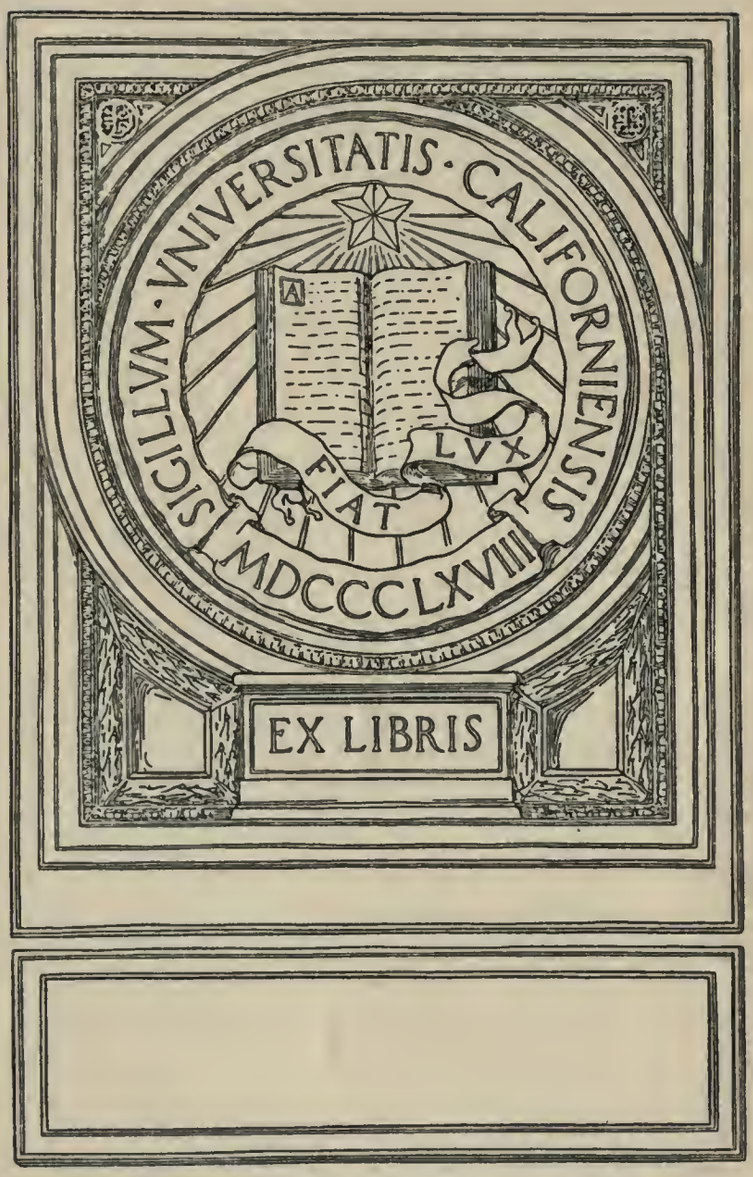
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EDINBURGH

A HISTORICAL STUDY

BY

THE RIGHT HON. SIR HERBERT MAXWELL
BT., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D.

So thou, fair City ! disarrayed
Of battled wall and ramparts' aid,
As stately seem'st, but lovelier far
Than in the panoply of war.
Nor deem that from thy fenceless throne
Strength and security are flown ;
Still, as of yore, Queen of the North !
Still can'st thou send thy children forth,
For fosse and turret proud to stand,
Their breasts the bulwark of the land.

Marmion, Canto V., Introduction.

LONDON
WILLIAMS & NORGATE
14 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN
1916

TO

ARCHIBALD PHILIP, FIFTH EARL OF ROSEBERY
AND FIRST EARL OF MIDLOTHIAN
K.G., K.T.

IS INSCRIBED THIS STUDY OF THE CITY WITH WHICH
HE HAS SO CLOSELY IDENTIFIED HIMSELF

Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis

TO THE READER

It was told of the devoted and thoroughly competent secretary of a certain Antiquarian Society that, when he retired on a pension earned by his long service, he ceased to show any interest in archæology. When a friend expressed surprise that he should so completely have abandoned the study which had absorbed the energy of his active years, he replied: "Well, I have had more than my share of it, and now I wish to God there were nothing older in the world than a new-laid egg!"

If, as is not improbable, the reader should find in the following pages more of a dead past than is to his taste, it will be fortunate for the author if impatience finds no sharper expression than by a sentence, I think, in one of Lord Morley's books, to the effect that he did not in the least want to know what had happened in the past, except as it enabled him to see more clearly through what was happening in the present. So it is with the ancient capital of Scotland. To enter into the spirit of the place as a visitor—to love it intelligently as a citizen thereof—some knowledge of its chequered past is essential.

The bibliography of Edinburgh is profuse. It is

as natural as it is meet that so famous a home—so prolific a source—of letters should itself become the theme of countless works in poetry, history, and romance. Doubt may be felt and expressed whether anything remains to be recorded that cannot be found on the shelves of any public library and many private ones. Yet there may still be room and use for a review of the origin, growth, and social phases of the capital city of Scotland—such an essay as R. L. Stevenson planned, set hand to, and left as no more than a tantalising fragment.

The following pages have been designed neither as a guide-book nor as a historical treatise, but as a retrospective sketch of the forces that have moulded the destiny of our city, even as physical agencies have carved the enchanting landscape whereof it forms a part.

I desire to acknowledge with gratitude the help I have received from my friend Lord Guthrie, who has been at the pains to read the proofs, and whose intimate knowledge of his native city has rendered him a trustworthy guide through several perplexing episodes. Thanks are due also to the Council of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland for the loan of blocks illustrating many objects of interest.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

MONREITH, *October* 1916.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

The thanks of the Publishers are due to the Medici Society for the opportunity of including in this volume the portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, recently acquired by the nation. Acknowledgments are also due to Lord Guthrie for the loan of a portrait, and to the Controller of H.M. Stationery Office, Edinburgh, for the use of two illustrations, the Seals of Holyrood Abbey and the Burgh of Canongate, from the Official Guide to Holyroodhouse.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

EDINBURGH

I

The broad valley that lies like a midland girdle across the map of Scotland is studded with a number of huge bosses of volcanic rock thrust abruptly out of the plain. In Scotland, as in all other lands, these precipitous crags presented themselves to the primitive race as natural strongholds, and invariably retain to this day traces of defensive occupation. Some of them were elaborated in later times as feudal fortresses, in the shelter of which villages sprang up. Where the sea or a navigable river provided convenient water-carriage, the village might become of commercial importance and attain the dimensions of a town or city. Chief among these volcanic bosses stand the three basaltic mounts named Dunbarton, Stirling, and Edinburgh, each of which served as acropolis or citadel to the community which gathered round its base. Throughout the Middle Ages and after, the fortresses crowning these heights were reckoned of the utmost strategic importance—Dunbarton, as guarding the entrance

to the upper Clyde;[1] Stirling, as commanding the principal passes from the Highlands; and Edinburgh, not only as dominating the Firth of Forth, but also, after Berwick had passed into English hands, possessing in its port of Leith the readiest means of communication with the friendly realm of France.

Through the development of modern ordnance these ancient castles have been shorn of all military importance; as defensive works they are as obsolete as Hadrian's *vallum* or the *dún* wherein the Pictish King Brude received Columba in 593. A single battleship in the Forth might knock the Maiden Castle into a pile of shapeless ruin in the course of an afternoon; as housing for troops it is more picturesque, indeed, but far less convenient, than a modern barracks. Yet may no citizen of Edinburgh speak slightingly of the Castle Rock, for that was the lodestone which drew the earliest settlers. On its wind-swept crest, far seen above the primæval forest, they planted their wattled huts, surrounding the encampment, no doubt, with the customary rampart of rough stones, strengthened with palisading. There was room enough on that broad summit for a considerable community, which, as may be inferred from the chronicle of Dio Cassius (A.D. 180–220), was ignorant, or at least independent, of

[1] Dunbarton was the capital of the Cymri or Britons of Strathclyde. It was named in their Welsh language Alcluyd—Clyde's Cliff; but their Gaelic neighbours and foes called it Dun Bretann—the Britons' Fortress.

agriculture, living by the chase and on wild fruits in the surrounding woodland, and well supplied with water from the springs which continue at this day to distil from the rock.

Such, or something like it, must have been the primitive settlement on the Castle Rock; but the date of earliest occupation and the race of men who effected it must remain matters of speculation, guided in some measure by the evidence obtained in exploring similar natural strongholds in this country and other parts of Western Europe, where the traces of successive occupation have not been obliterated or rendered inaccessible by modern buildings, as is the case on the Castle Rock of Edinburgh.

It is remarkable that although the Scottish Lowlands were occupied by the Romans more or less continuously from the year A.D. 140 till the withdrawal of the legions at the close of the fourth century, there is no indication that their commanders made any strategic use of such salient features as the rocks of Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dunbarton. They laid out their camps, whether as a temporary entrenchment to receive a column on the march, or as a permanent station (*castrum stativum*), according to the strict rules of castrametation described by Polybius, trusting to the *vallum* and *fossa*, with or without palisading, for defence of the temporary camps, and fortifying the permanent ones with stone walls and bastions. It is to rigid adherence by the

legionary commanders to these regulations that one must attribute the absence of all traces of Roman roads, camp, or buildings in Edinburgh and its immediate neighbourhood; although that great defensive work, Antonine's Wall, ended only twelve miles to the west of the city, and the important military station and arsenal at Newstead, near Melrose, lay only thirty miles distant on the south-east, each implying the presence of very large bodies of troops.

In endeavouring to penetrate the mist which envelops the origin of the Scottish metropolis, it is natural to seek for an explanation of its name. Rivers of ink have flowed in controversy over this matter—controversy arising chiefly, it would seem, out of confusion between the Gaelic *eudan*, a hill brow,[1] and the personal name Edwin. The confusion has been aggravated by the fact that about twelve miles west of Edinburgh is the historic ruin of Blackness Castle built on a precipitous bluff jutting out into the Firth of Forth.[2] The name of this site and the parish surrounding it is Carriden, which may very well be interpreted as the Gaelic *cathair* (caer) *eudainn*, the

[1] Literally the forehead, but figuratively applied to land features, just as in English we speak of the "brow" of a hill or the "flank" of a mountain.

[2] Blackness Castle, once a royal fortress of the first rank, was still considered so important in 1707 that its maintenance as part of the national defences was guaranteed in the Act of Union. It is now included in the group of buildings composing an ammunition store and magazine.

fort on the headland, a name rightly descriptive of the place.

In the seventh century, or thereby, the Welsh bard Aneurin composed the epic called the *Gododin*, describing the defeat of his countrymen the Britons (Welsh) of Strathclyde by the Saxons, has the following couplet:

> When the strangers came from Dineiddyn
> Every wise man was expelled from the country.

The same place, Dineiddyn, is mentioned in one of the poems attributed to the bard Taliessin, who lived in the sixth century. Now Dineiddyn may be an exact Welsh equivalent to the Gaelic *cathair eudainn* —indicating Carriden or Blackness; if that be so, then it has been wrongly identified with Edinburgh, whereof the Gaelic name is Dunedin,[1] to which a very different meaning has been attached.

In A.D. 617 Edwin, or, as the name is written in Anglo-Saxon, Eadwine, became King of Deira (Yorkshire); thereafter, by his conquest of Bernicia and Lothian, he formed the consolidated kingdom of Northumbria, and in the year 627 was converted to Christianity by the missionary bishop Paulinus, whom he made Archbishop of York. The tradition which attributes to this powerful king the foundation of Edinburgh and interprets the name as *Eadwine's burh*

[1] The Irish annalist Tighearnach, writing in the eleventh century the life of S. Monenna, who died in the sixth century, describes how she founded a number of churches in Scotland, one of which was *in Dunedene que Anglica lingua dicitur Edineburg*; that is, "in Dunedin, which in the English language is called Edinburgh."

is proved to be very ancient by the fact that in King David's foundation charter of Holyrood in 1128 the church is called "Ecclesia Sancti Crucis Edwinesburgensis," and about the same date Simeon of Durham writes the name Edwinesburch. This explanation was frankly accepted by Maitland in his *History of Edinburgh* and Chalmers in his *Caledonia.* Yet it has not satisfied all who have investigated the problem, and those who wish to hear what may be said against it will find another view expressed in a paper by Mr Peter Miller in the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland,* vol. xxiii. (1889), pp. 323–332.

Before leaving this subject, it may be noted that the earliest name recorded to denote what is now Edinburgh is the Welsh "Mynyd Agned." The eighth-century chronicler Nennius, in describing the twelve battles of the semi-mythical Arthur of the Round Table, states that the eleventh was fought early in the sixth century *in monte qui dicitur Agned* —"in the mount which is called Agned." Arthur waged war indifferently against pagan Saxons and apostate Picts, and Mynyd Agned is believed to have been the principal stronghold of the Southern Picts. Now Mynyd Agneaid in old Welsh means the Painted Mount, or the Mount of the Painted Ones, for a Briton of early times would use the verb *agneaw*, to paint, where a modern Welshman would say *paentio* or *lliwio.* One is tempted to assume in this a reference to the Picts or Painted People;

but to pursue this clue any further would land us in the very thick of another fierce controversy: for, whereas Geoffrey of Monmouth (1100?–54) laid the scene of Arthur's campaigns in the southern and midland counties of England, and poets dealing with the Arthurian legend have followed his lead, Dr Skene held that all these battles took place north of the Tweed, and assigned places for each of them, aided by the uncertain light reflected from place-names. In truth, it is not likely that certainty can ever be reached through the tangle of myth and tradition that has gathered round the shadowy personality of Arthur. Not until four centuries after Arthur's dramatic death at Camlan (which Geoffrey identifies with Camlan in Cornwall, while Malory places it "upon a down beside Salisbury, not far from the seaside," and Skene claims Camelon in Stirlingshire as the true site)—not, I say, until the middle of the tenth century do we seem to feel the ground hardening under our feet and to exchange nebulous and contradictory legend for authentic narrative. Thus in the Pictish Chronicle, compiled, apparently, about A.D. 985, it is stated that Indulf, son of Constantin, became King of Scots in 954, and that during his reign of eight years *Oppidum Eden*, that is Dunedin or Edinburgh, was vacated by the Angles and occupied by the Scots, who, adds the chronicler, have held it ever since.

Thereafter Edinburgh makes no appearance in history until after the marriage of Malcolm III.

(known among his Celtic subjects as Malcolm Ceanmór) with Margaret, the beautiful and saintly daughter of Edward the Exile and sister of Edgar Atheling, which was celebrated at Dunfermline between A.D. 1067 and 1070.

Hitherto Malcolm's court and residence had been at Dunfermline, which was therefore in a fair way of becoming the capital of Scotland; for Malcolm, by his victory at Lumphanan over Lulach, nephew of Macbeth, had for the first time consolidated Scotland into something like a single realm. Indeed, the date of the battle of Lumphanan—15th August 1057—may be regarded as the true birthday of the Scottish nation. But Queen Margaret, who was a woman of strong character as well as active piety, seems to have persuaded her husband that Edinburgh was a more desirable abode than Dunfermline. Being herself of the Saxon race, she probably found the Saxon people of Lothian more congenial than the Celts beyond the Forth; and King Malcolm, in yielding to her wishes, no doubt proved Edinburgh to be a more convenient base of operations in the war he waged in support of his brother-in-law Edgar Atheling against William of England.

Anyhow, Malcolm and Margaret are the first crowned heads to be closely associated with Edinburgh, unless it be assumed that Edwin of Northumbria had already given his name to the castle. Queen Margaret was an ardent reformer both in religious and secular affairs. At her request, Lanfranc,

QUEEN MARGARET'S CHAPEL, CHANCEL ARCHWAY.

Archbishop of Canterbury, sent Friar Goldwin and two other monks to assist her in bringing the Celtic Church into conformity with the Roman order.[1] They held a council in the castle, King Malcolm acting as interpreter between the English envoys and the Gaelic clergy. The result was the regulation of the Lenten fast, the observance of the Lord's Day by ceasing from work, the prohibition of marriage between a man and his stepmother or his brother's widow, besides sundry other matters in which the practice of the Celtic Church was held to be corrupt. But it is recorded that Queen Margaret failed to persuade the Gaelic priests to consent to admit women to public worship, wherein the rule of the Celtic Church corresponded with that of the Eastern.

It was not only for her piety and severe fastings that Margaret became esteemed more highly than any other Queen of Scots; she endeared herself to the people by laborious care for their necessities. It is said that she fed three hundred poor persons daily, washing their feet and kissing them. Ailred of Rievaux records that she brought with her to Scotland a golden casket an ell in length, shaped like a cross, bearing on the outside an image of the Saviour carved in ebony, and containing within a piece of the true Cross. This became known as the Black Rood of Scotland—most sacred of all the national treasures. It was kept within the chapel which Queen Margaret built on the extreme summit

[1] Appendix A, *Lanfranc's Letter to Queen Margaret.*

of the Castle Rock; it was surrendered to Edward of England in 1291, together with all the insignia of Scottish royalty and the national muniments, and was not restored until the independence of Scotland was formally recognised under the treaty of Northampton in 1328.[1]

In the autumn of 1093 King Malcolm invaded England for the fifth time, leaving Queen Margaret grievously ill in Edinburgh Castle. On 16th November they brought her news that the King and her eldest son Edward had been killed near Alnwick on the 13th. The shock was more than she could bear in her enfeebled state; she expired almost immediately, only three days after her husband.[2]

Under the Gaelic law of tanistry the succession to the throne would have devolved on Donald Ban, the late King's younger brother; but Malcolm had abolished that custom and adopted the law of primogeniture, under which Duncan, his eldest son by his first wife Ingioborg, should succeed. Donald, however, was first in the field, and, marching to Edinburgh, laid siege to the Castle, where the Queen's body still lay unburied, guarded by her own sons, one of whom the Lowland Scots held to be the rightful

[1] Young David II. took the Black Rood with him when he invaded England in 1346. He lost it, and with it his own liberty, at the battle of Neville's Cross; it was set up in the south aisle of Durham Cathedral, and finally disappeared in the disorders of the Reformation.

[2] Queen Margaret was canonised by Innocent IV. in 1251, and in 1693 Innocent XII. transferred her feast day from 16th November to 10th June.

ST MARGARET'S CHAPEL.

SEAL OF BURGH OF CANONGATE.

SEAL OF HOLYROOD ABBEY.

heir of the Crown.[1] Now in that age there were but two methods recognised as effective in getting rid of rivals to an inheritance, viz. putting them to death or destroying their sight. To one or other of these dooms Duncan would assuredly have committed Queen Margaret's sons had he caught them; but "forasmuch as that spot [the Castle Rock] is in itself strongly fortified by nature, he thought that the gates only should be guarded, because it was not easy to see any other entrance or outlet."[2] Howbeit there was a postern on the west side of the castle, through which the lads made their escape to their mother's friends in England. Through the same postern the Queen's body was taken and conveyed for sepulture to Dunfermline; the transaction being conducted under cover of a fog, which, as John of Fordun piously observes, "miraculously sheltered the party from detection by their enemies."[2] In the present sceptical age Edinburgh citizens may be slow to discern anything miraculous in a November fog; but it may be noted that, nearly five hundred years after Queen Margaret's death, John Knox referred to the easterly haar which lent its gloom to the landing of Mary Queen of Scots at Leith in August 1561, as "that forewarning God gave unto us."

[1] Of Queen Margaret's six sons, Edward was killed with his father at Alnwick, and three others became successively Kings of Scots, viz. Edgar (1097–1107), Alexander (1107–24), and David (1124–53).

[2] Fordun's *Chronicle*, book v. chap. 21.

The original arrangement of the walls at the postern (which is now built up) and the path leading from it are clearly shown in a plan dated 1725, now in possession of H.M. Office of Works (see Plate, p. 36).

It has been "mair by luck than guid guidance," to quote a Scots saying, that Queen Margaret's Chapel has survived the many sieges and changes that have affected the buildings on the Castle Rock. So little was its sacred character respected by the War Office that at one time a floor was let into the ancient masonry to form a second story, fitting it for use as a powder magazine. Its very existence was overlooked till the late Sir Daniel Wilson established its identity as the chapel of Saint Margaret, and the Society of Scottish Antiquaries succeeded in getting it restored to its original shape. Although there is no doubt that Queen Margaret crowned this rock-platform with a chapel, and although the lower courses of masonry may be those originally laid by her masons, the decorated chancel arch seems to be of later date, corresponding in character to the doorway on the south side of Holyrood Abbey Church, which, although founded in 1128, could scarcely have been built until the middle of that century. In any case, one should be thankful that St Margaret's Chapel has come pretty safely through the vicissitudes of a stormy past, and has not shared the fate of nearly all the Norman architecture of Scotland.

Although, Malcolm Ceanmór, as aforesaid, succeeded in uniting the various races in northern Britain into the semblance of a single realm, he left the kingdom at his death in 1093 without even a nominal capital. Perhaps if Queen Margaret's eldest son Edward had lived to succeed to the throne in accordance with his father's intention, the preference shown by Margaret for Edinburgh as a residence would have caused him to establish it as the permanent seat of government. But the day was still far distant when Edinburgh should be recognised as of any greater importance than Berwick, Roxburgh, Stirling, Perth, or Dunfermline. Malcolm and Edward having perished at Alnwick, Malcolm's brother Donald Ban seized the crown, and kept it for six months, when he was put to flight by his nephew Duncan II., who enjoyed the support of William Rufus. Duncan, in turn, reigned for six months, till he was entrapped by his half-brother Edmund and his uncle Donald Ban, and done to death by Malpeder, Mormaer of Mearns. Back came Donald Ban, to reign for three years, until William Rufus took it into his head to back the claim of Queen Margaret's fourth son, Edgar, who invaded Scotland in 1097, captured his uncle Donald, put out his eyes, imprisoned him for life and reigned in his stead.[1] The realm still consisted of two nations

[1] After relating these events and describing Donald's doom, Fordun quaintly continues: "Now after Edgar had been *peacefully* raised to the throne (*in regnum pacifice cum sublimatus fuerat*)."

—the Gael and the Saxon—each striving for mastery. Donald Ban and Duncan were Gaels, whose seat of authority would most naturally be at Perth, known at that time as St John's-town; while Edgar represented the rule of the Saxon, and governed from Edinburgh.

It was not, however, until Queen Margaret's youngest son, David, came to the throne in 1124 that Anglo-Norman feudalism dominated all other systems in the northern realm. David made Edinburgh, so full of memories of his saintly mother, his chief residence. No charter or other record has been preserved fixing the exact date when Edinburgh was constituted a royal burgh, but there can be little doubt that it held that status in King David's reign, probably receiving its first charter from that monarch. The country immediately adjoining the castle was his favourite hunting-ground, being clothed with "ane gret forest full of hartis, hyndis, toddis [foxes], and siclike maner of beastis."[1] Hence it was called Drumselch, from the Gaelic *druim sealg*, meaning the hunting hill, a name still preserved in the form Drumsheuch. Bordering on this chace was the barony of Penicuik (the cuckoo's hill), which was held of old from the Crown for the *reddendo* or rent of the annual winding of six blasts on a hunting horn—*in cornu flatili.*

In this forest, according to ecclesiastical script and popular tradition, King David met with an adventure

Bellenden's translation of Boece, b. xii. c. 16.

fraught with notable result to the history of Edinburgh. It is affirmed that he was persuaded by some of his young knights to go a-hunting in Drumselch immediately after hearing mass on Holy Rood Day (14th September). The King's confessor, Alwin, warned him against profaning such a solemn festival; nevertheless, he rode forth from the castle "with sic noyis and dyn of rachis [hounds] and bugillis that all the bestis were raisit fra thair dennys [dens]." By the time he reached the foot of Salisbury Crags, the king had got separated from his company—more's the pity, for even the royal account of what followed stands in some need of corroborative evidence. He saw before him "the fairest hart that evir wes sene . . . with auful and braid tyndis [antlers]." It immediately charged the king, whose horse bolted. The stag gave chase, overtook him and "dang [threw] baith the kyng and his hors to the ground." The king, grasping at the beast's antlers to save himself, found in his hands a cross which had been miraculously extended to him; whereupon, "the hart fled away with gret violence and euanist [vanished] in the same place quhare now springis the Rude Well."

In the night following this adventure, King David had a vision, whereby he was bidden to found an abbey to commemorate the timely succour he had received from on high. In obedience to this command, he founded the Abbey of Holy Rood in the year 1128, bringing Augustinian canons regular from

St Andrews to form a convent and appointing his confessor Alwin the first abbot. In the later MS. copies of Bellenden's translation of Boece's history we are told that the king, acting on Alwin's advice, sent to France and Flanders for "rycht crafty masounis" to build the abbey; but this statement has no place in the earlier copies, and, in any case, probably applies to the building of the far larger house begun between the years 1143 and 1147, whereof the foundation charter is still in existence. At first it appears that the monks were accommodated on or under the Castle Rock itself, probably in the building hitherto occupied by a convent of nuns.[1] This building seems to be represented on the seal of the monastery appended to a deed executed by Abbot Alwin in 1141.[2] It represents a curious wooden building, resembling the well-known example of an Anglo-Saxon church at Grinstead in Essex, constructed of massive slabs of oak. The new abbey and its church, no doubt, were built in the prevailing Romanesque or Norman Gothic, of which a doorway at the south-east angle of the present ruined nave is the sole architectural feature remaining. It is not likely that King David, who died early in 1153, saw more than the choir with its apse or the choir and crossing completed; for the sorely shattered

[1] Edinburgh Castle is frequently designated in early MSS. *Castrum Puellarum*—the Castle of the Maidens; and the existence of a convent of nuns within its precincts is one of many origins suggested for that name.

[2] See Plate, p. 10.

remains of the nave are in the First Pointed style of the thirteenth century.

King David endowed the abbey very richly, conveying to the canons, besides extensive grants of land, power to found a new burgh between the abbey and the king's burgh of Edinburgh. The street which they built naturally got the name of the Canongate,[1] and the burgh of Canongate remained a separate municipality for three hundred years after its abbot and his canons had been swept away in the flood of the Reformation. Governed by a provost and bailies, it bore on its seal a royal hart's head erased, with a cross between its antlers in memory of its royal founder,[2] and was finally incorporated with the city of Edinburgh in 1856. Ninety-two years before that date—in 1764—the Town Council of Edinburgh had caused the Nether Bow Port to be demolished, thereby obliterating the frontier dividing the city from the Canongate, and, at the same time, destroying one of the most picturesque features of the Old Town.

King David died at Carlisle in 1153; his elder son Malcolm had been strangled in childhood by Donald Ban (political measures being of a drastic character in the twelfth century), and his second son Henry predeceased his father, wherefore Henry's eldest son succeeded as Malcolm IV., known as "the Maiden."

[1] Meaning the street or road of the canons, "gate" meaning a road in the northern dialect; the gate of a town being called a "port."

[2] See Plate, p. 10.

He appointed Galfrid de Melville governor of Edinburgh Castle; but Malcolm usually held his court at Scone, which seemed to indicate Perth as likely to become the capital of Scotland; while William the Lion, who followed Malcolm on the throne in 1165, made Haddington his favourite residence.

King William, invading England in pursuance of his claim to Northumberland, was taken prisoner at Alnwick in 1174, regaining his liberty at a ransom of £100,000 — a huge sum at that period,—fealty to Henry II. of England for his realm of Scotland, and the surrender of the castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, Berwick, Roxburgh, and Jedburgh, to be held, with two-and-twenty nobles as hostages, in security for payment of the ransom and for good behaviour. Such were the onerous conditions imposed by the treaty of Falaise—source of bloodshed and tears for centuries to come. For twelve years Edinburgh Castle was garrisoned by English troops, being restored to King William as part of the dowry of Ermengarde de Beaumont, King Henry's cousin, whom he married in 1186.

Sixty-five years later the royal families of England and Scotland were attached by a still closer tie in 1251, when Alexander III., King of Scots, being ten years of age, was wedded to Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry III. of England, aged fifteen. The young couple had a dismal home-coming. There was, as usual, an English and a Scottish party among the

Scottish nobles, each striving its utmost for possession of the monarch's person. Edinburgh Castle had been assigned to the boy-king and his consort as their residence; but it proved to be more a prison than a palace. Walter Comyn, Earl of Menteith, was governor of the Castle. He was a powerful leader of what may be termed the patriot party, and appointed Robert de Ros and John de Baliol[1] as guardians of the king and queen. Margaret was not allowed the society of her husband, and, as representing English influence, was warded with discourtesy and severity. She wrote to King Henry complaining bitterly of her treatment, being confined, she said, "in a sad and solitary place, without verdure, and unwholesome from being so near the sea." She was not even allowed to choose her own maids.

Now this was exceedingly bad policy on the part of the nationalist leaders, for Henry III. was very well disposed towards the northern kingdom, and if Comyn had conciliated the young king and queen by kindly exercise of his power he might have won permanent ascendency over the leaders of the Anglican faction. The result of his severity was to bring King Henry and Queen Eleanor to Wark Castle, whence they sent the Earl of Gloucester, John Mansel, and Alan Durward to inquire into matters

[1] Founder of Baliol College, Oxford, and father of John, successful competitor for the crown of Scotland under King Edward's arbitration in 1291.

in Edinburgh. Durward, albeit twice justiciar of Scotland, wasted no time in listening to evidence; but, being always a strong Anglican partisan, took advantage of the absence of Menteith, who was attending a council at Stirling, and seized the Castle and the person of King Alexander. De Ros and Baliol were removed from office and their lands were forfeited; seven of "the king's friends," or English faction, were appointed as a new council, and Queen Margaret went off to stay with her mother for a while. She died on 26th February 1275.

"Woe to the kingdom whose king is a child!" exclaims the chronicler Fordun in describing the events of these days and the kidnapping of Alexander alternately by the two factions. To follow his narrative would lead us far from Edinburgh; enough to note here that King Alexander developed into a powerful and sagacious ruler, consolidating his kingdom by the final expulsion of the Norsemen, and making Edinburgh the chief seat of his residence and rule.

It was in Edinburgh Castle that he held his last council, on 19th March 1286, a day of furious storm. Having supped heartily thereafter, the king declared his intention of riding over to visit his newly wedded Queen Yoleta in Fife. In vain did his courtiers endeavour to persuade him to wait till the gale had blown itself out—in vain did the boatman at Queensferry warn him against attempting to cross in such wild weather. King Alexander was still in his prime

—only forty-four; he had a good supper under his belt and—he was in love. He persisted, and made the crossing in safety; but, as he rode along near Kinghorn in the mirk night his horse stumbled and rolled over the sea-cliff with him, whereby the Scottish nation lost the best king they had ever known or were to know for many years to come.

"The rise of free towns," wrote the late Cosmo Innes, "with privilege of trade and the ascertained right to govern themselves by their own laws, is perhaps always and everywhere the most important step in national advancement."[1] We have outlived and discarded feudalism (though some modern politicians profess to detect its "shackles" still weighing down our social system), and certain historical writers never weary of expatiating upon it as the arch-enemy of freedom. None the less, the establishment of feudal institutions by David (1124–53) was the chief agent in the origin and growth of free towns or burghs[2] in southern and midland Scotland. North of the Highland line certain burghs had already grown up under the semi-feudal administration of Malcolm Ceanmór; but it required the erection of royal and baronial fortresses all over the Lowlands to

[1] *Sketches of Early Scottish History*, p. 153.

[2] The English "borough" is written "burgh" in Scotland, though the pronunciation is identical. It is only in Anglian Lothian that it forms part of ancient place-names, as Edinburgh, Musselburgh, Jedburgh, Roxburgh, and Dryburgh. Fraserburgh in Aberdeen was not so named till the reign of James VI.; Newburgh in Fife dates from 1266, and Colinsburgh is quite modern.

induce men to gather into communities under their protection. In return for that protection certain duties were imposed upon the citizens, and the discharge of such duties was recognised by the bestowal of peculiar privileges. Most onerous among these duties was that of castle-ward—that is, the obligation upon the citizens of serving in rotation for forty days as garrison, or part of the garrison, of the castle. In the case of royal castles, this obligation was laid upon the lords of baronies outside, often far outside, the bounds of the burgh growing up under shelter of the fortress.[1] In the fourteenth century it had become customary for barons and country gentlemen, whose lands were liable to this service, to commute it for an annual payment, and the fund thus collected was applied to the employment of paid soldiers.

Without going minutely into the nature and extent of the rights enjoyed by the freemen of Scottish burghs, which, from the reign of David I. onwards, corresponded closely with—indeed, were framed on the lines of—those of English boroughs, it may be well to bear in mind their general character. A burgh was a community of freemen—*liberi burgenses* or *probi homines*, self-governed and possessing a common right in the revenue derived from duties on

[1] The earliest documentary evidence of this practice is in a charter of Malcolm IV., who in 1160 granted certain lands in Morayshire for the obligation of "rendering to me the service of one knight in my castle of Elgin" (*Familie of Innes*, p. 51).

imports and exports, rents and fines imposed on malefactors. The constitution was the same whether the *dominus villæ*—the superior of the demesne—was the monarch as in the case of the royal burghs, a prelate or convent of monks as in the case of ecclesiastical burghs, or a powerful noble as in the case of burghs of barony. The necessary qualification for burgage, conveying the status of freeman, was the ownership of not less than a rood of land within the burgh and the erection thereon of a dwelling (*mansio*) however humble. Residence, however, was not obligatory; strangers, convents, and country-dwellers acquired the franchise with the property, and the right was heritable by the heirs of freemen. Thrice a year the whole body of freemen were summoned together in the open air to perambulate the marches, to admit to the franchise such persons as were properly qualified, and to make bye-laws. Such meetings were termed "mutes" or "folk-motes." The council of burgh-reeves (*præpositi*) was elected at the Michaelmas mute by the freemen, and they in turn elected the alderman; but it was not long before these titles fell into disuse in Scotland, the alderman becoming known as the provost and the burgh-reeves as bailies. The latest instance of the chief magistrate of Edinburgh having the title of "Alderman" prefixed to his name appears to have been John of Leuyntoun (Livingstone) in 1423; but as late as 1439 an Act in the Burgh Records bears to have been passed by "the Alderman, the Bailies

and the Counsale of the Toun, and sundrie of the Communitie."

It is not possible to trace to its origin the practice of co-operation among the burghs of Scotland for maintenance of their rights and for advancing their commerce and other interests. Aberdeen and the other principal towns north of the Forth were already combined in a "hanse" or league in the reign of David I., at which period the southern burghs were accustomed to send representatives to a council presided over by the King's Chamberlain. This developed into the Court or Parliament of the Four Burghs—Berwick, Roxburgh, Edinburgh, and Stirling,[1] whence issued under royal authority the *Leges Quatuor Burgorum.* These laws were, in fact, a codification of burghal constitutions and usages, which, being in advance of the civilisation of the period and coinciding in a remarkable degree with Roman law, have been pronounced by some writers learned in such matters to have had their source in Roman institutions and practice. Haddington was for more than three centuries the usual place for the court to meet, but in 1454 James II. fixed it in Edinburgh by letters patent. This is the origin of the Convention of Royal Burghs—an active and influential corporation at the present day.

The powers with which town councils were in-

[1] In 1368, when Berwick and Roxburgh had passed into possession of the English, Lanark and Linlithgow were enrolled in their place in the court.

vested were very considerable. Their jurisdiction was exclusive within their own bounds in all matters civil and criminal, except the four pleas of the Crown. A burgess could not be summoned before the king's court or that of any other authority; at least, if he were so summoned, he was bound to attend and enter protest "that in his awne court of the burgh befor his aldirman or his bailye he sall do full rycht."[1] Needless to say, these privileges and others of a different kind were often overridden by powerful subjects during the troubled dynasty of the Stuarts, but they were never surrendered or forfeited, and were scrupulously saved in the Act abolishing hereditary jurisdiction in Scotland (20 George II., c. 43, §§ 26, 27).

[1] *Leges Quatuor Burgorum*, c. 56.

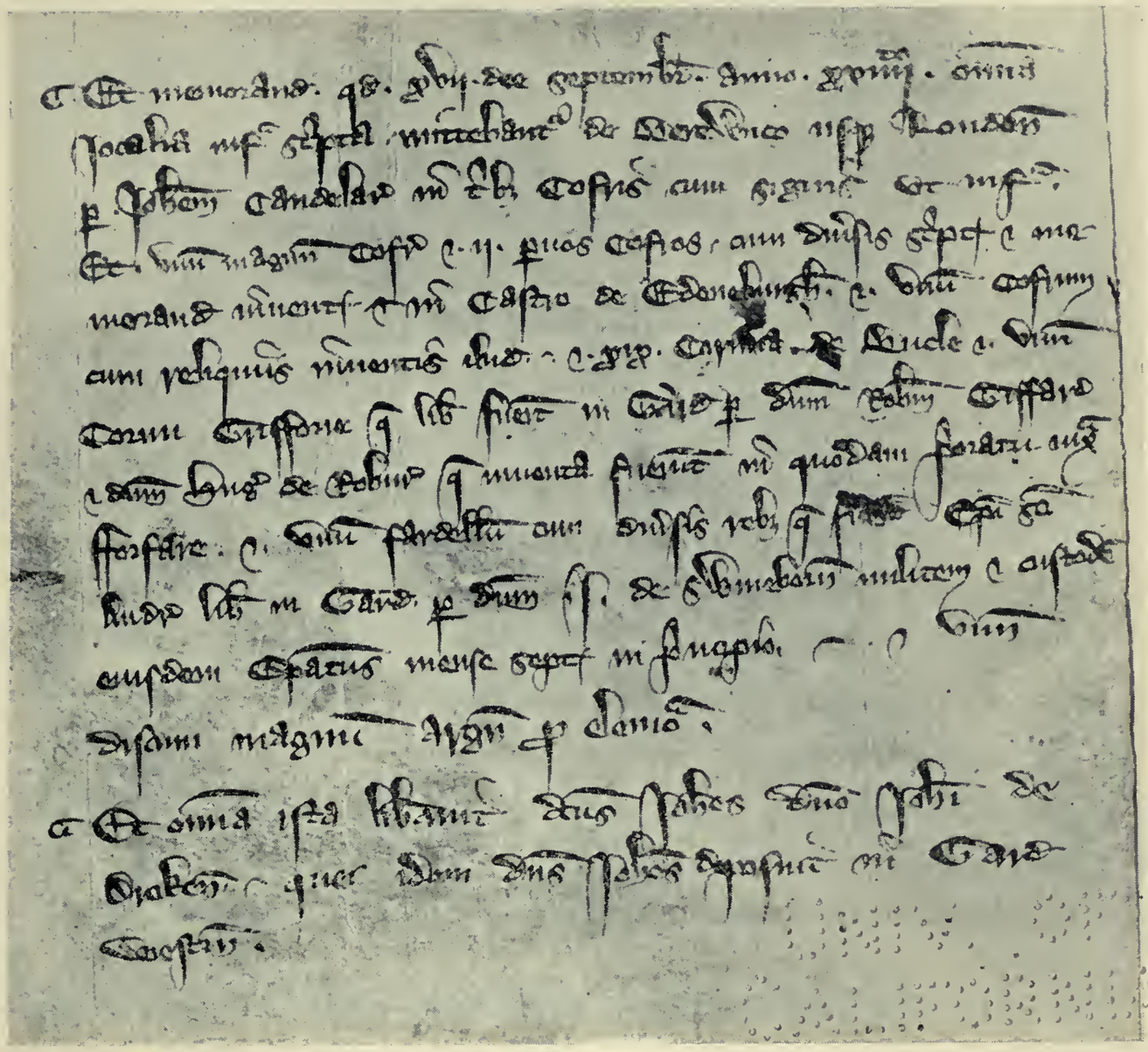
II

The long reign of Alexander III. (1249–86) had brought about a notable growth in the solidarity, wealth, and influence of the Scottish nation. While the first of these conditions was increased, the other two were greatly diminished by events consequent on the interregnum, 1290–92. The general course of these events is too well known to brook recapitulation here, save as they relate directly to Edinburgh and its Castle.

That Castle, greatly strengthened by King Alexander, was handed over with the other Scottish fortresses to Edward I. as Lord Paramount, 4th June 1291, pending his award of the crown. Sir Ralph Basset of Drayton was appointed castellan, all public muniments and records stored in the Castle being sent to Berwick to be deposited in King Edward's treasury in that town.

Five years later, following upon John Baliol's half-hearted revolt against his overlord, King Edward halted for a couple of nights in Edinburgh on his march to Elgin. On this occasion all the plate and jewellery found in the castle were looted and sent off in charge of John le Chandelar to Westminster,

A



ENDORSEMENT OF INVENTORY OF JEWELS REMOVED FROM EDINBURGH CASTLE, SEPTEMBER 1296. (*Exchequer Q.R. Miscellanea, Wardrobe, No.* 32/25.)

Translation.

On 17th September in the 24th year all the within-written jewels were sent from Berwick to London by the hands of John the Chandler in three coffers marked as within. And a great coffer and two small coffers with divers writings and memoranda found in the Castle of Edinburgh, and a coffer with relics found there ; and 19 horns " de bucle " and a griffon's horn, delivered in the Wardrobe by Sir Robert Giffart and Sir Hugh de Robury, found in a certain priory near Forfare ; and a fardel with divers things of the Bishop of St Andrews, delivered in the Wardrobe by Sir John de Swineburne, knight, Keeper of the said bishopric, in the beginning of September, and a great silver alms-dish.

All these the said John [the Chandler] delivered to Sir John de Drokenford, who deposited them in the Wardrobe at Westminster.

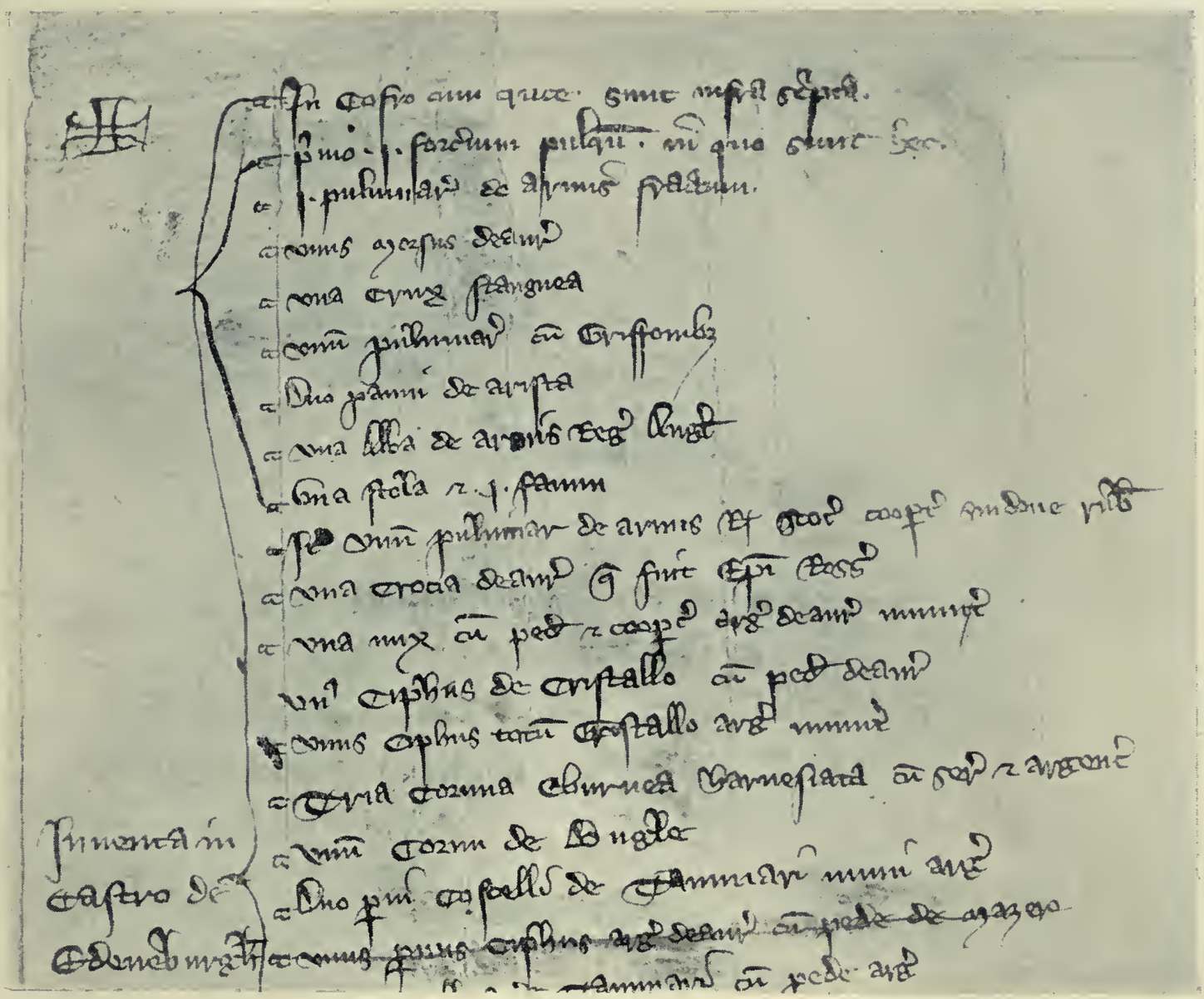
where a full inventory of the booty is still preserved in the chapter-house. Howbeit, there was left behind one object more precious in the sight of Scotsmen than either jewels or plate. An entry in the wardrobe accounts of Edward I. shows that in 1304 there remained in Edinburgh Castle *una petra magna super quam reges Scocie solebant coronari*—"a great stone whereon the Kings of Scotland used to be crowned." This, of course, was the Lia Fail—the Stone of Destiny—which served through many reigns as the coronation stone in royal Scone. It is not known when or by whom it was brought to Edinburgh—whether by David I., when he fixed his seat of government there, or by Edward I., with the intention of carrying it off to London, an intention which he lived to fulfil before his death in 1307. In Westminster Abbey it still remains, albeit many patriot Scots consider that it should have been restored to their country along with the other honours of Scotland.

Wherever the King of England halted during this expedition of 1296, there was a gaol delivery, with a pitiable amount of hanging. Thomas, chaplain of Edinburgh, evidently a fervid patriot, was tried on a charge of having publicly pronounced excommunication on the King of England with bell and candle, and Richard Gulle was tried for ringing the said bell. Both the accused pled guilty, but, claiming benefit of clergy, they were handed over to be dealt with by the archdeacon of Lothian, with what result is not

recorded. It was during this expedition, also, that mention first occurs of the name of an Edinburgh magistrate, to wit, William de Dedyk or de Fotherig, alderman, who, with twelve burgesses, signed the Ragman Roll of allegiance to King Edward.

During Wallace's rising (1297–98), although both Stirling town and castle were taken by the Scots, who also occupied the towns of Edinburgh, Berwick, and Roxburgh, the English garrisons in these three castles made good their defence until the patriot cause was crushed, for the time being, at Falkirk, 22nd July 1298. At this time Sir John de Kingston, a knight of considerable renown, was governor of Edinburgh Castle. The exact strength of his garrison is not known, but it was probably much the same as it was in February 1300, namely, 7 knights, 17 esquires, 67 men-at-arms, 18 crossbowmen, 60 archers, etc.—in all, 347 of all ranks, with 156 horses. There seems to have been no difficulty about supplies, which were shipped at Berwick and safely conveyed to Leith under protection of the powerful Earl of Dunbar — "Patrick with the blak berd," eighth earl, who was in the English interest.

The town and castle of Edinburgh receive but infrequent notice in contemporary documents of the next dozen years or so, the tide of battle rolling farther to the north and west. In October 1301 siege engines were despatched by the constable, Sir John Kingston, for King Edward's use in reducing Bothwell Castle; in March 1304 he received orders



FIRST PART OF THE INVENTORY.

Translation.

✠ In a coffer with a cross are the underwritten :—

First, a fair forcer, wherein are these : a shrine, with arms, broken ; a gilt morse ; a tin cross ; a shrine with griffons ; two cloths of Arras ; an alb, with arms of the King of England ; a stole and fanun ; a shrine, with arms of the King of Scotland ; a gilt crozier which was the Bishop of Ross's ; a nut, with foot and silver-gilt cover, mounted ; a crystal cup with a gilt foot ; a cup all crystal, silver-mounted ; three ivory horns, decorated with silk and silver ; a bugle-horn ; two small drinking-cups " de Tammari," silver-mounted ; a small silver-gilt cup with a mazer foot ; a nut with silver-gilt foot, broken ; a crystal cup with silver-gilt foot, broken.

to obtain from the woods of Newbattle such timber as was required for the repair of the engines in Edinburgh Castle.

Matters took on a different complexion after the death of the Great Plantagenet in 1307. Edward II., at continual strife with his barons, allowed the Scottish war to languish, and strength after strength passed into possession of Robert the Bruce, the English garrisons having been left with neither hay nor provender.[1] Howbeit, in the spring of 1314, the memorable year of Bannockburn, Edinburgh Castle was still holding out, though closely beleaguered by King Robert's nephew, Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray. Barbour states that the English garrison, suspecting the constable, Sir Piers de Lubaud, a Gascon, of negotiating with the Scots, disarmed and imprisoned him. Randolph having heard that James Douglas had taken Roxburgh Castle by clever stratagem, bethought him whether he could not undertake something of the sort in Edinburgh, for Randolph and Douglas ever were generous rivals in feats of chivalry.

There came to Randolph privily a certain Frenchman named William, who told him that in his youth he had been quartered in the castle and had found out a means of visiting his sweetheart in the town by

[1] In March 1312 Sir Piers de Lubaud, who had succeeded Kingston as constable of the castle and sheriff of the county of Edinburgh, pressed for money to settle £1456 arrears of pay due to his garrison. King Edward having no cash in hand, assigned to him the customs of wool and hides at St Botolphs.

night after the castle gates were closed. He showed Randolph a cleft in the north side of the rock up which he undertook to lead a party, with a rope-ladder to enable them to scale the wall.[1]

Barbour makes the exploit the theme of some of the most stirring stanzas in his great epic. Writing half a century after the event, he may well have embroidered his narrative with a few unauthentic details; still, after making all allowance for his flights of fancy, the adventure was romantic in itself, and the main facts have never been called in question. One need but view the stupendous precipice in daylight to realise the danger of attempting to scale it, even with friendly assistance from the ramparts above; to undertake it by night, with the enemy's sentries on the alert, might well have been deemed suicidal folly; yet that was the task from which Randolph and his forlorn hope did not recoil. Barbour does not mention a feint attack which was delivered on the east side of the fortress to divert attention from the escalade; but we learn from other sources that this was an important feature in the scheme.

[1] In the *Tales of a Grandfather* Sir Walter Scott describes the ascent as being made from the south side, because he assumed that French William's sweetheart—"ane wench here in the toun"—lived in the Grassmarket; but as there were then no houses where the Grassmarket now stands, William would be as near the town on the eastern ridge if he descended on the north side as if he went down on the south side. Mr Eric Stair Kerr has concluded for the north side, after carefully examining the evidence (see *Proceedings of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries*, vol. xlvii. pp. 423–426).

On a dark and windy night the scaling party assembled at the foot of the rock. French William led the way in the perilous ascent; next him climbed Sir Andrew Gray, Randolph going third, with thirty picked men behind him. Half-way up, the little band halted, listening to the "chak wachys" or reliefs being posted above them. Resuming the ascent, they had an anxious moment when a sentry on the wall

swappyt doun a stane
And said—Away! I se you weile.

However, the sentry probably suspected nothing, the stone flew harmless over their heads; presently they reached the foot of the wall and flung the hooks of their rope-ladder over it. By this time the feint attack must have occupied all the attention of the garrison, for before the alarm was raised in this new quarter, most of Randolph's party had gained entrance, and the place was soon in their possession. Barbour says the garrison was put to the sword,[1] but that the imprisoned constable, Sir Piers Lubaud, was released and entered the Scottish service. As for the Castle itself, it was dismantled and razed in accordance with the standing orders of King Robert, who had no faith in stone walls for defence, but, as a true guerrilla chief, loved better "to hear the lark sing than the

[1] In accordance with the custom of war in the case of a place that had been summoned and refused to surrender—a custom which was recognised as lawful as late as the beginning of the nineteenth century.

mouse squeak." Queen Margaret's Chapel was the only building left standing on the rock.

Thereafter both town and castle of Edinburgh disappear from the annals of war for twenty years. The town, indeed, was still of insignificant size, probably with no more than two or three thousand inhabitants dwelling under roofs thatched with reeds, and the Castle was no longer there to give it shelter. Indeed, the royal burgh of the Canongate, with its population of clerics, was the more important place of the two. It is true that Edward II. halted his army at or near Edinburgh on the night of 21st June 1314, when on his march to meet his fate at Bannockburn; but it was no doubt the port of Leith, so convenient for landing supplies, that made him choose that camping ground. Not until 1335 did the steep and narrow "wynds" resound again to the clash of arms. In July that year Edward III. invaded Scotland with a great force in support of Edward Baliol. Guy, Count of Namur, landed at Berwick with some squadrons of Walloon lances, and was marching to join the English army at Perth, when he was overtaken by Regent Moray and the Earl of March on the Borough Muir, now included in the south side of the city of Edinburgh. The foreigners fought gallantly, but when the Scots were reinforced by fresh troops under Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalwolsey (Dalhousie) and Sir William Douglas of Liddesdaill—"the Flower of Chivalry"—they broke and fled to the ruins of the Castle. There, it is said,

they slaughtered their horses to form a rampart, and held out till next day, when the pinch of hunger caused them to surrender.

Howbeit, in September of the same year, Edinburgh was occupied by the English and the Castle was being repaired under Sir Thomas Roscelin (Rosslyn), probably a Baliolite Scottish knight. On 2nd November Roscelin was relieved as warden by Sir John de Strivelyn (Stirling), who reported that there was no dwelling (*habitacoun*) within the said castle, except a little chapel partly unroofed (*a poy descouerte*), a little *pentice* above the chapel, and a stable three parts unroofed. The garrison consisted of 8 knights, 60 men-at-arms, and 60 Yorkshire archers. By March 1337 the work of restoration was complete, the total cost amounting to £454, 14s. 6½d., equal to about £6000 or £7000 at the present day.

It is briefly noted in the English Exchequer Rolls that on 16th April 1341 Edinburgh Castle was surrendered to the Scots, the garrison consisting of 49 men-at-arms, 6 watchmen, and 60 mounted archers; but no reference is made therein to the clever stratagem described by Wyntoun as having brought about its fall.

A priest named William Bullock, who was chamberlain to Edward Baliol and governor of Cupar, sold his trust to Sir William Douglas of Liddesdaill, to whom he delivered the castle of Cupar, and unfolded a scheme for the recovery of Edinburgh Castle. Walter Curry, a Dundee trader,

having placed his ship at their disposal, shaved himself and his crew in the English manner, took on board Douglas, Bullock, and a strong detachment of picked men, and sailed for Inverkeithing, where he cast anchor. Curry then waited upon Sir Thomas de Rokeby, governor of Edinburgh Castle, representing himself as the captain of an English merchantman, laden with wine and victual which he was ready to dispose of. He asked the governor to accept the present of a sample cask which he would bring to the Castle next morning. This having been agreed to, Curry returned on board; and at night Douglas and his party landed and went into ambush somewhere near the Castle. At daylight Curry and a dozen bold fellows, with rough frocks over their armour and stout staves in their hands, led two horses to the castle-gate, one carrying a pair of coal-creels, well covered up, the other laden with two barrels filled with water, representing casks of wine. The porter, having received orders to admit the party, opened the gate and was instantly felled. Curry set a pole under the portcullis, jamming it; his men threw down the coal-creels and barrels to block the passage; a blast on a horn brought Douglas and his party upon the scene; the garrison was overpowered and the Maiden Castle was once more in the hands of the Scots.

Wyntoun's narrative receives confirmation in its main facts from entries in the Scottish Exchequer Rolls, recording payment of various sums to Curry

and others in reward *pro adquisicione castri de Edinburgo*—for the capture of Edinburgh Castle. Douglas was appointed warden of the said Castle, with a salary of 100 marks per annum; but the post being ill-suited to his restless, daring spirit, in the following year he obtained the appointment for his bastard elder brother, mentioned in *Fœdera* as *Willelmus Douglas l'eisne*, a prisoner at Durham in 1346. Bullock was received into high favour by the regent, Sir Andrew Moray, who appointed him Chamberlain; but he soon incurred suspicion of being in treasonable correspondence with the English Government (treachery wherewith there is too much cause to include the knight of Liddesdaill); he was arrested and thrust into a cell in Lochindorb Castle, where he was allowed to die of hunger.

Once again Edinburgh disappears from the page of history for the space of fifteen years. Edward III.'s invasion in 1355 was remembered by coming generations as "the Burnt Candlemas," so hideous was the havoc he wrought in Lothian and the Merse. The flames which consumed the beauteous church of Haddington—"the Lamp of Lothian"—may have been descried from the ramparts of Edinburgh; but that town and the abbey of Holyrood escaped damage on this occasion.

In 1357 the regent, Robert Stewart (afterwards Robert II.), held a Parliament in Edinburgh to arrange for payment of the ransom of David II., who had been for eleven years a prisoner in England. After his

release the king made Edinburgh his principal residence, and large sums were spent upon the Castle. The garrison had relied in former years on a well within the fortress for their water supply, but that had got buried in one of the numerous sieges and could not be found again. The Scottish Chamberlain's Accounts for 1361 include the payment of £120 for constructing a new well, which still remains at the foot of the north side of the Castle Rock, where the existing ruins of the Wellhouse Tower represent the *turris fontis*, for building which and connecting it by a covered way with the Castle, Robert Hog, an Edinburgh burgess, received £80.[1] In 1367 was begun a massive and lofty keep, built on the site now occupied by the Half-Moon Battery. For two hundred years "Davy's Tower" remained the most conspicuous feature in the group of buildings on the Castle rock, until it was destroyed during the siege of 1573.[2]

The Bruce dynasty ended with the death of David II. in Edinburgh Castle on 22nd February 1371, having lasted only sixty-five years. Brief as that dynasty was, it was also the most momentous in the history of Scotland, for it had witnessed the restoration of her independence, never again to be wrested from a

[1] In 1381, when war was renewed with England, Robert II. caused diligent and prolonged search to be made for the old well, which was at last found, cleansed, and repaired.

[2] A full account of the discovery in 1912 of considerable remains of this tower is given in the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, vol. xlviii. pp. 230–270.

PLAN OF CASTLE, SHOWING REMNANTS OF DAVID'S TOWER.

resolute and warlike people. Yet, in many respects, the realm to which Robert II., first king of the house of Stewart, succeeded was in worse case than when the boy David ascended the throne. David found the country strong and prosperous; he left it firm, indeed, in its independence, but woefully impoverished as the result of his own headstrong policy and the grievous burden of his ransom. The coinage had been seriously debased; the same weight of metal which in Robert I.'s reign produced 26s. 4d. was coined in 1367 into 29s. 3d., marking the beginning of a process of depreciation which in 1423 caused the English Parliament to prohibit the Scottish currency as legal tender in England, and ultimately went to such lengths that, at the Union in 1707, the Scottish pound was only equivalent to one-twelfth of the pound sterling.

Howbeit, despite this disadvantage, the constitution of the Scottish burghs, as founded by the first David, had been steadily developing itself under the second David, and Edinburgh shared in the general advance in administration of justice, regulation of commerce and markets, and provision for defence. In common with other royal burghs, it returned representatives to Parliament, though the manner of choosing these representatives is not clear. They formed the third estate in the council of the nation, sitting together with the clergy and the barons. It was in the Parliament of 1357 that Edinburgh appears first in precedence over the other burghs—a Parlia-

ment called for the special purpose of providing 100,000 marks for the ransom of David II., a prodigious sum according to values in the fourteenth century. Edinburgh was represented by three of her burgesses, namely, Alexander Gyliot, Adam Tore, and John Goldsmith, who affixed the seal of the burgh in token of obligation for its share in the levy.

Thrifty and rude as was the scale of living among all King David's subjects except the great barons, humble to the verge of squalor as were their homes, yet the representation in Parliament of these burghs —a few crowded rows of thatched houses clustering in the lee of some feudal fortress—was the guarantee of constitutional liberty. The rights of the citizen were expressed more boldly than had yet been done in England—witness the Act passed in 1369, whereby it was decreed "that no justiciar, sheriff, or other officer of the king execute any mandate addressed to him under whatsoever seal, great or privy seal, small seal or signet, in prejudice of any party, if it be contrary to the statutes or the common form of law; and if any such [illegal] mandate be presented to him, he shall indorse it and return it forthwith so indorsed." In the troubled years to come, private rights and public justice were to be often brushed aside, public justice to be outraged or suborned; but the sound seed had been sown, to lie dormant, indeed, or nearly so, through the long winter of discontent and lawlessness, but to spring forth and bear fruit

abundantly when the sun of freedom once more shone upon the land.

The accession of Robert II. in 1371 bore importantly upon the subsequent standing of Edinburgh in relation to the other burghs of Scotland. It is in his reign that the office of Provost is first mentioned, John de Quhitness holding that dignity in 1377. Of the four towns originally constituting the *Curia quatuor Burgorum*, or Council of the Four Burghs, Berwick and Roxburgh were still held by the English, to whom they had been surrendered by Edward Baliol. There remained only Edinburgh and Stirling, to which were added Linlithgow and Lanark in place of the lost towns; and it was in Edinburgh that King Robert held his court, when he did hold one. But, being more frail in mind and body than his five-and-fifty years would seem to warrant, he left the affairs of governance chiefly to his son, the Earl of Carrick (afterwards Robert III.), and was wont to betake himself for repose to the tranquil atmosphere of Rothesay in the Isle of Bute. Carrick, however, found Edinburgh a more suitable centre, both politically and strategically; thenceforward, although Scotland was still to remain for many years without a titular and official metropolis, Edinburgh received virtual acknowledgment as the most important city of the realm. Thither came John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster and brother of the Black Prince, in 1381, nominally as King Richard's plenipotentiary to negotiate a peace, but actually to seek shelter from

the storm that had risen against him in England in the shape of Wat Tyler's riots. The Earl of Carrick received him with royal honours, bidding the Earl of Douglas and Archibald Douglas "the Grim," Lord of Galloway, to ride out with a splendid retinue to meet the duke at Haddington and escort him to Holyrood Abbey, where he remained for a considerable time as the guest of the nation.[1]

Two years later, on 20th August 1383, King Robert in person received in Edinburgh Castle the ambassador of Charles VI., and set his seal to a renewal of the alliance, offensive and defensive, with France. The truce with England was due to end at Michaelmas, and, although it was prolonged till February 1384, it was of so precarious a nature that the Earl of Carrick was acting no more than prudently in having the Castle put in a state of defence. The wages of engineers, gunners, armourers, masons, etc., bulk largely in the accounts of those years. Dederic the carpenter, having constructed a huge engine—*magna machina*,—was required to discharge three trial shots from it to the satisfaction of Adam Forester before receiving payment of £20, just double the annual salary of the chaplain. £4 was paid *pro uno instrumento dicto gun*—for an instrument called a gun; sulphur and saltpetre taken into the Castle doubtless being intended for making

[1] The Scottish Chamberlain's Accounts for 1381 contain a charge of £597, 14s. 9d. for the Earl of Carrick's expenses in entertaining the Duke of Lancaster.

powder for use in the said "instrument"—a hazardous form of industry, one should say.

The event proved that these precautionary measures were no more than was needful. The truce was to expire on 4th February 1384; on 26th January a truce for eight months was arranged between England and France, when it was stipulated that Scotland, as the ally of France, should have the option of being included therein. Charles VI. despatched envoys to announce this to the King of Scots, but the English Government resolved to inflict a blow upon the northern realm before these envoys could arrive in Edinburgh. Indeed, to judge from the date of the safe-conduct which they received from King Richard—13th February—their departure was purposely delayed, and, in effect, they did not reach Edinburgh till the middle of April.

Another party from France arrived in Edinburgh about the same time, namely, thirty French knights and esquires who landed at Montrose and placed their lances at the disposal of the King of Scots. King Robert, douce man, was well known to have no stomach for deeds of arms, so Douglas and Moray took matters into their own hands without consulting him. They held a meeting in St Giles's Church[1] and planned a raid over the Border, which was carried

[1] Not the existing building, but its fine Norman predecessor, whereof the last feature disappeared when the richly carved doorway, dating from the twelfth century, was barbarously demolished in the latter half of the eighteenth century.

out with spirit, to the supreme gratification of the French chevaliers.

Meanwhile John of Gaunt had been sent upon an expedition with orders to inflict the utmost damage in his power upon the Scots before they should receive the message from the King of France. He marched to Edinburgh, and, according to Wyntoun, only refrained from burning the town on condition of the citizens paying an indemnity. He is credited with having purposely refrained from doing much injury to the nation whose guest he had so lately been; and this appears more clearly in the following year when Lancaster accompanied King Richard in his destructive invasion.

Before that took place Sir Jehan de Vienne, Admiral of France, landed at Leith early in the summer of 1385 with 2000 knights, esquires, and men-at-arms, to join the Scots nobles in an invasion of England. Froissart describes how bitterly the French knights complained of the beggarly character of their reception and of the miserable lodging provided for them:

> The Lords and their men lodged themselves as well as they could in Edinburgh and . . . in the villages round about. Edinburgh, notwithstanding that it is the residence of the king, and is the Paris of Scotland, is not such a town as Tournay or Valenciennes, for there are not in the whole town four hundred houses.[1] . . . When these barons and knights of France, who had been used to handsome houses, ornamented chambers, and

[1] Some readings render this four thousand, but the lower figure is probably nearer the truth.

castles with good soft beds to repose on, saw themselves in such poverty, they began to laugh, and to say to the admiral: "What on earth did we come here for?"[1]

The French brought with them fourteen hundred suits of armour and a large sum of money to stimulate the ardour of the Scottish barons, but their reception was distinctly discouraging. King Robert was absent in the Highlands. "At last," writes Froissart, "he arrived, with red, bleared eyes of the colour of *sendal*,[2] clearly no valiant man in arms, preferring to lie still rather than ride." However, he received his allies courteously enough, issued summons to muster an army, consisting, says Froissart, of 30,000 mounted men, and sent the expedition on its way. The result was not very felicitous, though the allies wasted the country in the most approved style as far as York. But King Richard's counter-stroke was terrible. The strength of mediæval armies, as stated by contemporary chroniclers, must always be accepted under reserve, and the estimate of 7000 men-at-arms and 60,000 archers is probably far beyond the actual numbers with which he crossed the Border. But Richard's array was formidable enough to cause the Scoto-French column to fall rapidly back before him. He gutted the abbeys of Melrose, Dryburgh, and Newbattle; he wasted the Merse and Lothians; he burnt the town of Edinburgh and St Giles's

[1] Froissart's *Chronicles*, book ii. chap. 35.

[2] "Bois rouge des Indes: sorte d'étoffe et de linge" (Roquefort's *Glossary*).

Cathedral, sparing only Holyrood Abbey at the intercession of Lancaster, who bore in kindly remembrance the hospitality he had received there when his own star was under a cloud.

> Off Edynburgh the kirk brynt thaí,
> And wad habe dwne swa that abbay [Holyrood],
> Bot the Duk for his curtasy
> (Syne he hade qwhylum thare herbry,
> Quhen he wes owte off his cuntré)
> Gert it at that tyme sawffyd be.[2]

The remaining years of King Robert's reign present a record of truces made, lapsed or broken, and renewed, alternating with periods of fierce guerrilla on the Borders (Otterburn was fought through the starlit night of 15th August 1388).[1] At his death in 1390, John, Earl of Carrick, was crowned at Scone with the throne-name of Robert III., the name John being deemed to have sinister association with the house of Baliol. But whereas the new king had been permanently crippled by the kick of a horse, so that he could not ride (and a king that could not ride through his realm could not aspire to rule it), his next brother Robert, Earl of Fife, was appointed regent. Relations with England were kept on a fairly amicable footing until Richard II. was deposed

[1] Wyntoun's *Cronykil*, l. ix. c. 7.

[2] The lines in the ballad of Otterburn—

> The moon was clear, the day drew near,
> The spears in flinders flew—

are not to be reconciled literally with the fact that the moon only entered her first quarter on 25th August 1388.

in 1399, English and Scottish knights keeping their hands in by frequent international tournaments. At one of these held in Edinburgh the heir-apparent, first to receive ducal rank in Scotland as Duke of Rothesay, was the most conspicuous challenger.

These satisfactory conditions underwent a change for the worse after the revolution which landed Henry IV. on the throne of England in 1399. He, indeed, had no desire to renew the war, having plenty to do in maintaining civil peace in his own dominions; but, unfortunately, the feather-brained Duke of Rothesay was invested with the regency in place of his uncle Albany.[1] He was betrothed to the daughter of the powerful Earl of March: he threw her over and married a daughter of the equally powerful Earl of Douglas, whereupon March transferred his allegiance to King Henry. March's estates having been seized by Douglas, "Hotspur" Percy and March invaded Scotland early in the summer of 1400, King Henry following in person somewhat later with a strong army. Henry marched straight to Edinburgh, without the usual amount of pillage and burning on the way, and besieged Rothesay in the Castle. He declined Rothesay's chivalrous challenge, "for the sparing of Christian blood," to put the quarrel to an issue between one, two, or three hundred gentlemen of coat-armour on either side. So the siege went on, until King Henry, who had in-

[1] The Earl of Fife had been created Duke of Albany.

structed the dukes, earls, and other nobles of Scotland to bring their king to do homage to him in Edinburgh Castle on 23rd August, was forced to raise the siege in September and march with all speed home again to deal with the rebellion of Owen Glendower.

III

James I. was a captive in England when he succeeded his father Robert III. in 1406; nor did he regain his liberty till 1424, his ransom being fixed at 60,000 marks (£40,000), payable in six yearly instalments,[1] the last of which was to be remitted as representing the dowry of his Queen, Joan of Beaufort. Although this money, less 9000 marks surrendered in cash, remains unpaid to this day, the manner in which it was decreed that it should be assessed throws some light upon the relation to which Edinburgh had attained among the burghs of Scotland, and also upon the growing importance of these burghs as the third estate.

First, then, two-fifths of the burden was laid upon the burghs of Edinburgh, Perth, Dundee, and Aberdeen, showing that Edinburgh was the only one of the original *Quatuor Burgi*—four chief burghs of Scotland—retaining first-class importance, Roxburgh having suffered severely in the Border war, and Berwick having passed into possession of the English.

[1] The mark, or, as it was written in Scots, the merk, was not a coin but a money of account, equal to 13s. 4d.

Second: in the middle of the fourteenth century, when it was a question of raising David II.'s ransom, the burghs were only assessed for one-fifth of the special taxation, against one-half paid by the barons and three-tenths by the clergy. The burghs now undertook, or were made to undertake, two-fifths as against three-fifths payable by the others, which may be acccepted as evidence of increased wealth. Commerce, no doubt, had increased; more merchandise was handled in the towns, which depended for a principal part of their revenues upon the *parva costuma* they were entitled to levy upon goods coming in and, by an inverted kind of protection, upon goods—chiefly wool and hides—exported. But a sinister influence intervened to rob the municipalities of much of the profit they were entitled to derive from brisker trade. During the regencies of Albany and his son Murdoch, the greater barons had acquired power, which some of them, at least, exercised in a selfish and arbitrary manner. Men in such responsible positions as Archibald, fourth Earl of Douglas and keeper of Edinburgh Castle, his brother James (afterwards seventh Earl), Walter of Haliburton, brother of the Duchess of Rothesay, and Sir William de Borthwick, captain of Edinburgh Castle, all salaried officials, did not scruple to defraud both the national and burghal revenues by shipping wool and hides duty free. Not only so, but they frequently laid hands upon the money already collected by the "custumars." The heir-

apparent, the Duke of Rothesay, had set this evil example as early as the year 1402, the custumar of Dundee reporting to the Chamberlain that the duke had taken £71, 4s. 9d. from him by force.[1] He also plundered the customs at Linlithgow and Montrose in the same year, the last of his life. In subsequent years this system of pillage became the rule, rather than the exception. The Chamberlain's Accounts positively teem with complaints against high dignitaries. Two examples out of a multitude may be given. In May 1409 it was reported to the Chamberlain that the Earl of Douglas and Sir William Crauford not only had shipped twenty-three sacks of wool duty free in defiance of the custumars of Edinburgh, but, under compulsitor of imprisonment in the Castle, had extorted from the said custumars duties already collected to the amount of £708, 2s. 1d. The auditors reported this to Regent Albany, who stood far too much in dread of Douglas to do more than to beg him to abstain from such proceedings in future. So little heed did Douglas give to this admonition that in 1413 he refused to pay the duty on the wool he exported, estimated at £69, 6s. 8d., and, besides, seized the whole balance in the hands of the Edinburgh custumars, amounting to £634, 10s. 11d. Next year he took by violence £1339, 5s. 9d.; in 1415 his plunder was £1254, 4s. 2½d., and so on.

[1] "Quod dominus dux de Rothesaye cepit prædictam pecuniam ab eo violenter" (Exchequer Rolls of Scotland, 1402).

Now, considering that the gross custom of Edinburgh in 1416 was only £2047, and that, owing to many greater and lesser barons adopting the precedent set by Douglas in refusing to pay export duties, it fell to £1336, 5s. in 1417 and to £1098, 5s. 4d. in 1418, and that Douglas continued to seize a large part in each year, it is evident that, although the volume of trade increased year by year in Edinburgh, the municipality was sinking into poverty and drifting towards insolvency.

King James, undoubtedly the ablest of the Stewart dynasty, had been admirably educated in England; the late George Burnett paid him no more than his due in saying that he "returned home a scholar, a poet, and an artist, and skilled in every knightly accomplishment." But he was far more than a dilettante; he had a lofty conception of the kingly office; he found his realm rent with family feuds, seamed with corruption, sinking into bankruptcy, and he determined to redeem it. "If God," said he, "gives me but a dog's life, I'll make the key keep the castle and the bracken-bush keep the cow through all Scotland." Those who have blamed him for employing force and guile to put an end to private violence and public treachery have omitted to indicate what better means were at his hand.[1]

James wasted no time in preliminaries. After

[1] Except Andrew Lang. "James was acting in a hurry. A wise policy might have divided the nobles and attracted a strong party to the Crown" (*History of Scotland*, i. 303).

keeping Easter (20th April 1424) in Edinburgh, he caused Walter Stewart, eldest son of Duke Murdoch of Albany, to be arrested and imprisoned in the Bass (13th May). He then went to Scone to be crowned, where his cousin Albany exercised his hereditary right as Earl of Fife by placing him on the throne (21st May). Next, the king held his first Parliament at Perth (26th May), where his reforming hand may be recognised in an Act, among others, prohibiting the game of foot-ball by reason of its interfering with the training of young men for the defence of the realm.[1]

Albany might have taken alarm, but did not; and in March 1425 he, also, was arrested, and, together with his two sons Walter and Alexander, and the aged Lennox, suffered death on the Heading Hill of Stirling. The king's motive in this sanguinary business remains obscure, but the fair inference is that he had obtained knowledge of a formidable conspiracy brewing in the Albany branch of the royal house. Unfortunately, a less worthy construction has been put upon this *coup d'état* in consequence of James having forfeited and kept in his own possession the vast estates of the decapitated lords.

A note in the Chamberlain's Accounts for the year 1426 relates to the last instance of judicial ordeal

[1] "It is statute, and the King forbiddis, that na man play at the fute-ball vnder the paine of fiftie schillings to be raised to the Lord of the land, als oft as he be tainted, or to the Schireffe of the land or his Ministers, gif the Lord will not punish sik trespassouris."

by battle. A certain tailor of low degree (*plebeius scissor*) having complained to King James that he had been slandered by an esquire named Henry Knokkis (Knox), and Knokkis having denied the charge and accused the tailor of treason, the king commanded them to fight it out in Edinburgh Castle, and that 20s. should be expended in boarding the tailor *ante duellum.* The combatants met and set to; but whether the tailor did not put up a good fight or the king's conscience pricked him, as an earnest reformer, at allowing the revival of a barbarous custom, does not appear; anyhow, he stopped the combat before much blood flowed.

King James made Holyrood Abbey his favourite and most constant residence. Here was enacted a grim scene in 1429, when Alastair, rebel Lord of the Isles, suddenly appeared before the king and queen as they were attending mass in the Abbey Church on the eve of St Augustine (26th May). He was clad, says the chronicler Bower, only in his shirt and drawers;[1] holding a naked sword by the point, he knelt before his sovereign and craved pardon. His life was spared; but he was imprisoned in Tantallon Castle, one of the strongholds built by the ill-fated Albany.

Of brighter augury was an event in the following year:

[1] "Unless his romantic national costume was mistaken by the Lowland Bower for these garments" (Lang's *History of Scotland,* i. 305).

"In the year 1430," writes the Pluscardin chronicler, "there were born unto the king two male twins . . . whereat all people rejoiced with exceeding gladness throughout the realm; and because they were born in the monastery of Holyrood, bonfires [*ignes jucunditatis*] were lighted, flagons of wine and free meals were offered to all comers, while the most delectable harmony of musical instruments proclaimed all night long the praise and glory of God."[1]

In 1435 Æneas Sylvius (afterwards Pope Pius II.) arrived on a secret mission to the court of King James.[2] It was midwinter; he afterwards described the sun as being above the horizon little more than three hours, and the king as being "robust of person and oppressed by excessive corpulence." He is provokingly silent about what he saw in his travels; almost the only notes he made about Edinburgh being that it had no walls, and that he saw "the poor, almost naked, begging at the church doors, depart with joy in their faces on receiving stones as alms. This stone," he continues, "whether by reason of sulphurous or some fatter matter, is burned instead of wood, whereof this country is destitute."[3]

The reform of abuses is always an undertaking attended by risk to the reformer, and James had in-

[1] *Liber Pluscardensis*, xi. 5.

[2] In his writings Æneas makes conflicting statements as to the object of his mission. In the first he describes it as an endeavour to effect reconciliation between the king and a certain bishop; in the other he says that he was instructed to urge the king to make war upon England.

[3] Coal had been worked in Scotland long before this date, the earliest mention of this industry being in a charter dated 1291.

curred enough resentment to encourage his uncle, the Earl of Atholl, to conspire against him; for, if the children of Robert II. by Elizabeth Mure were indeed illegitimate, as many lawyers held, then was Atholl rightful King of Scots. Consequently, on 21st February 1437, Atholl, his grandson Sir Robert Stewart, Sir Robert Graham, and others beset the king in the Dominican monastery of Perth and did him to death in the presence of Queen Joan. It might have fared better thereafter with the assassins had they killed her also, for she was a woman of high spirit and rested not till the whole band were captured and brought to justice. Horrible was their doom; new and elaborate tortures were devised as preliminary to decapitation. Robert Stewart and his accomplice Christopher Chalmer were dragged through the High Street of Edinburgh, bound to the Market Cross, tormented in ways unspeakable, and finally beheaded. Atholl, the murderer of his nephew and sovereign, whose claim to the throne was the motive of his crime, was tied to a post and derisively crowned with paper before his head was struck off, the said head being afterwards encircled with an iron crown and stuck on a spear.

James I. was buried in the Carthusian monastery of Perth, in place of the ordinary royal place of sepulture, Dunfermline; and his son, a boy of six years old, was crowned on 25th March 1437 in the Abbey Church of Holyrood, an innovation resorted to because of the dangerous proximity of Scone to

the Highlands.[1] This is remarkable as being the only coronation that has ever been performed in the Scottish capital (for so, from this date forward, Edinburgh may be termed), except that of Charles I. in 1633, eight years after his accession. The king had a red birthmark on his cheek; it was an age of frank speech, wherefore he became distinguished among others of his name and line as "James of the Fiery Face." An anonymous diarist of the time has the following note of the event:

> 1436 wes the coronacioun of King James the secund with the Red Scheik [cheek], callit James with the fyr in the face, he beand [being] bot sax yer ald and ane half, in the abbay of Halyrudhous, quhar his banys [bones] lyis.[2]

Queen Joan and the infant king sojourned in the Castle during the coronation festivities, which included a performance by a company of actors whom the late king, hardly more than a month dead, had brought over from Flanders. Archibald, fifth Earl of Douglas, the hero of Beaugé, was Regent and Lieutenant-Governor, but he showed singular indifference to

[1] Little reliance is to be placed upon the Scottish historians of this period, who, writing in the sixteenth century, relied upon hearsay and tradition about events in the fifteenth century. Thus Pitscottie follows Boece in stating that James II. was crowned at Scone, and that Livingstone of Callendar was appointed Regent, and Sir William Crichton, Chancellor, both of which statements would have continued unchallenged but for the evidence of the Exchequer Rolls and Treasurer's Accounts. We now know that Archibald, fifth Earl of Douglas, was Regent, and Bishop Cameron of Glasgow was Chancellor until 1439, when Crichton succeeded him.

[2] Winton MS.

public affairs, allowing them to be transacted by the leaders of the opposing factions—Sir William Crichton, whom the late king had made Sheriff of Edinburgh, Governor of the Castle, and Master of the Household, on the one hand, and Sir Alexander Livingstone of Callendar, whom Boece and Pitscottie erroneously describe as Regent, on the other. These two worthies, with their headquarters respectively in the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling, plotted and counterplotted against each other for the supreme object of possessing the boy-king's person. Each succeeded in kidnapping him more than once.

When Regent Douglas died suddenly on 26th June 1439, Queen Joan, distracted by disappointment in the trust which she had placed alternately in Crichton and Livingstone, and having been robbed of her son, sought protection by marrying Sir James Stewart, the Black Knight of Lorn. Livingstone at once seized her person by force and imprisoned her in Stirling Castle, at the same time thrusting her husband and his brother into dungeons of the same fortress. Then, having besieged Crichton in Edinburgh Castle, he induced or forced him to capitulate, and came to an agreement with him under which Crichton was to become Chancellor, and Livingstone guardian of the king till he should come of age. The Queen, under duresse, set her hand to an indenture ratifying the surrender of her son to Livingstone and three others, which seemed to put matters on an intelligible, if not altogether satisfactory, footing.

Howbeit, Crichton soon discovered that the office of Chancellor was regarded as being inferior in importance to Guardian of the King; he laid an ambush in the New Park at Stirling, into which the king rode as he went a-hunting, and once more James became a prisoner, more or less at large, in Edinburgh Castle. For how long, one cannot tell, for the bishops, as puissant in politics as the barons were in arms, managed to reconcile Livingstone and Crichton, Livingstone regaining custody of the king's person. Pitscottie professes, after the model of Tacitus and Barbour, to report verbatim long speeches which these two gentlemen made to each other, a proceeding which does not encourage implicit faith in other details of his narrative. This, however, is pretty clear, that the only bond of union between the Chancellor and the Guardian was a common dread of a lad of mettle, aged fourteen years, who had succeeded as sixth Earl of Douglas and third Duke of Touraine to the enormous estates and formidable military resources of the late regent. Boece would have us believe that this stripling was chiefly responsible for the disorders of the time. No doubt these were grievous. No regent had been appointed to succeed the dead Douglas; the general anarchy was extraordinary even for Scotland under the Stewarts. Bitter complaints, says Pitscottie, "quhair-of the lyk was nevir seine a befoir," were laid before the Parliament of 2nd August 1440. "Thair was so many widowes, bairnes and infantis seiking redresse

for thair husbandis, kin and friendis, and sicklyk many for hirschip [rapine], thift and murthir, that it wold have pitied any man to have hard the samyn."

It is plainly impossible that William Earl of Douglas and his twin brother David, not having attained years of puberty, can have been guilty of the enormities imputed to them by Boece and his copyists, Pitscottie and Buchanan. The charge is preposterous, intended by Boece to gratify his patron James V. by blackening the memory of the disgraced house of Douglas. But it is far from unlikely that the young Earl of Douglas bore no goodwill towards the upstarts Crichton and Livingstone, who by their factional disputes had brought the government into contempt; neither would he be at any pains to contradict the current rumour that pointed to himself, the great-grandson of Robert III., as the rightful guardian of the king. Anyhow, Chancellor Crichton and Guardian Livingstone, feeling that events might take a turn wherein their own heads would sit but lightly on their shoulders, determined to be beforehand with the noble whom they had most reason to fear. Warlike measures were not to be thought of—far too risky, for young Douglas by a nod could put 5000 of his own men in the field, besides the forces of friends of his house. These two worthies, therefore, hatched against the young earl and his brother a plot which, for heartless treachery, stands out black and detestable even among the crimes of that distracted age. Crichton indited "pleasant writingis" to Douglas,

bidding him bring his brother to the king's court and entreating their aid in the counsels of the kingdom. They accepted the invitation, riding to Edinburgh with their father's friend, Sir Malcolm Fleming of Cumbernauld, accompanied by a brilliant suite of knights and esquires.[1] After being presented to King James, a boy of ten years, dinner was served in the Castle. Care had been taken, says Pitscottie, to lodge the earl's suite in the town; but Sir Malcolm Fleming was of the party at table, at the head of which sat the king, who, it is said, was delighted to have the company of his young kinsmen. The last course having been removed, the attendants set down before the Earl of Douglas a bull's head.[2] Instantly, armed men entered the room, Douglas, his brother, and Fleming were seized and bound, the terrified little king weeping sorely and begging the Chancellor to protect his new friends. The three prisoners were put to mock trial on the spot, the weeping king being kept as a screen to the actual assassins. William and James Douglas were then taken out to the Castle yard and beheaded; Fleming, as a dangerous witness, suffering the same fate a few days later.

[1] Pitscottie says that Chancellor Crichton rode forth to meet Douglas, and persuaded him to turn aside to Crichton Castle, where he remained two days before going forward to Edinburgh.

[2] Sir Walter Scott has added the detail that it was a *black* bull's head. About the main facts of this tragedy there is no shadow of doubt, whatever degree of licence the early writers may have allowed themselves in accessory details.

There is no evidence—direct or indirect—implicating James the Gross, who succeeded his grand-nephew as seventh Earl of Douglas, as accessory to the crime; but one cannot avoid a sinister suggestion from the fact that he had earned a reputation for violence by waylaying and killing Sir David, father of Sir Malcolm Fleming (one of the Chancellor's victims), at Longherdmanston in 1405; that he profited through the death of his grand-nephews by succeeding to half the Douglas estates; and lastly, that during the remainder of his life he never manifested the slightest resentment for the murder of his young kinsmen, still less made any effort to avenge them—"a course of conduct," as Professor Hume Brown has observed, "singularly alien at once to the spirit of the times and the tradition of the Douglas blood." Hume of Godscroft has preserved for us but one stanza of a ballad which he says was still current in his day—that is, one hundred and fifty years after the murder:

> "Edinburgh Castle, towne and tower,
> God grant thou sinke for sinne;
> And that even for the black dinner
> Earle Douglas got therein."

So long as James Douglas the Gross lived it appears that Crichton and Livingstone kept on outwardly amicable terms; but James did not live long, dying in 1443, to be succeeded by his son William as eighth Earl of Douglas. He was born about the same time as his slaughtered cousin, and was therefore probably eighteen when his father died.

Livingstone was careful to ingratiate himself with this new star, presented him to King James, who was now thirteen years old, and promoted his marriage with Margaret, daughter of the fifth earl, better known as the Fair Maid of Galloway, in virtue of having succeeded to the lordship of Galloway and other of the Douglas possessions on the death of her father in 1439. The eighth earl, then, by this marriage became as powerful territorially as any of his predecessors and manifested every disposition to use his power, no doubt at Livingstone's instigation, for the ruin of the Chancellor. In this he succeeded: Crichton was summoned to Stirling to answer a charge of high treason; but he was too wary to go far from his lair in Edinburgh Castle, which he only quitted to make raids upon the Douglas lands. Crichton's estates were forfeited, his office of Chancellor was bestowed on Bishop Kennedy, and he himself was closely besieged in Edinburgh Castle for nine weeks.[1]

Suddenly and with nightmare inconsequence the actors changed parts. Crichton, having made fast friends with his successor Chancellor Kennedy, surrendered the Castle on his own terms, and regained favour with the king, who raised him to the peerage and restored him to the chancellorship. Livingstone and his two sons were seized and thrust into prison in Blackness Castle, their lands confiscated, and in

[1] Pitscottie, who is as picturesque as he is untrustworthy, improves this into nine months.

1450 the two sons perished on the scaffold. Crichton, on the other hand, remained supreme at court until that fatal supper party in Stirling Castle in 1452 when King James stabbed the Earl of Douglas to death, under trust, in Crichton's presence.

We must now get back to Edinburgh, whence we have been led astray in the train of the Douglas; for, in dealing with public events in Scotland during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it is impossible to steer clear of the meshes spread by the members of that great house.

In the spring of 1448 the truce (which had endured longer than usual, though it had not been more scrupulously observed) was at an end, and the English burnt Dunbar and Dumfries. Three earls of the house of Douglas, namely Douglas, Angus, and Ormond, retaliated by burning Alnwick and Warkworth, and in October Ormond and Wallace of Craigie routed a superior English force on the banks of the Sark. This renewal of war brought into relief the defenceless state of the capital. Edinburgh Castle, thanks to the diligence bestowed upon strengthening the natural advantages of its site, might be reckoned impregnable, save under stress of famine; but the city, as it may now be termed, lay open on all sides save that next the Castle, and the burning by Richard II. in 1385 had not passed from memory as a disaster that might be re-enacted in any successful raid by the English. The Town Council, therefore, set to work to carry out an important scheme of

defence. The plan was twofold. First, the valley on the north side of the castle and town, hitherto occupied by the king's gardens, as it is at the present day by those of the municipality and by the North British Railway, was inundated by a dam erected at the east end thereof, thus forming the Nor' Loch. Next a wall was built starting from the south side of the Castle Rock near the West Bow, at that time the principal entrance to the city; thence running east parallel with the High Street on the inner side of the hollow where now is the quarter named Cowgate, it turned sharply to the north, crossing the ridge at the Nether Bow and finishing off at the east end of the newly-formed Nor' Loch. In this important work may be traced the influence of Patrick Cockburn of Newbigging, who had been employed by the Government in connection with the fortification of Dalkeith Castle, and was from 1447 onwards both Provost of the city and Constable of the Castle. Howbeit, the strength of the new works was not to be tested yet awhile by the English, who during the rest of James II.'s reign had their energies fully absorbed in the Wars of the Roses.

Bleak and bloody as these distant years seem in the light thrown by the old chroniclers, it would be a grievous mistake to imagine that war and violence were the only outlets for energy—that no room was left for industry and idling. Trade pursued its accustomed course, chiefly with France and the Netherlands, as briskly as a steadily depreciating

currency would allow; there was plenty of leisure for lilting and love-making, tilting and the chase. It is refreshing to lay aside the annals of plot and counterplot, and peruse the description of the king's wedding to Marie de Gueldres in 1449. "Thar cam with hir," says the anonymous chronicler of Auchinleck, "xiii gret schippis [to Leith] and ane craike [carrack], in the quhilk ther was the Lord Canfer[1] with xv score of men in harnes." The best account of the proceedings in the Castle and in Holyrood Abbey is to be found in the chronicle of the Frenchman Mahieu d'Escouchy. The wedding feast, says he, lasted four or five hours, "wine and other drinks being grudged as little as if they had been so much sea-water." A splendid tournament was held, which came near ending in general bloodshed. Three Scottish champions, to wit, the Master of Douglas,[2] John Ross of Halkhead, and James Douglas, brother of the Laird of Lochleven, were pitted against three cavaliers of Burgundy, namely, Jacques de Lalain, Sir Simon de Lalain his uncle, and Hervé Meriadec, Lord of Longueville. Meriadec felled his antagonist, the Master of Douglas, with two strokes of his axe. Douglas, recovering, attacked Meriadec again, which the king ruled to be out of order and flung his baton into the ring. Douglas's men, furious at the defeat of their young lord, broke

[1] Wolfaert, son and heir of the Count of Campvere, had married King James's sister Mary in 1444.

[2] Afterwards ninth and last Earl of Douglas.

into the enclosure, the king summoned his guard to disperse them, and the entertainment broke up in disorder.

Graver business than this awaited King James in the Parliament which met in Edinburgh on 19th January 1450. After the butchery of the Douglas twins in 1440, Crichton and Livingstone had resumed active and bitter rivalry. In 1443 Livingstone craftily allied himself with James, Master of Douglas (afterwards ninth and last Earl of Douglas), a youth of eighteen, for whom King James, being then thirteen years of age, developed a strong affection; and in November of that year Crichton was outlawed on a charge of high treason and deprived of the chancellorship. However, strongly ensconced in Edinburgh Castle, he set the king and the Livingstone party at defiance. Moreover, he won over Bishop Kennedy of St Andrews, who, in his support, "cursit solempnitlie with myter and staf and buke and candil, contynually a year."[1] *Post hoc*, if not *propter hoc*, Crichton was back in office as Chancellor before the end of 1445; Livingstone in his turn being in durance on a charge of treason. A few months later, behold Livingstone again at liberty, for which he had paid heavily in cash, and in 1449 he scored for the last time against his old rival by obtaining for himself the important and lucrative office of Lord Justiciar of Scotland.

Yet must Crichton have had something up his

[1] *Auchinleck Chronicle.*

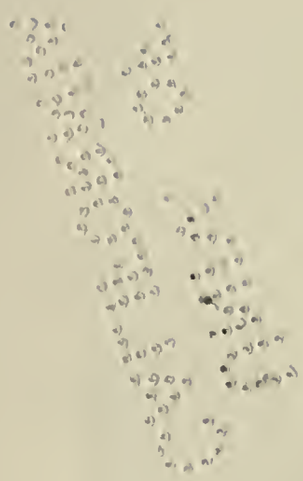
sleeve against Livingstone, whose final downfall is told tersely by the anonymous and contemporary author of the Auchinleck MS.:

> The xix day of Januar [1449–50] James the secund held his first parliament in Edinburgh.[1] In to the quhilk parliament thar was forfaltit [forfeited] schir Alexander Levistoun Lord Kalendar, and James Dundas of that ilk, and Robert Brus the lard of Clackmannannis brother. And James of Levingstoun, son and air to the said Alexander, was put to deid [death], and Robyne of Levingstoun of Lithgu that tyme comptrollar was put to deid, baith togidder on the castell-hill, thair heidis strikin of, the thrid day of the parliament.

As time went on the menace of English invasion loomed larger in proportion as the fortunes of the house of Lancaster waned. The Parliament of 1455 (the year after Crichton's death) made fresh arrangements for defence. The chain of bale-fires was regulated to pass from Tweedside through Dunbar, Haddington, and Dalkeith, besides intermediate stations, to Edinburgh Castle, thence through Stirling to the north. A single flare signified menace from an English army; two flares gave warning that it was advancing; four flares meant that the enemy was in great strength. Nominally there was truce with England, but that had been concluded with Henry VI.; and when that monarch was defeated by the Yorkists at Northampton (10th July 1460), King James considered himself no longer bound by the same, and laid siege to Roxburgh Castle, which was still held by the English. He was a keen amateur in artillery. The apple of his eye,

[1] He means the first after his marriage.

MONS MEG.



so to speak, was the great bombard now known as Mons Meg, an object of interest at this day in its conspicuous position on the platform of the King's Bastion in Edinburgh Castle; it was first employed in 1455, at the siege of the Threave, the Galloway stronghold of Douglas, brother of him whom James had slain at Stirling three years before. Many references to this great piece may be found in the Chamberlain's Accounts—the cost of its carriage from place to place, purchase of canvas for drying powder for it (*ad arificiendum pulveres bumbardorum in castro de Edinburgh*), and stone cannon-balls at 10s. each.

The tradition that this huge gun, which must have been considered a masterpiece of ordnance in the fifteenth century, was originally called Mollance Meg from having been made by a local blacksmith, MacKim of Mollance in Crossmichael parish, Galloway, for the siege of Threave, cannot be accepted without reserve, despite the high authority of Sir Walter Scott. Probably it was forged at Mons in Flanders. But it is to Sir Walter that it owes its preservation and present situation, for it was through his influence with George IV. that it was brought back to Edinburgh in 1829 from the Tower of London, whither it had been sent, among other obsolete ordnance, in 1745. The voice of this great piece has been silent since 1682, when it cracked in firing a salute to James Duke of York.

James II. paid with his life for his interest in

gunnery. His end cannot he told in more forcible phrase than Pitscottie's:

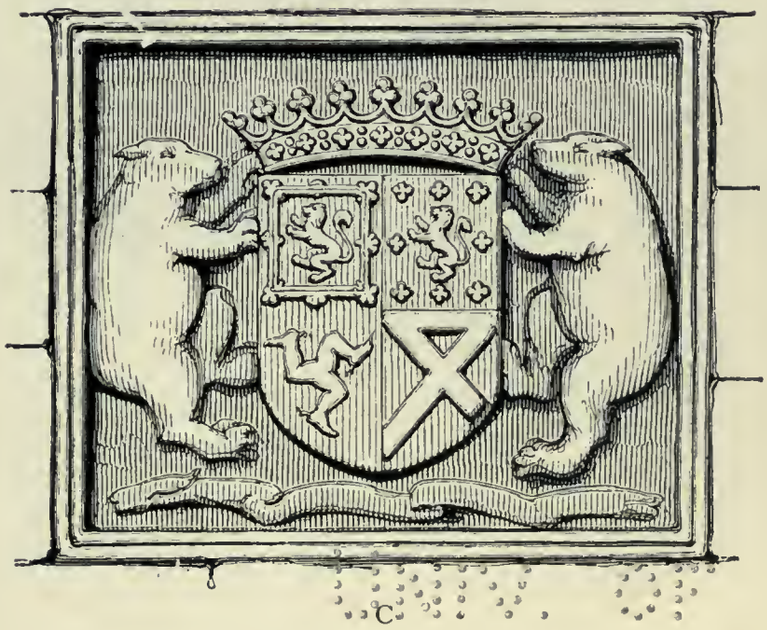
> Quhill this prince, more curious nor became the majestie of ane king, did stand near hand by quhair the artylliarie wer dischairged, his thigh bone was dung [smashed] in tuo be ane peice of ane misframed gune that brak in the schutting; be the quhilk he was strukin to the ground and died hastilie thairefter: quhilk greatumlie discouraged his wholl nobles and seruandis [servants] that war standing about him.

Born, christened, crowned, wedded, and buried in Edinburgh—no previous King of Scots had been so closely associated with the capital as James with the Fiery Face. His widowed Queen founded in 1462 and built to his memory the collegiate church of Holy Trinity, endowing the same for the support of a provost, eight prebendaries, and two clerks. Dying in the following year, she was buried there, a clause in the royal charter prescribing that "whensoever any of the prebendaries shall read mass, he shall thereafter in his priestly vestments proceed to the tomb of the foundress with hyssop and there read the *De profundis.*"

Queen Mary's tomb was desecrated during the riots attending the Reformation, but her remains were found undisturbed when the church was demolished in 1840; they were placed in a new coffin and reinterred in the Royal Vault in the abbey church of Holyrood. Shortly after another royal lady was discovered in the course of the demolition of Trinity College, whereupon a controversy ensued among Edinburgh antiquaries as to which coffin, neither being named, held Queen Mary's remains. The

A

B



C

FRAGMENTS FROM THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY.
FOUNDED 1462, DEMOLISHED 1847.

A. Ornamental Capitals.
B. Piscina in North Wall of Chantry Chapel.
C. Arms of Alexander, Duke of Albany, younger brother of James III.

second coffin was buried immediately outside the Royal Vault at Holyrood.

Demolished! Even so: to the discredit of those responsible for the deed, this fine example of flamboyant Gothic was sacrificed to the requirements of the North British Railway Company, which was bound by a clause in its Act to purchase another site and erect upon it a replica of Queen Mary's church before removing the old one. The Company, deeming these terms too onerous, resorted to ligitation, which dragged on for about thirty years, and resulted in the erection in 1871–72 of the present Trinity Church in Jeffrey Street, a building in Gothic of a different period from the original, but constructed largely of the stones laid in 1462. There was, unhappily, ample precedent for this act of vandalism. The Collegiate Church was handed over at the Reformation in 1567 to the Town Council of Edinburgh, who, in their ardour to rid the city of everything that they considered an object of idolatry, caused the common seal of the College to be destroyed in 1574, because it bore the sign of the Cross, and a new device substituted bearing the arms of the King and Mary of Gueldres.

Beside the church Queen Mary built and endowed a hospital for bedesmen, the revenues of which were taken over at the Reformation by the Town Council and applied as a city charity for the relief of decayed burgesses and their families.[1]

While deploring, as one must, the destruction of

[1] See p. 125, *infra*.

the fifteenth-century church, collegiate buildings, and hospital, it is matter for satisfaction that one priceless work of art has been restored to the Scottish capital in the shape of the altar-piece of Holy Trinity Church. It consists of two large panels of deal, each measuring 82 inches by 44, coated with gypsum and painted on both sides. One panel bears a portrait of James III. and his son, afterwards James IV., with St Andrew standing beyond them. On the reverse of this panel is a fine group representing the Holy Trinity. The second panel has a portrait of James's bride, Margaret of Denmark, with a saint in armour behind her, and on the reverse a portrait of Sir Edward Bonkil, first Provost of the College, kneeling beside an organ on which an angel is playing. This altar-piece was the gift of Bonkil himself, and, although the painting of all the figures, which are at whole length, is of the highest quality of Flemish art of the period, his portrait is probably the only one of the series which was painted from life. It is matter of doubt to whom this fine work should be attributed. "Portraiture in Scotland," says Mr James L. Caw, Curator of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, "opens with a masterpiece of Flemish painting. Although critical opinion at present tends to crystallise in the attribution to Van der Goes (died 1482), of whose art only one perfectly authenticated example remains, the authorship of the Trinity College altar-piece is not yet settled. All that is certain is that it is one of the

MARGARET OF DENMARK, QUEEN OF JAMES III.

From the Altar-piece of Holy Trinity Church, now in Holyroodhouse, attributed to Van der Goes.

finest works of its school and time."[1] The panels were transferred to Hampton Court in the seventeenth century, but were restored to their rightful place in the Scottish capital by Queen Victoria in 1857. Their present position in the centre of the picture gallery of Holyrood House is very favourable for inspection, albeit there is some incongruity in placing such an exquisite work of art in the midst of the glaring effigies of one hundred and ten Kings of Scots—many of them mythical—which James de Witt executed under contract in 1684–85 at the rate of two guineas a piece!

[1] *Scottish Portraits* (1903), p. x.

IV

There is a ring of soothsaying in Fordun's wail for the country whose king is a child. The hapless dynasty of Stewart was to furnish full warrant for his boding. Fordun was dead before the first James came to the throne, but of the six Kings of Scots who bore that name the average age at their accession was seven years and a half. Four of them died by violence, and during the two centuries covered by their reigns, Scotland, though she managed to maintain her independence, thanks to civil discord in England, was deeply and ever more deeply seamed by faction—basely and ever more basely sapped by treason.

None of his house was more darkly dogged by misfortune than James III. He was just nine years old when he was crowned at Kelso on 10th August 1460—fair game, therefore, thought the faction leaders, for the time-honoured sport of kidnapping the king! His most capable mother, Mary of Gueldres, managed to protect the boy for a while; but in the summer of 1463, a few months before her death, Hepburn of Hailes succeeded in stealing James from the custody of Bishop Kennedy and the Estates. The record is broken, so that it does not appear how the legitimate

JAMES III. AND HIS SON, AFTERWARDS JAMES IV.

From the Altar-piece of Holy Trinity Church, now in Holyroodhouse, attributed to Van der Goes.

custodians of the king's person recovered possession; but in 1466, Bishop Kennedy being dead, his elder brother, Lord Kennedy, with a number of other barons, seized the king at Linlithgow, brought him to Edinburgh, and overawed the Estates, so that Lord Boyd, one of the conspirators, was appointed his guardian. Boyd then got himself made Chamberlain, High Justiciary, and Governor of the Realm, and married his son Sir Thomas (created Earl of Arran *ad hoc*) to the king's sister, Princess Mary, whom the other party in the State had designed for Edward Prince of Wales.

But the Boyds had plenty of enemies, and as King James grew towards manhood he imbibed a distrust of them. Before his marriage to Margaret of Denmark, which was celebrated at Holyrood on 13th July 1469 (he being then eighteen), the Boyds had been brought to disgrace. Regent Boyd and his son Arran fled the country; the regent's brother, Sir Alexander, remaining there, was tried for treason in having kidnapped the king, and was beheaded on 22nd November. As the reign began, so it continued to the close, rebellion rearing its head from time to time, to be as often quenched in blood. James was a student and dilettante, thrilling to the early rays of the Renaissance; tactlessly exasperating his formidable barons by making favourites of "fiddlers and bricklayers"; terrifying himself, it was said, by excursions in the black arts. His younger brothers, Alexander Duke of Albany and John Earl of Mar, were

princes of a very different stamp—manly, handsome, débonnaire, popular with all classes. But Albany, as Warden of the Marches, trenched, or was held to have trenched, on the privileges of the puissant Border chiefs Home and Hepburn. In 1479 the king, instigated, says Pitscottie, by his chief adviser Cochrane, a stone-mason of obscure birth, ordered both his brothers into arrest. Mar was imprisoned in Craigmillar Castle, where he died soon after, bled to death, said his friends, by Cochrane's orders—by an unskilful chirurgeon, maintained his enemies, letting blood to cure a fever.

Albany, being confined in Edinburgh Castle, managed to communicate with some of his many friends outside. A French ship laden with wine lay in the Forth. Albany obtained leave to get from her a couple of two-gallon kegs of malmesey for his own use. In one of these kegs was coiled a rope, with a paper of secret instructions concealed in wax. Albany put the contents of both casks to good use. He invited the captain of the Castle to sup with him and sample the wine. "The Duik of Albanie," says the delectable Pitscottie, "gaif his chamberchyld [page] command that he sould drink no wyne that night, bot keip him fresche, ffor he knew not quhat he wald haue adoe; thairfor he prayit him to be war [cautious] witht him self, and giue [if] thair raise ony thing amangis them he prayit him to tak his pairt."

The captain accepted the invitation readily enough, and came attended by four of his men. The good

malmesey played its part. "Efter that they had drukin and all men was in thair bedis, the duik and the captane zeid to the tabillis and playit for the wyne. The fyre was hott and the wyne was stark, and the captane and his men became merie, quhill [till] at the last the Duik of Albanie persaueit his tyme, and saw them merrie, and maid ane signe to his chamberchyld to be redy." The duke leapt suddenly on the captain and killed him with his whinger. Two of the soldiers, sodden with drink, fell under his hand next, while the chamberchyld butchered the other two. The five bodies they cast into the fire that roared on the hearth.

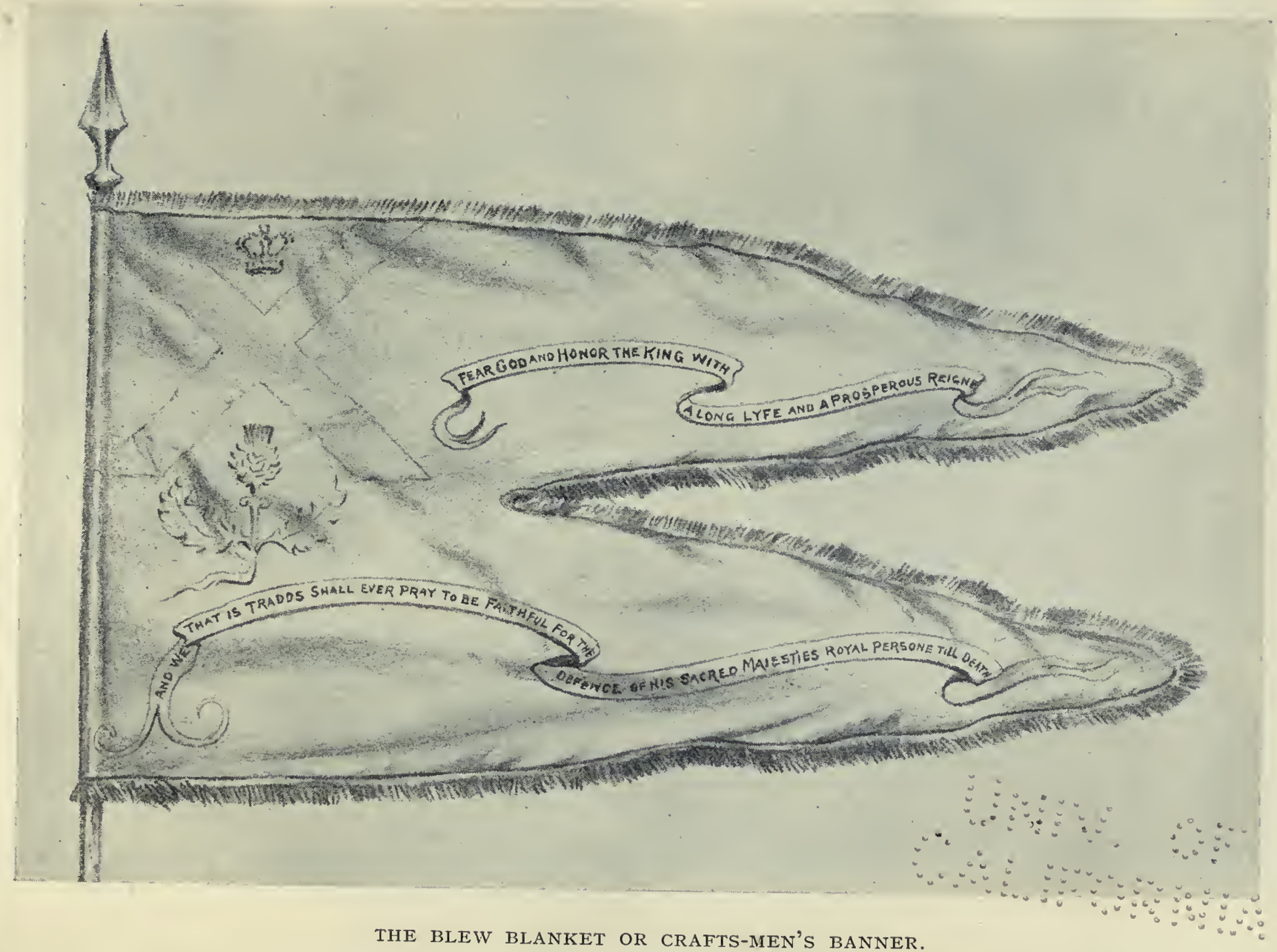
Then master and man went out on the rampart and let down the rope. The lad went first, and, finding it too short, fell and broke his thigh. The sentries must have been either few and far between, or slumberous, for he was able to call to warn Albany against attempting to follow. Albany, however, adopted the old device of knotting his sheets together, accomplished the descent in safety, picked up his maimed servant, carried him on his back to "ane quyet place quhair he trowit he might be saife," found the Frenchman's boat waiting on the beach at Newhaven, and made good his escape.[1]

Two years later, the Castle gates swung open to

[1] Pitscottie gives this adventure a later date than 1479; but the records of the period are very obscure, and, although Albany was imprisoned more than once in Edinburgh Castle, it is probable that it was on this occasion that he effected his escape as described.

admit a prisoner of still higher rank than Albany—King James himself—for Angus had belled the cat to some purpose, hanged Cochrane and that crew over Lauder Bridge, and brought his monarch back a captive, to be lodged in custody of the Earls of Atholl and Buchan. It illustrates the prodigious confusion and violence of party politics during this reign that one of King James's fellow-prisoners was James, ninth and last Earl of Douglas, whom the king himself had ordered into confinement, and whose twin brother, the eighth earl, had fallen under James II.'s dagger at Stirling. Still more perplexing was James's release from captivity. The rebel Albany, who had already (10th June 1482) signed himself "Alexander R.," acknowledged himself vassal of Edward IV., and surrendered Berwick to him, appeared in company with the Earl of Gloucester (afterwards Richard III.) before the gate of Edinburgh Castle, summoned and obtained its surrender, received King James's pardon, and was made lieutenant-general of the realm which he had sold to the King of England.

James's rule was spasmodically vigorous at times, though it might be more correct to describe him as allowing the heads of whatever faction happened to be uppermost to take vigorous measures in his name. Thus, if we are to believe Pitscottie, no sooner had Albany and Angus got control of affairs than sixteen barons were clapped into prison in Edinburgh Castle—among them Hepburn, Lord Bothwell, the



THE BLEW BLANKET OR CRAFTS-MEN'S BANNER.

From Colston's *Incorporated Trades of Edinburgh.*

Chancellor Lord Evandaill, the Lords Home, Maxwell, Fleming, Seaton, Gray, Drummond, and Eglinton. But Albany's ambition was insatiable. James, whose motives and actions have been unscrupulously traduced by Boece and Pitscottie, went great lengths to be reconciled with his brother, whom nothing would satisfy but the crown itself, even though held in vassalage to England. He renewed overtures to Edward IV., and allowed the English to take possession of Dunbar Castle. The "opposition" lords having been released, flocked into Parliament, where Albany was impeached as a traitor in absence, and forfeited. Only once did he reappear in Scotland, ineffectually raiding the West Marches with Douglas, who was captured and interned for life in Lindores Monastery; Albany escaping by the fleetness of a good horse. He was killed in 1485 in a French tournament.

King James had been rudely weaned of his liking for Edinburgh as a residence. He cared not to hold his court in the fortress where he had been lodged a prisoner. He preferred Stirling, and "tuik sic plesour to duall thair that he left all wther castellis and touns in Scotland, because he thocht it maist pleasentest duelling thair."[1] It was from Stirling that he rode forth on the morning of 11th June 1488 to the field of Sauchieburn, and it was to Stirling that his bloody corpse was brought back at night.

The city of Edinburgh prospered during the

[1] Pitscottie.

reign of the third James, and her citizens trace some of their most cherished privileges to his favour. By his charters he conferred powers upon the Town Council to exercise almost exclusive jurisdiction within their bounds, and sole right to the customs of the port of Leith. When the king's eldest son (afterwards James IV.) was betrothed as a babe to the infant daughter of Edward IV., the English government sought to clinch so desirable an alliance by advancing part of the princess's dowry. The marriage never took place; the dowry had to be repaid—no simple transaction in a realm where cash was always scarce. Provost William Bertraham, however, pledged the common good of the city for 6000 merks, which was duly handed over to Garter King-of-Arms; which timely service King James acknowledged by the deed known as the Golden Charter, conferring upon the provost and bailies the rank of sheriffs of the city. He also presented the craftsmen with a standard, which, as the cherished labarum of the Edinburgh trades, became famous under the name of the Blue Blanket, and was displayed in many a conflict, in defensive warfare as well as in civil riots. It is still preserved in the City Chambers.

It was rumoured that King James had escaped from the field of Sauchieburn in one of Sir Andrew Wood's ships, the *Flower* or the *Yellow Carvell*, which were cruising in the Forth at the time and received many wounded fugitives on board. The

prince and the confederate lords marched to Leith; nor was it until Wood came there and assured them, with tears in his eyes, that he knew nothing of his beloved master's fate that they proceeded on the assumption that he had been killed. They took the Duke of Rothesay, a stripling of fifteen years, to Scone, and crowned him James IV. on 26th June.[1] On the same day a herald was sent to summon the captain of Edinburgh Castle to surrender in the name of the king; which the captain did, seeing that the loyal lords were scattered and that the sole authority lay with those who had usurped the power. The spoils of office were substantial in the fifteenth century. The leaders of the successful rebellion had no difficulty in providing comfortably for themselves before the coronation. Hepburn and Home, arch-conspirators, having led the first line at Sauchieburn, received lion's shares: Hepburn being made Earl of Bothwell, keeper of Edinburgh Castle and Sheriff of the county of Edinburgh, Lord High Admiral, Master of the Household, and Warden of the West and Middle Marches; Home became Chamberlain and Warden of the East Marches, besides being stuffed with lands forfeited from the loyal lords; Argyll became Chancellor; and Angus, possessed already of more than any man might conveniently hold, was made guardian of the young king.

Le roi est mort: vive le roi! Although young

[1] Pitscottie erroneously says he was crowned in Edinburgh.

James is described as being deeply penitent, as well he might, for his share in the crime which brought him to the throne, he speedily won the admiration and goodwill of the people of Edinburgh by the very qualities in which his father had been so deficient. From the first he showed the liveliest interest in public affairs, often riding down to Leith to inspect the shipping, eager to adopt the latest improvements in naval architecture and to encourge maritime trade and the fishing industry. He held his first Parliament in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh on 6th October 1488, when an Act of Indemnity was passed, throwing the responsibility for the late civil war upon James III. and his "perverse council." The matter of choosing a bride for the king was discussed and deferred. James himself was in no hurry to enter the holy state of matrimony, having many years before him to devote to general politics, riding circuits, sailing, love-making, hunting, and other manly occupations. Society in Edinburgh became livelier under his auspices than it had ever been before. Tournaments were held frequently, for "this prince wes vondrous hardie, and loved nothing, so weill as able men and horsis." Many knights-errant came from England and the Continent to compete for the king's prizes. The tilting-ground was under the Castle Rock on the south side, near the royal stables. Hither came one day a champion of the Low Countries—"ane Duch knyght called Sir Johne Cockbewis," says Pitscottie—whose challenge

JAMES IV.

From a drawing in the Bibliothèque d'Arras.

was taken up by Sir Patrick Hamilton. They broke a pair of lances, and sent for another pair; but as Hamilton's horse turned restive, both knights dismounted and fought on foot for an hour. At last the Dutchman was beaten to his knees, and the king threw his bonnet into the ring and so stopped the combat.

James IV. had all his father's brains, with much more than his energy. Nor did he neglect the interest of learning. Pitscottie declares that he was "weill learned in the airt of medicine, and wes ane singular guid chirurgiane." In the absence of proof, one must take the royal amateur's skill on trust; but of his practical interest in that branch of science there is evidence in the existence of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, which, founded in 1505 by the Town Council, received its charter of incorporation from the king in 1506.[1] The revival of learning drew many Scotsmen into its current, encouraged by their brilliant young monarch. By his fifth Parliament, held in Edinburgh in 1496, it was decreed that "all barrones and free-halders that ar of substance, put their eldest sonnes and aires to the schules fra they be sex or nine yeires of age, and till remaine at the grammar-schules quhill [until] they be competentlie founded and haue perfite Latine. And thereafter to remaine three yeirs at the schules

[1] The Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh was not incorporated till 1681; the Royal College of Physicians of London dates from 1518, but the Royal College of Surgeons of London dates only from 1800.

of Art and Jure, swa that they may haue knawledge and vnderstanding of the Lawes: Throw the quhilkis [whereby] justice may remaine vniversally throw all the Realme; swa that they that ar Schireffs or Iudges Ordinares vnder the Kingis Hienesse may haue knawledge to doe justice, that the puir people sulde haue na neede to seek our Soveraine Lordis principal Auditour for ilk small injurie."

William Caxton had set up his printing press at Westminster about 1422; but it was not till 1507 that the craft was established in Scotland by exclusive privilege of printing granted to Walter Chepman and Andro Millar, who set up their press "in the south gait of Edinburgh," and produced their first volume on 4th April 1508 — *The Maying and Disport of Chaucer*. Of the edition which they published in the same year of Dunbar's poems, only one imperfect copy is known to have survived to our day. Dunbar received a salary from King James as poet-laureate, as we should now call it; ecclesiastics had done well for the Church had they taken heed to the warnings he indited with a frankness which, in an earlier generation, would have brought him into grave trouble. His lash is all the more searching because, after being a Franciscan friar, he had taken priest's orders.[1]

Sic pryd with prellatis, so few to preiche and pray.
Sic hant of harlottis with thame, baith nicht and day.

[1] He performed mass before the king for the first time on 17th March 1504.

MARGARET TUDOR, QUEEN OF JAMES IV.

From a drawing in the Bibliothèque d'Arras.

It must be owned that James exercised patronage in a manner little calculated to purge the Church of corruption. On the death of Archbishop Scheves of St Andrews in 1497 he persuaded Pope Alexander VI. (Roderigo Borgia) to appoint his brother, the Duke of Ross, who was only twenty-one; and on Ross's death in 1503, James found Pope Julius II. equally pliant, and a new primate was found in the person of the king's bastard son Alexander, a minor. Another of his natural sons was made Abbot of Dunfermline. James himself was a canon of Glasgow, and rested not until he got that see erected into an archbishopric, to the intense irritation of the Primate of St Andrews. It is somewhat strange that Edinburgh, after being constituted the capital of the realm, should never have been erected into a bishopric before the Reformation, and that not even an archdeacon was thought of for the city. It may have been considered that the dignity of the Abbot of Holyrood would be infringed by the vicinity of an ecclesiastical superior.

Overtures had been set afoot by Henry VII. as early as 1499 for the marriage of his daughter Margaret to King James; but difficulties of a political as well as of a more delicate nature interfered to prolong them for years. There was the secret treaty with France —which was no secret—binding the King of Scots to join France in any war which her king should find it expedient to wage against England. There were also various dames, each considering herself entitled

to a prior claim on James's affections, founding, not extravagantly, on the fact of having borne children to him.[1] It was not, therefore, till 8th August 1503 that King James, being in his thirty-first year, married Margaret Tudor in her sixteenth, in the Abbey Church of Holyrood. The peace which it was Henry VII.'s genuine desire to ensure by this marriage endured till his death in 1509; but King James encountered a very different spirit in his brother-in-law Henry VIII. Personal friction between them developed into international dispute, and when England joined the Holy League against France in 1511, James renewed the ancient alliance with Louis XII. "against all mortal."

The occasion was favourable for invading England, for King Henry had invaded France. The Scottish nobles, who, whatever other failings they had, were never laggards in war, strained at the leash; but James, says Pitscottie, "was very sad and dollorous," striving in vain to reconcile his treaty obligations to France with those to his brother-in-law of England. Pitscottie also says that the Queen of France sent him a love letter, "nameing him hir love," together with a ring from her finger "worth fyfteine thousand

[1] The names of five of these children appear in the records. The king's ministers feared that he would marry the beautiful Margaret Drummond, who had borne him a daughter about 1497. There is nothing in the character of the times inconsistent with truth in the current report that the sudden death of Margaret and her two sisters after a meal at Drummond Castle resulted from poison administered for purposes of State.

French crounes," and bidding him march three feet upon English ground for her sake. There are preserved in the Heralds' College, London, a sword and a ring set with turquoise, said to have been taken from the corpse of King James at Flodden. The ring is certainly not of the value which Pitscottie says Queen Anne put upon it, and Fraser-Tytler was probably right in assuming that a gift of 15,000 crowns accompanied the ring.

Shrewdly had Anne of Brittany gauged the temperament of this most inflammable king; much more so than did Queen Margaret, if, as may be surmised, she devised the stratagem whereby, when James was at his devotions before the altar in Holyrood, there appeared "ane man clad in ane blew gowne, belted about him with ane roll of lining [linen] and ane pair of brottikines on his feitt, and all vther thingis conforme thairto," who warned the king to abstain from war and women at his peril.

Mobilisation went forward after the manner of the times: between 13th and 20th August 1513 there assembled on the Borough Muir what was probably the largest and best-equipped force that had hitherto been mustered in Scotland. Edinburgh had by this time risen to such importance as to render the provostship an office much coveted by the members of noble and knightly families. Sir Alexander Lauder of the Bass held it in 1513; and as he marched with the army, it is mentioned in the city records (which

begin about this time) that George of Tours was appointed as his substitute, with four others to act for the absent magistrates.[1]

We may not follow the Scottish columns to their doom at Flodden. Let us stand among the old men, women and children who throng the streets on 10th September — the darkest of all dark days in the annals of Edinburgh—awaiting news from the front with much confidence; for hitherto all was known to have gone favourably for the Scottish arms. There is a busy hum of talk; the town pipers strut to and fro on the causeway, making the old walls ring to a defiant pibroch; the acting Provost stands somewhat apart with two or three bailies in a space cleared by the civic serjeants, who from time to time deliver raps on the sconces of romping youngsters.

Presently there is a general hush. How or whence comes the rumour, none can tell; but noiseless—shapeless—it spreads among the people, blotting out their mirth like a chill mist on the hillside. They must wait a while yet; but not for very long—an hour or so, maybe—and here comes one riding by the woods of Merchiston who can bring us true tidings.

[1] Lauder having fallen at Flodden, Archibald "Bell-the-Cat," fifth Earl of Angus, succeeded him as Provost. Angus marched with the army; but, having tried to persuade the king to return home after taking Wark, Eital, and Norham, it is said that the king cruelly accused him of cowardice, whereupon Angus left the army. Two of his sons remained with it and fell at Flodden.

News of battle! who hath brought it?
All are thronging at the gate;
"Warder, warder! open quickly!
Man—is this a time to wait?"
And the heavy gates are opened;
Then—a murmur long and loud,
And a cry of fear and wonder
Bursts from out the bending crowd.
For they see, in battered harness,
Only one hard-stricken man;
And his weary steed is wounded,
And his cheek is pale and wan.
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
In his weak and drooping hand—
God! can this be Randolph Murray,
Captain of the city band?[1]

The news was staggering, but the acting Provost and bailies did not lose their heads. Surrey's victorious army might be at the gates any hour; the city had been drained of all men between sixteen and sixty, none but striplings and greybeards remained. Proclamation was instantly made as follows:—

We do yow to witt—Forsamekill as thair is ane greit rumour now laitlie rysin within this toun tuiching [touching] our Souerane Lord and his army, of the quhilk we understand thair is cumin na veritie as yit, thairfore we charge straitlie and commandis in our Souerane Lord the Kingis name, and the presidentis for the provest and baillies within this burgh, that all maner of personis nychtbouris [citizens] within the samyn haue reddye thair fensabill geir [armour] and wappons for weir [war], and compeir thairwith to the said presidentis at jowyng [ringing] of the commoun bell, for the keiping and defens of the toun aganis thame that wald invaid the samyn.

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[1] "Edinburgh after Flodden," Aytoun's *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.*

And als chairgis that all wemen, and specialie vagaboundis, that thai pas to thair labouris and be nocht sene vpoun the gait [street] clamorand and cryand, vnder the pane of banesing[1] of the personis, but fauouris [without favour], and that vther wemen of gude pas to the kirk and pray quhane [when] tyme requiris for our Souerane Lord and his armye and nychtbouris being thairat, and hald thame at thair previe labouris of the gait within thair housis as efferis [as is proper]."[2]

"Our Souerane Lord" was lying stark upon the wet hillside of Flodden, within a ring of thirteen slaughtered earls, an archbishop and two bishops, while far and near the ground was cumbered with the corpses of gentle and simple, the best blood of Highlands and Lowlands, townsmen and country folk. Had Surrey been able to press his advantage, Edinburgh could not have held out long; for James had stripped the Castle of its ordnance for his expedition, the pride of his field artillery being the Seven Sisters—brass cannon, supposed to be without their equal for beauty and strength. But Surrey, according to the contemporary Bishop of Durham, was so short of supplies that he could not undertake a pursuit, and the Scots who survived that day of dule were allowed to make leaderless retreat across the Tweed.

None the less, however, did it behove the Town Council to improve their defences. The wall built

[1] In Scots literature and speech, which was the same as old Northern English, the distinction was preserved between the gerund and the present participle, the former ending in "-ing" and the latter in "-and."

[2] Edinburgh Burgh Records, 10th September 1513.

in 1450 did not enclose the Cowgate, where many of the wealthier citizens had built good houses; wherefore a new wall was planned, extending southwards from the West Port as far as Lauriston, where there was another port or city gate called the Vennel. Hence it ran east as far as Teviot Row, turned sharply to the north as far as the Bristo Port, and again turned eastward along what is now the south side of the University and Drummond Street, till it touched the Pleasance. There it turned due north again, and was carried along Leith Wynd, with ports at the Cowgate and Nether Bow, so far as to encompass Trinity Church and its collegiate buildings, returning at a sharp angle to join the old fortification at the foot of the Nor' Loch. Such was the Flodden Wall, the cost whereof and of "furnesing of artailyerie for the resisting of the auld innemies of Ingland," was defrayed, in part at least, by a levy of £500 on the citizens.[1]

The West Port, whence the Flodden Wall started, had long been one of the principal gates of the city. The castellated gatehouse, which was built or rebuilt when the new defences were in progress about 1514, has now been swept away, greatly to the detriment of the landscape and to the sorrow of antiquaries. It had been the scene of many entries and departures, triumphal and otherwise. Hard by, to the west, was the Baresse, known later as Livingstone's Yards, set apart of old for the judicial process of trial

[1] Edinburgh Burgh Records, 17th March 1513–14, etc.

by battle. But the romantic associations of this district have been overshadowed and deeply sullied by the sickening series of crimes perpetrated in the neighbouring Tanners' Close by Burke and Hare. These two ruffians, associated with a woman named Helen M'Dougall, occupied a lodging-house in what was probably the evillest slum in the city, whither they lured tramps and vagrants of both sexes, and did them to death by strangulation, after stupefying them with whisky. The corpses were easily disposed of to—well, it seems that it was not considered expedient to inquire too curiously into the identity of the purchasers who, so keen was their ardour in the study of human anatomy, eagerly paid, at first £7, later £12, for each body that they could obtain for dissection. The demand was always in excess of the supply in this hideous traffic, though the precise number of victims was never ascertained. It is certain, however, that the number of persons murdered in this den in Tanners' Close between Christmas 1827 and October 1828 was not less than sixteen, and may have amounted to thirty. Hare saved his vile life by turning king's evidence; the verdict upon the woman M'Dougall was "not proven"; Burke only was hanged, leaving his name to pass into our vocabulary as a transitive verb by the same automatic process that has brought Lynch and Boycott to similar use. Further memorials of this chapter of crime remain in our time in the shape, namely, of the queer little watch-houses erected in many Scottish

kirkyards, the cages of strong iron bars placed over some of the tombs to baulk the "resurrectionists," and the Anatomy Acts of 1832 and 1871, providing for the legitimate requirements of surgical and medical science.

V

Yet another infant king! James V. was aged one year and five months when he was crowned at Stirling within a few days of his father's death at Flodden. That father by his will had appointed his widow, Margaret Tudor, regent of the realm, so long as she remained unmarried, and sole guardian of the babe; but Parliament, meeting, not in Edinburgh but in Perth, appointed Archbishop Beaton and the Earls of Huntly, Angus, and Arran to be her advisers. Volcanic material here! and it was the queen's own act that fired the train for an explosion; for, after bearing a posthumous son to her dead husband on 13th April 1514, she secretly married Angus on 6th August following, thereby forfeiting the regency.

The announcement of the marriage caused immediate and violent outburst of faction. Arran claimed the regency as nearest of kin to the king: Angus as consort of the queen-mother. In the end the Duke of Albany, grandson of James II. and heir-presumptive to the throne, was proclaimed regent; but the feud ensuing between the houses of Douglas and Hamilton caused much blood to flow on the scaffold and in the field for many years to come. In

1518 Arran contrived to be elected Provost of Edinburgh, an office much coveted by faction leaders; but in 1519 Angus managed to get him ousted in favour of his own kinsman Archibald Douglas. Hitherto Angus, strong in his position as stepfather to the king, had kept the whip-hand over his rival; but he was not an exemplary husband, and Queen Margaret was taking measures to obtain a divorce; pending which, she intrigued with Arran against the Douglas party. Howbeit, Angus was very popular with the Edinburgh citizens, who were well pleased when Arran, seeking entrance to the city with a strong armed following, found the gates closed in his face by command of Provost Douglas. There was a scuffle, and one of the Douglas party fell under the sword of Sir James Hamilton of Finnart, known as the Bastard of Arran.

Regent Albany was absent in France at the time, but urgent messages were despatched to him, describing the anarchy in Edinburgh; whereupon he wrote commanding that, until he returned home and for a year after, no person of the name of Douglas or Hamilton "sould bruke the office of provestry within the toun of Edinburgh."[1] In conformity with this order, Archibald Douglas was made to resign his office, Robert Logan of Coitfield being elected in his place.

In April of that year there was a meeting of the Estates in Edinburgh, to which came Arran with a

[1] Records of the Burgh of Edinburgh.

following of 500 lances. On the morrow after his arrival it was found that he had taken possession of all the gates of the city, and Angus was warned that his enemy intended to seize him in his house in the West Bow. James Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow, was a kinsman of Arran, therefore a hot Hamilton partisan. Angus's uncle, Gawain Douglas, once and for a brief month or two Archbishop of St Andrews, but now only Bishop of Dunkeld, sought an interview with Beaton. They met in the church of the Black Friars; Douglas besought the archbishop to use his great influence to avert the collision which was so imminent. With a gesture of despair Beaton exclaimed: "Upon soul and conscience, I am powerless in this matter!" and smote his hand over his heart. "Methinks, my lord, your conscience is not good, for it clatters"; for the other prelate's bosom gave out a metallic sound, showing that, under his vestments, he was fully armed for the fray.[1] Douglas, honestly intent upon avoiding bloodshed, then went off to Arran's brother, Sir Patrick Hamilton, who, in turn, persuaded Arran to consent to Angus passing from his house to the Castle, where he could take leave of his wife, and then leave the town unmolested.

"Bot," says Pitscottie, "Schir James Hammilltoun his sone, that bluddie bouchour, ewer thirstand for blude, was nowayis content of this appoyntment, bot ragit at the said Mr Patrick for his labouris, sayand to him that he had no will to fight

[1] Pitscottie is the authority for this incident, but he dates it in 1515.

CARDINAL BEATON'S HOUSE, COWGATE.

in his freindis actioun nor quarrell, thocht [although] it war never so just. At thir wordis the said Schir Patrick was so grewit [grieved] and brunt in anger as the fyre, and ansuerit the said Schir James in this maner, sayand to him: 'Bastard smaik, thou lies fallslie! I sall fight this day quhair thow dar nocht be sene'; and witht this ruschit out rudlie of thair ludgeingis and passit into the hie gait [High Street] in ane furieous rage."

Then took place a faction fight memorable even among the many outrages of that thunderous age. Angus's force was inferior in number to Arran's, but he had the choice of ground. He drew his men up across the High Street near the head of Blackfriars' Wynd. Sir Patrick and the Master of Montgomerie[1] led the attack, with loud cries of "Cleanse-the-Causeway! Through, through!"[2] Both these knights fell in the first onset. Thereafter the fight was long and fierce, swaying up and down the High Street, a stirring spectacle for the people who were in crowds at the windows. The combatants were fairly matched; but the issue was decided by the citizens, with whom Angus was prime favourite. A body of them assembled, struck in on Arran's flank and rear, and thereby turned the scale. Arran and James Hamilton escaped down a close to the Nor' Loch, and seized a collier's horse which carried them both, wading or swimming, to the far shore. Archbishop Beaton sought sanctuary in the Black-

[1] Eldest surviving son of the first Earl of Eglinton.

[2] The slogan of the Hamiltons was "Through!" which remains the motto of the family at this day.

friars' Church, but he was dragged from behind the altar; his rocquet was torn off, and assuredly he would have perished but for the intercession of good Bishop Gawain.

So ended the affray long remembered as "Cleanse-the-Causeway." Hand-to-hand fighting, especially in a street, is deadliest of all. Pitscottie affirms that two hundred and fifty-two of Arran's people were killed; Hathornden, more discreetly, estimates the number at eighty.

With such scenes as this (and Cleanse-the-Causeway was only one of many similar ones) being enacted in their streets, it was no extravagant decision at which the Town Council arrived in this year, namely, to grant their Provost "ane hundreth merkis of the common guid, by [in addition to] the ordinar fie,[1] for the sustentatioun of iiij servandis till beir [to bear] halbertis with him . . . becaus the warld is brukle [brittle] and trublus . . . and that it is necessar to haif seruandis with him . . . with wapponis till stope all troublis and evill."

Meanwhile the poor little king was practically a state prisoner in Edinburgh Castle. He was now eight years old, unconscious, it may be supposed, of the conflict perpetually being waged for the possession of his person. He had a succession of erudite tutors—

[1] In 1481 the Town Council had decreed that, "for honour and worschip of the toune" the Provost should receive a yearly fee of £20, "to endure perpetually."

Gavin Dunbar, Sir David Lindsay, James Inglis, and John Bellenden—the three last-named being poets, or at least rhymesters. Albany had brought over some French archers, which he constituted as a royal bodyguard, their uniform being a scarlet doublet faced with black. The king was allowed to ride out on a mule, always under escort of these archers; for, while the Scottish faction leaders relaxed nothing in their pursuit of his person, his uncle Henry VIII. had now taken a foremost place among the hunters. Any attempt to retrace the sordid mazes of party politics during the king's minority, the plots and counterplots, the depths of treason and supertreason, the desolating wars and murderous family feuds would lead us far beyond the limits of this sketch. Our immediate concern is with the community packed within the narrow confines of the city walls, which, despite the prevailing unrest and violence, despite, also, a severe and prolonged visitation of plague, continued to grow in wealth, and population.[1]

The Town Council met, normally, twice a week, at 9 a.m. on Wednesday and Friday, in the Tolbooth. Any councillor who "bydes ower the ceissing of the bell," that is, who was not in his place when the bell ceased to ring, was fined sixpence; one who was absent all day "sall pay xiid. vnforgevin." It may be noted that such fines were not credited to the account of the Common Good, but, as appears from minutes of 1st October 1431, 19th October 1492,

[1] See Appendix B, *The Revenues of Edinburgh.*

etc., the proceeds were "to be drukken be the dusane" —that is, spent in drink for "the Dozen."[1]

Judged according to modern standard the penal code of the burgh must be accounted draconian, the magistrates having full power over life and liberty; but in effect it was temperately administered during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. For ordinary breaches of the peace and other minor offences the usual sentence upon male misdemeanants was that they be taken to the Tolbooth and "strekin throw the hand"—that is, a knife or other instrument driven through the hand. Habitual offenders were banished the town for a term, or for life, on pain of hanging if they were found trespassing. The corresponding sentence upon women was branding on the cheek (a penalty often inflicted upon men also). In 1515 a lad convicted of art and part with a common thief was sentenced "to be scurgeit to the gallows and thair his lug takkit [his ear nailed] to the beame, and banist this towne and four myle about for all the dayes of his lyfe, and neuir to cum thairin vnder the payne of deid." Banishment was so freely employed as a convenient way of ridding the town of undesirables that it must have had an appreciable effect upon the population of the city.

[1] "The Great Dozen" was the term indicating the whole body of councillors other than the provost, dean, and other officials. In the earliest full list of the Council which has been preserved, that for 1403, there are 45 *duodene Burgi*. A court of twelve were summoned in rota from this number for the discharge of ordinary business.

Recurrent visitations of plague caused the magistrates to inflict severer punishment than heretofore upon persons evading the regulations made to prevent infection. For instance, in October 1530, Katrine Heriot, who was convicted of stealing some buckram, had entered the town from Leith, which was an infected area, for which she was condemned to be drowned "in the Quarell hollis [quarry holes] at the Grayfrere port." In the same month Marion Clerk suffered a similar doom for having attended mass in St Mary's Chapel, "the pestylens and seiknes beand apone hir."

The sanitary precautions imposed by the magistrates were of a primitive character. All infected goods, garments, bedclothes, etc., were to be delivered to five appointed "clengers," whose business it was to take the stuff down to "the rynnand [running] Watter of Leith, and na vther place, nother wellis, nor yitt at the Sowth Loch, nor yitt at the North Loch," under pain of the said stuff being burnt. The "clengers" bore as the badge of their most undesirable office a white wand "with a hupe of quhite irne at the end," and were entitled to a "waidge" of 6d. a day. Plague-stricken houses were to be "singit and fyrit with hather [heather] after the forme of the awld statutes."

Some attention was paid to cleansing the streets, whereof the habitual condition must have been enough to create, as well as to propagate, any amount of plague. There are frequent enactments against

pigs and dogs being allowed to roam in them; in 1498 children are included in the prohibition, the parents of any "bairnis vagand on the gaitt [wandering on the street] or in the kirkis" being liable to the heavy fine of 40s. Orphan children, having no parents to be fined, were consigned "to the netherholl [Nether Hole]," a dungeon below the Tolbooth.

It was an object of the Council's constant care to protect their fellow-citizens against exorbitant prices for the necessaries of life; hence the frequent punishments imposed upon "regraters" and "forestallers," or, as they would now be termed, middlemen. The offence consisted in intercepting goods or live stock on their way to open market in Edinburgh, buying them wholesale at a moderate rate, and selling them retail at a much higher price. It required incessant vigilance to check this practice. The Town Council always appointed certain of their number as valuers (*appreciatores*) for such commodities as meat, wine, etc., and fixed a maximum price for each from time to time. For instance, it was enacted in 1499 that beer should not be sold at more than 1s. 4d. the gallon. Brewing appears to have been done exclusively by women, for, on 8th January in that year, fifty "wyffes" were convicted of a breach of the statutes, and on the 11th sixty more were dealt with.

Considering how lightly human life was regarded in Scotland during the reigns of James IV. and V., and bearing in mind the sanguinary scale of punishment administered by the High Court of Justiciary

at this period,[1] it must be allowed to the credit of the Edinburgh bailies that they exercised their power of pit and gallows with remarkable clemency. Executions by hanging, burning, or decapitation were, indeed, among the common incidents of town life, serving to relieve its monotony by affording an excuse for an outing; but a very small proportion of the victims received their doom from the Provost and bailies. One poor wretch whom they condemned to death escaped his doom in a singular way. It was a time of plague (1530), when notification of every case as it occurred was compulsory. David Daly's wife having been struck down by it, David omitted to notify it, and went to mass in St Giles's "amangis the cleyne pepill." The wife died, and David was sentenced to be hanged before his own door "for his own demerits." Hanged he was at the appointed hour, but the rope broke; whereupon the Provost and bailies, having compassion on him as "ane pure [poor] man with small barnis [children]," commuted his punishment to perpetual banishment from Edinburgh.

A worse evil than the plague—one more hideous than any bodily ailment—now reared its head in the Scottish capital. In August 1534 the Ecclesiastical Commissioners appointed to try heretics met in the Palace of Holyrood, which James IV. had begun to erect as the chief royal residence, dying before the building was half done. A number of persons were

[1] See Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials,* passim.

arraigned before them, young James V. being present, clothed from head to foot in scarlet. Some of the accused recanted and burnt their faggots; the king would fain have had leniency shown to others, but the bishops declared that he had no prerogative of mercy in matters ecclesiastical, and quoted his coronation oath which their predecessors had taken care should bind him to extirpate heresy. David Straiton, a gentleman of Forfarshire, and a priest named Norman Gourlay, were condemned to the stake, and were burnt to death at the Cross of Greenside on the Calton Hill on 27th August. Pitscottie's vigorous commentary on this legal murder incidentally throws some light upon the morals of the secular clergy in that age:

> Mr Normond Galloway [Gourlay] was condemnit and brunt, I know no cause quhairfoir bot because he was in the eistland [Norway or Sweden] and cam hame and marieit ane wyfe contrair to our actis, because he was ane preist. Ffor they wald thoill [allow] no preistis to marrie bot they wald punische and burne him to the deid [to death], bot gif he had wssit [used] ane thowsand huris [whores] he wad nocht haue been brunt.

Three years later, on 19th May 1537, King James landed at Leith with his bride Madeleine de Valois, who knelt and kissed the soil of Scotland, and took up her abode at Holyrood, only to die there a few weeks later. "Doole weeds" were worn out of regard for the queen's untimely death—the first instance, says Buchanan, of mourning dress in Scotland.

James V. sought relief in his bereavement by applying himself to the extirpation of the Red Douglas

(Angus) and his kin as relentlessly as his great grandfather James II. had dealt with the race of the Black Douglas. Angus and his brothers were proclaimed rebels, and outlawed. In vain did Sir Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie,[1] whom James in the fervour of boyish affection had named "Greysteil" after the hero of a popular ballad, return from exile, conscious of unwavering loyalty, to implore his king's grace. There was no grace now for any of the name of Douglas—nay, for any in whose veins the blood of Douglas ran, nor for any who had taken a bride of the proscribed house. Consequently, it was easy to get John, Master of Forbes, convicted of high treason; for had not he married a sister of the outlaw Angus? He was condemned to "be harlyt and drawin trow the cassay [through the causeway] of Edinburgh, and hangit on the gallouse to the deid [to death], and quarterit and demanyt as ane traytour." "The people," says Calderwood in his *History of the Church of Scotland,* "judged not the Master of Forbes to be guiltie of that Treasoune quhich was laid to his charge; yet they did not lament for his death, because he had bein guiltie of manie grivious offences otherwayes." Which was true enough; but he died only because his wife was a Douglas. Yet must we not be too hard upon King James; he did mitigate the severity of the sentence in some measure; for, as Sir James Balfour drily records in his *Annales,* "the Master of Forbes had sentence to be hanged

[1] Fourth son of the fifth Earl of Angus, "Bell-the-cat."

and quartered; but, by the mediatione of some friends, had the fauor to be beheaded and quartered."

It was a bloody summer of 1537 in Edinburgh; and the darkest stain of all upon the memory of James V. and his corrupt justiciary is that which was left by proceedings immediately following the execution of Forbes.

Jean Douglas, Lady Glamis, was the granddaughter of Archibald "Bell-the-Cat," fifth Earl of Angus. Her father and uncle died with their king at Flodden; but that king's son had sworn that none of the Douglas brood should be allowed to go free in Scotland, and the net of justice—save the mark!—showed no discrimination of sex. By such show of justice as might be contrived, Lady Glamis must be done to death.

She had married John, sixth Lord Glamis, about the year 1520, and was left a widow at his death in December 1528. That was the year when her brothers Angus and George of Pittendreich were outlawed, and she was arraigned on a charge of intercommuning with them—the king's rebels. As she did not answer the summons, decree of forfeiture was passed against her in 1531. After that, she married Campbell of Skipness, and in 1537 her persecutors indicted her on a charge of having murdered her first husband *per intoxicationem*, a vague term which has been interpreted as meaning the use of "drugs, charms, or enchanted potions."[1] The pro-

[1] Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*, vol. i. part i. p. *189.

secution was abandoned, the barons utterly refusing to proceed with so preposterous a case. Several of them were fined in consequence. At last the king succeeded in constraining a corrupt assize to convict this unhappy lady of "tressonabill conspiratioune and ymaginatioune of the slauchter and destructioun of our souerane lordis maist nobill persone be poysone." She was condemned to be burnt to death on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh on 17th July 1537. Well might Henry VIII.'s envoy, Sir Thomas Clifford, in reporting the matter to his master, observe that the verdict was "without any substanciall ground or proyf of matter." It was in accord with the deplorable corruption of Scottish justice at this period that the jury which consigned this unfortunate lady to her doom was composed of members of the leading families in the realm, namely:

John, Earl of Atholl.
John, Earl of Buchan.
Robert, Lord Maxwell.
William, Master of Glencairn.
John Home of Cowdenknowes.
William Kirkpatrick of Kirkmichael.
John Crichton of Ruthven.
James Kerr of Mersington.
Gilbert, Earl of Cassillis.
William, Lord Sempill.
Sir John Melville of Raith.
Sir James Tours of Innerleith.
David Barclay of Mathers.
John Edmonstone of that Ilk.
William Maclellan, Tutor of Bomby.

Lady Glamis's husband, Campbell of Skipness, and her son, young Lord Glamis, having been arrested at the same time as herself, were prisoners in the Castle. On the day after his wife's execution, Campbell of Skipness attempted to escape by letting himself

down by a rope over the walls. Probably this was connived at by instructions from high authority, for the rope broke—or was it cut?—when the unfortunate man was dangling over the rock, and he was dashed to pieces. The young lord, who had been condemned on the same charge as his mother, to be drawn and hanged, remained a prisoner in the Castle so long as King James lived, and was released and his forfeiture rescinded immediately after the said king's death; which goes to strengthen the presumption against James as being the chief agent in the whole of these nefarious proceedings.

King James, since the fall of Angus, had most cordially renewed the Scoto-French alliance, thereby paving the way for future ills at the hands of his uncle, Henry VIII. of England. Accordingly, he lost no time in seeking another French bride in the person of Marie de Guise, widow of Louis, Duc de Longueville, whom he brought home in the summer of 1538. The plague was still lurking in the noisome closes of Edinburgh, but the Town Council were not to be deterred from giving the new queen a fitting reception. They not only "devysit" to present her with forty hogsheads of wine "in propyne"—that is, as a wedding gift,—but also that twelve of their number should receive her "accowterit and arrayit in gownis of veluott with thair pertinentis," four being in purple velvet, four in tawny, and four in black. Further, it was ordered that the deacon of each trade guild should parade a quota of his craft in

gowns of French cloth, with doublets of velvet, satin, damask or silk, and "honest hose." Unofficial inhabitants were charged to wear their best clothes at the time of the queen's entry, and to let "na vyle persouns be in thair company"; and each householder was made responsible for the removal of all filth from the street opposite his dwelling, as must indeed have been expedient, "for the honour of the Kingis Grace and the guid towne." Master Henry Lauder was chosen to deliver an address of welcome to the queen, "with the words in Fransche," in such raiment as might be devised by a committee of three appointed to arrange this important detail. The "lufray" (livery) prescribed for the sixteen serjeants employed by the Council was of somewhat gloomy cast, consisting of a black coat with "indentit" sleeves bearing the arms of the city, black hose, and, for seven of them graded as officers, "ane marabas [marabout] bonet," with a white feather costing 16s. Queen Marie's coronation appears to have been postponed till February 1540:[1] if, as perhaps was the case, it took place in the previous year, the bishops would not allow it to be made an occasion for royal clemency, seeing that on 28th February they caused five heretics to be burned on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, and two others in Glasgow.

It is acts of this detestable kind that lend a haunting horror to the steep streets of Old Edinburgh. Deeds of violence done in hot blood, family and

[1] *Diurnal of Occurrents.*

political feuds that made the gutters run red, arson, abduction, manifold oppression—have they not blotted the early records of every historic town? We read of them with as little shame as when we recall memories of our own youthful irregularities; but one's gorge rises at the remembrance that men and women could ever have been guilty of those cowardly enormities whereof James V. was compelled to sanction the infliction upon the quivering frames of his Scottish subjects. It lightens not the guilt that James's uncle, Henry VIII., was inflicting similar and simultaneous persecution upon Bishop Fisher, Sir Thomas More, and many others of the old faith; rather, it adds to our indignation that on one side of the Tweed it was a capital crime to be a Papist, on the other side to be a Protestant.

Even more revolting, if possible, were the results of the insane dread of witchcraft which came to a head in the sixteenth century, impelling the hierarchy and laity of both old and new religions to equal excesses of cruelty. Of that, more will have to be said when we reach the reign of James VI. Meanwhile, all that may be noted here is that witchcraft was no count in the indictment of Lady Glamis, as some of the earlier historians have alleged. The crime whereof she was unjustly convicted was high treason.

James's latter years were harassed by genuine traitors. He had expelled the Douglases, indeed, but he had not drawn their fangs. Angus and the rest

were now numbered among those whom Henry VIII. reckoned as "assured Scots"; that is, the nobles who had striven against the French connection and were now working in the English interest. The shameful rout at Solway Moss on 24th November 1542 sent the King of Scots to Falkland Palace a dying man. His daughter, Mary Stuart,[1] was born at Linlithgow on the 8th December, and became Queen of Scots when he breathed his last on the 14th, aged only thirty years and eight months. Of a truth, misfortune bore hardly on the house of Stewart.

[1] Controversy has been long and keen over the orthography of the name of the royal family of Scotland. No doubt it was originally Stewart, but Queen Mary is usually accorded the French form, Stuart.

VI

"I CAME not to send peace on earth, but a sword." The truth of this saying by the Founder of Christianity must have profoundly impressed such of the people of Scotland as took advantage of the Act which Robert, Lord Maxwell, succeeded in passing through Queen Mary's first Parliament in 1543, allowing all men, for the first time, to read the Bible in their own language. Hitherto, anyone convicted of doing so was liable to be burnt as a heretic, and the new privilege was in the teeth of bitter opposition by the Lord Chancellor and all the prelates, foreshadowing only too faithfully the cruel conflict of creeds which was at hand.[1]

Meanwhile a treaty had been drafted by Henry VIII. and the "assured Scots" affiancing the infant Mary Queen of Scots to Edward, Prince of Wales, and Scottish envoys were in London negotiating the terms thereof. They could not obtain such as would satisfy even the English party in Scotland; King Henry, brooking no delay, insisted upon the treaty being ratified before the end of August. Ratified it was, therefore; but not

[1] See Appendix C, *The Scottish Reformation.*

before King Henry had changed his mind, and decided to take a shorter way of establishing his dominion over Scotland, by seizing the person of the little queen.

On 10th April 1544 Lord Hertford, commanding the forces which had been mobilised some time before, received orders from the Privy Council to invade Scotland, "putting man, woman, and child to fire and sword where any resistance shall be made against you." He chose a new route. Embarking his troops at Shields, he landed near Leith, which seaport he occupied. Regent Arran declined battle, though he and Cardinal Beaton had 6000 troops near at hand, and retired to Linlithgow, leaving Edinburgh to its fate. Hertford, reinforced by 4000 horse from Berwick under Lord Evers, marched on to the capital, which he summoned. The Provost, Sir Adam Otterburn, came out to meet him; but when he heard the English lord's terms—unconditional surrender and the delivery of the queen's person—he galloped back and gave orders for the defence of the city. The citizens mustered briskly under the Blue Blanket; but Hertford's artillery prevailed: the Nether Bow Port was blown open; the English poured into the town, slaughtered many citizens, and fired the streets in eight places. But Hertford's gunners, without his orders, rashly opened fire upon the Castle, whence the garrison replied so effectively that, as Hertford confessed in his despatch, when the garrison made a sortie his troops bolted, trampling on each other in

the gateway, and leaving at least one of their guns. He lost about 500 men in this exploit; but before he recrossed the Border he had sacked and burnt Edinburgh, wrecked King David's beautiful Abbey Church of Holyrood, and gutted King James's fine palace there. Only the Castle stood impregnable on its mighty rock.

In the loot carried off by Hertford's officers, Sir Richard Lee secured two notable objects. One of these was the "fair font of solid brasse" which good Abbot Bellenden had presented to the church of Holyrood in the previous century. Lee's home was not far from St Albans,[1] and he gave the font, perhaps a fine piece of Renaissance work, to the great minster of that place, where the Reformed clergy caused it to be engraved with a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation:—

> When Leith, a not inconsiderable town of the Scots, and Edinburgh, their principal city, had been destroyed by fire, Richard Lee, knight, rescued me from the flames and brought me to the English. In return for this good deed, I, being hitherto used to washing none but the children of kings, have now willingly yielded my services even to the meanest of the English.
>
> Such was the will of the victorious Lee.
>
> In the year of our Lord MDXLIIII. and of Henry the Eighth XXXVI.

For one hundred years this font remained a chief ornament of the great Hertfordshire minster, and we learn from Thomas Fuller how it was "taken

[1] Totteridge Park, near Barnet.

away in the late civil wars, as it seems, by those hands which suffered nothing (how sacred soever) to stand, that could be converted into money. . . . I could almost wish," he adds, "that the plunderer's fingers had found it as hot as when it was forged, so that these thieves, with their fault, might have received the deserved punishment thereof.[1]

Lee's other prize still remains in St Stephen's Church at St Albans. It is an eagle lectern of brass, inscribed with the legend:

GEORGIUS ✠ CREICHTON ✠ EPISCOPUS ✠
DUNKELDENSIS.

Now George Creichton was Abbot of Holyrood till he became Bishop of Dunkeld in 1522, so this was probably his parting gift to the abbey. His arms—a lion rampant on a shield backed by a crozier and surmounted by a mitre—appear on the lectern. It narrowly escaped the same fate as the font; the clergy of St Stephen's prudently buried it in the floor of the chancel, where it was discovered in 1750 by the sexton when digging a grave.[2]

Hertford, under his new name of Protector Somerset, led a fresh invasion in 1547; and, after putting Regent Arran and Angus to shameful rout at Pinkie, completed the destruction of Holyrood.

[1] *Worthies of England,* vol. i. p. 315.

[2] The rectory and church of St Stephen's was the property of the monks of St Albans till the dissolution of the monasteries in 1539. King Henry granted both to Sir Richard Lee on 7th January 1544–45, shortly after the return of the army from Scotland. See Appendix D, *The Treasures of Holyrood Abbey.*

Pious Abbot Bellenden, among his many benefactions, had "theikkit the kirk with lead." Now lead, since the use of firearms had become general, was reckoned among the most valuable munitions of war. The monks of Holyrood had fled; their church stood silent and stripped of all interior adornment, but the leaden roof remained—a prize whereof the English officers eagerly possessed themselves. Such was the doom of the church which should have been to Edinburgh and Scotland what Westminster Abbey is to London and England; for although in 1559 the Reformed Commissioners made the nave serve as the parish kirk of the Canongate, it was then in a ruinous state. In 1570 Adam Bothwell, Protestant Bishop of Orkney, described it as being "thir twentie yeris bygane ruinous through decay of twa principall pillars, sa that nane was assurit [safe] under it; and twa thousand pounds bestowit upon it wold not be sufficient to ease men to the hearing of the word and ministration of the sacraments." He went on to recommend that the materials of the choir and transept should be sold to "faithfull men" to defray the cost of repairing the nave, and this nefarious advice was carried into effect. The choir and transept wherein, according to the invariable practice, was the richest decorative work, were turned to use as a quarry; the tombs of Scottish kings and queens lying before the high altar were burst open, and their contents thrust indiscriminately into a vault at the south-east angle of the nave.

EAGLE LECTERN AT ST STEPHEN'S CHURCH, ST ALBANS.

Throughout the winter of 1559–60 the forces of the Old and the New Religions were pretty nearly balanced in the Scottish Lowlands; for the superior discipline of the troops which the regent, Marie de Guise, had obtained from her cousin of France rendered them a match for the more numerous levies of the Duke of Chatelherault and Lord James Stuart, who were in command for the Lords of the Congregation. The issue was determined when Lord Grey de Wilton led an English force across the Border in April 1560. The French army retired into Leith, which at that time was strongly fortified, and surrendered after standing a siege for two months. This event, coinciding closely with the death of the Regent Queen Marie in June, placed the Reformers in complete ascendancy. Parliament met on 1st August and passed three short Acts abolishing the authority of the Bishop of Rome and prohibiting the mass under penalty of death for a third offence in celebrating it. John Knox's appointment to the pulpit of St Giles's marked out Edinburgh as the true arsenal of the Reformation, and drew its citizens into the very vortex of the storm. In the convulsion which ensued it was inevitable that many objects of inestimable artistic and literary value should perish; and it was the lot of Scotland to suffer more severely and irremediably in this respect than any other nation in Europe that was affected by the Reformation. Despite the proverbial poverty of the Scottish lesser gentry and commonalty, the Scottish Church had

amassed great wealth, both in realty and personalty, and she suffered in proportion to her affluence. Yet there were constructive, as well as destructive, agencies at work during these troubled years. It was then that the foundation was laid of a national system of education, and Edinburgh began the ascent to her subsequent eminence as a seat of letters and learning.

When Mary Queen of Scots returned, a young widow, to her capital in 1561, she found Mr John Craig installed as parish minister of the Canongate, with John Knox as his colleague in the church of St Giles.[1] Although little or nothing seems to have been done to repair the ruin wrought by Hertford on the abbey church, all traces of the damage done by his soldiers to the palace had been made good; so much so, that Pierre de Brantôme, whom Queen Mary brought in her suite, pronounced it to be *certes un beau bastiment, qui ne tient rien au pays*—"undoubtedly a fine building, little in keeping with the country." This was high praise from a courtier who was familiar with the splendour of Blois and Chambord, the sombre majesty of Loches and the fantastic grace of Chenonceaux.

Of the Palace of Holyroodhouse (to give it its official designation), as James V. lived in and left it, and as Mary Queen of Scots knew it and loathed it,

[1] The octagonal oaken pulpit from which Knox used to preach is now preserved in the Scottish National Museum of Antiquities in Queen Street. See Plate, p. 300.

HOLYROOD PALACE FROM THE NORTH-WEST: BEFORE THE REMOVAL OF EARL MORAY'S HOUSE.

Engraved by Hollis after E. Blore.

very little now remains. There is still standing the north-west tower, usually called after James V., but now ascertained to have been part of the palace built by James IV. in 1501–03 for the reception of his bride, Margaret Tudor. The "foir-werk," or entrance court, opening into the Canongate through a vaulted Gothic gate-house, was demolished in 1753—more's the pity! Traces of it may still be seen in the wall-ribs of the old Royal Mews, formerly the Abbey Court House. The destruction of this picturesque "foir-werk" caused a good deal of popular indignation even in the eighteenth century, when ancient monuments were commonly treated with scant respect. A broadside was circulated in the city representing "Auld Reekie's" angry protest, and foretelling, only too truly, further acts of vandalism.

> My Cross, likewise, of old renown
> Will next to you be tumbled down;
> And by degrees each ancient place
> Will perish by this modern race.[1]

In 1650, after Cromwell's victory at Dunbar, he used the palace as a barracks for some of his troops, who managed, no doubt accidentally, to burn it down, all except James IV.'s tower aforesaid. Cromwell caused it to be rebuilt (not as we see it now; that is the sweeping reconstruction by Sir William Bruce in 1671–79); but, in doing so, the tower was deprived of a conspicuous ornament. On

[1] For the subsequent fate of the Cross, see Appendix E, *The Mercat Cross.*

the front of it were too large panels, in one of which were carved the royal arms of Scotland, in the other, either those of Margaret Tudor, wife of James IV., or of Marie de Guise, wife of James V. Such symbols of royalty being an offence in the sight of all good Roundheads, the stones were removed by order of the English Commissioners sitting at Dalkeith. When the Office of Works undertook the renovation of the palace in 1906, the stone bearing the royal arms of Scotland was by good fortune discovered, hidden away in the base of the tower. A new sculpture was executed in facsimile, and the arms of Marie de Guise having been carved on a corresponding stone, both were set up in the vacant panels.

To return, after this digression, to the proceedings of Mary Queen of Scots. Landing at Leith on 19th August 1561, in a bleak, easterly "haar," accompanied by her four Marys and a suite of French and Scottish gentlemen, she took up residence in Holyroodhouse, which had been refurnished and decorated for her, as the allusive heraldic paintings in the presence chamber testify to this day. "Fyres of joy," says John Knox, "war sett furth all nyght, and a cumpany of the most honest, with instrumentis of musick and with musitians, gave thair salutationis at hir chalmer wyndo. The melody (as sche alledged) lyked hir weill; and sche willed the same to be contineued some nightis after."[1] Brantôme's courtesy, which sufficed

[1] *History of the Reformation,* by John Knox (*Works,* vol. ii. p. 269).

ARMS OF JAMES V. FORMERLY ON THE NORTH-WEST TOWER OF HOLYROODHOUSE.

This Sculpture has been executed in replica and placed on the tower with the arms of Marie de Guise in the corresponding panel.

to make him express admiration of the palace, was not equal to enduring without murmur the barbarous strains of fiddles and rebecs. He complained bitterly because he could not get to sleep for the dismal droning of psalms in the forecourt. Knox, also, changed his note when he wished to cast discredit on his queen. He interpreted the "haar" or fog which lay over sea and land when Mary disembarked as a direct symbol of Divine displeasure.

The verray face of heavin, the time of hir arryvall, did manifestlie speak what confort was brought unto this cuntrey with hir—to wit, sorow, dolour, darknes and all impietie; for in the memorie of man that day of the year was never seyn a more dolorous face of the heavin then was at hir arryvall; which two days after did so contineu. For besides the surfett weat and corruptioun of the air, the myst was so thick and so dark, that skairse mycht any man espy ane other the lenth of two pair of buttis. The sun was not seyn to schyne two dayis befoir, nor two dayiss after. That foir-warning gave God unto us; but allace! the most pairt war blynd.

The Town Council, loyally anxious to extend the customary ceremonial welcome to the monarch entering her capital for the first time, held anxious deliberation as to ways and means. Edinburgh had suffered sorely at the hands of the English, trade had been very bad, and the Common Good had been largely trenched upon in repairing damage to the dwellings and defences of the town. Finally, on 27th August, they decided to entertain the queen at a banquet and "triumphe," the cost not to exceed 2400 merks (£1600), to be defrayed from the Common Good,

because they were given to understand that to levy a special rate on the citizens would "engender mwrmur." Howbeit, a rate had to be imposed after all, for the bills when collected were found to amount to a total of 4000 merks (£2666, 13s. 4d.).

There cannot have been much genuine mirth in these official rejoicings. Times had greatly altered in the old city. Men not passed middle age were there who in youth had joined the curious throng to see Protestants burnt as heretics on the Castle Hill; and here was the late Regent Arran protesting against Queen Mary's household being allowed the services of a priest, and publishing a proclamation invoking the penalty of death upon all, without favour, whether Scots or foreigners, who should dare to attend mass. On the Sunday after this document appeared Knox preached his famous sermon in St Giles's, when, referring to the privilege accorded to the queen of having mass celebrated in the private chapel at Holyroodhouse, he declared "that one mass was more fearful to him than if ten thousand armed enemies were landed to suppress the whole religion"—religion, in his view, being a term exclusively applicable to his version of the Lutheran creed and ritual.

Queen Mary had been absent from Scotland since she was six years old, so she could not retain much recollection of the appearance of her capital city, else she must have noted many changes therein. No priests in their *soutanes* flitted through the streets as of yore, no sandalled monks—Dominicans

in black and white, Carmelites in brown and white, Franciscans in plain brown with knotted rope-girdle. The altars in all the churches had been destroyed by order of the Lords of the Congregation, with ready assent from the city magistrates. The great church of the Dominicans or Black Friars, with its central tower and spire, had been wrecked and plundered by the mob in 1558, and the Town Council had appropriated the ruins as a convenient quarry. The church of the Grey Friars was still standing on the south side of the Grassmarket, once so beauteous a building that when Cornelius of Zurich was appointed the first master of the monastery, he demurred, declaring that it was too splendid to be consistent with the severity of Franciscan rule. But its altars had been destroyed, and, probably, the structure greatly defaced in 1558. Its architectural glory was finally effaced when it was rebuilt in 1612. It was known as Old Greyfriars' Church from 1721, when New Greyfriars' Church was built as an addition to the west end of the other. Old Greyfriars' Church was burnt down in 1845, rebuilt and reopened in 1857, and was the first Established Presbyterian Church to resume the use of the organ.

Externally, the collegiate church of St Giles had suffered little or no damage; for although it was inferior in dimensions and richness of ornament to the churches of the Grey and Black Friars, it possessed a special importance in the eyes of the

city magistrates as the parish church of Edinburgh.[1] Within, however, every symbol of the old religion had been stripped away. The most deeply venerated relic preserved there was the arm of St Giles, which William Preston of Gorton, aided by Charles VII. of France, recovered with much difficulty and expense on the Continent in 1454, and bequeathed to the chapter. The Town Council of that day set so high a value on the gift, that they undertook to build a new aisle to Sir William's memory, "furth frae Our Lady isle [*sic*] where the said William lyis." But the Town Council of 1560 had come to consider that "in respect of the godlie ordour now taikin in religioun all title and clame to altaris and sic vther superstitious pretensis ar and sould be abolischit." "The relict callit the arme of Sanct Geill" appears, indeed, in the inventory of the spoil which they seized, but the only value it possessed in their eyes was a diamond ring on one of the finger bones. That, and all the rest—gold and silver plate, jewels, vestments, etc.—were duly inventoried and turned to secular account. One of the church bells—the Mary bell—and two great brazen pillars, which carried coronals of lamps, were ordered to be shipped off to Flanders to be cast into cannon for the defence of the city. This order, however, never was carried out, for in October 1539

[1] It is somewhat remarkable that Edinburgh was never constituted an episcopal see until Charles I. created the Protestant diocese in 1636, and made St Giles's the cathedral church.

the Mary bell, the pillars, and other brasswork of the church were knocked down at auction to Adam Fullarton for £240 Scots—about £20 sterling.

When in 1554, Andro Mansioun finished his contract for furnishing the choir with new stalls, to replace those burnt by Lord Hertford in 1544, the Town Council were so well pleased with his workmanship that they granted him an annuity of £10 for ten years. But the old order was fast yielding place to a new and drastic one; in 1559 Andro voluntarily resigned his pension, and the stalls had to be removed to the Tolbooth to save them from the fury of the Protestant mob. Deacon James Barroun was then employed to make "saittis, formes, and stulls [seats, forms, and stools] for the peple to syt vpoun the tyme of the sermoun."

Howbeit, despite all that had come and gone, the old city received Queen Mary upon her state entry on 2nd September with unprecedented splendour. Pageants were all the mode, so "quhen sho had dynit at tuelf houris, her hienes come furth of the said castell [Holyroodhouse] towart the said burgh, at quhilk depairting the artailzerie schot vehementlie,"[1] and thereafter her progress was one long series of emblems, pageants, and presentation of long addresses. The "propyne" or gift of the Town Council was a heavy piece of furniture, richly gilt, which cost 2000 merks. It was conveyed to the palace in a waggon, wherein was also a group of children, who,

[1] *Diurnal of Occurrents*, p. 67.

says the unknown author of the *Diurnal*, "maid some speitche concernyng the putting away of the mess [mass]" (which was touching delicate matter), "and thairefter sang ane psalme."

It has been said above that the purpose and action of the Scottish Reformers was far from being merely destructive; the suppression of the Popish religion was, of course, their primary object, but they esteemed as almost equally urgent the diffusion of knowledge by the establishment of a sound system of national education. *The Book of Discipline*, drawn up by the Protestant clergy assembled in Edinburgh in April 1560, not only provided a constitution for the Reformed Church, but contained a detailed scheme for the maintenance of a school in every parish and a college in every "notable toun" in the realm. Although this remarkable document never received, in its entirety, legislative sanction, yet so earnestly did the burghal communities of Scotland crave for secular instruction, that effect was given to a large part of the clergy's demand, thereby securing the people of Scotland a long start over their English neighbours in the matter of education. And whereas the appointment of John Knox to the High Kirk (which was the new name for St Giles's Church) caused Edinburgh to become the very core and vortex of the Scottish Reformation, the city records afford abundant evidence of the fervour with which the Town Council sought to promote the education of the young. In April 1561, four months before the return of Queen

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

From the Panel Portrait (French School) recently acquired by the National Portrait Gallery

Mary, they resolved that the rents of Church property within the city, hitherto applied to the maintenance of "papists, preistis, freris [friars], monkis, nonis and vtheris of that wikit sort," should be applied to "susteyning of the trew ministerris of Goddis Word founding and biging [building] of hospitalis for the pure [poor] and colleigis for leirnyng [teaching] and vbring of youth."

In August 1562 they carried their design further by drawing up a petition to the queen, praying, *inter alia*, for a grant of the lands of Greyfriars for a cemetery, of Kirk-o'-Field for a college, and of Blackfriars for a hospital. In this petition there is one notable sentence which, rendered in modern script, runs thus:

> Whereas it is not unknown to Your Highness that the common order whereby men attain to serve the common weal of their country comes by letters, learning, and sciences, which cannot be obtained but by learning at schools, which for the most part do in all parts decay, so that no regard is had thereto, and the youth thereby brought to such barbarous ignorance that lamentably it is to be regretted.

Queen Mary responded at once by granting Greyfriars for a cemetery, and promising sites for the proposed hospital and college so soon as funds had been provided for their erection. Accordingly, in 1567 the Town Council received from the Crown a grant of Trinity Church and Hospital at the foot of Leith Wynd, and there they built a new hospital for indigent burgesses and their families. There it stood until 1845, when both church and hospital were

demolished to make way for the North British Railway. At that time the hospital, which in England might have been called an alms-house, contained forty-two inmates, each receiving a pension of ten shillings a week, besides a great number of out-pensioners, all indigent burgesses or their dependants.

On the site of Blackfriars Church and Monastery the Town Council built the High School, an institution which has fulfilled nobly the utmost expectation of its founders. In 1777 the number of scholars had far outstripped the capacity of the old building, and a new one was built. This, in turn, having proved insufficient for the wants of a rapidly increasing population, a fresh site was chosen on the south side of the Calton Hill, where the present fine building, designed by Thomas Hamilton, was opened in 1829. There is still preserved here a stone brought from the original building in Blackfriars, carved with the city arms, the crown and initials of James VI., and the legend:

MUSIS RESPUBLICA FLORET, 1578.

The monasteries of the Grey Friars and the Black Friars having been laid in ruins by the English in 1544, the Town Council had nothing to do but take peaceful possession of them for their hospital and high school; but it was otherwise with the third site granted them for the erection of a college or university. This was the collegiate church of Our

Lady in the Fields, commonly called Kirk-o'-Field. The church, indeed, had been burnt down, but the monastic buildings remained with a Provost in residence. It is to the credit of the Reformers that, while the corporate property of the Church of Rome was confiscated, the life interest of individuals was scrupulously respected, at least in Edinburgh. Thus, although John Knox was incumbent of the High Kirk, the Town Council rented a house for him in the Nether Bow, because the Close of St Giles was still inhabited by priests or their tenants. But before founding their University, the Council had to negotiate with the Provost of Kirk-o'-Field for the purchase of his life interest. This he agreed to surrender for £1000 Scots (£83, 6s. 8d. sterling); but before the transaction could be concluded, public affairs had taken a sinister turn, and men had their attention absorbed by graver matters than education. Very summarily they must be dealt with here, as pertaining to the general history of Scotland.

Hitherto Queen Mary had relied greatly on the guidance of her Protestant half-brother, the Earl of Moray;[1] but he forfeited her confidence by strenuously opposing her marriage with Henry, Lord Darnley, to prevent which he took the field with 6000 troops and was proclaimed a rebel. The marriage took place under dispensation from the Pope between five and six in the morning of 29th

[1] Natural son of James V., by Janet, daughter of John, Lord Kennedy.

July 1565, in the Roman Catholic Chapel of Holyroodhouse. Thenceforward all semblance of concord between the Court and the Kirk was at an end.

Vpoun the xvj day of August the King[1] come to Sanct-gellis Kirk to the preitching, and Johne Knox preachit; quhairat he was crabbit, and causit dischairge the said Johne of his preitching.[2]

It is not surprising that Darnley, who occupied a throne erected for the occasion, was "crabbit," for Knox chose for his subject the wickedness of certain princes, and made disagreeable reference to "Ahab and that harlot Jezebel." Darnley rose and left the church in disgust; Knox was summoned before the Privy Council, and suspended from preaching so long as the king and queen were at Holyrood. The Town Council received a royal command to depose their Provost, Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie, son of old "Greysteil" and grandson of "Bell-the-Cat," and to elect in his place Sir Simon Preston of Craigmillar. Douglas relieved the Council of the duty of deposing him by voluntarily resigning, and Preston was placed in office; but the Council unanimously refused to consent that Knox's "mouth should be closit or he be dischairged in preiching the trew word."

A collision between the Court and the city was averted for a time by the departure of the queen and king on the "Roundabout Raid" in pursuit of the

[1] Henry, Lord Darnley. He was nominally a Protestant.

[2] *Diurnal of Occurrents.*

JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

rebel Moray.[1] On 31st August Moray and the other rebel lords rode into Edinburgh with a body of cavalry; but Alexander Erskine, Captain of the Castle, opened fire upon the town, which caused them to depart next day. Moray was a great favourite with the citizens, who twice submitted to be fined £1000 rather than bear arms against him. Moreover, the city was forced to contribute 10,000 merks to the expenses of the Roundabout Raid, receiving in return a grant of the superiority of Leith — the promise of a grant, rather, seeing that Queen Mary found it necessary, owing to financial difficulties, to defer fulfilment of the bargain until it was too late, owing to her forced abdication. The Town Council, therefore, took the law into their own hands. On 4th July 1567, headed by the Provost and followed by the craftsmen of Edinburgh fully armed, they marched down to Leith and took possession of the town and harbour, thereby enforcing their superiority. This was duly recognised until 1833, when Leith was constituted an independent burgh by the Borough Reform Act of that year.

After the return of the Court to Holyrood the Town Council honourably endeavoured to continue the traditional friendly relations with it. At Christmastide they presented the king and queen with

[1] "Vpon the xxvj. day of August our soueranis departit of Edinburgh with the haill cumpany to the west pairtis [parts] to dant the erle of Murray and his assistaris following, and tuke with them sex pecis of artailzerie" (*Diurnal of Occurrents*).

three tuns of the best new wine, "with torches and prikettis after the auld ordour." They received a sorry return for their gift. Not content with having already wounded the dignity of the magistrates by compelling them to accept Preston as their provost, Queen Mary (for King Henry was but a cipher in affairs of State), acting under the influence of Romanist advisers, directed that the town clerk, Alexander Guthrie, an active presbyterian, should be "put to the horn," *i.e.* outlawed, and commanded the Town Council to appoint in his place the young papist, David Chalmers, whom she had made a privy councillor and a judge of the Court of Session in January 1565.[1] The Council demurred; but they had to yield, under threat of outlawry and forfeiture of all their property.

It was a costly triumph for the Court party. Hitherto the citizens of Edinburgh had ever been among the most loyal of subjects, and none of the Stuart kings, with all their manifold errors, had been so ill-advised as to trample on their rights. In the coming troubles, Queen Mary was to stand sorely in need of the goodwill of the community which her counsellors had caused her so grievously to offend.

The said troubles now began to come thick and fast, causing the City Fathers to abandon for the nonce their project of founding a University. On

[1] His law title was Lord Ormond. He was afterwards denounced as one of Bothwell's accomplices in the murder of Darnley.

9th March 1566 David Riccio was seized in the queen's presence by King Henry and a number of his friends, and done to death in the adjoining room of Holyroodhouse; the queen being closely confined thereafter in the palace till the 11th at midnight, when she rode with the king to Dunbar.

Next came the shameful tragedy of the Kirk-o'-Field —a crime which, because of the direful suspicion of Queen Mary's foreknowledge of her husband's doom, has attracted closer scrutiny and been the theme of more literature than any other event in Scottish history. That being so, in these pages no more than passing reference to the bare facts need be attempted.

In the early days of January 1567[1] King Henry (or as he is more familiarly known, Lord Darnley) lay ill in Glasgow, probably with smallpox. Thither went Queen Mary about the 21st of the month, and on the 27th she started with her convalescent husband for Edinburgh. They travelled by easy stages, and arrived on the 30th. But Darnley was not taken to Holyroodhouse. They, that is the queen and Bothwell, persuaded him that it would hasten his recovery to sojourn in the old house of Kirk-o'-Field, in which Mary had caused a bedroom to be furnished for him on the first floor. She spent much time with her husband on each of the remaining days of his

[1] I have used throughout the notation of years according to the New Style. By the Old Style this would be January 1566, the new year beginning in March.

life. She even slept some nights in the room immediately beneath his. But not on Sunday, 9th February. She had promised to attend the wedding masque of her servant Bastian at Holyrood that night; so she sat with Henry for some hours during the evening. And while she so sat, shadowy figures were moving to and fro in the garden—Bothwell, the two Ormistons, young Hay of Talla, Hepburn of Bowton, Bothwell's valet Dalgleish and his porter Powrie—stuffing the queen's room on the ground floor full of gunpowder. This done, Bothwell went upstairs to Darnley's room, and the queen rode off to Holyrood about nine o'clock, with men carrying torches before her. Bothwell attended the fête at the palace, but, leaving at midnight, returned home, changed his clothes and went out again. All is obscure after this, save that at two o'clock in the morning of the 10th, the house of Kirk-o'-Field was blown up and the bodies of Darnley and his page were found in the garden. Whether, as some believed, they had been strangled before the explosion, or whether they had been blown up while still alive with the house, is a secret defying human scrutiny. All that is certain is that a crime of singular ferocity, even for that bloody age, was committed; and the horror of it is deepened by the strong suspicion implicating one who, for the honour of womanhood, it were well if she could be left out of account altogether.

In treating of Edinburgh city at this period it is

more difficult than ever to avoid straying into the general history of Scotland, so incessantly do the leading actors come and go between town and country. Darnley's life had been as much an obstacle to good civil governance as Queen Mary's infatuation for Bothwell was to her fair fame. Neither was, nor could be, re-established by the deadly doings in Kirk-o'-Field. On 24th April 1567 Mary, riding from Stirling to Edinburgh, allowed herself to be waylaid and abducted by Bothwell. So, at least, Sir James Melville, more trustworthy than most writers of the period, and a loyal adherent of Queen Mary, says he was informed by Captain Blackadder, who took him prisoner as he rode in the queen's suite with Lethington and Huntly.[1] She remained in Bothwell's keeping at Dunbar until 6th May, while the shameless proceedings for his divorce were being smuggled through the Protestant and Roman Catholic courts simultaneously. On 3rd May the civil court pronounced sentence of divorce on the ground of Bothwell having committed adultery; the ecclesiastical court followed on the 7th with a similar decree, with the addition necessary to justify divorce according to the laws of the Church of Rome—that the offence had been committed before his marriage with a near kinswoman of his wife. Meanwhile, the queen and Bothwell had returned to Edinburgh, making a state entry on 6th May. On the 9th their banns were proclaimed in the High Church by Knox's

[1] Melville's *Memoirs*, p. 177.

colleague John Craig, who, while discharging a duty which he could not legally refuse, had the courage also to discharge his mind by protesting to the congregation that "he abhorred and detested the marriage." On 15th May the marriage ceremony, justly referred to by Teulet as *cette funeste union*, was performed by the protestant Bishop of Orkney in the Chapel of Holyroodhouse.

Meanwhile, Morton, Atholl, Glencairn, Mar, and other lords had been negotiating with Queen Elizabeth to have Mary's infant crowned James VI. Their headquarters were at Stirling, Edinburgh being held by Bothwell's people. But so soon as the queen and her consort moved to Borthwick Castle, Atholl occupied Edinburgh, marched to Borthwick, and invested it on the night of 10–11th June. Bothwell, forewarned, escaped. Next night, Queen Mary, disguised as a young man, followed him. The lords issued a proclamation charging Bothwell with being the murderer of Darnley (some of them, as his accomplices, were well able to judge of this) and of using unlawful means to constrain the queen. Mary answered by marching upon Edinburgh with Bothwell's forces—some 2000 strong,—and on 15th June held a defensive position on Carberry Hill, the lords moving along the Esk with a somewhat superior force.[1] The French Ambassador, Du Croc, attempted

[1] The French captain of Inchkeith reporting to Du Croc, states the queen's army to have numbered 2000, that of the lords 2600 (Teulet's *Pièces et Documents*, ii. 163, 166).

to bring them to terms, and, failing, rode off to Edinburgh. Mary would not allow Bothwell to accept Tullibardine's challenge to decide matters by single combat. Bothwell, therefore, saved his head by ingloriously galloping off to Dunbar with a dozen of his friends. By this time the royalist ranks had been decimated, not by weapons of war, but by desertion—men going off by twos and threes in search of food. There was nothing left for the beautiful Queen of Scots but surrender. She rode, a captive, into Edinburgh. Of all the sorrowful sights that had been witnessed in that city, surely this was the saddest. In the long-lingering summer gloaming the cavalcade passed slowly through the crowded Canongate, under the Nether Bow and up the High Street. The throng of spectators was silent. Many must have been moved to compassion for that forlorn figure, travel-stained and humbly clad. They had seen her often splendidly and tastefully attired; she had left all her finery when she escaped from Borthwick Castle in a man's dress; now she made her last entry into her capital in clothes she had borrowed in Dunbar[1]—a red skirt that came little below the knees, for she was tall, and a cloak of taffeta. They lodged her in the Provost's house opposite the Cross. From a window next day she appealed with tears to people in the street to succour her—to the traitor Lethington,

[1] "Elle estoil abillée d'une cotte rouge qui ne lui venoyt que à demie de la jambe, et [avoyt] enprunté ung tourniche à . . . avec un tafetaz pardessus" (Teulet, ii. 162).

among others. The lords, fearing a rising, removed her to Holyroodhouse under escort of two hundred soldiers, the white banner, whereon was painted Darnley's murder, being displayed before her. Thereafter she was hurried off to Lochleven, never to be seen in her capital again.

The Town Council were now as far as ever from obtaining the Kirk-o'-Field site for the proposed University. Penicuke, Provost of the Collegiate Church, with whom they had negotiated the purchase, had died before it could be concluded. His successor, Robert Balfour, was one of Bothwell's creatures, and as all Queen Mary's acts were now subject to infatuation for her husband's murderer, it may be inferred that in the charter whereby, a few weeks after the crime, she conveyed to the Town Council possession of all the lands and houses belonging to "whatsoever churches, chapels or colleges within the liberty of our said town of Edinburgh," the omission of any mention of the church property of Kirk-o'-Field was due to Bothwell's unwillingness to interfere with the life interest of Balfour, whom he dared not offend.[1] But the Town Council never relinquished its high purpose.

[1] Twelve years later, in 1579, Balfour was tried and convicted with others as accessory to the murder of Darnley and the two regents. He was forfeited and put to the horn; but the sentence was remitted in 1584 on condition that he made no claim to be restored to the Provostry of Kirk-o'-Field, which, being no longer an ecclesiastical office, had been bestowed in 1579 on John Gib, a valet of the king's chamber. Such was Scottish criminal justice in the sixteenth century!

Through all the distracting years which followed they kept it in view—the year when Queen Mary was forced to abdicate (1567); when the Regent Moray was assassinated (1570); when his successor Regent Lennox was done to death at Stirling (1571); when John Knox, chief moving spirit in matters educational, was laid to unwonted rest in the kirkyard of St Giles (1572); when gallant Kirkcaldy of Grange was put to a felon's death on the gibbet at the Mercat Cross (1573), after holding the Castle for Queen Mary against four successive regents for more than five years; when, finally, James Douglas, Earl of Morton, strongest of these four regents, suffered death by "The Maiden" in the Grassmarket (1581).[1] All through these disheartening, bloodstained years these Edinburgh bailies kept their laudable purpose quietly before them, until at last, in 1582, they obtained a charter of the church property in Kirk-o'-Field from James VI., then a precocious stripling of sixteen. They set to work at once to furnish and equip the old college buildings, and in October 1583 the infant University opened its doors with a teaching staff consisting of the rector and one assistant. Not the least singular fact in connection with the foundation of "oure tounis Colledge," as it was proudly spoken of, is that, being one of the earliest results of the Reformation, it should owe the chief part of its original endowment to a bequest of 8000 merks (£5333, 6s. 8d.) by Robert Reid, Roman Catholic

[1] See Appendix F, "*The Maiden.*"

Bishop of Orkney and Abbot of Kinloss, who died in 1558. Unfortunately, the money had remained in the hands of the bishop's nephew, Walter Reid, Abbot of Kinloss, from 1558 till 1581, and the Town Council were able to recover only 2500 merks (£1666, 13s. 4d.) of the bequest. But the testator's intention was sufficiently clear to absolve him from John Knox's ungenerous imputation that in his last illness "he caused maik his bed betuix his two cofferis (some said upoun thame), such was his god, the gold that tharin was inclosed, that he could not departe therefra so long as memorie wold serve him."[1] Besides this posthumous benefaction, Bishop Reid had spent large sums during his life, on Kirkwall Cathedral, the church of Beauly, and the abbey of Kinloss, and founded a college in Kirkwall for the teaching of grammar and philosophy.

More money was essential to set the thing going, but it would never have gone forward had the Town Council and leading citizens not been earnest in their resolution to have higher education. From the territorial aristocracy they received no help whatever. "We ascribe," wrote Mr John Harrison at the tercentenary of the University, "to the University of Edinburgh the noblest of 'fathers' when we say that we believe that the real authors of its being were John Knox, and the stout, upright, hard-working, God-fearing men who then managed the affairs of the town of Edinburgh in its Kirk and Council."

[1] Knox's *Works*, i. 2.

When one considers how many individuals of far less achievement have been commemorated by statues and flatulent inscriptions in our streets and churches, it seems strange that the place where John Knox's remains lie was distinguished by no mark or memorial of any kind, until the late David Laing persuaded the Town Council to lay a stone in the pavement of Parliament Square, engraved with the initials "I. K. 1572." Had a fuller epitaph been desired, none more fitting could have been devised than the words spoken by Regent Morton over the grave of this, the most intrepid of Scottish Reformers: "Here lies one who never feared the face of man!"

The memory of one who, politically, became the sworn foe of Knox, has fared better at the hands of a later generation. On the wall near the inner gate of the Castle is a tablet which no true Scot, be his creed or politics what they may, should pass without a tribute of respect, for it commemorates one of the most chivalrous knights that ever donned harness—Sir William Kirkcaldy of Grange. Even Knox himself—and none knew better than he to reverence merit in friend or foe—even Knox, I say, though in the heat of controversy he once denounced Kirkcaldy as a "murderer and throat-cutter," sent him a message from his deathbed, "for," said he, "the soul of that man is dear to me, and I would fain have him to be saved." Sir James Melville described Kirkcaldy as "humble, gentle and meek, like a lamb in the house and like a lion in the field, a lusty, stark and well-

proportioned personage, hardy, and of magnanimous courage."[1]

During the first hundred years of its existence the College or nascent University displayed but slight promise of taking high rank among the world's seats of learning. The times were too stormy—the convulsions of Church and State too frequent and violent—to be favourable to study. *Eppur si muove!* While churchmen thundered anathema at each other—while Royalist and Roundhead—Cavalier and Covenanter—filled the land with noise and wreck, busy intellects were quietly at work, undermining the triple fortress of dogma, empiricism, and superstition. While the nation was writhing in the birth-pangs of constitutional liberty, a little band of experimental philosophers—Galileo, Francis Bacon, Robert Harvey, Leibnitz, Isaac Newton, and the rest—were laying, stone by stone, the foundation of a system that should compel the allegiance of every civilised nation. Within the little quadrangle at Kirk-o-Field were found men prepared to take their share in the work.

Hitherto the craft of healing in Edinburgh had been directed by the Guild of Chirurgeon-Barbers, established by royal charter in 1505, whereof the deacon had a seat *ex officio* on the Town Council.[2] Although surgeons and barbers did not part company

[1] Melville's *Memoirs*, p. 257.

[2] The Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh recognise their foundation in this charter of 1505.

as a guild till 1722, it had come to be pretty generally acknowledged in the course of the previous century that the training which qualified a man to trim a a beard differed somewhat from that enabling him to stem a fever or set a broken limb. The distinction between medical and surgical science first received formal recognition in 1681, when, through the exertions of the rival practitioners Sir Robert Sibbald and Dr Archibald Pitcairn, the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh received its charter. Sibbald deserves to be remembered further, inasmuch as it was he who formed a physic garden on a small patch granted him within the palace grounds of Holyrood. This was afterwards extended when he obtained from the Town Council a grant of the garden of Trinity Hospital, the site now covered by the Waverley railway station.

Stimulated, partly by the example of the sister science, partly by the light thrown by Harvey on the circulation of the blood, the venerable Guild of Chirurgeon-Barbers obtained a new charter in 1684 constituting them the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh. In 1697 they built a new hall, afterwards incorporated in the old Royal Infirmary, where lectures on anatomy were delivered to students. The real rise of the Medical School dates from 1720, when Alexander Monro, lecturer in the Surgeons' Hall, was appointed by the Town Council Professor of Anatomy in the University, receiving a salary of £15. Five years later they

gave him a "theatre for dissections" within the college buildings; thenceforward his lectures were delivered there instead of in the Surgeons' Hall. In the following year the Town Council appointed two Professors of Medicine and two others of Medicine and Chemistry, and these persons, having hitherto lectured alternately with Monro in the Surgeons' Hall, were permitted to follow him into the new theatre, with power to grant degrees. The faculty was made complete by the appointment of a Professor of Midwifery, the first Professor of Obstetrics appointed in Europe. One thing was yet wanting to complete the Medical School—the acquirement of a "teaching" hospital. The difficulty of raising funds for the purpose seemed insuperable at first, for Edinburgh was a city of no more than 30,000 inhabitants, the capital of a kingdom which, once proverbial for its poverty, was only beginning to recover from the exhaustion of four centuries of almost incessant warfare; but George Drummond, who was six times elected Provost of Edinburgh, and Alexander Monro aforesaid, laboured so successfully in collecting money for the purpose, that a small house was opened to receive patients in 1729. In 1736 George II. granted a charter for the Royal Infirmary, and in 1738 the foundation-stone was laid of the handsome building which still dignifies the ancient site of Blackfriars Monastery beyond the east end of Chambers Street; but which, although providing 228 beds and

a theatre of operations to accommodate 200 students, in turn proved too small for growing requirements. Consequently, in 1870 the spacious edifice now known as the Royal Infirmary was begun on land in Lauriston belonging to George Watson's Hospital, and was finished in 1879.

In like manner as the Old Infirmary had to be abandoned for ample premises, so, before the end of the eighteenth century, the growing fame of Edinburgh as a centre of medical education had attracted far more students than could receive instruction in the old college buildings of Kirk-o'-Field. Not that the Medical School was the only attraction; the Art and Law faculties were as fully equipped as the others, and Edinburgh in the latter half of the century acquired a literary reputation extending far beyond the limits of the realm. Students in the classics, natural and moral philosophy, humanity, mathematics, law, etc., were nearly as numerous as those in the medical faculties.[1] In 1762 William Robertson, divine and historian, was appointed Principal, which office he discharged for thirty years, raising the University to that pitch of efficiency and reputation which it has retained ever since. His life was near a close before he saw the wish of his heart in the first stage of fulfilment when, in 1789, a start was made with the building, designed by Robert Adam, which was to take the place of the old college. Money,

[1] The total number of students in 1768 was between 500 and 600: it had risen to 1279 in 1791, and to 2182 in 1821.

as usual, was hard to come by; George III. made a gift of £5000, Parliament voted a similar sum in 1801, and, the strain of the great war notwithstanding, £10,000 more in 1815; but it was not till 1827 that the old college library, last remnant of the original Kirk-o'-Field quadrangle, was demolished, and the New University Buildings, as we know them, stood complete.

This outline of the rise of Edinburgh University has carried us far from the days of James VI., to which we have presently to return. To enumerate the great names associated with the University of Edinburgh would far exceed the scope of this volume: to mention a few of them would be invidious; but whereas Alexander Monro has been indicated as the true father of the Medical School, it may be noted as remarkable that he, his son and his grandson, each named Alexander, occupied the chair of medicine, anatomy and surgery, in uninterrupted succession from 1720 to 1846.[1]

One other name it may be permitted to mention—that of Sir James Simpson, the famous obstetrician—were it only because of a *bon mot* attributed to him. He was the first to employ chloroform to relieve the pains of childbirth, an innovation against which certain of the "unco gude" of Edinburgh protested,

[1] These three Alexanders are not to be confused with Dr Alexander Munro who was appointed Principal of the University in 1685, but was compelled to resign in 1687 owing to his adherence to the cause of James II. This divine does not appear to have been related to the medical professors.

PRINCIPAL OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.

From Kay's *Edinburgh Portraits.*

because God, in expelling Eve from Paradise, had said: "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception: in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children." "I know," Simpson is said to have answered, "but I have also read that before God took a rib out of Adam's side he cast him into a deep sleep!"

VII

It was on 19th June 1566, in the old Castle of the Maidens, that Queen Mary bore her son, a Child of Wrath, but least warlike of the house of Stuart. The doom that dogged the dynasty still prevailed, for a year and a month had just sped when, after the abdication of his mother, he was crowned King of Scots as James VI. In 1570 George Buchanan, one of Queen Mary's most virulent accusers, was appointed tutor to the king by Act of Council, and continued his principal instructor until the pupil was twelve years old. At that age James nominally assumed the government; perhaps the effects of Buchanan's education, acting upon a character naturally shrewd and cautious, may be traced in James's policy of balancing the turbulent Catholic nobles against the tyrannical preachers, and, while abstaining from any act that might alienate the hopes and sympathy of the French Court, cultivating the good graces of his cousin Elizabeth for all they were worth—and they were worth much, as time was to show.

When conflicting factions were not to be reconciled James could show an unexpected measure of firmness,

as at the coronation of his queen, Anne of Denmark, at Holyrood in 1589. The preachers objected to the anointing as a Jewish or Popish ceremony; whereupon the king declared he would send for a bishop. The threat prevailed: Mr Robert Bruce, one of the most powerful and truculent of Edinburgh ministers, discharged the function required. Bruce remained in high favour with the king for several years, but at last he came into violent collision with the royal will. James had appointed 5th August 1600 as a day of annual thanksgiving for his escape from the Gowrie conspiracy, and required the Edinburgh ministers to preach thereon according to his version of the story. Now there was a belief current in many quarters that, so far from the plot having been laid by the Ruthvens to entrap the king, it was one by the king to destroy the whole brood of Ruthvens, whose father, the Earl of Gowrie, had been executed for treason in 1584. The Ruthven family being all that was most Presbyterian, five of the Edinburgh ministers declined to accept the king's statement or to express belief in it from their pulpits. Of these five, Robert Bruce was the most conspicuous, being far and away the most popular preacher of the day. The king resolved to make an example of him. Bruce was suspended from preaching by royal command and was banished from Edinburgh.

In truth, the tyrrany and intolerance of the ministers had become incompatible with secular government. It had grown to be a question whether

the Crown or the Kirk should rule the nation, and King James is entitled to credit for the firm line he took with the preachers. Unfortunately, it is impossible to contemplate without loathing the active part he took in the persecution of witches. Not only did he take the most curious interest in the fantastic confessions extorted from the victims brought before him at Holyroodhouse, but he seems to have found a morbid relish in the ingenuity of the torments applied to extract such confessions. For example, in a contemporary tract describing the trial of Doctor Fian or Cuninghame, it is stated that his confessions "made the king in wonderful admiration, who in respect of the strangeness of these maters, took great delight to be present at their examinations." And what was the nature of these examinations? First, a rope was put round Fian's head and twisted, "beeing a payne most grevous continued almost an hower"; next day he was put in the boots, a dreadful torture by which the flesh and bones of the leg were torn and crushed in the most horrible manner. The anguish having caused the wretched creature to declare he would confess, he was taken before the king, and his confession was taken down. Next day he retracted—

Whereupon the King's Majestie, perceiving his stubborne willfulnesse, conceived and imagined that, in the time of his absence, hee had entered into newe conference and league with the Devill his maister . . . yet for more tryall of him, to make him confesse, hee was commanded to have a most straunge torment, which was done in the manner following. His nailes

upon all his fingers were riven and pulled off with an instrument called in Scottish a Turkas, which in England wee call a payre of pincers, and under everie nayle there was thrust in two needels even up to the heads. At all which torments notwithstanding, the Doctor never shranke anie whit; neither woulde he then confesse it the sooner, for all the tortures inflicted upon him. Then was he with all convenient speede, by commandement convaied againe to the torment of the bootes, wherein he continued a long time, and did abide so many blowes in them that his legges were crusht and beaten together as small as might bee; and the bones and flesh so brused that the bloud and marrow spouted forth in great abundance; whereby they were made unserviceable for ever. And notwithstanding all these grievous paines and cruel torments, hee would not confesse anie things. So deeply had the Devill entered into his heart that hee utterly denied all that which he before avouched.[1]

The Justiciary Records of the period show that in this, as in scores of other cases of persons, mostly women, accused of witchcraft, the end was the same, whether the victim made a confession or not—namely, to be burnt on the Castle Hill. There would be no excuse for recalling these horrors to mind, were it possible, without going into revolting details, to give a just impression of social and legal Edinburgh immediately after the Reformation. The religion of Rome had been rejected and its doctrines repudiated as superstitious; yet the very men who had been leaders and chief agents in the revolt retained and fostered a superstition more gross—more dishonouring to intelligence—than the practices they had spurned; so that clergy and laity alike remained slaves to this evil heritage from the dark ages. It

[1] Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials,* vol. i. part ii. pp. 221–23.

increased in virulence in proportion to the intensity of Presbyterian fervour, affording the most painful and inexplicable phenomenon of the Scottish Reformation. Nicoll wrote as follows in his diary for 1658:

Burning of witches and warlocks were maist frequent. In Februar twa women and ane man were prisoners for this crime in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. One of the women died in the prison; the warlock was worryit at the stake on the Castlehill. The other woman, Jonet Anderson, wha had only been married three months before, confessit [under torture, no doubt] that she had given hersel, bodie and soul, to the devil, and that at her wedding she saw Satan standing in the kirk ahint the pulpit. . . . In the August the same year four women, ane of them a maiden, were burnt on the Castlehill, all confessing the sin of witchcraft. Two months later five women belonging to Dunbar were burnt on the Castlehill together, all confessing . . . while a week or two later nine witches from the parish of Tranent all dyed in Edinburgh with the like confessions on their lips. Yet, despite all this, the clergy were not satisfied, and complained: "There is much witchery up and down our land; the English be but too sparing to try it, though some they execut."[1]

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[1] It must not be supposed that these atrocities were confined to Edinburgh. Wheresoever the judges held an assize in this gloomy century, there some wretched women would be haled before them to be tried and condemned on the most preposterous charges. For instance, on 2nd April 1659, ten women were tried as witches before two judges at Dumfries. Nine were convicted and sentenced to be strangled and burnt. Against the tenth the verdict of the jury was "not proven," but she was sentenced to banishment from the parish. The Presbytery appointed eight ministers "to attend the nine witches . . . also that they be assisting to the brethren of Dumfries and Galloway the day of the execution." The statutes against witchcraft were not repealed till 1735, by an Act which the Synod of the Secession Church denounced officially as a measure invoking divine displeasure.

"Trying it" was a euphemism for the most devilish tortures.

It was not necessary to practise the black art in order to incur inhuman punishment. Words lightly spoken in mixed company were quite enough if reported in the proper quarter. The following extract from the Records of the Edinburgh Tolbooth, or gaol, contains a case in point:

May 26*th*, 1671.—Fforasmuch as Marrion M^c^caull spouse to Adame Reid in Machline being fund guilty by ane assyse of drinking the good health of the divell and all his servantis in maner contanit in ye indigtement We the Lords commissionaris of Justicarie thairfore in ane justice court haldine be us within the tolbuith of Air vpon ye eight day of May instant be the mouth of Johne Wilsone dempster of Court decernit and adjugit hir to be taken vpon ye first wednesday of June nixtokum to ye mercat croce of Edr to be scourged by the hand of the hangman and commone executioner from thence to the Netherbow of the sd burgh and yrefter to be brought back to ye crose againe And have hir tongue boared and brunt on ye cheick and to remaine prisoner in ye tolbuith of Edr till she inact hir selff in ye books of adjournall yt she shall not returne to the shyre of Air or any part yrof vnder the paine of death, etc. etc.

Sic sub. HALCARTOUNE,
JOHNE BAIRD.

The signatures are those of two judges of the Court of Session.

King James's troubles with the Kirk were far from being at an end; are they not written in the books of all who have dealt with those years of acerbity? But when he left his capital on 5th April 1603 to take up the great inheritance devolving upon him through the death of his cousin Elizabeth, he could at least

claim that he had bridled the preachers and stifled the feuds of the chief nobles. Above all, he saved his country from a ruinous war with England in the cause of his mother, though he must have foreseen that he must figure in history as a faineant knight and a callous son.

Before his departure, James attended service in the High Kirk (St Giles's) and listened to a sermon by Mr Hall, who exhorted him to show gratitude for his peaceful accession to the throne of England by devoting himself to the cause of religion. James then rose in his place and delivered a valedictory address to the congregation, in which he said many fine things which, says Calderwood, moved many of his hearers to tears. He promised to come back to his people once in every three years, an undertaking which he discharged by a single visit in two-and-twenty years; while as for religion, a term which, in the vocabulary of Mr Hall and his friends, James very well knew to signify Presbyterianism pure and simple, the design nearest his heart was the restoration of prelacy in Scotland. He afterwards showed his sympathy with the Presbyterian form of Church government by prohibiting the General Assembly to meet in the years 1603 to 1609 inclusive, and by exclaiming at the Hampton Court Conference in 1604: "Presbytery! it agreeth as well with a monarchy as God and the Devil."

There can be no doubt that at first the general feeling in Edinburgh when the King of Scots

ascended the throne of their ancient enemy was one of exultant triumph; but there was another side to the shield. The departure of the Court and the absence of the nobles and their families who were wont to attend it meant serious loss of custom to tradesmen and added to the general gloom enforced by the preachers. Moreover, there was no Parliament in Edinburgh between the years 1600 and 1607, the sessions of the Estates in 1602 and 1604 being held at Perth. There must have been among the older generation many, imperfectly "circumcised in their hearts," whose thoughts went wistfully back to their brighter young days when the Abbot of Unreason held his annual revels, when Yuletide was recognised as a season of mirth and good cheer, and when, on occasions of royal marriages, the birth of a prince and such-like, the fountain at the foot of the Mercat Cross bubbled forth with red wine and white for all thirsty comers. Now, when lightsome dancing had been forbidden to young men and maidens, the chief recreation remaining for persons of all ages was to repair to the Castle Hill to witness witches "wirreit" (strangled) and burnt, or to the Borough Muir to watch the death-throes of Macgregors on the gallows. Others there were who, although they had joined in repudiating as idolatrous the images and incense, the lights and vestments of the worship in which they had been reared, yet missed the warmth and dignity of the ancient ritual, and writhed under intolerable espionage by

the new ministers and the interminable length of their sermons, at which attendance was made compulsory under severe penalties. For instance, in 1591, William, eldest son of the Earl of Angus, was tried before the Justiciary Court and convicted of having "declynit fra the trew and Christiane religioun, refuising to resorte to the preicheing of Godis worde." He was sentenced to banishment from the realm. As to the length of the sermons, there was no statutory limit to what these licensed windbags chose to make it. Few kirk-sessions exhibited the hardihood of that of Elgin, which in 1621 ordered that "when Mr David Philip teaches, he turn the glass when he preaches, and that the whole be finished within an hour."

No notice, however slight, of James VI.'s connection with Edinburgh would merit attention wherein reference were not made to George Heriot, whose personality Scott has endeared to us as "Jingling Geordie" in *The Fortunes of Nigel.* The son of a goldsmith in Edinburgh, he married at the age of twenty-three, and received from his father a wedding gift of 1500 merks Scots (about £80) "for the setting up of ane buith to him." The tradesmen of the town carried on their business in booths which were niched into every available space near the top of the High Street—between the buttresses of St Giles's Church or in the very shadow of the gloomy Tolbooth, anywhere, in short, that a vacant space could be had on paying a small rent to the Town Council.

GEORGE HERIOT: 1563–1624.

From the painting by Scougall in Heriot's Hospital.

Heriot's booth stood among others where now is the entrance hall of the Signet Library.[1] It was only seven feet square, yet it served him as the source of what was then deemed a colossal fortune. It is not clear how King James became acquainted with Heriot. Probably it was through his queen, Anne of Denmark, who had an exorbitant taste in jewellery. Anyhow, "Jingling Geordie" was appointed goldsmith to the queen in 1597 and jeweller to the king in 1601, both offices entitling him to handsome fees. Heriot was a financier as well as a working goldsmith, and frequently lent considerable sums to both the king and queen. In fact, he made himself so indispensable to them, that rooms were allotted to him in Holyroodhouse, though he still wrought at his craft in the original booth. He accompanied the Court when it moved to London, and set up "foreanent the New Exchange," where his business increased to such a degree that he was at his wit's end how to find workmen enough to enable him to execute the orders that poured in. After his first wife died, he returned to Edinburgh for a second one, marrying in 1609 Alison Primrose, daughter of the clerk to the Privy Council, the grandfather of the first Earl of Rosebery. At this time Queen Anne was in Heriot's debt to the extent of £18,000, which

[1] When the booth was taken down to make way for the Signet Library, Heriot's name was found carved over the door. Inside were his forge, bellows and crucible, now preserved in Heriot's Hospital.

seems to have been liquidated some years later by granting him the sugar duties for three years. When he died in 1623 he bequeathed £23,625 for the building and endowment of a hospital in Edinburgh "in imitation," to quote his own words, "of the public, pious, and religious work founded within the city of London called Christ's Hospital." The building was begun in 1628, on a site to the west of Greyfriars' Churchyard, opposite the Royal Infirmary; but, as the work was paid for only out of interest on the capital sum, and as this had been invested in property which suffered from the disturbed state of the country, it was barely finished in 1650, when Cromwell took possession of it and filled it with his sick and wounded soldiers. It was not till 1658 that General Monck removed his invalids and handed the building back to the trustees, who put it to its destined purpose in the following year by admitting thirty fatherless boys to receive free education. The hospital is a very fine example of Renaissance work. "Now that Glasgow College has been demolished," says David MacGibbon, "it is the finest and most important public building erected in Scotland during the seventeenth century."[1] The design has been attributed to Walter Balcanquall, Dean of Rochester, but there is little doubt that the king's master mason, William Wallace, was the actual architect.

"Jingling Geordie" must be a happy soul if he

[1] *Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland,* by David MacGibbon and Thomas Ross, vol. iv. p. 145.

HERIOT'S HOSPITAL: NORTH DOOR.

is in a position to know how sagaciously his executors invested his bequest. The annual income derived from the trust now considerably exceeds in amount the capital originally invested, and, being far beyond the requirements of the hospital itself, the governors have been able to establish Heriot free schools in other parts of Edinburgh, and to endow the Heriot-Watt College for technical instruction.

King James, as aforesaid, had publicly promised to revisit Edinburgh once in every three years after he succeeded to the throne of England. On the faith of this promise, the Town Council went to considerable expense in 1606–07 in repairing and beautifying the Nether Bow—the city gate through which his Majesty should enter the capital from Holyroodhouse. On 1st May 1607, "understanding that it is the custome of maist renownit cities to have the effigie or statue of their Prince set up upon the maist patent part of the citie . . . thairfor they have thought expedient and ordain to affix and set up upon the maist patent and honorabill part of the Nether Bow the image or statue of his majesty gravin in maist prynclie and decent form in remembrance of his majesty, and of their sincere affectioun borne unto him." But fourteen years went by before King James returned for the last time to Edinburgh, and it was not until 9th September 1616 that the Council "ordainis Johnne Byris, Thesaurer, to content and pay to Benjamin

Lambert the sowme of 433 merks 6 schillingis 8 penyis for the Kingis portrait and New Armis to be erected at the Nether Bow." This statue has not survived the destruction of the venerable Town Gate. Probably it was destroyed long before the demolition of the Nether Bow, and was condemned, in common with all other insignia of royalty, during the Cromwellian régime. The Rev. R. S. Mylne succeeded recently in recovering some of the stones of the Nether Bow, including that which held the spike whereon whatever political party happened to be in power were wont to display the heads of the more prominent leaders of the Opposition. These stones are now laid beside John Knox's Church.

When, at last, King James did return to Edinburgh in 1617, he was received with all the usual tedious ceremonies—more tedious than ever, owing to discourses by long-winded divines. With him came a large number of English notables—Lord-Keeper Francis Bacon, the Earls of Arundel, Pembroke, Southampton, and "Geordie," Earl of Buckingham, the latest favourite. Among the clergy Dr William Laud's presence was ominous of discord, for he had already incurred hatred from the Calvinists, and he gave much offence on this occasion by attending a funeral in a surplice. Inigo Jones had been sent down in advance to prepare Holyrood Chapel for service, fitting up an organ and stalls for choristers. But the Presbyterian bishops

HERIOT'S HOSPITAL AND THE GRASSMARKET.

were aghast at the sight of gilded figures of the twelve apostles which he brought with him, and they persuaded King James not to scandalise his subjects by allowing these to be set up.

James, in fact, had come to Scotland for two purposes only: to hunt the red stag (for he was ever a keen sportsman), and to insist upon the Church of Scotland conforming to the English order. In the first he succeeded, enjoying some very good sport in familiar scenes: in the second he was successful only in setting people worse by the ears than ever. He was perfectly sincere in his desire to restore decency and order in the national worship and Church government, and his indignation at the neglect and defacement of the ancient churches commands our sympathy. Of St Giles's, over which, as the parish church of Edinburgh, the Town Council, had they dared to remonstrate with the preachers, might have exercised some protection, Father Baillie wrote mournfully in 1627:

> Bare walls and pillars all clad in dust, sweepings and cobwebs . . . and on every side the restless resorting of people treating of their worldly affairs; some writing and making obligations, contracts and discharges, others laying counts or telling over sums of money. . . . The west end of the church is divided into a high house for the College of Justice, and a lower house, called the Lower Tolbooth.[1]

It is easy to see that James took the wrong way to bring about a better state of things; nor is it at all

[1] *A True Information,* by Father Baillie, a Benedictine, 1627 quoted in Lang's *History of Scotland,* iii. 25.

easy to define what would have been the right way; for the people of Edinburgh and the rest of Scotland, lashed by the preachers and persuaded that excess of reverence was idolatry, had forsworn the barest respect for things once deemed holy. When King James turned his back on Scotland for the last time, there were few who regretted his departure. A well-meaning individual on the whole, but one whom no man ever trusted and no woman ever loved.

For nine years the Scottish capital had to rub along without the presence of royalty to brighten it. In 1633, the seventh year of his reign, King Charles came to be crowned at Holyrood as *King of Scotland.* Not without significance that he should have been the first to depart from the old style "King of Scots."[1] He owned the realm, indeed, but he never won the hearts of its people. Howbeit, he was received with the utmost demonstration of loyalty. Holyrood-house was redecorated and rearranged for his comfort. A partition was run across the south end of Queen Mary's presence chamber, which, if it cut through the design of the painted ceiling, at least served to shut out the spot where Riccio's blood had stained the floor, and a great catafalque bed was set up for the king. The said partition has now, happily, been removed and the chamber restored to its original

[1] The first, that is of kings crowned in Scotland. James VI. had been crowned King of Scots in 1567, but after his coronation in 1603 as King of England he assumed the style of "King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland," sometimes varied as "of Great Britain, France and Ireland."

THE NETHER BOW PORT.

From an engraving by T. Stewart, after D. Wilson.

proportions. John Spalding devoted many pages of his delectable diary to describing the fêtes and functions on the occasion—the dresses and demeanour of those who figured in them. The Provost and bailies in scarlet and fur, the aldermen and councillors in black velvet, received the king at the West Port and presented him with a "propyne" in the shape of a golden bowl which cost 5000 merks and contained a thousand double angels in gold.[1] The procession was then formed, being augmented by the City Guard "in white satein doublets, blak veluot breikis [breeches] and silk stokings," and wound its way to the Market Cross, and so down the High Street, through the Nether Bow into the Canongate and home to Holyrood. A halt had been called at seven different places, at each of which his Majesty had to listen to a speech.

Next day was Sunday; on Monday, 17th June, the king rode to the Castle, dined and slept there, and went in procession next day to be crowned in the mutilated remains of the Abbey Church. The ceremony was performed by five Presbyterian bishops and the Archbishop of St Andrews, clad in blue silk cassocks, white rochets and gold copes, raiment which, observes Spalding, "bred gryt feir of inbringing of poperie."

Thursday, 20th June, was fixed for the ceremony of riding the Parliament, and the session was opened

[1] The double angel was equal in value to £12 Scots or £1 sterling.

in the High Tolbooth by the king and prorogued in like manner on the 28th. The king remained at Holyrood till 13th July, when he began his journey to London, leaving behind him all the elements of an explosion, which was fired four years later, when he sent down Laud's Liturgy with a command that every minister was to buy it and use it. Sunday, 23rd July 1637, was fixed for the inauguration of the new ritual in St Giles's. The solemnity of the occasion was marked by the presence of both the Scottish archbishops, several bishops, the lords of Privy Council, and the judges. Dean Hanna was appointed to read the service: no sooner did he open the book than an uproar began, people shouting that this was the mass; a woman or women, or apprentices disguised as women, flung a stool or stools at the dean; Archbishop Spottiswoode tried to restore order; the words were swept from his lips by a tempest of "booing," and the congregation broke up in tumult. The new (and first) Bishop of Edinburgh was to have preached the sermon; that being out of the question, he started for home, honest man! but was set upon by the mob, who were like to have put it beyond his power ever to preach again. "Being a corpulent man, he was haistellie put in the Erll of Roxburghe coache, and wes careit to his lodging, the same rascallis still following him and throwing stones at the coache, so that he escaipit narrowlie with his lyf."[1]

The war for civil independence had burnt itself

[1] Spalding's *Diary*.

ST GILES'S CHURCH IN 18TH CENTURY.

From an old print.

out; the war for spiritual independence was kindled on that Sunday in St Giles's—a war that was to leave on the national life and character a deeper and more durable brand than the other. Like fire in heather before the winds of March the flame of indignant resistance spread. From all parts of Scotland, save Aberdeen and the West Highlands, people flocked into Edinburgh; "supplications"—petitions, they would now be called—for the withdrawal of the obnoxious liturgy poured in upon the Privy Council, who could but forward them to the king in London. He replied with a command to arrest the ringleaders in the riots. After a more serious riot on 18th October the Privy Council moved for safety to Linlithgow, later to Stirling.

Street riots were but as the foam on a rising tide. The Scottish nobles, still retaining much of their feudal influence, were united in a degree that they had not known for centuries. They had an able organiser in Leslie, Earl of Rothes, who, in his *Relation*, explains how they "fell upon the consideration of ane band of union to be made legally," which he drew up in conference with Johnstone of Warriston and Alexander Henderson—the National Covenant "for the maintenance of true religion and the king's person." On 28th February 1638 Henderson read the Covenant before an intensely earnest throng in Greyfriars' Churchyard; it was then laid—a parchment an ell square—on a flat tombstone for signature, and was speedily filled with names, that of Montrose

being conspicuous among the names of men who were one day to send him to the gallows.

King Charles temporised. He sent the Marquess of Hamilton[1] three times to Edinburgh with fresh proposals each time. On the last occasion, 17th September, Hamilton was able to announce the withdrawal of the Liturgy, with the royal consent to a free Parliament and General Assembly, but coupled with the fatal condition of the annulment of the National Covenant and the substitution of one drafted by the king's order, to be known as the King's Covenant.

To follow the course of events thereafter would be impossible without pronouncing judgment upon the motives and actions of the king and his ministers, of the Scottish leaders and the Covenanters, which would be far beyond the scope of this review. Only a few of the scenes enacted in Edinburgh can be glanced at. Hamilton dissolved the General Assembly which the king had commissioned him to summon—dissolved it on pain of a charge of high treason. In the early months of 1639 both nations were under arms. The Covenanters were fortunate in having among them a most capable soldier in the person of Sir Alexander Leslie,[2] who had served under Gustavus Adolphus for thirty years. His first act was to take possession of Aberdeen, the only town in Scotland hostile to the National Covenant;

[1] Created first Duke of Hamilton in 1643; executed in 1649.

[2] Created Earl of Leven in 1641.

his second act was to summon Haldane of Gleneagles, the king's constable of Edinburgh Castle, to surrender. Leslie appeared before the inner gate with a mere handful of men; when his summons was peremptorily refused, he made a feint of retiring; but, in doing so, fastened a petard on the outer gate and blew it to pieces. Instantly some of his men attacked the inner gate with axes and rams, others placed scaling ladders against the walls, and in a few minutes the place was in possession of the Covenanters without the loss of a man on either side.

It was in this year of boding that the Parliament House was finished, having been begun in 1632. It had been hoped that King Charles would have opened it in person ("they did ill that advised him otherwise," observes Howell in his *Familiar Letters*); but it so turned out that the principal work of the Parliament of that year, sitting for the first time in the new building instead of the old Tolbooth—the "Heart of Midlothian"—was to vote supply for an army to fight their king.[1]

In May, Leslie reviewed his forces at Leith, and then marched south with 30,000 men to attack the royalist army at Berwick. But there was no fighting this time; negotiations were opened, resulting in a hollow peace, whereof one condition was that Leslie (upon whose head the king had set a price of £500) should be deprived of his commission. Leslie eased

[1] The appearance of the Parliament House was completely altered in 1829, with a result the reverse of felicitous.

the situation by resigning; but in the following April he resumed the command, after receiving the freedom of the City of Edinburgh (1st April 1640).

After the pacification of Berwick, Edinburgh Castle, which had been placed in the command of Lord Balmerino, with Montrose's regiment as garrison, was restored to the king. Sir Patrick Ruthven was appointed governor, and marched in on 25th February 1640 with drums beating and matches burning. Now, Ruthven, like Leslie, had served under Gustavus Adolphus;[1] when the pacification broke down in June, Leslie sent Montrose with a white flag to summon the Castle. Ruthven declared they should never have it while he lived, and, so soon as Montrose had withdrawn, opened fire upon the town. The Covenanters then laid regular siege to the place. They mined the Spur,[2] blowing open a practicable breach in its south-east angle; but on 12th June a storming party, led by Major Somerville of Drum (another veteran of the Swedish Army), was repulsed with the loss of four-fifths of

[1] Ruthven was sixty-seven at this time. Gustavus Adolphus made him governor of Ulm in 1632, and gave him the estate of Kirchberg with a rental of £1800 a year. It is said that he owed his promotion to the enormous amount he could drink without becoming intoxicated. "When the king wanted to regale ministers and officers of the adverse party, in order to extract secrets from them in their more cheerful hours, he made Ruthven field-marshal of the bottles and glasses, as he could drink immeasurably and preserve his understanding to the last" (Harte's *Life of Gustavus Adolphus*, i. 177).

[2] A great triangular ravelin, forming the principal outwork of the Castle.

THE CASTLE FROM THE GRASSMARKET.

its strength. Staunch old Ruthven, who had the Regalia of Scotland in keeping, made good his defence till 18th September; when, having lost 200 of his garrison by disease, he capitulated and was allowed to march out to Leith with the honours of war. It was a grim, gallant little column—seventy men all told. As they passed down the High Street with their one drum defiantly beating, their one flag proudly flying and two cannon with portfires burning, they were escorted by 600 of the Covenanters' army to protect them from the fury of the Edinburgh mob. Sir James Balfour describes Ruthven as "spoiled with the scurvy, his legs swelled and many of his teeth fallen out."[1] Nevertheless, he lived to the age of seventy-eight, having been created by King Charles Earl of Forth in 1642, and of Brentford in 1644.

Montrose, who was only twenty-eight in 1640, had come to the opinion that the tyranny of the Presbyterian preachers was far more intolerable—far more dangerous to the state—than the ascendancy of the bishops which had driven him into the Covenanters' ranks. In 1641 he went over to the king's side, and was promptly clapped into prison in Edinburgh Castle by Argyll, together with Napier of Merchiston, Stewart of Blackhall, and Stirling of Keir. On 14th August 1641 King Charles, alarmed by the rising spirit of his English Parliament, returned to Edinburgh to preside over the deliberations

[1] *Annals*, ii. 403.

of his Scottish one. He had the mortification of signing the Act for abolishing "monuments of idolatry," which set the brand and the hammer to work upon such objects of ecclesiastical art as had survived the fires and violence of the Reformation; but far harder was it to have his consent wrung to the demand that officers of State, Privy Councillors, and Lords of Session should in future be nominated by the king, subject to "the advice and approbation" of Parliament, which in those days meant the preachers.

On 17th November King Charles gave a banquet to the peers in Holyroodhouse, and at eight o'clock next morning left for the south to resume his quarrel with the Long Parliament. On which side were the Scottish Parliament and people to take their stand in that quarrel? On 22nd August 1642 King Charles raised his standard at Nottingham: in November the English Parliament issued an appeal to the Scottish Estates: in December the king did the same. By eleven votes to nine the Privy Council affirmed their loyalty to the Crown. There followed months of violent agitation and vehement pulpit-work, working up Edinburgh into the same feverish state that gave birth to the National Covenant. In like manner, on 2nd August 1643, was produced before the General Assembly the Solemn League and Covenant, which went far beyond its predecessor in its demands, for it sought to impose Presbyterianism compulsorily on the whole realm.

THE CASTLE FROM THE GRASSMARKET.

From a water-colour drawing by J. D. Harvey.

Here may be noted in passing the frequent confusion by historians between these two covenants—the National Covenant of 1639 and the Solemn League and Covenant of 1643. In Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, for example, only one of them—the Solemn League and Covenant—is mentioned, and it is assigned to the year 1638. Montrose himself, noblest and brightest of Cavaliers, adhered to the last to the National Covenant, but went to the scaffold rather than subscribe to the Solemn League and Covenant.

Most of the dreadful scenes enacted during the rest of Charles's reign—the cruel encounters of Scot against brother Scot—the wholesale slaughter of prisoners of war—the sale of the king to the English Parliament for £400,000—took place at a distance from Edinburgh. But when the Estates met in the New Parliament House on 2nd March 1648 the spirit of the nation, or at least of the legislature, had undergone a strange reaction. The Duke of Hamilton, in the ambiguous character of a royalist covenanter or covenanting royalist, carried by a large majority against Argyll and the clergy a resolution demanding the release of the king and the enforcement of the demand by the immediate invasion of England.

The cause was not popular in Edinburgh. Women threw stones at Hamilton and the Lord Provost as they drove down the High Street. The army marched in August, 24,000 they say, under Hamilton, of all men! as commander-in-chief, only to be cut

to pieces by Cromwell in a series of encounters beginning at Preston. Hamilton, having surrendered, was soon disposed of, as the victors in that ruthless strife were wont to dispose of those who differed with them—by "the Maiden" or the gibbet.

Cromwell, however, was not yet done with Scotland. King Charles suffered on 30th January 1649. On 5th February his son, by order of the Scottish Estates, was proclaimed at the Market Cross of Edinburgh, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland—a direct challenge to the English Parliament which had accepted the Commonwealth. There was some bloody work to be got through before that challenge could be sustained. Scotland of the Covenants would acknowledge no king who refused to sign them. Charles I. had firmly refused to set hand to either of them. Would the second Charles stoop low enough to purchase the throne at that price? Commissioners were sent to him at the Hague to find out; and, as an object-lesson, Lord Huntly—the "Cock o' the North"—was beheaded at the Cross of Edinburgh on 22nd March. Huntly had only to sign the covenant in order to go free. Montrose was still in arms for an uncovenanted king: Charles appointed him lieutenant-governor and captain-general of Scotland on 22nd February. Well might the king hesitate before throwing over so puissant a champion. For more than a year he haggled with the Scottish commissioners; in the end, sacrificing honour to expediency, he allowed Montrose to go to his doom

in the Grassmarket, and, before landing at Speymouth a month later — 23rd June 1650 — he signed both covenants—the National Covenant of 1639 and the Solemn League and Covenant of 1643.

And now, like wild beasts cowed into harmlessness by a forest fire, the various factions in Scotland laid aside their wrangling, for English drums were beating the point of war, Cromwell having crossed the Border on 22nd July with 11,000 foot and 5000 horse. Nay, but there was one faction that would not be quelled. David Leslie,[1] the vanquisher of Montrose, was ready at Leith with 20,000 excellent troops, and in all human probability he would have proved more than a match for Oliver; but the preachers swarmed like blow-flies, promising victory, says Nicoll in his diary, "over those erroneous and blasphemous parties," and insisting upon Leslie purging his ranks of malignants, whereby his force was reduced by one-half. "They purged out above eighty commanders; the ministers in all places preached incessantly for this purging," in order to avert "God's judgments upon the land and the army." As Andrew Lang has drily observed, "the cashiering of officers in face of the enemy for politico-religious reasons is not apt to avert judgments."

On 30th July Cromwell was at Musselburgh. Leslie having fortified Leith—which had been dismantled by an ill-advised order of the Edinburgh Town

[1] Nephew of Alexander Leslie, first Earl of Leven, like whom he had learnt the art of war under Gustavus Adolphus.

Council in 1560[1] — and strengthened the defences of the capital, entrenched himself between the two towns. Cromwell, knowing with whom he had to deal, declined an encounter, retired to Dunbar again. On 11th August he advanced to Musselburgh, intending to move round by the south side of Edinburgh and seize Queensferry; but failure of supplies baffled him, and when he resumed the attempt on the 18th Leslie skilfully intercepted him at every point. The two commanders manœuvred against each other until the 28th, when Cromwell, depending on the sea for supplies, was forced to fall back once more upon Dunbar. Here, on 3rd September, the issue was joined, and Leslie's army, "purged" of the flower of its officers, was disastrously defeated. After that, the way lay open to Edinburgh, which Cromwell promptly seized; and after the battle of Worcester, which took place on the first anniversary of the decisive battle of Dunbar, the Commonwealth was master of Scotland. Eight commissioners were

[1] Forsamekle as it is notourlie knawyn how hurtfull the fortificatioun of Leyth hes bene to this haill realme, and in speciall to thair rowmes [those holdings] nyxt adiacent thairvnto and how preiudiciall this samyn salbe to the libertie of this haill cuntre in cais strangearis sall at onytyme heirefter intruse thameselffis thairin, for thir and siclyke considderationis the counsall hes thocht expedient and chargis the prowest, baillies and counsall of Edinburgh to tak ordour with the toun and communite of the samyn and caus and compell thame to appoint ane sufficient noumer to cast doun and dimolishe the southe part of the said toun, begynnand at Sanct Anthonis port and passing westwart to the Watter of Leithe making the blokhouse and courtene equall with the ground, etc. etc. (Records of the Town Council, 2nd July 1560).

appointed to govern the country, sitting at Dalkeith, and their first care was to strip Edinburgh of every carving or other decoration symbolic of royalty. The citizens now were in a position to decide which was the less oppressive—the royal prerogative of James VI. and Charles I. or the military despotism of the Commonwealth. The sensible among them applied themselves, not without success, to commerce and manufacture; the foolish to witch-hunting and hearing incendiary sermons. And so the years passed until the Restoration in 1660. Alas! that so auspicious an event—one that should have been signalised by general amnesty for political errors—must have its baptism in blood. When the Marquess of Argyll—Gillespie Grumach, "the Ill-favoured," as his clansmen called him—presented himself at Whitehall to pay homage to his sovereign, he was arrested and sent down to Edinburgh to be tried for treasonable acts committed at various times since 1638. He was condemned to death, but was spared the indignity of the gallows, to which, through the lowered blinds of Moray House, he had watched Montrose pass just eleven years before. He was decapitated by "the Maiden" at the Market Cross, 27th May 1661. Twenty years later, on 30th June 1681, his son, ninth Earl of Argyll, suffered a similar fate at the same place. Just as the most conspicuous landmarks in the chronicles of Europe are its battlefields, so the annals of our historic towns are so densely bespattered with blood as to leave

scant space for recording the silent growth of the community and its progress in the arts of peace.

Political amnesty was not numbered among the resources of seventeenth-century statecraft. Argyll was far—very far—from being a solitary victim of the Restoration. Mention can be made of only one other, James Guthrie, to wit, one of the most accomplished covenanting leaders and a preacher of great power. As minister of Lauder he was appointed a member of the commission to wait upon Charles I. at Newcastle in 1646. He became minister of Stirling in 1649; negotiated with Cromwell after the battle of Dunbar, and, after the Restoration, prepared in August 1660 a petition to Charles II., setting forth the loyalty of his party—"the Protesters"—and calling upon the king to fulfil his obligations as a Covenanter. He was immediately arrested, and in February following was arraigned before Parliament on a charge of high treason. He was found guilty and condemned to the gallows. He met his fate manfully, not without a gleam of humour, for on 1st June, the day of his execution, he called for cheese at his dinner, saying that his physician had forbidden it, but now it did not matter what he ate. After he was hanged, his head was set on the Nether Bow, where it remained on a spike for seventeen years, till it was taken down and reverently buried by Alexander Hamilton, a divinity student, in 1688.

Through all the bloody years that were to be long remembered as "the killing time," the chief scenes

MORAY HOUSE.

of strife lay in the west. A column of Westland Whigs did indeed attempt a march upon the capital in 1666: they reached Lanark, where they renewed the Covenant; but the Edinburgh Town Council, once so fervidly Presbyterian, was now as fervidly loyal, and caused military measures to be taken for the defence of the city. Dalziel of Binns, who had learnt the art, if not the amenities, of war in the Russian service, came upon the rebels from the south, drove them towards Edinburgh, and, when they made a stand at Rullion Green, scattered them to the four winds. Such was the brief affair known as the Pentland rising. Many of the fugitives took refuge in Edinburgh; among them John, younger brother of Sir William Maxwell of Monreith.[1] His adventures have been told as follows by the late Sir Andrew Agnew of Lochnaw:

Being closely pursued by some soldiers in Edinburgh, he ran down a narrow close and took refuge in a change-house,[2] where he begged the landlady to hide him. The only place of concealment available was a large new meal-chest, fastened with a padlock, in which he had hardly ensconced himself and heard the key make all secure, when the house was filled and surrounded by his pursuers, who loudly exclaimed that they were certain he was there.

"Seek the hoose an ye will," replied the gudewife; "it's no sae muckle as'll keep ye lang."

The soldiers did so, and without success, and next demanded liquor. On sitting down to discuss it, one of them jumped on the meal-store, and all began expressing their wonder at where

[1] Great-great-great-great-grandfather of the present writer.

[2] A small tavern.

the d—d Whig could have got to, when the man on the chest suddenly exclaimed: "They hide ony gate;[1] maybe he's in this very kist. Gudewife, gie's the key till we see."

The remark was anything but pleasant to John Maxwell, who overheard all; but the matron's nerves fortunately did not fail her. With great address, and without a moment's delay, she flung open the room door and . . . roared over the landing: "Jeanie, lass, rin awa' to the gudeman for the key o' the girnal, till we see gin a Whig can lie in meal and no gie a hoast wi't!"[2]

The ruse succeeded; the soldiers laughed, and, asking no more about him, went off without waiting for the return of the landlord.[3]

Thirteen years later the people of Edinburgh received sorrowful demonstration of the hopeless strife the resolute Westland Covenanters were maintaining against the forces of the Crown. The battle of Bothwell Brig was fought on 22nd June 1679; the Town Council of Edinburgh expended £46 Scots (£3, 18s. sterling) in bonfires to celebrate the victory. Two days later, a doleful procession of 1184 prisoners were marched into the city and were interned in the inner churchyard of Greyfriars. There has been a good deal of misunderstanding about the exact place where these captive Covenanters were confined. The Town Council had acquired in 1618 twelve acres of the lands of High Riggs, whereof they disposed of 8½ acres to Heriot's Hospital in 1628. The remaining 3½ acres lay waste till 1636, when they were

[1] Anywhere.

[2] Not give a cough with it.

[3] *Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway*, by Sir Andrew Agnew, Bt., M.P., vol. ii. p. 101.

enclosed as an addition to the old burial-ground; but it was never used for burials before 1703. Till that year it served as a drill-ground and place of muster in times of alarm, and it was here, and not among the tombstones, that the Covenanters were interned. The ground is now covered by the west side of Bristo Place, the north side of Teviot Row, and both sides of Forrest Road.

At this time the Town Militia or Train Band was 4000 strong. The prisoners were committed to the custody of this force, the Town Council decreeing that there were to be "at least twenty-four Centries in the Night Time, and Eight in the Day Time; of which Centries the Officers shall keep a particular List, that if any of the Prisoners escape, the Centries may assure themselves to cast the Dice, and answer Body for Body for the Fugitives, without any Exception: and the Officers are to answer for the Centries, and the Town of Edinburgh for the Officers."

No citizens were allowed to approach Greyfriars' Yard except those bringing charitable gifts of food for the prisoners, the official allowance being only one penny loaf *per diem* for each man.

On 29th June came the king's order, signed by Lauderdale, for trial of the prisoners, "and that you put them to the torture if they refuse to inform in what you have pregnant presumptions to believe they know." Next, the Duke of Monmouth arrived at Holyroodhouse and, with his staff, was enter-

tained by the effusively loyal Town Council to "ane treat," and given the freedom of the city. The treat cost £3709 Scots (£309, 1s. 8d.), and the gold box to hold Monmouth's burgess's ticket £140 Scots (£11, 13s. 4d.). Monmouth being a kindly soul, his influence with the Privy Council was all for clemency. He desired to liberate all prisoners who would sign a bond never again to bear arms against the king. The Privy Council agreed, except as against ministers, heritors, and ringleaders, who were at once to be shipped off to the Plantations—that is, sent into slavery—to the number of 300 or 400. Many of the prisoners signed the parole at once and went free; on 11th July only 338 out of 1184 remained in captivity. But others were brought in from Linlithgow and Glasgow, raising the number to 380. Five grim Covenanters who refused to sign were sent to St Andrews to be hanged on Magus Moor, the scene of Archbishop Sharpe's murder. On 10th November, 210 wretched men, who had been confined in Greyfriars' Yard for nearly five months, were marched down to Leith, being joined on the way by 47 others from the Edinburgh and Canongate Tolbooths, and shipped on board the *Crown*. For a whole month the vessel was either buffeted in the gale or stormstayed in harbour, and was finally wrecked on the Orkneys on 10th December, when more than two hundred of the prisoners involuntarily avoided a more wretched fate by getting drowned.

When James VII. and II. escaped from Berwick to France at Christmastide 1688, he left his country, especially its capital city, torn between two factions: the loyal Jacobites, who, loathing the prospect of a foreign prince being brought to rule over them, took up the cause of "the King over the water" with all the romantic fervour which such a cause has always commanded in Scotland; and the Presbyterian Whigs, who were looking eagerly for the coming of William of Orange. There were waverers, of course, anxiously veering from side to side, as the popular tide seemed to flow; but the populace of Edinburgh was noisily anti-Jacobite. Their fury broke out when the news arrived of William's landing at Torbay on 5th November 1688. Lord Chancellor Perth quitted his quarters in Holyrood just in time, for a huge mob gathered in front of the palace, which was held against them by Captain Wallace and a company of musketeers. There was some firing; a few of the rabble fell before Wallace was directed by the Privy Council to withdraw his men. This he refused to do without orders from his commanding officer; whereupon the magistrates sent a force of the Town Militia to dislodge him. By this time Wallace had drawn up his company before the palace gate, and was keeping the mob at bay; but the captain of the City Guard took him in rear, having entered the Palace by a back way. Then, and not till then, was the gallant Wallace forced to yield; the people poured into

the palace, wrecked King James's private chapel, burning books, vestments, ornaments—everything that seemed connected with papacy, and a great deal besides. It was well and wonderful that the palace itself was not consumed. They broke into the Chapel Royal (the old Abbey Church) also, and destroyed all the fine work with which it had been so lately adorned. They burst open the royal burial vault, tearing open the leaden coffins and scattering the bones of kings and princes, whereby Edinburgh was despoiled for ever of memorials of a kind which are ever most proudly cherished, alike by civilised and uncivilised communities.

King James had committed Edinburgh Castle to the command of George, first Duke of Gordon, who has been reckoned by some writers as a waverer, because when, towards the end of February 1689, Dundee and Balcarres arrived after their fruitless interview with the king at Whitehall, they found him negotiating with the Privy Council for the surrender of his charge. But, in truth, the Duke was ill-provided for a siege. He was grievously short of munition and provender; his garrison, originally consisting of 160 men, had dwindled by desertion, and the fidelity of one, at least, of his senior officers was not above suspicion. Nevertheless, Dundee persuaded him to yield only on condition of an indemnity to all his friends and to the Highland clans. This was refused; the Convention Parliament met on 14th March, and on the 18th the

Castle was invested. On that day Dundee, whose life had been threatened, instead of attending the Convention whereof he was a member, left the city, determined, as James's lieutenant-general, to organise the loyalist clans of the north. His unwavering loyalty earned from William Carstares, most active and able of the Presbyterian adherents of the Dutch Prince, the frank encomium due to Dundee's "unselfish faithfulness to a ruined master." Sir Walter Scott must not be blamed for casting a glamour of defiance over the episode by the soul-stirring lay of *Bonnie Dundee*; but, in fact, Dundee had no more armed force with him than served to protect him from assassination. He rode forth from the West Port, halted under shadow of the Castle Rock, dismounted, climbed the steep rock, and spoke a last word of counsel to the beleaguered Duke of Gordon, who met him at the postern, now built up. Dundee fared northward, "wherever might lead him the shade of Montrose," and the citizens of Edinburgh saw no more of him whom Swift pronounced to be "the best man in Scotland." But the fear of him lay upon the Whigs, causing them to take immediate precaution against his return in force. Lord Leven—not old Alexander Leslie, famous General of the Covenant, who had been dead these eight and twenty years, but David Melville, who had succeeded to the earldom in 1681—Lord Leven, I say, being empowered to raise a battalion of foot, set the drums beating through the town to such good effect that,

within twenty-four hours, it is said, he had eight hundred men enlisted. Thus was formed the "Edinburgh Regiment" which, within a few weeks, was to receive its baptism of fire at Killiecrankie. The origin of this famous corps is now somewhat disguised under its modern title of the King's Own Scottish Borderers; but the citizens of Edinburgh should never cease to honour it and be proud of it, especially having regard to the heavy sacrifice it has suffered and the splendid service it has rendered in the great European war now raging. It was good to see lately a battalion of this ancient corps vindicating its privilege as the Edinburgh Regiment by marching through the streets with fixed bayonets; but it would be better still if it were sometimes accorded the honour which is surely its due, namely, of forming the garrison of its natal city. This has been consistently denied it, in common with other Lowland regiments, because they do not wear the kilt. The War Office, we must suppose, have hitherto withheld from Lowland regiments the coveted privilege of guarding the Honours of Scotland because it fulfils the expectation of tourists to see soldiers in the northern capital attired in what they fondly conceive to be the national dress of the Lothians!

So far as Edinburgh was concerned, the Jacobites gave no further trouble after Dundee's departure. Mackay of Scourie restored equanimity to the Whigs by landing at Leith with three Dutch regiments, or, to speak more accurately, three regiments

of Scots in the Dutch service. The Convention Parliament duly acknowledged William of Orange as King of Scotland, "a country," as Andrew Lang caustically observes, "which neither he nor any later King of England ever saw, till George IV. made his visit one hundred and thirty-three years later."

VIII

THE UNION AND AFTER

WITH the seventeenth century was brought to a close the most dismal chapter in the history of Scotland. There were troubles ahead still—plenty of them—but the wisest heads in the nation were agreed that there was but one way by which revival could be brought to a people so sorely impoverished by civil strife, so deeply degraded by sectarian persecution. The union of the Crowns had but complicated existing evils; the only remedy lay in legislative fusion. Four years of preliminary conferences and commissions led up to the final appointment in 1706 of thirty-one commissioners from each country—Sir Patrick Johnstone, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, being one of the Scottish team. The Commissioners sat in Westminster; but it was in Edinburgh that the battle had to be fought out.

The Scottish Parliament met for its last session on 3rd October of that year, under the presidency of the Duke of Queensberry, Lord High Commissioner. The functions of that office are now confined to

presiding over the annual meeting of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, but previous to the Union the Lord High Commissioner was endowed with all the powers of a viceroy. Pamphlets flew thick and fast from the press; Presbyterian preachers, says Lockhart of Carnwath, "roared against the wicked Union from their pulpits," declaiming against it as the inletting of prelacy; while De Foe describes the Episcopalians raving at it from their point of view as the irrevocable establishment of Presbyterianism. The mob were taught to shout for independence; they stoned the Lord High Commissioner's carriage and broke Provost Johnstone's windows because he was one of the Commissioners for the Union; troops had to be brought into the city to restore order — a breach of privilege for which the Privy Council had to receive a vote of indemnity. And so the session ran its stormy course; the Duke of Hamilton leading the conglomerate opposition and failing them—betraying them, said the Cavalier party—at the most critical moment; until, on 16th January 1707, the Act of Union was touched by the sceptre, received Queen Anne's assent on 4th March, and the Treaty of Union was ratified on 1st May 1707.

It is a time-worn taunt against us Scots that we are slow to understand a joke; but my friend Sir Henry Craik has detected one where, as I conceive, none was intended. In his *Century of Scottish History* (vol. i. p. 44) he rebukes Lord Chancellor

Seafield for his "ill-chosen jest" when, having signed the Act of Union, he handed it back to the clerk with the remark: "Now there's the end of an auld sang!" To my apprehension these words convey no jocular suggestion; rather do they sound a homely, but tender, coronach upon the passing of the old order—the severance of ancient ties.

At first it seemed as if the most dismal foreboding of the anti-Unionists was like to be fulfilled, and that the ancient capital of Scotland was doomed to degenerate into a second- or third-rate provincial town. Even so late as 1753, William Maitland took a very gloomy view of the future of the city, whereof he wrote a conscientious, but deplorably dull, history.

> This place, says he, has suffered more by the union of the kingdoms than all the other parts of Scotland: for, having before that period, been the residence of the chief of the Scottish nobility, it was then in a flourishing condition; but being deserted by them, many of their houses are fallen down, and others in a ruinous condition; it is in a piteous case.

Edinburgh was little affected by the Jacobite rising of 1715. There was, indeed, early in the affair a well-laid plot to seize the Castle—well-laid, but ill-executed. Lord John Drummond was leader, and successfully bribed some of the garrison to drop rope-ladders over the west wall, where he would have a party ready to scale it; but one of the conspirators, Arthur by name, blabbed to his brother, and he, in turn, told his wife, who, being of the Hanoverian

VIEW OF THE CASTLE FROM THE SOUTH, *c.* 1700.

The fortifications on the site of the Esplanade were never carried out. From a drawing in the British Museum.

persuasion, informed Lord-Justice-Clerk Ormiston, by whom Colonel Stuart, commanding in the Castle, was put on his guard. Several of Drummond's men tarried in a tavern beyond the appointed hour; of those who kept tryst, two or three were taken and the rest took to their heels. This was on 8th September. Nothing further occurred to disturb the capital till 13th October, when Mackintosh of Borlum, having embarked some 2000 Highlanders in fishing boats on the Fife coast, sailed by night and managed to land four-fifths of them on the Lothian coast. He had orders from Mar (not very explicit) to march south and form a junction with the Jacobite levies of Northumberland and Galloway; but there was as little cohesion among the leaders as there was discipline among the troops. Instead of holding on to the south, Mackintosh thought he would make a dash at Edinburgh. The Lord Provost, however, was on the *qui vive*, called the civic force to arms, and sent an urgent appeal for help to the Duke of Argyll, commander-in-chief; wherefore, just as Mackintosh's Highlanders arrived before the Nether Bow, a squadron of dragoons entered by the West Port, led or followed by the Duke in person. Mackintosh, perceiving he had missed his chance, promptly retreated upon Leith, where he seized and occupied Cromwell's ruinous fort.

After the rising had been put down, Edinburgh folk, as a consequence of the Union, were deprived of the edifying recreation of witnessing the execu-

tion of those who were condemned as rebels. Even Scottish peers like Nithsdale, Wintoun, and Kenmure were sent to be tried in London, and all common men taken in arms north of the Border were brought before an assize at Carlisle.

The great events impending in the summer of 1745 cast no shadow before them over Edinburgh. Scottish townsmen and lowland lairds were far less concerned with any political questions than with the development of trade and agriculture, both of which had made good recovery from the paralysis of the old English wars and the later strife of creeds. The "killing time" of the seventeenth century had been left far behind, and the angry passions kindled by the Union question had flickered out. Society in Edinburgh was still marshalled as Whig and Jacobite; but there was more banter than bitterness between the two factions. Of the ladies, two-thirds proclaimed themselves Jacobites, and one-third of the men were of the same persuasion, among them being Lord Provost Stewart, and the former and future Lord Provost George Drummond. Of the Bench and the Bar, the majority professed attachment to the Stuart cause; but the sentiment was mainly reminiscent, and occasioned no friction in social intercourse. The Presbyterian clergy, however, as a body were vehemently Hanoverian.

Throughout the first half of the eighteenth century, news travelled at a deliberate rate. Until the year

1715, all the Scottish mails were carried by foot-runners; the first mounted post being established in that year between Edinburgh and Stirling, to run three days a week. Two years later a mounted post was set up between Edinburgh and Glasgow, an early indication of the nascent importance of what has become the great industrial centre of Scotland. This service, also, was restricted to three days a week, and so was the mail to London, which took six days each way. But ordinary passengers had to rely on the stage-coaches, which, as appears in the following advertisement in the *Newcastle Courant*, spent more than twice that time on the journey:

Edinburgh, Berwick, Newcastle, Durham, and London Stage-coach begins on Monday, 13th October, 1712. All that desire to pass from Edinbro' to London, or from London to Edinbro', or any place on that road, let them repair to Mr John Baillie's. at the *Coach and Horses* at the head of the Canongate, every [other] Saturday, or the *Black Swan* in Holborn, every other Monday, at both of which places they may be received in a Stage-coach which performs the whole journey in thirteen days, without any stoppage (if God permit), having eighty able horses to perform the whole stage. Each passenger paying £4, 10s. for the whole journey, allowing each 20 lbs. weight, and all above to pay 6d. per lb. The coach sets off at six in the morning. Performed by Henry Harrison, Nich. Speichl, Rob. Garbe, Rich. Croft.

In forty years the journey had been accelerated by no more than three hours; for an advertisement in the *Edinburgh Courant* gives particulars of a six-horse stage-coach as "a new, genteel, two-end glass machine, hung on steel springs," warranted to do the

trip in ten days in summer and twelve in winter "performed (if God permits) by your dutiful servant, HOSEA EASTGATE."

Taking into consideration the existing facilities for travel, it is not surprising that in 1745 it was not until the 8th August that rumour reached Edinburgh of an event which was to set the citizens finely astir. He to whom the Jacobites were wont to pledge brimming bumpers as Prince Charles Edward, and whom the Whigs cursed as the Young Pretender, had landed in Arisaig on 25th July.

The only troops in Edinburgh were Lascelle's Foot (now the North Lancashire Regiment) and a few gunners. There was also a detachment of Gardiner's Dragoons (now the 13th Hussars) at Musselburgh. The Lord Provost had at his command the old Train Band, numbering on paper 1600; but perhaps his reason for not calling them out partook of prudence. The Whigs urged that a battalion should be raised for the defence of the city. "Illegal," replied the Provost, "without a royal warrant"; but he despatched a messenger to London to obtain one. By the time he returned with it, Prince Charles had been in possession of Edinburgh for eight days!

Sir John Cope, commander-in-chief, ordered a concentration of the troops in Scotland at Stirling, amounting in all to some 1200 horse and 3000 foot. By the time that was accomplished, 19th August, Prince Charles had raised his standard in Glenfinnan,

and nearly 2000 clansmen had joined him. Marching by Dunkeld and Perth, gathering strength on the way, he crossed the Forth at the Ford of Frew, below Kippen, Gardiner's Dragoons falling back before him without fleshing a sabre. On the 16th the Prince sent from Corstorphine a summons to the Lord Provost to surrender, threatening death to any citizen found under arms, and then advanced to Slateford on the Water of Leith, where his column bivouacked.

Lord Provost Stewart was M.P. for the city, and, as aforesaid, a Jacobite; but he was far too leal a man to betray his trust, even at the bidding of him whom he regarded as his rightful Prince.[1] The commander-in-chief had left Edinburgh; so had the judges. The Castle was under command of General Preston, aged eighty-six, with whom was Barrack-master General Guest, aged eighty-five. In this dilemma, Stewart consulted Patrick Haldane, one of the City Assessors, whether the summons should be read or suppressed. Haldane declined to give an opinion, saying the matter was too high for him. While they were deliberating, Gardiner's dragoons were seen flying pell-mell to Leith by the Lang Dykes (now Princes' Street). A crowd of towns-people beset the Lord Provost, beseeching him to avert bloodshed by surrendering the town. This he

[1] Stewart was afterwards sent to the Tower and imprisoned there for fourteen months, before he was tried and acquitted of having surrendered the city.

sternly refused, though he had opened negotiations with the Prince for terms. His commissioners, returning from their interview in a hackney-coach at five o'clock in the morning of the 17th, found the Netherbow Port beset by a strong detachment of Highlanders under Lochiel. They were allowed to pass in unmolested; but when the gate was opened a second time to let the driver return to his stables in the Canongate, the Highlanders rushed in, overpowered the City Guard—Highlanders like themselves—and took peaceful possession of the city in the name of King James VIII. "Affairs in this city and neighbourhood," reported the *Caledonian Mercury* next day, "have taken the most surprising turn since yesterday without the least bloodshed or opposition, so that we have now in our streets Highlanders and bagpipes instead of dragoons and drums."

In the course of that morning the Prince led his main column by Prestonfield to the King's Park, where the men went into bivouac; while he rode forward to Holyroodhouse, where an immense and enthusiastic crowd were waiting to welcome him. At noon the heralds proclaimed King James VIII. and Charles Prince Regent at the Market Cross.

On the 19th the Prince slept at Duddingston with his troops, which he led next morning by Musselburgh to Tranent in order to attack Sir John Cope, who had brought his army back from Aberdeen to Dunbar by sea. Marching from

Dunbar, Cope encamped at Prestonpans on the 20th, was attacked by the Prince's Highlanders at daybreak on the 21st; and before the sun was up, was in shameful flight to Berwick, leaving 500 of his men dead on the field. Of the Jacobite army (if that can be called an army which did not exceed the numbers of a modern brigade) only about thirty were killed. The Prince had been careful to bring carriages from Edinburgh for the wounded, of whom some 600 of Cope's men and seventy Highlanders were conveyed to the Royal Infirmary and Charity Workhouse. More than a thousand prisoners were interned in the Church and Tolbooth of the Canongate; but the officers taken—77 in number—were allowed to go free on parole within the city, until they were sent off a week later to Perth, still on parole. This brilliant affair set the Jacobites of Edinburgh in high spirits. Many who had been sitting on the fence, so to speak, dropped off on what seemed the winning side, and busy fingers were kept at work making white cockades for men and women. Nor was there wanting a bard to celebrate the triumph. Adam Skirving, a farmer in Garleton, near Haddington, set some verses to the popular old tune of "Fye to the hills in the morning!" and whereas Allan Cunningham states that there came to be nineteen versions of Adam's lay, it seems but just to the poet to quote the actual words of the song to which the walls of Auld Reekie rang for many a day:

Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
Charlie meet me an' ye daur,
And I'll learn you the art o' war,
If you'll meet wi' me in the morning.
Hey! Johnnie Cope are ye waukin' yet?
Or are your drums a beatin' yet?
If ye were waukin' I wad wait
To gang to the coals in the morning.

When Charlie lookit the letter upon
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
"Come follow me, my merry men!
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope in the morning."
Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.

Now, Johnnie, be as good's your word;
Come let us try baith fire and sword,
And dinna flee like a frighted bird
That's chased frae its nest in the morning.
Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.

When Johnnie Cope he heard o' this,
He thocht it wadna be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness,
To flee awa' in the morning.
Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.

Fye now! Johnnie, get up and rin,
The Hieland bagpipes mak' sic a din;
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidie morning.
Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar had come
They speired[1] at him, "Whaur's a' your men?"
"The deil confound me if I ken,
For I left them a' in the morning."
Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.

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[1] Inquired.

Now Johnnie, troth, ye were na blate[1]
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
Sae early in the morning.
Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.

"In faith," quo' Johnnie, "I got sic flegs[2]
Wi' their claymores and filabegs,
If I face them deil brak my legs,
Sae I wish ye all a good morning!"
Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.

The Castle, of course, was still held for King George, but the town was full of Highlanders—Camerons, Macdonalds, Murrays, and Stewarts of Appin, who, poor fellows! had "come out" at the summons of their chiefs, and who, as even the Whigs of Edinburgh were compelled to admit, exhibited none of the ferocity which had been expected of them. There was a total absence of rioting or drunkenness, and no serious interruption of business. The *Caledonian Mercury*, a Jacobite organ, and the Whig *Evening Courant*, not only appeared as usual, each thrice weekly, but maintained a full flow of advertisements. The two banks—the Old Bank (now the Bank of Scotland), founded in 1697, and the New Bank (now the Royal Bank), founded in 1727—had sent all their cash and securities into the Castle before the Prince's arrival, and, at first, communication between the town and the Castle was not interfered with. But on 27th September a blockade was declared, and a strong

[1] Ashamed. [2] Such a fright.

guard was posted at the Weigh House, at the head of the Lawnmarket, a precaution to which General Guest replied by bombarding the town, killing four persons and wounding others. On 5th October the blockade was removed by the Prince's orders.

For nearly seven weeks Prince Charles held his Court at Holyrood, receiving his officers every morning.

"At ten o'clock he held a council, and an unruly council it often was. Then he dined in public with his principal gentlemen, while a crowd of all sorts of people watched him. After dinner he rode out with his Life Guards and inspected the troops, returning to Holyrood, where he received the ladies of fashion who came to his Court. He supped in public, when there was generally music, and after that dancing.[1]

The Prince himself, notwithstanding fond tradition to the contrary, never joined in the dance. In 1746, after this strange drama had ended in blood and tears, a Whig newspaper stated: "Charles loved the men better than the women; and yet, which is wonderful, the less he courted them, the faster they followed him."[2] Towards his sworn foes, the Presbyterian clergy, the Prince showed a mortifying indifference.[3] To a deputation of ministers who

[1] *Edinburgh at the Time of the Occupation of Prince Charles,* by W. B. Blaikie, p. 57.

[2] *Op. cit.,* p. 50.

[3] At that time there was no Roman Catholic Church and no Jewish Synagogue in Edinburgh. There was a Protestant Episcopalian Church in Blackfriars' Wynd and a Seceders' Meeting House at Bristo.

waited on him to ask permission to pray for King George, he replied that no notice would be taken of anything they chose to say in their pulpits. He is reported to have been much amused when old Mr M'Neil, vicar of the West Kirk, offered prayer in these terms: "O Lord, bless the King; Thou knowest what king I mean. May the crown long sit easy on his head; and as for this man that is come among us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech Thee in Thy mercy to take him to Thyself and to give him a crown of glory!"

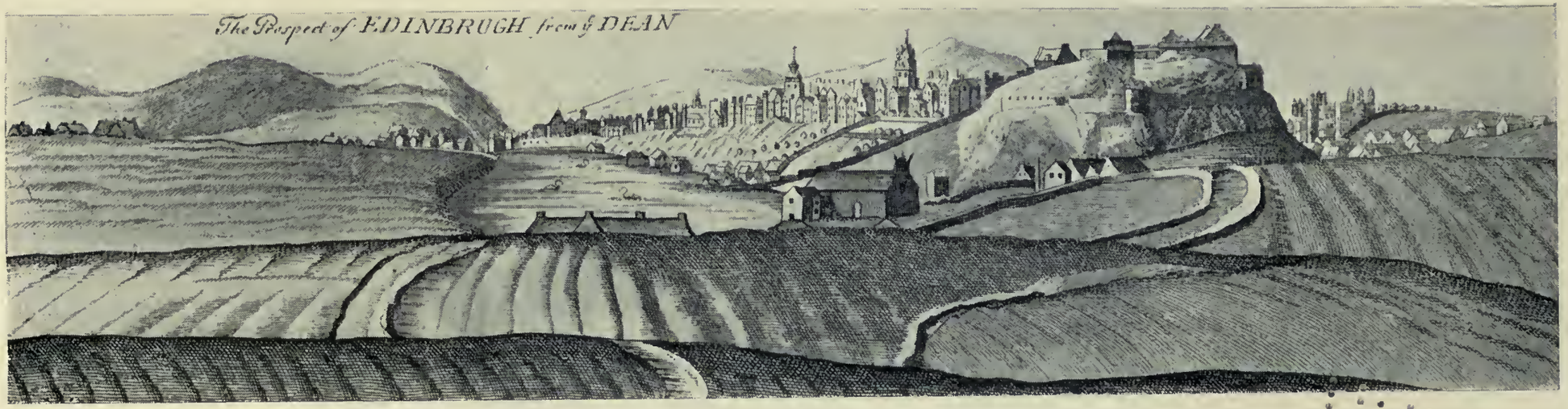
The finance of this enterprise has not been made clear on all points. It is known that from the customs and city dues, Murray of Broughton, acting as the Prince's treasurer, collected about £6000 in notes of the New Bank. Probably he got a similar amount in Old Bank notes — say £12,000 in all; but it is not certain whether this included part of the assessment of 2s. 6d. in the pound of rental levied upon the citizens of Edinburgh for the provision of camp equipment and military stores. From Glasgow £5500 was exacted, and various amounts from other towns; besides which, voluntary subscriptions were paid by a few of the Jacobite gentry.

On 31st October the Prince began his march for London, leaving behind him plenty of fair-weather enthusiasm for his cause among the leisured class, and a prevailing indifference among those who had their living to earn. His romantic person-

ality ensured him a place in tender memory and imperishable song; but the Lowland and city Scot is a practical creature. We may sigh, yet feel no surprise, when Mr Blaikie tells us that "one short year after the occupation we find a lady who had been one of the most enthusiastic Jacobites, and whose brother, Sir James Stewart, was in exile for his Jacobite loyalty, writing in the highest spirits of the gaieties of the town, of a ball in honour of King George's birthday, to which all the Jacobites were going, and exulting in the presence of so many officers to enhance the town's gaiety." Yet these officers had but just returned from the stricken field of Culloden!

It calls for no slight exercise of imagination to construct a mental picture of the city wherein this romantic episode took place, so sweeping have been the changes that have come over the scene. A city set upon a plain like London or Berlin may increase ten- or twentyfold without impressing a visitor with a sense of its expansion. Subject to the removal or erection of conspicuous buildings, the general impression remains much the same, from whatever particular street the prospect is viewed. But in Edinburgh, so varied is the configuration of the ground—so bold are the natural features of the site and its vicinity—so wide the prospect from points of vantage—that the changes wrought upon the landscape cannot be overlooked.

At the time of the Union the population of



ANDREW JOHNSTON'S VIEW OF EDINBURGH.

From the original by de Witt.

Scotland did not much exceed one million souls, as compared with five millions and a half in England and Wales. Edinburgh probably contained 20,000 inhabitants, a figure which, if insignificant compared with the 550,000 in London about that date, immensely exceeded that of any other town in Scotland, Glasgow coming next with some 13,000, Dundee, Perth, Aberdeen, and St Andrews numbering somewhere about 4000 each. Edinburgh, therefore, besides its prerogative as the capital, held a high ascendancy over all competitors as a centre of social and industrial life. In 1740 it still kept a long lead over Glasgow, which had increased to a population of 17,000; and it was becoming yearly a problem more and more urgent how the growing population of Edinburgh was to provide itself with homes. The city was still of mediæval character and appearance, consisting of a dense mass of lofty houses, crowded along the ridge of moraine and boulder clay which had gathered under the eastern lee of the Castle Rock during the glacial period, when the ice-mantle, perhaps 1000 or 2000 feet thick, was moving seaward, grinding the rocks into clay or carrying along ruptured masses of them. To the south of this hog's back the suburb of the Cowgate had grown up in the fifteenth century, and was enclosed in the wall erected after the national disaster of Flodden for the protection of the city. Neither city nor suburb contained anything that could be called a hotel; visitors had to

content themselves with what lodgings they could find in taverns or private houses, the quality of accommodation being precarious, as testified by Captain Topham and others.

A person like you, who has always been accustomed to meet with downy pillows and splendid apartments in the hotels of Paris and Lyons, can scarcely form in imagination the distress of a miserable stranger on his first entrance into this city, as there is no inn that is better than an ale-house, nor any accommodation that is decent, cleanly or fit to receive a gentleman. On my first arrival, my companion and self, after the fatigue of a long day's journey, were landed at one of these stable-keepers (for they have modesty enough to give themselves no higher denomination), in a part of the town which is called the Pleasance, and, on entering the house, we were conducted by a poor devil of a girl without shoes or stockings, and with only a single linsey-woolsey petticoat which just reached half-way to her ankles, into a room where about twenty Scotch drovers had been regaling themselves with whisky and potatoes. You may guess our amazement when we were informed that this was the best inn in the metropolis, that we could have no beds unless we had an inclination to sleep together and in the same room with the company which a stage-coach had that moment discharged. . . . On inquiry we discovered that there was a good dame by the Cross who acted in the double capacity of pouring out coffee and letting lodgings to strangers. She was easily to be found out; and, with all the conciliating complaisance of a maîtresse d'hôtel, conducted us to our destined apartments, which were, indeed, six storeys high, but so infernal in appearance that you would have thought yourself in the regions of Erebus.[1]

The long, narrow gorge to the north of the Old Town, now bisected and sadly shorn of its pristine

[1] Captain Topham's *Letters*, pp. 18, 19.

grandeur by the Mound,[1] and traversed throughout its length by the North British Railway, was still filled partly by the waters of the Nor' Loch, partly by swamp and thickets of "saugh." All the land beyond the Nor' Loch lay in well-cultivated farms and fat market gardens, interspersed with country gentlemen's mansions and small villages. In summer sundry tea-gardens were favourite places of resort for the citizens, such as that named "Peace and Plenty" occupying the present site of the Royal Bank in St Andrew Square. Wood's Farm, stretching from the village of Canonmills south-westward to what is now Heriot Row and Bearford's Parks,[2] extending thence over the ridge now crowned by St George's Church, abounded with partridges, hares and other game. The ancient manor-house of Drumsheugh stood where now is Moray Place, with Coates House farther to the west, sole survival of the mansions that existed when the New Town spread across this most rural district. It is an excellent example of Scottish domestic architecture of the late sixteenth or early seventeenth century, and it is well that it has been preserved as the deanery of the

[1] The Mound, now dignified by two fine examples of Doric and Ionic architecture designed by W. H. Playfair, must have been a hideous eyesore for many years while in process of construction. It originated about the year 1781 with the deposit of earth and rubbish thrown out of the foundation of the New Town, and continued to grow till it reached its present dimensions, 800 feet long and 100 feet high, in 1830.

[2] So named after the owner Hepburn of Bearford in Haddingtonshire. The land is specified as *terræ de Barfurd* in an Act of 1587.

stately Episcopal Cathedral of St Mary's, for the building of which the late Misses Walker of Coates bequeathed £120,000.[1]

If it were possible to take a healthy family of the present time and set it down in Edinburgh as it was in the seventeenth or eighteenth century, it is doubtful whether a single member thereof would survive after a few weeks' exposure to the noisome condition of the town. That may not, indeed, have been worse than the state of many continental towns at that time, which would assuredly prove fatal to human beings whose constitution had not become inured to and, in some measure, immune from contagion; nevertheless, all English and foreign visitors who have left their experience on record testify to the utter absence of the most rudimentary means of sanitation. It is not easy to convey a true impression of the state of the streets without offending modern susceptibilities; but a few extracts from the writings of contemporary travellers may serve to illustrate what might otherwise seem incredible, and enable the reader to trace out the cause of the periodic visitations of plague by which the Scottish capital was afflicted in 1513, 1530, 1568, and 1645 (to go no further back in the annals).

Just as Erasmus (1467–1534), writing to his friend

[1] The architect was Sir Gilbert Scott, who died in 1878, a year before the cathedral was opened for service. At that date it was the largest ecclesiastical structure built in Europe since the Reformation.

Francis, complained of the filth of English houses and attributed the recurrence of plague and sweating sickness to the "pernicious vapours" exhaled from masses of corruption, so the Scottish poet Dunbar (1465–1530) addressed stern remonstrance to the magistrates of Edinburgh regarding the abominable condition of their streets.

Both these men were in advance of their time. It is true that the High Street was paved for the first time in 1532, perhaps in consequence of Dunbar's appeal thirty years earlier. Well paved, too, as Sir William Brereton, a gentleman of Cheshire and traveller of varied experience, observed in 1636.

The great street, which I do take to be an English mile long, is the best paved street with bowther stones that I have seen. . . . Here they usually walk in the middle of the street, which is a fair spacious and capacious walk. This street is the glory and beauty of this city; it is the broadest street (except in the Low Countries, where there is a navigable channel in the middle of the street) and the longest street I have seen. . . . Indeed, if the houses, which are very high and substantially built of stone (some five, some six storeys high) were not lined to the outside and faced with boards, it were the most stately and graceful street that I ever saw in my life.[1]

Such was Brereton's first impression of the city; it was grievously modified on more intimate acquaintance with it.

This city is placed in a dainty, healthful, pure air, and doubtless were a most healthful place to live in, were not the inhabitants most sluttish, nasty and slothful people. I could never

[1] *Travels of Sir William Brereton* (Chetham Society).

pass through the hall, but I was constrained to hold my nose; their chambers, vessel, linen and meat—nothing neat, but very slovenly. . . . The people . . . fetch not fresh water every day, but only every other day, which makes their water much worse (especially to drink), which, when it is at best, is bad enough. Their houses of office are tubs or firkins placed on end, which they never empty until they be full, so as the scent thereof annoyeth and offendeth the whole house. . . . Their houses, halls and kitchens have such a noisome taste—a savour, and that so strong, as it doth offend you so soon as you come within their walls; yea, sometimes when I have light from my horse, I have felt the distaste of it before I have come into the house; yea, I never came to my own lodging in Edenborough, or went out, but I was constrained to hold my nose, or to use wormwood or some such scented plant.

The pewter, I am confident, is never scoured . . . only sometimes, and that but seldom, they do slightly rub them over with a filthy dish-clout, dipped in most sluttish, greasy water. Their pewter pots, wherein they bring wine and water, are furred within, that it would loathe you to touch anything which comes out of them.

There is no ground for suspecting Brereton of prejudice or exaggeration in these remarks, for in all other respects he expresses himself as favourably impressed by the city and his reception there. It is, indeed, marvellous how a healthy and vigorous community could exist amid such baneful indifference to cleanliness. Nor had the conditions improved seventy years later when, during the agitation immediately preceding the Union, an English barrister named Joseph Taylor[1] recorded his impressions of the northern capital.

[1] Not to be confused with John Taylor, the Water Poet, who visited Edinburgh in 1618.

DOORWAY OF A TAILOR'S HOUSE, POTTER'S ROW.

I have been thus tedious in my account of Scotland because the bad character it lies under discourages most Gentlemen from travelling thither; but I can't conclude without giving a relation of the causes which makes this country so much despis'd by the English. And here I need not go far for observation, every street shows the nastiness of the Inhabitants: the excrements lie in heaps. . . . In a Morning the Scent was so offensive that we were forc't to hold our Noses as we past the streets & take care where we trod for fear of disobliging our shoes, & to walk in the middle at night for fear of an accident on our heads. The Lodgings are as nasty as the streets, and wash't so seldom that the dirt is thick eno' to be par'd off with a Shovel; every room is well scented with a close stoole, and the Master, Mistress and Servants lye all on a flour, like so many Swine in a Hogsty. This, with the rest of their Sluttishness, is no doubt the occasion of the Itch, which is so common amongst them. We had the best lodgings we could get, for which we paid £3, 5s. Scots, being about 10d. a night English, and yet we went thro' the Master's Bed chamber and the Kitchen and dark Entry, to our room, which look't into a place they call the close, full of Nastinesse. 'Tis a common thing for a Man or woman to go into these closes at all times of the day to ease nature.[1]

It took more than a century of parliamentary and municipal pressure to compel the citizens to reform their ways. In February 1629 the Privy Council endeavoured to enforce some degree of decency and cleanliness, not, be it observed, from any apprehension on the score of public heath, but because King Charles was expected in that year for his coronation.[2] They issued a warrant, therefore, for building up the east stile of the churchyard of Holyrood, because "the

[1] *A Journey to Edenborough in Scotland,* by Joseph Taylor, late of Inner Temple, Esquire.

[2] The king's visit was postponed till 1633.

people repairing to the burgh of Edinburgh from Musselburgh, Fisherrow, and other parts in East Lothian hes maid thair ordinaire passage throu the kirkyaird of Halyruidhouse, whilk they defyle with filth and otherwayis, especiallie at the verie syde of the kirk and direct under the windowes of his Majestie's galrie of Halyruidhouse, whilk will be verie unseemlie to be sene to strangers the time of his Majestie's heere being."

Such solicitude for the nostrils of King Charles and his suite was as praiseworthy as it was salutary; but trouble with his English Parliament caused his Majesty to postpone coming to Scotland till 1633, by which time the Provost and bailies had become sensible that their streets were not exactly in such a state as, so to speak, one might eat his dinner off them. At their meeting on 5th April 1633, finding "the Hie streets and public vennels of this burgh abound with all kynd of filth, to the reprotche of the toun when strangers doe repair to the same," it was resolved to employ "some honest man with ane kairt and hors" to carry off daily the abominations which, hitherto, had been allowed to fester for indefinite periods.

This, however, was but an enactment for a special occasion. The Town Council seem to have been prompted solely by the same laudable desire to avoid the "reprotche" of visitors, when they ordered the removal of the heads of certain malefactors from the spikes whereon they were set at the city gates.

WHITE HORSE CLOSE.

After the coronation ceremonies were over, the burgesses were suffered to resume the good old custom of keeping all the household waste (for which "slops" would be an extravagant euphemism) till ten o'clock at night, when windows were thrown open and, with shrill cries of "Gardyloo!"[1] cascades of impurity were thrown into the streets.

> . . . Hark! the clock strikes ten;
> Now from a thousand windows cat'racts flow
> Which make a deluge in the streets below.[2]

And whither, it may be asked, was that deluge flowing? Where but into the Nor' Loch, the sheet of water filling the basin on the north side of the Old Town, now drained, traversed by the North British Railway, and beautified by the garden craft of Mr M'Hattie—the Nor' Loch, originally set by Nature as a mirror to the mighty rock, but converted by Man into a receptacle for the worst kinds of impurity. Ay, ay! the scenic splendour of Edinburgh remains of no mean order; but think what a peerless landscape might have been the result had the Nor' Loch been preserved and purified, to lie like a silver shield between the Old and the New Towns!

In 1686 Parliament intervened with an Act for cleansing the streets of Edinburgh, in the preamble

[1] Another euphemism; "Gardyloo!" being a phonetic rendering of *Gardez l'eau!* though the cascade contained many ingredients besides water.

[2] *The Cloaciniad*, an anonymous poem, 1761.

whereof reference was made to "the many complaints of the nastiness of the streets, wynds, closes and other places of the city of Edinburgh, which is the Capital City of the Nation, where the chief judicatories reside and to which his Majestie's lieges must necessarily resort and attend." Again there was a temporary improvement. The Lords of Council levied a "stent" of £500 sterling yearly for three years upon all householders, and men were paid "for removing the dung which was then lying in the streets of the city and suburbs like mountains, and roads were cut through them to the closses and shops before whom [*sic*] those great heaps or middens lay."[1]

Matters had somewhat improved when Captain Topham sojourned in Edinburgh in 1774–75—so far, at least, as affecting the High Street; but pollution and seeds of disease still lurked in the slums.

A gentleman who lately published his travels through Spain says that "Madrid, some years ago, might have vied with Edinburgh in filthiness."[2] It may probably be some pleasure to this author, and to those who read him, to learn that his remarks are now very erroneous. But if a stranger may be allowed to complain, it would be that in these wynds, which are very numerous, the dirt is sometimes suffered to remain two or three days without removal, and becomes offensive to more

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[1] *Edinburgh Clean'd and the Countrey Improven.* MS. Proposals signed by a number of Citizens, 1735. In the library of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.

[2] *Travels through Portugal and Spain in 1772 and 1773*, by Richard Twiss.

senses than one. The magistrates, by imposing fines and other punishments, have long put a stop to the throwing of anything from the windows into the open street; but as these alleys are unlighted, narrow, and removed from public view, they still continue these practices with impunity. Many an elegant suit of clothes has been spoiled—many a powdered, well-dressed macaroni sent home for the evening, and to conclude in Dr Johnston's simple words, "many a full-flowing periwig moistened into flaccidity."

The same writer, while praising the police for their diligence, shows that the cleanliness of the main thoroughfares by day was effected by exceedingly primitive means. A bell was rung at a certain hour of the night, when "into the streets, as a common sewer, all the nuisances of the houses are emptied and immediately removed by persons appointed for that purpose. . . . But I cannot help observing the intolerable stench that is produced at this season of the night on the moving of the tub of nastiness from each floor. Such a concatenation of smells I never before was sensible of; it has been sometimes so powerful as to wake me, and prevent my sleeping till it was somewhat pacified."

Such was the atmosphere—such the sordid environment—for which the county fashionables were eager to exchange the free air of the hillside or the coast in order to take part in the gaieties of the Edinburgh season. Of the houses they occupied many have been "improved" away; those which remain excite our wonder that wealthy peers and refined women should be content with such quarters.

These houses were called "lands,' and each was divided into separate tenements or flats for occupation by different families, who had to use a common stair. The town being confined to the narrow ridge between the Castle Hill and the Canongate, building sites were exceedingly limited, causing architects to pile storey upon storey to a height amazing to visitors, whose eyes had not become accustomed, as ours have been to our affliction, to such monstrous structures as Queen Anne's Mansions in London and the "sky-scrapers" of New York. When it is remembered that the water used in the town houses of the nobility and gentry in Old Edinburgh had to be carried up sometimes eight and ten storeys, that all refuse, sewage, and slops had to be carried down the same, or thrown out o' window, and that hydraulic or electric lifts ("hoists," as they are called in Scotland) were still undreamt of, it must appear that these "lands" were very undesirable abodes.

One might imagine that this quaint old crowded town was an ideal field for the operations of cut-purses, footpads, and nocturnal marauders of all kinds. Its narrow, ill-lighted or unlighted streets, its labyrinthine winds and unsavoury closes, might seem to have been specially designed for deeds of violence and the easy escape of the perpetrators. Strange to say, Edinburgh compared very favourably with other cities of the period in this respect—with London especially. The functions of an *official* police were discharged by the City Guard, an armed force which

DOORWAY OF SIR A. ACHESON'S HOUSE.

took its origin in the obligation imposed upon every male citizen in 1513, consequent upon the alarm caused by the destruction of the Scottish army at Flodden. While every male citizen was required to provide himself with armour and weapons, and every fourth man had to go on duty each night, a Standing Watch of four-and-twenty was enrolled for permanent service. In 1648 the Standing Watch was increased to sixty men under command of a captain, constituting the City Guard.

After a few years, however, the Town Council, grudging the expense of maintaining a paid guard, reverted to the earlier system of requiring the citizens to take their turn of police duty in rotation. This was not a success. So slack was the discipline, so inefficient the service, that in 1679 the Privy Council threatened to quarter troops in Edinburgh for the maintenance of order. Thereupon the magistrates reconstituted the City Guard, forty in number at first, increased in 1682 to 108, and levied a rate for its maintenance. The uniform was scarlet, the men were nearly all old Highland soldiers, carrying muskets and bayonets by day and Lochaber axes by night. The Guard shared with the 25th or Edinburgh Regiment the exclusive privilege of beating drums within the city of Edinburgh.

In 1736 the City Guard was involved in a dire tragedy, of which Scott made picturesque use in *The Heart of Midlothian*; but the novelist's hand is not cramped by the fetters of historic accuracy, and

Scott avowedly equipped such incidents as this with a cocked hat and sword to fit them for this purpose. It is, indeed, not easy to recover the real facts in this case, so hard was the swearing on both sides in the trial which followed—so fiercely were men's minds inflamed against the authorities.

Briefly, the course of events was somewhat as follows:—

Smuggling, in those days, was an attractive, often lucrative enterprise, and, being especially brisk among the seaports of the coast of Fife, led to frequent conflicts between the "fair traders" and the revenue men. One Wilson, having suffered loss at the hands of the gaugers, determined to indemnify himself by robbing the collector of customs at Pittenweem. This he accomplished, in company with a young fellow named Robertson and two others; but they were all taken and tried, Wilson and Robertson being sentenced to the gallows. They were lodged in the Tolbooth, together with two horse-stealers awaiting the same fate, and, among them, the prisoners managed to file through the iron window bars, drowning the noise by singing psalms. One of the horse-stealers got through the opening all right; but Wilson insisted on going next, and, being a stout fellow, stuck fast. The alarm was given, the Guard turned out, and three out of the four prisoners were locked up again securely.

Now Wilson, it seems, was not such a rascal as to be insensible to the principle of "honour among

DOORWAY OF HOPE HOUSE.

thieves." He knew that all his comrades in misfortune might have gone free but for his own too massive person, and he resolved to save young Robertson if that were possible. On Sunday before the day when they were to be hanged, the two prisoners were marched under escort of four of the City Guard to hear sermon in the Tolbooth Kirk—a section of St Giles's Church. At the end of the service, while the congregation was "skailing,"[1] Wilson saw his opportunity. Seizing a soldier in each hand, and a third with his teeth, he shouted, "Rin, Geordie, rin!" Robertson felled the fourth soldier, escaped in the throng, and was seen no more; but the gallant Wilson was led out to the gibbet in the Grassmarket on 14th April. He was a popular hero by this time, and a rescue was contemplated; but the City Guard were reinforced for the occasion by a detachment of Welsh Fusiliers, and the mob could effect nothing more than pelting the City Guard as they marched back up the West Bow, which, it is alleged, they did to some purpose, smashing the drums and wounding some of the Guard.

Captain John Porteous, commanding the City Guard, had risen from the ranks of the Scots brigade in Holland and received a commission in the British army. Dr Alexander Carlyle, who, as a lad of fourteen, witnessed what followed, says that Porteous was popular in society and a fine

[1] Scottish term for the dispersal of a meeting.

golfer; but other accounts represent him as a hard-drinking martinet of rough manners and violent temper. Carlyle declares that though there was a great crowd, there was not the slightest attempt at a rescue, only the usual demonstration of hatred against the hangman; nevertheless, Porteous halted his men and gave the order to fire, and, adds Carlyle, "when the soldiers showed reluctance, I saw him turn to them with a threatening gesture and inflamed countenance."[1] The windows facing the Grassmarket were as thickly crowded with spectators as they were wont to be at executions; some of these onlookers were struck by bullets, for the soldiers fired high, trying to spare the people on the pavement. The march was resumed; but there was more firing when the column reached the West Bow. In all, some seventeen men and women were killed or wounded.

Popular indignation flamed fiercely. Porteous was arrested and tried for murder. He was accused, in particular, of having himself fired the first shot, killing one Charles Husband who had cut down Wilson from the gallows. Porteous denied that he had either fired himself or given the command to fire. Sir William Forbes and the Hon. William Fraser, witnesses for the Crown, declared that they saw Porteous fire before any of his men did so. Other witnesses swore that they had heard him forbid the men to fire. Obviously both statements

[1] Carlyle's *Autobiography*, p. 37.

EDINBURGH TOLBOOTH AND BELL HOUSE AT END OF 16TH CENTURY.

From a drawing by the Rev. John Sime.

might be true; anyhow, the accused was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged on 8th September.

King George II. being on the Continent at the time, Porteous addressed a petition to Queen Caroline; who, probably being advised that the evidence was as strong in his favour as against him, granted a respite of six weeks. This inflamed the populace to the last pitch. After dark on 7th September, a mob assembled at the West Port; the City Guard, called out to disperse them, were overpowered and disarmed; the rioters seized the city gates; General Moyle, commanding the garrison, very properly declined to act without instructions from one of the Lords of Session, and it was an hour past midnight before authority could be obtained from the Lord Justice Clerk, who lived three miles out in the country. By that time the door of the Tolbooth had been destroyed by fire; Porteous had been taken out of his cell, led down to the Grassmarket and hanged on a dyer's pole. The ghastly affair seems to have been conducted throughout with singular solemnity. No other mischief was done by the lynchers, who paid a shopkeeper a guinea for the rope. "I will not call them Mobb," wrote the Earl Marischal, "who made so orderly an execution." There can be no doubt that the rioters commanded much sympathy from all ranks of society.

The union with England was still young, and old sores were still raw. Scotsmen in general were intensely

jealous of interference from London; smuggling, the outcome of the novel custom-house—an English importation—was very far from being deemed disgraceful; Wilson was considered a martyr, and it was held intolerable that the course of Scottish justice should be arrested by a reprieve sent down from the English Home Office. On the other part, King George's Government determined to chastise the City of Edinburgh for the affront put upon the Queen Regent; an Act was passed disabling Provost Wilson from public office and imposing a fine of £2000, to be applied to the support of Captain Porteous's widow. Provisions for abolishing the City Guard and razing the Nether Bow Port were struck out in Committee.

The City Guard, therefore, remained as the only municipal provision for the protection of life and property in the Scottish capital. An armed civil force, deterred by the fate of Captain Porteous from using their arms in the maintenance of order, was little suited for the duties of ordinary, still less of detective, police. Moreover, the Town Council were not very scrupulous in appointments to the command of the force, exercising their patronage sometimes in favour of needy members of their own corporation, without much regard to their fitness for the post. John Kay has portrayed three of those who held the post in his day, namely, Pitcairn, a bankrupt cloth-merchant, who forfeited the appointment in 1767 on being convicted of importing bad halfpence

EDINBURGH TOLBOOTH.

From a drawing by Nasmyth in the City Museum, Edinburgh.

from England; Robertson, who had served in the Dutch army; and Pillans, a brewer in the city, who held the command till his death in 1788. All the more remarkable, therefore, was the security enjoyed by the citizens of Edinburgh against crimes of violence and theft, especially when one remembers how country gentry and their families crowded into the city during the season, bringing plate, jewels, and other valuables to be stored in the inconvenient, dimly-lighted "lands." This security was owing in large measure to the vigilance of a singular body of men voluntarily organised as the Society of Cadies.[1] Captain Topham, writing from Edinburgh in 1775, gives a lively description of these fellows:

Whether the extreme good order and regularity which is observed in the streets, and the very few robberies which are committed, are entirely owing to these military men [the City Guard] or not, is rather difficult to determine. I believe there are other people of a more civil [civilian] nature who share with them the hardships as well as the honour of accomplishing so great a task. These are a set of men who are called in this country Cadies, and who have been formed many years into a society for their own emolument and the public good—a society which is probably as useful and extraordinary as ever existed. To tell you what these people do is impossible; for there is nothing, almost, which they may not do. They are the only persons who may truly be said to have attained universal knowledge, for they know everything and everybody; they even know sometimes what you

[1] The term "cadie" or "caddie," which the spread of golf has rendered familiar in all parts of the world, is a derivative or corruption of the French *cadet*. In English the opprobrious "cad" has been shortened from the same word, in the same manner as "cab" from "cabriolet."

do, better than you yourself. The moment a stranger comes into Edinburgh, they know it; how long he is to stay; whither he is going; where he comes from, and what he is. . . . A certain number of them stand all day long and most of the night at the top of High Street waiting for employment. Whoever has occasion for them has only to pronounce the word "Cadie," and they fly from all parts to attend the summons. Whatever person you want, they know immediately where he is to be found. Trust them with what sum of money you please, you are quite safe; they are obliged by the rules of their Order to make good everything they lose. A gentleman once sent one of these Mercuries with a letter inclosing bills for some hundred pounds; the man lost it, and the Society restored the sum to the proprietor.

These men act likewise in the capacity of Sir John Fielding's Thief-takers in London, and take all the thieves here, as they have intelligence of all the places where such a person is likely to be found. In short, nothing can escape them. . . . These are the people who are the great means of preserving the public peace, and of preventing all those crimes which are generally perpetrated under a Police which is ill observed.[1]

In another letter Captain Topham writes:

They execute all commands at a very reasonable price. Whether you stand in need of a *valet-de-place*, a pimp, a thief-catcher or a bully, your best resource is to the fraternity of Cadies. In short, they are the tutelary guardians of the city; and it is entirely owing to them that there are fewer robberies and less housebreaking in Edinburgh than anywhere else.[2]

The City Guard was finally disbanded in 1817, but it was represented in the person of two of its survivors at the laying of the foundation-stone of the Scott Monument in 1846. Some relics of this ancient force are preserved in the National Museum

[1] *Letters from Edinburgh written in the Years 1774 and 1775*, p. 358.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 87.

of Antiquities in Queen Street, in the shape of an embroidered coat, two cocked hats, and a few Lochaber axes.

It was not only in criminal cases that the people of Edinburgh were wont to take such vehement interest as led to disorder.

No civil suit has ever caused such fiery excitement in the capital, or, indeed, in Scotland generally, as what became known as "the Douglas Cause." Lady Jane Douglas, daughter of the second Marquess of Douglas, became betrothed to the Earl of Dalkeith, afterwards second Duke of Buccleuch; but the match was broken off through the intrigues of the Duchess of Queensberry. Thereafter Lady Jane lived for many years at Drumsheugh House, on the outskirts of Edinburgh, until 1746, when, being forty-eight years of age, she secretly married Colonel, afterwards Sir John, Stewart, a former lover with whom she had parted ten years previously owing to a misunderstanding. Stewart being practically a penniless soldier, Lady Jane concealed her marriage, fearing lest her brother, third Marquess and first Duke of Douglas, with whom she was on bad terms, should stop her allowance. She quitted Scotland with her husband, and they travelled on the Continent as Mr and Mrs Gray. In 1748, being then in her fiftieth year, she gave birth to twin boys in Paris, and wrote to inform her brother, the duke, of the fact. He refused to believe her, stopped her allowance and, when she returned to London, declined

to receive her. In 1752 Lady Jane brought her children to Edinburgh, where one of the boys died, and she herself died in the following year. Meanwhile the Duchess of Douglas had been exerting all her influence over the duke to persuade him to sift the case of his sister to the bottom. She succeeded; the duke became convinced that his surviving nephew, Archibald, was his sister's legitimate son, revoked the existing entail of his great estates and settled them upon him. On the duke's death in 1761, Archibald was at once served heir to the estates, in spite of the opposition of the heir male, the Duke of Hamilton, upon whom the inheritance would have devolved could Archibald have been proved to be, as was alleged, the child of a Frenchwoman fraudulently represented as Lady Jane's.

Next, the Duke of Hamilton raised an action in the Court of Session to prove his claim. The trial began in 1762 and ended in 1767, by the fourteen judges being equally divided in opinion, Lord President Dundas giving the casting vote against Archibald Douglas. People of all classes in Edinburgh had hotly espoused the Douglas cause; before the close of the trial the Duke of Hamilton's family had to leave the city, so great was the uproar, and the apartments which he occupied in Holyroodhouse as Hereditary Keeper of the Palace were broken into and plundered by the mob. Douglas's guardians then appealed to the House of Lords, where, after eighteen months further litigation, the judgment of

the Court of Session was reversed, Archibald Douglas being declared to be the son of Lady Jane Stewart and rightful heir to the Douglas estates. When tidings of the reversal reached Edinburgh, there was a renewal of rioting. It is said that James Boswell, the obsequious biographer of Samuel Johnson, being a perfervid partisan of Douglas, headed the mob that broke the windows of his father, Lord Auchinleck, who had cast his vote for Hamilton.

IX

By the middle of the eighteenth century the people of Edinburgh, recognising the chief reason for the increasing wealth of the country, had well-nigh laid aside their resentment against the Union. The '45, so far as it affected them in particular and the Lowland folk in general, had proved but an agitating and somewhat costly interlude. There were still many well-to-do persons in the city who, in pledging the King's health, religiously passed the bumper over the water-bottle;[1] still many ladies who, the white cockade being proscribed, defiantly pinned white roses in their bosoms with a sigh for Bonnie Prince Charlie; but these memorials of a lost cause did nothing to interrupt social amenities—not so much at least, so far as can be gathered, as did the Home Rule controversy in our own time.

Neither the excessive conviviality which prevailed, nor the sterilising influence of Calvinism which had

[1] I am told, though I cannot vouch for the truth of it, that finger-glasses were never set on the dinner-table in Buckingham Palace, lest Jacobite guests should clandestinely drink to the king "over the water," until King Edward VII. caused them to be brought into use again.

1686–1758.

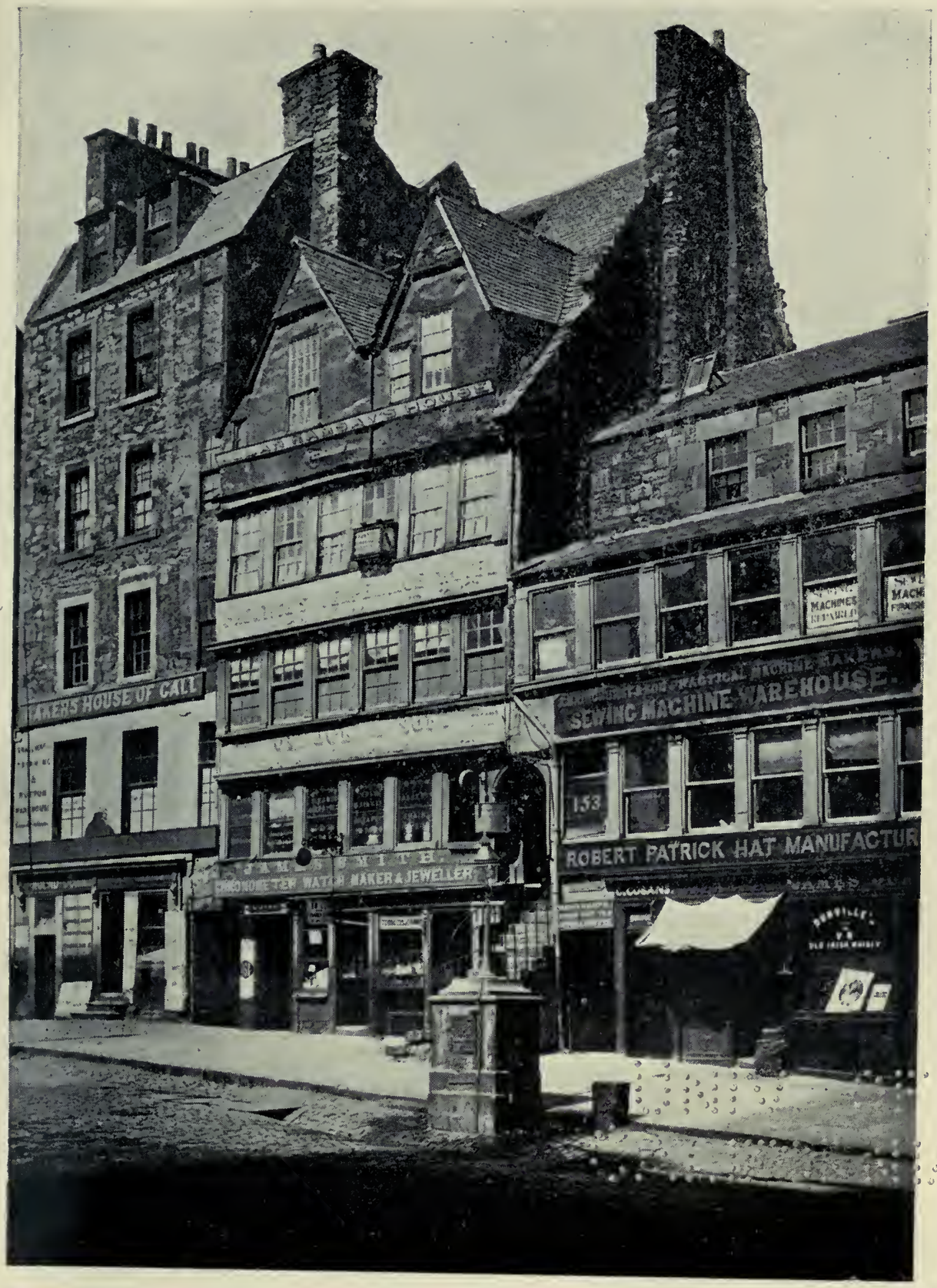
From a mezzotint by G. White after the painting by W. Aikman.

turned on the wane, sufficed to smother the intellectual revival which—*post vel propter hoc*—began to make itself felt immediately after the Union. The chief obstacle to literary enterprise lay in the northern dialect—Broad Scots—which was habitually spoken by the highest as well as the lowest. Ramsay of Ochtertyre mentions it as something remarkable that Sir Gilbert Elliot "among his other accomplishments, not only wrote, but *spoke* English." Allan Ramsay the elder (1686–1758) was the true pioneer of the revival of letters in the North, and wrote naturally in the Scottish dialect. He started in life as a wigmaker, joined the Jacobite Easy Club, whereof he became the laureate in virtue of his facility in verse-making. About the year 1717, having conceived an ambition to minister to the inside, instead of the outside, of his customers' heads, he converted his wigmaking booth in the High Street into a bookstall, and in 1721 made four hundred guineas by the sale of a volume of his own poems. *The Tea-Table Miscellany* and *The Evergreen* followed in 1724–27, *The Gentle Shepherd* appearing in 1725, and in 1726 the poet-publisher moved to more spacious premises in the Luckenbooths. His original poems commanded popularity from the first; and by his collections of old Scottish verse he created a taste which was to have a lasting influence far beyond his native country. As the editor of ancient ballads he was very unscrupulous in the way he trimmed the rugged verse which had

been repeated from lip to lip by generations, whereby he incurred censure from Lord Hailes; but he tuned the lyre which had long lain unstrung and which was to yield a fuller harmony under the hand of Burns, who frankly owned Ramsay as his model. Sir Walter Scott, too, felt his influence, for he wrote on his copy of *The Tea-Table Miscellany*: "This book belonged to my grandfather, Robert Scott, and out of it I was taught *Hardiknute* by heart before I could read the ballad myself. It was the first poem I ever learnt—the last I shall ever forget."[1] As the acknowledged master of two such disciples, even those who might be sensible of a soporific influence in *The Gentle Shepherd* will agree that undue honour has not been paid to the memory of Ramsay in the statue which now stands in Princes Street Gardens.

The attitude of the Presbyterian clergy towards the intellectual movement has to be taken into account. A hundred years had wrought a notable change in their relation to society. They were no longer the illiterate zealots of the seventeenth century. Pennant, whose *Tour in Scotland* was published in 1771, declared that he found them "the most decent and consistent in their conduct of any set of men I ever met with in their order," and contrasted them favourably with "the furious, illiterate and enthusiastic teachers of old times." The General Assembly could no longer wield the dire engine

[1] *Autobiography.*



ALLAN RAMSAY'S HOUSE.

of excommunication; indeed, the great majority of its members would have shrunk from claiming the awful powers of boycotting not only claimed, but exercised, by Knox's Church;[1] yet the influence upon Edinburgh society which they still exerted through an enlightened exercise of the pastoral office was hardly less than their predecessors in the pulpit had acquired through terrorism. While relaxing none of the earnestness with which they discussed and differed upon points of doctrine and practice among themselves, they had laid aside acrimony in argument; ecclesiastical Billingsgate was indulged in only by ministers of the Secession in their fierce revolt against lay patronage.

There were, of course, as there always have been and must be in every form of Church government, two rival parties in the Establishment. The "High-fliers" or Calvinist school were led by Dr Alexander Webster of the Tolbooth Kirk, a divine of commanding presence and fiery eloquence. Perhaps nothing better illustrates the tone and habits of Edinburgh society at this time than the fact that Webster had earned for himself the sobriquet of Dr Magnum Bonum, in virtue of the power he enjoyed of consuming prodigious quantities of claret,

[1] The Scottish Reformers assumed all the power of excommunication vested in the Church of Rome. In 1578 Andrew Melville explained to Beza that "civil penalties, according to the law and custom of our country, accompany the sentence of excommunication"; and mentions how the nobles objected to the sentence taking effect, unless confirmed by the Privy Council.

whereby he could, and it is said often did, drink the most hardened topers under the table without forfeiting his own decorum. Ramsay of Ochtertyre has left a graphic sketch of this formidable divine in his autobiography.

Dr Webster's greatest admirers knew and regretted his fondness for company, which was his great infirmity. . . . It was hardly in the power of liquor to affect his understanding or limbs. . . . There was something so fascinating in his converse, yet withal so innocent, instructive, and befitting his function, that rigour itself could have found no fault, so long as the bulk of the company kept sober. . . . But after every mitigating circumstance is stated, Dr Webster cannot be entirely vindicated for spending so much of his time in taverns or in private houses where hard drinking took place. . . . Assuredly it was not edifying to see a respectable and virtuous clergyman consorting so much with the *ebrii* and *ebrioli* who were seen reeling home from his parties."[1]

The leader of the Moderates was Dr Alexander Carlyle, minister of Inveresk—"the grandest demigod I ever saw," said Sir Walter Scott; "commonly called 'Jupiter Carlyle,' from having sat more than once for the king of gods and men to Gavin Hamilton."[2] In the long course of his ministry he strove indefatigably against the narrow restrictions of Calvinism. He helped his friend John Home, minister of Athelstaneford, in the preparation of his tragedy *Douglas*, and brought upon himself the wrath of the Presbytery of Dalkeith for attending not only the rehearsals, but the public performance

[1] *Scotland and Scotsmen*, vol. i. p. 257.
[2] Lockhart's *Life*, iv. p. 146.

of this piece.[1] The Presbytery sent him before the Synod of Lothian to answer for his offence—for the stage had hitherto been banned by preachers as the very sink of iniquity; but the Synod decided that, although play-going by a minister was a censurable offence, it was a matter "for privy censure or brotherly conference," not for deprivation. Against this judgment the Presbytery appealed to the General Assembly; but that supreme body affirmed the finding of the Synod by 117 votes to 30, which was hailed as a notable victory for the Moderates. But what marked more clearly than anything else how far the Moderates of the Church of Scotland had departed from the primitive intolerance of Presbyterianism, was the line taken by Carlyle in opposing a resolution moved in the General Assembly against the obligation imposed upon Presbyterians, in common with members of all other forms of religion, to receive the Holy Communion according to the Anglican form before holding office in England. Carlyle said in his speech that "he must be a very narrow-minded Presbyterian who could not join in the religious worship of the Church of England." In his long battle for tolerance and freedom Carlyle had a puissant ally in William Robertson, Principal of the

[1] Proceedings were taken by the Presbytery against Home as the author of the play; but he anticipated the result by resigning his living. The tragedy of *Douglas* had a long and successful run both in Edinburgh and London, notwithstanding that Dr Johnson declared there were "not ten good lines in the whole play."

University from 1762, and appointed by George III. Historiographer of Scotland.

Carlyle made some contributions to the rising literature of Edinburgh; his *Autobiography* (first published in 1860) has been pronounced to be the best mirror of Scottish society in the eighteenth century. The extent to which he and the Moderates succeeded in altering the attitude of the clergy towards secular entertainment may be judged by what happened on the occasion of Mrs Siddons appearing on the Edinburgh stage in 1784. She acted only on alternate nights, and on those nights the General Assembly suspended its sittings, because a quorum could not be induced to attend!

Despite the discomfort and the positive danger to health described in the last chapter as arising from the insanitary conditions under which the population lived, Edinburgh society had developed into a microcosm of all that is best and worst in human intercourse. The leaders of that society were not rich enough to set a mischievous example of luxury, though it must be owned that the prevailing simplicity of scale in living did not suffice to prevent, or even to discourage, excessive drinking. It was a drunken century, and while the well-to-do English (the austere Johnson as well as the bibulous Boswell) measured their daily allowance of port by the bottle, Scottish and Irish gentlemen wasted far too much of their substance upon claret and punch. Duncan Forbes of Culloden, who rose to be Lord President

FLESHMARKET CLOSE, EDINBURGH.

From a water-colour drawing by G. Cattermole.

of the Court of Session, was distinguished above his fellows for common sense, foresight, and cool judgment; yet one cannot trace in the social habits of his day any particular reason for his denunciation of "the villainous practice" of drinking "that abominable drug"—tea—whereof in 1742 he seriously advocated the total prohibition by Act of Parliament, exempting the upper classes only on condition that every person persisting in this pernicious indulgence should pay a yearly poll-tax! Forbes himself, like most of his colleagues on the Scottish bench, was a confirmed toper. "In his youth and prime," says Ramsay of Ochtertyre, "he drank hard, and to the last went to the very verge of sobriety, considering the juice of the grape, in connection with easy-spirited conversation, as the best cordial an old man immersed in business could have."[1]

The same authority pronounces Robert Dundas of Arniston to have been the "greatest Scottish lawyer of the eighteenth century," both as counsel and judge, although his habits seem to have been such as are not usually associated with clear thinking.

He was all his life exceedingly fond of company, or, in other words, of the bottle, without which, in those days, there was little society. Besides frequent potations at his own house at Edinburgh after business was over, he was often in the tavern. . . . A great deal was to be learned from him over his cups, which was not to be had from books or from other people.[2]

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[1] *Scotland and Scotsmen,* vol. i. p. 57.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 71.

On the other hand, another judge, Grant Lord Prestongrange, was unpopular because he kept sober at the circuit table. "This rendered him unacceptable to many guests, who had been accustomed to judges of a more frank and jovial disposition, who did not pride themselves upon their temperance. They imputed his shyness and habitual sobriety to parsimony, which made him grudge his wine."[1]

The national drink of Scotland at the time of the Union, and for centuries before it, was claret. Among the debts left by Alexander III. at his death in 1285 was one of £2197, 8s. for corn and wine supplied by a merchant of Gascony, who accepted the customs of the port of Berwick in security. Even to the present time the wine merchants of Edinburgh and Leith retain a special reputation in trade with Bordeaux. John Knox himself was by no means so ascetic in his diet as one is apt to suppose. At all events he was hospitably solicitous for the good cheer of his guests; witness the following passage in the account of his last hours written by his secretary Richard Bannatyne. "The Setterday, Johne Durie and Archbald Stewart came in about 12 houris, not knowing how seike he was; and for thair cause [he] came to the table, which was the last time he sat at any thereafter; for he caused peirce ane hoggeid of wine which was in the seller, and willed the said Archbald send for the same, so long as it lasted, for he would never tarry until it were drunken." Just

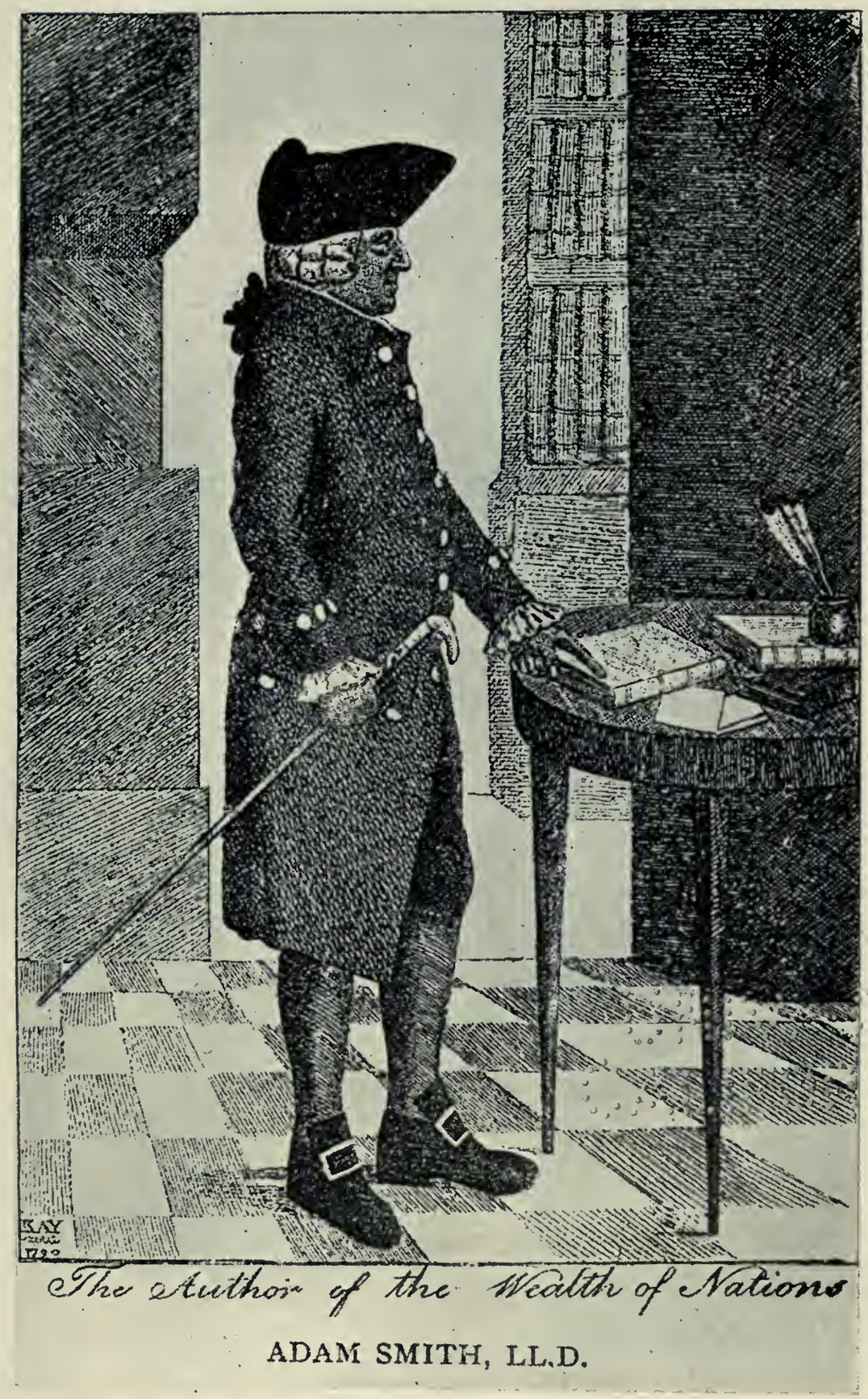
[1] *Scotland and Scotsmen*, vol. i.

From Kay's *Edinburgh Portraits.*

before the end, says Bannatyne, "sumtymes he wald bid weit his mouth with a litill waike aile." Ale was drunk by the working-class; whisky appears to have been confined to the Highlands; but towards the middle of the century Forbes of Culloden brought it into favour in Edinburgh, and whisky-punch entered into rivalry with the ruby wines of the Médoc. It must, indeed, have been difficult for any man with a head of moderate strength to keep sober without giving offence either to his host or his fellow-guests. The tedious habit of calling toasts, and the more graceful one of guests inviting each other to "A glass of wine with you, Sir," were snares not easy to escape, especially when the injunction "No heel-taps!" could not be disregarded without a breach of what were reckoned good manners. In the early part of the century, the dinner hour was at noon, or shortly after, and supper was the chief occasion for conviviality; but when dinner came to be postponed by fashionable people till three or four o'clock, it left a long evening to be got through, during which the bottles usually circulated only too freely. It was not until the last quarter of the nineteenth century that tobacco brought wine-drinking after dinner to an end. Snuff-taking certainly exerted no restraint upon drinking; although, in the eighteenth century, it was so universal among men, and, for a short time, fashionable among smart women, as to cause Coleridge to declare that snuffing might be considered the original purpose of the human nose.

Among the judges, Henry Home Lord Kames was a chief promoter of the literary revival in Edinburgh. His own industry in letters absorbed more time and energy than was considered consistent with his professional duties; but he did not leave anything of permanent merit in his voluminous writings. Goldsmith observed of Kames's *Elements of Criticism* that the book must have been far easier to write than it was to read; and when Boswell was defending the quality of Scottish literature he said to Johnson: "But, Sir, we have Lord Kames." "Yes," replied Johnson, "you *have* Lord Kames. Keep him—ha, ha, ha! We don't envy you." Nevertheless, Kames did much both to encourage young writers and to stimulate a taste in literature. Admission to his supper-parties became a privilege much coveted, and he delighted in forming the taste and increasing the knowledge of attractive young women.

Of inferior reputation as a judge compared with Lord Kames, Sir David Dalrymple, who assumed the forensic title of Lord Hailes, was his superior in literary accomplishment. He applied his critical faculties to good purpose in the fields of Scottish history. In his *Annals of Scotland* he ran many a successful tilt against the mythopœic chroniclers of the past; and, notwithstanding all the diligent research which has been concentrated upon Scottish history since the publication of the national records, one still has cause to regret that he never fulfilled his purpose of carrying on the narrative to include



ADAM SMITH, LL.D.

From Kay's *Edinburgh Portraits.*

the reign of James I., instead of bringing it to a close with that of David II. The library which he fitted up for himself at New Hailes, and stored with a very large collection of books, remains to this day at once a monument to his erudition and one of the most perfect shrines of literature that could be designed.

In his successful endeavour to revive an interest in Scottish literature, the elder Ramsay had ready to his hand a considerable store whereon to draw, let alone his original poems; but his son, Allan Ramsay the younger (1713–84), must have received little inspiration from the art treasures of Edinburgh when he adopted painting as a profession. "From before the Reformation," sighs Mr James Caw, "during the course of which much art-work was destroyed or taken out of the country, scarce a dozen authentic portraits remain,"[1] and these are from the hands of Flemish or French painters. The fact is, that for a century and a half before the Union in 1707, very few Scottish lairds or merchants had any cash to spare on portraits. George Jameson of Aberdeen (? 1588–1644) is the earliest Scottish painter of whose work anything is known to survive at this day. After the Restoration matters improved somewhat. Michael Wright (? 1625–1700) and John Scougal (? 1645–? 1730), both Scottish artists, have left some good work in portraiture; but, although Scougal managed to make a living in his studio in the Advo-

[1] *Scottish Portraits*, p. x.

cates' Close, Wright migrated to London to avoid starvation; and so did William Aikman (1682–1731).

Aikman was a Forfarshire laird, and it was by his advice and example that young Ramsay went to study painting in Rome. Returning home about 1740, he found plenty of sitters, and acquired great popularity both on account of his skill in portraiture and of his charm of manner. The son of the quondam wigmaker became a leader of fashion, causing much offence to strict Presbyterians by introducing stage-plays and organising dancing assemblies. Clubs being already all the vogue in Edinburgh (most of them, it must be owned, existing chiefly for the consumption of claret and punch), Ramsay founded one upon higher lines, called the Select Society, which, its somewhat arrogant title notwithstanding, was a success from the first, and imparted to Edinburgh social life a literary and intellectual tone whereof the tradition and, in good measure, the traces remain to this day. Beginning with fifteen members only, and meeting in the inspiring environment of the Advocates' Library, admission to the Select Society soon became a much coveted distinction, so that before long the membership rose to over one hundred. The names of David Hume, Adam Smith, Dr Alexander Carlyle, John Home, Professor Wilkie, Lord Hailes, Lord Monboddo, Principal Robertson, and Lord Kames indicate the wide range of opinion and profession embraced in this remarkable coterie, which did much to restore the Scottish clergy to their right

HEAD OF THE WEST BOW.

of ranking with the wits—a right which had been brought grievously in jeopardy by the religious excesses of the previous century.[1]

Painters, however, like other folk, have to live; the persons in Scotland who could afford to be painted were still very limited in number, and Allan Ramsay went off to try his fortune in London. There he found as much work to his hand as he could accomplish, and gained reputation equally as a portrait painter and a social favourite. "Mr Reynolds," wrote Horace Walpole to Dalrymple (25th February 1758), "seldom succeeds in women; Mr Ramsay is formed to paint them." Dr Johnson, who was certainly not predisposed in Ramsay's favour as a Scot, often dined with him, and bestowed a characteristically ponderous encomium upon him: "You will not find a man in whose conversation there is more instruction, more information, and more eloquence than in Ramsay's."

More and ever more powerful became the attraction of London to young Scotsmen of ability. Many of their countrymen had become established on the banks of Thames, descendants of those families which had followed James VI. and I. when he quitted Holyroodhouse for Hampton Court and Windsor. Since that time, communication between the capitals had been vastly improved. So late as 1760 those

[1] The term "wits" is used here, not in its modern sense implying jocularity, but in its eighteenth-century meaning of "intellects"—persons of understanding.

who wished to go to London and could neither afford to travel by post-chaise, nor had the bodily vigour of Lord Monboddo, who always performed his frequent journeys to London on horse-back, even after he had passed his eightieth year, had the alternative of waiting for the monthly stage-coach, which accomplished the journey in fifteen days, or boarding the sailing-packet at Leith on a voyage depending on wind and weather. In 1780 no fewer than fifteen coaches left Edinburgh every week for London, the best of them making the journey in four days.[1] This facility for travel had the inevitable result of stimulating the migratory *nisus*.

Apart from the physical discomfort inseparable from residence in Old Edinburgh, the intellectual atmosphere of London was more free, its horizon broader. London, moreover, as the seat of the Imperial legislature, inevitably drew away many families of Scottish representative peers and members of Parliament, leaving the Edinburgh world of fashion to be led by persons of no inferior merit, perhaps, but with less means of expenditure. However, in measure as the wealth of the permanent community increased and ready money became less scarce among the country gentlemen resorting to the city, owing *inter*

[1] Writing about 1830, Nimrod (C. J. Apperley) recorded: "The Edinburgh mail [from London] runs the distance, 400 miles, in a little over forty hours, and we may set our watches by it at any point of her journey." On the Great Northern Railway the "Flying Scotsman" is now timed to do this journey in 8 hours 15 minutes—*and does it.*

ST GILES'S CHURCH, FROM THE WEST.

alia to the gradual substitution of money rents for agricultural land instead of rents paid in kind and service, so did people become more conscious of, and less patient with, the narrow bounds of the city. But how were these bounds to be enlarged?—how could the conditions of living be improved? Every foot of ground on the "tail o' the crag" was piled storeys high. The "Hie Gait" or High Street, originally a broad, handsome thoroughfare, had been shorn of its fair proportions by the licence granted to householders to encroach upon it by making wooden additions to their "lands" to the extent of seven feet on either side. Examples of these wooden fronts may still be seen on John Knox's house in the High Street and Huntly House in the Canongate. In short, there was no possibility of finding room for modern buildings within the precincts of the Old Town. Often and anxiously had the Town Council discussed plans for extending the city boundaries to the north, but the project was always thwarted by the difficulty of bridging the Nor' Loch. In 1752 the Town Council approved of a design for the necessary bridge; but funds were lacking for the undertaking. Seven years later they promoted a bill to extend the city boundaries northward; but the landowners to the north of the town successfully opposed it. However, in 1763, acting under the spirited leadership of Lord Provost George Drummond, they resolved to proceed without Parliamentary powers, which were required only for extending the bounds of the royalty. This

was discreetly kept out of the question, the ostensible purpose of the bridge being improved communication with Leith. The Nor' Loch was partly drained, and the foundation-stone of the North Bridge was laid. But a sad calamity befell the builders. The structure was far advanced when the foundation at the south end gave way, the bridge collapsed, had to be rebuilt, and was not open for traffic till 1772.[1]

Meanwhile the Town Council had not been idle. In 1767 they obtained an Act extending the royalty of the city to the north side, having previously opened negotiations with one James Graham for a quarter of an acre of land on Muttress Hill, near the site of the present Register House and General Post Office.

Along the steep bank on the north side of the Nor' Loch ran a straight road between two field-walls. It went by the name of the Lang Dykes, and in the plans prepared for the New Town by the architect James Craig it was made to blossom forth into a grand thoroughfare, which it was piously proposed to name after St Giles, the patron saint of the city and its principal church. It was never quite clear what special claim the exemplary, but not exactly illustrious, Athenian Ægidius (known in Western hagiology as Saint Giles) had upon the allegiance of Scotsmen; and so thought King George III. when the plans were submitted for his approval; for the name was associated in his experience with a slum district in

[1] It was widened in 1873 and removed in 1899 to make way for the present fine viaduct.

THE NORTH BRIDGE, BEFORE THE RAILWAY.

From Shepherd's *Modern Athens.*

THE NORTH BRIDGE, WITH THE RAILWAY.

London. He told the town councillors that they must fix upon another title. Now the monarch's own name had already been appropriated for what was designed as the principal street of the New Town, running east and west along the summit of the ridge, and Queen Charlotte had bestowed her name upon the square at the west end of the same; so it was decreed that the saint should make way for a group of illustrious sinners, and the street was called Princes Street after King George's sons,[1] with specific mention of the Duke of York in Frederick Street, whereof a modern extension, named St Vincent Street, leads to the region of Stockbridge, where once a wooden or "stock" bridge spanned the Water of Leith.

Although Princes Street has long since eclipsed George Street in popularity, uniting all the stir of busy commerce with the amenity of an esplanade, still it would be hard to find a fairer urban landscape than the spacious dignity of George Street displays, especially when the westering sun throws into relief the massive dome of St George's Church, not to mention the enchanting vistas presented by each of the side streets—to the Old Town and the Castle Rock southwards, and over the firth to the distant hills of Fife northwards.

But we are anticipating. The ground having been pegged out according to Mr Craig's plan (for which he received a gold medal and the freedom of the

[1] The name is formed from the nominative plural—Princes—not from the genitive singular—Prince's.

city), the next thing was to induce householders to begin building. James Graham, with whom negotiations had been concluded, was dead before 1767; but his representatives now claimed that the conditions he had stipulated for should be fulfilled, namely, that the land he allowed to be built on should be for ever free from rates. The result is that the houses numbered 10 to 15 Princes Street are the only houses in Edinburgh exempt from rating at this day.

It was not, however, on Craig's land, that the first house in the New Town was built. So closely did the citizens cling to the ancient hive on the "tail o' the crag" that no applications were made for feus until the Town Council offered a premium of £20 for the first who should start to build on the fresh ground. Even then, four months elapsed before a daring individual, by name John Young, claimed the prize by getting Mr Craig to lay the foundation-stone of the first house in the New Town on the south side of George Street. This was on 26th October 1767. Mr Young's example took immediate effect. Year by year, in ever-increasing numbers, men of leisure and men of affairs deserted the wynds and closes which during so many generations had harboured the leaders of fashion and business, of learning and law, and planted themselves on fresh ground, until, by the year 1790, the New Town had reached as far west as Castle Street.

Craig's plan of the New Town included an orna-

HOLYROOD ABBEY CHURCH REMAINS OF THE CLOISTERS.

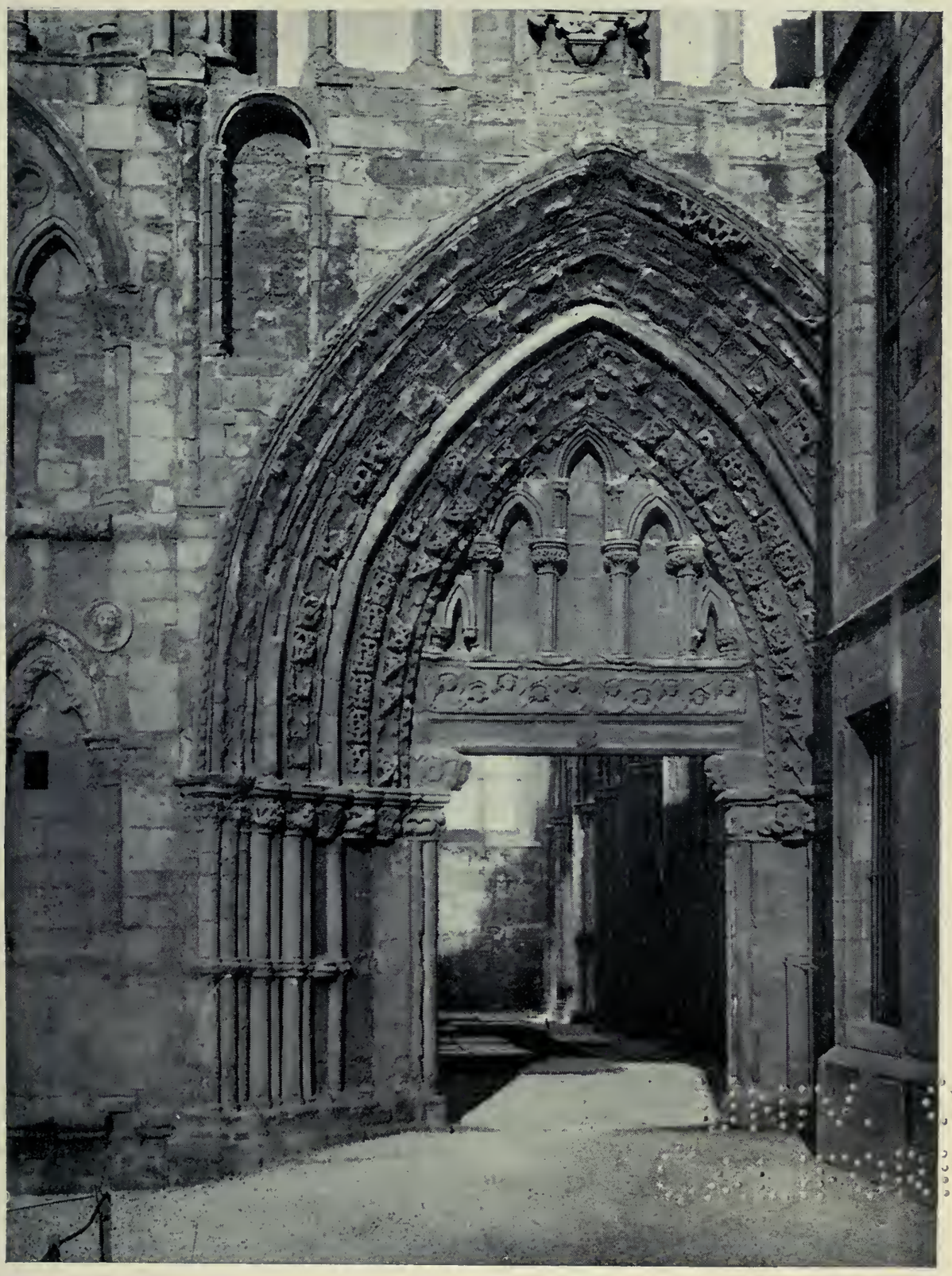
mental water or "canal" in the Nor' Loch valley—something after the manner of the Serpentine in Hyde Park. But that feature, which would have added untold beauty to the capital of Scotland, was never carried into effect. Indeed, the Town Council must have been utterly insensible of, or indifferent to, landscape effect, for they contemplated a further departure from Craig's design by proceeding to let building sites along the south side of Princes Street. But no sooner had a dozen such sites been granted (on the ground now occupied by the North British Station Hotel) than the feuars on the north side of the street took alarm: they were going to be shut out from a view of the Old Town and Castle—the chief attraction of the new thoroughfare. They raised an action of suspension and interdict against the Town Council, and when judgment went against them in the Scottish Courts, appeal was carried to the House of Lords, where the said judgment was reversed. Dwellers in Edinburgh and visitors should unite in grateful remembrance of Lord Mansfield's strong expressions in pronouncing judgment for continuing the injunction, "not only on the plain and open principles of justice, but from regard to the public, and from regard to that misguided Corporation." It is held, I believe, that this decision was wrong in law: that it was an unwarrantable interference with the rights and powers of the Corporation: but if it was bad law it was sound sense, for who can contemplate with equanimity

the idea of Princes Street with a continuous row of houses along its south side?

Before the planning of the New Town, the only theatre in Edinburgh was a small house in the Canongate. The Town Council, wisely determined to omit nothing that might lend attraction to their new dominion, took powers in extending the royalties of the city for the building and licensing of a theatre. The site now occupied by the Register House and the General Post Office was then an open space whereon, in the sixteenth century, a leper hospital stood. It was here that George Whitefield, leader of the Calvinistic Methodists, used to address excited crowds, and deep was his indignation, on returning to Edinburgh shortly before his death, to find the walls of a new playhouse rising there.

This house, to be known as the Theatre Royal for ninety years to come, started with a piece of bad luck. Opening in December 1769, before a dozen houses had been built and inhabited in the New Town, it was suddenly cut off from the Old Town by the collapse of the North Bridge; and the manager Ross, having had two or three disastrous seasons, leased the building to Samuel Foote before the bridge was rebuilt. A Scottish audience is not usually demonstrative, as Mrs Siddons found at her first appearance in Edinburgh in 1784.

"The grave attention of my Scottish countrymen," wrote Thomas Campbell, "and their canny reservation of praise till



HOLYROOD ABBEY CHURCH: WEST DOOR, MUTILATED IN REBUILDING THE PALACE, 1674–1679.

they were sure they had deserved it, had well-nigh worn out her patience. She had been used to speak to animated audiences, but now she felt that she had been speaking to stones. Successive flashes of her elocution, that had always been sure to electrify the South, fell in vain on these Northern flints. At last, as I well remember, she told me she coiled up all her power to the most emphatic possible utterance of one passage, having previously vowed in her heart that if *this* could not touch the Scots, she would never again cross the Tweed! When it was finished she paused, and looked to the audience. The deep silence was broken only by a single voice exclaiming: "That's no bad." This ludicrous parsimony of praise convulsed the audience with laughter; but the laugh was followed by such thunders of applause that, amidst her stunned and nervous agitation, she was not without fear of the galleries coming down."

It was at the door of the Theatre Royal that, on 7th April 1790, a quarrel had its origin, whereof the tragic consequences greatly agitated the fashionable world of Edinburgh. Captain James Macrae was a young fellow of fortune and the *ton*, who used to give theatrical parties at his villa Marionville, near Restalrig Kirk. He got into altercation about a sedan-chair with the footman of Sir George Ramsay of Bamff as people were leaving the theatre after a performance. Macrae gave the footman a severe thrashing, and, meeting Sir George in the street next day, told him he was sorry that he had been compelled to correct one of his servants at the playhouse last night. Sir George replied that it was no affair of his, as the footman was Lady Ramsay's servant; upon which Macrae said he would wait upon her ladyship and offer his apology.

Calling for that purpose at her house in St Andrew Square, he found that she had gone to give a sitting for her portrait to the young artist, Henry Raeburn. Macrae followed the lady to the studio and there made his *amende*, which was graciously accepted, and the affair was considered at an end. But nobody took into account the feelings of the footman, who, having been badly beaten, brought an action against Macrae for assault to the effusion of blood.

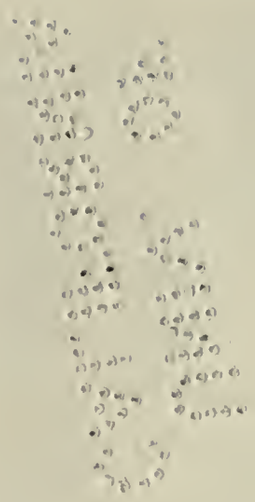
Macrae thereupon wrote to Sir George Ramsay, imperiously demanding either that the prosecution should be dropped, or that the footman should be summarily dismissed from service. "As to his being Lady Ramsay's servant," he wrote, "it is of no consequence to me: I consider you as the master of your family, and I expect what I have now demanded will be complied with."

Sir George returned a temperate reply, explaining that he had known nothing about the action until he heard of it from Macrae; and that he did not feel it his duty to interfere, "especially as the man at present is far from being well." Macrae then sent one Mr Amory to Sir George with a letter insisting upon the footman being dismissed; and, upon Sir George declining to do so, Amory told him that Macrae considered him not a gentleman but a scoundrel.

With a quarrel forced upon him in this way, Sir George, under the code of honour of the day, had no

HOLYROOD: RUINS OF ABBEY CHURCH, LOOKING EAST.

The east gable and window, as shown, are modern work. The original choir and transepts stood beyond them.



choice but to return a challenge to Macrae, who was a noted duellist. They met next day, 14th April, at noon, at Ward's, Musselburgh, Sir William Maxwell[1] acting as Sir George's second and Mr Amory as Macrae's. Two hours or thereby were spent in vain endeavour to reconcile the principals, Sir George being inflexible in refusing to discharge Lady Ramsay's footman, and Macrae equally so in insisting upon it. The distance was then paced off—about fourteen yards; the two gentlemen fired simultaneously, and Sir George fell, mortally wounded, expiring on Friday the 16th.

The *Scots Magazine* concludes an account of this affair in a manner very characteristic of the period. "Have since heard that Mr Macrae was slightly wounded in the cheek. We have only to add that no men ever behaved more like men of honour than they did on the occasion." Public feeling, however, ran so strong against Macrae as the aggressor, that he had to flee the country, leaving the Court of Session to affirm the judgment of the sheriff awarding damages to the injured footman. Whether he ever obtained payment is doubtful, for Macrae never ventured back to this country, dying an outlaw in 1820.

Before quitting the Old Town for good, a few words must be devoted to explain the vicissitudes

[1] There were two baronets of this name in Edinburgh society at this time—one of Monreith, the other of Springkell. I have failed to ascertain which of them acted as Ramsay's second.

that have so greatly altered the original appearance of the abbey church and palace of Holyroodhouse.

First, about the church, whereof nothing now remains but a gaunt and roofless ruin of the nave west of the crossing. The buttresses which stand out so conspicuously were part of the work of Abbot Crawfurd, who wrought great changes in the fabric and did much to enrich it. The flying buttresses which connected the outer buttresses with the clerestory probably disappeared when Lord Hertford wrecked the church in 1544 and (as Protector Somerset) in 1547. Anyhow, the Reformation completed the ruin of what ought to have been cherished as the very shrine and treasure-house of Scottish nationality.

In 1581 Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, being Commendator of the Abbey, was taken to task by the General Assembly for allowing the building (which had been made the parish church of the Canongate) to fall into disrepair. He defended himself by saying that

> the Abbay Kirk of Halyrudhous, quhilk hath been, thir twentie yeris by gane, ruinous through decay of twa principall pillars,[1] sa that nane was assurit [safe] under it; and twa thousand pounds bestowit upon it wald not be sufficient to ease men to the hearing of the Word and ministration of the Sacraments. But with thar consent [of the General Assembly] and help of ane established authoritie, he wes purposed to provide the means that the superfluous ruinous pairts, to wit, the Queir and Croce Kirk [choir and transepts] micht be disponed to faithfull men to repaire the remanent sufficiently.

[1] The two western piers of the crossing.

DOORWAY REMAINING FROM THE OLD ABBEY OF HOLYROOD.

So down went King David's choir and transepts, and the nave was patched up to serve as a Presbyterian place of worship.

The next outrage that was wrought upon the building was the demolition of the south-west tower of the west front to enable Sir William Bruce to carry out his plan for the reconstruction of the palace in 1674–79. The Duke of York took up his abode in the new palace in 1679 as Lord High Commissioner; afterwards, as King James VII. and II., he ordained, in December 1687, that the abbey church should be reconstituted as the chapel royal and chapel of the Knights of the Thistle, and adapted for worship according to the Roman ritual. All was to be ready by 1st May 1688, and probably was so; but by that time James had to look after his own safety; and the landing of William of Orange in November 1688 roused the populace of Edinburgh to wreak their vengeance on the palace and the abbey church, as recorded in an earlier chapter. Recent excavations, undertaken by the Office of Works, have disclosed the foundations of a curious small church of the Saxon period underlying the site of King David's choir. Numerous stone coffins, containing well-preserved skulls and bones, were found within this older church.

The final wreck took place in 1758 when the abbey church, no longer in use as a parish church, but retaining the name of chapel royal, was pronounced to be unsafe for any purpose. The Barons

of Exchequer, apparently without seeking advice from any competent architect, directed that a new roof should be put upon the old walls. This was done, with the result that on the night of 2nd December 1768 the walls gave way and the roof crashed down, drawing with it the whole of the vaulting and clerestory. Next morning the rabble swarmed in once more: the royal tombs were rifled afresh (Captain Grose records how he saw the bones flung about), and the abbey church became what we see it—a forlorn monument alike of the piety and the chequered fortunes of the Scottish kings.

Now that religious animosities have become softened, it is natural that a general wish should have found expression for the restoration of the chapel royal, or at least its redemption from the present gaunt and desolate condition. When Ronald, eleventh Earl of Leven and tenth Earl of Melville, died in 1906 he left a very large sum of money in trust for that purpose; but it was found impossible to apply it as he desired; so frail was the structure remaining that the walls could not be trusted to support a roof. The church would have had to be rebuilt almost from the foundations; wherefore all that could be done was to arrest further decay.

As for the palace, in a former chapter its history has been traced until the destruction of most of it by fire during the Cromwellian occupation. Cromwell caused it to be rebuilt—after a fashion. John Nicoll records in 1659 (the year after Cromwell's

HOLYROOD ABBEY CHURCH: PART OF THE CLOISTER ARCADE.

death) that "the hole foir-work . . . quhilk was brint in November 1650, was compleitly biggit up."[1] Probably the new building was far from satisfactory, for in 1671 Sir William Bruce of Balcaskie, Surveyor General, received orders to prepare plans for a new palace. These plans, unfortunately, have not been preserved; but Bruce's contracts with Robert Mylne, the king's master mason in Scotland, show that the Cromwellian west front was pulled down and rebuilt, with a south-west tower corresponding to that of James IV. on the north-west. Behind this front was erected the existing quadrangle of apartments, a fair specimen of Scottish Jacobean architecture, but not so fair as Bruce would have made it had the Lords of the Treasury not interfered. "His Majesty," they wrote, "thinks the way proposed for the inner court would be very noble, but he will not go to that charge; and therefore his pleasure is that it be plain ashlar, as the front is, with table divisions for storeys."

The effect of the Union in 1707 was to leave Holyroodhouse a silent and solitary memorial of the past, to be wakened into life and movement only by the annual visit of the Lord High Commissioner—no longer Commissioner to Parliament, with its sumptuous "ridings" and ceremonial state, but to the more sombre General Assembly of the

[1] This refers, not to James IV.'s "foir-werk," which was the gate-house at the foot of the Canongate, but to the western façade of the palace.

Established Church. A flash of its former gaiety and importance returned in 1745 with Prince Charles Edward's brief triumph; but for forty years after the star of the Stuarts had set for ever, little care was bestowed upon the palace, except upon those apartments assigned to the Dukes of Hamilton as Hereditary Keepers of Holyroodhouse. Neglect and damp had set their mark upon walls and ceilings; but all was hastily furbished up in 1795 to provide refuge for the Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X. of France). Just as our royal Stuarts were received to shelter in France when adversity overtook them, so now was protection afforded to the heir of the Bourbons in the palace of the Scottish kings. He lived there for four years, and we learn from the journal of Elizabeth Lady Holland why it was an abode peculiarly convenient for him. "Holyroodhouse," she wrote when on a visit to Edinburgh, "is at the bottom of the eminence upon which the habitable residences are now placed. The royal apartments have been modestly fitted up for the reception of the poor vagrant *Monsieur*, who is not only compelled to seek an asylum in Great Britain, but is also necessitated to keep within the precincts of the palace, as his royalty is of no avail against his creditors." Luckily for the Count, and for many others who availed themselves of "sanctuary" in Holyrood, "the precincts of the palace" included the whole of the spacious royal park adjoining it, within which they were secure from arrest.

THE CANONGATE TOLBOOTH.

Charles was again an inmate of Holyroodhouse from October 1830 to September 1832, not this time as a nobleman seeking asylum from his creditors, but as the dethroned and exiled King of France. No objection was raised by clergy or people on either of these occasions to the Roman Catholic rites which were regularly celebrated within the palace.

The privilege of girth or sanctuary was one claimed and exercised by many churches in the Middle Ages, being secured to them by canon law; but it did not extend beyond the immediate precincts of the ecclesiastical or monastic buildings. In the case of Holyrood Abbey, however, the right of sanctuary was specifically conveyed in the original charter by David I., and included the whole of the royal park. It was subject only to a limitation obliging the abbot to do justice upon fugitive criminals. At the foot of the Canongate once stood the Girth Cross, close to the Water Gate. The "girth" is still marked by a line of stones set in the roadway; and of old any malefactor who succeeded in crossing that line was free from the civil power. This privilege having become the means for much flagrant evasion of justice, it was enacted by a parliament of James III. that persons guilty of "forethocht" felony—that is, of deliberate crime—should cease to enjoy sanctuary, but must be delivered to the sheriff's summons. No doubt this was done with the concurrence of the Church, for the bishops and abbots, being peers of Parliament in the fifteenth century, were quite strong

enough to resist infringement upon any rights which it was in their interest to retain; but it may easily be understood how undesirable had become the obligation to receive into sanctuary any ruffian who managed to set foot within the girth.

Bower describes in his *Scotichronicon* an exciting episode in connection with the sanctuary of Holyrood. In 1337 Edinburgh Castle was garrisoned by the troops of Edward III. A certain Scot named Robert Prendergast, having killed the English marshal and three of his soldiers, fled to Holyrood Abbey, rang the bell, and was admitted to sanctuary.[1] A party of English soldiers pursued him into the church; but, finding him on his knees before the altar, dared not lay hands upon him. They therefore posted sentries round him, with orders to prevent either food or drink reaching him, and to prevent him sleeping by poking him with long goads. For twelve days the fellow remained there, supported by food which the sacrist managed to let down to him through the roof while the brethren were at lauds; until at last, bringing two of the canons with him to bear a hand, he let down a strong rope, which the fugitive fastened round him and was hauled up. They then dressed him as a canon, took him out walking early next morning and set him free.[2]

Little by little the catalogue of offences to which

[1] The Sanctuary Bell may still be seen on the door of Durham Cathedral.

[2] *Scotichronicon*, lxiii. c. 42.

GORDON HOUSE, CASTLE HILL.

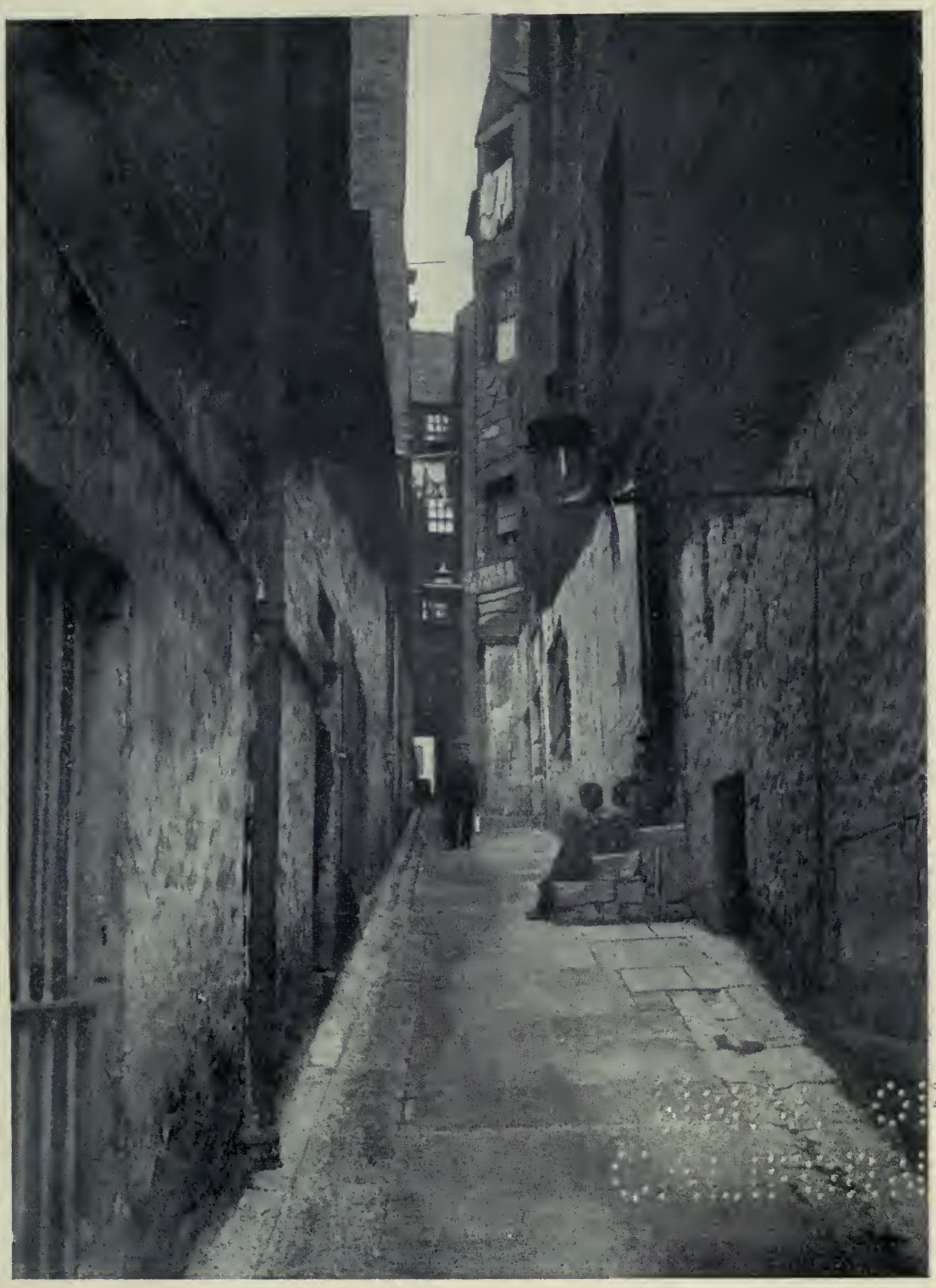
the privilege of sanctuary applied was curtailed, until at last it afforded protection only to defaulting debtors. That class of unfortunates continued to avail themselves of it until 1880, when Parliament abolished imprisonment for debt. They used chiefly to occupy certain old houses, demolished in 1857, in St Ann's Yards on the south side of the palace, and they were popularly known as the "Abbey Lairds." As the "girth" included the whole of the royal park, they did not suffer from confinement.

The picturesque qualities of the Old Town have been grievously impaired through *la rage du mieux* during the last sixty years. At least two-thirds of the ancient "lands" and other buildings have been swept away within that period; and although one cannot blame the City Fathers for their energy in dealing with a congested district of slums, one sighs for the want of a little more discrimination in the treatment of a region teeming with historic associations. A new Board School stands on the site of the fine mansion of the Duke of Gordon, who defended the Castle for James VII. and II. in 1689; Mary of Guise's palace has had to make way for the United Free Church College. And so on. But let us not grumble; matters might be far worse. In no other town of the United Kingdom can one saunter so far amid so much old-world building as one may do between the Castle Hill and Holyroodhouse. The Bowhead group, beloved of artists, disappeared, alas! in 1878; but there still remain such delectable edifices

as Moray House, now fitted with a new lodge and equipped as a training college for teachers, and Lady Stair's House, in the court behind Gladstone's land. The latter is the last remaining specimen of an arcaded house, once a prevalent form of building in the Old Town. It was acquired by Lord Rosebery in 1895, restored by him and presented to the city in 1907. It is well that stucco and yellow brick, which have imparted such dreariness to many renewals in London, have never found any favour with Edinburgh architects. Many of the new buildings in the Old Town are of admirable design, and all of them possess the dignity which can only be obtained through the use of good stone. Of that material Edinburgh builders will never feel the want until the famous quarries of Craigleith have been worked out.

One may neither repine at reform so salutary, so sanitary, nor withhold sympathy from the spirit in which Sir David Wilson apostrophised the renovated Church of St Giles:

> "Old fashions have gone by,
> And superstitions, even of the heart.
> Thyself hast changed some wrinkles for a smart
> New suit of modern fashion. To my eye
> The old one best beseemed thee; yet the more
> Cling I to what remains—the soul of yore."



LADY STAIR CLOSE.

X

THERE is no town in the United Kingdom, equal in size to Edinburgh, wherein the frontier between old and new—between the past and the present—is so abrupt and clearly defined. The growth of cities is usually effected by the demolition of old buildings and the absorption of new suburbs. Paris, as we know it, is not the capital of the Valois, of the Bourbon, or of the First Empire; and in London the prevailing leasehold system is the agent of change, less swift, but not less sure and sweeping, than the hand of Hausmann, few—very few—houses enduring from century to century. But in Old Edinburgh the usual tenure was by feu, which practically meant perpetuity of possession;[1] consequently, when people of means began migrating to the New Town, the feuars owning "lands" simply looked out for tenants of a humbler class without pulling down the exist-

[1] The town of Greenock is built chiefly on feus granted by the superior who, some hundred years ago, was Sir Michael Shaw Stewart of Greenock and Blackhall. The duration of these feus is limited to 999 years, which did not satisfy one applicant, who pled for perpetuity. "But surely, my good sir," said Sir Michael, "999 years is practically perpetuity." "I'm no sae sure o' that," enjoined the other; "a thoosand years soon slips awa'!"

ing buildings. It must be confessed that, as a consequence, the greater part of the ancient burgh lapsed into a slum district, of more imposing aspect, indeed, than similar tracts in other towns, but equally objectionable from a sanitary point of view. This condition of things accentuated the contrast between the crowded ranks of houses on the "tail o' the crag" and the spruce and spacious town which sprang up on the north side of the valley; and that contrast is still impressive, despite the degree in which it has been modified by removals and improvements in the Old Town insisted on by an energetic Town Council.

It ought not to be forgotten, by the way, that when the people of Edinburgh and their rural neighbours[1] talk affectionately of the city as "Auld Reekie," they employ a sobriquet coined long before the roofs and chimneys of the New Town interfered with the view which dwellers on the Fife coast enjoyed of the Castle and the clustering buildings to the east thereof. According to Robert Chambers,[2] the name was first conferred by James Durham of Largo, a country gentlemen of Fife and a famous golfer in the latter half of the eighteenth century,

[1] "This, then, is Edinburgh?" said the youth, as the fellow-travellers arrived at one of the heights to the southward, which commanded a view of the great northern capital—"This is that Edinburgh of which we have heard so much?"—"Even so," said the falconer; "yonder stands Auld Reekie—you may see the smoke hover over her at twenty miles distance, as the goss-hawk hangs over a plump of young wild-duck" (*The Abbot*, chap. xviii.).

[2] Partner in the firm of W. & R. Chambers, publishers, founded in 1818, and author of *Traditions of Edinburgh*.

DOORWAY IN LADY STAIR CLOSE.

who "was in the habit of regulating the time of evening worship by the appearance of the smoke of Edinburgh. When it increased in density in consequence of the good folk preparing supper, he would say: 'It is time noo, bairns, to tak to the buiks and gang to our beds, for yonder's Auld Reekie, I see, putting on her nightcap.'"

The contrast between the Old Town, with its malodorous closes and dimly lighted wynds, and the spacious squares and ample streets of the New Town is heightened by the magnificent building material which architects had at command in the quarry of Craigleith. With what flutters of content must a family of fashion have settled down in one of the airy mansions of Princes Street or George Square, with wide windows that one might throw open without admitting noxious effluvia from accumulated garbage. Instead of the inconvenience, noise, and dirt inseparable from a common entry, here every private house had its own front door, opening, too, upon a broad street, well-paved, well-swept, and well-lighted, with gutters sunk discreetly out of sight, and sewerage, a refinement unknown, if not undreamt of, in the Old Town, fulfilling its humble function underground.

But the city—oh the city—the square with the houses! why,
They are stone-faced, white as a curd, *there's* something to take the eye!
Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry.

This striking contrast in environment was not more strange than that which continued prevalent for

many years to come in social life, among the men, at least, belonging to the upper and middle ranks of society—the contrast between high intellectual purpose and achievement on the one hand, and the habitual drenching and nullifying the faculties with strong drink on the other. Strange that so *stupid* a habit should have gained such ascendancy over a community wherein learning and letters had found such a congenial soil. For it is the case that a very high intellectual standard had been attained in Edinburgh before the end of the century. Allan Ramsay's Select Society had been reconstituted in 1755 as the Society for Encouraging Art, Science, and Industry, and justified its assumption of the more sonorous title by the range of its activity and the attainments of many of its members. It might be claiming too much to affirm that the general tone of society was intellectual; but there was undoubtedly, towards the close of the eighteenth century and during the first quarter of the nineteenth, a singularly strong leaven of intellectual enthusiasm. To name some of those who have contributed distinction to the Scottish capital is attended with the certainty of omitting others equally deserving of mention; but the risk of doing so must be taken, even though space be lacking for more than a very few. Adam Smith's is a name still revered in economic, as Dugald Stewart's is in moral, philosophy. Robert Adam, with his brother William, founded a school of exquisite design, to which present-day architects are

"AULD REEKIE": VIEW OF EDINBURGH FROM ST ANTHONY'S CHAPEL.

From a drawing by Alexander Blaikley.

not ashamed to pay revived allegiance. The paintings of Henry Raeburn have, of late, found recognition beyond the frontiers of Scotland: English and American dealers are tumbling over each other in feverish anxiety to secure his works at fabulous prices.[1] If those who controlled the University allowed the classics to wane, they fostered the training initiated by Alexander Monro, until Edinburgh came to be regarded as the Mecca of medical science. The literary impulse set in motion by Allan Ramsay acquired momentum, imparting a distinct, if varying, tone to each succeeding generation. A taste was developed which required more stimulating food than treatises on law and books of sermons, which at first had been the staple output of the Edinburgh press. For many years after the Union it had been hopeless for anyone to live by literature. James Thomson of *The Seasons* tried it and, failing, hied him off to London in 1725, whither his friend David

[1] The following incident may serve to illustrate the manner in which the caprice of fashion affects the esteem accorded to an artist's work:—In or about the year 1900 a Royal Academician asked me whether I could assist him in finding some good work for the winter exhibition at Burlington House. I told him that if he came down to Scotland I would show him, in a neighbour's house, the most beautiful painting by Raeburn known to me—a lovely lady, full length, in a white dress and sky-blue pelisse. He came and saw the picture, pronounced it pretty—"yes, quite a pretty thing, but hardly up to our standard." Ten or twelve years later, I happened to meet my friend in a country house, and enjoyed a mild satisfaction in showing him a letter from the owner of the picture, asking my advice whether he should accept a firm offer of 10,000 guineas for it, or run the chance of the market at Christie's.

Malloch[1] had preceded him two years before. Nor had prospects improved for the craft of quill-drivers in 1739, when Tobias Smollet set off for the south with the manuscript of a play in his pocket; but fifty years wrought a remarkable change for the better. It was in 1787 that Robert Burns came from the westland to seek recognition in Edinburgh as something more than a rustic rhymester. He had, indeed, already published by subscription a volume of verse in 1786, the edition consisting of 614 copies, which yielded him the modest profit of £20;[2] but when he proposed that his publisher, John Wilson of Kilmarnock, should prepare to issue a second edition, that wary person declined to do so unless Burns would pay £27 in advance for the paper. In a happy hour for himself and for his country, Burns was persuaded to try his luck in Edinburgh; where, through the good offices of the Earl of Glencairn, he found a more enterprising publisher in the person of William Creech, a notable character, who had acquired the business originally founded by Allan Ramsay the elder. Meanwhile, Henry Mackenzie—"the Man of Feeling"—had "discovered" the young Ayrshire ploughman, and published an enthusiastic review of the Kilmarnock volume in the *Lounger*.

[1] Known among British poets as "Mallet," because, as he told Professor Ker, "there is not one Englishman that can pronounce 'Malloch.'"

[2] This little volume now ranks as one of the rarest and most highly coveted prizes of the bibliophile. As much as £500 has been given for a copy in recent years.

THE NEW TOWN FROM THE NORTH-WEST, *c.* 1820.
From Shepherd's *Modern Athens.*

THE NEW TOWN FROM RAMSAY GARDENS, *c.* 1820.

Now it is to the credit, not only of Mackenzie's literary *flaire*, but also of his courage, that he should have pronounced such warm encomium upon *Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*; because, ever since the Union in 1707, educated Scotsmen and Scotswomen had been striving, without much success, we hear, to acquire an English accent. "We who live in Scotland," wrote Dr James Beattie to Lord Glenbervie, "are obliged to study English like a dead language which we can understand, but cannot speak. Our style smells of the lamp: we are slaves of the language, and are continually afraid of committing gross blunders." Here, then, was not only a poet who, like Dante, was not ashamed to write in his mother tongue, but also a critic who descried the precious kernel in the unfashionable rind, and, as was presently to appear, a public ready to be thrilled, stirred or tickled, ready also to buy a considerable number of the poet's works.

It came to pass, therefore, that Burns, fresh from the ploughland of Mossgiel, found himself suddenly the subject of all that fashionable society could offer him in hospitality and entertainment. Walter Scott, who had just been entered as a writer's apprentice,[1] met Burns but once. The occasion was as notable in literature as the single interview between Nelson and Arthur Wellesley at the Colonial Office was in the profession of arms; for just as Wellesley in 1805

[1] In Scottish legal terminology a "writer" is the equivalent of a solicitor in English. Scott was apprenticed to his father.

was the mere "Sepoy general" of Napoleon's taunt, with all the glories of the Peninsula and Waterloo still below the horizon, so the hour had not yet struck when the fount of poetry and romance should begin to flow from the laboratory of the Wizard of the North. "As for Burns," Scott wrote to Lockhart in after years:

As for Burns, I may truly say *Virgilium vidi tantum.* I was a lad of fifteen in 1786–7, when he first came to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him; but I had very little acquaintance with literary people, and still less with the gentry of the west country, the two sets that he most frequented. Mr Thomas Grierson was at that time a clerk of my father's. He knew Burns, and promised to ask him to his lodgings to dinner, but had no opportunity to keep his word, otherwise I might have seen more of this distinguished man. As it was, I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Ferguson's,[1] where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr Dugald Stewart. Of course we youngsters sate silent—looked and listened. The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns's manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side, on the other his widow with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath:—

Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery baptised in tears.

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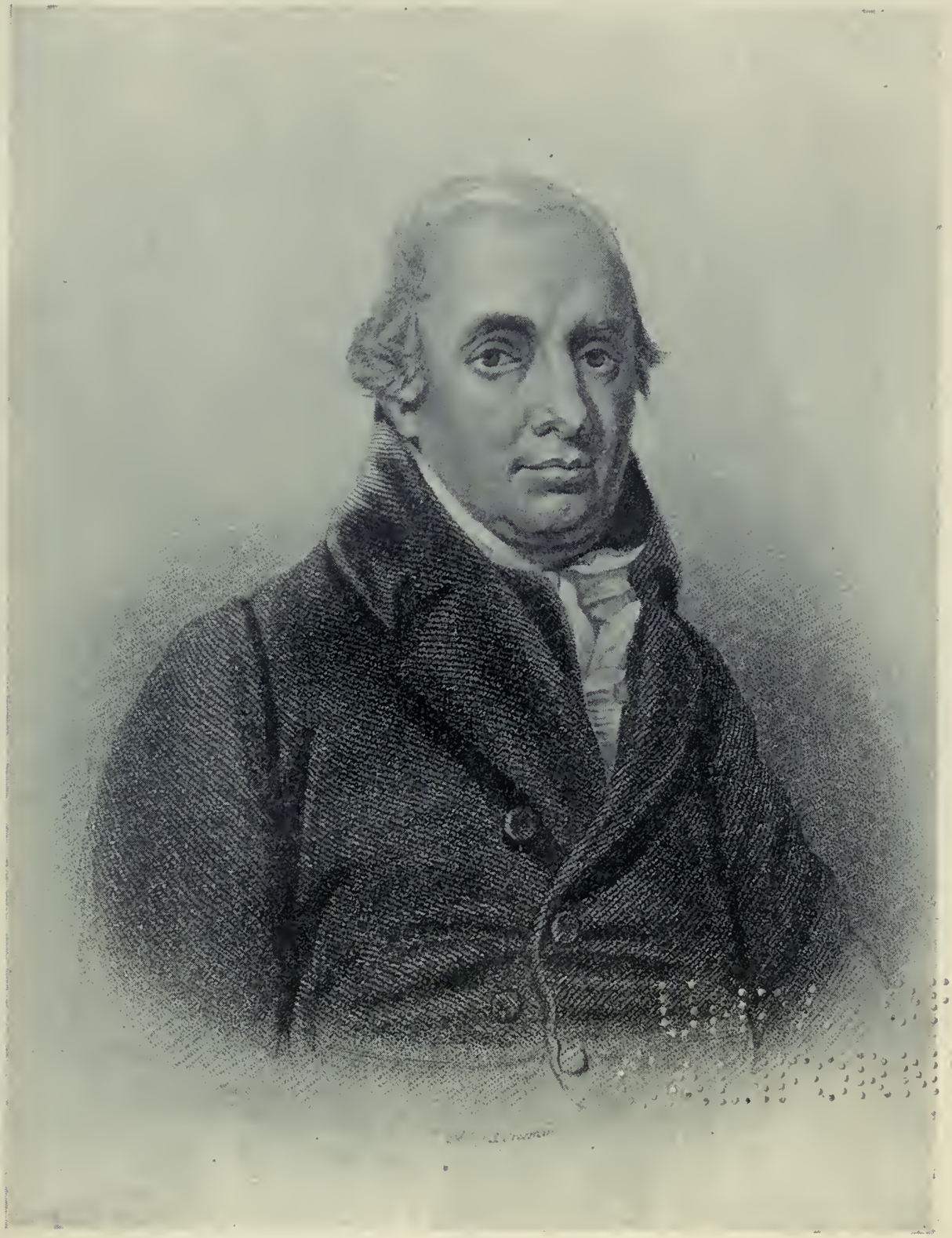
[1] Adam Ferguson (1723–1816), Professor of Philosophy in Edinburgh University.



DUGALD STEWART (1753–1828), PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

From an engraving by Freeman.

Burns seemed much affected by the print . . . he actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising title of *The Justice of the Peace.* I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received and still recollect with very great pleasure.[1]

Scott mentions the "sets" which diversified Edinburgh society. No doubt it is the inevitable tendency of every community to segregate into sets; but, taking it as a whole, it might be difficult to find a parallel in any modern city equal in size to Edinburgh at the close of the eighteenth century, when the Old and New Town together numbered less than 65,000 inhabitants, to the considerable proportion of its citizens whose names are remembered with distinction in divinity, jurisprudence, philosophy, medicine, natural science, the fine arts, and literature. Yet, as has been said above, one cannot peruse the annals of those days without a sense of disgust at the almost universal Worship of the Bottle. The bibulous habits of the clergy and the judges have received mention in a previous chapter; but hard drinking was not confined to them. Probably there is no public official upon whom, in a modern city, it is more incumbent to keep his head clear than the head of the police. Captain James Burnet, the last commander of the City Guard, seems to have been held exempt from any such

[1] Lockhart's *Life of Scott,* i. 136.

obligation. This worthy weighed 19 stone; we are indebted to the etcher John Kay for a portrait of him, and to the antiquary James Maidment, who edited two volumes of Kay's *Portraits* in 1837–38, for a good deal of curious biographical information about the subjects. Here is what we are told about the official chiefly responsible for keeping order in the capital:

> Few men of his time enjoyed their bottle with greater zest than Captain Burnet: and at the civic feasts, with which those palmy times abounded, no one did greater execution with the knife and fork. He seldom retired with less than two bottles under his belt, and that, too, without at all deranging the order of his upper story. "Two and a half here!" was a frequent exclamation, as he clapped his hand on his portly paunch.[1]

The aforesaid John Kay merits mention among the notables of Edinburgh by reason of the curious light thrown by his art upon the manners and appearance of people of all ranks and various occupations. We owe gratitude to Raeburn and other painters for the fine portraits which enrich the Edinburgh Parliament House, the public galleries, and many private houses throughout the country; such portraits are faithful likenesses of those persons who could afford to sit to the leading artists in their best clothes and in dignified or romantic attitudes; but Kay applied himself to

> Shoot folly as it flies,
> And catch the manners living as they rise.

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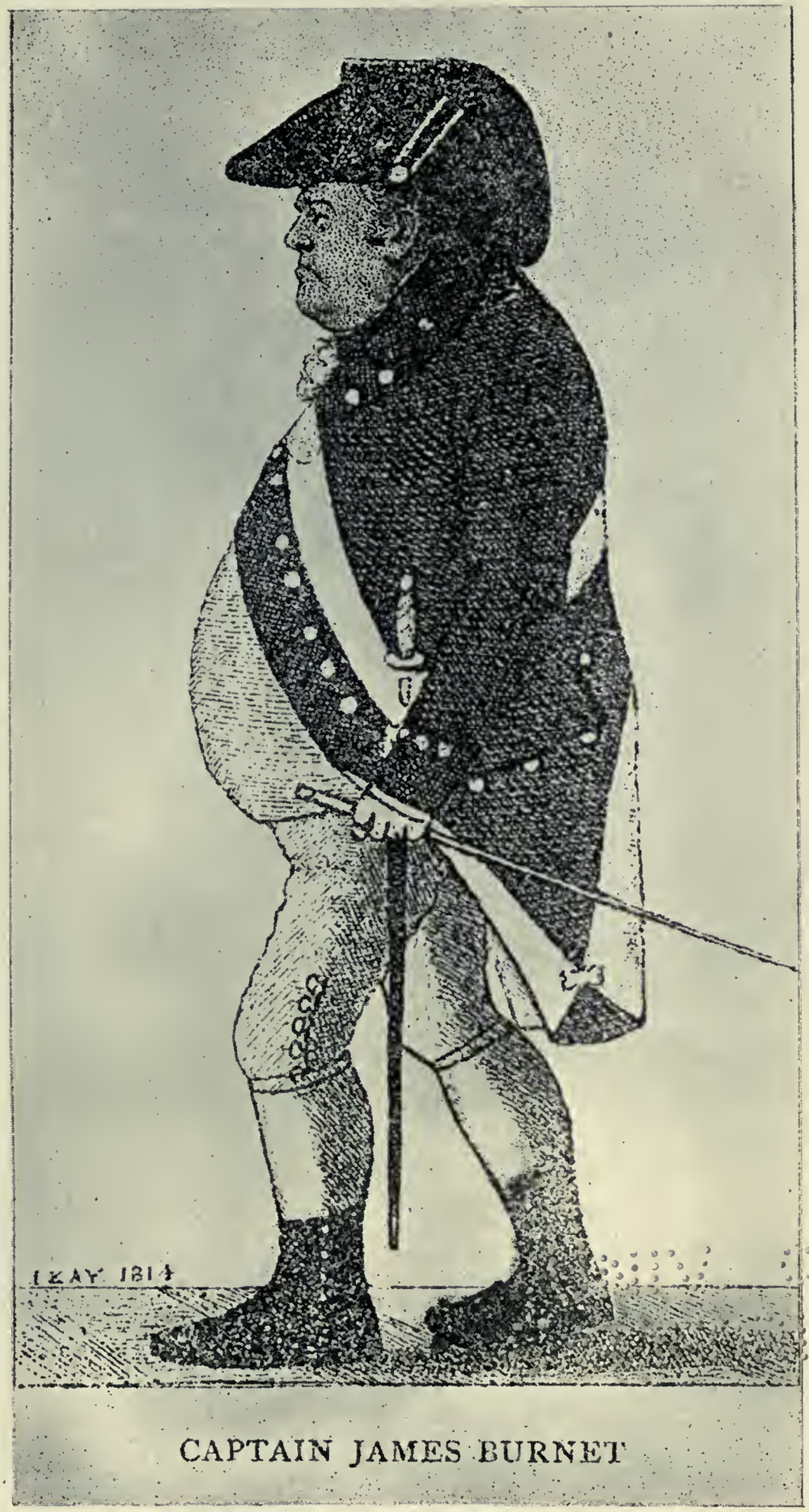
[1] Kay's *Portraits*, ii. 85.



COMMANDER OF THE CITY GUARD.

From Kay's *Edinburgh Portraits.*

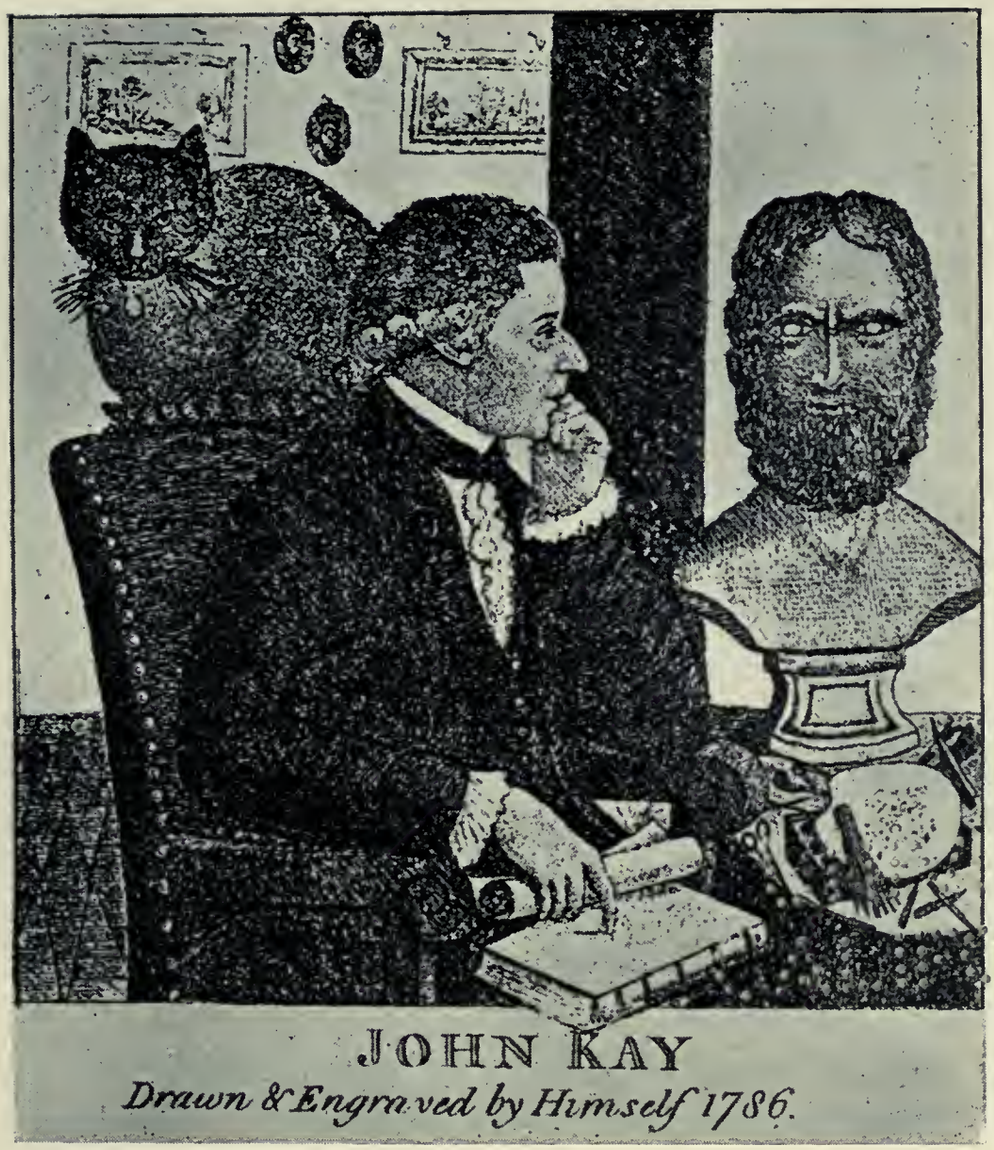
The son of a working mason, Kay was apprenticed to a barber in Dalkeith and started business on his own account in Edinburgh in 1771. He practised drawing in his leisure time, attracting considerable notice by the quaintness of his portraits and caricatures, and eventually gave up the barber's trade in 1786 and took to etching in earnest. Being entirely self-taught, Kay's work is of negligible artistic merit, but quite invaluable to the historian. His caricatures are entirely free from the grossness and vulgarity of his English contemporaries Gillray and Rowlandson, and there is no doubt that, had he received early training, his natural gift would have enabled him to take high rank among portrait painters. His diligence was incessant; it is recorded that he etched about nine hundred plates, among which was the only authentic likeness of Adam Smith. Nearly every figure of note in Edinburgh at that period is represented in the series, except Robert Burns.

One more character remains to claim notice before quitting the Old Town, to wit, William Creech, publisher, whose house stood at the east end of the row of lofty buildings on the north side of St Giles's Church. "Standing," says Lord Cockburn, "in the very tideway of our business, it became the natural resort of lawyers, authors, and all sorts of literary allies who were always buzzing about the convenient hive."[1] Creech, the son of the minister of Newbattle

[1] Lord Cockburn's *Memorials*, p. 169.

by an English mother, possessed social and intellectual qualities, and his breakfast parties, known as Creech's levees, became a feature of Edinburgh life as well marked as, in later years, those of Samuel Rogers in London. Witty in speech and natty in attire, he succeeded better as a host than as a man of business. His dilatory habits in settling accounts brought him into bitter conflict with Robert Burns, to whom, in the end, he paid £500 for the second edition of his poems, though Burns declared it should have been £1100. Creech became Lord Provost in 1811–13, and, dying a bachelor, his business was acquired by Constable.

After the soreness consequent on the Union had died out with the generation which fought that question to a finish, party politics held a very subordinate place in the life of the citizens of Edinburgh. It has been explained in a former chapter how little even the Jacobite rising affected the personal relations between the adherents of Stuart and Guelph. But the upheaval of the French Revolution brought that condition of things to an end, and set Whig and Tory in as bitter antagonism in Edinburgh as they had ever been elsewhere. Hitherto all patronage had rested with the Tories, a dispensation which, while it attracted recruits to support of the Government, certainly engendered discontent in those who held liberal opinions. Overt hostility between parties was kindled by certain resolutions passed at a meeting of Edinburgh Whigs in December 1795. They not

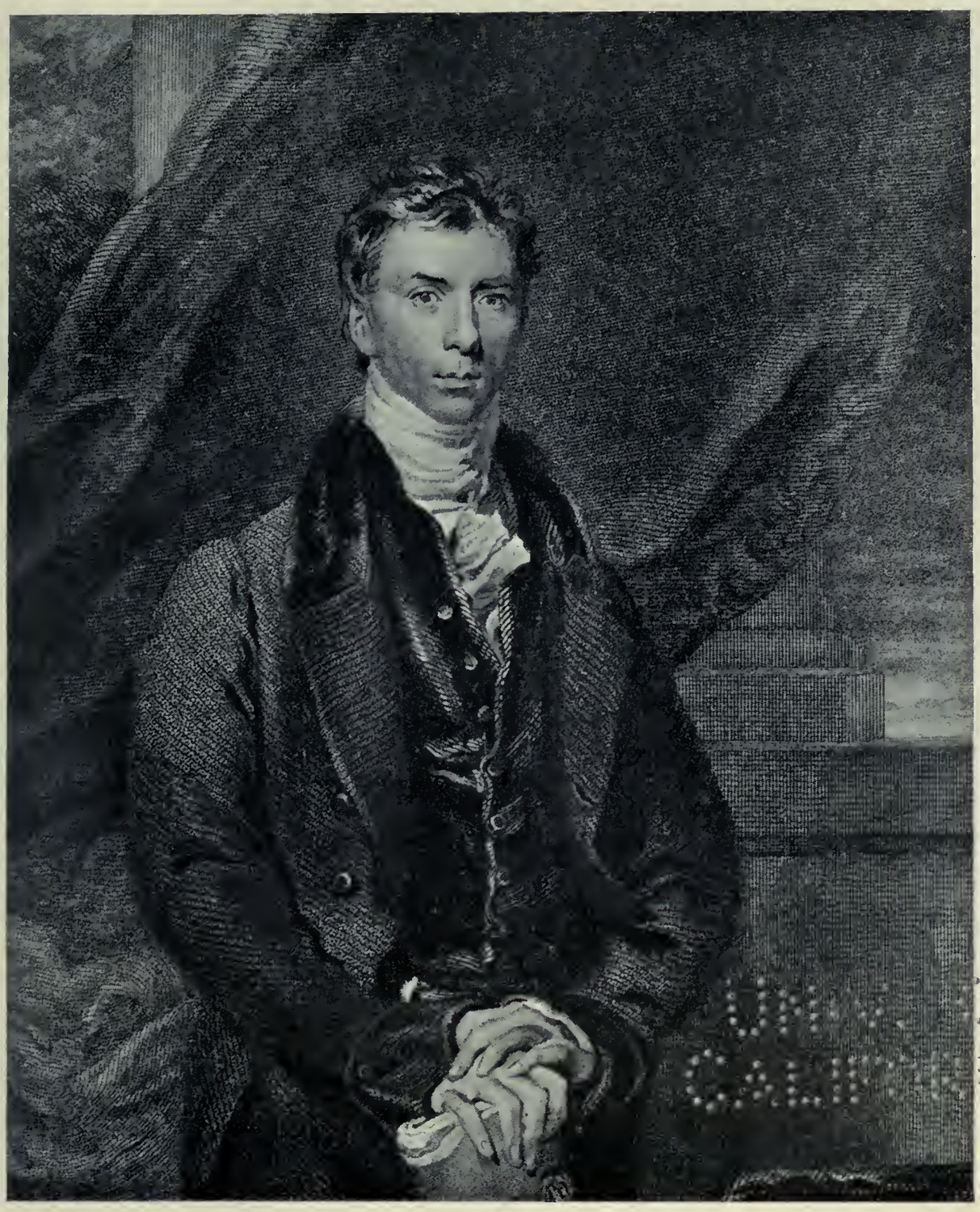


From Kay's *Edinburgh Portraits.*

only protested against the bills which had been framed to deal with seditious meetings and treasons, but they went on to denounce the war with France. The chairman of this meeting was the Hon. Henry Erskine, Dean of Faculty, who had held office as Lord Advocate in the brief coalition government of 1783. He was an exceedingly handsome man, a brilliant pleader, and a great favourite both with the members of the Bar and the public in general; but it was determined to mark disapproval of the sentiments he had endorsed by presiding at the said meeting. Erskine, his Whiggery notwithstanding, had been re-elected Dean of Faculty—head of the Scottish Bar—in ten successive years. In January 1796 Robert Dundas of Arniston was elected by 123 votes against only 38 given for Erskine. The incident marked a fresh phase in the society of the Scottish capital. The Scottish Whigs, ranging themselves under so capable and eloquent a leader, became henceforward a well-organised body, destined to wield important influence upon the course of legislation. Erskine gathered round him a little knot of lieutenants—Francis Jeffrey, Henry Brougham, Sydney Smith, and Francis Horner—who, to borrow an American phrase, soon "made things hum." But the three last deserted Edinburgh for the more stirring battlefield in the south, not, however, before they had aided Jeffrey in founding the *Edinburgh Review*, whereof the first number was published on 10th October 1802. The concern met with signal

success from the outset. Although founded and controlled by a quartette of young Whigs, and although Brougham contributed three articles to the first number, the political tone of the *Review* was so moderate that Walter Scott wrote pretty frequently for it, until in the autumn of 1808 appeared an article condemning the expedition to the Peninsula, which helped to decide him in severing connection with it. Helped to decide him, I say; for a bitter review of *Marmion*, written by Jeffrey, had appeared in the previous year, taunting Scott as writing for pelf. "Constable," wrote Scott to his brother Thomas, "or rather that Bear, his partner, has behaved by me of late not very civilly, and I owe Jeffrey a flap with a foxtail on account of his review of *Marmion*, and thus doth the whirligig of time bring about my revenges." "The *Edinburgh Review*," he wrote to Constable, who published it from the Canongate Press, "*had* become such as to render it impossible for me to become a contributor to it; *now* it is such as I can no longer continue to receive or read it."

The immediate result was the foundation of the *Quarterly Review*, John Murray travelling down from London to secure Scott's co-operation, which was enthusiastically given. But the *Quarterly* was a London periodical: it was not till 1817 that *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* made its appearance as a monthly, "something not so ponderous, more nimble, more frequent, more familiar," the youthful champion and challenger of the giant Jeffrey in his



HENRY BROUGHAM, AFTERWARDS LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX.

Engraved by Henry Robinson after Sir T. Lawrence.

own city. All three of these periodicals are still in vigorous existence; although the considerable power once wielded by the quarterlies has been usurped by the London and provincial daily papers, acting upon an immensely increased electorate. *Blackwood's Magazine* deserves a tribute of esteem in passing. Although still a champion of the Conservative principle in politics, it no longer maintains the highly polemic note with which it made the welkin ring in the early days of Lockhart, Christopher North, and the Ettrick Shepherd; but it is notable, not merely as a unique instance of a half-crown monthly being successfully conducted by a single firm of publishers for close upon one hundred years, but because of the high literary quality which it has maintained throughout its long life. The scrupulous care which the editors of "Maga" have exercised so successfully in admitting none but good material to their pages has occasionally erred on the side of strictness. Thackeray, for instance, about 1840, offered Alexander Blackwood the manuscript of the *Great Hoggarty Diamond* and *The Roundabout Papers*; both of which were declined, and Thackeray never gave Blackwood another chance of refusal. Alexander's nephew, the late Mr William Blackwood, who succeeded to the editor's chair, told me that he had received and declined first offers from R. L. Stevenson, S. R. Crockett, and Sir James Barrie.

But the spirit which pervades and ennobles the literary atmosphere of Edinburgh is that of Sir

Walter Scott. Not without just cause is the monument to his memory the most conspicuous object in the principal street of the capital which he knew and loved so well; for he it was who first revealed Scotland not only to the outside world, but to her own sons. Even the late Mr Leslie Stephen, one of Scott's less kindly critics,[1] had to admit that "Scott is one of the last great English writers whose influence extended beyond his island and gave a stimulus to the development of European thought,"[2] though he pronounces that influence undesirable and the stimulus transient. "His books," says Mr Stephen, "are addressed entirely to the everyday mind."[3] How, we rejoin, could they have been more fruitfully addressed? If he did not fill his pages with spiritual fumblings of doubting Christians, with murky tangles of the sex problem or with maunderings of introspective maidens, he breathed into many a landscape stirring association for myriads of his countrymen for whom it had no meaning before. After all, it is the man, as much as the poet and novelist, whose shade beckons one perambulating the Old Town of Edinburgh. Deeply buried beneath Kemp's fine structure in Princes Street, which commemorates Scott and his work, is a plate engraved with a

[1] "It is hard to say it, and yet we fear it must be admitted, that the whole of those historical novels, which once charmed all men, and for which we have still a lingering affection, are rapidly converting themselves into mere débris of plaster of Paris" (*Hours in a Library*, First Series, p. 241).

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 222.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 234.

JAMES THOMSON: 1700–1748.

From the painting by J. Patoun in the National Portrait Gallery.

magniloquent inscription composed by Lord Jeffrey and fixed in the foundation-stone.[1] But it is upon the man, even more than upon his writings, that memory dwells most fondly, even in the third and fourth generation after those who lived beside him. How, then, may nobler elegy be spoken of him than by repeating those sentences of rugged old Thomas Carlyle?

It can be said of Scott, when he departed he took a man's life along with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of time. Alas! his fine Scotch face, with its shaggy honesty, sagacity and goodness, when we saw it latterly on the Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it, ploughed deep with labour and sorrow. We shall never forget it—we shall never see it again. Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen! take our proud and sad farewell.

Scott's novels were not all of the "buff jerkin" type, which Carlyle esteemed but lightly. In many of his chapters Edinburgh as he knew it is as faith-

[1] "This Graven Plate, deposited in the base of a votive building on the 15th day of August in the year of Christ 1840, and never likely to see the light again till all the surrounding structures have crumbled to dust by the decay of time, or by human or elemental violence, may then testify to a distant posterity that his countrymen began on that day to raise an effigy and architectural monument TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART., whose admirable writings were then allowed to have given more delight and suggested better feeling to a larger class of readers in every rank of society, than those of any other author, with the exception of Shakespeare alone, and which we therefore thought likely to be remembered long after this act of gratitude on the part of the first generation of his admirers should be forgotten.

He was born at Edinburgh, 15th August 1771,
And died at Abbotsford, 21st September 1832."

fully reflected as it might be in a contemporary diary. At the present time of writing, when the manhood of the nation has been drained to fill the ranks at the front, one may carry away from a visit to the metropolis an impression not very different, *mutatis mutandis*, from that described by Jonathan Oldbuck to Miss Wardour in *The Antiquary* on returning from Edinburgh where all men were preparing for Napoleon's threatened invasion:

> I called to consult my lawyer; he was clothed in a dragoon's dress, belted and casqued, and about to mount a charger which his clerk (habited as a sharp-shooter) walked to and fro before his door. I went to scold my agent for having sent me to advise with a madman; he had stuck into his head the plume which, in more sober days, he wielded between his fingers, and figured as an artillery officer. My mercer had his spontoon in his hand, as if he measured his cloth by that implement instead of a legitimate yard. The banker's clerk who was directed to sum my cash account, blundered it three times, being disordered by the recollection of his military tellings-off at the morning drill. I was ill, and sent for the surgeon—
>
> He came—but valour had so fired his eye,
> And such a falchion glittered on his thigh,
> That, by the gods, with such a load of steel,
> I thought he came to murder, not to heal.
>
> I had recourse to a physician, but he also was practising the more wholesale mode of slaughter than that which his profession had been supposed at all times to open to him.

News must have been as eagerly awaited by some —as tremulously by others—in those days as in the present time of an even greater war; but the time of waiting was far longer. The only newspaper published more than once a week in Edinburgh

was the *Evening Courant*, for printing which thrice a week the Town Council had issued a licence to James M'Ewan as long ago as 1718. The Napoleonic wars were over before the *Scotsman* was established as a weekly paper in January 1817, the price of each copy being 10d. (6d. for the paper and 4d. for the stamp). It was avowedly the mouthpiece of the Whig party, which had been gaining ground rapidly in the North since the beginning of the century, as the *Courant* had long been the champion of the Tories.

Matters now grew lively in journalism; the organs of the respective parties rivalling each other in rancour. *The Sentinel*, a Tory rag started in Glasgow as a counterblast to the *Scotsman*, having published a libellous article on Mr Stuart of Dunearn, the editor saved himself from an action for damages by giving up the name of the writer, who was Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, son of Johnson's biographer, founder of the Auchinleck press, and author of many charming songs. Stuart challenged him; they fought, and Sir Alexander was killed.

Many years had to pass before the provincial press of Great Britain acquired such dignity of tone as enables its editors now to enjoy reading with equanimity about the *Eatanswill Gazette*. In 1823 the *Scotsman* began to be published twice a week at the reduced price of 7d.; and in January 1855 the proprietors anticipated by six months the repeal of the stamp duty, and brought it out as the first daily newspaper in Scotland.

The Whigs came into their own when the Reform Act of 1832 allowed the middle class to express its views. Hitherto the Scottish representation in Parliament had been overwhelmingly Tory. Of the five-and-forty members for Scottish seats, only thirteen voted in support of the Bill of 1831. In the election which followed upon its rejection Edinburgh suffered as much from rioting and mob violence as any other place in the kingdom; nevertheless, the Tory Robert Dundas of Whiterigg defeated the Whig Lord Advocate Jeffrey. As a test of popular feeling this result must be admitted as unsatisfying, seeing that the constituency which elected the sole parliamentary representative of the Scottish capital consisted only of thirty-three members of the Town Council!

The second Bill was thrown out by the Lords in October, and agitation ran its dangerous course; but on 15th April 1832 there arrived in Edinburgh a coach bedecked with white ribbons and rosettes, having beaten all record by doing the journey of four hundred miles from London in thirty-six hours. Very different was the significance of these white ribbons from that of the Jacobite cockade, once so proudly flaunted in the Old Town. The news they brought was that the Lords had passed the third English Bill by a majority of nine. After that, the Whigs had it all their own way for a while. In the first reformed House of Commons the Scottish members could only muster nine against four-and-

WATERLOO PLACE, *c.* 1820.

From Shepherd's *Modern Athens.*

forty Ministerialists; and in Edinburgh, Dundas received but 1529 votes against 4028 recorded for Jeffrey and 3855 for Abercromby.

Nearly two centuries had run their course since Charles I. made his despairing effort to play off the Scottish Presbyterians against his Puritan Parliament, and visited Edinburgh in 1641 in pursuance thereof. Since that day no British monarch had set foot in the capital of Scotland. Even the outward emblems of sovereignty—the Crown, the Sceptre, and the Sword, composing the "Honours of Scotland," as the Regalia were termed of old—had been wholly lost sight of for one hundred and ten years. They lay unseen and forgotten in the oaken chest wherein they had been stowed away on 26th March 1707, when the Scottish Parliament rose from its last sitting. Forgotten, indeed, perhaps by all save one. The chest with its precious contents was locked up in the Crown Room of the Castle, and it was owing to the restless patriotism of Sir Walter Scott that they ever saw the light again. He was told that the Honours had been removed to England in the eighteenth century; indeed, he was shown in the Tower of London what was alleged to be the ancient Crown of Scotland. He was not satisfied, and begged the Prince Regent in 1815 to issue a commission empowered to enter the Crown Room in Edinburgh Castle and make a thorough search. Accordingly, ten commissioners were appointed in 1818, and on

4th February of that year, the door of the room was unlocked and the Honours were discovered in their silent resting-place. Sir Walter has gleefully recorded the incidents of the exhumation;[1] but he rested not until he succeeded in bringing the Prince to Edinburgh, after he had ascended the throne as George IV., and given Macaulay opportunity for a sneer by figging out his sovereign in full Highland costume. "King George," says Macaulay, "thought that he could not give a more striking proof of his respect for the usages which had prevailed in Scotland before the Union than by disguising himself in what, before the Union, was considered by nine Scotchmen out of ten as the dress of a thief." The cult of the kilt has its humorous points, especially when a Hanoverian monarch honours it in his own person; but a historian more generous than Macaulay might have lent recognition to all that had been done on many a stricken field to redeem the Highlanders from their cloudy past, and so to ennoble their graceful garb as to secure for it respect and honour in any European court.

Among other functions discharged by King George during his visit to Edinburgh in 1822 was laying the foundation-stone of a monument which has often puzzled strangers to understand. Far seen upon the Calton Hill stand twelve huge Doric pillars, recalling the Parthenon both in their design and situation. That masterpiece of Grecian architecture is precisely

[1] *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, vol. vii.

what it was intended to reproduce in the city whose inhabitants love to hear it spoken of as the Modern Athens. This building was designed to commemorate all the Scottish soldiers and sailors who had laid down their lives in the Napoleonic wars. The foundation-stone, weighing six tons, was laid amid salvoes from the Castle and a squadron in the Firth, and the intention was that the building when complete should be the Scottish *Invalides* or Valhalla. But, alas! the money to finish it could not be raised; the work was suspended after some £20,000 had been spent thereon. Perhaps it is an object more effective in the landscape than if the whole design had been carried out; but as a memorial monument it has failed in its purpose, for not one person in a thousand to whom it is a familiar feature knows what it means.

After the independence of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland had been won by a resolute nation, secured by the Act of Settlement in 1689 and confirmed by the Act of Union in 1707, there ensued a long period of reaction from the strife of creeds which had raged for more than one hundred years. In Edinburgh, as I have attempted to describe, the laity as a whole preserved, throughout the eighteenth century, a calm which has been interpreted as spiritual torpor; albeit that English visitors continued to be impressed by the maintenance, far stricter than in England, of the outward forms of religion—Sunday observance, church-going,

daily family worship, etc. There was plenty of controversy among the clergy, of course; but it revolved round ecclesiastical government rather than doctrinal subtleties, leading to the important secessions of 1733 and 1751.

Nevertheless, both the Act of Settlement and those sections of the Act of Union which dealt with the constitution of the Church of Scotland had been mined by the Act of 1711, which restored lay patronage, thereby violating and nullifying the solemn pledges which had been exacted for the spiritual independence of the Church. The mine was not laid secretly; it was prepared in the sight of all men. Formal protest against what had been done was made and renewed several times by resolutions of the General Assembly; a few clergy hived off in indignation, drawing with them enough of their flocks to found new sects; but the explosion was delayed until a much later time. When it did come it was of great violence.

Many and various were the forms of spiritual revival which took place after the close of the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars. Among other developments was the growing ascendancy of the Evangelicals (the High Fliers of the eighteenth century) over the Moderates in the General Assembly. The lay patrons of Scottish parishes had, as a rule, exercised discreetly the right of presenting ministers to the cure of souls. But the Evangelicals, had never acquiesced, as the Moderates had done,

ST GILES'S CHURCH: THE THISTLE CHAPEL.

in the restoration of patronage; wherefore, having obtained a majority in the General Assembly, they proceeded in 1834 to pass a Veto Act, declaring the indefeasible right of any congregation to make and sustain objection to the appointment of the patron's nominee; which Act, in the opinion of leading ecclesiastical lawyers, would be recognised by the Courts of Law as being within the legislative powers of the General Assembly. The presentation of a minister to the parish of Auchterarder by the Earl of Kinnoul, in the teeth of objection by five-sixths of the congregation, gave opportunity for a test case. The Presbytery having sustained the objection under the Veto Act, an appeal was made to the Court of Session in 1838, where a majority of judges decided that the Presbytery had acted illegally in rejecting the patron's nominee, and the House of Lords confirmed this judgment.

Again: in the Strathbogie case the Presbytery, having objected to the patron's nominee, proceeded to appoint one of their own choosing. The original nominee obtained judgment in his favour in the civil courts; whereupon the Presbytery dutifully complied by receiving him. Forth flew a command from the General Assembly that the order of the civil court must be disregarded and that under the Veto Act enforced. The Presbytery, having refused to take this rebellious course, were promptly suspended from their ministerial functions by the Commission of the General Assembly, and were in-

formed that they might consider themselves fortunate in not being deposed.

The General Assembly next appointed ministers to conduct public worship in the churches of the suspended ministers, notwithstanding that the Court of Session pronounced interdict to restrain it from doing so.[1]

Here, then, was the highest ecclesiastical court in Scotland in collision with the highest judicial court, acting in defiance of its interdict, and repudiating the authority of the Imperial Parliament as expressed in the Patronage Act of 1711. The claim, in effect, was the same as that sustained by John Knox's Church, namely, that ecclesiastical authority was not only co-ordinate with civil jurisdiction in spiritual matters, but superior to it. The claim, however, differed from that advanced before the Reformation and after it by the Church of Rome, which extended ecclesiastical authority to include temporal matters.

This much it has been necessary to say, though in barest outline, to explain the movement which profoundly affected life and manners in Edinburgh in the mid-nineteenth century, and roused bitter feelings which had slumbered since the close of the covenanting troubles. Matters came to a crisis in 1840 when the Court of Session issued a second interdict, prohibiting the ministers appointed by the General Assembly from holding services, not

[1] In Scots law the term "interdict" is equivalent to the English "injunction."

only in the churches, but in the parishes of the suspended ministers.

The leader of the Evangelicals at this time was Dr Thomas Chalmers, a preacher of extraordinary eloquence and influence who had been the chief agent in framing and passing the Veto Act.[1] He met the second interdict by direct defiance of the civil court. "If the Church command, and the Court countermand, a spiritual service from any of our office-bearers, then it is the duty of all the ministers and all the members of the Church of Scotland to do precisely as they should have done though no interdict had come across their path."

Fortunately, the interdict was never enforced. The followers of Dr Chalmers would have welcomed nothing so warmly as that proceedings should be taken against the intruding ministers. In the seventeenth century the State never shrank from enforcing its decrees upon recalcitrant churchmen; in the nineteenth century it wisely abstained from the manufacture of martyrs. At first it seemed probable that Parliament would afford relief by legislating on the lines of the Veto Act, which, after all, were far from unreasonable or revolutionary, provided that safeguards were enacted against the veto being exercised for any cause other than valid objection to the character or principles of a patron's nominee. But although the majority of Scottish members were in favour of such a solution, Parliament could not be

[1] He is commemorated by a statue in George Street.

brought to sanction inferentially the open defiance of the civil law by the General Assembly, and the opportunity for a conciliatory measure was lost.

Little did Queen Victoria's Ministers realise the magnitude of mischief that was brewing. Lord Advocate Macneill and Dean of Faculty Hope assured the Home Secretary, Sir James Graham, that, if it should come to a secession, not more than some thirty ministers would give up their livings, led by "wild men" like Dr Chalmers, Professor of Theology in Edinburgh University, Dr Thomas Guthrie of Old Greyfriars,[1] and Dr Robert Candlish of St George's. One enthusiast undertook to eat all the clergy that "came out." Graham afterwards declared that, had he been rightly advised of the nature and extent of the movement, there would never have been a disruption.

The storm burst when, at the meeting of the General Assembly in May, sentence of deposition was pronounced upon the ministers composing the Presbytery of Strathbogie. The Court of Session issued a third interdict against their deposition. The Assembly retorted by a resolution that the interdict was a breach of the Church's privileges. In the General Assembly of 1842 the Claim of Rights was carried against the Moderates by a majority of two to one. Next year, on 7th March, the House of Commons refused, by 241 votes to 76, to entertain

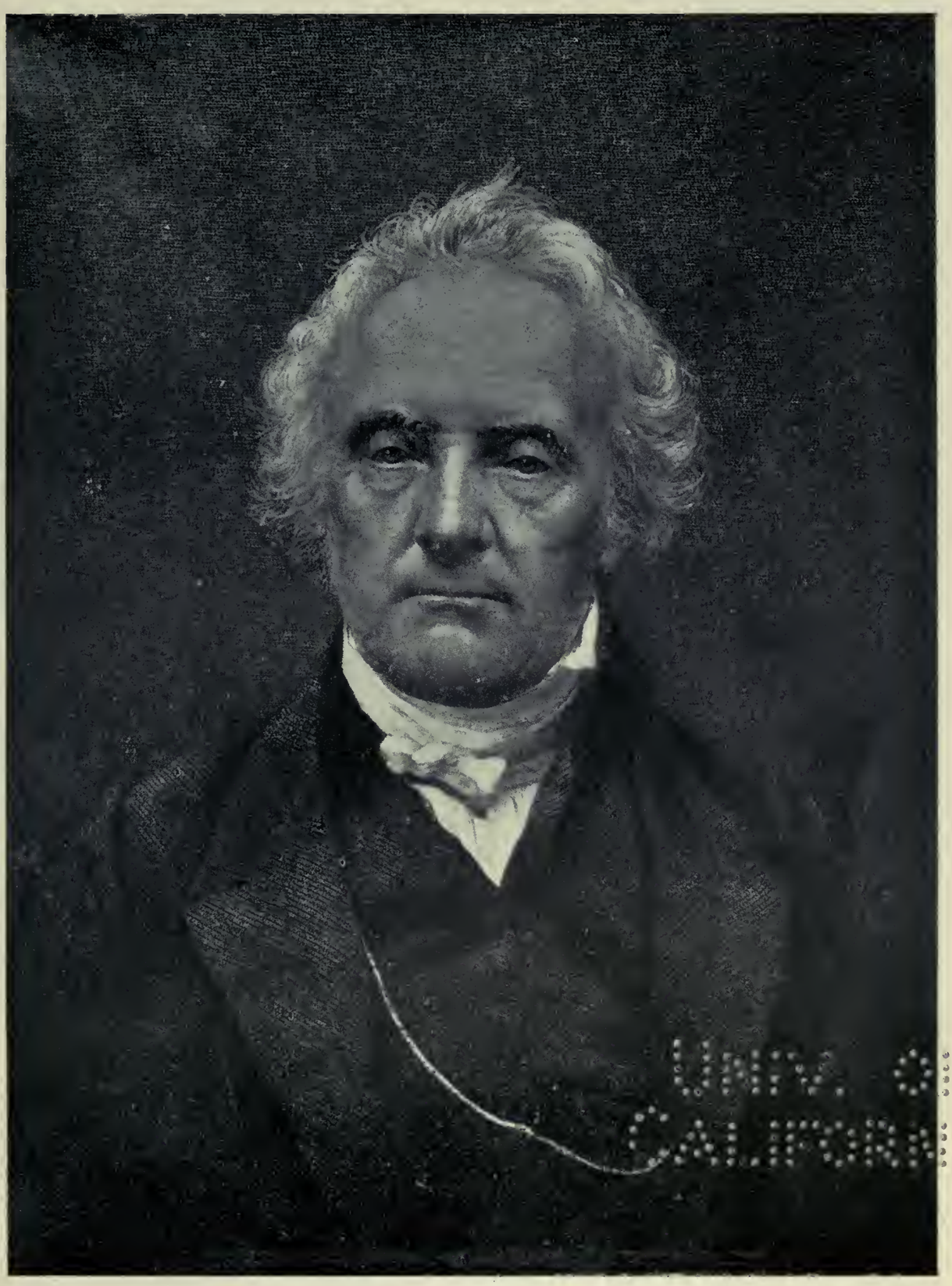
[1] Dr Guthrie's statue stands on the south side of Princes Street—"Preacher and Philanthropist."

THE REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.: 1803–1873.

the claim, which both the Prime Minister and the leader of the Whig Opposition declared to be incompatible with the supremacy of civil law.

The General Assembly met on 18th May 1843. While the Marquess of Bute, as Lord High Commissioner, was holding the usual preliminary levee in Holyroodhouse, the cord supporting the portrait of William III. snapped, and the heavy picture fell with a crash on the floor. "There goes the Revolution Settlement!" exclaimed somebody. After divine service in the High Church, the session was opened by the retiring Moderator, a fervid Evangelical, in St Andrew's Church, George Street, which was used at that time as the Assembly Hall. But instead of constituting the Court and calling upon it to elect his successor, he delivered a protest against the infringement of the privileges of the Church, and called upon all faithful ministers to withdraw with him and assemble elsewhere. He then walked out of the church, followed by more than four hundred ministers, whom he led in procession through the streets to a hall at Canonmills, where Dr Chalmers was elected Moderator of the Assembly of the Free Church, and the Disruption was complete. "Though we quit the Establishment," said Dr Chalmers, "we go out on the Establishment principle. We quit a vitiated Establishment; we would rejoice in returning to a pure one. To express it otherwise—we are the advocates for a national recognition and national support of religion, and we are not Voluntaries."

Seventy-three years have passed since these words were spoken; it is forty-two years since the original rock of offence was removed by the abolition of lay patronage in the Established Church of Scotland in 1874; what hinders, then, the fulfilment of Dr Chalmers's hope of reunion? That is a problem whereon the present writer has neither the knowledge nor the boldness to hazard a forecast. He has referred to these high matters only because they are inseparably woven into the story of the Scottish capital; but this much he will dare to affirm, that if it should prove possible to effect a union of the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, without sacrifice of principle on either side, there is no true lover of his country who will not acclaim that result as a consolidation of the spiritual forces of the land in their conflict with evil, and a relief from conditions which have for long been a perplexity to many thoughtful minds.



THE REV. DR CHALMERS: 1780–1847.

APPENDIX A

Lanfranc's Letter to Queen Margaret (p. 9)

Archbishop Lanfranc's letter was printed in Stevenson's notes to the Maitland Club edition of Gray's *Scalacronica* in the original Latin. As it bears high testimony to Queen Margaret's piety, a translation is here submitted:—

"Lanfranc, the unworthy prelate of the holy Church of Canterbury, to the illustrious Margaret, Queen of Scots, greeting and blessing:

"Epistolary brevity cannot express with how much joy thou hast filled my heart in reading the letters which thou, O Queen beloved of God, hast sent me. O with what sweetness flow the words which are inspired by the Divine Spirit! for I believe that those which thou hast written were not spoken by thee, but through thee. Verily He has spoken by thy lips who saith to His disciples: 'Learn of me, because I am gentle and humble in heart.' From this teaching of Christ it results that thou, born of royal race, royally educated, nobly married to a noble king, choosest me as [spiritual] father—me, a foreigner, a vile, ignoble man, entangled by sins—and beseechest that thou mayest be accounted as spiritually my daughter. I am not what thou deemest me, but may I become such because thou so deemest me. Be not deceived: pray for me that I may be a father worthy to pray to the Lord for thee and to be heard [by Him]. Henceforth, therefore, may I be thy father and thou my daughter.

"In accordance with thy behest, I am sending to thine illustrious consort and thyself our dearest brother Sir Goldwin and two other friars also, because he could not by himself explain unaided what should be done about God's service and thine own. And I entreat

—I earnestly entreat—that ye will study to carry out promptly and thoroughly that which ye have taken in hand for God and your own souls; and if ye should be able and willing to fulfil what ye have undertaken by [the help of] others, we would earnestly desire that these our friars should return to us, they being extremely necessary in their offices of our church. Nevertheless, let your will be done, for beyond all things we desire to obey you."

APPENDIX B

The Revenues of Edinburgh (p. 97)

While it would be difficult to ascertain what was the exact gross revenue of the municipality of Edinburgh in the sixteenth century, it is easy to estimate its wealth relatively to the other burghs of Scotland from the "extents" or levies made from time to time on the Three Estates. For instance, in October 1545, a levy of £16,000 was made, practically a war tax, for the defence of the West and Middle Marches. Of this sum the spiritual lords were called on for £8000, the barons for £5333, 6s. 8d., leaving £2666, 13s. 4d. to be raised in the burghs in the following proportion:—

Edinburgh	£775	16	6	Lanark	£22	0	0
Stirling	67	7	6	Jedburgh	27	0	0
Linlithgow	40	10	0	Selkirk	18	0	0
Rothesay	18	0	0	Aberdeen	252	0	0
Dunbarton	22	8	6	Dundee	337	9	7
Renfrew	27	0	0	Perth	198	0	0
Rutherglen	18	0	0	Banff	18	0	0
Ayr	63	0	0	Dunfermline	27	0	0
Irvine	36	0	0	Cullen	18	0	0
Dumfries	46	0	0	Forfar	13	10	0
Glasgow	54	0	0	Brechin	45	0	0
Kirkcudbright	27	0	0	Haddington	81	0	0
Whithorn	27	0	0	North Berwick	9	0	0

Dunbar	£18	0	0	Cupar	£72	0	0
Lauder	18	0	0	Crail	9	0	0
Peebles	18	0	0	Forres	22	8	6
Montrose	72	0	0	Nairn	9	0	0
Elgin	27	0	0	Tain	13	0	0
Inverness	45	0	0	Dysart	31	10	0
Arbroath	36	0	0	Kirkcaldy	18	0	0
St Andrews	80	0	0				

In this assessment the burgh of Wigtown does not appear; in other lists about the same period it is assessed at the same figure as Whithorn and Jedburgh. The wealthiest of the provincial burghs is Dundee, assessed at half the value of Edinburgh. Glasgow was of inferior importance to St Andrews. The total assessment amounts to £2695, 13s. 7d., being £29, 0s. 3d. in excess of the sum required.

The growth of Edinburgh and Dundee in wealth and importance under the Stuart dynasty may be estimated by comparison with the fixed rents paid to the Crown by the royal burghs of Scotland in 1327, the year when peace was concluded with England:—

Berwick	£266	13	4	Roxburgh	£20	0	0
Aberdeen	213	6	8	Cullen	20	0	0
Perth	160	0	0	Forfar	18	13	4
Inverness	46	0	0	Dumfries	18	13	4
Stirling	36	0	0	Wigtown	18	13	4
Edinburgh	34	18	8	Inverkeithing	15	0	0
Ayr	30	0	0	Montrose	13	2	0
Rutherglen	30	0	0	Lanark	12	0	0
Haddington	29	6	8	Kintore	12	0	0
Peebles	23	6	8	Linlithgow	10	0	0
Crail	22	9	4	Kirkcudbright	9	0	0
Dundee	22	0	0	Fyvie	6	3	4
Dumbarton	22	0	0	Mill of Mouskis	2	0	0
Banff	21	6	8				

APPENDIX C

The Scottish Reformation (p. 110)

The ancient league with France helped to stave off the reform of religion in Scotland for six-and-twenty years after it had been established in England; but the minds of the people had been preparing for it, and when they did take action it was with all the greater vehemence for the delay. In no place was the revolution more swift and sweeping than in Edinburgh, where the citizens, fully apprised of the cynical profligacy of many of the higher clergy, had become disgusted by the frequency with which licentious prelates condemned men of orderly, religious lives to burning on the Castle Hill.

The first outbreak took place in 1558 when the festival of St Giles was to be celebrated as usual on 1st September, when a painted wooden image of St Giles, the size of life, would be borne in procession through the streets, followed by some unhappy heretics carrying faggots, which they must either burn in token of recantation, or themselves be burnt. But before the feast day the image of St Giles was no more; the people tore it down from its place in the church, flung it into the Nor' Loch, then hauled it out and burnt it. Thereupon the Archbishop of St Andrews laid an injunction upon the Town Council either to recover the image or to replace it with another, else he would lay them under the greater excommunication. But bell, book, and candle had lost their terrors for the magistrates of Edinburgh. Their reply was as bold as it was dignified, to the effect that "to thame the charge appeired verray injust, for thei understood that God in some plaices had commanded idolles and images to be distroyed; but whare he had commanded images to be sett up, thei had nott redd; and desyred the Bischope to fynd a warrant for his commandment."[1] Then "because they obeyed him not, he

[1] Knox's *History of the Reformation*, vol. i. pp. 258–59.

[the Archbishop] caused his curate Tod[1] to curse them as black as a coal."[2]

It seemed, at first, as if the curse had taken effect, for in November 1559 the Lords of the Congregation made a hurried departure from Edinburgh, the city was occupied by the Queen-Mother's French troops, and St Giles's Church was consecrated afresh by the Bishop of Amiens. But the revival was transient: in March following the church was again undergoing repairs by direction of the Protestant Town Council, and John Knox resumed his pulpit for good and all. His description of these transactions, though one could not reasonably expect it to be impartial, deserves perusal on account of its liveliness.

APPENDIX D

The Treasures of Holyrood Abbey (p. 113)

From an inventory taken sixty years before Hertford's sack of Holyrood, it appears that he must have carried away much valuable spoil, for, although the wealth of Scotland as a nation had greatly diminished in the interval, as shown by the debasement of the coinage, the Church had continued to amass wealth.

The inventory is in Latin, whereof the following is a translation:—

This inventory was written on the 12th day of October anno Domini 1483, of all the Jewels, Vestments, and Ornaments of the High Altar and the Vestry of the Monastery of Holyrood, existing and remaining at the time of this writing.

1. Item—First, one new suit [*mutatorium novum*] of vestments of cloth of gold, to wit, a chasuble, two tunics, three albs, one stole, one maniple, and three amices.
2. Item—One suit of satin vestments of a blue colour upon gold, to wit, one chasuble, two tunics, two albs, one amice.

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[1] Dom Laurence Tod, prebendary and acting-provost of St Giles.

[2] *Historie of the Estate of Scotland*, Wodrow Miscellany, p. 54.

3. Item—A suit of vestments called *Douglass,* of a golden colour, to wit, one chasuble, two tunics, two albs, and two amices.
4. Item—A suit of vestments called *Earl Marshall,* of cloth of gold, to wit, one chasuble, two tunics, two albs, and one amice.
5. Item—A suit of vestments of cloth of gold with blue, to wit, one chasuble, two tunics, one alb.
6. Item—A suit of crimson vestments of cloth of gold with ruby colour, to wit, one chasuble, two tunics, three albs, three amices, one stole, and one maniple.
7. Item—A suit of vestments of cloth of gold with white colour, to wit, one chasuble, two tunics, three albs, one amice.
8. Item—A suit of velvet vestments of a blue colour, to wit, one chasuble, two tunics, three albs, three amices, two stoles, and two maniples.
9. Item—A suit of the best crimson vestments of a ruby colour, to wit, one chasuble, two tunics, three albs, three amices, one stole, and one maniple. Also one ancient stole and a satin maniple.
10. Item—A suit of damask vestments of a grey colour, to wit, one chasuble, two tunics, three albs, three amices, one stole, and one maniple.
11. Item—A suit of black velvet vestments for the dead, to wit, one chasuble, two tunics, three albs, three amices.
12. Item—A suit of ancient black satin vestments for the dead, to wit, one chasuble, two tunics.
13. Item—A suit of vestments of a green colour, to wit, one chasuble, two tunics, two albs, two amices, and a third of a blue colour.
14. Item—For saints' feast days, one chasuble of ruby coloured velvet and two tunics.
15. Item—For the season of Lent, one chasuble of white damask, one stole, and one maniple.
16. Item—One alb of pure silk, called of St Thomas the Martyr.

Item—For the high altar—three tapestries or sacramental clothes, with three frontal hangings and one tapestry for the approach to the altar on feast days.

Item—One spread of cloth of gold with ruby colour for the high altar.

Item—One spread of ruby coloured damask for beneath the altar, and another upon the altar.

Item—One spread of black velvet for the dead, and another of damask embroidered with the royal arms.

Item—Two spreads of white camlet for the feasts of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Item—Two cushions of cloth of gold for the high altar, and one of damask.

Item—First, a new cross of pure gold with precious stones, to wit thirty, with wood of our Lord's cross, with a leathern case.

Item—An ancient silver cross, with wood of our Lord's cross.

Item—A great silver cross, with its foot, weighing 180 ounces.

Item—A silver cross for [the sacrament], with a silver chain.

Item—A cross of crystal.

Item—Three caskets [?][1] of silver gilt.

Item—A glass casket.

Item—An ivory casket.

Item—An ivory tabernacle for St Katharine's altar.

Item—The silver arm of St Augustine, with the bone of the same, and two rings weighing 84 ounces.

Item—A silver reliquary for St Katharine's altar (with her bone), made by John Crunzanne, formerly vicar of Ure, weighing. . . .

Item—There are ten chalices in all—to wit:

1. A chalice of purest gold, with paten, weighing 46 ounces, with a leathern case. 2. The chalice of King Robert. 3. The chalice of King David. 4. The chalice of the Holy Virgin Mary's altar. 5. The chalice of St Andrew's altar. 6. The chalice of the Holy Virgin Catherine's altar.[2] 7. The chalice of the altar of the Holy Rood. 8. The chalice of Sir John Marshall. 9. The chalice of Sir John Wedale. 10. Another common chalice, besides the chalices outside the door of the chancellory, to wit: 11. The chalice of the parochial altar; and 12. The silver chalice, not gilt, of the infirmary.

Item—Two ancient silver candlesticks [*candelabra*].

[1] *Textus.*

[2] Written above "Katerine," the saint's name is here spelt "Caterine."

Item—Four new silver candlesticks weigh one stone and four pounds.
Item—Two silver candlesticks of little weight in the abbot's chapel.
Item—Two brazen candlesticks, and two iron ones for festivals.

For the Abbot's Pontificals.

Item—First, a mitre with precious stones.
Item—Another mitre of white damask.
Item—Two valuable amices.
Item—A pastoral staff.
Item—Three rings.
Item—An ivory comb, *cum tela.*
Item—A silken girdle.
Item—Three silken *pallia,* for carrying the cross or the sacrament.

Item—A great silver-gilt eucharistial, weighing 165 ounces, besides two bells set with precious stones.
Item—A great silver cup for the sacrament.
Item—A vase of silver gilt for holy water with hyssop.
Item—Two silver censers with a spoon [*acerra*] for incense.
Item—Two ewers of silver gilt for the high altar.

Memorandum—That there are two silver ewers for the altar of the Holy Rood; and two silver ewers for St Katharine's altar; and two silver ewers, with a silver casket, and an ivory image of the Blessed Virgin, with a silver foot; and a glass ewer [filled] with oil of the blessed Andrew for St Andrew's altar.

Here followeth the Inventory of Caps.

First—A new cap of cloth of gold and blue.
Item—Two caps of cloth of gold and ruby red, with two ornaments of silver gilt, one of them set with precious stones, the other without stones.
Item—A cap of crimson and gold with gold bands and a beryl in the breast.
Item—A cap of cloth of gold and crimson, having on the hood a stag with the Holy Rood.[1]
Item—A crimson cap set with golden roses.
Item—A cap of blue velvet.

[1] In allusion to the mythical origin of the monastery.

Item—Three caps of crimson velvet.
Item—Three caps of white damask.
Item—Three caps of blue velvet.
Item—Two purple caps.
Item—A cap of camlet, with another cap of the same colour.
Item—Two caps of cloth of gold, called *Douglass*.
Item—Three caps with golden horns [*pullis*].
Item—Three black velvet caps for the dead.
Item—Four caps of green damask.
Item—A green velvet cap with *orphragiis* [? ear-flaps] of cloth of gold.
Item—A purple cap with black velvet *orphragiis*, for the chamber.

. . . . . .

First, for the honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a great apparel, to wit *a stande*, to wit, one cap with a chasuble and two tunics, with three albs, three amices and their pertinents in precious cloth of gold and white; and twenty damask caps, also white, with *orphragiis* of cloth of gold and blue, and with some *orphragiis* of black velvet. Which apparel—called in English *a stande*—[the Abbot] intended should remain in perpetuity in the vestry of the said monastery among the jewels and vestments.

Item—At the same time the same Abbot[1] intended to decorate the high altar with four curtains of double *tartar* of a blue colour, arranged and finished with their fittings and other necessary things.

APPENDIX E

The Mercat Cross (p. 117)

"The market cross in Scotland is the emblem of local justice and authority, which became the emblem of corporate authority—essentially civil, yet having acquired an ecclesiastical name well

[1] Archibald Crawford, who wrought great changes on the Abbey Church, repairing it after the damage done by Richard II.'s raid in 1385, and greatly altering the building. His coat of arms may still be recognised on some of the buttresses, having been carved, it is said, upon thirty different parts of the fabric.

suited to ensure greater protection to those who came to buy and sell; and we have the link with classical times, in that market-places in ancient Greece were always put under the protection of Zeus, Athena, or Hermes, who guarded the fidelity of contracts there made, and punished sharp dealings or breach of faith." [1]

The Mercat Cross of Edinburgh, a feature as prominent in the landscape of the ancient city as in the history of the country, has suffered many vicissitudes. There is no record of the time when it was first set up, but during the Stuart dynasty it consisted of a shaft twenty feet long, surmounted by a carved capital supporting a crown unicorn. The shaft was set on the platform of an octagonal, turreted building, fifteen feet in diameter and sixteen feet high, right in the fairway by St Giles's Church, whence it was removed by order of the Town Council in 1617 in order that James VI., revisiting Scotland for the first and last time after becoming King of England, should have an uninterrupted view in passing up the High Street. It was then re-erected near the Nether Bow, where it stood till March 1756, when the Town Council decreed its removal, because, says Maitland, it was one of the buildings "whereby the High Street was greatly pestered and obstructed and the beauty of the noble street greatly eclipsed." In the previous century it had suffered some mutilation at the hands of the Parliamentary Commissioners sitting at Dalkeith in 1652. All emblems of royalty being odious to them, they caused the king's arms to be taken off the Cross, the Nether Bow, the Parliament House, Holyroodhouse, etc., and the crown carried by the unicorn to be removed and hung on the gibbet.

From 1786 onwards the Scottish capital was without a Cross, though the magistrates caused the stones of the pavement where it had stood to be laid in a cruciform pattern. Repeated attempts by Sir Walter Scott and others to induce the Town Council to restore this venerable monument were without avail, until in 1884 Mr Gladstone, Prime Minister and member for Midlothian, persuaded them to allow it to be reconstructed at his expense.

[1] *Glasgow Cross, with a suggestion as to the origin of Scottish Market Crosses*, by W. G. Black, LL.D., p. 22.

Such portions of the old Cross, including the shaft, as could be recovered, were pieced together and set up at the entrance to Parliament Square. And now once more, as in the olden time, the heralds make royal proclamations standing beside the City Cross. Other scenes of which the Cross was the centre piece may not be re-enacted in our milder age. It marked one of the three chief places of public punishment in the city.

It was here in 1563, in the first black fury against the old religion, that the priest James Tarbat was pilloried in his vestments and pelted to death by the mob. It was here in 1575 that the chivalrous Kirkcaldy of Grange, after defending Edinburgh Castle for five years in Queen Mary's cause, was hanged at the vehement instance of the Presbyterian clergy, his brother James suffering at the same time; here also, eight years later, the Earl of Morton was beheaded, having sent many a man to his doom on the same spot. It was beside the Cross that "the Maiden" was set up in 1661 for the decapitation of Archibald, eighth Earl and first Marquess of Argyll, and again in 1685 for that of his son, the ninth earl. These be but a few among the more distinguished leaders who, according to the savage code of the time, were sent to their doom on this spot. Of humbler victims the tale is not to be numbered; though the memory of one, at least, Gilderoy, the Red Lad, has been enshrined in balladry, his sole claim to that distinction being that he was a bolder and more successful thief than the rest of the Macgregors, ten of whom, besides himself, were hanged together at the City Cross on a summer morning in 1636.

Even these gruesome records of capital punishment are less revolting than the minor penalties of flogging, branding, tongue-boring, ear-slicing, and other worse torments publicly inflicted for the edification of a curious multitude. Take a single instance from Nicoll's diary for September 1652:

> Twa Englisches, for drinking the kingis health was takin and bund at Edinburgh croce, quhair either of thame resavit thretty-nine quhipes [stripes] on thair naiked bakes [backs] and shoulderis; thairafter thair lugs [ears] was nailit to the gallows. The ane had

his lug cuttit fra the ruitt [root] with ane razor; the uther being also naillit to the gibbet had his mouth skobit [? forced open], and his tong being drawn out the full length, was bound togedder betwix twa sticks, hard togedder, with ane skainzie thrid [fine thread] for the space of half ane hour thereby.

The only thing that may be urged in palliation of these barbarous punishments is that imprisonment was rendered futile by the ease with which captives escaped from any place of detention except the Castle.

Another place of execution was the Grassmarket. Among those who suffered there the most illustrious victim was the great Montrose, who, to gratify the deadly hatred of the Covenanters, was condemned to the ignominy of being hanged, instead of death by "The Maiden" which was deemed more honourable. Early in the morning of 21st May 1650, Montrose, having dressed in his cell with scrupulous care, and taken for breakfast a little bread dipped in ale, went on foot from the Tolbooth to the Grassmarket, as a year before his royal master had gone afoot from St James's to the scaffold in Whitehall. Nicoll, whose diary in parts is as minute, if less prolix than Pepys's, witnessed the execution, and describes Montrose as being "very richly clad in scarlet, laid over with rich silver lace, his hat in his hand, his bands and cuffs exceeding rich, his delicate white gloves on his hands, his stockings of incarnate silk, and his shoes with their ribbands on his feet and sarks provided for him, with pearling about, above the pund the elne. All these were provided for him by his friends." But, strangely enough, Nicoll states that the execution took place at the Market Cross, whereas it certainly was in the Grassmarket. There was set upon the scaffold a gibbet of the unusual height of thirty feet, so that all the multitude might see him suffer, and there, in the fair flower of his manhood (he was only thirty-eight), perished one of Scotland's noblest and ablest sons.

The third, and probably the original, place of doom was the Castle Hill. Here, were it possible for any citizen of sixteenth- or seventeenth-century Edinburgh to revisit the

THE MERCAT CROSS.

scene he would be sorely perplexed by the changes that have been wrought on the ground. The spacious esplanade before the Castle gate now fills the hollow whence access could only be had to the drawbridge by a flight of forty steps. This hollow was levelled in 1753 with the material excavated in building the Royal Exchange: in it lay a huge boulder, half buried, known as the Blew Stane, round which many a furious hand-to-hand encounter took place when, as so frequently happened, the City and the Castle were held by opposing forces. It was to this Blew Stane that hundreds of malefactors and innocent persons were brought for doom—traitors and what would now be reckoned members of the Opposition (no distinction was then recognised between them) to be hanged or beheaded; heretics, previous to the Reformation, and witches after it, to be burnt at the stake; sometimes, as in the case of Lady Glamis, simply as members of a house which had incurred the displeasure of the king or the leader of a successful faction.

It occasionally happened that the waiting list for the gallows was such a long one that criminals were taken out to a gibbet on the Borough Muir. This was evidently the case when the luckless clan Macgregor was being dealt with. On 20th January 1604 five Macgregors were hanged at the City Cross, twelve more on 17th February, and four more on 2nd March, all in addition to the hanging of ordinary malefactors. Wherefore, there being five more Macgregors to dispose of on 1st March, they were sent out to the Borough Muir gallows. Between 23rd April 1603 and 14th July 1604, twenty-one Macgregors were hanged at the City Cross, five hanged and one beheaded on the Castle Hill, and eleven hanged on the Borough Muir—forty-eight in all.

Equally relentless was the persecution of gipsies in the reign of James VI. With James IV. and James V. they had found considerable favour, but in 1603 the Secret Council issued a proclamation, confirmed by the Parliament of 1609, "commanding and chargeing the Vagaboundis, Soirneris [beggars] and commoun Thevis, commonlie callit EGIPTIANES to pas furth of this Kingdome, and to remane perpetuallie

furth thairof, and nevir to returne agane within the samyn vnder the pane of daithe." The law was so vigorously enforced against this mysterious race that on 1st August 1611 four of them were hanged; on 23rd July 1616 three men and a woman were sentenced to the same doom, and on 24th January 1624 no fewer than eight men were hanged at once, six of whom belonged to the famous family of Faa. On the 29th the widows and daughters of these men, eleven in number, were sentenced by the Justiciary Court "to be tane to the place of thair executioun in some convenient pairt, and thair to be drowned quhill [until] thay be deid; and all thair moveabill guidis, gif thay ony haif [if they have any] to be confiscat to his Majesteis use." Now the drowning of eleven women and girls seems to have been an operation too revolting even for the stomachs of seventeenth-century judges, so they suspended the execution till the king's pleasure should be known. King James wrote from Hampton Court to say that, "We allow well of the course taiken fer executeing of the men," but that concerning the rest, seeing that they were "aither childrene and of lesse-age and wemen with chyld or giving sucke to childrene," and that they had been a long time in prison (and God knows what awful dens prisons were in that age), he agreed "of our clemencie" that the sentence of death should be commuted to one of perpetual banishment.

APPENDIX F

"*The Maiden*" (p. 137)

Morton was sentenced to be hanged; it was by the king's command that he suffered a less dishonouring death by the Maiden, an instrument for decapitation on lines similar to those of the guillotine. It is now preserved in the Scottish National Museum of Antiquities, Queen Street, Edinburgh.

Hume of Godscroft alleges in his *History of the House of Douglas* (1644) that Morton introduced this machine into Scotland—"the Maiden, which he himself had caused make after the patterne which he had seen in Halifax in Yorkshire"—and this statement has been repeated by innumerable later writers. It rests, however, on no better foundation than does the fable which represents Dr Guillot as having perished by the instrument which bears his name. Labour-saving machinery for the decapitation of obnoxious or superfluous statesmen and common criminals was in use in various countries of Europe during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The Maiden itself was made to the order of the Provost and Magistrates of Edinburgh in 1564. Previously to that year "the common sword" was the official weapon of doom. From the following entry in the City Records it seems that this had been worn out by frequent use.

1563. Februarie. The Baillies and Counsall ordaines Mr Robert Glen the Treasurer to coften [borrow] fra William Makcartnay his two-handed sword to be usit for ane heiding [beheading] Sword, because the auld Sword is failzet [worn out], and to give him five pounds thairfor.

The first notice of an execution under the Maiden occurs on 3rd April 1565, and it continued in use till 1710. A few extracts from the City Treasurer's Accounts may illustrate the care bestowed upon it and the kind of service it was made to render:

1565. Item the thrid day of Apryle to the pynouris [pioneers] for the bering of dailles [deales] and puncheoins fra the Blakfreirs to the Croce with the Gibbett and Madin to mak ane scaffald, and awayiting thereon, the day quhen Thome Scot was justefeitt [executed]	vij*s*.
Item to ane wrycht for making of the Scaffald and dountaking thairof agane . . .	viij*s*.
Item for nailes thairto	xxxij*d*.

1565.	Item for tymmar [timber] to hald the gibett fast	iij*s.*
	Item to Andro Gottersoun, symth, for grinding of the Madin	vj*s.* vj*d.*
1582.	*June* 9. The Lokman[1] charges for scharping the Madin	vj*s.* viij*d.*
	The lokman has iij to drink besides his charge for towis [cords] to skurge a man.	
	For hanging Fraser, Turnbull and Blak . .	xv*s.* vj*d.*
	For bringing the ladder to thame . . .	viij*d.*
	The lokman has to drink	vi*d.*
	At the same tyme for towis and wands to skurge twa theiffis	viij*d.*
1583.	*June* 9. For ule and saip [oil and soap] to cresche [grease] the Madin with . .	vj*s.* viij*d.*
	For scharpening the Madin	vj*s.* viij*d.*
1583.	*June* 9. Three faddomis of towis . . .	i*s.* ij*d.*
	June 22. Gevin to the lokman for the keiping of the snap of the Madin and for ane barrel to put it in	vj*s.* viij*d.*
	Item for creisching and creisch [grease] to it .	vj*s.* viij*d.*
	Item for twa poks of bran to put about it .	ij*s.* viij*d.*
1584.	The lokman to get him ane garmentt and ane staff [his livery is specified as consisting of doublet, shoes, bonnet, coat of white and grey cloth, hose and a shirt] . . .	viij*l.* viij*s.* vj*d.*
1591.	[In this year the Maiden was lent to Leith] William Gibsone wha was tane and execut in Leith: for careing of the Maiden ther and hame agin	xxx*s.*
	The Madin mendit, for wryghtwark and smythwark	xv*s.*
1600.	*November* 19. Item, payit for making the skaffauld to umquhile the Earle of Gowrie and his Brother, with scharpeing of the axe	xxiij*s.* iiij*d.*

[1] Public executioner. So called because he was allowed the privilege of taking a "lock" or handful of meal from every sack exposed in the market.

THE MAIDEN AND KNOX'S PULPIT IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES.

1600. Item, payit to aucht workmen for helping to mak the skaffauld, with carrying of thame thare and taking thame to the burialls . xxxij*s.* viij*d.*

Item, payit to the maissoun for making the hoillis [holes] to the preikis [spikes] upon the heid of the Tolbuith [where the heads of Lord Gowrie and his brother were exposed] . . . . . iiij*l.* ix*s.* iiij*d.*

Item, payit to the lokman for the executing and putting up of the heids and quarteris, and towis thairto . . . . . xxj*s.* iiij*d.*

In 1608 the lokman himself was hanged, and the Town Council had to send to Dalkeith for another lokman to hang him.

1615. Item, the vi Februarie to the warkmen for making the skaffald to the Erle of Orkney iiij*l.* x*s.*

Item for ane staine and half pund lead to mend the Maidin . . . . . xxxv*s.* vj*d.*

Item to William Melrose wrycht for his paines xxxvj*s.* vj*d.*

Item to the warkmen for wayting on the skaffald . . . . . x*l.*

Item for scharping the Maidin to byte . .

1618. *September* 18. Item for ten puncheons to be a scaffold for Ros the Minister at xv*sh.* the piece is . . . . . vij*l.* x*s.*

Item for gret towis and smale . . . xv*s.*

Item for saip [soap] . . . . . ij*s.* viij*d.*

Item to the warkmen in drink . . . iiij*s.*

Item to David Broune for making the scaffald iiij*l.*

Item to ane ordinar warkmen for ane doubble scaffald carrying . . . . . liij*s.* iiij*d.*

Item for carrying the corps . . . . xx*s.*

Item for carrying the axe . . . . vj*s.* viij*d.*

Item to lokman for putting the heid and hand on the Port . . . . . xx*s.*

Item for pricks to put the heid and hand on . xii*s.*

1619. Item to David Broune at the execution of twa Hielandmen with the Maidin at the [Castle] hill . . . . . x*l.*

1619.	Item for x fadome of towis to the lokman .	x*l.*
	Item for vi fadome of small towis . . .	iiij*s.*
	Item for making of the grave	xxxvj*s.*
	Item for xxi ells of hardin to be thair wyndin shett vij*s.* vj*d.* the ell	vij*l.* xvij*s.* vj*d.*
	Item to the wemen that wind thame . .	xij*s.*
1633.	Item to wrychts for setting of the Maidin twyce to the woman that was heidit at the Castlehill	ij*l.*
	Item to the lokman for his paines tackin upon the woman that was heidit . . .	iiij*l.*
1647.	For the Maidin ane ell of buckrame to kep [catch] the heid.	
1649.	James Wilson—payit to the warkmen for holding of him till he was execut and for keiping [catching] his heid. Ane ell of buckrame to keip the heid.	
1660.	To Alexander Davidsone for ane new axe to the Maidin, and he is to mainteane it all the dayis of his lyffe.	

It may be remarked in connection with the various methods of executing condemned persons in Scotland, that only two instances are on record of resort to the brutal torment of breaking a malefactor on the wheel. Under this dreadful punishment the victim was bound to a wheel and it was the executioner's duty to break his limbs one by one under blows from an iron bar or ploughshare. Thus the agony of the sufferer might be indefinitely prolonged, until it pleased the presiding authority, or the executioner himself, to bring the shameful spectacle to a close by a mortal blow.

On 30th April 1591 John Dickson, convicted of parricide, was condemned "to be broken vpoun the row [wheel] at the Mercat Cross of Edinburgh."[1] The other instance occurred in 1604, when Robert Weir was executed in this manner for the murder of John Kincaid, Laird of Warriston, committed four years previously. Kincaid was a wealthy landowner, and his wife, a daughter of John Livingstone of Dunipace, was but

[1] Pitcairn's *Criminals Trials*, vol. i. part ii. p. 241.

twenty-one years old and, it is said, extremely beautiful. She alleged that her husband ill-used her; wherefore, as she afterwards confessed, with the connivance of her nurse, she hired her father's servant Weir to murder him; which he did by strangling him at midnight. Weir escaped for the time; but the Lady of Warriston was beheaded by the Maiden at the Girth Cross (at the foot of the Canongate) on 5th July 1600. Her high-born kinspeople succeeded in obtaining this mode of execution as being less dishonouring than the usual modes of executing female criminals, namely, drowning, or strangling at the stake, and burning; but they failed to obtain the favour of having it done by night. In a *Memorial* of her conversion by one of the clergy, found among the Wodrow MSS., occurs this remarkable objection addressed to the magistrates against such a proceeding. "Will you deprive God's people of that comfort which they might have in that poor woman's death? And will you obstruct the honnour of it by putting her away before the people rise out of their beds? You do wrong in so doing; for the more publick the death be, the more profitable it shall be to many, and the more gloriouse in the sight of all who shall see it." It will be remembered that Dr Johnson used a similar argument in favour of public executions in England. "The old method was most satisfactory to all parties. The public were gratified by a procession, and the criminal was supported by it. Why is it all to be swept away?"

The nurse, as Birrell records in his journal, was burnt on the same day as her mistress was beheaded. He also mentions that Robert Weir, the actual murderer, was taken, four years later, tried, convicted, and "broken on ane cart wheel wt ane coulter of ane pleughe [plough] in the hand of the hangman." Of a truth our ancestors had need for stronger stomachs than their posterity possess!

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