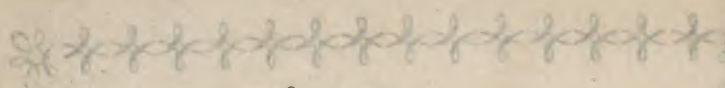


THE  
**HISTORY**  
 OF  
**SIR WILLIAM**  
**WALLACE.**



GLASGOW :  
**WILLIAM INGLIS,**  
*5, Melville Place, 132, Trongate,*



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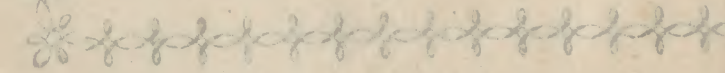
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GLASGOW :

WILLIAM BINGHAM

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## THE HISTORY

*Sir William Wallace.*

EDWARD the First of England, soon after the death of Alexander the Third, King of Scotland, taking advantage of the dissensions among the nobles, and the weakness of the reigning monarch, John Baliol, invaded Scotland with a powerful army. After compelling John Baliol to do homage for the crown, and placing English garrisons in all the fortresses, he departed for England, leaving Scotland, as he thought in peace and quietness.

The oppression and cruelty, however of the men left as governors of the different garrisons, roused the spirit of the people, who only wanted the presence of some enterprising leader to rise up in a body against the English, and recover the liberty of their country.

At this momentous period, such a leader rose in the person of SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, renowned in Scottish story.

This remarkable man was none of the high nobles of Scotland, but the son of a private gentleman called Wallace of Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire near Paisley.

The power and address which he displayed,—his various rencounters,—his miraculous escapes,—and the almost universal belief in the prediction of Thomas the Rhymér, that he was destined to deliver Scotland from the tyranny of the English, produced a wonderful sensation among his countrymen, and numbers flocked to him from all quarters.

Amongst his early exploits, may be mentioned the following:—When he was very young, he went a-fishing for sport in the river of Irvine, near Ayr. He had caught a good many trouts, which were carried by a boy, who attended him with a fishing-basket, as is usual with anglers. Two or three English soldiers, who belonged to the garrison of Ayr, came up to Wallace, and insisted, with their usual insolence, on taking the fish from the boy. Wallace was contented to allow them a part of the trout, but he refused to part with the whole basketful. The Soldiers insisted, and from words came to blows. Wallace had no better weapon than the butt-end of his fishing-rod; but he struck the foremost of the Englishmen so hard under the ear with it, that he killed him on the spot; and getting possession of his sword, he fought with so much fury that he put the others to flight, and brought home his fish safe and sound. The English Governor of Ayr sought for



him, to punish him with death for this action; but Wallace lay concealed among the hills and great woods till the matter was forgotten, and then appeared in other parts of the country.

The action, however, which occasioned his finally rising in arms, happened in the town of Lanark. Wallace was at this time married to a lady of that place, and resided there with his wife. It chanced, as he walked in the market-place, dressed in a green garment, with a rich dagger by his side, that an Englishman came up and insulted him on account of his finery, saying, a Scotchman had no business to wear so gay a dress, or carry so handsome a weapon. This produced a quarrel, and Wallace drew his sword, thrust the Englishman through the body, and afterwards fled to his own house, which was speedily assaulted by all the English soldiers. While they were endeavouring to force their way in at the front of the house, Wallace

escaped at a back-door, and got in safety to a rugged and rocky glen, called the Cartland Crag.

In the meantime, the governor of Lanark, whose name was Hazelrigg, burned Wallace's house, and cruelly put his wife and servants to death; and, by doing this, increased to the highest pitch the hatred which Wallace had always borne against the English. Hazelrigg also proclaimed him an outlaw, and offered a reward to any one who should bring him to an English garrison, alive or dead.

About this time is said to have taken place a memorable event, which the Scottish people call the *Barns of Ayr*. It is said the English governor of Ayr had invited the greatest part of the Scottish nobility and gentry in the western parts to meet him at some large buildings called the Barns of Ayr, for the purpose of friendly conference upon the affairs of the nation. But the English Earl entertained treacherous

purpose of putting the Scottish gentlemen to death. The English soldiers had halts with running nooses ready prepared, and hung upon the beams which supported the roof, and as the Scottish gentlemen were admitted by two and two at a time, the nooses were thrown over their heads, and they were pulled up by the neck, and thus hanged or strangled to death. Among those who were slain in this base and treacherous manner was, it is said Sir Ronald Crawford, Sheriff of the county of Ayr, and uncle to Sir William Wallace.

When Wallace heard of what had befallen, he was dreadfully enraged, and collecting his men in a wood near to the town of Ayr, he resolved to be revenged on the authors of this great crime. The English in the meanwhile, made much feasting, and when they had eaten and drank plentifully, they lay down to sleep in the same large barns in which they had murdered the Scottish gentlemen. But Wallace, learning



that they kept no guard or watch, not suspecting there were any enemies so near them, directed a woman, who knew the place, to mark with chalk the doors of the lodgings where the Englishmen lay. Then he sent a party of men, who, with strong ropes, made all the doors so fast on the outside, that those within could not open them. On the outside the Scots had prepared heaps of straw, to which they set fire, and the Barns of Ayr, being themselves made of wood, were soon burning in a bright flame. Then the English were awakened, and endeavoured to get out to save their lives. But the doors were secured on the outside, and bound fast with ropes; and, besides, the blazing houses were surrounded by the Scots, who forced those who got out to run back into the fire, or else put them to death on the spot; and thus great numbers perished miserably.

Wallace now at the head of a considerable army, being informed that the

English were approaching Stirling, he stationed his army upon the northern side of the river Forth, near that town. The English general approached the banks of the river from the southern side; and imagining that Wallace might be induced by fair means to lay down his arms, dispatched two Friars to the Scottish camp with terms of capitulation.—“Return,” said Wallace, “and tell your masters, that we came not here to treat, but to assert our rights, and to set Scotland free. Let them advance, they will find us prepared.”

The English, provoked at this answer, demanded impatiently to be led on to battle.

The Earl of Warren, a brave soldier, remonstrated against making a numerous army pass by a long narrow bridge in presence of the enemy. His advice, however, being rejected by Cressingham, the English army began to pass over; which was no sooner perceived by Wallace, than, before

they could form themselves on the plain to the north of the bridge, he rushed down upon them, and broke their ranks in a moment. Many thousands were slain on the field, or drowned in the river in their flight; among the former was Cressingham, the treasurer. His dead body was treated with great indignity by the Scots, who justly hated him for his tyranny and rapacity, and who, it is said after his death, made use of his skin for girths to their saddles.

The remains of Warren's great army fled out of Scotland after this defeat; and the Scots, taking arms on all sides, attacked the Castles in which were English garrisons, and took most of them; but as a famine was now raging in Scotland, Wallace marched with his whole army into England, that he might in some measure relieve the necessities of his countrymen, and retaliate upon the enemy the miseries they had inflicted upon the Scots.

Edward, learning that the Scots were

advancing to Falkirk, hastened with his numerous army to meet them. At break of day, the Scottish army was descried forming on a stoney field, at the side of a small eminence in the neighbourhood of Falkirk. Wallace ranged his infantry in four bodies of a circular form;—the archers, commanded by Sir John Stewart, being placed in the intervals. The horse amounting to no more than a thousand, were at some distance in the rear. On the front of the Scots lay a morass. Having drawn up his troops in this order, Wallace pleasantly said, “Now I have brought you to the ring, dance according to your skill;” meaning, I have brought you to the decisive field of battle, let me see how bravely you can fight.

Bigot, Earl Marshal, at the head of the first line, rushed on the charge. He was checked by the morass, which, in his impetuosity, he had overlooked; this obliged him to incline to the solid ground on his left towards the right flank of the Scottish body,



The Bishop of Durham, who led the second line, inclined to the right, turned the morass, and advanced towards the left flank of the Scottish army. He proposed to halt till the reserve should advance. "To mass, Bishop!" cried Sir Ralph Basset, and instantly charged. The shock of the English cavalry on each side was violent, but was most gallantly withstood by the Scottish infantry. The Scottish cavalry, on the contrary dismayed at the vast superiority in numbers of the English men-at-arms, immediately quitted the field. Stewart while giving orders to his archers, was thrown from his horse and slain; his archers crowded round his body, till all perished with him, continuing the conflict to the last with the greatest bravery, and amply revenging the loss of their beloved chieftain. Often did the English strive to force the Scottish circle. "They could not penetrate into that wood of spears," as one of their historians speaks. By repeated charges,

however the outermost ranks were brought to the ground, and the English infantry incessantly galled the Scots with showers of stones and arrows. The brave Macduff and Sir John Graham the bosom friend of Wallace, had already fallen, when at length the Scots were broken by the overwhelming numbers and weight of the English cavalry and the rout became universal.

Wallace now had no alternative, but to direct his troops to cross the Carron, and occupy a position which commanded the ford. In the meantime, with a small, but choice body of his friends, he kept in the rear, to cover their retreat, and bravely charged and repulsed those successively, that were most forward in the pursuit. In one of these efforts, Wallace advanced alone, from the midst of his little band, and with a single blow slew a knight Templar, named Brian le Jay, of high military renown, who had shown himself most active in the pursuit.

Among the number of those who ardently

pressed upon his retreat was Bruce, who had deserted the Scottish cause, and was now fighting against them in the ranks of the oppressor. Enraged at the sight of a man whom he considered, in an especial manner, a traitor to his country, Wallace aimed a blow at his head, which, though it missed him, brought his horse to the ground. He afterwards effected his retreat across the river, by the assistance of his trusty follower, Karlé. While they were slowly moving along the banks of the river, Bruce, from the opposite bank having recognised Wallace, raised his voice, and requested an interview. This was granted; and they approached each other where the river was narrow, deep, and rocky. Bruce, although awed by the appearance of the hero, upbraided him with entertaining designs upon the crown of Scotland. "No," replied Wallace, "my thoughts never soared so high: I only mean to deliver my country from oppression and slavery, and to support a cause which you have abandoned. But,

pause in time; if you have but the heart, you may yet win a crown with glory, and wear it with justice. I can do neither; but what I can, I will,—live and die a free-born subject.

These noble sentiments, uttered with a firm and determined tone of voice, made a deep impression on the mind of Bruce. The conference was, however, suddenly put an end to by the approach of a hostile body of horse.

The retreat of Wallace from the field of Falkirk has justly been considered as a master-piece of generalship. The number of English present at the engagement is stated, by historians of credit, at ninety thousand men, while the Scottish force did not amount to one-third of that number. The loss on both sides, in this battle, must have been very great. Amongst the slain on the Scottish side, none was more sincerely mourned than Sir John the Graham, who, giving way



to his usual gallantry, had advanced too far, and was surrounded and slain.

Notwithstanding these victories however, the King of England possessed so much wealth, and so many brave soldiers, that he sent army after army into Scotland, and obliged the nobles, one after the other, to submit to his power. Sir William Wallace, however, with a chosen band of his followers, disdained to purchase his safety at the expense of his honour, and refused to lay down his arms. He continued to maintain his ground among the woods and mountains of his native country for no less than seven years after the battle of Falkirk, in spite of many proclamations and offers of reward for his apprehension by the English,—for Edward did not think himself secure in his possession of Scotland while Wallace lived.

He was at length taken prisoner, and shame it is to tell, betrayed and delivered into the hands of the English by a Scotchman! Sir John Monteith was the person who

did this treacherous deed. It is generally understood that he was taken prisoner at Robroyston near Glasgow.

Edward, having thus obtained possession of the man he considered as his greatest obstacle in conquering Scotland, resolved to make Wallace an example to all Scottish patriots who should afterwards presume to oppose his ambitious projects. For this purpose he caused Wallace to be brought up for trial at Westminster, before the English judges, crowned in mockery with a green garland, because they said he had been king of outlaws and robbers among the woods of Scotland.

He was accused of having been a traitor to the English crown; to which he answered, "I could not be a traitor to Edward, for I was never his subject."

He was then accused of having killed many men. He replied with the same calm resolution, "That it was true he had killed many Englishmen; but it was because they

had come to subdue and oppress his native country; and far from repenting of what he had done he was only sorry that he had not put to death many more of them."

Notwithstanding that this defence was a good one, the English judges condemned him to be executed as a traitor. He was accordingly dragged upon a sledge to the place of execution, where his head was struck off, and his body divided into four quarters, which, in conformity to the cruel practice of the time, were exposed upon pikes of iron upon London Bridge,—his right arm above the bridge at Newcastle,—his left arm was sent to Berwick,—his right foot and limb to Perth, and his left quarter to Aberdeen,—and termed the limbs of a traitor? He was executed on the 23d of August, 1305.

## EARLY LOVE.

“New hopes may bloom—new days may come,  
 With milder, calmer beams:  
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life  
 'As Love's young dream.”

NEVER, perhaps, were the vivifying and stimulating effects of *happy* love more strikingly displayed than in the person of Eústace Bentinck. At an early age death had broke up all the tender and endearing relationships, whose society and sympathy constitute the first blessings of life; and in his twenty-first year though he was rich in the gifts of fortune and the luxuries of elevated rank, he was a bankrupt in hope and domestic felicity, and destitute of those treasures which the wealth of kingdoms could not replace. He dragged on an irksome and isolated existence—a prey to the most gloomy recollections—a burthen to himself, and a source of anxious uneasiness to those around him. A



morbid sensibility had evidently impaired his health, and even threatened his life. He beheld the noble possessions which had devolved on him at the demise of his father, gradually diminish in value, through the artifices of the designing, yet was devoid of the energy requisite to arrest the progress of that ruin which it was too obvious to every one was approaching. At this period, through the earnest solicitations of a friend, he accepted a lieutenancy in a regiment, that was marching to Flanders; yet even the activity and dazzling fascinations of a military life, failed to arouse him from the overpowering lethargy which clouded his fine mental faculties. The army was only desirable to him, inasmuch as it might prove the medium of an early termination of his sufferings.

The regiment to which he belonged was quartered at Brussels; and as a young British officer of high birth, and unblemished reputation, admission to the first circles naturally followed. At a ball that was

given to the military, not long after their arrival, fate introduced him to the daughter of Captain Mornington; and that heart which had withstood the ensnaring smiles of the brilliant and fashionable beauties of the gay metropolis of England, instantaneously offered up its devoted homage to the unpresuming, untitled loveliness of Eva Mornington. The most happy revolution was immediately conspicuous in his demeanour and disposition; and when, on the eve of the ever memorable battle of Waterloo, the fearful alarm bell summoned him to the execution of his duty, instead of welcoming it, as but a few weeks previous he would, as the herald of death, it struck on his appalled ear like the knell of joy and delight most exquisite. It reached him in the splendid ball-room encircling in the mazy waltz the fairy form of the blushing Eva; he had but time to strain her almost lifeless form to his heart, and, thrusting the small white glove which had covered

her snowy arm into his bosom, as a charm that should preserve him in safety for her, rushed forth. The dreadful action followed, fatal to so many thousands, but to Bentinck with only the honourable distinction of a slight wound in the breast; and when the talismanic glove was restored to its beautiful owner, the few drops of gore that sullied its delicate hue, were gems that enriched it with inestimable value. A year of refined felicity elapsed before the lovers sealed their faith at the altar. Since that period, if ever perfect and consummate bliss was the lot of human nature, it has been enjoyed by those two favoured individuals; and at this moment Eustace Bentinck lives, a striking example of fortune retrieved, happiness attained, and even existence preserved through the magical power of successful early love.

THE WARRIOR.



**THE WARRIOR.**