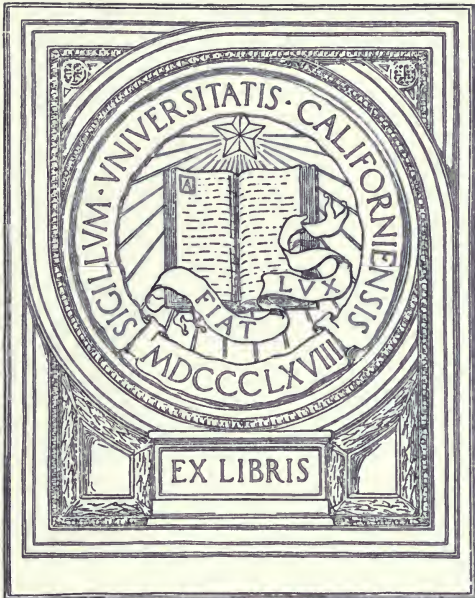


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TRIN

MADOR OF THE MOOR;

A POEM.

BY JAMES HOGG,

AUTHOR OF THE QUEEN'S WAKE, &c.

*Wild mirth of the desert ! fit pastime for Kings,
Which still the rude Bard in his solitude sings.*

WILSON.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM BLACKWOOD:
AND JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET, LONDON.

1816.

STANDARD OF THE BOOK

A FORM

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OF THE BOOK

PRINTED BY JAMES BALLANTYNE AND CO.

TO

MR JOHN GRIEVE.

IF I knew man on earth that loved me more,
Or more approved my wayward minstrelsy,
Beshrew my pen, so prone to rhyming lore,
If it should dedicate this Book to thee :
But when I think of all thy truth to me,
And love, though sorely tried, that ne'er gave way,
At once all thoughts of loftier patron flee.
Slight is the gift ; for, need I blush to say,
That never song of mine had seen the day,
But for thy friendship and unchanged regard ?
To thee I owe them—How shall I repay
My more than brother !—all thy poor reward
Is this, thy favourite lay, of thy too favour'd Bard.

THE SOUTH CHINA

BY

W. G. S. ...

The South China Sea is a vast body of water, extending from the Indian Ocean to the Pacific Ocean. It is bounded by the Malay Peninsula to the west, the Philippines to the east, and the Indonesian archipelago to the south. The sea is rich in marine life and is a major shipping route. It is also a source of many valuable resources, including oil, gas, and fish. The South China Sea is a region of great strategic importance and has been the subject of much international attention.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poem is partly founded on an incident recorded in the Scottish annals of the 14th century. The alteration in the lady's name, which was Elizabeth Moore, was necessary on account of the rythm.

ALPHABETICAL

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been admitted to the office of the Secretary of the Board of Education since the first of January, 1880, to the first of January, 1881.

1880-1881

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
INTRODUCTION,	1
CANTO I. THE HUNTING,	11
—— II. THE MINSTREL,	45
—— III. THE COTTAGE,	77
—— IV. THE PALMER,	95
—— V. THE CHRISTENING,	119
CONCLUSION,	135

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MADOR OF THE MOOR.

INTRODUCTION.

STAGES OF THE MOON

INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION.

1.

THOU Queen of Caledonia's mountain floods,
Theme of a thousand gifted Bards of yore,
Majestic wanderer of the wilds and woods,
That lovest to circle cliff and mountain hoar,
And with the winds to mix thy kindred roar,
Startling the shepherd of the Grampian glen !
Rich are the vales that bound thy eastern shore,
And fair thy upland dales to human ken ;
But scarcely are thy springs known to the sons of men.

2.

O that some spirit at the midnight noon
 Aloft would bear me, middle space, to see
 Thy thousand branches gleaming to the moon,
 By shadowy hill, gray rock, and fairy lea ;
 Thy gleeesome elves disporting merrily
 In glimmering circles by the lonely dell,
 Or by the sacred fount, or haunted tree,
 Where bow'd the saint, as hoary legends tell,
 And Superstition's last, wild, thrilling visions dwell !

3.

To Fancy's eye the ample scene is spread,
 The yellow moon-beam sleeps on hills of dew,
 On many an everlasting pyramid
 That bathes its gray head in celestial blue.
 These o'er thy cradle stand the guardians true,
 Th' eternal bulwarks of the land and thee,
 And evermore thy lullaby renew
 To howling winds and storms that o'er thee flee :
 All hail, ye battlements of ancient liberty !

4.

There the dark raven builds his dreary home ;
The eagle o'er his eyrie raves aloud ;
The brindled fox around thee loves to roam,
And ptarmigans, the inmates of the cloud ;
And when the summer flings her dappled shroud
O'er reddening moors, and wilds of soften'd gray,
The youthful swain, unfashion'd, unendow'd,
The brocket and the lamb may round thee play :
These thy first guests alone, thou fair, majestic Tay !

5.

But bear me, Spirit of the gifted eye,
Far on thy pinions eastward to the main,
O'er garish glens and straths of every dye,
Where oxen low and waves the yellow grain ;
Where beetling cliffs o'erhang the belted plain
In spiral forms, fantastic, wild, and riven ;
Where swell the woodland choir and maiden's strain,
As forests bend unto the breeze of even,
And in the flood beneath wave o'er a downward heaven.

6.

Then hold thy vision'd course along the skies,
O'er fertile vallies bounded by the sea,
Girdled by silver baldrick, which now vies
In broadness with the ocean's majesty;
Where pleasure smiles and laughing luxury,
And traffic bustles out the live-long day;
Where brazen keels before the billows flee—
Is that the murmuring rill of mountain gray?
Is that imperial flood the wilder'd Grampian Tay?

7.

Far on thy fringed borders, west away,
Queen of green Albyn's rivers, let me roam,
And mark thy graceful windings as I stray
When drowsy day-light seeks her curtain'd dome.
Fain would a weary wanderer from his home,
The wayward Minstrel of a southland dale,
Sing of thy mountain birth, thy billowy tomb,
And legends old that linger in thy vale;
To friendship, and to thee, is due the simple tale.

. 8.

Old Caledonia! pathway of the storm
That o'er thy wilds resistless sweeps along,
Though clouds and snows thy sterile hills deform,
Thou art the land of freedom and of song!
Land of the eagle fancy, wild and strong!
Land of the loyal heart and valiant arm!
Though southern pride and luxury may wrong
Thy mountain honours, still my heart shall warm
At thy unquestion'd weir, and songs of magic charm.

. 9.

O, I might tell where ancient cities stood!
And I might sing of battles lost and won;
Of royal obsequies, and halls of blood;
And daring deeds by dauntless warrior done.
Since Scotland's crimson page was first begun,
Tay was the scene of actions great and high;
But aye when from the echoing hills I run,
My froward harp refuses to comply;—
The nursling of the wild, the Mountain Bard am I.

10.

I cannot sing of Longcarty and Hay,
 Nor long on deeds of death and danger dwell ;
 Of old Dunsinnan towers, or Birnam gray,
 Where Canmore battled and the Villain fell.
 But list ! I will an ancient story tell,
 A tale of meikle woe and mystery,
 Of sore mishaps that an Old Sire befel,
 Wise Dame, and Minstrel of full high degree,
 And visions of dismay, unfitting man to see.

11.

And thou shalt hear of Maid, whose melting eye
 Spoke to the heart what tongue could never say—
 A maid right gentle, frolicsome, and sly,
 And blyth as lambkin on a morn of May ;
 Whose auburn locks, when waving to the day,
 And lightsome form of sweet simplicity,
 Stole many a fond unweeting heart away,
 And held those hearts in pleasing slavery.
 Woe that such flower should e'er by lover blighted be !

12.

But ween not thou that Nature's simple Bard
Can e'er unblemish'd character define ;
True to his faithful monitor's award,
He paints her glories only as they shine.
Of men all pure, and maidens all divine,
Expect not thou his wild-wood lay to be ;
But those whose virtues and defects combine,
Such as in erring man we daily see—
The child of failings born, and scathed humanity.

MADOR OF THE MOOR.

CANTO FIRST.

The Hunting.

ARGUMENT.

*God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all !
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chace befall :
To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his way ;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day !*

ALPHABET OF THE BOOKS

BY THE FIRST

OF THE

THE

THE

MADOR OF THE MOOR.

CANTO FIRST.

The Hunting.

1.

HASTE, ranger, to the Athol mountains blue !
Unleash the hounds, and let the bugles sing !
The thousand traces in the morning dew,
The bounding deer, the black-cock on the wing,
Bespeak the rout of Scotland's gallant king ;
The bearded rock shouts to the desert hoar ;
Haste, ranger !—all the mountain echoes ring,
From cairn of Bruar to the dark Glen-More,
The forest's in a howl, and all is wild uproar !

2.

O many a gallant hart that time was slain !
 And many a roe-buck founder'd in the glen !
 The gor-cock beat the shivering winds in vain ;
 The antler'd rover sought his widow'd den ;
 Even birds that ne'er had seen the forms of men,
 But roosted careless on the desert doone,
 An easy mark to ruthless archer's ken !
 No more they whirr and crow at dawning boon,
 Far on their grizzled heights, contiguous to the moon !

3.

Where'er the chace to dell or valley near'd,
 There for the royal train the feast was laid ;
 There was the monarch's light pavilion rear'd ;
 There flow'd the wine, and much in glee was said
 Of lady's form, and blooming mountain maid ;
 And many a fair was toasted to the brim :
 But knight and squire a languishing betray'd
 When *one* was named, whose eye made diamonds dim !
 The King look'd sad and sigh'd ! no sleep that night
 for him !

4.

The morning rose, but scarce they could discern
When Night gave in her sceptre to the day,
The clouds of heaven were moor'd so dark and dorn,
And wrapt the forest in a shroud of gray.
Man, horse, and hound, in listless languor lay,
For the wet rack traversed the mountain's brow ;
But, long ere night, the Monarch stole away ;
His courtiers search'd, and raised the loud halloo,
But well they knew their man, and made not much ado.

5.

Another day came on, another still,
And aye the clouds their drizzly treasures shed ;
The pitchy mist hung moveless on the hill,
And hooded every pine-tree's reverend head :
The heavens seem'd sleeping on their mountain bed
The straggling roes mistimed their noontide den,
And stray'd the forest, belling for the dead,
Started at every rustle—paused, and then
Sniff'd, whistling in the wind, and bounded to the glen.

6.

The King was lost, and much conjecture past.
At length the morning rose in lightsome blue,
Far to the west her pinken veil she cast ;
Up rose the fringed sun, and softly threw
A golden tint along the moorland dew :
The mist had sought the winding vales, and lay
A slumbering ocean of the softest hue,
Where mimic rainbows bent in every bay,
And thousand islets smiled amid the watery way.

7.

The steeps of proud Ben-Glow the nobles scaled,
For there they heard their Monarch's bugle yell ;
First on the height, the beauteous morn he hail'd,
And rested, wondering, on the heather bell.
The amber blaze that tipt the moor and fell,
The fleecy clouds that roll'd afar below,
The hounds' impatient whine, the bugle's swell,
Raised in his breast a more than wonted glow.
The nobles found him pleased, nor farther strove to
know.

8.

The driver circle narrow'd on the heath,
Close, and more close, the deer were bounding bye;
Upon the bow-string lies the shaft of death!
Breathless impatience burns in every eye!
At once a thousand winged arrows fly;
The grayhound up the glen outstrips the wind;
At once the slow-hounds' music rends the sky,
The hunter's whoop and hallo cheers behind!
Haloo! away they speed! swift as the course of mind!

9.

There roll'd the bausin'd hind adown the linn,
Transfix'd by arrow from the Border bow;
There the poor roe-deer quakes the cliff within,
The silent gray-hound watching close below.
But yonder far the chesnut rovers go,
O'er hill, o'er dale, they mock thy hounds and thee;
Cheer, hunter, cheer! unbend thy cumbrous bow,
Bayard and blood-hound now thy hope must be,
Or soon they gain the steeps, and pathless woods of Dee.

10.

Halloo, o'er hill and dale ! the slot is warm !
To every cliff the bugle lends a bell ;
On to the northward peals the loud alarm,
And ay the brocket and the sorel fell :
But flying still before the mingled yell,
The gallant herd outspeeds the troubled wind ;
Their rattling antlers brush the birken dell ;
Their haughty eyes the rolling tear-drops blind ;
But onward still they speed, and look not once behind !

11.

The Tilt is vanish'd on the upland gray,
The Tarf is dwindled to a foaming rill ;
But many a hound lay gasping by the way,
Bathed in the stream, or stretch'd upon the hill ;
The cooling brook with burning jaws they swill,
Nor once will deign to scent the tainted ground :
The herd has cross'd Breriach's gulping gill,
The Athol forest's formidable bound,
And in the Garcharye a last retreat have found.

12.

One hound alone has cross'd the dreary height,
The deep-toned Jowler, ever staunch and true.
The chace was o'er ; but long ere fell the night,
Full thirty hinds those gallant hunters slew,
Of every age and kind ; the drivers drew
Their quarry on behind by ford and lea :
But never more shall eye of monarch view
So wild a scene of mountain majesty
As Scotland's King beheld from the tall peaks of Dee.

13.

On gray Macduich's upmost verge he stood,
The loftiest cone of all that desert dun ;
The seas afar were streamer'd o'er with blood !
Dark forests waved, and winding waters run !
For nature glow'd beneath the evening sun ;
The western shadows dark'ning every dale,
Where dens of gloom, the sight of man to shun,
Lay shrouded in impervious magic veil ;
While o'er them pour'd the rays of light so lovely pale.

14.

But O what bard could sing the onward sight !
The piles that frown'd, the gulfs that yawn'd beneath !
Downward a thousand fathoms from the height,
Grim as the caverns in the land of death !
Like mountains shatter'd in th' Eternal's wrath,
When fiends their banners 'gainst his reign unfurl'd—
A grisly wilderness ! a land of scathe !
Rocks upon rocks in dire confusion hurl'd !
A rent and formless mass, the rubbish of a world.

15.

As if by lost pre-eminence abased,
Hill behind hill erected locks of gray,
And every misty morion was upraised,
To speak their farewell to the God of Day :
When tempests rave along their polar way,
Not closer rear the billows of the deep,
Shining with silver foam, and maned with spray,
As up the mid-way heaven they war and sweep,
Then, foil'd and chafed to rage, roll down the broken
step.

16.

First died upon the peaks the golden hue,
And o'er them spread a beauteous purple screen;
Then rose a shade of pale cerulean blue,
Softening the hills and hazy vales between :
Deeper and deeper grew the magic scene,
As darker shades of the night-heaven came on ;
No star along the firmament was seen,
But solemn majesty prevail'd alone
Around the brows of Eve, upon her Grampian throne.

17.

Steep the descent and rugged was the way
By which the Monarch and his Knights came down,
And oft they groped and stumbled on the brae,
For far below, on vale of heather brown,
The tents were rear'd, and fires of evening shone :
The mountain sounds had perish'd in the gloom,
All save th' unwearied Jowler's swelling tone,
That bore to trembling stag the sounds of doom,
While every cave of Night roll'd back the breathing
boom.

18.

Th' impassion'd huntsman wended up the brae,
And loud the order of desistance bawl'd ;
But aye, as louder wax'd his tyrant's say,
Louder and fiercer, Jowler, unappall'd,
Across the glen, along the mountain brawl'd,
Unpractised he to part till blood was seen—
Though sore by precipice and darkness gall'd,
He turn'd his dewlap to the starry sheen,
And howl'd in furious tone, with yelp and bay between.

19.

Well known that spot, once graced by sovereign's sleep,
Still bears it the memorial of his name ;
The silver torrent play'd his vesper deep,
The mountain plover sung his loud acclaim !
Inured to toil and battle's deadly flame,
The Stuart rose the son of health and might.
Ah ! how unlike the bland voluptuous frame
In this unthrifty age, that takes delight
To doze in qualms by day, and revel out the night !

20.

The Night had journey'd up the dark blue steep,
And lean'd upon the casement of the sky,
Smiling serenely o'er a world in sleep,
At millions of her wand'ring elfins sly;
Harassing helpless mortals as they lie
With dreams and fantasies of endless train;
With tantalizing sweets that mock the eye,
With startling horror, and with visions vain,
And every thrilling trance of pleasure and of pain.

21.

In mantle wrapt, and stretch'd on flowery heath,
She saw the King of Scotland weary lie;
So deep his slumber, that the hand of death
Arrests not more the reasoning faculty;
Yet was his fancy rapt in passion high,
He toil'd with visions of a wayward dream;
Quiver'd his limbs, his bosom broke the sigh,
He clasp'd the yielding heath, and named a name—
He would not for his crown to nobles' ear it came!

22.

The heavenly guardian of the royal head,
That rules events and elements at will,
Unused in wilderness to watch his bed,
Or spread his shelt'ring pinion on the hill,
Unrife in circumstance foreboding ill,
Yet trembled for some danger lingering near.
What gath'ring sound comes nigher, nigher still?
Why does the wakening hound turn up his ear,
Then start with shorten'd bark, and bristle all with fear?

23.

Fast gains th' alarm—the nobles, half awake,
Restrain their breathing, mindless where they lie;
The sleepy ranger starts from out the brake,
With mouth wide open and unvision'd eye;
Knight, squire, and hind, in one direction fly,
Mix'd with the hounds that loud in couples bay,
All to the downward burn that sounded bye,
For there arose the dubious, frantic bray,
That raised the dreamer's eye, and all that loud affray.

24.

O smile not at the confluent midnight scene,
The blazing torch, the looks of wild dismay !—
It was no angry spirit of the glen,
No murd'rous clansmen mix'd in red array :
There stood the monarch of the wild at bay,
The impetuous Jowler howling at his brow,
His cheeks all drench'd with brine, his antlers gray
Moving across the cliff, majestic slow,
Like living fairy trees of blench'd and leafless bough.

25.

With ruthless shaft they pierced his heaving breast,
The baited, thirsty Jowler laps his blood ;
The royal Hunter his brave hound caress'd,
Lauded his zeal and spirit unsubdued ;
While the staunch victor, of approval proud,
Roll'd his brown back upon the prostrate slain,
Caper'd around in playful whelpish mood,
As if unspent by all his toil and pain,
Then lick'd his crimson flew, and look'd to th' hills
again.

26.

For three long days the deer were driven afar,
And many a herd was thinn'd and sore bespent ;
Through dark Glen-Avin, and the woods of Mar,
Hart, hind, and roe in trembling trails were blent.
Still in the wild remain'd the royal tent ;
One little bothy stood behind the lea,
Where oft at eve the King and nobles went
The setting sun and soaring erne to see,
Behind the dreadful cliffs that watch the springs of Dee.

27.

One eve they sat all in a jocund row,
The cruel Knight of Souden he was one ;
They noted horror staring on his brow,
His lip was quivering, and his colour gone !
And aye he look'd the startled knights upon,
Then roll'd his troubled glance along the hill.
“ What moves thee ? ” said the King, in mildest tone.
He bow'd his head, but held his silence still.
“ What moves my gallant knight ? Speak, Souden,
art thou ill ? ”

.28.

“ My sovereign liege, forgiveness I implore ;
Strange recollections dim my palsied sight ;
But this same dreary scene I've seen before,
Either in trance, or vision of the night.
Some dismal doom shall soon my honours blight ;
I know these bodings fraught with woe to be.
It seems as demon dragg'd a deed to light,
That lies unfathom'd even to destiny !”—
O ne'er may leil man keep with murderer company !

.29.

No more he spoke that eve, as legends tell ;
No orders issued to his page or groom ;
But servitors, with trembling, mark'd full well
A wondrous face behind him in the gloom ;
Of flame it seem'd, yet nothing did illumine ;
Laughing, revenge gleam'd red in every line :
But how it enter'd the pavilion'd room,
Or how it past, no mortal could divine !
A visitant it seem'd from some unhallow'd shrine !

30.

Again the low'ring clouds immure the hill ;
 Again the sportsmen stretch their limbs in rest ;
To the lone bothy, by the sounding rill,
 The King retired, its wildness pleased him best,
With his good knights to list the song and jest ;
His ancient minstrel waiting at command,
 Gilbert of Sheil, by all the land confest
A minstrel worthy by his King to stand,
And play his native airs, with sounding harp in hand.

31.

That evening, call'd to sing, he framed a lay,—
 A lay of such mysterious tendency,
It stole the listeners' reasoning powers away ;
 They dream'd not that they lay in moors of Dee,
But in some fairy isle amid the sea,
So well did Fancy mould her visions vain :
 Bent was the minstrel's eye, and wild to see,
As thus he pour'd the visionary strain.
O ne'er shall Grampian echo murmur such again !

The Harper's Song.

There wals ane auld caryl wonit in yon howe,

Lemedon! lemedon! ayden lillelu!

His face was the geire, and his hayre was the woo,

Sing Ho! Ro! Gillan of Allanhu!

But och! quhan the mure getis his cuerlet gray, &c.

Quhan the gloamyng hes flauchtit the nychte and the
day, &c.

Quhan the crawis haif flowin to the greinwode schaw,

And the kydde hes blet ovr the Lammer Law;

Quhan the dewe hes layde the klaiver asteep,

And the gowin hes fauldit hir buddis to sleep;

Quhan nochte is herde but the merlinis mene—

Och! than that gyre caryl is neuir his lene!

Ane bonnye baby, se meike and mylde,

Ay walkis wythe hym the dowie wylde:

The gowlin getis of sturt and stryffe,
And wearie wailis of mortyl lyffe,
Wald all be hushit till endlesse pece
At ane blynke of that babyis fece !

Hir browe se fayre, and her ee se meike,
And the damyske roz that blumis on her cheike ;
Hir lockis, and the bend of her bonnye bree,
And hir smyle mochte waukin the deide to see !

Hir snoode, befryngit with mony a geme,
Wals stouin fra the raynbowe's brychtest beme ;
And hir raile, mair quhyte than snawye dryfte,
Wals neuir wovin anethe the lyfte ;
It keust sikn lychte on hill and gaire,
It shawit the wylde deer til hir laire ;
And the fayries wakinit fra their beddis of dewe,
And they sang ane hyme, and the hyme was new !
List, lordyngs, list ! for neuir agayne
Shalt' heire sikn wylde wanyirdlye strayne.

For they sang the nychte-gale in ane swoone,
And they sang the goud lockes fra the moone;
They sang the reidbreiste fra the wud,
And the lauroke out of the merlit clud;
And sum wee feres of bludeless byrthe
Cam out of the wurmholes of the yirthe,
And swoofit se lychtlye round the lee,
That they waldna kythe to mortyl ee;
But their erlich sang it rase se shill,
That the waesum tod youlit on the hill!
O lordyngs, list the cronach blande!
The flycherynge songe of Fayrie-land!

The Song of the Fairies.

SING AYDEN! AYDEN! LILLELU!
Bonnye bairne, we sing to you!
Up the Quhyte, and doune the Blak,
No ane leuer, no ane lak,
No ane shado at our bak;

No ane stokyng, no ane schue,

No ane bendit blever blue,

No ane traissel in the dewe !

Bonnye bairn, we sing to you,

AYDEN ! AYDEN ! LILLELU ! &c.

Speile ! speile !

The moone-rak speile !

Warre the rowar, warre the steile,

Throu the rok and throu the reile,

Rounde about lyke ane spynning wheile ;

Throu the libbert, throu the le,

Rounde the yirde and rounde the se,

Bonnye bairne, we sing to thee,

Rounde the blumis and bellis of dewe,

AYDEN ! AYDEN ! LILLELU !

Speide ! speide !

Lyving or deide !

Faster than the fyrie gleide,

Biz throu Laplin's tyrling dryfte !
 Rounde the moone, and rounde the lyfte,
 Aye we ring, and aye we sing
 Our hune ! hune !
 And ante-tune !
 Neur ! neur ! nèuir dune !
 Up the Leider and doune the Dye
 Ay we sing our lullabye !
 Bonnye bairne, we sing to you,
 AYDEN ! AYDEN ! LILLELU !

Ryng ! ryng !
 Daunce and sing !
 Hiche on the brume yer garlandis hyng !
 For the bairnis sleipe is sweite and sure,
 And the maydenis reste is blist and pure
 Throu all the lynkis of Lammer-mure ;
 Sen our bonnye baby was sent fra heven.
 Scho comis owrnycht withe the dewe of even,
 And quhan the sone keikes out of the maine,
 Scho swawis with the dewe to heven again.

But the lychte shall dawne and the houlat flee,
 The deide shall ake, and the day shall be
 Quhan scho shall smyle in the gladsum noone,
 And sleipe and sleipe in the lychte of the moone !
 Then shall our luias weke anewe,
 With herpe and vele and ayрил too,
 To AYDEN ! AYDEN ! LILLELU !

Hyde ! hyde !

Quhateuir betyde,
 Elfe and dowle that ergh to byde !
 The littil wee burdie mai cheipe in the wa,
 The plevir mai sing, and the coke mai crow ;
 For neur ane spyrit derke and doure
 Dar raike the creukis of Lammer-mure ;
 And everilke gaiste of gysand hue
 Shall melt in the breize our baby drew !
 But we ar left in the grein-wud glen,
 Bekaus we luf the chylder of men,
 Sweitlye to sing our flawmand new ;

Bonnye bairne, we sing to you,

AYDEN ! AYDEN ! LILLELU !

Pace ! pace !

Spyritis of grace !

Sweite is the smyle of our babyis face !

The kelpye dernis, in dreide and dule,

Deipe in the howe of his eirye pule ;

Gil-Moules frehynde the hallen mene fle,

Throu the dor-threshil, and throu the dor-ke,

And the mer-mayde mootes in the saifrone se.

But we ar left in the greine-wud glen,

Bekaus we luf the chylder of men,

Sweitlye to sing and neuir to rue,

Sweitlye to sing our last adue ;

Bonnye bairne, we sing to you,

AYDEN ! AYDEN ! LILLELU !

Sing ! sing !

How shall we sing

Rounde the bairne of the spiritis Kyng !

Lillelu ! lillelu ! mount in a ryng !
 Fayries away ! away on the wyng !
 We too maune flytt to ane land of blisse !
 To ane land of holy silentnesse !
 To ane land quhair the nycht-wynd neur blewe !
 But thy fayre spryng shall euir be newe !
 Quhan the moone shall waik ne mayre to wane,
 And the clud and the raynbowe baithe are gane,
 In bowirs aboone the brik of the day
 We'll sing to our baby for ever and ay !

Than the caryl he saw them swoof along,
 And he herde the wordis of thair leifu sang ;
 They seemit to lyng asklent the wynde,
 And left ane streamourie trak behynde ;
 But he heirit them singyng as they flew,
 AYDEN ! AYDEN ! LILLELU !

Than the caryl liftit the babe se yung,
 And nemit hir with ane tremilous tung ;

And the lychte of God strak on his face
As he nelit on the dewe, and callit her Grace:
And he barrit the day of sorrowe and reuth
To flee fra the bairne of Hevenly Truthe;
And he barrit the deidis that nurice paine
Euir to thrall the worild again.
Than he claspit his handis, and wepit ful sair,
Quhan he bade hir adue for evirmaire.
O neuir wals babyis smyle se meike
Quhan scho fand the teir drap on her cheike!
And neuir wals babyis leuke se wae
Quhan scho saw the leil auld caryl gae!
But all his eiless oughen trayne,
And all his gaistis and gyis war gane;
The gleides that gleimit in the derksome schaw,
And his fayries had flown the last of a':
Than the puir auld caryl was blythe to fle
Away fra the emerant isle of the se,
And neuir mayre seikis the walkis of men,
Unless in the diske of the glomyng glen.

32.

The harper ceased ; the chords, with sighing tone,
 On list'ners' ears in soft vibrations fell ;
 They almost ween'd they heard the parting moan
 Of the old reverend sire, and wish'd him well !—
 On gospel faith, and superstition's spell,
 The converse turn'd, and high the dispute ran ;
 And words were said unfitting bard to tell ;
 Unfitting tongue of poor despondent man,
 Still prone to yearn and doubt o'er all he cannot scan.

33.

To what unsaintly goal the words had borne,
 Dubious conjecture only can pourtray :
 Just in the blab of Souden's impious scorn
 Enter'd a stranger guest in poor array !
 His locks were thin, and bleach'd a silver gray ;
 His reverend beard across his girdle hung.
 Each mind was carried, by resistless sway,
 To the old carl of whom the minstrel sung.
 Bleach'd was the proudest cheek, and mute was every
 tongue !

34.

He stood erect, but raised not up his eye,
Seeming to listen for expected sound ;
But all was still as Night's solemnity,
Not even a sandal grazed upon the ground.
Transform'd to breathing statues, all around
The nobles sat, nor wist they what to dread ;
But every sense by hand unseen was bound,
On every valiant heart was chillness shed,
As to that wild had come a message from the dead.

35.

At length to Scotland's Monarch rose his look,
On whom he beckon'd with commanding mien,
With manner that denial would not brook,
Then gliding forth he paused upon the green.
What the mysterious messenger could mean
No one would risk conjecture ; all were still.
In converse close, the two were lingering seen
Across the lea, and down beside the rill,
Then seem'd to vanish both in shadow of the hill.

36.

And never more was seen the royal face
By Athol forest or the links of Dee!
O why should haughty worm of human race
Presume to question Heaven's supremacy!
Or trow his God, alike unmoved, can see
To death exposed the monarch and the clown!
That night was done, by the supreme decree,
A deed that story scarce may dare to own!
By what unearthly hand, to all mankind unknown!

37.

At midnight, strange disturbing sounds awoke
The drowsy slumberers on the tented heath.
It was no blast, that on the mountain broke!
Nor bolised thunder wrapt in sable wrath!
Yet were they listening, with suspended breath,
To hear the rushing tumult once again:
It seem'd to all the passing sounds of death,
Or angry spirits of the mountain reign,
Combined at midnight deep to clear their wild domain.

38.

Six gallant yeomen rose, and, hand to hand,
Set forth the bothy's wild recess to gain ;
Despising fate, and monarch's strict command,
That all should quiet at the tents remain :
They harbour'd fears that tongue could not explain.
Darkling and silent, midway on they past,
When power unseen their passage did restrain ;
Each onward step they deem'd would be their last,
And backward traced their path, unboastful and aghast.

39.

The morning came, in pall of sackcloth veil'd ;
The cliffs of Dee a sable vestment bound ;
Then every squire and yeoman's spirit fail'd,
As slow approach'd a maim'd and bleeding hound.
Sad herald of the dead ! his every wound
Bespoke the desolation that was wrought !—
O ne'er may scene in Scottish glen be found
With wonder, woe, and death so fully fraught !
So far beyond the pale of bounded mortal thought !

40.

No knight walk'd forth to taste the morning air,
The bugle's echo slept within the hill!
And—O the blasting truth!—no cot was there!
No! not a vestige stood beside the rill!
Though trace of element, or human skill,
In all the fatal glen could not be found,
The ghastly forms, in prostrate guise and still,
Knight, page, and hound, lay scatter'd far around,
Deform'd by many a stain, and deep unseemly wound.

41.

The King was sought by many an anxious eye;—
No King was there!—Well might the wonder grow!
They rode—they search'd the land afar and nigh—
He was not found, nor learn'd the tale of woe!—
Hast thou not mark'd a lonely spot and low,
Where Moulin opes her bosom to the day,
O'er which the willow weeps and birches blow,
Where nine rude stones erect their frontlets gray?—
There the blasphemers lie, slain in mysterious way.

42.

When nine long days were past, and all was o'er ;
When round his nobles slain had closed the mould,
The King return'd to Scotland's court once more,
And wonder'd at the tale his huntsmen told :
His speech revolted, and his blood ran cold,
As low he kneel'd at good Saint Bothan's shrine.
Where he had been no tongue did e'er unfold.—
List to my tale !—if thou can'st nought divine,
A slow misfashion'd mind, a moody soul is thine.

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MADOR OF THE MOOR.

CANTO SECOND.

The Ginstrel.

ARGUMENT.

*There cam a fiddler here to play,
And O but he was gimp an' gay ;
He staw the lassie's heart away,
An' made it a' his ain O.*

*For weel he kend the way O, the way O, the way O,
Weel he kend the way O, the lassie's love to gain O.*

STATE OF THE UNION

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MADOR OF THE MOOR.

CANTO SECOND.

The Winstrel.

1.

THAT time there lived upon the banks of Tay
A man of right ungainly courtesy;
Yet he was aident in his froward way,
And honest as a Highlander may be.
He was not man of rank, nor mean degree,
And loved his spouse, and child, as such became;
Yet oft would fret, and wrangle irefully,
Fastening on them of every ill the blame,
Nor list the loud defence of his unyielding dame.

2.

She was unweeting, plump, and fair to see ;

Dreadless of ills she ne'er before had seen ;

Full of blithe jolliment and boisterous glee :

Yet was her home not well bedight or clean ;

For, like the most of all her sex, I ween,

Much she devised, but little did conclude ;

Much toil was lost, as if it ne'er had been.

Her tongue was fraught with matter wonderous crude,

And, in her own defence, most voluble and loud.

3.

But O the lovely May,* their only child,

Was sweeter than the flower that scents the gale !

Her lightsome form, and look so soothing mild,

The loftiest minstrel song would much avale ;

And she was cheerful, forwardsome and hale ;

And she could work the rich embroidery,

Or with her maidens bear the milking pail ;

Yet, dight at beltane reel, you could espy

No lady in the land who with this May could vie.

* A May, in old Scottish ballads and romances, denotes a young lady, or a maiden somewhat above the lower class.

4.

And many a younker sigh'd her love to gain ;
Her steps were haunted at the bught and penn ;
But all their prayers and vows of love were vain,
Her choicc was fix'd on Albert of the Glen :
No youth was he, nor winsomest of men,
For he was proud, and full of envy's gall ;
But what was lovelier to the damsel's ken,
He had wide lands, and servants at his call ;
Her sire was liegeman bound, and held of him his all.

5.

The beauteous May, to parents' will resign'd,
Opposed not that which boded nothing ill ;
It gave an ease and freedom to her mind,
And wish, the anxious interval to kill :
She listed wooer's tale with right goodwill ;
And she would jest, and smile, and heave the sigh ;
Would torture whining youth with wicked skill,
Turn on her heel, then off like lightning fly,
Leaving the hapless wight resolved forthwith to die,

6.

The rainbow's lovely in the eastern cloud
The rose is beauteous on the bended thorn
Sweet is the evening ray from purple shroud,
And sweet the orient blushes of the morn
Sweeter than all, the beauties which adorn
The female form in youth and maiden bloom
O why should passion ever man suborn
To work the sweetest flower of Nature's doom,
And cast o'er all her joys a veil of cheerless gloom!

7.

O fragile flower! that blossoms but to fade!
One slip recovery or recal defies!
Thou walk'st the dizzy verge with steps unstead,
Fair as the habitants of yonder skies!
Like them, thou fallest never more to rise!
O fragile flower! for thee my heart's in pain!
Haply a world is hid from mortal eyes,
Where thou may'st smile in purity again,
And shine in virgin bloom, that ever shall remain.

8.

The twentieth spring had breathed upon the flower,
Nor had that flower pass'd with the year away,
Since first the infant bloom of Ila Moore,
The flower of Athol, open'd to the day.
Kincraigy was her home, that o'er the Tay
A prospect held of Nature's fairest scene,—
Far mountains mixing with aërial gray,
Low golden-vested vallies stretch'd between,
And far below the eye, broad flood and islet green.

9.

The day was wet, the mist was on the moor,
Rested from labour husbandman and maid;
There came a Stranger to Kincraigy's door
Of goodly form, in minstrel garb array'd;
Of braided silk his builziment was made:
Short the entreatance he required to stay!
He tuned his viol, and with veh'mence play'd;
Mistress and menial, maid and matron gray,
Soon mix'd were on the floor, and frisk'd in wild affray.

10.

The Minstrel strain'd and twisted sore his face
 Beat with his heel, and twinkled with his eye
 But still, at every effort and grimace,
 Louder and quicker rush'd the melody:
 The dancers round the floor in mazes fly,
 With cheering whoop, and wheel, and caper wild
 The jolly dame did well her mettle ply!
 Even old Kincaigry, of his spleen beguiled,
 Turn'd his dark brow aside, soften'd his looks and smiled.

11.

When supper on the ashen board was set,
 The Minstrel, all unask'd, jocosely came,
 Brought his old chair, and, without pause or let,
 Placed it betwixt the maid and forthright dame.
 They smiled, and asked his lineage and his name—
 'Twas Mador of the Moor, a name renown'd!
 A kindred name with theirs, well known to fame,—
 A high-born name! but old Kincaigry frown'd,
 Such impudence in man, he ween'd, had not been found.

12.

The last red embers on the hearth were spread,
But Mador still his antick tricks pursued ;
The doors were closed, and all were bound to bed,
When, spite of old Kincaigy's angry mood,
The frantic hurlyburly was renew'd :
His tongue grew mute, his face o'erspread with gloom ;
Wild uproar raged resistless, unsubdued ;
The youngers of the hamlet crowd the room,
And Mador's viol squeaks, with rough and raging boom !

13.

The dire misrule Kincaigy could not brook ;
He saw distinction lost, and order spurn'd ;
And, much displeas'd that his offended look
Was all unminded, high his anger burn'd.
Upon the rocket Minstrel dark he turn'd,
And ask'd to whom such strains he wont to play ?—
O ! he had play'd to nobles now inurn'd !
And he had play'd in countries far away,
And to the gallant King that o'er them held the sway !

14.

“Ay!” said Kinraigy, with malignant scowl,
 Stroking his beard and writhing down his brow;
“I’ve heard our Monarch was an arrant fool!
 I ween’d it so, but knew it not till now!
 But ’tis enough!—his choice of such as you!—
Great heaven! to man what inconsistence clings!
 To meanest of the species doom’d to bow!
Had I one day o’er all created things,
The world should once be clear’d of fiddlers and of kings!”

15.

’Twas a hard jest; but Mador laugh’d it bye;
 Across the strings his careless fingers stray’d,
Till staunch Kinraigy, with unalter’d eye,
 Ask’d how, or where, he learn’d the scraping trade?
 When those new jars to music came allay’d?
And how it happ’d he in the line had thriven?
 For sure, of all the fiddlers ever play’d,
Never was bow by such a novice driven,
Never were human ears by such discordance riven.

16.

Go tell the monarch of his feelings cold ;
Go tell the prince that he is lewd and vain ;
Go tell the wrinkled maid that she is old,
The wretched miser of his ill-got gain ;
But O ! in human kindness, spare the pain
That conscious excellence abased must feel !
It proves to wounded pride the deadliest bane !
The judgment it arraigns, and stamps the seal
Of *fool* with burning brand, which blood alone can heal.

17.

The earliest winter hues of old Cairn-Gorm,
Schehallion when the clouds begin to lour,
Even the wan face of heaven before the storm,
Look'd ne'er so stern as Mador of the Moor.
Most cutting sharp was his retort and sour,
And in offensive guise his bow he drew.
Kincraigy reddened, stepp'd across the floor,
Lifted his staff, and back indignant flew
To scathe the Minstrel's pate, and baste him black
and blue.

18.

Had those to Mador known in royal hall,
 (For well I ween he was not stranger there,)
Beheld him crouching 'gainst that smoky wall,
 His precious violin heaved high in air,
 As guardian shield, the ireful blow to bear ;
The blowzy dame holding with all her might
 An interceding maid so lovely fair ;
Matron and peasant gaping with affright—
O 'twas a scene of life might charm an anchorite !

19.

'Twas not the fluster'd dame's inept rebuke,
 'Twas not the cowering Minstrel's perilous state,
'Twas beauteous Ila Moore's reproving look
 That quell'd her sire, and barr'd the work of fate :
 With smile serene she led him to his seat,
Sat by his knee, and bade the Minstrel play.
 No word was heard of anger or debate,
So much may woman's eye our passions sway !
When beauty gives command, all mankind must obey !

20.

The wearied peasants to their rest retire ;
 Kincraigy bows to sleep's resistless call ;
But the kind dame stirr'd up the sluggish fire,
 And with the Minstrel long outsat them all ;
 He praised her much, her order, and her hall,—
Her manners, far above her rank and place !
 Her daughter's beauteous form, so comely tall !
The peerless charms of her bewitching face,
So well befitting court, or noble's hall to grace.

21.

Well may'st thou trust the chicken with the dam ;
 The eaglet in her parents' home sublime ;
The yeaning ewe with the poor starveling lamb ;
 Nor is a son's default a mother's crime :
 But a fair only daughter in her prime,
O never trust to mother's wistful care !
 The heart's too anxious of her darling's time :
Too well she loves—too well she is aware
In what the maid delights, nor sees the lurking snare.

22.

Aloft was framed the Minstrel's humble bed
Of the green braken and the yielding heath,
With coverlet of dowlas o'er it spread ;—
That too he lauded with obsequious breath.
But he was out, and in—above—beneath,
Unhinging doors, and groping in the dark :
The hamlet matrons dread unearthly scathe ;
The maidens hide their heads, the watch-dogs bark,
And all was noise and fright till matin of the lark.

23.

Next day the wind from eastern oceans drove
The drizzly sea-rack up the Athol plain,
And o'er the woodland and the welkin wove
A moving mantle of the fleecy rain :
The cottagers from labour still refrain ;
Well by the lowly window could they spy
The droplets from the thatch descend amain ;
While round the hearth they closed with cheerful eye,
Resolved, on better days, with all their might to ply.

24.

Though many hints, to make the Minstrel budge,
Were by Kincaigay thrown, they were in vain:
He ask'd him where that night he meant to lodge?
And when he purposed calling there again?—
He could not stir!—the hateful driving rain
Would all his valued tuneful chords undo.

The dame reproach'd her husband's surly strain,
Welcomed the Minstrel's stay, and 'gan to show
Her excellence in song, and skill in music too.

25.

Woe to the hapless wight, self-doom'd to see
His measures warp'd by woman's weak controul!
Woe to the man, whate'er his wealth may be,
Condemn'd to prove the everlasting growl,
The fret, the plaint, the babble, and the scowl!
Yet such outnumber all the stars above!
When sponsal'd pairs run counter, soul to soul,
O there's an end to all the sweets of love!
That ray of heavenly bliss, which reason should improve.

26.

The dance and song prevail'd till fell the night ;
The Minstrel's forward ease advanced apace ;
He kiss'd their lovely May before their sight,
Who struggled, smiling, from the rude embrace,
And call'd him fiddler Mador to his face.
Loud laugh'd the dame, while old Kincraigy frown'd.
Her fulsome levity, and flippant grace,
Had oft inflicted on his soul the wound,
But held at endless bay, redress could not be found.

27.

All quietness and peace our Minstrel spurns ;
Idle confusion through the hamlet rings ;
He teazes, flatters, and cajoles by turns,
And to the winds all due distinction flings.
From his rude grasp the cottage matron springs,
The giggling maids in darksome corners hide ;
But still to Ila Moore he fondly clings,
Seeming resolved, whatever might betide,
To tease or flatter her, and all reserve deride,

. 28.

Next day, by noon, the mountain's misty shroud
The bustling spirits of the air updrew,
And 'gan to open in the boreal cloud
Their marbled windows of the silvery hue;
Far through the bores appear'd the distant blue;
Loud sung the merl upon the topmost spray;
The harping bleeter, and the gray curlew,
High in the air chanted incondite lay;
All heralding th' approachment of a beauteous day.

. 29.

The Minstrel to the forest turn'd his eye,
He seem'd regretful that the rain should stay;
He seem'd to wish the mist would lingering lye
Still on the bosom of the moorland gray.
The time was come he needs must wend his way,
His Soyereign's pleasure might his presence claim.
No one remain'd to row him o'er the Tay,
Unless the blooming Máy or cordial dame.
The Tay was broad and deep—pray was the maid to
blame?

30.

Westward they past by bank and greenwood side,
A varied scene it was of wonderous guise;
Below them parting rivers smoothly glide,
And far above their heads aspiring rise
Gray crested rocks, the columns of the skies,
While little lowly dells lay hid between :
It seem'd a fairy land ! a paradise !
Where every bloom that scents the woodland green
Open'd to Heaven its breast by human eye unseen.

31.

Queen of the forest, there the birch tree swung
Her light green locks aslant the southern breeze ;
Red berries of the brake around them hung ;
A thousand songsters warbled on the trees :
A scene it was befitting youth to please.
Too well it pleased, as reverend legends say !
Unmark'd the hour o'er lovers' head that flees !
'Twas but one little mile !—a summer day !
And when the sun went down they scarce had reach'd
the Tay !

32.

O read not, lovers!—sure you may not think
That Ila Moore by minstrel airs was won!
'Twas nature's cordial glow, the kindred link
That all unweeting chains two hearts in one!—
Then why should mankind ween the maid undone,
Though with her youth she seek the woodland deep,
Rest in a bower to view the parting sun,
Lean on his breast, at tale of woe to weep,
Or sweetly, on his arm, recline in mimic sleep?

33.

O I have seen, and fondly blest the sight,
The peerless charms of maiden's guileful freak!
Through the dark eye-lash peep the orb so bright;
The wily features so demurely meek;
The smile of love half dimpling on the cheek;
The quaking breast, that heaves the sigh withal!
The parting lips which more than language speak!—
Of fond delights, which memory can recall,
O beauty's feigned sleep far, far outdoes them all!

34.

O'er such a sleep the enamour'd Minstrel hung,
Stole one soft kiss, but still she sounder fell!
The half-form'd sentence died upon her tongue;
'Twas through her sleep she spoke!—Pray was it well,
Molesting helpless maiden in the dell,
On sweet restoring slumber so intent?
Our Minstrel framed resolve I joy to tell;
'Twas, not to harm that beauteous innocent,
For no delight, nor joy, that fancy might present.

35.

When at the ferry, silent long they stood,
And eyed the red-beam on the pool that lay,
Or baseless shadow of the waving wood.—
That lonely spot, upon the banks of Tay,
Still bears the maiden's name, and shall for aye.
Warm was the parting sigh their bosoms drew!
For sure, the joys of that enchanting day,
'Twas worth an age of sorrow to renew!
Then, glancing oft behind, they sped along the dew,

36.

Oft did Kincaigy's wayward humour keep

The hamlet and the hall in teasing broil;

But his reproaches never cut so deep

As when, that eve, he ceased his rural toil:

He learn'd the truth, and raised such grievous coil
That even the dame in rage gave up defence:

The lovely cause of all the wild turmoil

Sat in a corner, grieved for her offence,

Offering no urgent plea, nor any false pretence.

37.

When summer suns around the zenith glow,

Nature is gaudy, frolicsome, and boon;

But when September breezes cease to blow,

And twilight steals beneath the broaden'd moon,

How changed the scene!—the year's resplendent noon
Is long gone past, and all is mildly still;

Sedateness settles on the dale and doone;

Wan is the flow'ret by the mountain rill,

And a pale boding look sits solemn on the hill.

38.

More changed than all the mien of Ila Moore!
Scarce could you trow the self-same soul within:
The buxom lass that loved the revel hour,
That laugh'd at all, and grieved for nought but sin,
Steals from her darling frolic, jest, and din,
And sits alone beneath the fading tree;
Upon her bosom leans her dimpled chin;
Her moisten'd eye fix'd moveless on the lea,
Or vagrant tiny moth that sojourn'd on her knee.

39.

Her songs, that erst did scarcely maid become,
So framed they were of blandishment and jest,
Were changed into a soft unmeaning hum,
A sickly melody, yet unexpress'd.
At tale of pity throb'd her ardent breast;
The tear was ready for mishap or joy!
And well she loved in evening grove to rest,
To tender Heaven her vow without annoy,
Indulging secret thought—a thought that did not cloy.

40.

The dame perceived the maiden's alter'd mood ;

A dame of keen distinguishment was she !

And O her measures were most wond'rous shrewd !

And deeply schemed, as woman's needs must be,

Though all the world with little toil could see

Her latent purposes from first to last.

An ancient Friar, who shrived the family,

She call'd into her chamber—barr'd it fast,

That listener might not hear th' important words that
past.

41.

“ Father, you mark'd the gallant Minstrel youth

Who lately to the forest past this way ;

I ween, he proffer made of hand and troth

To our own child, and hardly would take nay.

Put on thy humble cowl and frock of gray ;

Thy order and array thy warrant be ;

And watch the royal tent at close of day,

It stands in glen, below the wells of Dee,

Note all entreatment there, and bring the truth to me.

42.

“ Young Mador of the Moor, thou know’st him well ;
Mark thou what rank he holds, and mark aright :
If with the squires or vulgar grooms he dwell,
If in the outer tent he sleeps by night,
Regard him not, nor wait the morning light ;
But if with royalty or knighthood set,
Beckon him forth, in seeming serious plight,
And say, what most will his impatience whet,
That for his sake some cheeks are ever, ever wet !”

43.

Next morn, while yet the eastern mountains threw
Their giant shadows o’er the slumbering dale,
Their darken’d verges trembling on the dew
In rosy wreath, so lovely and so pale,
The warp’d and slender rainbow of the vale !
Ere beauteous Ila’s foot had prest the floor,
Or her fair cheek had kiss’d the morning gale,
A lively rap came to Kinbraig’s door—
There stood the active Friar, and Mador of the Moor !

44.

Well knew the dame this speed betoken'd good !

But when she learn'd that Mador consort held
With majesty and knights of noblest blood,
One of the select number in the field,
Her courtesy no blandishment withheld.

Fair Ila trembled like the aspin bough,

She dreaded passions guidelessly impell'd—
'Twas what of all the world she wish'd ; yet now
A weight her heart oppress'd, she felt she wist not how !

45.

Kincraigy growl'd like hunted wolf at bay,

And in his fields from outrage sought relief ;
No burning fiend, whom convent wights gainsay,
No ruthless abbey reave, nor Ranoch thief,
Did ever work him such chagrin and grief
As did the Minstrel's smooth obtrusive face.

Albert of Glen, his kind but haughty chief,
He saw exposed to infamous disgrace,
Himself to loss of name, of honour, and of place !

46.

His rage avail'd not—each reflective hint
Was treated by his knowing dame with scorn,
Whose every word, and every action, went
To show him his discernment was forlorn.
He knew no more of life than babe unborn !
'Twas well some could distinguish who was who !
Kincaigy's years were cumber'd and outworn
In manful strife his mastery to show,
Though forced on every point his priv'lege to forego.

47.

The Minstrel's table was with viands spread,
His cup was fill'd though all the rest were dry ;
Not on the floor was made the Minstrel's bed,
He got the best Kincaigy could supply ;
While every day the former did outvie
In idle frolic round Kincaigy's hall :
His frugal meal is changed to luxury ;
His oxen low unnoted in the stall ;
Loud revelry pervades, and lords it over all.

48.

The blooming May, from his first fond embrace,
Shrunk pale and sullen, as from insult high ;
A nameless dread was settled on her face ;
She fear'd the Minstrel, yet she knew not why.
That previous night, when closed was every eye,
O she had dream'd of grievous scenes to be !
And she had heard a little plaintive cry !
And she had sung beneath the willow tree,
And seen a rueful sight, unfitting maid to see !

49.

But when he told her of his fix'd resolve,
That, should they not in wedlock ties be bound,
He never would that loving breast involve
In rankling crime, nor pierce it with a wound,—
It was so generous ! she no longer frown'd,
But sighing sunk upon his manly breast.
Sweet tender sex ! with snares encompass'd round !
On others hang thy comforts and thy rest !
Child of dependence born, and failings unconfest !

50.

At eve, they lean'd upon the flowery sward,
On fairy mound that overlooks the Tay;
And in the greenwood bowers of sweet Kinnaird
They sought a refuge from the noontide ray :
In bowers that scarce received the light of day,
Far, far below a rock's stupendous pile,
In raptures of the purest love they lay,
While tender tale would intervals beguile—
Woe to the venal Friar, won to religious wile!

51.

If pure and full terrestrial bliss may be,
And human imperfection that enjoy,
Those twain, beneath the deep embowering tree,
Bathed in that perfect bliss without alloy.
But passion's flame will passion's self destroy,
Such imperfections round our nature lour;
No bliss is ours, that others mayn't annoy.
So happ'd it to Kinraigy's beauteous flower,
And eke her gay gallant, young Mador of the Moor.

52.

Albert of Glen, o'er his betrothed bride,
Kept jealous eye, and oft unnoted came;
He saw the Minstrel ever by her side,
And how his presence flush'd the bustling dame.
Enraged at such a fond ungrateful flame,
One eve he caught them lock'd in fond embrace;
And, bent his amorous rival's pride to tame,
Began with sandal'd foot, and heavy mace,
To work the Minstrel woe, and very deep disgrace.

53.

Few and unpolish'd were the words that past;
Hard was the struggle and infuriate grasp!
But Mador of the Moor, o'erborne at last,
Beneath his rival's frame began to gasp;
His slender nape was lock'd in keyless hasp:
A maid's exertion saved him as before:
Her willing fingers made the hands unclasp
That soon had still'd the struggling Minstrel's core—
He ne'er had flatter'd dame, nor courted maiden more.

54.

The swords were drawn, but neither jeer nor threat
 Could drive the fearless maiden from between ;
Again her firmness quell'd the dire debate,
 And drove the ruffian from their bower of green.
But grim and resolute revenge was seen
In his dark eye as furious he withdrew ;
 And Mador of the Moor, his life to screen,
Escaped by night, through shades of murky hue :
The maiden deem'd it meet, for Albert well she knew.

55.

And well it proved for him !—At woman's schemes
 And deep-laid policy the jeer is due ;
But for resource, and courage in extremes,
 For prompt expedient, and affection true,
Distrust her not—ev'n though her means are few,
She will defeat the utmost powers of man ;
 In strait, she never yet distinction drew
'Twixt right and wrong, nor squeamishly began
To calculate, or weigh, save how to gain her plan.

56.

Albert of Glen, with twenty warriors came,
Beset Kincairgy's hall, and search'd it through ;
Like the chafed ocean storm'd the fluster'd dame,
Of Mador's hasty flight she did not know.
Kincairgy hoped they would the wight undo ;
In his malicious grin was joyance seen.

Albert is baulk'd of sweet revenge, and now
Blazes outright a chieftain's smother'd spleen ;
And Mador's lost and gone, as if he ne'er had been.

The first of these was the...
 The second was the...
 The third was the...
 The fourth was the...
 The fifth was the...
 The sixth was the...
 The seventh was the...
 The eighth was the...
 The ninth was the...
 The tenth was the...

The eleventh was the...
 The twelfth was the...
 The thirteenth was the...
 The fourteenth was the...
 The fifteenth was the...
 The sixteenth was the...
 The seventeenth was the...
 The eighteenth was the...
 The nineteenth was the...
 The twentieth was the...

MADOR OF THE MOOR.

CANTO THIRD.

The Cottage.

ARGUMENT.

*O waly, waly, but love be bonny,
A little while when it is new!
But when 'tis old it waxes cold,
An' fades away like morning dew.
But had I wist before I kiss'd,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lock'd my heart in a case o' goud,
An' pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.*

MADOR OF THE MOOR.

CANTO THIRD.

The Cottage.

1.

WHAT art thou, Love? or who may thee define?
Where lies thy bourn of pleasure or of pain?
No sceptre, graved by Reason's hand, is thine,
Child of the moisten'd eye and burning brain,
Of glowing fancy, and the fervid vein,
That soft on bed of roses loves to rest,
And crop the flower where lurks the deadly bane!
O many a thorn those dear delights invest,
Child of the rosy cheek, and heaving snow-white breast!

2.

Thou art the genial balm of virtuous youth,
 And point'st where Honour waves her wreath on high;
 Like the sweet breeze that wanders from the south,
 Thou breath'st upon the soul, where embryos lie
 Of new delights, the treasures of the sky!
 Who knows thy trembling watch in bower of even,
 Thy earliest grateful tear, and melting sigh?
 O never was to yearning mortal given
 So dear delights as thine, thou habitant of heaven!

3.

Woe that thy regal sway, so framed to please,
 Should ever from usurper meet controul!
 That ever shrivell'd wealth, or gray disease,
 Should mar the grateful concord of the soul!
 That bloated sediment of crazing bowl
 Should crop thy blossoms which untasted die!
 Or that the blistering phrase of babbler foul
 Should e'er profane thy altars, framed to lie
 Veil'd from all heaven and earth, save silent Fancy's eye!

4.

O I will worship even before thy bust,
When my dimm'd eye no more thy smile can see !
While this deserted bosom beats, it must
Still beat in unison with hope and thee !
For I have wept o'er perish'd ecstasy,
And o'er the fall of beauty's early prime !
But I will dream of new delights to be,
When moon and stars have ceased their range sublime,
And angels rung the knell of all-consuming Time !

5.

Then speed, thou great coeval of the sun ;
Thy world with flowers and snows alternate sow
Long has thy whelming tide resistless run,
And swell'd the seas of wickedness and woe !
While moons shall wane, and mundane oceans flow,
To count the hours of thy dominion o'er,
The dyes of human guilt shall deeper grow,
And millions sink to see thy reign no more !
Haste, haste thy guilty course to yon eternal shore !

6.

Cease, thou wild Muse, thy vague unbodied lay

What boots these wanderings from thy onward tale?

I know thee well! when once thou fliest astray,

To lure thee back no soothing can avail.

Thou lovest amid the burning stars to sail,

Or sing with sea-maids down the coral deep;

The groves of visionary worlds to hail,

In moonlight dells thy fairy rites to keep,

Or through the wilderness on booming pinion sweep.

7.

Wilt thou not stoop, where beauty sits forlorn,

Trembling at symptoms of approaching woe?

Where lovely Ila, by the aged thorn,

Notes what she scarce dare trust her heart to know?

Mark how her cheek's new roses come and go—

Has Mador dared his virtuous vow to break?

It cannot be!—we may not deem it so!

Spare the ungrateful thought, for mercy's sake!

Alas! man still is man—And woman!—ah! how weak!

8.

Why do the maidens of the strath rejoice,
And lilt with meaning gesture on the loan?
Why do they smirk, and talk with giggling voice
Of laces, and of stays; and thereupon
Hang many a fruitful jest?—Ah! is there none
The truth to pledge, and prove the nuptial vow?
Alas! the Friar on pilgrimage is gone;
Mador is lost—none else the secret knew,
And all is deem'd pretext assumptive and untrue.

9.

Slander prevails! to woman's longing mind
Sweet as the April blossom to the bee;
Her meal that never palls, but leaves behind
An appetite still yearning food to see:
Kincraig's dame of perspicacity
Sees nought at all amiss, but flounces on;
Her brawling humour shows increased to be;
Much does she speak, in loud and grumbling tone,
Nor time takes to reflect, nor even a prayer to con.

10.

The injured Albert timely sent command
That pierced Kincaigry to the inmost soul,
To drive his worthless daughter from the land,
Or forthwith yield, of goods and gear, the whole.
Alternative severe!—no tale of dole

The chief would hear, on full revenge intent.

The good sagacious dame, in murmuring growl,
Proposed to drive her forth incontinent,
For she deserved it all, and Albert might relent.

11.

“She is to blame,” Kincaigry made reply,
“And may deserve so hard a guerdon well;
But so dost thou, and haply I may try
That last expedient with a shrew so fell;
But when I do, no man shall me compel:
For thy own good, to poverty I yield;
My child is still my own, and shall not tell
At Heaven’s high bar, that I, her only shield,
For blame that was not hers, expell’d her to the field.”

12.

Kincraigy leaves his ancient home with tears,
And sits in lowly cot without a name;
No angry word from him his daughter hears,
But Oh! how pined the much-degraded dame!
Plaint follow'd plaint, and blame was eked to blame.
Her muster-roll of grievances how long!
She mentions not her darling Minstrel's fame,
His spotless honour, nor affection strong,
But to her weeping child imputes each grievous wrong.

13.

Conceal'd within the cot's sequester'd nook,
Where fire had never beam'd the gloom to cheer,
Young Ila Moore is doom'd her woes to brook,
And every query's answer'd by a tear.
What mean those tiny robes, conceal'd with fear?
These clothes, dear Maid, are all unmeet for thee!
Are all unfitting human thing to wear,
Save noble infant on his nurse's knee,
Yet them thou dost survey, and weep when none can see.

14.

O Maiden of the bright and melting eye,
Of the soft velvet cheek and balmy breath,
Whose lips the coral's deepest tints outvie,
Thy bosom fairer than the winter wreath!
Before thou yield'st those lips of simple faith,
Or givest that heaving breast to love's caress,
O look beyond!—the sweet luxuriant path
May lead thee into lab'rinth of distress!
Think of this comely May, nor deem thy danger less.

15.

Blame not the bard, who yearns thy peace to save,
Who fain would see thy virtuous worth excel
Thy beauty, and thy purity engrave
Where time may scarce the lines of life cancel.
Deem not he on thy foibles lists to dwell,
Thy failings, or the dangers thee belay;
'Tis all to caution thee, and warn thee well.
Wipe but thy little stains of love away,
And thou art goodness all, and pure as bloom of May.

16.

To give thy secret ear to lover's tale,
Or cast approving glance, is kindly done ;
But, ere thy soul the darling sweets inhale,
Mark out the bourn—nor farther be thou won.
Eventful is the sequel, once begun,
And all delusive sweets that onward lie.
Think of the inmost nook of cottage lone,
Of the blench'd cheek, the blear'd and swimming eye,
And how 'twill thee become, th' unsainted lullaby !

17.

'Tis done ! and Shame his masterpiece hath wrought !
Why should the laws of God and man combine
To sear the heart with keenest sorrows fraught,
And every blush and every tear enshrine
In brazen tomb of punishment malign ?
The gentle sufferer beacon stands to scorn !
Kincraigy's dame is sunk in woes condign !
A helpless minstrel to her house is born !
A grandson, hale and fair, and comely as the morn.

18.

Poor child of shame! thy fortune to divine
 Would conjure up the scenes of future pain!
 No father's house, nor shielding arm is thine!
 No banquet hails thee, stranger of disdain!
 A lowly shelter from the wind and rain
 Hides thy young weetless head, unwelcome guest!
 And thy unholy frame must long remain
 Unhousell'd, and by churchman's tongue unblest!
 Yet peaceful is thy sleep, cradled on guileless breast!

19.

Hard works Kincairgy mid his woodland reign,
 And boasts his earnings to his fluster'd dame;
 Seem'd as unknowing the event of pain,
 Nor once by him is nam'd his daughter's name,
 Till ardent matron of the hamlet came,
 And brought the child abrupt his eye before.
 He saw the guiltless his protection claim,
 With little arms outstretch'd seem'd to implore—
 He kiss'd the babe and wept, then hasted to the door.

20.

But O Kincairgy's dame is warp'd in dread!

The days of Heaven's forbearance are outgone,

And round th' unchristen'd babe's unholy bed

No guardian spirits watch at midnight lone!

Well to malignant elves the same was known—

There slept the babe, to them an easy prey.

O! every nightly buzz or distant moan

Drove the poor dame's unrooted wits away!

Her terror 'twas by night, her thought and prayer by
day.

21.

Still wax'd her dread, for ah! too well she knew

Her floor, o'ernight, had frames unearthly borne!

Around her cot the giggling fairies flew,

And all arrangement alter'd ere the morn!

At eve, the candle of its beams was shorn,

While a blue halo round the flame would play;

And she could hear the fairies' fitful horn

Ring in her ears an eldrich roundelay,

When every eye was shut, and her's all wakeful lay.

22.

And many a private mark the infant bore,
Survey'd each morn with dread which none can tell,
Lest the real child was borne to downward shore,
And in his stead, and form, by fairy spell,
Some froward elfin child, deform'd and fell!
O how her troubled breast with horror shook,
Lest thing from confines of the lower hell
Might sit upon her knee and on her look!
'Twas more than her weak mind and fading form could
brook.

23.

Sweet Ila Moore had borne the world's revile
With meekness, and with warm repentant tears;
At church-anathemas she well could smile,
And silent oft of faithless man she hears.
But now a kind misjudging parent's fears
Opprest her heart—her father too would sigh
O'er the unrighteous babe, whose early years
Excluded were from saints' society!
Disown'd by God and man, an heathen he might die!

24.

Forthwith she tried a letter to indite,
To rouse the faithless Mador's dormant flame:
Her soul was rack'd with feelings opposite;
She found no words proportion'd to his blame.
At memory's page her blushes went and came;
And aye she stoop'd and o'er the cradle hung,
Call'd her loved infant by his father's name,
Then framed a little lay, and thus she sung—
“ Thy father's far away, thy mother all too young!

25.

“ Be still, my babe! be still!—the die is cast!
Beyond thy weal no joy remains for me!
Thy mother's spring was clouded and o'erpast
Erewhile the blossom open'd on the tree!
But I will nurse thee kindly on my knee,
In spite of every taunt and jeering tongue;
O thy sweet eye will melt my wrongs to see!
And thy kind little heart with grief be wrung!
Thy father's far away, thy mother all too young!

26.

“ If haggard poverty should overtake,
And threat our onward journey to forelay,
For thee I'll pull the berries of the brake,
Wake half the night, and toil the live-long day ;
And when proud manhood o'er thy brow shall play,
For me thy bow in forest shall be strung.
The memory of my errors shall decay,
And of the song of shame I oft have sung,
Of father far away, and mother all too young !

27.

“ But O ! when mellow'd lustre gilds thine eye,
And love's soft passion thrills thy youthful frame,
Let this memorial bear thy mind on high
Above the guilty and regretful flame,
The mildew of the soul, the mark of shame !
Think of the fruit before the bloom that sprung !
When in the twilight bower with beauteous dame,
Let this unbreathed lay hang on thy tongue—
Thy father's far away, thy mother all too young !”

28.

When days and nights a stained scroll had seen
 Beneath young Ila Moore's betrothed eye;
When many a tear had dropt the lines between,
 When dim the page with many a burning sigh,
A boy is charged to Scotland's court to hie
The pledge to bear, nor leave the Minstrel's door
 Till answer came.—Alas! nor low, nor high,
Porter nor groom, nor warder of the tower,
Had ever heard the name of Mador of the Moor.

The first of these was the...
 second...
 third...
 fourth...
 fifth...
 sixth...
 seventh...
 eighth...
 ninth...
 tenth...

The...
 The...
 The...
 The...
 The...
 The...
 The...
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 The...
 The...

MADOR OF THE MOOR.

CANTO FOURTH.

The Palmer.

ARGUMENT.

*Did ye never hear o' the puir auld man,
That doughtna live, and coudna die?
Wha spak to the spirits a' night lang,
An' saw the things we coudna see,
An' raised the bairnies out o' the grave?—
O but a waesome sight was he!*

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

FROM 1630 TO 1800

BY
JOHN H. COOPER

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I. THE FOUNDING OF THE CITY OF BOSTON, 1630-1634

CHAPTER II. THE EARLY YEARS OF THE CITY, 1634-1640

CHAPTER III. THE PURITAN REVOLUTION, 1640-1649

CHAPTER IV. THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, 1649-1689

CHAPTER V. THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD, 1689-1776

CHAPTER VI. THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD, 1776-1780

CHAPTER VII. THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD, 1780-1783

CHAPTER VIII. THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD, 1783-1789

CHAPTER IX. THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD, 1789-1800

MADOR OF THE MOOR.

CANTO FOURTH.

The Palmer.

1.

THERE is a bounded sphere, where human grief
May all the energies of mind benumb ;
'TWixt purpose and regret, it seeks relief
In unavailing plaint, or musings dumb ;
But to o'erwhelming height when mounts the sun,
Oft, to itself superior, mind hath shone.
That broken reed, Dependence, overcome,
Where dwells the might that may the soul unthroned,
Whose proud resolve is moor'd on its own powers alone ?

2.

Why is young Ila dight in robes so gay,
Her hue more lovely than the gold refined?
Why bears she to the southern vales away,
And leaves the woody banks of Tay behind,
Her beauteous boy well wrapt from sun and wind
In mantle spangled like the heath in flower?—
Ah! she is gone her wandering love to find,
In court or camp, in hall or lady's bower,
Resolved to die, or find young Mador of the Moor.

3.

Had she not cause to weep her piteous plight?
In the wide world unfriended thus to be!
A babe, unwean'd, companion of her flight!—
She did not weep; her spirits bounded free,
And, all indignant that her injury
Moved no congenial feeling on her side,
With robe of green, upfolded to her knee,
And light unsandall'd foot, o'er wastes so wide
She journey'd far away, with Heaven alone to guide.

4.

She had not traversed far the woods of Bran,
Nor of her native hills had lost the view,
Where oft, on maidhood's lightsome foot, she ran,
Pilf'ring the rock-rose and the harebell blue,
Or moorland berries bathed in autumn dew,
When, startled, she beheld a Palmer gray
Rise from beneath a lonely ronkled yew,
Where he had prostrate lain since dawn of day,
Who proffer'd her his hand, companion of her way.

5.

He seem'd familiar with her wrongs and aim !
Full oft she view'd his face, if she might see
Some feature there that might acquaintance claim—
It wore the mysteries of eternity !
That face was mild as face of age could be,
Yet something there 'twas dread to look upon !
A mien between profound and vacancy,
Bewraying thought to mortal man unknown,
Or soul abstract from sense, with feelings all its own.

6.

She marvell'd much to hear, as on they went,
His heavenly converse and his sage replies ;
But mark'd him oft regard with fond intent
Things all invisible to mortal eyes.
The light-wing'd winds, that flaunted thro' the skies,
Spoke in small voices, like the Elfin's tongue ;
From welling fountains harmonies would rise,
Like song of lark high in the rainbow hung ;
Seem'd as if distant hymns of other worlds they sung.

7.

In pleasing dread she sojourn'd by his side,
Nor durst she his companionship forego ;
But either fear her faculties belied,
Else speech was whisper'd from the earth below,
And elemental converse round did flow :
The stranger answer'd oft in varied tone ;
Then he would smile, and chide she knew not who !
Seem'd as to him each herald cloud was known,
That crept along the hill, or sail'd the starry zone.

8.

“ Give me thy child, fair dame,” he said, and smiled,
Clasping his arms around the comely boy.

“ Give me the child, thy youth is sorely toil’d,
And I will bear him half the way with joy.”

She loosed her hold, unwilling to seem coy :
Scarce was the timid act of sufferance done,
Ere wild ideas wrought her sore annoy,
That Elfin King th’ unchristen’d babe had won :
Deep in her heart she pray’d that God would save her
son !

9.

She look’d each moment when the old man’s form
Would change to something of unearthly guise ;
She look’d each moment when the thunder-storm
Would roll in folded sulphur from the skies,
And snatch them from her terror-darken’d eyes !
She follow’d nigh, enfeebled with affright,
And saw her boy, in roguish playful wise,
Pulling the old man’s beard with all his might,—
The change to him was fraught with new and high delight.

10.

Her heart was quieted, but ill at rest,
And gave unwonted thoughts a teeming birth
Of this most reverend and mysterious guest,
Who scarcely seem'd an habitant of earth.
The day was wearing late, no friendly hearth
Was nigh, where converse might the time betray;
The storm was hanging on the mountain swarth
Condense and gloomy, threatening sore dismay
To wanderer of the hills, on rough and pathless way.

11.

A darksome shieling, westward on the waste,
Stood like a lonely hermit of the glen;
A small green sward its bastion'd walls embraced,
Kything right simply sweet to human ken:
On tiny path, unmark'd by steps of men,
To that they turn'd, in hopes of welcome meet;
'Twas only then the grovelling badger's den,
Damp was its floor, untrode by human feet,
And cold, cold lay the hearth, uncheer'd by kindly heat!

12.

The marten, from his vault beneath the wall,
Peep'd forth with fiend-like eye and fetid breath;
They heard the young brock's whining hunger-call,
And the grim pole-cat's grinding voice beneath.
The merlin, from his rafter'd home, in wrath,
Flitted with flapping wing and erdlich scream;
No downward sepulchre, nor vault of death,
Did ever deed of horror more beseem;
'Twas like some rueful cave seen in perturbed dream.

13.

The storm was on, and darkening still behind;
Alternate rush'd the rain and rattling hail;
In deepen'd breathings sigh'd the cumber'd wind;
Play'd the swift gleam along the boreal-pale,
While distant thunder murmur'd o'er the gale;
Far up th' incumbent cloud its voice began,
Then, like resistless angel, bound to scale
The southern heaven, along the void it ran,
Booming, in wrathful tone, vengeance on sinful man.

14.

It was a dismal and portentous hour :

A mute astonishment and torpid dread

Had settled on the soul of Ila Moore ;

In whisper'd prayers, of Heaven she sought remede ;

For well she knew, that He, who deign'd to feed

The plumeless sea-bird on the stormy main,

The raven, and the osprey's orphan breed,

To save an injured heart would not disdain,

Nor leave the souls he made to sorrow and to pain.

15.

Nigh and more nigh the rolling thunder came,

Muffled in moving pall of midnight hue ;

Fiercer and fiercer burst the flakes of flame

From out the forge of Heaven in burning blue.

They split the yawning cloud, and downward flew,

Before their wrath the solid hill was riven ;

Some in the lake their fiery heads imbrue,

Its startled waters to the sky were driven,

Belching as if it mock'd the angry coil of Heaven.

16.

O ye, who mock religion's faded sway,
And flout the mind that bows to Heaven's decree,
Think of the fortitude of that fair May,
Her simple youth, in such a place to be,
In such a night, and in such company,—
With guest she ween'd not man of woman born,
A babe unblest upon her youthful knee!
Had she not cause to deem her case forlorn?
No! Trusting to her God, she calmly waited morn.

17.

The Palmer did no sign of fear bewray,
But raised a fire with well-accustom'd hand,
Smiled at the thunder's break and startling bray,
The chilly hail-shower and the whizzing brand,
In wild turmoil that vollied o'er the land.
Then he would mutter prayer, or rite of sin;
Then prattle to the child in language bland;
While the fond mother groan'd in heart within,
Lest at the turn of night the fiends her babe might win.

18.

The Palmer, for his helpless partners, made
A bed of flowery heath and rushes green;
Then o'er the twain his mantle kindly spread,
And bade them sleep secure, though lodged so mean;
For near that lowly couch, by them unseen,
There stood a form, familiar to his eye,
Whose look was mark'd with dignity serene,
To ward the freakish fays that linger'd nigh,
Who seem'd on evil bent—he saw not, knew not why.

19.

The Palmer watch'd beside the hissing flame,
The mother clasp'd her child in silence deep;
That speech of mystery thrill'd her ardent frame,
For why?—she knew the fays their wake did keep
To reave her child if she should yield to sleep!
No sleep she knew—if woman's word is aught—
But, venturing o'er her coverlet to peep,
Whether through glamour or bewilder'd thought,
She there beheld a scene with awful wonder fraught.

20.

From every crevice of the wall there look'd
Small elvish faces of malignity !
And O! their gleaming eyes could ill be brook'd!
All bent upon the babe that slumber'd by!
Ready they seem'd upon their prey to fly,
And oft they sprung, or stole with wary tread ;
But o'er the couch a form of majesty
Stood all serene, whose eye the spirits fled,
Waving the golden wand she waved around the bed.

21.

The Palmer saw—and, as the damsel thought,
Joy'd that th' assailing spirits were outdone :
Still wax'd their number, still they fiercer fought,
Till the last lingering sand of night was run,
Till the red star the gate of Heaven had won,
And woke the dreaming eagle's lordly bay,
And heath-cock's larum on the moorland dun ;
Then did they shrink, and vanish from the fray,
Far from the eye of Morn, on downward paths away.

22.

Spent was the night, and the old reverend sire
Had never closed his eyes, but watch'd and wept,
Muttering low vespers o'er his feeble fire,
Or, all intent, a watchful silence kept.
Now o'er his silver beard the round tear dripp'd,
Aside his cowl with hurried hand he flung,
Wiped his high brow, and cheek with sorrow steep'd,
Then, with an upcast eye and tremulous tongue,
Unto the God of Life this matin hymn he sung.

The Palmer's Morning Hymn.

Lauded be thy name for ever,
Thou, of life the guard and giver!
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping,
Rule the ouphes and elves at will
That vex the air or haunt the hill,

And all the fury subject keep
Of boiling cloud and chafed deep !
I have seen, and well I know it !
Thou hast done, and Thou wilt do it !
God of stillness and of motion !
Of the rainbow and the ocean !
Of the mountain, rock, and river !
Blessed be Thy name for ever !

I have seen Thy wond'rous might
Through the shadows of this night !
Thou, who slumber'st not, nor sleepest !
Blest are they Thou kindly keepest !
Spirits, from the ocean under,
Liquid flame, and levell'd thunder,
Need not waken nor alarm them—
All combined they cannot harm them.
God of evening's yellow ray ;
God of yonder dawning day,

That rises from the distant sea
Like breathings of eternity!
Thine the flaming sphere of light!
Thine the darkness of the night!
Thine are all the gems of even,
God of angels! God of heaven!
God of life, that fade shall never!
Glory to Thy name for ever!

23.

That little song of rapt devotion fell
Upon a feeling heart, to nature true,
So soothing sweet, 'twas like the distant swell
Of seraph hymn along the vales of blue,
When first they ope to sainted spirit's view,
That through the wilds of space hath journey'd far,
Hoping, yet trembling as he onward flew,
Lest God the emerald gates of Heaven might bar,
Till rests the joyous shade on some sweet peaceful star.

24.

Till then she knew not that the wonderous sage
Was conversant with Heaven, or fiends of hell ;
'Till then she knew not that his reverend age
Cared of th' Almighty or his love to tell.
Sweet and untroubled as the dews that fell
Her morning slumbers were—the Palmer lay
Stretch'd on the unyielding stone, accustom'd well
To penance dire, and spirits' wild deray :
There slept they all in peace till high uprose the day.

25.

They journey'd on by Almond's silver stream,
That wimpled down a green untrodden wild ;
By turns their hapless stories were the theme,
And aye the listener bore the pleased child.
The attentive sage nor chided nor reviled,
When simple tale of maiden love she said ;
Meek his reproof, and flow'd in words so mild,
It tended much her constancy to aid,
And cheer her guileless heart from truth that never
stray'd.

26.

“Fair dame,” he said, “thou may’st have done amiss;

And thou art brought to poverty and woe!

What now remains, but quietly to kiss

The lash that hangs o’er virtue’s overthrow?

Be virtue still thy meed, thy trust, and know

It thee befits from murmur to refrain.

No plaint of thy just wounds be heard to flow,

The hand that gave will bind them up again.

List my distracting tale, and blame thy fortune then!

27.

“I was the lord of Stormont’s fertile bound,

Of Isla’s vale, and Eroch’s woodland glade.

I loved—I sigh’d—my warmest hopes were crown’d—

O deed of shame! I vow’d and I betray’d!

The proud Matilda; now no longer maid,

Disdain’d my base unfaithful heart to move;

She knew not to solicit, nor upbraid;

But did a deed, the last of lawless love!

Ah! it hath sear’d my soul, that peace no more shall
prove!

28.

“ I knew not all, yet marvell’d much to see
That scarce a circling year had roll’d away,
Ere she appear’d the gayest maid to be
That graced the hall, or gambol’d at the play.
With Methven’s lord was fix’d her bridal day:
Proud of her triumph, I—the chiefest guest—
Led her to church—Ah! never such array
Did woman’s form of vanity invest!
Bright as the orient ray, or streamer of the west.

29.

“ Scarce had we stepp’d, the foremost of the train,
Within the church-yard’s low and crumbling wall,
When, sweet as sun-beam gleaming through the rain,
We saw a shining row of children small.
Fair were their forms, and fair their robes withal;
But O! each radiant and unmoving eye
Was fix’d on us!—forget I never shall
How well they seem’d my very soul to spy!
And hers—the sparkling bride, that moved so grace-
ful by!

30.

“ Proud of their note, or charmed with the sight,
She turn'd aside with step of dignity :

All still and motionless, they stood upright,
Save one sweet babe that slightly bent the knee,
With such a smile of mild benignity !

These eyes shall ne'er such face again behold !

His flaxen curls like filmy silk did flee ;
His tiny form seem'd cast in heavenly mould ;
His cheek like blossom pale, in April morning cold.

31.

“ ‘ Sweet babe,’ she simper'd, with affected mien,
‘ Thou art a lovely boy ; if thou wert mine,
I'd deck thee in the gold and diamonds sheen,

And daily bathe thee in the rosy wine ;
The musk-rose and the balmy eglantine
Around thy soft and silken couch should play ;

How fondly would these arms around thee twine !
Asleep or waking, I would watch thee aye,
Caress thee all the night, and love thee all the day.’

32.

“ ‘ O lady, of the proud unfeeling soul,
’Tis not three little months since I was thine ;
And thou did’st deck me in the grave-cloth foul,
And bathe me in the blood—that blood was mine !
Instead of damask rose and eglantine,
The reptile’s brood plays round my guiltless core !
Ah ! could’st thou deem there was no eye divine,
And that the deed would sleep for evermore ?
Did’st thou ne’er see this pale, this pleading look before ?”

33.

“ That moment I beheld, beneath mine eye,
A smiling babe, with hands and eyes upraised ;
A pale and frantic mother trembled nigh—
She kneel’d—she seized its arm!—the knife was raised—
‘ Hold, hold !’ I cried ; yet motionless I gazed,
And saw——O God of Heaven ! I see it now !
I see the eye-beam sink in deadly haze ;
The quivering lip, the bent and gelid brow !—
O I shall see that sight in being yet to know !”

34.

" To wild disorder turn'd the bridal hall !
 O still at me her frenzied looks she threw !
 All in amazement fled the festival,
 The sufferer to the wild at midnight flew !—
 Thou found'st me underneath a lonely yew ;
 There I have pray'd, and oft must pray again !
 There ravens fed ! and red the daisies grew !—
 Yet *they* were white ! without a dye or stain,
 The slender scatter'd bones there bleached in the rain !

35.

" Fair dame, thy crime is purity to mine !
 I must go pray, for I am haunted still !
 In Heaven is mercy !—I may not repine,
 But bow submissive, since it is the will
 Of Him, who cares and feels for human ill !
 They deem me mad, and laugh my woes to scorn,
 And name me crazy Connel of the hill :
 My heart is broke ! my brain with watching worn !
 I must go pray to God, for I am rack'd and torn !"

36.

He kneel'd beside the grey stone on the heath,
And loud his orisons of dread began;
Such words were never framed of human breath,
Such tones of vehemence never pour'd by man!
Madly through veiled mysteries he ran,
With voice of howling and unvision'd eye;
Then would the tears drop o'er his cheek so wan,
And he would calmly plead, with throb and sigh,
And name his Saviour's name with deep humility.

37.

Three days they journey'd on through moor and dale,
Till faded far the hills of Tay behind;
Still he was gentle as the southern gale,
Mild as the lamb, compassionate and kind!
But O far wilder than the winter wind
Whene'er a world of spirits was the theme!
Then he would name unbodied things of mind,
That paced the air, or skimm'd along the stream!
His life seem'd all a waste, a wild and troubled dream.

38.

Still had the crime of innocence betray'd,
Which terminated not with shame alone,
Oppress'd his heart and on his reason prey'd;
In tears of blood that crime he did bemoan.
Though mazed were all his thoughts, yet to atone
For that to Heaven which reckless he had done,
O'er maiden innocence to watch anon
He ceased not, wearied not, till life was run.
O be his tale a warning, youthful vice to shun!

39.

When nigh the verge of southern vale they came,
And green Strathallan open'd to their view,
He blest the child and mother, in the name
Of heaven's Eternal King, with reverence due;
Then turning round, with madden'd strides withdrew
Back to his desert solitude again,
To watch the moon, and pray beneath his yew,
Controlling spirits on their mountain reign,
Till death brought unity, for ever to remain.

MADOR OF THE MOOR.

CANTO FIFTH.

The Christening.

ARGUMENT.

*I gat ye in my father's bower
Wi' muckle shame and sin,
An' brought thee up in good green wood
Aneath the heavy rain.
Oft ha'e I by thy cradle sat,
An' fondly seen thee sleep—*

* * * *

* * * *

*Gae rowe my young son in the silk,
An' lay my lady as white as the milk.*

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
BUREAU OF LAND MANAGEMENT
CARTO UNIT

SECTION 10

SECTION 10

SECTION 10

SECTION 10

SECTION 10

SECTION 10

SECTION 10

SECTION 10

SECTION 10

SECTION 10

SECTION 10

SECTION 10

SECTION 10

SECTION 10

SECTION 10

SECTION 10

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MADOR OF THE MOOR.

CANTO FIFTH.

The Christening.

1.

OLD Strevline, thou stand'st beauteous on the height,
Amid thy peaceful vales of every dye,
Amid bewilder'd waves of silvery light
That maze the mind and toil the raptured eye;
Thy distant mountains spiring to the sky,
Seem blended with the mansions of the blest;
How proudly rise their gilded points on high
Above the morning cloud and man's behest!
Like thrones of angels hung upon the welkin's breast.

2.

For these I love thee ! but I love thee more
For the gray relics of thy martial towers,
Thy mouldering palaces and ramparts hoar,
Throned on the granite pile that grimly lours,
Memorial of the times, when hostile powers
So often proved thy stedfast patriot worth.
May every honour wait thy future hours,
And glad the children of thy kindred Forth !
I love thy very name, old bulwark of the North !

3.

Alas ! the winding Forth, and golden vale,
Caught not the eye of her who sought thy gate !
Her spirits sunk, her heart began to fail !
Weeping she came, nor could her tale relate ;
Mador she named, and, trembling for her fate,
Watch'd the tall porter's dark unmeaning stare,
Who jested rudely of her hapless state,
And bade her to some distant country fare,
For such a name as that no Scot did ever bear.

4.

Humbly she begg'd to fare the porch within,

That of the nobles she a view might gain,

And her enquiries cautiously begin ;

But all her urgent prayers and tears were vain.

Harsh she was told, " no longer to remain,

For knights and lords would soon be passing by,

And they would be offended at such stain

Upon their knighthood and their honours high :

That such as she seem'd made for mischief purposely."

5.

No beam of anger ray'd her glistening eye,

It sunk like star within the rubied west ;

Or like the tinted dew-bell, seen to lie

Upon the rose-leaf tremblingly at rest,

Then softly sinks upon its opening breast—

So sunk her eye, while firmly she replied,

" Since no appeal, nor plea of the distress'd,

To Scotland's court may come, whate'er betide,

Thou shalt not drive me hence till I am satisfied."

6.

O many an eve she wander'd round the rock,
In hopes her faithless Minstrel to espy;
And many a time to dame and townsman spoke,
With blush obtrusive, and with question shy;
But nor by name, by garb, by minstrelsy,
Nor strict discernment, could she Mador find.
Her fond and ardent hopes began to die!
In cheerless apathy with all mankind,
She only wish'd to leave the world and shame behind!

7.

Loth to depart and seek a cheerless home,
Down at the base of Strevline's rock she lay;
She wish'd her head laid in the peaceful tomb!
She kiss'd her boy, but word she could not say.
She turn'd her eyes to heaven in act to pray—
O hold those lips, unused to give offence!
That prayer will rise in wild impassion'd way,
How have thy woes arisen, and from whence?
O search, before thou darest accuse Omnipotence!

8.

The worthy Abbot 'of Dunfermline came,
He mark'd her beauty, and he heard her weep
Silent he paused, and eyed her lovely frame;
For churchmen aye observant eye do keep
On female beauty, though devotion deep
And homilies behove the holy mood;
From rostrum still in wily guise they peep—
For why?—by them 'tis wisely understood,
That to admire the chief of all Heaven's works is good.

9.

The Abbot ne'er had look'd on face so meek!
The pleasure that it gave was mix'd with pain;
He saw her lift her full blue eyes to speak,
She only sigh'd and cast them down again,
Then view'd her babe, while tears fell'down like rain,
Wiped her young cheek, and back her ringlets threw.
The Abbot's honest bosom heaved amain!
A look so lovely ne'er had met his view!
'Twas like a forest rose, wet with untimely dew!

10.

Question respectful, and sincere reply,
Brought on a long and earnest conference;
The tale was told of Mador's perfidy
Which thou hast heard—but still, on some pretence
Of treacherous memory, or lost incidence,
The Abbot caused her tell it o'er and o'er;
Then did he stand in long and deep suspense,
As bent some dubious mystery to explore;
As one who little said, but thought and knew much
more.

11.

Still did his eye oppress the gentle dame;
Not on her face, but arm, it seem'd to stay;
She ween'd her boy did this attention claim,
And set his cap, and don'd his overlay;
Then watch'd the Abbot's eye—but not that way
It seem'd to bend—A trivial ring she wore,
Of silver framed, neglected, old, and gray,
Warp'd with the unknown mysteries of yore;
'Twas on that ancient ring his eye directly bore.

12.

“ Fair dame,” he said, “ did thy betrayer leave
No token of his faith, nor pledge of love?
Did he, like knight, no ring or bracelet give,
Which he was bound to challenge or approve?”
Her thought-bewilder’d eyes began to move
Now to the ring, now to the Abbot’s face;
Faint recollections o’er their lustre wove
A still, a doubtful, melancholy grace—
'Twas like an April sky, which dubious shades embrace.

13.

She spread her fair hand trembling in the air—
“ Save that old ring, no other pledge have I;
He gave’t in moment of distracting care,
When from my arms and danger forced to fly:
Something he said, but of what tendency,
Or what effect, remembrance ne’er could frame.
From the device I nothing may imply,
Nor mark it bears, unless the moulder’s name;
Small its avail to me, nor other pledge I claim.”

14.

A glow of anger flush'd the Abbot's face ;
He knew the old disvalued ring full well ;
And much its owner wish'd he to disgrace,
For he was generous, but shrewdly fell.
" I'll find him out," he said, " by search or spell,
If in fair Scotland he holds rank or place ;
Remain thou here till I our Sovereign tell."
Then up the hill he strode with hurried pace,
And left the lovely dame in sad uncertain case.

15.

Scarce was he gone, when on the path she saw,
That leads from vale of Strevline to the town,
A weary wight that toward her did draw,
With hanging hose, and plaid around him thrown ;
His grizzled locks waved o'er his cheek so brown ;
She thought his stoop and stride too well she knew !
His mournful eyes to earth were fixed down,
Save when a transient glance he upward threw
Where Scotland's palace rose, and her broad banners
flew.

16.

She heard him mutter vow of fell revenge!

Closer to earth she clung, in fear and shame,

Resolved nor word nor look with him to change;

But all unbrookable as nigh he came

Her bosom yearn'd, her heart was in a flame.

Feebly she cried, "My father, turn this way!"

Up stretch'd the stranger's rough uncourtly frame—

'Twas old Kincaigry, from the banks of Tay,

Who stood like statue grim, in wild and doubtful way!

17.

That painful greeting may not be defined;

Nature's own language flow'd from either tongue;

Nor fell reproach, nor countenance unkind,

With freezing scowl, above their soothings hung:

Both child and mother to his bosom clung;

He wiped her tears, and bade from grief refrain;

"Thou art my child, and thou hast suffer'd wrong.

How could'st thou leave me, prey to sharpest pain?

But I have found thee now, we ne'er shall part again!"

18.

Straight to the royal hall the Abbot went,
 Where sat the King, his dames, and nobles all;
 Scarce did he beckon, scarce his brow he bent,
 But raised his hand their sole regard to call,
 And thus began, while silence sway'd the hall:—
 “ My Liege, I grieve such message here to bring;
 But now there waits below your palace wall
 The loveliest flower that ever graced the spring,
 That ever mounted throne, or shone in courtly ring.

19.

“ She bears a form of such delightful mould,
 I ween'd before me sylvan goddess stood.
 Such beauty these old eyes did ne'er behold!
 —Nay, smile not, dames—for, by the blessed rood,
 That I aver I pledge me to make good.
 She's Beauty's self pourtray'd, and to her breast
 Is prest a lovely babe of playful mood.
 She has been wrong'd, betray'd, and sore oppress'd,
 And, could a heart believe!—the traitor here is guest.”

20.

The King was wroth, and rose from off his throne,
Look'd round for flush of guilt, then raised his hand:
"By this!" said he, "the knight that so hath done
Shall reparation make, or quit the land.
I hold not light the crime, and do command
A full relation—He who can betray
Such beauty, with false vow, and promise bland,
As lieve will dupe his king in treacherous way.
The ruthless traitor's name, and hers, good Abbot, say."

21.

"Thou art my generous King!" the Abbot cried,
"And Heaven will bless thee for this just award!
This feeble arm of mine hath erst been tried,
And for the injured has a foeman dared;
And should the knight your mandate disregard,—
'Tis old and nerveless now, and small its power,
But all his skill its vengeance shall not ward—
Beshrew his heart, but he shall rue the hour!—
The knight is Mador hight, the dame fair Ila Moore."

22.

As ever you saw the chambers of the west,
When summer suns had journey'd to the main,
Now sallow pale, now momentarily oppress'd
With crimson flush, the prelude of the rain,
So look'd the King; and stamp'd and scowl'd amain,
To stay the Abbot's speech, who deign'd no heed,
But did, with sharpest acritude, arraign
The low deceit, the doer and the deed,
And lauded much the King for that he had decreed.

23.

“ I think I know the wight,” the King replied;
“ He is abash'd, and will not own it now;
But my adjudgment shall be ratified,—
A King hath vow'd, and must not break his vow.”
Then look'd he round, with smooth deceitful brow,
As he the mark of conscious guilt had seen;
Then, with majestic air and motion slow,
Walk'd with the Abbot forth into the green;
But all unknown the strain of converse them between.

24.

The Abbot hasted to his lovely ward—
Judge of his false conjecture and alarms,
When he beheld this nymph of high regard
So fondly folded in a stranger's arms.
But O how much they added to her charms,
The filial tears adown her cheek that ran!
The kindest glow the human heart that warms
Play'd o'er the visage of the holy man;
While he, to sooth his guests, an artful tale began.

25.

He led them to his home of peace the while,
Where all was rich, yet all in simple guise,
And strove with cheerful converse to beguile
Each latent fear and sorrowful surmise.
Well skill'd to read, in language of the eyes,
What the still workings of the heart might be,
He bade her don those robes of courtly guise,
For they were hers, a gift bestowed free,
And ere the fall of night her Minstrel she might see.

26.

When from the chamber she return'd, array'd

In braided silk and rich embroidery,

The Abbot rose, confounded and dismay'd,

And old Kinbraig nigh had bent his knee.

An earthly form she scarcely seem'd to be,

Such dazzling beauty neither once had seen.

“ Fair dame, a lady thou may'st shortly be,”

Said the good Abbot, with enraptured mien,

“ But Nature meant thee more, she form'd thee for a
queen !”

27.

Scarce had she answer with a blush assay'd,

Scarce raised th' astonish'd babe unto her breast,

When enter'd Mador, with a look that said

His heart was generous, and his mind oppress'd.

His minstrel garb he wore, and purple crest—

Nought of his woodland flower he could espy !

But one who on a silken couch did rest,

That seem'd some form of eastern deity !

The Minstrel bow'd full low, while wonder dimm'd his eye.

28.

The shifting hues that sported o'er her face

Were like the streamers of the rosy eve,

And to her beauty lent a nameless grace—

Those blushes could not Mador undeceive!

His fancy made no motion to believe

That e'er his highland maid had half the charms,

Till the good Abbot did his mind relieve,

In pity of a female's fond alarms.

“What, my first love!” he cried, and sprung into her
arms.

29.

He kiss'd her lips, he kiss'd her burning cheek,

Caress'd her young son in the fondest way,

A chain of gold was hung around her neck,

And diamond bracelets shed the sparkling ray:

Such kind and fond endearment did he pay,

The Abbot scarce from weeping could refrain.

Nought good or bad could old Kinraigy say,

The farthest corner did his brow sustain,

And when they spoke to him he could not speak again.

30.

“Thou shalt be mine,” the generous Minstrel said ;
“If I had known my love’s unhappy state,
Not all the land my presence should have staid !
Thou hast been injured, and my blame is great !
This night the holy Abbot we’ll entreat
To join our hands, then art thou doubly mine ;
Then hie thee back to Tay, for I must wait
Our Sovereign’s will ; but do not thou repine,
For all thy native hills, from Tay to Bran, are thine.”

31.

“I have some favour with our Monarch’s ear,
And he hath kindly granted my request ;
If this our son his royal name may bear,
That his shall be an earldom of the best.
I have his signet, and his high behest
To turn the ruthless Albert to the door :
The royal bounds, that border to the west,
He grants thee too—these all are thine secure,
And every dame on Tay shall stoop to Ila Moore.”

32.

“ Haply to distant land I now may roam,
But next when summer flowers the highland lea,
I will return, and seek my woodland home
Within the bowers of sweet Kinnaird with thee.
There is a lowly spot beneath the tree,
O’ershadow’d by the cliff—thou know’st it well !
In that sweet solitude our cot shall be ;
There first we loved, and there in love we’ll dwell,
And long, long shall it stand, a Minstrel’s faith to tell.

33.

“ When summer eve hath wove her silken screen,
Her fairy net-work of the night and day,
Hath tipt with flame the cone of mountain green,
And dipt the red sun in the springs of Tay,
How sweet with thee above the cliff to stay,
And see the evening stretch her starry zone !
Or, shaded from the sun’s meridian ray,
Lie stretch’d upon the lap of greenwood lone !
O happier shalt thou be for sorrows undergone !”

34.

Their hands were join'd—a mother's heart was blest!

Her son was christen'd by his Sovereign's name;
In gold and scarlet the young imp was dress'd,

A tiar on his head of curious frame.

But ne'er on earth was seen a minstrel's dame
Shine in such beauty, and such rich array!

An hundred squires, and fifty maidens, came
Riding on palfreys, sporting all the way,
To guard this splendid dame home to her native Tay.

35.

Needs not to sing of after joys that fell,

Of years of glory and felicity;

Needs not on time and circumstance to dwell.—

All who have heard of maid of low degree,

Hight Ila Moore, up raised in dignity

And rank all other Scottish dames above,

May well conceive who Mador needs must be,
And trace the winding mysteries of his love.

To such my tale is told, and such will it approve.

CONCLUSION.



RETURN, my Harp, unto the Border dale,
Thy native green hill, and thy fairy ring ;
No more thy murmurs on the Grampian gale
May wake the hind in covert slumbering,
Nor must thy proud and far outstretched string
Presume to renovate the northern song,
Wakening the echoes Ossian taught to sing ;
Their sleep of ages still they must prolong,
Till son inspired is born their native hills among.

Loved was the voice that woo'd from Yarrow bowers
Thy truant flight to that entrancing clime ;
She ween'd thy melody and tuneful powers,
Mellow'd by custom, and matured by time,
Or that the sounds and energies sublime,

That darkly dwell by cataract and steep,
 Would rouse anew thy visionary chime,
Too long by southland breezes lull'd asleep.
O may she well approve thy wild and wandering
 sweep!

Should her fair hand bestow the earliest bays,
 Although proud learning lift the venom'd eye,
Still shalt thou warble strains of other days,
 Struck by some tuneful spirit lingering nigh;
Till those, who long have pass'd derisive by,
Shall list to hear thy tones when newly strung,
 And Scottish maidens over thee shall sigh,
When I am all un-named by human tongue,
And thy enchanted chords by other hands are rung!

THE END.

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