BORTHWICK CASTLE

We had some natural curiosity concerning Lord Acton's treatment of Mary Queen of Scots. His language is eminently sane and courageous, as all Scotsmen will rejoice to know. He bases his judgment on the Casket Letters, by which Mary stands or falls, as regards the murder of Darnley. "The opinion of historians," he says, "inclines, on the whole, in her favor. About fifty writers have considered the original evidences sufficiently to form something like an independent conclusion. Eighteen of these condemn Mary; thirty pronounce her not guilty; two cannot make up their minds. Most of the Catholics absolve, and among Protestants there is an equal number for and against. The greater names are on the hostile side. They do not carry weight with us, because they decided upon evidence less complete than that which we possess. Four of the greatest, Robertson, Ranke, Burton, Froude, were all misled by the same damaging mistake." This mistake was the acceptance of the most damaging of the Casket Letters as genuine. "This is what puts them out of court; for the letter was evidently concocted by men who had Crawford's report before them. The letter is spurious, and it is the only one that connects the Queen with the death of the King." This fact has now been known for some years; but it is satisfactory to have the facts so definitely discussed and reasoned out in detail. The controversy is not at an end. There were so many curious and suspicious circumstances that historians with a political bias will not be convinced; and the popular histories will hardly be re-written. Lord Acton is, however, a witness who cannot easily be cross-examined out of court.

BORTHWICK CASTLE;

OR

SKETCHES OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF THE CHIEFS OF THE HOUSE OF ARGYLL.

BY

REV. J. DOUGLAS BORTHWICK,

AUTHOR OF

"ANTONOMASIAS OF HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY," "CYCLOPÆDIA OF HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY," "THE BRITISH AMERICAN READER," "THE HARP OF CANAAN," "BATTLES OF THE WORLD," "EVERY MAN'S MINE OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE," "ELEMENTARY GEOGRAPHY OF CANADA," "HISTORY OF SCOTTISH SONG," "MONTREAL ITS HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES," AND "MONTREAL ITS HISTORY AND COMMERCIAL REGISTER."

"Loved country, when I muse upon
Thy dauntless men of old
Whose swords in battle foremost shone,
Thy Wallace brave and bold,
And Bruce, who for our liberty
Did England's sway withstand;
I glory I was born in thee,
My own ennobled land."

ROBERT WHITE.

"QUI CONDUCIT."

MONTREAL:

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1880

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To

The Most Noble the Marquis of Lorne,

GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA,

AND

Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise,

THIS VOLUME, ENTITLED,

"BORTHWICK CASTLE; OR, SKETCHES OF SCOTTISH HISTORY TO THE DEATH OF MARY,"

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED AND INSCRIBED, BY ONE WHO WELCOMES TO "THIS CANADA OF OURS" THE HEIR APPARENT OF ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST FAMOUS OF ALL CALEDONIA'S HISTORIC NAMES, WITH HIS

ILLUSTRIOUS CONSORT,

AND WHO — PRAYING ALMIGHTY GOD, LONG TO BLESS AND PROSPER THEM IN "HEALTH, WEALTH AND ESTATE,"— SUBSCRIBES HIMSELF

THEIR MOST OBEDIENT AND HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE Author publishes this little book with the fond hope that it may be found interesting to all lovers of Historical Research. He flatters himself that the arrangement is a better one than has ever before been given to the reading Public of Scottish Song and History; seeing that the most interesting points in the annals of the country as far down as it is carried—consist of both Prose and Poetry. When we consider the variety of extracts from such a galaxy of poetical minds as is found in the volume and all of them bearing on the subject of the book—the volume becomes doubly valuable. It is "multum in parvo"—a small library of History in one book. It will be prized too, as a Reader or Speaker amongst Scottish youth as some of the finest pieces of the English language are intermixed with his own prose history.

Perhaps one of the most interesting features of the work is the chapter which contains the Biographical Sketches of the House of Argyll. These sketches having been submitted for the approval of the present heir of the House of Campbell—our own Governor General—the Marquis of Lorne and H. R. H. the Princess Louise, and the Author having received their commendation that they were correct, feels that they will be read by thousands and that this is one of the valuable items of the work.

Trusting that the work will at least pay the cost —the Author launches it on the Public sea—feeling that the Vox Populi which has so favorably in years gone by stamped his other works will be extended to this, his last endeavour to cater to the Reading Public of Canada, and to stem, however feebly, the tide of the trashy and pernicious literature which nowadays is not only deluging the country but the minds of our rising sons and daughters—by giving them healthy patriotic and exciting historical sketches of a country which has produced a long list of heroes and heroines, and statesmen, and wonderful men of mind.

J. Douglas Borthwick.

January 1880.

PROLOGUE.

ADDRESS TO SCOTLAND.

Oh, Scotia! by whatever name
The voice of history sounds thy fame;
From Artic clime to torrid strand,
Who has not heard of Scotia's land?
Land of my birth, whose rocks sublime
Defy, and scorn and spurn all time!
Land where the mountain and the wood,
From age to age unchanged have stood,
Despising tempest, torrent, sea—
Land of the brave, the fair, the free.
Thy children oft have fought and bled,
Nor grieved to see their life's-blood shed;
Whose war-cry in the hour of fight,
Was aye "St. Andrew and our right!"
Thy sons have fought in every land;
Their blood has dyed the Egyptian sand;
Up Abraham's heights they scaled their way,
And fought in Alma's bloody fray;
Have gained a never dying fame,
Immortal praise in Lucknow's name.
Unvanquished land, full many a foe
Has tried in vain to lay thee low;
In vain: thou hast thy freedom still—
Thou hast it now, and ever will.
Though other climes may boast the vine,
Whose tendrils round each cottage twine,
They cannot with thy mountains vie,
In all their rugged Majesty.
Though other shores are mild and fair
And breathe a spicy, balmy air,
They cannot give the bracing breeze
Within their bowers of sloth and ease.
No foreign land can vie with thee,
Unrivalled land of brave and free,
Thou land which ne'er shall be forgot,
Land of the Thistle and the Scot!

J. Douglas Borthwick.

BORTHWICK CASTLE;

OR

SKETCHES OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.

Great Boadicea ———
Thy very fall perpetuates thy fame,
And Suetonius' laurels droop with shame,—"

DIBDIN.

CHAPTER I.

Description of Scotland.—Arrival of the Romans under Julius Cæsar.—His Victory on the Kentish Shore.—Descriptions from the Commentaries.—Julius Agricola.—Boadicea.—The Druids.—Story of the Mistletoe: ("*Potter's American Monthly.*")

IT is now impossible even in this practical age of the world's history to find out, when Scotland was first inhabited, or when the ancient and primitive tribes first landed on its northern shores and spread themselves over its heather hills. There is nothing in all history — no written memorial or record of any kind whatever, to give us the information we are in search of — or to tell us who were or whither came the aboriginal inhabitants. Antiquity's darkest pall covers the whole subject, and it thus continues until the 55th year before the Christian Era.

In this ever memorable year — memorable to every British subject, in every part of our ever Gracious Majesty the Queen's vast dominions, and wherever the English language is spoken — the Romans, at this time the undisputable possessors and conquerors of almost the whole known world, made their first descent on the shores of Albion. Let the reader carry back his imagination to this important period. No modern writer can give so faithful and exact an account of this great expedition as he who was an eye-witness to and the commander of the whole. In the 4th Book of Cæsar's Commentaries, we have a graphic description of the landing of the Romans on the Kentish shore. In the 25th Chapter of that book, Cæsar thus writes: "Atque nostris militibus cunctantibus "maxime propter altitudinem maris; qui X legio- "nis aquilam ferebat, contestatus deos, ut ea res "legioni feliciter eveniret: Desilite, inquit, com- "militones, nisi vultis aquilam hostibus prodere, "ergo, certé meum reipub. atque imperatori offici- "um præstitero. Hoc quum magnâ voce dixisset, "ex navi se projecit, atque in hostes aquilam ferre "cœpit." "And whilst our men demurred (about "venturing ashore) chiefly on account of the deep- "ness of the sea, the standard-bearer of the tenth "legion, imploring the gods that the thing might "turn out lucky for the legion, Fellow-soldiers, "said he, jump out, unless you have a mind to "give up your eagle to the enemy. I, at least, "shall perform my duty to the commonwealth and "my general. Having said this with a loud voice, "he leaped overboard, and began to advance the "eagle towards the enemy."

This happened on a lovely afternoon of a beautiful day in September, when the leaves of the old oak trees in the English forests were beginning to be tinged with the glorious tints of an approaching autumnal season. Cæsar's fleet amounted to eighty ships of all sizes. The sturdy native Britons lined the beach, their army consisting of foot, horse, and chariots, and they opposed, with all their might, the landing of the Roman legions on their shores. Cæsar opened on the Islanders a heavy discharge—not of cannon balls and rifle bullets, for artillery was then unknown—but of stones and darts, from the Balista and Catapulta, warlike military engines which he had on board the fleet. This made the brave Britons retire a little, but after the 10th legion, Cæsar's favorite corps, with many others, amounting to 12,000 soldiers, entered the water, the Islanders were slowly driven back, and the Imperial army of Rome remained masters of the field. Thus for the first time, was the standard eagle of the conquering Romans planted on Albion's Isle.

Let us look for a moment to the Commentaries of the renowned Julius Cæsar, and give two additional extracts, relative to the occupation of Britain by the Romans,—he says :—

" The enemy being vanquished in battle, so " soon as they recovered themselves after their " flight, sent instantly to Cæsar to treat about a " peace, and promised to give hostages, and submit " to orders."

He then, in the 33rd Chapter describes graphically the ancient mode of fighting, by the inhabitants of Britain. " The manner of fighting from

" the chariots is this: in the first place they drive " round to all quarters and cast darts, and with the " very terror caused by their horses, and the rumb- " ling noise of their wheels, they generally disorder " the ranks, and having wrought themselves in " betwixt the troops of the cavalry, they jump out " of their chariots and fight on foot. Their drivers, " in the meantime, retire a little from the action " and so station the chariots, that in case they be " overpowered by the enemies' numbers, they may " have a free retreat to their friends. Thus in " battles they act with the swiftness of cavalry " and the firmness of infantry; and by daily expe- " rience and practice become so expert, that they " use on declining and sloping ground to check their " horses at full gallop and quickly manage and turn " them and run along the pole and rest on the " harness and from thence, with great nimbleness, " leap back into the chariots."

The Romans remained undisputed masters of all the southern parts of Great Britain, for one hundred and fifty years after Cæsar's victory on the Kentish shore. At this period the celebrated General Julius Agricola led his army across the border which then divided the conquered from the unconquered part of Britain, and began to hew and cut his way into the dense forest of Caledonia. After a great deal of hard fighting he at last, built a chain of strong forts between the firths of Clyde and Forth — but all the country to the north of these forts or what is called The Highlands of Scotland—could never be conquered or subdued; hence the Romans were in continual alarm and trouble from the incursions of

these hardy Picts and Scots—which continued till the last legions of Rome left the Island — nearly four hundred years after Cæsar's victory at the Chalk Cliffs of Dover.

We cannot close this short account of the occupation by the Romans of Britain's Isle — without inserting the following poem of Cowper on this subject.

It is supposed that an ancient Druid is speaking to the British Queen and foretelling the greatness and the grandeur of that Empire upon which the sun never sets in his celestial circuit.

BOADICEA.

"When the Romans landed in Britain, Boadicea was queen of a tribe of Britons living on the eastern coast. Her husband, shortly before his death, had made a will dividing his property between his two daughters and the emperor of Rome; by which means he expected to make the Roman government friendly. But the plan entirely failed. After his death, his kingdom was plundered, and his family abused and maltreated in a most outrageous manner. Boadicea, rendered frantic by the injuries inflicted on herself and her daughters, gathered an army, and took the field against the Romans. Before the battle she rode along the ranks in a war chariot with her daughters behind her, and harangued the soldiers as she passed along the lines, denouncing the tyranny and the crimes of the Romans, and urging them to fight bravely in the coming conflict, and thus at once avenge her wrongs and save their common country. All, however, was vain. The battle was fiercely fought, but the Romans were victorious."

When the British warrior Queen,
  Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
  Counsel of her country's gods:

Sage beneath the spreading oak
  Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
  Full of rage and full of grief:—

"Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish!—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt!
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Goth is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rushed to battle, fought, and died,—
Dying, hurled them at the foe:

"Ruffians! pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,—
Shame and ruin wait for you!

At this period, all over France as well as Britain, prevailed that terrible and bloody religion which is known as the Druid. These Druids or men of the Oaks worshipped a supreme God or as he was styled —The Ruler of the World. They worshipped the sun also—under the name of Bel and made him the God of Medicine, because by his rays and heat—the healing plants and all the shrubs which they required in their arts and incantations were made to grow. They taught the doctrine of a future life but held like the Hindoos—that before the soul reached a state of happiness, it had to undergo a series of transmigrations, becoming the inhabitant of a succession of brute bodies. The oak tree was their sacred tree. Their places of worship were called Henges and their altars styled Kromlachs. They offered human victims in sacrifice. Plunging the sacrificial knive into the bosom of the poor wretch, they drew signs and omens from the manner in which it fell—the convulsions of the limbs and the spurting and flowing of the victim's blood. Sometimes they made huge wicker work figures of men filled them with human beings—afterwards burning both the figure and its contents to ashes. They

pretended to cure all diseases—the grand remedy being a parasitic plant growing in the oak tree and called Mistletoe.

The power and influence of this singular order were immense. Whoever refused obedience to them was accursed and cut off from every right belonging to a human being. He was forbidden all use of fire and no man dared on pain of death to allow the poor shivering wretch to warm himself. All fled at his approach, lest they should be polluted by his touch. Such was the tremendous power which this giant superstition exercised over the brave but simple Caledonians or People of the woods, as well as over all the inhabitants of Britain.

Before concluding this first Chapter, it may be interesting to insert the following short article taken from a recent number of "Potter's American Monthly"—and which gives some items of useful information regarding the Mistletoe.

"This singular plant, so weirdly interwoven with the superstition and poetry of our Saxon forefathers, and inseparable from both heathen and Christian traditions of "Yule-tide," is a coarse, two-leaved evergreen growing on trees, as many of the mosses and fungi do. Its leaves are oblong, and between every pair of them is found a cluster of small, sticky berries—the same of which the substance called birdlime is made. During the Christmas week of 1872 the English "mistletoe bough" was offered for sale in Boston for the first time. We give our readers the following mythological account of this plant, still dear to every English home circle. The mistletoe was the holiest plant in nature to the

Druids and early Britons, for it represented their sun-god Hoius, of Eastern mythology (the offspring of Deo and Virgo, which the Egyptians represented by the Sphinx), as also Baldur, the loved and early lost, whose tale in the Norse mythology is like a sunshiny fragment of Ionian life, dropped into the stormy centre of Scandinavian existence. For Baldur, the holiest Druids sought with prayers and ceremonies on the sixth day of the moon the mistletoe which grew on the sacred oak. Its discovery was hailed with songs and sacrifices of white bulls. None but the chief priest might gather it, which was done by separating it from the tree with a golden knife. It was caught in the robe of a priest, and on no account allowed to touch the ground. In Denmark, Sweden and Norway, it has still names equivalent to "Baldur brow." It was in high reputation with all pretenders to the black art, and is authoritatively said to possess the power of resisting lightning. It grows in abundance in central Texas, and it is currently believed that even if the tree on which it grew were blasted by lightning, it was always uninjured. Chandler says that the custom of decking the house at Christmas with mistletoe is of pagan origin, and was done by the Druids to allure and comfort the sylvan spirits during the sleep of nature."

CHAPTER II.

CONTENTS:

St. Ninian, Palladius and St. Columba.—Duncan, King of Scotland.—Macbeth.—Extracts from Shakespeare.—Soliloquy of Macbeth.—Ditto.—Malcolm and Macduff in the English Court.—Macbeth on the death of his Queen.—Malcolm and Macduff after the Battle of Dunsinane.—William the Conqueror.—The Battle of Hastings by Charles Dickens.—Fugitives from England.—Edgar and his sister Margaret.—Malcolm marries Margaret.

"Only vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself—
And fails on the other,"

MACBETH.

"A furious victor's partial will prevailed,
All prostrate lay; and in the secret shade,
Deep stung but fearful indignation gnashed his teeth—"

THOMSON.

IT is impossible to find out in what way Christianity was introduced into Scotland; but it is certain that the first great name with which this era is connected is that of St. Ninian, who is called by the "venerable Bede."—"The Apostle of the South of Scotland."—He founded a religious house or church at Whithorn in Wigtownshire and died in A. D. 432. Intimately connected with him was St. Patrick who went to Ireland, the year of St. Ninian's Death.—He died A. D. 460. In Scotland arose another great name Palladius who labored successfully among the Picts, to near the middle of the sixth century.—A well know disciple of his St. Kentigern or St. Mungo, established the faith

among the Britons in the West.—St. Columba succeeded Palladius, but on account of the civil strifes of his country retired to Iona in A. D. 563 and founded the celebrated monastery there which became a centre of learning. From this time to the middle of the eighth century and on to that of the tenth, we know little of the Church in Scotland.

These names then of St. Ninian, Palladius and St. Columba are imperishably connected with the era succeeding that of the Druids. Druidical worship gave way before their kindly teachings. The long white-robed Druid priest neither cut the Mistletoe any more nor sacrificed the wretched victim on the Altar Stone.—The great circles of stones became deserted and in their place little churches began to be built all over the Island.

It continued thus until the reign of King Malcolm. This King is immortalized by Shakespeare, the renowned Bard of Avon—in his beautiful and well known Tragedy of Macbeth. Macbeth had murdered the previous King "Good King Duncan" and usurped the throne. Young Malcolm, his son, fled to England and lived for fifteen years at the English court, eating the bread and drinking the water of a lonely exile from his native land. At last, receiving help from the English King, he returned to Scotland, encountered Macbeth at Dunsinane and slew him. He thus ascended the Scottish throne and reigned in peace.

Some extracts from that immortal Tragedy must be inserted here as the "Play of Macbeth" tells us of one of the earliest periods in Scottish History. The exquisite morceaux which can be culled from

this beautiful Tragedy are multitudinous, but space in this History, will enable us but to gather a few.

The terrible thoughts of Macbeth haunting his conscience previous to the murder of Duncan is one of the finest pieces of English composition.

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,
It were done quickly. If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here;—that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
To plague the inventor. This even handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off,
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself
And fails on the other."

These extracts would be incomplete without the well known soliloquy.

"Is this a dagger that I see before me ?
The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me clutch
thee ;—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still
Art thou not, fatal vision ! sensible
To feeling, as to sight ? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat oppressed brain ? .
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw,
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going ;
And such an instrument I was to use,
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest,—I see thee still ;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which were not there before---There's no such thing;
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes—Now o'er one half the world
Nature seems dead and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep ; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings ; and wither'd murder
Alarm'd by his sentinel the wolf,
Whose howls' his watch, thus with his stealthy pace
With Tarquin's ravishing strides,towards his design
Moves like a ghost—Thou sure and firm set earth
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones watch of my whereabouts
And take the present horror from the time
Which now suits with it, —Whiles I threat he lives
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives,
I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me,

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is the knell
That summons thee to Heaven or Hell.

After the death of Duncan the scene changes to the court of the English King, where Rosse has brought news to Malcolm and Macduff of the massacre of the latter's whole family in Fife, by Macbeth, who is now to all appearance firmly seated on the Scottish throne. This sad event had been predicted by the tyrant himself where he says:

"The castle of Macduff I will surprise,
Seize upon Fife, give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace his line.

After Rosse had brought the news Malcolm says to Macduff:

Be comforted,
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macduff.—He has no children—All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? Oh Hell Kite! All!
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?
Malcolm.—Dispute it like a man.
Macduff.—I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man,
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me—did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part? sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls; Heaven rest them now!

Malcolm.—Be this the whetstone of your sword, let grief
Convert to anger, blunt not the heart, enrage it,

Macduff.—Oh! I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! But gentle Heaven
Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape
Heaven forgive him too!

Malcolm.—This tune goes manly,
Come go we to the king, our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave, Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments, Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long, that never finds the day.

The well known words of Macbeth on the death of the Queen are familiar by every one.

"She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word
To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays, have lighted fools
The way to dusty death, out, out, brief candle
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage

And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Immediately after the Battle of Dunsinane Malcolm advanced all the Thanes who had fought for him to the rank of Earl the first time that this title was made in Scotland, Shakespeare says:

Macduff.—Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold where stand
The usurper's cursed head, the time is free;
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine
Hail! King of Scotland!
All.—King of Scotland, hail! (*flourish*)
Malcolm.—We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen
Henceforth be earls---the first that ever Scotland
In such an honor nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life,—this and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure time and place;
So thanks to all at once—and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone."

When Malcolm had been twelve years on the throne of Scotland, there came to the shores of England another invader like Julius Cæsar, William of Normandy by name. "The Conqueror" in English History. At the celebrated Battle of Hastings he attacked King Harold, and after a long and stout encounter the English King was slain and his army put to rout.

We must insert here the great English novelist's description of the Battle of Hastings; Charles Dickens very truthfully remarks that—

"HAROLD was crowned King of England on the very day of Edward the Confessor's funeral. When the news reached Norman William, hunting in his park at Rouen, he dropped his bow, returned to his palace, called his nobles to council, and presently sent ambassadors to Harold, calling on him to keep his oath, and resign the crown. Harold would do no such thing. The barons of France leagued together round Duke William for the invasion of England. Duke William promised freely to distribute English wealth and English lands among them. The Pope sent to Normandy a consecrated banner, and a ring containing a hair which he warranted to have grown on the head of St. Peter! He blessed the enterprise, and cursed Harold, and requested the Normans would pay "Peter's pence"—or a tax to himself of a penny a year on every house—a little more regularly in future, if they could make it convenient.

King Harold had a rebel brother in Flanders, who was a vassal of Harold Hardrada, king of Norway. This brother and this Norwegian king, join-

ing their forces against England, with Duke William's help won a fight, in which the English were commanded by two nobles, and then besieged York. Harold, who was waiting for the Normans on the coast at Hastings, with his army, marched to Stamford bridge, upon the river Derwent, to give his brother and the Norwegians instant battle.

He found them drawn up in a hollow circle, marked out by their shining spears. Riding round this circle at a distance, to survey it, he saw a brave figure on horseback, in a blue mantle and a bright helmet, whose horse suddenly stumbled and threw him.

"Who is that man who has fallen?" Harold asked of one of his captains.

"The King of Norway," he replied.

"He is a tall and stately king," said Harold, "but his end is near."

He added, in a little while, "Go yonder to my brother, and tell him if he withdraw his troops he shall be Earl of Northumberland, and rich and powerful in England."

The captain rode away and gave the message.

"What will he give to my friend the King of Norway?" asked the brother.

"Seven feet of earth for a grave," replied the captain.

"No more?" returned the brother with a smile.

"The King of Norway being a tall man, perhaps a little more," replied the captain.

"Ride back," said the brother, "and tell King Harold to make ready for the fight!"

He did so very soon. And such a fight King

Harold led against that force, that his brother, the Norwegian king, and every chief of note in all their host, except the Norwegian king's son, Olave, to whom he gave honourable dismissal, were left dead upon the field. The victorious army marched to York. As King Harold sat there at the feast, in the midst of all his company, a stir was heard at the doors, and messengers, all covered with mire from riding far and fast through broken ground, came hurrying in to report that the Normans had landed in England.

The intelligence was true. They had been tossed about by contrary winds, and some of their ships had been wrecked. A part of their own shore, to which they had been driven back, was strewn with Norman bodies. But they had once more made sail, led by the duke's own galley, a present from his wife, upon the prow whereof the figure of a golden boy stood pointing towards England. By day, the banner of the three lions of Normandy, the diverse coloured sails, the gilded vanes, the many decorations of this gorgeous ship, had glittered in the sun and sunny water; by night, a light had sparkled like a star at her mast head: and now, encamped near Hastings, with their leader lying in the old Roman castle of Pevensy, the English retiring in all directions, the land for miles around scorched and smoking, fired and pillaged, was the whole Norman power, hopeful and strong, on English ground.

Harold broke up the feast and hurried to London. Within a week, his army was ready. He sent out spies to ascertain the Norman strength. William took them, caused them to be led through his whole

camp, and then dismissed. "The Normans," said these spies to Harold," are not bearded on the upper lip as we English are, but are shorn. They are priests." "My men," replied Harold, with a laugh, "will find those priests good soldiers."

"The Saxons," reported Duke William's outposts of Norman soldiers, who were instructed to retire as King Harold's army advanced, "rush on us through their pillaged country with the fury of madmen."

"Let them come, and come soon!" said Duke William.

Some proposals for a reconciliation were made, but were soon abandoned. In the middle of the month of October, in the year 1066, the Normans and the English came front to front. All night the armies lay encamped before each other, in a part of the country then called Senlac, now called (in remembrance of them) Battle. With the first dawn of day they arose. There, in the faint light, were the English on a hill; a wood behind them; in their midst the royal banner, representing a fighting warrior, woven in gold thread adorned with precious stones; beneath the banner, as it rustled in the wind, stood King Harold on foot, with two of his remaining brothers by his side; around them, still and silent as the dead, clustered the whole English army—every soldier covered by his shield, and bearing in his hand his dreaded English battle-axe.

On an opposite hill, in three lines—archers, foot-soldiers, horsemen—was the Norman force. Of a sudden, a great battle-cry burst from the Norman

lines. The English answered with their own battle-cry. The Normans then came sweeping down the hill to attack the English.

There was one tall Norman knight who rode before the Norman army on a prancing horse, throwing up his heavy sword and catching it, and singing of the bravery of his countrymen. An English knight who rode out from the English force to meet him, fell by this knight's hand. Another English knight rode out, and he fell too. But then a third rode out, and killed the Norman. This was in the beginning of the fight. It soon raged everywhere.

The English, keeping side by side in a great mass, cared no more for the showers of Norman arrows than if they had been showers of Norman rain. When the Norman horsemen rode against them, with their battle-axes they cut men and horses down. The Normans gave way. The English pressed forward. A cry went forth among the Norman troops that Duke William was killed. Duke William took off his helmet, in order that his face might be distinctly seen, and rode along the line before his men. This gave them courage. As they turned again to face the English, some of the Norman horse divided the pursuing body of the English from the rest, and thus all that foremost portion of the English fell, fighting bravely. The main body still remaining firm, heedless of the Norman arrows, and with their battle-axes cutting down the crowds of horsemen when they rode up, like forests of young trees, Duke William pretended to retreat. The eager English followed. The Norman army closed again, and fell upon them with great slaughter.

"Still," said Duke William, "there are thousands of the English, firm as rocks around their king. Shoot upward, Norman archers, that your arrows may fall down upon their faces."

The sun rose high. and sank, and the battle still raged. Through all that wild October day the clash and din resounded in the air. In the red sunset, and in the white moonlight, heaps upon heaps of dead men lay strewn, a dreadful spectacle, all over the ground. King Harold, wounded with an arrow in the eye, was nearly blind. His brothers were already killed. Twenty Norman knights, whose battered armour had flashed fiery and golden in the sunshine all day long, and now looked silvery in the moonlight, dashed forward to seize the royal banner from the English knights and soldiers, still faithfully collected round their blinded king. The king received a mortal wound, and dropped. The English broke and fled. The Normans rallied, and the day was lost.

Oh! what a sight beneath the moon and stars, when lights were shining in the tent of the victorious Duke William, which was pitched near the spot where Harold fell—and he and his knights were carousing within—and soldiers with torches, going slowly to and fro without, sought for the corpse of Harold among piles of dead—and the warrior, worked in golden thread and precious stones, lay low, all torn and soiled with blood—and the three Norman lions kept watch over the field!"

About two years after the Battle of Hastings some of the fugitives, escaping from their country,

set sail for Scotland, and after a tedious and stormy voyage in their small ship, effected a landing at a place called St. Margaret's Hope near Edinburgh, though what name it received previous to their arrival is unknown. Noble looked the men, but sad. There were three females accompanied them and to whom the greatest courtesy was shown.— Edgar Atheling the true and rightful heir to the English throne, was the name of the principal refugee. The three ladies were his mother and two sisters Margaret and Christina. They were on their way to seek an asylum with Malcolm the Scottish King, whom they had known in England, when he was a lonely exile there. He received them all most cordially and tenderly and shortly after married the Princess Margaret, one of the two sisters of Edgar. By this union was established for all dissatisfied and exiled Saxons from England, in the reigns of William the Conqueror and of his son William Rufus, a sure haven of rest and asylum in Scotland at Malcolm's court and elsewhere, whence many of the Lowland Saxon houses derived their origin and amongst the rest the ancient *House of Borthwick.* The first of this name had come with Hengist and Horsa from their Saxon Woods and he and his successors had firmly stood by the Saxon dynasty during its continuance on the throne of England and when that house was overthrown by Normandy's great son, *Andreas Borthwick* accompanied Edgar Atheling and his two sisters to Scotland and thus planted the House of Borthwick on the waters of Borthwick not many miles from Edinburgh the "borough of Edwin" its ancient founder.

CHAPTER III.

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Queen Margaret.—The Tartan—Antiquity of the Tartan by Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd.—Deaths of Malcolm and Margaret—David—Matilda—Alexander.—Malcolm II. —William the Lion.—Alexander II.—Alexander III. —The Maid of Norway.—Bruce and Baliol.—William Wallace.—His History.—Lament of Wallace, by Thomas Campbell.—The Abbot and Bruce, by Sir Walter Scott.—Romantic Adventures of Bruce.—The Brooch of Lorn, by Sir Walter Scott,—The Blood Hound.

"The Thistle waves upon the fields
Where Wallace bore his blade,
That gave her foeman's dearest bluid
To die her auld grey plaid.
Auld Scotland's right and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honors three.

REVD. H. RIDDEL."

"A third is like the former.—Filthy hags —
Why do you show me this?—A fourth—start eyes?—
What! will the line stretch out to the crack doom?—
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more—
And yet the eighth appears who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more, and some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry,
Horrible sight!

SHAKESPEARE'S MACBETH."

Perhaps no one was more deeply religious than beautiful Queen Margaret, the wife of Malcolm. She had been married with great pomp and splendour at Dunfermline. Gentle and lovely, with winning ways and large blue Saxon eyes she soon swayed great influence over her rough husband. The Great-Head as he was called from his name Canmore, was very apt to be sometimes fierce and passionate. Queen Margaret could always, and at all times guide him whether he were mild or fierce, and her gentle disposition did much to soften the rough exterior and grim character of King Malcolm. Though unable himself to read he would often take her beautifully Iluminated Books and fervently kiss them. He ornamented all of them with rich bindings, gold and jewels, and listened attentively when she read the sacred stories contained in them.

The Queen was fond of state and show. She always dressed in splendid apparel and at Queensferry, St. Margaret's Hope, as well as at Dunfermline kept up a royal style. She increased the number of the attendants on the Court and greatly added to the parade of the King's public appearance. She caused the royal table to be served with gold and silver plate, and encouraging the importation and use of foreign woven stuff, she was the very first who brought in the Tartan which has for the past 800 years been such a national and favorite cloth and which now seems to be again revived in the person of Lord Lorne, our new Governor General.

We must insert here the following extract from

"The Ettrick Shepherd" (Hogg) in praise of the Tartan Plaid :—

"The Plaid's antiquity comes first in view—
Precedence to antiquity is due :
Antiquity contains a certain spell,
To make e'en things of little worth excel ;
To smallest subjects gives a glaring dash,
Protecting high-born idiots from the lash ;
Much more 'tis valued, when with merit plac'd—
It graces merit, and by merit's grac'd.
O first of garbs ! garment of happy fate !
So long employ'd, of such an antique date ;
Look back some thousand years, till records fail,
And lose therselves in some romantic tale,
We'll find our godlike fathers nobly scorn'd
To be with any other dress adorn'd ;
Before base foreign fashions interwove,
Which 'gainst their int'rest and their brav'ry strove.
'Twas they could boast their freedom with proud Rome,
And, arm'd in steel, despise the Senate's doom ;
Whilst o'er the globe their eagle they display'd,
And conquer'd nations prostrate homage paid,
They, only they, unconquer'd stood their ground,
And to the mighty empire fix'd the bound.
Our native prince, who then supplied the throne,
In Plaid array'd magnificently shone ;
Nor seem'd his purple or his ermine less,
Tho' cover'd by the Caledonian dress.
In this at court the thanes were gaily clad ;
With this the shepherds and the hynds were glad ;

In this the warrior wrapp'd his brawny arms:
With this our beauteous mothers veil'd their charms;
When ev'ry youth, and ev'ry lovely maid,
Deem'd it a dishabille to want their Plaid."

It is said that every morning Queen Margaret prepared food for nine poor orphan children, and she then fed them on her bended knees. In the evening she always washed the feet of six poor persons. She practised long fasts, which at last broke her constitution and of which she ultimately died. She had a favorite crucifix, call the Black Rood. It was of solid gold, about a hand's length. The figure of Christ was of ebony, studded and inlaid with gold. By her exertions, the Church which she established in Scotland increased and at her death she was canonized and was hereafter known as St. Margaret. Her hair,—"Her auburn hair which her bower-maidens were wont to daily dress with golden combs was long shown as a relic and having been taken abroad and kept in the College of Douay it was at last lost."

During the long reign of Malcolm, extending for thirty-six years, Scotland prospered. She held her own bravely and well during his whole reign. He came, however, to a violent end at the last. Besieging the Castle of Alnwick, with two of his sons, he was unexpectedly attacked by the English forces and he and his youngest son were slain and the army completely routed. The elder son, by name Edgar, escaped and arrived at the then residence of the King the celebrated Castle of Edin-

burgh. There he found his mother lying on her death bed. With a sad countenance and a dejected mien he entered the dying chamber of the good Queen. She instantly surmised the truth of his arrival.—"I know all"—she exclaimed—"tell me the truth!"

"Your husband and son are both slain" he said. The dying Queen clasped her hands in earnest prayer, but ere that prayer was ended her spirit fled and Queen Margaret was numbered with the dead.

We must now rapidly glance at the panorama of History which moves before us till the days of the father of Queen Mary, viz. James the Vth.

After the death of Malcolm, his eldest son, who had brought the news of his father's defeat at Alnwick Castle, ascended the throne and was succeeded after his death by his brother Alexander called the Fierce. Dying without children, the very youngest son of Malcolm Canmore, named David, succeeded him. His sister Matilda, called so by her sainted Mother, had for some time been married to Henry I, of England. This King was styled Beauclerk or Fine Scholar, as he was an accomplished and learned man, according to the usages of the age. In the year 1124, Alexander, another son, raised troubles but died in the Castle of Stirling. David seems to have been a politic Prince, and devoted himself to completing the pious labors of his sainted Mother and Brothers. He divided the whole country into Bishoprics, which mostly continue to this day, and founded the celebrated abbeys of Holyrood. Melrose, Dryburgh, Kelso, Jedburgh, Newbattle and Kinloss.

He was succeeded by his grand son Malcolm II, who again was followed by the celebrated William the Lion. This King died at Stirling Castle and was succeeded by Alexander II, who was followed by Alexander III. This monarch's death was somewhat remarkable. On March 12th 1286, whilst riding in the dark on a very rugged cliff near Kinghorn, his horse stumbled and he was thrown over the rocks and instantly killed. Having no children, the kingdom and throne went to the Maid of Norway. This Maid of Norway as she is styled in History was the grand daughter of Alexander II. Her mother had been married to Eric, the son of Magnus, who himself was the son of the celebrated Haco, King of Norway. Dying the year after her marriage, she left an only child who has henceforth been always styled in Scottish History "The Maid of Norway."

After this came a disputed period in the History of Scotland. Competitor after competitor arose for the Scottish crown and throne till Edward I of England decided between two claimants, Robert the Bruce and Baliol. He advanced the latter to the dignity of Scottish King requiring from him fealty and allegiance to the throne of England. The Maid of Norway had died on her way to take possession of the crown of Scotland, hence arose these troubles. The renowned Sir William Wallace united under him all patriots who detested either the English conquerors or Baliol on the Scotish throne. Wallace was no doubt one of the greatest heroes of any age, and his wonderful actions entitle him to eternal renown. Cabals arising against

this disinterested patriot he was at last betrayed into the hands of the English by Menteith and shortly after beheaded and his body cruelly mangled by the enemy at London, whither he had been sent a prisoner.

The name of Wallace must ever remain among the noblest, and best of the Scottish race. The House of Elderslie had been broken up by the father, having been slain by the English soldiers and the mother taking refuge with her own people to the north of the Tay. Brooding on the ills of Scotland in general and his own house in particular, Wallace soon appeared in open rebellion against the English, the possessors of the whole country at this time. It thus happened, passing through Lanark he and his few men were sorely insulted by one of the English soldiers. This soldier having struck the sheath of Wallace's sword as a sign of challenge, the weapon of Wallace soon laid him low. He and his fellows escaped through the door of his own house in Lanark, where he at this time dwelt, and the English Governor took a vile revenge by putting his wife to death. The agony of Wallace was terrible, when he heard the news of the dreadful affliction.

"Cease, men, this is bootless pain," he said, as he saw them stand round him weeping under the greenwood boughs. They had all been extremely fond of his wife and would any one of them have died willingly to save her life. He continued and said: "We cannot bring her back to life, but no man shall ever see me rest till I have revenged the wanton slaughter of her so blithe and gay."

That very night of the murder collecting a staunch band of thirty tried warriors he silently entered Lanark. Reaching the room of the governor which communicated with the street by an outward winding stair, Wallace placed his body against the door and pressed with all his might and burst it open. The affrighted English Governor cried out: "Who makes that great deray." The deep excited voice of Wallace answered: "It is I, Wallace whom you have been seeking all day." With that he brought his sword down with such terrific force that he clave the skull of the Englishman to such an extent that the sword descended sheer to the collar bone. And although the garrison turned out, the forces of Wallace, few though they were, remained masters of the town.

This is only one of the thousand adventures of this great and patriotic man, but, at last as has been already said he was betrayed and put to a cruel and deadful death.

Here will be inserted Campbell's beautiful poem on the death of Wallace:—

They lighted a taper at dead of night,
And chanted their holiest hymn;
But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright,
Her eye was all sleepless and dim,
And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,
When her curtain had shook of its own accord,

And the raven had flapp'd at her window board,
To tell of her warrior's doom.

Now sing ye the song and loudly pray
For the soul of my knight so dear,
And call me a widow this wretched day,
Since the warning of God is here,
For a night-mare rides on my strangled sleep,
The lord of my bosom is doomed to die,
His valorous heart they have wounded deep
And the blood-red tears shall his country weep,
For Wallace of Elderslie.

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,
Ere the loud matin bell was rung,
That a trumpet of death on an English tower,
Had the dirge of her champion sung.
When his dungeon light look'd him dim and red,
On the high born blood of a martyr slain,
No anthem was sung at his holy deathbed,
No weeping there was when his bosom bled,
And his heart was rent in twain.

Oh! it was not thus when his oaken spear
Was true to the knight forlorn;
And hosts of a thousand were scatter'd like deer,
At the sound of the huntsman's horn,
When he strode o'er the wreck of each well fought field
With the yellow-haired chiefs of his native land;
For his lance was not shiver'd, nor helmet nor shield,

And the sword that seem'd fit for archangel to
wield,
Was light in his terrible hand.

But bleeding and bound, though the Wallace wight,
For his much loved country die,
The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight,
Than Wallace of Elderslie.
But the day of his glory shall never depart,
His head unintomb'd shall with glory be palm'd,
From his blood-streaming altar his spirit shall
start,
Tho' the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
A nobler was never embalm'd.

The spirit of liberty did not however expire with the death of Wallace. The elder Bruce died soon after the desastrous battle of Falkirk where Wallace had been defeated, but not before he had inspired his son who was a prisoner at large in the English court with the glorious resolution of vindicating his own rights and the independence of his native country.

Bent on achieving this end, the Bruce escaped from London and with his own hand, when he had arrived at Dumfries, slew the Red Cumming, one of the most powerful and influential men in Scotland. This was a wild an unhappy deed. It caused the Bruce's position to be ten times more dangerous than before. We will now take the following extracts from one of the most popular histories of the day by the Revd. James Mackenzie :—

"The kindly spring came on, and Bruce,

thoughtful, calm, and firm, prepared once more to try his venture. He found some friends and help among the chiefs of the Western Isles, so that he was able to assemble a little fleet of thirty-three galleys, with three hundred men on board. With these he sailed for the island of Arran. Opposite to the shore of Arran, and bounded by the blue line of the distant Scottish coast, lay his own land of Carrick. There, where he might expect support among his own vassals, he resolved to begin. His first attempt should be to recover his own castle of Turnberry from the English.

First, however, he sent over a trusty scout, a Carrick man, to look about him, to find out how the people were disposed, and what was the strength of the enemy. If he saw any fair chance of success, he was to kindle a fire upon a height above Turnberry on a certain fixed day. The day came, and Bruce walked backwards and forwards on the beach, anxiously looking towards Turnberry. The time passed, and no signal appeared. At last a faint gleam of fire showed on the sky, and quickly increased to a broad red glare. With blithesome cheer they shot their galleys into the sea, and bore away with sail and oar.

Night fell before they were midway across the channel; but they steered right for the fire, which still burned brightly over Turnberry, and soon reached the land. The scout met them on the shore. He told a gloomy tale. The English were in great force, and no good-will among the people. "Traitor," said the King, "why made you then the fire? "Ah, sir," he said, "the fire was never

made by me. I did not see it till after dark, and dreading the mistake it would lead you into, I came to meet you here and warn you of your danger." Bruce was staggered by this intelligence. Turning to his friends, he asked what they thought best to do. "I for one," said his brother Edward, "shall not return, but shall take my adventure here, whether it be good or ill." "Brother," said the king, "since you will so, we shall together take what God may send."

Percy, the English lord of Turnberry, had about two hundred of his men quartered in the village beside the castle. That night he was startled by a tumult, mingled with shouts and yells. The garrison within the castle listened to the sounds, which told of a fierce slaughter going on in the village below; but, ignorant of the enemy, they dared not venture forth in the darkness. The uproar died away, and the growing light showed the Scots dividing a rich spoil—arms, war-horses, and the whole camp equipage of the governor. Weakened as he was by the loss of so many men, the Percy was fain to keep within his gates and suffer the despite. A somewhat better beginning than the King made last year in Methven wood.

Many dark turns of fortune he had after this, however, and many a perilous adventure. The story of his adventures was written by John Barbour, a priest of Aberdeen, who lived in the reign of the Bruce and of his son. Its black-letter page, and the many words in it which are now antique and strange, render Barbour's "Life and Acts of Robert Bruce" difficult at first. But there is a

noble, free spirit in it, which makes it sound stirring as the Bruce's own war-horn. Simple and primitive as it is, there was no such good English written in England itself at that time. But let us follow the king. An English force, too strong for his little band to oppose, was sent into Carrick. Bruce retired into the mountainous part of the district. The English assisted by a body of Galloway men, eagerly endeavoured to hunt him down.

One evening, when he had with him a company of only sixty, he received information that two hundred Galloway men were coming to attack him. Near by was a river, running between high and steep banks. Over this river he led his men, and posted them about two bow-shots off, on a spot of ground well secured by a morass. Here he made them rest, and returned himself with two attendants to the bank of the stream. There was but one ford, from which a steep path led up to the top of the bank, and the path was so narrow that two men could not come up together. Here the King waited and listened for some time, at length he heard the distant baying of a hound, which came every moment nearer. "I shall not disturb my weary men for the yelping of a hound," thought the King. In a little, however, he heard the noise of a body of men making straight for the ford, and instantly sent his two servants to rouse his little camp. It was a bright moonlight night, and he had a full view of his enemies as they descended the opposite bank and dashed into the ford. The first man that came up the narrow path was

received with a thrust of Bruce's spear through his body. Another spear-thrust, dealt as quick as lightning, killed his horse. The fallen animal blocked up the path. Another and another of the Galloway men came on, but it was only to be rolled back on the point of that terrible spear. Those behind shouted, "On him! he cannot stand!" and more tried to rush up the steep path. Their bodies either encumbered the bank, or rolled back into the ford. By this time the assailants heard the sound of the King's men hastening to his aid. They turned and fled. The King sat down on the bank, took off his helmet, and wiped the sweat of battle from his brow. There his men found him, sitting alone in the moonlight, with fifteen corpses before him. Look at him! the moonlight, gleaming on his mail, shows a man of strong and powerful frame; the hair curls close and short round a muscular neck; the forehead is full and broad; the cheek-bones very prominent; the square and massive jaw bears the mark of some old wound; his years are about thirty. If Providence had not given us that man. Scotland at this day would have been another Ireland."

The Lord James of Douglas bethought him about this time to go over into Douglasdale, and try to snatch his own castle out of the hands of the English. Coming to the neighborhood by night, he discovered himself to a faithful vassal of his father's whom he had known in his boyhood, and who wept with joy at seeing him. In this man's house he kept close, sending secretly one by one for the

trusty men who dwelt on his lands. With them he settled his plan. Palm Sunday was at hand, when the garrison of the castle would attend the neighbouring church of St. Bride. Douglas and his men took care to be there too. He had on an old cloak above his armour, and carried a flail in his hand like a countryman. His men had their weapons concealed under their mantles. The priest was busy with his ceremonies, when a voice shouted, "Douglas! Douglas!" At this signal the countryman dropped his flail and old cloak, and fell furiously with his sword on the English. His men did the same. The church rang with the clash of weapons and the din of combat. But it was soon over, and the English were all either struck down or made prisoners.

The victors proceeded immediately to the castle. The alarm had not reached it, and the gate was found open, with nobody but the porter and the cook within. Dinner for the garrison was ready, and the board was laid in the hall. Douglas ordered the gates of the castle to be shut, and sat down with his men to enjoy the feast. He then collected the arms, clothing, and valuables—all that his men could readily carry away. Next, he made them pile together in a heap all the wheat, flour, and malt found in the stores. On this heap he struck off the heads of his prisoners, and stove the casks of wine, and then set fire to the whole. All that was not stone in the castle was reduced to ashes. The country people called this terrible vengeance the "Douglas Larder."

The King, meanwhile, was pursuing his work in

the west country. He got defeats, aud gave them. His little army increased in numbers and in heart, and he felt himself able for more considerable enterprises. Early in spring he had landed in Carrick, and about the middle of May the posture of things was this : he had two English earls, whom he had defeated in the field, shut up in the castle of Ayr with the wrecks of their forces, and he was holding the castle in close siege.

Word was brought of these doings to Edward, weakened now, and shattered by age and illness. But all his fury woke afresh. He summoned his military force to meet him at Carlisle, and set out for Scotland. At Carlisle, he fancied himself so much better that he offered up the litter, in which he had travelled, in the cathedral there, and mounted on horse-back to proceed with his army. But it took him four days to ride six miles. He reached a village called Burgh-upon-Sands, from which the Scottish coast could be seen across the tossing Solway. There he had to yield to the power that conquers kings. Before he died, he called for his son, and made him swear that as soon as he was dead he would boil his body in a cauldron till the flesh separated from the bones; after which he should bury the flesh, but keep the bones; and as often as the Scots rose in rebellion, he should assemble his army and carry with him the bones of his father. So died "The Hammer of the Scottish nation," a nation which has stood a good deal of hammering. His son, happily for us, was a special fool; but he had feeling or sense enough to disregard the wish of the fierce old sav-

age, and to send his father's body for decent burial in Westminster Abbey.

After his father's death he marched into Scotland as far west as Ayrshire, and then marched back to England again without striking a blow. Bruce, no doubt, was keenly watching to see of what metal this new Edward was made, and smiled grimly as the weakness and fickleness of the light youth appeared. Edward had retreated, but the towns and castles of Scotland were all held by English troops; and many powerful Scottish nobles, traitors to their country for the sake of their own selfish interest, were on the side of the English. King Robert had his work before him.

The northern districts, Buchan, Aberdeenshire, and Angus south to Tayside, were first cleared. As fast as the castles were taken, Bruce had them levelled with the ground. The woods and mountains were his castles, and he would not leave these great surly strengths of stone to shelter the enemy. In the south, the Lord James of Douglas freed Selkirk and Ettrick, the country of the gallant foresters who fell under Wallace at Falkirk, many of whose sons were now grown up and able to give help against the Southron. The King's brother, Edward Bruce, swept the English out of Galloway. In one year this brave captain took no fewer than thirteen castles.

It happened, on one occasion, that he received intelligence of the approach of an English force fifteen hundred strong. He made his men who were much fewer in number, take up a strong position in a narrow valley. Early in the morn-

ing, under cover of a thick mist, he set out with fifty horsemen, and making a circuit, got unperceived to the rear of the English. His intention was to follow them cautiously under the screen of the mist, till they should attack the troops he had left in position, and then to fall on them from behind. But the mist suddenly cleared away, and discovered to the English his little party of horse at about a bow-shot off. Edward hesitated not a moment. With his fifty riders he charged the English sharp and furiously, and bore many of them down to the earth. Again, and a third time, he charged, dashing fiercely through the English ranks and throwing them into hopeless confusion. They broke away in a panic and were completely routed. It was "a right, fair point of chivalry." Such were the men who made Scotland free.

Six years from the time that the beacon blazed over Turnberry, Edward Bruce was engaged in the siege of Stirling, the last fortress of any importance remaining to the English in Scotland. The warden of the castle, Sir Philip Mowbray, made a stout defence. Set high on its bold rock, the castle long defied its besiegers. At last provisions began to fail, and the warden sent to propose a truce, binding himself to surrender the castle on mid-summer day the next year, if not relieved before that day by an English army. When Edward Bruce told his brother the treaty he had made, it displeased the King greatly. "It was unwisely done," he said "to give such long warning to so powerful a king. We shall be but a handful against the mighty host

that he is able to bring. God may send us fortune but we are set in great jeopardy."

"Let the King of England come," said Edward Bruce, "with all that he can call to his banner. We shall fight them all, and more!" When the King heard his brother "speak to the battle so hardily," he said, "Brother, since it is so that this thing is undertaken, let us, and all who love the freedom of this country, shape us to it manfully."

So it was resolved at all hazards to keep knightly faith, and to meet the English on the appointed day."

The murder of Comyn committed in the church of Dumfries at the Altar, was a most sacrilegious act and penance and absolution alone could atone for it. The Abbot in the following poem of Sir Walter Scott's from "The Lord of the Isles—states so:

"Then on King Robert turned the Monk,
But twice his courage came and sunk;
Confronted with the hero's look,
Twice fell his eye, his accents shook;
At length, resolved in tone and brow,
Sternly he questioned him,—"And thou,
Unhappy! what hast thou to plead,
Why I denounce not on thy deed
That awful doom which canons tell
Shuts Paradise, and opens Hell;
Anathema of power so dread,
It blends the living with the dead,
Bids each good angel soar away,

And every ill one claim his prey;
Expels thee from the church's care,
And deafens Heaven against thy prayer.

Arms every hand against thy life,
Bans all who aid thee in the strife,
Nay, each whose succour, cold and scant,
With meanest alms relieves thy want;
Haunts thee while living, and, when dead,
Dwells on thy yet devoted head;
Rends Honour's scutcheon from thy hearse,
Stills o'er thy bier the holy verse,
And spurns thy corpse from hallowed ground,
Flung like vile carrion to the hound!
Such is the dire and desperate doom
For sacrilege, decreed by Rome;
And such the well-deserved meed
Of thine unhallowed, ruthless deed."—

"Abbot!" The Bruce replied, "thy charge
It boots not to dispute at large,
This much, howe'er, I bid thee know,
No selfish vengeance dealt the blow,
For Comyn died his country's foe,
Nor blame I friends whose ill-timed speed
Fulfilled my soon-repented deed;
Nor censure those from whose stern tongue
The dire anathema has rung.
I only blame my own wild ire,
By Scotland's wrongs incensed to fire.
Heaven knows my purpose to atone,
Far as I may, the evil done,
And hears a penitent's appeal

From papal curse and prelate's zeal.
My first and dearest task achieved,
Fair Scotland from her thrall relieved,
Shall many a priest in cope and stole
Say requiem for Red Comyn's soul;
While I the blessed Cross advance,
And expiate this unhappy chance
In Palestine, with sword and lance.
But while content the Church should know
My conscience owns the debt I owe,
Unto De Argentine and Lorn
The name of traitor I return.
Bid them defiance stern and high,
And give them in their throats the lie!
These brief words spoke, I speak no more
Do what thou wilt; my shrift is o'er."

Like man by prodigy amazed,
Upon the King the Abbot gazed;
Then o'er his pallid features glance
Convulsions of ecstatic trance.
His breathing came more thick and fast,
And from his pale blue eyes were cast
Strange rays of wild and wandering light;
Uprise his locks of silver white,
Flushed is his brow, through every vein
In azure tide the currents strain,
And undistinguished accents broke
The awful silence ere he spoke.

"De Bruce! I rose with purpose dread,
To speak my curse upon thy head,
And give thee as an outcast o'er

To him who burns to shed thy gore ;—
But, like the Midianite of old,
Who stood on Zophim, heaven-controlled,
I feel within mine aged breast
A power that will not be repressed :
It prompts my voice, it swells my veins,
It burns, it maddens, it contains !—
De Bruce, thy sacrilegious blow
Hath at God's altar slain thy foe
O'ermastered yet by high behest,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be blessed ! "
He spoke, and o'er the astonished throng
Was silence, awful, deep, and long.

Again that light has fired his eye,
Again his form swells bold and high,
The broken voice of age is gone,
'Tis vigorous manhood's lofty tone :—
" Thrice vanquished on the battle-plain,
Thy followers slaughtered, fled, or ta'en,
A hunted wanderer on the wild,
On foreign shores a man exiled,
Disowned, deserted, and distressed,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be blessed !
Blessed in the hall and in the field,
Under the mantle as the shield !
Avenger of thy country's shame,
Restorer of her injured fame ;
Blessed in thy sceptre and thy sword,
De Bruce, fair Scotland's rightful lord ;
Blessed in thy deeds and in thy fame,
What lengthened honours wait thy name !
In distant ages, sire to son

Shall tell thy tale of freedom won,
And teach his infants, in the use
Of earliest speech, to falter Bruce.
Go, then, triumphant! sweep along
Thy course, the theme of many a song!
The Power, whose dictates swell my breast,
Hath blessed thee, and thou shalt be blessed!"

Collecting a few patriots, among whom were his four brothers, he assumed the throne, but was defeated by the English at the battle of Methven. After this defeat he fled with some friends to the west of Scotland and the Isles where his romantic exploits and adventures would be more readable than the Arabian Knights, and where his fatigues and sufferings were as inexpressible as the courage with which he and his few friends — conspicuous among whom was the Lord Douglas, —was incredible. We have only space to give one from the prolific pen of The Wizard of the North, the other in homelier language. After passing in his retreat through Athole the Bruce arrived on the borders of the country of John, Lord of Lorne. As this John, Lord Lorne was a relation of the Red Comyn, whom Bruce had stabbed he was no frend to the Scottish King. Between Loch Awe and Loch Tay, the Highlanders met to attack him and his small company of horsemen. Moving his band slowly through the glen Bruce covered their retreat all alone. Coming to a very narrow place, suddenly, two stalwart Hilanders, brothers, and a companion, rushed upon him.

One clung to the head of his horse, another put his hands between the stirrup and boot, in order to throw the rider from the animal, the third sprung behind. The Bruce then stood upright and by his weight completely pinned the second's hands in the stirrups. He then instantly cut down the one who held his horse's head, and dashed out the brains of him who came behind and dragging the poor wretch who was held by his hands, he despatched him without opposition. It was during these perilous times that he lost the brooch or clasp of his cloak, it having been cut or torn off by one of the enemy. Sir Walter Scott alludes to the hatred of the Lord of Lorne, relative of Comyn, to Robert Bruce and the other circumstances, in the following extract taken from the well known Poem "The Lord of the Isles".

" Whence the brooch of burning gold,
That clasps the chieftain's mantle-fold,
Wrought and chased with rare device,
Studded fair with gems of price,
On the varied tartans beaming,
As, through night's pale rainbow gleaming,
Fainter now, now seen afar,
Fitful shines the northern star?

Gem! ne'er wrought on Highland mountain,
Did the fairy of the fountain,
Or the mermaid of the wave,
Frame thee in some coral cave?
Did in Iceland's darksome mine,
Dwarf's swart hands thy metal twine?

Or, mortal-moulded, comest thou here,
From England's love, or France's fear!

No!–thy splendours nothing tell
Foreign art or faĕry spell.
Moulded thou for monarch's use,
By the overweening Bruce,
When the royal robe he tied
O'er a heart of wrath and pride;
Thence in triumph wert thou torn,
By the victor hand of Lorn!

When the gem was won and lost,
Widely was the war-cry toss'd!
Rung aloud Behdourish fell,
Answer'd Douchart's sounding dell,
Fled the deer from wild Tyndrum,
When the homicide, o'ercome,
Hardly 'scaped with scathe and scorn
Left the pledge with conquering Lorn!

Vain was then the Douglas brand,
Vain the Campbell's vaunted hand,
Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk,
Making sure of murder's work;
Barendown fled fast away,
Fled the fiery De la Haye,
When this brooch, triumphant borne,
Beam'd upon the breast of Lorn.

Farthest fled its former Lord,
Left his men to brand and cord,
Bloody brand of Highland steel,

English gibbet, axe, and wheel.
Let him fly from coast to coast,
Dogg'd by Comyn's vengeful ghost,
While his spoils, in triumph worn,
Long shall grace victorious Lorn!"

We must insert here the story of BRUCE AND THE BLOODHOUND.

"Bruce had at one time a bloodhound, or sloth-hound, of which he was extremely fond. For a long time he made him his constant companion, caressed and fed him with his own hand; and so much did the hound love his noble master in return, that he followed his footsteps everywhere. How it came to pass we do not know, but his mortal enemy, John of Lorn, got possession of the same hound, and by this means made the Bruce run a narrower risk of losing his life than he ever did in all his other troubles and escapes. At one time he found himself hemmed in between two parties of his enemies; the English general being before him in the plain, with an army arrayed in battle; and John of Lorn coming in behind with eight hundred men, while he himself had in all only three hundred. So the Bruce, seing that he could not then fight, divided his men into three parties, and bade them each to shift for themselves as they best could. Immediately John of Lorn, who was aware of this movement, set the hound upon the scent, to find out with which party the king had gone.

"Bruce, finding himself thus pursued, divided

the hundred men who were now with him, again into three parties which again separated, and took different routes. But the poor faithful hound, little knowing that he was betraying his beloved master to destruction, still unerringly followed upon his track. "Now," said the Bruce, "it is necessary that we part from each other, and every one singly take care of himself. As for me, I will take my foster-brother with me, and we shall abide whatever fortune God may send." But this plan succeeded as badly as the former ones.

"Still did the hound, without a moment's hesitation, follow upon the track of his master; which when John of Lorn saw, he chose out five of the best men and fastest runners of his company, and bade them overtake Bruce, and by no means allow him to escape, So these five came up to the king who with his own hand slew four, while his foster-brother killed the fifth. He cared for them very little. It was the hound that he feared. He being still with the large company, might bring them all presently upon him; and though he could overcome five men, he of course could not manage five hundred. The poor king was now so overcome with weariness, through long foot-travel, and fatigue of fighting, and heaviness of spirit, that he was upon the point of giving all up, and sat him down in a wood, saying he could go no further. Then it was that a few kind words timely spoken saved a great king and a kingdom. His poor foster-brother bade him take heart, put him in mind of what was at stake, and of all that hung upon

his single life, and persuaded him just to make one effort more.

"Up then the wearied warrior rose, and once more continued his way. But still the baying of the hound was borne nearer and nearer upon his ear—if some way could not be found of putting him off that fatal scent, escape was impossible. But God's providence now interposed. Just at that spot was a stream, which came brattling through the wood clear and fast. "I have heard," said the Bruce, "that if one wade a bow-shot through a running water, it will put a hound off the track, for the scent will not lie." So his foster-brother and himself waded knee-deep with the current for a hundred yards or so, and afterwards plunged into the woods again.

"When John of Lorn came up with his large company to the place where his five men lay dead, he got into a dreadful fury, but said that presently he must have his revenge, for he knew that the king was not far off. Just then they came to the running water, and, lo! the hound for the first time began to waver—he smelt backward and forward, as if he did not know which way to go, and John of Lorn perceived that all his trouble had been in vain, and that he had best return whence he came. So it was that at this time, through God's mercy, Bruce and Scotland were saved."

CHAPTER IV.

CONTENTS:

Bruce and the Spider.—Taking of Edinburgh Castle by Sir Thomas Randolph.—Battle of Bannockburn.—The Death of De Boune.—"Bruce's Address" by Robert Burns.—Poem on "*The Battle of Bannockburn.*"

"Let glory rear her flag of fame,
Brave Scotland cries: "This spot I claim"—
Here with Scotland bare her brand,
Here with Scotland's lion stand!
Here with Scotland's banner fly,
Here Scotland's sons will do or die"—

McLAGGAN.

"When Edward cam' down like the wild mountain flood
Wi' his chivalry prancin' in bravery;
He swore by St. George, an' his ain royal blood,
He would bring puir auld Scotland to slavery,
But our hardy blue bonnets, at fam'd Bannockburn
Ga'ed his mail-coated heroes a tussle;
An' for many lang year "Merry England" did mourn
An' bann'd baith the Scots an' their thistle.

ANON."

"Oh! land of Bruce and Wallace, of mountain and of glen
Where virtue crouns the maiden's brow, and valor moulds the men;

Long, long as thy fair heritage "the links of faith" shall be
Unbroken may the bonds remain that bind our hearts to thee.

ANON."

During these wanderings the Bruce stayed for some time in the Island of Rathlin, lying to the north of Ireland. Every one knows of the story of the spider, but there are not so many who have heard of Eliza Cook's version of the same. It is here appended, with a short account of the taking of Edinburgh Castle by Sir Walter Scott.

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down in a lonely mood to think;
'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown, but his heart was beginning to sink,
For he had been trying to do a great deed to make his people glad,
He had tried and tried, but couldn't succeed, and so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair, as grieved as man could be;
And after a while as he pondered there, "I'll give it all up," said he.
Now, just at the moment, a spider dropped, with its silken cobweb clue,
And the king in the midst of his thinking stopped to see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up the ceiling dome, and it hung
by a rope so fine,
That how it would get to its cobweb home, king
Bruce could not divine.
It soon began to cling and crawl straight up with
strong endeavour,
But down it came with a slipping sprawl, as near
to the ground as over.

Up, up it ran, not a second it stayed, to utter the
least complaint,
Till it fell still lower, and there it laid, a little
dizzy and faint
Its head grew steady—again it went, and travelled
a half yard higher,
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread, and a road
where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below, but again it quick-
ly mounted,
Till up and down, now fast, now slow, nine brave
attempts were counted.
"Sure," cried the king, "that foolish thing will
strive no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling, and
tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more, ah me, 'tis an
anxious minute,
He's only a foot from his cobweb door, oh, say will
he lose or win it?
Steadily, steadily, inch by inch, higher and higher
he got,

And a bold little run, at the very last pinch, put
him into his native spot.

"Bravo, bravo!" the king cried out, "all honour
to those who try,
The spider up there defied despair, he conquered,
and why shouldn't I?
And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind, and gos-
sips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before, and
that time he did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all you who read, and beware of
saying "I can't,"
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead to Idleness,
Folly, and Want.
Whenever you find your heart despair of doing
some goodly thing,
Con over this strain, try bravely again, and re-
member the Spider and King.

"While Robert Bruce was gradually getting pos-
session of the country, and driving out the English,
Edinburgh, the principal town of Scotland, re-
mained with its strong Castle in possession of the
invaders. Sir Thomas Randolph, a nephew of
Bruce, and one of his best supporters, was extreme-
ly desirous to gain this important place; but,
as you well know, the Castle is situated on a very
steep and lofty rock, so that it is difficult, or
almost impossible, even to get up to the foot of
the walls, much more to climb over them. So,

while Randolph was considering what was to be done, there came to him a Scottish gentleman named Francis, who had joined Bruce's standard, and asked to speak with him in private. He then told Randolph that, in his youth, he had lived in the Castle of Edinburgh, and that his father had then been keeper of the fortress. It happened at that time that Francis was much in love with a lady who lived in a part of the town beneath the Castle, which is called the Grassmarket. Now, as he could not get out of the Castle by day to see the lady, he had practised a way of clambering by night down the Castle crag on the south side, and returning up at his pleasure; when he came to the foot of the wall he made use of a ladder to get over it, as it was not very high on that point, those who built it having trusted to the steepness of the crag. Francis had come and gone so frequently in this dangerous manner, that though it was now long ago he told Randolph he knew the road so well that he would undertake to guide a small party of men by night to the bottom of the wall, and as they might bring ladders with them, there would be no difficulty in scaling it. The great risk was that of being discovered by the watchmen while in the act of ascending the cliff, in which case every man of them must have perished.

Nevertheless, Randolph did not hesitate to attempt the adventure. He took with him only thirty men (you may be sure they were chosen for activity and courage), and came one dark night to the foot of the crag, which they began to ascend under the guidance of Francis, who went before

them upon his hands and feet, up one cliff, down another, and round another, where there was scarce room to support themselves. All the while these thirty men were obliged to follow in a line, one after the other, by a path that was fitter for a cat than a man. The noise of a stone falling, or a word spoken from one to another, would have alarmed the watchmen. They were obliged, therefore, to move with the greatest precaution. When they were far up the crag, and near the foundation of the wall, they heard the guards going their rounds to see that all was safe in and about the Castle. Randolph and his party had nothing for it but to lie close and quiet, each man under the crag, as he happened to be placed, and trust that the guards would pass by without noticing them. And while they were waiting in breathless alarm, they got a new cause of fright. One of the soldiers of the Castle, wishing to startle his comrades, suddenly threw a stone from the wall and cried out, "Aha, I see you well!" The stone came thundering down over the heads of Randolph and his men, who naturally thought themselves discovered. If they had stirred, or made the slightest noise, they would have been entirely destroyed, for the soldiers above might have killed every man of them merely by rolling down stones. But, being courageous and chosen men, they remained quiet, and the English soldiers, who thought their comrade was merely playing them a trick (as, indeed, he was), passed on without further examination.

Then Randolph and his men got up, and came

in haste to the foot of the wall, which was not above twice a man's height in that place. They planted the ladders they had brought, and Francis mounted first to show them the way. Sir Andrew Grey, a brave knight, followed him, and Randolph himself was the third man who got over. Then the rest followed. As all the garrison were asleep and unarmed, excepting the watch, they were speedily destroyed. Thus was Edinburgh Castle taken in the year 1313.

Though the wife and daughters of Bruce were sent prisoners to England where the best of his friends and two of his brothers were put to death, yet he persevered till at last all Scotland save the Castle of Stirling fell into his hand. And now the 2nd Edward of England determined to subdue the rebel, as Bruce was called and succour the besieged in Stirling. With an army of—Historians declare—100,000 fighting men—the flower and the chivalry of England, he advanced towards Stirling and found Bruce encamped with the greatest judgment, near Bannockburn. The principal generals of Edward's army were the Earls of Gloucester, Hereford, Pembroke and Sir Giles Argenton. Those under Bruce were his brother, the Sir Knight of Scotland, his nephew Randolph, Earl of Murray, and the young Walter, high Steward of Scotland.

The two armies came in sight of each other on the evening of the 23rd June 1314. The Scots had about 30,000 and the English were so splendidly

apparelled that their polished armour shown in the setting sun. The sharp eye of Bruce detected a large body of English cavalry cautiously advancing under cover of some gravelly knolls. Directing Randolph to oppose them, he also sent Douglas to sustain him, but Douglas perceiving that Randolph was able for the emergency, gallantly checked his own advance and left him to win the victory. As it approached evening, the Bruce mounted on a small palfrey, passed along all his line, to animate and cheer his men. The story of De Boune or De Bohun is finely told by Sir Walter Scott when describing this memorable day and heroic King in his "Lord of the Isles."

"THE monarch rode along the van,
The foe's approaching force to scan,
His line to marshal and to range,
And ranks to square, and fronts to change
Alone he rode—from head to heel
Sheathed in his ready arms of steel;
Nor mounted yet on war horse wight,
But, till more near the shock of fight,
Reining a palfrey low and light,
A diadem of gold was set
Above his bright steel basinet;
And clasped within its glittering twine
Was seen the glove of Argentine:
Truncheon or leading staff he lacks,
Bearing, instead, a battle-axe.
He ranged his soldiers for the fight
Accoutred thus, in open sight
Of either host.—Three bow-shots far,

Paused the deep front of England's war,
And rested on their arms a while,
To close and rank their warlike file,
And hold high council, if that night
Should view the strife, or dawning light.
Oh, gay, yet fearful to behold,
Flashing with steel and rough with gold,
And bristled o'er with bills and spears,
With plumes and pennons waving fair,
Was that bright battle front! for there
Rode England's king and peers:
And who, that saw that monarch ride,
His kingdom battled by his side,
Could then his direful doom foretell?—
Fair was his seat in knightly selle,
And in his sprightly eye was set
Some spark of the Plantagenet.
Though light and wandering was his glance
It flashed at sight of shield and lance.
"Knowest thou," he said, "De Argentine,
Yon knight who marshals thus their line?"—
"The tokens on his helmet tell
The Bruce, my liege: I know him well."—
"And shall the audacious traitor brave
The presence where our banners wave?—
So please my liege," said Argentine,
"Were he but horsed on steel like mine,
To give him fair and knightly chance,
I would adventure forth my lance."—
"In battle day," the king replied,
"Nice tourney rules are set aside.
"Still must the rebel dare our wrath?
"Set on him—sweep him from our path!"—

And, at king Edward's signal, soon
Dashed from the ranks Sir Henry Boune.
Of Hereford's high blood he came,
A race renowned for knightly fame.
He burned before his monarch's eye
To do some deed of chivalry.
He spurred his steed, he couched his lance,
And darted on the Bruce at once.
—As motionless as rocks that bide
The wrath of the advancing tide,
The Bruce stood fast.—Each breast beat high,
And dazzled was each gazing eye;
The heart had hardly time to think,
The eyelid scarce had time to wink,
While on the king, like flash of flame,
Spurred to full speed, the war horse came!
The partridge may the falcon mock,
If that slight palfrey stand the shock—
But swerving from the knight's career,
Just as they met, Bruce shunned the spear.
Onward the baffled warrior bore
His course—but soon his course was o'er!
High in his stirrups stood the king,
And gave his battle-axe the swing:
Right on De Boune, the whiles he passed,
Fell that stern dint—the first—the last!—
Such strength upon the blow was put,
The helmet crushed like hazel-nut;
The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,
Was shivered to the gauntlet grasp.
Springs from the blow the startled horse,
Drops to the plain the lifeless corse,
—First of that fatal field, how soon,
How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!

And now the battle began. Edward attacked the Scot's army most fiercely, and it required all the courage and all the firmness of the Scottish veterans and Bruce's energy to resist it. But after a hard fought fight, the English were everywhere driven back, and one of the most complete victories recorded in history was gained. The great loss of the English fell upon the bravest part of their troops who had been led by Edward himself against Bruce in person. Some writers say the loss was 50,000 English and 4,000 Scots. The flower of the English nobility were either slain or taken prisoners. Their camp, which was immensely rich and calculated rather for a gorgeous triumph than for a hard fought campaign, fell into the hands of Bruce, and Edward himself with a few hundred noblemen, knights and cavalry fled from the battle field and never slackened pace till they came to the gates of Berwick. They escaped capture from the indomitable Douglas who eagerly pursued with only sixty horsemen, by the fleetness of their steeds arriving at Berwick. The king fled to England in a fishery boat. "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*" So long as Scottish blood circulates through Scottish veins, so long as the English language is spoken, and the name of Scotland's grandest bard—*Robert Burns*—is borne in the hearts of all true Scotchmen, on every shore and in every land, so long will his "Scot's wha hae," thrill the heart and bring the fire of martial spirit to the eye of every son of Caledonia.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a traitor's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By our Sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

We finish the history of this great battle and one of the most important periods of old Scottish History with the following poem, a propos of the occasion and entitled :—

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

WIDE o'er Bannock's heathy wold
Scotland's deathful banners roll'd,
And spread their wings of sprinkled gold
To the purpling east.
Freedom beamed in every eye;
Devotion breathed in every sigh;
Freedom heaved their souls on high,
And steeled each hero's breast.

Charging then the coursers sprang,
Sword and helmet clashing rang,
Steel-clad warrior's mixing clang
Echoed round the field.
Deathful see their eyeballs glare!
See the nerves of battle bare!
Arrowy tempests cloud the air,
And glance from every shield.

Hark! the bowman's quivering strings!
Death on grey-goose pinions springs!
Deep they dip their dappled wings
Drunk in heroes' gore.
Lo! Edward, springing on the rear,
Plies his Caledonian spear;
Ruin marks his dread career,
And sweeps them from the shore.

See how red the streamlets flow!
See the reeling, yielding foe,
How they melt at every blow!
Yet we shall be free!
Darker yet the strife appears;
Forest dread of flaming spears!
Hark! a shout the welkin tears!
Bruce has victory.

CHAPTER V.

CONTENTS:

Raid into England by Douglas.—Death of Robert Bruce.—Lord James Douglas.—Fight with the Moors.—The Heart of Bruce.—Origin of the House of Lockhart and of the Crests of Douglas and Borthwick.—The Legend of the Heart of Bruce, by Lady Flora Hastings.

"Scotland! Land of all I love!
Land of all that love me;
Where my youthful feet have trod,
Whose sod shall lie above me!

"England shall many a day mourn for the bloody [day
When blue bonnets came over the border."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

After the decisive battle of Bannockburn, Bruce was firmly seated on his throne. His brother invaded Ireland by the request of the chieftains of Ulster and received the Irish crown in 1316. Berwick

held for twenty years by the English now fell into the hands of the Scots. A raid was made into England and ended in a truce for two years. During this time the Pope was reconciled to Bruce for the murder of Comyn. The principal event of the latter years of Bruce was the celebrated Raid of Moray and Douglas into England. This happened during the reign of Edward III almost at its commencement. "They rode into England at the head of 24,000 light armed men, burdened with no camp equipage, on slight, hardy horses, each man carrying so much oatmeal and a thin plate of iron on which to bake his bannock or cake. If anything more was wanted, the country or the enemy supplied it. In vain the English with 60,000 well armed men, tried to meet them. At last they came up to the Scots posted on a ridge behind the river Wear, where it was vain in the English to attack them. They then endeavored to starve the Scots from their position, but on the morning of the fourth day, the English found the ridge empty and their enemy in a better and stronger position four miles farther away. The blockade again began, and day after day, the English persevered to break their enemy's lines by starvation. This sort of warfare was not what altogether pleased the hardy Scots as they knew that they had plenty of provisions in their camp. So one night when the English thought all secure, the Douglas with 200 picked followers crept cautiously round the English camp. At the signal the dreaded war cry of a Douglas! a Douglas! rang out in the midnight air, and Douglas and his intrepid followers reached even to the royal tent,

nearly captured the king and then cut by sheer force of arm his way safely back to his own camp. Thus 18 days passed and the English thought there must be submission now, but what was their astonishment when morning broke to see the Scottish camp deserted and the enemy miles away. To show the English that they were far from starving, they left them in their camp no less than 500 slaughtered cattle which they could not drive away. 300 skin cauldrons with meat and water ready for boiling, 100 spits with beef ready to roast and 10,000 pairs of old shoes made of raw hide."

It was in this raid that the Scots first confronted fire arms and since then they have well proved how they can use them, nay, the best, the largest, the most wonderful of all modern men of war and many of the munitions of war have been made by Scotchmen in their own land, conspicuous among whom must for ever stand Robert Napier of the Glasgow Marine Foundries. The Scots called these fire arms by the curious name of "crackys of war."

At last both countries were wearied with the war. The English Parliament at York fully acknowledged the independence of Scotland, the treaty was signed at Edinburgh and Northampton, and among other things the "Black Rood" was restored (1328.)

At this period, the Holy Sepulchre and Jerusalem the "City of the World's Redemption" engrossed a very large share of attention from the piously and devoutly inclined. The Crusades had raised men's minds towards the East, and the greatest act of religion was to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. After many years of successful government, King

Robert Bruce, finding his end drawing near having charged the Lords of his realm to be true to his son and successor David, called to him the good Lord James of Douglas and thus spoke to him before all the assembled Peers.

"Sir James.—My dear friend, none knows better than you how great labor and suffering I have undergone in my day for the rights of this kingdom. When I was hardest beset I vowed to God that if I should live to see an end of my wars and to govern this realm in peace I would then go and make war against the enemies of Our Lord and Saviour. Never has my heart ceased to bend to this desire, but our Lord has not consented thereto, for I have had my hands full in my days, and now at the last, I am seized with this grievous sickness, so that as you all see, there is nothing for me but to die; and since my body cannot go thither, I have resolved to send my heart there in place of my body to fulfil my vow. And now dear and tried friend, since I know not in all my realm any braver knight than you, I entreat you, for the love you bear me, that you will undertake this voyage and acquit my soul of its debt to my Saviour. For I hold this opinion of your truth and nobleness that, whatever you undertake, I am persuaded you will accomplish, I will therefore, that as soon as I am dead, you take the heart out of my body and cause it to be embalmed, and take as much of my treasure as seems to you sufficient for the expenses of your journey, both for you and your companions, and that you carry my heart along with you and deposit it in the Holy Sepulchre of Our Lord, since this body cannot go thither."

At these words, all who were present wept sore. Sir James Douglas could not speak for tears. The knights, especially Borthwick and Lockhart were much distressed. At last Sir James replied—"Ah, most gentle and noble king, a thousand times I thank you for the great honour you have done me, in making me the bearer of so precious a treasure. Most faithfully and willingly, to the best of my power, shall I obey your commands."

"Ah, gentle knight," said the king—"I heartily thank you, provided you promise to do my bidding, on the word of a true and loyal knight."

"I do promise my liege" replied Douglas by the "faith which I owe to God and to the order of "knighthood."

"Now God be praised" said the king "for I shall die in peace, since I know, that the best and most valiant knight of my kingdom will perform that for me which I myself could never accomplish."

Shortly after this, the violence of his disease still increasing, death fast approached and the noble king departed his life in the fifty-fifth year of his age. A fair tomb of pure white marble was erected in the choir of the Abbey of Dunfermline, where they laid their most illustrious dead. Never was funeral more numerously attended, nor weeping crowds more heart-stricken—"Alas" they cried, "he is gone whose wisdom and might compelled our enemies to respect us, and made our name honourable in all lands," Bishop and prelate, knight and squire, noble and vassal were all there. The funeral chant by the monks of the Abbey rose and swelled beneath the massive arches and vaults of

the ever sombre aisles. But ever and anon, amidst the pauses of the funeral dirge, the voice of lamentation and weeping from the stately as well as from the common throng, arose and was wafted far upon the breeze. Well might they weep, prophetically, for the day was near at hand when they would miss him right sore and never did Scotland again see one so deeply mourned.

Obedient to the dying request of his king, the Lord James Douglas, departed for the Holy Land being accompanied by a fair and goodly band of knights, esquires and followers. He bore the heart of Bruce enshrined in a silver casket about his neck.

On his passage to the East he learned that Alphonso, king of Spain, was waging war against the Saracens, those Moors, who were such determined foes to the Holy Sepulchre and Jerusalem. Supposing he was called to help the Christian against the Moslem, Sir James joined the Spaniards, when the two armies met shortly after close by Gibraltar. Alphonso gave to Lord Douglas the command of the centre division. The Scots bravely headed the charge which was made with such success that the enemy was routed and their camp taken. While the Spaniards were engaged in plunder, the Scottish leader, at the head of the small band of his own knights and warriors, pursued the flying Infidels. But before he was aware, the Saracens rallied, and he was surrounded by a dense crowd of cavalry which every moment grew thicker and thicker. When Douglas saw Sir William St. Clair of Roslyn with his brave knights and especially Lockhart and Borthwick fighting desperately, "Yonder

worthy knight will be slain," he said "unless he have instant help" and galloped to his rescue. Taking from his neck, the silver casket, containing the heart of Bruce, he threw it with all his strength into the very thickest of the enemy, crying out "Now pass thou onward as thou wert wont, and Douglas will follow thee or die." With this he made a furious charge and soon cleared a space about him. But vain was his valor, overwhelmed by numbers, he fell, the good Sir James, covered with many wounds.

After the fray, the silver casket was found near to the spot where he fell. His surviving knights took him up with reverent care. His flesh was separated from his bones and buried in holy ground in Spain. His bones were brought home to Scotland and buried in his own church of Douglas.

Many of the followers of Douglas were slain in the battle in which he fell. The rest resolved not to proceed to Palestine but to return to Scotland. One of the knights was entrusted to carry back the heart of Bruce, whence the House of Lockhart derive their name. Since this period, the Douglases have always carried upon their shield a bloody heart with a crown upon it, and Borthwick, one of the bravest of the Douglas' knights received permission to place a Moor's Head on his escutcheon as a memento of his fight in Spain, which emblem is still the crest of the House of Borthwick and took the motto "Qui Conducit" as a memorial of that day. and the descendants of the original Borthwick who had come a blue eyed Saxon with Hengist and Horsa to England's shores, and who with Edgar and

Margaret sought protection with the Scottish King Canmore, now rested for a little from their toils and gradually grew opulent and well known after the death of Bruce.

We append the following beautiful poem on the legend of the Heart of Bruce, by Lady Flora Hastings.

A GALLEY seeks the port of Sluys,
And o'er the azure wave
Rode never bark more fair than she,
More royal, and more brave.
The white sails swelling to the breeze
Are mirrored in those summer seas,
As ocean birds with snowy wing
O'er the blue deep their shadows fling;
And round the prow the dancing spray
Blushes to catch the sunny ray,
And melts in ambient air away.

High on the prow a warrior band
In trim array are seen to stand;
Banner and pennon, sword and spear,
And mace and battle-axe are there;
And crested helm, and armour bright,
Buckler and baldric richly dight.
They do not come with sword and lance,
To devastate the fields of France,—
Nor, led by policy, resort
A mission to King Philip's court:
They come not with rich merchandise
To seek the crowded mart;
But pilgrims to Jerusalem,
They bore King Robert's heart.

And chief among the gallant throng
Was Douglas—he for whom so long
Woke the wild harp of Scottish song;
Whom still a fond tradition names
With benison, "The good Sir James."—
He was both bold and blithe of mood,
Of faith unstained, and lineage good;
Loyal of heart and free of hand
As any knight in Christian land;
Fair largess he to minstrels gave,
And loved the faithful and the brave.
So many graces did commend
The knight who was King Robert's friend.

* * * * * *

For as in gray Dunfermline's tower
He stood beside the bed
Whereon, in life's departing hour,
Was good King Robert laid,
Whose failing breath and nerveless form
Bespoke him brother of the worm,
While visions of the days gone by
Flitted before his glazing eye,
And the old monarch's failing breath
Spoke of the fast approach of death—
Brave Douglas kissed the feeble hand
That once had fought for fair Scotland,
And pledged his knightly word
That he the Bruce's heart would bear
Unto the Holy Sepulchre
Of our most Blessed Lord.

KING ALPHONSO AND DOUGLAS.

"I pray you by your knighthood's oath,
And by the cross you wear,
And by your master's dying 'hest,
And by your lady fair;
I pray you by your courtesy,
To lend our cause your blade;—
Flower of the Scottish chivalry,
Come to the Cross's aid!"

Out spake the gentle Douglas then:— "I may not, by my vow,
Thus summoned to the Cross's aid, the holy strife forego.
But, oh! thou distant Solyma, long space it must be ere,
A pilgrim, I shall bend my knee beside the Sepulchre.
Oh, that I first might seek the land of our Blessed Saviour's birth,
And lay my honoured master's heart in Syria's holy earth!
And lave, by Jordan's sainted stream, my care-worn, furrowed brow,
Ere sword again I draw.—Enough! I may not, for my vow!"

* * * * * *

On rushed the Douglas—never knight
More valiant sought the field of fight.
Amidst the fray his snowy crest
Danced like the foam on ocean's breast;

Like lightning brand his broad-sword flashed,
And foemen bent and targets crashed!
With stalwart arm and giant form
He charged like spirit of the storm!
And—as upon the mountain side,
So late the trackless forest's pride,
Uprooted by the wintry blast,
The prostrate sapling oaks are cast—
Lo! where he spread his dread career,
Bent Moslem crest and Moslem spear;
While ever, 'midst the mêlée, high
And clear pealed forth his battle cry.
It seemed, indeed, a spell of power
Nerved Douglas' arm that fatal hour;
For, lo! to his faithful bosom pressed,
In its jewelled casket of orient gold,
The heart that once throbbed in the Bruce's breast
Was borne into fight by that baron bold.
Marvel ye, then, that his arm was strong?
That he humbled the pride of the Moslem throng?
That where'er he turned, from his dreaded track
The Moors, in their wild dismay, drew back?

* * * * * *

"Pass on, brave heart, as thou wert wont
Th' embattled hosts before:
Douglas will die, or follow thee
To conquest, as of yore!"
They met—they closed; dread was the strife,—
More dear the gage than fame or life:
There, foot to foot, and hand to hand,
They stood opposed, and brand crossed brand!
Steel rang on steel—the war-steeds' tread

Trampled the dying and the dead;
The lurid clouds of dust on high
Rose eddying to the darkened sky;
The vulture snuffed the scent of blood,
And, screaming, roused her loathsome brood.
But the pale Crescent waned—the host
Of Osmyn saw the battle lost;
And loath to fly, but forced to yield,
Abandoned sullenly the field.

Where was the Douglas?—On the plain
They found him, 'midst the heap of slain.
Faithful in death, his good right hand
Held with firm grasp his broken brand;
While, o'er the sacred casket laid,
A bulwark of his corse he made.
And deem ye not, though fallen there,
The dying Douglas breathed a prayer
For that far land he loved the best,—
The land where Bruce's ashes rest;—
For Scotland's worth, and Scotland's weal;
For truth to guide, for peace to heal;
For freedom and for equal laws,
And men to strive for freedom's cause?

The fane is fallen—the rite is o'er—
The choral anthem peals no more;
The moonbeam strays through nave and aisle,
And the verdant ivy clings round the pile.
It recks not—like dew 'neath the sunny ray,
The crumbling fabric may pass away;
It recks not—for deep in the patriot's breast
The names of his country's heroes rest;
And a thrill of pride it will aye impart,
That Scottish earth wraps the prince's heart.

THE TWO LIONS.

King Robert Bruce was very fond of animals and the story of his blood-hound is already recorded but it is not so well known that he was remarkably partial to a large royal Lion, which quite tame, followed him like a dog. The following poem composed by the Author of these Sketches, speaks of them both in the title of THE TWO LIONS.

I look far down the stream of time and what do I
behold
Athwart my vision, facing me, I see two lions bold,
The one auld Scotias' hero, who bravely fought and
bled,
The other his companion, from Afric forest led,
The hero's eye is dim and dull,—but yet it is not
age,
The other's eyes are glittering, but no leonine rage
Is seen therein, for tamely he follows his good lord,
Or licks his hand or gambols at his loved masters'
word;
The mighty Bruce has vanquished all his loved
country's foes,
And in the past are buried all Scotia's wrongs and
woes,
And now afflicted with disease, at Cardross Castle
he
Calmly awaits the Conqueror of all Humanity.
He has achieved the liberty, independence and the
crown
Of his loved land, and now awaits the time to lay
them down.

Yet I look still further back, and see the mighty Bruce alone
Fleeing like a very fugitive, all his friends and followers gone;
But the God of Battles kept him in his darkest blackest hour,
That the blessing of the patriot on his children he might pour;
That the mighty Scottish warrior by his countrymen should be
Remembered in all ages, and through all posterity.
Ah! my soul is stirred within me as I behold this sight,
And memory brings before me, the field of Bannocks' fight,
I see the noble Bruce and his army sworn to die,
Or else achieve, from England, a glorious victory,
I see the emblazoned banner of the Scottish Lion bold,
Unfurl to the western breeze, its glittering golden fold;
And I hear the shout of battle and I see the Bannock plain
Covered and crowded thickly, with the English army slain,
And I hear a mighty noise at each bend and every turn,
Of the Scottish victors shouting, "The Bruce of Bannockburn."
Yet the grandest sight of all is, when these great Lions two
Walk together or recline beneath the spreading Cardross yew;

The one, auld Scotia's monarch, of whom ages yet will sing,
The other Scotia's emblem, and of forest beasts, the king.

CHAPTER VI.

CONTENTS:

The Feudal System—Lord and Vassal.

During the reign of Malcolm the Great Head, the Feudal System began in Scotland. It took a very long time to become general, and never attained universal sway. The mode of renting lands at this time differed considerably from that of the present day. Tenants held their lands on condition of being ready to fight for their Lord whenever they were required and to bring into the field a certain number of retainers, according to their rental.

The crown vassals or nobles who held lands from the king, granted estates to knights and esquires and gentlemen upon the same terms of military service; as for instance, the Barons of Borthwick and of Pennicuik were vassals or knights in the retinue of St. Clair, the Earl of Roslyn, the one being his cup bearer, the other his carver. These subvassals again, gave land to an inferior class of proprietors, yeomen, who were also bound to follow their Lord into the field. Thus the king was at liberty to call out his vassals, the nobles: then the nobles could call out their vassals, the gentlemen;

the gentlemen could call out their vassals, the yeomen. When the king gave his order, the whole machinery of the feudal system was instantly set in motion.

These vassals, were obliged to provide their own fighting accoutrements. The gentlemen rode on heavy war chargers. Completely encased in steel armor, they looked like iron men on horseback. When the visor was shut, the face was altogether hidden and nothing was discernable save a pair of fierce eyes gleaming through the apertures. The shield, generally of polished steel and sometimes inlaid with gold and silver, hung by a belt round the neck. Their weapons consisted of lance, heavy sword, battle-axe, and club or mace of steel. The yeomen fought on foot. They wore a morion or iron-cap and a jack or leathern jacket well quilted with splints of iron. Axe, spear and dagger completed their armour.

A great percentage of the population on the feudal estates were slaves or serfs. These serfs were bound to stay on their master's land and if they ran away or left it they were brought back like oxen or sheep which have strayed, and punished accordingly. Their work consisted in felling timber, carrying manure, repairing roads and such like. Anything which they might possess might be taken by their Lord. He could sell them like cattle, as they were his own property as much as the beasts of his stall. The power of the feudal Lord over these poor wretches was great. As it was called in those days, he had the power of pit and gallows over them, that is, he could drown the women and

hang the men, on account of which a tree used for the latter purpose and called the Dule-tree or Tree of Sorrow, usually stood near by the castle walls.

When the grant of an estate was made the vassal performed homage to the Lord as an expression of his obedience and submission. The head was uncovered, the belt ungirt, the sword and spurs removed, then kneeling, he placed his hands between those of the Lord and promised to be his man from henceforth to serve him with life and limb and all worldly honor, faithfully and to the end. Then the ceremony concluded with a kiss.

As soon as possible if there were not a castle already built, the feudal lord commenced to build his castle. He always looked out for some secure spot, on the top of a crag, or hill. or even sometimes in the midst of a bog or marsh. The building generally consisted of a grim, massy tower or keep with outbuildings and the whole surrounded by a strong fortified wall and a ditch or moat only passable by means of a narrow draw-bridge. This moat occasionally was filled with water, sometimes it was empty, but either way formed a sure defence. In this rude habitation the Lord dwelt with his family and retainers in wild magnificence. Every day in the great stone hall, the household board was spread out in profuseness and splendor, the Lord sitting at the head of the long oaken table, while the fumes of meat boiled, roasted and stewed, hid the roof of the sombre hall, and tall, black bearded and armed men passed round and round the goblets and pitchers of home-made ale. Under the table and around, the dogs, always in considerable numbers, growled

and fought over the offal and bones among the rushes and the straw with which the room was strewn. Not far from the tower and easily heard by the warden's horn the serfs dwelt together in a clachan or village of huts.

The feudal Lord was judge of each and every cause within his own bounds, and feudal justice was none of the strictest. The decision of the Lord was imperative and must be obeyed.

It was a gay and pleasing sight when the Baron and his retainers rode out to hunt. Then the priest said the hunting mass in the Chapel, and amidst the baying of the deer-hounds and the champing bits of the steeds, the Baron arrived in the court yard. The ladies next came and they were helped with kind courtesy upon their palfreys. Then the whole cavalcade swept away over the plain or into the forest, to hunt the deer or fly their hawks.

Gay too was the sight, when the pomp of war issued forth from the Castle gates. In front rode the liege lord with his banner borne before him and followed by his knights, each one attended by his own pennon and men-at-arms. The burnished steel of their armour gleamed brightly in the sun, and amidst the din of trumpets, the snuffing of the coursers and the waving of scarfs from battlement and bartizan, held by the hands of the fair inmates left behind, the troop rode on to victory or death.

Such was the feudal system, which lasted so long in England and Scotland, and such with more or less difference, is the history of each individual house of ancient Caledonia; a system which repeatedly plunged both countries in civil war, and at

last wrought its own ruin, a system which even appeared a little more than a hundred years ago, when Prince Charles Stuart attempted to regain the throne of his ancestors, but failed, after the bloody battle of Culloden.

CHAPTER VII.

CONTENTS:

David II.—Battle of Halidon.—The Knight of Liddesdale.—Robert II.— Otterburn or Chevy Chase.— John or Robert III.—Title of Duke first used.—Another raid into England.—Henry Hotspur.—Extracts from Shakespeare's 1st Part of Henry IVth.

Douglas.—"Another king! they grow like hydras heads."

SHAKESPEARE.

Immediately after the death of Bruce family feuds and quarrels arose regarding the crown. At last however David II, son of the king, by his second wife ascended the throne, being crowned at Scone, by the Bishop of St. Andrews. During his reign was fought the Battle of Halidon Hill where the Scots suffered a crushing defeat from the English and with the defeat the loss of Berwick.

It was also in this king's reign that the Douglas called the Knight of Liddesdale and Flower of Chivalry was slain by his kinsman Lord William whilst he was hunting in Ettrik. David being a weak prince, was taken prisoner by the English at the

battle of Neville's Cross, and was ransomed and died in Edinburgh Castle, 1371.

Robert II was 55 years old when he succeeded to the Scottish throne. He was the first of the Line of Stuart. During his reign was fought the celebrated battle of Otterburn or Chevy Chase. The occasion of this event was this. The Scots resolved to invade England on account of a raid which the Earls of Northumberland and Nottingham had made in 1383. The Douglas with 300 picked lances and 2000 infantry was sent against the east part of England. He advanced to the gates of Durham and returned laden with booty. The Earl of Northumberland sent his son Sir Henry named by the Scots Hotspur against him. By some mishap the pennon of Hotspur was secured by Douglas who boasted he would place it on his tower at Dalkeith. Hotspur declared it should never go out of Northumberland. Douglas placed it before his tent and bade him come and take it.

The friends of Hotspur kept him back that night from attempting to regain his pennon. In the meantime the Scots were on their way home whilst Douglas fancied when the army arrived at Otterburn, that his honour was not complete if he did not give Hotspur a chance of regaining his pennon. So entrenching a camp the wearied Scots taking off their armour lay down to rest. But during the night Hotspur attacked the camp with 800 men at arms and 8000 foot. Then the Scots, roused from their sleep, soon attacked the foe and Douglas seizing an axe in both hands cleared a space around him till he was borne down and trodden on, neither

friend nor foe knowing he had fallen. Dying he ordered his troops still to shout the Douglas cry, and the result was that the English were driven back, Harry Hotspur being made a prisoner. The loss of the English was great, that of the Scots but small. Shortly after this the King died in the Castle of Dundonald, near Irvine, an old man and a peaceable king.

He was succeeded by his son John, but this name was detested by the Scots so it was changed to the popular one of Robert. It was during the reign of Robert III that a new title was introduced into Scotland. The King's brother was made the *Duke* of Albany and his eldest son was called *Duke* of Rothesay. This is the first instance of the title being used.

Another raid into England occurred during Roberts' reign which must be noted. It was also headed by the Douglas. He advanced with 10,000 men into Durham and was returning laden with plunder when Henry Hotspur met him at Homildon Hill. Percy played upon the solid mass of Scottish spearmen with his arrows and to such an extent that the Scots were totally defeated and Douglas taken prisoner. As Percy had been before released when taken by a raid so Douglas was also released.

Shortly after he joined the forces of the Earl of Northumberland and Hotspur who had rebelled against their king, Henry IVth, but he was again made prisoner at the celebrated Battle of Shrewsbury.

Let us cull a little from Shakespear's beautiful play of the 1st part of Henry IVth relating to Dou-

glas and Hotspur and allow the immortal Bard of Avon to carry on the history of these two celebrated warriors. Scene III of the 5th Act introduces us to the Plains of Shrewsbury where Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt a friend of the English king meet.

Blunt.—What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honor dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Douglas.—Know then, my name is Douglas
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt.—They tell thee true,

Douglas.—The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought,
Thy likeness, for, instead of thee, King Harry
This sword hath ended him, so shall it thee
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt.—I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot
And thou shall find a King, that will avenge
Lord Stafford's death.

They fight and Blunt is slain, enter Hotspur.

Hotspur.—Oh! Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Douglas.—All's done, all's won, here breathless lies the king.

Hotspur.—Where?
Douglas.—Here.
Hotspur.—This, Douglas? I know this face full well,
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.
Douglas.—A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes,
A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear,
Why didst thou tell me that thou wast the king?
Hotspur.—The king hath many marching in his coats.
Douglas.—Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats,
I'll murder all his wardrobe piece by piece
Until I meet the king.
Hotspur.—Up and away;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

Enter the king, alarums, enter Douglas.

Douglas.—Another king, they grow like Hydra's heads;
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those,
That wear those colors on them, what art thou
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?
King Henry.—The king himself, who, Douglas grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met
And not the very king, I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field,
But seeing those fall'st on me so luckily
I will assay thee, so defend thyself.

Douglas.—I fear thou art another counterfeit
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king,
But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be
And thus I win thee. *They fight.*

Enter Prince Henry, the King being in danger.

Prince Henry.—Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like,
Never to hold it up again, the spirits
Of Shirly, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms
It is the Prince of Wales, that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.

They fight, Douglas flies.

Cheerly, my lord; how fares your grace?
King Henry.—Stay and breathe awhile
I'll go to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.

Exit King Henry, enter Hotspur.

Hotspur.—If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
Prince Henry.—Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
Hotspur.—My name is Harry Percy.
Prince Henry.—Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more,

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one England brook a double reign
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hotspur.—Nor shall it Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us, and would to God,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine.

Prince Henry.—I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee
And all the budding honors on thy crest,
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hotspur.—I can no longer brook thy vanities.

They fight and Hotspur is wounded and falls.

Oh ! Harry, thou has robb'd me of my youth,
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me,
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my flesh,
But thought's the slave of life ; and life, time's fool,
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop, oh, I could prophesy
But, that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue—No—Percy—thou art dust
And food for—— *dies.*

Prince Henry.—For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart ;

Ill-weaved ambition how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit
A kingdom for it was too small a bound,
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough, this earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman,
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal;
But let my favors hide thy mangled face,
And even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness;
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to Heaven,
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy epitaph.

Another part of the field.—Enter King Henry, Prince Henry, Prince John, Westmoreland and others.

King Henry.— Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke,
How goes the field?

Prince Henry.—The noble Scot, Lord Douglas when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turned from him,
The noble Percy slain and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest,
And falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

King Henry.—With all my heart.
Prince Henry.—Then, brother John of Lancaster to you,
This honorable bounty shall belong,
Go to the Douglas and deliver him,
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free,
His valor, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONTENTS:

James I.—Death of his father.—James taken to England.—Sir William de Borthwick.—Borthwick Castle. and Borthwick Church.—The Earl of Lennox.—Sir Robert Graham.—Death of the King at Perth.—Brave Lady Douglas. —Punishment of the Conspirators, from "Drummond's Scotland" 1681.

THE young Prince James of Scotland being now about 14 years of age, it was thought advisable to send him to France for education and training. He sailed with a gallant retinue from the Forth, but shortly after was captured by an English war vessel. This preyed upon the susceptibilities and nerves of the King to such a degree that he died next year 1406, at Rothesay, leaving the kingdom to his son James.

When James arrived in England he was first sent to the Tower of London and afterwards went to France in the train of Henry Vth.

He remained for many years a state prisoner in England, at last a movement was made to bring him back, one of the principal gentlemen connected with it being William the 1st Lord Borthwick.

Sir William de Borthwick was a Commissioner A. D. 1411 and 1413 for treating with the English and *William Dominus de Borthwick*, A. D. 1421, was one of the hostages for the return of James I when it was proposed that his Majesty should visit Scotland on parole. A safe conduct too was granted to *William de Borthwick de eodem miles*, to proceed to England as a commissioner to treat for the release of James the First, May 1423, and next year another safe conduct to *William de Borthwick, Dominus de Herriot* to repair to England to meet his Majesty when released. When the King returned, at the baptism of his twin sons, James I created several knights and among the rest *William the 1st Lord Borthwick* son of that *Sir William Borthwick* who had helped him in his exile. This first Lord Borthwick then was sent to England as one of the hostages for the payment of the balance of the ransom money ;£10,000 being taken off it when the King had married the beautiful daughter of the Earl of Somerset. *Lord Borthwick* remained exactly two years in England and the ransom being paid he returned, and received from the King a charter under the great seal and license to build a castle which he did and called it Borthwick Castle.