This Castle became the chief residence of the family and gave its name to the surrounding country or parish. "Like many other baronial residences in Scotland he built this magnificent pile upon the very verge of his property." William de Hay, from whom *Sir William Borthwick* had acquired a part of his estate, looked with envy upon the splendid castle of his neighbor and vented his spleen by building a mill upon his own lands close to the Castle and indeed immediately beneath the knoll on which the fortress was situated, declaring that the Lord of Borthwick in all his pride should never be out of the hearing of the clack of his neighbour's mill. The mill still exists, whilst the lordly castle is slowly falling into ruins. The Castle consisted principally of a vast square tower, with square and round bastions at equal distances from its base. The walls are thirteen feet thick near the bottom and towards the top gradually contracted to six feet. Besides the sunk story the walls are 90 feet high from the adjacent area to the battlement and if the roof were included, the whole height was 110 feet. Nisbet says: "The great hall is 40 feet long and so high in the roof that a man on horseback might turn a spear in it with all the ease imaginable."

At this period the Church of Kentigern now Borthwick was built. This church of Borthwick is one of the oldest architectural buildings (now in ruins) in Scotland. It consisted of a nave and chancel with a semicircular termination. Although quite roofless and much ruinated the apse is comparatively entire. The arch is of two orders. There are three plain and large round-headed lights with

wide internal splays, disposed in the usual manner, the east one is blocked, that on the north is covered in the interior by a very elegant ornamental arched recess and canopy containing a high tomb, bearing the recumbent effigies of a knight in armour the Lord Borthwick and his lady clothed in a long flowing robe on his left, their hands clasped and faces turned to the east.

A small mortuary chapel probably erected at the same period as the monument, is appended to the north of the chancel. This is entire and covered in with a pointed roof paved externally with large overlapping stone flags arranged diamond-wise. A pretty large transeptal chapel of two bays is also nearly perfect. Borthwick Church contains what very few of the old churches do, a very fair preserved apse, which is a very characteristic and now extremely rare feature of the oldest class of churches existing in Scotland. This church has therefore the Benaturæ, Piscinæ, Easter Sepulchre and Monument.

The King after his return to Scotland, executed the old Earl of Lennox on the "Heading hill," at Stirling (1425). Having given this striking example of vigour, James set himself to remove the misrule of his country and to "make the key keep the castle and the bracken bush the cow."

It is impossible for any ruler to make reforms and not incur hatred from some of his subjects, so with James. Sir Robert Graham offended the King and even called him a tyrant in Parliament. For this he fled to the Highlands and the King set out to chastise these turbulent Caledonians and thus he put

himself into their power. On Christmas, 1436 he held his court in the Blackfriars at Perth, and continued merry making and hunting till the 20th July 1437. On this night 300 Highlanders crossed the moat and tried to break into the monastery. The Ladies sprung up to fasten the door but the bolts had been removed and one of them, heroic woman that she was thrust her plump white arm through the staples of the door. Brave Lady Douglas had her arm crushed and broken by the conspirators who entered soon after. They found the poor King hid in a kind of hole or cellar, in the floor and Graham and others descending slew James with 28 deadly wounds. Thus fell the first of the name of James. But the King was adored by the people and bitter and terrible was their vengeance. Almost all the conspirators suffered violent deaths and the "Milk-white dove," became the destroying eagle and crushed remorselessly those who had murdered her Lord and Master. Quoting from an old Scottish History on the table before me, and called "Drummond's Scotland," published A.D. 1681 in London, he says of the murder of this King: "The rumour of this Murther blazed abroad, it is incredible what weeping and sorrow was through all the country, for even by them to whom his Government was not pleasant, he was deplored and the act thought execrable. The Nobles of their own accord and motion from all parts of the kingdom assembled and came to Edinburgh and ere they consulted together (as if they had all one mind) directed troops of armed men through all the quarters of the kingdom, to apprehend the Murtherers

and produce them to justice. Such diligence was used (grief and anger working in their minds) that within the space of forty days all the conspirators were taken and put to shameful deaths. The common sort, as *Christopher Clawn or Cahoun* and others that were of the Council of the Conspiracy, having had art or part in the plot were hanged on gibbets. The chief actors, that the Commonwealth might publicly receive satisfaction, were made spectacles of justice by exquisite torments. The punishment of *Athol* was continued three days. On the first he was stript naked to his shirt, and by a crane fixed to a cart, often hoisted aloft, disjointed, and hanging shown to the people, and thus dragged along the great street of the town; on the second day he was mounted on a pillar in the Marquet place, he was crowned with a diadem of burning iron, with a plachart bearing: *The King of all Traytors;* thus was his oracle accomplished; on the third day he was laid naked along upon a scaffold, his belly was ript up, his heart and bowels taken out and thrown in a fire flickering before his eyes. Lastly his head was cut off and fixed in the most eminent place of the town, his body sent in quarters to the most populous cities of the kingdom to remain a trophy of justice.

His nephew *Robert Stuart* was not altogether so rigorously handled, for that he did but consent to others wickedness, being only hang'd and quarter'd.

But for that it was notorious, *Robert Graham* had embrewed his hands in the King's blood, a gallows being raised in a cart, he had his right hand nailed to it, and as he was dragged along the street,

executioners, with burning pincers, tearing the most fleshly parts of his carcass, being nip'd, torn, and stay'd, his heart and entrails were thrown in a fire, his head exalted and his quarters sent amongst the Towns, to satisfy the wrath and sorrow of the injured people; being asked during his torture how he dared put hand in his Prince, he made answer that having Heaven and Hell at his choice, he dared leap out of Heaven and all the contentments thereof, in the flaming bottoms of Hell,—an answer worthy such a traitor.

Œneas Sylvius then Legate in Scotland for Pope Eugenius the fourth (after Pope himself) having seen this sudden and terrible revenge, being a witness of the execution, said he could not tell whether he should give them "greater commendations that revenged the King's death, or brand them, with sharper condemnation that distain'd themselves with so hainous a parricide."

CHAPTER IX.

CONTENTS.

James II.—His birth.—The Lord of Lorne.—Wars of the Roses.—Death of the "Milk White Dove."—Siege of Roxburgh.—Death of James.

HIS son James II was only six years old when his father was sssassinated. He was crowned at Holyrood Abbey in Edinburgh, as Scone, the real place for such ceremonies was too near the

scene of his father's murder. The "Milk White Dove" stayed at Stirling Castle, and her young son in Edinburgh Castle, but afterwards for more security she visited him and had him conveyed in a box to the Castle of Stirling then commanded by Sir Alexander Livingston. At this time the Earl of Douglas died, and the Douglas estates fell into the hands of his son William whose mother was the daughter of the Earl of Crawford. In the year 1439 the Queen mother married James Stuart son of the Lord of Lorne. This Lord of Lorne's son united himself to the Queen not so much for love as for ambition as he wished to aspire to the government and have the keeping of the young king. Not long after this the King, young though he was took the reins of government into his own hands. One of his first acts was to invite the Douglas to Stirling Castle and there ordered or granted him a "safe conduct". After they had supped the King and Douglas stepped aside and began speaking of the bands then harassing all the country. The King demanded of Douglas that he should withdraw for them, which he refused to do. "Then this shall" said the King, and stabbed him twice with his dagger. This murder caused great commotion among the chiefs of the House of Douglas, but it all ended in the curtailing of their power and the breaking of their authority,

During this period the renowned Wars of the Roses prevented much trouble in Scotland. The Scottish King once crossed the border to help Henry VIth, but it ended in naught. When James was in the South he considered it a fine chance of regain-

ing Berwick and Roxburgh. They began by besieging Roxburgh, and John of the Isles or of Lorne came to assist his sovereign and half brother the King, and was of considerable use in the siege.

This John of Lorne was the son of Sir James Stuart the Black Knight who was the second husband of the Milk White Dove the Queen. She bore three sons to her husband, viz: John, Earl of Athol, James, Earl of Buchan, and Andrew, Bishop of Murray. The eldest John had married by order of the King the celebrated Beatrice, Countess of Douglas. His father Sir James Stuart had died, as well as the King's mother, some time before. He had turned a voluntary exile. The Queen was buried far away from Windsor, where she had first seen her first love, in the Charter House of Perth near her first husband King James, A. D. 1446.

James conducted the siege vigorously and pushed on the operations to such an extent that every thing appeared to portend a speedy end, when the Earl of Huntly arrived with his forces to assist his Sovereign. Dunbar the old Historian thus tells us of his death, "The King with the Earl of Huntly would view the Trenches, and as to welcome a man whose presence seemed to presage good fortune caused discharge a pale of ordinance together; but his coming to this place was as fatal as at Stirling prosperous; for at this salve by the slices of an overcharged piece or wedge the King, his thigh-bone broken, was stricken immediately dead and the Earl of Angus was sore bruised. This misfortune happened the third of August, the twentyninth or as others, the thirtieth of the King's life; of his reign,

twenty-four, the year one thousand four hundred and sixty. James thus died in the flower of his age and was buried in Holyrood Abbey in Edinburgh. His Queen, after the death of her husband arrived at Roxburgh and carried on the siege so vigorously that she took the place and totally destroyed it. The spot where James fell is now marked by a tree in the park of Floors Castle.

CHAPTER X.

CONTENTS:

James III,—The favorite Cochrane.—Sir Andrew Borthwick.—Battle of Sauchie Burn.—The Grey Horse.—Extracts from the Historical Novelist "Grant."

THE King's son at his father's death was only 8 years of age. A quarrel between the Boyds and Kennedys ended in both families being broken. This King when of proper age was married to Margaret, daughter of King Christian of Denmark and Norway on the 6th July 1469. The Islands of Orkney and Shetland were given to the Queen as a dowry and thus from this period they became fixed to the Scottish and English crowns. James as all weak princes, had favorites and they caused him much trouble with the powerful barons of his kingdom. The favorite Cochrane was at last hanged by the confederates which confederacy conspired against the King and resulted in his death

at the Battle of Sauchie Burn. We insert though not purely historical, the account of his death from the pen of Scotland's greatest novelist after Sir Walter Scott, viz: "Grant" who in his "*Yellow Frigate*" spiritedly tells of the King's death. However the name of the Borthwick who perpetrated the fatal blow is not Sir Hew, but by Drummond is styled "Sir Andrew Borthwick a Priest" who, "after shrivering" the King "stobb'd him with a dagger."

THE GREY HORSE.

"I would the wind that is sweeping now
O'er the restless and weary wave;
Were swaying the leaves of the cypress bough
O'er the calm of my early grave."

Scottish Song.

"The morning of the 11th June,1488, rose brightly over Stirling and its magnificent scenery.

Almost with dawn, tidings reached King James that the insurgent nobles, at the head of a vast force, had left Falkirk some hours before daybreak, and were on their march through the Torwood to attack him. The unfortunate monarch now found himself peculiarly situated.

His Castle of Stirling, the only adjacent place of security in case of reverse, was closed against him; while the nobles as they marched by the old Roman road which ran through the recesses of the Torwood, barred the only route to the capital. Thus, in the event of defeat, James could turn nowhere

for succour but to the admiral's boats at the Craigward, as arranged by the faithful Falconer.

He summoned a council of his chiefs—Montrose, Glencairn, Menteith, Ruthven, Semple, the Preceptor of Torphichen, and others; and they were unanimously of opinion that he should commit their cause and fortunes to the hazard of a battle. Immediately on this decision being come to, the steep streets and old fantastic alleys and wynds of Stirling echoed to the brattle of drums, the clang of trumpets, the twang of Border horns, and the yelling of the mountain pipe, as the royal troops, horse and foot, spearmen, archers, and knights — all sheathed in mail, with horses richly trapped; burgesses and yeomen in splinted jacks, steel gloves, and morions; and clansmen with their long linked lurichs, tuaghs, and two-handed swords, marched past its walls and barrier-ports, by the ancient road, which then, as now, led towards the rampart that extended from the Forth to the Clyde, and advanced eastward in three heavy columns, all animated by enthusiasm for the royal cause, and by the highest spirit and determination.

After hearing mass in the Dominican church, and confessing himself to Henry, Abbot of Cambuskenneth, the king mounted his horse amid a flourish of trumpets. He was a peaceful and amiable prince —one more suited to our own civilized time than that age of blood and cold iron; and thus he felt somewhat unused to the ponderous but gorgeous suit of armour in which he was cased and riveted; and all uncheered by the enthusiasm around him, the flashing of arms, and the braying of martial

music, as the drums and fifes, horns and trumpets, of Lord Bothwell's guard (first embodied by James II.), played merrily,

"Cou thou the rashes greene O,"

or by the historical memories of the ground over which he marched, for the Scottish Marathon lay close at hand; he rode silently and moodily on, with his helmet closed, to conceal the tears that came unbidden to his eyes, as he thought of his dead wife, his son's desertion, the unjust accusations against him, and the coming slaughter which nothing but his own death could perhaps avert.

"Another hour will bring us in sight of the foe," said the old Duke of Montrose, whose armour was richly ornamented, though somewhat old-fashioned; for his head-piece had the oreillets and long spike worn in the days of Murdoch, the Regent Duke of Albany, and his horse was gaily housed in his colours; *gules*, a fess checque *argent* and *azure*, the bearings of the Lindsays of Crawford; "and in one hour after that, your majesty will find yourself enabled to punish and repay the treason of Sauchie. I would give my best barony to see his head rolling on the Gowling Hill of Stirling!"

"Time will show, duke," said James, with a sigh. "God wot, I have no wish to shed the blood of my people; but I never liked this Laird of Sauchie; his soul was an abyss, and I never could fathom his thoughts."

"His chief friend and follower—a man named Hew Borthwick—was in Stirling last night, dis-

guised in a friar's frock. This man is a spy and traitor; yet he escaped us, and took the eastern road, doubtless to tell what he has seen; and for all the Howe of Angus, I would not have lost that fellow's head."

"Borthwick! have I not heard that before?"

"Doubtless; he is a well-known bully, pimp, and brawler, who hovers about the discontented lords."

"Is he well-born?"

"Hell-born would be nearer truth, if rumour pedigrees him right," replied Montrose; "but what aileth your majesty?" he asked, perceiving the king to shudder so much that the joints of his armour rattled.

"A *grue* came over me," said the poor king, and Montrose was silent, for neither were above the superstitions of the time; and in Scotland people still believe that an involuntary shudder is caused either by a spirit passing near or when we tread upon the ground which is to be our grave.

A shout, a clamorous hurrah from the vanguard, announced that the foe was in sight; and as the king, with his forces, debouched from the Torwood, he came in view of the long array of his insurgent lords; and Falconer, who rode with the royal guard, shook his lance aloft in fierce ecstacy, as he thought the moment was now approaching when he might meet Hailes and Home, singly or together, in close and mortal combat.

The insurgents were posted at the bridge over the Carron, and were formed in three strong columns, the whole strength of which has been vari-

ously stated, for their exact number has never been ascertained. Some historians have estimated them at one hundred and eighty thousand, which is doubless a great exaggeration. Their force, however, was sufficiently formidable to appal the mind of the heart-broken king.

The hostile lines were drawing nearer and more near ; the shouts of the wild clansmen of Galloway mingling with the slogans of the Merse-men, who shouted "A Home! a Home!" were borne on the wind across the fertile fields that lay between the approaching columns.

On one side was the poor bewildered king, driven forward with this armed tide, confused, sorrowful, and irresolute, with the royal standard borne over his head by the Constable of Dundee ; on the other was the heir of Scotland, agitated also by painful irresolution, by remorse and shame, and also having the royal standard above him, but surrounded by a brilliant band of nobles, all shining in polished steel, gold, plumage, and embroidery ; and towards that quarter of the enemy's line, young Ramsay, Lord of Bothwell, at the head of the royal guard, made incredible exertions to hew a passage for the purpose of ridding the king, with his own hand, of as many high-born traitors as possible.

James sat motionless on his magnificent grey charger, with this forest of lances and sea of helmets flashing round him ; and not one blow did he strike, but kept his eyes fixed with a species of despair on the banner of his son.

The royal standard was beaten down and its bearer unhorsed ; the cannon—the Great Lion—

and all the ensigns were taken, and when the sun of that long summer day was sinking behind the Grampians, and the shadows of the Torwood were deepening on the plain, the king's troop, overborne by numbers, after a long and gallant conflict, gave way, and a total and irreparable rout ensued.

"God help your majesty," said the young Lord Lindsay, as, pale, excited, without a helmet, and with his face streaked by blood, he took the king's horse by the bridle; "the day is lost, yet all is not lost with it while your sacred life is safe. No horse in the field can overtake this grey I gave you. Ride—ride north, and swiftly—the admiral's boats await you at the Craigward—farewell!"

"Ay, farewell, Lindsay—a long farewell to Scotland and to thee—for France or Holland now must be my home."

Thus urged, and knowing that alone and unattended he might escape more easily and unnoticed, than if followed by a train, James turned his grey horse's headt owards the north, and gladly left behind that bloody and corpse-encumbered plain.

"And what of the king?" asked several voices.

"The king—is he not on board the *Yellow Frigate?*"

"No," said the admiral; "I would to God he were, for then he would be in safe anchoring ground. Which way did he ride?"

"I know not, for I fell by his side in the middle of the battle——"

"Happy thou, my good Falconer, to share that day's vengeance with the king," said the admiral;

"but that I had other ropes to splice, I had assuredly been with thee. Well?"

All unaware that he was singled out and tracked, James rode from that lost battle-field at a rapid trot, to reach the boats of Sir Andrew Wood; and every sound that rose from the Roman Way and woke the echoes of the Torwood—every shout and random shot of cannon or of hand-gun, made his heart vibrate and leap within him; for even as his own children did this good king love the people of his kingdom.

The coo of the cushat dove, the splashing of the Bannock under its pale green sauch-trees and white-blossomed hawthorns, the rocks spotted with grey lichens and green moss, the flowers, the birds, the foliage, the blue sky, the balmy air, and the beautiful mountains, all spoke to the poor king of his native home and that beloved Scotland which he had now resolved to leave for ever; and as he approached the Bannockburn he leaped the grey charger—Lindsay's last and fatal gift—across from bank to bank, and it cleared them by one furious bound. This was near Beaton's Mill, which still remains about one mile east from the field.

The mill was a strongly-built and old fashioned house with crow-stepped gables, a heavily thatched roof, deep windows obscured by flour; a square ingle-lum, over which the green ivy clustered, stood at one end, while its huge wooden wheel revolved merrily at the other. Its snug aud quiet aspect made the king think, with a sigh, (as he shortened his reins and rode on,) how much the contented and unambitious life of the occupant was to be envied.

Now it happened most unfortunately that Mysie Beaton, the gudewife of the Milltoun, was filling a pitcher with water from the dam; and on seeing an armed knight riding at full speed towards her, she uttered a shriek of terror and tossed away the tin vessel, which clattered noisily along the road, while she fled into her cottage adjoining the mill.

Terrified by the rolling pitcher and the foolish woman's sudden cry, the fiery grey horse swerved furiously round and threw his royal rider heavily on the road, close to one of those boor-tree hedges which generally in those days enclosed old gardens and barnyards in Scotland.

While the fatal steed was galloping over the Carse, the miller and his wife raised the body of the inanimate man; and bearing him in, closed the mill-door, carefully secured its tirling-pin, and laid him on their humble box-bed; and then while the kind and sympathizing Mysie busied herself in making up a posset, the miller, her husband, undid the clasps of the gorget and the back and breast-plates, removing them all after taking off the helmet, which he did with ease, as it was opened simply by throwing up the metonniere which guarded the chin and throat, and which turned on the same screw with the vizor.

On doing this the miller saw a pale and handsome face, surrounded by thick, dark clustering hair, and a well-trimmed beard; but the stranger was still senseless, and a streak of blood was flowing from his mouth. On beholding so much manly beauty, the sympathy and remorse of the miller's wife were greatly increased; and on her knees she

took the gauntlets off his hands and assisted Gawain to chafe them, and to lave the patient's brow with cool water which he brought from the Bannock in a black leather jack, about sixteen inches high; and then slowly the object of their care began to revive.

"Get me a priest, that I may confess."

"There is none nearer than Cambuskenneth or St. Ninian's Kirk," said Gawain, taking his walking-staff and dagger; "yet I can soon reach either; but may we ask your name, sir?"

"My gudeman, this day, at morn, I was YOUR KING," said James, with a hollow voice and sorrowful emphasis, as he sank back on the coarse box-bed.

Gawain soood as one terrified and confounded on hearing this; but Mysie, his wife, burst into tears, wringing her hands in great fear and excitement, ran out upon the roadway as she heard hoofs approaching.

"A priest," she cried, "a priest, for God's love and sweet St. Mary's sake: a priest to confess the king!"

"To confess whom say ye?" cried the headmost of four armed horsemen, who, with helmets open and swords drawn, galloped up to her in the gloaming.

"The king, the king, gude sirs—our puir and sakeless king!"

"And where is he, gudewife?"

"Lying in our puir bed—here, in here, ayont the hallan in my gudeman's mill. Oh, sirs, for a priest!"

"Hush, woman, I am a priest," said the first, who was no other than *Sir* Hew Borthwick, with a glance of infernal import to his three companions, as he leaped from his horse; "lead me to the king."

Borthwick entered the lonely mill, and his three companions, who were no other than Sir Patrick Gray of Kineff, Sir William Stirling of Keir, and Sir James Shaw of Sauchie, after fastening their horses to the hedge without, followed him beyond the *hallan*, or wooden partition which formed the inner apartment."

After a few moments conversation with the king Borthwick stabbed him to the heart and thus died James the 3d of Scotland.

CHAPTER XI.

CONTENTS:

James IVth.—His Iron Belt.—Bell the Cat.—Kilspindie.—Marriage of James with Margaret Tudor.—"The Thistle and the Rose."—Flodden from Sir Walter Scott.—Borthwick the Commander of Artillery.—Flodden by Mackenzie.—Drummond's Flodden.—"News of Battle" by Aytoun.—"The Flowers of the Forest" by Miss Elliott and Do. by Mrs. Cockburn.

"The morn—the marshalling in arms—the day Battle's magnificently stern array." BYRON.

JAMES IVth quietly succeeded his murdered father. Having been in the rebels' army when his father was slain, he felt that he should do some penance for the foul murder of his parent. As such

he always wore an iron belt which he is said to have made heavier every succeeding year.

This King delighted in hunting, hawking, racing and all sorts of gaiety. However bearing in mind his father's career he kept on good terms with his nobility. He took them into his counsels and also into his society. Instead of letting them then dwell apart, he invited them to his court and spent the time in gay festivities. He was a free and affable King, and must have possessed no common qualities to manage the fierce and turbulent spirits who surrounded him. It happened one day that the conversation of court turned upon strength and courage. All the courtiers agreed in giving the Earl of Angus, Bell the Cat, the palm of prowess. Spens of Kilspindie however, a great favorite with the King, made some slighting remark. It was true, he said, if Angus was as brave as he was strong.

Some one shortly after told the Earl what he had said. Some time after, Angus, while he was hawking near the Castle of Borthwick, with a single attendant, met Kilspindie. "What reason had ye" said the grim earl, "for making question of my manhood. Thou art a big fellow, and so am I, and one of us shall pay for it." They fought, and the Earl of Angus with a single stroke cut Spens' thigh asunder so that he died on the spot. "Go now," he said to the servant of the slain knight, "tell my gossip, the King, that there was nothing but fair play, I know my gossip will be offended, but I will get me into Liddesdale, and remain in my Castle of Hermitage, till his anger be abated."

After this, the King married the daughter of

Henry VIIth of England by name Margaret Tudor. Lamberton Kirk, three miles from Berwick was the "first kirk in fair Scotland" to receive the bride.

On a beautiful day in mid-summer, several gaily adorned and decorated tents stood pitched beside this little church. A train of Scottish Barons and Lords waited beside the tents. Soon was seen approaching another company, at the head of which was the Earl of Surrey and at his side rode Margaret Tudor, a young and very beautiful girl in the gushing season of maidenhood. With very stately courtesy did the English knight deliver his precious charge into the Scottish barons' care. This fair girl so ceremoniously handed over by the Rose to the Thistle, became a mother and a grand-mother, and the great grand-mother of King James the 6th of Scotland and 1st of England, and thus afterwards were wedded indissolubly in the royal arms of Britain the Thistle and the Rose.

Quarreling with England, James led an army against the enemy and encamped on the field of Flodden. Sir Walter Scott says of James, previous to the battle.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while
And struggles through the deep defile?
What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees between him and this land
Between him and Tweed's southern strand

His host, Lord Surrey, lead ?
What 'vails the vain Knight errant's bran ?
Oh Douglas for thy leading wand !
Fierce Randolph for thy speed !
Oh for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well skilled Bruce to rule the fight,
And cry, " St. Andrew and our right !"
Another fight had seen that morn,
From fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockburn.

The only distinct details of the Battle of Flodden are to be found in Pinkerton's History. When James saw that the English had skilfully gained a position between him and his country he resolved to fight. Burning his tent he descended the hill and the battle began. Surrey moved on and slowly crossed in narrow file, the bridge spanning the river Twisel. Borthwick, the commander of the artillery, earnestly asked permission to cannonade the bridge while the English were crossing.

This *Borthwick* by name *Robert* was the master gunner to the King. He made seven great guns or cannons cast by him, and called *The Seven Sisters* which were taken out of the Castle of Edinburgh and carried to Flodden and placed in position on the Bridge of Twisel. Of this Robert Borthwick commander of King James' artillery, Balfour in his annals A. D. 1509 relates the following—" This zeire, the King entertained one Robert Borthwick, quho foundit and caste maney pices of brasse ordinance of all sisses, in Edinburgh Castle, all of them having this inscription : ' Machina sum Scoto Borth-

wick fabricata Roberto.'" We cannot say from any authentic record whether this brave soldier and useful artificer died at Flodden or not, or what became of him.

Angus too requested leave to charge before they had time to reform, but both these propositions were rejected by the King. The battle now raged with great fury. The King on foot fought like a hero, and pressed on to meet Surrey till only the length of a lance separated them. Then suddenly the King fell, slain by an arrow and the nobles round him shared the same fate. The King, two prelates, twelve earls, thirteen lords and 10,000 men fell in this fatal battle. But the English also lost heavily, not a man of note save Lord Horne escaped unhurt and Surrey himself declared it was a hard fought fight.

Mackenzie who writes a very popular History of Scotland says: "On that far-away September afternoon, when Surrey met James at the back of Flodden ridge, there were harvest fields waving ripe over broad Scotland, but the strong arms that should have reaped them were stiffening on a bloody heath of a remote border moor. The men of the Lennox and Argyle left their glens and braes, and came to be slaughtered by the men of Lancashire and Cheshire. The men of Caithness, the burghers of St. Johnstone and Dundee, yeomen from the quiet bounds of Fife, and the men of the pleasant dales watered by Southland rivers, rotted in the same heaps with men from the banks of Severn and Thames. Wives wept for these slaughtered husbands and prattling children asked when these dead

fathers would return. Two nations ate the bread of tears."

The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
In headlong charge their foes assail'd,
Front, flank and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep
That fought around their King.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow
Unbroken was the ring.
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight
As fearlessly and well
Till utter darkness closed her wing,
On their thin host and wounded King.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Nothing can be more definite than the short extract of the Historian Drummond in his researches. He says, A. D. 1681: "The Earl of *Huntly* making down the hill where they encamped near the foot of *Branx Town*, encountreth that wing of the English Host which was led by Sir *Edmund Howard*, after which a furious and long fight he put to flight and so eagerly pursued the advantage that Sir *Edmund* had either been killed or taken, if he had not

been rescued by Bastard *Hieron* and the Lord *Dacres*, the battalion which the Earls Lennox and Argyle led (being Highlandmen) encouraged with this glance of victory, loosing their ranks, abandoning all order (for ought that the *French* ambassador *La Motte* by signs, threatening, clamours, could do to them) broke furiously upon the enemy, and invade him the face of whom they are not only valiantly received, but by Sir *Edward Stanley's* traversing the hill, enclosed, cut down at their backs and prostrate. The middle ward which the King led, with which now the Earl of Bothwel with the power of *Lothian* was joined, fought it out courageously body against body and sword against sword. Numbers upon either side falling till darkness, and the black shadows of the night, forced as it were by consent of both, a retreat. Neither of them understanding the fortune of the day and unto whom victory appertained.

Many brave *Scots* did here fall, esteemed to above 5,000, of the noblest and worthest families of the kingdom, who choosed rather to die than outlive their friends and compatriots.

The King's natural son *Alexander* Archbishop of St. Andrews., the Abbots of *Inchjefray* and *Killwinning*, the Earls of *Crawford*, *Mortoun*, *Argyle*, *Lennox*, *Arrel*, *Cathness*, *Bothwel*, *Athol;* the Lords *Elphinstoun*, *Areskin*, *Forbess*, *Ross*, *Lovet*, *Saint Clare*, *Maxwell* with his three brothers, *Semple* and BORTHWICK; numbers of gentlemen Balgowny, Blacka—Toure, Borchard, Sir *Alexander Seatoun*, *Mackenny*, with *Macklean*, *George*, Master of *Anguss*, and Sir *William Douglass* of *Glenbervy*, with

some two hundred gentlemen of their name and vassals were here slain."

A chivalrous and well-known Scottish poet depicts the news of the melancholy event to the inhabitants of Edinburgh. We reproduce the poem here as one of the most spirited lyrics in the English language, and worthy to have fallen from the pen of William Edmonston Aytoun, Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* and Professor of Rhetoric in Edinburgh University.

News of battle!—news of battle!
Hark! 'tis ringing down the street;
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet,
News of battle! who hath brought it?
News of triumph? Who should bring
Tidings from our noble army,
Greeting from our gallant King?
All last night we watched the beacons
Blazing on the hills afar,
Each one bearing, as it kindled,
Message of the open'd war,
All night long the northern streamers
Shot across the trembling sky;
Fearful lights, that never beacon
Save when kings or heroes die.
News of battle! who hath brought it?
All are thronging to the gate;
"Warder—warder! open quickly!
Man—is this a time to wait?"
And the heavy gates are opened;
Then a murmur long and loud;

And a cry of fear and wonder
  Bursts from out the bending crowd.
For they see in battered harness
  Only one hard stricken man;
And his weary steed is wounded,
  And his cheek is pale and wan:
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
  In his weak and drooping hand—
What! can that be Randolph Murray,
  Captain of the city band?

Round him crush the people, crying,
  "Tell us all—oh, tell us true!
Where are they who went to battle,
  Randolph Murray, went with you?
Where are they, our brothers—children?
  Have they met the English foe?
Why art thou alone, unfollowed?
  Is it weal or is it woe?"
Like a corpse the grisly warrior,
  Looks from out his helm of steel;
But no word he speaks in answer—
  Only with his armed heel
Chides his weary steed, and onward
  Up the city streets they ride;
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
  Shrieking, praying by his side.
"By the God that made thee, Randolph!
  Tell us what mischance hath come."
Then he lifts his riven banner,
  And the asker's voice is dumb.

The elders of the city
  Have met within their hall—

The men whom good King James had charged
To watch the tower and wall.
"Your hands are weak with age," he said,
"Your hearts are stout and true;
So bide ye in the Maiden Town,
While others fight for you.
My trumpet from the Border-side
Shall send a blast so clear,
That all who wait within the gate
That stirring sound may hear.
Or, if it be the will of heaven
That back I never come,
And if, instead of Scottish shouts,
Ye hear the English drum,—
Then let the warning bells ring out,
Then gird you to the fray,
Then man the walls like burghers stout,
And fight while fight you may.
'Twere better that in fiery flame
The roof should thunder down,
Than that the foot of foreign foe
Should trample in the town!"

Then in came Randolph Murray,—
His step was slow and weak,
And, as he doffed his dinted helm,
The tears ran down his cheek:
They fell upon his corslet,
And on his mailed hand,
As he gazed around him wistfully,
Leaning sorely on his brand.
And none who then beheld him
But straight were smote with fear,

For a bolder and a sterner man
Had never couched a sprear.
They knew so sad a messenger
Some ghastly news must bring,
And all of them were fathers,
And their sons were with the King.

And up then rose the Provost—
A brave old man was he.
Of ancient name, and knightly fame,
And chivalrous degree.

Oh, woeful now was the old man's look,
And he spake right heavily—
"Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
However sharp they be!
Woe is written on thy visage,
Death is looking from thy face:
Speak! though it be of overthrow—
It cannot be disgrace!"
Right bitter was the agony
That wrung that soldier proud:
Thrice did he strive to answer,
And thrice he groaned aloud.
Then he gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying—"That is all I bring ye
From the bravest of the land!
Ay! ye may look upon it—
It was guarded well and long,
By your brothers and your children,
By the valiant and the strong.
One by one they fell around it,
As the archers laid them low,

Grimly dying, still unconquered,
With their faces to the foe.
Ay! ye may well look on it—
There is more than honour there,
Else, be sure, I had not brought it
From the field of dark despair.
Never yet was royal banner
Steeped in such a costly dye;
It hath lain upon a bosom
Where no other shroud shall lie.
Sirs! I charge you keep it holy,
Keep it, as a sacred thing,
For the stain ye see upon it
Is the life-blood of your King!"

Woe, woe, and lamentation!
What a piteous cry was there!
Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
Shrieking, sobbing in despair!

"O the darkest day for Scotland
That she ever knew before!
O our King! the good, the noble,
Shall we see him never more?
Woe to us, and woe to Scotland!
O our sons, our sons and men!
Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
Surely some will come again!"
Till the oak that fell last winter
Shall uprear its shattered stem—
Wives and mothers of Dunedin—
Ye may look in vain for them!

Two beautiful Scottish Songs were made on this Battle. "The Flowers of the Forest" were the men of Ettrick dale, who all perished in the fatal fight.

Miss Jane Elliott's version of the song is the following:—

"THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST."

I've heard a lilting at our ewes' milking,
Lasses a-lilting before the break o' day;
But now there's a moaning on ilka green loaning,
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning;
The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing;
Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

At e'en in the gloaming nae swankies are roaming
'Mang stacks, wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk maid sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

In har'st at the shearing nae youths now are jeering;
The bandsters are runkled, lyart, and grey;
At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,
Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

O dool for the order sent our lads to the border!
The English for ance by guile wan the day;

The Flowers of the Forest, that aye shone the foremost,
The prime of the land now lie cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewes' milking,
The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,
Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

Mrs. Cockburn's verses follow :—

"THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST."

I

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay ;
Sweet was its blessing, kind its caressing,
But now 'tis fled, 'tis fled far away ;
I've seen the forest adorned the foremost,
With flowers of the fairest,most pleasant and gay,
Sae bonnie was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming,
But now they are wither'd and are a' wede away.

II

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And the dread tempest roaring before parting day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams
Glitt'ring in the sunny beams,
Grow drumlie and dark as they roll'd on their way.

O fickle fortune why this cruel sporting?
O why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Thy frowns cannot fear me,
Thy smiles cannot cheer me,
For the Flowers of the Forest are withered away.

CHAPTER XII.

CONTENTS.

James V.—Sir David Lindsay.—The King Escapes.—The House of Douglas.—Solway Frith.—Death of the King at Falkland.—Extracts from the "Lady of the Lake."—Don Roderick and Fitz-James.

"She gazed on many a princely port,
Might well have ruled a royal court;
On many a splendid garb she gazed,
Then turned bewildered and amazed,
For all stood bare; and in the room
Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume;
To him each lady's look was lent
On him each courtier's eye was bent;
Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
He stood in simple Lincoln green,
The centre of the glittering ring,
And Snowdon's Knight is Scotland's King."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AGAIN, at the death of the last King, like the preceding, an infant son, James Vth is left. These minorities of their Kings were of the great-

est misfortune to the Scots. Rivals and contending parties were continually embroiling the country north and south, east and west. However in this instance, a thoroughly competent knight was given charge of the youthful monarch, a remarkable man, a famous poet and skilled general, Sir David Lindsay. The first twelve years of the King's life were spent in the society, and under the tutelege of this great man.

Within the year of the late King's death on bloody Flodden field, the Queen bore a posthumous child, and then four months after married the Earl of Angus who was young, handsome and the most powerful of all the Scottish nobility. The Duke of Albany became regent and then quarrelled with Angus whom he banished to France, but he soon returned. The King at 12 years of age was conveyed to Stirling, and William the 4th Lord Borthwick was given the command of it. Drummond says in his History: "Hereupon to preserve the person of the King, he is conveyed from Stirling to the Castle of Edinburgh and trusted to the custody of the Earl of *Marshall*, the Lords *Ruthven* and BORTHWICK two of which should be always resident with him."

Shortly after this the King found himself a prisoner in the hands of the powerful Douglas. He continued in this bondage for two years until he was now sixteen years of age, watching every opportunity of escaping. At last he determined to rid himself of the presence of the hated Douglas. One evening he gave orders to have everything in readiness for a grand hunting the following day. Being to rise very early, the King soon went to bed.

But when the midnight watch was set and all was quiet he slipped out cautiously into the stables. Jockie Hart the groom, saddled horses for three riders, one for the King, another for the King's body-servant and the third for himself. "Now Jockie," said the King, "see that the girths be good and every shoe firm." And then the three set out and through the dark woods of Falkland and out into the open country, with sharp spur and slackened rein did they gallop into Stirling and up its principal street to the Castle, nor stopped they a moment anywhere till they were safe and sound within the bolts and bars of that strong fortress.

The young King now entered on his task of government with a firm hand and with sense and spirit far beyond his years. He insisted on the most determined measures against the Douglas "I vow" he said "that Scotland shall not hold us both" and he kept his word for he was "fain to trot over Tweed," never to return as long as the King lived. James now set himself to redress disorders and "stanch all theft and reaving within his realms" and so assiduously and thoroughly did he carry out his plan that Scotland at last had peace. He had a warm heart and a generous disposition and the people loved to see their King with his face of manly beauty, his piercing blue eyes and yellow hair so affable and free, that still he is called by the soubrequet "The King of the Commons." Quarrelling with his uncle Henry VIIIth of England who wanted to meet him at York,—James was involved in a disastrous war and at the Battle of Solway Frith, his army was utterly routed and he him-

self retired, crushed by the shameful defeat to Edinburgh. After a few days he went to Falkland. There he would sit for hours brooding over his loss. At last about Christmas he died, just after word had been brought him that his Queen, the celebrated Mary of Guise had born him a daughter. "It will end as it began" he said, "it came with a woman and it will go with a woman." He alluded to the daughter of Robert Bruce by whom the crown of Scotland came into the House of Stuart.

Had he lived till the spring he would have been just thirty-one. He died in the same Castle where fifteen years before he had been a prisoner and from which with Jockie Hart, he had taken his midnight ride. It is clear that James Vth disliked the nobles and endeavored always to break their power. Much of his popularity arose from tales of his free and easy adventures among the peasantry incognito, and not always to his credit or theirs. His personal virtue was little. His mother set him no good example. The imperious and proud Mary of Guise his wife still less, and by this time a flood of profligacy was beginning to sweep over the country.

Though Sir Walter Scott beautifully describes a variety of circumstances in his "Lady of the Lake," nevertheless we must recollect that the Douglas mentioned in that well known poem, is, as the Author himself tells us in his notes appended to the poem, "an imaginary person, a supposed uncle of the Earl of Angus." He also gives interesting stories of the "Gudeman of Ballenguich," as the King styled himself. This history would not be complete without some extracts from the above renowned

poem. We give one, the encounter of Don Roderick with Fitz-James. Some beautiful pieces are intersperced throughout this grand poetical effusion amongst which stands "The Boat Song."

The war pipes ceased; but lake and hill
Were busy with their echoes still,
And when they slept, a royal strain
Bade their hoarse chorus wake again,
While loud an hundred clansmen raise
Their voices to their chieftain's praise,
Each boatman, bending to his oar,
With measured sweep the burthen bore,
In such wild cadence, as the breeze
Makes through December's leafless trees,
The chorus first could Allan know,
"Roderigh vich Alpine, ho, iro!"
And near and nearer as they rowed,
Distinct the martial ditty flowed.

Next follows the fine scene from Don Roderick in which King James nearly lost his life.

FITZ-JAMES AND DON RODERICK.

The chief in silence strode before,
And reach'd the torrent's sounding shore.
And here his course the chieftain stay'd,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the lowland warrior said:—
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust;
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,

Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A chieftain's vengence thou shalt feel.
See, here all vantageless I stand,
Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

The Saxon paused:—"I ne'er delay'd,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay, more, brave chief, I vow'd thy death;
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved;
Can naught but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?"—"No, stranger, none!
And here,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead:
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.'"

"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read;
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me;
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt, be still his foe;
Or, if the king shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favor free,

I plight mine honor, oath and word,
That, to thy native strength restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

Dark lightning flash'd from Roderick's eye—
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high
"Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate.—
My clansman's blood demands revenge!—
Not yet prepared?—By Heaven I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light,
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."

"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and ruth, begone!
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud chief! can courtesy be shown.
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast;
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt,
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."

Then each, at once, his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,

Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then, foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.
Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dash'd aside;
For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintain'd unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon sword drank blood.

Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And shower'd his blows like wintery rain,
And, firm as rock, or castle roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foil'd his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And backwards born upon the lea,
Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.

"Now yield thee, or, by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield who fears to die."
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,

Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung,
Received, but reck'd not of a wound,
And lock'd his arms his foeman round.

Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel!
They tug, they strain;—down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,
His knee was planted on his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright!
But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,
Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye;
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONTENTS:

Cardinal Beaton.—Wishart.—John Knox.—Death of Wishart and Beaton. — Sir John Borthwick.— The Galleys. —Mary of Guise.—Siege of Leith.

THE three names which head this chapter are indissolubly connected with the period at which we have arrived in the History of Scotland and previous to the principal events recorded in succeeding chapters especially connected with the life of Mary Queen of Scots. Beaton was a Cardinal and resided at St. Andrew. Wishart had returned to Scotland a short time before the death of James Vth. His description is thus given by a writer of the period, "a tall man, black haired, long bearded with a meek expression of countenance." Independent of all opposition of Cardinal Beaton's, Wishart continued preaching for two years, but when at Dundee, he nearly fell by the hand of a friar who attempted to stab him as he descended from the pulpit, he determined ever after to go armed. He always had carried a two-handed sword before him and that by some true and trusty friends. When he made his last visit to Long Niddry, not far from Edinburgh, the afterwards renowned John Knox who at that time was the tutor to the Douglases of Niddry, carried this sword.

At the town of Haddington when returning to Edinburgh, he was apprehended by the Cardinal's soldiers who carried him to St. Andrew's.

Not many weeks elapsed after this when two events happened there which mark indelibly the Scottish history at this time, the burning of Wishart at the stake and the murder of Beaton by a band of determined men.

Cardinal Bethune or Beaton was one of the greatest persecutors of the Reformed Church. Among those who were so persecuted was Sir John Borthwick who was cited before the ecclesiastical court at St. Andrews in 1540 for heresy. Thirteen charges were preferred against him but in particular that he had dispersed heretical books. Sir John fled to England and not appearing when called in court, the charges against him were held as confessed. He was condemned on the 28th May to be burned as a heretic, all his goods and lands were confiscated, his effigy was burned in the market places of St. Andrews and Edinburgh and all men were inhibited from harboring or protecting him. He found a firm protector in the English King Henry VIIIth who received him most graciously and sent him on a mission to the Protestant princes of Germany to concert a confederacy among them in defence of the Reformed religion. After this we hear nothing more of *Sir John Borthwick.*

The murder of Wishart caused the Queen Regent Mary of Guise and the Regent Arran to lay siege to the city of St. Andrews which had now become an asylum for all the destitute and those who opposed the government. John Knox was amongst this number. After three months the plague broke out in the army of the besiegers, and the Regent was obliged to retire. A French fleet howe ver coming to his

succour, the brave garrison had to capitulate and they were all sent prisoners to France, Knox and some others being condemned to the galleys as slaves, being instigators and preachers of heresy.

These galleys were long and sharp snouted boats and rowed by from 40 to 50 oars apiece. Cannon grinned from the port-holes of a very strongly built fore castle in the bow of each galley, also from an elevated quarter deck in the stern. These cannon were always loaded and ready for action in case of mutiny. A long, low, undecked middle part of the vessel was packed full of galley slaves, five or six of them chained to each oar. Throughout the whole of the centre of the vessel there ran a gangway on which the drivers or overseers walked and incessantly too, up and down, their terrible whip in hand. The poor miserable slaves never left their benches day or night. "The crack of the whips, the roll and rattle of the oars mingled with the yells of the rowers and the dreadful oaths and curses of the drivers" made it a scene more pandemoniac than human. Alas, that such terrible realities have so often blotted the fair surface of God's earth. A heavy dull sickening smell for ever, day and night, was wafted from this Hell, this charnel house and floated over the horrid den of woe; and as the boat moved on by the united propulsion of the poor wretches' oars, it lingered like the smoke of a steamer's funnel for a long way in the galley's wake. In such a damnable hole, in such a Hell on earth, the mighty Knox for two long years sat chained and rowed on account of his former preaching in St. Andrews and as a heretic and out-

cast, receiving the lash of the infernal driver, more in spite than for any infringement of galley rule.

Here he waited calmly for the time when God would deliver him and call him once again to preach His Holy Gospel in his native land. At last he was liberated from the galley, but still he is a wanderer on the face of the earth, sometimes at Berwick, then at Newcastle, again at London then in Scotland and throughout the Continent especially at Frankfort and Geneva.

At this time Mary of Guise took the reins of government into her own hands and so thoroughly discontented had the people become, that when a few and bold men were summoned to appear before her for preaching they did so but great numbers of their friends, armed, came with them. Some of these gentlemen even made their way to the Queen's chamber and threatened that they would suffer it no longer. At this time they recalled JohnKnox and signed the "Solemn League and Covenant." At Perth the Lords of the Congregation began their reformation. A civil war ensued but they were backed by Queen Elizabeth of England, whilst the Queen Regent was assisted by a French fleet one of her most powerful friends was John, Fifth Lord Borthwick son of the Lord slain in Flodden. Leith was besieged and great atrocities were committed. The French stripped the bodies of their enemies naked and laid them in rows along the ramparts of the town. The Queen Mother from the heights of Edinburgh Castle saw the sight and danced for joy, "yonder," she said "is the fairest tapestry that I ever saw. I would the whole fields betwixt me and them were strowed

with the same stuff." The French at last had to surrender to the Lords of the Congregation and were shipped off to their own country and thus after many years of trouble, bloodshed and intrigue, the friends of civil and religious liberty now hoped that peace and prosperity would settle on Scotland.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONTENTS:

Queen Mary.—Her Birth.—Stay at Linlithgow.—Coronation. — The Five Marys.— Sent to France.— Arrival.— Life at St. Germain's.—The Convent.— Life in France.

> " Yestreen the Queen had foure Maries,
> This nicht she'll hae but three,
> There was Mary Beton and Mary Seton
> And Mary Livingston an' me."—[Mary Fleming]
> OLD SONG.

WE have now arrived at the principal period of this History. We enter on the career of Queen Mary, the first and last of the Scottish Queens who reigned in her own right and like Elizabeth and our present most gracious Majesty Victoria, alone. We have seen that when her father James Vth lay dying in the Castle of Falkland of a broken heart on account of his defeat at Solway Firth, news of the birth of a child arrived. The post from Linlithgow brought him the intelligence that the Queen was the mother of a child. He enquired whether it were a boy or a girl and the messenger answered:

"It is a fair daughter," when the King answered, according to another chronicler "Adieu, farewell, it came with a lass and it will pass with a lass," and so recommending himself to Almighty God, he turned his face to the wall and almost afterwards died.

Let us pass over the space of nine months during which time nothing but intrigue and bitter jealousies prevailed over the unconscious infant. Henry the Bluff of England urged his claims not only energetically but imperiously and being met by the stern veto of the Scottish peers, modified his requests and asked only that the Queen be given up to him and sent to England till she were 10 years of age and then that she espouse the young Prince of Wales. On the 1st of July 1543, a treaty was concluded between Bluff Henry and the Scottish Regent. During all this excitement the unconscious Scottish Queen was smiling in helpless infancy in the strong Castle of Linlithgow. Beneath her cradle in all its glory, dazzling from the noonday sun, sparkled the waters of beautiful Loch Leven, showers of diamonds were sent forth from the lovely fountains, and Janet her nurse, was far more welcome than all the salutations of all the iron and steel clad warriors, earls or barons who came to look upon the child and to congratulate Mary of Guise, the widowed mother.

It was then determined to crown the infant on the 9th of September 1543 at Stirling Castle, where in days of yore the Kings of Scotland had been crowned. This day was one of universal and thrilling interest throughout all the land. Scotland had never before seen a female in her own right crown-

ed Queen. She was the first female sovereign on the throne of the great Robert Bruce who was to be invested with crown and sceptre. France and England two great rival powers and all the Reformers of Europe looked on with feelings each according to their own desire. From Orkney and Caithness, from Inverness and the Isles, from Argyll and the land of Buchan, from Galloway and Clyde, from Berwick and Borthwick, from the Pentland Hills and the Ochills, from Cape Wrath to Burrough Head, all classes pressed on to see the grand and mighty spectacle. Winding up the steep ascents of Stirling might be seen Highland and Lowland, English and French. Up, up, they go to the battlements of the grand old castle, and now the trumpets bray, the music waxes louder and louder. See in that glittering train appears the infant Queen and then the Earl of Arran who bears the crown, whilst Lennox follows immediately after, carrying the sceptre. The Cardinal of St. Andrews placed the crown on the infant brow and the tremendous shout, "Long live the Queen" shook the old Rock of Stirling to its very base. But little dreamt that smiling babe of the troublous life before her.

Soon after this and less than six months after Henry's treaty it was annulled and an alliance with France was signed at Edinburgh by the Regent of Scotland which occasioned war with England. The enraged Henry VIIIth laid waste a large portion of Scotland, but the Scots received auxiliary troops from France and what we have mentioned in a former chapter took place. During all this period of between five and six years, Mary

passed her life at Stirling Castle and here the news of the defeat of Pinkie reached the royal ears. As Stirling was in danger of assault Mary was removed to Inchmahome Island, to the monastery there, where sheltered by its isolation she was thought to be secure from English foe. During her residence here her mother Mary of Guise and Lady Fleming, daughter of James IVth, her governess, formed a social class of four young girls of her own age who were her constant companions for many years after. Their names were Mary Beaton, Mary Fleming, Mary Livingston and Mary Seaton. Very little is known of Queen Mary's life at Inchmahome. She was next removed to Dumbarton Castle on the banks of the River Clyde, but very soon after sent to France. After a pleasant voyage the five Marys arrived safely at Brest 13th August 1548. She was received with great pomp by the King of France and the gorgeous procession moved on towards Paris in one grand extravagance of pomp, well described by French historians of the period. Convicts received their pardon, prison doors flew open and joyous exultation pervaded all classes. This was indeed a strange and exciting scene to the laughing girl and her companions who beheld the whole.

After a brief residence at the celebrated palace of St. Germains, the young Queen was received into a Convent where she lived surrounded by the devotional exercises and ascetic humiliations of the community within its walls. The King hearing that she was most piously inclined demanded that she should be transferred to his palace, which was done. This was not the best place of training which

the Queen could get and totally different from the pious and quiet life of the Convent which she had left. The court of the French King at this time was one of the utmost magnificence, elegance and joy but we must add one of the most lax in all Europe. The days passed in a half-chivalric and half-literary occupation. Francis I, the French King and father of Henry II, had collected into his court and retinue all the principal nobility of France. He had as pages scions of all the chief families in the land and nearly two hundred young ladies lended splendour to his court. It thus descended to his son who succeeded. The palaces of Fontainbleau and St. Germains, and the Castles of Blois and Amboise were all one scene of grandeur and magnificence and in the writings of an Historian of the period, "There was a host of human goddesses, some more beautiful than others; every lord and gentleman conversed with her he loved best; whilst the King talked to the Queen, the Dauphiness (Mary Stuart) and the Princesses together with these Lords and Ladies and Princes who were seated nearest him." Mary's education did not profit well amidst all this elaborate culture and pageantry, and during the few years of this incessant round of gaiety and pleasure little did she think of that stern land which had cradled her. When about eight years old her mother reached Rouen in France. After a dazzling reception by the French monarch and his attendants she was admitted into the presence of her daughter. So beautiful had the young Queen grown that it is said the Queen Dowager shed tears of joy at the sight. For a whole year, Mary enjoy-

ed the society of her gifted mother, but at last the parting took place and they never after met again on this side of Eternity. When she was eleven her out door amusements were chiefly hawking and hunting. On one occasion, when she was riding at full speed in pursuit of a stag and whilst attended by a brilliant company of courtiers and nobility, her dress accidentally caught in the bough of a tree and instantly she was thrown from her palfrey to the ground. The whole company halted in amazement and terror but Mary making no outcry, arranged her disheveled hair, remounted again and once more dashed off and forward in the chase.

CHAPTER XV.

CONTENTS:

Francis II.—The Dauphin.— Interview of Francis and Mary. — Betrothal. — The Marriage. — Miss Benger's Translation of Buchanan's description of Queen Mary.

"The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight were there."

SCOTT.

"Like harmony her motion,
Her pretty ankle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion
Wad mak' a saint forget the sky,
Sae warming, sae charming
Her faultless form and gracefu' air,
Ilk feature—auld nature
Declared that she could do nae mair."

BURNS.

FRANCIS II of France, the first of the suitors and Mary's first husband, was the son of Henry II and his wife Catherine de Medicis. He was born

at Fontainbleau 19th January 1544, and he therefore was just a year younger than the fair Queen of Scots. When they were both in their youngest years they had been set apart as just the pair to match and cement the two kingdoms over which each was to reign. This attachment began in the earliest days of Mary's life in France. When she was about ten years of age, the Dauphin nine, one day meeting in the beautifully terraced gardens of Fontainbleau, the shy and timid boy was about to pass the bevy of the fair beautiful virgins with only the polite recognition of acquaintance, though his heart beat high even then for the fairest of the five. "François mon ami," why pass us all so politely? Come, let us walk through these beautiful grounds, says Mary Stuart.

"Delighted will I be to accompany thee, oh fair goddess, for nothing will give me greater pleasure than by showing you all the beauties of this wonderful place."

"Come, then, for I know Lady Fleming will let us enjoy ourselves on this glorious day and amongst these old majestic oaks."

So saying the youthful six accompanied by their tutor and governess rambled away amongst the alcoves and arcades covered with vines laden with their luscious fruit, till, stopping at the end of one of these avenues where a famous vine tempted them with many large clusters of grapes, Francis pulled one bunch and handing it gracefully to the youthful Queen said. "Accept this from you betrothed, let me hear that you look not carelessly upon me, and I shall be happy."

"Mia cara sposa," replied the Queen. She said no more, but blushing ran quickly away and overtook the other girls.

From this time it was tacitly understood between them that, what their parents intended should by themselves be carried out. Year after year passed and saw Mary grow beautiful and more beautiful and her mind kept advancing at the same time, as she became a good linguist, and French, Spanish and English with the dead languages were all mastered, with those accomplishments which belonged to that polite and refined court. During this period the health of Francis was very bad. He was constitutionally as well as mentally weak, but he was amiable and when roused from his lethargy, energetic. Timid and shrinking from responsibilities, the King his father and others arranged the nuptials of the pair. They were appointed to be celebrated on the 24th April 1558.

Previous to this, at the signing of the deeds and papers of betrothment, the King requested that she, Queen Mary would sign the document he held in his hand.

"And what is the import of its contents, my liege" replies Mary.

"It is that a full and free donation of the kingdom of Scotland be henceforth given and for ever, to the Kings of France."

"But my liege Lord how can I do this when the Dauphin and I have promised to the Scottish Commissioners to preserve, as the paper we signed says "the integrity of the kingdom and observe its ancient laws and liberties."

"Easily enough," replied the King, frowning a little and looking Mary steadily in the face. "Easily enough," when the Dauphin is King of France and Scotland and you are Queen of France and Scotland you can easily accede to the terms of the Scottish document."

"C'est bien," replied the Queen and without further colloquy she affixed her sign and wrote her name in a clear and bold hand.

"Now this is as a dutiful daughter-in-law should do." King Henry said, for continued he. "You know that during all the years of your minority I have maintained the independence of Scotland against the English her ancient and inveterate enemies and my protecting hand shall ever be held over her."

Laying the signed paper down, the King drew from a portfolio lying on the table where the marriage documents were, another and larger parchment sheet and again requested Mary to sign. Turning to the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine her two uncles who were present, she asked them what she should do.

"May it please your Majesty," said the Cardinal "will you tell my niece what are the principal items transcribed thereon so that she may know what she signs and the purport thereof."

"Certainly" replied the King, "and I thank my Lord Cardinal, that his training has such effect on so beauteous and enlightened a subject, and now my beloved daughter this second deed is only a repetition as it were of the first, in case of its failure. The usufruct of the kingdom of Scotland is

by this deed granted to the King of France, until he shall be repaid the sums which he has expended in the defence of Scotland. We estimate these expenses at one million pieces of eight and only wish the mortgage to remain until this sum be paid."

"My Liege Lord the King, as I have signed the first I am ready to sign the second" and she again affixed her name. Then followed the signatures of the marriage documents and papers.

All Paris was now alive with the preparations for this long looked for event. These papers were signed on the 19th April and on the 24th the nuptials were to take place. As the 19th was her betrothment in conformity to the usual custom, they were privately signed in the great hall of the Louvre, and a magnificent ball given in the evening. Between the palace of the Bishop and the great Church of Notre Dame a covered gallery was erected so that the spectators might see the royal procession as it moved along. This gallery was lined with purple velvet and embossed with rich, costly and elaborate ornamentation and at the Cathedral opened up at both sides into an amphitheatre of vast proportions, reminding one of those of ancient Rome.

At last the 24th of April arrived and it happened to be a Sunday. Throngs of gaily dressed and excited people were seen hastening from all quarters to the great covered area, to witness the magnificent pageantry which on account of the honor of the event was called the Triumph. Right over the grand entrance of Notre Dame, a royal canopy

strewn with *Fleurs de lis* and around stood the principal Churchmen, as the Papal Legate, the Archbishops and Bishops, all in their sacerdotal robes. Bands of music everywhere struck the ears with Swiss melodies.

First came the Duke of Guise as the grand marshall and master of the King's household. Saluting with courtly dignity, all these great men of the Church and perceiving that the people could not well see for the large number of these grandees, he requested that they might enter the Cathedral porch and allow the assembled crowd to view the procession. And now rolls on the bridal music, trumpet and lute, bass-viol and flageolet, violin and hautboy all intermingle in harmonious concert, then follow two hundred gentlemen attached to the person of the King, next come the Princes of the royal blood and their attendants, then follow Bishops and Abbots with their croziers and mitres borne before them, then a clusterof high-capped cardinals, conspicuous among whom was seen John of Bourbon, Charles of Lorraine and John of Guise, after them came the Legate of the Pope, borne before whom was a magnificent and massive cross of gold, next came the Dauphin Francis conducted by the King of Navarre. Although poor Francis looked feeble,and was naturally ill-proportioned yet no one envied the fine look of his younger brothers, the Duke of Orleans and Angouleme as Francis was the important personage in this day's programme. Great was the sensation when the beautiful Mary, the fair and youthful bride appeared, supported by her father-in-law the King of France and her young

kinsman the Duke of Lorraine. Although scarcely yet sixteen years of age, she was tall and stately, and so perfect was the beautiful symmetry of her form and so graceful in all her movements that every eye followed her every motion and she appeared as Brantome the Historian describes her "more beautiful and charming than a celestial Goddess; for as every eye dwelt with rapture on her face, every voice echoed her praise; whilst universally in the court and city it was re-echoed, "happy, thrice happy, the prince who should call her his, even though she should have had neither crown nor sceptre to bestow." Her train long and sweeping was borne by two beautiful young girls, her neck was encircled by a diamond carcanet from which depended a ring of immense value. She wore on her head a coronet of gold, surrounded with precious stones, conspicuous amongst which were seen the diamond, ruby and emerald, and in the centre shone a carbuncle valued at 500 crowns. Immediately behind the youthful Queen came Catherine de Medicis and the Prince de Conde, Marguerite, the Queen of Navarre and a long train of distinguished ladies.

As soon as the procession reached the main entrance of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the King drew off from his finger a ring, which he gave to the Archbishop of Rouen who placing it on Queen Mary's finger, at once pronounced the nuptial benediction. Then followed mutual congratulations and the lovely Queen saluting her husband, called him the King of Scots. The Archbishop of Paris then delivered a discourse and when concluded, the

herald began to shower money among the people, which occasioned a great deal of confusion. Then the royal pair advanced to the choir and mass was celebrated. Afterwards a costly collation and a ball were given in the Bishop's palace. Early in the evening, the royal pair and the King of France returned to their palace. So remarkable were the festivities of this night that we give an extract from one of the chroniclers of the day. "While the guests were becoming animated with pleasure twelve artificial horses mantled in golden cloth, entered with the motion of life and bestrode by sons of the nobility. Next came a company of pilgrims each reciting a poem; then were ushered into the hall six very small galleys, and as the historian states—"Covered like Cleopatra's barge with cloth of gold and crimson velvet; so skilfully contrived as to appear to glide through the waves, sometimes rolling, sometimes backing then veering as if agitated by a sudden swell of the tide, till the delicate silken sails were cracked asunder." On the deck of each diminutive vessel sat a cavalier, who, whilst the navy moved along sprang in turn to the land and seized a fair and beauteous lady bearing her away in triumph to his vessel to a vacant chair ready for her reception. For no less than fifteen days did these extravagancies last till all were almost satiated with the variety of the scenes.

A celebrated English writer Miss Benger has given us in the following translation of Buchanan a poet of this period, an idea of the beauty and grace of the Scottish Queen.

"For say, if met as once on Ida's height,
The assembled Gods had held their awful state;
Heard thy young vow and to thy prayer had given
In wedded love, the choisest born of Heaven,
What brighter form could meet thy ravished sight
Or fill thy bosom with its pure delight?
On her fair brow a regal grace she wears,
While youth's own lustre on her cheek appears,
And soft the rays from those bright eyes that gleam
Whose temper'd light and chasten'd radiance seem
As thought mature had given the beams of truth
Gently to mingle with the fire of youth."

CHAPTER XVI.

CONTENTS:

Description of the Scottish Nation by Buchanan.—Title of Francis and Mary.—Death of Francis.—The Queen's Mourning Seal.—Preparation to return to Scotland.—Leaving France.—Adieu.—Bell's "Mary Queen of Scots."

"My former hopes are dead,
My terror now begins. COWPER.

"Et, longum formosa vale, vale, inquit, Iola."

"In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ,
Lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet;
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.
Quæ me cunque vocant terræ."

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

WE will give one other extract, this time in praise of the Scottish people, whom Queen Mary, though educated in France, did not undervalue:—

"I will not tell of Scotia's fertile shores,
Or mountain tracts that teem with choisest ores,
Or living streams from sources rich, that flow,
For other regions natures' bounties show—
(And thirst of wealth alone their souls employ,
Whose grovelling spirits feel no loftier joy.)
But this her own, and this her proudest fame
The strength, the virtue of her sons to claim,
'Tis theirs in early chase to rouse the wood,
And fearless theirs to breast the foaming flood,
Their swords her bulwark and their breasts her shield;
'Tis theirs to prize pure fame e'en life above,
Firmly their faith to keep, their God to love,
And while stern war its banner wide unfurl'd
Terror and change o'er half the nations hurl'd;
This the proud charter that in ages gone,
Saved their lov'd freedom and its ancient throne."

By the return of the Scots Commissioners to Scotland the title which was bestowed on the young King and Queen, was "Francis and Mary, King and Queen of Scotland, Dauphin and Dauphiness of Vienne" and hereafter in all Parliamentary Acts the above title was the signature at the end.

The Dauphin's father Henry had been accidentally mortally wounded by Count Montgommeri at a tournament and died eleven days after, 10th July 1359. Francis was confined to his couch in the palace of Versailles when the officers of state entered his apartment and announced his father's death, on the bended knee of loyalty, by saluting him King. "As if, writes one relating the circumstance," an

earthly voice had sent the health—thrill along his nerves, he sprang from his bed and declared he was well. Scarcely had Francis conferred with his counsellors, before his mother joined them, to accompany him to the Louvre, where would be offered the usual congratulations and homage, upon the transfer of a crown to the brow of a successor. Mary silently followed in the train, when Catherine, who saw the declining glory of her family, in the elevation of the Guises, said to her, "Pass on Madam, it is now for you to take precedence." The young Queen acknowledged the civility but on reaching the chariot refused to enter, until the desponding and ambitious widow passed in before her. The Dauphin was then crowned at Rheims, where that ceremony had long been performed and immediately assumed the reins of government." But the delicate young King was only a tool in the hands of these ambitious men Cleric and Lay who were about the throne.

For a short period in a quiet country seat near Paris the youthful pair lived and loved each other dearly. The health of Francis however never good, shortly after his marriage began to fail, and the Guises always imperious, ruled him with a rod of iron. One day the poor delicate King suddenly fainted and was borne by his attendants, Mary loudly lamenting at his side to his private chamber, only to die. Faithfully did the beautiful young Queen attend by his bedside, and every act of kindness and of soothing comfort were received with the gratitude of a child by the dying King. But no human power could arrest the summons of death,

the King of Terrors, all the best physicians of the time gave their consultation but of no avail. Rapidly sinking the youthful King expired on the 5th December 1560. By his death Scotland and France once more became disunited and the lovely Queen retired to seclusion in the palace. Here she gave herself up to grief and solitude and invented a mourning seal, viz: A liquorice tree, whose root is the valuable part and beneath the motto "DULCE MEUM TERRA TEGIT." "*My treasure is in the ground.*" After visiting her relations, by the force of circumstances she was obliged to declare that she must return to Scotland. When it finally was settled that the Queen was to return, Catherine's proud spirit relented somewhat towards the youthful Queen. She accompanied Mary to St. Germains where thirteen years previously she had first seen and embraced the beautiful laughing girl. In a triumphal procession the departing Queen made her journey from St. Germains to Calais. She had to remain for six days at Calais before she saw the ship ready to take her back to her native land. Her four Marys were with her still, and amidst tears and lamentations she embarked on board her vessel. Her mind was naturally superstitious, and Brantome writing of this occasion and he was one of her attendants, says: "Habitually superstitious, in embarking for the royal galley, Mary was appalled by the mournful spectacle of a vessel striking against the pier, and sinking to rise no more;—overwhelmed with the sight, the unhappy Queen exclaimed: "O God! what fatal omen is this for a voyage!" then rushing towards the stern she knelt

down, and covering her face sobbed aloud "Farewell! France, farewell! I shall never, never see thee more!"

The galley having left port soon set sail. She with both arms resting on the poop of the galley near the helm, began to shed floods of tears, continually casting her beautiful eyes towards the port and the country she had left and uttering these mournful words: "Farewell, France"! until night began to fall. She desired to go to bed without taking any food and would not go down to her cabin, so her bed was prepared on deck. She commanded the steersman, as soon as it was day, if he could still discern the coast of France, to wake her and fear not to call her, in which fortune favored her; for, the wind having ceased and recourse being had to the oars, very little progress was made during the night; so that when day appeared, the coast of France was still visible and the steersman, not having failed to perform the commands which she had given to him, she sat up in her bed, and began again to look at France as long as she could, and then she redoubled her lamentations; "Farewell, France! Farewell, France! I shall never see thee more." She wrote the following beautiful poem on this occasion:—

ADIEU.

"Adieu, plaisant pays de France,
O ma patrie,
La plus chérie;
Qui a nourri ma jeune enfance,

Adieu, France, adieu, mes beaux jours !
La nef qui déjoint mes amours,
N'a ici de moi que la moitié
Une perte te reste ; elle est tienne ;
Je la fis à ton amitié,
Pour que de l'autre il te souvienne."

We must insert here that beautiful poem, by Bell, on the occasion of Queen Mary leaving France. Though it carries on the thread of our History to its close, nevertheless it will always repay the perusal, wherever it is found.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

I look'd far back into other years, and lo ! in bright
array
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages pass'd away.
It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty
walls,
And gardens with their broad green walks, where
soft the footstep falls,
And o'er the antique dial-stones the creeping
shadow pass'd,
And all around the noon-day sun a drowsy radiance
cast.
No sound of busy life was heard, save from the
cloister dim
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy
hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth, when all its
prospects please ;

And little reck'd they, when they sang, or knelt at vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none more dear than theirs :—
And little even the loveliest thought, before the holy shrine,
Of royal blood and high descent from the ancient Stuart line :
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their fight,
And as they flew, they left behind a long-continuing light.

The scene was changed. It was the court, the gay court of Bourbon,
And 'neath a thousand silver lamps a thousand courtiers throng :
And proudly kindles Henry's eye—well pleased, I ween, to see
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry :—
But fairer far than all the rest who bask on fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new-made bride !
The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond deep love of one—
The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but begun,—
They lighten up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek,
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-soul'd joy bespeak :

Ah! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all its brilliant hours,
She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sunshine and its flowers?

The scene was changed. It was a bark that slowly held its way,
And o'er the lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay;
And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes
Upon the fast-receding hills, that dim and distant rise.
No marvel that the lady wept,—there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, though she owed it not her birth;
It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and of friends,—
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends,—
The land where her dead husband slept—the land where she had known
The tranquil convent's hush'd repose, and the splendors of a throne;
No marvel that the lady wept,—it was the land of France—
The chosen home of chivalry—the garden of romance!
The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her bark;
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark!

One gaze again—one long, last gaze—"Adieu, fair
France, to thee!"
The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the un-
conscious sea!

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and
surly mood,
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with
the winds
That seem'd to suit the stormy state of men's un-
certain minds.
The touch of care had blanch'd her cheek—her
smile was sadder now,
The weight of royalty had press'd too heavy on her
brow;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the
field;
The Stuart *sceptre* well she sway'd, but the *sword*
she could not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams
of youth's brief day,
And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the
minstrel play
The songs she loved in early years—the songs of
gay Navarre,
The songs perchance that erst were sung by gallant
Chatelar;
They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed
her into smiles,
They won her thoughts from bigots zeal and fierce
domestic broils:—
But hark! the tramp of armed men! the Douglas'
battle-cry!

They come—they come! — and lo! the scowl of
Ruthven's hollow eye!
And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, and
tears and words are vain—
The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Riz-
zio's slain!
Then Mary Stuart dash'd aside the tears that trick-
ling fell:
"Now for my father's arms!" she said; "my wo-
man's heart farewell!"

The scene was changed. It was a lake, with one
small lonely isle,
And there, within the prison walls of its baronial
pile,
Stern men stood menacing their queen, till she
should stoop to sign
The traitorous scroll that snatch'd the crown from
her ancestral line:—
"My lords, my lords!" the captive said, "were I
but once more free,
With ten good knights on yonder shore to aid my
cause and me,
That parchment would I scatter wide to every
breeze that blows,
And once more reign a Stuart-queen o'er my re-
morseless foes!"
A red spot burn'd upon her cheek—stream'd her
rich tresses down,
She wrote the words—she stood erect—a queen
without a crown!

The scene was changed. A royal host a royal banner bore,
And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling queen once more:—
She stay'd her steed upon a hill—she saw them marching by—
She heard their shouts—she read success in every flashing eye.
The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies away;
And Mary's troops and banners now, and courtiers —where are they?
Scatter'd and strewn and flying far, defenceless and undone;—
Alas! to think what she has lost, and all that guilt has won!
Away! away! thy gallant steed must act no laggard's part;
Yet vain his speed—for thou dost bear the arrow in thy heart!

The scene was changed. Beside the block a sullen headsman stood,
And gleam'd the broad axe in his hand, that soon must drip with blood.
With slow and steady step there came a lady through the hall,
And breathless silence chain'd the lips and touch'd the hearts of all.
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom,
I saw that grief had deck'd it out—an offering for tomb!

I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly shone;
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrill'd with every tone;
I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of living gold!
I knew that bounding grace of step—that symmetry of mould!
E'en now I see her far away, in that calm convent aisle,
I hear her chant her vesper hymn, I mark her holy smile;
E'en now I see her bursting forth upon the bridal morn,
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born!
Alas! the change!—she placed her foot upon a triple throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands—beside the block—*alone!*
The little dog that licks her hand—the last of all the crowd
Who sunn'd themselves beneath her glance, and round her footsteps bow'd;
Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul is pass'd away!
The bright—the bautiful—is now a bleeding piece of clay!
The dog is moaning piteously; and, as it gurgles o'er,
Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded to the floor!
The blood of beauty, wealth, and power—the heart-blood of a queen,—

The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth has seen,—
Lapp'd by a dog! Go, think of it, in silence and alone;
Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a throne!

CHAPTER XVII.

CONTENTS:

Mary's return to Scotland.—Arrival at Leith.—The Queen and her Reception.—Holyrood.—Lord James Stuart.—The Queen at the head of her Army.—The Queen in the Parliament House.

"A weary lot is thine, fair maid
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid
And press the rue for wine!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AFTER a wearisome and saddened night when the morning dawned, the tears of the Queen flowed again at the sight of the thin line of distant horizon which she knew was France she was leaving for ever. A soft breeze in the meanwhile springing up, caused them to proceed more rapidly than they had during the night. This breeze filled the drooping sails and gently lifted the Queen's beautiful tresses and then the rowers ceased the monotonous measured strokes and the galley was driving onwards by the now increasing breeze. Whilst bravely cutting the waters, the vessel swept suddenly past a dangerous shoal, now no more and

Mary remarked to her attendants, on the peril to which they had been exposed, "that for the sake of her friends and for the common weal she ought to rejoice, but that for herself she should have esteemed it a privilege so to have ended her course." And so speeds on the royal Galley and now Berwick is passed, that town which lies between the contending countries, that town which witnessed the death blow of Edward IInd, when he arrived there after the decisive victory of Bannockburn. Sailing on they pass in the distance, Dunbar. Little does the beautiful young Queen know of the part she will yet play at that Castle of Bothwell. Sweeping round North Berwick Head they enter the Firth of Forth and safely passing Inchkeith, sailed into the harbour of Leith on the 19th day of August 1561.

A very heavy fog had settled over the Firth and on account of this, her arrival was expected to be somewhat delayed, but the tidings flew like wild fire or those Highland couriers when they carried the fiery cross, and the people flocked in crowds to welcome their youthful Queen and to behold her beauty which enchanted them all, though fearful of that religion which she had brought with her.

Here we will give a graphic description of the Queen and her reception from the pen of Scotland's great Reformer John Knox. He says: "The very face of the heavens at the time of her arrival did manifestly speak what comfort was brought into this country with her, to wit: sorrow, dolour, darkness and all impiety; for in the memory of man that day of the year was never seen a more dolorous

face of the heavens, than was at her arrival which two days after did so continue; for, besides the surface wet, and the corruption of the air, the mist was so thick and dark that scarce could any man espy another the length of two pair of butts. The sun was not seen to shine two days before nor two days after. That forewarning, gave God to us, but alas! the most part were blind.

"At the sound of the cannon which the galleys shot, happy was he or she that first must have presence of the Queen. The Protestants were not the slowest, and therein they were not to be blamed, because the palace of Holyrood House was not thoroughly put in order, for her coming was more sudden than many looked for, she remained in Leith till towards the evening and then repaired thither. In the way between Leith and the Abbey, met her the rebels and crafts of men of whom we spoke of before, to wit, those that had violated the acts of the magistrates and had besieged the provost. But because she was sufficiently instructed that all they did was done in spite of their religion, they were easily pardoned. Fires of joy were set forth at night, and a company of most honest men with instruments of music and with musicians, gave their salutations at her chamber window; the melody, as she alleged, liked her well, and she willed the same to be continued some nights after with great diligence. The Lords repaired to her from all quarters and so was nothing understood but mirth and quietness, till the next Sunday, which was the 24th of August when that preparation began to be made for that idol, the mass to be said in the Chapel,

which perceived, the most of all the godly began to speak openly. "Shall that idol be suffered again to take place beneath this realm? It shall not." The Lord Lindsay (then but master) with the gentlemen of Fife and others plainly cried in the close or yard. "The idolatrous priests shall die the death, according to God's law, One that carried in the candle was evil afraid. But then began flesh and blood to show itself. There durst no Papist neither yet any that came out of France, whisper, but the Lord James, the man whom all the godly did most reverence, took upon him to keep the chapel door. His best excuse was that he would stop all Scottish men to enter into the mass. But it was and is sufficiently known, that the door was kept, that none should have entry to trouble the priest, who after the mass was ended, was committed to the protection of the Lord John of Coldingham and Lord Robert of —— who then were both Protestants and had communicated at the Table of the Lord; betwixt them both the priest was conveyed to the chamber. And so the godly departed with grief of heart, and in the afternoon repaired to the Abbey in great companies. and gave plain signification that they could not abide that the land which God by His power had purged from idolatry, should in their eyes be polluted again and so began complaint. The old duntebors and others that had long served in the court, hoped to have no remission of sins but by virtue of the mass, cried, they would away to France without delay, they could not live without the mass; the same affirmed the Queen's uncle, and would to God, that altogether with the mass, they had taken good night of the realm for ever."

Poor Mary tried to conciliate all parties. She even laid aside the beautiful dress of white crape, by which she had borne the appellation whilst in France of "Reine Blanche;" The White Queen, and put on a sable dress; but this only enhanced her rare beauty, just like the dark background to a glorious picture of celestial penciling. She also issued a proclamation that no alteration should be made in the established religion. On the 2nd of September she made her triumphal entry into Edinburgh. Shortly after and when she finally decided in making Holyrood her abode, she began to give to that ancient Abbey all the luxury and much of the elegance of the French court. She hung all the walls with tapestry, adorned her own person with jewels, and found amusement in landscape gardening, making the old building and all its surroundings appear as if the wand of the magician had been there and not the subtle refined mind of a gentlewoman the young Queen. Among the master spirits of her admirers was Lord James Stuart and though a decided Protestant acted wisely. She created him Earl of Mar which raised the jealousies of the aristocracy, hence trouble ensued, which ended in a war in the north and west. Young Gordon the son of the Earl of Huntly had actually aspired to the Queen's hand, but fighting a duel with Lord Ogilvy he was summoned to Stirling Castle. Instead of obeying the royal mandate, he appeared in open revolt at the head of 1,000 horsemen. His father fortified the castles and awaited the Queen who at the head of a small army went in pursuit of the rebels. Her army was commanded by the Earl of Mar,

when they reached the Castle of Inverness, she found the gates shut against her, this made her so determined that she ordered an attack which was successfully carried out, and the captives was put to execution.

No one could display more heroism than the youthful Queen during this short campaign. She endured exposure and wearisome marches, she forded rivers, crossed the highland moors and encamped when necessary amongst the heather, declaring that she regretted "that she was not a man, to know what life it was to lie all night in the fields, or to walk upon the causeway, with a jack and knapsack, a Glasgow buckler and a broadsword." The result of all this was the conquest of the Hamiltons and Gordons, the farther triumph of Protestantism, the augmentation of Murray her brother to greater power; but the prime mover of all, behind the throne, was Knox.

This is how he wrote of the Queen's House. "Three Sunday days, the Queen rode to the Tollbooth, the first day she made a painted oration and there might have been heard among her flatterers "Vox Dianâe, the voice of a goddess! (for it could not be Dei;) and not of woman. God save that sweet face! Was there ever orator spoke so properly and so sweetly, all things—he adds,—misliked the preachers. They spoke boldly against the superfluity of their clothes, and against the rest of their vanity, which they affirmed should provoke God's wrath not only against these foolish women but against the whole realm. Articles were presented for orders to be taken of apparel, and for reformation of other enormities, but all was winked at."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONTENTS:

Mary's immediate History after her return.—Queen Elizabeth.—Knox.—Marriage of Mary subject of speculation.—Interview between Mary and Knox.

"I was the Queen of bonnie France
Where happy I ha'e been,
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn
As blythe lay down at e'en."

BURNS.

QUEEN Elizabeth of England was now in all her glory on the English throne. In the winter of 1563 Mary sent a messenger to England regarding the succession. Whilst the embassy was away she gave herself up to all the gaieties of a luxurious court, music, dancing, falconry, poetry and gallantries of every kind passed one after the other in the Palace of Holyrood. In vain the redoubtable Knox and the other ministers mounted their pulpits and thundered anathemas against the court. In one discourse he complained "that princes are more exercised in fiddling and flinging than in reading or hearing of God's most blessed word. Fiddlers and flatterers who commonly corrupt the youth are more precious in their eyes than men of wisdom and gravity, who by wholesome admonition might beat down in them some part of the vanity and pride whereunto all are born but in princes take deep root and strength by wicked education."

The marriage of Mary was a subject of much prophecy and speculation. Knox heard that she had rejected the King of Sweden, but was in more spirit for an Austrian or a Spanish alliance and openly denounced this course of the Queen. Having done so, again he was summoned into the presence of the Queen.

John Erskine of Dun accompanied him into the royal presence. Though the language is ancient spoken at this interview, yet we must give it here as an illustration of Knox's peculiar qualities and Mary's temper. Knox affirms in his record of this interesting interview that the Queen immediately began to weep when he appeared with John Erskine, and exclaimed:

"That never prince was used as she was. I have borne with you in all your rigorous manner of speaking both against myself and against my uncles yea I have sought your favor by all possible means; I offered unto you presence and audience whensoever it pleased you to admonish me; and yet I cannot bequit of you; I vow to God I shall be once revenged," and with these words scarce could Marnocke, one of her pages, get handkerchiefs to hold her eyes dry, for the tears and the howling, besides womanly weeping, stayed her speech."

"The said John did patiently abide all this fume and at opportunity answered. 'True it is, Madame, your Majesty and I have been at diverse controversies into the which I never perceived your Majesty to be offended at me; but when it shall please God to deliver you from that bondage of darknesse and errour wherein ye have been nourished for the lack

of true doctrine, your Majesty will find the liberty of my tongue nothing offensive without the preaching place I thinke few have occasion to be offended at me and there I am not master myselfe and must obey Him who commands me to speak plaine, and to flatter no flesh upon the face of the earth."

"But what have you to do," said she, "with my marriage?"

"If it please your Majesty patiently to hear me I shall show the truth in plain words. I grant your Majesty offered unto me more than ever I required, but my answer was then as it is now, that God hath not sent me to awaite upon the courts of princes or upon the chamber of ladies, but I am sent to preach the Evangell of Jesus Christ to such as please to hear; it hath two points, Repentance and Faith. Now, in preaching repentance, of necessity it is that the sinnes of men are noted, that they may know when they offend. But so it is, that most part of your nobilitie are so much addicted to your affections that neither God's word nor yet their commonwealth, are rightly regarded; and therefore it becometh me to speak that they may know their duty."

"What have you to do with my marriage, or what are you within the commonwealth?

"A subject, born within the same, Madame; and albeit I bee neither earle, lord nor baron, within it, yet hath God Madame (how abject that ever I bee in your eyes) a profitable and a usefull member within the same; yea Madame, to me it appertaineth no less to forewarn of such things as may hurt it, if I foresee them, than it doeth to any one

of the nobilitie; for both my vocation and office craveth plainnesse of me; and therefore Madame to yourselfe I say that which I spoke in publike. Whensoever the nobilitie of this realme shall be content and consent, and consent that you be subject to an unlawfnl husband, they doe as much as in them lieth to renounce Christ, to banish the truth, to betray the freedom of this realme, and perchance shall in the end doe small comfort to yourselfe."

"At these words, howling was heard and teares might have been seene in greater abundance than the matter required. John Erskine of Dun, a man of meeke and gentle spirit, stood beside and did what he could to mitigate the anger, and gave unto her many pleasant words of her beauty, of her excellency, and how that all the princes in Enrope would be glad to seek her favors; but all that was to cast oil into the flaming fire."

"No such mitigation, however, was offered by Knox who stood still, without any alteration of countenance, and in the end said; Madam in God's presence I speak, I never delighted in the weeping of any of God's creatures, yea, I can scarcely well abide the teares of mine own boys, when mine own hands correct them; much less, can I rejoice in your Majesties weeping; but seeing I have offered unto you no just occasion if to be offended, but have spoken the truth, as my vocation craves of me; I must sustain your Majesties teares rather than I dare hurt my conscience, or betray the commonwealth by silence."

Herewith was the Queen more offended and commanded the said John to passe forth of the cabinet

and to abide further of her pleasure in the Chamber."

"But in that chamber where he stood as one whom men had never seen (except that the Lord Ochiltree bare him company) the confidence of Knox did not provoke him, and, therefore, he began to make discourse with the ladies who were then sitting in all their gorgeous apparel, which, when he espied, he merrily said. "Fair ladies, how pleasant were this life of yours, if it should ever abide, and then in the end that wee might passe to Heaven with geare; but fie upon that knave death, that will come whether we will or not; and when he hath laid on the arrest, then foule wormes will bee busie with this flesh, be it never so faire and so tender and the silly soule, I feare, shall be so feeble, that it can neither carry with it gold, garnishing, targating, pearl nor precious stones."

Knox left the Queen's presence triumphant. At this time Mary had many suitors, some of whom only worshipped at a distanee, but one more impetuous than the rest, Captain Hepburn was so familiar and indelicate in his advances that he only escaped punishment by instant flight from Holyrood. Mary's love of gaiety and her dissipation engaged her in many unhappy attentions from emboldend admirers. The side glance when dancing, or the gentle pressure of the hand, these things made the moths flutter round this queenly candle till in the case of more than one, they fell into the flame and were burned to death.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONTENTS:

Murray.—War between Mary and Murray.—Her appearance.—Suitors.—Chastlelard.—Lord Robert Dudley.—Lord Henry Darnley.—Her Marriage with Darnley.—Rizzio.—Lord Ruthven.—Death of Rizzio.—Birth of James VI.—Queen Elizabeth.—Education of the Prince. Quarrels between Mary and Darnley.—Mary makes a tour to the Borders.

"For ever fortune wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part,
Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish and wish, the soul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown
And all the life of life is gone."

JAMES THOMSON.

MURRAY, the brother, as he is called of Mary, acts an important part at this period in the History of the Scottish Queen. Siding with the Protestants or Presbyterians and being assured by Queen Elizabeth of her support to the Reformers, the general assembly of the Scottish Kirk was called together by Knox and the Earl of Argyll, and they resolved to petition the Queen to abolish the mass and establish the reformed religion. Murray then headed a plot to surprise Mary and imprison her, which was discovered and the only alternative was general revolt. Murray called the people to arms and Mary summoned her vassals to assemble immediately at Edinburgh, prepared for war. Act-

ing on the spur of the moment she actually attended the services of a Presbyterian minister at Callendar to prevent the Reformers from joining Murray, feeling the need of prompt action and having received the Pope's dispensation she created Darnley the Duke of Albany, and marrying him marched forth to meet the enemy. Her force moved so rapidly that Murray was compelled to flee from Stirling to Glasgow and thence to the land of his ally the Earl of Argyll. The fugitive Reformers had now no alternative but to march to Edinburgh. With 1000 men Murray appeared at that metropolis expecting a general uprising in his aid, but the sturdy burghers though hating the religion of the Queen were not prepared to rise in rebellion against her. Mary assembling a force of 1000 men swept Murray's troop as chaff before the wind and compelled him to retreat to the borders of England. Seated on a gallant dashing charger, her perfect form modelled with infinite grace, pistols in her saddlebow and a glow of intense excitement on her lovely face, the Queen indeed looked "every inch a Queen" with a strange fascinating beauty, conquering hearts even amidst the warlike evolutions of her troops.

Leaving Mary and Murray let us return to her other suitors which ended in the marriage of the Queen with Darnley.

Chastelard a poet and musician from the Province of Dauphiny in France, became one of her lovers. He addressed poems to Mary, and she replied to them either by proxy or otherwise, she even allowed private visits of Chastelard in her

cabinet and this far more often than to any of her nobility, leading him on by expressions of peculiar regard until he became full of conceit, ambition and passion. Concealing himself one evening under her bed, upon being discovered, the Queen ordered him instantly to leave her presence and the court for ever; not long after the Queen went to Fife and again the same circumstance happened, which so enraged Mary that she ordered Murray to kill him on the spot, but Murray reserved his punishment till two days after when Chastelard was beheaded uttering with his last breath: "Oh! cruelle dame." The wide spread sensation produced by this execution, tarnished the Queen's reputation and urged upon her the necessity of marrying.

Lord Robert Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland was proposed as a suitable match, but another competitor sprung up in the person of Lord Henry Darnley, son of the Earl of Lennox, who had married Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of Margaret Tudor, widow of James IVth. United thus to both the royal Houses of England and Scotland Darnley was a favorite with the Queen. The young Lord was a shrewd dissembler and a captivating suitor. He placed himself under Murray's guidance, for instance he would go in the morning to hear Knox preach, and in the evening dance a galliard with Mary. Educated a Roman Catholic, he was neither a devotee of Rome nor a strict adherent of Knox.

And now began the struggle between the Reformed religion and the old. Murray who was supported by the Earl of Argyll, Lethington and the

Earl of Leicester in England and Darnley sustained by the Earl of Athol and all the Roman Catholic Barons with Rizzio the Queen's private Secretary.

Murray wished Mary to marry Dudley. She refused and recalled the dissolute Earl of Bothwell from France and commanded Murray to affix his signature to a paper approving of her marriage with Darnley. This he would not do and she charged him with aspiring to the crown. The result was the troublous period mentioned at the beginning of this chapter.

On her receiving the dispensation from the Pope she at once married Darnley, the day previous giving him the title of King. This completely intoxicated the lad's brain for he was only nineteen. On Sunday, Mary and Darnley entered the royal Chapel of Holyrood to be married. The Dean of Restabrig performed the ceremony, not like the gorgeour affair at her former marriage with the Dauphin of France. The Queen kneeled at the altar to hear mass while Darnley retired to hunt. Mary upon reaching her palace put off the sable attire and appeared in a magnificent bridal dress. A grand banquet followed. Darnley had returned from the chase and the Earls of Athol, Morton, Crawford, Eglinton and Carsilles were attendants at the table, whilst Darnley flaunted away in kingly splendour and as a writer justly remarks "Marie Stuart dreamed of a glorious future, as the silence of morning succeeded "music's voluptuous swell," and the hum of excited guests, a brief and delusive vision!"

Having driven Murray into England, Mary under the direction of Rizzio, now began to plot the restoration of the Romish faith. This Rizzio had come

to Mary's court in 1562. From the office of a valet he rose to be private Secretary in 1564. Now he was in all the zenith of his ambition. But it could not last. To a man of Darnley's temperament, he soon became an object of distrust. Rizzio was in the pay of the Pope. Like all royal favorites he dressed gorgeously and became haughty and presumptuous. Darnley now became furiously jealous of the Italian and determined to get rid of him by all or any means. This was increased by the Queen's strenuously refusing through Rizzio to bestow on Darnley the crown matrimonial. Brooding over this day by day he at last disclosed his plans to his cousin George Douglas whom he sent to confer with Lord Ruthven. The result of this was that Rizzio would be assassinated and the crown seized.

Lord Ruthven at this time was very ill, but after a short consultation he consented to the plot. It was also made known to Lord Lindsay and Randolph.

Secretly the conspiracy advanced, and no suspicion of evil darkened the days of Rizzio. Mary's friends with those of Lennox had united against Murray and now the adherents of Lennox sought a coalition with Murray to make the blow more successful. Although Queen Elizabeth knew about the intended murder she offered no opposition and Mary was in happy ignorance of it. When the fatal day arrived, which was a Saturday evening, the court yard was suddenly filled with armed men and the shout "A Douglas! a Douglas," reached the ears of the Queen, sitting at tea with some of her courtiers, but before she could ask what it

meant, Ruthven in complete armour broke into the room. Mary recoiled at the sight of Ruthven, ghastly white as he was, from lingering disease; but in a moment he said:

"Let it please your Majesty, that yonder man David come forth of your privy chamber where he hath been over long."

The Qneen answered, "What offence hath he done?"

Ruthven replied, "That he made a greater and more heinous offence to her Majesty's honor, the King her husband, the nobility and commonwealth."

"And how?" said she.

"If it would please your Majesty, he hath offended your honor which I dare not be so bold as to speak of, as to the King your husband's honor, he hath hindered him of the crown matrimonial, which your grace promised him, besides many other things which are not necessary to be expressed and hath caused your Majesty to banish a great part of the nobility and to forfeit them, that he might be made a lord. And to your commonwealth he hath been a common destroyer, he drives your Majesty to grant or give nothing but what passes through his hand by taking of bribes of the same; and caused your Majesty to put at the Lord Ross for his whole land, because he would not give over the lands of Meline to the said David, besides many other inconveniences that he solicited your Majesty to do."

"Then her Majesty stood upon her feet and stood before David, he holding her Majesty by the plaits

of her gown leaning back over the arch of the window, his dagger drawn in his hand. Meanwhile, Arthur Areskin and the Abbot of Holyrood House, and the Lord Keith master of the Household, with the French apothecary and one of the chamber, tried to lay hands on Lord Ruthven, none of the King's party being then present. Then the said Lord Ruthven pulled out his dagger and defended himself until more came in, and said to them: "Lay no hands on me, for I will not be handled."

"Poor Rizzio cried out in broken language "I am killed." Amid the awful confusion during which the Queen fainted, the terrified secretary was dragged through Mary's bed room into the entrance of her presence chamber, where in spite of Morton's wish to keep him until the next day and hang him, George Douglas, seizing the King's dagger, stabbed him, saying loudly that it was a *Royal Blow.* His comrades rushed on, and did not leave the bleeding form until it was pierced with 56 wounds."

This of course occasioned a great commotion and the Queen pressing the assassins hard, they were obliged to let her know what part her royal husband had taken in the foul and deliberate murder. This murder occasioned the Queen first to spurn Darnley, then to make it up with him, and at last Mary, Darnley and Arthur Erskine her captain of her guard escaped to Dunbar where she issued a proclamation calling on all her loyal subjects to meet her in arms. She then marched to Edinburgh and meanly put the subordinate conspirators to death, whilst the Lords who had been engaged in

Rizzio's murder escaped to England. In justice to themselves these Lords published a manifesto declaring Darnley's complicity in the whole plot which occasioned the first open rupture between them, the Queen lamenting to Melvil Darnley's "folly, ingratitude and misbehavior."

The Queen now left Edinburgh and went to Stirling Castle, where, when she was infant, she had been crowned,—to become a mother. On the 19th of June 1566, a son was born, on whose brow was to sit the diadems of both Scotland and England, James the VIth of Scotland or James Ist of England. The faithful Melvil was immediately sent to Queen Elizabeth with the great news. The Virgin Queen, Good Queen Bess, was in the midst of a magnificent ball, which she had given to her court at Greenwich, when her Secretary of State, Cicil entered the crowded and brilliant room. Towering in all her royal and regal splendour, dressed in magnificent apparel, glittering with gems, the coronet upon her snowy brow and excitement beaming from her flashing eye,—Queen Elizabeth appeared amongst the very many fair and beautiful women of England, A VERY QUEEN. She was dancing at the moment Cicil entered and when he approached, she stopped and he whispered the news into her ear. Like a storm cloud which we see passing for a moment before the shining sun, so a shade for a moment passed over her flushed and kindling features. The magic whirl suddenly ceased and sinking into a chair at hand, she said to the ladies crowding round. "The Queen of Scots is the mother of a fair son, while I am a barren stock." Immediately she

regained her self-possession and the brilliant ball proceeded. Next day she sent a messenger to Scotland to congratulate the Queen and assure her of her friendship, though she still gave asylum to the murderers of Rizzio.

Some months passed tranquilly away and the education of the Prince then became a matter of concern. After much trouble it was determined to rear the child in the Reformed faith and thus he as the last King of Scotland as a separate country, was the first of the Scottish Kings who was a Protestant.

Quarrels now became frequent between the Queen and Darnley. At a meeting of council once he rose and addressed the Queen thus "Adieu madame" "you shall not see my face for a long space." Good it would have been both for himself and Mary if he had carried out his determination of leaving the kingdom, but he abandoned it and ultimately fell by his own stupidity. A great gulf now lay between the affection of the Queen and Darnley.

At this time the Queen determined to make a tour of inspection throughout the south-eastern frontier of her kingdom, especially to quell some uprisings of the Johnsons, Armstrongs and Elliots, great chiefs on the borders of England and lying near the lands of the Earl of Bothwell. The Queen was beginning to kindle within her breast a guilty love for this ambitious and misguided man. She had given him a special commission as Lord Lieutenant to repair to the theatre of trouble and endeavor to stop the scenes of bloodshed which were daily being enacted between some of the Border chief-

tains. According to an old writer, who states, "justice aires were holden annually in the provinces for the administration of justice. Many flagrant enormities having been committed in Liddisdale, it was deemed necessary that the Queen should assist in person in the manner of her predecessors."

CHAPTER XX.

CONTENTS:

The Queen's Border Ride.—Her fever.—Return to Craigmillar Castle.—Hatching Conspiracy.—Christening of James VIth.—Darnley's illness.—Journey to Kirk of Field.—Death of Darnley.

> "Fade, fade, ye flowerets fair,
> Gales fan no more the air,
> Ye streams forget to glide
> Be hushed each vermal strain;
> Since naught can soothe my pain,
> Nor mitigate her pride."
>
> JS. BEATTIE.

THE Earl of Bothwell in the execution of his duties and in a personal combat with John Elliot of Park had received a dangerous wound, and immediately removed to the Castle of Hermitage. The Queen had arrived two days before this at the town of Jedburgh to hold her assizes. Hearing that the Earl was wounded she was as Crawford writes "so highly grieved in heart that she took no repose until she saw him!" Driven by her impatient love, she remained at Jedburgh to the

15th of October she having arrived on the 8th and then conquering all modesty and reserve she took a fleet dashing steed and rode to the Hermitage, attended by Murray and other nobles. She found the Earl pale, faint and languishing, and lavished on him every sentiment of joy consonant to her posision of a wife and mother and Queen. The business of the assizes requiring her immediate presence she left him, and rode back to Jedburgh the whole distance being nearly 40 miles. Arrived at that town she refused to take immediate rest but continued writing to Bothwell till midnight. The result of all this temptation and excitement was that next morning the Queen fell into a swoon and lay for hours at the gates of death. When consciousness returned the beautiful Marie Stuart lay in a burning fever and delirious with the disease. Fearing her last hour when she awoke to sensibility she requested the prayers of the nobles, and confided her son to the care of Elizabeth and sent a messenger to apprise her husband Darnley of her danger.

Thirteen days had passed since that eventful ride when Darnley arrived and finding the Queen much better, he stayed only one night and again set out for Glasgow. This coldness on his part deepened the bitterness of her enmity and at the same time enflamed her devotion for Bothwell. She recovered slowly; journeying liesurely with careful conveyance and frequent rest the Queen arrived at Craigmillar Castle three miles from Edinburgh where she took rooms. Here was hatched and at last carried into execution one of the most deliberate murders in the annals of crime. DeCroc writ-

ing to the Archbishop of Glasgow, says: "The Queen is not well. I do believe the principal part of her disease to consist of a deep grief and sorrow. Nor does it seem possible to make her forget the same. Still she repeats the words, "I could wish to be dead." Lethington also a shrewd observer writes: "It is an heart-break for her to think that she should see her husband, and how to be free of him she sees no outlet."

This caused several of her nobles to unite for the relief of the Queen. This same Lethington arranged a plan daring in the extreme and full of hazard and danger. He proposed the return of the murderers of Rizzio with a free pardon, the divorce of Darnley and if need be his assassination. The Earl of Bothwell already seeing the ultimatum of all his hopes within his grasp, eagerly joined the plot. The Earls of Argyll and Huntly assented. Even Murray was anxious that his sister should have a divorce from Darnley. When the scheme was broached to the Queen she answered "that on two conditions she might agree to the proposal." The first that the divorce should be made lawfully, second it should not prejudice her son, otherwise she should rather endure all torments and abide the perils that might ensue.

After further parley, Lethington closed the conference by saying: "Madam, let us guide the business among us and your grace shall see nothing but good, and approved by Parliament."

Immediately after this interview an act of Parliament was hurried through and passed in which the Lords entered into a bond and solemn oath "to

cut off the King as a young fool and tyrant, who was an enemy to the nobility, and had conducted himself in an intolerable manner to the Queen." Pledging themselves to be faithful the bond was signed by Sir James Balfour, Huntly, Lethington and Argyll and given into the keeping of Bothwell.

A few weeks later at Stirling Castle amid pomp and show James VIth was christened. Bothwell was master of ceremonies, Darnley was not present at all. Queen Elizabeth had appointed the Countess of Argyll to represent her as godmother and had sent a golden font worth $5,000 to be used at the ceremony. The infant was called Charles James. Shortly after the christening of James, his mother pardoned and restored Morton, Ruthven Lindsay and seventy-six more of the murderers and conspirators of Rizzio's death. This greatly alarmed Darnley who quitted Stirling and went to Glasgow to his father's house. The small pox was then very prevalent and Darnley caught the loathesome disease which prostrated him to the verge of the grave. Whilst recovering from his sickness Mary left Edinburgh for Glasgow. There on the arrival of the Queen a kind of compromise and reconciliation took place. Mary at length says one of her biographers "with her gentle persuasion, tearful and lustrous blue eyes, subdued reproaches and expressions of affection, won the confidence of the vacillating, miserable phantom of royalty."

Darnley begged the Queen to leave him no more. She wished him then to go to Craigmillar Castle. He consented, if she would receive him to her heart as her true husband. To this she assented, gave

him her hand as a pledge but told him to keep the reconciliation a secret for fear of the Lords, and all would be well. Her biographer again writes here, "The mind pauses over this scene, bewildered and sad. To believe Mary entirely sincere in so great and sudden a transition of manner, is an amplitude of charitable credulity it would be pleasant to award. To doubt her truthfulness is to people the obscurity of a woman's heart, with more demoniac inmates, than the deepest depravity in time would seem to warrant. By whatever reasons enforced by a false training, she hushed the upbraidings of conscience, the conclusion of perfidy is inevitable."

At last Darnley set out on that journey which ended in "that bourne from which no traveller returns." Arrived at Edinburgh, the conspirators sent him to the Kirk of Field. But the mind of Darnley was distressed with the apprehension of treachery. He said to Crawford. "I have fears enough, but may God judge between us, I have her promise only to trust to, but I have put myself into her hands and shall go with her, though she should murder me." Bothwell met the Queen and Darnley not far from Edinburgh and on the 31st January, Darnley entered the House of Kirk of Field from which he never went alive.

On Sabbath evening the Queen came to his room and conversed familiarly with him, then, when all was ready, she recollected that she had promised to be present at a merry making in the palace on the occasion of the marriage of one of her servants. She then tenderly kissed the fevered lips of Darnley and taking a loving farewell left, hastening with her

suite and Bothwell to the festival. By a very remarkable coincidence, the proper Psalms for the English Evening Service of the day contained these words. "My heart is disquieted within me, and the fear of death is fallen upon me. Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and an horrible dread hath overwhelmed me. And I said oh that I had wings like a dove for then would I flee away and be at rest."

Trembling at these startling and prophetic words which he had read before going to bed and after the excitement of fear had partially subsided, the poor desolate young King fell asleep, soon to be "that sleep which knows no waking."

About midnight the assassins entered the chamber and strangling the page seized the weak King who soon was gasping for life in their grasp, then shortly after a terrific explosion was heard and Kirk of Field was blown into a thousand fragments.

The body of Darnley, though many of the bystanders saw that it had no "smell of fire on the garments," was ordered by Bothwell to be taken away and it was privately buried in the Chapel of Holyrood.

Mary pretended much sorrow, but it took the form of silent dejection. She displayed none of the laudable energy with which she hunted the murderers of Rizzio. She would see none but Bothwell. The poor menials as in Rizzio's case were consigned to the hands of the executioner, but by their testimony and that of others, the circumstantial evidence of Mary's guilt from Glasgow to the fatal evening is so conclusive that we are bound to

say she was the guilty person, who only employed subordinates to execute her purposes. And again quoting the author already mentioned, we may say: "This conviction of her guilt at the tribunal of unbiased judgment, however reluctantly allowed, is only a simple item of proof, darkening the historic annals of a fallen race, that intellect, beauty, and pride of place are no security against the insidious and destructive power of unsubdued selfishness taking the descending channel of wild and stormy passion. Nothing but Christian humility and trust in an Infinite Guide, can save, amid strong temptations, immorality, in a hovel or on a throne, from the strand of moral ruin."

CHAPTER XXI.

CONTENTS:

Movements of the Queen after the death of Darnley.—Popular Feeling.—Elizabeth's Letter.—Intimacy with Bothwell. — Mock trial of Bothwell. — Acquittal. — Mary's devotion to Bothwell. — Her return to Edinburgh.—Seduction of Mary by Bothwell.—Marriage of Mary and Bothwell.

"Vaulting ambition."

SHAKESPEARE.

WRITING to the Archbishop of Glasgow immediately after the commission of the terrible tragedy Mary pretended that she by a fortunate chance was saved from sharing the fate of Darnley and pretends all ignorance of the horrid deed. Although ominous placards and other means were

tried to warn the Queen, yet she was intoxicated with guilty love towards Bothwell, and when she went to Seton to lull popular excitement, he followed her thither, and though all the country were mourning for the poor young King; Mary and he would shoot at the butts against Huntly and Seton, whilst the court at Seton was occupied in gay amusesements. But at Edinburgh the people were not so easily put down or cowered. When they openly denounced both the Queen and Bothwell, the latter rode with fifty horsemen into Edinburgh and publicly said that he knew who were the authors of the placards and he would "wash his hands in their blood," but this availed nothing.

Elizabeth sent a letter to Mary in which she declared that she was astonished and terrified at what she had heard. The latter part of her letter ran thus: "Think of me I beg you who would not entertain such a thought in my heart for all the gold in the world, I exhort you, I advise and beseech you to take this thing so much at heart, as not to fear to bring to judgment the nearest relation you have and to let no persuasion hinder you from manifesting to the world that you are a noble princess and also a loyal wife."

Even in France the impression spread that Mary was guilty but she continued week after week to do nothing to vindicate her sullied honor. The infatuated Queen was unmoved in her fidelity towards Bothwell who now began to behave as all other royal favorites have done, in an imperious, insolent manner.

His mock trial was a farce and the indefinite in-

dictment against him, being read in court, whilst Lennox not being allowed to appear against him he was of course acquitted. When Mary appointed him to the high position of high admiral, Lennox fled to England and Murray to France. When nothing would stop the Queen in her infatuated career Lord Herries fearlessly told her not to marry the man whom all the country believed to be the real murderer of the King but failing in his mission he had barely time to escape from the hands of Bothwell. At last the Earl invited to a banquet the Earls of Morton, Argyll, Huntly, Sutherland, Eglinton and many other Lords and openly told them he intended to marry Mary and asked their consent. Cowed by the presence of armed men this consent was given.

In the meantime Bothwell began to exhibit his unrestrained temper in uncivil deportment even towards the Queen. He wished to hurry on the wedding but the time was too short after the death of Darnley, so they resorted to a ruse, which was nothing more or less than that Bothwell should meet the Queen on her return from Stirling Castle, whither she had gone to visit her young son and carry her off. On the 21st April 1567 Mary Stuart proceeded to Stirling Castle. On the 24th she left it and had proceeded as far as Almond Bridge when she was met by Bothwell and six hundred horsemen. He seized Mary's horse and led her without conflict to his own Castle of Dunbar. This was the first act in that guilty drama, the next was to divorce his beautiful wife Lady Jane Gordon. This was soon accomplished and the same day that the

divorce arrived from St. Andrews, the Queen returned to Edinburgh. When she came to the gate of the city, the Earl with great respect laid his hand on the bridle of Mary's horse, and his soldiers then threw down their spears as the signal that their Sovereign was not only free, but that their Lord and master was no more than an humble unprotected servant of Her Majesty.

Immediately after this the Banns of Marriage between Mary and Bothwell were publicly declared and when the Queen made him Duke of Orkney and Shetland and with her own hand gave him the coronet his pride was full. Two days after this she signed the marriage contract and the next morning the nuptials were celebrated in Holyrood palace according to the Roman Catholic ceremony, and in the Protestant Church by the Bishop of Orkney. Small indeed was the attendance of the nobility but there was in the event, instead of joy as should have been in a royal marriage, long heralding future good to the popular mind, something which they felt was the forerunner of great national future calamity. The tidings spread early next morning that the Queen had married Bothwell and on the gate of the Palace of Holyrood was found attached a celebrated line from the poet Ovid.

"Mense malas maio nubere ait."

Strange it need not seem that such a disgusting marriage three months after the foul murder of Darnley, was not a day old, before there was a domestic quarrel, but such was the case. De Croc

wrote to Charles IX of France and to Catherine "that it is a very unfortunate one and already is repented of." Yesterday being in the closet with the Earl of Bothwell, she called out aloud for some one to give her a knife that she might kill herself. Those who were in the adjoining room heard her. They think that unless God aid her, she will fall into despair."

CHAPTER XXII.

CONTENTS:

Confederacy of Nobles.—The Queen goes to Borthwick Castle.— "Borthwick Castle." — "The House of Borthwick".—Origin and History of the Name and House.—Carberry Hill.—Its results.—Fate of Bothwell.—Return to Edinburgh.—Lochleven Castle.—Escape of Mary.—Battle of Langside.—Queen Mary's Watch.—Her flight to England.—James VI.

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken hearted."

BURNS.

MARY now despatched ambassadors to the foreign courts to obtain their recognition of Bothwell as her husband. She pretended that the nobility had urged her marriage with him, but all this was of no avail for the same confederacy of nobles which had formerly taken arms against Bothwell now bound themselves together in solemn covenant to free themselves and their Prince from the