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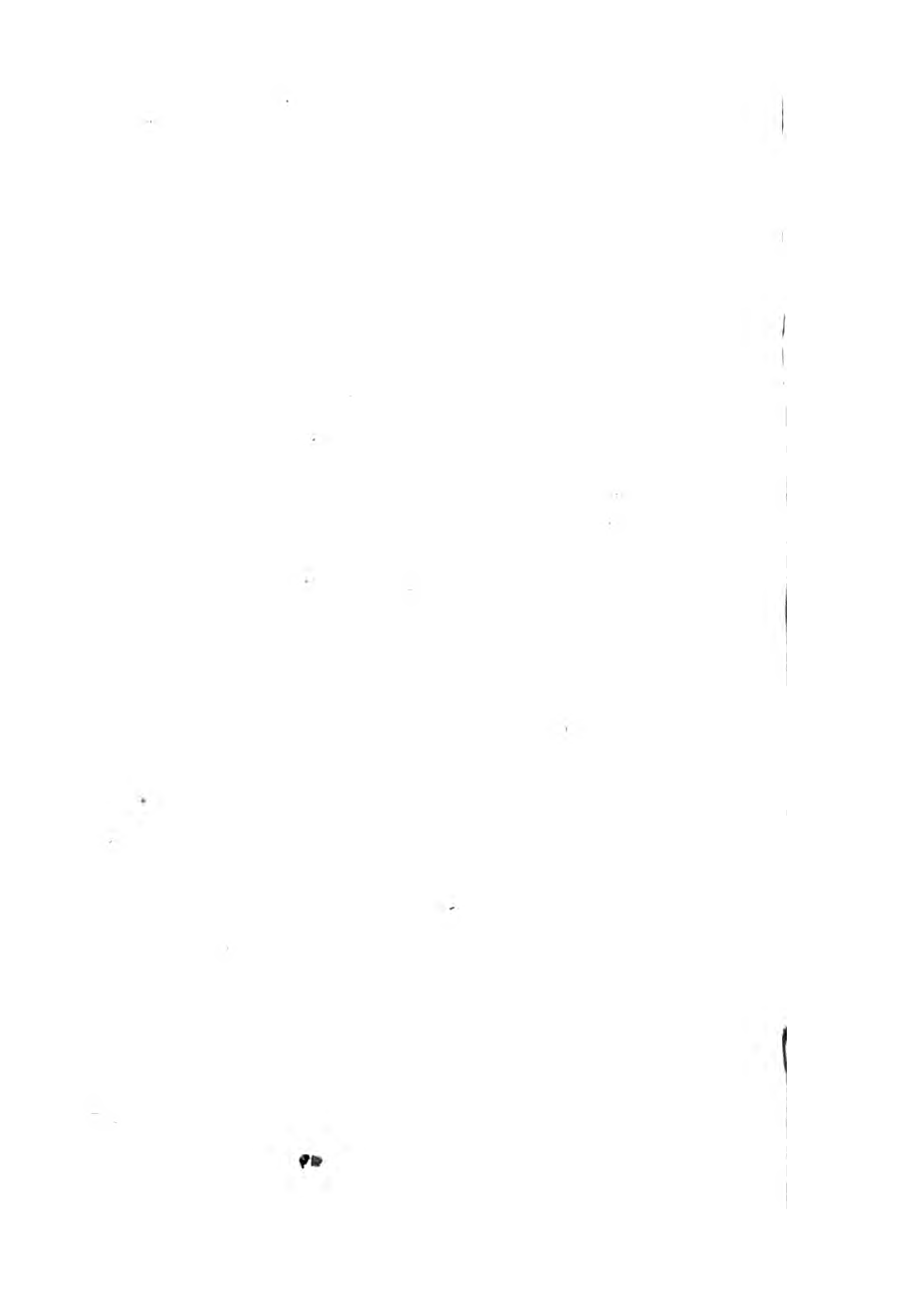


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**CARTLANE-CRAIGS:**

**A Poem.**

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# CARTLANE-CRAIGS:

A POEM.

*By JOHN BELL.*

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*" On Cartlane-Craigs may weel be seen,  
" The witches' dance at Halloween."*

TRADITIONALY SAW.

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1816.

10.



TO

**SIR ALEXANDER MACDONALD LOCKHART,**

**BARONET,**

**OF LEE, CARNWATH, LARGO, &c. &c.**

**THE FOLLOWING TRIFLE IS MOST HUMBLY**

**AND**

**MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED**

**BY**

**THE AUTHOR.**

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE Editor has to premise that the Author is self taught, without any regular education; yet the Reader will discover a good deal of fancy as well as rich ore among his dross: and it is hoped the book will afford some little amusement.

The Craggs here celebrated are not unknown to song. Mr Lewis (Edition, Liverpool, 1811), has celebrated them in his Wallace; it is of them he emphatically says,

“ And in thy solemn shades I greet

“ Indignant *Freedom's last retreat.*”

They are situated about a mile north of Larnark, and through them runs the small river Mouss. The Craggs to the north of the river, (or, more properly, Cartlane Craigs) are about

400 feet in height above the water. Baronald Craigs are to the south, and much lower ; and, although now disjoined, both seem to have formed originally one and the same rock.

The Castle of the Qua is on the east side of Cartlane-Craigs, and, as suggested by Mr Alexander Campbell, a well known Highland gentleman, has its name from the Gaelic *Cuach*, or Cup, the *Quech* of the Lowlanders, to which the chasm, as viewed from the castle, has a striking appearance. The echo alluded to in the Poem is near Baronald house, and lately discovered.

A little down the river, and below the Craggs, are the two bridges alluded to in the Poem, as are *Orchyard-dell*, and *Sunny-side Lodge*, though nearer to the confluence of Mouss with Clyde. Lee, where the *Lee-penny* is kept in a golden box, lies about two miles to the north west.

# CARTLANE-CRAIGS :

A POEM.

---

OF CARTLANE-CRAIGS, thy loved retreat  
Midst winter's snows and summer's heat,  
Sing, Rustic Muse, in homely lays,  
For well those scenes deserve thy praise,  
That oft thy footsteps forth invite           5  
To the lone sweets of calm delight :  
Whether amidst the fragrant bowers,  
While spring descends in genial showers,  
We stray, to taste the balmy morn,  
Or, sheltered from the raging storm,           10

We hear the blust'ring tempest scowl,  
 And all the winter round us howl.  
 Still here, romantic scenes appear  
 Through all the various rolling year,  
 As morn or eve, or night or day,                   15  
 Invites to pleasures grave, or gay ;  
 Still varying to the various mind,  
 Like gossamer upon the wind ;  
 For every glen and echoing grove,  
 Fit haunts for friendship or for love !               20  
 Are formed by bounteous nature wise,  
 In pleasing varied forms to rise ;  
 While husbandry, with art serene,  
 And care, diversifies the scene,  
 In fertile fields, or flow'ry meads,                 25  
 As interest or convenience leads.

How oft, by contemplation led,  
 I've traced the *Mouss's* rocky bed,

Where his dark stream, incessant, laves  
 Around the rocks his mossy waves ; 30  
 Or where he sweeps the verdant vale,  
 Refresh'd by every fragrant gale.  
 The ash, the alder, and the thorn,  
 With blooming boughs his banks adorn ;  
 Till, glittering in the noon-tide beam, 35  
 He joins old Clutha's sounding stream ;  
 And thence impelled, his sylvan course  
 Seeks ancient *Stonebyres'* foaming force,  
 In mingling din of waters hoarse.

Along these banks as late I stray'd, 40  
 And all the flow'ry fields survey'd,  
 My Muse, in her own native strains,  
 Essayed to sing the pleasing scenes,  
 Where nature with each varied tint,  
 Does all the gaudy landscape paint ; 45  
 Or, with majestic hand sublime,  
 She traces out the bold outline,

Where ancient *Carlane's* rugged brow  
Hangs frowning o'er the stream below.

Oh ! in what strains would I have sung, 50  
Thy beauties in my mother tongue ;  
Could I, like *Burns*, thy praise rehearse,  
To Scottish ears, in Scottish verse !  
But who like *Burns* can pour the song,  
And tell the tale that's never long ? 55  
Who paint like him the rural jest ;  
Or moral, though by dogs exprest ?  
Or teach to base, low-minded pride,  
The virtues of a swain's fireside ?  
But this fond wish I must forego, 60  
Nor blame the power that wills it so.  
The fates, alas ! have doomed me poor,  
My calling and retreat obscure ;  
Remote from patronizing smile,  
That boon that softens all our toil ! 65  
Yet tho' fair science faintly beams  
Throughout the gloom, she chears my dreams

Oftimes, with flights that fancy feigns  
To spring from rich poetic brains.

Then come, thou goddess, rural born ! 70  
My wits awake, my verse adorn ;  
Inspire me *Cartlane-Craigs* to sing ;  
Her heights explore on vigorous wing ;  
That while I soar my vent'rous flight,  
In broad mid-day, or shades of night, 75  
In visions of poetic bliss  
I drop not down the dark abyss.  
Thy hand I ween shall bear me through,  
While I the varying theme pursue.

Where Mouss in murmuring cadence pours  
His mossy urn from Carnwath moors ; 81  
And tinkling onwards, seems to hold  
Soft converse with the grassy mould,  
Till, by Carstairs, his humble name  
Re-echoes to the voice of fame— 85

'Twas there in Rome's imperial day  
 Her martial legions urged their way—  
 A rugged task ! and vain the toil,  
 To subjugate our free-doom'd isle ;  
 And still near *Mouss's* margins green      90  
 Their proud praetorium may be seen,—  
 A monument to after-times,  
 Of Rome's ambition, and her crimes !  
 The stream thenceforth resounding hoarse,  
 Gives token of increasing force ;      95  
 And, onwards dashing, boldly keeps  
 His rugged course through *Cleghorn* deeps.  
 Emerging thence, in milder mood,  
 He sweeps the heights of *Jervis-wood*,  
 Near which, in stately ruins, lours      100  
 The shade of old *Craig-Lockhart's* tow'rs,  
 That nightly to the moon's pale beam,  
 Reflects his bulk in *Mouss's* stream ;  
 Thence tumbling o'er his pebbled sands,  
 Where lone *Glenburnie's* cottage stands,      105



Breaks on the eye that lofty mound,  
His liquid progress seems to bound ;—  
Lost seems the stream in rocky toil !  
Perspective tends to aid the guile,  
To human eye shuts up the vale !       110  
But here begins my wizard tale.

Here, then, in majesty arise  
Those scenes, the wonder of the wise,  
Where rocks and woods, a lengthen'd train,  
Whose bold, abrupt, and shaggy mien,   115  
A rude, serrated aspect, shows  
That nature, in convulsive throws,  
Had rent the solid rocks in twain,  
Tho' bound in adamantine chain,  
In those first ages of the earth,       120  
When she, with quick, primeval birth,  
Did, from her pregnant womb, unfold  
The wond'rous chasm we now behold :

As in some great *Vesuvian* mine,  
Where sulphur, fires, and waters join, 125  
And in chaotic warfare deign  
To threaten order's peaceful reign ;  
Quick bursts the subterranean store,  
And through the tow'ring Andes roar ;  
Those lofty piles with wild amaze, 130  
Straight tremble to their very base ;  
And from their deep recesses groan,  
Disgorging fires and molten stone ;  
While an unseen, Almighty pow'r,  
Their haughty, threat'ning pride to low'r, 135  
(Tremendous crash !) their tops divides,  
Till mountains, tumbling from their sides,  
And thundering on the smoking plain,  
Arise in lofty hills again.  
So, in that elemental war, 140  
When nature yet appear'd to jar,  
Dubious to hold her course begun,  
Or back to ancient Chaos run ;

Old *Cartlane* felt the awful shock,  
 That thrill'd along the solid rock,           145  
 Like distant thunder's hollow roar,  
 And all his stony bosom tore.  
*Mouss* turn'd aghast,—his pebbl'd bed,  
 Where he, erewhile, inglorious stray'd ;  
 Abruptly rose a rocky mound,           150  
 His farther progress firm to bound.  
 Against the rocky mound he sped,  
 Which long his wat'ry power defy'd  
 The frighten'd stream erected stood  
 In heaps, on heaps, a gathering flood !   155  
 With threat'ning front, terrific, lour'd,  
 Then down the horrid chasm pour'd,  
 From rock to rock, with lengthen'd sound,  
 The hoarsely dashing waves rebound,  
 Till (scap'd the subterraneous way)   160  
 They pour their streams upon the day ;  
 And, towards the meridian sun,  
 Had with resistless torrent run,

But a tall rock uprear'd its head,  
With ivy now and woodbine clad,           165  
That brav'd th' accumulating force,  
And sidelong turn'd his rapid course.  
Thus, when that dread command was given,  
Which first created earth and heav'n,  
That Ocean should his waters bound,       170  
Nor longer hills and vales confound ;  
The rivers swift, impetuous fled,  
To seek their lowly destin'd bed ;  
And, the great mandate to obey,  
O'er rocks and mounds pursued their way. 175

How horror had our bosoms chill'd,  
Had we those naked rocks beheld  
Abruptly to our wondering eyes,  
In their first hideous form to rise !  
But bounteous nature, ever kind,           180  
Nor to her meanest offspring blind,

Has soften'd down their rugged mien,  
 And cloth'd them all in cheerful green,  
 With woods and flow'rs, a sylvan train,  
 Where all the choicest sweets appear,      185  
 That deck the various blooming year ;  
 From the tall oak in stately pride,  
 That boldly climbs the mountain's side ;  
 Even to the lichen's skinny core ;  
 That creeps along the mossy shore.      190  
 Here bending with the airy winds,  
 Their dark green tops, the waving pines  
 In spinous amphitheatre rise,  
 Whose lofty summit sweeps the skies :  
 Or, thus array'd, a warlike band,      195  
 They firm in close battalia stand  
 Along the ridge, in marshall'd form,  
 With louting front to brave the storm.  
 Here too, the ash, in tow'ring pride,  
 Extends his spreading branches wide,      200

Defending all the lesser trees,  
From the rude, hoary, eastern breeze.  
In copses fair the hazel's seen,  
With juicy birch of deeper green ;  
The hawthorn and the jetty sloe,           205  
In deepest dells promiscuous grow,  
And with unnumber'd blossoms glow.  
Thus all, in bright luxuriance gay,  
Their vernal foliage proud display,  
In tang'ling briars and roses bound,       210  
And eke with youthful ivy crown'd ;  
While, on the velvet bank below,  
Unnumber'd little flowrets blow.  
The humble cowslip lifts its head,  
With spangl'd daisies white and red ;       215  
The little, modest violet blue,  
And hy'cinth of cerulean hue ;  
The windflower spreads its breezy leaves  
And ev'ry gentle breath perceives ;

With lovers'-hearts' gay foliage clad, 220  
 The pale wood-sorrel drops its head.  
 The cistus on the rock so high,  
 Still nods before the wishful eye,  
 That often strains, but all in vain,  
 Her golden treasure to obtain. 225  
 The saxifrage, in snowy bloom,  
 Sheds all around a sweet perfume;  
 And numberless geraniums rise,  
 Of various scents, and various dies ;  
 And meadow-sweet in rich array, 230  
 With all the progeny of May.—

Then boast no more, ye Indian swains,  
 Your spicy groves and sunny plains,  
 Your forests with tornadoes torn,  
 And pestilence in dismal form ; 235  
 Where fell disease, and aching pain,  
 In all their mortal rancour reign ;

While, underneath our native trees,  
Which shed their sweets to every breeze,  
Gay rosy health delights to rove           240  
In all the ecstacies of love.  
In this, our cold, ungenial clime,  
We covet not Golconda's mine ;  
For here the peasant's free-born mind,  
Feels pleasure, pure and unconfined,       245  
While he surveys the fertile plain,  
Adorn'd with yellow waving grain ;  
And sweet trefolium smiling round,  
That joyful clothes the meadow ground,  
And promises, when autumn's o'er,       250  
To bless him with abundant store.  
While art improves the general bloom,  
His labours yield a sweet perfume,  
And exercise from day to day,  
To prune the noxious weeds away ;       255  
For when, with cautious hand, he tears  
Up by the roots the rosy briars,



From all the spoils that round him lie,  
A thousand clouds of incense fly,  
Where od'rous sweets the hours beguile,  
And soften all his noon-day toil. 261

While nature thus adorns the fields,  
And all her stores profusely yields,  
Art furnishes what she denies,  
And every varied want supplies ; 265  
For ever-bounteous plenty smiles,  
To crown the farmer's yearly toils  
With ev'ry grain that *Ceres* knew,  
Oat, barley, pease, and wheaten too ;  
Art, (now), these, for the mill prepares ; 270  
The miller adds his dusty cares,  
And lab'ring with incessant pains  
His *knave*ship and his *bannock* gains,  
And furnishes the social board,  
With meal and malt, for clown and lord. 275

Besides the sweets of Ceres' reign,  
The farmer boasts of lowing kine,  
Whose lusty udders never fail,  
To fill the gold-begetting pail,  
With many a white refulgent stream ;     280  
Whence the nectareous, mantling cream,  
From which, express'd by homely toil,  
The richly butyraceous oil :  
The serous parts with equal ease,  
Are formed into the lusty cheese,     285  
Which is, in spite of all that's rare,  
The chiefest still of Scotia's fare.

O Scotia ! ever sacred name ;  
Still may you yet advance in fame,  
And lovely maids, the pride of song,     290  
To whom these humble works belong ;  
Still may you guarded be from harm,  
Of hellish imps, or elfin charm.

Ye rural Nymphs ! act well your parts,  
 And guard against all witchcraft arts ; 295  
 Since such too often give you pain,  
 And render all your labours vain !  
 Let *Penny-water* grace your walls,  
 And *row'n-tree* wreaths bedeck the stalls ;  
 For these your honest grandams knew, 300  
 (Who wiser were by far than you,)  
 Could o'er each elfin art prevail,  
 And never once were known to fail.

LEE PENNY.

Now, if there is, however mean,  
 Among the crowd one simple quean, 305  
 So ignorant as not to know  
 What feats the *Penny-waters* do,  
 Let her repair to Lockhart's-lee,  
 And soon she may the Penny see.

There kind attention meets the eye,           310  
And soon the gates wide open fly—  
A virgin too, the priestess dear,  
And keeper of the precious gear,  
Shall eager to your wish attend,  
And soon with speed the stairs ascend;   315  
See her unlock the sacred door,  
And, solemn, pace the hallow'd floor,  
Where, circl'd in a golden shrine  
Of curious workmanship divine,  
Lies chas'd in richest silver ore,           320  
The little stone of magic power.  
This precious relick oft had been  
The boast of many an Eastern queen,  
Until the days when martial fame  
Stamp't the bold Caledonian name;—   325  
When Lockhart with the Douglas bore  
The Bruce's heart to Canaan shore;  
There, while his little *Cartlane* band  
Essay'd to win the Holy-land,

A lady fair, whose dearest lord, 330  
Was captur'd by the conqu'ring sword,  
With costly presents sought to gain  
Her royal consort from his chain ;  
And, while her lovely fingers told,  
In massy heaps the shining gold, 335  
The fav'rite Penny which was plac'd  
With care upon her snowy breast,  
As in a temple safe, and far  
From vulgar hands and lawless war—  
Self-mov'd, at once did start away, 340  
And on the golden treasure lay ;  
She stretch'd her hands in trembling haste,  
And soon the fugitive replac'd ;—  
But all her anxious care was vain,  
For soon it started back again,— 345  
And full as soon she eager flies  
To snatch again the shining prize :  
But now, alas ! her anxious fear,  
The soldier ey'd with look severe,

And, "Madam, say," he sternly cry'd, 350  
(For all her soul, her looks betray'd),  
"Why thus so anxious to conceal,  
"What fate determines to reveal?"  
Reluctantly she made reply,  
The salt tear trembling in her eye: 355  
"Know, chieftain, we no more can boast  
"Of crown and empire—all are lost!  
"Save this fair gem, the gift of heav'n,  
"That to our ancestry was giv'n,  
"To guard its owners from all harm, 360  
"From witches' wierd, or elfin charm;  
"For if, amidst the crystal stream,  
"We thrice dip deep the heav'nly gem,  
"Whoever shall the water drain,  
"His health and vigour shall retain; 365  
"Nor witches' art, nor ling'ring pain,  
"Nor raging frost, nor fell murrain,  
"Nor hydrophobia's dreadful wound,  
"Shall ever more be fatal found."

“ Then take again your gold,” said he, 370

“ This shall alone his ransom be.”

Now realiz'd wère all her fears,  
And bursting in a flood of tears,  
She on her bended knees began,  
To beg her family *talisman* ; 375  
But never she that boon obtain'd ;  
He still the talisman retain'd,  
Until, on peace returning, he  
Secur'd the gem in house of Lee ;  
And there, so do the fates ordain, 380  
The antique penny shall remain  
To grace the baron's ancient halls,  
Till all be turn'd to naked walls ;  
Or till the latest spark of time,  
When Phoebus deigns no more to shine. 385

So far, tradition says, is true.  
Return we to our Pythian now :

See, see the dame with port divine  
Approach before the holy shrine ;  
And see her soon the stairs descend,           390  
And soon the precious gem suspend ;  
A laver next from crystal spring  
Her fair officious maidens bring ;  
Beside the vase, the priestess stands,  
The sacred symbol in her hands ;           395  
Which thrice she plunges in the tide,  
And twirls it thrice from side to side.  
Now all is done—the feat is o'er,  
And you've the panacean cure !  
Then fill your bottles—haste away,           400  
Unless decline the beams of day ;  
But first, such is her high behest,  
You must partake the genial feast ;  
Or, if grim night her curtain spread,  
With sleep enjoy the silken bed,           405  
Until the morning's russet grey  
Unbars the golden gates of day ;



Then by the dawn, you may depart  
With the best blessing of her heart:—  
And other caution gives she none      410  
But “see it touch not *earth* nor *stone*.”  
The hallow’d water will afford  
Health to the peasant and the lord,  
And chiefly to the bestial kind,  
A sure protection you’ll it find.      415  
Let a well corked bottle be  
With care hung on the *ravel tree*,  
Then safely you the cows may drain,  
And all their milky store obtain.  
Your butter will all others vie,      420  
The churn, secure from witching eye,  
Your milk will yearn, and spells defy;  
And dogs that guard your fleecy store  
Shall hydrophobia know no more!

While these the menial hands employ, 425  
The farmer’s heart shall bound with joy,

As he with secret rapture sees  
His cares enhance the merchant's fees ;  
Or, in the humble cellar stor'd,  
To heap upon the genial board, 430  
Whene'er the circling seasons come,  
Of Yule, or Pace, or harvest-home :  
Times, when the rustic swains agree,  
To spend the day in social glee,  
Discarding every galling smart, 435  
And care that nestles in the heart ;  
Enjoying what's within their power,  
That cherish but the passing hour ;  
When, too, the sultry hours descend,  
And husbandmen their labours end, 440  
They fly to rural sport and play,  
And joyful spend the setting day,  
Beside their little homely cells,  
Where, ever-sweet contentment dwells,  
With peace and conjugal delight, 445  
And every soft connubial rite ;

Fond filial and parental love,  
And friendship, daughter fair of Jove !  
What though no pageantry of state,  
That shines but to torment the great,     450  
Here gluts the vain beholder's eyes,  
And no triumphal arches rise ;  
Though, here, no splendid rich alcove  
Re-echoes to their songs of love ;  
Yet, underneath each lowly dome,     455  
The humbler virtues find a home,  
With all that tends to make them blest,  
In mind, as habit, simply drest.

O ! grant, kind heav'n, this be my lot,  
Within some sweet sequester'd cot,     460  
Far from the world's tumultuous noise,  
From all its charms, from all its joys ;  
That I my eve of life may spend,  
In converse with some valu'd friend.

C

O ! grant but this, I ask no more ;            465  
Nor envy all the golden store,  
That issues from *Potosi's* mine,  
To vex mankind in ev'ry clime.  
For then, content would make me glad,  
With homely fare, in russet clad.            470  
Just plac'd above the fear of want,  
(If heaven such competence shall grant,)  
Then shall Jean's rapture-beaming eyes,  
With soft endearments, crown my joys ;  
Then childhood's little, prattling wiles,    475  
And age's fond connubial smiles,  
Shall serve, as they alternate please,  
To lead my mind to peace and ease ;  
Then envy, love, and dastard pride,  
That all the better world deride ;            480  
And jealousy, and dark despair,  
That fill the mind with gloomy care,  
Shall, with lank-sided avarice wan,  
And mad ambition's boundless span,

Be ever banish'd from my breast, 485  
Nor once intrude to break my rest.

Such are the joys that fancy forms,  
As antidotes to hush the storms  
Of human life ; but ah ! I fear  
There is no lasting pleasure here ; 490  
For while I, joyful, view the plains,  
The flow'ry meads and happy swains,  
A starting pang I sometimes feel,  
Across my labouring bosom steal ;  
And, too, the hasty tears descend, 495  
In mem'ry of a whilom friend ;  
Who often, with facetious pow'rs,  
Beguil'd me of my lagging hours.  
Hard by his little cottage door,  
(Alas ! that cot is now no more) 500  
Upon his crutch he lean'd him down,  
While gazing crowds stood gaping round,

To catch his words with mirth and glee,  
“ For many a tale and joke had he !”  
For he had been in foreign climes,           505  
And knew their seasons and their times ;  
Could many wond’rous tales relate  
Of law, and polity, and state ;  
Of customs, and of manners strange,  
Where he abroad had chanc’d to range ; 510  
Of sieges and campaigns he’d seen,  
(For he had once a soldier been) ;  
And, garrulous, would tell his wars,  
His hair-breadth ’scapes, and bloody scars ;  
Then, summoning up his martial mien,   515  
Would act his bold exploits again :  
And though, a hundred times, the ear  
Had drunk those sounds, they still were dear  
To hinds, unus’d so far to roam,  
Beyond th’ horizon of their home.           520

But, ah ! his little pleasant cot,  
And merry tales are all forgot ;

His fav'rite haunts no more are seen,  
 Nor flow'ry paths, nor alleys green,  
 Where oft, beside the mossy stream, 525  
 He basked him in the sunny beam :  
 But why, so anxious, should we mourn  
 The days that never shall return ?  
 Those years of pleasure, sweet and gay,  
 Which fastest seem to glide away, 530  
 Shall hence with distant ages roll,  
 Nor charm again the human soul ;  
 Yet man's frail mem'ry clings around  
 Its past delights, in lengthen'd bound :  
 And, from reflection, wrings again, 535  
 The very dregs of pleasing pain.  
 But cease, my Muse ! the moral lay,  
 Nor mourn the days of life's decay.

In quest of more serene delights,  
 Ascend we *old Baronald's* heights, 540

Where peace and science love to meet  
In worthy Lockhart's bow'r'd retreat.—  
Oft, list'ning to the lonely knell,  
Sweet echo sends from rocky cell ;            544  
The nymph, though cold, retired, and young,  
Will ne'er refuse to pledge your song.

Behold yon arch of antique mood,  
That proudly shoots across the flood,  
Built of a rough, ungenerous stone,  
Its age and architect unknown ;            550  
So far its era back they trace,  
Some say 'twas built by Pictish race ;  
Nay, by some supernatural aid,  
For such the fiction time has made,  
That, in one solemn midnight hour,            555  
'Twas stretch'd across from shore to shore.  
But though she's furrow'd o'er with years,  
And scarce one trace of youth appears,  
She scorns her new intruding guest,  
In all her modern trappings drest ;            560



And boasts she still a bridge to ride,  
When *Mouss* has roll'd her mate to Clyde.

There, too, a little villa \* stands,  
Though built by no immortal hands ;  
Yet ne'er a goddess of the plain,           565  
E'er chose a more enchanting scene,  
To bid her gay pagodas rise,  
In western or in eastern skies.  
But though, around her, art displays  
The varied charms of modern days,           570  
And bids her be, in after-time,  
The seat of sweet Pomona's reign ;  
My mind still dwells on former years,  
When she was cloth'd in thorns and briers,  
When nature did spontaneous yield           575  
Her various stores to paint the field ;  
For then fond youth my heart inspir'd,  
And wanton loves my bosom fired,

\* Orchyard-dell.

With many a soft and pleasing strain,  
That still indelible remain. 580

But see, where *Moussa* joins the Clyde,  
A statelier villa\* grace the side :  
High, on the daisy'd bank, it stands,  
And all the neighbouring vale commands ;  
Here, Flora and the Graces smile, 585  
And peace rewards the merchant's toil :—  
Long may its worthy inmates share,  
Its gay parterres and wholesome air !

From thence I oftimes turn away,  
And, through the echoing glen, I stray 590  
To hear the feather'd warblers sing,  
Or on the branch, or on the wing ;  
Attendant on their tender brood,  
Through all the verges of the wood.  
O ! cease, ye little sportive bands, 595  
Nor here intrude your plundering hands,

\* Sunnyside-lodge.

That, from their dams so happy, tear  
The little helpless nestlings dear ;  
O ! rob not of her callow young,  
The little mistress of the song ;                   600  
And she shall charm you in the grove,  
With sweet, melodious songs of love.—  
So sable dames of Afric's coast,  
Now, of those gen'rous Britons boast,  
Who boldly 'gainst vile slav'ry stood,               605  
And sav'd wild Afric's tawny brood.  
Here, too, the various beasts of chace  
Renounce the tame, domestic race ;  
Sly reynard, and the timid hare,  
Alike make habitation there ;                   610  
Where they in covert, without fear,  
Their hardy progeny may rear ;  
Yet scarcely find themselves secured,  
Although in rocks and woods immured ;  
For often, with the rosy morn,                   615  
The huntsman winds his echoing horn ;

Then soon they hear, with dread surprise,  
Approaching fowlers' hollow cries,  
Which through the winding banks resound,  
And all their wary flight confound.       620  
This way, and that, the quarry runs,  
While bellowing dogs, and slaughtering guns,  
And barbarous men the rout pursue,  
And oft their savage hoop renew ;  
For now, in the warm-scented breeze,       625  
Re-bellowing through the echoing trees,  
The growling pack bear fast away,  
With open mouth upon their prey ;  
The hare, now swiftly scours the plain,  
And strives the steep ascent to gain,       630  
Where she, by her formation kind,  
Essays to leave her foes behind ;  
But all her weak efforts are vain,  
For soon the loud, approaching train,  
Surround her with redoubling cries ;       635  
She shrieks aloud, then faints and dies !

Old reynard, too, stung with dismay,  
In sullen ap'thy steals away ;  
Yet, nor on speed, nor strength depends,  
But with the winding stream descends ; 640  
Or scuds before the passing gale,  
In varied course o'er hill and dale ;  
With many a circle round and round,  
He cheats the most sagacious hound,  
Who often snuffs the ground in vain, 645  
Retracing all his steps again ;  
Till chance the lively scent renews,  
Then joyful all the pack pursues,  
With loud and louder shouts of death,  
Unravelling all his mazy path ; 650  
Till, rous'd by the approaching cries,  
He through the brakes and bushes flies,  
And every pliant sinew strains,  
Till he the badger's burrow gains,  
In hopes that, underneath the ground, 655  
A *last* asylum may be found !

But soon, from his terrene retreat,  
 They drag him to his destin'd fate ;  
 While men and dogs, in mingled cry,  
 With acclamations rend the sky.           660  
 In sorrow sad, their joy he hears,  
 And silent, sheds some sullen tears,  
 But scorns to make one feeble moan,  
 And proudly dies without a groan.—  
 They, full as proud, his brush display ;   665  
 The trophy of the well-won day.

But not so joyful was their case,  
 Returning from the wizard chase ;  
 When o'er the fields they luckless came,  
 With men and dogs, and horses lame.       670  
 Say, Muse ! what dreadful act of fate,  
 So mov'd the witches' hellish hate !  
 That they, their pow'rs of doing ill,  
 Combin'd the hunter's sport to spill.

Ah! 'twas upon a summer's morn, 675  
When scarce one breath disturb'd the thorn;  
The favourite cat, which Maggy strode,  
When she her midnight errands rode,  
Sat basking in the morning ray,  
When Fowler chanc'd to pass that way; 680  
Proud puss refus'd to yield her place,  
But hiss'd and spit in Fowler's face;—  
The haughty dog, who ne'er had seen  
Such petulance in a garb so mean,  
With one rude snap did crush her head, 685  
And left the favourite mouser dead.  
But ah! what mortal tongue can tell  
The dismal, long, unhallowed yell  
Of dole and woe, by Maggy raised,  
When o'er the writhing corpse she gazed. 690  
Nor less had she for *Nancy* mourned,  
When three successive days returned;  
But still with tears bedewed her bed,  
Such stony tears as witches shed.

## D

But when the third revolving sun,           695  
 In his diurnal course had run ;  
 And when pale Cynthia's silver horn,  
 Was by the dun horizon shorn ;  
 Alas ! a fiery message came,  
 To summon forth the eldritch dame,           700  
 In all her haggard pomp to be,  
 At prince of darkness his levee,  
 On Cartlane-Craigs, the famed resort  
 Of Satan's black infernal court ;  
 And Maggy must, without delay,           705  
 Make haste to tempt the pathless way ;  
 For now the stormy west began  
 To summon up his blustering van,  
 In sudden squalls, that howled most dread,  
 As through the rocky glen they sped ;       710  
 Betokening on that awful night,  
 The presence of no common spright.—

Now, many a *barðrens*, on the green,  
 High mettl'd prancers, might be seen !



To whom the witches gave the rein,      715  
 And darted o'er th' aërial plain :  
 Some on a broom essay'd their speed ;  
 Some rode a good green hazel steed ;  
 While some were scampering to the crags,  
 Well mounted upon human nags ;      720  
 And, last of all, poor Maggy Gib  
 Came hobbling on a burnt kiln-rib.  
 Alas, what changes need we rue !  
 Since witches feel sad changes too ;—  
 She, foremost once, did ape the wind,      725  
 But now she lagg'd full far behind.

### SATAN'S COURT.

Within a dark and hollow den,  
 That northward looks across the glen,  
 High arch'd above the mossy flood,  
 With rugged rocks and shaggy wood ;      730

There sat the fiend with hellish grin,  
While all the hags came trooping in.  
Each weird her due obeisance made,  
And, mute, enjoyed the cavern's shade,  
Until the chief, with bestial port, 735  
Bade all begin their wanton sport.

Now, loud and long, old Boreas blew,  
Harsh music to the hellish crew ;  
The jarring unharmonious tones,  
Like plaintive cries and hollow groans, 740  
Were echoed from the rocks around,  
In all the wild of mingled sound.  
Elated with the favourite strains,  
Each witch's blood boils in her veins,  
Whilst the decrepit dancer feels 745  
Unwonted mettle in her heels ;  
For now aloft on air they go,  
Now skim the mantling pool below ;

Now on the rugged cliff they ride,  
Now dashing down its rocky side, 750  
As circling eddies veer along;  
While thus they pour the wizard song:

“ Prince of the whirlwind and the storm !  
“ Who gave to us this airy form,  
“ Who made us with such ease to glide, 755  
“ While we on uncouth coursers ride,  
“ O'er hill and dale, o'er wood and glen,  
“ O'er moss and moor, o'er bog and fen,  
“ O'er rugged mountains wild and steep,  
“ And over rivers dark and deep ; 760  
“ And o'er the ocean's briny wave,  
“ When you the fiery welkin lave,  
“ We fly to join thy festive board,  
“ With many a royal dainty stored ;  
“ Where every rich repast is crown'd, 765  
“ With cream from all the dairies round ;

“ Where, too, in sparkling goblets shines,  
 “ The produce of the juicy vines ;  
 “ Which fills our hearts with youthful glee ;  
 “ All this and more we owe to thee,       770  
 “ Who gave to us this airy form,  
 “ Prince of the whirlwind and the storm !”

The bat, the night-hawk, and the owl,  
 With all the savage tribes that prowl  
 At dead of night in quest of prey,       775  
 And doze amidst the light of day,  
 Now hasten from the rocky shore,  
 And wonder at the wild uproar.  
 But when the wanton race was run,  
 The royal demon thus begun :       780  
 “ Right trusty, well beloved friends,  
 “ Attendant on our just commands ;  
 “ Who only, with malignant will,  
 “ Possess the power of doing ill :  
 “ To-morrow, so doth fame report,       785  
 “ Here, where we hold our royal court,

“ The Scottish chieftains have decreed,  
 “ Their annual hunting match to speed,  
 “ With many a hound, and hunter bold,  
 “ As wont to be in days of old. 790

“ While other deeds my hands employ,  
 “ Be't yours to damp the hunters' joy ;  
 “ Let Maggy have her vengeance due,  
 “ Upon the wanton murderous crew.”

Thus he : and soon upon the plain, 795  
 In shape of hares, the haggard train  
 Did frisk about and crop the corn,  
 Impatient for the rising morn.

### WIZARD CHASE.

Now did the roseate east display,  
 In ruddy streaks, the rising day, 800  
 Which soon illum'd the stately spire,  
 Of Lanark's venerable choir ;

Then might be heard the mingl'd sounds,  
Of neighing steeds, and whining hounds,  
And echoing horns, and hunters' calls, 805  
Resounding from the lofty walls :  
For now, upon the neighb'ring plain,  
Did pour along a gallant train,  
Of statesmen bold, and warriors brave,  
Who oft, their country's rights to save, 810  
To *Britain* prov'd a brazen shield,  
Or in the senate or the field.  
Thus when, upon our southern strand,  
The stout earl of Northumberland,  
With hound and horn the roe-buck drave,  
Our Caledonian youths to brave, 816  
The gallant border chieftains bold,  
Beneath the Douglas' sway enroll'd,  
In their own native martial show,  
March'd to repel the vaunting foe. 820  
So were the hunting bands display'd,  
In golden panoply array'd.

But now, behind, the haggard train,  
Up Cartland hills the pack did strain ;  
While shouts and cries rose on the wind, 825  
With many a clatt'ring hoof behind ;  
And now they gain'd Kilcadzon's height,  
Where meets the eye a boundless flight ;  
Where, far beneath your wondering eyes,  
The lofty Lomond seems to rise ; 830  
But devious here, on every side,  
The witches did their route divide ;  
And under thick condensing fogs,  
They cours'd along the swampy bogs ;  
Till every horse and hunter lay, 835  
Half buried in the miry clay.

Now distant far, with angry growl,  
Were heard the cries of trusty Jowl ;  
Whose *silver*-locked collar still,  
Was proof against their hellish skill : 840  
The huntsman faithful Jowler knew,

And soon recall'd the wand'ring crew ;  
 And soon they all the route pursue,  
 With many a hoop and wild halloo ;  
 While Jowler, on the plain below,           845  
 Was gaining on his mortal foe.

O Maggy, shun the gathering storm !  
 Haste, haste, assume the human form !  
 Or soon you may this hunting rue,  
 There's forty open mouths in view ;           850  
 But what, alas ! could Maggy save,  
 When her own hellish arts misgave ;  
 For charms and spells could nought avail ;  
 For still a hare she scour'd the dale:  
 And now she cours'd the massy fen,           855  
 Now plung'd amidst the woody glen,  
 Now darted o'er the opening plain,  
 And now essay'd the height again ;  
 Till every weird, impatient grown,  
 In Maggy's fate forgot her own :           860



Then thrice before the hounds they stood,  
And thrice they cross'd the tract with blood :  
But Jowler, ever faithful hound,  
Soon clear'd the blood, and, with a bound,  
Like light'ning shot across the plain,      865  
And near'd the fainting witch again.  
A marksman too, with vision nice,  
Now levell'd his all-murdering piece ;  
His steady hand the trigger drew,  
The whizzing ball unerring flew ;      870  
And had one speck of silver shone  
Upon the ball, that speck alone  
Had laid the panting sister dead ;  
But, ah ! the ball was sullen lead ;  
And though the tale be strange to tell,      875  
Rebounding from her breast it fell !

While thus the danger nearer drew,  
The sisters swift and swifter flew,

And casting cantrips, one and all,  
In backward prayers, began to call,       880  
For aid from Pandemonian hall.

The prince from top of Tinto's height,  
Beheld the wretched Maggy's plight ;  
And soon a raven's form he took,  
And soon his sable plumage shook ;       885  
Then through mid air he takes his way,  
While clouds and storms deform the day.

Now, quick as thought, a blast arose,  
That sever'd Maggy from her foes ;  
And soon in floods descends the rain,       890  
And torrents deluge all the plain ;  
Around the gath'ring vapours pour,  
And dark, as midnight, is the hour !

The hunters, lost in wild amaze,  
Abandon'd now the wizard chase,       895  
And homeward, slowly, took their way,  
To spend the night in pleasure gay ;

As deep debauch their hearts incline,  
To Venus, cards, and dice, and wine.  
O! how unlike their sires of yore,           900  
Who oft did whet their spears, to gore  
The bison, or the tusky boar ;  
Then from the chase, with loud alarms,  
Would fly to martial deeds of arms :  
As, in that rude and barb'rous age,           905  
When Britain groan'd with party rage ;  
When fraud and force were legal pow'rs,  
And laws gave place to arms and tow'rs.

## ELFIN COURT.

'Twas then, above yon rocky wa',  
Tow'r'd high the castle of the Qua',           910  
An ancient hold, as tales relate,  
All deck'd in Gothic pomp and state :

E

Though now her pride is laid full low,  
And thorns, and briars, and nettles grow,  
Where once the joy-enliv'ning bowl      915  
Gave all the grateful flow of soul ;  
And o'er the gay pavilion sweet,  
That bounded with the dancer's feet,  
The lambs their wanton gambols play,  
Where mirth once rul'd the festive day.      920  
No more the swelling ramparts tell  
Where heroes fought and heroes fell ;  
But o'er the fields, once drench'd in gore,  
That witness'd oft the battle's roar,  
The peaceful hind now drives his car,      925  
And hears no more the voice of war.

Of her once lofty turrets high,  
There's nought attracts the wanderer's eye,  
But heaps on heaps, a shapeless mound  
Of ruins, level'd near the ground :      930

Yet, man, this more is due to thine,  
Than to the cankering hand of time.  
Though time the hardest steel can rust,  
And moulder solid rocks to dust ;  
Yet here the hand of spoil appears 935  
More wasteful than a thousand years :  
Since man by force has broken through,  
What ling'ring ages scarce could do ;  
But relics of the antique kind,  
Ne'er interest the peasant's mind ; 940  
And stones, with less laborious strokes,  
Are dug from walls, than solid rocks ;  
So, from the lofty sounding halls  
He builds his lowly cottage walls ;  
And, thus, each new succeeding age 945  
Still blots from the preceding page,  
Those vestiges of former times,  
Which mark'd man's follies or his crimes.

## ELFIN HALL.

Yet not the antiquists alone,  
 This sacrilege of art bemoan ;                    950  
 Old Mab, with all her tinsel train,  
 Who often haunts the peasant's brain,  
 Still o'er the prostrate ruins mourns,  
 As oft's the circling year returns ;  
 For, underneath the mould'ring wall,            955  
 There stood a little azure hall,  
 That, deck'd in antique splendour, lay  
 Sequester'd from the face of day ;  
 But sacred to the fairy train,  
 (And long did they the place retain ;)            960  
 Where oft the little elfin queen,  
 Her airy court did gay convene ;  
 Their wanton gambols there they'd play,  
 O'er moss and moor, o'er burn and brae,  
 From rising to the setting day.—                965

Out from this hall a passage wound  
 Along the solid rocky ground,  
 And open'd o'er the foaming waves,  
 Where *Mouss* in maddening torrents raves ;  
 A witch-elm rear'd its branches high,      970  
 And hid its mouth from mortal eye ;  
 For never human foot had trode  
 Within this subterrene abode ;  
 But fairy elves would dance and sing  
 In many a wanton mazy ring ;      975  
 Till once the little pageant dame,  
 With all her light-heel'd sisters came ;  
 And would her elfin pomp display,  
 To celebrate her natal day,  
 Within her little favourite ha',      980  
 Beneath the castle of the Qua'.

Her robe of more than silken twine,  
 Made of the gossamer so fine,

Far far surpass'd the richest bloom,  
Wrought in the finest Persian loom,        985  
Bound with a little splendid zone,  
Where dew drops bright, like diamonds shone;  
And proudly fluttering in the wind,  
Borne by a hundred elves behind ;  
Who lightly tript the ground along        990  
In cadence to the cricket's song :  
The ivy, too, her temples crown'd,  
And flow'ry wreaths her ringlets bound ;  
And in her hand, with regal air,  
She did a tiny sceptre bear,                995  
By nicest operation torn,  
From off a Glastenbury thorn.  
Around the walls the lichen clung,  
And look'd like golden tapestry hung ;  
While aged beams of mouldering wood, 1000  
Their bare half rotten ends protrude,  
And phosphorus, a bright display,  
Beam'd all around and gave the day.



With airy step she mounts her throne,  
Made of a water-polish'd stone : 1005  
The downy cushion, neatly drest,  
Of softest moss, she lightly prest ;  
Then stepping forth, with smiling mien,  
She bade the antic sports begin :  
But scarcely o'er the magic ground, 1010  
Had they revolved one merry round ;  
When with a crash the ragged wall  
Did o'er the sportive sisters fall ;  
The lofty burnish'd ceiling tear ;  
And fill'd the elfin queen with fear ; 1015  
For now a rude ignoble clown,  
With crow-bar huge, and thund'ring sound,  
Labour'd to pull the building down.  
O elves ! she cry'd, your mirth suspend,  
And all your wanton revels end ; 1020  
For some unhallow'd dark design,  
This instant menaces our reign.

She rose, and quick exordium made,  
In hurried accents thus she said :  
Ungrateful man ! who'er thou art,      1025  
Of boorish, hard, unfeeling heart ;  
How canst thou thus our haunts destroy,  
Who never did thy peace annoy !  
Who oft did nightly vigils keep,  
And work'd for thee, while thou didst sleep ;  
But never more, from hence amain,      1031  
Expect our pow'rful aid again :  
But withered, wasteful, eldritch hags,  
Sprung from the dreary Lapland bogs,  
As oft as thou thy eyelids close,      1035  
Shall all thy slumbers discompose.

Then turning sad, she dropt a tear,  
And bade the magic disappear ;  
For now the piercing beams of day,  
Had found into her hall a way :      1040

The musty vaults themselves unfold,  
O'ergrown with moss, and dampish mould.  
Then to the rocky chinks they flew,  
And ne'er again their sports renew ;  
Save, when one merry night they pass, 1045  
And play their freaks at Hallowmas ;  
When, issuing from their dark retreats,  
They tempt the maids with marriage rites,  
And whisper to the credulous swain,  
That he shall wealth and beauty gain. 1050

These long the peasants have believ'd,  
Nor think themselves in aught deceiv'd;  
But oft, with confidence, relate  
Strange tales of doom and future fate,  
That their own fancies procreate. 1055  
For where the Mouss incessant pours,  
Through rocks and glens, and verdant bow'rs  
Soft murmurs tinkling on his ears,  
The rustic swain elated hears,

As fancy modifies the sound, 1060  
 Loud human voices shrieking round :  
 The moon-beams chequering the trees,  
 In antic shapes, he quickly sees ;  
 In antic gestures too, I ween,  
 The nimble fairies tread the green ; 1065  
 And all is sportive dance and song,  
 As in amaze he glides along.  
 His palpitating heart he feels,  
 And fear adds motion to his heels ;  
 Nor does he less the fright retain, 1070  
 Till he descries some neighb'ring swain,  
 To whom he tells the awful tale ;  
 And he too in his turn grows pale ;  
 And casting round a cautious eye,  
 Half thinks he hears the spectre's cry. 1075

Not so the philosophic mind,  
 By reason's dictates more refin'd,

And nurtured in the haunts of men,  
Seeks, without fear, the gloomy glen,  
When night in sable garb appears, 1080  
And nature the like livery wears:  
Yes, sacred still's the midnight hour  
To contemplation,—solemn pow'r!  
Who, perch'd on yonder peak sublime,  
Scarce marks the silent march of time. 1085  
The cushat now forgets her love,  
And hush'd the music of the grove;  
The shepherd too has pen'd his care,  
And free from pain enjoys his fair.

Thus, often in these silent bow'rs, 1090  
I've spent the falling shadowy hours,  
Until the twinkling star of eve  
Stood trembling o'er the western wave;  
And shade on shade with thickening dye,  
Gradual, beguil'd the lab'ring eye; 1095

Even, till the night with murky brow,  
Envelop'd all the world below :  
And though no fairy elves were seen,  
In sportive dance along the green ;  
Yet fancy, pleasing, busy pow'r !        1100  
That never finds one idle hour,  
Oft peopled all the evening grey,  
With martial ghosts in grim array ;  
The ghosts of ancient heroes bold,  
Who, in their country's cause, of old,        1105  
By deathless deeds enroll'd their name,  
And gave them to the voice of fame.  
For here the patriot *Wallace* strode,  
In stature like a demi-god :  
Here he in awful vengeance rose,        1110  
Upon his haughty southern foes,  
Whose brutal hands had crimson'd o'er,  
His nuptial bed with streaming gore.

WALLACE.

In Lanark's ancient borough town,  
 There lived a maid of fair renown,      1115  
*Braidfoot of Lamington* her name :  
 Her sires of old had held the same ;  
 But, sharing in their country's woes,  
 Had butcher'd been by southern foes.  
 The hero *Wallace* lov'd the maid,      1120  
 His courtship ofttimes to her paid ;  
 And, in due course of time and tide,  
 The lovely *May* became his bride.

It chanc'd one morn,—O morn of shame!—  
 That *Wallace*, and his friend the *Grahame*,  
 Returning from the holy fane,      1126  
 Met insult from th' assembled train

Of foes, who rudely them out-brave,  
 From confidence their numbers gave.  
 The hardy Scots sustain the shock,      1130  
 As meets the waves, the stubborn rock;  
 Their faithful followers sternly stood,  
 Their weapons dy'd in hostile blood;  
 Death sat upon each hero's sword,  
 And back recoil'd the southern horde,      1135  
 Reserving for another day,  
 The sequel of that bloody fray.  
 'Twas now the southern count their cost,  
 Their mightiest slain,—their honour lost;  
 And, stung with rage, remorse and grief, 1140  
 In coward murder, sought relief.—  
 O stain to manhood! stain to arms!  
 Fair *Marian* dies, in all her charms!

These tidings sad, a handmaid bore  
 To *Wallace*, 'scap'd to *Moussa's* shore;      1145  
 Whose rugged wilds resound his wail,  
 That loads with sighs the passing gale.



Methinks I see the hero frown,  
His wrathful warriors gath'ring round ;  
His manly call they joyful hear,           1150  
And coucheth each his massy spear ;  
For now, within his lab'ring soul,  
A thousand schemes of vengeance roll :  
Before him still the fair one falls,  
And loud for retribution calls.           1155  
Within a gloomy cavern deep,  
That yawns above the rocky steep,  
In secret guise, the hero lay,  
Till darkness veil'd the face of day ;       1160  
But when the night-fall gather'd round,  
And storms and thunders shook the ground,  
His bugle-horn was heard afar,  
The signal of approaching war ;  
Till on the cliff, with bristling spears,       1165  
His little patriot band appears.—  
Say, kindred Muse, celestial guide !  
What warriors graced the hero's side,

In bloody strife, and martial coil,  
 To drive th' invaders from our soil?      1170  
 First came, the foremost of his clan,  
 The vengeful son of *Lamington* ;  
 Bold *Richardtons*, of Wallace blood ;  
*Cleland* and *Little*, brave and good.  
 In haste, to join the martial rank,      1175  
 Came *Auchenleck* from old Gilbank,  
 Whose mould'ring Peel still marks the spot,  
 Where *Wallace* oft his cares forgot.  
 Next in the cause, a gallant name !  
 Press'd forward, good Sir John the *Grahame*,  
 With *Baillie*, of unblemish'd fame.      1181  
 The knight of *Tinto* drew the sword,  
 And *Grimsly*, faithful to his lord ;  
*Crawford*, and *Boyd*, and *Sommerville*,  
 With men of *Cunningham* and *Kyle*.      1185  
*Lindsay* and *Fleming* lead the war,  
 And *Murray*, with his silver star.

*Dickson's* broad falchion gleams in air,  
 And *Newbiggings* the onset dare.  
*Carmichael* shakes his broken lance, 1190  
 And bids his kindred spears advance.  
*Gordon* and *Nisbet* seek the field,  
 With *Bertram* of the brazen shield.  
 Deep in the glen, behold appear,  
 The *Norman* banner of *Devere* : 1195  
 And *Lockharts* too, a faithful band,  
 In must'ring numbers crowd the strand ;  
 Whose chief, to far *Palestia's* shore,  
 The bloody crest of *Douglas* bore ;  
 And thence acquired that bearing bold, 1200  
 Their martial sons in honour hold.  
 Last, though not least, in dread array,  
 The border spears of *Halliday*,  
 By *Elliot*, and by *Jardine* led,  
 And *Ker*, and hardy *Rutherford*, 1205  
 Close up the rearward rank, and all,  
 With loud acclaim, for vengeance call.

Lo ! issuing from the darksome wood,  
All gash'd with wounds, and bath'd in blood ;  
A female ghost before them stood,        1210  
With beck'ning hand, and streaming eyes,  
Then tow'rd the hostile city flies.  
Loud murmurs through the army ran,  
From rank to rank, from man to man ;  
They wildly at each other stare,        1215  
For well they knew the blooming fair.  
And now the hero's bosom boil'd,  
Back from his cheeks the blood recoil'd ;  
He roll'd around, in vengeful ire,  
His eyes that sparkl'd livid fire ;        1220  
Then to his former haunts of love,  
He bade the thund'ring battle move.

Now, hoarser still the tempest howls,  
And round and round the thunder growls ;  
The light'nings flash along the gloom,    1225  
Portentous of the southern's doom ;

In torrents vast, the rains descend,  
 As if the solid rocks to rend ;  
 Before them Mouss pours all his floods,  
 Resounding through his shaggy woods : 1230  
 Yet storms nor floods their march restrain,  
 For now they issue on the plain,  
 Where, tow'ring through the distant skies,  
*Craig-Lockhart's* airy ruins rise.  
 There, where the river smoother glides, 1235  
 And less impetuous rolls his tides,  
 They stem the flood with nervous limb,  
 And up the steepy woodland climb ;  
 Till, with a faintly glimm'ring light,  
 The hostile walls appear in sight. 1240

Expiring tapers still display'd  
 The havock that debauch had made ;  
 From recent cups, the soldiers round,  
 In wild confusion, strew'd the ground ;

With surfeit blind, and drinking deep, 1245  
The drowsy sentries sunk to sleep.  
The hero bless'd th' almighty pow'r ;  
And saw, in one auspicious hour,  
Already half his conquest o'er.  
Then, up a pond'rous rock he tore, 1250  
And on his brawny shoulders bore,  
With which, at one tremendous stroke,  
The massy iron gate he broke :  
So high his hand the hero drew,  
That bolts and bands asunder flew ; 1255  
At the huge bulwark's crashing fall,  
Old *Lanark* shook through all her wall.

The southernns, struck with dread surprise,  
See all the battle round them rise ;  
And, rushing to the crowded street, 1260  
Sure death at every corner meet.  
But, see ! close wedged in firm array,  
The staff, that in the castle lay,

Advance, to stem the approaching tide,  
In marshal'd order, side by side: 1265  
All knights in distant regions born,  
Led on by *Hesilrig* and *Thorn*,  
Detested chiefs, whose blood alone,  
Half their misdeeds could ne'er atone.  
What Muse can sing the mortal rage, 1270  
With which these sterner foes engage;  
For Castle-gate swam deep in gore,  
And thousands fell to rise no more:  
But though stern vengeance fir'd their breast,  
'The hardy *Scots*, by numbers press'd, 1275  
Still urg'd the furious war in vain,  
'Midst streams of gore and heaps of slain;  
Till *Wallace* bold, with bloody lance,  
Did on their bristling front advance;  
His single spear the foes alarm, 1280  
(For wounds and death sat on his arm);  
And now they shun th' unequal fight,  
And like base Buonaparte take flight.

Yet still th' enraged *Scots* pursue,  
And still the horrid scenes renew : 1285  
Till the dun morn, with wat'ry eyes,  
O'er *Tinto's* height began to rise ;  
And, lab'ring through the turbid air,  
Seem'd laden with unusual care.  
So deep the carnage nature mourn'd, 1290  
She scarcely knew the day return'd ;  
And even the hero dropt a tear,  
As, pale, he lean'd him on his spear.  
But when he heard old *Constance* tell,  
How her adored mistress fell, 1295  
Again his cheeks the crimson dyes,  
Now fires illumine his eagle eyes !  
While deep-revolving, vengeful thought,  
He ponder'd on battles yet unfought.

O happy you, thrice happy plains ! 1300  
That see no more such awful scenes ;



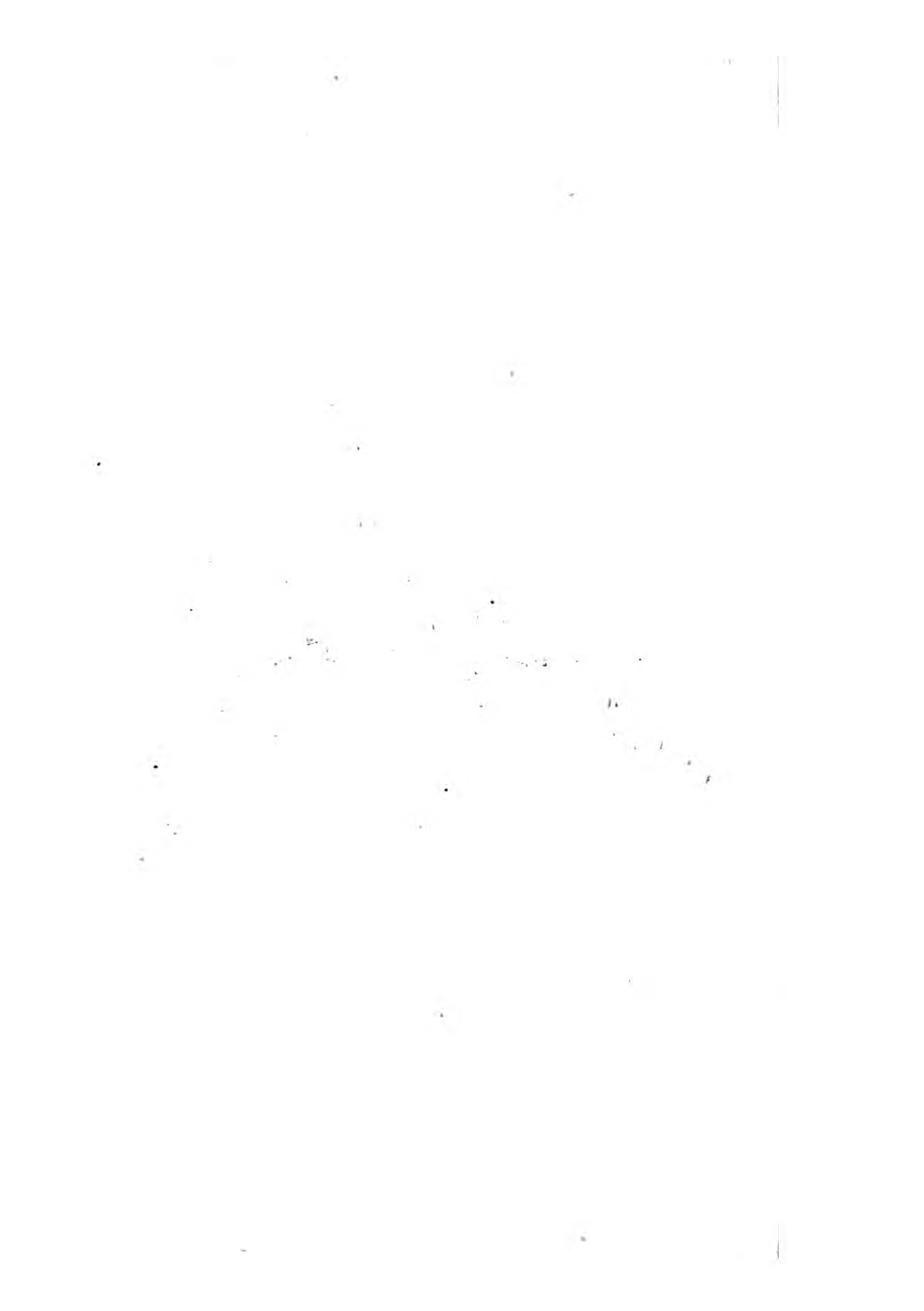
For now, upon a distant shore,  
Britannia bids her battles roar ;  
While, o'er our fields and meadows gay,  
Her peaceful sons and daughters stray : 1305  
Yet, still as love or glory flies,  
Or science fair, or art inspires,  
They emulate their sires of old,  
Still in their native freedom bold ;  
Nor less rever'd in deeds of arms,        1310  
When *Britain* sounds to war's alarms ;  
When she her ensign wide unfurls,  
And, o'er the prostrate nations, hurls  
Her thund'ring car, with dread dismay ;  
And bids the trembling world obey.        1315  
As, from Europa's farthest shore,  
Where Britons never march'd before,  
They still the note of triumph roll,  
And spread their fame from pole to pole.  
What Muse of fire can paint the scene, 1320  
That fierce o'erspread yon *Belgic* plain,

When *Wellington's* heroic band  
 Their ranks unfold at his command,  
 With stately step, and firm advance,  
 To curb the insolence of *France* ;      1325  
 Her haughty tyrant teach to yield  
 In *Waterloo's* redoubted field,  
 The palm of glory to his foe,  
 And bootless conquest to forego ?  
 Be't thine, O *Scott* ! whose magic art      1330  
 Can charm, yet not corrupt the heart,  
 In classic numbers, smooth and strong,  
 The shout of triumph to prolong ;  
 Each deed of chivalry proclaim,  
 That grac'd, in blood, each warrior name ;  
 Teach lisp'ing infancy to dry      1336  
 The tear that dims the mother's eye,  
 While rapture kindles at the tale  
 That seals the glory of our isle !  
 Nor, 'midst the horrors of that field      1340  
 That, shiver'd, saw proud *Gallia's* shield,

Be mute the voice of *Scotia's* fame,  
 Where'er her charging squadrons came.  
 As whirlwinds sweep old Ocean's sprays,  
 So swept the field her gallant *Greys*;   1345  
 For dire the crash, and dread the knell,  
 Where *Caledonians* fought and fell;  
 Where her proud thistle firmly stood,  
 And *Cambria* \* dy'd it with her blood—  
 A precious, yet devoted flood !!!       1350  
 Enough *for me*, in rustic lore,  
 The death of heroes to deplore,  
 And down the stream of *Clutha's* vale,  
 To sigh it to the passing gale;  
 Yet *Cartlane's* rocky nymph † shall hail   1356  
 Yon listening mountains with the tale,  
 As deep within her wilds I stray,  
 And meditate the glorious lay.

\* Picton was a Welchman.

† Echo.



## ERRATA.

Line 479.	<i>for</i>	Then envy, love	<i>read</i>	Then envy foul
— 855	<i>for</i>	massy	<i>read</i>	mossy
— 1059	<i>for</i>	elated	<i>read</i>	belated
— 1183	<i>for</i>	Grimsly	<i>read</i>	Grimsby
— 1300	<i>for</i>	you,	<i>read</i>	yea
— 1306	<i>for</i>	flies	<i>read</i>	fires

