









W. Thornhill

24<sup>th</sup> June 1824

Percival Culbert M'Gregor  
Lovell

This book once belonged to the  
Sale.

Rev D<sup>r</sup> Martin Brown  
Minister of Highbury Church  
Cheltenham

Died 1879.

*[Faint, illegible handwriting]*

MARMION.

A Romance.

IN SIX CANTOS.

MARLTON

OF THE FIELD

MARLTON

BY JOHN

IN SIX CANTOS



MARMION;  
A TALE  
OF FLODDEN FIELD.

BY  
WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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*Alas! that Scottish Maid should sing  
The combat where her lover fell!  
That Scottish Bard should wake the string,  
The triumph of our foes to tell!—LEYDEN.*

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EDINBURGH:

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PRINTED BY J. BALLANTYNE AND CO.  
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1808.

MARRION;

A TALE

OF FLODDEN FIELD.

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

JOHN HORTON

THE SECOND EDITION.

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TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
HENRY,  
LORD MONTAGU,  
*&c. &c. &c.*

THIS ROMANCE IS INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

TO  
THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
HENRY  
LORD MONTAGU,  
BY  
THE AUTHOR.

Printed by S. K. & G. S. ...  
No. 102 ...  
New York, N. Y. ...

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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

*The Poem opens about the commencement of August, and concludes with the defeat of Flodden, 4th September, 1513.*

## ADVERTISEMENT.

It is hereby to be reported, that on the 15th day of  
the month of June, 1854, the following persons, to-wit:  
John A. Smith, James H. Jones, and others, have  
been appointed trustees of the said school, and  
it is the duty of the said trustees to receive the  
subscriptions, and to apply the same to the  
benefit of the said school, and to report the  
same to the next meeting of the school board.  
In testimony whereof, the said trustees have  
hereunto set their hands and seals, at the  
city of New York, this 15th day of June, 1854.  
John A. Smith, James H. Jones, &c.

## CONTENTS.

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	PAGE.
<i>Introduction to Canto I.</i> . . . To WILLIAM STEWART ROSE, Esq. . .	1
<b>CANTO I. THE CASTLE,</b> . . . . .	21
<i>Introduction to Canto II.</i> . . To the Rev. JOHN MARRIOT, M.A. . .	57
<b>II. THE CONVENT,</b> . . . . .	75
<i>Introduction to Canto III.</i> . . To WILLIAM ERSKINE, Esq. . . . .	115
<b>III. THE HOSTEL, OR INN,</b> . . . . .	131
<i>Introduction to Canto IV.</i> . . To JAMES SKENE, Esq. . . . .	169
<b>IV. THE CAMP,</b> . . . . .	183
<i>Introduction to Canto V.</i> . . To GEORGE ELLIS, Esq. . . . .	225
<b>V. THE COURT,</b> . . . . .	259
<i>Introduction to Canto VI.</i> . . To RICHARD HEBER, Esq. . . . .	297
<b>VI. THE BATTLE,</b> . . . . .	313
<i>Notes to Canto First</i> . . . . .	1
<i>Canto Second</i> . . . . .	xxviii
<i>Canto Third</i> . . . . .	lv
<i>Canto Fourth</i> . . . . .	lxxv
<i>Canto Fifth</i> . . . . .	lxxix
<i>Canto Sixth</i> . . . . .	xcix

CONTENTS

WILLIAM WESTWELL BOSTON

CHAPTER I. THE HISTORY OF THE  
CHAPTER II. THE HISTORY OF THE  
CHAPTER III. THE HISTORY OF THE  
CHAPTER IV. THE HISTORY OF THE  
CHAPTER V. THE HISTORY OF THE  
CHAPTER VI. THE HISTORY OF THE  
CHAPTER VII. THE HISTORY OF THE  
CHAPTER VIII. THE HISTORY OF THE  
CHAPTER IX. THE HISTORY OF THE  
CHAPTER X. THE HISTORY OF THE



An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,  
 Brawls o'er rock and wild cascade,  
 And, foaming brown with doubled speed,  
 Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

TO

No longer Autumn's glowing red

**WILLIAM STEWART ROSE, Esq.**

No more, beneath the evening beam,

Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam;

*Ashetiel, Ettrick, Forest.*

NOVEMBER'S sky is chill and drear,

November's leaf is red and sear:

Late, gazing down the steepy linn,

That hems our little garden in,

Low in its dark and narrow glen,

You scarce the rivulet might ken,

So thick the tangled green-wood grew,

So feeble trilled the streamlet through:

Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen

Through bush and brier, no longer green,

An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,  
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,  
And, foaming brown with doubled speed,  
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer Autumn's glowing red  
Upon our Forest hills is shed;  
No more, beneath the evening beam,  
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam;  
Away hath passed the heather-bell,  
That bloomed so rich on Needpath-fell;  
Sallow his brow, and russet bare  
Are now the sister-heights of Yare.  
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,  
To sheltered dale and down are driven,  
Where yet some faded herbage pines,  
And yet a watery sun-beam shines:  
In meek despondency they eye  
The withered sward and wintry sky,

And far beneath their summer hill,  
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill;  
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,  
And wraps him closer from the cold;  
His dogs no merry circles wheel,  
But, shivering, follow at his heel;  
A cowering glance they often cast,  
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

My imps, though hardy, bold, and wild,  
As best befits the mountain child,  
Feel the sad influence of the hour,  
And wail the daisy's vanished flower;  
Their summer gambols tell, and mourn,  
And anxious ask,—Will spring return,  
And birds and lambs again be gay,  
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray?

Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's flower  
Again shall paint your summer bower;