

assumptions and pride of such an usurper. At last the slumbering rebellion broke out. "The names of the Lords that convened in Stirling were the Earls of Argyll, Morton, Athol and Mar. There is to be joined with the four forenamed lords the Earls of Glencairn, Cassillis, Montrose, Caithness, the Lords Boyd, Ochiltree, Ruthven, Drummond, Gray, Glamis, Innermeith, Lindsay, Hume and Herries."

Though the forces of the nobility increased daily, infatuated Mary was fearless, and ignorant of their movements and numbers, as well as of impending danger. In the midst of all this commotion Bothwell demanded the keeping of the young Prince. His guardian the Earl of Mar refused, unless young Prince James were placed in the Castle of Edinburgh and under the care of an honorable and unimpeachable governor.

The Queen to escape the troubles surrounding her and the harassed atmosphere of her own follies had left Edinburgh and at this time was quietly enjoying herself in BORTHWICK CASTLE a fine structure which had been built by LORD BORTHWICK, A. D. 1430. The present Lord, *William, Sixth Lord Borthwick* was a steady friend and supporter of Mary, as his father *John, Fifth Lord Borthwick* had been a firm supporter of her mother, Mary of Guise, against "The Lords of the Congregation."

It may seem presumptuous in allotting a whole section of a chapter to the History of the House of Borthwick, but from the earliest ages of Scottish History, the members of this house have played an important part therein. As has been already stat-

ed, the first of this name in Scotland is said to have been ANDREAS the son of the LORD OF BURTICK in Livonia who accompanied Edgar Atheling and his two sisters Margaret and Christina to Scotland in 1067. The elder sister Margaret as we have seen became wife of Malcom Canmore and Queen of Scotland and after her death was canonized by the name of St. Margaret. Andreas Borthwick obtained from the King some lands in the county of Selkirk and these lands with the stream running through them he called BORTHWICK from his name which appellation they continue to have to this day.

In the reign of David II, the House of Borthwick is mentioned regarding the patrimony of Borthwick and in the reign of Robert II, Sir William Borthwick was possessed of the lands of Catkume in Edinburghshire 1378.

During the fifteenth and following centuries the Lords of Borthwick had immense possessions and great influence in that portion of Mid-Lothian which now forms the parish of Borthwick and surrounding districts, a locality which has ever been famed for its romantic scenery.

The first Lord Borthwick was Sir William Borthwick of Borthwick, in the reign of James I of Scotland. He was the son of Sir William Borthwick, Senr. whose two daughters married (the eldest,) James Douglas, Lord Dalkeith and afterwards George Crichton, Earl of Caithness, and (the youngest) Sir John Oliphant.

This first Lord as has already been said built "BORTHWICK CASTLE." He was the cupbearer to

St. Clair, Earl and Prince of Orkney, who maintained his court at Roslin Castle, with regal magnificence. He and his lady were buried in Borthwick Church. They left two sons the elder becoming William II<sup>nd</sup> Lord Borthwick the second John de Borthwick acquired the lands of Crookston and his descendants now possess the property in which the ruins of Borthwick Castle stand, having purchased them.

The 2<sup>nd</sup> Lord left three sons, the eldest becoming the 3<sup>rd</sup> Lord and the other two, were Sir Thomas and Sir James. This Lord was slain at the Battle of Flodden, leaving two sons, William his successor and Alexander Borthwick of Nenthorn.

The fourth Lord was appointed tutor of the King and commander of Stirling Castle. After this he died A. D. 1542. His eldest son had died before him and the only other son became John, 5<sup>th</sup> Lord Borthwick.

The fifth Lord opposed the Reformation steadily and declared "that he would believe as his fathers had done before him." He greatly assisted the Queen Regent against the Lords of the Congregation. Dying in A. D. 1565 he left one son William, 6<sup>th</sup> Lord Borthwick. This Lord was a great and steady friend of Queen Mary. Frequently the Queen visited the Castle of Borthwick and at last escaped there with Bothwell, whence she left two days after her arrival in man's apparel. This Lord left two sons William who died before his father and James, the 7<sup>th</sup> Lord. Very little is recorded of this Lord. He was succeeded by his son John, eighth Lord Borthwick, who dying was succeeded by his

only son John, the ninth Lord. This Lord adhered firmly to the royal cause during all the time of the civil war. After the Battle of Dunbar, Borthwick Castle, heroically held out till artillery was brought to bear upon it. As no relief came he surrendered on honorable terms and was allowed liberty to march out with his wife (Lady Elizabeth Ker, second daughter of William, third Earl of Lothian) and all the household and retainers. He died A. D. 1672 without issue and the title became dormant till the year 1727. After some delay Henry Borthwick male heir of Alexander Borthwick of Nenthorn succeeded by decision of the House of Lords A. D. 1762 as 10th Lord Borthwick. In A. D. 1772 he died, without issue and the title again became dormant.

Various competitors afterwards sprung up for the title, Archibald Borthwick the 10th Lord's heir male was in Norway at the time of his death. In 1807 his claim was resisted by John Borthwick of Crookston and David Borthwick grand-father of the Author of these sketches, the one claiming direct descent from the 1st Lord Borthwick through nine generations, the other claiming from the 2nd son of the 2nd Lord. These disputes continued year after year till at last A. D. 1870. Cunningham Borthwick; 2nd only surviving son of Patrick Borthwick who was the son of Archibald Borthwick before mentioned as being in Norway succeeded to the title as 11th Lord Borthwick. This Lord was born A. D. 1813 at Edinburgh and married A. D. 1865, Alice Harriet daughter of Thomas H. Day, Esq. and has only one son, the present heir to

the ancient House of Borthwick. Thus, there are now only two lives between the title and the eldest brother of these sketches, Revd. Hugh Jamieson Borthwick of Pembina, Manitoba, Canada.

Leaving the Queen at Borthwick Castle, Bothwell proceeded to Melrose to arrange an expedition against Lord Home and then returned to Borthwick. On the 11th June the confederacy of the Lords appeared before that strong fortress. Bothwell having timely warning of their approach, privately escaped to Dunbar, where Queen Mary dressed as a page followed him two days after. One short month from their unhappy marriage day the two armies confronted each other on Carberry Hill on the very same ground which the English had held at the disastrous battle of Pinkie. The Queen's forces consisted of 4000 men of the Lothians and Merse. They were commanded by Bothwell in person, having under him Lords Seton, Yester and Borthwick with four powerful Barons of the Merse, viz: Wedderburn, Langton, Crunledge and Hirsell, also those of the Bass, Waughton, Ormiston of Lothian and Ormiston of that Ilk in Tiviotdale. The confederate army was led by Lord Home and the Earl of Morton who was afterwards Regent. Bothwell mounted on a splendid steed offered by single combat to decide the quarrel. Eagerly did Kirkaldy of Grange accept the proffered gage, but Bothwell declared he would not fight with an inferior. He afterwards challenged Morton himself, who instantly accepted and it was ordered to be fought on foot; then old Lord Lindsay of the Byres re-

requested the general to allow him to meet Bothwell as the next of kin to the murdered Darnley. Just as the twenty selected knights on each side had arranged every thing, the Queen by her royal prerogative forbade the combat and demanded a conference. Kirkcaldy approached and meekly kneeling before the Queen requested her to quit the traitor Bothwell and join herself with her true lords who only wanted her safety and happiness. Bothwell ordered one of his harquebussiers to shoot him and whilst the man was in the act of doing so the Queen saw him and uttering a scream, threw herself before the levelled piece and cried to Bothwell that surely he would not disgrace her so far as to murder one to whom she had promised protection.

Bothwell then took leave of the Queen and rode off the field with a few followers. For some days he lurked about Dunbar and afterwards fled to the north, then to Norway and after that the poor miserable outcast died a maniac in a Danish dungeon, April 1578.

“ A fugitive among his own,  
Disguised, deserted. desolate,  
A weed upon the torrent thrown,  
A Cain among the sons of men,  
A pirate on the ocean then,  
A Scandinavian captive's doom,  
To die amid the dungeon's gloom.”

DELTA.

“ Thus perished, says Kirkaldy, the chief of the Hepburns, whose sounding titles of “ the most potent and noble Prince James Duke of Orkney,

Marquis of Fife, Earl of Bothwell, Lord of Hales, of Crichton, Liddisdale and Zetland; High admiral of Scotland; Warden of the three Marches; High Sheriff of Edinburgh, Haddington and Berwick; Baillie of Lauderdale, Governor of Edinburgh Castle and Captain of Dunbar"—only served to make the scene of the fettered felon, expiring in the dungeons of Draxholm, a more striking example of retributive fate, and of that guilty ambition, misdirected talent and insatiable pride, the effect of which had filled all Europe with horror and amazement."

The Queen then approached the Lord of Grange and extending her delicate hand which he kissed she said that she submitted to his guidance; he then took the bridle of her horse and conducted her into the middle of the confederate army. They reverently received the Queen who with a clear voice said: "My Lords I am come to you, not out of any fear I had of my life nor yet doubting of the victory, if matters had gone to the worst but I abhor the shedding of Christian blood, especially of those that are my own subjects and therefore I yield to you, and will be ruled hereafter by your counsels, trusting you will respect me as your born Princess and Queen."

Then began the march to Edinburgh, which when they had reached they placed the Queen in the Provost's house and next day after consultation determined to send her a prisoner to Lochleven Castle which was immediately done. On the 11th June Mary "mounted on a sorry hackney" attired in coarse cassock and guarded by the savage Ruthven and Lindsay entered the Castle. This Castle now

in ruins, was owned by William Douglas, the half brother of Murray and Margaret Erskine his mother was the Queen's mortal enemy. Soon after, the Lords compelled her to sign her abdication and place Murray as Regent which she did with eyes suffused with tears and a trumulous hand. Immediately the nobles gathered at Stirling and crowned the young prince by the title of James VIth. He was only thirteen months old at the time and the great Reformer preached the sermon on the august occasion. Mary herself when an infant had also been crowned in this old renowned fort. In the mean time Murray returned from France and immediately visited the Queen at Lochleven and then repaired to Stirling and afterwards to the Tolbooth in Edinburgh when he was sworn in as Regent. He also gave orders that his sister should be more leniently treated. Margaret Erskine's youngest son George Douglas became smitten with Mary's surpassing beauty. The magic which fell upon all hearts from her deep lovely eye and the wondrous fascination of her graceful person made the young man a creature of her will. He resolved to obtain her liberty and her hand. Disguising the Queen in the apparel of a laundress who frequented the Castle he led her unsuspected to the margin of the lake. The boat glided away from the shore and Mary's heart beat fast as she thought of her regaining her liberty, but one of the boatmen wanting to lift her veil, she put up her white purely shaped hand and betrayed herself. Nothing remained but to row back to the Castle and deliver the fair captive into the Laird of Lochleven's hands.



In the meanwhile George Douglas, her lover was not idle. He resolved on another plan. It was this. At the hour of meals the doors of the fortress were all shut and the keys laid beside the castellan or governor. When the appointed time arrived, the page also of the name of Douglas placed the plate before the Laird, and dropping the napkin over the keys, bore them unobserved away. He hastened to Mary, who attired in a servant's dress followed him through the gate and they then locked the doors and threw the keys into the lake. These keys were found not many years ago by a person fishing near the ruins of Lochleven Castle. The Queen and Douglas then stepped into the boat that was waiting and quickly rowed across the lake. Just as soon as she reached the shore, Lord Seton and others joined her and mounting a splendid charger standing ready for her, she and her Lords dashed away at full gallop towards Niddry Castle the seat of Lord Seton. Resting a few hours there, she again rode at full speed to the strong fortress of Hamilton where she was met by Lord Claud Hamilton and fifty horsemen.

The tidings of her deliverance flew like wild fire or the morning light, throughout the length and breadth of Bonnie Scotland, and the friends of her former days who had ever continued loyal to the Stuart throne, and all the forgiven Lords and the disaffected ones towards Murray thronged around her to offer once more their love and their lives to the beautiful Marie the Queen of Scotland. No less than forty bishops, earls and lords and a hundred barons signed a league to place the crown once more

on her beauteous brow. In the presence of her council she revoked her abdication, declared Murray to be a traitor and found herself in the briefest space of time at the head of a force of 6000 men all determined to die in her cause.

In the meantime Murray was not idle, calmly he acted when he heard the news. His well arranged plans inspired his partizans with courage and drew to his standard all the Presbyterian soldiery. Edinburgh instantly gave him 400 of her best hackbutters. Glasgow offered her strength and Dunbar Castle repelled Mary's demand for surrender. The Earl of Mar hurried to the camp the trained men and all the heavy ordnance of Stirling Castle ; from the Merse country brave Alexander Hume brought up his 600 lancers. Morton, Glencairn and the venerable Laird of Grange brought forth their recruits from every valley and down every hill side, till round them stood a solid phalanx of 3000 strong and fearless men. Those, with all the others gave Murray a well disciplined army of between four and five thousand men. The contending armies met at Langside. The heights of Langside were occupied by the Laird of Grange, who placed a company of hackbutters in ambush and near a lane through which the Queen's troops had to march to reach the hill. This path led through a narrow defile intersected with hedges and guarded by plantations, with dwellings dotted all through them. The Queen's cavalry though vastly superior in numbers to that of Murray's found it impossible to fight there in the narrow pathway. The followers of Hamilton 2000 strong entered the defile with the firm step of war-

riors marching on to victory and with the wings of conquest enfolding their standard when suddenly like the lightning's flash or a storm of hail from a viewless cloud in the blue empyrean of upper ether, a devastating wasting fire was poured upon them from the ambuscade and upon the astonished and panic stricken vanguard. Confusion worse confounded took possession of the ranks, the living pressing up the declivity and being mowed down by the terrible discharges of the unseen foe. When they by superhuman exertions reached the summit to their horror again they were met by the enemy and this time by Murray and his valorous pikemen who rushed like giants to the desperate conflict. The heroic Laird of Grange swept on from one avenging aim to another, to reanimate and reinforce his mountain warriors. Brave Morton with the precision of a geometrical problem manœuvred his troops and cut down all that came in his victorious career;—Hume dashed like a wild impetuous torrent from the Grampian Hills and utterly broke the ranks of the enemy, whilst Murray himself made a brilliant and decisive charge with his resistless soldiers on the reeling disappearing ranks of his sister and the terrible flow of brothers' blood was over and the victory won. So complete was the triumph that in less than one hour from the commencement of the engagement the hapless Queen had 300 left dead on that bloody eminence, resounding lately from the shouts and noise of "battles magnificent array" but now with the air filled by the moans and groans of scores of poor wretches crying for water and help in their bitter agony. From the top of an eminence the

Queen had observed the arena of battle and now seeing all was over, she descended with haste to the plain and mounting a horse attended by a few faithful servants and friends. She neither halted nor stopped nor slackened her speed till she had placed no less a distance than 60 miles between herself and her now inveterate foes. Faint and weary the cavalcade arrived at a lonely cottar's and asked for food. The guidwife had nothing but oat cake and milk to set before her guests. Queen Mary ate greedily of the simple fare and when about to leave for Dundrennan Abbey, she gave as a parting gift to the hind or cottar, her beautiful gold watch and a remarkably fine solitaire, saying that their fugitive Queen needed them no more. These antiques remained in the possession of the Torrance family till last year, when at the death of the Revd Alexander Torrance, Presbyterian and Parish Minister of Glencross, near Edinburgh, they were willed by him to the Antiquarian Society of that city. Large sums had been offered to the Revd. gentleman during his life time for Queen Mary's watch but they were invariably refused, as it was an heir loom and had descended from father to son through many generations.

When the Queen arrived at Dundrennan Abbey she gazed a moment on the waters, and shortly after chose a vessel in which she embarked for England instead of France.

Queen Elizabeth having heard of her arrival on English soil gave the royal fugitive a royal journey from Workington to Carlisle. After some little time, war ceased in Scotland and the Regent made

preparations to confront his sister. At this time the Duke of Norfolk secretly aspired to the hand of Mary Stuart;—but his designs were discovered by Elizabeth, and this made Mary be more closely confined and the Duke arrested. He was shortly after tried of aspiring to the throne, and sentenced to death, which he endured with unflinching calmness.

At this time the Regent Murray was basely shot by a fanatic of the opposite side. Whilst passing through the town of Linlithgow, James Hamilton his mortal enemy assassinated him, and escaped. He was succeeded by the Earl of Lennox who shortly after was shot in the scuffle (1571) between the Earl of Huntly and the garrison of Stirling. He was succeeded by Mar and the whole country was divided between the King's men and the Queen's men, that is those who followed the Regent and the Lords of the Congregation with their youthful King and those who still adhered to the unfortunate Queen. Mar died and was succeeded by Morton who soon fell by the hands of a confederacy into disgrace and was beheaded by "The Maiden" a kind of guillotine still to be seen in the Museum of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh.

No one succeeded Morton and the young King nominally governed the kingdom. In the mean time his mother continued being sent from fortress to fortress, from castle to castle, till at last she was ordered by the English Queen to be kept a prisoner in Fotheringay Castle. Here she lived a lonely prisoner, and from the time she entered England to her execution was no less than the long period of nineteen years.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## CONTENTS :

Mary's captivity.—Poetry.—Burns' Queen Mary.—Poetry.—Execution.—Spanish Armada.—Macaulay's poem on the Armada.

## I

“ There's none to soothe my soul to rest  
 • There's none my load of grief to share,  
 Or wake to joy this lonely breast,  
 Or light the gloom of dark despair.  
 Oft to the winds my grief I tell,  
 They bear along the mournful tale,  
 To dreary echo's rocky cell,  
 That heaves it back upon the gale.

## II

The little wild birds merry lay,  
 That wont my lightsome heart to cheer,  
 In murmuring echoes dies away,  
 And melts like sorrow on my ear,  
 The voice of love no more can cheer  
 The look of love no more can warm,  
 Since mute for aye's that voice so dear,  
 And closed that eye alone could charm.

JAMES YOOL.

**D**URING her captivity in the various forts and castles to which she had been remanded, Queen Mary ever found a little rest and repose in the com

position of poetry in the French language of which she was passionately fond and in her voluminous letters written to various personages during her sad period of incarceration. We have only space to insert one of her poetical pieces which was written it is presumed at Tutbury where she had been confined for some years previous to her being sent to Fotheringay Castle.

“ Que suis-je, hélas ! et de quoy sert ma vie ?  
 Je ne suis fors qu’un corps privé de cuer,  
 Un ombre vain, un objet de malheur,  
 Qui n’a plus rien que de mourir envie,  
 Plus ne portez, ô ennemis, d’amie,  
 A qui n’a plus l’esprit à la grandeur !  
 La consommé d’excessive douleur ;  
 Votre ire en brief se voirra assouvie,  
 Et vous, amys, qui m’avez tenu chère  
 Souvenez-vous que sans heur, sans santay,  
 Je ne scaurois auqun bonne œuvre fayre,  
 Souhatez donc fin de calamitay ;  
 Et que sa bas estant assez puné  
 J’aie ma part en la joie infinie.”

To this must be added Robert Burns’ beautiful lament of Queen Mary, where she says :

“ Now Nature hangs her mantle green  
 On lika blooming tree,  
 And spreads her sheets o’ daisies white  
 Out ower the grassy lea.

Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,  
 And glads the azure skies,

But nocht can glad the weary wicht,  
That fast in durance lies.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,  
The primrose doun the brae ;  
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,  
And milk-white is the slae.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,  
Aloft on dewy wing,  
The merle, in his noontide bower,  
Makes woodland echoes ring.

The mavis, mild wi' mony a note,  
Sings drowsy day to rest ;  
In love and freedom they rejoice,  
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

The meanest hind in fair Scotland  
May rove these sweets amang ;  
But I, the queen o' a' Scotland,  
Maun lie in prison strang.

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

And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,  
And mony a traitor there ;  
Yet here I lie in foreign band,  
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman  
My sister and my fae,



Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword,  
That through thy soul shall gae.

The weeping blood in woman's breast,  
Was never known to thee,  
Nor the balm that draps on wounds of wae,  
From woman's pitying e'e.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars  
Upon thy fortune shine,  
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,  
That ne'er would blink on mine.

God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,  
Or turn their hearts to thee ;  
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,  
Remember him for me.

Oh, soon to me may summer sun  
Nae mair licht up the morn !  
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds  
Wave o'er the yellow corn.

And in the narrow house o' death  
Let winter round me rave,  
And the next flowers that deck the spring  
Bloom on my peaceful grave !

And now drew near the saddest period of the life of this eventful Queen. On account of the conspiracy of Babington and others the royal commission went forth that Mary should be executed. The sonnet below, with the near close of her existence in view, is a sad melancholy evidence of poetical genius which through years of suffering, had

seldom breathed the moan of the captive even in poetic verse, was written in a legible hand on a large sheet of paper and translated into English reads thus :

“ Alas ! what am I and in what estate,  
A wretched case, bereaved of its heart,  
An empty shadow, lost, unfortunate ;  
To die is now in life my only part,  
Foes to my greatness let your envy rest ;  
In me no taste for grandeur now is found,  
Consumed by grief, with heavy ills opprest,  
Your wishes and desires will soon be crowned,  
And you, my friends, who still have held me  
    dear  
Be think you, that when health and heart are  
    fled  
And every hope of future good is dead.  
'Tis time to wish our sorrows ended here,  
And that this punishment on earth is given,  
That I may live to endless bliss in Heaven.”

The history of the last month of Queen Mary's life in prison has been written by many authors but chief among them all in exactness of details, in faithful portrayal of her character and in the individuality of all that figured in the sad events is the German poet Schiller who incorporated these melancholy days into his play of “ *Mary Stuart.*” Let us give the following word picturing of one of the saddest scenes of her career, taken from his plays.

The scene is laid in the second story stone corridor of Fotheringay prison. The Queen has been summoned to descend the stairs to the floor below,

where the fatal axe and block are waiting. She is the central figure of the group, who have been awaiting her appearance. She is sumptuously arrayed in a royal purple velvet dress, a rosary hangs from her girdle, and from it a crucifix depends. A diadem of precious stones binds her hair; her large black veil is thrown back, and she is addressing her old and valued friend and house-steward, Sir Andrew Melvil, who has just arrived after an absence of many months, and has been graciously permitted to converse with her. As she approaches, the venerable counselor throws himself upon his knees before her and pays obeisance to his only recognized sovereign. She addresses him in these words :

“ How ! Melvil here ! My worthy sir, not so ;  
 Arise ; you rather come in time to see  
 The triumph of your mistress, than her death.  
 One comfort which I never yet expected  
 Is granted me : that, after death, my name  
 Will not be quite abandoned to my foes ;  
 One friend at least, one partner of my faith  
 Will be my witness in the hour of death.  
 Say, honest Melvil, how you far'd the while.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sir, to your loyal bosom I commit  
 My latest wishes. Bear then, sir, my blessing  
 To the most Christian king, my brother,  
 And the whole royal family of France ;  
 I bless the Cardinal, my honored uncle,  
 And also Henry Guise, my noble cousin.  
 I bless the Holy Father, the Viceregent  
 Of Christ on earth, who will, I trust, bless me.

I bless the King of Spain, who nobly offered  
 Himself as my deliv'rer, my avenger—  
 They are all remembered in my will. I hope  
 That they will not despise, how poor so e'er  
 They be, the presents of a heart which loves thee."

The Queen then extends her left hand above the old man's head as she blesses him, while her right hand, in which she holds the handkerchief which she subsequently presented to Margaret Curl, is grasped by the right hand of her nurse and attendant, Hannah Kennedy, who stands at her side tendering the support which may be needed by the Queen. There is no despair nor shrinking from her fate, no frenzy nor passionate outcry. She is calm, prepared, resolute, and queenly.

As Melvil hears her appeal he lifts up his bald head fringed with white hair, and with outstretched arms exclaims, in the language of the play, Act V., Scene VI. :

" I swear obedience in the name of all."

The most intense devotion, coupled with sorrow and grief, is his. He has served his Queen and mistress faithfully through her life. He will not desert her at its close, nor let her name be reproached after she has gone.

At the left hand side of the Queen, and a little behind, are grouped the three ladies of her chamber—Alice, Gertrude, and Rosamund—whom she next addresses, leaving them her pearls and garments. The first of these, who stands in the centre and a trifle in advance of her two fellows, has her

hands clasped and her eyes upturned in devout prayer for her mistress, while a look of the most intense suffering is upon her mobile face. Gertrude has her face buried in her handkerchief, and is weeping bitterly ; while the less demonstrative Rosamund, with a look of curiosity and intense pain, but tearless eyes, is peering over the Queen's shoulder at the kneeling Melvil.

On the left of the maids and almost on a line with the Queen, the Earl of Leicester, who has all along been fickle, vacillating, loving Mary in secret but denouncing her to Queen Elizabeth, pressing his suit upon both queens secretly at intervals, at last stands resolute, burdened with grief, remorse, self-accusation, but erect, handsome, and dignified. A dark scowl contracts his brow, throwing his high and prominent forehead into still bolder relief, while his eyes are downcast and upon the loyal and kneeling steward. One hand reposes upon the hilt of his sword, whose point rests upon the stone floor, while the other hangs at his side. His tall form and fine manly bearing, added to his handsome features, which appear paler than otherwise in contrast with his raven black moustache and whiskers, bring him into relief as one of the four prominent characters of the word painting. A faithful and devoted page of the Earl has thrown himself in a paroxysm of grief upon his master, whom he holds by the shoulders with his head buried upon Leicester's breast.

In the distance, and on the extreme left is seen Margaret Curl, the Queen's attendant, who is approaching from her mistress's apartment, whither

she remained to set it in order after she had prepared Mary for her walk to the scaffold.

A short way to the right of Hannah Kennedy, but at a respectful distance from the group, stands Sir Amias Paulet, the keeper of Mary, at the head of a guard of soldiers. He has his hands crossed upon the hilt of his sword—which reaches from his waist to the floor—resolute, obedient, conscientious, loyal, moved by Mary's sad condition, but unaffected by it to the extent of any evasion of duty which his royal mistress or her counsellors of state require to be done. He stands awaiting the termination of the leave-partings, when he is to conduct the doomed sovereign to the block.

In the foreground, is Lord Burleigh, through whose urgent persuasions Queen Elizabeth was prevailed upon finally to sign her royal cousin's death warrant. He is leaning against the balustrade at the head of the stone steps that lead to the fated cell below. His right hand is extended and points in the direction of the scaffold, while the other, which contains the death warrant, holds also his loose, handsomely embroidered garment gathered about his body. His face is turned to the group around Mary, and his stern, hard features indicate malignity, cinicism, satisfaction, gratification, as he sees the near prospect of the realization of his plans, intrigues, and misrepresentations to Queen Elizabeth, and at the same time anxiety lest some accident or mishap might yet intervene and prevent the carrying out of his sovereign's will. Hence his desire to terminate the farewell greetings, which he enjoys in a measure but regards sneeringly. His

dark visage and sinister expressions appear still more repellant in contrast with the long white feather of his chapeau curling around his black luxuriant hair.

The arrangement of the personages in this word painting brings into prominent relief the four principal actors in the tragedy, Queen Mary, Melvil, Leicester, and Lord Burleigh.

At her execution she spurned the proposal to send the Dean of Peterborough, a Protestant, to attend her in the dying hour. After her death the Dean whilst her head was being held up to the gaze of the spectators said: "So perish all the Queen's enemies? She was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The King of Scotland her son, in hot vengeance, declared wrath against Elizabeth the murderer of his mother, but she wrote him letters of explanation and conciliation and so absorbed was he in the idea of the succession to Elizabeth's crown that the foul murder of his mother was passed unheeded by.

Thus passed away from earth, Marie Stuart a charming woman in mind, personal loveliness and conversation. Ambition ruined her and the breath of fanaticism soiled her young and ardent spirits. Let us close her melancholy career with the well known epitaph. "Requiescat in pace."

One of the great results of the death of Mary was the Armada, which occurred immediately after her execution at Fotheringay, and with which we close these sketches of Scottish History.

## THE SPANISH ARMADA.

“ In the year 1587, when Elizabeth sat on the throne, rumours were abroad of a mighty armament preparing by Philip II. of Spain for the invasion of England.

Early in the year 1588 the invader had completed his preparations. An armament was collected at Lisbon, the most formidable that had ever been launched on the sea. It received the name of *The Invincible Armada*, from the vain presumption that it could not be resisted. It consisted of 65 large ships of war, besides numerous vessels of smaller size,—in all 130 vessels, carrying 2431 pieces of artillery. The sailors and soldiers numbered 30,000, and, besides these, there were on board no fewer than 600 monks.

The Armada had been appointed to sail early in May, but was delayed by the death of the two principal commanders. At length it left Lisbon; and, on Friday, July 19, its appearance off Lizard Point was announced at Plymouth, where the main squadron of the English fleet was stationed.

“ Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise :

I sing of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,

When that great fleet invincible against her bore, in vain,

The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts in Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day,



There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to  
Plymouth Bay ;  
The crew had seen Castile's black fleet beyond  
Aurigny's Isle,  
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving  
many a mile.  
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial  
grace ;  
And the tall Pinta till the noon had held her  
close in chase.  
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along  
the wall ;  
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecombe's  
lofty hall ;  
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along  
the coast ;  
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland  
many a post.

With his white hair unbonneted the stout old  
sheriff comes ;  
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him  
sound the drums.  
The yeomen round the market-cross make clear  
an ample space,  
For there behoves him to set up the standard of  
Her Grace :  
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance  
the bells,  
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon  
swells.  
Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient  
crown,

And underneath his deadly paws treads the gay  
 lilies down !  
 So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that  
 famed Picard field,  
 Bohemia's plume and Genoa's bow and Cæsar's  
 eagle shield :  
 So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turn-  
 ed to bay,  
 And crushed and torn beneath his claws the  
 princely huuters lay.  
 Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, sir knight ! Ho !  
 scatter flowers, fair maids !  
 Ho, gunners ! fire a loud salute ! Ho, gallants !  
 draw your blades !  
 Thou, sun, shine on her joyously ! ye breezes,  
 waft her wide !  
 Our glorious *semper eadem*—the banner of our  
 pride !

The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurled that ban-  
 ner's massy fold—  
 The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haugh-  
 ty scroll of gold.  
 Night sunk upon the dusky beach and on the  
 purple sea ;  
 Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er  
 again shall be.  
 From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn  
 to Milford Bay,  
 That time of slumber was as bright, as busy as  
 the day ;  
 For swift to east, and swift to west, the warning  
 radiance spread—

High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone  
on Beachy head.

Far o'er the deep the Spaniard saw, along each  
southern shire,

Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twink-  
ling points of fire.

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glit-  
tering waves,

The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's  
sunless caves :

O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks,  
the fiery herald flew ;

He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge — the  
rangers of Beaulieu.

Right sharp and quick the bells rang out all night  
from Bristol town ;

And ere the day three hundred horse had met  
on Clifton Down

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into  
the night,

And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, that streak  
of blood-red light.

The bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like  
silence broke,

And with one start and with one cry the Royal  
City woke ;

At once, on all her stately gates, arose the ans-  
wering fires ;

At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reel-  
ing spires ;

From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud  
the voice of fear,

And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back  
a louder cheer ;

And from the furthest wards was heard the rush  
of hurrying feet,  
And the broad streams of flags and pikes dashed  
down each rousing street ;  
And broader still became the blaze, and louder  
still the din,  
As fast from every village round the horse came  
spurring in ;  
And eastward straight, for wild Blackheath, the  
warlike errand went ;  
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant  
squires of Kent ;  
Southward, for Surrey's pleasant hills, flew those  
bright coursers forth ;  
High on black Hampstead's swarthy moor they  
started for the north ;  
And on, and on, without a pause, untired, they  
bounded still ;  
All night from tower to tower they sprang, all  
night from hill to hill ;  
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Der-  
went's rocky dales ;  
Till like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy  
hills of Wales ;  
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Mal-  
vern's lonely height ;  
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wre-  
kin's crest of light ;  
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's  
stately fane,  
And town and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the  
boundless plain ;  
Till Belvoir's lordly towers the sign to Lincoln  
sent,

And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wide  
vale of Trent ;  
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on Gaunt's  
embattled pile,  
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burgh-  
ers of Carlisle."

All England was roused. Vigorous preparations had for months before been making to resist the impending attack. The city of London, required to furnish 15 ships and 5000 men-at arms, placed double that number at the service of the Queen ; and other wealthy towns imitated the generous patriotism of the capital. The Royal Navy had before consisted of only 30 vessels, but, by the united efforts of the government and the people, a fleet of 181 vessels was raised. None of them equalled those of the enemy in size, but they were under the command of more skilful seamen. Howard of Effingham was the Lord High Admiral ; and under him were the celebrated naval commanders, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher.

Besides the fleet at Plymouth, an army of defence was posted at Tilbury on the Thames, under the orders of the Earl of Leicester, to oppose the invaders and protect the capital. Elizabeth visited the troops at Tilbury, rode on horseback along the lines, and delivered the following address to them : — " Let tyrants beware. I have always so behaved myself, that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects ; and, therefore, I am come amongst you, as you see, at this time, not for my

own recreation and disport, but being resolved, in the midst, and heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you all,—to lay down, for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood even in the dust. I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England too ; and I think foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm.”

When the news came to Plymouth, the English fleet at once put to sea, and soon came in sight of the enemy, whose huge vessels were seen ploughing the waves in the form of a crescent, which extended about seven miles from one extremity to the other. The Spanish admiral did not attempt a landing on the southern coast, but steered directly up the Channel for the coast of Flanders ; while Lord Howard, with his light vessels, maintained a running fire with great advantage against the colossal ships of the Spanish squadron.

On July 27 the great Armada came to anchor off Calais. Ten days afterwards the Spanish admiral advanced to Dunkirk, in order to clear the sea of the English fleet, and allow the Prince of Parma to embark an invading army. But in the middle of the night Lord Howard despatched a number of fire-ships against the Spanish fleet, and threw the entire Armada into confusion and dismay. Next day a general engagement took place. It lasted from four o'clock in the morning till six at night, and so disabled the mighty armament that the Spanish commander abandoned the enterprise ; and, in order

to save the remainder of his fleet, he resolved to return to Spain by circumnavigating the British Isles. He did not hazard a return by the English Channel. Want of ammunition prevented the conquerors from following him; but the elements rendered hostile operations wholly unnecessary. Soon after rounding the Orkney Islands a dreadful tempest arose, which ignorance of the seas and coasts rendered the more perilous. Horses, mules, artillery, and stores were thrown overboard, and the ships were scattered in all directions. Some were driven to the Norwegian shore, and stranded; others were wrecked on the Western Isles of Scotland; a few foundered with every soul on board; and upwards of thirty went to pieces on the coast of Ireland, near the Giant's Causeway. Towards the close of September the Spanish admiral reached Santander, in the Bay of Biscay, with a mere remnant of his force, the vessels shattered and the crews worn out.

Such was the issue of this memorable expedition, which cost Spain thousands of men and millions of money.

Elizabeth went in state to St. Paul's, to acknowledge the hand of Providence, which had been so visibly manifested in the signal deliverance of the country. A medal was struck bearing the appropriate inscription, "*Afflavit Deus et dissipantur*—God blew and they were scattered."

The dominion of the seas soon after this passed into the hands of Britain and she has ever since maintained her supremacy. May she continue to do so till the Archangel's blast declareth "Time

shall be no more" and "Albion's Isle—*cum totam terram*,—be burned and parched and withered like to a scroll and a new Heaven and Earth arise from out the calcined ruins. "So mote it be."

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## CHAPTER XXV.

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### CONTENTS:

Continuation of the History of Scotland till the Union.—Queen Elizabeth's Death.—James Ist reign.—Charles I.—The Protector.—Charles II.—The Last Parliament and Union of Scotland and England.

"Concordia est Salus."

THE MONTREAL CITY MOTTO.

AT the solicitation of several friends who desire me to carry on the thread of Scotia's interesting History to the Union and leave off there, I will comply, in succinctly glancing at the principal items of information and importance from the Spanish Armada to the Union of Scotland and England in the person of James VIth.

When Queen Elizabeth placed her signature to the warrant for the execution of the young Earl of Essex she never enjoyed a day's happiness after. All her pleasures seemed to expire, she went about the business of the state mechanically and from the force of habit alone, her satisfactions and her pleasures were gone for ever,

This distress was enough to destroy her otherwise robust constitution and her end seemed rapid.



ly approaching. Not long after, her voice left her and she fell into a lethargic slumber which continued some hours, but awaking, she addressed her courtiers in these words so often quoted now to show the utter worthlessness of all sublunary things, "All my possessions for an inch of time" and gently expired without a groan in the seventieth year of her age and the forty-fifth of her reign. "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

Immediately on her demise 24th March 1603, Sir Robert Carey started from London to carry the news of the Queen's death to Edinburgh to King James. Fast and furious rode the knight (there were no railways or telegraphs then) night and day bravely on he rode and on Saturday night when the King had retired to bed, his horse's hoofs were heard clattering over the causeway of Edinburgh's High Street as down he rode to the Palace of Holyrood. He alighted there and was immediately ushered into the King's presence where at his bedside, kneeling down, he announced that his mistress Queen Elizabeth was dead, and saluted him as James the 1st of England. When three days after, he was proclaimed King of England, Scotland and Ireland, at the Cross of Edinburgh, there was a great blare of trumpets, singing and mighty cheering by all the people. It was exactly one hundred years before, when the stately Earl of Surry had delivered the beautiful English maiden into the hands of the Scottish barons, who became in time the great grand-mother of James VIth, and who was the first to mix the royal blood of Albion and Scotland in one commingling, and now James as the result,

quietly stepped into the vacant throne of Queen Elizabeth of England.

Just as *his* only daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, married Frederick the Elector Palatine of the Rhine, from whom Our Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria descends and counts as having Stuart blood within her veins, so History repeats itself, for, from the time when Margaret Tudor the sister of Henry VIIIth wed the Scottish King, we look on, and see another English Princess brought to Bonnie Scotland as a Clansman's wife, in the person of H. R. Highness Princess Louise. And thus the countries are mixing MORE AND MORE and the time may come when all difference in religion, language and laws will be for ever swept away and Albion's Isle from Johnny Groat's House to Land's End be one in friendship, love and peace.

The History of King James' reign and that of his immediate successors belong principally to England and we will therefore only glance at the chief events therein. We may however state that if the Scotch like the Irish their brethren, were of capacious dispositions, wishing for Home Rule and all its accessories the following from Mackenzie's History may well make them so, *even at the present hour.*

“The Scotch had small cause, in the first instance, to rejoice in the elevation of their king to the English throne. The loss of the court with its trappings and pageantries, which brought custom to the booths of the Edinburgh merchants and gave employment to the craftsmen, was severely felt. *Then the nobility and gentry followed the court to*

*London, and spent there the incomes of their Scotch estates. The intercourse between the two countries was so small that the money never came back. It made matters worse that France, which had long favoured the Scotch by admitting their exports into French ports at trifling duties, now withdrew the preference, to the great injury of the trade of Scotland.*

With her little trade thus sorely crippled, her court gone, and her money all flowing south, Scotland afforded no field for the enterprise of her sons. Great numbers of them left their native land to push for room and living in the world elsewhere. They repaired in such swarms to London, that the king had proclamation made at all the market-crosses of Scotland, forbidding any man to leave the country without a passport from the Privy Council. Many passed beyond the sea, and took service under foreign princes. A strong national brigade of Scots served under the banners of the celebrated Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden. Others entered the service of Austria, France, or the Italian States. Scots occasionally found themselves opposed to Scots in the continental wars, and sometimes a party of them, mounting a breach, would be hailed by a Scotch voice, "Come on; this is not like gallanting at the cross of Edinburgh!" Another numerous class of Scotsmen found an outlet as pedlars and petty traders in Germany and Poland. In those days, when all trading was done at fairs, the travelling merchant, who carried his goods on pack-horses, or bore his pack on his own back, was an important person. Scotch pedlars abounded all over

the north of Europe, and carried on most of the inland trade. Cautious, frugal, and persevering, many of them returned to their native country with what enabled them to pass the rest of their lives in ease and comfort."

After the death of James, his son Charles I, ascended the throne, who considered that a King's mere will is above every law, but found himself mistaken. Charles visited Scotland like his father James. His insolence to his Parliament was almost unbounded. It was during his reign that the "Service Book" set all Scotland and England in commotion. Charles refused to make the least concession and then came the terrible days of the Cavaliers and Roundheads, and the battle of Marston Moor, etc. Charles died on the scaffold, the Martyr King as he has been called, and yet he was one who went against the wishes and advice of all his friends and people. He left his son Charles II, who was proclaimed in Scotland and who was a bigger blockhead than his father. *Vox populi* must prevail.

Between them reigned the Protector, fit title for the good he did. Oliver Cromwell was the people's man, yet even he outstepped his bounds ; but all he did never could surpass the littleness and nothingness of Charles II, who burned the works of mighty Milton and George Buchanan because it is said they contained teachings that men are not born slaves. Add to all this, the sainted bones of Cromwell's aged mother were exhumed and thrown to the wind, and BLAKE,

"Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell"

the mightiest save Nelson of Britain's Ocean's Sons, Blake's body was exhumed by the Merry Monarch's order and thrown, with a hundred others into a heap in St. Margaret's Church yard. Small spite and petty envy, fit attendants of such a royal crew. Amongst all the high born personages, who perished in this reign, there were none so pure, none so good, none so loyal as the Marquis of Argyll; McKenzie thus speaks :

The Marquis of Argyll, noble old Christian patriot, first statesman of his age, wise and revered counsellor of the Covenanters in the stormy times of the first Charles, went to London to congratulate the king on his restoration. It was he who set the crown on the king's head at Scone. When Charles was informed that Argyll had come to wait upon him, with an angry stamp of his foot he ordered him to be carried prisoner to the Tower. From the Tower he was sent down to Scotland to undergo a mock trial before a packed Parliament. He was found guilty of treason, in having complied with the government of Cromwell. They took a vote, "Head or hang?" and it carried "Head," the execution to be in two days. In prison the marquis said to his friends, "Shortly you will envy me who am got before you. Mind that I tell you; my skill fails if you will not either suffer much or sin much." On the way to the scaffold, "I could die," he said, "like a Roman, but choose rather to die as a Christian." And never, perhaps, in any death-scene to be read of in history, did the power in which dying saints are more than conquerors shine forth, more serene and grand, than on the scaffold where Archi-

bald, Marquis of Argyll, stooped his head to the loaded axe of the "maiden."

Let us pass over the intervening years to the Union of the countries. Black, dark and desolate draw we a veil over Dumclog, Rullion Green and Glencoe. Suffice it say that after years of persecution, bloodshed and oppression Scotland at last attained her freedom her religion and her laws and nothing can be more appropriate or words more grand than the closing lines of McKenzie's History of our own loved Caledonia.

"Look, then, at an ancient Scottish spectacle, to be seen this once, and then to vanish for ever. It is the Riding of the Parliament, 1706 or procession at the opening of its sittings. The long line of street from Holyrood up to the Parliament House is railed on both sides. Outside the rails, the street is lined with guards on foot and on horse. Along this railed and guarded avenue the procession comes, headed by trumpeters and pursuivants in quaint heraldic garb. The members of Parliament come riding two and two. The commissioners of burghs have each one lackey attending on foot; commissioners of shires have two. After them come the barons and viscounts, each having a gentleman to support his train, and three lackeys to attend. The earls follow next, each having his train-bearing gentleman and four lackeys. Then come more trumpeters, pursuivants, and heralds, followed by the Lion-king-at-arms with robe, chain, baton, and foot-mantle. Next follow the crown, the sceptre, the purse, and the royal commission, each carried by an earl. The Lord High

Commissioner comes after, with his pages and footmen. Six marquises, each with six lackeys, and four dukes, each with eight lackeys, follow the commissioner. A troop of horse guards bring up the rear and closes the procession. Such was the Riding of the Scotch Parliament, a picturesque, many-coloured show, on which many generations of the Edinburgh citizens had gazed, but which they now saw for the last time.

The last Scottish Parliament is sitting, then. Fiery Scottish eloquence blazes out; the debates are vehement, stormy, fierce. Eager crowds wait without, clamorously debating over again what is debated within. The city, which is crowded with strangers from all parts of the country, seems as if under military occupation. Strong bodies of troops mount guard in the different streets. A wild cheer or a deep yell of execration gives occasional expression to the passions of the mob. A carriage drives swiftly along the street towards the Parliament House. The mob recognise the owner, and follow him with volleys of stones and curses. People talk together with loud voice and vehement gestures. All work and business stand still. Such is the appearance of Edinburgh when Scotland's last Parliament is debating the treaty of union.

All over the country, the excitement is equally great. Every man's blood is at fever heat. Scotland with one voice is against the union; for if Scotland gives up her own government, what treatment may not her Church, her commerce, receive at the hands of that powerful sister who had shown herself so jealous and grasping! Is the indepen-

dence bought with the blood of heroes to be given away to our ancient enemy? The agitation shakes the kingdom to its remotest corner. But the Act of Union is safe to pass, and it passes—the votes of a large majority of the Parliament being duly bought with English gold.

On the 1st day of May, the Act, having been passed also in the English Parliament, came into operation. The two nations, which in the course of their history had fought with each other three hundred and fourteen battles, and slain of each other's subjects more than a million of men, were now one. Scotland thenceforward ceased to have a separate government, and her Parliament merged in the one Parliament of Great Britain. "There is the end of an old song," said Lord Seafield, the Chancellor, when the last formality was over, and the Scottish Parliament broke up for ever. Perhaps it was the saying of a man who affects indifference when his heart is heavy.

From the period of the Union, Scotland, amalgamated with England into one empire, ceases to have a separate history. She has enjoyed the vast advantage of being united with a great and powerful nation, and in the marvellous prosperity of the British Empire she has fully shared. Her imports of foreign merchandise have increased since the Union twenty-fold, her exports have increased forty-fold, and her revenue sixty-fold. Her agriculture is perhaps the best in the world. Her manufactures and the rich resources of her mineral wealth have been developed to a vast and splendid extent. The comforts and accommodations of life



have increased beyond calculation. Little thatch-roofed towns, their streets soaking with filth, and lighted at night by the yellow glimmer of horn lanterns which the citizens were ordered to hang out, have grown into cities of palaces, where the brilliancy of gas turns night into day. Bridle-paths, deep in mire, winding over dreary breadths of moorland, have been changed into railroads; and the pack-horse, slow-plodding on his way, has given place to the steam-car. The carrier, as the organ of communication, has yielded up his business to the penny-post and the electric telegraph.

If Scotland shares in the prosperity and glory of Britain, Scotland may be permitted to say that she has contributed to both. The Scotchman, James Watt, and his steam-engine, have enabled Britain to manufacture for the world. The Scotchman, Adam Smith, taught Britain the great principle of free-trade, which is giving daily expansion to her commerce and increase to her wealth. Among the authors, the poets, the orators, the philosophers, whose genius has exalted the fame of our common country, the names of Scotchmen are not the meanest. And where is the region of the earth in which Scottish blood has not flowed to maintain the rights and the honor of Britain? The snows of Canada and the sands of Egypt, the fields of Spain and of India, have drunk it in. The ringing cheer of "Scotland for ever!" as the Greys galloped down the slope of Waterloo, told that the despot's hour was come. And who will ever forget the "thin red streak" at Balaclava, or the battle-march of Havelock's heroic men to the relief of Lucknow?

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## HISTORY OF THE HOUSE OF ARGYLL.

THE name of Argyll is derived from two Gaelic words *Earra Ghaidheal* or the country of the western Gael. Skene however says it is derived from *Oirirgael* that name by which the Highlanders call the ancient district of Argyll including Lochaber and Wester Ross. "In the middle ages the Macdougalls of Lorn held sway over Argyll and Mull whilst the Macdonalds, Lords of the Isles were supreme in Islay, Kintyre and the Southern Islands. The power of the Macdonalds was broken by Robert the Bruce and their estates bestowed on the Campbells, who originally belonged to the ancient earldom of Garmoran."

Campbell is a name of great antiquity in Scottish History and one of those most frequently mentioned. Pinkerton states that the name is derived from that of a Norman Knight named de Campo Bello. This Knight came to England in the train and with the army of William the Conqueror. This idea is supposed by other writers to be erroneous, as the name does not appear in the famous list of the Roll of Battle-Abbey, nevertheless such a Knight may have come over later in the reign of William 1st or of his son William II and the Rufus.

In the oldest form of writing the name however is spelled Cambel or Kambel and is thus found in many ancient documents. This mode of spelling the word was generally adopted "by parties not

acquainted with the individuals whose name they record," as it is certain that at every period, the family has always written the name CAMPBELL and "notwithstanding the extraordinary diversity that occurs in the spelling of other names by their holders, yet the invariable employment of the letter *p* by the Campbells themselves would be a strong argument for the southern origin of the name did there not exist in the record of the parliament of Robert Bruce in 1320 the name of the then head of the family, entered as Sir Nigel de Campo Bello."

There are several fabulous tales of the sennachies which are unnecessary to be treated of here. "According to the genealogists of the family of Argyll their predecessors on the female side were possessors of Lochow in Argyllshire as early as A. D. 404." In the eleventh century Gillespie or Archibald Campbell a gentleman of Anglo-Norman lineage, acquired these lands of Lochow by marriage with Eva, daughter of Paul O'Dwin, Lord of Lochow, who was otherwise called Paul Isporrán, from his being the treasurer of the King. His son was called Duncan who lived in the reign of Malcolm IVth and left a son Colin who possessed the property in the reign of William the Lion. During the reign of Alexander Ist his son Gillespie or Archibald must have held Lochow as he is mentioned in the statutes of that King. His son Duncan married a daughter of the House of Comyn in the reign of the IInd Alexander whose son Sir Gillespie is mentioned in the times of Alexander IIIrd.

Sir Colin Campbell of Lochow distinguished himself during this King's reign and was Knighted by

him in 1280. In 1291 he was one of the nominees on the part of Robert Bruce in the contest for the Scottish crown. He greatly added to his estates and hence received the name of MAC CHAILLAN MORE. More signifies great and Mac means son and therefore the whole name signifies *Colin the great chief*.

He quarrelled with a powerful neighbor the Lord of Lorne and in the feud was slain. This occasioned a series of bitter fights between the two houses of Lochow and Lorne, which were at last ended by the marriage of the daughter of Ergadia the Celtic proprietor of Lorne with John Stewart of Innermeath, 1386.

Sir Niel Campbell of Lochow, his eldest son, swore fealty to Edward Ist, but afterwards joined Robert the Bruce and fought bravely and like a worthy patriot as he was, by the side of his renowned master, in every battle, from that of Methven to the glorious victory of Bannockburn. The King rewarded his services by giving him in marriage *his own sister* Lady Mary Bruce. His next brother Donald is the progenitor of the race of the Campbells of Loudon.

After the death of Sir Niel, Sir Colin obtained a charter from his uncle King Robert Bruce of the lands of Lochow and Ardscondniche in which he is designated *Colinus filius Nigelli Cambel militis*. He died about 1340 and his eldest son Sir Gillespie or Archibald succeeded, who dying left the estates to his eldest son Sir Duncan. He was one of the hostages, under the name of Duncan, *Lord of Argyll*, for the sum of £40,000, for the expense of King

James Ist maintenance during his imprisonment in England. *Sir Duncan was the first who assumed the name of Argyll.* He died in 1453 and was buried at Kilmun. He had married Marjory or Mariota Stuart daughter of Robert, Duke of Albany, Governor of Scotland. He became a Lord of Parliament in 1445 under the title of *Lord Campbell, the first so called of this title.* He was succeeded by his grandson Colin, the son of his second son who had died before him. It was this Campbell who married the eldest daughter of John Stewart third Lord of Lorne and of Innermeath. In 1457 he was created *the first Earl of Argyll* and was also lord high Chancellor of Scotland. His wife Lady Isabella Stuart was the eldest of three sisters. The first Earl of Argyll having acquired the principal part of the landed property of his wife's sisters, then entered into a transaction with Walter Stewart, Lord of Lorne, their uncle to whom the Lordship of Lorne had descended by which he resigned the title and lordship of Lorne in favor of the Earl of Argyll who there upon added the style and designation of Lord Lorne to his other titles; being now called LORD CAMPBELL, THE EARL OF ARGYLL AND BARON OF LORNE. He died in 1493. His eldest son Archibald the second Earl was one of those who fell fighting around their King at Flodden's bloody field. He commanded the right wing of the Scottish army in that sanguinary day. His eldest son Colin thus became the third Earl. He was justice-general of Scotland. He accompanied the young King James Vth against the Queen mother and the rebel Lords and on the escape of the King in his 17th year from the

power of the House of Douglas he was one of the very first to join his King at Stirling Castle. He fought against the Earl of Angus and compelled him to flee to England, and died 1530.

By his Countess Lady Jane Gordon he had three sons and a daughter. The eldest son Archibald became the fourth Earl of Argyll, 1530. He was appointed to all the offices which had been held by the former two Earls. *This Earl is memorable as the first of the Scots nobles who embraced the Reformation.* At the disastrous battle of Pinkie in 1547, the Earl of Argyll had the command of a large body of Highlanders. When the Queen Regent (Mary of Guise) proceeded to the north in 1556 to hold justice courts for the punishment of great offenders, the Earl of Argyll accompanied her. He died in 1558. He was twice married; 1st Lady Helen Hamilton; 2nd Lady Mary Graham. The son of Lady Hamilton became the fifth Earl, and the son of Lady Graham the sixth Earl.

Archibald the fifth Earl was educated by John Douglas his father's domestic Chaplain, who had been a Carmelite Friar but had embraced the Reformed Religion. He distinguished himself as one of the most able among the Lords of the Congregation. This Earl was one of them who went to Paris in order to crown Francis at his marriage with Queen Mary with the title of King of Scotland, but he was against her marrying Darnley, although subscribing for her marriage with Bothwell. After an eventful career, he died in September 1575. He had married Queen Mary's half-sister and died without issue, and was succeed-

ed by his brother Colin sixth Earl of Argyll and who was also lord high Chancellor. This Earl on the 28th January 1581 with the King and many of the nobles subscribed *the second Confession of Faith*. After a long illness he died in 1584. He was twice married, 1st Janet, eldest daughter of Lord Methven, no issue, and 2d Lady Agnes Keith whose eldest son became Archibald seventh Earl of Argyll. He was a minor when his father died.

In 1592 when little more than 16 years of age he married Lady Anne Douglas. When the decret of ranking the Scots' nobility in 1606 was issued the Earl of Argyll was placed second on the list of Earls. His first Countess having died, he married Anne, daughter of Sir William Cornwall. This lady was a zealous Roman Catholic and although the Earl was a warm Protestant she gradually drew him over to profess the same faith as herself. By Lady Anne Douglas he had a son who became Archibald eighth Earl of Argyll. He died in London in 1638.

Archibald Campbell the eighth Earl an eminent patriot was created in 1641, *the first Marquis of Argyll*. He attended the general assembly held at Glasgow. This Earl had the principal hand in bringing Charles II to Scotland during the times of Charles II and Cromwell. He played an important part, but was at last condemned to be executed.

He was beheaded, by the Maiden a kind of guillotine, at the Cross of Edinburgh, May 27th 1661. On the sentence being pronounced the Marquis said "I had the honor to set the crown upon the King's head and now he hastens me to a better crown than

his own." By his wife Lady Margaret Douglas he had two sons and three daughters. His eldest son became Archibald ninth Earl of Argyll and second Marquis. He was educated in the true principles of loyalty and the Protestant religion by his father. Like his father he fell into difficulty with the government and being confined in Edinburgh, was at last beheaded by the Maiden June 30th 1685. He was twice married; 1st Lady Mary Stuart and 2nd Lady Anne Mackenzie. His eldest son Archibald Campbell became the tenth Earl, the third Marquis and *the first who bore the title of DUKE OF ARGYLL*. He was created Duke in 1701, was an active promoter of the Revolution. He also accompanied the Prince of Orange to England. He was one of the Scots commissioners who were deputed to offer the crown of Scotland to "William of pious memory," and to tender him the coronation oath. For this and other eminent services the family estates which had been forfeited were restored to him. On the 23rd June 1701 he was created by letters patent *DUKE OF ARGYLL, Marquis of Lorne and Kintyre, Earl of Campbell, Viscount of Lochow and Baron Inverary*. He married Elizabeth daughter of Sir Lionel Talmash and left two sons, the elder becoming the celebrated John, Duke of Argyll. He died in 1703.

John Campbell, the second Duke, who was also created Duke of Greenwich, was the martial hero of the House of Campbell or Argyll. On the very day in which his grand-father was beheaded he fell from a window of an upper room of Lethington, then the seat of his grand-mother the Duchess of Lauderdale, and received no injury. When seven-



teen years of age, his father introduced him to King William who gave him the command of a regiment. Nine years after on the death of his father he became Duke of Argyll. When the order of the Thistle was revived in 1704, he was installed one of the Knights of that order. Being sent to Scotland relative to the Union he became very unpopular there. In 1706, his Grace fought in Flanders under the great Marlborough and distinguished himself at the battle of Ramillies and at the siege of Ostend, as also at the attack of Meenen. In 1708 he commanded 20 battalions at the famous battle of Oudenarde and took a considerable share in the victory of Malplaquet. When George the first arrived in England he was made general and commander-in-chief of the King's forces in Scotland. He was also afterwards made Field Marshal.

The Rebellion broke out in 1715. The Duke of Argyll then defeated the army of the Earl of Mar at Sheriffmuir and forced the Pretender to retire from Scotland. He passed through many vicissitudes, being several times deprived of his offices and again having them restored. This amiable and highly accomplished nobleman has been immortalized by Pope in the lines :

“ Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield  
And shake alike the senate and the field.”

The celebrated Scottish Poet, Thomson, the author of “The Seasons,” in Winter introduces an encomium on his Grace, and he is also mentioned by Tickell, Broome and other poets of his time. The lines of Thomson are the following :

“ Yes, there are such. And full on thee, *Argyll*,  
 Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,  
 From the first *patriots* and her heroes sprung,  
 Thy fond imploring country turns her eye ;  
 In thee, with all a mother’s triumph, sees  
 Her every virtue, every grace combin’d ;  
 Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn ;  
 Her pride of honour, and her courage tried,  
 Calm and intrepid, in the very throat  
 Of sulph’rous war, on Tenier’s dreadful field.  
*Nor less the palm of peace invreaths thy brow ;*  
*For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue*  
*Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate ;*  
 While mix’d in thee combine the charm of youth,  
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age.  
 Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,  
 As truths sincere, as weeping friendship kind ;  
 Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,  
 Thy country feels thro’ her reviving arts,  
 Plann’d by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform’d ;  
 And seldom has she known a friend like thee.”

He was twice married, 1st Mary Brown and 2nd Jane Warburton. He left no son but five daughters by his second wife and thus his English titles at his death in 1743. became extinct whilst the *Argyll* estates passed into the hands of his brother Archibald, third Duke of *Argyll*.

This short sketch of the great Duke of *Argyll* would be incomplete without inserting the well known song made on his Grace during the stirring period of 1715. Every one knows the song and air.

## THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,  
 Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay;  
 I looked down to bonnie Lochleven,  
 And saw three bonnie perches play.

The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho,  
 The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho,  
 The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Lochleven,  
 The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho.

The great Argyll, he goes before,  
 He makes the canons and guns to roar :  
 Wi' sound o' trumpet, pipe and drum,  
 The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho.

The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho,  
 The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho,  
 The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Lochleven,  
 The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho.

The Campbells they are a' in arms,  
 Their loyal faith and truth to show ;  
 Wi' banners rattlin' in the wind,  
 The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho.

The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho,  
 The Campbells are comin' O ho, O ho ;  
 The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Lochleven,  
 The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho.

Archibald the third Duke was also under General Marlborough, but soon abandoned the military

profession and employed himself in acquiring those qualifications necessary for a statesman. He fought for the King during the rebellion of 1715 and was wounded at Sheriffmuir. *This Duke built the beautiful Castle of Inverary* and collected one of the most valuable private libraries in Great Britain. He died suddenly while sitting in his chair at dinner, April 15th 1761. He had married a daughter of Mr. Whitfield, pay master of Marines, but had no children. The title then descended to his cousin, John, fourth Duke, son of the Hon. John Campbell of Mamore, the second son of Archibald, the ninth Earl of Argyll, he who was beheaded in 1685. He also was in the army and acted as aide-de-camp to his chief "The Great Argyll." When he succeeded to the title he was chosen one of the sixteen representative peers of Scotland. He died in 1770 in the 77th year of his age. He married the Hon. Mary Bellenden and had four sons and a daughter. His eldest son John succeeded him as fifth Duke of Argyll in 1770. This Duke was chosen the first President of the Highland Society of Scotland, to which Society, his Grace generously donated the handsome sum of £1,000 sterling as the beginning of a fund for educating young men of the West Highlands for the Navy. He had married in 1759 Elizabeth, widow of James, sixth Duke of Hamilton. His family consisted of three sons and two daughters: 1. George John, Earl of Campbell, who died in infancy; 2. George William, Marquis of Lorne, and who became the sixth Duke of Argyll; 3. John Douglas Edward Henry, who became the seventh Duke of Argyll, and Lady Augusta and

Lady Charlotte Susan Maria who is styled "The Flower of the House of Argyll." She was the Authoress of several novels. The Duke died 24th May 1806 in the 83rd year of his age.

George William his son succeeded as the sixth Duke. He was appointed vice-admiral over the western coasts and islands of Scotland. He married 1810, Caroline Elizabeth, daughter of the fourth Earl of Jersey, and died October 1839 without issue.

His brother, John Douglas Edward Henry, succeeded as seventh Duke. This Duke was no less than three times married, 1st to Elizabeth Campbell of Fairfield, who died in 1818; 2nd to Joan Glassel of Long Niddry, and 3rd to Anne Colquhoun Cunningham of Craigends. His second wife bore him two sons and one daughter. The first son, John Henry died when in his sixteenth year, his second, George Douglas, Marquis of Lorne succeeded as the present or eighth Duke of Argyll. His Grace died A. D. 1847.

George Douglas Campbell, the eighth Duke, the present worthy representative of the ancient House was born in 1823. He is not only an Author of no mean fame but a distinguished orator and statesman. Long before he came to the dukedom of Argyll, he took a prominent part in the controversy then raging throughout Scotland in connection with patronage and ended in joining the side of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers. In 1842, when only nineteen years of age he issued a pamphlet entitled "A Letter to the Peers from a Peer's son." Several others followed, chief of which perhaps is that entitled "An

Essay on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland since the Reformation. In 1848, he published an essay called: "Presbytery Examined." His last work, 1878, on the Eastern Question, has had so rapid a sale that the publishers cannot supply the demand.

He was elected Chancellor of St. Andrew's University, 1851, Lord Privy Seal, 1853-5; Postmaster General, 1855-8; Knight of the Thistle 1856 and again Lord Privy Seal 1859. He was also for two years 1854 and 1855, Chancellor of the University of Glasgow. In 1861 he was elected President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. He is also a Fellow of the Royal Society and an L.L.D.

When the Gladstone government came into power, his Grace accepted the position of Secretary of State for India in the duties of which department he was ably seconded and assisted by his eldest son, the Marquis of Lorne.

The Duke of Argyll married in 1844, Lady Elizabeth Georgiana Sutherland Leveson-Gower, the eldest daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland and late Mistress of the Robes to her Majesty the Queen. When she died, she was universally regretted by all who knew her as one of the most Christian and benevolent woman in Great Britain and bearing somewhat a strong resemblance to our Most Gracious Majesty, in her acts of goodness and sympathy to her fellow creatures. God blessed this union in a remarkable degree, the Duke and Duchess having no less than five sons and seven daughters, of whom the Marquis of Lorne, the eldest and heir apparent to the Dukedom, is now, with his

Illustrious Consort, in Canada, as the Governor General.

This sketch would be incomplete without inserting short biographical notices of the present occupants of Rideau Hall or Government House, Ottawa.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, John George Edward Henry Douglas Sutherland Campbell, M.P. for his native county, before he came to Canada, is the eldest son of the eighth and present Duke of Argyll. He was born A. D. 1845 and educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge.

Every one remembers our beloved Queen's description of her future son-in-law when in "*Our Life in the Highlands*" she thus speaks of her reception at the old Castle of Inverary. "Our reception was in the true Highland fashion. The pipers walked before the carriage and the Highlanders on either side, as we approached the house. Outside stood the Marquis of Lorne, just two years old, a dear, white, fat, fair little fellow, with reddish hair, but very delicate features like both his father and mother; he is such a merry independent little child. He had a black velvet dress and jacket, with a "Sporran" scarf, and "Highland bonnet."

His Excellency in 1866 was appointed a Captain in the London Scottish Volunteers and in 1869, in the Sutherlandshire Rifles.

He is a zealous supporter of the volunteer movement, and is a practised marksman with the rifle. He has shot with success in the University vs. House of Lords and Commons' matches at Wimbledon. He

undertook, whilst Private Secretary to his father in the office of Secretary of State for India, and carried on with assiduity and success, an amount of business not usually within the sphere nor the ordinary capacity of a private secretary. When he returned from a visit to the United States he published an interesting volume called "A Trip to the Tropics" "a creditable production when the extreme youth and aristocratic education of the writer are taken into consideration," thus writes an editorial critic.

But the greatest event in the life of the Marquis of Lorne is his propitious marriage with Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, the fourth daughter of Our Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

H. R. H. PRINCESS LOUISE, was born at Buckingham Palace 18th May 1848. She is highly accomplished in drawing, painting, but especially sculpture. The bust of Her Majesty, her Mother in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1870 "possessed real merits of execution and verisimilitude." When the news of the intended marriage of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise was made public, a vast amount of congratulation succeeded in every circle of every dependency of the British Empire, as well as throughout Great Britain. The peculiarity of this marriage was the theme on every tongue. A subject, though that subject, one of the highest of the realm, to become the husband of one of the Royal Princesses, this was indeed, the breaking down of old conventionalities and almost adamant usage. For five hundred



years previous in the History of England no Princess had been allowed to marry a subject of the reigning house. Princes have occasionally broken through this law, but of the Royal Princesses, *never one*; not one single instance is there on record since the days of Edward IIIrd, five hundred years ago. There have been four or five instances of princesses marrying subjects, but these have all been under peculiar circumstances and some of them never fully recognized. "It is a well known fact that during the past hundred years the marriage of Royalty with a subject has been illegal, except the royal personage intending to contract such a marriage has received for it the special sanction of the Sovereign." "It is impossible then, not to admire the courage of Her Majesty in putting aside precedents, which were thus enforced by some of her predecessors without any consideration for the feelings of those immediately affected by them. The Queen has preferred the happiness of her daughter to a pedantic adherence at variance with popular feeling and which now ceased to be supported by any weight of reason."

And now in March 1871, the highest and most exalted of all the brides of the House of Argyll, stands before the altar to become the wife of the future MacCaillan More. In the words of the "*Court Journal*." "Having arrived at the altar the group is formed. Though the voice of the good Bishop (the Bishop of London) is plainly audible and we see Her Majesty's movement of assent that she gives the Princess away, nothing more is heard; and we rather extol the depriving us of the plea-

sure of a loud response, for when two fond hearts pledge themselves as they do undoubtedly here, to our thinking the natural tone is love's whisper. And now 'tis done, and John Douglas Sutherland and Louise Caroline Alberta (as they were named by the Bishop in the ceremony) are one." "The Princess embraces her mother and the Marquis kneels and kisses the Queen's hand and the ceremony is complete."

This sketch would be incomplete without the two songs made on this auspicious occasion, one from the pen of a Canadian Author, Evan McColl, of Kingston, the other from the Poetess F. R. Havergal, lately dead. With these we conclude these "Sketches of Scottish History," and reiterate again what we wished in the Dedication at the commencement of these Sketches, that God will long bless and prosper them both in "Health, Wealth and Estate."

## I

## LOUISE.

Hurrah ! for the news o'er the wide world just  
gone out !

The bards all enraptured are rhyming upon it :  
A son of the Mist (up yet higher my bonnet !)

Has won the young heart of Balmoral's Louise.  
Glad tidings to all save those wee German lairdies  
Whose wont was to steal our choice flowers for  
their "yairdies."

Hence forth, from such theft let's pray Cupid to  
guard us,

And give a gay Lorne to each charming Louise.

'Tis long since the Gael of both mainland and  
 island  
 Well knew that in heart the dear lassie was High-  
 land,  
 The Stuart, it seemed, with a strip o' Argyll in't,  
 Would just be the plaid to suit winsome Louise!  
 Though earth's proudest King might right glad be  
 to wed her,  
 She's much better match'd—thanks to love mang  
 the heather!  
 A lad who can sport the MacCailean's proud feather  
 Is just the right mate for the bonny Louise!

A gathering of Clans on my vision is looming,  
 Dunchuaich proudly echoes "The Campbells are  
 coming!"  
 In fancy I listen the *Gunna Cam* booming  
 Its joy at the Bridal of Lorne and Louise.  
 Alas that in fancy alone can I wend there  
 My welcome to give them—my homage to tender,  
 And help happy thousands the welkin to rend there,  
 Proud toasting Lord Lorne and the Lady Louise.

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 II

## SCOTLAND'S WELCOME.

Sweet rose of the south, contented to rest  
 In the fair island home which thy presence has  
 blessed,  
 From the Highlands resounding glad welcome shall  
 float,  
 And the Lowlands re-echo the jubilant note.

Merry England has loved thee and cherished thee  
 long,  
 Her blessings go with thee in prayer and in song ;  
 Bonnie Scotland has won thee, and lays at thy feet  
 Love tender and fervent, love loyal and sweet.

*Chorus.*—Our own bonnie Scotland with welcome  
 shall ring,  
 While greeting and homage we loyally  
 bring ;  
 The crown of our love shall thy diadem be,  
 And the throne of our hearts is waiting  
 for thee.

Then come like the summer that gilds with a smile  
 The dark mountains and valleys of lonely Argyll,  
 Golden splendour shall fall on the pale northern  
 snow  
 And with rose-light of love, the purple shall glow.  
 Though the voice that should bless, and the hand  
 that should seal,  
 Are away and at rest in the “ Land o’ the leal,”  
 May the God of thy Father look graciously down  
 With blessings on blessings thy gladness to crown.

*Chorus.*—Our own bonnie Scotland with welcome  
 shall ring,  
 While greeting and homage we loyally  
 bring,  
 The crown of our love shall thy diadem be,  
 And the throne of our hearts is waiting  
 for thee.

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## FUGITIVE PIECES

BY

REV. JOHN DOUGLAS BORTHWICK,

*Written on various occasions in the later History of Great Britain.*

## FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

ON LEAVING SCOTLAND, MAY 1850, FOR CANADA.

The hour is come and I obey—

I leave my native land ;

And grief sits heavy on my heart

At parting, Scotia's strand,

And must I never see my home,

My father, mother true ?

And must I o'er the ocean roam,

And sob a last adieu ?

And shall I never more return

To Caledonia's shore ?

Or breathe again the bracing breeze,

Or see the winter's boar ?

Or climb the mountain's steep, steep side,

Or wander down the dell,

Or pull the primrose or the thyme,

The fern or heather bell ?

These scenes shall pass, but never fade—

They're graven on my heart ;

And till my blood shall curdle cold

Shall never more depart ;

Farewell, my own dear native land!  
 Land of the brave and true;  
 Night closes o'er thy sea girt strand—  
 Farewell, farewell—adieu!

One gaze—one long and sorrowing gaze—  
 The last, that I shall see  
 Of thy wild shore and ruggèd strand—  
 Thou land of liberty;  
 One gaze—my heart is heaving wild—  
 My grief I cannot tell;  
 Scotia! a loyal, mountain child  
 Bids thee for aye, farewell.

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**Charge of the Heavy and Light Brigades of British  
 Cavalry at Balaklava, Oct. 23, 1854.**

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*Charge of the Heavy Brigade.*

I

The Russians stood, *en masse* below,  
 Lancers and Cossacks, all were there—  
 Eight thousand men and horse—to throw  
 The British camp and works to air:  
 Eight thousand men well armed and drill'd,  
 Whose chieftain's words each bosom thrill'd;  
 And to oppose their further way,  
 Were Enniskillen and Scot's Grey;  
 These regiments, in number few,

Had fought and bled at Waterloo ;  
Now side by side again they stood,  
Again to dare a desperate feud,—  
To die or gain the victory !

## II

The bugle sounds, the war steeds neigh,  
Their riders, burning are as they ;  
The word is given—" Charge !"—and they go  
Like lightning on the hated foe ;  
And when they near the enemy,  
Each soldier waves his sabre high,  
And shouts for Albion's victory.

## III

They dash like heroes thro' the rank,  
Then many a brave dragoon soon sank,  
Surrounded, hemm'd by hated foes,  
That little band still bravely goes—  
Still battles with superior might,  
And closes in a desperate fight !  
As bursts the moon from dark'ning cloud,  
As bursts the sun from rainy shroud,  
So the Red Coats appear once more,  
Spatтер'd and stain'd with Russian gore :  
Gauntlets once white now red with blood,  
And in each hand the dripping sword ;  
Once more the heroic band appeared  
Once more for Albion's Queen they cheer'd,  
And drove the Russian horse to flight ;  
But many a brave and gallant wight  
That day met death and victory.

*Charge of the Light Brigade.*

## I

Meanwhile the Light Division stood,  
Weary to whet their swords in blood,  
When Nolan, then to them convey'd  
The word—Advance!—and well obey'd,  
These gallant men, their falchions drew ;  
Each griped his sabre.—To their view  
Three batteries appear'd—whose fire  
Dealt death to all around ;  
But on the brave division goes,  
Tho' scores fall to the ground ;  
They reach the guns, and at their side  
Cut down the gunners, who're denied  
The chance of flight—so rapidly  
Has Albion's sons gained victory.

## II

Like Alpine avalanche of snow  
Which thunders to the vale below,  
So rush the Light Dragoons to death,  
To gain fair fame's immortal wreath,  
Like snows which melt before the sun,  
When spring arrives and winter's gone,  
So Russians feel their arm of power,  
And under British sabres cower ;  
Advance—retire—then flee apace,  
Pursued by Albion's chivalry.

## III

Scarce half remain'd, when all was done ;  
There, many a brave, heroic son



Of Albion's Isle, in prime of life,  
 Pour'd out his blood in fearful strife ;  
 And when from that fierce charge return'd  
 Comrade for comrade slain, then mourn'd,  
 Stern in their death, those sons of fame  
 Have gain'd a fair, immortal name,  
 The glorious name of Victory.

## IV

When years are past, and tears are dry,  
 How many, with a heavy sign  
 Shall feel the want of him that day  
 Who fell in Balaklava's fray !  
 And from the eye of beauty rare  
 Did flow the sad and briny tear,  
 When that long fatal list was seen  
 Of those who fell for Albion's Queen ;  
 And long, for many years, the weeds  
 Shall tell of fierce and desperate deeds,  
 Perform'd by Britain's sons of fame,  
 For Balaklava's bloody name  
 Surrounds their brow with victory.

Mount Pleasant, C. W., 23 Oct. 1855.

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**THE PRINCE OF WALES.—Oct. 1860.**

Royal Son, of much loved Monarch,  
 High-born heir of high degree ;  
 Heir to Britain's mighty empire,  
 Prince of Wales—all welcomed thee.

Great thy nation—great thy sires,  
 Noble Mother, good and true,  
 Royal Boy—in coming future  
 May *her* goodness shine in *you*.

Empire's every hope and joy,  
 Every subjects earnest prayer ;  
 May thy after be a blessing,  
 Britain's Pride and Britain's Heir.

In old Terra Prima Vista,  
 By its rivers, lakes and sea,  
 By its shores, its forests, streamlets,  
 Prince of Wales—all welcomed thee.

By Acadia's misty coasts,  
 In Acadia's royal see ;  
 By its forests, lakes and rivers,  
 Prince of Wales—all welcomed thee.

Up the Gulf, and in the River,  
 By men of high and low degree,  
 In the village, cot, and city,  
 Prince of Wales—all welcomed thee.

Grand ovation, through the country,  
 Great delight and revelrie,  
 Arches, speeches, triumphs, dances,  
 Prince of Wales—all welcomed thee.

And when again on Albion's shore  
 Thy hand shall clasp the Royal band ;  
 In after years think of that time,  
 Thy visit to this far off land.  
 And long may Canada to HER remain  
 The Brightest Star in Britain's diadem.

## ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

—  
TO SCOTLAND.

I

William Wallace and Bruce,  
The Douglas and Graham,  
Randolf, Murray and Lovet,  
These are thy names,  
Names of heroic sons  
In the days of yore  
Names that are "Household Words"  
From mountain to shore.

II

Lord Clyde and Napier,  
Scott, Campbell and Burns,  
And a long list of worthies,  
To my memory returns,  
As sitting, an exile,  
And dropping a tear,  
I think of Auld Scotia  
On *this* day of the year.

III

Never more save in vision,  
Shall I ever behold  
The land of my forefathers,  
Thou Land of the bold,  
But may plenty surround thee,  
Peace for ever be thine ;  
And thy glory and progress  
For evermore shine.

## IV

May the glorious old motto  
 Of the Thistle and Scot,  
 Be first in each front rank  
 And never forgot,  
 May the flag of St. Andrew  
 For ever be free,  
 And with St. George and St. Patrick's  
 Wave over each sea.

Montreal, 30 Nov. 1868.

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**THE 93rd HIGHLANDERS AT BALACLAVA.**

25th October 1854.

## I

Never since the days of Chivalry,  
 Or the age of old Romance,  
 Or the times of the Knights-errant,  
 On the sunny shores of France;  
 Never since the days of Douglas,  
 Has such valor e'er been seen;  
 Since the days of Bruce and Wallace  
 Or Scotia's martyr'd Queen;  
 As when these Highland heroes  
 Fell, with such thundering crash,  
 On the soldiers of the Muscovite  
 Like glance of lightning's flash.

## II

Look at that glorious red line  
 Of plumed and kilted Gael,

Descendants of Old Caledon,  
 Whose falchions never fail ;  
 See upon them, madly rushes  
 Russian Pandour and Hussar,  
 Muscovite Dragoon and Lancer  
 In the pageantry of war,  
 The silence is oppressive,  
 But, between the cannon's roar,  
 The champing of the chargers' bits  
 Is heard on th' Euxine shore,  
 And the well known clink of sabre  
 Of Enniskillen and Scots Grey,  
 Is heard adown the valley  
 Making ready for the fray.

## III

For a moment do the Russians  
 Halt—as in fear and dread  
 Then in one grand line of battle,  
 Through the valley, fast they sped,  
 Spur to their utmost speed,  
 Their chargers, on the way,  
 And gath'ring strength at ev'ry stride  
 They hope to win the day,  
 In the war shout of the Muscovite  
 They rush upon the Gael,  
 That thin red streak of Highlanders  
 Topped with its line of steel.

## IV

But when within three hundred yards,  
 The front steel line goes down,

Then the Minnie musketry rings out,  
 And the Scottish old renown,  
 And the chivalry of Caledon,  
 And the true aim of her sons,  
 Are seen in emptied saddles  
 And heard in shouts and groans,  
 In the terror of the Muscovite,  
 As they wheel and open file,  
 And flee, both to the left and right,  
 And leave that splendid Highland line  
 Untouched in all its might :  
 Whilst the brave Sir Colin Campbell,  
 To the question makes reply,  
 That the *well known British line two-deep*,  
 Was sufficient, with HIS Highlanders,  
 To make the Russians fly.

## V

Long may the glorious war deeds  
 Of Scotia's sons be sung ;  
 Till swords be beat to ploughshares  
 And in peaceful halls, be hung  
 The trumpet and the clarion,—  
 And war be learned no more,  
 But the blessings of Christ's Gospel  
 Be felt from shore to shore,  
 When throughout the wide, wide world  
 Shall be Angelic Peace,  
 And war, with all its miseries,  
 For evermore shall cease.

Montreal, Oct. 1871.

## APPENDIX.

The name of Borthwick has been so intimately connected with these Sketches, that the following from the "London World"—of August 6th 1879—will be read with interest. The "Morning Post" of London, England, is the paper that is mentioned in this article and is, we believe, owned by Mr. Borthwick, father of the Borthwick of Napoleon's *coup d'Etat*.

## NAPOLEON AND THE COUP D'ETAT.

A NEW VIEW OF THE 2ND DECEMBER, BY A BRITISH JOURNALIST WHO WAS BEHIND THE SCENES.

Mr. Borthwick's father—the head of the Borthwicks of Glencorse, collaterals of Lord Borthwick's family—was one of those enthusiasts in politics who spend their substance freely on elections without extracting any *quid pro quo* from their party. With the Borthwicks this policy was traditional. They appear to have been rather loyal than astute politicians, and to have suffered accordingly. When fighting was to the fore, they had an odd habit of taking the losing side. Thus one head of the family was killed at Flodden; another came to grief under Mary Stuart, in consequence of a too warm espousal of her cause; a third was the original of Henry Morton, the hero of *Old Mortality*. It was not, it will be recollected, that Borthwick, *alias* Henry Morton, loved the Covenauters—on the

contrary, he abhorred them—but his sense of the duties of hospitality was exalted as that of Ruy Gomez de Silva. In later times the Borthwicks clung to the Stuarts and lost their estates, but after all the misfortunes of his family the member for Evesham had a handsome income when he came of age, and his son naturally expected a political career like his distinguished father, whose chief opponent in the House, Mr. Villiers—"Free-trade Villiers," the member for Wolverhampton—always speaks in the highest terms of his power as a parliamentary orator. The member for Evesham was one of the Young England party with the late Earl Strangford, Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Baillie Cochrane, a thorough-paced Tory and Protectionist, clinging to the idea that free trade and protection are not matters of principle, but of expediency; and having *more majorum*, got well on the losing side, clung to it with all the chivalrous loyalty of his race. The effect of this devotion to party was that when Mr. Algernon Borthwick reached the age of nineteen he found himself a gentleman without estate or the hope of one. Trained for diplomacy, and promised a nomination in the Foreign Office by Lord Aberdeen, he at once gave up his promised career and applied himself to journalism. He was very young; but his training had been special. Educated partly in England and partly abroad, and having helped his father for some three years as secretary and *précis* writer, he had what may be called the run of politics and knew personally all the principal Englishmen of both parties. So far he had some stock-in-trade,



but it was to be curiously applied, for his first essay in journalism was as Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post*, in which his father had some interest. Young Borthwick went to Paris, and going to work at once, soon acquired the art of combining and expressing the news which his father's friends and political connections enabled him to acquire. He had known the Prince President since he was a child, and was therefore on good terms at the Elysée, while Lady Normanby and the Duchesse de Grammont made every *salon* in Paris open its doors to him.

Over a quiet cigarette he will sometimes give his version of the *coup d'état*, a story quaint enough when contrasted with the many other extant versions of that celebrated event. According to Mr. Borthwick's reading, supported by not a few present in Paris at the end of November, 1851, nothing was less a secret than the contemplated move of the Prince President and the generals. Over all Paris hung the gloom of expectation. The precise form of action to be undertaken by the head of the Executive was of course unknown, but that something would be done was obvious. Napoleon had spoken of the Chamber as a *foyer de conspiration*, and had just written a pamphlet which put his views clearly before the public. This remarkable *brochure* was already scarce on the night of Monday, the 1st of December, and Mrs. Norton came to the Elysée in quest of one. The President had not a single copy left, and Lord Normanby had sent his to London, when young Borthwick said he would give the lady with the Irish eyes

his copy if she would ask him to breakfast on the following morning. Mrs. Norton agreed, and then took her leave of Napoleon, saying that she must leave Paris. He protested against her departure, whereat she said, "Nothing would induce me to stay unless you promise me your *coup d'état*." At these words he turned away, and a few minutes later at his usual hour, eleven o'clock, he withdrew. The Paris correspondent of the *Post* walked home by moonlight and slept soundly till his servant awakened him with the news that the *coup d'état* was struck. After telegraphing the news and the text of the proclamations to London, Mr. Borthwick went to Mrs. Norton's for his breakfast, and, thanks to her, saw most of the remarkable scenes of the 2nd December. Every quarter was occupied by troops, and it was impossible for a man to pass from one to the other. The presence of Mrs. Norton, however, made everything possible. The most obdurate yielded to the pleading of her beautiful eyes, and one cordon of troops was passed after another. Passing by the quays, the pair at last reached the Chamber, and witnessed the odd scene of the Deputies trying to get into their own house, and heard La Rochejaquelin deliver his harangue. On attempting to cross the Carrousel they found the "*On ne passe pas*," very firmly uttered; but after some expostulation, the sentry agreed to fetch his officer, who yielded to the irresistible eyes, and sent their owner and her companion across the great square with a corporal's guard. Thus they saw the Congress of Plumes, the great meeting of Bonapartist generals, convened by the Minister of War, St. Armand and General Fleury.

With two other individuals of this name we close. The first, David Borthwick of Lockhill, is remarkable as being a learned Lawyer and Judge. He was Lord Advocate of Scotland, in the reign of James the VIth, the first who ever bore the title. During the reign of Queen Mary, he, in May 1567, as Counsel for the Earl of Bothwell, took instruments of her pardon and forgiveness of him and his accomplices, for her abduction to Dunbar. He had acquired considerable lands in the shires of Berwick, Haddington and Fife, previous to his death in 1581. His son, to whom he had unconditionally given some of them, was a spendthrift and had to sell the property. This induced the old gentleman on his death-bed to exclaim bitterly: "What shall I say? I give him to the devil that doth get a fool, and maketh not a fool of him."—This saying afterwards became a proverb and was called "David Borthwick's Testament."

The second, James Borthwick of Stow, practised as a physician in Edinburgh. He was a cadet of the Crookston family already spoken about, as descended from the second son of the first Lord Borthwick, who was called John de Borthwick. This gentleman deserves notice, as through his means the disjunction of the corporation of surgeons in Edinburgh, was effected, from the corporation of Barbers; these two corporations then forming one corporation—It is not so generally known that the reason why Barbers' Poles are striped red and white is this. At the time of which we write and

some centuries previous, the Barbers were the leeches, chirurgeons or surgeons; and as phlebotomy or blood-letting was greatly practised, they were the licensed practitioners, and their poles were signs to that effect. Originally surgery and shaving were carried on in London and elsewhere by the same person. In 1512 an Act was passed to prevent any besides barbers, practising surgery within the city of London and seven miles round. In 1640 they were united into one corporate body, but then, all persons practising shaving, were forbidden to intermeddle with surgery, except to draw teeth and let blood—hence BARBER-SURGEONS. They became separate companies in 1745.

# BORTHWICK CASTLE ;

OR

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Borthwick, John Douglas  
Borthwick castle

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