over the mountain by a savage figure, to whom

[1] I do not know whether the person here meant be Waldhave, an abbot of Melrose, who died, in the odour of sanctity, about 1160.

[2] The strange occupation in which Waldhave beholds Merlin engaged, derives some illustration from a curious passage in Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Life of Merlin*, above quoted. The poem, after narrating that the prophet had fled to the forests in a state of distraction, proceeds to mention, that, looking upon the stars one clear evening, he discerned from his astrological knowledge that his wife Guendolen had resolved, upon the next morning, to take another husband. As he had presaged to her that this would happen, and had promised her a nuptial gift (cautioning her, however, to keep the bridegroom out of his sight), he now resolved to make good his word. Accordingly, he collected all the stags and lesser game in his neighbourhood, and, having seated himself upon a buck, drove the herd before him to the capital of Cumberland, where Guendolen resided. But her lover's curiosity leading him to inspect too nearly this extraordinary cavalcade, Merlin's rage was awakened, and he slew him with the stroke of an antler of the stag. The original runs thus:

> "*Dixerat: et silvas et saltus circuit omnes,*
> *Cervorumque greges agmen collegit in unum,*
> *Et damas, capreasque simul, cervoque resedit;*
> *Et, veniente die, compellens agmina præ se,*

he can hardly give the name of man. At the sight of Waldhave the appartition leaves the objects of his pursuit, and assaults him with a club. Waldhave defends himself with his sword, throws the savage to the earth, and refuses to let him arise till he swear, by the law and lead he lives upon, " to do him no harm." This done, he permits him to arise, and marvels at his strange appearance:

" He was formed like a freike (man) all his four quarters;
And then his chin and his face haired so thick,
With haire growing so grime, fearful to see."

He answers briefly to Waldhave's enquiry concerning his name and nature, that he " drees his weird," *i.e.*, does penance in that wood; and, having hinted that questions as to his own state are offensive, he pours forth an obscure rhapsody concerning futurity and concludes,

" Go musing upon Merlin if thou wilt;
For I mean no more, man, at this time."

This is exactly similar to the meeting betwixt Merlin and Kentigern in Fordun. These prophecies of Merlin seem to have been in request in the minority of James V; for among the amusements with which Sir David Lindsay diverted that prince during his infancy are,

" The prophecies of Rymer, Bede, and Merlin."
Sir David Lindsay's *Epistle to the King.*

And we find, in Waldhave, at least one allusion to the very ancient prophecy, addressed to the Countess of Dunbar:

" This is a true token that Thomas of tells,
When a ladde with a ladye shall go over the fields."

Festinans vadit quo nubit Guendolæna.
Postquam venit eo, patienter ipse coegit
Cervos ante fores, proclamans, 'Guendolæna,
Guendolæna, veni, te talia munera spectant.'
Ocius ergo venit subridens Guendolæna,
Gestarique virum cervo miratur, et illum
Sic parere viro, tantum quoque posse ferarum
Uniri numerum quas prae se solus agebat,
Sicut pastor oves, quas ducere suevit ad herbas.
Stabat ab excelsa sponsus spectando fenestra,
In solio mirans equitem risumque movebat.
Ast ubi vidit eum vates, animoque quis esset,
Calluit, extemplo divulsit cornua cervo
Quo gestabatur, vibrataque jecit in illum
Et caput illius penitus contrivit, eumque
Reddidit exanimem, vitamque fugavit in auras;
Ocius inde suum, talorum verbere, cervum
Diffugiens egit, silvasque redire paravit."

For a perusal of this curious poem, accurately copied from a MS. in the Cotton. Library, nearly coeval with the author, I was indebted to my learned friend, the late Mr Ritson. There is an excellent paraphrase of it in the curious and entertaining *Specimens of Early English Romances*, lately published by Mr Ellis.

The original stands thus:

"When laddes weddeth love dies."

Another prophecy of Merlin seems to have been current about the time of the Regent Morton's execution. When that nobleman was committed to the charge of his accuser, Captain James Stewart, newly created Earl of Arran, to be conducted to his trial at Edinburgh, Spottiswoode says that he asked, "Who was Earl of Arran?" "and being answered that Captain James was the man, after a short pause he said, 'And is it so? I know then what I may look for!' meaning, as was thought, that the old prophecy of the 'Falling of the heart[1] by the mouth of Arran,' should then be fulfilled. Whether this was his mind or not, it is not known; but some spared not, at the time when the Hamiltons were banished, in which business he was held too earnest, to say, that he stood in fear of that prediction, and went that course only to disappoint it. But, if so it was, he did find himself now deluded; for he fell by the mouth of another Arran than he imagined" (Spottiswoode, p. 313). The fatal words alluded to seem to be these in the prophecy of Merlin:

"In the mouth of Arrane a selcouth shall fall,
Two bloodie hearts shall be taken with a false traine,
And derfly dung down without any dome."

To return from these desultory remarks, into which the Editor has been led by the celebrated name of Merlin, the style of all these prophecies, published by Hart, is very much the same. The measure is alliterative and somewhat similar to that of *Pierce Plowman's Visions*; a circumstance which might entitle us to ascribe to some of them an earlier date than the reign of James V, did we not know that *Sir Galloran of Galloway* and *Gawaine and Gologras*, two romances rendered almost unintelligible by the extremity of affected alliteration, are perhaps not prior to that period. Indeed, although we may allow, that, during much earlier times, prophecies under the names of these celebrated soothsayers have been current in Scotland, yet those published by Hart have obviously been so often vamped and revamped, to serve the political purposes of different periods, that it may be shrewdly suspected, that, as in the case of Sir John Cutler's transmigrated stockings, very little of the original materials now remains. I cannot refrain from indulging my readers with the publisher's title to the last prophecy; as it contains certain curious information concerning the Queen of Sheba, who is identified with the Cumæan Sybil: "Here followeth a prophecie, pronounced by a noble queene, and matron, called Sybilla, Regina Austri, that came to Solomon. Through the which she compiled four bookes, at the instance and request of the said King Sol, and others divers: and the fourth book was directed to a noble king, called Baldwine, king of the broad isle of Britain; in the which she maketh mention of two

[1] The heart was the cognizance of Morton.

noble princes and emperours, the which is called Leones. How these two shall subdue, and overcome all earthlie princes to their diademe and crowne, and also be glorified and crowned in the heaven among saints. The first of these two is Constantinus Magnus; that was Leprosus, the son of Saint Helene, that found the croce. The second is the sixt king of the name of Steward of Scotland, the which is our most noble king." With such editors and commentators, what wonder that the text becomes unintelligible, even beyond the usual oracular obscurity of prediction?

If there still remain, therefore, among these predictions, any verses having a claim to real antiquity, it seems now impossible to discover them from those which are comparatively modern. Nevertheless, as there are to be found, in these compositions, some uncommonly wild and masculine expressions, the Editor has been induced to throw a few passages together, into the sort of ballad to which this disquisition is prefixed. It would, indeed, have been no difficult matter for him, by a judicious selection to have excited, in favour of Thomas of Erceldoune, a share of the admiration bestowed by sundry wise persons upon Mass Robert Fleming. For example:

"But then the lilye shal be loused when they least think:
Then clear king's blood shal quake for fear of death;
For churls shal chop off heads of their chief beirns,
And carfe of the crowns that Christ hath appointed.
. . . . . .
Thereafter, on every side, sorrow shal arise;
The barges of clear barons down shal be sunken;
Seculars shall sit in spiritual seats,
Occupying offices anointed as they were."

Taking the lily for the emblem of France, can there be a more plain prophecy of the murder of her monarch, the destruction of her nobility, and the desolation of her hierarchy?

But without looking farther into the signs of the times, the Editor, though the least of all the prophets, cannot help thinking that every true Briton will approve of his application of the last prophecy quoted in the ballad.

Hart's collection of prophecies was frequently reprinted during the last century, probably to favour the pretensions of the unfortunate family of Stewart. For the prophetic renown of Gildas and Bede, see Fordun, lib. 3.

Before leaving the subject of Thomas's predictions, it may be noticed that sundry rhymes, passing for his prophetic effusions, are still current among the vulgar. Thus, he is said to have prophesied of the very ancient family of Haigh of Bemerside.

"Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside."

The grandfather of the present proprietor of Bemerside had twelve daughters, before his lady brought him a male heir. The common

people trembled for the credit of their favourite soothsayer. The late Mr Haig was at length born, and their belief in the prophecy confirmed beyond a shadow of doubt.

Another memorable prophecy bore, that the Old Kirk at Kelso, constructed out of the ruins of the Abbey, should fall when "at the fullest." At a very crowded sermon, about thirty years ago, a piece of lime fell from the roof of the church. The alarm, for the fulfilment of the words of the seer, became universal; and happy were they who were nearest the door of the predestined edifice. The church was in consequence deserted, and has never since had an opportunity of tumbling upon a full congregation. I hope, for the sake of a beautiful specimen of Saxo-Gothic architecture, that the accomplishment of this prophecy is far distant.

Another prediction, ascribed to the Rhymer, seems to have been founded on that sort of insight into futurity, possessed by most men of a sound and combining judgment. It runs thus:

> "At Eildon Tree if you shall be,
> A brigg ower Tweed you there may see."

The spot in question commands an extensive prospect of the course of the river; and it was easy to foresee, that when the country should become in the least degree improved, a bridge would be somewhere thrown over the stream. In fact, you now see no less than three bridges from that elevated situation.

Corspatrick (Comes Patrick), Earl of March, but more commonly taking his title from his castle of Dunbar, acted a noted part during the wars of Edward I in Scotland. As Thomas of Ercildoune is said to have delivered to him his famous prophecy of King Alexander's death, the Editor has chosen to introduce him into the following ballad. All the prophetic verses are selected from Hart's publication.

THOMAS THE RHYMER

PART SECOND

When seven years were come and gane,
The sun blinked fair on pool and stream;
And Thomas lay on Huntlie bank
Like one awakened from a dream.

He heard the trampling of a steed,
He saw the flash of armour flee,
And he beheld a gallant knight,
Come riding down by the Eildon-tree.

He was a stalwart knight, and strong;
Of giant make he 'peared to be:
He stirr'd his horse, as he were wode,
Wi' gilded spurs, of faushion free.

Says—"Well met, well met, true Thomas!
Some uncouth ferlies shew to me."
Says—"Christ thee save, Corspatrick brave!
Thrice welcome, good Dunbar, to me!

"Light down, light down, Corspatrick brave,
And I will shew thee curses three,
Shall gar fair Scotland greet and grane,
And change the green to the black livery.

"A storm shall roar this very hour,
From Rosse's Hills to Solway sea."
"Ye lied, ye lied, ye warlock hoar!
For the sun shines sweet on fauld and lea."

He put his hand on the Earlie's head;
He shewed him a rock, beside the sea,
Where a king lay stiff, beneath his steed,[1]
And steel-dight nobles wiped their e'e.

"The neist curse lights on Branxton hills:
By Flodden's high and heathery side
Shall wave a banner, red as blude,
And chieftains throng wi' meikle pride.

"A Scottish king shall come full keen;
The ruddy lion beareth he:
A feather'd arrow sharp, I ween,
Shall make him wink and warre to see.

"When he is bloody, and all to bledde,
Thus to his men he still shall say—
'For God's sake, turn ye back again,
And give yon southern folk a fray!
Why should I lose the right is mine?
My doom is not to die this day."[2]

"Yet turn ye to the eastern hand,
And woe and wonder ye sall see;
How forty thousand spearmen stand,
Where yon rank river meets the sea.

"There shall the lion lose the gylte,
And the libbards bear it clean away;
At Pinkyn Cleuch there shall be spilt
Much gentil blude that day."

[1] King Alexander; killed by a fall from his horse, near Kinghorn.
[2] The uncertainty which long prevailed in Scotland concerning the fate of James IV is well known.

"Enough, enough, of curse and ban;
Some blessing shew thou now to me,
Or, by the faith o' my bodie," Corspatrick said,
"Ye shall rue the day ye e'er saw me!"

"The first of blessings I shall thee shew,
Is by a burn, that's call'd of bread;[1]
Where Saxon men shall tine the bow,
And find their arrows lack the head.

"Beside that brigg, out ower that burn,
Where the water bickereth bright and sheen,
Shall many a falling courser spurn,
And knights shall die in battle keen.

"Beside a headless cross of stone,
The libbards there shall lose the gree;
The raven shall come, the erne shall go,
And drink the Saxon blude sae free.
The cross of stone they shall not know,
So thick the corses there shall be."

"But tell me now," said brave Dunbar,
"True Thomas, tell now unto me,
What man shall rule the isle Britain,
Even from the north to the southern sea?"

"A French Queen shall bear the son,
Shall rule all Britain to the sea:
He of the Bruce's blude shall come,
As near as in the ninth degree.

"The waters worship shall his race;
Likewise the waves of the farthest sea;
For they shall ride ower ocean wide,
With hempen bridles, and horse of tree."

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[1] One of Thomas's rhymes, preserved by tradition, runs thus:

"The burn of breid
Shall run fow reid."

Bannock-burn is the brook here meant. The Scots give the name of *bannock* to a thick round cake of unleavened bread.

THOMAS THE RHYMER

PART THIRD—MODERN

BY THE EDITOR

THOMAS THE RHYMER was renowned among his contemporaries as the author of the celebrated romance of *Sir Tristrem*. Of this once admired poem only one copy is now known to exist, which is in the Advocates' Library. The Editor, in 1804, published a small edition of this curious work; which, if it does not revive the reputation of the Bard of Ercildoune, is at least the earliest specimen of Scottish poetry hitherto published. Some account of this romance has already been given to the world in Mr Ellis's *Specimens of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i, p. 165, 3d., p. 410; a work to which our predecessors and our posterity are alike obliged; the former, for the preservation of the best selected examples of their poetical taste; and the latter, for a history of the English language, which will only cease to be interesting with the existence of our mother-tongue, and all that genius and learning have recorded in it. It is sufficient here to mention that so great was the reputation of the romance of *Sir Tristrem* that few were thought capable of reciting it after the manner of the author—a circumstance alluded to by Robert de Brunne, the annalist:

"I see in song, in sedgeyng tale,
Of Erceldoun, and of Kendale.
Now thame says as they thame wroght,
And in thare saying it semes nocht.
That thou may here in Sir Tristrem,
Over gestes it has the steme,
Over all that is or was;
If men it said as made Thomas," etc.

It appears, from a very curious MS. of the thirteenth century, *penes* Mr Douce of London, containing a French metrical romance of *Sir Tristrem*, that the work of our Thomas the Rhymer was known and referred to by the minstrels of Normandy and Bretagne. Having arrived at a part of the romance, where reciters were wont to differ in the mode of telling the story, the French bard expressly cites the authority of the poet of Ercildoune:

"*Plusurs de nos granter ne volent,*
Co que del naim dire se solent,
Ki femme Kaherdin dut aimer,
Li naim redut Tristram narrer,
E entusché par grant engin,
Quant il afole Kaherdin;
Pur cest plaie e pur cest mal,
Enveiad Tristram Guvernal,
En Engleterre pur Ysolt
THOMAS *ico granter ne volt,*
Et si volt par raisun mostrer,
Qu' ico ne put pas esteer," etc.

The tale of *Sir Tristrem*, as narrated in the Edinburgh MS., is totally different from the voluminous romance in prose originally compiled on the same subject by Rusticien de Puise, and analysed by M. de Tressan; but agrees in every essential particular with the metrical performance just quoted, which is a work of much higher antiquity.

The following attempt to commemorate the Rhymer's poetical fame, and the traditional account of his marvellous return to Fairy Land, being entirely modern, would have been placed with greater propriety among the class of Modern Ballads, had it not been for its immediate connexion with the first and second parts of the same story.

When seven years more were come and gone,
Was war through Scotland spread,
And Ruberslaw shew'd high Dunyon,
His beacon blazing red.

Then all by bonny Coldingknow,
Pitched palliouns took their room,
And crested helms, and spears a-rowe,
Glanced gaily through the broom.

The Leader, rolling to the Tweed,
Resounds the ensenzie; [1]
They roused the deer from Caddenhead,
To distant Torwoodlee.

The feast was spread in Ercildoune,
In Learmont's high and ancient hall;
And there were knights of great renown,
And ladies, laced in pall.

Nor lacked they, while they sat at dine,
The music, nor the tale,
Nor goblets of the blood-red wine,
Nor mantling quaighs [2] of ale.

True Thomas rose, with harp in hand,
When as the feast was done;
(In minstrel strife, in Fairy Land,
The elfin harp he won).

Hush'd were the throng, both limb and tongue,
And harpers for envy pale;
And armed lords lean'd on their swords,
And hearken'd to the tale.

[1] War-cry or gathering word.
[2] Wooden cups, composed of staves hooped together.

In numbers high, the witching tale
The prophet pour'd along;
No after bard might e'er avail [1]
Those numbers to prolong.

Yet fragments of the lofty strain
Float down the tide of years,
As buoyant on the stormy main
A parted wreck appears.

He sung King Arthur's Table Round:
The Warrior of the Lake;
How courteous Gawaine met the wound,
And bled for ladies' sake.

But chief, in gentle Tristrem's praise,
The notes melodious swell;
Was none excelled, in Arthur's days,
The knight of Lionelle.

For Marke, his cowardly uncle's right,
A venomed wound he bore:
When fierce Morholde he slew in fight,
Upon the Irish shore.

No art the poison might withstand;
No medicine could be found,
Till lovely Isolde's lilye hand
Had probed the rankling wound.

With gentle hand and soothing tongue
She bore the leech's part;
And, while she o'er his sick-bed hung,
He paid her with his heart.

O fatal was the gift, I ween!
For, doom'd in evil tide,
The maid must be rude Cornwall's queen,
His cowardly uncle's bride.

Their loves, their woes, the gifted bard
In fairy tissue wove;
Where lords, and knights, and ladies bright,
In gay confusion strove.

The Garde Joyeuse, amid the tale,
High rear'd its glittering head;
And Avalon's enchanted vale
In all its wonders spread.

[1] See Introduction to this ballad.

Brangwain was there, and Segramore,
And fiend-born Merlin's gramarye;
Of that fam'd wizard's mighty lore,
O who could sing but he?

Through many a maze the winning song
In changeful passion led,
Till bent at length the listening throng
O'er Tristrem's dying bed.

His ancient wounds their scars expand,
With agony his heart is wrung:
O where is Isolde's lilye hand,
And where her soothing tongue?

She comes! she comes!—like flash of flame
Can lovers' footsteps fly:
She comes! she comes!—she only came
To see her Tristrem die.

She saw him die: her latest sigh
Joined in a kiss his parting breath:
The gentlest pair that Britain bare,
United are in death.

There paused the harp: its lingering sound
Died slowly on the ear;
The silent guests still bent around,
For still they seem'd to hear.

Then woe broke forth in murmurs weak,
Nor ladies heaved alone the sigh;
But, half ashamed, the rugged cheek
Did many a gauntlet dry.

On Leader's stream, and Learmont's tower,
The mists of evening close;
In camp, in castle, or in bower,
Each warrior sought repose.

Lord Douglas, in his lofty tent,
Dream'd o'er the woeful tale;
When footsteps light, across the bent,
The warrior's ears assail.

He starts, he wakes;—"What, Richard, ho!
Arise, my page, arise!
What venturous wight, at dead of night,
Dare step where Douglas lies!"

Then forth they rushed: by Leader's tide,
A selcouth [1] sight they see—
A hart and hind pace side by side,
As white as snow on Fairnalie.

Beneath the moon, with gesture proud,
They stately move and slow;
Nor scare they at the gathering crowd,
Who marvel as they go.

To Learmont's tower a message sped,
As fast as page might run;
And Thomas started from his bed,
And soon his cloaths did on.

First he woxe pale, and then woxe red;
Never a word he spake but three;—
"My sand is run; my thread is spun;
This sign regardeth me."

The elfin harp his neck around,
In minstrel guise, he hung;
And on the wind, in doleful sound,
Its dying accents rung.

Then forth he went; yet turned him oft
To view his ancient hall;
On the grey tower, in lustre soft,
The autumn moon-beams fall.

And Leader's waves, like silver sheen,
Danced shimmering in the ray:
In deepening mass, at distance seen,
Broad Soltra's mountains lay.

"Farewell, my father's ancient tower!
A long farewell," said he:
"The scene of pleasure, pomp, or power,
Thou never more shalt be.

"To Learmont's name no foot of earth
Shall here again belong,
And, on thy hospitable hearth,
The hare shall leave her young.

"Adieu! adieu!" again he cried,
All as he turned him roun'—
"Farewell to Leader's silver tide!
Farewell to Ercildoune!"

[1] Wondrous.

The hart and hind approached the place,
As lingering yet he stood;
And there, before Lord Douglas' face,
With them he cross'd the flood.

Lord Douglas leap'd on his berry-brown steed,
And spurr'd him the Leader o'er;
But, though he rode with lightning speed,
He never saw them more.

Some said to hill, and some to glen,
Their wondrous course had been:
But ne'er in haunts of living men
Again was Thomas seen.

NOTES

And Ruberslaw shew'd high Dunyon.—P. 601, v. 1.

Ruberslaw and Dunyon are two hills above Jedburgh.

Then all by bonny Coldingknow.—P. 601, v. 2.

An ancient tower near Ercildoune, belonging to a family of the name of Home. One of Thomas's prophecies is said to have run thus:

"Vengeance! vengeance! when and where?
On the house of Coldingknow, now and ever mair!"

The spot is rendered classical by its having given name to the beautiful melody called the *Broom o' the Cowdenknows*.

They roused the deer from Caddenhead,
To distant Torwoodlee.—P. 601, v. 3.

Torwoodlee and Caddenhead are places in Selkirkshire, both the property of Mr Pringle of Torwoodlee.

How courteous Gawaine met the wound.—P. 602, v. 3.

See, in the *Fabliaux* of Monsieur le Grand, elegantly translated by the late Gregory Way, Esq., the tale of the *Knight and the Sword*.

As white as snow on Fairnalie.—P. 604, v. 1.

An ancient seat upon the Tweed, in Selkirkshire. In a popular edition of the first part of Thomas the Rhymer, the Fairy Queen thus addresses him:

"Gin ye wad meet wi' me again,
Gang to the bonny banks of Fairnalie."

THE EVE OF ST JOHN

BY THE EDITOR

SMAYLHO'ME, or Smallholm Tower, the scene of the following ballad, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks called Sandiknow-Crags, the property of Hugh Scott, Esq., of Harden. The tower is a high square building, surrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended on three sides by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as is usual in a Border keep, or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two bartizans, or platforms, for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron gate; the distance between them being nine feet, the thickness, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylho'me Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags, by which it is surrounded, one, more eminent, is called the *Watchfold*, and is said to have been the station of a beacon, in the times of war with England. Without the tower-court is a ruined chapel. Brotherstone is a heath in the neighbourhood of Smaylho'me Tower.

This ballad was first printed in Mr Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*. It is here published, with some additional illustrations, particularly an account of the battle of Ancram Moor; which seemed proper in a work upon Border antiquities. The catastrophe of the tale is founded upon a well-known Irish tradition.[1] This ancient fortress and its vicinity formed the scene of the Editor's infancy, and seemed to claim from him this attempt to celebrate them in a Border tale.

The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
He spurr'd his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,
His banner broad to rear;
He went not 'gainst the English yew,
To lift the Scottish spear.

[1] The following passage in Dr Henry More's *Appendix to the Antidote against Atheism* relates to a singular phenomenon: "I confess that the bodies of devils may not only be warm, but sindgingly hot, as it was in him that took one of Melanchthon's relations by the hand, and so scorched her, that she bare the mark of it to her dying day. But the examples of cold are more frequent; as in that famous story of Cuntius, when he touched the arm of a certain woman of Pentoch, as she lay in her bed, he felt as cold as ice; and so did the spirit's claw to Anne Styles."—Ed. 1662, p. 135.

Yet his plate-jack [1] was braced, and his helmet was laced,
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore;
At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron return'd in three days space,
And his looks were sad and sour;
And weary was his courser's pace,
As he reached his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor [2]
Ran red with English blood;
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hack'd and hew'd,
His acton pierc'd and tore;
His axe and his dagger with blood embrued,—
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still;
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page,
His name was English Will.

"Come thou hither, my little foot-page;
Come hither to my knee;
Though thou art young, and tender of age,
I think thou art true to me.

"Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,
And look thou tell me true!
Since I from Smaylho'me tower have been,
What did thy lady do?"

"My lady, each night, sought the lonely light,
That burns on the wild Watchfold;
For, from height to height, the beacons bright
Of the English foemen told.

"The bittern clamour'd from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross,
To the eiry Beacon Hill.

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[1] The plate-jack is coat-armour: the vaunt-brace, or wam-brace, armour for the body; the sperthe, a battle-axe.

[2] See an account of the battle of Ancram Moor, subjoined to the ballad.

"I watched her steps, and silent came
Where she sat her on a stone;
No watchman stood by the dreary flame;
It burned all alone.

"The second night I kept her in sight,
Till to the fire she came,
And, by Mary's might! an armed knight
Stood by the lonely flame.

"And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there;
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,
And I heard not what they were.

"The third night there the sky was fair,
And the mountain-blast was still,
As again I watched the secret pair,
On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

"And I heard her name the midnight hour,
And name this holy eve;
And say, 'Come this night to thy lady's bower;
Ask no bold Baron's leave.

"'He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch;
His lady is all alone;
The door she'll undo, to her knight so true,
On the eve of good St John.'

"'I cannot come; I must not come;
I dare not come to thee;
On the eve of St John I must wander alone:
In thy bower I may not be.'

"'Now, out on thee, faint-hearted knight!
Thou should'st not say me nay;
For the eve is sweet, and when lovers meet,
Is worth the whole summer's day.

"'And I'll chain the blood-hound, and the warder shall not sound,
And rushes shall be strewed on the stair;
So, by the black rood-stone,[1] and by holy St John,
I conjure thee, my love, to be there!'

"'Though the blood-hound be mute, and the rush beneath my foot,
And the warder his bugle should not blow,
Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the east,
And my footstep he would know.'

[1] The black-rood of Melrose was a crucifix of black marble, and of superior sanctity.



DRYBURGH ABBEY

"'O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east!
For to Dryburgh [1] the way he has ta'en;
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
For the soul of a knight that is slayne.'

"He turn'd him around, and grimly he frown'd;
Then he laughed right scornfully—
'He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that knight,
May as well say mass for me.

"'At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits have power,
In thy chamber will I be.'
With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,
And no more did I see."—

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron's brow,
From the dark to the blood-red high;
"Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen,
For, by Mary, he shall die!"

"His arms shone full bright, in the beacon's red light;
His plume it was scarlet and blue;
On his shield was a hound, in a silver leash bound,
And his crest was a branch of the yew."

"Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,
Loud dost thou lie to me!
For that knight is cold, and low laid in the mould,
All under the Eildon-tree." [2]

"Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
For I heard her name his name;
And that lady bright, she called the knight,
Sir Richard of Coldinghame."

The bold Baron's brow then changed, I trow,
From high blood-red to pale—
"The grave is deep and dark—the corpse is stiff and stark—
So I may not trust thy tale.

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[1] Dryburgh Abbey is beautifully situated on the banks of the Tweed. After its dissolution it became the property of the Halliburtons of Newmains, and is now the seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Buchan. It belonged to the order of Premonstratenses.

[2] Eildon is a high hill, terminating in three conical summits, immediately above the town of Melrose, where are the admired ruins of a magnificent monastery. Eildon-tree is said to be the spot where Thomas the Rhymer uttered his prophecies. See p. 579.

"Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,
That gay gallant was slain.

"The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drown'd the name;
For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white monks do sing,
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!"

He pass'd the court-gate, and he oped the tower-grate,
And he mounted the narrow stair,
To the bartizan seat, where, with maids that on her wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood;
Look'd over hill and vale;
Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's [1] wood,
And all down Tiviotdale.

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!"
"Now hail, thou Baron true!
What news, what news, from Ancram fight?
What news from the bold Buccleuch?"

"The Ancram Moor is red with gore,
For many a southern fell;
And Buccleuch has charged us, evermore,
To watch our beacons well."

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said;
Nor added the Baron a word:
Then she stepp'd down the stair to her chamber fair,
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourn'd, and the Baron toss'd and turn'd,
And oft to himself he said—
"The worms around him creep, and his bloody grave is deep . . .
It cannot give up the dead!"

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,
The night was wellnigh done,
When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,
On the eve of good St John.

The lady look'd through the chamber fair,
By the light of a dying flame;
And she was aware of a knight stood there—
Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

[1] Mertoun is the beautiful seat of Hugh Scott, Esq., of Harden.

"Alas! away, away!" she cried,
"For the holy Virgin's sake!"
"Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;
But, lady, he will not awake.

"By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,
In bloody grave have I lain;
The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,
But, lady, they are said in vain.

"By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand,
Most foully slain I fell;
And my restless sprite on the beacon's height,
For a space is doom'd to dwell.

"At our trysting-place, for a certain space
I must wander to and fro;
But I had not had power to come to thy bower,
Hadst thou not conjured me so."

Love master'd fear—her brow she crossed;
"How, Richard, hast thou sped?
And art thou saved, or art thou lost?"
The vision shook his head!

"Who spilleth life, shall forfeit life;
So bid thy lord believe:
That lawless love is guilt above,
This awful sign receive."

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam;
His right upon her hand:
The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,
For it scorch'd like a fiery brand.

The sable score, of fingers four,
Remains on that board impress'd;
And for evermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower,
Ne'er looks upon the sun:
There is a monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne'er beholds the day,
That monk, who speaks to none—
That nun was Smaylho'me's lady gay,
That monk the bold Baron.

NOTES

BATTLE OF ANCRAM MOOR

Lord Evers and Sir Brian Latoun, during the year 1544, committed the most dreadful ravages upon the Scottish frontiers, compelling most of the inhabitants, and especially the men of Liddesdale, to take assurance under the King of England. Upon 17th November in that year the sum total of their depredations stood thus, in the bloody ledger of Lord Evers:—

Towns, towers, barnekynes, parysche churches, bastill houses, burned and destroyed . .	192
Scots slain	403
Prisoners taken	816
Nolt (cattle)	10,386
Shepe	12,492
Nags and geldings	1,296
Gayt	200
Bolls of corn	850

Insight gear, etc. (furniture) an incalculable quantity.

Murdin's *State Papers*, vol. i, p. 51.

For these services Sir Ralph Evers was made a Lord of Parliament. See a strain of exulting congratulations, upon his promotion, poured forth by some contemporary minstrel, at p. 157, *ante*.

The King of England had promised to these two barons a feudal grant of the country, which they had thus reduced to a desert, upon hearing which, Archibald Douglas, the seventh Earl of Angus, is said to have sworn to write the deed of investiture upon their skins with sharp pens and bloody ink, in resentment for their having defaced the tombs of his ancestors at Melrose (Godscroft). In 1545 Lord Evers and Latoun again entered Scotland with an army consisting of 3000 mercenaries, 1500 English Borderers, and 700 assured Scottish-men, chiefly Armstrongs, Turnbulls, and other broken clans. In this second incursion the English generals even exceeded their former cruelty. Evers burned the tower of Broomhouse, with its lady (a noble and aged woman, says Lesley) and her whole family. The English penetrated as far as Melrose, which they had destroyed last year, and which they now again pillaged. As they returned towards Jedburgh they were followed by Angus, at the head of 1000 horse, who was shortly after joined by the famous Norman Lesley, with a body of Fife-men. The English, being probably unwilling to cross the Teviot while the Scots hung upon their rear, halted upon Ancram Moor, above the village of that name; and the Scottish general was deliberating whether to advance or retire, when Sir Walter Scott,[1] of Buccleuch, came up at full speed with a small but chosen body of his retainers, the rest of whom were near at hand. By the advice of this experienced warrior (to whose conduct Pitscottie and Buchanan ascribe the success of the engagement) Angus withdrew from the height which he occupied, and drew up his forces behind it upon a piece of low

[1] The Editor has found no instance upon record of this family having taken assurance with England. Hence they usually suffered dreadfully from the English forays. In August 1544 (the year preceding the battle) the whole lands belonging to Buccleuch, in West Teviotdale, were harried by Evers; the outworks, or barmkin, of the tower of Branxholm burned; eight Scotts slain, thirty made prisoners, and an immense prey of horses, cattle, and sheep carried off. The lands upon Kale water, belonging to the same chieftain, were also plundered and much spoil obtained; thirty Scotts slain, and the Moss Tower (a fortress near Eckford) *smoked very sore*. Thus Buccleuch had a long account to settle at Ancram Moor (Murdin's *State Papers*, pp. 45, 46).

flat ground called Panier-heugh or Paniel-heugh. The spare horses, being sent to an eminence in their rear, appeared to the English to be the main body of the Scots in the act of flight. Under this persuasion, Evers and Latoun hurried precipitately forwards, and, having ascended the hill, which their foes had abandoned, were no less dismayed than astonished to find the phalanx of Scottish spearmen drawn up, in firm array, upon the flat ground below. The Scots in their turn became the assailants. A heron, roused from the marshes by the tumult, soared away betwixt the encountering armies : " O ! " exclaimed Angus, " that I had here my white goss-hawk, that we might all yoke at once ! " (Godscroft). The English, breathless and fatigued, having the setting sun and wind full in their faces, were unable to withstand the resolute and desperate charge of the Scottish lances. No sooner had they begun to waver, than their own allies, the assured Borderers, who had been waiting the event, threw aside their red crosses, and, joining their countrymen, made a most merciless slaughter among the English fugitives, the pursuers calling upon each other to " remember Broomhouse ! " (Lesly, p. 478). In the battle fell Lord Evers and his son, together with Sir Brian Latoun and 800 Englishmen, many of whom were persons of rank. A thousand prisoners were taken. Among these was a patriotic alderman of London, Read by name, who, having contumaciously refused to pay his portion of a benevolence, demanded from the city by Henry VIII, was sent by royal authority to serve against the Scots. These, at settling his ransom, he found still more exorbitant in their exactions than the monarch (Redpath's *Border History*, p. 563). Evers was much regretted by King Henry, who swore to avenge his death upon Angus, against whom he conceived himself to have particular grounds of resentment on account of favours received by the Earl at his hands. The answer of Angus was worthy of a Douglas : " Is our brother-in-law offended," [1] said he, " that I, as a good Scotsman, have avenged my ravaged country, and the defaced tombs of my ancestors, upon Ralph Evers ? They were better men than he, and I was bound to do no less—and will he take my life for that ? Little knows King Henry the skirts of Kirnetable : [2] I can keep myself there against all his English host " (Godscroft).

Such was the noted battle of Ancram Moor. The spot on which it was fought is called Lilyard's Edge, from an Amazonian Scottish woman of that name who is reported, by tradition, to have distinguished herself in the same manner as Squire Witherington. The old people point out her monument, now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been legible within this century, and to have run thus :

" Fair maiden Lylliard lies under this stane,
Little was her stature, but great was her fame ;
Upon the English louns she laid mony thumps,
And, when her legs were cutted off, she fought upon her stumps."
Vide Account of the Parish of Melrose.

It appears from a passage in Stowe that an ancestor of Lord Evers held also a grant of Scottish lands from an English monarch. " I have seen," says the historian, " under the broad-seale of the said King Edward I, a manor, called Ketnes, in the countie of Ferfare, in Scotland, and neere the furthest part of the same nation northward, given to John Eure and his heiress, ancestor to the Lord Eure, that now is, for his service done in these partes, with market, etc., dated at Lanercost, the 20th day of October, anno regis, 34 " (Stowe's *Annals*, p. 210). This grant, like that of Henry, must have been dangerous to the receiver.

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[1] Angus had married the widow of James IV, sister to King Henry VIII.

[2] Kirnetable, now called Cairntable, is a mountainous tract at the head of Douglasdale.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower.—P. 611, v. 9.

The circumstance of the nun " who never saw the day " is not entirely imaginary. About fifty years ago an unfortunate female wanderer took up her residence in a dark vault, among the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, which, during the day, she never quitted. When night fell she issued from this miserable habitation and went to the house of Mr Halliburton of Newmains, the Editor's great-grandfather, or to that of Mr Erskine of Sheilfield, two gentlemen of the neighbourhood. From their charity she obtained such necessaries as she could be prevailed upon to accept. At twelve each night she lighted her candle, and returned to her vault; assuring her friendly neighbours that, during her absence, her habitation was arranged by a spirit, to whom she gave the uncouth name of *Fatlips*, describing him as a little man, wearing heavy iron shoes, with which he trampled the clay floor of the vault to dispel the damps. This circumstance caused her to be regarded by the well-informed with compassion, as deranged in her understanding; and by the vulgar with some degree of terror. The cause of her adopting this extraordinary mode of life she would never explain. It was, however, believed to have been occasioned by a vow that, during the absence of a man to whom she was attached, she would never look upon the sun. Her lover never returned. He fell during the civil war of 1745–46, and she never more would behold the light of day.

The vault, or rather dungeon, in which this unfortunate woman lived and died, passes still by the name of the supernatural being with which its gloom was tenanted by her disturbed imagination, and few of the neighbouring peasants dare enter it by night.

LORD SOULIS

BY JOHN LEYDEN

THE subject of the following ballad is a popular tale of the Scottish Borders. It refers to transactions of a period so important as to have left an indelible impression on the popular mind, and almost to have effaced the traditions of earlier times. The fame of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, always more illustrious among the Scottish Borderers, from their Welsh origin, than Fin Maccoul and Gow Macmorne, who seem not, however, to have been totally unknown, yielded gradually to the renown of Wallace, Bruce, Douglas, and the other patriots, who so nobly asserted the liberty of their country. Beyond that period, numerous but obscure and varying legends refer to the marvellous Merlin, or Myrrdin *the Wild*, and Michael Scott, both magicians of notorious fame. In this instance the enchanters have triumphed over the *true man*. But the charge of magic was transferred from the ancient sorcerers to the objects of popular resentment of every age; and the partisans of the Baliols, the abettors of the English faction, and the enemies of the Protestant and of the Presbyterian reformation have been indiscriminately stigmatized as necromancers and *warlocks*. Thus Lord Soulis, Archbishop Sharp, Grierson of Lagg, and Graham of Claverhouse,

Viscount Dundee, receive from tradition the same supernatural attributes. According to Dalrymple,[1] the family of Soulis seem to have been powerful during the contest between Bruce and Baliol; for adhering to the latter of whom they incurred forfeiture. Their power extended over the South and West Marches; and near Deadrigs,[2] in the parish of Eccles, in the East Marches, their family-bearings still appear on an obelisk. William de Soulis, Justiciarius Laodoniæ, in 1281, subscribed the famous obligation by which the nobility of Scotland bound themselves to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Maid of Norway and her descendants (Rymer, tom. ii, pp. 266, 279); and, in 1291, Nicholas de Soulis appears as a competitor for the crown of Scotland, which he claimed as the heir of Margery, a bastard daughter of Alexander II, and wife of Allan Durward, or Chuissier (Carte, p. 177; Dalrymple's *Annals*, vol. i, p. 203).

But their power was not confined to the Marches; for the barony of Saltoun, in the shire of Haddington, derived its name from the family; being designed Soulistoun, in a charter to the predecessors of Nevoy of that ilk, seen by Dalrymple; and the same frequently appears among those of the benefactors and witnesses in the chartularies of abbeys, particularly in that of Newbottle. Ranulphus de Soulis occurs as a witness in a charter, granted by King David, of the teinds of Stirling; and he, or one of his successors, had afterwards the appellation of *Pincerna Regis*. The following notices of the family and its decline are extracted from Robertson's *Index of Lost Charters*.[3] Various repetitions occur, as the index is copied from different rolls, which appear to have never been accurately arranged.

Charter to the Abbacie of Melross, of that part of the barony of Westerker, quhilk perteint to Lord Soulis—a Rob. I. in vicecom. Melrose.
——— To the Abbey of Craigelton, quhilkis perteint to Lord Soulis—ab eodem—Candidæ Casæ.
——— To John Soullis, knight of the lands of Kirkanders and Brettalach—ab eodem—Dumfries.
——— To John Soullis, knight of the baronie of Torthorald—ab eodem—Dumfries.
——— To John Soullis, of the lands of Kirkanders—ab eodem—Dumfries.
——— To John Soullis, of the barony of Kirkanders—quæ fuit quondam Johannis de Wak, Militis—ab eodem.
——— To James Lord Douglas, the half-lands of the barony of Westerker, in valle de Esk, quhilk William Soullis forisfecit—ab eodem.
——— To Robert Stewart, the son and heir of Walter Stewart, the barony of Nisbit, the barony of Longnewton, and Mertoun, and the barony of Cavirton, in vicecomitatu de Roxburgh, quhilk William Soulis forisfecit.
——— To Murdoch Menteith, of the lands of Gilmerton, whilk was William Soullis, in vicecom. de Edinburgh—ab eodem.
——— To Robert Bruce, of the lands of Liddesdale, whilk William Soulis erga nos forisfecit—ab eodem.

[1] Dalrymple's *Collections concerning the Scottish History*, p. 395.
[2] *Transactions of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland*, vol. i, p. 269.
[3] Index of many records of charters granted between 1309 and 1413, published by W. Robertson, Esq.

Charter to Robert Bruce, son to the king, the lands of Liddesdail, whilk William Soullis forisfecit erga nos—ab eodem—anno regni 16.
——— To Archibald Douglas, of the baronie of Kirkanders, quhilk were John Soullis, in vicecom. de Dumfries.
——— To Murdoch Menteith, of the lands of Gilmerton, quhilk Soullis forisfecit, in vicecom. de Edinburgh.
——— To Waltero Senescallo Scotiæ of Nesbit (exceptand the valley of Liddell) the barony of Langnewton and Maxtoun, the barony of Cavertoun, in vicecom. de Roxburgh, quas Soullis forisfecit.
——— To William Lord Douglas, of the lands of Lyddal, whilkis William Soullis forisfecit, a Davide secundo.
——— To James Lord Douglas, of the barony of Westerker, quam Williel-mus de Soullis forisfecit.

The hero of tradition seems to be William, Lord Soullis, whose name occurs so frequently in the foregoing list of forfeitures; by which he appears to have possessed the whole district of Liddesdale, with Westerkirk and Kirkandrews, in Dumfriesshire, the lands of Gilmertoun, near Edinburgh, and the rich baronies of Nisbet, Longnewton, Caverton, Maxtoun, and Mertoun, in Roxburghshire. He was of royal descent, being the grandson of Nicholas de Soulis, who claimed the crown of Scotland, in right of his grandmother, daughter to Alexander II; and who, could her legitimacy have been ascertained, must have excluded the other competitors. The elder brother of William was John de Soulis, a gallant warrior, warmly attached to the interests of his country, who, with fifty Borderers, defeated and made prisoner Sir Andrew Harclay, at the head of three hundred Englishmen; and was himself slain, fighting in the cause of Edward the Bruce, at the battle of Dundalk, in Ireland, 1318. He had been joint-warden of the kingdom with John Cummin, after the abdication of the immortal Wallace, in 1300; in which character he was recognized by John Baliol, who, in a charter granted after his dethronement, and dated at Rutherglen, in the ninth year of his reign (1302), styles him "*Custos regni nostri.*" The treason of William, his successor, occasioned the downfall of the family. This powerful baron entered into a conspiracy against Robert the Bruce, in which many persons of rank were engaged. The object, according to Barbour, was to elevate Lord Soulis to the Scottish throne. The plot was discovered by the Countess of Strathern. Lord Soulis was seized at Berwick, although he was attended, says Barbour, by three hundred and sixty squires, besides many gallant knights. Having confessed his guilt, in full Parliament, his life was spared by the King; but his domains were forfeited, and he himself confined in the castle of Dumbarton, where he died. Many of his accomplices were executed; among others, the gallant David de Brechin, nephew to the King, whose sole crime was having concealed the treason, in which he disdained to participate.[1] The Parliament, in which so much noble blood was

[1] As the people thronged to the execution of the gallant youth they were bitterly rebuked by Sir Ingram de Umfraville, an English or Norman knight, then a favourite follower of Robert Bruce. "Why press you," said he, "to see the dismal catastrophe of so generous a knight? I have

shed, was long remembered by the name of the *Black Parliament*. It was held in the year 1320.

From this period the family of Soulis makes no figure in our annals. Local tradition, however, more faithful to the popular sentiment than history, has recorded the character of their chief, and attributed to him many actions which seem to correspond with that character. His portrait is by no means flattering; uniting every quality which could render strength formidable and cruelty detestable. Combining prodigious bodily strength with cruelty, avarice, dissimulation, and treachery, is it surprising that a people, who attributed every event of life, in a great measure, to the interference of good or evil spirits, should have added to such a character the mystical horrors of sorcery? Thus he is represented as a cruel tyrant and sorcerer; constantly employed in oppressing his vassals, harassing his neighbours, and fortifying his castle of Hermitage against the King of Scotland; for which purpose he employed all means, human and infernal: invoking the fiends, by his incantations, and forcing his vassals to drag materials, like beasts of burden. Tradition proceeds to relate, that the Scottish King, irritated by reiterated complaints, peevishly exclaimed to the petitioners, "Boil him, if you please! but let me hear no more of him." Satisfied with this answer, they proceeded with the utmost haste to execute the commission; which they accomplished by boiling him alive on the Nine-stane Rig, in a cauldron, said to have been long preserved at Skelf-hill, a hamlet betwixt Hawick and the Hermitage. Messengers, it is said, were immediately despatched by the King to prevent the effects of such a hasty declaration; but they only arrived in time to witness the conclusion of the ceremony. The castle of Hermitage, unable to support the load of iniquity which had been long accumulating within its walls, is supposed to have partly sunk beneath the ground; and its ruins are still regarded by the peasants with peculiar aversion and terror. The door of the chamber, where Lord Soulis is said to have held his conferences with the evil spirits, is supposed to be opened once in seven years, by that demon, to which, when he left the castle never to return, he committed the keys, by throwing them over his left shoulder, and desiring it to keep them till his return. Into this chamber, which is really the dungeon of the castle, the peasant is afraid to look; for such is the active malignity of its inmate, that a willow, inserted at the chinks of the door, is found peeled, or stripped of its bark, when drawn back. The Nine-stane Rig, where Lord Soulis was boiled, is a declivity, about one mile in breadth and four in length, descending upon the water

seen ye throng as eagerly around him to share his bounty, as now to behold his death." With these words he turned from the scene of blood, and repairing to the King craved leave to sell his Scottish possessions, and to retire from the country. "My heart," said Umfraville, "will not, for the wealth of the world, permit me to dwell any longer, where I have seen such a knight die by the hands of the executioner." With the King's leave, he interred the body of David de Brechin, sold his lands, and left Scotland for ever. The story is beautifully told by Barbour, bk. 19th.

of Hermitage from the range of hills which separate Liddesdale and Teviotdale. It derives its name from one of those circles of large stones which are termed Druidical, nine of which remained to a late period. Five of these stones are still visible; and two are particularly pointed out as those which supported the iron bar upon which the fatal cauldron was suspended.

The formation of ropes of sand, according to popular tradition, was a work of such difficulty that it was assigned by Michael Scott to a number of spirits, for which it was necessary for him to find some interminable employment. Upon discovering the futility of their attempts to accomplish the work assigned, they petitioned their task-master to be allowed to mingle a few handfuls of barley-chaff with the sand. On his refusal they were forced to leave untwisted the ropes which they had shaped. Such is the traditionary hypothesis of the vermicular ridges of the sand on the shore of the sea.

Redcap is a popular appellation of that class of spirits which haunt old castles. Every ruined tower in the south of Scotland is supposed to have an inhabitant of this species.

Lord Soulis he sat in Hermitage castle,
And beside him Old Redcap sly;—
"Now, tell me, thou sprite, who are meikle of might,
The death that I must die?"

"While thou shalt bear a charmed life,
And hold that life of me,
'Gainst lance and arrow, sword and knife,
I shall thy warrant be.

"Nor forged steel, nor hempen band,
Shall e'er thy limbs confine,
Till threefold ropes of sifted sand
Around thy body twine.

"If danger press fast, knock thrice on the chest,
With rusty padlocks bound;
Turn away your eyes, when the lid shall rise,
And listen to the sound."

Lord Soulis he sat in Hermitage castle,
And Redcap was not by;
And he called on a page, who was witty and sage,
To go to the barmkin high.

"And look thou east, and look thou west,
And quickly come tell to me,
What troopers haste along the waste,
And what may their livery be."

He looked o'er fell, and he looked o'er flat,
But nothing, I wist, he saw,
Save a pyot on a turret that sat
Beside a corby craw.

The page he look'd at the skrieh[1] of day,
But nothing, I wist, he saw,
Till a horseman gray, in the royal array,
Rode down the Hazel-shaw.

"Say, why do you cross o'er moor and moss?"
So loudly cried the page;
"I tidings bring, from Scotland's king,
To Soulis of Hermitage.

"He bids me tell that bloody warden,
Oppressor of low and high,
If ever again his lieges complain,
The cruel Soulis shall die."

By traitorous sleight they seized the knight,
Before he rode or ran,
And through the key-stone of the vault,
They plunged him, horse and man.
. . . . . .

O May she came, and May she gaed,
By Goranberry green;
And May she was the fairest maid
That ever yet was seen.

O May she came, and May she gaed,
By Goranberry tower;
And who was it but cruel Lord Soulis,
That carried her from her bower?

He brought her to his castle gray,
By Hermitage's side;
Says—"Be content, my lovely May,
For thou shalt be my bride."

With her yellow hair, that glittered fair,
She dried the trickling tear:
She sighed the name of Branxholm's heir,
The youth that loved her dear.

"Now, be content, my bonny May,
And take it for your hame;
Or ever and ay shall ye rue the day,
You heard young Branxholm's name.

[1] Peep.

"O'er Branxholm tower, ere the morning hour,
When the lift is like lead so blue;
The smoke shall roll white on the weary night,
And the flame shine dimly through."

Syne he's ca'd on him Ringan Red,
A sturdy kemp was he;
From friend or foe, in border feid,
Who never a foot would flee.

Red Ringan sped, and the spearmen led,
Up Goranberry slack;
Aye, many a wight, unmatched in fight,
Who never more came back.

And bloody set the westering sun,
And bloody rose he up;
But little thought young Branxholm's heir,
Where he that night should sup.

He shot the roe-buck on the lee,
The dun deer on the law;
The glamour sure was in his e'e,
When Ringan nigh did draw.

O'er heathy edge, through rustling sedge,
He sped till day was set;
And he thought it was his merry men true,
When he the spearmen met.

Far from relief, they seized the chief;
His men were far away;
Through Hermitage slack, they sent him back,
To Soulis's castle gray;
Syne onward fure for Branxholm tower,
Where all his merry-men lay.

"Now, welcome, noble Branxholm's heir!
Thrice welcome," quoth Soulis, "to me!
Say, dost thou repair to my castle fair,
My wedding guest to be?
And lovely May deserves, per fay,[1]
A brideman such as thee!"

And broad and bloody rose the sun,
And on the barmkin shone;
When the page was aware of Red Ringan there,
Who came riding all alone.

[1] By my faith!

To the gate of the tower Lord Soulis he speeds,
As he lighted at the wall,
Says—"Where did ye stable my stalwart steeds,
And where do they tarry all?"

"We stabled them sure, on the Tarras Muir;
We stabled them sure," quoth he:
"Before we could cross that quaking moss,
They all were lost but me."

He clenched his fist, and he knocked on the chest,
And he heard a stifled groan;
And at the third knock, each rusty lock
Did open one by one.

He turned away his eyes, as the lid did rise,
And he listened silentlie;
And he heard breathed slow, in murmurs low,
"Beware of a coming tree!"

In muttering sound the rest was drowned;
No other word heard he;
But slow as it rose the lid did close,
With the rusty padlocks three.

. . . . . .

Now rose with Branxholm's ae brother,
The Teviot, high and low;
Bauld Walter by name, of meikle fame,
For none could bend his bow.

O'er glen and glade, to Soulis there sped
The fame of his array,
And that Tiviotdale would soon assail
His towers and castle gray.

With clenched fist, he knocked on the chest,
And again he heard a groan;
And he raised his eyes as the lid did rise,
But answer heard he none.

The charm was broke, when the spirit spoke
And it murmur'd sullenlie,—
"Shut fast the door, and for evermore,
Commit to me the key.

"Alas! that e'er thou raised'st thine eyes,
Thine eyes to look on me;
Till seven years are o'er, return no more,
For here thou must not be."

Think not but Soulis was wae to yield
His warlock chamber o'er;
He took the keys from the rusty lock,
That never was ta'en before.

He threw them o'er his left shoulder,
With meikle care and pain;
And he bade it keep them fathoms deep,
Till he returned again.

And still, when seven years are o'er,
Is heard the jarring sound;
When slowly opes the charmed door
Of the chamber under ground.

And some within the chamber door
Have cast a curious eye;
But none dare tell, for the spirits in hell,
The fearful sights they spy.

. . . . . .

When Soulis thought on his merry men now,
A woeful wight was he;
Says—"Vengeance is mine, and I will not repine!
But Branxholm's heir shall die."

Says—"What would ye do, young Branxholm,
Gin ye had me, as I have thee?"
"I would take you to the good greenwood,
And gar your ain hand wale [1] the tree."

"Now shall thine ain hand wale the tree,
For all thy mirth and meikle pride;
And May shall chuse, if my love she refuse,
A scrog bush thee beside."

They carried him to the good greenwood,
Where the green pines grew in a row;
And they heard the cry from the branches high,
Of the hungry carrion crow.

They carried him on from tree to tree,
The spiry boughs below;
"Say, shall it be thine, on the tapering pine,
To feed the hooded crow?"

"The fir-tops fall by Branxholm wall,
When the night blast stirs the tree,
And it shall not be mine to die on the pine,
I loved in infancie."

[1] Choose.

Young Branxholm turned him, and oft looked back,
And aye he passed from tree to tree;
Young Branxholm peeped, and puirly [1] spake,
"O sic a death is no for me!"

And next they passed the aspin gray:
Its leaves were rustling mournfullie:
"Now, chuse thee, chuse thee, Branxholm gay!
Say, wilt thou never chuse the tree?"

"More dear to me is the aspin gray,
More dear than any other tree;
For beneath the shade, that its branches made,
Have past the vows of my love and me."

Young Branxholm peeped, and puirly spake,
Until he did his ain men see,
With witches' hazel in each steel cap,
In scorn of Soulis' gramarye;
Then shoulder height for glee he lap,
"Methinks I spye a coming tree!"

"Aye many may come, but few return,"
Quo' Soulis, the lord of gramarye;
"No warrior's hand in fair Scotland
Shall ever dint a wound on me!"

"Now, by my sooth," quo' bauld Walter,
"If that be true we soon shall see."
His bent bow he drew, and the arrow was true,
But never a wound or scar had he.

Then up bespake him true Thomas,
He was the lord of Ersyltoun:
"The wizard's spell no steel can quell,
Till once your lances bear him down."

They bore him down with lances bright,
But never a wound or scar had he;
With hempen bands they bound him tight,
Both hands and feet on the Nine-stane lee.

That wizard accurst, the bands he burst;
They moulder'd at his magic spell;
And neck and heel, in the forged steel,
They bound him against the charms of hell.

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[1] Softly.

That wizard accurst, the bands he burst;
No forged steel his charms could bide;
Then up bespake him true Thomas,
"We'll bind him yet, whate'er betide."

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
Impressed with many a warlock spell:
And the book it was wrote by Michael Scott,
Who held in awe the fiends of hell.

They buried it deep, where his bones they sleep,
That mortal man might never it see:
But Thomas did save it from the grave,
When he returned from Faërie.

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
And turn'd the leaves with curious hand;
No ropes, did he find, the wizard could bind,
But threefold ropes of sifted sand.

They sifted the sand from the Nine-stane burn,
And shaped the ropes so curiouslie;
But the ropes would neither twist nor twine,
For Thomas true and his gramarye.

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
And again he turned it with his hand;
And he bade each lad of Teviot add
The barley chaff to the sifted sand.

The barley chaff to the sifted sand
They added still by handfulls nine;
But Redcap sly unseen was by,
And the ropes would neither twist nor twine.

And still beside the Nine-stane burn,
Ribbed like the sand at mark of sea,
The ropes, that would not twist nor turn,
Shaped of the sifted sand you see.

The black spae-book true Thomas he took;
Again its magic leaves he spread;
And he found that to quell the powerful spell,
The wizard must be boiled in lead.

On a circle of stones they placed the pot,
On a circle of stones but barely nine;
They heated it red and fiery hot,
Till the burnish'd brass did glimmer and shine.

They roll'd him up in a sheet of lead,
A sheet of lead for a funeral pall;
They plunged him in the cauldron red,
And melted him, lead, and bones, and all.

At the Skelf-hill, the cauldron still
The men of Liddesdale can shew;
And on the spot, where they boiled the pot,
The spreat [1] and the deer-hair [2] ne'er shall grow.

NOTES BY THE EDITOR

The tradition regarding the death of Lord Soulis, however singular, is not without a parallel in the real history of Scotland. The same extraordinary mode of cookery was actually practised (*horresco referrens*) upon the body of a sheriff of the Mearns. This person, whose name was Melville of Glenbervie, bore his faculties so harshly that he became detested by the barons of the country. Reiterated complaints of his conduct having been made to James I (or, as others say, to the Duke of Albany), the monarch answered, in a moment of unguarded impatience, " Sorrow gin the sheriff were sodden, and supped in broo ! " The complainers retired, perfectly satisfied. Shortly after, the lairds of Arbuthnot, Mather, Laureston, and Pittaraw decoyed Melville to the top of the hill of Garvock, above Laurencekirk, under pretence of a grand hunting party. Upon this place (still called the *Sheriff's Pot*) the barons had prepared a fire and a boiling cauldron, into which they plunged the unlucky sheriff. After he was *sodden* (as the King termed it) for a sufficient time, the savages, that they might literally observe the royal mandate, concluded the scene of abomination by actually partaking of the hell-broth.

The three lairds were outlawed for this offence ; and Barclay, one of their number, to screen himself from justice, erected the kaim (*i.e.*, the camp or fortress) of Mathers, which stands upon a rocky and almost inaccessible peninsula overhanging the German Ocean. The laird of Arbuthnot is said to have eluded the royal vengeance by claiming the benefit of the law of Clan Macduff, concerning which the curious reader will find some particulars subjoined. A pardon, or perhaps a deed of replegiation, founded upon that law is said to be still extant among the records of the Viscount of Arbuthnot.

Pellow narrates a similar instance of atrocity perpetrated after the death of Muley Ismael, Emperor of Morocco, in 1727, when the inhabitants of Old Fez, throwing off all allegiance to his successor, slew "Alchyde Boel le Rosea, their old governor, boiling his flesh, and many, through spite, eating thereof, and throwing what they could not eat of it to the dogs." See Pellow's *Travels in South Barbary*. And we may add to such tales the Oriental tyranny of Zenghis Khan, who immersed seventy Tartar khans in as many boiling cauldrons.

The punishment of boiling seems to have been in use among the English at a very late period, as appears from the following passage in Stowe's *Chronicle* : " The 17th March (1524), Margaret Davy, a maid, was boiled at Smithfield, for poisoning of three households that she had dwelled in." But

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[1] The spreat is a species of water-rush.

[2] The deer-hair is a coarse species of pointed grass which, in May, bears a very minute but beautiful yellow flower.

unquestionably the usual practice of Smithfield cookery, about that period, was by a different application of fire.

LAW OF CLAN MACDUFF

Though it is rather foreign to the proper subject of this work, many readers may not be displeased to have some account of the curious privilege enjoyed by the descendants of the famous Macduff, Thane of Fife, and thence called the Law of the Clan, or family, bearing his name.

When the revolution was accomplished, in which Macbeth was dethroned and slain, Malcolm, sensible of the high services of the Thane of Fife, is said, by our historians, to have promised to grant the first three requests he should make. Macduff accordingly demanded, and obtained, first, that he and his successors, Lords of Fife, should place the crown on the King's head at his coronation; secondly, that they should lead the vanguard of the army, whenever the royal banner was displayed; and lastly, this privilege of Clan Macduff, whereby any person, being related to Macduff within the ninth degree, and having committed homicide in *chaude melle* (without premeditation), should, upon flying to Macduff's Cross, and paying a certain fine, obtain remission of their guilt. Such, at least, is the account given of the law by all our historians. Nevertheless, there seems ground to suspect that the privilege did not amount to an actual and total remission of the crime, but only to a right of being exempted from all other courts of jurisdiction, except that of the Lord of Fife. The reader is presented with an old document in which the law of Clan Macduff is pleaded on behalf of one of the ancestors of Moray of Abercairny; and it is remarkable that he does not claim any immunity, but solely a right of being repledged, because his cause had already been tried by Robert, Earl of Fife, the sole competent judge. But the privilege of being answerable only to the chief of their own clan was, to the descendants of Macduff, almost equivalent to an absolute indemnity.

Macduff's Cross was situated near Lindores, on the March dividing Fife from Strathern. The form of this venerable monument unfortunately offended the zeal of the reformer Knox, and it was totally demolished by his followers. The pedestal, a solid block of stone, alone escaped the besom of destruction. It bore an inscription which, according to the apocryphal account of Sir Robert Sibbald, was a mixture of Latin, Saxon, Danish, and old French. Skene has preserved two lines:

> "Propter Makgridim et hoc oblatum,
> Accipe Smeleridem super lampade limpidæ labrum."
> Skene, de *verb. sig. voce Clan Macduff.*

The full inscription, real or pretended, may be found in Sir Robert Sibbald's *History of Fife*, and in James Cunninghame's *Essay upon Macduff's Cross*, together with what is called a translation, or rather paraphrase, of the piebald jargon which composes it. In Gough's edition of Camden's *Britannia*, a different and more intelligible version is given, on the authority of a Mr Douglas of Newburgh. The cross was dedicated to a St Macgider. Around the pedestal are tumuli, said to be the graves of those who, having claimed the privilege of the law, failed in proving their consanguinity to the Thane of Fife. Such persons were instantly executed. The people of Newburgh believe that the spectres of these criminals still haunt the ruined cross, and claim that mercy for their souls which they had failed to obtain for their mortal existence.

The late Lord Hailes gives it as his opinion that the indulgence was only to last till the tenth generation from Macduff.

Fordun and Wyntoun state, that the fine, to be paid by the person taking sanctuary, was twenty-four merks for a gentleman and twelve merks for a

yeoman. Skene affirms it to be nine cows and a colpindach (*i.e.*, a quey, or cow of one or two years old). Fordun, lib. 5, cap. 9; Wyntoun's *Cronykel*, bk. 6, ch. 19; Skene, *ut supra*. The last cited author avers that he has seen an old evident, bearing that Spens of Wormestoun, being of Macduff's kin, enjoyed this privilege for the slaughter of one Kinnermonth. The following deed, of a like nature, is published from a copy, accurately transcribed from an original deed, in the hands of the late Mr Cuming of the Herald Office, Edinburgh, by Messrs Brown and Gibb, librarians to the Faculty of Advocates. The blanks are occasioned by some parts of the deed having been obliterated.

"In nomine domini, amen. Per presens publicum instrumentum cunctis pateat evidenter quod anno ejusdem domini mo. cco. nonagesimo primo, indictione quinta decima Pontificatus sanctissimi in Christo Patris, ac domini nostri Clementis divina providentia Papæ septimi anno quarto decimo, mensis Decembris die septimo. In mei notarii publici et testium subscriptorum presentia personaliter constitutus, nobilis et potens vir dominus Alexander de Moravia, miles, cum prolocutoribus suis, domino Bernardo de Howden, milite, et Johanne de Logie, vocatus per rotulos indictamentorum super interfectione Willielmi de Spalden coram Justiciariis; viz. Johanne de Drummond milite, Mauricio de Drummond.

"Filium Willielmi in judicio sedentibus apud Foulis et potestatus erat, quod ex quo semel pro interfectione dicti hominis antea fuit per indictamentum judicio vocatus et replegiatus ad legem de clan Macduff, per dominum Robertum comitem de Fyfe non tenebatur coram quocunque alio de dicta interfectione judiciari, quousque dicta lex de clan Macduff suo intemerata privilegio de ipso ut prædicitur ad ipsam legem atto. Petens ipsum legaliter deliberari, et per ipsos vel eorum indictamentis sic indebite ulterius non vexari. Quiquidem judicis nolle dictum dominium Alexandrum deliberarie si ipsum bene vellent respectuare eo usque quod dominus de Brochepen justiciarius capitalis dicta actione ordinaverunt quod sibi et suo concilio expedientius videretur, quiquidem dominus Alexander et sui prolocutores eorum petitione et prestatione et predictorum judicum responsione, petierunt a me notario publico infra scripto præsentium acta fuerunt hæc apud Foulis, in itinere justiciario ibidem tento anno mense die et pontificatu prescriptis per nobilibus et discretis viris dominis Mauricio Archidiacono Dumblan, Willielmo de Grame, Vinfrido de Cunyngham, David de Militibus, Moritio de Drummond, Waltero de Drummond, Walter de Moravia, Scutiferis, testibus ad præmissa vocatis specialiter et rogatis.

"Et ego Johannes Symonis Clericus Dunkeldensis publicus imperial. notarius prædicti domini Alexandri comparatione ipsius petione et protestatione desuper justiciariorum responsione omnibusque aliis et singulis dum sic ut priusquam et agerentur una cum prenominatis testibus presens interfui eaque sic fieri vidi et in hanc formam publicam, redegi manuque mea propria scripsi requisitus et roga om omnium premissorum signo meo consueto signavi."

Alas! that e'er thou raised'st thine eyes,
Thine eyes to look on me.—P. 621, v. 10.

The idea of Lord Soulis' familiar seems to be derived from the curious story of the spirit Orthone and the lord of Corasse, which I think the reader will be pleased to see, in all its Gothic simplicity, as translated from Froissart by the Lord of Berners.

"It is great marveyle to consyder one thynge, the whiche was shewed to me in the Earl of Foix house at Ortayse, of hym that enfourmed me of the busynesse at Juberothe (Aljubarota, where the Spaniards, with their French allies, were defeated by the Portuguese, A.D. 1385). He shewed me one thyng that I have oftentymes thought on sithe, and shall do as longe

as I live. As thys squyer told me that of trouthe the next day after the battayl was thus fought, at Juberoth, the Erle of Foiz knewe it, whereof I had gret marveyle; for the said Sonday, Monday, and Tuesday, the erle was very pensyf, and so sadde of chere, that no man could have a worde of hym. And all the same three days he wold nat issue out of his chambre, nor speke to any man, though they were never so nere about hym. And, on the Tuesday night, he called to him his brother Arnault Guyllyam, and sayd to hym, with a soft voice, 'Our men hath had to do, whereof I am sorrie; for it is come of them, by their voyage, as I sayd or they departed.' Arnault Guyllyam, who was a sage knight, and knewe right well his brother's condicions (*i.e.*, temper), stode still and gave none answere. And than the erle, who thought to declare his mind more plainlye, for long he had borne the trouble thereof in his herte, spake agayn more higher than he dyd before, and sayd, 'By God, Sir Arnault, it is as I saye, and shortely ye shall here tidynges thereof; but the countrey of Byerne, this hundred yere, never lost such a losse, at no journey, as they have done now in Portugal.'—Dyvers knyghtes and squyers, that were there present, and herde hym say so, stode styll, and durst nat speke, but they remembered his wordes. And within a ten days after, they knewe the trouthe thereof, by such as had been at the busynesse, and there they shewed every thinge as it was fortuned at Juberoth. Than the erle renewed agayn his dolour, and all the countreye were in sorrowe, for they had lost their parentes, brethren, chyldren, and frendes. 'Saint Mary!' quod I to the squyer that shewed me thys tale, 'how is it, that the Earl of Foiz could know, on one daye, what was done, within a day or two before, beyng so farre off?'—'By my faythe, sir,' quod he, 'as it appeared well, he knewe it.'—'Than he is a diviner,' quod I, 'or els he hath messangers, that flyethe with the wynde, or he must needs have some craft.' The squyer began to laugh, and sayd, 'Surely he must know it, by some art of negromansye or otherwyse. To saye the trouthe, we cannot tell how it is, but by our ymaginacions.'—'Sir,' quod I, 'such ymaginacions as ye have therein, if it please you to shew me, I wold be gladde therof; and if it be suche a thynge as ought to be secrete, I shall nat publysshe it, nor as long as I am in thys countrey I shall never speke worde thereof.'—'I praye you thereof,' quod the squyer, 'for I wolde nat it shulde be knowen, that I shulde speke thereof. But I shall shewe you, as dyvers men speketh secretelye, whan they be togyder as frendes.' Than he drew me aparte into a corner of the chappell at Ortayse, and then began his tale, and sayd:

"'It is well a twenty yeares paste, that there was, in this countrey, a barone, called Raymond, Lorde of Corasse, whyche is a sevyn leagues from this towne of Ortayse. Thys Lord of Corasse had that same tyme, a plee at Avignon before the Pope, for the dysmes (*i.e.*, tithes) of his churche, against a clerk, curate there; the whiche priest was of Catelogne. He was a grete clerk, and claymed to have ryghte of the dysmes, in the towne of Corasse, which was valued to a hundred florens by the yere, and the ryghte that he had, he shewed and proved it; and, by sentence diffynitive, Pope Urbane the Fyfthe, in consistory generall, condempned the knighte, and gave judgement wyth the preest, and of this last judgment he had letters of the Pope, for his possession, and so rode tyll he came into Berne, and there shewed his letters and bulles of the Popes for his possession of his dysmes. The Lord of Corasse had gret indignacion at this preest, and came to hym, and said, 'Maister Pers, or Maister Martin (as his name was) thinkest thou, that by reason of thy letters I will lose mine herytage—be not so hardy, that thou take any thynge that is myne; if thou do, it shall cost thee thy life. Go thy waye into some other place to get thee a benefyce, for of myne herytage thou gettest no parte, and ones for alwayes, I defy thee.' The clerk douted the knight, for, he was a cruell man, therefore he durst nat parceyver. Then he thoughte to return to Avignon, as he dyde; but, whan he departed, he came to the knight, the Lord of Corasse, and sayd, 'Sir, by force, and nat by ryght, ye take away from me the ryght of my churche, wherein you greatly hurt your conscience.—I am not so strong in

this countrey as ye be; but, sir, knowe, for trouthe, that as soon as I maye, I shall sende to you suche a champyon, whom ye shall doubte more than me.' The knight, who doubted nothyng his thretynges, said, 'God be with thee; do what thou mayst; I doute no more dethe than lyfe; for all thy wordes, I wyll not lese mine herytage.' Thus, the clerk departed from the Lord of Corasse, and went I cannot tell wheder to Avignon or into Catalogne, and forgat nat the promise that he had made to the Lord of Corasse or he departed. For whan the knight thoughte leest on hym, about a three monethes after, as the knyghte laye on a nyght a-bedde in his castelle of Corasse, with the lady, there came to hym messangers invisible, and made a marvellous tempest and noise in the castell, that it seemed as thoughe the castell shulde have fallen downe, and strak gret strokes at his chambre dore, that the goode ladye, his wife, was soore afrayde. The knight herd alle, but he spoke no word thereof; bycause he wolde shewe no abasshed corage, for he was hardy to abyde all adventures. Thys noyse and tempest was in sundry places of the castell, and dured a long space, and at length, cessed for that nyght. Than the nexte mornyng, all the servants of the house came to the lord, whan he was risen, and sayd, 'Sir, have you nat herde this night, that we have done?' The lord dissembled, and sayd, 'No! I herd nothyng—what have you herde?' Than they shewed him what noyse they hadde herde, and howe alle the vessel in the kechyn was overtowrned. Than the lord began to laugh, and sayd, 'Yea, sirs! ye dremed, it was nothynge but the wynde.'—'In the name of God!' quod the ladye, 'I herde it well.' The next nyghte there was as great noyse and greatter, and suche strokes gyven at his chambre dore and windows, as alle shulde have broken in pieces. The knyghte starte up out of his bedde, and wolde not lette, to demaunde who was at his chambre dore that tyme of the nyght; and anone he was answered by a voyce that sayd, 'I am here.' Quod the knyght, 'Who sent thee hyder?'—'The clerk of Catelogne sent me hyder,' quod the voice, 'to whom thou dost gret wronge, for thou hast taken from hym the ryghtes of his benefyce; I will nat leave thee in rest tylle thou haste made hym a good accompte, so that he be pleased.' Quod the knight, 'What is thy name, that thou art so good a messangere?' Quod he, 'I am called Orthone.'—'Orthone!' quod the knight, 'the servyce of a clerke is lytell profyte for thee. He will putte thee to moche payne if thou beleve hym. I pray thee leave hym, and come and serve me; and I shall give thee goode thanke.' Orthone was redy to aunswere, for he was in amours with the knyghte, and sayde, 'Woldest thou fayne have my servyce?'—'Yea, truly,' quod the knyghte, 'so thou do no hurte to any persone in this house.'—'No more I will do,' quod Orthone, 'for I have no power to do any other yvell, but to awake thee out of thy slepe, or some other.'—'Well,' quod the knyght, 'do as I tell thee, and we shall soone agree, and leave the yvill clerke, for there is no good thyng in him, but to put thee to payne; therefore, come and serve me.'—'Well,' quod Orthone, 'and sythe thou wilt have me, we are agreed.'

"'So this spyrite Orthone loved so the knight, that oftentymes he wold come and vysyte him, while he lay in his bedde aslepe, and outher pull him by the eare, or els stryke at his chambre dore or windowe. And, whan the knyght awoke, than he wolde saye, 'Orthone, lat me slepe.'—'Nay,' quod Orthone, 'that I will nat do, tyll I have shewed thee such tydinges as are fallen a-late.' The ladye, the knyghte's wyfe, wolde be sore afrayed, that her heer wald stand up, and hyde herself under the clothes. Than the knyghte wolde saye, 'Why, what tidynge's hast thou brought me?'—Quod Orthone, 'I am come out of England, or out of Hungry, or some other place, and yesterday I came hens, and such things are fallen, or such other.' So thus the Lord of Corasse knewe, by Orthone, every thing that was done in any parte of the worlde. And in this case he contynued a fyve yere, and could not kepe his own counsayle, but at last discovered it to the Earl of Foiz. I shall shewe you howe.

"'The firste yere, the Lord of Corasse came on a day to Ortayse, to the

Erle of Foiz, and sayd to him, 'Sir, such things are done in England, or in Scotland, or in Almange, or in any other countrey.' And ever the Erle of Foiz found his sayeing true, and had great marveyle how he shulde knowe such things so shortly. And, on a tyme, the Earl of Foiz examined him so straitly, that the Lord of Corasse shewed hym alle toguyder howe he knewe it, and howe he came to hym firste. When the Erle of Foiz hard that, he was joyfull, and said, 'Sir of Corasse, kepe him well in your love; I wolde I hadd suche an messanger; he costeth you nothyng, and ye knowe by him every thynge that is done in the worlde.' The knyght answered, and sayd, 'Sir, that is true.' Thus, the Lord of Corasse was served with Orthone a long season. I can nat saye if this Orthone hadde any more masters or nat; but every weke, twise or thrisse, he wolde come and vysite the lord of Corasse, and wolde shewe hym such tidyngs of any thing that was fallen fro whens he came. And ever the Lord of Corasse, when he knewe any thynge, he wrote thereof to the Erle of Foiz, who had great joy thereof; for he was the lord, of all the worlde, that most desyred to here news out of straunge places. And, on a tyme, the Lord of Corasse was wyth the Erle of Foiz, and the erle demaunded of hym, and sayd, 'Sir of Corasse, dyd ye ever as yet se your messangere?'—'Nay, surely, sir,' quod the knyghte, 'nor I never desyred it.'—'That is marveyle,' quod the erle; 'if I were as well acquainted with him as ye be, I wolde have desyred to have seen hym; wherefore, I pray you, desyre it of hym, and then telle me what form and facyon he is of. I have herd you say howe he speketh as good Gascon as outher you or I.'—'Truely, sir,' quod the knyght, 'so it is: he speketh as well, and as fayr, as any of us both do. And surely, sir, sithe ye counsayle me, I shall do my payne to see him as I can.' And so, on a night, as he lay in his bedde, with the ladye his wife, who was so inured to here Orthone, that she was no longer afrayd of him; than cam Orthone, and pulled the lord by the eare, who was fast asleep, and therewith he awoke, and asked who was there? 'I am here,' quod Orthone. Then he demaunded, 'From whens comest thou nowe?'—'I come,' quod Orthone, 'from Prague, in Boesme.'—'How farre is that hens?' quod the knyght. 'A threescore days journey,' quod Orthone. 'And art thou come hens so soon?' quod the knyght.' 'Yea truly,' quod Orthone, 'I come as fast as the wynde, or faster.'—'Hast thou than winges?' quod the knyght. 'Nay, truely,' quod he. 'How canst thou than flye so fast?' quod the knyght. 'Ye have nothing to do to knowe that,' quod Orthone. 'No?' quod the knyght, 'I wolde gladly se thee, to know what forme thou art of.'—'Well,' quod Orthone, 'ye have nothing to do to knowe: it sufficeth you to here me, and to shewe you tidynges.'—'In faythe,' quod the knyght, 'I wolde love the moche better an I myght se the ones.'—'Well,' quod Orthone, 'sir, sithe ye have so gret desyre to se me, the first thynge that ye se to-morrowe, whan ye ryse out of your bedde, the same shall be I.'—'That is sufficient,' quod the lorde. 'Go thy way; I gyve the leave to departe for this nyght.' And the next mornynge the lord rose, and the ladye his wyfe was so afrayd, that she durst not ryse, but fayned herself sicke, and sayd she wolde not ryse. Her husband wolde have had her to have rysen. 'Sir,' quod she, 'than shall I se Orthone, and I wolde not se him by my gode wille.'—'Well,' quod the knyght, 'I wolde gladly se hym.' And so he arose, fayre and easily, out of his bedde, and sat down on his bedde-syde, wenying to have sene Orthone in his own proper form; but he sawe nothynge wherbye he myght saye, 'Lo, yonder is Orthone.' So that day past, and the next night came, and when the knyght was in his bedde, Orthone came, and began to speke, as he was accustomed. 'Go thy waye,' quod the knyght, 'thou arte but a lyer; thou promysest that I shuld have sene the, and it was not so.'—'No?' quod he, 'and I shewed myself to the.'—'That is not so,' quod the lord. 'Why,' quod Orthone, 'Whan ye rose out of your bedde, sawe ye nothynge?' Then the lord studyed a lytell, and advysed himself well. 'Yes, truely,' quod the knyght, 'now I remember me, as I sate on my bedde-syde, thynking on the, I

sawe two strawes upon the pavement, tumblynge one upon another.'—'That same was I,' quod Orthone, 'into that fourme I dyd putte myself as than.'—'That is not enough to me,' quod the lord; 'I pray the putte thyselfe into some other fourme, that I may better se and knowe the.'—'Well,' quod Orthone, 'ye will do so muche, that ye will lose me, and I to go fro you, for ye desyre to moch of me.'—'Nay,' quod the knyght, 'thou shalt not go fro me, let me se the ones, and I will desyre no more.'—'Well,' quod Orthone, 'ye shall se me to-morrowe; take hede, the first thynge that ye se after ye be out of your chambre, it shall be I.'—'Well,' quod the knyght, 'I am than content. Go thy way, lette me slepe.' And so Orthone departed, and the next mornyng the lord arose, and yssued out of his chambre, and wente to a windowe, and looked downe into the courte of the castell, and cast about his eyen. And the firste thyng he saw was a sowe, the greatest that ever he sawe; and she seemed to be so leane and yvell-favoured, that there was nothyng on her but the skynne and the bones, with long eares, and a long leane snout. The Lord of Corasse had marveyle of that leane sowe, and was wery of the sighte of her, and comaunded his men to fetch his houndes, and sayd, 'Let the dogges hunt her to dethe, and devour her.' His servaunts opened the kenells, and lette oute his houndes, and dyd sette them on this sowe. And, at the last, the sowe made a great crye, and looked up to the Lord of Corasse as he looked out at a windowe, and so sodaynely vanyshed awaye, no man wyste howe. Than the Lord of Corasse entred into his chambre, right pensyve, and than he remembered hym of Orthone, his messangere, and sayd, 'I repent me that I set my houndes on him. It is an adventure, an I here any more of hym; for he sayd to me oftentymes, that if I displeased hym, I shulde lose hym.' The lord sayd trouthe, for never after he came into the castell of Corasse, and also the knyght dyed the same yere next followinge.

"'So sir,' said the squyer, 'thus have I shewed you the lyfe of Orthone, and howe, for a season, he served the Lord of Corasse with newe tidynges.'—'It is true, sir,' sayd I, 'but nowe, as to your firste purpose. Is the Earl of Foiz served with suche an messangere?'—'Surely,' quod the squyer, 'it is the ymaginacion of many that he hath such messengers, for ther is nothynge done in any place, but and he sette his mynde thereto, he will knowe it, and whan men thynke leest thereof. And so dyd he, when the goode knyghtes and squyers of this country were slayne in Portugale at Guberothe. Some saythe, the knowledge of such thynges hath done hym moche profyte, for and there be but the value of a spone lost in his house, anone he will know where it is.' So, thus, then I toke leave of the squyer, and went to other company; but I bare well away his tale" (Bourchier's *Translation of Froissart's Chronycle*, vol. ii, chap. 37).

He took the keys from the rusty lock,
That never was ta'en before.

He threw them o'er his left shoulder,
With meikle care and pain;
And he bade it keep them, fathoms deep,
Till he returned again.—P. 622, v. 1; 622, v. 2.

The circumstance of Lord Soulis having thrown the key over his left shoulder, and bid the fiend keep it till his return, is noted in the introduction as a part of his traditionary history. In the course of this autumn (1806) the Earl of Dalkeith being encamped near the Hermitage Castle, for the amusement of shooting, directed some workmen to clear away the rubbish from the door of the dungeon, in order to ascertain its ancient dimensions and architecture. To the great astonishment of the labourers, and of the country people who were watching their proceedings, a rusty iron key, of considerable size, was found among the ruins, a little way from the dungeon door. The well-known tradition instantly passed from one to another;

and it was generally agreed that the malevolent demon, who had so long retained possession of the key of the castle, now found himself obliged to resign it to the heir-apparent of the domain. In the course of their researches, a large iron ladle, somewhat resembling that used by plumbers, was also discovered; and both the reliques are now in Lord Dalkeith's possession.

In the summer of 1805 another discovery was made in the haunted ruins of Hermitage. In a recess of the wall of the castle, intended apparently for receiving the end of a beam or joist, a boy, seeking for birds' nests, found a very curious antique silver-ring, embossed with hearts, the well-known cognizance of the Douglas family, placed interchangeably with quatre-foils all round the circle. The workmanship has an uncommonly rude and ancient appearance, and warrants our believing that it may have belonged to one of the Earls of Angus, who carried the heart and quatre-foils [1] in their arms. They parted with the castle and lordship of Liddesdale, in exchange for that of Bothwell, in the beginning of the sixteenth century. The ring is now in the Editor's possession by the obliging gift of Mr John Ballantyne, of the house of Ballantyne & Company, so distinguished for typography.

THE COUT OF KEELDAR

By JOHN LEYDEN

The tradition on which the following ballad is founded derives considerable illustration from the argument of the preceding. It is necessary to add that the most redoubted adversary of Lord Soulis was the Chief of Keeldar, a Northumbrian district adjacent to Cumberland, who perished in a sudden encounter on the banks of the Hermitage. Being arrayed in armour of proof he sustained no hurt in the combat, but stumbling in retreating across the river, the hostile party held him down below water with their lances till he died, and the eddy in which he perished is still called the Cout of Keeldar's Pool. His grave, of gigantic size, is pointed out on the banks of the Hermitage at the western corner of a wall, surrounding the burial-ground of a ruined chapel. As an enemy of Lord Soulis his memory is revered; and the popular epithet of *Cout*, *i.e.*, Colt, is expressive of his strength, stature, and activity. Tradition likewise relates that the young Chief of Mangerton, to whose protection Lord Soulis had in some imminent jeopardy been indebted for his life, was decoyed by that faithless tyrant into his castle of Hermitage and insidiously murdered at a feast.

The Keeldar Stone, by which the Northumbrian chief passed in his incursion, is still pointed out as a boundary mark on the confines

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[1] Some heralds say that they carried cinque-foils, others tre-foils; but all agree they bore some such distinction to mark their cadency from the elder branch of Douglas.

of Jed Forest and Northumberland. It is a rough insulated mass of considerable dimensions, and it is held unlucky to ride thrice *withershins*[1] around it. Keeldar Castle is now a hunting-seat belonging to the Duke of Northumberland.

The *Brown Man of the Muirs* is a fairy of the most malignant order, the genuine *duergar*. Walsingham mentions a story of an unfortunate youth whose brains were extracted from his skull during his sleep by this malicious being. Owing to this operation he remained insane many years, till the Virgin Mary courteously restored his brains to their station.

The eiry blood-hound howled by night,
The streamers[2] flaunted red,
Till broken streaks of flaky light
O'er Keeldar's mountains spread.

The lady sigh'd as Keeldar rose:
"Come tell me, dear love mine,
Go you to hunt where Keeldar flows,
Or on the banks of Tyne?"

"The heath-bell blows where Keeldar flows,
By Tyne the primrose pale;
But now we ride on the Scottish side,
To hunt in Liddesdale."

"Gin you will ride on the Scottish side,
Sore must thy Margaret mourn;
For Soulis abhorred is Lydall's lord,
And I fear you'll ne'er return.

"The axe he bears, it hacks and tears;
'Tis formed of an earth-fast flint;
No armour of knight, tho' ever so wight,
Can bear its deadly dint.

"No danger he fears, for a charm'd sword he wears;
Of adderstone the hilt;
No Tynedale knight had ever such might,
But his heart-blood was spilt."

"In my plume is seen the holly green,
With the leaves of the rowan tree;
And my casque of sand, by a mermaid's hand,
Was formed beneath the sea.

[1] *Widdershins*—German, *Widdersins*. A direction contrary to the course of the sun; from left, namely, to right.
[2] Northern lights.

"Then, Margaret dear, have thou no fear!
That bodes no ill to me,
Though never a knight, by mortal might,
Could match his gramarye."—

Then forward bound both horse and hound,
And rattle o'er the vale;
As the wintry breeze, through leafless trees,
Drives on the pattering hail.

Behind their course the English fells
In deepening blue retire;
Till soon before them boldly swells
The muir of dun Redswire.

And when they reached the Redswire high,
Soft beam'd the rising sun;
But formless shadows seemed to fly
Along the muir-land dun.

And when he reached the Redswire high,
His bugle Keeldar blew;
And round did float, with clamorous note
And scream, the hoarse curlew.

The next blast that young Keeldar blew,
The wind grew deadly still;
But the sleek fern, with fingery leaves,
Waved wildly o'er the hill.

The third blast that young Keeldar blew,
Still stood the limber fern;
And a wee man, of swarthy hue,
Up started by a cairn.

His russet weeds were brown as heath,
That clothes the upland fell;
And the hair of his head was frizzly red,
As the purple heather-bell.

An urchin,[1] clad in prickles red,
Clung cow'ring to his arm;
The hounds they howl'd, and backward fled,
As struck by Fairy charm.

"Why rises high the stag-hound's cry,
Where stag-hound ne'er should be?
Why wakes that horn the silent morn,
Without the leave of me?"

[1] Hedge-hog.

"Brown dwarf, that o'er the muir-land strays,
Thy name to Keeldar tell?"—
"The Brown Man of the Muirs, who stays
Beneath the heather-bell.

"'Tis sweet, beneath the heather-bell,
To live in autumn brown;
And sweet to hear the lav'rocks swell
Far, far from tower and town.

"But woe betide the shrilling horn,
The chase's surly cheer!
And ever that hunter is forlorn,
Whom first at morn I hear."

Says, "Weal nor woe, nor friend nor foe,
In thee we hope nor dread."
But, ere the bugles green could blow,
The Wee Brown Man had fled.

And onward, onward, hound and horse,
Young Keeldar's band have gone;
And soon they wheel, in rapid course,
Around the Keeldar Stone.

Green vervain round its base did creep,
A powerful seed that bore;
And oft, of yore, its channels deep
Were stained with human gore.

And still, when blood-drops, clotted thin,
Hang the grey moss upon,
The spirit murmurs from within,
And shakes the rocking stone.

Around, around, young Keeldar wound,
And called, in scornful tone,
With him to pass the barrier ground,
The Spirit of the Stone.

The rude crag rocked; "I come for death,
I come to work thy woe!"
And 'twas the Brown Man of the Heath,
That murmured from below.

But onward, onward, Keeldar past,
Swift as the winter wind,
When, hovering on the driving blast,
The snow-flakes fall behind.

They pass'd the muir of berries blae,
The stone cross on the lee;
They reach'd the green, the bonny brae,
Beneath the birchen tree.

This is the bonny brae, the green,
Yet sacred to the brave,
Where still, of ancient size, is seen
Gigantic Keeldar's grave.

The lonely shepherd loves to mark
The daisy springing fair,
Where weeps the birch of silver bark,
With long dishevelled hair.

The grave is green, and round is spread
The curling lady-fern;
That fatal day the mould was red,
No moss was on the cairn.

And next they pass'd the chapel there;
The holy ground was by,
Where many a stone is sculptured fair,
To mark where warriors lie.

And here, beside the mountain flood,
A massy castle frown'd,
Since first the Pictish race in blood
The haunted pile did found.

The restless stream its rocky base
Assails with ceaseless din;
And many a troubled spirit strays
The dungeons dark within.

Soon from the lofty tower there hied
A knight across the vale;
"I greet your master well," he cried,
"From Soulis of Liddesdale.

"He heard your bugle's echoing call,
In his green garden bower;
And bids you to his festive hall,
Within his ancient tower."

Young Keeldar called his hunter train;
"For doubtful cheer prepare!
And, as you open force disdain,
Of secret guile beware.

"'Twas here for Mangerton's brave lord
A bloody feast was set;
Who, weetless, at the festal board,
The bull's broad frontlet met.

"Then ever, at uncourteous feast,
Keep every man his brand;
And, as you 'mid his friends are placed,
Range on the better hand.

"And, if the bull's ill-omened head
Appear to grace the feast,
Your whingers, with unerring speed,
Plunge in each neighbour's breast."

In Hermitage they sat at dine,
In pomp and proud array;
And oft they filled the blood-red wine,
While merry minstrels play.

And many a hunting song they sung,
And song of game and glee;
Then tuned to plaintive strains their tongue,
"Of Scotland's luve and lee."

To wilder measures next they turn:
"The Black Black Bull of Noroway!"
Sudden the tapers cease to burn,
The minstrels cease to play.

Each hunter bold, of Keeldar's train,
Sat an enchanted man;
For cold as ice, through every vein,
The freezing life-blood ran.

Each rigid hand the whinger wrung,
Each gazed with glaring eye;
But Keeldar from the table sprung,
Unharmed by gramarye.

He bursts the doors; the roofs resound;
With yells the castle rung;
Before him, with a sudden bound,
His favourite blood-hound sprung.

Ere he could pass, the door was barr'd;
And, grating harsh from under,
With creaking, jarring noise, was heard
A sound like distant thunder.

The iron clash, the grinding sound,
Announce the dire sword-mill;
The piteous howlings of the hound
The dreadful dungeon fill.

With breath drawn in, the murderous crew
Stood listening to the yell;
And greater still their wonder grew,
As on their ear it fell.

They listen'd for a human shriek
Amid the jarring sound;
They only heard, in echoes weak,
The murmurs of the hound.

The death-bell rung, and wide were flung
The castle gates amain;
While hurry out the armed rout,
And marshal on the plain.

Ah! ne'er before in Border feud
Was seen so dire a fray!
Through glittering lances Keeldar hewed
A red corse-paven way.

His helmet, formed of mermaid sand,
No lethal brand could dint;
No other arms could e'er withstand
The axe of earth-fast flint.

In Keeldar's plume the holly green,
And rowan leaves, nod on,
And vain Lord Soulis' sword was seen,
Though the hilt was adderstone.

Then up the Wee Brown Man he rose,
By Soulis of Liddesdale;
"In vain," he said, "a thousand blows
Assail the charmed mail.

"In vain by land your arrows glide,
In vain your falchions gleam—
No spell can stay the living tide,
Or charm the rushing stream."

And now, young Keeldar reached the stream,
Above the foamy linn;
The Border lances round him gleam,
And force the warrior in.

The holly floated to the side,
And the leaf of the rowan pale:
Alas! no spell could charm the tide,
Nor the lance of Liddesdale.

Swift was the Cout o' Keeldar's course,
Along the lily lee:
But home came never hound nor horse,
And never home came he.

Where weeps the birch with branches green,
Without the holy ground,
Between two old gray stones is seen
The warrior's ridgy mound.

And the hunters bold, of Keeldar's train,
Within yon castle's wall,
In a deadly sleep must aye remain,
Till the ruin'd towers down fall.

Each in his hunter's garb array'd,
Each holds his bugle horn;
Their keen hounds at their feet are laid,
That ne'er shall wake the morn.

NOTES

'Tis formed of an earth-fast flint.—P. 633, v. 5.

An earth-fast stone, or an insulated stone, inclosed in a bed of earth, is supposed to possess peculiar properties. It is frequently applied to sprains and bruises, and used to dissipate swellings, but its blow is reckoned uncommonly severe.

Of adderstone the hilt.—P. 633, v. 6.

The adderstone among the Scottish peasantry is held in almost as high veneration as, among the Gauls, the *ovum anguinum* described by Pliny (*Natural History*, l. xxix, c. 3). The name is applied to celts and other round perforated stones. The vulgar suppose them to be perforated by the stings of adders.

With the leaves of the rowan tree.—P. 633, v. 7.

The rowan-tree, or mountain-ash, is still used by the peasantry to avert the effects of charms and witchcraft. An inferior degree of the same influence is supposed to reside in many evergreens, as the holly and the bay. With the leaves of the bay the English and Welsh peasants were lately accustomed to adorn their doors at Midsummer (*vide* Brand's *Vulgar Antiquities*).

And shakes the rocking stone.—P. 635, v. 7.

The rocking stone, commonly reckoned a Druidical monument, has always been held in superstitious veneration by the people. The popular opinion, which supposes them to be inhabited by a spirit, coincides with that of the ancient Icelanders, who worshipped the demons, which they believed to inhabit great stones. It is related in the *Kristni Saga*, chap. 2, that the first Icelandic bishop, by chaunting a hymn over one of these sacred stones, immediately after his arrival in the island split it, expelled the spirit, and

converted its worshippers to Christianity. The herb vervain, revered by the Druids, was also reckoned a powerful charm by the common people, and the author recollects a popular rhyme, supposed to be addressed to a young woman by the devil, who attempted to seduce her in the shape of a handsome young man:

"Gin ye wish to be leman mine,
Lay off the St John's wort and the vervine."

By his repugnance to these sacred plants his mistress discovered the cloven foot.

Since first the Pictish race in blood.—P. 636, v. 6.

Castles remarkable for size, strength, and antiquity are by the common people commonly attributed to the Picts, or Pechs, who are not supposed to have trusted solely to their skill in masonry in constructing these edifices, but are believed to have bathed the foundation-stone with human blood in order to propitiate the spirit of the soil. Similar to this is the Gaelic tradition, according to which St Columba is supposed to have been forced to bury St Oran alive beneath the foundation of his monastery in order to propitiate the spirits of the soil, who demolished by night what was built during the day.

And, if the bull's ill-omen'd head, etc.—P. 637, v. 3.

To present a bull's head before a person at a feast was, in the ancient turbulent times of Scotland, a common signal for his assassination. Thus Lindsay of Pitscottie relates in his *History*, p. 17, that "efter the dinner was endit, once alle the delicate courses taken away, the Chancellor (Sir William Crichton) presentit the bullis head befoir the Earle of Douglas, in sign and token of condemnation to the death."

Then tuned to plaintive strains their tongue,
"Of Scotland's luve and lee."—P. 637, v. 5.

The most ancient Scottish song known is that which is here alluded to, and is thus given by Wyntoun in his *Chronykil*, vol. i, p. 401:

"Quhen Alysandyr our kyng wes dede,
That Scotland led in luve and le,
Away wes sons of ale and brede,
Of wyne and wax, of gamyn and gle:

"Our gold wes changyd into lede,
Cryst, borne into virgynyte,
Succour Scotland and remede,
That stad is in perplexyte."

That alluded to in the following verse is a wild fanciful popular tale of enchantment, termed *The Black Bull of Noroway*. The author is inclined to believe it the same story with the romance of the *Three Futtit Dog of Noroway*, the title of which is mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland*.

The iron clash, the grinding sound,
Announce the dire sword-mill.—P. 638, v. 1.

The author is unable to produce any authority that the execrable machine, the sword-mill, so well known on the Continent, was ever employed in Scotland, but he believes the vestiges of something very similar have been discovered in the ruins of old castles.

No spell can stay the living tide.—P. 638, v. 9.

That no species of magic had any effect over a running stream was a common opinion among the vulgar, and is alluded to in Burns's admirable tale of *Tam o' Shanter*.

GLENFINLAS; OR, LORD RONALD'S CORONACH [1]

By Sir WALTER SCOTT

"For them the viewless forms of air obey,
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair!
They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
And heartless oft, like moody madness, stare,
To see the phantom-train their secret work prepare."
COLLINS.

THE simple tradition upon which the following stanzas are founded runs thus: While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary *bothy* (a hut built for the purpose of hunting) and making merry over their venison and whisky, one of them expressed a wish, that they had pretty lassies to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced by the siren, who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut; the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trump, or Jew's harp, some strain consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called the Glen of the Green Women.

Glenfinlas is a tract of forest-ground lying in the Highlands of Perthshire, not far from Callender, in Menteith. It was formerly a royal forest, and now belongs to the Earl of Moray. This country, as well as the adjacent district of Balquidder, was in times of yore chiefly inhabited by the Macgregors. To the west of the forest of Glenfinlas lies Loch Katrine, and its romantic avenue called the Trossachs. Benledi, Benmore, and Benvoirlich are mountains in the same district, and at no great distance from Glenfinlas. The river Teith passes Callender and the Castle of Doune, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The Pass of Lenny is immediately above Callender, and is the principal access to the Highlands from that town. Glenartney is a forest near Benvoirlich. The whole forms a sublime tract of Alpine scenery.

This ballad first appeared in the *Tales of Wonder*.

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[1] Coronach is the lamentation for a deceased warrior, sung by the aged of the clan.

GLENFINLAS; OR, LORD RONALD'S CORONACH

"O hone a rie'! O hone a rie'! [1]
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!"

O, sprung from great Macgillianore,
The chief that never feared a foe,
How matchless was thy broad claymore,
How deadly thine unerring bow!

Well can the Saxon widows tell,
How, on the Teith's resounding shore,
The boldest Lowland warrior fell,
As down from Lenny's pass you bore.

But o'er his hills, on festal day,
How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane-tree;
While youths and maids the light strathspey
So nimbly danced with Highland glee.

Cheer'd by the strength of Ronald's shell,
E'en age forgot his tresses hoar;
But now the loud lament we swell,
O ne'er to see Lord Ronald more!

From distant isles a Chieftain came,
The joys of Ronald's halls to find,
And chase with him the dark-brown game,
That bounds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

'Twas Moy; whom in Columba's isle
The seer's prophetic spirit found,
As, with a minstrel's fire the while,
He waked his harp's harmonious sound.

Full many a spell to him was known,
Which wandering spirits shrink to hear;
And many a lay of potent tone,
Was never meant for mortal ear.

For there, 'tis said, in mystic mood,
High converse with the dead they hold
And oft espy the fated shroud,
That shall the future corpse enfold.

[1] Signifies—"Alas for the prince, or chief"

O so it fell, that on a day,
To rouse the red deer from their den,
The chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
And scour'd the deep Glenfinlas glen.

No vassals wait their sports to aid,
To watch their safety, deck their board;
Their simple dress, the Highland plaid,
Their trusty guard, the Highland sword.

Three summer days, through brake and dell,
Their whistling shafts successful flew;
And still when dewy evening fell,
The quarry to their hut they drew.

In grey Glenfinlas' deepest nook,
The solitary cabin stood,
Fast by Moneira's sullen brook,
Which murmurs through that lonely wood.

Soft fell the night, the sky was calm,
When three successive days had flown;
And summer mist in dewy balm
Steep'd heathy bank, and mossy stone.

The moon, half-hid in silvery flakes,
Afar her dubious radiance shed,
Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes,
And resting on Benledi's head.

Now in their hut, in social guise,
Their sylvan fare the chiefs enjoy;
And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eyes,
As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

—"What lack we here to crown our bliss,
While thus the pulse of joy beats high?
What, but fair woman's yielding kiss,
Her panting breath, and melting eye?

"To chase the deer of yonder shades,
This morning left their father's pile,
The fairest of our mountain maids,
The daughters of the proud Glengyle.

"Long have I sought sweet Mary's heart,
And dropp'd the tear, and heav'd the sigh;
But vain the lover's wily art,
Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

"But thou may'st teach that guardian fair,
While far with Mary I am flown,
Of other hearts to cease her care,
And find it hard to guard her own.

"Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see
The lovely Flora of Glengyle,
Unmindful of her charge and me,
Hang on thy notes, 'twixt tear and smile.

"Or, if she choose a melting tale,
All underneath the greenwood bough,
Will good St Oran's rule prevail,
Stern huntsman of the rigid brow?"—

—"Since Enrick's fight, since Morna's death,
No more on me shall rapture rise,
Responsive to the panting breath,
Or yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

"E'en then, when o'er the heath of woe,
Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,
I bade my harp's wild wailings flow,
On me the Seer's sad spirit came.

"The last dread curse of angry heaven,
With ghastly sights and sounds of woe,
To dash each glimpse of joy, was given—
The gift, the future ill to know.

"The bark thou saw'st, yon summer morn,
So gaily part from Oban's bay,
My eye beheld her dash'd and torn,
Far on the rocky Colonsay.

"Thy Fergus too—thy sister's son,
Thou saw'st, with pride, the gallant's power,
As marching 'gainst the Lord of Downe,
He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

"Thou only saw'st their tartans [1] wave,
As down Benvoirlich's side they wound,
Heard'st but the pibroch,[2] answering brave
To many a target clanking round.

[1] The full Highland dress, made of the chequered stuff so termed.
[2] A piece of martial music adapted to the Highland bagpipe.

"I heard the groans, I mark'd the tears,
I saw the wound his bosom bore,
When on the serried Saxon spears
He pour'd his clan's resistless roar.

"And thou, who bidst me think of bliss,
And bidst my heart awake to glee,
And court, like thee, the wanton kiss—
That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee!

"I see the death-damps chill thy brow;
I hear thy Warning Spirit cry;
The corpse-lights dance—they're gone, and now . . .
No more is given to gifted eye!"—

—"Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,
Sad prophet of the evil hour!
Say, should we scorn joy's transient beams,
Because to-morrow's storm may lour?

"Or false, or sooth, thy words of woe,
Clangillian's chieftain ne'er shall fear;
His blood shall bound at rapture's glow,
Though doom'd to stain the Saxon spear.

"E'en now, to meet me in yon dell,
My Mary's buskins brush the dew";
He spoke, nor bade the chief farewell,
But call'd his dogs, and gay withdrew.

Within an hour return'd each hound;
In rush'd the rousers of the deer;
They howl'd in melancholy sound,
Then closely couch beside the seer.

No Ronald yet; though midnight came,
And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,
As, bending o'er the dying flame,
He fed the watch-fire's quivering gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,
And sudden cease their moaning howl;
Close press'd to Moy, they mark their fears
By shivering limbs, and stifled growl.

Untouch'd, the harp began to ring,
As softly, slowly, oped the door;
And shook responsive every string,
As light a footstep press'd the floor.

And by the watch-fire's glimmering light,
Close by the minstrel's side was seen
An huntress maid, in beauty bright,
All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seem;
Chill'd was her cheek, her bosom bare,
As bending o'er the dying gleam,
She wrung the moisture from her hair.

With maiden blush she softly said,
"O gentle huntsman! hast thou seen,
In deep Glenfinlas' moon-light glade,
A lovely maid in vest of green?

"With her a chief in Highland pride;
His shoulders bear the hunter's bow,
The mountain dirk adorns his side,
Far on the wind his tartans flow?"

"And who art thou? and who are they?"
All ghastly gazing, Moy replied:
"And why, beneath the moon's pale ray,
Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas' side!"

"Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,
Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,
Our father's towers o'erhang her side,
The castle of the bold Glengyle.

"To chase the dun Glenfinlas' deer,
Our woodland course this morn we bore,
And haply met, while wandering here,
The son of great Macgillianore.

"O aid me, then, to seek the pair,
Whom, loitering in the woods, I lost;
Alone, I dare not venture there,
Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost."

"Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there;
Then first, my own sad vow to keep,
Here will I pour my midnight prayer,
Which still must rise when mortals sleep."

"O first for pity's gentle sake,
Guide a lone wanderer on her way!
For I must cross the haunted brake,
And reach my father's towers ere day."

"First, three times tell each Ave-bead,
And thrice a Pater-noster say;
Then kiss with me the holy reed;
So shall we safely wind our way."

"O shame to knighthood, strange and foul!
Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,
And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,
Which best befits thy sullen vow.

"Not so, by high Dunlathmon's fire,
Thy heart was froze to love and joy,
When gaily rung thy raptured lyre,
To wanton Morna's melting eye."

Wild stared the minstrel's eyes of flame,
And high his sable locks arose,
And quick his colour went and came,
As fear and rage alternate rose.

"And thou! when by the blazing oak
I lay, to her and love resign'd,
Say, rode ye on the eddying smoke,
Or sail'd ye on the midnight wind!

"Not thine a race of mortal blood,
Nor old Glengyle's pretended line;
Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood,
Thy sire, the Monarch of the Mine."

He mutter'd thrice St Oran's rhyme,
And thrice St Fillan's powerful prayer;
Then turn'd him to the eastern clime,
And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

And, bending o'er his harp, he flung
His wildest witch-notes on the wind;
And loud, and high, and strange, they rung,
As many a magic change they find.

Tall wax'd the Spirit's altering form,
Till to the roof her stature grew;
Then, mingling with the rising storm,
With one wild yell, away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear:
The slender hut in fragments flew;
But not a lock of Moy's loose hair
Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise;
High o'er the minstrel's head they sail,
And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
As ceased the more than mortal yell;
And, spattering foul, a shower of blood
Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next, dropp'd from high a mangled arm;
The fingers strain'd a half-drawn blade:
And last, the life-blood streaming warm,
Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field,
Stream'd the proud crest of high Benmore;
That arm the broad claymore could wield,
Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills!
Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen!
There never son of Albin's hills
Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen!

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
At noon shall shun that sheltering den,
Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we—behind the chieftain's shield,
No more shall we in safety dwell;
None leads the people to the field—
And we the loud lament must swell.

O hone a rie'! O hone a rie'!
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

NOTES

Well can the Saxon widows tell.—P. 642, v. 3.

The term Sassenach is applied by the Highlanders to their Low-country neighbours.

How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane-tree.—P. 642, v. 4.

The fires lighted by the Highlanders on the first of May, in compliance with a custom derived from the Pagan times, are termed *The Beltane-Tree*. It is a festival celebrated with various superstitious rites both in the north of Scotland and in Wales.

The seer's prophetic spirit found, etc.—P. 642, v. 7.

I can only describe the second sight by adopting Dr Johnson's definition, who calls it " An impression, either by the mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant and future are perceived and seen as if they were present." To which I would only add that the spectral appearances thus presented usually presage misfortune; that the faculty is painful to those who suppose they possess it; and that they usually acquire it while themselves under the pressure of melancholy.

Will good St Oran's rule prevail.—P. 644, v. 3.

St Oran was a friend and follower of St Columba, and was buried in Icolmkill. His pretensions to be a saint were rather dubious. According to the legend he consented to be buried alive, in order to propitiate certain demons of the soil who obstructed the attempts of Columba to build a chapel. Columba caused the body of his friend to be dug up after three days had elapsed, when Oran, to the horror and scandal of the assistants, declared that there was neither a God, a judgment, nor a future state! He had no time to make further discoveries, for Columba caused the earth once more to be shovelled over him with the utmost dispatch. The chapel, however, and the cemetery was called *Relig Ouran*, and, in memory of his rigid celibacy, no female was permitted to pay her devotions or be buried in that place. This is the rule alluded to in the poem.

And thrice St Fillan's powerful prayer.—P. 647, v. 7.

St Fillan has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains, etc., in Scotland. He was, according to Camerarius, an abbot of Pittenweem in Fife, from which situation he retired, and died a hermit in the wilds of Glenurchy A.D. 649. While engaged in transcribing the Scriptures his left hand was observed to send forth such a splendour as to afford light to that with which he wrote—a miracle which saved many candles to the convent, as St Fillan used to spend whole nights in that exercise. The 9th of January was dedicated to this saint, who gave his name to Kilfillan in Renfrew, and St Phillans, or Forgend, in Fife. Lesley, lib. 7, tells us that Robert the Bruce was possessed of Fillan's miraculous and luminous arm, which he inclosed in a silver shrine and had it carried at the head of his army. Previous to the battle of Bannockburn the king's chaplain, a man of little faith, abstracted the relique and deposited it in some place of security, lest it should fall into the hands of the English. But lo! while Robert was addressing his prayers to the empty casket it was observed to open and shut suddenly, and, on inspection, the saint was found to have himself deposited his arm in the shrine as an assurance of victory. Such is the tale of Lesley. But though Bruce little needed that the arm of St Fillan should assist his own, he dedicated to him in gratitude a priory at Killin, upon Loch Tay.

In the *Scots Magazine* for July 1802 there is a copy of a very curious crown grant dated 11th July 1487, by which James III confirms to Malice Doire, an inhabitant of Strath-fillan in Perthshire, the peaceable exercise and enjoyment of a relique of St Fillan, being apparently the head of a pastoral staff called the Quegrich, which he and his predecessors are said to have possessed since the days of Robert Bruce. As the Quegrich was used to cure diseases, this document is probably the most ancient patent ever granted for a quack medicine. The ingenious correspondent by whom it is furnished further observes that additional particulars concerning St Fillan are to be found in Ballenden's *Boece*, bk. 4, folio ccxiii, and in Pennant's *Tour in Scotland*, 1772, pp. 11, 15.

THE MERMAID

By JOHN LEYDEN

THE following poem is founded upon a Gaelic traditional ballad called *Macphail of Colonsay and the Mermaid of Corrivrekin*. The dangerous gulf of Corrivrekin lies between the islands of Jura and Scarba, and the superstition of the islanders has tenanted its shelves and eddies with all the fabulous monsters and demons of the ocean. Among these, according to a universal tradition, the Mermaid is the most remarkable. In her dwelling and in her appearance the mermaid of the northern nations resembles the syren of the ancients. The appendages of a comb and mirror are probably of Celtic invention.

The Gaelic story bears that Macphail of Colonsay was carried off by a mermaid while passing the gulf above mentioned; that they resided together in a grotto beneath the sea for several years, during which time she bore him five children; but finally he tired of her society, and having prevailed upon her to carry him near the shore of Colonsay he escaped to land.

The inhabitants of the Isle of Man have a number of such stories, which may be found in Waldron. One bears that a very beautiful mermaid fell in love with a young shepherd, who kept his flocks beside a creek much frequented by these marine people. She frequently caressed him, and brought him presents of coral, fine pearls, and every valuable production of the ocean. Once upon a time as she threw her arms eagerly round him he suspected her of a design to draw him into the sea, and, struggling hard, disengaged himself from her embrace and ran away. But the mermaid resented either the suspicion or the disappointment so highly that she threw a stone after him and flung herself into the sea, whence she never returned. The youth, though but slightly struck with the pebble, felt from that moment the most excruciating agony, and died at the end of seven days (Waldron's *Works*, p. 176).

Another tradition of the same island affirms that one of these amphibious damsels was caught in a net and brought to land by some fishers who had spread a snare for the denizens of the ocean. She was shaped like the most beautiful female down to the waist, but below trailed a voluminous fish's tail with spreading fins. As she would neither eat nor speak (though they knew she had the power of language), they became apprehensive that the island would be visited with some strange calamity if she should die for want of food, and therefore on the third night they left the door open that she might escape. Accordingly, she did not fail to embrace the opportunity but gliding with incredible swiftness to the seaside she plunged herself into the waters, and was welcomed by a number of her own species, who were heard to enquire what she had seen among the

natives of the earth ? " Nothing," she answered, " wonderful, except that they were silly enough to throw away the water in which they had boiled their eggs."

Collins in his notes upon the line,

" Mona, long hid from those who sail the main,"

explains it by a similar Celtic tradition. It seems a mermaid had become so much charmed with a young man who walked upon the beach that she made love to him, and, being rejected with scorn, she excited by enchantment a mist which long concealed the island from all navigators.

I must mention another Mankish tradition, because, being derived from the common source of Celtic mythology, they appear the most natural illustrations of the Hebridean tale. About fifty years before Waldron went to reside in Man (for there were living witnesses of the legend when he was upon the island) a project was undertaken to fish treasures up from the deep by means of a diving-bell. A venturous fellow accordingly descended, and kept pulling for more rope till all they had on board was expended. This must have been no small quantity, for a skilful mathematician who was on board, judging from the proportion of line let down, declared that the adventurer must have descended at least double the number of leagues which the moon is computed to be distant from the earth. At such a depth wonders might be expected, and wonderful was the account given by the adventurer when drawn up to the air.

" After," said he, " I had passed the region of fishes, I descended into a pure element, clear as the air in the serenest and most unclouded day, through which, as I passed, I saw the bottom of the watery world, paved with coral, and a shining kind of pebbles, which glittered like the sun-beams, reflected on a glass. I longed to tread the delightful paths, and never felt more exquisite delight than when the machine I was enclosed in, grazed upon it.

" On looking through the little windows of my prison, I saw large streets and squares on every side, ornamented with huge pyramids of crystal, not inferior in brightness to the finest diamonds ; and the most beautiful building, not of stone, nor brick, but of mother-of-pearl, and embossed in various figures, with shells of all colours. The passage, which led to one of these magnificent apartments, being open, I endeavoured, with my whole strength, to move my enclosure towards it ; which I did, though with great difficulty, and very slowly. At last, however, I got entrance into a very spacious room, in the midst of which stood a large amber table, with several chairs round, of the same. The floor of it was composed of rough diamonds, topazes, emeralds, rubies, and pearls. Here I doubted not but to make my voyage as profitable as it was pleasant ; for, could I have brought with me but a few of these, they would have been of more value than all we could hope for in a thousand wrecks ; but they were so closely wedged in, and so strongly cemented by time,

that they were not to be unfastened. I saw several chains, carcanets, and rings, of all manner of precious stones, finely cut, and set after our manner; which I suppose had been the prize of the winds and waves: these were hanging loosely on the jasper walls, by strings made of rushes, which I might easily have taken down; but, as I had edged myself within half a foot reach of them, I was unfortunately drawn back through your want of line. In my return, I saw several comely *mermen*, and beautiful *mermaids*, the inhabitants of this blissful realm, swiftly descending towards it; but they seemed frighted at my appearance, and glided at a distance from me, taking me, no doubt, for some monstrous and new-created species" (Waldron, *ibidem*).

It would be very easy to enlarge this introduction by quoting a variety of authors concerning the supposed existence of these marine people. The reader may consult the *Telliamed* of M. Maillet, who, in support of the Neptunist system of geology, has collected a variety of legends respecting mermen and mermaids (p. 230 *et sequen*). Much information may also be derived from Pontoppidan's *Natural History of Norway*, who fails not to people her seas with this amphibious race.[1] An older authority is to be found in the *Kongs skugg-sio*, or *Royal Mirror*, written, as it is believed, about 1170. The mermen there mentioned are termed *hafstrambur* (sea-giants), and are said to have the upper parts resembling the human race; but the author, with becoming diffidence, declines to state positively whether they are equipped with a dolphin's tail. The female monster is called *Mar-gyga* (sea-giantess), and is averred certainly to drag a fish's train. She appears generally in the act of devouring fish which she has caught. According to the apparent voracity of her appetite, the sailors pretended to guess what chance they had of saving their lives in the tempests which always followed her appearance (*Speculum Regale*, 1768, p. 166).

Mermaids were sometimes supposed to be possessed of supernatural powers. Resenius, in his life of Frederick II, gives us an account of a siren who not only prophesied future events, but, as might have been expected from the element in which she dwelt, preached vehemently against the sin of drunkenness.

The mermaid of Corrivrekin possessed the power of occasionally resigning her scaly train; and the Celtic tradition bears that when, from choice or necessity, she was invested with that appendage her manners were more stern and savage than when her form was entirely human. Of course she warned her lover not to come into her presence when she was thus transformed. This belief is alluded to in the following ballad.

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[1] I believe something to the same purpose may be found in the school editions of Guthrie's *Geographical Grammar*, a work which, though in general as sober and dull as could be desired by the gravest preceptor, becomes of a sudden uncommonly lively upon the subject of the seas of Norway, the author having thought meet to adopt the Right Reverend Erick Pontoppidan's account of mermen, sea-snakes, and krakens.

The beauty of the sirens is celebrated in the old romances of chivalry. Doolin, upon beholding for the first time in his life a beautiful female, exclaims, "*Par sainte Marie, si belle creature ne vis je oncque en ma vie! Je crois que c'est un ange du ciel, ou une seraine de mer; Je crois que homme n'engendra oncque si belle creature*" (La Fleur de Batailles).

I cannot help adding that some late evidence has been produced serving to show either that imagination played strange tricks with the witnesses, or that the existence of mermaids is no longer a matter of question. I refer to the letters written to Sir John Sinclair by the spectators of such a phenomenon in the Bay of Sandside in Caithness.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL

WITH THE MERMAID

To brighter charms depart, my simple lay,
Than graced of old the maid of Colonsay,
When her fond lover, lessening from her view,
With eyes reverted, o'er the surge withdrew!
But happier still, should lovely Campbell sing
Thy plaintive numbers to the trembling string,
The mermaid's melting strains would yield to thee,
Though poured diffusive o'er the silver sea.

Go boldly forth—but ah! the listening throng,
Rapt by the siren, would forget the song!
Lo! while they pause, nor dare to gaze around,
Afraid to break the soft enchanting sound,
While swells to sympathy each fluttering heart,
'Tis not the poet's but the siren's art.

Go forth, devoid of fear, my simple lay!
First heard, returning from Iona's bay,
When round our bark the shades of evening drew,
And broken slumbers press'd our weary crew;
While round the prow the sea-fire, flashing bright,
Shed a strange lustre o'er the waste of night;
While harsh and dismal screamed the diving gull,
Round the dark rocks that wall the coast of Mull;
As through black reefs we held our venturous way,
I caught the wild traditionary lay:
A wreath, no more in black Iona's isle
To bloom—but graced by high-born Beauty's smile.

THE MERMAID

On Jura's heath how sweetly swell
The murmurs of the mountain bee,
How softly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea!

But softer, floating o'er the deep,
The mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,
That charm'd the dancing waves to sleep,
Before the bark of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,
As parting gay from Crinan's shore,
From Morven's wars the seamen brave
Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail
Still blamed the lingering bark's delay;
For her he chid the flagging sail,
The lovely maid of Colonsay.

"And raise," he cried, "the song of love,
The maiden sung with tearful smile,
When first, o'er Jura's hills to rove,
We left afar the lonely isle!

"'When on this ring of ruby red
Shall die,' she said, 'the crimson hue,
Know that thy favourite fair is dead,
Or proves to thee and love untrue.'"

Now, lightly poised, the rising oar
Disperses wide the foamy spray,
And, echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
Resounds the song of Colonsay.

"Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail,
Soothe to rest the furrowy seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!

"Where the wave is tinged with red,
And the russet sea-leaves grow,
Mariners, with prudent dread,
Shun the shelving reefs below.

"As you pass through Jura's sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore,
Shun, O shun, the gulf profound,
Where Corrivrekin's surges roar!

"If, from that unbottom'd deep,
With wrinkled form and writhed train,
O'er the verge of Scarba's steep,
The sea-snake heave his snowy mane,

"Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,
Sea-green sisters of the main!
And in the gulf, where ocean boils,
The unwieldy wallowing monster chain.

"Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail,
Soothe to rest the furrowed seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!"

Thus, all to soothe the chieftain's woe,
Far from the maid he loved so dear,
The song arose, so soft and slow,
He seem'd her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o'er,
Impatient for the rising day,
And still, from Crinan's moonlight shore,
He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
That streaks with foam the ocean green;
While forward still the rowers urge
Their course, a female form was seen.

That sea-maid's form, of pearly light,
Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom, heaving bright,
Her glossy, yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy-crested wave,
She reach'd amain the bounding prow,
Then, clasping fast the chieftain brave,
She, plunging, sought the deep below.

Ah! long beside thy feigned bier,
The monks the prayers of death shall say,
And long for thee, the fruitless tear
Shall weep the maid of Colonsay!

But downwards, like a powerless corse,
The eddying waves the chieftain bear;
He only heard the moaning hoarse
Of waters, murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink, by slow degrees;
No more the surges round him rave;
Lull'd by the music of the seas,
He lies within a coral cave.

In dreamy mood reclines he long,
Nor dares his tranced eyes unclose,
Till, warbling wild, the sea-maid's song
Far in the crystal cavern rose;

Soft as that harp's unseen controul,
In morning dreams that lovers hear,
Whose strains steal sweetly o'er the soul,
But never reach the waking ear;

As sunbeams, through the tepid air,
When clouds dissolve in dews unseen,
Smile on the flowers, that bloom more fair,
And fields, that glow with livelier green—

So melting soft the music fell;
It seemed to soothe the fluttering spray—
"Say, heard'st thou not these wild notes swell?"
"Ah! 'tis the song of Colonsay."

Like one that from a fearful dream
Awakes, the morning light to view,
And joys to see the purple beam,
Yet fears to find the vision true,—

He heard that strain, so wildly sweet,
Which bade his torpid langour fly;
He fear'd some spell had bound his feet,
And hardly dared his limbs to try.

"This yellow sand, this sparry cave,
Shall bend thy soul to beauty's sway;
Canst thou the maiden of the wave
Compare to her of Colonsay?"

Roused by that voice, of silver sound,
From the paved floor he lightly sprung,
And, glancing wild his eyes around,
Where the fair nymph her tresses wrung,

No form he saw of mortal mould;
It shone like ocean's snowy foam;
Her ringlets waved in living gold,
Her mirror crystal, pearl her comb.

Her pearly comb the siren took,
And careless bound her tresses wild;
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
As on the wondering youth she smiled.

Like music from the greenwood tree,
Again she raised the melting lay;
—"Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,
And leave the maid of Colonsay?

"Fair is the crystal hall for me,
With rubies and with emeralds set,
And sweet the music of the sea
Shall sing, when we for love are met.

"How sweet to dance, with gliding feet,
Along the level tide so green,
Responsive to the cadence sweet,
That breathes along the moonlight scene!

"And soft the music of the main
Rings from the motley tortoise-shell,
While moonbeams, o'er the watery plain,
Seem trembling in its fitful swell.

"How sweet, when billows heave their head,
And shake their snowy crests on high,
Serene in Ocean's sapphire bed,
Beneath the tumbling surge to lie;

"To trace, with tranquil step, the deep,
Where pearly drops of frozen dew
In concave shells, unconscious, sleep,
Or shine with lustre, silvery blue!

"Then shall the summer sun, from far,
Pour through the wave a softer ray,
While diamonds, in a bower of spar,
At eve shall shed a brighter day.

"Nor stormy wind, nor wintry gale,
That o'er the angry ocean sweep,
Shall e'er our coral groves assail,
Calm in the bosom of the deep.

"Through the green meads beneath the sea,
Enamour'd, we shall fondly stray—
Then, gentle warrior, dwell with me,
And leave the maid of Colonsay!"—

"Though bright thy locks of glistering gold,
Fair maiden of the foamy main!
Thy life-blood is the water cold,
While mine beats high in every vein.

"If I, beneath thy sparry cave,
Should in thy snowy arms recline,
Inconstant as the restless wave,
My heart would grow as cold as thine."

As cygnet-down proud swell'd her breast;
Her eye confest the pearly tear;
His hand she to her bosom prest—
"Is there no heart for rapture here?

"These limbs, sprung from the lucid sea,
Does no warm blood their currents fill,
No heart-pulse riot, wild and free,
To joy, to love's delirious thrill?"

"Though all the splendour of the sea
Around thy faultless beauty shine,
That heart, that riots wild and free,
Can hold no sympathy with mine.

"These sparkling eyes, so wild and gay,
They swim not in the light of love:
The beauteous maid of Colonsay,
Her eyes are milder than the dove!

"Even now, within the lonely isle,
Her eyes are dim with tears for me;
And canst thou think that siren smile
Can lure my soul to dwell with thee?"

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread;
Unfolds in length her scaly train;
She toss'd, in proud disdain, her head,
And lash'd, with webbed fin, the main.

"Dwell here, alone!" the mermaid cried,
"And view far off the sea-nymphs play;
The prison-wall, the azure tide,
Shall bar thy steps from Colonsay.

"Whene'er, like Ocean's scaly brood,
I cleave, with rapid fin, the wave,
Far from the daughter of the flood,
Conceal thee in this coral cave.

"I feel my former soul return;
It kindles at thy cold disdain:
And has a mortal dared to spurn
A daughter of the foamy main?"—

She fled; around the crystal cave
The rolling waves resume their road,
On the broad portal idly rave,
But enter not the nymph's abode.

And many a weary night went by,
As in the lonely cave he lay,
And many a sun roll'd through the sky,
And pour'd its beams on Colonsay;

And oft, beneath the silver moon,
He heard afar the mermaid sing,
And oft, to many a melting tune,
The shell-form'd lyres of ocean ring;

And when the moon went down the sky,
Still rose, in dreams, his native plain,
And oft he thought his love was by,
And charm'd him with some tender strain;

And, heart-sick, oft he waked to weep,
When ceased that voice of silver sound,
And thought to plunge him in the deep
That wall'd his crystal cavern round.

But still the ring, of ruby red,
Retain'd its vivid crimson hue,
And each despairing accent fled
To find his gentle love so true.

When seven long lonely months were gone,
The mermaid to his cavern came,
No more misshapen from the zone,
But like a maid of mortal frame.

"O give to me that ruby ring,
That on thy finger glances gay,
And thou shalt hear the mermaid sing
The song, thou lovest, of Colonsay."

"This ruby ring, of crimson grain,
Shall on thy finger glitter gay,
If thou wilt bear me through the main,
Again to visit Colonsay."

"Except thou quit thy former love,
Content to dwell for aye with me,
Thy scorn my finny frame might move,
To tear thy limbs amid the sea."

"Then bear me swift along the main,
The lonely isle again to see,
And, when I here return again,
I plight my faith to dwell with thee."

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
While slow unfolds her scaly train,
With gluey fangs her hands were clad,
She lash'd, with webbed fin, the main.

He grasps the mermaid's scaly sides,
As, with broad fin, she oars her way;
Beneath the silent moon she glides,
That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

Proud swells her heart! she deems, at last,
To lure him with her silver tongue,
And, as the shelving rocks she pass'd,
She raised her voice, and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprung,
To hail the maid of Colonsay.

O sad the mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink, remote at sea!
So sadly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.

NOTE

The sea-snake heave his snowy mane.—P. 655, v. 2.

" They, who, in works of navigation, on the coasts of Norway, employ themselves in fishing or merchandize, do all agree in this strange story, that there is a serpent there, which is of a vast magnitude, namely, two hundred feet long, and moreover twenty feet thick; and is wont to live in rocks and caves, toward the sea-coast about Berge; which will go alone from his holes, in a clear night in summer, and devours calves, lambs, and hogs; or else he goes into the sea to feed on polypus, locusts, and all sorts of sea-crabs. He hath commonly hair hanging from his neck a cubit long, and sharp scales, and is black, and he hath flaming shining eyes. This snake disquiets the skippers, and he puts up his head on high, like a pillar, and catcheth away men, and he devours them; and this hapneth not but it signifies some wonderful change of the kingdom near at hand; namely, that the princes shall die, or be banished; or some tumultuous wars shall presentlie follow" (*Olaus Magnus*, London, 1558, rendered into English by J. S). Much more of the sea-snake may be learned from the credible witnesses cited by Pontoppidan, who saw it raise itself from the sea, twice as high as the mast of their vessel. The tradition probably originates in the immense snake of the Edda, whose folds were supposed to girdle the earth.

A sort of sea-snake, of size immense enough to have given rise to this tradition, was thrown ashore upon one of the Orkney Isles in 1808.

THE LORD HERRIES HIS COMPLAINT

A FRAGMENT

BY CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, ESQ. OF HODDOM

HODDOM CASTLE is delightfully situated on the banks of the river Annan. It is an ancient structure, said to have been built, betwixt the years 1437 and 1484, by John Lord Herries of Herries, a powerful Border baron who possessed extensive domains in Dumfriesshire. This family continued to flourish until the death of William Lord Herries in the middle of the sixteenth century, when it merged in heirs female. Agnes, the eldest of the daughters of Lord William, was married to John, Master of Maxwell, afterwards created Lord Herries, and a strenuous partisan of Queen Mary. The castle and barony of Hoddom were sold about 1630, and were then, or soon afterwards, acquired by John Sharpe, Esq., in whose family they have ever since continued. Before the accession of James VI to the English crown Hoddom Castle was appointed to be kept " with ane wise stout man, and to have with him four well-horsed men, and there to have two stark footmen, servants, to keep their horses, and the principal to have ane stout footman " (*Border Laws*, Appendix).

On the top of a small but conspicuous hill near to Hoddom Castle there is a square tower built of hewn stone, over the door of which are carved the figures of a dove and a serpent, and betwixt them the word *Repentance*. Hence the building, though its proper name is Trailtrow, is more frequently called the Tower of Repentance. It was anciently used as a beacon, and the Border laws direct a watch to be maintained there, with a fire-pan and bell, to give the alarm when the English crossed, or approached, the river Annan. This man was to have a husband-land for his service (Spottiswoode, p. 306).

Various accounts are given of the cause of erecting the Tower of Repentance. The following has been adopted by my ingenious correspondent as most susceptible of poetical decoration. A certain Lord Herries—about the date of the transaction tradition is silent—was famous among those who used to rob and steal (*convey*, the wise it call). This lord, returning from England with many prisoners, whom he had unlawfully enthralled, was overtaken by a storm while passing the Solway Frith, and, in order to relieve his boat, he cut all their throats and threw them into the sea. Feeling great qualms of conscience he built this square tower, carving over the door, which is about half-way up the building, and had formerly no stair to it, the figures above mentioned of a dove and a serpent, emblems of remorse and grace, and the motto—"*Repentance.*"

I have only to add that the marauding baron is said, from his rapacity, to have been surnamed John the Rief—probably in allusion to a popular romance; and that another account says the sin, of which he repented, was the destruction of a church, or chapel, called Trailtrow, with the stones of which he had built the castle of Hoddom (Macfarlane's MSS.).

It is said that Sir Richard Steele, while riding near this place, saw a shepherd boy reading his Bible, and asked him what he learned from it? "The way to heaven," answered the boy. "And can you show it to me?" said Sir Richard in banter. "You must go by that tower," replied the shepherd, and he pointed to the Tower of Repentance.

Bright shone the moon on Hoddom's wall,
  Bright on Repentance Tower;
Mirk was the lord of Hoddom's saul,
  That chief sae sad and sour.

He sat him on Repentance hicht,
  And glowr'd upon the sea;
And sair and heavily he sicht,
  But nae drap eased his bree.

"The night is fair, and calm the air,
  No blasts disturb the tree;
Baith men and beast now tak their rest,
  And a's at peace but me.

"Can wealth and power in princely bower,
Can beauty's rolling e'e,
Can friendship dear, wi' kindly tear,
Bring back my peace to me?

"No! lang lang maun the mourner pine,
And meikle penance dree,
Wha has a heavy heart like mine,
Ere light that heart can be.

"Under yon silver skimmering waves,
That saftly rise and fa',
Lie mouldering banes in sandy graves,
That fley my peace awa'.

. . . . . .

"To help my boat, I pierc'd the throat
Of him whom ane lo'ed dear;
Nought did I spare his yellow hair,
And een sae bricht and clear.

"She sits her lane, and maketh mane,
And sings a waefu sang,—
'Scotch rievers hae my darling ta'en;
O Willie tarries lang!'

"I plunged an auld man in the sea,
Whase locks were like the snaw;
His hairs sall serve for rapes to me,
In hell my saul to draw.

"Soon did thy smile, sweet baby, stint,
Torn frae the nurse's knee,
That smile, that might hae saften'd flint,
And still'd the raging sea.

"Alas! twelve precious lives were spilt,
My worthless spark to save;
Bet[1] had I fall'n, withouten guilt,
Frae cradle to the grave.

"Repentance! signal of my bale,
Built of the lasting stane,
Ye lang shall tell the bluidy tale,
When I am dead and gane.

"How Hoddom's lord, ye lang sall tell,
By conscience stricken sair,
In life sustain'd the pains of hell,
And perish'd in despair."

. . . . . .

[1] Better.

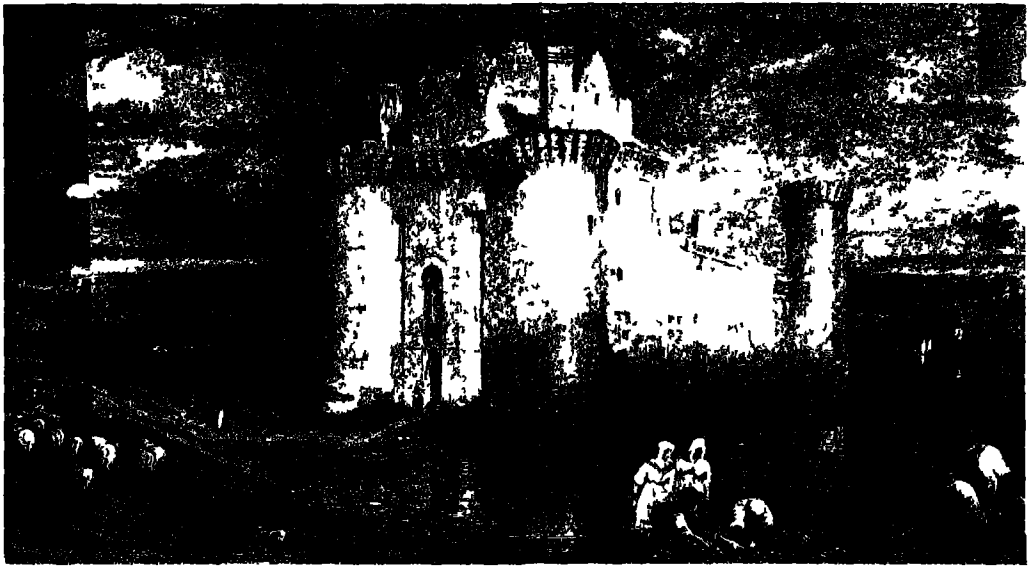
THE MURDER OF CAERLAVEROC

By CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, Esq.

The tragical event which preceded, or perhaps gave rise to, the successful insurrection of Robert Bruce against the tyranny of Edward I is well known. In the year 1304 Bruce abruptly left the Court of England and held an interview, in the Dominical Church of Dumfries, with John, surnamed, from the colour of his hair, the Red Cuming, a powerful chieftain who had formerly held the regency of Scotland. It is said by the Scottish historians that he upbraided Cuming with having betrayed to the English monarch a scheme, formed betwixt them, for asserting the independence of Scotland. The English writers maintain that Bruce proposed such a plan to Cuming, which he rejected with scorn, as inconsistent with the fealty he had sworn to Edward. The dispute, however it began, soon waxed high betwixt two fierce and independent barons. At length, standing before the high-altar of the church, Cuming gave Bruce the lie, and Bruce retaliated by a stroke of his poniard. Full of confusion and remorse for a homicide committed in a sanctuary, the future monarch of Scotland rushed out of the church with the bloody poniard in his hand. Kirkpatrick and Lindsay, two barons who faithfully adhered to him, were waiting at the gate. To their earnest and anxious enquiries into the cause of his emotion Bruce answered, "I doubt I have slain the Red Cuming."—"Doubtest thou?" exclaimed Kirkpatrick, "I make sure!"[1] Accordingly, with Lindsay and a few followers, he rushed into the church and despatched the wounded Cuming.

A homicide in such a place and such an age could hardly escape embellishment from the fertile genius of the churchmen, whose interest was so closely connected with the inviolability of a divine sanctuary. Accordingly, Bowmaker informs us that the body of the slaughtered baron was watched during the night by the Dominicans, with the usual rites of the Church. But at midnight the whole assistants fell into a dead sleep, with the exception of one aged father, who heard with terror and surprise a voice like that of a wailing infant exclaim, "How long, O Lord, shall vengeance be deferred?" It was answered in an awful tone, "Endure with patience, until the anniversary of this day shall return for the fifty-second time." In the year 1357, fifty-two years after Cuming's death, James of Lindsay was hospitably feasted in the castle of Caerlaveroc, in Dumfriesshire,

[1] Hence the crest of Kirkpatrick is a hand, grasping a dagger, distilling gouts of blood, proper: motto, "*I mak sicker.*"



J. V. Turner P.A.

CAERLAVEROCK CASTLE

belonging to Roger Kirkpatrick. They were the sons of the murderers of the regent. In the dead of night, for some unknown cause, Lindsay arose and poniarded in his bed his unsuspecting host. He then mounted his horse to fly, but guilt and fear had so bewildered his senses that, after riding all night, he was taken at break of day not three miles from the castle, and was afterwards executed by order of King David II.

The story of the murder is thus told by the prior of Lochlevin:

"That ilk yhere in our kynryk
Hoge was slayne of Kilpatrik
Be schyr Jakkis the Lyndessay
In-til Karlaveroc; and away
For til have bene with all his mycht
This Lyndyssay pressyt all a nycht
Forth on hors rycht fast rydand.
Nevyrtheless yhit thai hym fand
Nocht thre myle fra that ilk place;
Thare tane and broucht agane he was
Til Karlaveroc, be thai men
That frendis war till Kirkpatrik then;
Thare was he kepyd rycht straytly.
His wyf [1] passyd till the king Dawy,
And prayid him of his realté,
Of Lauche that scho mycht serwyd be.
The kyng Dawy than also fast
Till Dumfres with his curt he past,
At Lawche wald. Quhat was thare mare?
This Lyndessay to deth he gert do thare."

Wyntounis' *Cronykill*, bk. viii, cap. 44.

THE MURDER OF CAERLAVEROC

"Now, come to me, my little page,
Of wit sae wond'rous sly!
Ne'er under flower, o' youthfu' age,
Did mair destruction lie.

"I'll dance and revel wi' the rest,
Within this castle rare;
Yet he shall rue the drearie feast,
Bot and his lady fair.

"For ye maun drug Kirkpatrick's wine,
Wi' juice o' poppy flowers;
Nae mair he'll see the morning shine
Frae proud Caerlaveroc's towers.

"For he has twin'd my love and me,
The maid of mickle scorn—
She'll welcome, wi' a tearfu' e'e,
Her widowhood the morn.

[1] That is, Kirkpatrick's wife.

"And saddle weel my milk-white steed,
Prepare my harness bright!
Gif I can mak my rival bleed,
I'll ride awa' this night."

"Now, haste ye, master, to the ha'!
The guests are drinking there;
Kirkpatrick's pride sall be but sma',
For a' his lady fair."

. . . . . .

In came the merry minstrelsy;
Shrill harps wi' tinkling string,
And bag-pipes, lilting melody,
Made proud Caerlaveroc ring.

There gallant knights, and ladies bright,
Did move to measures fine,
Like frolic fairies, jimp and light
Wha dance in pale moonshine.

The ladies glided through the ha',
Wi' footing swift and sure—
Kirkpatrick's dame outdid them a',
Whan she stood on the floor.

And some had tyres of gold sae rare,
And pendants[1] eight or nine;
And she, wi' but her gowden hair,
Did a' the rest outshine.

And some, wi' costly diamonds sheen,
Did warriors' hearts assail—
But she, wi' her twa sparkling een,
Pierced through the thickest mail.

Kirkpatrick led her by the hand,
With gay and courteous air:
No stately castle in the land
Could shew sae bright a pair.

O he was young—and clear the day
Of life to youth appears!
Alas! how soon his setting ray
Was dimm'd wi show'ring tears!

Fell Lindsay sicken'd at the sight
And sallow grew his cheek;
He tried wi' smiles to hide his spite,
But word he cou'dna speak.

[1] Jewels on the forehead.

The gorgeous banquet was brought up,
On silver and on gold:
The page chose out a crystal cup,
The sleepy juice to hold.

And whan Kirkpatrick call'd for wine,
This page the drink wou'd bear;
Nor did the knight or dame divine
Sic black deceit was near.

Then every lady sung a sang;
Some gay—some sad and sweet—
Like tunefu' birds the woods amang,
Till a' began to greet.

E'en cruel Lindsay shed a tear,
Forletting malice deep—
As mermaids, wi' their warbles clear,
Can sing the waves to sleep.

And now to bed they all are dight,
Now steek they ilka door:
There's nought but stillness o' the night,
Whare was sic din before.

Fell Lindsay puts his harness on,
His steed doth ready stand;
And up the staircase is he gone,
Wi' poniard in his hand.

The sweat did on his forehead break,
He shook wi' guilty fear;
In air he heard a joyfu' shriek—
Red Cumin's ghaist was near.

Now to the chamber doth he creep—
A lamp, of glimmering ray,
Show'd young Kirkpatrick fast asleep,
In arms of lady gay.

He lay wi' bare unguarded breast,
By sleepy juice beguiled;
And sometimes sigh'd, by dreams opprest,
And sometimes sweetly smiled.

Unclosed her mouth o' rosy hue,
Whence issued fragrant air,
That gently, in soft motion, blew
Stray ringlets o' her hair.

"Sleep on, sleep on, ye luvers dear!
The dame may wake to weep—
But that day's sun maun shine fu' clear,
That spills this warrior's sleep."

He louted down—her lips he prest—
O! kiss, foreboding woe!
Then struck on young Kirkpatrick's breast
A deep and deadly blow.

Sair, sair, and mickle, did he bleed:
His lady slept till day,
But dream't the Firth[1] flow'd o'er her head,
In bride-bed as she lay.

The murderer hasted down the stair,
And back'd his courser fleet:
Then did the thunder 'gin to rair,
Then shower'd the rain and sleet.

Ae fire-flaught darted through the rain,
Whare a' was mirk before,
And glinted o'er the raging main,
That shook the sandy shore.

But mirk and mirker grew the night,
And heavier beat the rain;
And quicker Lindsay urged his flight,
Some ha' or beild to gain.

Lang did he ride o'er hill and dale,
Nor mire nor flood he fear'd:
I trow his courage 'gan to fail
When morning light appear'd.

For having hied, the live-lang night,
Through hail and heavy showers,
He fand himsel, at peep o' light,
Hard by Caerlaveroc's towers.

The castle bell was ringing out,
The ha' was all asteer;
And mony a scriech and waefu' shout
Appall'd the murderer's ear.

Now they hae bound this traitor strang,
Wi' curses and wi' blows,
And high in air they did him hang,
To feed the carrion crows.

. . . . . .

[1] Caerlaverock stands near Solway Firth.

"To sweet Lincluden's[1] haly cells
Fou dowie I'll repair;
There peace wi' gentle patience dwells,
Nae deadly feuds are there.

"In tears I'll wither ilka charm,
Like draps o' balefu' yew;
And wail the beauty that cou'd harm
A knight, sae brave and true."

SIR AGILTHORN

By M. G. LEWIS, Esq.

Oh! gentle huntsman, softly tread,
And softly wind thy bugle-horn;
Nor rudely break the silence shed
Around the grave of Agilthorn!

Oh! gentle huntsman, if a tear,
E'er dimm'd for other's woe thine eyes,
Thou'lt surely dew, with drops sincere,
The sod, where Lady Eva lies.

Yon crumbling chapel's sainted bound
Their hands and hearts beheld them plight;
Long held yon towers, with ivy crown'd,
The beauteous dame and gallant knight.

Alas! the hour of bliss is past,
For hark! the din of discord rings;
War's clarion sounds, Joy hears the blast,
And trembling plies his radiant wings.

And must sad Eva lose her lord?
And must he seek the martial plain?
Oh! see, she brings his casque and sword!
Oh! hark, she pours her plaintive strain!

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[1] Lincluden Abbey is situated near Dumfries, on the banks of the river Cluden. It was founded and filled with Benedictine nuns, in the time of Malcolm IV, by Uthred, father to Roland, Lord of Galloway—these were expelled by Archibald the Grim, Earl of Douglas. *Vide* Pennant.

"Blest is the village damsel's fate,
Though poor and low her station be;
Safe from the cares which haunt the great,
Safe from the cares which torture me!

"No doubting fear, no cruel pain,
No dread suspense her breast alarms;
No tyrant honour rules her swain,
And tears him from her folding arms.

"She, careless wandering 'midst the rocks,
In pleasing toil consumes the day;
And tends her goats, or feeds her flocks,
Or joins her rustic lover's lay.

"Though hard her couch, each sorrow flies
The pillow which supports her head;
She sleeps, nor fears at morn her eyes
Shall wake, to mourn an husband dead.

"Hush, impious fears! the good and brave
Heaven's arm will guard from danger free;
When death with thousands gluts the grave,
His dart, my love, shall glance from thee:

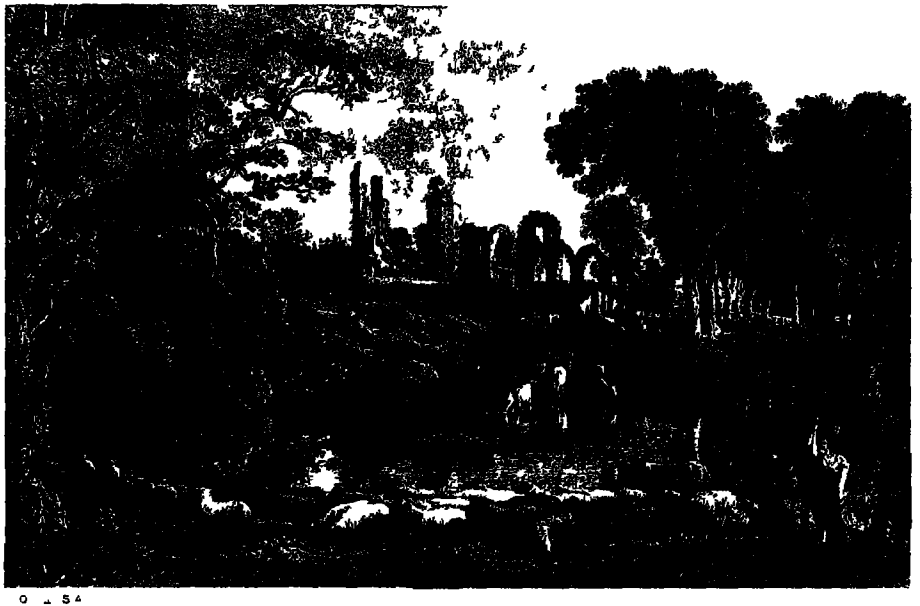
"While thine shall fly direct and sure,
This buckler every blow repel;
This casque from wounds that face secure,
Where all the loves and graces dwell.

"This glittering scarf, with tenderest care,
My hands in happier moments wove;
Curst be the wretch, whose sword shall tear
The spell-bound work of wedded love!

"Lo! on thy falchion, keen and bright,
I shed a trembling consort's tears;
Oh! when their traces meet thy sight,
Remember wretched Eva's fears!

"Think, how thy lips she fondly press'd;
Think, how she wept, compelled to part;
Think, every wound, which scars thy breast,
Is doubly marked on Eva's heart!"

"O thou! my mistress, wife, and friend!"
Thus Agilthorn with sighs began;
"Thy fond complaints my bosom rend,
Thy tears my fainting soul unman:



O ⊥ 54

LINCLUDEN

"In pity cease, my gentle dame,
Such sweetness and such grief to join!
Lest I forget the voice of Fame,
And only list to Love's and thine.

"Flow, flow, my tears, unbounded gush!
Rise, rise, my sobs! I set ye free;
Bleed, bleed, my heart! I need not blush
To own, that life is dear to me.

"The wretch, whose lips have press'd the bowl,
The bitter bowl of pain and woe,
May careless reach his mortal goal,
May boldly meet the final blow:

"His hopes destroyed, his comfort wreckt,
A happier life he hopes to find;
But what can I in heaven expect,
Beyond the bliss I leave behind?

"Oh, no! the joys of yonder skies
To prosperous love present no charms;
My heaven is placed in Eva's eyes,
My paradise in Eva's arms.

"Yet mark me, sweet! if Heaven's command
Hath doom'd my fall in martial strife,
Oh! let not anguish tempt thy hand
To rashly break the thread of life!

"No! let our boy thy care engross,
Let him thy stay, thy comfort, be;
Supply his luckless father's loss,
And love him for thyself and me.

"So may oblivion soon efface
The grief, which clouds this fatal morn;
And soon thy cheeks afford no trace
Of tears, which fall for Agilthorn!"

He said, and couch'd his quivering lance;
He said, and braced his moony shield;
Seal'd a last kiss, threw a last glance,
Then spurr'd his steed to Flodden Field.

But Eva, of all joy bereft,
Stood rooted at the castle gate,
And view'd the prints his courser left,
While hurrying at the call of fate.

Forebodings sad her bosom told,
The steed, which bore him thence so light,
Her longing eyes would ne'er behold
Again bring home her own true knight.

While many a sigh her bosom heaves,
She thus address'd her orphan page—
"Dear youth, if e'er my love relieved
The sorrows of thy infant age;

"If e'er I taught thy locks to play,
Luxuriant, round thy blooming face;
If e'er I wiped thy tears away,
And bade them yield to smiles their place:

"Oh! speed thee, swift as steed can bear,
Where Flodden groans with heaps of dead,
And, o'er the combat, home repair,
And tell me how my lord has sped.

"Till thou return'st, each hour's an age,
An age employ'd in doubt and pain;
Oh! haste thee, haste, my little foot-page,
Oh! haste, and soon return again!"

"Now, lady dear, thy grief assuage!
Good tidings soon shall ease thy pain:
I'll haste, I'll haste, thy little foot-page
I'll haste and soon return again."

Then Oswy bade his courser fly;
But still, while hapless Eva wept,
Time scarcely seemed his wings to ply,
So slow the tedious moments crept.

And oft she kiss'd her baby's cheek,
Who slumber'd on her throbbing breast;
And now she bade the warder speak,
And now she lull'd her child to rest.

"Good warder, say, what meets thy sight?
What see'st thou from the castle tower?"
"Nought but the rocks of Elginbright,
Nought but the shades of Forest-Bower."

"Oh! pretty babe! thy mother's joy,
Pledge of the purest, fondest flame,
To-morrow's sun, dear helpless boy!
Must see thee bear an orphan's name.

"Perhaps, e'en now, some Scottish sword
The life-blood of thy father drains;
Perhaps, e'en now, that heart is gored,
Whose streams supplied thy little veins.

"O! warder, from the castle tower,
Now say, what objects meet thy sight?"
"None but the shades of Forest-Bower,
None but the rocks of Elginbright."

"Smil'st thou, my babe? so smiled thy sire,
When gazing on his Eva's face;
His eyes shot beams of gentle fire,
And joy'd such beams in mine to trace.

"Sleep, sleep, my babe! of care devoid;
Thy mother breathes this fervent vow—
Oh! never be thy soul employed
On thoughts so sad as hers are now!

"Now warder, warder, speak again!
What see'st thou from the turret's height?"
"Oh! lady, speeding o'er the plain,
The little foot-page appears in sight."

Quick beat her heart; short grew her breath;
Close to her breast the babe she drew—
"Now, Heaven," she cried, "for life or death!"
And forth to meet the page she flew.

"And is thy lord from danger free?
And is the deadly combat o'er?"
In silence Oswy bent his knee,
And laid a scarf her feet before.

The well-known scarf with blood was stain'd,
And tears from Oswy's eye-lids fell;
Too truly Eva's heart explain'd,
What meant those silent tears to tell.

"Come, come, my babe!" she wildly cried,
"We needs must seek the field of woe;
Come, come, my babe! cast fear aside!
To dig thy father's grave we go."

"Stay, lady, stay! a storm impends;
Lo! threatening clouds the sky o'erspread;
The thunder roars, the rain descends,
And lightning streaks the heavens with red.

"Hark! hark! the winds tempestuous rave!
Oh! be thy dread intent resign'd!
Or, if resolved the storm to brave,
Be this dear infant left behind!"

"No! no! with me my baby stays;
With me he lives; with me he dies;
Flash, lightnings, flash! your friendly blaze
Will show me where my warrior lies."

O see! she roams the bloody field,
And wildly shrieks her husband's name;
O see! she stops and eyes a shield,
A heart, the symbol, wrapt in flame.

His armour broke in many a place,
A knight lay stretch'd that shield beside;
She raised his vizor, kiss'd his face,
Then on his bosom sunk, and died.

Huntsman, their rustic grave behold:
'Tis here, at night, the Fairy king,
Where sleeps the fair, where sleeps the bold,
Oft forms his light fantastic ring.

'Tis here, at eve, each village youth,
With freshest flowers the turf adorns;
'Tis here he swears eternal truth,
By Eva's faith and Agilthorn's.

And here the virgins sadly tell,
Each seated by her shepherd's side,
How brave the gallant warrior fell,
How true his lovely lady died.

Ah! gentle huntsman, pitying hear,
And mourn the gentle lover's doom;
Oh! gentle huntsman, drop a tear,
And dew the turf of Eva's tomb!

So ne'er may fate thy hopes oppose;
So ne'er may grief to thee be known:
They, who can weep for others' woes,
Should ne'er have cause to weep their own.

RICH AULD WILLIE'S FAREWELL

A FREEBOOTER, TAKEN BY THE ENGLISH IN A BORDER BATTLE, AND CONDEMNED TO BE EXECUTED

By ANNA SEWARD

Farewell, my ingle, bleezing bright,
When the snell storm's begun;
My bouris casements, O! sae light,
When glints the bonny sun!

Farewell, my deep glens, speck't wi' sloes,
O' tangled hazels full!
Farewell, my thymy lea, where lows
My kine, and glourin bull.

Farewell, my red deer, jutting proud,
My rooks, o' murky wing!
Farewell, my wee birds, lilting loud,
A' in the merry spring!

Farewell, my sheep, that sprattle on
In a lang line, sae braw;
Or lie on yon cauld cliffs aboon,
Like late-left patch o' snaw!

Farewell, my brook, that wimplin rins,
My clattering brig o' yew;
My scaly tribes wi' gowden fins,
Sae nimbly flickering through!

Farewell, my boat, and lusty oars,
That skelp'd, wi' mickle spray!
Farewell, my birks o' Teviot shores,
That cool the simmer's day!

Farewell, bauld neighbours, whase swift steed
O'er Saxon bounds has scowr'd,
Swoom'd drumlie floods when moons were dead,
And ilka star was smoor'd.

Maist dear for a' ye shared wi' me,
When skaith and prey did goad,
And danger, like a wraith, did flee
Alang our moon-dead road.

Farewell, my winsome wife, sae gay!
Fu' fain frae hame to gang,
Wi' spunkie lads to geck and play,
The flowrie haughs amang!

Farewell, my gowk, thy warning note
Then aft-times ca'd aloud,
Tho' o' the word that thrill'd thy throat,
Gude faith, I was na proud!

And, pawkie gowk, sae free that mad'st,
Or here I hanged be,
Would I might learn if true thou said'st,
When sae thou said'st to me!

WATER KELPIE

By Rev. Dr JAMIESON

The principal design of the author of this piece was to give a specimen of Scottish writing more nearly approaching to the classical compositions of our ancient bards than that which has been generally followed for seventy or eighty years past. As the poem is descriptive of the superstitions of the vulgar in the county of Angus, the scene is laid on the banks of South Esk, near the castle of Inverquharity, about five miles north from Forfar.

It is with pleasure that the Editor announces to the literary word that Dr Jamieson is about to publish a complete Dictionary of the Scottish Dialect;[1] his intimate acquaintance with which is evinced in the following stanzas:—

Aft, owre the bent, with heather blent,
And throw the forest brown,
I tread the path to yon green strath,
Quhare brae-born Esk rins down.
Its banks alang, quhilk hazels thrang,
Quhare sweet-sair'd hawthorns blow,
I lufe to stray, and view the play
Of fleckit scules below.

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[1] The work here referred to has since been published, and forms an invaluable digest of Scottish language and learning.

Ae summer e'en, upon the green,
I laid me down to gaze;
The place right nigh, quhare Carity
His humble tribute pays:
And Prosen proud, with rippet loud,
Cums ravin' frae his glen;
As gin he micht auld Esk affricht,
And drive him back agen.

An ancient tour appear't to lour
Athort the neibourin plain
Quhais chieftain bauld, in times of auld,
The kintrie call't his ain.
Its honours cow't, it's now forhow't,
And left the houlat's prey;
Its skuggin' wude, aboon the flude,
With gloom owrespreads the day.

A dreary shade the castle spread,
And mirker grew the lift;
The croonin' kie the byre drew nigh,
The darger left his thrift.
The lavrock shill on erd was still,
The westlin wind fell loun;
The fisher's houp forgat to loup,
And aw for rest made boun.

I seem't to sloom, quham throw the gloom
I saw the river shak,
And heard a whush alangis it rush,
Gart aw my members quak;
Syne, in a stound, the pool profound
To cleave in twain appear'd:
And huly throw the frichtsom how
His form a gaist uprear'd.

He rashes bare, and seggs, for hair,
Quhare ramper-eels entwined;
Of filthy gar his ee-brees war,
With esks and horse-gells lined.
And for his een, with dowie sheen,
Twa huge horse-mussels glared:
From his wide mow a torrent flew,
And soupt his reedy beard.

Twa slauky stanes seemit his spule-banes;
His briskit braid, a whin;
Ilk rib sae bare, a skelvy skair;
Ilk arm a monstrous fin.

He frae the wame a fish became,
With shells aw coverit owre:
And for his tail, the grislie whale
Could nevir match its pow'r.

With dreddour I, quhan he drew nigh,
Had maistly swarfit outricht:
Less fleyit, at lenth I gatherit strenth,
And speirit quhat was this wicht.
Syne thrice he shook his fearsum bouk,
And thrice he snockerit loud;
From ilka ee the fire-flauchts flee,
And flash alangis the flude.

Quhan words he found, their elritch sound
Was like the norlan blast,
Frae yon deep glack, at Catla's back,
That skeegs the dark-brown waste.
The troublit pool conveyit the gowl
Down to yon echoin rock;
And to his maik, with wilsum skraik,
Ilk bird its terror spoke.

The trout, the par, now here, now thare,
As in a widdrim bang;
The gerron gend gaif sic a stend,
As on the yird him flang:
And down the stream, like levin's gleam,
The fleggit salmond flew;
The ottar yap his prey let drap,
And to his hiddils drew.

"Vile droich," he said, "art nocht afraid
Thy mortal life to tyne?
How dar'st thou seik with me till speik,
Sae far aboon thy line?
Yet sen thou hast thai limits past,
That sinder sprites frae men,
Thy life I'll spare, and aw declare,
That worms like thee may ken.

"In kintries nar, and distant far,
Is my renoun propall't;
As is the leid, my name ye'll reid,
But here I'm *Kelpie* call't.
The strypes and burns, throw aw their turns,
As weel's the waters wide,
My laws obey, their spring-heads frae,
Doun till the salt sea tide..

"Like some wild staig, I aft stravaig,
And scamper on the wave:
Quha with a bit my mow can fit,
May gar me be his slave.
To him I'll wirk, baith morn and mirk,
Quhile he has wark to do;
Gin tent he tak I do nae shak
His bridle frae my mow.

"Quhan Murphy's laird his biggin rear'd,
I carryit aw the stanes;
And mony a chiell has heard me squeal
For sair-brizz'd back and banes.
Within flude-mark, I aft do wark
Gudewillit, quhan I please;
In quarries deep, quhile uthers sleep,
Greit blocks I win with ease.

"Yon bonny brig quhan folk wald big,
To gar my stream look braw;
A sair-toil'd wicht was I be nicht;
I did mair than thaim aw,
And weel thai kent quhat help I lent,
For thai yon image fram't,
Aboon the pend whilk I defend;
And it thai *Kelpie* nam't.

"Quhan lads and lasses wauk the clais,
Narby yon whinny hicht,
The sound of me their daffin lays;
Thai dare na mudge for fricht.
Now in the midst of them I scream,
Quhan toozlin' on the haugh;
Than quhihher by thaim doun the stream,
Loud nickerin in a lauch.

"Sicklike's my fun, of wark quhan run:
But I do meikle mair;
In pool or ford can nane be smur'd
Gin Kelpie be nae there.
Fow lang, I wat, I ken the spat,
Quhair ane sall meet his deid:
Nor wit nor pow'r put aff the hour,
For his wanweird decreed.

"For oulks befoir, alangis the shoir,
Or dancin' down the stream,
My lichts are seen to blaze at e'en,
With wull wanerthly gleam.

The hind cums in, gif haim he win,
And cries, as he war wod;
'Sum ane sall soon be carryit down
By that wanchancy flude.'

"The taiken leil thai ken fow weel,
On water-sides quha won;
And aw but thai, quha's weird I spae,
Fast frae the danger run.
But fremmit fouk I thus provoke
To meit the fate thai flee:
To wilderit wichts thai're waefow lichts,
But lichts of joy to me.

"With ruefow cries, that rend the skies,
Thair fate I seem to mourn,
Like crocodile, on banks of Nile;
For I still do the turn.
Douce, cautious men aft fey are seen;
Thai rin as thai war heyrt,
Despise all rede, and court their dede:
By me are thai inspir't.

"Yestreen the water was in spate,
The stanners aw war cur'd:
A man, nae stranger to the gate,
Raid up to tak the ford.
The haill town sware it wadna ride;
And Kelpie had been heard:
But nae a gliffin wad he bide,
His shroud I had prepared.

"The human schaip I sometimes aip:
As Prosenhaugh raid haim,
Ae starnless nicht, he gat a fricht,
Maist crackt his bustuous frame.
I, in a glint, lap on ahint,
And in my arms him fang't;
To his dore-cheik I kept the cleik:
The carle was sair bemang't.

"My name itsell wirks like a spell,
And quiet the house can keep;
Quhan greits the wean, the nurse in vain,
Thoch tyke-tyrit, tries to sleip.
But gin scho say, 'Lie still, ye skrae,
There's Water Kelpie's chap';
It's fleyit to wink, and in a blink
It sleips as sound's a tap."

He said, and thrice he rais't his voice,
And gaif a horrid gowl:
Thrice with his tail, as with a flail,
He struck the flying pool.
A thunderclap seem't ilka wap,
Resoundin' throw the wude:
The fire thrice flash't; syne in he plash't,
And sunk beneath the flude.

NOTES

The fisher's houp forgat to loup.—P. 677, v. 3.

The fishes, the hope of the angler, no more rose to the fly.

And aw for rest made boun.—P. 677, v. 3.

All commonly occurs in our old writers. But *aw* is here used as corresponding with the general pronunciation in Scotland; especially as it has the authority of Dunbar in his *Lament for the Deth of the Makaris.*

His form a gaist uprear'd.—P. 677, v. 4.

It is believed in Angus that the spirit of the waters appears sometimes as a man, with a very frightful aspect; and at other times as a horse. The description here given must therefore be viewed as the offspring of fancy. All that can be said for it is, that such attributes are selected as are appropriate to the scenery.

Twa huge horse-mussels glared.—P. 677, v. 5.

South Esk abounds with the fresh-water oyster, vulgarly called the *horse-mussel*; and in former times a pearl fishery was carried on here to a considerable extent.

Frae yon deep glack, at Catla's back.—P. 678, v. 3.

Part of the Grampian mountains. *Catla* appears as a promontory jutting out from the principal ridge towards the plain. The Esk, if I recollect right, issues from behind it.

Thy mortal life to tyne.—P. 678, v. 5.

The vulgar idea is, that a spirit, however frequently it appear, will not speak unless previously addressed. It is, however, at the same time believed that the person who ventures to speak to a ghost forfeits his life, and will soon lose it in consequence of his presumption.

His bridle frae my mow.—P. 679, v. 1.

The popular tradition is here faithfully described; and, strange to tell! has not yet lost all credit. In the following verses the principal articles of the vulgar creed in Angus, with respect to this supposed being, are brought together and illustrated by such *facts* as are yet appealed to by the credulous. If I mistake not, none of the historical circumstances mentioned are older than half a century. It is only about thirty years since the bridge referred to was built.

For sair-brixx'd back and banes.—P. 679, v. 2.

It is pretended that *Kelpie* celebrated this memorable event in rhyme; and that for a long time after he was often heard to cry, with a doleful voice,

" Sair back and sair banes,
Carryin' the laird of Murphy's stanes! "

And it thai Kelpie nam't.—P. 679, v. 3.

A head, like that of a Gorgon, appears above the arch of the bridge. This was hewn in honour of *Kelpie*.

His shroud I had prepared.—P. 680, v. 4.

A very common tale in Scotland is here alluded to by the poet. On the banks of a rapid stream the water-spirit was heard repeatedly to exclaim, in a dismal tone, "The hour is come, but not the man"; when a person coming up, contrary to all remonstrances endeavoured to ford the stream, and perished in the attempt. The original story is to be found in Gervase of Tilbury. In the parish of Castleton the same story is told; with this variation, that the by-standers prevented, by force, the predestined individual from entering the river, and shut him up in the church, where he was next morning found suffocated, with his face lying immersed in the baptismal font. To a *fey* person, therefore, Shakespeare's words literally apply:

"Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to swallow such a being up."

N.B.—The last note is added by the Editor.

GLOSSARY

OF THE WORDS REQUIRING EXPLANATION IN THE FOREGOING POEM

aboon : above
ahint : behind
aip : ape, imitate
alangis : alongst

bang : rush, run with impetuosity
be : by
bemang't : injured, whether in mind or body; a word much used in Angus
big : build
biggin : building, house
blink : moment
bonny : handsome, beautiful
bouk : body
boun : ready
braw : fine
briskit : breast
bustuous : huge
byre : cow-house

chap : rap
chiell : fellow
cleik : hold
cow't : shorn, cut off
croonin : bellowing—most properly with a low and mournful sound
cur'd : covered

daffin : sport
darger : labourer, day-worker

dede : death
do the turn : accomplish the fatal event
dore-cheik : door-post
douce : sober, sedate
dowie : melancholy, s[illegible]
drap : drop
dreddour : dread, te[illegible]or
droich : dwarf, pigmy

ee-brees : eyebrows
een : eyes
elritch : wild, hideous, not earthly
erd : earth
esks : newts or efts

fangit : seized
fey : affording presages of approaching death, by acting a part directly the reverse of their proper character
fire-flaughts : lightnings
fleckit scules : spotted shoals, or troops of trouts and other fishes
fleggit : affrighted
fleyd : frighted
fleyit : affrighted
forhow't : forsaken
fou, fu' : full
fremmit fouk : strange folk
frightsum : frightful

gaif : gave
gaist : ghost
gar : the slimy vegetable substance in the bed of a river
gart : caused, made
gate : road
gerron : a sea-trout
glack : a hollow between two hills or mountains
gliffin : a moment
glint : moment
gowl : yell
greits : cries, implying the idea of tears
gudewillit : without constraint, cheerfully

haill : whole
haugh : low, flat ground on the side of a river
heyrt : furious
hiddils : hiding-place
horse-gells : horse-leeches
houlat : owl
huly : slowly

ilk : each
in a stound : suddenly

ken : know
kie : cows
kintrie : country

lauch : laugh
lavrock : lark
leid : language
leil : true, not delusive
levin : lightning
lift : sky
loun : calm
loup : leap

maik : companion, mate
mirk : during night
mirker : darker
mow : mouth
mudge : budge, stir

nar : near
narby : near to
nickerin : neighing
nocht : not
norlan : northern

oulks : weeks

par : the samlet
pend : arch
pray : prey

quhihher : the idea is nearly expressed by *whiz*
quhilk : which

ramper-eels : lampreys
rashes : rushes
rede : counsel
reid : read
rippet : noise, uproar

sair-brizz'd : sore bruised
sall : shall
seggs : sedges
sen : since
sheen : shine
shill : shrill
sicklike : of this kind
sinder : separate
skeegs : lashes
skelvy skair : a rock presenting the appearance of a variety of *lamina*
skrae : skeleton
skuggin' : overshadowing protecting wood
slauky : slimy
sloom : slumber
smur'd : smothered
snockerit : snorted
soupt : drenched
spae : predict
spat : spot
spate : flood
speirit : asked
spule-banes : shoulder-bones
staig : a young horse
stanners : gravel on the margin of a river, or of any body of water
starnless : without stars
stravaig : stray, roam
strypes : rills of the smallest kind
swarfit : fainted
sweet-sair'd : sweet-savoured
syne : then

taiken : token
tap : a child's top
tent : take care, be attentive
thai : these
than : then
thare : there
tooxlin : toying, properly putting anything in disorder
tyke-tyrit : tired as a dog after coursing
tyne : lose

waefou : fatal, causing woe
wald : would

wanchancy : unlucky, causing misfortune
wanerthly : preternatural
wanweird : unhappy fate
wap : stroke, flap
war : were
wauk the claes : watch the clothes
wean : child
weird : fate
whush : a rustling sound
widdrim : state of confusion
wilsum skraik : wild shriek
win : dig from a quarry
wirk : work
wod : deprived of reason
wull : wild

yap : keen, voracious
yestreen : yesternight
yird : earth, ground

ELLANDONAN CASTLE

A HIGHLAND TALE

By COLIN MACKENZIE, Esq.

Ellandonan Castle stands on a small rocky isle situated in Loch Duich (on the west coast of Ross), near the point where the western sea divides itself into two branches, forming Loch Duich and Loch Loung. The magnificence of the castle itself, now a roofless ruin covered with ivy, the beauty of the bay, and the variety of hills and valleys that surround it, and particularly the fine range of hills, between which lie the pastures of Glensheal, with the lofty summit of Skooroora overtopping the rest and forming a grand background to the picture; all contribute to make this a piece of very romantic Highland scenery.[1]

The castle is the manor-place of the estate of Kintail, which is denominated the barony of Ellandonan. That estate is the property of Francis, Lord Seaforth. It has descended to him through a long line of gallant ancestors; having been originally conferred on Colin Fitzgerald, son to the Earl of Desmond and Kildare, in the kingdom of Ireland, by a charter, dated 9th January 1266, granted by King Alexander the Third "*Colino Hybernio*," and bearing, as its inductive cause, "*pro bono et fideli servitio, tam in bello quam in pace.*" He had performed a very recent service in war, having greatly distinguished himself in the battle of Largs, in 1263, in which the invading army of Haco, King of Norway, was defeated. Being pursued in his flight, the King was overtaken in the narrow passage which divides the island of Skye from the coasts of Inverness and Ross, and along with many

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[1] We learn from Wyntoun, that in 1331 this fortress witnessed the severe justice of Randolph, Earl of Murray, then Warden of Scotland. Fifty delinquents were there executed by his orders, and according to the Prior of Lochleven, the Earl had as much pleasure in seeing their ghastly heads encircle the walls of the castle as if it had been surrounded by a chaplet of roses.

of his followers he himself was killed in attempting his escape through the channel dividing Skye from Lochalsh. These straits, or *kyles*, bear to this day appellations commemorating the events by which they were thus distinguished, the former being called Kyle Rhee, or the King's Kyle, and the latter Kyle Haken.

The attack on Ellandonan Castle, which forms the subject of the following poem, lives in the tradition of the country, where it is at this day a familiar tale, repeated to every stranger who in sailing past is struck with admiration at the sight of that venerable monument of antiquity. But the authenticity of the fact rests not solely on tradition. It is recorded by Crawford in his account of the family of Macdonald, Lord of the Isles, and reference is there made to a genealogy of Slate, in the possession of the family, as a warrant for the assertion. The incident took place in 1537.

The power of the Lord of the Isles was at that time sufficiently great to give alarm to the crown. It covered not only the whole of the Western Isles from Bute northwards, but also many extensive districts on the mainland, in the shires of Ayr, Argyle, and Inverness. Accordingly, in 1535, on the failure of heirs-male of the body of John, Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross, as well as of two of his natural sons, in whose favour a particular substitution had been made, King James the Fifth assumed the lordship of the Isles. The right was, however, claimed by Donald, fifth baron of Slate, descended from the immediate younger brother of John, Lord of the Isles. This bold and high-spirited chieftain lost his life in the attack on Ellandonan Castle, and was buried by his followers on the lands of Ardelve, on the opposite side of Loch Loung.

The barony of Ellandonan then belonged to John Mackenzie, ninth baron of Kintail. Kenneth, third baron, who was son to Kenneth, the son of Colin Fitzgerald, received the patronymic appellation of *Mac*Kenneth or MacKennye, which descended from him to his posterity as the surname of the family. John, baron of Kintail, took a very active part in the general affairs of the kingdom. He fought gallantly at the battle of Flodden, under the banners of King James the Fourth, was a member of the Privy Council in the reign of his son, and at an advanced age supported the standard of the unfortunate Mary at the battle of Pinkie.

In the sixth generation from John, baron of Kintail, the clan was, by his lineal descendant William, fifth Earl of Seaforth, summoned in 1715 to take up arms in the cause of the house of Stuart. On the failure of that spirited but ill-fated enterprise, the Earl made his escape to the Continent, where he lived for about eleven years. Meantime his estate and honours were forfeited to the Crown, and his castle was burnt. A steward was appointed to levy the rents of Kintail on the King's behalf; but the vassals spurned at his demands, and while they carried on a successful defensive war against a body of troops sent to subdue their obstinacy, in the course of which the unlucky steward had the misfortune to be slain, one of their number

made a faithful collection of what was due, and carried the money to the Earl himself, who was at that time in Spain. The descendants of the man to whom it was entrusted to convey to his lord this unequivocal proof of the honour, fidelity, and attachment of his people, are at this day distinguished by the designation of *Spaniard*; as Duncan *the Spaniard*, etc. The estate was, a few years after the forfeiture, purchased from government for behoof of the family, and reinvested in the person of his son.

ELLANDONAN CASTLE

A HIGHLAND TALE

O wot ye, ye men of the island of Skye,
That your lord lies a corpse on Ardelve's rocky shore?
The Lord of the Isles, once so proud and so high,
His lands and his vassals shall never see more.

None else but the Lord of Kintail was so great;
To that Lord the green banks of Loch Duich belong,
Ellandonan's fair castle and noble estate,
And the hills of Glensheal and the coasts of Loch Loung.

His vassals are many, and trusty, and brave,
Descended from heroes, and worthy their sires;
His castle is wash'd by the salt-water wave,
And his bosom the ardour of valour inspires.

M'Donald, by restless ambition impell'd
To extend to the shores of Loch Duich his sway,
With awe Ellandonan's strong turrets beheld,
And waited occasion to make them his prey.

And the moment was come; for M'Kenneth, afar,
To the Saxon opposed his victorious arm;
Few and old were the vassals, but dauntless in war,
Whose courage and skill freed his towers from alarm.

M'Donald has chosen the best of his power;
On the green plains of Slate were his warriors arrayed;
Every Islander came before midnight an hour,
With the sword in his hand, and the belt on his plaid.

The boats they are ready, in number a score;
In each boat twenty men, for the war of Kintail;
Iron hooks they all carry, to grapple the shore,
And ladders, the walls of the fortress to scale.

They have pass'd the strait kyle, thro' whose billowy flood,
From the arms of Kintail-men, fled Haco of yore,
Whose waves were dyed deep with Norwegian blood,
Which was shed by M'Kenneth's resistless claymore.

They have enter'd Loch Duich—all silent their course,
Save the splash of the oar on the dark-bosom'd wave,
Which mingled with murmurs, low, hollow, and hoarse,
That issued from many a coralline cave.

Either coast they avoid, and right eastward they steer;
Nor star, nor the moon, on their passage has shone;
Unexpecting assault, and unconscious of fear,
All Kintail was asleep, save the watchman alone.

"What, ho! my companions! arise and behold
Where Duich's deep waters with flashes are bright!
Hark! the sound of the oars; rise, my friends, and be bold!
For some foe comes, perhaps, under shadow of night."

At the first of the dawn, when the boats reach'd the shore,
The sharp ridge of Skooroora with dark mist was crown'd,
And the rays, that broke thro' it, seem'd spotted with gore,
As M'Donald's bold currach first struck on the ground.

Of all the assailants, that sprung on the coast,
One of stature and aspect superior was seen;
Whatever a lord or a chieftain could boast,
Of valour undaunted, appear'd in his mien.

His plaid o'er his shoulder was gracefully flung;
Its foldings a buckle of silver restrain'd;
A massy broadsword on his manly thigh hung,
Which defeat or disaster had never sustain'd.

Then, under a bonnet of tartan and blue,
Whose plumage was toss'd to and fro by the gale,
Their glances of lightning his eagle-eyes threw,
Which were met by the frowns of the sons of Kintail.

'Twas the Lord of the Isles; whom the chamberlain saw,
While a trusty long bow on his bosom reclined—
Of stiff yew it was made, which few sinews could draw;
Its arrows flew straight, and as swift as the wind.

With a just aim he drew—the shaft pierced the bold chief:
Indignant he started, nor heeding the smart,
While his clan pour'd around him in clamorous grief,
From the wound tore away the deep-riveted dart.

The red stream flow'd fast, and his cheek became white:
His knees, with a tremor unknown to him, shook,
And his once-piercing eyes scarce directed his sight,
As he turn'd towards Skye the last lingering look.

Surrounded by terror, disgrace, and defeat,
From the rocks of Kintail the M'Donalds recoil'd;
No order was seen in their hasty retreat,
And their looks with dismay and confusion were wild.

While thine eyes wander oft from the green plains of Slate,
In pursuit of thy lord, O M'Donald's fair dame,
Ah! little thou know'st 'tis the hour, mark'd by Fate,
To close his ambition, and tarnish his fame.

On the shore of Ardelve, far from home, is his grave,
And the news of his death swiftly fly o'er the sea—
Thy grief, O fair dame! melts the hearts of the brave,
Ev'n the bard of Kintail wafts his pity to thee.

And thou, Ellandonan! shall thy tow'rs e'er again
Be insulted by an adventurous foe,
While the tale of the band, whom thy heroes have slain,
Excites in their sons an inherited glow?

Alas! thou fair isle! my soul's darling and pride;
Too sure is the presage that tells me thy doom,
Tho' now thy proud towers all invasion deride,
And thy fate lies far hid in futurity's gloom.

A time shall arrive, after ages are past,
When thy turrets, dismantled, in ruins shall fall,
When, alas! thro' thy chambers shall howl the sea-blast,
And the thistle shall shake his red head in thy hall.

Shall this desolation strike thy towers alone?
No, fair Ellandonan! such ruin 'twill bring,
That the whirl shall have power to unsettle the throne,
And thy fate shall be link'd with the fate of thy King.

And great shall thy pride be, amid thy despair;
To their Chief, and their Prince, still thy sons shall be true;
The fruits of Kintail never victor shall share,
Nor its vales ever gladden an enemy's view.

And lovely thou shalt be, even after thy wreck;
Thy battlements never shall cease to be grand;
Their brown rusty hue the green ivy shall deck,
And as long as Skooroora's high top shall they stand.

CADYOW CASTLE

ADDRESSED TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY ANNE HAMILTON

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE ruins of Cadyow, or Cadzow Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family of Hamilton, are situated upon the precipitous banks of the river Evan, about two miles above its junction with the Clyde. It was dismantled, in the conclusion of the civil wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whose cause the house of Hamilton devoted themselves with a generous zeal, which occasioned their temporary obscurity and very nearly their total ruin. The situation of the ruins, embosomed in wood, darkened by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overhanging the brawling torrent, is romantic in the highest degree. In the immediate vicinity of Cadyow is a grove of immense oaks, the remains of the Caledonian Forest, which anciently extended through the south of Scotland from the Eastern to the Atlantic Ocean. Some of these trees measure twenty-five feet and upwards in circumference, and the state of decay in which they now appear shows that they may have witnessed the rites of the Druids. The whole scenery is included in the magnificent and extensive park of the Duke of Hamilton. There was long preserved in this forest the breed of the Scottish wild cattle, until their ferocity occasioned their being extirpated about forty years ago. Their appearance was beautiful, being milk-white, with black muzzles, horns, and hoofs. The bulls are described by ancient authors as having white manes, but those of latter days had lost that peculiarity, perhaps by intermixture with the tame breed.[1]

In detailing the death of the Regent Murray, which is made the subject of the following ballad, it would be injustice to my reader to use other words than those of Dr Robertson, whose account of that memorable event forms a beautiful piece of historical painting.

"Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was the person who committed this barbarous action. He had been condemned to death soon after the battle of Langside, as we have already related, and owed his life to the Regent's clemency. But part of his estate had been bestowed upon one of the Regent's favourites,[2] who seized his house, and turned out his wife, naked, in a cold night, into the open fields, where,

[1] They were formerly kept in the park at Drumlanrig, and are still to be seen at Chillingham Castle in Northumberland. For their nature and ferocity, see Notes.

[2] This was Sir James Ballenden, Lord Justice-Clerk, whose shameful and inhuman rapacity occasioned the catastrophe in the text (Spottiswoode).

before next morning, she became furiously mad. This injury made a deeper impression on him than the benefit he had received, and from that moment he vowed to be revenged of the Regent. Party rage strengthened and inflamed his private resentment. His kinsmen, the Hamiltons, applauded the enterprise. The maxims of that age justified the most desperate course he could take to obtain vengeance. He followed the Regent for some time, and watched for an opportunity to strike the blow. He resolved, at last, to wait till his enemy should arrive at Linlithgow, through which he was to pass, in his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. He took his stand in a wooden gallery,[1] which had a window towards the street; spread a feather-bed on the floor, to hinder the noise of his feet from being heard; hung up a black cloth behind him, that his shadow might not be observed from without; and, after all this preparation, calmly expected the Regent's approach, who had lodged, during the night, in a house not far distant. Some indistinct information of the danger which threatened him had been conveyed to the Regent, and he paid so much regard to it, that he resolved to return by the same gate through which he had entered, and to fetch a compass round the town. But, as the crowd about the gate was great, and he himself unacquainted with fear, he proceeded directly along the street; and the throng of people obliging him to move very slowly, gave the assassin time to take so true an aim, that he shot him, with a single bullet, through the lower part of his belly, and killed the horse of a gentleman who rode on his other side. His followers instantly endeavoured to break into the house, whence the blow had come; but they found the door strongly barricaded, and, before it could be forced open, Hamilton had mounted a fleet horse,[2] which stood ready for him at a back-passage, and was got far beyond their reach. The Regent died the same night of his wound" (*History of Scotland*, bk. v).

Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in triumph; for the ashes of the house in Clydesdale, which had been burned by Murray's army, were yet smoking; and party prejudice, the habits of the age, and the enormity of the provocation seemed to his kinsmen to justify his deed. After a short abode at Hamilton this fierce and determined man left Scotland and served in France, under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was doubtless recommended by having avenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her ungrateful brother. De Thou has recorded that an attempt was made to engage him to assassinate Gasper de Coligni, the famous Admiral of France and the buckler of the Huguenot cause. But the character of Bothwellhaugh was mistaken. He was

[1] This projecting gallery is still shown. The house, to which it was attached was the property of the Archbishop of St Andrews, a natural brother to the Duke of Chatelherault and uncle to Bothwellhaugh. This, among many other circumstances, seems to evince the aid which Bothwellhaugh received from his clan in effecting his purpose.

[2] The gift of Lord John Hamilton, Commendator of Arbroath.

no mercenary trader in blood, and rejected the offer with contempt and indignation. He had no authority, he said, from Scotland to commit murders in France; he had avenged his own just quarrel, but he would neither, for price nor prayer, avenge that of another man (Thuanus, cap. 46).

The Regent's death happened 23d January 1569. It is applauded or stigmatized by contemporary historians, according to their religious or party prejudices. The triumph of Blackwood is unbounded. He not only extols the pious feat of Bothwellhaugh, "who," he observes, "satisfied, with a single ounce of lead, him, whose sacrilegious avarice had stripped the metropolitan church of St Andrew's of its covering"; but he ascribes it to immediate divine inspiration, and the escape of Hamilton to little less than the miraculous interference of the Deity (Jebb, vol. ii, p. 263). With equal injustice it was, by others, made the ground of a general national reflection; for when Mather urged Berney to assassinate Burleigh, and quoted the examples of Poltrot and Bothwellhaugh, the other conspirator answered, "that neyther Poltrot nor Hambleton did attempt their enterpryse, without some reason or consideration to lead them to it: as the one, by hyre, and promise of preferment or rewarde; the other, upon desperate mind of revenge, for a lyttle wrong done unto him, as the report goethe, accordinge to the vyle trayterous dysposysyon of the hoole natyon of the Scottes" (Murdin's *State Papers*, vol. i, p. 197).

When princely Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flowed,
And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then thrilling to the harp's gay sound,
So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancer's bound,
As mirth and music cheer'd the hall.

But Cadyow's towers, in ruins laid,
And vaults, by ivy mantled o'er,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still, of Cadyow's faded fame,
You bid me tell a minstrel tale,
And tune my harp, of Border frame,
On the wild banks of Evandale.

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
From pleasure's lighter scenes, canst turn,
To draw oblivion's pall aside,
And mark the long-forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid! at thy command,
Again the crumbled halls shall rise;
Lo! as on Evan's banks we stand,
The past returns—the present flies.—

Where, with the rock's wood-cover'd side,
Where blended late the ruins green,
Rise turrets in fantastic pride,
And feudal banners flaunt between:

Where the rude torrent's brawling course
Was shagg'd with thorn and tangling sloe,
The ashler buttress braves its force,
And ramparts frown in battled row.

'Tis night—the shade of keep and spire
Obscurely dance on Evan's stream,
And on the wave the warder's fire
Is chequering the moon-light beam.

Fades slow their light; the east is grey;
The weary warder leaves his tower;
Steeds snort; uncoupled stag-hounds bay,
And merry hunters quit the bower.

The drawbridge falls—they hurry out—
Clatters each plank and swinging chain,
As, dashing o'er, the jovial rout
Urge the shy steed, and slack the rein.

First of his troop, the Chief rode on;
His shouting merry-men throng behind;
The steed of princely Hamilton
Was fleeter than the mountain wind.

From the thick copse the roebucks bound,
The startling red-deer scuds the plain,
For the hoarse bugle's warrior sound
Has roused their mountain haunts again.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale,
Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,
What sullen roar comes down the gale,
And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?

Mightiest of all the beasts of chase,
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.

Fierce, on the hunters' quiver'd band,
He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.

Aim'd well, the Chieftain's lance has flown;
Struggling in blood the savage lies;
His roar is sunk in hollow groan—
Sound, merry huntsmen! sound the *pryse*![1]

'Tis noon—against the knotted oak
The hunters rest the idle spear;
Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
Where yeomen dight the woodland cheer.

Proudly the Chieftain mark'd his clan,
On greenwood lap all careless thrown,
Yet miss'd his eye the boldest man,
That bore the name of Hamilton.

"Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
Still wont our weal and woe to share?
Why comes he not our sport to grace?
Why shares he not our hunter's fare?"

Stern Claud replied, with darkening face,
(Grey Paisley's haughty lord was he)
"At merry feast, or buxom chase,
No more the warrior shalt thou see.

"Few suns have set, since Woodhouselee
Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,
When to his hearths, in social glee,
The war-worn soldier turn'd him home.

"There, wan from her maternal throes,
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,
And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

"O change accurs'd! past are those days;
False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,
And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,
Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

"What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
Where mountain Eske through woodland flows,
Her arms enfold a shadowy child—
Oh is it she, the pallid rose?

[1] The note blown at the death of the game.

"The wildered traveller sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe—
'Revenge,' she cries, 'on Murray's pride!
And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!'"

He ceased—and cries of rage and grief
Burst mingling from the kindred band,
And half arose the kindling Chief,
And half unsheath'd his Arran brand.

But who, o'er bush, o'er stream and rock,
Rides headlong, with resistless speed,
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed;

Whose cheek is pale, whose eye-balls glare,
As one some visioned sight that saw;
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair;—
—'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Bothwellhaugh.

From gory selle,[1] and reeling steed,
Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,
And, reeking from the recent deed,
He dashed his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke—"'Tis sweet to hear
In good greenwood the bugle blown,
But sweeter to Revenge's ear,
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

"Your slaughtered quarry proudly trod,
At dawning morn, o'er dale and down,
But prouder base-born Murray rode
Thro' old Linlithgow's crowded town.

"From the wild Border's humbled side,
In haughty triumph, marched he,
While Knox relaxed his bigot pride,
And smiled, the traitorous pomp to see.

"But can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,
The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,
Or change the purpose of Despair?

"With hackbut bent,[2] my secret stand,
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
And marked, where, mingling in his band,
Troop'd Scottish pikes, and English bows.

[1] Saddle. A word used by Spenser and other ancient authors.
[2] Gun cock'd.

"Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,
Murder's foul minion, led the van;
And clashed their broad-swords in the rear,
The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.

"Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,
Obsequious at their Regent's rein,
And haggard Lindesay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

"Mid pennon'd spears, a steely grove,
Proud Murray's plumage floated high;
Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.

"From the raised vizor's shade, his eye,
Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
Seem'd marshalling the iron throng.

"But yet his sadden'd brow confess'd
A passing shade of doubt and awe;
Some fiend was whispering in his breast,
'Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh!'

"The death-shot parts—the charger springs—
Wild rises tumult's startling roar!
And Murray's plumy helmet rings—
Rings on the ground, to rise no more.

"What joy the raptured youth can feel,
To hear her love the loved one tell,
Or he, who broaches on his steel
The wolf, by whom his infant fell!

"But dearer, to my injured eye,
To see in dust proud Murray roll;
And mine was ten times trebled joy,
To hear him groan his felon soul.

"My Margaret's spectre glided near:
With pride her bleeding victim saw;
And shrieked in his death-deafen'd ear,
'Remember injured Bothwellhaugh!'

"Then speed thee, noble Chatelrault!
Spread to the wind thy bannered tree!
Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow!—
Murray is fallen, and Scotland free."

Vaults every warrior to his steed;
Loud bugles join their wild acclaim—
"Murray is fallen, and Scotland freed!
Couch, Arran! couch thy spear of flame!"

But, see! the minstrel vision fails—
The glimmering spears are seen no more;
The shouts of war die on the gales,
Or sink in Evan's lonely roar.

For the loud bugle, pealing high,
The blackbird whistles down the vale,
And sunk in ivied ruins lie
The banner'd towers of Evandale.

For chiefs, intent on bloody deed,
And Vengeance, shouting o'er the slain,
Lo! high-born Beauty rules the steed,
Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure own
The maids, who list the minstrel's tale;
Nor e'er a ruder guest be known
On the fair banks of Evandale!

NOTES

First of his troop, the Chief rode on.—P. 692, v. 7.

The head of the family of Hamilton at this period was James, Earl of Arran, Duke of Chatelherault in France, and first peer of the Scottish realm. In 1569 he was appointed by Queen Mary her lieutenant-general in Scotland, under the singular title of her adopted father.

The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.—P. 692, v. 10.

In Caledonia olim frequens erat sylvestris quidam bos, nunc vero rarior, qui colore candissimo, jubam densam et demissam instar leonis gestat, truculentus ac ferus ab humano genere abhorrens, ut quæcunque homines vel manibus contrectarint, vel halitu perflaverunt, ab iis multos post dies omnino abstinuerunt. Ad hoc tanta audacia huic bovi indita erat, ut non solum irritatus equites furenter prosterneret, sed ne tantillum lacessitus omnes promiscue homines cornibus ac ungulis peteret; ac canum, qui apud nos ferocissimi sunt, impetus plane contemneret. Ejus carnes cartilaginosæ sed saporis suavissimi. Erat is olim per illam vastissimam Caledoniæ sylvam frequens, sed humana ingluvie jam assumptus tribus tantum locis est reliquus, Strivilingii Cumbernaldiæ et Kincarniæ (Leslæus Scotiæ Descriptio, p. 13).

Stern Claud replied, with darkening face,
(Grey Paisley's haughty lord was he).—P. 693, v. 6.

Lord Claud Hamilton, second son of the Duke of Chatelherault, and commendator of the Abbey of Paisley, acted a distinguished part during the

troubles of Queen Mary's reign, and remained unalterably attached to the cause of that unfortunate princess. He led the van of her army at the fatal battle of Langside, and was one of the commanders at the Raid of Stirling, which had so nearly given complete success to the Queen's faction. He was ancestor of the present Marquis of Abercorn.

Few suns have set, since Woodhouselee.—P. 693, v. 7.

This barony, stretching along the banks of the Esk, near Auchendinny, belonged to Bothwellhaugh, in right of his wife. The ruins of the mansion, from whence she was expelled in the brutal manner which occasioned her death, are still to be seen in a hollow glen beside the river. Popular report tenants them with the restless ghost of the Lady Bothwellhaugh, whom, however, it confounds with Lady Anne Bothwell, whose *Lament* is so popular. This spectre is so tenacious of her rights that, a part of the stones of the ancient edifice having been employed in building or repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to haunt that house also, and, even of very late years, has excited considerable disturbance and terror among the domestics. This is a more remarkable vindication of the *rights of ghosts*, as the present Woodhouselee, which gives his title to the Honourable Alexander Fraser Tytler, a senator of the College of Justice, is situated on the slope of the Pentland Hills, distant at least four miles from her proper abode. She always appears in white, and with her child in her arms.

Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed.—P. 694, v. 3.

Birrel informs us that Bothwellhaugh, being closely pursued, "after that spur and wand had fail'd him, he drew forth his dagger, and strocke his horse behind, whilk caused the horse to leap a very brode stanke (*i.e.*, ditch), by whilk means he escapit, and gat away from all the rest of the horses" (Birrel's *Diary*, p. 18).

From the wild Border's humbled side,
In haughty triumph, marched he.—P. 694, v. 8.

Murray's death took place shortly after an expedition to the Borders, which is thus commemorated by the author of his elegy:

"So having stablischt all thing in this sort,
To Liddisdaill agane he did resort,
Throw Ewisdail, Eskdail, and all the dailles rode he,
And also lay three nights in Cannabie,
Whair na prince lay thir hundred yeiris before.
Nae thief durst stir, they did him feir sa sair;
And, that they suld na mair thair thift allege,
Threescore and twelf he brocht of them in pledge,
Syne wardit thame, whilk maid the rest keep ordour,
Than mycht the rasch-bus keep ky on the bordour."
Scottish Poems, 16th Century, p. 232.

With hackbut bent, my secret stand.—P. 694, v. 10.

The carbine with which the Regent was shot is preserved at Hamilton Palace. It is a brass piece, of a middling length, very small in the bore, and, what is rather extraordinary, appears to have been rifled, or indented in the barrel. It had a match-lock, for which a modern fire-lock has been injudiciously substituted.

Dark Morton, girt with many a spear.—P. 695, v. 1.

Of this noted person, it is enough to say that he was active in the murder of David Rizzio, and at least privy to that of Darnley.

The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.—P. 695, v. 1.

This clan of Lennox Highlanders were attached to the Regent Murray. Holinshed, speaking of the battle of Langside, says, "in this batayle the valiancie of an Heiland gentleman, named Macfarlane, stood the regent's part in great steede; for, in the hottest brunte of the fighte, he came up with two hundred of his friendes and countrymen, and so manfully gave in upon the flankes of the Queen's people, that he was a great cause of the disordering of them. This Macfarlane had been lately before, as I have heard, condemned to die, for some outrage by him committed, and obtayning pardon through suyte of the Countess of Murray, he recompenced that clemencie by this piece of service now at this batayle." Calderwood's account is less favourable to the Macfarlanes. He states that "Macfarlane, with his highlandmen, fled from the wing where they were set. The Lord Lindsay, who stood nearest to them in the regent's battle, said, 'Let them go! I shall fill their place better'; and so, stepping forward, with a company of fresh men, charged the enemy, whose spears were now spent, with long weapons, so that they were driven back by force, being before almost overthrown by the avaunt-guard and harquebusiers, and so were turned to flight" (Calderwood's MS. *apud* Keith, p. 480). Melville mentions the flight of the vanguard, but states it to have been commanded by Morton, and composed chiefly of commoners of the barony of Renfrew.

Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,
Obsequious at their Regent's rein.—P. 695, v. 2.

The Earl of Glencairn was a steady adherent of the Regent. George Douglas, of Parkhead, was a natural brother of the Earl of Morton, whose horse was killed by the same ball by which Murray fell.

And haggard Lindesay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.—P. 695, v. 2.

Lord Lindsay, of the Byres, was the most ferocious and brutal of the Regent's faction, and, as such, was employed to extort Mary's signature to the deed of resignation, presented to her in Lochleven Castle. He discharged his commission with the most savage rigour; and it is even said, that when the weeping captive, in the act of signing, averted her eyes from the fatal deed, he pinched her arm with the grasp of his iron glove.

Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.—P. 695, v. 3.

Not only had the Regent notice of the intended attempt upon his life, but even of the very house from which it was threatened. With that infatuation, at which men wonder, after such events have happened, he deemed it would be a sufficient precaution to ride briskly past the dangerous spot. But even this was prevented by the crowd: so that Bothwellhaugh had time to take a deliberate aim (Spottiswoode, p. 233; Buchanan).

THE GRAY BROTHER

A FRAGMENT

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE imperfect state of this ballad, which was written several years ago, is not a circumstance affected for the purpose of giving it that peculiar interest which is often found to arise from ungratified curiosity. On the contrary, it was the Editor's intention to have completed the tale if he had found himself able to succeed to his own satisfaction. Yielding to the opinion of persons whose judgment, if not biassed by the partiality of friendship, is entitled to deference, the Editor has preferred inserting these verses, as a fragment, to his intention of entirely suppressing them.

The tradition upon which the tale is founded regards a house upon the barony of Gilmerton, near Lasswade, in Mid-Lothian. This building, now called Gilmerton Grange, was originally named Burndale, from the following tragic adventure. The barony of Gilmerton belonged, of yore, to a gentleman named Heron, who had one beautiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the Abbot of Newbattle, a richly endowed abbey upon the banks of the South Esk, now a seat of the Marquis of Lothian. Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and learned also that the lovers carried on their guilty intercourse by the connivance of the lady's nurse, who lived at the house of Gilmerton Grange, or Burndale. He formed a resolution of bloody vengeance, undeterred by the supposed sanctity of the clerical character, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Choosing, therefore, a dark and windy night, when the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a stolen interview, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns and other combustibles, which he had caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing ashes the dwelling, with all its inmates.[1]

The scene with which the ballad opens was suggested by the following curious passage, extracted from the life of Alexander Peden, one of the wandering and persecuted teachers of the sect of Cameronians during the reign of Charles II and his successor, James. This person was supposed by his followers, and perhaps really believed himself to be possessed of supernatural gifts; for the wild scenes which they

[1] This tradition was communicated to me by John Clerk, Esq., of Eldin, author of an *Essay on Naval Tactics*, who will be remembered by posterity as having taught the Genius of Britain to concentrate her thunders, and to launch them against her foes with an unerring aim.

frequented, and the constant dangers which were incurred through their proscription, deepened upon their minds the gloom of superstition so general in that age.

" About the same time that he (Peden) came to Andrew Normand's house, in the parish of Alloway, in the shire of Ayr, being to preach at night in his barn. After he came in, he halted a little, leaning upon a chair-back, with his face covered; when he lifted up his head, he said, ' There are in this house that I have not one word of salvation unto '; he halted a little again, saying, ' This is strange, that the devil will not go out, that we may begin our work ! ' Then there was a woman went out, ill-looked upon almost all her life, and to her dying hour, for a witch, with many presumptions of the same. It escaped me, in the former passages, that John Muirhead (whom I have often mentioned) told me, that when he came from Ireland to Galloway, he was at family-worship, and giving some notes upon the Scripture, when a very ill-looking man came, and sate down within the door, at the back of the *hallan* (partition of the cottage): immediately he halted, and said, ' There is some unhappy body just now come into this house. I charge him to go out and not stop my mouth ! ' The person went out, and he *insisted* (went on), yet he saw him neither come in nor go out " (*The Life and Prophecies of Mr Alexander Peden, late Minister of the Gospel at New Glenluce, in Galloway*, Part II, § 26).

A friendly correspondent remarks, that " the incapacity of proceeding in the performance of a religious duty, when a contaminated person is present, is of much higher antiquity than the era of the Reverend Mr Alexander Peden." *Vide Hygini Fabulas*, cap. 26.

" *Medea Corintho exul, Athenas, ad Ægeum Pandionis filium devenit in hospitium, eique nupsit.*

———"*Postea sacerdos Dianæ Medeam exagitare cœpit, regique negabat sacra caste facere posse, eo quod in ea civitate esset mulier venefica et scelerata, tunc exulatur.*"

The Pope he was saying the high, high mass,
All on Saint Peter's day,
With the power to him given, by the saints in heaven,
To wash men's sins away.

The Pope he was saying the blessed mass,
And the people kneel'd around,
And from each man's soul his sins did pass,
As he kiss'd the holy ground.

And all, among the crowded throng,
Was still, both limb and tongue,
While thro' vaulted roof, and aisles aloof,
The holy accents rung.

At the holiest word, he quiver'd for fear,
And falter'd in the sound—
And, when he would the chalice rear,
He dropp'd it on the ground.

"The breath of one evil deed
Pollutes our sacred day;
He has no portion in our creed,
No part in what I say.

"A being, whom no blessed word
To ghostly peace can bring;
A wretch, at whose approach abhorr'd
Recoils each holy thing.

"Up! up! unhappy! haste, arise!
My adjuration fear!
I charge thee not to stop my voice,
Nor longer tarry here!"

Amid them all a pilgrim kneel'd,
In gown of sackcloth gray;
Far journeying from his native field,
He first saw Rome that day.

For forty days and nights, so drear,
I ween he had not spoke,
And save with bread and water clear,
His fast he ne'er had broke.

Amid the penitential flock,
Seem'd none more bent to pray;
But, when the Holy Father spoke,
He rose, and went his way.

Again unto his native land,
His weary course he drew,
To Lothian's fair and fertile strand,
And Pentland's mountains blue.

His unblest feet his native seat,
Mid Eske's fair woods regain;
Thro' woods more fair no stream more sweet
Rolls to the eastern main.

And lords to meet the pilgrim came,
And vassals bent the knee,
For all 'mid Scotland's chiefs of fame,
Was none more famed than he.

And boldly for his country, still,
In battle he had stood,
Aye, even when, on the banks of Till,
Her noblest pour'd their blood.

Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet!
By Eske's fair streams that run,
O'er airy steep, thro' copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,
And yield the muse the day;
There Beauty, led by timid Love,
May shun the tell-tale ray;

From that fair dome, where suit is paid,
By blast of bugle free,
To Auchendinny's hazel glade,
And haunted Woodhouselee.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
And Roslin's rocky glen,
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden?

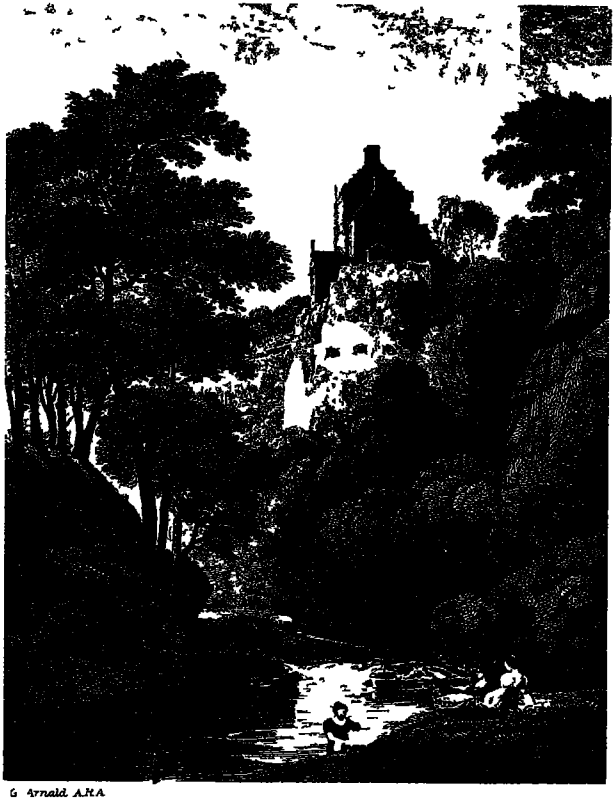
Yet never a path, from day to day,
The pilgrim's footsteps range,
Save but the solitary way
To Burndale's ruin'd Grange.

A woeful place was that, I ween,
As sorrow could desire;
For, nodding to the fall was each crumbling wall,
And the roof was scathed with fire.

It fell upon a summer's eve,
While on Carnethy's head,
The last faint gleams of the sun's low beams
Had streak'd the gray with red;

And the convent-bell did vespers tell,
Newbattle's oaks among,
And mingled with the solemn knell
Our Ladye's evening song:

The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell,
Came slowly down the wind,
And on the pilgrim's ear they fell,
As his wonted path he did find.



G Arnald A.R.A.

HAWTHORNDEN

Deep sunk in thought, I ween he was,
Nor ever raised his eye,
Until he came to that dreary place,
Which did all in ruins lie.

He gazed on the walls, so scathed with fire,
With many a bitter groan—
And there was aware of a Gray Friar,
Resting him on a stone.

"Now, Christ thee save!" said the Gray Brother;
"Some pilgrim thou seemest to be."
But in sore amaze did Lord Albert gaze,
Nor answer again made he.

"O come ye from east, or come ye from west,
Or bring reliques from over the sea,
Or come ye from the shrine of St James the divine,
Or St John of Beverly?"

"I come not from the shrine of St James the divine,
Nor bring reliques from over the sea;
I bring but a curse from our father, the Pope,
Which for ever will cling to me."

"Now, woeful pilgrim, say not so!
But kneel thee down by me,
And shrive thee so clean of thy deadly sin,
That absolved thou mayst be."

"And who art thou, thou Gray Brother,
That I should shrive to thee,
When he, to whom are giv'n the keys of earth and heav'n,
Has no power to pardon me?"

"O I am sent from a distant clime,
Five thousand miles away,
And all to absolve a foul, foul crime,
Done *here* 'twixt night and day."

The pilgrim kneel'd him on the sand,
And thus began his saye—
When on his neck an ice-cold hand
Did that Gray Brother laye.

. . . . . .

NOTES

From that fair dome, where suit is paid,
By blast of bugle free.—P. 702, v. 4.

The barony of Pennycuick, the property of Sir George Clerk, Bart., is held by a singular tenure; the proprietor being bound to sit upon a large rocky fragment, called the Buckstane, and wind three blasts of a horn, when the king shall come to hunt on the Borough Muir, near Edinburgh. Hence the family have adopted as their crest a demi-forester proper, winding a horn, with the motto, *Free for a Blast.* The beautiful mansion-house of Pennycuick is much admired, both on account of the architecture and surrounding scenery.

To Auchendinny's hazel glade.—P. 702, v. 4.

Auchendinny, situated upon the Eske, below Pennycuick, the present residence of the ingenious H. Mackenzie, Esq., author of the *Man of Feeling*, etc.

And haunted Woodhouselee.—P. 702, v. 4.

For the traditions connected with this ruinous mansion, see the ballad of *Cadyow Castle*, p. 689.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove.—P. 702, v. 5.

Melville Castle, the seat of the Honourable Robert Dundas, member for the county of Mid-Lothian, is delightfully situated upon the Eske, near Lasswade. It gives the title of viscount to his father, Lord Melville.

And Roslin's rocky glen.—P. 702, v. 5.

The ruins of Roslin Castle, the baronial residence of the ancient family of St Clair; the Gothic chapel, which is still in beautiful preservation, with the romantic and woody dell in which they are situated, belong to the Right Honourable the Earl of Rosslyn, the representative of the former lords of Roslin.

Dalkeith, which all the virtues love.—P. 702, v. 5.

The village and castle of Dalkeith belonged of old to the famous Earl of Morton, but is now the residence of the noble family of Buccleuch. The park extends along the Eske, which is there joined by its sister stream of the same name.

And classic Hawthornden.—P. 702, v. 5.

Hawthornden, the residence of the poet Drummond. A house of more modern date is enclosed, as it were, by the ruins of the ancient castle, and overhangs a tremendous precipice upon the banks of the Eske, perforated by winding caves, which in former times formed a refuge to the oppressed patriots of Scotland. Here Drummond received Ben Jonson, who journeyed from London, on foot, in order to visit him. The beauty of this striking scene has been much injured of late years by the indiscriminate use of the axe. The traveller now looks in vain for the leafy bower,

" Where Jonson sate in Drummond's social shade."

Upon the whole, tracing the Eske from its source till it joins the sea at Musselburgh, no stream in Scotland can boast such a varied succession of the most interesting objects as well as of the most romantic and beautiful scenery.

THE CURSE OF MOY

A HIGHLAND TALE

By J. B. S. MORRITT, Esq.

The Castle of Moy is the ancient residence of Mackintosh, the Chief of the Clan Chattan. It is situated among the mountains of Inverness-shire, not far from the military road that leads to Inverness. It stands in the hollow of a mountain, on the edge of a small gloomy lake called Loch Moy, surrounded by a black wood of Scotch fir, which extends round the lake and terminates in wild heaths, which are unbroken by any other object as far as the eye can reach. The tale is founded on an ancient Highland tradition that originated in a feud between the Clans of Chattan and Grant. A small rocky island in Loch Moy is still shown where stood the dungeon in which prisoners were confined by the former chiefs of Moy.

Loud in the gloomy towers of Moy,
The Chattan clan their carol raise,
And far th' ascending flame of joy
Shoots o'er the loch its trembling blaze.

For long within her secret bower,
In child-bed lay the lady fair,
But now is come th' appointed hour,
And vassals shout, "An heir! an heir!"

And round the fire with many a tale,
The well-spiced bowl the dames prolong,
Save when the chieftains' shouts prevail,
Or war's wild chorus swells the song.

Loud sound the pipes, the dancer's heel
Bounds nimbly from the floor of pine,
When in the light and mazy reel
Young maids and active soldiers join.

Late waned the night, the blazing brand
More feebly glimmered in the hall,
Less loudly shout the jovial band,
Less lively sounds the pibroch's call.

When from the corner of the hearth,
A figure crept, of all the train
Most alien from a scene of mirth,
And muttering sigh'd, "'Tis vain, 'tis vain!"

Soon ceased the shout, a general thrill
Seiz'd every heart; th' ill-omen'd voice
Seem'd e'en the warrior's breast to chill,
Nor dared the trembling sire rejoice.

He saw a pale and shiv'ring form,
By age and frenzy haggard made;
Her eyes, still wild with passion's storm,
Belied the snows that shroud her head.

Long had she wander'd on the heath,
Or begg'd the lonely trav'ler's aid,
And gossips swear that sudden death
Still follows where her footsteps tread.

Her hut on Badenoch's wildest height,
Full well the mountain hunter knew,
Nor paused to take a narrower sight,
But cursed the witch, and quick withdrew.

Slowly she crawl'd before the throng,
Fix'd on the Chief her haggard eyes,
Check'd with a look the minstrel's song,
"No more," she cried, "No more rejoice!

"To you, that o'er your midnight ale,
Have listened to the tales of glee,
I come to tell a gossip's tale;
Ill-omen'd Chieftain! list to me."

THE WITCH'S TALE

Full sixty fatal years have roll'd,
Since clamour shook these gloomy towers
When Moy's black Chief, with Urquhart old,
Led Grant's and Chattan's mingled powers.

Like yours, their followers shouted brave,
Like yours, the minstrels answer'd loud,
Like yours, they 'gan the dance to weave,
And round, and round the goblet flow'd.

In solemn guise the Chieftains came,
To solemn league the Chieftains swore;
To quench the death-feud's fatal flame,
And dye the heath with blood no more.

Fair rose the morn, and Urquhart's pow'rs
To Moray's hostile border flew,
But ling'ring in the Chattan tow'rs,
The aged Chief the last withdrew.

Homewards he turned, some younger arm
Shall lead the war on the banks of Spey;
But sharp was the sleet, and cold the storm,
That whistled at eve in his locks so gray.

With him went Alva's heir, who stay'd,
The Chieftain's weal or woe to share;
So Urquhart's trembling daughter pray'd,
So Alva vow'd, who loved her dear.

But drear was Badenoch's wintry waste,
And mirk the night that round them fell,
As over their heads the night-raven pass'd,
And they enter'd Glen Iral's darkling dell.

The raven scream'd, and a slogan yell
Burst from Glen Iral's sable wood,
They heard in the gale a bugle swell,
They saw in the shade a man of blood.

Grimly he points, and a hundred hands
Their horses seize; in that fatal hour,
Unarm'd, defenceless, Urquhart stands,
But Alva has drawn his broad claymore.

"Stand fast, Craig Ellachie," he cried,
As his stalwart stroke the foremost slew;
Alas! no friendly voice replied,
But the broad claymore in fragments flew.

And sad was the heart of Alva's heir,
And he thought of Urquhart's scenes of joy,
When instead of her smile that he loved so dear,
He met the haughty scowl of Moy.

And far across the wintry waste,
And far from Marg'ret's bower of joy,
In silent haste, and in chains they pass'd,
To groan and despair in the towers of Moy.

On yonder rock their prison stood,[1]
Deep in the dungeon's vault beneath,
The pavement still wet with the rising flood,
And heavy, and dark, is the fog they breathe.

[1] See Introduction to this ballad.

Three days were past—with streaming eye,
With bursting heart, and fault'ring breath,
What maiden sues at the feet of Moy,
To save their life, or to share their death?

'Tis Marg'ret; in whose heart the tale
Had waken'd the first sad sigh of grief,
And wan and pale from Urquhart's vale,
She flew to the tow'r of the gloomy chief.

Beneath his darken'd brow, the smile
Of pleased revenge with hatred strove,
And he thought of the hours, perchance, the while
When she slighted his threats, and scorn'd his love.

And thus he spoke, with trait'rous voice,
"Oh! not in vain can Margaret plead;
One life I spare—be hers the choice,
And one for my clan and my kin shall bleed.

"Oh will she not a lover save,
But dash his hopes of mutual joy,
And doom the brave to the silent grave,
To ransom a sire from the sword of Moy?

"Or will she not a father spare,
But here his last spark of life destroy,
And will she abandon his silvery hair,
And wed her love in the halls of Moy?"

Oh have you seen the shepherd swain,
While heav'n is calm on the hills around,
And swelling in old Comri's plain,
Earth shakes, and thunders burst the ground;

Like him aghast did Marg'ret stand,
Wild start her eyes from her burning head,
Nor stirs her foot, nor lifts her hand;
The chastisement of Heaven is sped.

Long mute she stands, when before her eyes,
From the dungeon's cave, from the gloomy lake,
In the mournful wood two forms arise,
And she of the two her choice must make.

And wildly she sought her lover's breast,
And madly she kiss'd his clanking chain;
"Home, home," she cried, "be my sire released,
While Alva and I in the grave remain.

"And my father will rest, and our name be blest,
When Moy's vile limbs shall be strew'd on the shore;
The pine-tree shall wave o'er our peaceful grave,
Till together we wake to weep no more."

The tear from Urquhart's eye that stole,
As rung in his ear his daughter's cry,
Ceased on his furrow'd cheek to roll,
When he mark'd the scorn of the gloomy Moy.

And stately rose his stiffen'd form,
And seem'd to throw off the load of age,
As gather'd in his eye the storm
Of feudal hate, and a chieftain's rage.

"False traitor! though thy greedy ear,
Have drunk the groan of an enemy,
Yet inly rankle shame and fear,
While rapture and triumph smile on me.

"And thou, my best, my sorrowing child,
Whate'er my fate, thy choice recall!
These towers, with human blood defiled,
Shall hide my corse, and atone my fall.

"Why should I live the scorn of slaves?
From me no avenger shall I see,
Where fair Lochness my castle laves,
To lead my clan to victory.

"White are my hairs, my course is run,—
To-morrow lays thy father low;
But Alva safe, with yonder sun
He shall rise in blood on the hills of snow.

"If Alva falls, and falls for me,
A father's curse is o'er thy grave;
But safe and free, let him wend with thee,
And my dying blessing thou shalt have."

The maid stood aghast, and her tears fell fast,
As to the wild heath she turn'd to flee;
"Be Alva safe," she sigh'd as she pass'd,
"To Badenoch's height let him follow me."

She sate her down on the blasted heath,
And hollowly sounded the glen below;
She heard in the gale the groan of death,
She answer'd the groan with a shriek of woe.

And slowly tow'rds the mountain's head,
With a sable bier four ruffians hied;
"And here," they said, "is thy father dead,
And thy lover's corse is cold at his side."

They laid the bodies on the bent,
Each in his bloody tartan roll'd;
"Now sing Craig-Ellachie's lament,
For her chiefs are dead, and her hopes are cold."

She sigh'd not as she turn'd away,—
No tear-drop fell from her frozen eye;
But a night and a day, by their side did stay,
In stupid speechless agony.

And another she staid, and a cairn she made,
And piled it high with many a groan;
As it rises white, on Badenoch's height,
She mutters a prayer over every stone.

She pray'd, that childless and forlorn
The chief of Moy might pine away;
That the sleepless night, and the careful morn,
Might wither his limbs in slow decay;

That never the son of a chief of Moy
Might live to protect his father's age,
Or close in peace his dying eye,
Or gather his gloomy heritage.

But still as they fall, some distant breed,
With sordid hopes, and with marble heart,
By turns to the fatal towers succeed,
Extinct by turns to the grave depart.

Then loud did she laugh, for her burning brain
The soothing showers of grief denied;
And still, when the moon is on the wane,
She seeks her hut on the mountain's side.

There sits she oft to curse the beam
That vexes her brain with keener woe;
Full well the shepherd knows her scream,
When he sinks on the moor in the drifted snow.

Seven times has she left her wretched cell
To cheer her sad heart with gloomy joy,
When the fury of heaven, or the blasts of hell,
Have wither'd the hopes of the house of Moy.

And now! at your feast, an unbidden guest,
She bids you the present hour enjoy;
For the blast of death is on the heath,
And the grave yawns wide for the child of Moy!

Here ceased the tale, and with it ceased
The revels of the shuddering clan;
Despair had seized on every breast,
In every vein chill terrors ran.

To the mountain hut is Marg'ret sped,
Yet her voice still rings in the ear of Moy;
Scarce shone the morn on the mountain's head,
When the lady wept o'er her dying boy.

And long in Moy's devoted tower
Shall Marg'ret's gloomy curse prevail;
And mothers, in the child-bed hour,
Shall shudder to think on the witch's tale.

NOTES

The Chattan clan their carol raise.—P. 705, v. 1.

The Chattan clan is a federal clan, consisting of the families of Macintosh, Macpherson, and some others of less consequence. The chief is the laird of Macintosh; the Chattan country is in the inland part of Inverness-shire.

Less lively sounds the pibroch's call.—P. 705, v. 5.

The pibroch is a wild music played by the piper at the assembling of a clan, in marches, etc. Every clan had its own particular tune, which was played most scrupulously and indefatigably on all great and signal occasions.

When Moy's black chief, with Urquhart old.—P. 706, v. 7.

Grant, the laird of Urquhart, was the chief of the clan of Grant. His castle of Urquhart, now in ruins, covers one of the most beautiful of the craggy promontories that adorn Loch Ness. The delightful vale of Glen Urquhart is embosomed in the mountains behind it. The possessions of the clan in the southern part of Inverness-shire border on those of the Clan Chattan, with whom, of course, they were continually at variance.

To Moray's hostile border flew.—P. 707, v. 1.

The Lowland district of Moray, or Elginshire, along the banks of the Spey, being comparatively fertile and civilized, and in the immediate vicinity of the Grampians, was long exposed to the ravages and inroads of the Highland clans, who possessed the mountain on the border and the upper part of Strathspey.

With him went Alva's heir, who stay'd, etc.—P. 707, v. 3.

Alva is an ancient possession of a chieftain of the family of Grant.

And they enter'd Glen Iral's darkling dell.—P. 707, v. 4.

The Iral is a small stream that rises in the Chattan country, and falls into the river of Nairn between Moy and Loch Ness.

" *Stand fast, Craig Ellachie,*" *he cried.*—P. 707, v. 7.

Craig Ellachie, where was the place of assembling of the clan of Grant, was also the slogan or war-cry of the clan.

And swelling in old Comri's plain.—P. 708, v. 7.

The vale of Comri, in Perthshire, where earthquakes are still frequently felt, is in the higher part of Strathearn, near Crieff.

And another she staid, and a cairn she made.—P. 710, v. 4.

A cairn is a heap of loose stones, the usual memorial of an ancient burying-place.

WAR-SONG OF THE ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

" *Nennius.* Is not peace the end of arms ?
Caratach. Not where the cause implies a general conquest.
Had we a difference with some petty isle,
Or with our neighbours, Britons, for our landmarks,
The taking in of some rebellious lord,
Or making head against a slight commotion,
After a day of blood, peace might be argued :
But where we grapple for the land we live on,
The liberty we hold more dear than life,
The gods we worship, and, next these, our honours,
And, with those, swords, that know no end of battle—
Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour,
Those minds, that, where the day is, claim inheritance,
And, where the sun makes ripe the fruit, their harvest,
And, where they march, but measure out more ground
To add to Rome——
It must not be. No !—as they are our foes,
Let's use the peace of honour—that's fair dealing ;
But in our hands our swords. The hardy Roman,
That thinks to graft himself into my stock,
Must first begin his kindred under ground,
And be allied in ashes."—————— BONDUCA.

THE following War-Song was written during the apprehension of an invasion. The corps of volunteers to which it was addressed was raised in 1797, consisting of gentlemen mounted and armed at their own expense. It still subsists as the Right Troop of the Royal Mid-Lothian Light Cavalry, commanded by the Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel

Dundas. The noble and constitutional measure of arming freemen in defence of their own rights was nowhere more successful than in Edinburgh, which furnished a force of 3000 armed and disciplined volunteers, including a regiment of cavalry, from the city and county, and two corps of artillery, each capable of serving twelve guns. To such a force, above all others, might, in similar circumstances, be applied the exhortation of our ancient Galgacus: "*Proinde ituri in aciem, et majores vestros et posteros cogitate.*"

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze,
Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
A band of brothers true;
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crown'd;
We boast the red and blue.[1]

Though tamely crouch to Gallia's frown,
Dull Holland's tardy train;
Their ravish'd toys though Romans mourn,
Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,
And, foaming, gnaw the chain;

O! had they mark'd the avenging call
Their brethren's murder gave,
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,
Sought freedom in the grave!

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
In Freedom's temple born,
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
Or brook a victor's scorn?

No! though destruction o'er the land
Come pouring as a flood,
The sun, that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,
And set that night in blood.

[1] The royal colours.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
  Or plunder's bloody gain;
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our king, to fence our law,
  Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
  Shall fan the tricolor,
Or footstep of invader rude,
With rapine foul, and red with blood,
  Pollute our happy shore,—

Then farewell home! and farewell friends!
  Adieu each tender tie!
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
  To conquer, or to die.

To horse! to horse! the sabres gleam;
  High sounds our bugle call;
Combined by honour's sacred tie,
Our word is *Laws and Liberty!*
  March forward, one and all!

NOTE

O! had they mark'd the avenging call
Their brethren's murder gave.—P. 713, v. 4.

The allusion is to the massacre of the Swiss guards on the fatal 10th of August 1792. It is painful, but not useless, to remark that the passive temper with which the Swiss regarded the death of their bravest countrymen, mercilessly slaughtered in discharge of their duty, encouraged and authorized the progressive injustice by which the Alps, once the seat of the most virtuous and free people on the Continent, have at length been converted into the citadel of a foreign and military despot. A state degraded is half enslaved.

THE FEAST OF SPURS

BY THE REV. JOHN MARRIOTT, A.M.

In the account of Walter Scott of Harden's way of living, it is mentioned that "when the last bullock was killed and devoured, it was the lady's custom to place on the table a dish, which, on being uncovered, was found to contain a pair of clean spurs; a hint to the Riders, that they must shift for their next meal." See Introduction.

The speakers in the following stanzas are Walter Scott of Harden and his wife, Mary Scott, the flower of Yarrow.

"Haste, ho! my dame, what cheer the night?
I look to see your table dight,
For I ha'e been up since peep o' light,
Driving the dun deer merrilie.

"Wow! but the bonnie harts and raes
Are fleet o' foot on Ettricke braes;
My gude dogs ne'er, in a' their days,
Forfoughten were sae wearilie.

"Frae Shaws to Rankelburn we ran
A score, that neither stint nor blan;
And now ahint the breckans stan',
And laugh at a' our company.

"We've passed through monie a tangled cleugh,
We've rade fu' fast o'er haugh and heugh;
I trust ye've got gude cheer eneugh
To feast us a' right lustilie."—

"Are ye sae keen-set, Wat? 'tis weel;
Ye winna find a dainty meal;
It's a' o' the gude Rippon steel,
Ye maun digest it manfullie.

"Nae ky are left in Harden Glen;
Ye maun be stirring wi' your men;
Gin ye soud bring me less than ten,
I winna roose your braverie."—

"Are ye sae modest ten to name?
Syne, an' I bring na twenty hame,
I'll freely gi'e ye leave to blame
Baith me, and a' my chyvalrie.

"I could ha'e relished better cheer,
After the chase o' sick-like deer;
But, trust me, rowth o' Southern gear
Shall deck your lard'ner speedilie.

"When Stanegirthside I last came by,
A bassen'd bull allured mine eye,
Feeding amang a herd o' kye;
O gin I look'd na wistfullie!

"To horse! young Jock shall lead the way;
And soud the Warden tak the fray
To mar our riding, I winna say,
But he mote be in jeopardie.

"The siller moon now glimmers pale;
But ere we've cross'd fair Liddesdale,
She'll shine as brightlie as the bale
That warns the water hastilie.

"O leeze me on her bonnie light!
There's nought sae dear to Harden's sight;
Troth, gin she shone but ilka night,
Our clan might live right royallie.

"Haste, bring your nagies frae the sta',
And lightlie louping, ane and a',
Intull your saddles, scour awa',
And ranshakle the Southronie.

"Let ilka ane his knapscap lace;
Let ilka ane his steil-jack brace;
And deil bless him that sall disgrace
Walter o'. Harden's liverie!"

NOTES

Harden Glen.—P. 715, v. 6.

"Harden's castle was situated upon the very brink of a dark and precipitous dell, through which a scanty rivulet steals to meet the Borthwick. In the recess of this glen he is said to have kept his spoil, which served for the daily maintenance of his retainers." Notes on *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, canto iv, stanza 9.

Warns the water.—P. 716, v. 4.

This expression signified formerly the giving the alarm to the inhabitants of a district, each district taking its name from the river that flowed through it.

O leeze me, etc.—P. 716, v. 5.

The esteem in which the moon was held in the Harden family may be traced in the motto they still bear: "*Reparabit cornua Phœbe.*"



MELROSE

ON A VISIT PAID TO THE RUINS OF MELROSE ABBEY BY THE COUNTESS OF DALKEITH AND HER SON, LORD SCOTT

BY THE REV. JOHN MARRIOTT, A.M.

Abbots of Melrose, wont of yore
The dire anathema to pour
On England's hated name;
See, to appease your injured shades,
And expiate her Border raids,
She sends her fairest Dame.

Her fairest Dame those shrines has graced,
That once her boldest Lords defaced;
Then let your hatred cease;
The prayer of import dread revoke,
Which erst indignant fury spoke,
And pray for England's peace.

If, as it seems to Fancy's eye,
Your sainted spirits hover nigh,
And haunt this once-loved spot;
That Youth's fair open front behold,
His step of strength, his visage bold,
And hail a genuine Scott.

Yet think that England claims a part
In the rich blood that warms his heart,
And let your hatred cease;
The prayer of import dread revoke,
Which erst indignant fury spoke,
And pray for England's peace.

Pray, that no proud insulting foe
May ever lay her temples low,
Or violate her fanes;
No moody fanatic deface
The works of wondrous art, that grace
Antiquity's remains.

NOTE

Melrose Abbey was reduced to its present ruinous state partly by the English barons in their hostile inroads, and partly by John Knox and his followers. For a reason why its abbots should be supposed to take an interest in the Buccleuch family, see the Notes to *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

ARCHIE ARMSTRONG'S AITH

BY THE REV. JOHN MARRIOTT, A.M.

As Archie passed the Brockwood-leys,
He cursed the blinkan moon,
For shouts were borne upo' the breeze
Frae a' the hills aboon.

A herd had marked his lingering pace,
That e'enin near the fauld,
And warned his fellows to the chase,
For he kenn'd him stout and bauld.

A light shone frae Gilnockie tower;
He thought, as he ran past,—
"O Johnnie ance was stiff in stour,
But hangit at the last!"—

His load was heavy, and the way
Was rough, and ill to find;
But ere he reached the Stubholm brae,
His faes were far behind.

He clamb the brae, and frae his brow
The draps fell fast and free;
And when he heard a loud halloo,
A waefu' man was he.

O'er his left shouther, towards the muir,
An anxious e'e he cast;
And oh! when he stepped o'er the door,
His wife she looked aghast.

"Ah wherefore, Archie, wad ye slight
Ilk word o' timely warning
I trow ye will be ta'en the night,
And hangit i' the morning."—

"Now haud your tongue, ye prating wife,
And help me as ye dow;
I wad be laith to lose my life
For ae poor silly yowe."

They stript awa' the skin aff-hand,
Wi' a' the woo' aboon;
There's ne'er a flesher i' the land
Had done it half sae soon.

They took the *haggis-bag* and heart,
The heart but and the liver;
Alake, that siccan a noble part
Should win intull the river!

But Archie he has ta'en them a',
And wrapt them i' the skin;
And he has thrown them o'er the wa',
And sicht whan they fell in.

The cradle stans by the ingle toom,
The bairn wi' auntie stays;
They clapt the carcase in its room,
And smoor'd it wi' the claes.

And down sate Archie daintilie,
And rock'd it wi' his hand;
Siccan a rough nourice as he
Was not in a' the land.

And saftlie he began to croon,
"Hush, hushabye, my dear."—
He had na sang to sic a tune,
I trow, for monie a year.

Now frae the hills they cam in haste,
A' rinning out o' breath;—
"Ah, Archie, we ha' got ye fast,
And ye maun die the death!

"Aft ha' ye thinned our master's herds,
And elsewhere cast the blame;
Now ye may spare your wilie words,
For we have traced ye hame."—

"Your sheep for warlds I wad na take;
Deil ha' me if I'm leein'!
But haud your tongues for mercy's sake,
The bairn's just at the deein'.

"If e'er I did sae fause a feat,
As thin my neebor's faulds,
May I be doomed the flesh to eat
This vera cradle halds!

"But gin ye reck na what I swear,
Go search the biggin thorow,
And if ye find ae trotter there,
Then hang me up the morrow."

They thought to find the stolen gear,
They search'd baith but and ben;
But a' was clean, and a' was clear,
And naething could they ken.

And what to think they couldna tell,
They glowr'd at ane anither;—
"Sure, Patie, 'twas the deil himsel
That ye saw rinning hither.

"Or aiblins Maggie's ta'en the yowe,
And thus beguiled your e'e."—
"Hey, Robbie, man, and like enowe,
For I ha'e nae rowan tree."

Awa' they went wi' muckle haste,
Convinced 'twas Maggie Brown;
And Maggie, ere eight days were past,
Got mair nor ae new gown.

Then Archie turned him on his heel,
And gamesomelie did say,—
"I didna think that half sae weel
The nourice I could play."

And Archie didna break his aith,
He ate the cradled sheep;
I trow he was na very laith
Siccan a vow to keep.

And aft sinsyne to England's king
The story he has told;
And aye when he gan rock and sing,
Charlie his sides wad hold.

NOTES

The hero of this ballad was a native of Eskdale, and contributed not a little towards the raising his clan to that pre-eminence which it long maintained amongst the Border thieves, and which none indeed but the Elliots could dispute. He lived at the Stubholm, immediately below the junction of the Wauchope and the Eske, and there distinguished himself so much by zeal and assiduity in his professional duties that at length he found it

expedient to emigrate, his neighbours not having learned from Sir John Falstaff that "it is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation." He afterwards became a celebrated jester in the English court. In more modern times he might have found a court in which his virtues would have entitled him to a higher station. He was dismissed in disgrace in the year 1637 for his insolent wit, of which the following may serve as a specimen. One day when Archbishop Laud was just about to say grace before dinner, Archie begged permission of the King to perform that office in his stead, and, having received it, said, "All *praise* to God, and little *Laud* to the deil." The exploit detailed in this ballad has been preserved, with many others of the same kind, by tradition, and is at this time current in Eskdale.

Or aiblins Maggie's ta'en the yowe.—P. 720, v. 4.

There is no district wherein witches seem to have maintained a more extensive, or more recent, influence than in Eskdale. It is not long since the system of bribery alluded to in the next stanza was carried on in that part of the country. The rowan-tree, or mountain-ash, is well known to be a sure preservative against the power of witchcraft.

GLOSSARY

a' : all
ablins : perhaps
aboon (*aboun, abune*) *:* above
abread : abroad
ackward : backward
ae : a, one, sole
aff : off
afore : before
aft : oft
agen : again
ahint : behind
aiblins : perhaps
aik : oak
ain (*awn, awin*) *:* own
aince : once
air : court (eyre)
airn : iron
aith : oath
alake : alack
alane : alone
alterchange : exchange
amang : among
an : if, although
ance : once
ane : one
aneath : beneath, under
anent : over against
anes (*anis*) *:* once
anither : another
ankers : anchors
anow : enough
arblest : crossbow
armis : arms
ask : newt
aspin : aspen
asteer (*asteir*) *:* astir
atween : between
aught : possesses
auld : old
awa' : away
awin (*awn, ain*) *:* own
ayd : aid
ay(e) : always, ever, yes
ayont : beyond

ba : ball
back : mount (a horse)
bair : bored
bairn(ie) : child
baith : both
baken : baked
bale : evil
bale : faggot
band : bound, bond
bandsters : binders of sheaves
bane : bone
bangisters : victors, the prevailing party
barken'd : tanned
barmkin : barbican, outmost fortification
basnet : helmet
bassen'd : white-faced
batts : beating
bauld(ly) : bold(ly)
beet : aid
begoud : began
beild : shelter
belang : belong
belive : by and by, immediately
beneith : beneath
benison : blessing
bent : bent-grass
benty : covered with bent-grass
beseen : provided
bespak(e) : spoke
bet : better
betyde : befall
bickering : pelting
bide : dwell (abide), stay, endure
bigg : build
bigged (*bigget*) *:* built
bigging : building
bigly : pleasant
billie : brother, comrade
binna : be not
birks : birches
birled : plied
birst : burst
blae : blue
blan : drew breath
blaw : blow
blawn : blown
blee : bloom
bleed (*bleid, blude, bluid, blode*)*:* blood
blink : glance, glitter
bluidhound : bloodhound
bluidy : bloody
bodie : body
bogle : goblin
bonile (*bonnily*) *:* prettily
bonny : pretty, beautiful
boud : must
boun : bound

bour : bower
boustouslie : boisterously
bout : bolt
bouted : sifted (of flour)
brae : hillside, declivity
brag : boast
braid(er) : broad(er)
braid letter : royal warrant
brak : break or broke
braken : bracken-fern
brand : sword
branking : prancing
branks : halter
brash : sickness
braw : beautiful (brave)
brayd : press
brecham : horse-collar
brechans : bracken-fern
bree : brow
breist : breast
bricht : bright
brie : brow
brieks (breeks) : trousers
brig(g) : bridge
brither : brother
broach : clasp (brooch)
brock : badger
brokit : spotted
broo : broth
broomcow : bush of broom
broun : brown
browheid : forehead
bryttled : cut up (of a deer)
bucht : sheep- or cattle-fold
bug : built
b(o)ughts : see *bucht*
bunch : punch, a blow
burd : maiden
burd alane : quite alone
burn : brook
bursten : burst
busket : dressed
bussing : covering
but and ben : into the kitchen and into the parlour
by : besides
bydeth : dwelleth
byre : cow-house

ca' : call
ca' : drive (as " ca' a nail "—drive home a nail)
ca's : calves
cam : came
canna : cannot
capapie : head to foot (cap-à-pied)
carle : man
carline : old woman
carped : sang (minstrel fashion)
cauf : calf
caugers : carriers
caukers : hind parts of horse-shoes, sharpened and turned down
cauld : cold
causeways : streets, pavements
channerin' : grumbling
chapp'd : knocked
cheir : cheer
childe : youth
Christentie : Christendom
claes : clothes
claith : cloth
clam(b) : climbed
clark : clerk
claw : scratch
clead : clothe
cleiding : clothing
cleugh : a narrow valley
cloathes : clothes
clogged : burdened
closeheads : entrance to a " close," *i.e.*, to a tenement of houses
coats : petticoats
coft : bought
cog : wooden milking-pail
coll'd : cut
conquess : conquer
contrair : contrary to, opposed to
convey : escort
convoy'd : escorted
corbie : raven, crow
cosh : quiet
coulter : plough-share
courtrie : courtiers
cout (cowt) : colt
couthie : pleasant
cowls : nightcaps (" cowls " of Kilmarnock = weavers of Kilmarnock)
crack : talk
craig : crag
craig : neck, throat
craw : crow
craw'd : crowed
craw'n : crowed
crew : crowed
cronach : dirge (coronach)
croon : hum a song
croun : crown
crouse(ly) : conceited(ly)
cum : come
curche : coif
cutted : cut

dae : do
dae : doe
daffin : joking
dang : knocked, defeated
dar : dare
darna : dare not

daunton : frighten
daur : dare
daw(ing) : dawn(ing)
dead-wounded : mortally wounded
dee : die
dee : do
deid : death (dead)
deil : devil
deir : dear, deer
derfe : cruel
derke : dark
dern : obscure, secret
didna : did not
dight : clad
dight : prepared
dight : wipe
dight : defeat
ding : knock
dinna : do not
dints : blows
disna : does not
dole : terrible
donot : silly slut
doo : dove
dool : sorrow
dought : could
douk : dive (duck)
doun : down
dour : determined, hard to move
douse : sedate (douce)
dow (*doo*) : dove
dow(na) : can(not)
dowie : drear
drap : drop
dree (*drie*) : suffer, endure
dreid : dread
dreim(it) : dream(ed)
dreirie : dreary
drifts : flocks
drivand : driving
drumly : discoloured, cloudy, turbid
drunkily : drunkenly
dub : pool
dune : done
dure : door
dwalt : dwelt
dyke : a wall (of stone or of turf)

eard : earth
e'e : eye
een : eyes
e'en : even ; to put into comparison
e'en : evening
eery (*eerie, eiry*) : weird, uncanny, awesome
eldern : elderly
el(d)ritch : ghastly, unearthly
elshin : shoemaker's awl
eneuch, eneugh : enough
ensenzie : ensign
erlish : ghastly, unearthly (eldritch)
erne : eagle
esk (*ask*) : newt
evermair : evermore

fa' : fall, befall
fae : foe
fae (*fay*) : faith
faem : foam
fa'en : fallen
fail : turf
fain(e) : eager
falla : fellow
fand : found
fang : grasp, catch
fashes : troubles
fauld : sheepfold
fause : false
fear'd : afraid
fecht : fight
fee : wages, recompense
feid : feud
feir : fair
fell : hillside
fell : hide, skin
fell : knock down
fend : support, defence
feres : companions
ferly (*ferlie*) : wonder
fie (*fey*) : doomed, predestined
fireflaught : flash of lightning
flain : arrow
flang : flung
flatter'd : fluttered
flee : fly
fleeching : coaxing, flattering
flesher : butcher
fley'd : frightened
flinders : splinters
flour : flower
flyting : scolding
forbye : beside(s)
foredoor : front door
forfaulted : forfeited
forfoughten (*forfochen*) : wearied out, weary
forletting : abandoning
fou : full
fra(e) : from
frie : free
frith : a wood, a clearing in a wood
frush : brittle, flimsy
fu' : full
fule : fool
fure : went, fared
furs : furrows
fute : foot
fyne : fine

gabbin' : chatting, gossiping
gad : goad
gae : go
gae : gave
gaed : went
ga'en : going
gane : gone
gane : suffice
gang : go
ganging : going
gangna : go not
gar : cause, compel
gat : got, begot
gate : road
gaun : going
gear (*geir*) : goods (*merchant-geir* = merchandise) : spoils
geck : scoffed
genzie : engine of war
gie : give
gif : if
gillyflowers : clove-carnations, wall-flowers
gilt : gold, gilded
gin : if
girds : hoops
glassen : made of glass
gled : hawk, kite
gleed : a fiery ember
gleuves : gloves
gloaming : twilight
glour : stare
glowr'd : stared
gotten : got
goud (*gowd*) : gold
goud : began
gowden : golden
gowk : cuckoo, fool
graith : harness, accoutrements
gramarye : magic
grat : wept
gravat : scarf (cravat)
green (*grien*) : long for
greet : weep
grewhound : greyhound
grids : hoops
grie (*gree*) : prize
griesly : fearsome
grippit : arrested (gripped)
grit : great
gronde : ground
grund : ground
gryming : sprinkling
gude(*ly*) : good(ly)
gudeman : husband
gudemother : mother-in-law
guesten'd : been a guest
gullies : large knives
gurly : stormy, boisterous

ha' : hall
had : hold
hadna : had not
hae : have
haftet : handled
haggis-bag : sheep's stomach containing the ingredients of a haggis
haik : keep in suspense
hail : whole
halden : hold
half-fou : eighth part of a peck
hals (*hause*) : neck
hame : home
hang : hung
happ'd : covered
happers : hoppers (of a mill)
harneist : harnessed, accoutred
har'st : harvest
hasna : has not
haud : hold
hauld : stronghold
hause-bane : neck-bone (collar-bone)
head : behead
heid : head, chief
heir : here
hende : young man
hente : hoisted, laid hold of
herry : harry, plunder
he's : he will
het : hot
heugh : hollow
heugh : cliff
hicht : height
hided : hid
hie : high, haughty
hight : named
hirsels : flocks
hoigh : an ejaculation of sorrow or pain
hollin : holly
honde : hand
hooly : cautiously
hoot awa' : an ejaculation of derision
hough : thigh (shin of a cow)
houlet : owl
hover'd : paused
how(*e*) : hollow
howm : holm (river-meadow)
hoysed : hoisted
hunder : hundred
hye : high

ilk(*a*) : each, every
ingle : fireside
inglenook : chimney-corner
intill (*intull*) : in, into
I'se : I shall
isna : is not
ither : other
It's be : it will be

jaw : dash, splash
Jeddart : Jedburgh
jimp : slender, neat

kaim : comb
kale : colewort
kane : rent-in-kind
keekit (keeked) : peeped
kell : shroud
kemp : champion
ken : know
kend(t) : knew
kenna : know not
keppit : caught
kern : foot-soldier (Irish or Highland) : rogue, vagabond
kevils : lots
kilted : turned back (tucked up)
kinnen : rabbits
kirns : churns
kirtle : mantle
kist : chest
kittle : difficult
knapscap : steel head-piece
knave : boy
knaw : know
kneepan : kneecap
know : hillock
knowes : knolls, hillocks
ky(e) : cattle

laddie : boy
lade : load
laigh : low
laiming : laming
laird : landlord
lair'd : bogged
laith : loath
lance : leap
lane : lone
lang : long
lang or : long before
lang syne : long ago
lap : leaped, sprang
latten : allowed
lave : the rest
lav'rock : lark
law : a conical hill
law : low
lawing : reckoning (tavern bill)
Lawland : Lowland
lay : lea
layne : hide
leafu' : lawful
leal (leil) : faithful, loyal, loyalty
lear : learning
lee : lie
leeching : physicianship
leeze : expression of great pleasure
leglin : milking-pail
leman : light-of-love, lover
leugh : laughed
leven : a lawn
levin : lightning
libbards : leopards (emblem of England)
lien : lain
lift : sky
lightly : make light of
lilting : singing cheerily
limber : supple
limmer : rascal
Lincome : Lincoln
ling : heath
linkin' : riding briskly
linn : waterfall, pool
lirk : hollow
lither : lazy
loan(ing) : lane
lookit : looked
loon (loun, lown) : fellow, rogue
loot : allowed, let
loup : leap
louped : leaped
loupen : leaped
lourd : rather
louted : bowed
low(e) : flame
luke : look
lurdane : lazy fellow
luve : love
lyart : grizzled (of hair)
lykewake : watch kept over a dead body
lyth : joint

ma(e) : more
mail(l) : rent, a levy
mair : more
maist : most
mak : make
make (maik) : equal (match)
malisoun : curse
mane : moan
manhead : fortitude
manteel : mantle
march : border
marrow : equal, partner, spouse
mault : malt
maun : must
maunna : must not
maw : mow
may : maiden
mear : mare
meik : meek
mell : mallet
mergh : marrow
merle : blackbird
mese : soothe
meikle : great, much

minnie : mother
mirk : dark (*pit-mirk :* pitch dark)
monie : money
Moninday : Monday
mony : many
moodiehill : molehill (mowdiehill)
morn : to-morrow
moss : boggy moor
mote : might
moul : earth (mould)
mowse : joke
muckle : big
muir : moor
mysell : myself
mystery : trade

na(e) : no, not
naething : nothing
nagie : pony
naigs : horses (*nags*)
nane : none
neids : needs
neir : near
ne'er : never
neist : next
neuk : corner (nook)
nevir : never
nicher (*nicker*) *:* whinny (neigh)
nie : neigh
nogs : notches
nogs : stakes
nor : than
nourice : nurse
nowt : cattle

o' : of
o'erword (*owerword*)*:* refrain, watch-word, slogan
ohon ! : alas !
ony : any
or : ere (*lang or :* long ere)
o's : of his
oure (*ower*) *:* over
ousen (*owsen*) *:* oxen
outher : other
outspeckle : laughing-stock

pa' : a slight movement
pallion(e)s : tents (panlions)
pang'd : crammed
papinjay : parrot
pat : put
paughty : haughty
pawky : shrewd
peck : a large quantity
pick : pitch
pickle : a little of
piggin' : pot with two ears
pike : pick
pit : pitch
pith : spirit, substance
plat : pleated, interwove
plea : dispute
pleas : pleads
pleugh : plough
plooky : pimpled
plummet : pommel of a sword
poin'd : distrained ; attached by legal distress (poinded)
popinjay : parrot
port : gate
pow : head
pricking : riding
p(o)u'd : pulled
puir : poor
puirly : poorly, softly
putten : put
pyne : grief
pyot : magpie

quair : choir
quey : heifer
quick : alive
quire : choir
quo' : quoth

rad : afraid
rade (*raid*) *:* rode
rae : roe
rair : roar
raise : rose
ramp : headstrong
ransha(c)kle : ransack
rapes : ropes
raw : row
raxed : stretched
'ray : order
reasun : reason
red : clear up
redd : advise
rede : council
reid : red
reif : robbery
reiver : robber
rewd : rude
reyn : rein
rig : ridge, a section of a field
rigging : ridge of roof
right : used adverbially = very, e.g., *right puir :* very poor
rin : run
roose : praise
roudes (*rudas*) *:* haggard
routing : bellowing
rowe(s) : roll(s)
rowfooted : rough shod
rowing : rolling
rowth : abundance (*routh*)
rue : regret
runkled : wrinkled

sabbing : sobbing
sackless : blameless
sae : so
saft(ly) : soft(ly), light(ly)
saften'd : softened
sain'd : hallowed
sair : sore
sall : shall
sang : song
sark : shirt
saughel (saugh) : willow
saul : soul
saut : salt
saw : sow
sax : six
sayne : said
scale (skail) : disperse
scelp'd (skelped) : slapped
scoup : fly
screech : shriek
scroggs : stunted trees
scug : expiate or shelter
seamaw (seamew) : seagull
selcouth : wondrous
sel(l) : self—usually in compounds, e.g., *hersell :* herself
selle : saddle
sen : sent
seyd : said
shanna : shall not
sharp'd : sharpened
shaw : show
shaw(s) : wood(s)
shearing : reaping
shee : shoe
sheen : shining
sheugh : ditch, hollow
shoon : shoes
shot : assessment
shot-window : bow-window
sic(k) : such
siccan : such a
sicht : sighed
sicken : such a
sicker(lie) : sure(ly)
siller : money (silver)
simmer : summer
sinsyne : since that time
skaith('d) : harm(ed)
skeely : skilful
skeigh : shy
skelp : slap
skimmering : shimmering
skrei(c)h : peep of day
slae : sloe
slee : sly
slogan : war-cry
sloken : slake
sma' : small
smit : clashing noise (smiting)
smoor'd : smothered
snaw : snow
sneer : snort
snell : keen (of a wind)
snood : ribbon for confining the hair, worn by maidens
sooth (suith) : south
soudron : southron, southerner (Englishman as distinguished from Scotsman)
souter : shoemaker
south : truth (sooth)
spaebook : book of spells or prophecies
spait : flood
spak : spoke
spauld : shoulder
speer (speir) : ask
speik : speak
speir : spear
sprattle : scramble
spule (spaul) : shoulder
spunkie : mettlesome
sta' : stall
sta' : stole
stalward : stalwart
stalworth(y)e : valiant
stane : stone
steads : farm buildings, settlements
stear (steer) : stir
steek : stitch
steek : shut
stell'd : placed, posted
stern : star
stey : steep
stint(ed) : cease(d)
stoor : wild
stour(e) : stern, rough
stour : strife
stown (stoun) : stolen
strack : struck
strae : straw
strang : strong
straught : straight
streak : lie
streamers : Northern Lights
streeked (streikit) : stroked
streekit : laid out (of a corpse)
striped : thrust
stroken (strucken) : struck
stude : stood
st(o)un : pang
sture (stour) : stern
sturt : disturbance
stythe : place
s(o)uld : should
sune : soon
swakked : wielded
swapped : exchanged
sware : swore

swat : sweated
swoom'd : swam
syde : hanging low down
syke : a marshy hollow, depth
syne : then, thereafter

ta'en : taken
tak : take
tane : the one
targats : tassels
taul : the one
tauld : told
tee : to
teind : tithe
teirs : tears
tetherstakes : spikes for fixing a tether in the ground
tett : lock of hair or of wool
thae : these
thair : their
than : then
theek : thatch
thies : thighs
thir : those
thole : endure
thrall : captivity
thraw : throw, twist
thretty : thirty
thrie : three
thristlecock : thrush
throw : through
till : to
tint : lost
tirl : cause to vibrate and so to call attention
tod : fox
toom : empty
tother (tither) : the other
toun : town (used frequently of a farm)
tours : towers
tows : ropes
travelling : travail, childbirth
trattles : prattles
trayne : train
treasonrie : treachery
trew : trust
trew : true
trie : lance-shaft (*tree*)
trig : neat
trone : scaffold
trouth (trowth) : truth
trow : feel sure, believe
tryst : a meeting or a meeting-place, assignation
tuik : took
tul : to
twa(e) : two
twafald : twofold, double
twain : part
twal : twelve
twalt : twelfth
twasome : couple
twine(d) : separate(d)
tykes : dogs
tyne (tine) : lose
tyning : losing
tyres : bands for the hair

ugsome : ugly
unkensome : unknown
unwordily : unworthily
upgive : surrender
urchin : hedgehog

vera : very

wa' : wall
wace : wax
wa(l)d : would
wad : wager, pledge
wadded at : wagered on
wadna : would not
wadst : wouldst
wae : sad
wae : woe
wains : waggons
wake : watch over the dead before burial
wale : choose
waled : chosen
wallowing : roaring, bellowing
waly : exclamation of grief
wame : belly (womb)
wan : won
wane : number of people
wanna : won not
wap : wrap
wapp'd : twisted, wrapped
war : were
ware : squander
wark : work
warld : world
warrand : warrant
warse : worse
warwolf : werewolf
wat : knew
wat : wet, wetted
water : a river
waur : worse
wear : guard
wede : vanished
wee : little
weel(l) : well
weel-fa(u)r'd : handsome, well-favoured
weet : wet, rain
weetless (wyteless) : blameless
weil(heid) : eddy(head)
weir : war

weird (*wierd*) : fate, transformation
wha(*e*) : who
whang : long lace, thong
wha(*u*)*r* : where
whase : whose
whaten : what kind of
wheit : wheat
whew : whistle
whidderan : whistling
whiles : occasionally
whilk : which
whingers : daggers, swords
wi' : with
wicker : a pliant sapling or twig
wight : stout (man), brave
wil : wild
wimplin' : rippling
win to : arrive at
win up : rise up, ascend
winna : will not
wis : believe
wist(*na*) : knew (not)
wite (*wyte*) : blame
withouten : without
wittering : knowledge, hint
Wodensday : Wednesday
wons : resides
wood : mad
wordie : worthy
wot : know
wow : an exclamation of grief
woxe : waxed
wrang : wrong
wrang : wrung
wrote : written
wud : mad

yate (*yett*) : gate
yeir : year
ye'se : you shall
yestreen : last night (yester eve)
youlin' : howling
younkers : youths
yoursell : yourself
yowe : ewe