















HEATH'S

PICTURESQUE ANNUAL

FOR 1835.

Scot and Scotland.



Printed and Published by  
GEORGE QUINN, 25, N. B. ST.

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# SCOTT AND SCOTLAND.

BY

LEITCH RITCHIE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "TURNER'S ANNUAL TOUR," "SCHINDERHANNES," "ROMANCE  
OF FRENCH HISTORY," &c.

WITH

TWENTY-ONE HIGHLY FINISHED ENGRAVINGS,

FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS

BY GEORGE CATTERMOLE, Esq.

LONDON :

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND  
LONGMAN.

PARIS: RITTNER AND GOUPILL. BERLIN: A. ASHER.

PHILADELPHIA: T. WARDLE.

1835.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY J. HADDON AND CO., DOCTORS' COMMONS.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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The whole of the twenty-one plates which embellish the following pages, are meant to illustrate, not only the present volume, but the tales, romances, and poems, of Sir Walter Scott.

The introduction of this novelty into the Picturesque Annual, the proprietor was aware would be attended with great additional expence; but he was encouraged to make the experiment by several considerations. In the first place, he was induced, by the success of the preceding volumes, to rely upon the support of the public; and, in the next place, he was convinced, from the considerable circulation of other works of a similar kind, that the field of competition is wider and more open than has hitherto been suspected. But, above all, he imagined, from the peculiar nature of his present undertaking, that it could not fail to be acceptable to the lovers, both of literature and art.

The country to be illustrated was Scotland—the country of Scott—the country where the spirits of history, summoned by his enchantments, haunt

visibly its mouldering temples and ruined castles. The association, therefore, was direct, nay unavoidable, which led to the plan of the work. It was determined to illustrate, at the same moment, SCOTT and SCOTLAND—to delineate, with the utmost possible fidelity, existing scenes, and yet to superadd a moral interest, by peopling them with the creations of genius.

It will be found also, that the author has had in view, although less ostensibly, the same object as the artist. Contented to wait for the *Life of Scott*, expected from Mr. Lockhart, he has not sought to add to the number of criticisms and *mémoires pour servir* that have already appeared. Neither has it been his ambition to publish a new itinerary in a country so well, and so frequently explored. He has attempted to illustrate Scott and Scotland by illustrating the HISTORICAL MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE; and, if after perusing his slight volume, the reader find himself in any degree better qualified to understand, and appreciate, those of his illustrious countryman, his hopes will be amply realized.

The mottos of the chapters will be recognised as being all taken from the poems of Scott.

Although the volumes of the Picturesque Annual will continue, as heretofore, to be each a separate and complete work, the plan of the present will be followed out till the interest of the subject is exhausted.



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# SCOTT AND SCOTLAND.

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## CHAPTER I.

EPISTLE TO GEORGE CATTERMOLE, ESQ.

AGAIN upon my waking dream  
Rise the grey cairn and lonely stream ;  
Lost voices to my ear return  
From many a long-forgotten urn ;  
The night-wind, wailing sad and chill,  
Comes wildly from the desert hill ;  
O'er the dim heath the moonbeams creep  
To many a tumulary heap ;  
And, gliding thus from tomb to tomb,  
Wander, like corpse-lights, through the gloom.

What forms are those, of dusky hue,  
That keep this mystic rendezvous ?

From the grey cairn, the ruined tower,  
The sullen stream, the antique bower,  
From the poor hind's deserted field,  
From yonder proud historic field,  
From hill, from plain, from rocky shore,  
From wold, and darkling wood, they pour,  
From silent lake, and lonely glen—  
Who hath call'd up those shapes again ?

Not mine the magic to compel  
The past unto my wizard spell—  
To me is given a heart alone  
Responsive to the master tone ;  
I pay no vows at Nature's shrine  
Save through her chosen priests divine ;  
And thus, a lowly devotee,  
I bow, dear Cattermole, to thee !

Wave then thy mystic wand, and shower  
Upon the page those tints of power,  
To summon from their mouldering grave  
The fair, the faithful, and the brave.  
Small though his portion in thine art,  
Yet dull of eye, and dead of heart  
Thy comrade on this spot would be  
To claim *no* fellowship with thee !  
Threw not that cold and troubled sky  
Its shadows o'er his infant eye ?  
Climbed he not yonder mountain's side  
In boyhood's joy, and boyhood's pride ?

Plunged he not in yon dusky main  
Deep as the wild-duck, and again  
Upbounding, shouted shrill and brave,  
Defiance to the stormy wave ?

Oh, many a weary league since then  
I've wandered in the haunts of men !  
Oh, many a land hath spread for me  
Her fairest, richest canopy !  
Oh, many a hand, in friendship's grasp,  
To mine hath given clasp for clasp !  
Oh, many a bower, oh, many a grove,  
Have listened to my notes of love !  
Yet, exiled from my native strand,  
Where have I found or sweeter land,  
Or lovelier love, or truer hand ?  
Onward I roved on foreign ground,  
But no continuing city found.  
An unweaned child, I could not rest  
For thinking of my mother's breast ;  
A stranger and a pilgrim, I  
Could find no other place to die ;  
But ever turned a longing heart,  
To thee who wert, to thee who art,  
In sun and shade, through good and ill,  
Scotland—my home—my country still !

But not alone th' instinctive band  
Which binds us to our native land—  
Not on the wanderer's heart alone  
Those fairy links of love are thrown :

Thought, taste, and fancy on the side  
Of holy nature are allied,  
And art hath taught me to adore  
The charms I only loved before.

Romantic Clyde! beloved stream!  
Thus rising on my lonely dream,  
Thou seem'st a goddess of old song  
To whom no traits of earth belong—  
A spirit of beauty, whose bright eye  
Doth rule the tides of poesy!  
Thy circling hills, and waving woods,  
Thy currents calm, and headlong floods,  
The rich winds o'er thy bosom straying,  
The music in thy groves delaying,  
Thy birds, and flowers, and whispering trees—  
But exoteric symbols these:  
While thou, the goddess' self, apart  
Dwell'st in thy faithful votary's heart,  
Each meaner feeling to refine,  
To prompt and urge the headlong line,  
To raise, console, sustain, and shower  
High influence on his darkest hour.

And smile not, though so wild my dream  
When that fair river is the theme;  
For every spot its banks around  
To me, my friend, is haunted ground!  
Time did not quench my youthful flame,  
Nor slow and dull experience tame;



I saw not, drooping day by day,  
Or falling, one by one, away,  
The fairy flowers, the visions high  
That gleam'd before my infant eye.  
I saw not stripp'd of leaf and tree  
The paradise that bloomed for me,  
Till the bleak winds of life at last  
Ran moaning o'er a barren waste.  
Flung sudden on the ocean stream  
While yet in my first morning dream,  
I saw the lost, the lovely land,  
Recede like some enchanted strand !  
What marvel, then, if longing eye  
I turn'd towards my native sky ?  
What marvel if a sod so sweet  
Ne'er blest the weary Ishmael's feet ?  
What marvel if that mystic spot  
Seem'd heaven to the wandering Scot ?

Strange how our superstitions twine,  
Each with the next, until a line  
They weave, that through each varied stage  
Runs on from infancy to age,  
Linking the spring with summer weather,  
And chaining youth and years together !

Thus did that nameless, shapeless dread  
Which scar'd me on my cradled bed,  
(An embryo terror, blank and dim)  
Resolve into the spectre grim.

Then paled the stars, then moaned the breeze,  
Then voices whispered in the trees,  
And flitting lights the church-yard o'er,  
And shapes that beckoning stalked before,  
And shrieks from forth the tumbling flood  
Curdled so cold my boyhood's blood !

But these, when boyhood's courage grew,  
As if at cock-crow, sudden flew ;  
And in their stead a mystic band  
Rise gloomy in the troubled land :  
O'er the new scene of fear preside  
The hags that on the tempest ride ;  
And wizards fling their potent spell  
Over the world invisible.  
Yet soon begins the sky to clear,  
As waxeth fast the human year ;  
To broomstick witch and warlock fly,  
Their latest 'whirs' in distance die,  
Sinks in the ground th' unhallowed fire,  
And with a hiss the flames expire.

Then smiles the scorched earth anew,  
Then falls again the balmy dew,  
Then flowers exhale their odorous breath  
Where rose the noisome steams of death,  
And fountains run their margins o'er  
Where the hell-cauldron hissed before.  
No incantation deep and strong  
The echoes of the Clyde prolong ;

But fairy harps from bower and grove  
Awake the dulcet notes of love,  
While fairy feet, in mirthful dance,  
Among the glancing moonbeams glance,  
And fairy voices, swelling high,  
Bear burden to the minstrelsy.

Not quite of fear my tremor tells,  
Nor quite in faith my bosom swells,  
When 'neath my wondering glance there grow  
The glories of that spectral show :  
O'er my half-wakened heart I feel  
A strange unwonted softness steal ;  
My bosom heaves with aimless sighs,  
And tears bedew my half shut eyes.  
Not all a dream ! not all a dream !  
Mingling with that small beauty's beam  
I see, and with a blush confess  
The traits of mortal loveliness.  
Almost as bright—and tiny too,  
Some lassie, with her eyes of blue,  
Hath thus usurped, in face and mien,  
The graces of the elfin queen !  
O fair delusion ! loved deceit !  
Dear hast thou cost me, poison'd sweet !  
With fiction still worse fiction blending,  
In dreams begun, in falsehood ending !

But hark ! a blast of battle-horn,  
On Kempuck's midnight breezes borne,

Comes sudden down the lone hill-side,  
And wakes the echoes of the Clyde,  
Which, starting at the hostile strain,  
Answer that challenge back again.  
Not long my ear the sound retains,  
Nor long the shadowy joust remains  
To glad or grieve my boyish eye  
With deeds of Elfin chivalry.  
With sterner shades the air is thick,  
Boils my young blood, my breath comes quick ;  
I see from many a hoary tomb  
My country's ancient heroes come ;  
From old historic fields afar,  
The stately march of Scotland's war  
Echoing o'er hill and moorland grey,  
All feebler visions scares away.

And thus, dear comrade, did my mind  
Its nurture, or its poison, find ;  
And thus, the flowery mazes past,  
Did fiction lead to truth at last,  
And fancy her wild garlands tie  
O'er the stern brows of history.

Ask not of me the glance severe,  
The learned frown, the caustic sneer,  
When turning to my native land,  
'From wandering on a foreign strand !'  
Like him, whose lore, from passion gained,  
Taught that the world two parts contained,

(Unknown the others, or forgot,)  
'Where is my love, and where is not—'  
Two eras, even so, combine  
To form this luckless life of mine.  
One is the age of high romance,  
Of haughty heart and daring glance,  
Of generous purpose, bold emprise,  
And golden dreams, and cloudless skies.  
The other!—but depict for me  
The age of dread Reality  
O ye mute witnesses—the eye  
Tearless and cold,—the unconscious sigh,  
The scornful lip, the sinking heart,  
The sleepless night, the frequent start,  
The darkening frown, the smile uncouth,  
The grey hairs on the brow of youth!

But linked with all of good and bright,  
These shores now bless the wanderer's sight,  
Who, turning from the darkened main,  
Greets his lost paradise again.  
Leave then to others, gifted mate,  
The task of satire, envy, hate;  
And wave thy mystic wand, and shower  
Upon the page those tints of power,  
To summon from their mouldering grave  
The fair, the faithful, and the brave!

## CHAPTER II.

From Coilgach first who roll'd his car  
Through the deep ranks of Roman war.

THAT the interest inspired by Scotland, its people, institutions, and manners, is vastly greater than the political importance of the country would seem to warrant, cannot be disputed. Let me inquire, as I bend my wandering footsteps homewards, why this should be the case—why the student of history dwells so attentively on the fortunes of a people, whose nobles were little better than the chiefs of banditti—and why, at this day, when the nation has no separate and peculiar historical existence, the chosen field of romance and song, should be

“the noble north countrie?”

The inquiry, however, to be fairly prosecuted, would lead farther back than the reader would choose to accompany me. Few persons would care

to look down into the gulf which contains the origins of the North Britons, and their peculiarities. What are those Caledoniæ to us with whom the Romans thought it worth while to contest, for upwards of three centuries, the possession of a few leagues of heath and forest? What the gallant Picts who defended their country against the Scots for a still longer period? What the Scots themselves, a horde of roving banditti, unmentioned in history till the fourth century, who, in spite of the wild beasts and wilder men who opposed them, chose to found their empire, apparently from some moral sympathy, in the lonely glens and mountain fastnesses of Caledonia?

And yet, after all, there is a certain fascination in the subject; and the names I have mentioned serve as words of power to call up a thousand strange associations. The Caledonians, the Picts, and the Scots, seem to hang together, not only in succession, but descent; and the avatar of the last race looks like the fulfilment of a prophecy, towards which all the jarring elements of nature, both moral and physical, had been insensibly working. The characters of all three exhibit only external or circumstantial points of difference—resembling in this respect, the rude soil which they inhabited, sometimes a wood, sometimes a blasted heath, yet always substantially the same. The Caledonians may have been a portion of the first stream of population which issued out of the depths of Scythia, and overflowing Gaul, stopped only at the Mediterranean coasts of

Spain ; the Picts, it is believed, were a new colony from the same vast and mysterious region ; and the Scots were no other than a tribe of Gauls, who perhaps had preserved their original Scythian blood pure from Roman contamination, and at length, revolting against the empire, sought refuge and liberty in Ireland and Caledonia.\*

But it is with the Scots themselves, and not with their remote ancestry I have to do at present ; and unhappily I find myself, for many centuries, groping as obscurely on one subject as on the other. From the period of the withdrawal of the Roman legions from Britain in the fifth century, to the final conquest of the Picts by Kennet II, in the ninth, all is fable ; and, by a still more unhappy fatality, from the ninth century onwards to the close of the fifteenth, all, or almost all, is conjecture. At this epoch Edward I. of England (on whose head be the curse of every muse !) carried off or burnt the public archives of Scotland ; and the piety of the historian Fordun, was able to do little more than collect the scattered fragments that were snatched from the flames.

Before the light of history, therefore, streams fully upon Scotland, we arrive at the most interesting period in the annals of modern Europe. The sterner features of feudality have vanished ; a new

\* Those writers who are fond of a high antiquity say, that the Scots and Picts were the same people, and of the original race found by the Romans in Caledonia. The former name distinguished those who inhabited the mountainous country, and the latter the dwellers on the plains.



power called the People has appeared upon the stage, courted by turns by the king and his nobles, and destined one day to hold the balance between both ; charters of community have been extorted by the Italian cities, and purchased by those of France, and other feudal kingdoms ; deputies have been called from the enfranchised towns into the deliberative assemblies of the nation ; judicial combats and private wars have been prohibited ; standing armies have been established for the maintenance of royal authority ; and every where the world seems to be progressing towards a new order of things, in which the frightful aristocracy of the feudal ages will at last succumb to the crown, and thus the fifty headed hydra Tyranny have only one mouth left wherewith to devour.

That the boroughs of Scotland at this period enjoyed, to a certain extent, the privileges of the towns of France and England is matter of certainty ; and we might therefore reasonably expect to find the country participating in the movement common to the rest of Europe. This, however, is not the case. The nobility are still masters of the kingdom, and the sovereign is in most cases a cypher. The same state of things continues while Scotland exists as a separate and independent nation ; and long after it has ceased to be so—even within the memory of living men—the traces of the aristocratical form of government, obliterated from the laws, are religiously preserved in the habits of the people.

This singular anomaly is noticed by the historian

Robertson ; and in endeavouring to account for the preponderance of the aristocracy, he mentions as one great cause the division of the country into clans.

“The nations which overran Europe” says he, “were originally divided into many small tribes ; and when they came to parcel out the lands which they had conquered, it was natural for every chieftain to bestow a portion, in the first place, upon those of his own tribe or family. These all held their lands of him ; and as the safety of each individual depended on the general union, these small societies clung together, and were distinguished by some common appellation, either patronymical or local, long before the introduction of surnames, or ensigns armorial. But when these became common the descendants of every chieftain assumed the same name and arms with him ; other vassals were proud to imitate their example, and by degrees they were communicated to all those who held of the same superior. Thus clanships were formed ; and, in a generation or two, that consanguinity which was at first, in a great measure imaginary, was believed to be real. An artificial union was converted into a natural one ; men willingly followed a leader whom they regarded both as the superior of their lands and the chief of their blood, and served him, not only with the fidelity of vassals, but the affection of friends.”

This theory of the formation of the Scottish clans may be correct ; but it applies in the same manner to every other feudal kingdom in Europe, where

clans *do not and never did exist!* This circumstance appears to have struck the elegant historian I have quoted; but he passes it over without inquiry.

Again, he accounts for the extraordinary power of the nobility by the paucity of their number; assuming that Scotland being a small and poor kingdom could not afford a settlement for many of the invading chiefs at the division of the spoil. It seems to me, however, that “the nations which overran Europe” must have been governed by laws, or regulations, like other banditti; and that their general, on conquering a country, could hardly divide it among a few of his captains to the exclusion of the rest. If I am right, the number of the fiefs must have been regulated, not by the extent or richness of the land, but by the number of the chiefs whose rank or means entitled them to a share of the booty.

In short, in whatever way the subject is viewed, a mystery appears to hang over the Scottish people; and to dissipate this, or try to do so, the inquirer must not be satisfied to follow in the old traces, or “cantare in verba magistri:” he must suspect a difference in the cause, where he finds so irreconcilable a difference in the effect; and ask boldly, whether the chain of circumstances operating on the destinies of Scotland was not wholly different from that which involved the fate of the rest of Europe.

We are indebted to Cæsar for some knowledge of the Gauls, or Celts, whom he subdued; and likewise to contemporary writers for an account of the

Franks and Normans, who, at an interval of four centuries between their incursions, descended like clouds of locusts upon the same country. We are thus able to compare the relative manners and civilization of these barbarians, and to deduce from the result a fact no less curious than important in its connection with our present inquiry.

The Franks in the fifth century, and the Normans in the ninth, appear to have reached pretty nearly the same point of civilization. The patriarchal form of government, if it ever existed, was lost. The people were divided into small tribes, led on to battle by an elective general. Strength was their only law,—and war and hunting their only business.

The progressive history, also, of these two nations is very much alike. The general, who, on the return from a battle, was accustomed to sink into the station of a private individual, becomes no longer subject to this vicissitude. In a hostile country, surrounded by enemies, the invaders never lose the character of an army ; and the post of leader cannot be vacant for an instant. The people become accustomed to be ruled by one man ; and the chief, at first merely a captain of war, is not slow in acquiring the habits of general command. He divides the booty, whether in lands, cattle, or men ; promulgates new laws applicable to the new situation of the tribe ; and, in fine, converts his baton of field-marshal into a royal sceptre.

This state of things passes away in turn. Seated

in a fertile country, filled with corn, cattle, and slaves, the character of the conquerors receives a new modification. The land-owners, following the example of their fortunate comrade, now their King, desire to perpetuate in their own families the good things they had obtained as the reward of fidelity. The legislative functions which they had exercised as lieutenants of the prince became part and parcel of their own dignity; their separate seigniories by degrees assumed all the attributes of independent states; and the homage, or acknowledgment of superiority, which was the condition of their original tenure, became an empty form. Then arise the struggles between the king and his nobles, and the individual jealousies and animosities of the latter. The power of the crown depending entirely on the support of its vassals, there is no permanent public authority; every thing, therefore, is left to the arbitrement of arms; the kingdom is desolated by private wars, and the form of government (if any form can be said to exist), although nominally royal, degenerates into the worst species of aristocracy.

This is the history up to the period of unmixed feudality—but more or less modified, of course, by circumstances—of all the barbarians who overturned the empire of the west. The state of the GAULS, however, at the time of Cæsar, presents no analogy with any of the above epochs in the existence of a nation.

How long this ancient people had inhabited the plains of Gallia, and through what changes of government they had passed, it is impossible to ascer-

tain: we only know that they were found by the Romans in a state of political society as remote from barbarism, as in their manners they were themselves remote from the refinement of civilization. Gaul was a kind of confederation of states, each governed by a king of limited and responsible power; and to this political division it was owing that Cæsar found so little difficulty in vanquishing the whole, by introducing jealousies and dissensions into the parts. Amongst the Gauls the mass of the people were slaves; the nobles alone were the state, and the king was merely an officer elected to preside at their councils. The country, therefore, may be said to have formed a confederation of pure aristocracies, bound together, however loosely, by a common interest; yet thus containing in its very being the germs of dissolution.

Feudality is the descendant—and never a very remote one—of conquest; such a confederation as that of the Gauls could only have grown under the influence of time and internal tranquillity. It seems to me, to be plain, from the very fact of such a form of government co-existing with rudeness of manners, that the Gauls were, in all probability, the original inhabitants of the country, and that they had never passed—and never could pass—through the stage of feudality at all.

At what period a tribe of this people emigrated to Scotland is of little importance; neither would it answer much purpose to inquire whether they found the Picts before them, or whether the Scots and Picts, as some believe, were identical. The



cause of the unimportance of the question is, that supposing a conquest to have been made, the usual effects of a conquest did not take place. The lands and persons of the aborigines were not seized by the invaders, and the conquering army did not sit down on the field of victory, and become a feudal nation. Even after the entire subjugation of the Picts, the victor sent back his troops into their own mountains, and united, on equal terms, the highlands and lowlands in one monarchy.

Previous to this time the seat of Scottish royalty was in the islands—in a locality worthy the dominion of a prince of the elements !

“The Sound of Mull,” says Scott, “which divides that island from the continent of Scotland, is one of the most striking scenes which the Hebrides afford to the traveller. Sailing from Oban to Aros or Tobermory, through a narrow channel, yet deep enough to bear vessels of the largest burden, he has on his left the mountainous shores of Mull ; on the right that district of Argyleshire called Morven or Morvern, unceasingly indented by deep salt water lochs, running up many miles inland. To the south-eastward arises a prodigious range of mountains, among which Cruachan Ben is prominent. And to the north-east is the no less huge and picturesque range of the Ardnamurchan hills. Many ruinous castles, situated generally upon cliffs over-hanging the ocean, add interest to the scene. Those of Dunolly and Dunstaffnage are first passed ; then that of Duart, formerly belonging to the chief of the

warlike and powerful sept of the Macleans, and the scene of Miss Baillie's beautiful tragedy, entitled the *Family Legend*. Still passing on to the northward, Artornish and Aros become visible on the opposite shores; and, lastly, Mingarry and other ruins of less distinguished note. In fine weather, a grander and more impressive scene, both from its natural beauties, and associations with ancient history and tradition, can hardly be imagined. When the weather is rough, the passage is both difficult and dangerous, from the narrowness of the channel, and in part from the number of inland lakes, out of which sally forth a number of conflicting and thwarting tides, making the navigation perilous to open boats. The sudden flows and gusts of wind, which issue without a moment's warning from the mountain glens, are equally formidable: so that, in unsettled weather, a stranger, if not much accustomed to the sea, may sometimes add to the other sublime sensations excited by the scene, that feeling of dignity which arises from a sense of danger."

Such were the localities in the midst of which this wandering tribe founded their empire. Without giving undue importance to the fabulous chronicles of the Scots, we may believe that here the form of government they had been accustomed to at home, received only such modifications as were rendered necessary by the exigencies of their new and perilous situation. One of the first of these modifications would be the establishment of a hereditary instead of an elective throne. In times of trouble and



danger men cling to the leaders in whom they have been accustomed to place confidence ; and among the Scots there no doubt speedily arose a prototype of the Norman Rollo—able to take the tide of fortune at the flood. By degrees scarcely perceptible, however, this would lead to absolutism ; if, indeed, it ever reached that point at all. The other chiefs would watch with hereditary jealousy every step of a monarch to whom, notwithstanding, they were attached by the strongest ties of interest. The people would still remain their subjects, or slaves ; but the adventures and vicissitudes of their wandering life, and the now constant dependance of the lord upon the arms of his followers, would gradually substitute for the chains of slavery the still stronger bonds of mutual sympathy. This result would be hastened by the familiarity of close contact and association, so necessary in the new and savage land to which their destinies had led them ; where the retainers of a chief, for the sake of mutual protection, would huddle their dwellings round the base of the steep on which his was erected, or where the stormy sea hemmed them in like prisoners, in some small and lonely island of the Hebrides.

At first perhaps the size of the island gave their limits to the population and power of the individual tribes. Sometimes, however, successive emigrations would take place, and these would extend the common name. The chief of each sept would still be acknowledged even by its colonies on the main ; and the jealousies and enmities existing among the

various leaders, and inevitable in so rude a state of society, would serve as an effectual barrier against a mixture of the people. Thus, however anomalous it may appear, the system of clans would be produced by the same causes which established the monarchy.

All these circumstances, we may easily conceive, must rather have strengthened than weakened the aristocratical spirit of the Scots, however they may have modified its character. The meanest slave of the soil would feel himself a freeman; for in losing its compulsory form, slavery always loses its sense of degradation. The honour of the chief would become that of the clansmen. The former would be literally the *head* of the body politic, and every injury he sustained would convey a shock through the whole system. The natural pride and haughtiness of the patricians would thus be increased in exact proportion with the gentler humanities of their nature; and the chief, who in the company of his fellows looked askance with a suspicious or disdainful eye, on returning to the bosom of his clan would relax into kindness and familiarity. And this kindness and familiarity, be it observed, would form the true cement of the system, without which, like other social institutions, it would have yielded easily and early to the action of the moral elements. The Scots were *never* divided, like the other nations of modern Europe, into two classes, the *grandees* and the people. Each petty aristocracy, composed of the chief and his tenants or dependants, formed a single body—animated by the same spirit,

and actuated by the same interests. The consanguinity between the clansmen and their chief may either have been a fiction originating in a common metaphor, or a reality, produced, in the course of time, by the restrictions to which each little society was liable. It may also, no doubt, have been aided by the licentiousness on the part of the lord and his family, to which the unbounded devotion of the followers would almost necessarily lead. But this does not matter. The idea did arise, and was fostered by the pride of both parties. In a feudal nation it never could have arisen; for the trampled slave has no interest and no sympathy in common with his master. Even among the wandering descendants of the Gauls, who probably remembered, in tradition, a different state of society, it was necessary to account for their *feeling* of relationship; and thus "*blood is thicker than water*" became a proverbial saying with the "kindly Scot."

In a system like this there was nothing degrading, because it was regulated by the strictest principles of reciprocity. If the head could not be touched without affecting all the parts, so neither could the minutest part be injured without affecting the head. An outrage committed upon a clansman was an insult offered to the chief; and thus each individual felt as if the might of the whole body resided in his single arm.\* The haughtiness generated by this

\* In 1576 a quarrel of a vassal of Argyle with one of Athol hastened the fall of the Regent Morton. The latter earl flew to arms to avenge his

feeling at once of power and security was imposed even upon their gait and aspect, and might be read in the keen, bright eye, erect figure, and decisive step of the mountaineer, who seemed to *look* at the passer-by the later motto of his country—"Nemo me impune lacessit!"

Before directing the same brief and superficial glance at the lowlands, it may be necessary to premise that the lowlands of Scotland are only lowlands comparatively. The whole country is a mountainous region, rising in height, and increasing in irregularity towards the north, broken at the coast into innumerable islands, and penetrated in every direction by the Atlantic and Northern Seas. Many smiling valleys and many fertile plains no doubt are seen in this wild domain; but the former are dominated by naked mountains, and the latter are frequently lost in seemingly endless undulations of barren heath, on which the eye of the Southron wanders in discomfort or dismay. Of nineteen millions of acres, of which the superficies of the country consists, only *seven* are cultivated even at the present day; and over this extent of area, equal to half that of England, a population is scattered amounting to not more than a seventh part of the inhabitants of South Britain.

clansman, and the former to protect his; but the interposition of the Regent forced them both to disband their forces. Morton founded a charge of treason on this common occurrence; and the two earls entered into a confederation against him, which ultimately brought him to the scaffold.

It will be felt, therefore, that in the lowlands pretty nearly the same character prevailed among the people, so far as this is formed or developed by the external circumstances of situation ; while their more tempting valleys, and the easier access afforded to marauders, must have kept up a military spirit as high as that which distinguished the highlands. On the borders of England, more especially, and on the frontiers of the mountain country, the very same system of clanships in all probability prevailed, and from the very same causes, long before the introduction of surnames. The idea of a clan, indeed, has become so closely associated with the "magic of a name," that it is necessary to remind the reader that these distinctions cannot boast of a high antiquity in Scotland. Some writers trace their origin to the time of Malcolm Kenmore in the eleventh century ; but there is no reason to suppose that they became at all general, at least in the north of Scotland, earlier than the thirteenth.\* The individuals of the various tribes, therefore, must have been distinguished by some designation peculiar to the chief ; and perhaps, after all, the idea of consanguinity may have arisen from this simple circumstance.

\* So late as 1465 we find this enactment in the Irish Statutes. 5 Edwd. IV. chap. 3. "That every Irishman that dwells betwixt, or amongst Englishmen, in the counties of Dublin, Myeth, Uriel or Louth, and Kildare, should take upon him an English surname of one town, as Sutton, Chester, Trim, Skryne, Cork, Kinsale ; or colour, as White, Black, Brown ; art or science, as Smith, Carpenter ; or office, as Cook, Butler ; and that he and his issue should use such name, under the penalty of forfeiting of their goods yearly."

Before the union of the highlands and lowlands under one monarch, a gradual change must have taken place in the character of the latter. The partial settlement of the Britons between the Clyde and the Solway, and the incursions of the piratical tribes from the mouths of the Elbe and the shores of the Baltic, had left, no doubt, some traces in the manners of the people; while on the southern limits of the kingdom a Saxon colony was already established—the nucleus of a power destined to play so important a part in the history of Scotland. An interval of comparative peace, however, had operated still more powerfully on the lowlanders. Since they were first roused, like wild beasts, from their forest-lairs by the Britons, they had always been *less* “sinned against than sinning.” Even the Romans would gladly have abandoned the idea of conquering a country at once so poor and so brave, had they not been continually forced to make the attempt in self-defence. Now, however, the establishment of the Anglo-Saxon power in the southern division of Britain formed a rampart against their invasions still stronger than the Roman wall; and this restless people had turned their swords into ploughshares, and, with all the enthusiasm of their character, set themselves to cultivate the verdant valleys that smiled between their ridges of heath and mountain.

The victory of Kenneth Mac Alpin, though aided, no doubt, by a descent made simultaneously upon the coasts by the northern pirates, owed, it is to be



presumed, its conclusive nature to this change in the habits of the people. The result of the victory can only be explained by some such theory of the common origin and common character of the highlanders and lowlanders, as I have attempted to develope.

No division of lands took place ; no slavery, nor even oppression, was introduced among the vanquished ; not one step advanced towards the condition of feudality. Kenneth, or his immediate descendants removed the seat of government to the lowlands, and by a system of equal laws attempted to extend a peaceable sway over both parts of the kingdom. This project could hardly have been conceived had there existed a very marked difference in the language, manners, and customs of the two races. The two, in fact, must have been identical, or at least, two branches of one family. A movement, however, had commenced in one, while the other was destined to remain long stationary. Even the conquest of Kenneth contributed to hasten the progress of the lowlanders towards a change of character. Afraid to contend, at such a moment, with the strangers to whose diversion he had in part owed the victory, he permitted their peaceable establishment on the western coasts, side by side with the colony of the Anglo-Saxons ; and they in turn, received a little later, with open arms, the kindred tribes of Norwegians and Danes, who poured in floods upon the shores of Britain in the ninth century. Thus commenced the intermingling of races

and nations on the soil of Scotland ; and thus, gradually polished, even by the friction of still ruder barbarians than themselves, the lowlanders entered, however late and lingeringly, into the march of civilization.



### CHAPTER III

Too oft shall the notes of Macrimmon's bewailing  
Be heard when the Gael on their exile are sailing ;  
Dear land ! to the shores whence unwilling we sever,  
Return—return—return—shall we never !

THE character of the highlanders and islesmen, on the other hand, continued necessarily the same. They looked with indignation from their alpine solitudes upon the changes operating around them—changes which they could neither feel nor understand, being themselves untainted by the admixture of foreign blood. They received with the embrace of fraternity such lowlanders as chose to fly rather than submit to the sway of Kenneth and his descendants. Each tribe or clan attached itself more closely to its chief ; the authority of the king was forgotten or renounced ; and the mountaineers at length came to look upon themselves as Scots par excellence ; bestowing the general name of Saxons upon all the rest of the people, whose possessions they

considered to be their own birth-right, and which they were ever ready to redeem by the strong arm, in such instalments as their number and strength allowed.

The lowlanders, in the meantime, although intermingled with strangers, had not lost their identity. Fierce, jealous, and intractable—divided into clans or tribes, and preserving their hereditary suspicion of kingly power, their political existence was a continual struggle. It became the policy of the kings to seek the services and alliance of foreign lords, as a protection against their own unruly vassals; and the Norman barons, established in the kingdom by Malcom Kenmore, introduced a taste for luxury and show among the natives, while they incorporated in the laws their own feudal institutions. To this new legislature the Scots willingly acceded, for they found in it nothing repugnant to the customs and manners handed down to them, and their brothers of the mountains, from their remotest ancestry. And thus Scotland at length presented the spectacle, anomalous in itself, and unique in Europe, of a feudal nation that had never been subdued, and a free people who were the property of their chiefs.

It is to these contradictions it is owing that we find something strange, original, and not rarely affecting, in Scottish story. That unnatural classification of men in other countries, and those traits of prodigious pride which it gave rise to, and for which we blush with indignation, even after an interval of many hundred years—are here wanting. In lieu of

these, our imagination is warmed with instances of the most heroic devotion and fidelity ; and the humble serf, instead of ranking with animals of a different and inferior species, takes his station in every attribute of his kind by the side of his master. And let not modern liberalism sneer at this devotion of a vassal to his lord, for it was not the devotion of a slave, but of a friend. It was the homage, blended into one, of a son to a father, and a subject to his prince ; and it was paid, not to a tyrant and oppressor, but to a leader who was at once the chief of the tribe and the head of the race.

Among the many beautiful instances that might be selected to shew the meeting of the two classes of society at a common point, and to prove that no moral barrier existed between the great and the mean, I cannot help alluding here to the anecdote of Bruce and the poor washerwoman. Scott describes it as illustrating the "chivalrous generosity" of the hero's character ; but alas ! the practice, if not the laws, of chivalry bore little reference in that age to the poor and lowly. It is an incident, in my opinion, purely Scottish—notwithstanding the remote Norman ancestry of Bruce—and could scarcely have occurred, at a period when the feudal distinctions prevailed over all Europe, in the person of any other than a "kindly Scot."

The king has heard a woman cry,  
He asked what that was in hy,  
"It is the layndar, sir," sai ane,  
That her child-ill right now has ta'en,

And must now leave behind us here,  
 Therefore she makes such evil cheer,"  
 The king said, "Certes, it were a pity  
 That she in that point left should be  
 For certes I trow there is no man  
 That he no will rue a woman than."  
 His host all there arrested he,  
 And gert a tent soon stinted be,  
 And gert her gang in hastily,  
 And other women to be her by,  
 While she was delivered he bade ;  
 And syne furth on his ways rade.  
 Aud how she forth should carried be  
 Or be furth fure ordained he.

The soldiers of Bruce, from the peculiarities of their national manners, were in all probability accustomed to such traits of sympathy in their leaders ; but even were it otherwise, can we suppose that any man of that party who witnessed the above would hesitate to lay down his life for such a chief ? Akin to this species of sympathy is the grief exhibited by the fiery and gallant Edward, brother of the great Bruce, on the destruction of Neil Fleming and his guards. Edward was no moan-maker, he scorned the weakness himself, and would not permit it in another—

For he was not customably  
 Wont for to moan men any thing,  
 Nor would he hear men make moaning—

and the sacrifice of the guards besides had saved his whole army ; yet he was so much overpowered by grief on this occasion, as to excite the surprise of all who heard his lamentations.

This sympathy on the part of the chiefs was followed by the natural and necessary consequence of entire devotion on the part of the followers. At the battle of Bannockburn the fortune of the day was decided by the enthusiasm of a crowd of menials who remained with the baggage in the rear. When the conflict was at its highest, unable to remain longer inactive spectators of the chivalry of their lords, they elected a captain among themselves, snatched up any thing they could find in the semblance of arms, hung pieces of cloth upon poles to shew as banners, and plunging gallantly into the mêlée shouting their war-cry, put the English army, already wavering, to open flight. Barbour tells the story without manifesting the smallest surprise.

Yeomen, and swanyes, and pitail,  
 That in the park ymet victual,  
 Were left: when they wist but lesing  
 That the lords with full fighting  
 On their foes assembled were;  
 One of their selwyn that were there  
 Captain of them all they made.  
 And sheets, that were somedale braid,  
 They fastened instead of banners  
 Upon long trees and spears,  
 And said that they would see the fight,  
 And help their lords at their might.  
 When here—till all assented were,  
 In a route assembled er,  
 Fifteen thousand they were or ma,  
 And then in great haste gan they go,  
 With their banners, all in a route,  
 As they had been men styve and stout.  
 They came with all that assembly,  
 Right till they might the battle see;  
 Then all at once they gave a cry,  
 “Slay! Slay! Upon them hastily!”

If we come down to later times, the instances of devotion to the chief on the part of the followers are so numerous, that the task of selection is extremely difficult. I may mention, however, as a single case, a circumstance which occurred at the battle of Inverkeithing in the time of Oliver Cromwell. Five hundred of the clan of Maclean were already dead upon the field, and Sir Hector, the chief of that gallant name, was so hotly pressed by the enemy that all hope of escape seemed vain. The survivors of the clan, however, "though few and faint, were fearless still." They gathered about their leader to die for him, or to die with him. Seven brothers, one after the other, rushed forwards to shield his life with their own. When one fell the next stepped into his place, crying, "Another for Hector!" till they were all slain.

If I have succeeded, in the above pages, in conveying a clear idea of my meaning, the reader will be in possession of at least one hypothesis whereby to account for the original aspect presented by the Scots to this day. That they still retain in their manners a very remarkable tinge of antiquity is manifest even to the cursory traveller; and the reader of Scottish history will have no difficulty in discovering the reason. It is hardly now "sixty years since" when the country began to breathe in quiet, and the people to submit to that tide of innovation, which had so long ago demolished the ancient landmarks of customs and manners in more peaceful England.

It was not till the year 1748 that heritable jurisdictions were entirely done away with in the highlands ; and up to this period the power of the chiefs had remained unchanged. When at length they were reduced, partly by legislative enactments, and partly by force of arms, to the station of private gentlemen, their hereditary pride assumed a new and less amiable direction. A crowd of followers, however brave and devoted, were now of no use ; and the lowland gentry, waxing in wealth, began to look with contempt upon their neighbours of the hills, whose consequence was maintained by the empty and ludicrous appendage of a train of ragged retainers, over whom they possessed no legal authority. It became, therefore, a question with the chiefs in what way, in the new form of society in which they found themselves, to maintain a state suitable to their ancestral dignity, and to enter fairly into competition with the pride of the lowlands.

Previous to this time each chief was a sovereign prince, whose power consisted in the number of his armed subjects. The lands were consequently let at the smallest possible rent, and divided, and subdivided with the utmost possible minuteness. To raise the rents was out of the question ; for the produce of the fields was barely adequate to the subsistence of the population, and no convertible surplus existed. To get rid of the excess of *population* was therefore the obvious remedy. The chiefs dispossessed the small farmers ; the farmers dispossessed their tenants ; the tenants their cotters ; a voice of wailing,



mingled with execration arose from the highlands. The clansmen, driven from the homes of their fathers, emigrated by thousands to America ; those who were permitted to remain threw off indignantly that moral allegiance, which had once been their pride ; and the chiefs proceeded to Edinburgh or London, to spend the surplus of their rents, and learn to dance quadrilles.

This, be it observed, is a general picture. In numerous individual instances the chiefs sacrificed every prospect of aggrandisement to the pride and happiness of retaining around them the ancient adherents of their family : and to this day there are to be seen, in several parts of the highlands, all the kindness and condescension on the one part, and all the devout fidelity on the other, of the ancient Scots.

“ It is *not* by accident ” says an elegant French author, “ that Scotland has produced the first writer who has undertaken to present history under an aspect at once real and poetical. It is the strong tinge of originality in the history of his country, which, touching from his early years the imagination of Walter Scott, rendered him so acute in seizing whatever was most characteristic in the annals of foreign nations. But in spite of his immense talent for calling up the scenes of the past, it is from the history of Scotland he has produced the most interesting, and the greatest number of new emotions. The attraction of his historical romances, the scene of which is laid in Scotland, may be referred by some to the picturesque aspect of the country, its moun-



tains, its lakes, and its torrents ; but in fact, the profound interest they inspire proceeds much less from such material causes than from the living picture they exhibit, of a series of political commotions which, never in all their violence, produce disgust, because passion and conviction are the moral agents rather than intrigue. There are other countries in Europe where nature appears in a still vaster aspect than in Scotland ; but there are none in which so many civil wars have raged, with so much good faith in the midst of hatred, and so much warmth of heart in the midst of political predilection. From the first enterprise of the Scottish kings against the independance of the highlanders, down to the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the political insurrection of the eighteenth, we see every where the same spirit, and almost the same character which appear so picturesque in Rob Roy and Waverley.”\*

The view taken by the writer of the fictions of Sir Walter Scott exhibits much of that philosophical spirit with which French literature is at present imbued. So far from conceiving fiction to be a *mere* amusement of the imagination, he considers wisely that history may receive back, with advantageous interest, what was originally borrowed from its stores by the romancer, who is the historian of manners.

“Walter Scott,” says he, “romancer as he is, has given to the historical scenes in which his sometimes

\* Translated from an introduction by M. A. Thierry to a clever *Resumé* of the History of Scotland by M. Armand Carrel.

imaginary personages figure, a still higher reality than the historian attains.\* He never presents the history of a Revolution without describing the things which rendered it inevitable, and which in all after times would produce the same effects—things existing in manners, and modes of living, in the composition of the people, in their division into distinct races, rival grades of society, and warring factions. The most important of these distinctions, that of races, and the original hostility of the highlanders and lowlanders, are the ground-work on which he has raised *con amore*, the fictitious adventures of his heroes. While perhaps only seeking the means of touching the imagination more vividly by contrasts in manners and characters, he has gone to the very sources of historical truth. He has exhibited the fixed point, round which have circled, so to speak, all the great revolutions, either attempted or accomplished in Scotland: for we find the mountaineers opposed to the inhabitants of the plains in the wars of the dynasties, in which one pretender strives against another—in the wars of aristocracy, where the nobles strive against the king—in the wars of religion, where catholicism is at issue with reform—in fine, in the revolts so vainly planned for breaking the bond of union between England and Scotland under a single government. This kind of historical unity, which is not visible to the same degree in any other country, entering into details

\* Referring particularly to Robertson, whose disdain of the earlier portion of Scottish history he reprobates not without cause.

apparently quite distinct from each other, has produced in great part, the vivid interest attached, for the first time, to stories of love embodied amidst scenes of ancient history.”

It being my purpose in the following pages to attempt some illustrations of Scottish history and manners, it will perhaps be deemed excusable that, in the present and foregoing chapter, I have endeavoured to direct attention towards the peculiar circumstances which operated upon the production or development of the character of the people. To dogmatise upon a subject where there are so few ascertained facts would be ridiculous as well as unbecoming; and if the gentle reader pleases to accept of my speculation as a mere essay for debate, I shall be abundantly satisfied. The objurgations which M. Thierry bestows upon Robertson for plunging *in medias res*, and thus exhibiting history as a chapter of accidents, are not undeserved. In order fully to comprehend the political march of a people, it is necessary to be acquainted not only with the peculiarity of races, but even with the physical aspect of the country. The Scots more especially require all the appliances and means of history; and I may add that, judging by what they are in comparison with what they have been, after an interval of little more than half a century of internal tranquillity, they richly deserve the attention of the inquirer.

## CHAPTER IV.

A stark, moss-trooping Scot was he,  
As e'er couch'd border lance by knee :  
Through Solway sands, through Tarrass moss,  
Blind-fold he knew the paths to cross ;  
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,  
Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds ;  
In Eske, or Liddel, fords were none,  
But he would ride them one by one ;  
Alike to him was time or tide,  
December's snow, or July's pride ;  
Alike to him was tide or time,  
Moonless midnight, or matin prime :  
Steady of heart, and stout of hand,  
As ever drove prey from Cumberland ;  
Five times outlawed had he been,  
By England's king and Scotland's queen.

It has often been remarked how instantaneous, in many places, is the change of character and accent, perceived by the traveller, on entering the territory of Scotland from the English side. This seems the more surprising, as the boundary line between the two countries appears to have been fixed by pure accident, with very little reference to the geography

of nature. On glancing at the map, one would think that Agricola had hit upon the true division, when he erected a frontier wall between the Friths of Forth and Clyde: but before doing so, he had to fight his way through the Caledonians, which is proof sufficient of at least the antiquity of our claim to a more southern portion of the soil.

The second wall of the Romans extended from the Solway Firth to the embouchure of the Tyne—a prodigious portion of the conquest abandoned to the conquered!—and when Antonine afterwards endeavoured to re-establish the original line, the territory between the two walls continued a field of battle, sometimes lost and sometimes won, till the fall of the empire under Arcadius and Honorius. At this period the Roman legions were recalled; and, enriched as they were with the élite of the British youth, they of course left the country nearly defenceless. The wall of Adrian itself was no longer a protection, and the Caledonians carried fire and sword even to the banks of the Humber.

At length the appearance of the Saxons, and after them of the Angles, changed the face of affairs. The Britons and Caledonians—who appear to have been born with the instinctive hatred of the lion and the leopard—fought fiercely in the same ranks against the strangers, whom each had, at first, been happy to court; and after various vicissitudes of fortune, the line of demarcation, between the two portions of the island was finally drawn, from the Solway Firth to the embouchure of the Tweed. This

line being distinctly marked, although only for a small space, by the course of the latter river, we say, in common parlance, "the two sides of the Tweed," to designate Scotland and England.

It may be conceived, that there was good reason why these two sides, separated even by an imaginary line, should have preserved entire their distinctive character for many centuries. The borders, in fact, in whatever state the rest of the kingdom might be, were at continual war. In all national quarrels they necessarily led the van; but when peace was established, they did not, like the rest of the army, return to repose. Their deeds of prowess were to be revenged by their neighbours, and thus a constant fermentation was kept up. Before the union of the two crowns, their mutual incursions bore all the features of war; and the power of the barons, more particularly on the Scottish side, surrounded as they were, with devoted adherents of the same *name*, and sheltered in an almost inaccessible country, set the royal authority at defiance.

The military force of the kingdom at that time, consisted entirely of the barons and their retainers, and a militia, furnished by the burroughs. The idea of a standing army, so fatal to aristocracy in other countries, was held in utter abomination; and so late as the regency of Mary of Guise, when it was proposed to organize a force of regular troops, for the defence of the borders, all Scotland took the alarm; and a body of three hundred of the lesser



barons \* waited upon the regent, and delivered their remonstrances in a tone which she could not withstand.

From the time of the first James, every Scot was trained to arms from his youth, not only by custom, but by law. According to the provisions of this prince, every male, on reaching the age of twelve years, was publicly exercised in archery, and those who neglected to present themselves regularly at the time and place were fined, either by the king's sheriff or the lord of the land. † The importation of

\* The greater barons were those who continued to hold their original estates undivided, and were a small though powerful body, resembling more the rivals than vassals of the king. The possessions of some, however, became gradually parcelled out, in the course of time, into different hands; and these new freeholders were called the lesser barons. The obligation to sit in parliament was thought very vexatious by the latter class, who were numerous, and not in general wealthy; but they at length obtained, from James I., an exemption from personal attendance, on condition of sending two commissioners from each county. Thus were introduced knights of the shires, the representatives of the landed property of the country. The lesser barons, however, appear to have thought even this condition grievous; for they almost never complied with it, till compelled to do so by James VI. The greater barons continued as before, to represent themselves; and the burgesses had sat in parliament since the time of Robert Bruce.

† The origin of the office of sheriff is lost in antiquity. By the famous statute alluded to in the preceding chapter, which abolished heritable jurisdictions, and thus dissolved the highland clans, the court received its present form. The high-sheriff is now no longer a judge, but an executive officer of the government, and his appointment is generally held, where it exists at all, in connexion with that of lord-tenant of the county. The sheriff-depute is wholly independent of the high-sheriff, holding his office directly from the crown, *ad vitam aut culpam*. He is authorized to appoint a substitute, or substitutes, from whose decision an appeal lies to himself, while his own fiat is liable to review in the same manner as that of the courts of royal burghs. Besides his civil jurisdiction, he is competent to the trial of all crimes except treason and

weapons of war was encouraged, and a variety of rules laid down for arming the people. The proprietor of a twenty-pound estate, or the possessor of a hundred pounds in other property, was obliged to be mounted and armed at all points. Those of half such substance were to be accoutred in hat, gorget, gauntlets, and other steel defences. Burgesses and others, enjoying twenty pounds of moveable property, were to provide themselves with an iron head-piece, a habergeon, bow and arrows, sword, buckler, and knife. The poorer classes were armed according to their means, at the discretion of the sheriffs; it being understood, in general, that they who had no bow and arrows, should have in lieu a battle-axe, target, sword, and dirk. These regulations were enforced, or improved, by the four succeeding Jameses; but the sixth of the name limited his military zeal, to the task of encircling his person with forty gentlemen in arms, who enjoyed two hundred pounds per annum each, for guarding the life of the king.

It may easily be imagined, that if this was the state of the country generally, the borders, where the people were accustomed every day, not only to the exercises, but the realities of war, must have presented, if possible, a still more military aspect. The description of the "custom of Branksome

the four pleas of the crown, sometimes with and sometimes without a jury, according to the magnitude of the offence. In 1785 a sentence of death, pronounced by this officer, was carried into execution; while, by a singular contradiction, he could not have punished by transportation beyond seas, or even banishment from Scotland.



Hall," in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, may be taken as a specimen, by no means exaggerated, of the state held by the barons.

Nine and twenty knights of fame  
 Hung their shields in Branksome hall ;  
 Nine and twenty squires of name  
 Brought them their steeds from bower to stall ;  
 Nine and twenty yeomen tall  
 Waited duteous on them all :  
 They were all knights of metal true,  
 Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,  
 With belted sword and spur on heel :  
 They quitted not their harness bright,  
 Neither by day nor yet by night :  
     They lay down to rest  
     With corslet laced,  
 Pillowed on buckler cold and hard ;  
     They carved at the meal  
     In gloves of steel,  
 And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd.

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail clad men,  
 Waited the beck of the warders ten ;  
 Thirty steeds both fleet and wight,  
 Stood saddled in stable day and night ;  
 Barbed with frontlets of steel, I trow,  
 And with Jedwood axe at saddle bow :  
 A hundred more fed free in stall :—  
 Such was the custom of Branksome-hall.

The above "knights of mettle true" were in general clansmen of the chief, all bearing the same name, and all serving for honour as well as interest. They were attached not only to the person but to the territory, being each allowed a certain portion of land,

for their border service ; and thus their private fortune as well as their life or liberty was in constant jeopardy. It is probable that these lands were held on a sort of feudal understanding, without any written document ; and even the lords themselves would have been puzzled to make good their own claim unassisted by the swords of their clan. In the highlands especially it was thought ignominious to accept a charter for possessions which they had kept, by the strong arm, from all antiquity. Macdonald of Keppoch was one of those who thus disdained to "hold his lands in a sheep's skin ;" and the consequence was that the estates which he forfeited in "the forty-five" were never recovered by his direct descendants.

A little earlier, neither charters nor patents could have stood in the way of Scottish legitimacy. So late as the restoration, when Sir John Campbell, of Glenorchy, was invested by charter with the estate of Sinclair, earl of Caithness, he was obliged to fight for the lands and the earldom too. The estate had been made over to him, as the principal creditor, by the earl ; on whose death he married the countess, and assumed the title, as territorial, and inalienable from the land. The legality of his claim was admitted by government, and he received a patent of the earldom ; but they all reckoned without the Sinclairs. The clan rose, like one man, to defend the rights of the lineal heir ; and the new earl, instead of having recourse to law, mustered eleven hundred Breadalbane men, and, joined by the fol-

lowers of his brother-in-law, the laird of Macnab,\* marched across the country, and climbed through the wild passes of the Ord into Caithness. In vain the Sinclairs fought and bled. Glenorchy triumphed in a pitched battle; and quartering his army in the country for three years, levied the rents and taxes at the point of the sword. The Sinclairs, however, although beaten, were not subdued. Unable to make full head against the intruders, they rose in Guerilla parties wherever they found opportunity; and at length harrassed the conqueror so much that he was fairly sick of his conquest. A negociation took place, and a reference to the king in council was agreed to—when it was discovered that the title belonged, not to the land, but to the male heir! In the sequel Glenorchy was consoled for his mortification by being created earl of Breadalbane on a new patent; and the earldom of Caithness, thus recovered by the faithful clan, devolved upon the lineal descendant, George Sinclair of Neiss.†

\* *Laird*—heritor, or landowner. In 1709 a small heritor in Mid-Calder was fined by the justices of peace in 1000 Scots in his quality of *gentleman*. He “suspended” on the ground that he was *not* a gentleman; and the question being tried by the lords of session, they restricted the fine to about a tenth part, because “suspender had not the face or air of a gentleman!”

† The Caithness men were always noted for valour. To this hour it is held to be unlucky to cross the Ord on a Friday; the day on which the flower of the district marched over the mountain, to die, almost to a man, on the fatal field of F'odden. It is mentioned by Mr. Pennie, in his very excellent and talented work “*Britain's Historical Drama*,” that so late as the year 893 a human sacrifice was offered to Odin, by Einar, thane of Caithness! The victim was Haldanus, prince of Norway.

This happened, however, in the extreme north of Scotland, separated from the rest of the country by a range of mountains impassable till a few years ago by wheeled carriages, and fenced round on the seaward side by the stormy Orcades. Caithness, besides, although a comparatively local district, was at that period almost a desert, except on its wild and extraordinary coast, where a fishing trade was then, as now, carried on.\* It is therefore not so *very* surprising that Glenorchy and the Sinclairs should have been left to fight it out:—but on the borders the case was widely different. The Scottish sovereigns were perfectly aware of their importance, and carried on a perpetual, but generally fruitless struggle with the warlike barons, who held there a state little inferior to royalty itself.

When James V., in 1529, determined to hold a flying court of justice on the borders, he proceeded there with an army of ten thousand men. So unaccustomed, however, were the banditti to anything like law, that in some cases they seem to have looked upon the advent of the king as a friendly visit! Piers Cockburn, of Sunderland, it is said, had prepared a feast for the entertainment of his brother-monarch;

\* It may seem strange that the weights and measures of Caithness should have become the standards of the whole kingdom, in the fourteenth century; but the town of Thurso was at that period the great depot between Scotland and the north of continental Europe. The statute of King David II., for the equalization of weights and measures, quotes the twenty-fifth chapter of Deuteronomy, thirteenth and fourteenth verses, in justification of the measure, and then provides—"Gif ony man, against the commands of God's law, use ony unequal weights, he sall pay to the King's Justice aught kye for his fault and transgression."

but, according to another tradition, was found by him at dinner. A message, saying that a gentleman requested to speak with him, was disregarded; and so was a second, couched in more urgent terms. On the third, Cockburn, amazed at the audacious importunity, swore he would not move till he had finished his meal, were the visiter the Laird of Ballengeich himself.

“It *is* the Laird,” said the messenger; and at the words of fate the borderer rose up stupified, and went out; when he was instantaneously hung up before his own gate.

Adam Scott, of Tushielaw, met with the same fate. This renowned freebooter, who was called the king of the borders, was executed on an elm, used by himself as a gallows-tree, and still growing upon the ruins of his fortress, exhibits numerous marks of the rope.

Johnnie Armstrong, however, was the most interesting victim on this occasion. He came out from his tower of Gilnorckie, in Eskdale, attended by a train of knights, all gaily and gallantly dressed and armed, and confident that they would meet with nothing but favour from the king. James, however, was rather irritated than otherwise by the bravery of their appearance, and ordered them all without ceremony to the gallows-tree. In vain Johnnie offered to maintain forty men in the royal service; and to be ready at all times to bring to the king's feet, alive or dead, within a given space, any Englishman, of any rank, he might designate. All his

terms were rejected: and at length, ashamed of having condescended to supplication, the stout riever resigned himself to his fate; remarking, that had he suspected the result of that meeting, he would have kept himself upon the borders, in spite of the kings of both countries. He was hanged, with his comrades, amounting to thirty-six, upon the nearest trees, and their graves are still to be seen in a church-yard near Carlenrig.

This severity of the king was not entirely dictated by his English policy. Had the border chiefs been less powerful they might have escaped; but James was intensely jealous of his authority. His whole life was passed in attempts to humble the nobles; and at length, when in spite of his apparent success, he became convinced of his real insignificance, he died of shame and despair. He possessed authority sufficient to bring his barons to the field, against an English invasion; but when an opportunity offered of attacking the enemy successfully in their retreat, they refused disdainfully to advance a step beyond the limits of their own country. On another occasion, when the nobles were actually prevailed upon to enter England, his hatred and jealousy of their power was so great, that he had the imprudence to give the command of the army, consisting of ten thousand men, to his favourite Oliver Sinclair. The consequence was, that, when attacked by five hundred English, his whole forces took to flight: thirty were killed, and a thousand surrendered prisoners without striking a blow. James never afterwards



raised his head ; and it is even said by some historians that poison, administered by his own hand, hastened the effects of melancholy and despair.

After his death the " Border Thieves " waxed as strong as ever, and Queen Mary sent round another murderous circuit. The force necessary this time to put into execution the decision of the court consisted of the inhabitants of *eleven* counties. The words of the proclamation, as given by Keith, are these :

" And because it is necessary for the execution of her highness' commandments and service, that her justice be well accompanied, and her authority sufficiently fortified by the concurrence of a good power of her faithful subjects—Therefore commands and charges all and sundry earls, lords, barons, freeholders, landed-men, and other gentlemen dwelling within the said counties, that they and every one of them, with their kin, friends, servants, and household men, will bodin in feir of war in the most substantious manner, and with twenty days' victuals, to meet and to pass forward with him to the borough of Jedburgh, and there to remain during the said space of twenty days, and to receive such direction and commands as shall be given by him to them in our sovereign lady's name, for quietness of the country ; and to put the same in execution, under pain of losing life, lands, and goods."

After the union of the two crowns, the borderers, losing the pretext of national hostility, were no longer on the same respectable footing ; although

they still continued in great numbers. Fuller describes the moss-troopers as robbers descended from the more honourable borderers. "When England and Scotland," says he, "were united in Great Britain, they that formerly lived by hostile incursions betook themselves to the robbing of their neighbours." They dwelt in the mosses, and rode in troops together, obeying the laws of neither country; and therefore, he opines, they might be lawfully put to death without legal ceremony—"wearing," according to the words of Bracton, "*a wolf's head*, so that they may be destroyed, without any judicial inquisition, as who carry their own condemnation about them, and deservedly die without law, because they refuse to live according to law." Scott informs us, that the last public mention of moss-troopers occurs during the civil wars of the seventeenth century, when many ordinances of parliament were directed against them.

The cause of these desperate men being enabled so long to set at defiance the laws of the united kingdom, is significantly told in the few and simple words of Fuller: "They are a nest of hornets—strike one, and stir all of them about your ears." Their modes of intercommunication, in so wild and thinly peopled a country, seem almost miraculous. No sooner was the blow of authority, however sudden, felt in one quarter, than the whole border was in a tumult, and many hundred armed troopers appeared spurring to the 'spot from all points of the compass.



In Carey's Memoirs, he tells us that he went to a house within five miles of Carlisle, accompanied by twenty-five horsemen, to apprehend two Scots who had slain a priest. The fugitives, however, had escaped into a tower close by; and Carey, afraid to venture with so small a party, although thinking himself quite secure of his prey, despatched messengers to "raise the country," including the townsmen of Carlisle. Allies accordingly came, as fast as legs either of man or beast could carry, and the tower was speedily surrounded by a considerable force both on foot and horseback. At the same instant, however, there appeared dashing down the hills to the rescue a troop of four hundred Scots. This phenomenon was at once accounted for by their having observed, on their arrival, a single boy scouring away on horseback from the solitary tower.

In earlier times a message from the borders was told all over Scotland in a still shorter space. A bale of fire, kindled on the peak of a hill, or on the tower of some mountain fastness, notified the suspected approach of the English; two bales the certainty of their coming; and four bales that the enemy were in formidable force. This blaze, lighted at Hume, was instantaneously answered by one at Eggerstone castle, and the latter by another on Soltra Edge. The Lothians were thus warned—Edinburgh Dunbar—Stirling—Fife—"that all might see, and come to the defence of the realm."

During the last war, when this country was threatened with a French invasion, some of these beacons

were again called into use, although only by mistake. The beacon of Hownamlaw in Roxburghshire, unaccustomed for so long a time to such matters, imagined that the festive illumination of a house near Dunse was the beacon of Dunselaw, and instantaneously flared up in the old border spirit. Dunselaw, in turn, although it had not given the signal, was not slow in replying ; and thus blaze after blaze rose like ominous meteors on the night, till, in the course of a few hours, a great part of the South of Scotland was in arms. Some mistakes, no doubt occurred. The yeomanry of Berwickshire galloped into East Lothian, and the East Lothian yeomanry dashed headlong into Berwickshire. No matter. The only thing wanting was the enemy. All was zeal, noise, and animation, and the flashing of eyes and arms. The old spirit of the Scots seemed to start from its peaceful slumbers with a shout ; and ere the sun had well risen over the mountain borders, the Teviotdale yeomanry marched into Jedburgh, playing "*Wha daur meddle wi me ?*"

## CHAPTER V.

And far beneath, in lustre wan,  
Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed ran :  
Like some tall rock, with lichens grey,  
Rose, dimly huge, the dark abbaye.

THE Tweed is only in a portion of its course a boundary river. It wanders in its whole course over a space of one hundred and two miles, (falling on an average about fifteen feet in the mile,) and approaches, at the town of Peebles, to within twenty miles of the metropolis. This range includes every variety of scenery of which Scotland can boast ; and in some places the views are not excelled, either in beauty or grandeur, by any other part of the kingdom.

On either side of the river, disposed alternately, and within sight of each other, stood the famous border towers, which raised the whole country in arms in the course of a few hours. In the day time a column of smoke rising from the beacon flame

gave the signal; at night the blaze of the fires flashing suddenly up, one after another, roused the hardy Scot at a hundred miles distance with the news that the Southrons had crossed the border.

In the very midst of this wild country, where the traveller, surrounded by ruins, and haunted by the shapes of the past, is hardly yet certain that he is in absolute safety, an object suddenly rises before his eyes, so incongruous with the rude and troubled scene, that he is half inclined to attribute its appearance *there* to the agency of enchantment. This is the famous abbey of Melrose, one of the most exquisite specimens of Gothic *sculpture*—for it seems actually a work of the chisel throughout—in all Europe.

The foundation of this monastery is generally attributed to David I.; but the rich and fantastic luxuriance of the work in the ruins now remaining, (which are those of the church,) would by no means seem to indicate a date so early as the middle of the twelfth century. The probability is that it was constructed at different epochs; and the western extremity we know by a scutcheon of his arms, which it contains, was built by James V. The meanness of this portion of the building presents a striking contrast with the gorgeous yet elegant magnificence of the rest. Perhaps all that is really worthy of admiration was executed under the comparatively peaceable reigns of Alexander II. and III. In their time the Gothic order was at its highest; and after them no Scottish king had either means or leisure to enter into such an undertaking.

The description in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, understood not poetically but literally, gives a closer and better idea of the place than can be found elsewhere in the plainest prose.

Now slow and faint he led the way,  
Where, cloister'd round, the garden lay ;  
The pillared arches were over their head,  
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

Spreading herbs and flowerets bright  
Glistened with the dew of night ;  
Nor herb nor floweret glisten'd there,  
But were carv'd in the cloister'd arches as fair \*

\* \* \* \* \*

By a steel-clench'd postern door,  
They enter now the chancel tall ;  
The darken'd roof rose high aloof  
On pillars lofty, and light, and small :  
The key-stone that lock'd each ribbed aisle  
Was a fleur-de-lis or a quatre-feuille ;  
The corbells were carv'd grotesque and grim,  
And the pillars with clustered shafts so trim,  
With base and with capital flourished around,  
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

\* \* \* \* \*

The moon on the east oriel shone,  
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,  
By foliag'd tracery combin'd ;  
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand  
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand,  
In many a freakish wreath had twin'd ;  
Then framed a spell when the work was done,  
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.

\* "Nature," says a Southron author in 1776, "is studied throughout the whole, and the flowers and plants are represented as accurately as under the pencil."

The tomb of Michael Scott is supposed to have been in the chancel, but the exact spot cannot be pointed out. The curious traveller, however, may still see the "marble stone" where William of Deloraine sat down with the monk. It is said to cover the tomb of Alexander II., and to have formerly contained the following inscription, now utterly defaced.

Rex rectus, rigidus, sapiens, consultus, honestus ;  
 Rex pius, rex fortis, rex optimus, rex opulentus,  
 Nominis istius ipse secundus erat.  
 Annis ter denis et quinis rex fuit ipse,  
 Insula quæ carneri dicitur hunc rapuit.  
 Spiritus alta petit, cœlestibus associatus,  
 Sed Melrossensis ossa sepulta tenet.

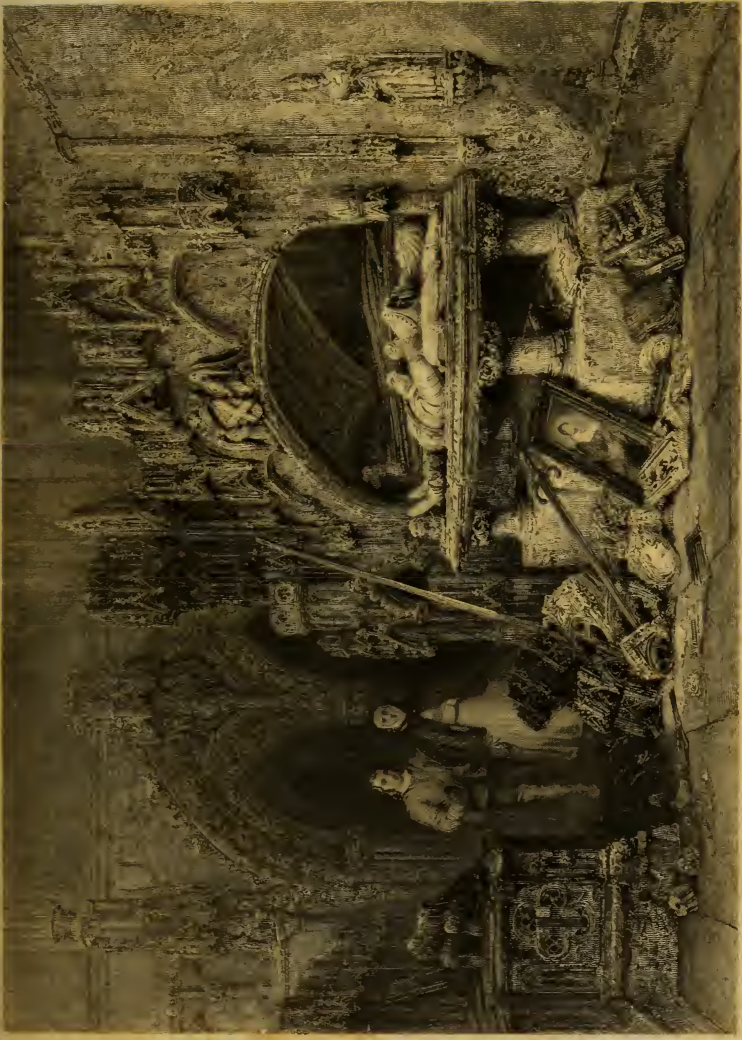
Several of the family of Douglas were also buried there—the "gallant chief of Otterburne," and the "dark knight of Liddesdale;" the latter styled the flower of chivalry, and described in the chronicle of the Douglasses as "terrible and fearful in arms, meek, mild, and gentle in peace, the scourge of England, and sure buckler and wall of Scotland, whom neither hard service could make slack, nor prosperous slothful."

The tomb of Waldevus, the second abbot, is still seen. According to the Chronicle of Mailross when Ingerion, bishop of Glasgow came, accompanied by four other dignitaries, to open the grave—

Before their eyes the abbot lay,  
 As if he had not been dead a day!

This is the origin of the exquisite picture in the Lay of the Last Minstrel: but the same thing may





THE TEMPLE OF VENUS AT POMPEII





be observed throughout the whole of the writings of Scott. His incidents and characters are *true*, according to place and time; he is not so much a romancer as a historian of manners.

The abbots of Melrose enjoyed such extraordinary power that James V., in his murderous expedition to the borderers, is said by some authors to have assumed the title of their baron baillie, in order to shelter himself under their warrant from a responsibility which he dreaded to undertake in his mere office of king!

The situation of the abbey, notwithstanding, would finally have proved its destruction, independently of the revolution in religion. It is not to be supposed that the wild moss-troopers would have been withheld from so rich a prize by regard either to the beauty of the edifice or the sanctity of its priests; and, accordingly, it was sacked by the English borderers on more than one occasion. But the time at last came when this most beautiful monument of Scotland was doomed to utter destruction by an act of a Scottish council; and Knox added to the zeal of the ignorant and ferocious brutes, by publicly inculcating in his sermons that "the sure way to banish the rooks was to pull down their nests."

Behold the scene which ensued in the interior of the church!

"Magdalen and Richard Graeme remained alone in the great vaulted space, whose style of rich yet chaste architecture referred its origin to the early

part of the fourteenth century, the best period of Gothic building.\* But the niches were stripped of their images in the inside as well as on the outside of the church; and in the pell-mell havoc the tombs of warriors and princes had been included in the demolition of the idolatrous shrines. Lances and swords of antique size, which had hung over the tombs of mighty warriors of former days, lay now strewn among the relics with which the devotion of pilgrims had graced those of their peculiar saints; and the fragments of the knights and dames which had once lain recumbent, or kneeled in an attitude of devotion where their mortal relics reposed, were mingled with those of saints and angels of the gothic chisel, which the hand of violence had sent headlong from their station."

In 1742 an Englishman endeavoured to direct the attention of antiquarians to this remarkable spot; and his letter is so curious that I believe I shall be excused for giving it almost entire.

"I could heartily wish that some judicious brother of your Antiquarian Society was but to see a gothic rarity that is in this neighbourhood, (viz.) the beautiful ruins of the abbey of Mailross, which I shall take upon me to say has been the most exquisite structure of its kind in either kingdom: I won't say but other abbeys have been larger, such as St. Albans; and some conventual churches more august,

\* With great deference I think this is impossible. No one can suppose that Robert Bruce had time or opportunity for such a work, and under David II. the whole country was one battle field.

such as Beverley ; but this of Mailross is extravagantly rich in its imagery, niches, and all sorts of carving, by the best hands that Europe could produce at that time ; nay, there is such a profusion of nice chisel work, in foliage and flowers, at the very top of the steeple, that it cannot be seen from the ground without the help of a glass. The capital of every pillar that supports the arches of the church and the dome are all hollowed with a small tool, being wreathed work of all sorts of flowers, such as you have at the entrance of your chapter house at York. Every brother has had a stall in the cloister (now much demolished,) which have been variously adorned with the leaves of fern, oak, palm, holly, or some other kind of trees.

The building from the steeple to the east end is entire in the walls, but the roof (which has been of stone and carved) is much decayed.

The quire is but small, but has a noble east window, the glass all out ; therein lies a marble stone without any inscription, half a hexagon, tapering smaller at the foot, of a bright green colour, and powdered full of white feathers.

The whole structure is in the form of a Saint John of Jerusalem's cross, the north and south aisles partly complete ; at the north side of which is a staircase which has led into the prior's house.

From the steeple westward remain six arches of the nave, in which is the present kirk, that takes up about three of them ; but how much farther the ancient church has extended I believe will be hard to know.

In every arch of the nave, both north and south, has rose a cross wall into the two sister aisles, making so many smaller arches, with an altar and holy water font.

The windows are of an equal dimension, but variously figured and carved.

The cloister has been on the north side of the church, which opened into a garden, that led to the Tweed, which is there of a good breadth; and there was another garden on the opposite side of the river. Our neighbours are not wanting in the faculty of amplifying, but this thing does really exceed all their exaggerations of praise. By this you'll swear, and say I have lived too long here, and am become as vain as they; however, I stand to my assertion."

To the south of Melrose are the Eildon hills, about six or seven miles at the base, and a mile and a half in height. The reader is no doubt aware that these hills, or rather that this triple hill, owes its form to the wizard Michael Scott; who being embarrassed by a fiend, whom it was necessary to keep in constant employment, spoke

"the words that cleft Eildon hills in three."

These words, unhappily, were not communicated by the monk to William of Deloraine, and therefore they have not come down; but the manner in which the fiend executed the behest is minutely described in tradition. Facing to the north, it seems, he decapitated the hill at a single







slice, throwing the spoil to the right ; this made two cones, and there remained enough in his spade, when shaken between, to form the third. When looking at the Eildon from a proper point of view, one can easily understand how this was done ; and the sensitive traveller will feel regret to think that so prompt and ingenious a workman should be employed to this day by the artifice of the wizard, “in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-sand.”

Approaching Peebles by the Tweed, the country on a general view, has a wild and chaotic appearance ; but on looking closer we behold—to borrow the grandiloquence of a traveller—“fertile valleys beautifully diversified with verdant hills, richly fringed with flowing springs, that filter through the concavities of an irregular surface to the bosom of their common mother Tweed, whose meandering stream lulls their vibrated rills to rest, and consigns her sylphic young to the briny regions of Neptune!”

An excellent idea of the wild and desolate aspect of the country is given in the opposite engraving. The scene is in the dale of the Allan near Melrose, and includes the identical spot where the sub-prior was overtaken by Christie of the Clinthill. The adventure of father Philip with the weeping lady occurred, according to tradition, at Gattonside, on the opposite side of the Tweed ; and the hero was not a monk, but a worthy man spurring across the ford to Melrose, to beseech the aid of a “wise woman” on behalf of his wife. He found a female sitting on the bank of the stream, and acted precisely as is

related of father Philip, and no doubt from the same holy motive.

When almost half way over, with the lady seated behind him, he became alarmed by the firm and deliberate grasp she appeared to have taken of his belt. He began to dread something uncanny, he knew not what ; but, unbuckling the thong to which his companion seemed to have taken such a fancy, he held the ends in his hand, and left the affair to providence. His presence of mind, if not his piety, saved him from destruction ; for they had no sooner gained the deepest part of the stream than the false fiend threw herself from the horse—not with the rider in her grasp, but only his belt ; and a succession of eldritch screams told her disappointment as she whirled down the stream and disappeared.

The beacon towers or castles in this part of the country were usually elevated to three stories. The lowest, or ground floor, was vaulted, and there the cattle were driven on the first alarm of the enemy's approach. The second story consisted chiefly of a great public hall, and the third contained the bed chambers and other apartments of the family. Of these structures, the one in best preservation is Neidpath castle, near Peebles ; but having been used as the residence of noble families in comparatively late times, it does not completely answer the above description.



## CHAPTER VI.

Oh, lover's eyes are sharp to see,  
And lover's ears in hearing;  
And love, in life's extremity,  
Can lend an hour of cheering.

THE sides of the deep and narrow glen in which Neidpath castle stands were formerly covered with wood; and the broken outline of the ridges which hemmed it in from the world, shewed as gloomily against the sky as the ramparts of a prison. Even in our own time, when fields of corn are seen waving in places where the black fir and the haunted rowan tree kept sentry, and when flocks of sheep pasture in safety on the heretofore domains of the hill fox and the raven, there still lingers around the scene an air of sternness and almost menace.

The massive walls of the castle rise, in the form of a single square tower, from a promontory of rock which overhangs the Tweed; and although abandoned many years ago to ruin and desolation, they

still withstand proudly the ravages of time. Birds build, indeed, in the cavities of the roof, and the wind howls through the remains of the out-houses ; the court-yard is fast disappearing, and the stately avenue, with its orchards on one side, and the terrace garden on the other, are already gone : but the walls of the tower itself, eleven feet in thickness, remain a lasting monument of the military architecture of Scotland in the middle ages.

About the close of the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth century, the castle was in the possession of the Earl of March, one of the Queensberry family. This nobleman, who inherited no small portion of the pride and rapacity of the first duke, was but little liked in the countryside, and rarely visited his mansion in the neighbouring town of Peebles. He lived at Neidpath in a state of almost seclusion, with little other society (his wife being dead) than that of his two daughters ; and one of these, the elder and the favourite, being in a declining state of health, it may be supposed that the outward gloom of the castle was not much amended by cheerfulness within.

The age of the lady Alice had reached the last of the silver-sounding numerals. Her years of romance, therefore, were well-nigh over,—and she awaited the pronouncing of the abrupt and prosaic word “twenty,” to close, as with a spell, the enchanted series. In the meantime, there were some fears that, short as the interval was, she might not live so long. By a few, her illness was called con-

sumption: by her sister, it was pronounced to be a love-melancholy.

The former of these opinions appeared to have most reason. Her complexion, always pale, was now absolutely colourless; there was not a tinge of blood even on her lip; and had it not been for the exquisite beauty and delicacy of the features, her face must have conveyed some idea of the ghastly. As it was, she resembled a statue of that almost transparent marble of Paros, by means of which the ancient sculptors were enabled to embody the goddess-women of their dreams. Her voice was weak and broken, her step languid, and her breathing quick. Her appetite was gone; her eyes became suffused with tears at the slightest reproach from those she loved; and a sudden step, or an abrupt question, no matter on how indifferent a subject, made the far-hidden blood leap to her face.

At the same time, if consumption was the proximate cause of these symptoms, there is no doubt that her health was first undermined by disappointed love. Some people smile when this is talked of as if it were a disease:—they forget that the case is the same with all the other passions. There have been instances of men dying even of fear—no every day tenant of the manly breast—and why should not a woman die of love?

The maternal ancestors of the lady Alice were not natives of the vale of Tweed. She was come of an old border race, who still kept their footing on the “wild and willowed shore” of the Teviot; and

till lately she had been accustomed to go more than once in the year to visit her family. On these occasions she had usually found her path beset, as she passed through Ettrick forest, by young Scott, the son of the laird of Tushielaw ; and Alice, while yet a wee lassie was wont to clap her hands, and scream with delight, as she caught the first glimpse of the high-spirited, frank-hearted boy, urging his steed down the pass to meet her. He was either a kinsman of her house, or some hereditary alliance had subsisted between the two families ; and at an early age the descendant of the border king condescended to fix upon this Tweeddale damsel for his future wife.

As Alice grew older she left off clapping her hands at the sight of young Tushielaw. The pace of her palfrey was slower ; she started and flushed as a wild bird burst out of the foliage by her side ; and her eyes wandered timidly around, as if she dreaded the approach of an enemy. When at length they met, her air was shy and embarrassed. She looked little, spoke less, and ever and anon turned away her head to pluck a blossom from the bough that overhung her path. Her hesitating words, notwithstanding, were even softer than usual ; her cast-down eyes swam in a bashful joy ; and her averted cheek glowed with that rich and genial warmth which was the only appliance of beauty she did not naturally possess.

In another year these symptoms passed away in turn. She no longer checked the spirit of her pal-

frey, but, as if impatient at his slowness, seemed ready herself to bound out of the saddle. Her face glowed with beauty; her eyes shone with sparkling light; her very frame seemed to dilate, her muscles to expand, and her whole being to swell, as it were, with an excess of spiritual life. The looks of the youthful pair now met in mutual confidence. They were lovers. But they were not the lovers of the drawing room, or the library, or the lawn. They galloped, side by side, through the "forest free;" their warm cheeks were fanned by the breezes of the mountain; and the first fateful whisper of young Scott sunk into the ear of Alice, by the side of a nameless tarn, where the eagle stopped to drink on his way to the highlands of Ettrick Kirk, or St. Mary's Loch.

Tradition delights to record the appearance of the youthful pair at this time. If its tales are to be believed, they were perfect models of beauty according to sex. The preference, however, seems to be given, by the taste of the narrators to Scott; whose tall and robust person, together with his proud bearing, and the flash of a dark but lustrous eye, perhaps connected him in their imagination, with his ancestor, the famous King of the Borders, who was executed by James V. Alice, on the other hand, was the perfect essence and extract of womankind. Firm without energy, a coward in action, yet a heroine in endurance, she seemed to be one who, if overtaken by a tempest on some journey of love or honour, would sit down by the way-side, and wait,

and bear, and die—without the courage to go on, without the baseness to turn back. They both, in some respects carried the peculiarities of sex to a pitch of extravagance ; he being stronger in manly pride than became a man, and she softer in woman's weakness than became a woman.

It is not known on what occasion the Earl of March thought himself called upon to interfere ; or what were the circumstances which suggested to the lovers that the laird of Tushielaw was no longer king of the borders, and that the lady Alice was the daughter of the heir of Queensberry. The eyes of all parties were perhaps gradually opened ; difficulties may have grown up insensibly in the intercourse of the young pair ; doubts and jealousies may have insinuated themselves into the heart of Scott ; his love may have been hurt, his pride alarmed :—but all this is only conjecture. We only know that the rambles of Alice were at length confined to the garden of Neidpath ; and that, after a scene of confusion, and almost strife, in the family of Tushielaw, young Scott, after the manner of his country, buckled on his sword with a bursting heart, and went abroad.

From that day the lily of the vale of Tweed began to wither. There were no prayers, no shrieks, no hysterics. Her father, she was well aware, in the midst of all his severity, loved her to absolute idolatry. He reasoned with her calmly, yet anxiously, and explained the relative stations and duties of the different grades of society. Alice listened without



replying ; for although the wisdom of a man of the world is foolishness to a young and sensitive heart, she knew that reply would be useless. She retired to her chamber to try to tranquillize her bosom and steady her brain ; she wandered in the garden, trimming her plants as usual, and watering her flowers ; she sat down to reading, or drawing, or embroidering, with her sister : but all this was soon, though gradually at an end.

Walking began to fatigue her, and she kept within doors ; at drawing or needle-work, her eyes wandered, and these were laid aside ; reading perplexed without amusing her, for she forgot the connection of the sentences, and the book was closed. Her form lost its roundness ; her cheek grew paler and paler ; the bones of her taper fingers were seen white and smooth beneath the white smooth skin that covered them. Her eye, however, was still bright, and the hue which any sudden emotion cast into her cheek was beautiful beyond expression. Her face besides, when her father was present, was lighted up with a smile, at first constrained, then habitual. It was wan indeed, both sad and wan—still it was a smile.

“ She will forget him,” said the earl ; “ she begins to smile already !”

Then a cough supervened ; she could not sleep at night for coughing. She had caught cold !—and the doctors must be consulted. The doctors did all that doctors can ; and when they could do no more, they recommended change of air — mineral waters —

amusement. And so the patient was carried into other provinces, and drank ill-tasted water, and smiled wanly to show that she was amused: and then she came back to Neidpath, and grew worse, and worse, and worse.

“What do you think of this?” said the earl to his younger daughter, in growing alarm.

“What I did at first, father,” replied she—“that she has *not* forgotten him, and never will.”

“It is hard,” mused the heir of Queensberry when alone—“very—very hard! she who might have matched into the first family in the land, must marry young Scott of Tushielaw, or die! Yes; I will try but one other physician, and one other month. Poor lassie!—there she comes, leaning on her sister’s arm—how thin, and wan, and wasted! Not a day beyond the month—not an hour, by all that is holy!”

As Alice passed through the room, she turned round, seeing her father, and smiled. The earl was more struck with the peculiarity of her expression than he had ever been before; and he made a hasty step forward in alarm, and fruitless compunction. The sudden motion sent the blood into the poor girl’s face; but, retreating instantaneously, the light of beauty was gone, leaving nothing behind on the same features but a beauty resembling that of death, and the late, lasting, heavenly smile of a daughter’s love.

The earl hid his face with one hand, while he extended the other towards her.



“Alice!” said he, in a broken and husky voice. She left her sister’s arm, stepped quickly up to him, and kissed his hand. He took hold of both her’s, and looked long and wildly in her face; scanning, one by one, the wasted features—the hollow cheek—the sunken eye—the bloodless lip. He then drew her close to his bosom, leant his head upon her shoulder, and, after a short but fierce struggle with the sobs that convulsed him, wept aloud.

“My Alice,” said he, when he was able to speak, “will you try to live?”

“Indeed, indeed, I will,” she replied; “I will do any thing I can, dear father, so that you are not vexed with me.”

“And I will do what *I* can to make it no hardship for you to live!” But the strange stare which she fixed on his face at these words made him apprehend that he was too sudden. She grew paler than ever, and appeared to be about to faint; but when he had set her gently down in a chair, a reaction took place, and the banished blood rushed back into her face, neck, and bosom, lending a crimson shade even to her sparkling eyes. For some moments she looked better and more beautiful than ever; and her father continued, impatiently—

“I set out this very day—this very hour—for Tushielaw; young Scott shall be recalled; your early vows, imprudent as they were, shall be fulfilled; and we shall all be happy yet—if you will only promise to live! Promise that, my darling! promise, image of your mother! promise, my own

Alice ! promise, my beautiful love !—”and the father sunk upon his knees before his daughter.

“I do! I do!” she almost screamed. “Rise, my father ! I will pray to God that I may live, and he will hear me ! I think—I know—I feel—I am sure that I shall live !” The earl kissed her forehead, and before Alice had time to arrange her fluttered thoughts, was far up the glen on his way to Ettrick Forest.

The young lady, as the tradition bears, did really amend in health. She was more cheerful ; her nerves grew stronger ; even the violence of her cough diminished ; and as her sleep became sounder, her dreams became more agreeable. As the day of her lover’s return, however, approached, she seemed so restless, that her sister dreaded fever, even from so natural a cause. At every unaccustomed sound, however slight or distant, she started, and either crimsoned to the eyes, or grew deadly pale. Her eyes at length acquired an uninterrupted brilliance, and her cheek wore a hue of beauty too bright to be in keeping with her general health. Nevertheless, she was certainly better. Care, and rest, and the presence of her beloved, and the tranquillity of mind which would ensue, when fear and hope resolved into certainty—these, with the blessing of heaven, would in all probability redeem her young life from the grave.

At length the day came, the morning of the day, when young Scott was expected to pass through the town of Peebles, on his way to Neidpath. Alice

was up with the dawn. Her eyes were dazzlingly bright, but she was even paler than usual, not having slept the whole night; and this gave so wild and unnatural a look to her marble-like face, that her sister almost dreaded the approaching interview. She, herself however, had no fear, but that her lover would not come, or that having come, disgusted by the traces of sickness, he would see in her no more the Alice of his love. One while she would braid her hair before the mirror, and arrange and re-arrange her dress,—then, struck by a sudden thought, she would pause in consternation; the flowers and jewels would drop from her hand; and, with a feeble moan, she would sink back fainting in her chair.

Inaction, however, seemed worse to her than anything. Her restless eye never remained fixed on any object for more than an instant; she found a thousand things to do, and continued flitting about, like a spirit, from place to place. It seemed marvellous how the excitement within could keep up so long the energies of her wasted frame; but instead of fainting from weariness, her restlessness increased as the day wore on. She at length declared suddenly that she would go to Peebles to meet him; and her sister, catching with eagerness at the girlish whim, for the sake of the short drive, and the effect it might have in amusing the thoughts of the invalid, ordered the carriage at once.

When at length arrived at the castellated mansion of the earl of March, in the High street of Peebles, the two sisters took their stand in a balcony which

commanded a considerable extent of view along the street.

Alice, fatigued with her short journey, leaned upon the rails, fixing her eyes upon the distance; but gradually the intensity of her look diminished, and she remained so long silent and motionless that her sister thought she had fallen into that kind of stupor which frequently succeeds the excitement of fever. She endeavoured to draw her back into the room; but the invalid resisted. Her eyes gradually kindled again, till they seemed to emit sparks of light; she threw back her hair impatiently from her ears; and bending far over the balcony seemed to gaze with her whole soul.

“He comes! he comes!” she cried at length—“Hush! hark!” her sister listened, but hearing nothing, entreated her to return into the room.

“I will not go—it is his gallop! I would know it amidst an army of horse!”

“You are deceived, dear Alice; it is the illusion of fever.”

“Silence, girl! It is you who are mad—Hush! hark!—There!—Do you not hear?”—and her sister did actually hear the distant tramp of horses, which before had been cognizable only to the ear of love.

“I knew it! it is he himself!”

“They are not yet in sight—” said her sister, straining her eyes with all her might.

“It is he, I tell you, and he rides his own gallant grey!” Tears gushed from her eyes, and her whole frame trembled with emotion.



Engraved by J. B. Sturges

*Handwritten text, possibly a signature or title, written vertically on the right side of the page.*





“There! now he nears us. See the fire flashing from his horse’s heels! But now he slackens his pace, as he gets into the throng of the town. He comes! he is here! Hold me up, sister!”

Young Scott pressed steadily forward. His heart was in Neidpath castle; and his eyes only rested casually upon the elder of the ladies in the balcony. Perhaps some secret sympathy, or unformed recollection, gave more of interest to that momentary glance than was due to a stranger. His heart, however, his thoughts, his longings, his whole soul—all were in Neidpath castle. Wan and wasted as she was, he did not—could not recognise her. He turned away his head, without having slackened his pace. He passed on.

At this sight a shriek of surprise and terror broke from the sister’s lips. For an instant she dared not look at the effect it had produced upon Alice; but at length, on turning down her eyes, she saw that this was precisely what might have been expected. The single thread which had bound her to the world had snapped. The young girl was dead.

Such is the tradition of the maid of Neidpath. Mr. Cattermole, it will be seen, from the opposite view, has followed Scott, in the ballad; who makes the young lady wait for her lover in the balcony of the castle, and even make signals to him. By this arrangement, however, the effect of the story is lost; for Tushielaw could hardly have avoided recognizing her in such a place.

## CHAPTER VII.

As little as the wind that blows,  
Kens he, or cares, which way he goes.

It has been said in the preceding chapter, that young Scott, of Tushielaw, after his love disappointment, girded on his sword, and went abroad *after the custom of his country*.

It is curious to find the most intense nationality, and love of country, co-existing with an almost irresistible longing after foreign travel. This contradiction has characterised the Scots, from the earliest period of their history down to the present hour; and its origin, therefore, should be referred to some peculiarity in the early customs or institutions of the people. It is the fashion, I know, with the wits, to dismiss the subject at once with a sneer at the poverty of Scotland; but I, who lay no claim to wit, am driven, as usual, to exert my industry. The poverty of the country, it seems to me, can, at best, be little more than an accessory; from the simple



fact, that a Scot will rather wander into a region still poorer than his own, than remain all his life at home.\*

There are traces of these wandering strangers in many of the earliest records of continental Europe, after the fall of the Roman empire, and especially in the statutes and capitulaires of the French kings of the Carlovingian dynasty. Wherever we meet them, however, their warlike habits remain in full force ; and, down even to comparatively late times, they are prized as the élite of the army, in whatever country they may have pitched their tent.

We know that the manners and government of the highlanders, or ancient Scots, remained the same from the beginning of their recorded history, almost to our own day ; and the assumption, therefore, is not unwarrantable, that they had been handed down in like manner, from a much more remote period. At the time of the final conquest of the Picts, by Kenneth Mac Alpin, nearly the same social institutions, it is probable, existed in Scotland, as were found in full force, less than a century ago, in the highlands ; the only effect of the introduction of the feudal system, as I have surmised elsewhere, having been not to change the habits of the people, but to

\* “ The Scots, from the earliest times, delighted so much in travelling to different countries, that there was scarcely a kingdom wherein great numbers of them were not to be found.—Du Cange. This peculiarity in the nation is noticed by Wilfridus Strabo, in the *Life of Saint Gal* ; and the hospitals founded in France, for these wandering strangers, are noticed in the capitulaires of Charles le Chauve.” Note to the *Romance of French History*, vol. II. page 247.

fasten them down by law in their original mould. At the former period, be it remembered, the Scots were already in the middle, so to speak, of their vagabond tours on continental Europe; and so numerous were they in France, in the same century (the ninth), that we find a hospital instituted for their reception by one of the capitulaires of Louis-le-Chauve, grandson of Charlemagne.

We are thus enabled, by a similarity, or continuation of effects, to arrive at causes which are beyond the ken of history; and, owing to the unvarying transmission of manners and customs among the mountain tribes, to reflect the light of modern experience upon the darkness of antiquity.

The chiefs of the Scottish clans were hereditary princes, before they became feudal lords of the land, and in both characters their privileges were the same. They were the proprietors of the territory, which they parcelled out, at pleasure, among their relations and dependants.\* A portion of the land was sometimes assigned in perpetuity, and the holder of such fiefs, although still dependent and subordi-

\* I do not understand the distinction that is generally made between the "proprietorship" and "stewardship" of the chief. The very fact of his granting fiefs in perpetuity to the *chieftains*, or sub-chiefs, seems to prove that he was considered the original proprietor. The circumstance of the clan deposing their chief (which is not without example), does not bear upon the question: this must be classed with political revolutions in larger societies; and when it occurred with the consent, or through the agency, of the immediate relations, there would be no pretext for interference on the part of the neighbouring clans. Early in the sixteenth century Stewart of Garth, was thus deposed by his own nearest kinsmen, on account of the frantic ferocity of his disposition, and confined for life in the family castle.

nate, could never lose his rank of proprietor ; in addition to which, he was generally appointed to the command of some subdivision of the clan, and received the title of chieftain.

In general, however, the grants were limited, or resumable at pleasure ; and in this case the tacksman (or tenant), whose family had enjoyed the land for perhaps more than one generation, sometimes found himself plunged into the class of commoners, by the sudden transference of the property to a nearer kinsman of the chief. The proceeding created no public clamour ; for, by the descent in this manner among the people of the evident relations of the head of the sept, all classes were strengthened in their belief in a common family origin. The obedience of the mass of the clan was thus rendered still more devout, while the ominous example, no doubt, attached the remaining tacksmen all the more zealously to the person of their absolute lord. The family of the degraded patrician, notwithstanding, we cannot suppose to have joined in the general acquiescence : on the contrary, some malcontents must have been thus created, from time to time, in the very bosom of the clan, and some bold adventurers “ let down the wind to prey at fortune.”

Again, the tacksmen, or gentry, so to speak, let out their portions of territory to the commoners ; and these, in turn, let their little farms to their children and grandchildren, in endless subdivision. A surplus of population was the necessary consequence, beyond the number which could be sup-

ported by the produce of the soil ; and hence the eternal wars of the different clans, and the *creaghs* of all upon the neighbouring lowlands. But the cadets of the tacksmen, born patricians, yet apparently intended by destiny for plebeians, were the most troublesome class to provide for. They, of course, resorted to arms as a profession. Disdaining to sink into shepherds or cultivators, they became a sort of honourable banditti ; and, neither openly countenanced by the chief, nor abandoned by him to their fate, continued to hang with so loose a hold upon society, that the slightest wind of circumstance might bear them away upon its wings.

Where could be found a vent for these two classes of the community, so turbulent, if not so dangerous—the younger sons of tacksmen, and the tacksmen themselves, degraded from their rank ? In some cases, discontent, in others pride, in others crime—fear—jealousy—hate—love—disappointment—anything—every thing might render their absence from the ancestral territory desirable. But where were they to go ? Not to the lowlands, if they were highlanders, for their lives ; and not to the highlands, if they were lowlanders. Not to another clan of the same country, whether highland or lowland ; for there, if received at all, it would be with the contempt due to recreants and deserters. Not to England, where a hedge of frontier spears opposed their entrance ; and, where, even if they did enter, the name they still loved and gloried in must be forgotten. The sea alone was open, and the distant

shores beyond ; and, *therefore*, was the continent flooded, season after season, year after year, with the proud, the haughty, the generous, the prodigal, the loved and hated, the bravest, the highest, and noblest of our Scottish youth.

These causes of emigration, or at least of individual wanderings, continued to exist in the highlands almost to our own day ; and as for those which in the lowlands sprung up in their stead, when a gradual modification had taken place in manners and institutions, through the admixture of foreign tribes with the original population—are they not written in the book of the chronicles of the kings of Scotland ?

The history of the country is a continuous narrative of the struggle of royalty with aristocracy, of family with family. No trump of liberty is heard, as in other regions, sounding through the land, to call the PEOPLE around the standard of revolution. No permanent and noble occupation is thus afforded for the minds and swords of the young, the adventurous, and the desperate. The endless wars are wars of names and races. Proscription continually takes place ; property changes hands as if by magic ; and swords are transferred from one master to another. The weak, the conquered, the banished, all flock in crowds to the main shores of the ocean ; and there also resort the generous, the high-minded, and the ambitious, to seek a wider and less distracted field for their chivalry.

At every temporary cessation, also, of hostilities,

great numbers of stirring spirits, who could not wait, and would not want, were obliged to seek employment for their swords on a foreign soil. Thus at the end of the civil war in 1573, a crowd of both officers and men, disgusted at the prospect of the piping times of peace, passed over into the Low Countries, and in the service of the states extended greatly the military reputation of their country.

But France, more especially, was sure to become the rendezvous of the Scottish gentlemen on the occasion of any disgust at home; for there many of them had received their education. Blind Harry says of the famous Douglas of the Bleeding Heart, and his brother—

In knowledge that they might the more advance,  
They were quickly sent to the best schools in France;

and the superiority of the French schools continued to be acknowledged in Scotland from that period (the era of Robert Bruce) till the Reformation. It was in going thither for his education, that James I. was taken prisoner by the English. So late as the time of Charles II. we are informed by Sir Robert Sibbald, that the Scots who apply themselves to the sciences and the arts of war receive all their first education in France.

When the two kingdoms were united under a Scottish monarch, who loved and favoured his own countrymen, it was natural that many, at least of the higher rank, should follow their prince to the seat of government. Previous to that time the inter-



course had been so limited, that in the reign of Elizabeth, according to the Bishop of London's survey in 1567, the number of Scots in London and Westminster was only fifty-eight. After the death of James the estrangement re-commenced. The people shocked at the innovations in religion, and the nobles mortified by the indifference of the new king, made common cause, and flew to arms with all their ancient readiness and rage. It was not till the union, when the two nations became one, that a full intermingling of the tides of population took place.

That the proud, the noble, and the ambitious should resort to that portion of the country which is the seat of legislation—that all that is stirring and adventurous in the spirit of an ever-restless people should seek a field for action in the wider and richer plains of the south—is far from being wonderful. But not in England alone are our forays made! There is hardly a country in the world—hardly a mountain, however wild—hardly a valley, however lonely—which bears not some impress of the footsteps of the wandering Scot. Influenced by national custom and example; instigated, perhaps, by some original peculiarity in the blood; and warmed by the transmitted tales of our ancestors, we gird up our loins for travel. Poor at home, we put forth our hand upon the riches of the whole earth; ruined in business, we fling our knapsack on our shoulder, and seek a new market and a kindlier fortune; insulted or oppressed, we



carry our broken sword and burning spirit to a more equal field; crossed in love, we dashed fiercely away the tear-drops from our eyes—

There are maidens *abroad* more lovely by far,  
Who would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar!

The earlier Scottish travellers, it may be supposed, were exclusively soldiers of fortune, whose maxim was—

the world's mine oyster,  
Which I with sword will open;

and, accordingly, it is in the profession of arms, which enjoys at once so large and so minute a share of the historian's attention, that we find the most distinct traces of their destiny. It is said by some authors that Charles VII. was the first French king who instituted a company of Scottish guards and Scottish gendarmes; but as the same writers attribute also to this prince the establishment of standing armies, which, in fact, had been commenced by Philippe-Auguste two centuries and a half before, they are not entitled to implicit credit. At any rate, we are informed by others, that the Scottish guard, or king's archers (so called from their being armed with bows and arrows) had existed long before—so early, in fact, as the reign of Saint Louis—and that it was Charles VII. who added some French companies to their numbers.

The testimony borne to the conduct of the Scots in this situation by Claude Seysil master of requests

to Charles XII., and afterwards archbishop of Turin, is very honourable.

“The French,” says he, in his history of that prince, “have so ancient a friendship and alliance with the Scots, that of four hundred men appropriated for the king’s life-guards, there are an hundred of the said nation, who are the nearest to his person, and in the night keep the keys of the apartment where he sleeps. There are, moreover, an hundred complete lancers, and two hundred yeomen of the said nation, besides several that are dispersed through the companies. And for so long a time as they have served in France, never hath there been one of them found that hath committed or done any fault against the kings or their state; and they can make use of them as of their own subjects.”

The functions and prerogatives of these guards were as follows:

It was the duty of two of them to assist at mass, sermon, vespers, and ordinary meals with the king; and this number was increased to six, at such high ceremonies as the reception of ambassadors extraordinary—touching publicly for the evil—creation of knights of the king’s order—and public entries of cities. On these occasions six of the Scots’ guard, three at each side, stood by the person of majesty. They kept, as already stated, the keys of the king’s apartment; and they had charge of the choir of the church, and of the boats of passage when the king crossed a river. The keys of such cities as the king entered publicly were delivered to them.

They attended at the coronations, marriages, and funerals of the kings, and at the baptism and funerals of the royal children. The coronation robe belonged of right to their captain, when the king died. They attended his effigy,\* and carried his body to the grave.

In the reign of Henri II. several other foreigners were admitted into the Scottish Guards, which seems to have given great offence. A deputation from the states of Scotland remonstrated with the king, and he granted a breviat, the original of which is still extant, dated 28th June, 1558, promising that in future no person should be suffered to enter this charmed circle who was not at once a Scot and a scion of a good family. The royal word, however, was not binding upon his successor; and repeated remonstrances of the same nature were made by queen Mary, James VI, and the privy council of Scotland in 1599. At that date, notwithstanding, three fourths of the body continued Scots: but the change was not so mere an accident, as it appeared; and by almost imperceptible degrees, as the Scots died off their places were filled by Frenchmen, till at length nothing remained but the name of the guards, and the answer to the roll-call "Here!"

\* For the singular custom of the effigy, see Turner's Tour of this year.

## CHAPTER VIII.

He turned his charger, as he spake,  
Upon the river shore,  
He gave his bridle reins a shake,  
Said, " Adieu for ever more,  
My love !  
And adieu for ever more."

THE Scottish gendarmes took precedence of all the gendarmerie of France ; and on some occasions were allowed the pas even by the two companies of the king's mousquetaires. The sons of our kings were usually captains of the corps ; and we find James VI. claiming it for prince Henry as a right. Prince Charles (afterwards Charles I.) enjoyed also that honour ; and after him the duke of Lennox and the marquis of Huntley. It is uncertain whether Charles II. was ever captain or not ; but his brother the duke of York was the last subject of Great Britain by whom the office was held. He resigned it in 1667.

Besides these companies of guards and gendarmes, there were several battalions of Scottish troops in the army, whose military reputation was very high, and who were treated with proportionate distinction. But the civil immunities and previliges allowed to my countrymen before the accession of James VI. to the crown of England, are still more remarkable. A Scot had only to plead his country, to be enfranchised of any town, city, or corporation.

The alliance between the Scots and French is said by Fordun and others to have existed from the time of Charlemagne; and in the contract of marriage between the dauphin of France and Mary of Scotland, an allusion is made to the ancient friendship between the two kingdoms, which is stated to have lasted for eight hundred years. The Chronicle of Normandy quotes a missive from one of our kings to Charles-le-Chauve, beginning—"Rex Scotorum ad Carolum, pacis et amicitia gratiâ, legatos cum muneribus mittit." Chambers gives a series of treaties from Malcom III. and Philipe I. down to Alexander III. and Saint Louis, but unfortunately for the historian's reputation, he was never able to produce his authorities. From Philip the Fair, however, and John Baliol, in 1295, the series is complete down to Henri IV. and James VI., and its authority susceptible of proof.

France always gained more by this alliance than Scotland; and indeed the latter country seems to have behaved throughout more in the spirit of chivalry than of policy. Her greatest succours were

given under the most desperate circumstances ; and when her ally was deserted by every other friend, it was precisely then that the Scots remembered their treaty.

After the battle of Crecy, so fatal to France, David II. in order to create a diversion, marched an army across the borders, and ravaged the whole of the north of England. In returning he lost a bloody battle, was himself taken prisoner, and was only ransomed after a captivity of ten years.

In the same way, when an English king was crowned at Paris, and the cause of the dauphin was beyond hope, the flower of the Scottish troops poured in thousands into the bloody fields of France. Again, in 1422, after Charles VII. had had his army cut in pieces at the battle of Devreuil, the earl of Douglas carried over five thousand Scots to his assistance. In 1428, when the fortunes of the same prince were at the lowest ebb, he again called upon his ancient friends demanding not only troops, but the eldest daughter of James I. for a wife. Both requests were granted. The princess, however, was still a child, and she did not cross the channel till 1436; when, by way of a dowry, she carried with her another reinforcement.

Louis XII. in his letters of privilege, even goes so far as to say that Charles VII. owed the expulsion of the English, and the pacification of his kingdom to the assistance of the Scots. These are the words :

“ Et dernièrement, du temps du vivant du feu

nostre très cher seigneur et cousin le roi Charles VII. (que Dieu absoille) plusieurs princes du dict royaume d'Ecosse, avec grand nombre de gens de la dicte nation, vinrent par deça pour aider et expulser hors du royaume les Anglois, qui detenoient, et occupoient la plus part du royaume ; les quels exposerent leur personnes si vertueusement contre les dicts Anglois, qu'ils furent chassés, et le dict royaume reduit en son obeissance."

It is needless to add that the fatal battle of Flodden, in which James IV. and the flower of his nobility lost their lives, was fought in the quarrel of France ; and still more so to remind the reader that our preference of a French to an English alliance, in the marriage of Mary, involved the nation in almost utter ruin.

The French were not ungrateful. Honours and privileges of all kinds were showered upon the Scots. Some of them were elevated to the highest rank in the peerage ; some were made high constables, some marshals of France ; some were advanced to the government of distant provinces ; in the law, and in the church, they rose to the very highest dignities ; and in the university of Paris, one of the nations of whom the faculty of arts was composed was styled "*Natio Germanorum et Scottorum.*" As if this was not enough to shew the closeness of the connexion intended to be carried on between the two countries, the whole nation was naturalized in France by one deed ; the Scots were exempted from all taxes levied upon foreigners ;



and the goods of Scottish merchants were admitted into the kingdom duty free.

In the Swedish army under Gustavus Adolphus (in which the British force amounted to ten thousand men) there were thirty-five colonels, and fifty lieutenant-colonels—all Scots. The nucleus of the array was formed by Lord Reay, who, when the Thirty Years' War had fairly begun, carried over a thousand of his clansmen; and, accompanied by the laird of Fowlis, and other Scottish chiefs with theirs, plunged headlong into the *melée*.\* In 1629 they joined the army of Gustavus Adolphus; and two years after played a fearful part at the battle of Leipsic.

“When the battle had continued for some time,” says an eye-witness, “the Saxon troops, auxiliaries of the Swedes, had been driven from the field, and other corps much pressed; in short, all that wing was shattered, and in an ill condition. At this juncture came the king, and having seen what havoc the enemy had made of Cullenbach's troops, he came riding along the front of our three brigades, and himself led us on to the charge; when the Scots advanced, seconded by some regiments of

\* A reinforcement of seven hundred men, led on by Colonel Munro of Fowlis some years after, was shipwrecked near Rugenwall, between Staten and Dantzic. A few muskets were saved—but neither stores nor ammunition. The swords, however, of the party still remained in their possession; and, scaling the walls of Rugenwall at midnight, they carried the fortress by assault, although strongly garrisoned by Imperialists, and kept it for nine months, till relieved by a Scottish regiment under Colonel Hepburn, and a body of Swedes.

horse, which the king had also sent to the charge, the bloodiest fight began that ever man beheld ; for the Scots' brigade giving fire, three ranks at a time, over one another's heads, poured in their shot so thick, that the enemy were cut down like grass before a scythe ; and following into the thickest of their front, they made a most dreadful slaughter—yet there was no flying. Tilly's men might be killed, but no man turned his back, nor would give an inch of ground, but as they were wheeled, or marched, or retreated by their officers ; and though they knew all was lost, would take no quarter, but fought it out to the last, the men being found dead, next day, in rank and file, as they were drawn up."

Foreign service was always preferred, and is to this day, by the Scottish soldier. " I have had frequent experience of this," says Colonel Stewart, " in my own person, while serving in the forty-second, and seventy-eighth regiments. On many occasions, numbers of young Highlanders enlisted for foreign service (and this sometimes in bands together), on receiving less than one-half of the bounty-money given at the time by officers, recruiting for their commissions in the regular and fencible regiments for home service, as likewise by others for militia substitutes. When I was recruiting for the seventy-eighth, the regiment was in the East Indies, and the prospect held out to the men of embarking for that country in a few months ; yet they engaged with me, and other officers, for ten guineas, when they could have got twenty as militia substitutes."

The national regiments were always preferred, although in them the soldiers must have felt tolerably sure of being cut to pieces in a very short time. In 1776, eight hundred men were raised almost at once for the forty-second, on a bounty of one guinea, while twelve guineas were vainly offered by officers of other regiments. The latter could not find a man to serve until the national corps was completed.

The same preference of honour to money has been repeatedly shown by the Scottish soldiery, and more especially by the Highlanders. At the battle of Fontenoy, when the duke of Cumberland, in order to testify the admiration with which the conduct of these brave men had inspired him, promised to grant any request they might make, consistent with reason and duty, their reply was very remarkable. One of them at the time lay under sentence of corporal punishment for allowing a prisoner to escape.

“ We are deeply sensible,” said they, “ of your royal highness’s condescension ; and we beg of you the pardon of our comrade, or at least the remission of a sentence which, if inflicted, will bring disgrace upon us all, and on our families and country.”

The Black Watch, or forty-second regiment, was originally composed entirely of such men. The king, having expressed a strong desire to see some specimens of these wild animals, whom it was the fashion of the day to represent as “ gloomy and savage depredators, speaking a barbarous language, and inhabiting a barren and gloomy region, which fear and prudence forbad all strangers to enter,” two

privates were sent to him from Scotland, and presented by their lieutenant-colonel, Sir Robert Munro. They performed the broad-sword exercise, and that of the Lochaber axe, to the great delight of his majesty, the Duke of Cumberland, marshal Wade, and a crowd of general officers; and when the exhibition was over, received from the king—*one guinea each*. The mountaineers had too much true pride to reject the royal gift; but they presented it to the porter at the door as they went out. One of these men, John Campbell, of the family of Duncars, in Perthshire, fell at Ticonderoga, the captain-general of the regiment; the other, Gregor Mac Gregor, surnamed the beautiful, who also received promotion, was the ancestor of Sir Gregor Mac Gregor, better known by the title of the Poyais chief.

It is said that the Scots rarely return permanently to their own country, after having once secured a footing elsewhere. This I presume to be true. Involved in the labyrinth of business, or fastened down, like other men, to the soil they occupy, by the chains of habit or the human affections, they are constrained to yield to circumstances. But if they do find their way back to the forsaken ark, the visit is, in three cases out of four, productive of disappointment.

I am, myself, in the noon of manhood, according to the measurement of time; and the years, therefore, cannot be very numerous that have estranged me from my native place. Yet what has been my own experience? I found the green hill, where I

gathered wild-berries when a child, planted with houses; in the busy street, which was once filled with my friends, or enemies, or acquaintances, there was not one who knew me—not one; my name was like a forgotten sound in the ears of my own townsmen; everywhere a chill, glassy, unconscious eye, met mine, that was blinded with feeling; I could not even find my way to the graves of my family, through the crowd of new tombs that encumbered the ground.

Was it there,—even if the troubled waters of my destiny had subsided, and my wandering foot might, at length, find a resting-place upon the earth—was it there I should have chosen to sit down after my pilgrimage? I *could* not have done it; my eye was shocked, and my heart grieved. This was the end of the day-dreams of sixteen years! I was like a man who had been regaling for that space on the delicious viands of the Daoine Shi, and, when the fairy spell was broken, found them to be nothing more than dust and ashes.

This, it may be said, is a common picture, and applicable, in the same manner, to other countries. It is so, but not to the same extent. Scotland has but lately emerged from comparative barbarism; she has only lately begun to breathe, after a series of struggles carried on, with hardly an interval, for a thousand years. Her claymores have been beaten into ploughshares, and her lances into reaping-hooks. The hardy Gael has descended from his mountains, to contend with the lowlander in arts instead of

arms. Industry is every day producing capital, and capital extending industry, in ceaseless reaction. Villages are growing into towns, and towns swelling into cities. Old families are falling, and new ones springing up; property changing hands, and the people changing places. The aspect of the whole country declares, that an active and intelligent race have at length risen up, delivered from the incubus of aristocracy, and the spells of hereditary prejudice, and are triumphantly applying those ever-restless energies expended hitherto in war, to the cultivation of the arts of peace and civilization.

But the appearance of change, so displeasing to the imagination, however gratifying it may be to the judgment, is only visible to the same extent in the busier congregations of the human kind. There the very aspect of nature is metamorphosed by the magic of new wealth; the wild stream is changed into a canal; the shady lane conjured into a street. The wanderer is unable to recognize a single line of the picture engraven so long and so deeply on his heart.

In the remoter districts, the principle of change is only active in the human beings that inhabit them. The external features are complete; and while wandering among the hills and woods of our infancy, we people them from memory with their moral association, calling up—

To view

The spectres, whom no exorcism can bind,  
 The cold—the changed—perchance the dead—anew,  
 The mourn'd, the lov'd, the lost—too many! yet how few!



If the Last Minstrel had found his hamlet enchanted into a town, he would have fled from the spot in poetical indignation; but with the woods and streams around him, as pure and beautiful as when the tones of his harp first echoed over the romantic land, he was consoled for the loss of "old times and old manners." No matter that now, an outcast and a beggar,

He tuned to please a peasant's ear,  
The harp a king had loved to hear :

The river, the mountain, and the forest still remained—and, rejecting indignantly the idea suggested by his audience of a richer and "more generous southern land," he poured forth that well-known descant (which sends a thrill to the heart of hearts) concluding thus :

By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,  
Though none should guide my feeble way;  
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,  
Although it chill my withered cheek;  
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,  
Though there forgotten and alone,  
The bard may draw his parting groan !

For my own part, while rejoicing most sincerely, as I do, in the happy change experienced by my country, I shall still continue to wander, from choice, by the Thames, the Seine, the Rhine, the Loire, or the Rhone. I shall still continue to dream of old times, and old scenes, and old



faces ; still continue to conjure up from the dust of ages the phantoms of Caledonia's "elder day ;" and still, still continue to feel my eyes glisten, and my heart grow warm, when the accents of the north rush past my ear, and when I see suddenly before me in a foreign land the face of a "kindly Scot."

## CHAPTER IX.

That castle rises on the steep  
Of the green vale of Tyne;  
And far beneath, where slow they creep  
From pool to eddy, dark and deep,  
You hear her streams repine.

ON the road from Peebles to the capital, there are many remarkable objects well worthy of the traveller's attention; but with so confined a space as mine, I can only notice such as Mr. Cattermole has considered most worthy of his pencil.

The small town of Lauder, through which we pass, is a place noted in Scottish history for the massacre of the favourites of James III.

The character of this prince appears to me to have been unfairly dealt with, both by the ancient and modern historians. His love of low-born favourites was of course an unpardonable crime in the feudal ages; but the heart of a king, as well as that of every other man, requires to rest itself some-

where. To choose a noble for his friend in that turbulent period would have been to raise up a rival against himself, and at the same time to bring all the rest of the "order" upon his head. His father and grandfather had had enough of those nobles. The former was murdered by them; and the latter, unable otherwise to cope with the power of Douglas, the first vassal of the crown, stabbed him to the heart with his own hand.

James, at once hating and fearing the nobles, who were the hereditary enemies of his race, assembled around him men of humble rank, attached to the liberal professions, and even the mechanical arts. With these he amused himself with music, architecture, and other studies, far beyond the calibre of his ignorant barons; and at length came to be looked upon as a Scottish Sardanapalus, too far sunk in refinement to be worthy of reigning over a barbarous people.

A cabal was formed against him, traitorous intrigues entered into with England the enemy of the state, and preparations on all hands made for civil war. James, lost as he was in an effeminate attachment to the arts of peace, possessed the hereditary courage of his family—a courage which descended uninterrupted till the blood of the Stewarts was mingled with that of Darnley—and rising up in wrath, he crushed the conspiracy before it was ripe. One of his brothers was executed, and the other fled to England; where he had the baseness to enter into negociations, the object of which was to barter

the independence of the kingdom for the assistance requisite to set him upon the throne of his brother.

This was the point at which Scottish kings, nobles, and peasants, in spite of all their feuds, never failed to meet with one heart, and one hand. The great barons of the crown mustered their vassals to repel the invasion, and all assembled at the camp at Lauder. Their patriotic valour, however, did not prevent them from seeing that the minions of James, surrounded by an immense army, were now in their power; and they resolved to begin the war by reading a "great moral lesson" to their king.

The favourites seem to have conducted themselves with all the vanity natural to men of low station brought suddenly into familiarity with their prince; and Lindsay's account of the transaction, notwithstanding the horror of the deed, is almost amusing.

Besides a tailor, a smith, a musician, and a fencing-master, there was Cochran, the mason, created Earl of Mar, the most splendid, if not the most worthy, specimen of the Scottish nobility of the time. He came to the church where the nobles were assembled in deep deliberation on his fate, accompanied by three hundred men-at-arms, armed with light axes, and dressed in a white uniform with black bands—"that they might be known," as Lindsay says, "for Cochran the Earl of Mar's men." He himself was gorgeously arrayed in a riding-suit of black velvet, with a chain of gold round his neck

to the value, enormous at that time, of five hundred crowns. He had also, "four blowing horns, with both the ends of gold and silk set with precious stones. His horn was tipped with fine gold at every end, and a precious stone called a beryl hanging in the midst. This Cochran had his pennant borne before him, over-gilt with gold, and so were all the rest of his horns; and all his pallions were of fine canvas of silk, and the cords thereof of fine twined silk; and the chains upon his pallions were double overgilt with gold." The gloomy barons, unawed by all this splendour, laid hold of him and his fellows without ceremony. They endeavoured also to capture another, called Ramsay (afterwards created Earl of Bothwell), but James succeeded in tearing him from their grasp. The rest they dragged to a bridge over the Leader, close by—the foundations of which are still visible near Thirlstane House—and hung them, like dogs, over the parapet. Poor Cochran, insensible to the hardship of being hanged, was only indignant that his executioners should bind the hands of so fine a gentleman with a common hempen rope. He implored them to make use of one of the silken cords of his pallion for so dignified a purpose; but this only added to the irritation of the barons, and he had at last the misery to find himself suspended—above his companions, it is true—but in a *hair tether*—the very meanest of the family of ropes.

On the borders of the Tyne, on the angle of a steep bank, stands Crichtoun Castle, dominating a country

neither remarkably wild nor picturesque, yet impressing the traveller almost with a feeling of the sublime by its own lofty and massive majesty.

The edifice consists of a quadrangular mass of buildings, almost all of different ages. The most ancient is supposed to be a small donjon in the north western angle, which was probably the only residence of the Crichtouns, till the political aggrandizement of the family introduced a taste for magnificence. Some of the adjacent buildings to the east are referred by Scott to the epoch of James II.; but there are no precise dates for determining the age of the other portions. The eastern side is very splendid in architecture, and therefore very unlike a Scottish castle. Above the portico of the front facing the inner court, the stones are cut in the form of diamonds, which gives a rich and somewhat fantastic appearance to the edifice. The whole of the first floor of this side, as was frequently the case, is disposed in a grand gallery, used probably as a banquetting-hall.

The massie-more, or subterranean dungeon of the castle, described by Pennant, as "a deep hole with a narrow mouth," is connected with an anecdote, which shows in a very curious light, the manners of the time. I have already noticed, however, a similar fact in describing the conflict between the Breadalbane men and a highland clan.

On that occasion the audacity of travellers passing through the country, without paying their respects to the chief, cost a considerable loss of blood; but at Crichtoun castle the baron contented himself with

lowering the contumacious stranger into the depths of his subterranean. This personage, it is said, proved to be Scott of Buccleugh, one of the most powerful chiefs on the border ; and Crichtoun, terrified at the idea of having provoked a feud with such an opponent—or, perhaps merely influenced by the same feeling which made Sir Robert Hazlewood shrink from the solecism of “committing a captain of horse to jail,”—resolved the next morning on making the amende honorable. This he did in a manner strangely characteristic of the time ; by drawing forth his guest, establishing him in the seat of honour at table, and retiring himself to take his place in the dungeon.

The Crichtouns, although an ancient family, were included among the lesser barons, or gentry, till the advent of Sir William Crichtoun, in the reign of James I., who, by his civil talents, much more than his military courage, raised the family to an equality with almost the first houses in the kingdom.

At the death of James I. he was made chancellor of the kingdom ; in which office he had not only to strive with his colleague, Livingston, appointed to the custody of the young king, but with the gigantic power of the Douglasses. During a minority in Scotland, the great struggle seems always to have been to get possession of the royal person ; and accordingly, Crichtoun and Livingston had a hard tug for the prize. The youthful James was at one time smuggled out of the castle of Edinburgh, then in the hands of the chancellor, concealed in a



chest, and carried to Stirling, the stronghold of Livingston. At another time he was kidnapped by the former, while hunting in the park, and safely lodged again in the castle of Edinburgh.

When these two rivals were at length reconciled—men who had been elected to their elevated posts, chiefly because they bore no ancient or solid rank in the state, and therefore could not be looked upon as rivals by the greater nobles—their united power set the family of Douglas at defiance, and their united cruelty cut short the life of the young and accomplished heir of that all but royal house.

The hopes of the Douglasses, so long the rivals of their sovereign, rested on this unfortunate youth, a fine high-spirited young man of eighteen. He was enticed to the castle of Crichtoun, and hospitably entertained; the next morning drawn on in like manner to the castle of Edinburgh; and there arrested in the presence of his companion and quondam play-fellow, the king. James in vain begged the life of his friend. He wept and prayed—but all was in vain. After a mock trial, the youth was dragged to an inner court, and there beheaded with his younger brother.

The young king, it may be supposed, never forgot this terrible scene. He grew up in hatred of his chancellor and Livingston; and on his coming of age, leagued himself with the then earl of Douglas, deprived Crichtoun of his office, and summoned him to stand his trial. The ex-chancellor, instead of obeying, shut himself up in Edinburgh castle, which

he defended gallantly for nine months; and even then surrendered on honourable terms which guaranteed his life and property.

In 1469, a lord of Crichtoun formed an attachment for the princess Margaret of Scotland, and one—being then a married man—not altogether, it is to be supposed, of a platonic nature. Engaging soon after in the rebellion of the duke of Albany, he was compelled to take refuge in England; and in all probability but for the wonders sometimes operated by love, the Scottish history of the Crichtouns would have closed here. Margaret, however, was inconsolable for the loss of her paramour, and had so much interest with her brother, that overtures were made to him, offering a free pardon provided he would return and *marry the princess*. His wife, having opportunely died a short time before, the descendant of the petty laird of Crichtoun was not slow in embracing the proposal: he came back to Scotland, wedded the king's sister, and removed for ever from his ancestral castle. At the present day, as Sir Walter Scott informs us, the clan of Crichtoun is almost extinct.

Crichtoun castle then passed, by royal gift, into the hands of the Hepburns, earls of Bothwell, and after them became the property of the famous Francis Stewart, son of the prior of Coldinghame, a natural son of James V. An account of that Hepburn who married the queen of Scots occupies too large a space in the history of the country to be attempted here; but the strange, wild, turbulent character of his

successor, Stewart, has in it, notwithstanding the profligacy of the man, something peculiarly attractive to the lovers of romance.

“The Earl of Bothwell,” says Scott, in the *Provincial Antiquities*, “according to his learned countryman (Sir Thomas Urquhart, of Cromarty,) was a terror to the most desperate duellists of Europe, and a subduer of the proudest champions, both Turks and Christians; the gasconades of France, the rhodomontades of Spain, fanfaronades, and braggadocio brags of all other countries, no more astonished his invincible heart than would the chirping of a mouse conjure down the fury of a bear robbed of her whelps. Not to mention his conquest over a strong and warlike Mahometan, who had appealed, like a second Goliah, the whole champions of Christendom to enter the lists with him, Sir Thomas Urquhart affirms, that Bothwell would *very often* in the presence of ladies, whose intimate favourite he was, give some proof of the undauntedness of his courage, and by the mere activity of his body, with the help of a single sword, set upon a lion in his greatest fierceness, and kill him dead upon the place. After this, the reader will not be startled to find that, by way of pastime, he was wont to set upon some ten or twelve swordsmen at once, and lay such thick and threefold load upon them, that he quickly made them betake themselves to their heels.”

This second Munchausen did not content himself with encountering lions and Mahometans: he plunged headlong, without the shadow of a

motive, into every wild conspiracy which distracted the early part of the reign of James VI., and made himself one of the most conspicuous characters in the history of the times. He was at length laid hold of by the Scottish Solomon—not for raising political storms, but that elemental one, which endangered the queen's life on her voyage from Denmark ! He made his escape from prison, assembled his followers, went straight to the palace of Holyrood-house, in the middle of the night, and pressed on to the king's apartments—to do he knew not what. Here, however, he found the doors shut ; and while endeavouring to burst some of them open, and set fire to others, the citizens of Edinburgh, awakened by the noise, had time to run to arms.

Bothwell was attainted, and obliged for a season to remain quiet ; but soon, wearying of inactivity, he started suddenly up, and attempted to seize the king's person at Falkland. Being beaten, he took shelter under the wing of Queen Elizabeth ; but soon after, by the assistance of the disaffected nobles, he actually penetrated into the king's chamber with his armed adherents at his back. James indignantly called upon him to finish his treasons by stabbing his sovereign to the heart ; upon which the sensitive earl fell upon his knees, and implored pardon. Pardon could not be refused under such circumstances ; and a deed of amnesty was actually signed by the king.

James, however, was casuist enough to find out soon after, that such a document, extorted by vio-

lence, was not binding ; yet he still offered a pardon to Bothwell, on the sole condition that he would sue for it as a grace rather than demand it as a right. The terms were too hard : the earl took up arms again ; and, being this time repulsed, fled to the borders. Queen Elizabeth was now against him, for he had identified himself with the Popish cause ; he was excommunicated by the church of Scotland for the same reason ; and his followers, tired of being the tail of such a comet, left him to his fate : whereupon he passed over into France, thence to Spain, and thence to Italy ; and for the rest of his life had nothing better to do than to kill lions and Mahometans.

A grandson of this prodigy, whose name also was Francis Stewart, was a private trooper in the horse-guards. He is immortalized in the character of sergeant Bothwell, in *Old Mortality* ; although in my opinion, he died in his mortal part too early—for the interest of the story. It is not easily that one submits his mind to the spell of the romancer, after he has witnessed the last fight of the gallant trooper, and heard his exclamation—“ Base peasant churl ! thou hast spilt the blood of a line of kings ! ”

Crichtoun Castle is not less interesting to the traveller, as affording one of the scenes in *Marmion*. The annexed engraving represents this redoubted English knight in colloquy with Sir David Lindsay, in a hall of the castle ; a locality which the artist has chosen in preference to the battlements, for the purpose of giving an interior view. *Marmion* is

relating his midnight adventure with the phantom knight, and scruples not to avow the terror he felt.

I've fought, lord lion, many a day,  
 In single fight, and mix'd affray,  
 And even I myself may say,  
     Have borne me as a knight :  
 But when this unexpected foe  
 Seem'd starting from the gulf below,—  
 I care not though the truth I show,—  
     I trembled with affright ;  
 And, as I placed in rest my spear,  
 My hand so shook for very fear,  
     I scarce could couch it right.

They encounter, and Marmion, as may be expected,  
 rolls upon the plain.

High, o'er my head, with threatening hand,  
 The spectre shook his naked brand—  
     \*           \*           \*  
 Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade.  
 But when to good St. George I pray'd,  
 (The first time e'er I ask'd his aid),  
     He plung'd it in the sheath ;  
 And on his courser, mounting light,  
 He seem'd to vanish from my sight.

The superstition here referred to is common throughout the north of Europe, and particularly in Scotland. The weapons of these warlike spirits, as we are informed by the author of the *Secret Commonwealth*, are “solid earthly bodies, nothing of iron, but much of stone. Their armes (cut by airt and tools, it seems, beyond humane) have somewhat of the nature of thunderbolts' subtilty, and mortally









wounding the vital parts, without breaking the skin ; of which wounds I have observed in beasts, and felt them with my hands." The spirits, however, are not "infallible Benjamites, and hitting at a hair's breadth ; nor are they wholly unvanquishable, at least in appearance."

The same author, the reverend Robert Kirk, minister of Aberfoil, was acquainted with an individual who was in the habit of combating such enemies. On one occasion this person told the minister that he had just cut in twain the body of his ghostly opponent, and so escaped his onset.

## CHAPTER X.

Of magic, cabala, and spells,  
And every dark pursuit allied  
To curious and presumptuous pride.

So much has been written of late years on the superstitions of almost all nations, that I shall be readily excused for not devoting much space to those of the Scots. At the same time, without endeavouring to point out the general characteristics of the popular faith, I could hardly hope to convey so full an idea as I could wish of a people whose peculiarities are fast passing away. The Scots, in fact, of our great romancer may be said already to have ceased to exist—except perhaps in some of the pastoral districts, and in the remoter highlands. When nations lose, or change, their faith in spirits, their moral identity is gone.

Natural religion in all countries has been pretty

much the same. The sun was necessarily the first deity. Remote, unknown, inscrutable ; hidden with light as with a veil ; sweeping through the heavens majestic and alone ; exercising a daily and indisputable power over the lower world and its denizens ; the poor wanderers of the earth at all times, and in all countries, before the brighter light of revelation arose, saw in him the visible deity of the universe. Then the moon, "walking in brightness," the queen of the sea, whose tides rose upon the earth, or retired into their eternal caves at her command ; then the trooping stars, resembling her in form, but inferior in magnitude and power—all in turn became objects of adoration. The comets were evil influences, rushing in amidst the order of the sky ; and their appearance portended war and disaster. The inarticulate moaning of the storm became the voice of a viewless god ; and the roar of the forest, as it bent before the passing deity, was heard as the reply of a kindred immortal. The river, spreading beauty and fertility through the land, was the visible body of an invisible spirit ; and the tall mountain, once the temple or the altar of the heavenly host—huge, dark, voiceful, and mysterious, became at length a god itself.

Finding everywhere modifications of the same primitive religion, the learned, with useless ingenuity, have attempted to trace them to some local fountain. They might as well try to prove, that in ancient times the stars could be seen nowhere else than from the hill-tops of Phœnicia. It was the

religion of nature ; and it existed in a certain stage of society—however modified by climate and circumstance—wherever the sun shone, and the mind of man was impressible through the organs of his body.

Even after the introduction of a pure and comparatively simple creed, had put to flight these chimeras of ignorance and fear, and the countless train by which they were followed, some of them returned in a new form. The heart was unwilling to part altogether, even with fictions to which it had been endeared by long habit. The old faiths and the old rites of paganism mingled with Christianity itself ; and men compounded with their consciences for the impiety, by degrading, and rendering subservient, the former. The gods, so to speak, were converted to the new religion of their worshippers ; and in process of time they dwindled into the phantoms of what are called, in the restricted sense of the word, the superstitions of the people.

If this view of the subject be correct, it must be unnecessary to inquire deeply into emigrations and conquests, antecedent to the birth of history, in order to account for the inter-resemblance of popular beliefs throughout the world. Superstitions, instead of having been borrowed by one people from another, should be considered the productions of the soil in which we see them grow ; their peculiarities should be referred to the particular genius of the nation—even to the physical circumstances of the land wherein we find them ; and, in this point of view, instead of being merely an object of curious research,

they become one of the most interesting and important studies that can be imagined.

The superstitions of Scotland are generally supposed to be divided into those peculiar to the highlands, and those peculiar to the lowlands; and the distinction is gratuitously taken as a proof on their own side, by the advocates of the original difference of the races. To me, however, it appears to owe its origin to nothing more than the difference in the habits of the people, and in the soil they inhabited. Before the lowlanders became "eaters of wheaten bread," as they were contemptuously called (although somewhat enviously, perhaps, at bottom) by the highland Scots, the superstitions of the whole country were, in all probability, much alike; for in reality the physical aspects of the two districts did not differ so widely as to produce any very remarkable modifications. With the customs and manners of the people, however, the popular faith insensibly changed its character; receiving a new colouring from the new circumstances in which it grew. The traits described in Burns's *Hallowe'en*, for instance, belong almost all, to a pastoral or agricultural country; while those which we find even in the modern highlands present indications of a wild and romantic people.

The rural sacrifice of the *Bel Tein* is not the least remarkable of the highland customs; and, as it contrasts strikingly with those of the lowlands alluded to, it may be worth while to recall it here to the reader's memory.

On the first of May the inhabitants of the village assemble at some appointed spot, each person bringing with him whiskey, and a cake of oatmeal ; for no one must appear empty handed. They begin by digging a square trench in the ground, leaving an altar of turf in the middle, on which a wood fire is speedily kindled. A large vessel is then placed upon the fire, into which the devotees, standing round, fling their offerings of eggs, butter, oatmeal, and milk ; and when this beverage is properly concocted, a libation is poured out to the invisible spirits of the world.

The company then produce their votive cakes, on each of which there are nine knobs, dedicated to the beings, both natural and supernatural, whom they are met to deprecate. Turning their faces towards the fire, they break off these knobs, one by one ; and, throwing them over their shoulder, devote them separately, saying, "This I give to thee—preserve thou my horses ! This I give to thee—preserve thou my sheep !" When they have thus gone the round of the supernatural preservers, they propitiate, in the same way, the real destroyers of their property. "This I give to thee, O fox—spare thou my lambs ! This to thee, O hooded crow ! This to thee, O eagle !" And when the sacrifice is complete, they sit down, and partake of the remainder themselves, sanctifying the unhallowed repast with abundance of whiskey.

What was the exact nature of the spirits so propitiated it is impossible to tell. There is a dimness



and mystery about the Scottish superstitions, in which perhaps resides one half of their poetical charm. In general, notwithstanding, these supernatural beings, like the angels of Scripture, are perceptible to the touch as well as the sight; and they are often as susceptible of love, and the other human passions, as men themselves.

In the mountainous districts they are generally of a stern and gloomy character, amounting frequently to the sublime. The lonely Gael, with the voice of the storm or the waterfall in his ear, and clouds of dark vapour whirling and tumbling around his head, is not likely to indulge in gentle or agreeable visions. He resembles the "spectre's child," described by Scott in a manner which traces with philosophical accuracy the sources of highland superstition.

The desert gave him visions wild,  
 Such as might suit the spectre's child.  
 When with black cliffs the torrents toil,  
 He watch'd the whirling eddies boil,  
 Till, from their foam his dazzled eyes  
 Beheld the river demon rise ; \*  
 The mountain mist took form and limb  
 Of noontide hag, or goblin grim ;  
 The midnight wind came wild and dread,  
 Link'd with the voices of the dead ;  
 Far on the future battle-heath  
 His eye beheld the ranks of death :  
 Thus the lone seer, from mankind hurl'd,  
 Shaped forth a disembodied world.

\* Scott explains this to be the kelpie of the lowlands, appearing to the mountaineer in the form of a horse. There is surely nothing in common

If, perchance, he creates a phantom of beauty, her kisses are sure to be poison, and the flash of her eye destroying lightning. Of such are the Green Women, who appeared to the hunters, as they sat enjoying themselves in their lonely bathy after the fatigues of the chase. It was in a deep glen or gorge of the mountains, where a double night fell upon the earth, shrouded by its mantle of trees, and overhung by projecting cliffs. The two hunters, however, were young; their bathy, or temporary hut, defied both wind and water; the pine log on the middle of the floor sent up a blaze to the very roof; their potent flask, although already half empty, was still half full; and, unrepressed by the gloom of the scene, their joyous songs continued to rouse till midnight the sullen echoes of the glen.

“We have whiskey and music,” said one to the other, when their mirth was at the highest, “oh, for a third blessing!”

“You are right,” replied his friend: “oh, for two mountain damsels to sit by our side!”

“Hush! hark!”—At the word some faint sweet voices rose upon the stilly air, not far from the hut: the sound approached, and grew louder; then the harmonious pattering of feet was heard upon the sward; and then, the door opening, two beautiful girls entered the bathy, singing and dancing.

They were clad in green, of the richest silk; and

between them, however, except their delight in mischief. When I was a child I did not dare to go near a small lake in Renfrewshire, for fear of a water-bull which was said to inhabit it.

their naked and moving shoulders seemed to rise out of their dress, like the bright foam of a torrent invading its banks of spring heather. Although children no longer, they were in the earliest dawn of woman's beauty; and their redundant wreaths of flaxen hair were confined by the virgin snood. Their blue eyes, as they danced round the hunters, seemed lighted up, half by joy, half by voluptuous meaning: they looked like daughters of earth, although heavenly fair. But how?—whence?—why?—the young men gasped, as they inquired what could be the nature of these midnight visitants; till at length one of them, overcome by sudden passion—by the fumes of the mighty flask—by the presumptuous spirit of youth—caught the nearest damsel in his arms as she flitted by.

A playful shriek completely re-assured him; but the fair dancer, eluding his grasp, sprang over the threshold; and turning round for a moment a laughing glance, full of triumph and invitation, was lost in the darkness beyond. The hunter followed.

“Let us see where they are gone,” said the remaining girl.

“No; we will not disturb them.”

“We may go without disturbing them,” persisted the damsel with a coquettish air; “the glen is wide enough for us all.”

“It is dark—it is cold: let us sit down here.”

“The moon shines so brightly on the cliff tops! The waterfall looks like molten silver. Come—come!” Her eyes flashed so fiercely with impa-

tience, that the young man began to fancy there was something unearthly in their splendour.

“ Wait till my friend returns,” said he.

“ It will be too late ; I must even now begone.— Come ! give me your hand—”

“ Another moment ; let me first ask—hark !—”

A cry rose in the distance : it was his comrade’s voice. At that moment the young woman began to sing louder than ever ; but her strains did not drown the ill-boding sound. The terrified hunter, perceiving the toils into which he had so nearly fallen, invoked protection in a hymn, consecrated to the service of the Virgin ; and the louder rose his *Salve Regina*, the feebler became the accents, and the dimmer the form of the mysterious damsel. At every pause, however, in the holy strain, she renewed her songs and temptations ; till the hunter, before the return of dawn, was almost lost from sheer fatigue and exhaustion. At the first streak of daylight, the outlines of her figure became wavering and indistinct ; and at length, waxing dimmer and dimmer, as the dawn advanced, and her unearthly strain melting gradually away from his ear, she wholly disappeared.

As soon as it was light enough, he searched the haunted ravine for his friend ; and finding, as he had expected, only the fragments of his body, he hastened away in grief and terror from the Glen of the Green Women.

In general, however, the spectres of the highlanders appear in forms of terror rather than of beauty,

and with threats rather than invitations. Scott has noticed one of them in the notes both to *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*, struck, no doubt, by his picturesque appearance. This is the *Llam-dearg*\* who haunts the forests of *Glenmore* and *Rothiemurchus*, armed cap-a-pie, like an ancient warrior, and having a bloody hand. Those who have the ill luck to cross his path, must consent to encounter him in fight; and they do not survive the combat long. Another is the *Glas-lich*, or "noon-tide hag," who strides through the wild district of *Knoidart* in the form of a tall, emaciated, gigantic, female figure.

The spectres of the Scots sometimes warn as well destroy, as in the instance of the one which appeared to *King James*. This is one of the best attested apparitions in history; and as Scott remarks, "we have only the choice between a miracle and an imposture." The king was at church in his favourite town of *Linlithgow*, when a man, upwards of fifty years of age, with a great pike-staff in his hand, came in at the door among the courtiers, and desired to speak with him. The visiter was dressed in a blue gown, and girded with a roll of linen cloth; there were buskins on his feet, but he wore no cap, his long reddish hair hanging down unconfined upon his back and shoulders. The king was engaged in prayer; but the stranger, going up to him without ceremony, leant down upon the desk at which he was

\* Red-hand.

seated, and addressed him in this manner: "Sir King, my mother hath sent me to you, desiring you not to pass at this time where you are purposed; for if thou dost, thou wilt not fare well in thy journey, nor any one that passeth with thee." James, struck with this singular address, paused upon the message for a moment, that he might return an answer; but when he raised his head, the man was gone. "Before the king's eyes," says Pitscottie, "and in the presence of all the lords that were about him for the time, this man vanished away, and could no way be seen or comprehended, but vanished away as he had been a blink of the sun, or a whip of the whirlwind, and could no more be seen."

Of the same nature is the midnight Summons heard at Edinburgh, when the fated king had fully resolved upon that expedition which cost Scotland the flower of her chivalry. The silence of the night was broken, at the dead hour, by a voice reciting a lengthened catalogue of the names of individuals,—earl, lord, and baron—who were summoned to appear within the space of forty days before the infernal throne. All those who were included in the proclamation fell, soon after, with the king, on the field of Flodden—all, except one man. This person, whose name is given by Pitscottie, hearing the unearthly summons, as he stood in his balcony at night, had uttered, with a loud voice, an appeal to the mercy of God and his Saviour.

It may be said, (after some historians) that the message to James was in all probability a message



from his queen ; and that the midnight summons was, in like manner, a stratagem of the same party to deter him from his projected invasion of England. The stories, notwithstanding, are as much part and parcel of the superstitions of Scotland as if they were unsusceptible of explanation. Had they not been consonant to the genius of the people, and to the popular faith, they would never have been invented, and if invented, would never have been believed.

Akin to these are the warnings received by individuals, or families, of approaching death ; whether given in the scream of the Ben-shie, the riding round the house of a phantom-horseman, the beating of invisible drums, the appearance of conflicting armies in the sky, or the numerous other forms in which the presage of fate was communicated.

The Scottish fairies are so well known, that the mere mention of their name will suffice to carry on the train in the mind of the reader. It is possible, however, that I may have something to say on the subject in a subsequent chapter.

All these spirits seem more or less to have been held in awe by the rites or symbols of Christianity ; and in most cases they were put to flight by merely making the sign of the cross. A running stream was also potent in the dissolution of enchantments, and as a protection against the pursuit of supernatural enemies. I hazard the conjecture, that the latter belief may have originated in the power of running water over the scent of the blood-hound. This animal was used in Scotland from an early period ; and



must have been as troublesome, and as fatal, to fugitives, as any fiend of them all.

Barbour describes a very gallant flight of Robert Bruce, in which the hound was as close upon his track as the witches were upon that of Tam O'Shanter. The hero divided his party into three; which he commanded to retreat by different routes; for the purpose of throwing his enemies into perplexity with regard to the one taken by himself, the principal object of the pursuit. The dog, however, was not to be deceived, but followed the track of the king's division. Bruce again subdivided his dwindled party; but with as little success as before. He then ordered his attendants to disperse singly, and fled himself with only his foster-brother behind him—and the slough-hound. All hope of escape seemed now vain. Five of the most active of his pursuers, who had been sent in advance, were slain; but the main body, led on by the ceaseless baying of the dog, were close at hand. Bruce threw himself down exhausted, near the side of a brook which ran along the skirt of a wood where they had sought a momentary shelter; but suddenly recollecting the property which he had heard ascribed to running water, he started up, and waded the length of a bow-shot down the stream, and then sought the country beyond. When the enemy came up, they found the blood-hound by the side of the water, completely at fault; and after many attempts to recover the trace, they were obliged to relinquish the pursuit.

## CHAPTER XI.

It is a fearful strife,  
For man endow'd with mortal life,  
Whose shroud of sentient clay can still  
Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,  
Whose eye can stare in stony trance,  
Whose hair can rouse like warrior's lance—  
'Tis hard for such to view, unfurl'd,  
The curtain of the future world.

IN Scotland, as elsewhere, there were persons who had attained, by superior knowledge, to a certain sovereignty over the powers of the air. They sometimes commanded the actual service of supernatural beings; but more frequently arrived at this purpose by means of *glamour*, or a magical imposition on the senses. This is common in the oldest fictions of the east; and, in the history of Buddha more particularly, we find numerous examples. When it was necessary, for instance, to terrify an enemy by the sight of an army, or a wild beast, these objects

did not actually make their appearance, but answered the purpose as well by seeming to do so.

Witches, although occasionally exerting a similar power, are, in reality, only mean and bastard magicians. What the one class acquires by force of superior knowledge, the other obtains through a miserable and impolitic compact. The modern witches were probably introduced by the reformation, when every thing gorgeous and poetical in the old superstition was discarded, and when simplicity itself was debased into vulgarity. Men still felt the need of supernatural belief, although old forms had been done away with; and taste and beauty being prohibited as deadly sins, they brought forward witchcraft as an employment for the imagination, just as they plastered up the niches left by the iconoclasts with lime, gravel, and horse-hair.

The only thing they borrowed from Scripture in the system is comprehended in these words:—“Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.” The witches of the Jews were ranked, in the penal prohibitions, with enchanters, necromancers, sorcerers, and magicians; and when Saul went to her of Endor, it was to pray of her “to divine unto him by her familiar spirit, and to bring up him whom he should name.” The familiar spirits did not sit on their shoulders in the form of tabby-cats: they were spirits of knowledge and power, residing in the individuals themselves; and thus Paul, when he pitied the divining damsel of Philippi, addressed himself, not to her, but to that which was within

her, saying,—“ I command thee, in the name of Jesus Christ, to come out of her ; and he came out the same hour.”

The witches of Shakspeare are imagined, in the same fine, poetical spirit. They are not *damsels*, it is true, like the Macedonian girl mentioned above, but they are diviners, and prophetesses, and rulers of the world of phantoms. Burns's witch, on the other hand, *is* a damsel,—and a rare one too. She is the only modern witch now living, for those of Shakspeare belong to an earlier age. It is impossible to admire too much the tact which our Scottish bard has exhibited, in the management of a subject, which, if rendered all ludicrous, would have been disgusting ; and if all serious—debased as the character of his supernatural personages had become—would have been ludicrous. Tam O'Shanter must always be ranked among the finest efforts of human genius.

I cannot dismiss the subject without giving one example of the poetry of the old system of witchcraft. This superstition, in fact, as it existed in modern times, is almost enough of itself to shut the mouth of any modest advocate of the taste and imagination of the Scots.

During the reign of Macdonald, Lord of the Isles, a Spanish Princess, attracted by the reputation of the holy monastery of Iona, came thither to pay her vows as a pilgrim of Saint Columba. The fair stranger, as her galley swept round the wild shores of Mull, seemed like an apparition of beauty to the

mountain chiefs. But it was beauty such as they had never seen before, of an order and character so new, that she might have been the daughter of another planet, as well as of another nation. The fair skin, the blue eyes, the dancing blood, and the buoyant step of the island maids were in her wanting. Her hair and eyes were as black as night ; her skin was the colour of ripe wheat when the husk is removed ; the blood either lay floatingly in her face—but so far beneath as to be hardly perceptible—or rushed wildly to the surface in a flood of beauty : her step was slow, undulating, languishing, unwilling, as if the spirits of the flowers pressed by her feet, strove to detain them. The young lords of the Hebrides knew not what to make of her.

“ She is black !” said one.

“ She could not dance a reel were it to save her life !” said another. Nevertheless their hearts were troubled ; sleep departed from their eyes ; and each one as she passed took his boat, and followed in her train.

“ We are bewitched,” said they, “ but no matter, we must dree our wierd !”

Of all these lords, Maclean of Duart was the handsomest and boldest. Not contented with dreeing his wierd, he would meet it half way ; for the glance of a young lassie’s eye, whether black or blue, whether royal or mean, had no terrors for him. So he followed close in the wake of the Spanish witch, boarded her galley in a storm, on pretence of acting as pilot, and at length saw her fairly landed in Iona.

The princess, when she beheld the tall and grand-looking highlander descend upon the deck, as if he had risen from the wave, or darted out of the storm, was at first struck with terror, and then with curiosity.

“Are you the king of the country?” demanded she.

“I am king of my own territory.”

“But you have a sovereign above you?”

“Macdonald is lord of the Isles—I am lord of Duart.” The princess of Spain entered the monastery of Iona, leaning upon the arm of the lord of Duart.

It was at last time to return homewards; and, troubled and dejected, the young lady, in order to obey the behests of her father, proceeded first to visit, as a sort of ambassadress, the lord of the isles. Maclean durst not enter Dunstaffnage, there being a feud between him and Macdonald, and as he slowly retired, he exclaimed, with a bitter sigh—

“The king of the country! She will now see him! O woman! woman!” The lord of the isles was not less smitten with the princess than the other island lords, but he did not content himself with gazing and sighing like the bold Maclean. He made love in due form, and was refused. He persisted, but all in vain. “Time will bring her round,” said he; and the princess found herself a prisoner.

When Maclean heard of this consummation of his lady’s visit, he was half distracted between rage and joy. The wrath of the mountaineer is hasty in its effects—and sometimes, indeed, it is felt in vengeance



before being heard in threats, just as the stroke of the thunder precedes its roar. The same night he surprised the castle of Dunstaffnage, and carried off the princess and the lord of the Isles together. So far all was well. The hurry and bustle of the scene had unlocked Maclean's tongue, and the damsel's heart. The lovers understood one another, and in the lonely towers of Duart they had time to talk of love. But what was to follow? Would the king of Spain leave his daughter a prisoner in the hands of a petty chief? The castle, strong as it was, being well defended by rocks and men, how long would it hold out against an attack of Spanish galleys?

"I will go home!" said the princess, wringing her hands.

"Not so," replied Duart; "my clan indeed is small, and the Macdonalds only wait the arrival of your father's galleys to be upon us like a cloud—but nevertheless, there is a chance. And he sent to all the witches between Ardnacraig and Tobormory; and some for love, and some for loyalty, and some for meed, and some for sport, agreed to help him to defend his castle and his lady.

The king of Spain at length heard of this insult to his crown and dignity; and he fitted out an immense galley, commanded by a Spanish lord, who knew Scotland well, and sent him to Mull with orders to seize his daughter and Maclean; and to burn the territory of Duart so bare, that there should not remain two blades of grass, or two blossoms of heather within cry of each other.



When the ship arrived, and cast anchor under the rock on which the castle was built, the captain began to wonder at the strange stillness about him ; for there were no preparations on the part of the besieged : every thing seeming to go on as if nothing was the matter. He knew Scotland well, as I have said ; and as he strode up and down the deck, he became sorely troubled in mind.

“ Boy !” cried he at length, with a sudden start—“ jump up to the mast-head, and tell me what you see.”

“ I saw a black crow, sir,” said the boy after he came down, “ circling and wheeling round the top-most peak of the cliff.”

“ It is nothing,” remarked the captain ; and he walked the deck as before. In a little while he dispatched the lad again to the mast-head, to look out for what he could see.

“ There are two crows come to join the other,” said the messenger ; “ and they are all three screaming and circling round the peak.”

“ No matter,” returned the captain ; “ three crows are easy to deal with.” But when the boy went up a third, and a fourth time, and at length reported that the crows were assembled to the number of six, the brow of the Spaniard grew black, and his step on the gangway was less firm.

“ It is heavy odds,” said he—“ and yet I will try ; the number of the enemy by this time must be surely complete.” When the boy came down again, how-

ever, reporting the appearance of a seventh black crow, the captain's courage died.

“It is all over,” said he—“six *mighi* have been managed, although with difficulty enough; but no mortal man can strive with seven black crows!” The words were scarcely uttered, when the sky darkened, and a clap of thunder broke over his head. The wind howled through the rigging; the sea rose in frightful surges upon the cliffs; and the Spanish galley, whirling round and round, sunk for ever into the deep.

Macdonald was fain to recover his liberty, by giving up all pretensions to the hand of the Spanish princess; and the king of Spain, having other daughters at home, did not risk another galley on so perilous an errand.

In Scotland, there were those also, who, far from seeking any communion with infernal beings, shunned and dreaded them; yet were obliged by an unhappy fate to see, and in some cases were even endowed with the unsought privilege of commanding them. Such persons were born either on Christmas, or Good Friday.

The faculty of the Second Sight is altogether different: it has no connection with diablerie, but is concerned exclusively with men, and the fortunes of men. Second-sight seems to me to be nothing more nor less than a dream taking place, independently of the circumstance of sleep.

The interpretation of dreams is reduced as much to what may be called a science (false or true), as

that of the second-sight ; but we are so habitually accustomed to their phenomena, that they attract little of our attention. When an event does happen resembling what we saw in our sleep,—instead of reflecting that many hundred dreams had preceded it, without being followed by any thing remarkable, and that busied as we are in our slumbers with the occurrences daily presenting themselves to our waking faculties, it was only wonderful that some coincidence had not sooner taken place—we immediately set down the vision as a supernatural prediction.

The second sight is a dream of the same kind, taking place when we are awake ; and it so perfectly corresponds with the habits of the highlanders, that the system of their superstition would be incomplete without it. Elsewhere, when we see a friend fall into a state of abstraction, and observe its usual phenomena, of eyes fixed and distended, yet taking no cognizance of the objects before them—the circumstance provokes only mirth or jocular remark. But it is different in the highlands, where the solitary mountaineer is accustomed to hear the voices of the dead in the midnight storm, and to see in the dispersing mist the form of the noontide hag striding over the hills. He looks upon his comrade—generally a retired and melancholy man—with curiosity and awe ; and the seer himself is not slow in persuading himself of the importance of that which is considered so important by others. His reveries become habitual, and he acquires the faculty of seeing and describing

with minuteness the visions they present. In the confined range of accidents to which the small and lonely community is subject, such as the arrival of a stranger—death—sickness—marriage—a chief slain in battle, or returning victorious, it is more than probable that the prediction should frequently be followed by the event. The most experienced seers never pretended that *all* their visions turned to any purpose ; and, perhaps, if we were to make accurate allowance for the vastly greater number of events about which the imagination of a denizen of the plains is busied, and the vastly greater scarcity, therefore, of coincidences, we should find the dreams of the lowlanders to be quite as prophetic as the taishitaraugh of the mountaineers.

The public, I fancy, are tired by this time of anecdotes of second sight ; but the following, which will occupy only a few lines, is so curious, that I may be pardoned for inserting it.

“ It is notoriously known what in Killin, within Perthshire, fell tragically out with a yeoman that lived hard by, who coming into company within an alehouse, where a seer sat at table, that at the sight of the intrant neighbour, the seer, starting, ran to go out of the house ; and being asked the reason of his haste, told that the intrant man would die within two days ; at which news the named intrant stabbed the seer, and was himself executed two days after for the fact.”

The same author appears to consider a seer as a kind of wizard, and imagines that the power of

seeing spirits may be communicated by one to another.

“There be oddsolemnities,” says he, “at investing a man with the priviledges of the whole mistery of this second sight. He must run a tedder of hair (which bound a corps to the bier) in a helinx about his middle from end to end; then bow his head downwards, as did Elijah, 1 Kings xviii. 42, and look back thorough his legs untill he sie a funerall advance till the people cross two marches; or look thus back thorough a hole where was a knot of fir. But if the wind change points while the hair tedder is tied about him, he is in peril of his lyfe. The usewal method for a curious person to get a sight of this otherwise invisible crew of subterraneans (if impotently or over rashly sought) is to put his left foot under the wizard’s right foot, and the seer’s hand is put on the inquirer’s head, who is to look over the wizard’s right shoulder (which has ane ill appearance, as if by this ceremony ane implicite surrender were made of all betwixt the wizard’s foot and his hand, ere the person can be admittid a privado to the art;) then will he see a multitude of wights, like furious hardy men, flocking to him haistily from all quarters, as thick as atoms in the air; which are no nonentities or phantoms, creatures proceeding from ane affrighted apprehensione, confused or crazed sense, but realities, appearing to a stable man in his awaking sense, and enduring a rationall tryall of their being. These thorow fear strick him breathless and speechless.”

I cannot quit the subject of popular belief, without noticing the singular superstitions that are common throughout all Scotland regarding the dead. The spirit, even after it resigns its mortal abode, does not altogether depart from the place till the corpse is buried. It hovers around it in the death-room; and, if properly summoned, may be compelled to re-enter its prison of clay, and answer through the organs of mortality whatever questions may be put touching the cause of the decease. During the same interval the numerous disembodied beings who take a frightful interest in the fate of the souls of men, are permitted to enter upon the scene. They crowd into the room; and although invisible themselves, are ready to take advantage of any indiscretion of the attendants to make their presence sufficiently manifest. The door, it may be added, must be either wide open, or wholly closed—for what reason I cannot tell. If left ajar, the next person who enters the room will probably see the corpse sitting erect.

In conclusion, I think I am warranted in saying that the superstitions of Scotland, in their general bearing, although wild and fantastic in the extreme, are characteristic of a highly poetical and imaginative people.

## CHAPTER XII.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,  
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie;  
Each baron for a sable shroud,  
Sheath'd in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire, within, around,  
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;  
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,  
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blaz'd battlement and pinnet high,  
Blaz'd every rose-carv'd buttress fair—  
So still they blaze when fate is nigh  
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

At Crichtoun we are only ten miles from Edinburgh, and in the straight road; but, in obedience to the spell under which we lie, it is necessary to diverge at a tangent towards the left, and visit all that remains of the ancient seat of "Roslyn's barons bold."

The fortunes of the Esk present a greater variety, and more startling vicissitudes than those of almost any other stream in Scotland. Sometimes wandering



along its banks, on a plain surface, where the eye is regaled with nothing more interesting than the blackened tracks diverging from a coal mine, the traveller inquires indignantly, if it is possible that he can be near the groves of Roslyn, and the caverns of Hawthornden? In another instant, as if the remonstrance had been heard by the fairies of the spot, he finds himself suddenly plunged in a lonely and romantic glen, protected by tall and castellated rocks from the outer world, and where the stream at the bottom glides softly through the trees, as if dreading to break the enchanted silence by its voice.

The castle of Roslyn stands upon a shelving cliff which overhangs the Esk. The ancient portion of the building covers the side of the rock, while the modern addition rises above it. The whole is approached by a bridge thrown over a kind of ditch cut in the solid stone. The ruins present the same appearance of massive strength which distinguishes the other castellated buildings of the same age, but are not otherwise remarkable.

The chapel, in the immediate neighbourhood, situated also on a lofty rock overlooking the valley of the Esk, is in many respects a more interesting object than the castle. Although incomplete, its incompleteness is not that of ruin. No traditions of fire and sword account for its present situation—no war of iconoclasm, at least that history knows of, ever raised the impious weapon against the arts which adorn it. The work seems to have been

abruptly closed—perhaps by death, perhaps by pecuniary misfortune; and the edifice, therefore, remains in our day the same magnificent fragment which, no doubt, awakened at once the admiration and regret of our ancestors of the fifteenth century.

The form is a parallelogram, about twice longer than broad, terminating in a lady chapel at the east end. The nave is bold and lofty, and inclosed as usual by side aisles, the arches and pillars of which are magnificently sculptured. The ornaments, however, are said by Scott to present more of richness than elegance; while the strange anomalous mixture they exhibit of the styles of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, have an odd, and perhaps not a very agreeable effect.

Mr. Britton's impression, however, seems to have been much more favourable. "This building," says he, in the *Architectural Antiquities*, "may be pronounced unique, and I am confident it will be found curious, elaborate, and singularly interesting. The chapel of King's College, St. George, and Henry the Seventh, are all conformable to the styles of the respective ages when they were erected; and these styles display a gradual advancement in lightness and profusion of ornament: but the chapel of Roslyn combines the solidity of the Norman with the minute decorations of the latest species of the Tudor age. It is impossible to designate the architecture of this building by any given or familiar term: for the variety and eccentricity of its parts are not to be defined by any words of common acceptance. I ask

some of our obstinate antiquaries, how they would apply either the term Roman, Saxon, Norman, Gothic, Saracenic, English, or Grecian to this building?"

A clustered column at the east end (which will be seen in the annexed engraving)—one of those which separates the chapel from the centre or nave—is another very remarkable irregularity, although, from the beauty of its sculptured foliage, a very interesting one. It is said in tradition that the master-architect, remembering to have seen a similar column at Rome, travelled thither on purpose to be enabled to give a correct copy. On his return, however, he found that his apprentice had successfully executed the work in his absence; and, maddened by jealousy, he killed him with his mallet on the spot. The column is to this day called the "Apprentice's Pillar;" and two sculptured heads at the corner of the arch are pointed out as faithful portraits of the master and his victim. Such stories are not unfrequent in the chronicles of old buildings; and I remember, in particular, that the memory of the architect of one of the great churches at Rouen is maltreated by tradition, on the subject of a window, in pretty nearly the same manner.

Roslyn chapel was founded, and the castle built, in 1446, by William St. Clair, whose titles are given in full in the notes to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. He was, it seems, a prince, duke, earl, baron, lord admiral, lord chief justice, lord warden, knight, high chancellor, chamberlain, and lieutenant of Scotland! Mr. Chambers, in his *Picture of*



*Henry's Chapel*





Scotland (an excellent companion for the traveller), gives the popular tradition of the origin of the chapel. The above mentioned William St. Clair, when hunting one day on Roslyn moor with King Robert Bruce, wagered his head that his dogs Help and Hold would pull down a white deer which they started, before it could cross the march burn. Away they flew with the speed of the wind, but the deer still maintained its precedence, and St. Clair began to feel as if his head grew loose upon his shoulders. The flying animal at length gained the very brink of the stream; and the knight, in the sudden inspiration of mortal terror, vowed a chapel to St. Katherine for his deliverance, and shouted out to the hounds—

Help, haud, an ye may,  
Or Roslin will lose his head this day!

The words were no sooner pronounced than the seemingly hopeless chase was successful. Help pulled down the deer in the act of taking the leap; and his master immediately crushed the faithful brute to death with his foot, saying that it should never lead him again into such perilous temptation. A flat stone on the pavement, bearing the outline of a man with a greyhound at his feet, is pointed out by the person who shows the chapel as the tombstone of this daring huntsman.

The superstitious belief, alluded to in the song of Harold, in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, that the chapel was seen as if on fire previous to the death

of any of the race, is supposed by Scott to be of still more northern origin, and to belong to the family rather as princes of Orkney than as barons of Roslyn. The chiefs were really interred in their armour, as described in the ballad—

Each baron for a sable shroud,  
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

The first of those who were buried in a coffin died in the reign of James VII.

The reader is referred to the engraving as affording an admirable idea of the beauty and gorgeousness of this remarkable building.

Near Roslyn are the caves of Gorton, said to have been the retreat of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalwalsey, who did good service to his country in the reign of David II. by harassing the English borders. The romantic nature of his enterprizes, and the half guerilla, half banditti character of his force, possessed such attractions for the Scottish youth of that day, that at length it was held to be a necessary point in the military education of a young man of birth and spirit to serve a certain time under his standard.

Following a foot-path down the river, the traveller speedily arrives at a ruinous tower, with which is connected, like a living body attached to a dead one, a small and comparatively modern house. This is Hawthornden, the family seat of Drummond, the Scottish poet; and on an adjacent rock is seen the seat called the Cypress Grove, where he composed



one of his religious poems. "This romantic spot," says the author of the history of Scottish poetry, "seems to have been formed by nature in one of her happiest moments. All the materials that compose the picturesque seem here combined in endless variety—stupendous rocks, rich and varied in colour, hanging in threatening aspect, crowned with trees that expose their bare, branching roots; here the gentle birch hanging midway, and there the oak bending its stubborn branches, meeting each other; huge fragments of rocks impede the rapid flow of the stream that hurries brawling along unseen, but heard far beneath mingling in the breeze that gently agitates the wood."

Drummond is a bad historian, and a mediocre poet: and perhaps his greatest claim to distinction arises from the famous visit to Hawthornden of Ben Jonson. The Scottish bard, on this occasion, seems to have been greatly disappointed in the man whom he had admired so much as an author, and very naturally made memoranda of the manners, character, and sentiments of his distinguished guest. These memoranda, however, were never published by him, and probably were never intended for publication; but the fact of their existence drew upon his memory the objurgations of Mr. Gifford. "Enough of Drummond," says he, in his *Memoirs of Ben Jonson*, "with whose friendship for our author, the common sense of the reader will, I trust, no longer be insulted, except from the lips of hopeless idiotism—*longa manantia labri sa-*

*liva.*" But notwithstanding this dire denunciation, Walter Scott has successfully defended his countryman; and the contrast is highly curious between the manner of the great leviathan of modern literature, and that of the vulgar and venomous autocrat of the Quarterly Review.

Scott has not given examples to prove the innocence of Drummond of all thought of publication; but no one acquainted with the careful and ornate style of the laird of Hawthornden, could suppose for a moment that such loose memoranda as the following, were intended by him for an ordeal so terrible to an amateur.

"He was posthumous, being born a month after his father's death, and was put to school by a friend. His master was Camden. Afterwards he was taken from it, and put to another craft, viz. to be a bricklayer, which he could not endure, but went to the Low Countries, and returning home again, he betook himself to his wonted studies. In his service in the Low Countries he had, in the view of both armies, killed an enemy, and taken the *opima spolia* from him; and since coming to England, being appealed to a duel, he had killed his adversary, who had hurt him in the arm, and whose sword was ten inches longer than his. For this crime he was imprisoned, and almost at the gallows. Then he took his religion on trust of a priest, who visited him in prison; he was twelve years a papist: but after this he was re-united to the church of England, and left off being a recusant. (At his first communion, in token

of his true reconciliation, he drank out the full cup of wine.)" &c. &c.

As a specimen of Drummond's poetical style—for the sake of contrast with the foregoing—I give a portion of a *song*. Only fancy any lady or gentleman singing a lyric like the following, about the length of the hundred and nineteenth psalm!

Her hair more bright than are the morning's beams  
 Hung in a golden shower above the streams,  
 And dangling sought her forehead for to cover,  
 Which, seen, did straight a sky of milk discover,  
 With two fair bows, love's bows, which never bend  
 But that a golden arrow forth they send,  
 Beneath the which two burning planets glancing,  
 Flasht flames of love, for love there still is dancing.  
 Her either cheek resembled blushing morn,  
 Or roses gules in fields of lilies born:  
 'Twixt which an ivory wall so fair is raised,  
 That it is but abused when it is praised.  
 Her lips like rows of coral soft did swell,  
 And th' one lip th' other only did excell:  
 The Tyrian fish looks pale, pale look the roses,  
 The rubies pale, when mouth's sweet cherry closes.  
 Her chin like silver Phœbe did appear,  
 Dark in the midst to make the rest more clear:  
 Her neck seem'd fram'd by curious Phidias' master,  
 Most smooth, most white, a piece of alabaster.

The lady so laboriously described was Miss Cunningham of Barns; and her sudden death after everything had been prepared for their marriage, threw the poet into a deep melancholy, and made him a wanderer in foreign countries for eight years. At the end of that time, having at length discovered, and drank of, the waters of oblivion, he returned to Scotland, and married the daughter of Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig.

## CHAPTER XIII.

A dusky grandeur clothed the height,  
Where the huge castle holds its state,  
And all the steep slope down ;  
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
Piled deep and massy, close and high,  
Mine own romantic town !

After a walk, or a run, or a ride, or a ramble—which you will—of about seven miles, we reach the “darling seat” of Caledonia ; and, with her darling poet, bid “all hail her palaces and towers.”

The district of Midlothian is bounded by the Frith of Forth, and the shires of Haddington, Berwick, Roxburgh, Peebles, Lanark, and Linlithgow. It is, generally speaking, a level country ; its eminences rising at best to the character of hills : but where we now stand, about two miles southward of the sea, the comparative monotony of its aspect changes in a very sudden and extraordinary manner. Here we arrive at a group of eminences, which, although only hills in height, are mountains in form.

Steep, rugged, and threatening, they overhang the west like a thunder-cloud ; and, from their summits, we seem to command the whole kingdom, as well as the Frith of Forth melting away into the ocean beyond.

One of these irregular steeps, about a mile in length, rises from east to west ; the immense ridge terminating abruptly at its loftiest point, in a grey and naked rock, so precipitous as to be elsewhere inaccessible. On this rock stands an antique castle, covering an area of six acres, and, to appearance impregnable by the earlier art of war ; while the rest of the ridge is hung with immense piles and streets of building, so tall and huge, that the imagination might easily convert them into a city of giants. The black roofs of the houses, rising or sinking according to the inequalities of the mountain site, and interspersed with antique spires and towers, painted in sharp contrast on the grey sky behind, add much to the singularity of the picture. At the eastern end, where the ridge begins to rise, stands the palace of Holyrood House ; and between these two points, the palace and the castle, is comprehended the Old Town. Behind, to the south, lies a more modern portion of the city ; but before, to the north, extends an immense plain, covered with those streets of palaces, built of polished stone, which is called par excellence, the New Town of Edinburgh.

There is little doubt that Edinburgh, like most other towns, owes its origin to its castle. This fortress is mentioned in history, long before the town

became of the smallest note—as early, it is said, as the year 452; and it was here that the queen of Malcolm Canmore died, in 1093. The first distinct traces of Edinburgh are contained in a charter of David I. to the canons of the abbey of Holyrood. The document however shows, that the place was, before that time, a royal borough of some consideration; and it empowers the canons to erect a new borough (that of Canongate), investing them with the right of trial by duel, and of the ordeals of fire and water.

In the reign of Alexander I. also, it is clearly shown to have been a royal demesne; but it was not till after the murder of James I. at Perth disgusted his successor with that city, that Edinburgh became a residence of the court.

Before the use of cannon, the houses that were built for the sake of protection near a fortress, crept as close to the walls as possible; but in the present case, there was only a single direction in which the buildings could extend; and that was to the eastward, along the ridge of the steep, which afforded the only access to the castle.

So slowly did the architectural rise of this city go on, that although, as I have stated, it became a royal burgh before the time of David I., an act of the first James ordained, that the houses within the burgh should not exceed twenty feet in height. This was meant to prevent the damage arising from fires; and yet, at a much later period, the Scots boasted that such accidents were no calamity to them, as a

day or two sufficed to raise a structure quite as magnificent as the one destroyed. The frequency of fires was, no doubt, caused, in great part, by the roofs being of straw-thatch or broom ; and, indeed, so late as the year 1621, it was found necessary to prohibit the citizens of Edinburgh, by act of parliament, from covering their houses with those slight and dangerous materials.

Although James, however, appears to have regarded more the safety than the splendour of the burgh, so far as the dwellings of the inhabitants were concerned, in other respects he evinced the taste for magnificence common to princes. It was he who founded the monastery of the Grey Friars, and brought over a colony of monks from Cologne. In that city of the Three Kings, it is to be supposed the ecclesiastics were accustomed, in their abodes, to the highest degree of splendour and luxury ; yet so extravagantly fine did the monastery of the Grey Friars appear to Cornelius of Zurich, and the other Franciscans, that it is said, no small degree of persuasion was necessary to get them to lodge in it.

This edifice stood on the south side of the Grass Market, and nearly opposite its avenue called the West Bow. The gardens were long since converted into a public cemetery ; where a new church was built in 1602. In the steeple of this church, as Arnot informs us, a barrel of gunpowder, the property of the town, was lodged—and a strangely chosen lodging it was—and, by some accident or other, the whole building was one day blown to



pieces. Another church, however, was built at the western end; and to this day the cemetery, as is proved by the opposite engraving, affords one of the finest views of the castle and city.

The Old Town, as I have said, runs about a mile from east to west, from the castle to the palace; and through the whole of this extent there is now a single, continuous line of street, distinguished in its various parts, as the Castle-hill, the Lawn Market, the High Street, and the Canongate. James the First would not know again his twenty feet houses!

The High Street, although the vista is now more extensive than ever, has in some degree lost the character of grandeur which formerly ranked it among the finest in Europe. The Netherbow Port, (gate) surmounted by a spire, has vanished, and the view, which terminated there, is carried along the Canongate, a narrower, and less remarkable street. Still on the other hand, the removal of the Luckenbooths, and the Tolbooth at the opposite end, has extended the line through the Lawn Market, and nearly as far as the Castle-hill, with scarcely any deterioration taking place. In fact, the fault discovered by those who remember the city (if such there are) before these changes, seems to be, that the High Street, by the destruction of its barriers, has lost that appearance of unity which gave it an air of aristocratical exclusiveness.

Scott, nevertheless, is of opinion, that it remains still the most magnificent street in Great Britain, with the sole exception of its namesake of Oxford.



*W. G. & Co. Lith.*  
REV. FRANKS, COURT ST. 1850.



For my own part I suggest, with much deference to such an authority, that no possible comparison (except from contrast) can be carried on in the imagination between the two. That of Oxford is an avenue of churches and palaces: the High Street of Edinburgh is a commercial street,—lofty, majestic, and antique-looking, it is true, but not superior in grandeur of effect—if I may be indulged so far—to the Trongate of Glasgow.

This immense range of street, extending from Holyrood Palace on the west to the Castle on the east, comprises, with its innumerable tributaries of streets, lanes, wynds, and closes, the old town of Edinburgh. Here resided the aristocracy of the capital, more especially towards the palace end of the line; and here the houses, which in the time of James I. were limited by law to twenty feet of height, ran gradually up to an altitude which has not been rivalled even in the French metropolis.

In these vast edifices, as in Paris, each story forms one or more dwellings; all accessible by a single spiral staircase, *Scoticè*, a turnpike stair. The floor nearest heaven, called the garrets, has the greatest number of subdivisions; and here roost the families of the poor. As we descend, the inmates increase in wealth or rank; each family possessing “an outer door,” answering to the street door of those who grovel on the surface of the earth. The ground floor is generally a shop, or other place of business; and the underground floor is also devoted, not unfrequently, to the same purpose, but in a lower sphere of commerce.

The principal external difference between the edifices in Edinburgh and Paris is, that in the latter city the different floors belong more apparently to the same house, and are all served by the same porter; whose bureau is in the court, and who directs the adventurous explorer to the residence of any family or individual he may be in quest of. The whole building besides, is in general shut up by a common gate, which it is the province of the said porter to keep. In Edinburgh, on the contrary, the visiter enters from the street, without let or barrier of any kind; he ascends flight after flight, inquiring his way, or reading the names on the doors, which are each fashioned and painted so as to resemble a street door; and, in short, the turnpike differs only by its steepness from a common thoroughfare.

The Scottish turnpikes, like those of Paris, were, and frequently are, dirty in the extreme. The water was carried up on men's shoulders, which may partly account for its scarcity; and besides, as the stair belonged to no one in particular, it was neglected by all; while its convenient obscurity rendered any sins against cleanliness likely to pass without discovery.

The various families, thus continually thrown into contact, by the necessity of passing and repassing each other's territories, were necessarily well acquainted. To inhabit the same "land" gave one a sort of right to be known to his neighbour. Besides, the difficulty of access to the street kept up a constant series of borrowings and lendings, which drew still

closer the bonds of intimacy. Moreover, if you fancy a bevy of from half a dozen to a dozen serving lasses meeting constantly on a common staircase, you may imagine that no great mystery could be long preserved, as regarded the affairs of the different families.

It is little more than sixty years since the change commenced which has made Edinburgh, in addition to being one of the most majestic and picturesque of the old cities of Europe, one of the most elegant and beautiful of the new. To describe the operation however, does not come within the scope of my plan; and I turn for the present to take a slight glance at the progress of luxury and manners among the inhabitants.

We have seen, in a former chapter, the primitive mode of cookery of the ancient Scots, and thence were led to infer the general rudeness of their manners. Two centuries later, however, than the time of Froissart, there were found in the Scottish camp, after the battle of Pinkey, not only provisions, but silver utensils which denoted a very considerable advance in the arts and comforts of civilization.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, notwithstanding, the state of society and manners in Edinburgh was far from being what might have been looked for in a capital city. Even in the houses of the respectable inhabitants, the table was served by male servants, wearing their bonnets, *who sat down with the company*. To this fact, mentioned by Morrison in his Itinerary, I beg to draw



the attention of the reader, as illustrating a position I have endeavoured to maintain in the introductory chapters. The same primitive custom, however, continued long after even in Edinburgh ; and when there laid aside, remained, and in some districts remains to this day, in the provinces.

The fare was varied according to the rank of the guests ; those at the upper end of the table being regaled with a pullet, and broth enriched with prunes ; while the others were fain to be satisfied with a platter of porridge and sodden meat.\*

The tables of the nobles, however, presented a very different aspect ; and it may be supposed that a taste for luxury had already crept in, since it was found advisable to restrain the indulgences of the table by a sumptuary law. This prohibited all persons under the rank of archbishop or earl from having more than eight dishes at dinner ; of abbot, lord prior, or dean, more than six ; of baron or freeholder, more than four ; and of burgess, more than three : marriage feasts, however, were not comprehended in this regulation, nor entertainments given to foreigners.

The dinner hour was ten o'clock in the morning, and its appearance on the table was announced by a flourish of trumpets, or the sound of a horn. Jellies seem to have been the principal hors d'œuvre ; no fewer than five hundred ox feet, fifteen hundred

\* The Scottish porridge, it may be necessary to inform my Southron readers, is a condiment resembling the stirabout of the Irish, but not so thick. It is made simply of oatmeal stirred into water while it boils, and seasoned with salt.



sheep feet, and thirty-six cocks being provided for this delicacy alone, at a court dinner in 1511. I am not aware that the cock remains at the present day a component part of our jellies: but perhaps I am mistaken. Among the dishes not in use among their unworthy descendants may be mentioned swans and cranes, sea-gulls and porpoises.

With regard to the usual utensils of the table, it may be necessary merely to mention that in the year 1430, there were imported from London, for the use of the King of Scots, eight dozen of pewter dishes, and a hundred dozen of wooden cups; besides a basin and ewer, three saddles, a dozen skins of red leather, five dozen ells of woollen cloth, and twenty casks of wine.

Morrison, the traveller whose authority I have already quoted, accuses the citizens of Edinburgh of a habit of washing down their coarse food with copious draughts of wine or ale. The excess of drinking, he says, was far greater among the Scots than the English; and indeed, so indifferent was the character of the former in this respect, that being one evening, while at court, invited to sup with some gentlemen, he exacted a promise before consenting, that he should not be forced to drink more than he thought proper.

At that time almost all the men of the lower classes wore coarse home-spun cloth, of a grey or light blue colour, with blue caps very broad and flat. In some districts the costume continues the same to this day. "The gentlemen did wear English cloth,

or silks, or light stuffs, little or nothing adorned with silk lace, much less with lace of silver or gold, and all followed, at this time, the French fashion, especially in court. Gentlewomen married did wear close upper bodices after the German manner, with large whale-bone sleeves, after the French manner, short cloaks like the Germans, French hoods, and large falling bands about their necks. The unmarried of all sorts did go bare headed, and wore short cloaks, with most close linen sleeves on their arms, like the virgins of Germany. The inferior sort of citizen's wives, and the women of the country, did wear cloaks made of a coarse stuff, of two or three colours, in chequer work, vulgarly called *Plodan*."

The *plodan* (plaiding) was probably the only part of the dress of home manufacture ; and the Scots being too poor to enter prudently into a fashionable competition with other nations, the ambitious spirits among them were restrained by sumptuary laws. Besides stuffs and haberdashery, Scotland imported iron, lead, horse-furniture, military weapons, cart-wheels, and, as we have seen, even pewter and wooden dishes. In return for these she had only to give wool, hides, coals, and salted salmon.

A people like the Scots were of all others the most likely to adopt the customs of chivalry, and run into all their excesses ; and accordingly we find jousts and tournaments very common among them in the middle ages. The same enthusiasm of character, however, degraded those splendid shows into

fields of blood ; and it happened frequently that the “high-born damsel” who came to admire the accomplishments, witnessed the death of her lover. The battle of Flodden, I need hardly remind the reader, was fought by James IV. at the command of his lady, the Queen of France ; and thus a gallant prince, with the flower of his nobility, and of their vassals, perished the victims of a fantastic and romantic honour.

The Queen of France, as Pitscottie informs us, wrote a “love-letter” to King James, with a turquois ring from her own finger, calling him her love and her knight, and desiring him to raise her an army, and advance three feet of ground into the English territory, for her sake. James lost his life, and Scotland her best and bravest, because he would not refuse a mistress whom he had never seen !

The Reformation plunged the city in a gloom very unfavourable to the progress of luxury or refinement, whatever effect it may have had on the piety of the people. Anything beyond the severest style of dress was reckoned not only an imprudence but a sin ; and a smile seen on the face, on the Sabbath day, was indicative of a soul already in the grasp of the devil. The transgressions denounced in the decalogue were multiplied to many thousands ; at least each commandment was split into such innumerable sub-divisions that the greatest saint had no more chance of escaping than the blackest sinner. It was discovered that there were seven hundred modes of sinning against the second commandment

alone ; and, in fact, to this day it is a favourite exercise of the ingenuity of the Scottish ministers, to find out new shades of offence that come within the meaning of the penal laws of God.

The Restoration dissipated this unnatural gloom, leaving little else behind it than a decent and rational gravity, which has since been accounted one of the characteristics of the Scottish nation. At first, however, a reaction almost necessarily took place ; and men rushed into the opposite extreme of gaiety and pomp. In the year 1700 the Duke of Queensberry, the king's commissioner, entered Edinburgh with a train of forty coaches, and twelve hundred horse. A public cock-pit was built at Leith Links ; and so fierce had become the rage for this amusement, that the magistrates of the city were obliged to issue a proclamation to prevent its being practised in the streets. Music, golf, tennis, archery, were the other public recreations ; and men seemed in haste to make up for the time they had lost in fanaticism.

## CHAPTER XIV.

————— Yon beetling brow,  
In craggy nakedness sublime,  
What heart or foot shall dare to climb ?

ICHABOD ! Ichabod ! Our glory hath departed ! So might the Canongate and the High Street have exclaimed, when all the rank and fashion of Edinburgh, deserting the ridge of the old town, as if scared by the plague, rushed down the precipices, to spread themselves in thousands over the northern plain. The hotels of the nobility and gentry changed lodgers, as if by magic ; and, were it not that the vast and mighty outline of the buildings remains the same—and probably will do so for centuries to come—it is hardly likely that their former occupants would know them again.

In the smaller streets, diverging from this grand thoroughfare, the metamorphoses are only those of

time and tide. Year after year the stones grow blacker and the timber frailer ; and each succeeding juvenile, as he grows up to the season of observation, detects more of an old-world cast in the houses than his antecedent. Of these avenues the West Bow is the most picturesque, and the most antique ; a fact of which the reader will not be inclined to doubt, after casting his eye upon the opposite view.

The West Bow is a steep, narrow, and curving street, which forms the passage of communication between the grand thoroughfare and the Grass Market ; an announcement which, in spite of the rural and peaceable designation of the latter quarter, will arouse in its behalf some portion of displeasing yet exciting interest. The Grass Market was the place of public execution ; and the West Bow was the avenue by which the dismal cortege descended from the ridge of the mountain city into the valley of the shadow of death. No sudden and extraordinary change, I have said, was presented, in modern times, by the aspect of this street. The criminal, walking in his grave clothes between two ministers, bade farewell, with a sinking heart, to the well-known closes, the over-hanging balconies, the black and mouldering walls—the haunts, perhaps, of his profligacy, and the witnesses of his crimes. He did not know, and would as little have cared had he known, that in an earlier age those lofty and uncouth edifices were the dwellings of a very different grade of society ; and the iron crosses





West View

EDINBURGH

View of West-Edinburgh, 1841





in some of the walls had no power of association to bring before his mind's eye the shadows of their ancient denizens, the Knights Templars, and the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

Emerging, at length, into the more open area of the Grass-market, a wide oblong square, surrounded by lofty but mean houses, an object near the further end arrested his eye; and, perhaps, at that moment closed its sense against every other in this world. It was the gallows-tree, tall and black, surrounded by a scaffold, with a ladder placed against it for his ascent. The scene was overhung by the bare, rude, mountainous rock which forms the eastern termination of the city; and the battlements of the castle, which rise above it, seem to guard sternly and frowningly the place of death.

On one occasion the Grass Market was filled by an expectant crowd, who looked for the approach of the criminal, not with the usual feeling of pity and horror, but with the thirsty eagerness of a bird of prey awaiting its quarry. He had been condemned for a crime which had made every individual of that vast multitude his deadly enemy; the gallows-tree had risen, as usual, before the dawn, on its accustomed spot; the whole city had crowded, not riotously, but with a stern gravity, to witness the consummation of a revenge sanctified by the laws; the hour was come—but not the man.

It is this day which my distinguished associate has desired to commemorate in the annexed view. The disappointed spectators are climbing their way

homewards by the steep and tortuous ascent of the West Bow ; and in front are the personages introduced so happily by Scott, as a relief to the sombre sternness of the scene. When Saddletree had exhausted his legal, and Mr. Butler his scholastic learning, the result of the conference, however differently expressed, was the same in substance in this as in every other group in the street.

“ ‘Aweel,’ said Mrs. Howden, ‘the sum o’ the matter is, that were I a man, I wad hae amends o’ Jack Porteous, be the upshot what like o’t, if a’ the carles and carlines in England had sworn to the nay-say.’

“ ‘I would claw down the Tolbooth door wi’ my nails,’ said Miss Grizell, ‘but I would be at him.’

“ ‘Ye may be very right, ladies,’ said Butler, ‘but I would not advise you to speak so loud.’

“ ‘Speak!’ exclaimed both the ladies together, ‘there will be naething else spoken about frae the Weigh-house to the Water-port, till this is either ended or mended.’ ”

The sequel of the story is well known, independently of the Tales of my Landlord. The populace of Edinburgh rose up that night like one man ; they broke open the doors of the Tolbooth ; marched their prisoner, slowly and gravely, to the place of public execution, providing him, as usual, with the means of ghostly comfort ; hanged him by the neck, in terms of the law, upon a gibbet, with a rope which they bought and paid for ; and then dispersed without having, in any other respect, perpetrated a

single injury, or even insult. There seems to me, notwithstanding the difference in the nature and magnitude of the objects, to be a striking resemblance between the conduct of the people on this occasion and that of the Parisians at the late revolution. In neither case was there premeditation. The insurrection of both was commenced by a few, and seconded, on the instant, by their fellow-citizens. The same cool and stern intrepidity was manifested by both; and the same determination that the object in view should not be degraded by, or mingled with, any of the meaner outrages that usually accompany the ebullitions of popular feeling.

Having given a general glance at the city, it remains for me to devote a few moments to the Abbey and the Castle, the alpha and omega of the old town of Edinburgh.

Holyroodhouse, the palace of the Scottish kings, was originally a convent (as its popular name of the Abbey implies), founded by David I. It originated, as is usual with such buildings, in a miracle. The prince was in danger of perishing through the fury of a stag which had turned to bay, when a miraculous cross rose up between and saved him. When the church of the Holy Rood arose on this spot, David granted it to the canons regular of Saint Augustin, with a thousand immunities and privileges, not the least singular of which was the tithe of the whales and sea monsters taken on the coast from the river Almond to Colbrand's Path.

It is uncertain when the monastery became a

royal residence ; but we know that it was inhabited by James IV., and that the buildings called Queen Mary's apartments were built by James V. Soon after this addition was made, the whole was burnt by the English in 1544 ; but like other Gothic edifices, (in cases where gunpowder was not employed for their destruction) the injury it sustained from such a disaster was comparatively trifling. At the Reformation, the monastery was, of course, entirely suppressed ; but the buildings remained a royal residence.

In the year 1650, the palace was again burnt by the English, and this time with better success ; for all was destroyed except one tower, and the adjoining buildings, the apartments of Queen Mary. A new palace was erected on the site by Charles II ; which is the Holyroodhouse of to-day. The chapel was also repaired, and fitted up anew ; but James II., with the madness (or piety!) of his devoted family, held in it publicly the idolatrous orgies of the mass—as his subjects called them—and hurried on an insurrection of the citizens, in the course of which the whole interior was destroyed. Another attempt was made to repair it, and a new roof was thrown over its walls of six hundred years. But the fiat had gone forth. The architects were inspired with a spirit of absurdity to which there is no parallel in the history of the art. They imposed upon the ancient walls a roof of solid stone ; and in two years after the whole structure fell to the ground. The ruins which remain are beautiful and

picturesque ; and since it has now become impossible merely to repair and preserve, I sincerely hope that the rage for improvement will leave them so.

The ancient part of the palace, containing the apartments of Mary, remains to this day in the same state as when the Rose of Scotland was transplanted to the cell, where she was destined to wither and die. The reader is presented with a view of one of these chambers. It is small—it does not boast of anything resembling regal magnificence : yet let him look well. This is a corner famous in history. Here perhaps was decided the fate of the queen of Scots. The area of that small room is crowded with shadows ; its roof rings with the screams of beauty, the imprecations of murder, the groans of death ; its floor, saturated with blood, retains to this hour the “darned spot.”

I do not say with Robertson that “the low birth and indigent condition of Rizio placed him in a station in which he *ought naturally* to have remained unknown to posterity ;” nor do I think it any “condescension” whatever in the historian “to record his adventures.” I do not say or think these things, because I have read, among others, the histories which that elegant and careful author wrote ; and I am therefore aware of the important parts which men of low birth and indigent condition are sometimes called upon, by their fate or genius, to perform. Rizio, however, was not one of those sons of destiny who rise above their fellows by the force of courage or talent. He was in all probability a man

of elegant tastes, showy acquirements, and prepossessing manners: but he was nothing more. His ambition was bounded by the desire to retain the queen's favour, and to shew the whole nation the lofty pinnacle on which he stood. This is decisive with regard to his character: he was low born in mind as well as body: no great man was ever fond of parade or fine clothes.

In the palace of a young and beautiful queen, however, who had been brought up at a court where accomplishments passed for virtues, Rizio speedily rose to distinction. It matters not what was his original rank: the lower the better; for the contrast between him and his fellows would make the soft and subtle Italian stand out in still higher relief. At any rate, he became Mary's secretary—her confidant—her favourite; and, by a natural consequence, he became an object of detestation to every body but those who expected to rise through his interest.

The proximate cause of the king's deadly hate has often been sought after by historians; but it is difficult to trace to its motives the waywardness of a spoiled boy. Darnley was born only a fool; but personal vanity, uniting with the prodigious fortune which had befallen him, tinged his folly with a certain hue of madness. But for this he would have been a puppet in the hands of his more talented wife; and the life of Mary would have been as tranquil, and her conduct, perhaps as prudent, as those of other women who are blest with obedient husbands.







But it is needless to imagine what might have been. We have now before us the small, private, retired apartment of Mary, adjoining her bed chamber. It is called a "cabinet" in history; and perhaps was all she could boast of as a *boudoir*—a room, a closet, no matter what—where a woman retires from the weariness of society, to pout, to sigh, or to weep, to hope or remember, to joy or grieve; a corner, in short, which is *her own*, and where no one can enter unsummoned.

On the ninth of March, in the year one thousand, five hundred and sixty-six, the arrangements of that little room were somewhat different. The heavy table which you see on the right was in the middle of the floor; and the rich, antique-looking chair by the side of the fire-place was at the head of that table. Thereon Mary sat; and around the board were five other chairs, and five of those flattering illusions whom a queen calls friends. One of them was her secretary, Rizio.

It is seven o'clock in the evening. The song, the tale, the jest have gone round. The poor and low-born Italian feels an intoxication, finer, more delicate, yet more intense, than wine could produce. The beautiful queen is happy:—I do not recall the word; she forgets the past, she dreams not of the future—she enjoys, and therefore is she happy. Hark! There is a noise without—a dull, harsh, yet quick, disagreeable sound. Look towards the door. Who is there? Shadows! shadows!—dim, flitting, indefinite. I must have recourse to the master-seer, to

whom is given, not only to behold, but to command, the spectres of history.

“ There comes the fierce fanatic Ruthven—party hatred enabling him to bear the armour which would otherwise weigh down a form extenuated by wasting disease. See how his writhen features show under the hollow helmet, like those of a corpse tenanted by a demon, whose vindictive purpose looks out at the flashing eyes, while the visage has the stillness of death. Yonder appears the tall form of the boy Darnley, as goodly in person as vascillating in resolution; yonder he advances with hesitating step, and yet more hesitating purpose, his childish form having already overcome his childish passion. \* \* \*

“ Summon up the Postulate, George Douglas, the most active of the gang. Let him arise at your call—the claimant of wealth which he does not possess—the partaker of the illustrious blood of Douglas, but which in his veins is sullied with illegitimacy. Paint him the ruthless, the daring, the ambitious—so nigh greatness, yet debarred from it—so near to wealth, yet excluded from possessing it—a political Tantalus, ready to do or dare anything to terminate his necessities, and assert his imperfect claims. \* \* \*

“ Who comes next? Yon tall, thin-made, savage-looking man, with the petronel in his hand, must be Andrew Ker, of Faldonside, a brother's son, I believe, of the celebrated Sir David Ker, of Cessford; his look and bearing those of a border freebooter; his

disposition so savage, that during the fray in the cabinet, he presented his loaded piece at the bosom of the young and beautiful queen, that queen also being within a few weeks of becoming a mother !”

Behind these were many other phantom-like heads; and Mary could see that the eyes of all were bent with a steady glare upon Rizio. With the presence of mind, however, which rarely forsook her, she demanded the purport of their coming. The victim read the answer in their eyes, before their lips had shaped the words; and he ran behind his mistress, and took hold of the folds of her gown.

The “divinity that doth hedge a king” was unknown in Scotland. Mary had only her beauty, her tears, her prayers, her shrieks, to interpose; and these were unavailing. Darnley, who had forced on the work of murder, and had repeatedly threatened to do the deed himself, and unassisted, stood hesitating, terrified, open-mouthed, gazing on the scene like a man in a dream; when the Postulate, Douglas, snatched his dagger from the king’s girdle, and struck it into the body of the secretary, almost in the arms of his royal mistress. The signal was given. Rizio was dragged through the apartment into the adjoining bedchamber, and to the head of the staircase; where he fell, after having received fifty-six wounds. Mary continued to weep, to struggle, to scream; but when she learnt that all was over, she dried her eyes; and sat calmly down. “It shall be dear blood to some of you!” muttered she; a speech that was remembered eleven months after, when Darnley

received a still more sudden death in the Kirk of Field.

We now enter the room into which Rizio was dragged from her presence—the bedchamber of the queen. The furniture is the same as when Mary slept in it; and part of the drapery was wrought by her own hand.

It is impossible to contemplate this spot without emotion. Of all the personages of history, Mary Stewart, at the distance of two centuries and a half, is the nearest and most palpable. There are few of our Scottish youths who have not fought for her, as for a lovely and calumniated mistress. I myself, when a boy, have more than once been covered with blood in her cause.

Mary's life was a series of calamities: and yet, perhaps, were the computation accurately made up, she enjoyed more of happiness than her prosperous rival. Her brief, but frequent gleams of sunshine were bright and beautiful. She enjoyed the triumphs of love and beauty; at the most disastrous period of her life she was surrounded by warm and faithful friends; her death was religious, tranquil, almost joyful. Elizabeth, on the contrary, though a great and fortunate queen, was an unhappy woman. Her life was spent in a struggle against nature; and when the dreams of ambition were dissipated by the approach of death, she found that her existence had been a blank. The discovery was made too late. The years that had fled could not be recalled—nor the blood of Essex, which she had spilt; and she closed









a loveless, joyless, yet brilliant existence, in melancholy and despair.

The Castle, at the opposite, or western extremity of the Old Town, is situated upon a precipitous rock three hundred feet high, and accessible only from the east. The walls comprehend an area of about six acres, and the arsenal, together with the other apartments appropriated for the same purpose, is capable of containing thirty thousand stand of arms. The buildings surround a square court, the east side having formerly been the royal apartments. It was here, in a small room on the ground floor, that Mary, on the 19th of June, 1566, was delivered of the heir of the two kingdoms.

The history of the Castle is of course the history of Edinburgh; and the history of Edinburgh, under the later princes, is that of the whole country. I am unable, therefore, to give even a sketch of the vicissitudes of this fortress; but I cannot refrain from referring to an incident which occurred during the reign of Bruce—and which, besides, will serve as an introduction to some account of the arms and military habits of the Scots.

The Castle at that time was strongly garrisoned by the English, and commanded by Piers Leland, a Lombard. This man would appear to have had but little liking to the cause: at least, in some way or other, he became an object of suspicion to the garrison; and when Randolph, the celebrated Earl of Moray, appeared before the fortress, he was laid hold of, and shut up in a dungeon. The Scots, however,

received no advantage from the confusion which this proceeding must have occasioned; a new governor was elected whose courage and fidelity were undoubted; and, as Randolph gazed upon the magnificent rock, accessible only from one quarter, and in that quarter so completely defended as to be altogether impregnable, he felt that his errand would be in vain.

In the history of fortresses like this we usually find, that if captured at all, it is by an attack upon precisely that point where the attempt seems not only hopeless but absurd. In the present case, it is unknown whether the Scottish earl, while gazing at the bare, rugged, and in some places perpendicular surface of the rock, allowed even the idea to enter his mind of an exploit which must have seemed impossible even to a wild goat. While in this occupation, however, he was accosted by one of his men-at-arms with the question, "Do you think it impracticable, my lord?" Randolph turned his eyes upon the querist, a man a little past the prime of life, but of a firm, well-knit figure, and bearing in his bright eye, and bold and open brow, indications of an intrepidity which had already made him remarkable in the Scottish army.

"Do you mean the rock, Francis?" said the earl; "Perhaps not—if we could borrow the wings of our gallant hawks."

"There are wings," replied Francis, with a thoughtful smile, "as strong, as buoyant, and as daring. My father was keeper of yonder fortress."

“What of that? you speak in riddles.”

“I was then young, reckless, high-hearted; I was mewed up in that convent-like castle; my mistress was in the plain below—”

“Well, what then?”

“’S death, my Lord, can you not imagine that I speak of the wings of love? Every night I descended that steep at the witching hour, and every morning, before the dawn, I crept back to my barracks. I constructed a light twelve-foot ladder, by means of which I was able to pass the places that are perpendicular; and so well, at length, did I become acquainted with the route, that in the darkest and stormiest night, I found my way as easily as when the moonlight enabled me to see my love in the distance, waiting for me at her cottage door.”

“You are a daring, desperate—noble fellow, Francis! However, your motive is now gone; your mistress”—

“She is dead: say no more: but another has taken her place.”

“Ay, ay, it is the soldier’s way. Women will die, or even grow old, and what are we to do? Come, who is your mistress now?”

“MY COUNTRY. What I have done for love, I can do again for honour; and what *I* can accomplish, you, noble Randolph, and many of our comrades, can do far better. Give me thirty picked men, and a twelve-foot ladder, and the fortress is our own!”

The Earl of Moray, whatever his real thoughts

of the enterprise might have been, was not a man to refuse such a challenge. A ladder was provided, and thirty men chosen from the troops ; and in the middle of a dark night, the party, commanded by Randolph himself, and guided by William Francis, set forth on their desperate enterprise.

By catching at crag after crag, and digging their fingers into the interstices of the rock, they succeeded in mounting a considerable way ; but the weather was now so thick, they could receive but little assistance from their eyes ; and thus they continued to climb, almost in utter darkness, like men struggling up a precipice in the night-mare. They at length reached a shelving table of the cliff, above which the ascent, for ten or twelve feet, was perpendicular ; and having fixed their ladder, the whole party lay down to recover breath.

From this place they could hear the tread and voices of the "check-watches," or patrol, above ; and surrounded by the perils of such a moment, it is not wonderful that some illusions may have mingled with their thoughts. They even imagined that they were seen from the battlements ; although, being themselves unable to see the warders, this was highly improbable. It became evident, notwithstanding, from the words they caught, here and there, in the pauses of the night-wind, that the conversation of the English soldiers above, related to a surprise of the castle ; and, at length, these appalling words broke like thunder on their ears—

"Stand ! I see you well !" A fragment of the

rock was hurled down at the same instant ; and, as rushing from crag to crag, it bounded over their heads, Randolph and his brave followers, in this wild, helpless, and extraordinary situation, felt the damps of mortal terror gathering upon their brow, as they clung, with a death-grip, to the precipice.

The startled echoes of the rock were at length silent, and so were the voices above. The adventurers paused, listening breathless ; no sound was heard but the sighing of the wind, and the measured tread of the sentinel, who had resumed his walk. The men thought they were in a dream, and no wonder ; for the incident just mentioned, which is related by Barbour, was one of the most singular coincidences that ever occurred. The shout of the sentinel, and the missile he had thrown, were merely a boyish freak ; and, while listening to the echoes of the rock, he had not the smallest idea that the sounds which gave pleasure to him, carried terror and almost despair into the hearts of the enemy.

The adventurers, half uncertain whether they were not the victims of some illusion, determined that it was as safe to go on as to turn back ; and, pursuing their laborious and dangerous path, they at length reached the bottom of the wall. This last barrier they scaled by means of their ladder ; and, leaping down among the astonished check-watches, they cried their war-cry, and, in the midst of answering shouts of " treason ! treason !" notwithstanding the desperate resistance of the garrison, captured the Castle of Edinburgh.

## CHAPTER XV.

Why do these steeds stand ready dight?  
Why watch these warriors arm'd by night?  
They watch to hear the blood hound baying;  
They watch to hear the war-horn braying;  
To see St. George's red cross streaming;  
To see the midnight beacon gleaming.

THE arms used at different epochs by this warlike people would of themselves be a fertile subject for inquiry ; but in a work like this I can afford only such brief notice as may be necessary towards giving the reader some idea of the military habits of the Scots.

The principal weapons of the Caledonians were swords and targets ; the former long, unwieldy, and blunt at the point ; and the latter so small as to form a very imperfect defence for the wearer in close combat. They appear, however, not to have fought in a compact mass, such as is denominated an army ; for they are described as being accustomed



to elude with great dexterity the missiles of the Romans, discharging, at the same time, a shower of their own. They probably ventured as rarely as possible into personal contact with the steel-clad men of Italy, contenting themselves with the irregular warfare of mountaineers; but occasional exceptions were made to this rule, and the great fight between Agricola and Galgacus presents the curious and magnificent spectacle, of an army of savages set down in pitched battle against nearly an equal numerical force of trained soldiers. The Caledonians were of course beaten, and Tacitus describes the loss of the Romans as being inconsiderable; yet Agricola abandoned instantly his northern expedition, and returned to his entrenchments at Ardoch.

In addition to swords and targets, our ancestors used also spears and javelins, and bows and arrows, headed with flint or bone. Archery thus is very ancient in Scotland, although the art was never cultivated with effect. But this ought not to appear so surprising as it is generally thought. The mountainous nature of the country, as well as their own fiery temperament, led the Scots to depend more upon a sudden charge of men than a distant flight of arrows. The bowmen in the English army were regular soldiers of the *plains*: they marched in a compact body, and fired their deadly shafts in a simultaneous shower. They won almost every battle lost by the Scots; but so extraordinary a prestige seems to have existed on the

subject, that the latter neither attempted seriously to learn the use of the weapon, nor even adopted always the obvious expedient for counteracting its effect in battle. Bruce, in fact, was almost the only general who provided beforehand a body of horse to break the ranks of the archers; and, had not this manœuvre been executed at Bannockburn, the Scottish authors of the present day would perhaps have taken very little pleasure in calling to mind the history of their country.

The graphic power of Scott is no where else exhibited to more advantage than in the description of this incident in the *Lord of the Isles*. The picture lives, and moves, and hath its being. We *see* the yeomen "stepping forth a space," and drawing the bow-string to their ear; we *hear* the rushing of ten thousand arrows through the air; we can as little as Edward Bruce restrain our impatience, when he stands

With foot on stirrup, hand on mane,

watching the advance of the deadly enemy into the plain; and it is with a bound, almost as lofty as his, that we hear at length his "Mount, ye gallants free!"

He cried; and, vaulting from the ground,  
His saddle every horseman found.  
On high their glittering crests they toss,  
As springs the wild-fire from the moss;  
The shield hangs down on every breast,  
Each ready lance is in the rest,

And loud shonts Edward Bruce,—  
 Forth, marshal, on the peasant foe!  
 We'll tame the terrors of their bow,  
 And cut the bow-string loose!"

Several of the Scottish princes, especially those who had an opportunity of seeing the practice of archery in England, did every thing in their power to encourage it at home. James I. in his poem of Christ's Kirk on the Green, tried the effects of ridicule. His penal statute, to which we have already alluded, ran thus:

"That all men busk thame to be archares fra the be 12 years of age, and that at ilk ten pounds worth of land thair be made bow markes, and speciallic near parochie kirks, quhairn upon halie days men may cum, and at the leist schute thryse about, and have usage of archarie; and quhasa usis not archarie, the laird of the land sall rais of him a wedder; and giff the laird raisis not the said pane, the king's shireff, or his ministers sall rais it to the king."

It does not appear that this law had ever any considerable effect; for the king dying soon after, it fell into disuse.

From an anecdote told by Pitscottie of the reign of James V., it would seem at first sight that we were then better archers; the Scottish party being represented as worsting the English at a trial of skill proposed by the queen mother. The proposal was made, however, in favour to the English "because she was the king of England's sister;" which

shows that the superiority of her countrymen was generally allowed. The success of the Scots, therefore, may be attributed to accident—or perhaps to the partiality of the historian ; for Pitscottie gives us to understand that this trial was resorted to as a sure means of the English regaining their character, which had been sadly damaged in every other kind of encounter. The queen wagered a hundred crowns and a tun of wine ; and the king her son having accepted the bet, the match was shot and won at St. Andrews, by six Scots against the English. Perhaps they were the only half dozen men in the kingdom who knew so well the use of the weapon. It is curious to observe that in Pitscottie's account of the queen's party, which included a *bishop*, he says they were all “able and waled men for all kinds of games and pastimes, shooting, leaping, running, wrestling, and casting of the stone ;” while one of the six Scottish archers was “Mr. John Wedderburn, *vicar* of Dundee.”

Long after the use of bows and arrows, superseded by that of muskets and bullets, had been abandoned in the low country it was still preserved in the highlands. In the reign of Charles II. the laird of Mackintosh marched to Lochaber, at the head of a body of fifteen hundred men, composed of his own - clan and that of Macpherson, to fight Lochiel, who met him with nine hundred Camerons and three hundred Macgregors. The number of bowmen on both sides was three hundred. This engagement was prevented by the earl of Breadalbane, who inter-

posed, with five hundred men at his back, in the words of Douglas—

—the first who strikes makes me his foe!

but on another occasion the same chief received a bitter taste of the arrows of the highlanders.

This occurred on the return homeward of a party of the Macdonalds of Glenco from a foray in the lowlands. They attempted to pass through Breadalbane without requesting permission of the lord of the land—the same stout Campbell, I believe, who conquered, without being able to keep, Caithness; and the youth of a wedding party, then dancing at Finlarig, and probably the elite of the whole district, firing at the insult, immediately flew to arms. They attacked the Macdonalds with great fury, near the village of Killin; but the bold reivers of Lochaber, receiving them with a shower of arrows, drove them back with immense loss. Nineteen young gentlemen of the name of Campbell fell on that luckless day; and Colonel Menzies of Culdares, a distinguished soldier of the civil wars, whose advice to attack in flank, rather than in front, they had disregarded in their generous rage, received nine arrow wounds.

Later still we find bows and arrows used at the battle of Auldearn, according to a note in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*. In the reign of William III. the grenadiers of the Highland regiments, when recruiting, carried these ancient weapons in their hands;

and in Hume's History of the Rebellion, we meet with the curious spectacle of a clergyman marching up to the altar to perform divine service with a bow in his hand, and arrows stuck in a silken sash tied round his waist. The highland bows were made of yew, and, compared with the English, short and weak.

The Scots, while admitting proverbially that "every English archer beareth under his girdle twenty-four Scots," yet preferred trusting themselves in battle to their spears and axes.\* The spear was appointed by act of parliament in 1471, to be eighteen feet six inches long; and a body of men armed with this weapon, and standing in compact array as was their custom, although presenting a broad mark to the archers, stood unmoved even against an attack of cavalry. Their military discipline is thus described by Patten, who was joined in commission with Cecil during the Protector's expedition into Scotland, in 1547.

"But what after I learned, specially touching their order, their armour, and their manner, as well of going to offend, as of standing to defend, I have

\* The French did not much affect archery any more than the Scots. The cross-bowmen and archers in their armies were mostly foreigners; and the former were at one time excommunicated by the pope for using arms of too murderous a nature. In the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, I have seen a drawing of Gaignières, portfolio of the fourteenth century, in which the *arbalétrier* is represented concealing himself behind an immense shield, after having shot his arrow. The bows of the archers, according to the same authority, were as tall as the men themselves; and it is mentioned in the "*Propriétaire des Choses*," that it was customary to poison the arrows. This practice may have descended to them from the Franks.

thought necessary here to utter. Hackbutters have they few or none, and appoint their fight most commonly always afoot. They come to the field well furnished all with jack and skull, dagger and buckler, and swords all broad and thin, of exceeding good temper, and universally so made to slice, that as I never saw none so good, so I think it hard to devise the better. Hereto every man his pike, and a great kircher wrapped twice or thrice about his neck, not for cold, but for cutting.

“ In their array towards joining with the enemy they cling and thrust so near in the fore-rank, shoulder and shoulder together, with their pikes in both their hands straight afore them, and their followers in that order so hard at their backs, laying their pikes over their foregoers' shoulders, that, if they do assail undiscovered, no force can well withstand them. Standing at defence they thrust shoulders likewise so nigh together, the fore-rank well nigh to kneeling, stoop low before, their fellows behind holding their pikes with both hands, and therewith in the left their bucklers, the one end of their pikes against the right foot, and the other against the enemy breast high ; their followers crossing their pike points with them forward ; and thus each with other so nigh as space and place will suffer, through the whole ward, so thick, that as easily shall a bare finger pierce through the skin of an angry hedgehog, as any encounter the front of their pikes.”

The mace also was sometimes used ; with cross-



bows for missiles. The burgesses were armed like the yeomen; but their body armour—plate-jack, hauberk, or brigantine, was directed to be of bright metal, and their head-gear to consist of a bright steel cap, without crest or vizor.

Fire arms were known in Scotland from the time of David Bruce; and a statute of the second James proves that in his reign they had begun to be used in the field. After directing the pieces to be provided, the statute proceeds to order some person to be got to shoot them; “and gif they have no craft in the schuting of them, as now they may leir or the tyme cum that will be needful to thame.” Culverins appeared at the battle of Flodden, under James IV.; and his successor rendered general over Scotland the use of a rude artillery. The clergy were required to furnish guns according to their temporal lands; even ladies “of conjunct-free and life-rent” paid a sum in proportion to their income for the same purpose. The barons instructed their vassals in the use of these important engines; and in every parish a captain was chosen by the magistrates and the king’s commissioners to exercise the people.

Perhaps the reader will not be displeased to be enabled to compare with the picture presented by Patten, the account which Froissart gives of the Scottish soldiers in their incursions into England.

“Their knights and esquires,” says he, “are well mounted on great coursers; the common sort, and the country people, ride little horses. They take no carriages with them by reason of the unevenness of

the ground among the hills of Northumberland, through which their road lies; neither do they make provision of bread or wine; for such is their abstemiousness, that in war they are wont for a considerable space of time contentedly to eat flesh half dressed, without bread, and to drink river water without wine. Neither have they any use for kettles and cauldrons; for after they have flead the cattle which they take, they have their own mode of dressing them. They are sure of finding abundance of cattle in the country through which they mean to go, and therefore they make no farther provision. Every man carries about the saddle of his horse a great flat plate, and he trusses behind him a wallet full of meal, the purpose of which is this: after a Scottish soldier has eaten flesh so long that he begins to loath it, he throws this plate into the fire, then moistens a little of his meal in water, and when the plate is once heated, he lays his paste upon it, and makes a little cake, which he eats to comfort his stomach."

The mode of dressing the food to which Froisart alludes, was boiling, or rather heating it in a cauldron composed of the hide of the animal fixed to four stakes, and so suspended above the fire. A still more concise method of cooking venison, practised by the Scots, without the aid of fire at all, but by the simple expression of the blood, is described in Brantome's *Vies des Hommes Illustres*, and in the romance of *Perceforet*. In the latter work, a Scottish knight-errant puts the haunch between

the two parts of the branch of a tree which he has split up the middle, and binds it round with his saddle-girth so tightly that the blood and humours spring forth and leave the flesh "sweet and dry," and as "white as that of a capon." "After all," says Scott, "it may be doubted whether *la chair nostrée*, for so the French called the venison thus summarily prepared, was any thing more than a mere rude kind of deer ham." To be sure it *was* a deer ham, and a rude one too; but not the less completely prepared on that account for the table—or the hunger. I know many persons at this moment who eat bacon ham undressed, and who could very readily understand the exclamation of Claudius, to whom the above delicious morsel was offered by the Scottish knight:—"Par l'ame de moy je ne mangeay oncques-mais de chair atournée de tel guise: mais doresenavant je ne me retourneroye pas hors de mon chemin pour avoir la cuite!"

Even after the highlanders had utterly thrown aside their bows and arrows, it appears to have been some time before they took, in anything like kindly fashion, to the bayonet. They were in the habit of advancing, under the enemy's fire, with their firm, quick, mountain-step, till within musket-length. They then discharged their pieces into the mass, every shot, of course, bringing down its man; and, instantly throwing them away, drew their claymores with one hand, and caught their target and dirk in the other. The next moment they were down on their left knee, beneath the enemy's bayonets, which

they wrenched aside with their targets; and before the smoke of their volley had dissipated (for all this may be said to have taken place in the dark), they were within the lines—

Having nae thocht but how to kill  
Twa at a blow.

If repulsed by the steadiness of the front, or the deadly fire of the rear-rank, the mountaineers either died or fled; but if they succeeded in passing the chevaux-de-frise of bayonets, which they were frequently enabled to do by the aid of their target, the struggle was over. With their sword in one hand, and their dirk in the other, their muscles swelling with the hereditary pride and fierceness of a race of Macs, and their highland blood rushing madly through their veins with the excitation of the strife, they hewed and stabbed at the same moment right and left, and, in all probability, completed the dismay of the enemy by their wild and singular cries.

At an earlier period, a very curious use was made of those sword-and-target men, as appears by the following account, extracted from Defoe's *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, in 1642.

“ I observed that those parties had always some foot with them; and yet, if the horse galloped, or pushed on ever so forward, the foot was as forward as they, which was an extraordinary advantage. Gustavus Adolphus, that King of Soldiers, was the first that ever I observed, who found the advantage

of mixing small bodies of musqueteers among his horse ; and had he had such nimble strong fellows as these, he could have proved them above all the rest of his men. These were those they call Highlanders : they would run on foot with their arms and all their accoutrements, and keep very good order too, and yet keep pace with the horses, let them go at what rate they would. When I saw the foot thus interlined among the horse, together with the way of ordering their flying parties, it presently occurred to my mind, that here was some of our old Scots come home out of Germany, that had the ordering of matters ; and if so, I knew that we were not a match for them.

“ I confess the soldiers made a very uncouth figure, especially the Highlanders ; the oddness and barbarity of their arms, seemed to have in it something remarkable. They were generally tall swinging fellows ; their swords were extravagantly, and, I think, insignificantly broad ; and they carried great wooden targets, large enough to cover the upper part of their bodies. Their dress was as antique as the rest ; a cap on their heads, called by them a bonnet, long hanging sleeves behind, and their doublet, breeches and stockings of a stuff they call plaid, striped across red and yellow, with short cloaks of the same. There were three or four thousand of these in the Scots army, armed only with swords and targets ; and, in their belts, some of them had a pistol, but no muskets at that time amongst them.”

## CHAPTER XVI.

Of all the palaces so fair,  
Built for the royal dwelling,  
In Scotland, far beyond compare,  
Linlithgow is excelling ;  
And in its park in jovial June,  
How sweet the merry linnets' tune,  
How blithe the blackbirds' lay !  
The wild buck bells from ferny brake,  
The coot dives merry in the lake,  
The saddest heart might pleasure take  
To see all nature gay.

ASCENDING from Edinburgh, in a line parallel with the Forth, we reach the ancient and royal borough of Linlithgow. The description in the lines prefixed to this chapter is now only half true, whatever it might have been in the days of Marmion and Sir David Lindsay. Nature is still the same ; but the palace is a ruin.

The town lies in an amphitheatre of hills ; and is bounded on the north by a lake, into which the

eminence projects on which the palace stands. The streets—or rather the single street, running east and west, for the diverging avenues are merely lanes—consists of a double range of tall, black, and grim-looking houses; carrying the imagination back, by their ruinous and antique appearance, to the time when Lithlingow was a favourite seat of the Scottish kings, and when such simple but stately buildings were the town residences of the nobles of the court. The modern houses interspersed only serve to bring home these associations more forcibly; while they impress us with a disagreeable consciousness that the memorials of the olden time—the mute yet eloquent witnesses of history—are fast crumbling away before our eyes.

In the time of David I. this was a very considerable borough; and the size of the church, still extant, would seem to prove that the population must have been then at least double its present amount. Its prosperity increased under the princes of the house of Stewart, who loved to listen to the “wild buck bells” in its woods and parks; it was in its palace that Mary opened upon the world those beautiful eyes, destined to be so often filled with tears; it was in its church that her chivalrous grandfather saw in vain the apparition which warned him back from the fatal field of Flodden. The very trees, as they murmur in the wind, whisper of the past; the very air seems thick with the shadows of history. Every sod around is classic ground to the Scot, who, while rejoicing in





Engraved by W. H. Stiles

Illustration of a tropical scene

*Handwritten signature or name*



the modern prosperity of his country, yet looks proudly and devoutly back to the days of her stormy and blood-bought independence.

In the exterior of the palace you look in vain for any remains of the magnificence which the description in *Marmion* would lead us to expect: and for this sufficing reason that such never existed externally. In the time when it was built men looked to safety more than show; and the pomp of a court could hardly be displayed anywhere else than within the walls of a fortress. If the reader will glance at the engraving prefixed to this chapter, he will discover at once the purpose of the building. In the upper part of the walls he will see a few narrow windows,—since thence the inhabitants might indulge themselves in a view of the country with comparative impunity: lower down there are only slits in the walls, whence those literal arrows might be discharged, which are darted from bows instead of ladies' eyes.

In the inner court, however, enough remains to bear out the eulogium of Sir David Lindsay; for there the architects had opportunity to display their taste. The stones are polished and richly sculptured, and at each corner a tower, containing a spiral staircase, gives an air of castellated dignity to the whole. The well in the middle of the court, erected by James V., and said to have been extremely splendid, is a pile of ruins. The last time it ran wine instead of water was in honour of Prince Charles Stewart in 1745; and in the following

year, as if in revenge for this Jacobitism, it was utterly destroyed by the Georgian army.

The western side is the most ancient; dating from Edward I., who constructed a fort on the spot, when engaged in the task of attempting the subjugation of Scotland. It was lost to the English by a stratagem not uncommon; a number of armed men being introduced within the walls in a wain of hay. The stories of necromantic *glamour* related by the old chroniclers owe their origin, in all probability, to some such realities as this. A garrison would think it more dishonour to acknowledge that they had been cheated by an enemy, than to say that they had been imposed upon by a spectral illusion, by means of which a body of warriors entered their walls in the form of a waggon. The spell read by the goblin-page in the book taken from the tomb of Michael Scott, was of a similar kind.

It had much of glamour might,  
 Could make a ladye seem a knight;  
 The cobwebs on a dungeon wall,  
 Seem tapestry in lordly hall;  
 A nutshell seem a gilded barge,  
 A sheeling seem a palace large,  
 And youth seem age, and age seem youth—  
 All was delusion, nought was truth.

In this part of the palace queen Mary is supposed to have been born, and the room is pointed out to the visiter. "The hall is an oblong room, of about twenty feet by twelve. Its floor, being formed by

the vaulted ceiling of the apartments below, has never been covered by wood, like the floors of modern apartments, but is paved with large square flags or bricks, after the fashion of the kitchens of the present day. It has thus an uncomfortable aspect, though a spacious fire-place at one extremity, where a whole ox might be easily roasted, tends a good deal to obviate that impression. The roof and windows are now gone, the floor is broken, and the dews of heaven descend upon its blackened and haggard walls."\* A bedchamber adjoins, but tradition points to the hall as the place where Mary first saw the light.

The bedchamber is remarkable by the orifice of a trap-door at one of the corners, from which a narrow stair descends into the vaults. An improbable story is told of James III. being obliged to take refuge from his rebellious nobles in this hiding-place, where it is said he remained for three days. A lady of the court sat upon the trap door all the time spinning, in order to cover the place with her skirts, like Leah squatting upon the stolen images.

The stair-tower at the corner of this court is surmounted by a kind of turret, which is remarkable on account of its height, overlooking the whole of the palace. This no doubt was used as a watch-tower: and there is no reason for disbelieving the beautiful tradition connected with it; which tells, that when the fated James, in spite of every kind

\* Chambers's Picture of Scotland.

of dissuasion, set out on that wild expedition which terminated at the field of Flodden, his disconsolate queen retired there to gaze and to weep alone. This brave and unhappy prince seems to have been the victim of too ardent an imagination. He ventured kingdom and life for a "ladye-love" whom he had never seen, and lost both by the treachery of another whom he ought to have known too well to have trusted.

And yet the sooth to tell,  
Nor England's fair, nor France's queen,  
Were worth one pearl-drop bright and sheen,  
From Margaret's eye that fell,—  
His own queen Margaret, who in Lithgow's bower,  
All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour.

The turret to this day retains the name of queen Margaret's bower. If the tradition be untrue, I honour the inventor.

On the eastern side of the quadrangle is the Parliament Hall, a very splendid room, which, by the niches between the windows, appears to have been adorned with statues. On the south side are the ruins of the royal chapel; and on the north, the dining room, and other public apartments constructed by James V. after his accession to the double crown. The roof of this vast edifice is entirely gone. It was set fire to in 1746 by Hawley's dragoons—a deed worthy of the men who a fortnight before had fled hither from Falkirk.



The church is almost entire, and is reckoned a very fine specimen of Gothic architecture. It was here that the apparition appeared to James IV.

Opposite the town house is the cross well, a very curious and elaborate structure. It is a modern fac-simile of one which was erected in 1620; and is remarkable for the richness and intricacy of the carving. It further excites the envy of the citizens of Edinburgh by the copiousness of its supply of water.

The private houses in the town have already been alluded to. They are all, no doubt, provided with legends of their own—but the scene of the murder of the Regent Murray demands a new chapter.



## CHAPTER XVII.

Still she bears her weird alone ;  
And her semblance oft will seem,  
Mingling in a champion's dream,  
Of her weary lot to plain,  
And crave his aid to burst her chain.

THE murder of the Earl of Murray is one of the most extraordinary events in the strange, eventful history of Scotland. This man, one of the bastards of James V., had risen, by his talents and courage, from a sinecure office in the church, to be regent of the kingdom. Every scheme of his ambition was fulfilled—excepting, perhaps, the last and highest ; he had left the queen in the hands of her enemy Elizabeth, with a charge of murder hanging over her head ; he had undermined, betrayed, and abandoned the Duke of Norfolk, her latest hope ; and amidst the plaudits of the people, of whom he was the idol, he was proceeding to the capital of the kingdom, rather in the mode of a triumph than of a

journey, when the sudden bullet of an assassin quieted his busy brain for ever.

The unnatural hatred, as it is called, which he exhibited towards his sister, seems to me to be the most natural thing in the world. At the beginning of his career, while yet prior of St. Andrews, his conduct and sentiments were befitting their relationship. It was he who brought her back to the country of her birth, and led her by the hand to the throne of her ancestors; while Mary rested her too womanly heart upon this illegitimate brother with girlish confidence and fondness.

He served her with fidelity and talent, and received the most generous and honourable reward; and then came the sudden and insane passion of Mary for Darnley, and all was overturned, as if by the blast of a whirlwind. Murray still retained his wealth and honours, but his sister, lost in her woman's love, no longer treated him with the same exclusive distinction. From this moment the current of his affections was changed. It is true that he had abundant reasons, both of policy and patriotism, for opposing her marriage; but their coincidence with his own private causes of disgust was unfortunate. His dread of bringing the country under continental dictation, by the union of its queen with a papist, could have arisen from no honourable or manly principle; for there never was a statesman who grovelled, in so mean and dastardly a manner, before a foreign power, as Murray afterwards did at the footstool of Elizabeth.

The earl entered into a cabal with the other lords of the same party, and solicited the assistance of England. Mary raised the country in arms, and summoned him to appear before his sovereign: he refused, and was outlawed. Then came the murder of her low-born favourite Rizio—and the restoration of Murray, one of the faction by whom it was perpetrated, to favour.\* The murder of Darnley was the next great act in this wild drama; and then followed, in rapid succession, the marriage of the queen to the assassin—her deserved fall—captivity—and dethronement.

The means adopted by the insurgent lords to obtain the queen's abdication were strangely characteristic of the time, and of the men; and it may here be worth while to recall them. The narrative given in the Abbot is fuller than history, and *as true*. It displays, perhaps in a higher degree than we meet with it elsewhere, that extraordinary faculty possessed by our great master, of filling up the bare outline of facts, and thus metamorphosing, as it were,

\* Robertson's description of this assassination forms one of the finest historical pictures in the language. Remark the preparations. "The place chosen for committing such a deed was the queen's bed chamber. Though Mary was now in the sixth month of her pregnancy, and though Rizio might have been seized elsewhere, without any difficulty, the king pitched upon this place, that he might enjoy the malicious pleasure of reproaching Rizio with his crimes before the queen's face. The earl of Morton, the lord high chancellor of the kingdom, undertook to direct an enterprise, carried on in defiance of all the laws of which he was bound to be the guardian. The lord Ruthven, who had been confined to his bed for three months by a dangerous distemper, and who was still so feeble that he could hardly walk, or bear the weight of his armour, was entrusted with the executive part; and while he himself needed to be supported by two men, he came abroad to commit a murder in the presence of his sovereign."



THE GREAT BRITAIN



without destroying its identity, a dry and withered skeleton into a living and breathing man.

The principal actor on this occasion, Lord Lindsay of the Byres, "was rather touched than stricken with years. His upright stature and strong limbs showed him fully equal to all the exertions and fatigues of war. His thick eyebrows, now partially grizzled, lowered over large eyes full of dark fire, which seemed yet darker, from the uncommon depth at which they were set in his head. His features, naturally strong and harsh, had their sternness exaggerated by one or two scars received in battle. \* \* \*

\* \* \* His whole equipment was that of a rude warrior, negligent of his exterior even to misanthropical sullenness; and the short, harsh, haughty tone, which he used towards his attendants, belonged to the same unpolished character." This stern noble was the deadly enemy of Mary and Bothwell; and his very rudeness of person, and brutality of bearing, rendered him a proper messenger where the purpose was intimidation, and the intended victim a woman, a beauty, and a queen.

He crossed the Firth at Queensberry, a village nine miles from Edinburgh, which is supposed to derive its name from the queen of Malcom Canmore; and without any other adventure than the harmless insult of a culverin fired at the vessel by his enemy the lord of the castle of Rosyth,\* arrived at Lochleven.

\* This ancient fortress, now ruined and abandoned, forms one of the finest features in the scene. It is a huge square tower, encompassed by



This beautiful lake presents much variety of scenery; being studded with several islands, and bounded at one extremity by a splendid range of hills, called the eastern and western Lomonds, the former of which is so lofty as to be seen from Edinburgh. On the west shore of the loch stands the small town of Kinross, a portion of which presents pretty nearly the same aspect now as it did at the period referred to. On the eastern extremity are the remains of the monasteries of Portmoak, and Scotland's Well; and further to the north the little village of Kinneswood, where lived and died, in innocent and perhaps happy seclusion, a youthful poet. An obelisk rises in the church yard of Scotland's Well to the memory of Michael Bruce.

The largest island in the lake, situated at the eastern extremity, contained the monastery in which Andrew de Winton wrote his chronicle (and of which only a few ruins are seen to-day)—but the fierce eyes of Lindsay were fixed upon another, more in the middle; where a square tower, five stories in height, with a smaller one at the angle of the court yard, seemed to rivet his attention. It was in this secluded spot—once possessed by Alexander III., and besieged by Edward I.—that the queen was impris-

the sea at high water; and was formerly the seat of a branch of the family of Stewart, descended from Sir James, the uncle of Robert II. From this branch Oliver Cromwell claimed his descent. His grandmother was a daughter of the laird of Rosyth; and it is said that the Protector visited the castle when encamped in the neighbourhood. The arms and initials of Queen Mary are seen over the gate of the court; from which it is conjectured that this unhappy princess once resided there.







soned ; and here, surrounded by waters, mountains, and moors,

The Rose of Scotland wept in vain.

Both the towers are now unroofed ; the draw-bridge is destroyed ; and it is with difficulty the traveller can climb by a window of the ruin into the second story. In the fourth, it is said, were the apartments of Mary ; and a recess in the wall of one of them is shown as the space that served for her bedroom. This is not unlikely, as the whole area of the floor is not more than twenty feet square.

When Lindsay and his associates reached the shores of the lake, his pennon was displayed as a signal for the boat ; and the impatient baron himself “blew a clamorous blast on his bugle.” It would be needless to give even an outline of the scene which followed their admission to the castle ; for those who have read the narrative of Scott—and who has not?—must remember every sentence. The description of Mary’s reluctance to sign the deed of abdication, and the ferocious impatience of Lindsay, is almost terrible.

“ ‘Beware, madam,’ cried he, as she hesitated again, after having already stooped towards the table ; and snatching hold of the queen’s arm with his own gauntleted hand, he pressed it in the rudeness of his passion, more closely perhaps than he was himself aware of—‘Beware how you contend with those who are the stronger, and who have the mastery of your fate!’

“He held his grasp on her arm, bending his eyes on her with a stern and intimidating look, till both Ruthven and Melville cried shame; and Douglas, who had hitherto remained in a state of apparent apathy, had made a stride from the door as if to interfere. The rude baron then quitted his hold, disguising the confusion which he really felt at having indulged his passion to such extent, under a sullen and contemptuous smile.”

At the conclusion of this trying interview, Mary at length signed the deeds; taking the spectators to witness that she did so in obedience to the *sign manual* of my lord of Lindsay imprinted on her arm.

“Lindsay stood motionless, even when they were preparing to withdraw. At length, as if moved by a sudden impulse, he walked round the table which had hitherto been betwixt them and the queen, kneeled on one knee, took her hand, kissed it, let it fall, and arose—‘Lady,’ he said, ‘thou art a noble creature, even although thou hast abused God’s choicest gifts. I pay that devotion to thy manliness of spirit which I would not have paid to the power thou hast so long undeservedly wielded—I kneel to Mary Stewart, not to the queen.’”

In these latter events Murray had no direct agency; he was not even in the kingdom when the queen was sent to Lochleven castle; he was reminded of his sister only by the honours which she had showered upon him, and the lenity of her conduct (late as it was, and whether proceeding from

policy or affection) at a time when he had stood in the situation of an outlawed traitor.

As we proceed in the history, notwithstanding, we find his political opposition converted into personal and deadly hatred; and our feelings are shocked, while our curiosity is stimulated, by the spectacle of this inhuman passion increasing in malignity, in exact proportion to the ruin and helplessness of its object.

But the supposed complicity of Mary in the murder of her husband—was not this stain upon the honour of their blood sufficient to account for the rage of her brother? The question is worth an answer; and in order to give its full weight to the plea, we must admit, without reserve, the guilty knowledge of the queen. It will be necessary then to consider what degree of moral odium was involved by the fact.

The *lex talionis* is the most ancient of all laws—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Before men had arrived at the epoch of civilization which gave it birth, the quantum of retaliation was proportioned no doubt to the power, or passion of the inflicter. The very enactment, however, of the public law involved a solemn recognition of the original principle of vengeance; and so far from moderating the feelings of the injured, it would produce a feverish craving after what then assumed the amiable name of justice.

This law, however—introduced at first, it is to be presumed by a chief, or an association of chiefs,

powerful enough to guarantee its execution—soon became almost a dead letter. The king, often unable to protect himself from his rival nobility, could afford no permanent protection to others. The weak only were caught in the meshes of legislation, while the strong burst through them; and thus the natural desire of vengeance was aggravated almost to madness by the sense of injustice.

To suffer an injury to pass with impunity was a confession of weakness and defeat—an avowal, in the language of chivalry, of being *recreu*, overcome, recreant; and honour and revenge became inseparably united. When the hand of the executioner was too feeble or unsteady to punish, the injured party summoned his vassals to the field, and marched in war array against his enemy. The legislature, at length, bending before the spirit of the time, entered into a compromise; and single combats, being less destructive to society than battles, received the sanction of the laws. When the parties, therefore, were of equal rank and equal power, they drew their swords: when the balance was unequal, they grasped the dagger.

In any of these cases—of battle, single combat, assassination,—the principle, and moral value of the action, were the same. It was no more dishonourable to stab a powerful enemy in the back, than to capture his fortress by stratagem of war, or to slay him in the lists by superior address. Hence, the frequency of Murder (base and dastardly as the crime is held in societies where all men are equally amen-



able to the laws) was at one time in exact proportion to the courage and high spirit of the people among whom it was perpetrated. The French and the Scots, for instance, two of the bravest nations, were for a long period, the most practised assassins in Europe.\*

That the sentiments of the Scots on this point had sustained hardly any change at the epoch of Mary is susceptible of proof. Our elegant Buchanan deals with the murder of Rizio as with an occurrence neither extraordinary nor criminal. Ruthven and Morton, the two principal conspirators, never thought of expressing any compunction even on their deathbeds; and the ministers who attended the last moments of the latter, no more thought of holding up "David's slaughter," to him as an action calling for repentance. The exultation of John Knox at the murder of Cardinal Beaton and the Duke de Guise, and the triumph with which Blackwood and the

\* It was near the close of the seventeenth century before this crime became of comparatively rare occurrence in France; and in Scotland it did not disappear, till the union of that kingdom with England strengthened the hands of the monarch, and hastened the civilization of the people. When the Scottish gentlemen first followed their king to London, they gave so much offence to the English by their pride and fierceness, that innumerable duels were the consequence. In these conflicts it became the fashion for the seconds to engage as well as the principals; and at length, as the national animosity was rendered more furious by such bloody diet, all forms and laws of arms were set aside, and both Scots and English slaughtered their enemies, with or without odds, whenever opportunity offered. At length the famous Statute of Stabbing was enacted, identifying the crime of manslaughter with that of murder; and a little wholesome hanging, now and then, taught the Scots moderation, and the English hospitality.



Bishop of Ross relate that of the Earl of Murray, may also be alluded to; but even in England, where the laws were administered by the firm hand of Elizabeth, the same remains of barbarism were not unknown. The Bishop of Norwich, communicating by letter the news of the death of Rizio to Bullinger, the divine of Zurich, amuses his pious correspondent with some exulting puns on the fate of a friar called Black, who was reported to have perished with him: "*Sic niger hic nebulo, nigra quoque morte peremptus, invitus nigrum subito descendit in orcum.*"

The murder of Darnley, therefore, considered as a simple assassination, was no stain upon the honour of the family; while, in its concomitant circumstances, it should rather have been gratifying than otherwise to the brother of the queen.

The insults which provoked it (always supposing the complicity of Mary), were such as no peasant girl in the kingdom would have borne without revenge. The creature of her bounty, and the idol of her infatuated love, he had returned her benefits with ingratitude, and her passion with contempt. He had slighted her person—the most lovely in Europe; turned from her endearments with indifference or disgust, and braved her power with the insolence of phrenzy. By his despicable tastes, and low debauchery, he had brought contempt upon the royal house; and thus, in every part of his conduct, he must have roused the indignation of the family, as well as kindled the rage of a despised mistress, an injured wife, and an insulted queen.

He was besides the *personal* enemy of Murray. To oppose his exaltation, the latter had laid aside the affection of a brother, and the loyalty of a subject; and Darnley on his part—weak in the strength, but strong in the weakness of human nature—returned hate for hate with equal intensity.

He was, moreover, a bigoted papist; and Murray was the lay leader of the reformed party. It needs no more to be satisfied that it is not in the crimes of the queen we are to look for the cause of her brother's hatred.

When Mary was shut up in Lochleven castle;—when Murray had returned from France, to coquet for a while with the lords of the ascendant, and then accept the regency; when he had actually resolved to grasp the reins of state torn from her hands—he turned out of the road to visit his sister, now a helpless captive, and a dethroned queen. His errand, however, was not to console, or weep with her—to ask her forgiveness, like an executioner before striking the blow—to explain what a struggle it cost him to sacrifice the affection of a brother to the duty of a citizen. He went to reproach and curse her; to call up her offences—now past and irretrievable—like accusing witnesses; to riot in her tears and lamentations, and gloat upon her despair. This was *not*, as Robertson describes it, an instance of “the want of delicacy and refinement in that age”—nor in any age. It was not natural; and its cause must be sought for much deeper than in the rudeness of the time.

The regent, it is to be supposed, was not less busy with his speculations on the new and extraordinary situation of the country than other men. Nay, from his high rank in the victorious party, we may conclude his thoughts to have been still more absorbingly engaged; whilst his near relationship to the dethroned queen and her infant son, must have given them a colour altogether peculiar. The queen was now rejected, and cast aside, in the pride of her youth. A mighty revolution in religion, policy, and manners, had just shaken the kingdom to its centre; every thing was yet unsteady; the smothered fires of faction required only a breath to blow them into flame; and even the party calling itself the state (which was nothing more than a stronger faction itself) was torn asunder with dissensions. Where, at this crisis, was the heir of James V., fitted at once by gigantic talents, and indomitable courage, for the task of restoring order in the howling chaos, and establishing an old monarchy upon new liberties and new institutions? A baby of a year old sat on the unstable throne of the Scottish kings!

Who can tell—or rather, who can *not* tell—what was the dream of James Stewart, as those things passed in array before him? He was the brother of Mary—the male descendant of James V. His bosom swelled with the pride of a line of kings; his courage was an heir-loom of the house of Stewart; and only his judgment, cool, strong, and penetrating, was his own. What freak of nature—or accident—or grotesque fatality had set down a female on his

father's throne? *She was legitimate—and he a bastard.* The daughter of the royal Stewart, she was also the daughter of a Frenchwoman—but she was legitimate. The son of a Stewart and a Douglas, the two noblest names in Scotland, he was *base born!*

“There's the respect”—that turned his natural feelings into poison. So long as Mary had reigned, secure in the affections of her people, she was his sister; and his ambition found honourable employment in her service. Degraded from the crown, a beggar, and a captive, he could only remember now that he was her brother—the *son* of James V. When seated on the throne, young in years, high in wealth, and glorious in woman's beauty, she had formed a horizon beyond which his eyes could not penetrate. Now, the space was vacant, or only filled with the phantasms of his ambition. The more he meditated, the more he dreamed,—the more he cursed the misfortune of his birth; and the more, in consequence, he hated his legitimate sister. Murder and adultery he might have forgiven; but never that legitimacy, from which, ever and anon,

“There came a token like a scorpion's sting,

reminding him of all he might have been—of all that it was horror to think of, yet on which his thoughts fixed, and grappled, and gloated, as if by the force of enchantment.

When Murray had relieved his poisoned heart at Lochleven, he assumed the regency, and governed

the kingdom in the name of his infant nephew. A change of feelings, such as I have assumed to take place, could hardly exist without corresponding indications in the outward manner ; and the facts recorded by history serve, so far as they go, to confirm our speculations on human nature. The brow of the regent, formerly bold and open, was now overcast. Plunged in deep reveries, he shunned familiar intercourse. Lonely, distant, and haughty, he resembled not so much a man surrounded by strange and trying circumstances, as one in whose eye the phantoms of the mind are the most prominent objects. Every action was weighed in reference to its distant consequences ; and from a plain, blunt soldier, the earl suddenly became, or attempted to become, a cold and artful politician.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Sternly he spoke—'Tis sweet to hear  
In good green wood the bugle blown ;  
But sweeter to Revenge's ear,  
To hear a tyrant's dying groan.

IN the midst of all this, an event occurred which startled the regent like a thunderbolt. Mary, although a captive in the hands of her enemies, and in the midst of a lonely lake, was yet formidable in her arms of grace and beauty, in her queenly majesty, and her woman's tears. Young Douglas of Lochleven, at once pitying her misfortunes, and smitten with her charms, contrived their escape. On a dark night, and at the witching hour, they left the island.

“ The sentinel, whose slumbering had withstood the whispering, was alarmed by the dash of the oars. His challenge was instantly heard. ‘ A boat—a boat ! bring to, or I shoot ! ’ And as they continued

to ply their oars, he called aloud, ‘Treason! treason!’ rang the alarm bell of the castle, and discharged his harquebuss at the boat. The ladies crowded on each other like startled wild fowl, at the flash and report of the piece, while the men urged the rowers to the utmost speed. They heard more than one ball whiz along the surface of the lake, at no great distance from their little bark; and from the lights, which glanced like meteors, from window to window, it was evident that the whole castle were alarmed, and their flight discovered.”

Mary, however, effected her escape, and soon found herself once more at the head of an army. But even now the regent did not lose his presence of mind; but by his promptitude and vigour, no less than by the wisdom of his plans, proved himself to belong to that class of men who should be termed the parents rather than the sons of destiny. He attacked, and routed the enemy at Langside, with a far inferior force; and compelled the queen to the fatal step of flying for refuge into the tigress’s den, whence she was never to escape alive. The victory should be termed “glorious” (if the word were not so vilely prostituted as to be worth nothing), for it was bought with the loss of only three hundred lives; and even six of the prisoners, whom he had selected for execution, were spared, when on the scaffold, at the intercession of John Knox.

Among the six prisoners there was one man whose life it proved the keenest, yet probably unconscious, cruelty to spare. This was Bothwellhaugh,







a gentleman of the clan of Hamilton, and a blood relation of its chief, the Earl of Arran (Duke of Chatelherault in France), the first peer of the realm. He had married the heiress of Woodhouselee, and resided with her in her own ancestral home in the lovely vale of Esk, and where she had just given birth to a child. At this moment the tocsin sounded throughout Scotland; the queen had escaped from Lochleven; and the loyal Hamilton, tearing himself away from his new-born hope and his young wife, ran to join the muster of his clan.

The result of the struggle is known. Mary stood on a hill to look on at the battle which was to decide her fate; and the Hamiltons in the van, led on by Lord Claud Hamilton, knowing that they fought under the eye of "the most unhappy of queens, the most lovely of women," left their ground in a burst of enthusiasm, and rushed on to the encounter. The space between them and the enemy was considerable, and their force was almost spent before they came to close quarters. When at length the spears of the two opposing lines were locked together like the arms of lovers, and the tug of battle commenced, a continuous fire of musketry opened upon one of their flanks, while on their other, they were attacked by the elite of the regent's troops. The main body of Mary's adherents behind, disheartened by a spectacle for which they were unprepared, or controlled by the destiny of the fated queen, remained stupified; and the Hamiltons,

unsupported, or rather sacrificed, gave way, and the battle became a flight.\*

When Bothwellhaugh, a dishonoured soldier and a condemned criminal, ascended the scaffold soon after, it may be conceived with what feelings he turned his eyes towards the south, and saw in imagination his "pallid rose" drooping feebly yet fondly over his little bud. When delivered from death—he scarcely understood why or how—it may be conceived how eagerly he spurred his steed towards the lonely valley of the Esk.

To describe the scene which met his view, and the tale which knelled in his ear, without a creeping of the flesh, a curdling of the blood, and a sickening of the heart, is impossible. His estate of Woodhouselee had been given away to a favourite of the regent; and this man, sir James Ballenden, eager to enter upon his new possession, had seized the house at night, and turned its mistress and her infant out into the open fields. The young mother had but lately risen from the bed of her confinement; she was undressed; the night was bitterly cold. The result is told to this day in the superstitions of the peasants of the Esk; who see a lady thinly clad in white, with an infant in her arms, flitting wildly around the spot where the mansion stood. A frenzied scream sometimes thickens their blood with horror, as the phantom sinks among the ruins.

\* Melville says, that the vanguard was composed chiefly of commoners of the neighbouring barony of Renfrew.

Bothwellhaugh turned back from Woodhouselee.

Sir James Ballenden, who held a high and honourable office in the law, would have been a fair mark for vengeance under any ordinary circumstances. But the wrongs of the Hamilton were not such as could be weighed in the common balance of blood. Something must be done—he knew not what. Something that would shake the very realm to its centre. Something that would be heard by every ear in Scotland, as distinctly as the scream of the lady of Woodhouselee had thrilled along the Esk. Sir James Ballenden was but an agent, a servant—a pitiful dastardly hound, who only worried at the command, or under the protection of his master. That master was the true offender. The blood of the first man in the country would be a fitting libation. Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh determined to slay the regent of Scotland.

He dogged his steps for some time like fate. He followed him to the borders, and when the regent had dismissed his army, at a motion of Elizabeth's royal finger, returned upon his traces to Edinburgh. He was with him in York and London, when Murray went crouching to the footstool of the English queen, to prefer a charge of murder against his sister; in Perth, in Glasgow, in Stirling, he hovered around him, like a bird of prey circling above its quarry, and only waiting an opportunity to strike.

The regent, in the mean time, held on his way, successful alike in policy and war. When about to pass through Linlithgow, on his way from Stirling

to Edinburgh, a warning reached his ear. It came from John Knox, and the first-named place was mentioned as the spot of danger. There was nothing preternatural in the foresight of the Scottish apostle ; for the frightful wrongs of Bothwellhaugh were already well known, and Linlithgow, besides being favourable to the cause of the queen, was a seat of the Archbishop of Saint Andrews, who had there a house.\* This house was more particularly pointed out to the regent, as the place to be avoided.

Constitutionally brave, and steeled yet more against the sense of danger by a long course of daring and success, James Stewart smiled scornfully at the warning. Was *his* wonderful destiny in the hands of the petty laird of Bothwellhaugh ? Was the blood of a line of Scottish kings to sink in the ground at the command of a vassal of Hamilton ? In vain had the Earl of Huntly beset his path, as if he had been stalking a deer ; in vain had Bothwell—in vain had Darnley, raised the dagger against his breast ; in vain, but a few months ago, had a hedge of Northumberland and Westmoreland spears risen up to prevent his return to Scotland alive. All were in vain. Secure alike from war and treachery, he bore a charmed life ; and when his gallant steed swerved at the sight and cheers of the tumultuous crowd, as they commenced their march through Linlithgow, the regent probably addressed him inwardly

\* The Archbishop was the natural brother of the Duke of Chatelherault (the chief of the Hamilton's), and uncle to Bothwellhaugh.



with the Roman's encouragement, " Quid timeis ? Cæsarem vehis, et fortunam Cæsaris !"

At this moment, however, the warning was repeated still more emphatically—perhaps for no better reason than that they were now approaching the house of the Archbishop of Saint Andrews: the alarm spread among the friends who encircled him, and murmurs arose, that it was madness to expose a life so precious to them, and to the kingdom, to any unnecessary risk. The regent himself began to think that his danger was something more than imaginary; and, at length, turning his horse, he gave orders to the cortege to face about, resolving to quit Linlithgow by the same gate by which he had entered, and make a circuit round the town.

The house which had excited their fears, and which they thus left behind, formed part of the line of buildings; and a sort of gallery, or apartment, projecting from the walls, overlooked the street. In this gallery stood the Revenger, a brass carabine of peculiar construction, the barrel being rifled, raised to his eye, and a lighted match grasped between his fingers. The floor was carpeted with a feather-bed, that no sound might be heard from his footsteps, and the wall behind was hung with black cloth, that his shadow might not be observed by the passers-by. A fleet horse stood saddled and bridled at the back door, the front entrance was strongly barricaded, and the *closes*, or covered courts, in the neighbourhood, leading to the



rear of the houses, were stuffed with furze. And so stood Bothwellhaugh, his eye fixed grimly on the visy of his piece; his lips as hard as stone, yet half open with expectation; and impatience, mingled with iron resolve, scowling on his brow.

When the regent reached the gate of the town, he found the crowd of citizens, thus thrust back, struggling with a tide of population, rushing in with equal force, from the neighbouring country, to see the show. The way was for the moment impassable; and Murray, chafing with impatience scorned to wait till it was cleared. Changing his determination as suddenly, and as unconsciously as before, he turned his horse again, and passed on his allotted path.

It may be that, on finding himself again pursuing the same track, against which he had been warned, and which he had but a few minutes before determined to shun, some unusual sensation passed across his heart. It may be that his thoughts were carried at that moment, by association, to the other epochs of his wonderful story. Perhaps the heart-broken moan of his queen and sister rose upon his ear; perhaps the frenzied scream of the lady of Woodhouselee pierced through his brain. These are the speculations of poetry. We only know that the regent, determining to defy and baffle the danger which it seemed he could not shun, called to his followers to dash hastily past the archbishop's house, and thus frustrate the scheme, if any such existed, of his lurking enemy.

Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,  
Murder's foul minion, led the van;  
And clash'd their broadswords in the rear,  
The wild Macfarlan's plaided clan.

Glencairn, and stout Parkhead, were nigh,  
Obsequious at their regent's rein,  
And haggard Liindsay's iron eye,  
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

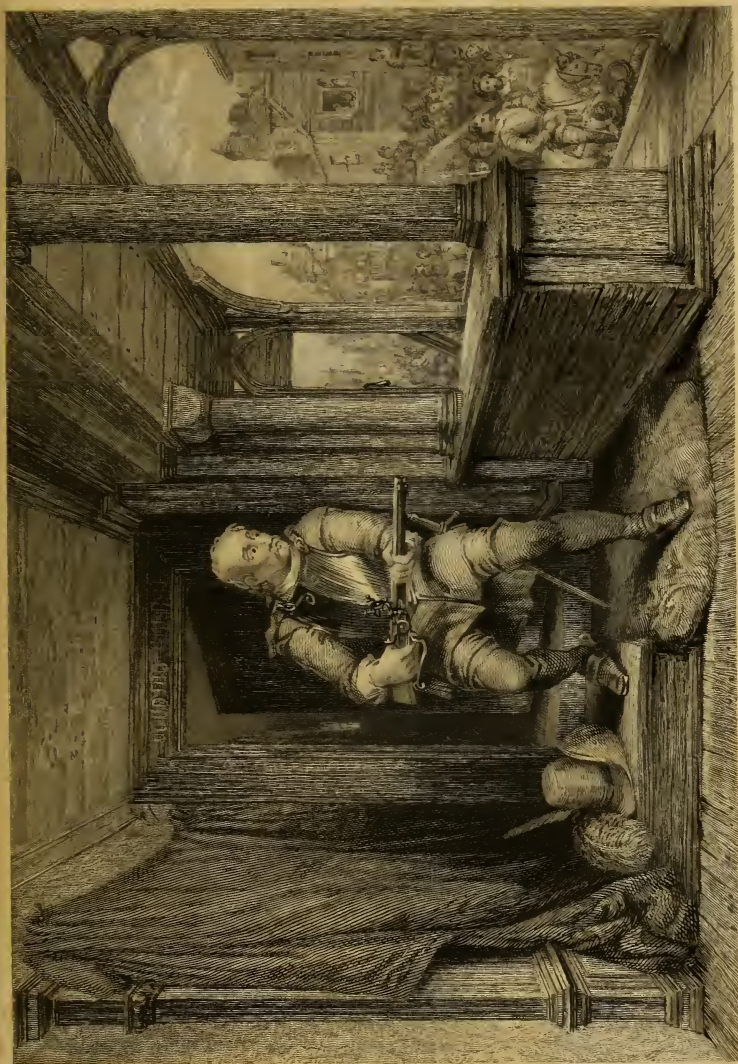
But the regent could not dash over the bodies of his countrymen, and would not if he had been able. The crowd before was as dense as the crowd behind; every dwelling, every close, continued to pour its quota into the flood. They were near the house of the archbishop, and perhaps the very circumstance retarded their progress, from the eagerness of the vassals to crowd round their master at the dangerous spot, and if need was, to die with him, or for him. The order of the line was broken; the chief was encircled by devoted friends; and only now and then the waive of his proud plumes could be discerned from the gallery among the crowd of heads. They were opposite the house. The window was open, but the gallery empty; for there was no footstep on the floor, no shadow on the wall. They did not see the glare of the tiger-eye of Bothwellhaugh—the damp of deadly hate standing on his brow—the hand which clutched the carabine trembling with impatience. Another moment and the regent is safe. It came not. A shot was heard above the cheers of

the crowd ; and he fell, mortally wounded, from his horse.\*

To mark the fate of his victim ; to fly to the rear of the building ; to bound upon his steed, were but the occupations of an instant. The Revenger gained the open country unmolested: for to force an entrance into the house was a work of time; and he fled, at full speed towards Hamilton, the capital of his clan. But not alone. Leaving their comrades to force an entrance as they might, some ready-minded vassals of the regent had darted away, almost at the moment of the deed, to intercept him. Owing to more accurate knowledge of the neighbourhood of the town, he had the start ; but now, serving as a guide himself, the whole party, pursuers and pursued, scoured over the heath together.

Bothwellhaugh was hardly a spear's-throw in advance ; but his horse, which had been the gift of lord John Hamilton, was all muscle and mettle. Onward the noble brute bounded—straight as an arrow—over field, and moss, and dyke, and burn. When his strength began to fail, whip and spur were applied, till his sides welled blood and sweat at the same time. But even the rowels at length failed in their effect, and the sense of pain became dead in the wide wound they had formed. The pursuers

\* The fire-lock of the carabine in the engraving involves an anachronism, for which Mr. Cattermole is not to blame. The piece is preserved at Hamilton Palace ; but somebody, from a singular species of taste, has thought proper to replace the original match-lock, with the modern invention.







were close upon his heels. At every leap he had taken, however mad and desperate, they had come thundering after ; and he now distinctly heard the groan-like panting of their steeds, and the sobs with which the riders caught breath as they flew.

A stream was in front, broad, deep, and sluggish, winding through a morass. There was no purchase in the soft ground for the animal's heels, even if in full vigour for the leap ; but, spent as he was, and callous even to the spur, what hope remained ? Bothwellhaugh, however, still held on his course. As he neared the water, he tried the rowels again, to the very hilt—without effect. A hoarse cheer arose from the pursuers behind. He then suddenly drew his dagger, as he had gained the brink—struck it deep into his horse's haunch ; and the affrighted animal sprang madly over the gulph.

He was now safe, and arrived speedily at Hamilton ; where he was received in triumph by his friends and clan. After having remained there for some time, Bothwellhaugh passed over into France, and offered his services to the Guises, the kinsmen of the queen of Scots. By them he was treated with much distinction ; and even a circumstance which he felt as a bitter insult, was probably intended as the very reverse. When it was the question among them to murder the famous Coligny, the leader of the protestant party, overtures were made to the Scottish assassin, with the view of engaging him to strike the blow. Bothwellhaugh spurned at the proposal with scorn and indignation. "The admiral," he said,

“ was no personal enemy of his. A man of honour was entitled to avenge his own just quarrels ; but would cease to be so if he committed murder for another !”

I may add that the Archbishop of St. Andrews, two months afterwards, fell into the hands of his enemies at the capture of Dumbarton castle, and was hanged without ceremony ; and that the heir of the regent Murray was murdered in the prime of his youth by the Earl of Huntly.



## CHAPTER XIX.

O gay, yet fearful to behold,  
Flashing with steel, and rough with gold,  
And bristled o'er with bills and spears,  
With plumes and pennons waving fair,  
Was that bright battle-front! for there  
Rode England's king and peers.

PROCEEDING from Linlithgow in the same direction, that is to say, parallel with the river, we enter Stirlingshire. This is the most celebrated district in Scotland; and from the days of Fingal, down to the last rebellion, it has served for a battle-field from generation to generation.

It is remarked by Mr. Nimmo, in his general history of this county, that the prophetic verses of Lucan,

Tunc omne Latinum  
Fabula nomen erit,

have been amply fulfilled by the utter oblivion into

which the Roman name has fallen among the people. The military causeway, and other great works, are attributed either to the Peaghs (Picts) or to the magical charms of Michael Scott; and these two origins seem to afford tradition its only alternative. This author agrees with Sibbald in his general conjectures with regard to the aspect of the district in the time of the Romans; but seems to have some doubt as to the learned antiquary's speculation on the subject of the Carse, which he affirms to have been covered with the sea.

This fertile and beautiful district is represented by the Roman historians as the most dismal corner of the whole earth, a land of fog and darkness, of impenetrable woods, and unwholesome fens. That this description came somewhat near the truth (before the marshes were drained, and the forests thinned, or cut down) is rendered probable by the fact, that there is not a single place mentioned in Ptolemy's description of Britain which can be traced in the shire of Stirling. Neither does this district seem to have belonged to any of the four kingdoms which surrounded it—the Northumbrian, Cumbrian, Scottish, and Pictish. It was a desert where the hostile armies met upon debatable ground, and where the roving tribes of inhabitants were probably against them all.

Sibbald gives an account, at once odd and simple, of the etymology of the name. He says that Strivelin, or Striveling, is nothing else than *striving*; and that the word comes from the struggles of the three

streams of Forth, Teath, and Allan, which meet a little way above the bridge. "Or," saith he, "it might be called Striveling upon another account, because it being the pass betwixt north and south, the two principal divisions of the kingdom, when any trouble happens, there uses to be a *striving* about this town, which of the two contending parties shall get possession of it."

The approach to the town is thus described by Scott :

"With a mind more at ease, Waverley could not have failed to admire the mixture of romance and beauty which renders interesting the scene through which he was now passing—the field which had been the scene of the tournaments of old—the rock from which the ladies beheld the contest, while each made vows for the success of some favourite knight—the towers of the gothic church, where these vows might be paid—and, surmounting all, the fortress itself, at once a castle and palace, where valour received the prize from royalty, and knights and dames closed the evening amid the revelry of the dance, the song, and the feast. All these were fitted to arouse and interest a romantic imagination."

In the view annexed we see the party of Balma-whapple passing the fortress, which has just saluted them with a bullet ; in return for which compliment the valiant laird is in the act of discharging his pistol at the inhospitable rock.

In approaching the town from the west, in addi-

tion to the castle-hill, which has been the scene of encounters so numerous, that a bare list would occupy more room than I can spare, the traveller sees before him three other hills, all famous Golgothas, and all celebrated in song and history. One of these is the Abbey Craig, where the Scots were posted on the day the English crossed the Forth to receive so memorable a defeat from Wallace; the second is the Gillies Hill, the western termination of the field Bannockburn; and the third Sauchie Hill, where the battle was fought between James III. and his rebellious subjects, which ended in the defeat and death of that monarch.

On the plain opposite the castle the conflict took place in 1297 which established the military reputation of Wallace, and led the way to the ultimate deliverance of the kingdom. The skill of the Scottish general would seem to be consummate, from the account of the battle; but it may be a question how far he was indebted to want of skill on the part of the English commander.

The English were posted on the opposite bank of the Forth, and the Scots on the Abbey Craig, as I have mentioned; when, after some ineffectual negotiation, the former, filled with wrath and disdain, prepared to cross the river. They were permitted to do so, without interruption, from the dawn of the morning till eleven o'clock—a forbearance which surely ought to have excited their suspicion, more especially as there was only one bridge over the deep and broad stream. At eleven o'clock, when



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

W. H. & A. CO. N.Y.





perhaps one half the army was fairly over, the bridge suddenly gave way. The main beam had been sawed so artfully that the removal of a single wedge was sufficient to cause the downfall of the whole; and, at the blast of a signal horn, a man concealed beneath in a basket struck the fateful blow.

The English, notwithstanding, perceiving that they were fairly embarked in the adventure, advanced with the usual courage of that nation, determining to gain the victory under the eyes of their comrades, from whom they had been thus cut off. The Scots, seeing the movement, retreated in apparent disorder; but only far enough to allow a considerable body of their forces to make a compass round the Abbey Craig, and thus surround the enemy. The carnage then commenced, for notwithstanding the heroic defence of the English, it can scarcely be called a battle; and, after a loss of five thousand men, they fled across the Forth by the adjacent fords, or by swimming.

The singular thing is, that Wallace appears to have calculated upon his victory with absolute certainty; for he posted a body of troops in the neighbouring mountains for the express purpose of annoying the English in their retreat. Among the slain was Hugh Cressingham, an ecclesiastic, Edward's High Treasurer in Scotland; and the Scots disgraced their cause and their victory, by flaying off his skin to make girths for their horses.

The stratagems said to have been used by Bruce



at the battle of Bannockburn—and which were possibly suggested by those of Wallace mentioned above, are in general, well known. The following religious artifice, however—whether the credit be due to Bruce or the priest, is less so. The king had ordered his chaplain to bring to the field a precious, and indeed inestimable relic, the arm of St. Fillan, a favourite patron of Bruce ; but while in the act of paying his devotions before it, in the presence of the whole army, he was astonished to see the lid of the shrine open, and then immediately shut, of its own accord. The chaplain, hereupon, in a religious transport, mingled apparently with some temporal fear, confessed to Bruce a deceit which he had practised. Afraid, as he said, that the precious relic might fall into the hands of the enemy, if the Scots were defeated, he had left it at home, and brought only the silver chest in which it was kept. The opening and shutting of this holy shrine could proceed from nothing else than the miraculous arrival of the saint's arm : and accordingly, on opening the box, the relic was found in its usual place. This anecdote is related by Fordun, a historian not remarkable for veracity ; but is so well suited to the manners of the times, that if not true, it must be considered a very admirable invention.

It was in this battle, the reader remembers, that the fine incident took place of the whole Scottish host, just previous to the onset, falling on their knees before the crucifix held up to them by the abbot of Inchaffray. The circumstance is described in Mar-

mion in a fine poetical spirit ; but perhaps the dry, simple, nervous words of Barbour are still more effective.

And when the English king had sight  
Of them kneeling : he said in hie,  
“ Yon folk kneeleth to ask mercy.”  
Sir Ingram said, “ Bye my sooth now,  
They ask mercy, but none at you ;  
For their trespass to God they cry.  
I tell thee a thing sickerly,  
That yon men will all win or die,  
For doubt of dead they will not flee.”

Buchanan says that the English king was the first to fly, but he is contradicted by all other writers, who affirm that Edward could not be persuaded to retire till Sir Aylmer de Vallance took hold of his bridle, and led him off. So fiercely and valiantly was the battle contested, that even after all was over, the earl of Gloucester rallied his own vassals, and made a stand at a place called the Bloody Fold, where they were almost all cut to pieces. The body of this gallant nobleman was treated with becoming respect. It was carried to the church of St. Ninian for the night, and afterwards sent to Edward to be interred in England.

Scott appears in the notes to *Marmion*, to have some doubt of his own historical truth, while describing the stratagem of the pitfalls.

Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,  
With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,  
That panted for the shock !

With blazing crests and banners spread,  
 And trumpet clang and clamour dread,  
 The wide plain thunder'd on their tread,  
     As far as Stirling rock.  
 Down ! down ! in headlong overthrow,  
 Horsemen and horse, the foremost go,  
     Wild floundering on the field !

\*           \*           \*

They came like mountain-torrent red,  
 That thunders o'er its rocky bed ;  
 They broke like that same torrent's wave,  
 When swallow'd by a darksome cave.  
 Billows on billows burst and boil,  
 Maintaining still the stern turmoil,  
 And to their wild and tortured groan,  
 Each adds new terrors of its own.

Barbour does not mention this circumstance, but, on the contrary, describes the advance of the enemy's cavalry as being uninterrupted ; and even the concurring testimony of other historians, especially in relating a picturesque and romantic incident, might weigh little against the evidence of a writer, who lived so near the time of the action. There is other evidence, however, on the popular side of the question, still better than his—that of an eye witness—of which Scott perhaps was not aware. It is contained in the barbarous verses of Baston, a Carmelite friar, who was found among the prisoners. This person, who enjoyed a high reputation as a poet, had been brought to the field by Edward, for the express purpose of celebrating his anticipated victory ; and when presented to Bruce, the Scottish hero offered him his liberty on similar terms. The verses, alluding to the stratagem, are as follow :—

Machina plena malibus pedibus formatur equinis,  
 Concavas, cum palis, ne pergant, absque ruinis,  
 Plebs foveas fodit, ut per eas labantur equestres,  
 Et pereant, si quos videant transire pedestres.

The stratagem, fallen upon by the poet himself, for describing to the ear the tumult of the battle, is not a whit inferior, in ingenuity, to that of King Robert, for winning it.

Hic rapit, hic capit, hic terit, hic ferit, ecce dolores,  
 Vox tonat, æs sonat, hic ruit, hic luit, arctu modo res,  
 Hic secat, hic necat, hic docet, hic nocet, iste fugatur,  
 Hic latet, hic patet, hic premit, hic gemit, hic superatur, &c.

The town of Stirling is built on a ridge of rock, rising from east to west, and terminated by a lofty precipice, on which the castle stands. The very same description, as we have seen, applies to Edinburgh; and yet the character of the two towns is altogether different. The hills and precipices around Edinburgh, form part of the magnificent picture, of which the city is the principal object, and while they obstruct the view, elevate its beauty almost to the sublime. Stirling, on the contrary, raising its lofty head from a carse, or plain, of immense extent, and said to have once been the bed of the Frith of Forth, is almost isolated. The view from the castle-hill extends, on a clear day, to the capital itself; while, on the other points of the compass, it is only bounded by the Ochil and Campsie hills, and the gigantic bulk of Ben-lomond.

This rock was the seat of a fortress at a very early

date ; but, till the accession of the house of Stewart, very little is known about its fortunes. It was the birth-place of James II., and a favourite residence of the succeeding princes. The palace was built by James V. Its form is quadrangular ; the exterior walls are of polished stone ; and the whole is ornamented with statues, in the taste of that amorous prince. On the south angle, of which the architecture is much plainer, there is an apartment called “ Douglas’s Room,” which is supposed to have been the scene of the murder of one of that family, perpetrated by James II., with his own hand. If the tradition be correct, this portion of the building is, of course, the most ancient.

On the western side there is a low-roofed edifice, originally a chapel, and it is here that the baptism of James VI. took place. The father, although in the town, was not present ; and Mr. Chambers, in his “ Picture,” informs us, that a house is still pointed out, where the imbecile Darnley spent the time of the baptism, “ with a few drinking companions, in riotous and ostentatious debauchery.”

Another thing occurred to astonish the congregated nobles and ambassadors who witnessed the ceremony, and this was the entrance, after the first course of the feast, of a company of *satyrs*. Mary’s taste had been formed at the French court, where such shows had been long in fashion ;\* and it never occurred to

\* The madness of Charles VI. was brought back, and rendered incurable by the fright he received from his dress catching fire, while he was arrayed in this fantastic garb at a ball.

her that her subjects could dislike or misapprehend them. The Scottish nobles, however, felt themselves affronted by the exhibition; and a tumult arose in the hall, which might have fearfully marred the festivity of the day had not the satyrs vanished as suddenly as they came. It is probable that some religious scruples were at the bottom of this absurdity; for many of the lords stood outside the door of the chapel while mass was performing, and the Countess of Argyle, who assisted, was condemned to make the amende honorable in the kirk.

When James VI. came to have a son himself, the young prince was baptized in the same place; and the ceremony was followed by exhibitions quite as strange as that of poor Mary, though infinitely more gaudy. James, it appears, magnanimously desired that his pageant should be drawn into the room by a lion; but, taught perhaps, by the humane scruples of Bottom and his comrades, he abandoned the scheme from the fear of frightening the ladies.

A moor, therefore, was chosen instead; and when the first course was removed, the company were astonished by the sudden clang of trumpets, and still more so by the entrance, in the midst, of a brown and brawny man, magnificently attired, and hung with gold chains, dragging in, by means of golden harness, a triumphal car. The car contained a table covered with choice fruits; which were served to the guests by six damsels, three in white, and three in crimson satin, embroidered with gold and silver, wearing crowns on their heads, and their flowing

hair ornamented with feathers, pearls, and jewels. Besides these, there were Ceres, Fecunditia, Fides, Concordia, and sundry other damsels, all with their appropriate emblems, explained in Latin mottos attached.

But this was not all. No sooner had the company recovered from this visitation, than a ship, eighteen feet by three, and forty feet from the keel to the mast-head, sailed into the room. The cordage was of silk, and her blocks gold; she carried thirty-six guns, and was navigated by six mariners and a pilot. The passengers consisted of a band of fourteen musicians—with Arion as leader; and on the forecastle stood Neptune, Thetis, and Triton. To complete the exhibition, three syrens marshalled her the way, dancing before her; and so she came gallantly on, discharging her guns, and music, and Triton playing his horn with all his might. The cargo turned out to be sweatmeats, in chrysal glasses, shaped like divers fishes; and these being delivered at the table, and the end of her voyage safely accomplished, a thanksgiving was said, the hundred and twenty-eighth psalm sung, and the ship sailed away.

Before dismissing the subject of Stirling Castle, we present the reader with a view of the “court of guard.”

Through narrow loop, and casement barr'd,  
 The sunbeams sought the court of guard,  
 And, struggling with the smoky air,  
 Deaden'd the torches' yellow glare.  
 In comfortless alliance shone  
 The lights through arch of blacken'd stone,





By J. B. H. H. H.

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THE PRISONERS OF THE GREAT WALL

1850



And show'd wild shapes in garb of war,  
 Faces deform'd with beard and scar,  
 All haggard from the midnight watch,  
 And fever'd with the stern debauch ;  
 For the oak table's massive board,  
 Flooded with wine, with fragments stor'd,  
 And benches drain'd, and cups o'erthrown,  
 Show'd in what sport the night had flown.  
 Some, weary, snor'd on floor and bench  
 Some labour'd still their thirst to quench ;  
 Some, chill'd with watching, spread their hands  
 O'er the huge chimney's dying brands,  
 While round them, or beside them flung,  
 At every step their harness rung.

The moment chosen by the artist is when Ellen enters conducted by the harper, Allan.

Bertram his forward step withstood ;  
 And, burning in his vengeful mood,  
 Old Allan, though unfit for strife,  
 Laid hand upon his dagger knife ;  
 But Ellen boldly stepp'd between,  
 And dropp'd at once the tartan screen :  
 So, from his morning cloud appears  
 The sun of May, through summer tears.  
 The savage soldiery amaz'd,  
 As on descended angel gaz'd ;  
 Ev'n hardy Brent, abash'd and tamed,  
 Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

## CHAPTER XX.

When sated with the martial show  
That peopled all the plain below,  
The wandering eye could o'er it go,  
And mark the distant city glow  
    With gloomy splendour red;  
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,  
That round her sable turrets flow,  
    The morning beams were shed,  
And tinged them with a lustre proud,  
Like that which streaks a thunder cloud.

WE now cross the country from the Forth to the Clyde, not exactly in the line of the Roman wall, but in a similar direction. The route is not particularly interesting—and, at any rate, we have business at Glasgow.

This place does not derive its origin from its castle, but from its church; a bishopric having been erected here so early as the year 560, by St. Mungo. The saint established himself on a lofty ridge of land overlooking the Clyde, although not close by the banks; and gradually men built around him those dwellings which were to become a great and populous city. The cathedral, begun by St. Mungo, was enlarged by his descendants; and the town,

begun by the cathedral, received a manifold increase from the university, established in 1450. Prior to this date, the population did not exceed fifteen hundred, and the houses had hardly begun to descend the ridge towards the Clyde. Now they formed what at the present day is called the High Street, extending downwards even to the cross; from which they began to diverge to the left along the line of the Gallowgate—an ill-boding name now softened into Gallowgate.

In 1484 a collegiate church was built in honour of the blessed Virgin, on the site of the present Tron church; and the town of course proceeded in that direction from the Gallowgate. The lower limb of the cross, (of which the High Street was the upper, and the Gallowgate and Trongate the lateral ones,) was then formed by the Salt Market; the fishermen becoming considerable enough to require a direct avenue to and from the river. Four years afterwards the bishopric was erected into a metropolitan see; and the city of which we have described the commencement, went on more rapidly than my pen can follow.

The arms of Glasgow have long puzzled the heralds. The bird, the tree, and the fish, may be meant for the symbols of air, earth, and water; but what connection with these has the bell, or the ring in the fish's mouth? This question is only partly answered even by Macure; he shirks the matter of the bell altogether, and deals with the ring as follows.

A lady, he informs us, was unfortunate enough to

lose her wedding ring ; and her husband, before jealous, became now almost mad, the disappearance of this pledge of connubial fidelity having confirmed his worst suspicions. The lady, driven to her wit's end, applied to Saint Mungo, and declared that if she could not recover the ring it was all over with her. The saint, who was then walking by the river side, turned to a fisherman, in the act of throwing his line, and begged of him the first fish he should catch. The man complied, and Saint Mungo opening the fish's mouth, took thence the lost ring, and returned it to the astonished owner.

Macure, however, favours us with a poetical explanation in Latin ; but I prefer quoting the translation he appends. The verses are very tolerable, and afford an extraordinary contrast to his own style.

The salmon which a fish is of the sea,  
 The oak which springs from earth, that loftie tree,  
 The bird on it which in the air doth flee,  
 O Glasgow ! do presage all things to thee.  
 So while the air, or sea, or fertile earth  
 Do either give their nourishment or birth,  
 The bell that doth to public worship call  
 Says heaven will give most lasting things of all.  
 The ring the token of the marriage is  
 Of things in heaven and earth both thee to bless.

Pennant says that Glasgow is the best built of any second rate city he ever saw. Since then the improvements that have been made are so great, that one who has been absent for a few years finds some difficulty in recognizing the town. If Glasgow

was, in the time of Pennant, the first of the second-rate cities, it must now be at least admitted into the rank of the first-rate. The new town is hardly inferior to that of Edinburgh; and taking it as a whole, there is certainly no other commercial city in the empire superior to this in appearance.

The Trongate, or rather the line of street which intersects the town from east to west, I have compared, in a former chapter, to the High-street of Edinburgh; but since then I have been somewhat disappointed by finding no disposition, in the various authors I have consulted, to do this justice to the capital of the west. All allow the coup d'œil to be fine, but no one appears to be particularly struck with its magnificence; and what appears, more than anything, surprising to me is, that they describe the picture as seen *from* the cross, instead of the opposite direction. If any one—more particularly in early morning—will plant himself at a considerable distance to the west, perhaps as far as Buchanan street, and look *towards* the cross, where the view is terminated by spires and towers, he will, I have no hesitation in saying, witness an effect in street architecture which is not excelled in Europe.

Upon the whole, notwithstanding, Glasgow is far from being an interesting city; and the various local historians, instead of making the most of their comparatively scanty materials, seem to have vied with each other as to which should communicate the least information. Mr. Denholm's book is beyond com-



parison the best ; but his space was too small to allow him to introduce the minute local details of history and manners which are looked for in a work of the kind. Mr. Cleland's Annals are indispensable to the citizen, but of little value to any one else. As for Macure's History—it is a highly curious and interesting book ; and, if perchance the author had been endowed with a single grain of sense, it might have been something more. As it is, the severity with which it is treated by Watts, in his Bibliotheca, is both unjust and in bad taste. I would not curtail a single image, or dilute a single eulogium, for all the rest of the histories of Glasgow put together.

The principal lion is the Cathedral, supposed to be the most entire specimen of gothic ecclesiastical architecture in Scotland. It stands upon a lofty eminence, whence a view of the whole town is obtained ; but from the spire the spectacle is by far the finest in this part of Scotland. To the east, the whole vale of Clyde is spread out before the traveller. At some distance in this direction, the towers of Bothwell are seen rising out of seemingly interminable groves, interspersed with towns and villas. On the west, the castles of Mearns and Cruickstone appear to the left, and, farther on, the splendid rock and fortress of Dumbarton to the right. The view is closed in on all sides by hills and mountains, of varying magnitude and distance ; from those of Cathkin and Campsie, to the splendid Tinto, and the Alpine giants of Argyle.

“Situated in a populous and considerable town,” says Scott, “this solemn and massive pile has the appearance of the most sequestered solitude. High walls divide it from the buildings on one side; on the other, it is bounded by a ravine, through the depth of which, and invisible to the eye, murmurs a wandering rivulet, adding by its rushing noise to the imposing solemnity of the scene. On the opposite side of the ravine rises a steep bank, covered with fir-trees closely planted, whose dusky shade extends itself over the cemetery with an appropriate and gloomy effect. The church-yard itself has a peculiar character; for though in reality extensive, it is small in proportion to the number of respectable inhabitants who are interred within it, and whose graves are almost all covered with tomb-stones. There is, therefore, no room for the long, rank grass which, in the ordinary case, partially clothes the surface in these retreats, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. The broad, flat monumental stones are placed so close to each other, that the precincts appear to be flagged with them, and, though roofed only by the heavens, resemble the floor of one of our English churches, where the pavement is covered with sepulchral inscriptions. The contents of these sad records of mortality, the vain sorrows which they preserve, the stern lessons which they teach of the nothingness of humanity, the extent of ground which they so closely cover, and their uniform and melancholy tenor, reminded me of the roll of the prophet, which

was "written within and without, and there were written therein lamentation, and mourning, and woe."

The citizens of Glasgow have the credit of preserving their magnificent cathedral from the "wretched ministers," as Pennant calls them, who in 1708 obtained a warrant for its destruction. When several hundred workmen had assembled for this infernal purpose, the crafts and incorporations of the city crowded to the spot, and a tumult ensued which threatened to end in bloodshed. The brave citizens, however, having sworn that they would sacrifice upon the spot the first man who put forth his hand against the building, the destroyers were intimidated, and at length dispersed. The provost of the time, although of course not openly joining with the mob, was not the least efficient of the disaffected. "I am for destroying the cathedral," said he, "*but not before we build a new one.*"

The cathedral, after the reformation, contained three different churches, as Gibson, in his history of Glasgow tells, *from a principle of economy*. The subterranean one is thus described by his predecessor Macure, with laudable minuteness.

"The B'arony Kirk, which is exactly under the Inner Kirk, in time of popery was only a burial place, in which it is said Saint Mungo the founder is buried. It is of length one hundred and eight foot, and seventy-two foot wide. It is supported with sixty fine pillars, some of which are eighteen foot in circumference; the height of each pillar from the floor to the roof is eighteen foot; it is





illuminated with forty-one windows, and is accommodated with three lofts (galleries), and sixty-nine pews, or seats, each containing six, seven, or eight persons, for conveniency to hear service."

But perhaps, with all due deference to the Glasgow merchant, the description of Sir Walter Scott will be found fully as intelligible, even without the use of numbers—and perhaps more interesting.

"Conceive one extensive range of low-browed, damp, and twilight vaults, such as are used for sepulchres in other countries, and had long been dedicated to the same purpose in this, a portion of which was seated with pews, and used as a church. The part of the vaults thus occupied, though capable of containing a congregation of many hundreds, bore a small proportion to the darker and more extensive caverns, which yawned around what may be termed the inhabited space. In these waste regions of oblivion, dusky banners and tattered escutcheons, indicated the graves of those who were once, doubtless, princes in Israel! Inscriptions, which could only be read by the painfull antiquary, in language as obsolete as the act of devotional charity which they implored, invited the passengers to pray for the souls of those whose bodies rested beneath." The annexed view is given at the moment when Francis Osbaldiston hears the mysterious voice behind him in the vaults.

Notwithstanding the antiquity of the cathedral, we are assured by Macure, that its age was nothing



compared with that of the Blackfriar's church, "which was the most ancientest building of Gothick kind that could be seen in the kingdom." This church was destroyed in a storm in the year 1666; and the present college church, called at first the New Kirk, was built on its site three years after.

In the High-street is the house where Darnley resided, on his coming to Glasgow, after the baptism of his son at Stirling. He was here seized with some kind of bowel complaint, which report attributed to poison; and Mary immediately, forgetting the late insult he had offered her, flew to see him. Her attentions on this occasion are stigmatized as hypocrisy by the historians who advocate her simplicity in his assassination. It is difficult, in fact, to conceive, that she could so soon forget the scene at Stirling.

Earth has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,  
And hell no fury like a woman scorn'd.

Perhaps, however, the vicinity in which he now was, so near to the castle of Cruickstone, brought back some softer recollections, and fitted her mind at least for pity and forgiveness. It was there that the young and lovely queen first gave way to her infatuated passion; and there, I believe, the yew tree still exists, under which the fateful whisper of Darnley first sunk into her ear. The shade of these funereal branches was, indeed, a fitting spot for the consummation of such disastrous loves; and a medal,



struck afterwards by Mary, to commemorate the event, is said to have contained the figure of the accursed tree.\* From this very spot she must have seen the hill of Langside, where, some years afterwards, she lost the battle, which, in its results, involved the loss of her kingdom, her liberty, and her life.

The military anecdotes connected with Glasgow are not numerous, but one is of too extraordinary a nature to be passed over. It resembles, besides, in a very remarkable manner, the enterprise we have described in the capture of Edinburgh Castle; although, in some of its details, it comes still nearer to the celebrated escalade of the fortress of Fecamp, by Boisrosé.

In 1571 the Castle of Dumbarton, lower down the Clyde, was in the hands of Queen Mary, who had kept it triumphantly ever since the commencement of the civil war. The regent, Lennox, felt himself, of course, piqued in honour, as well as interest, to capture it; and, in the person of Captain Crawford, of Jordan-hill, an agent at length arose, for the execution of an enterprise, as daring and desperate as any recorded in history.

The scheme was proposed to him by a soldier, who had deserted from the garrison of Dumbarton, and who, in testimony of his fidelity, offered to lead the way himself. This fortress, as the reader knows, crowns the summit of one of the most extraordinary

\* Pennant contradicts this. He says the tree on the coin was a palm.

rocks in Scotland; and which I can best describe by saying, that, at a little distance, it bears a very striking resemblance to Saint Michel, on the coast of Normandy, so well delineated in the admirable views of Mr. Stanfield, given in our last volume. Crawford, a gallant and determined officer, agreed to the proposal without hesitation; and, on a moonlight night, he marched from Glasgow at the head of a small party of kindred spirits.

It was midnight when they reached the bottom of the rock. The moon had set, and a thick fog added to the darkness of the hour. So far all was well. They chose the steepest part of the cliff, as the one likely to be least guarded, planted their scaling ladder, and began to ascend their way, marshalled by the deserter. Scarcely, however, had they fairly left the surface of the earth, when the frail machine fell, and the whole party came to the ground. This was an evil omen; but Crawford, creeping up the bare and almost perpendicular front of the rock above, fastened the top of the ladder to a tree, and once more they began the ascent.

They had ascended half way, when another obstacle, still more appalling, presented itself. Whatever may have been the courage of the guide at first, it had now deserted him. Hung midway in the air, in a sea of tumbling mist, he lost all recollection. The remembrance of his wrongs, and the hope of revenge died simultaneously within him: he became stupified with terror, and clung silent, and apparently lifeless to the ladder, without the power

either to go up or down. To throw him down headlong, even after first slaying him, would have been not only cruel but dangerous; for a single cry from his lips, were it his last, would rouse the garrison. Crawford, therefore, with singular presence of mind, bound him with a cord to the ladder; which, descending for the second time, they turned on the other side. The desperadoes then mounted, as undaunted as ever, over their comrade's belly.

When they at last reached the ramparts, they found, as they had expected, that the garrison were altogether unprepared for an attack from so posterous a quarter. Lord Fleming, the governor, escaped with difficulty alone and in a small boat; and Crawford found himself in possession of this redoubted fortress without the loss of a man.

Among his prisoners was the Archbishop of Saint Andrews, the uncle of Bothwellhaugh; and this unhappy prelate, being delivered into the hands of the regent, was immediately carried to Stirling and hanged without trial.

The immense commerce of Glasgow did not even receive its commencement before the year 1668. It is said that a merchant called Walter Gibson became in that year the founder of the city's wealth by a speculation more extensive than had yet been heard of. He cured and exported to France eighteen hundred barrels of herrings, in return for which he received brandy and salt. These he sold at home to immense profit, which enabled him to purchase the vessel, and two other ships besides. He then

launched into serious business ; trading to America, as well as various European ports ; and thus gave its impulse to that commerce which was one day to rank Glasgow as the second city of trade in the empire.

Before concluding this chapter, I cannot refrain from dragging in, head and shoulders, an anecdote of a very different nature. It is told by Pennant, of Archibald, duke of Argyle, a portrait of whom, by Ramsay, was in the Exchange at his visit to Glasgow. When this nobleman was a lord of session, having occasion to grant a respite to a criminal under sentence, he did it in the following terms.

“ Edinburgh, February 28, 1728.

“ I, Archibald, earl of Islay, do hereby prorogate and continue the life of John Ruddell, writer in Edinburgh, to the term of Whitsunday next, and no longer, by G—d.

Islay, J. P. D.”

## CHAPTER XXI

A stern and lone, yet lovely road,  
As e'er the foot of minstrel trode!—  
Where he who winds, 'twixt rock and wave,  
May hear the headlong torrent rave,  
And like a steed in frantic fit,  
That flings the froth from curb and bit,  
May view her chafe her waves to spray,  
O'er every rock that bars her way,  
Till foam-globes on her eddies ride,  
Thick as the schemes of human pride,  
That down life's current drive amain,  
As frail, as frothy, and as vain!

FROM the country of commerce and manufactures we ascend, along the banks of the Clyde, towards a region of poetry and romance, termed in the vulgar language of earth, the Middle Ward of Clydesdale, or the Fruit Lands. Before entering the village of Uddingston, the sumptuous ruins of Bothwell Castle appear dominating the river, on the northern bank. It is not easy to form a conception of the effect of this building raising its stern and hoary head in the midst of a scene chiefly remarkable for its quiet beauty. The castle originally occupied a space between two and three hundred feet long, and one hundred broad; and at each angle of the oblong square which it described there arose a lofty turret.

Three of these, or at least two, are still nearly entire ; and the walls, now covered with ivy, are sixty feet high, with the enormous breadth of fifteen feet.

The origin of this building is unknown. We know, however, that in the time of Edward I. it was a considerable fortress, and the residence of his governor. It afterwards fell into the hands of the Scottish party, and was used as a prison for those taken at the battle of Bannockburn. It was afterwards the property of Lord Bothwell, from whom it passed into the hands of the Douglasses, remaining a seat of that powerful house till their attainder in 1445. In 1715 it again reverted to the same family. To the eastward of the castle is the house of the present Lord Douglas, a handsome, modern edifice, built of reddish stone.

Immediately opposite Bothwell Castle, on the other side of the river, are the ruins of Blantyre Priory ; supposed to have been founded before the end of the thirteenth century, and to have been tenanted by a colony from the monastery of Jedburgh.

Hamilton Palace, a heavy, massive pile of building, stands near the confluence of the Avon and the Clyde, in the midst of a rich and beautiful landscape. It is said to contain the finest picture gallery in Scotland. The grand piece by Rubens, of Daniel in the lions' den, is greatly prized by connoisseurs : a detailed description of it is given by Gilpin, in a fine strain of philosophical criticism. Among others of greater note in point of art, there is a portrait of





Drawn by G. Christy

Published by W. G. Hall

*Handwritten text, possibly a signature or title, written in cursive script.*

*Small handwritten text at the bottom right corner.*





of Mary Stewart, said to have been sent, together with a ring, to the representative of the faithful Hamiltons, just before her execution.

Craignethan, otherwise Draffen, or Draphane Castle, where Mary is said to have rested on her escape from Lochleven, rises in a very magnificent manner, from the banks of the Clyde. It was long a strong hold of the Hamiltons, (although now, I believe, the property of Lord Douglas), and bears every mark of having been a fortress of considerable importance. I can find no description of it, however, fuller than that given by Scott himself, in *Old Mortality*, which I accordingly subjoin.

“ They were at this moment at an arched gateway, battlemented and flanked with turrets, one whereof was totally ruinous, excepting the lower story, which served as a cow-house to the peasant, whose family inhabited the turret that remained entire. The gate had been broken down by Monk’s soldiers during the civil war, and had never been replaced, therefore presented no obstacle to Bothwell and his party. The avenue, very steep and narrow, and causewayed with large round stones, ascended the side of the precipitous bank in an oblique and zigzag course, now showing, now hiding, a view of the tower, and its exterior bulwarks, which seemed to rise almost perpendicularly above their heads.”

This, the reader perceives, is the Tillietudlem of *Old Mortality*, and he will recognise Cuddie Head-rigg climbing up the steep with his companions to

take the castle by surprise—and to be put to flight by a discharge of scalding brose from his sweetheart.

An interior view is also annexed, representing the identical apartment in which his most sacred majesty condescended to take his déjeune. The chair still stands at the table, sanctified from all meaner uses by the touch of the royal person ; and the lady Margaret Bellenden, looks like a woman who is not likely to forget the circumstance. In the foreground her daughter is watching, with breathless attention, the old major in the recess on the left hand, soliciting Claverhouse for the life of Henry Morton.

The vignette at the commencement of the volume gives another interior view of this very interesting building ; being the gallery where Tam Halliday guarding his prisoner, is bribed by Jenny with a smile and a crown.

Lanark, the county town, and the place where Wallace made the first of his glorious efforts, lies in the region of the Falls of Clyde ; and thence, accordingly, the traveller usually sets forth on one of the most interesting excursions afforded by Scotland.

The smallest of the three celebrated falls is that of Bonnyton. The Clyde above it rolls along, in a magnificent and unbroken volume, through groves of forest trees, till all on a sudden it plunges roaring into the abyss. Its agitation does not diminish ; it seems to be aware that its terrors have only commenced ; and on it goes rushing and groaning over rock and precipice, towards the fall of Corra Linn.

The banks now assume the character of immense



Scene by the Cammerloch



walls, except where they overhang the river; and their summits are clothed with large trees which bend their branches over to the flood. The river, when it reaches the fall, plunges first in a comparatively narrow strait; which, shelving downwards, opens at the same time, and the torrent rushes headlong, in a broad and magnificent sheet, to the bottom of the gulph. Sometimes, however, when the river is full, the division in the stream is not perceptible, and the grand and awful spectacle is beheld of a single torrent plunging down a precipice of eighty-four feet. At a considerable distance above the second division of the fall stands the ancient castle of Corra, formerly belonging to a branch of the Sommerville family. A more frightful, and at the same time grotesque situation, for a human dwelling, can hardly be conceived. It is said that the building trembles, or rather shudders so strongly at the shock of the fall, as to spill water from a glass!

The Fall of Stonebyers is considerably broader, although not so lofty as that of Corra Linn. Pennant remarks that it has more of the horrible in it than either of the other two. Like that of Corra Linn, it consists of three divisions in ordinary weather, which unite into one when the river is full, and thunder down a height of fifty-eight feet. The torrent is here considerably broader than elsewhere; and the vapour rising from it in a thick cloud, gives a very peculiar character to the scene viewed through its medium.



HAVING traversed that portion of Scotland—though not adhering to the exact line—which was once nominally under the Roman dominion, we find ourselves, in ascending the Clyde, returning towards the borders of the kingdom.

It may be that, on another day, I may launch my light shallop in those seas,

Round twice an hundred islands roll'd,  
From Hirt that hears their northern roar,  
To the green Islay's fertile shore ;

and it may be, that, on yet another day, I may spur my Pegasus across the marches, to harry the English side. But, in the meantime, instead of boasting of my future deeds, it is necessary to give myself—and the reader—some repose after the present.















