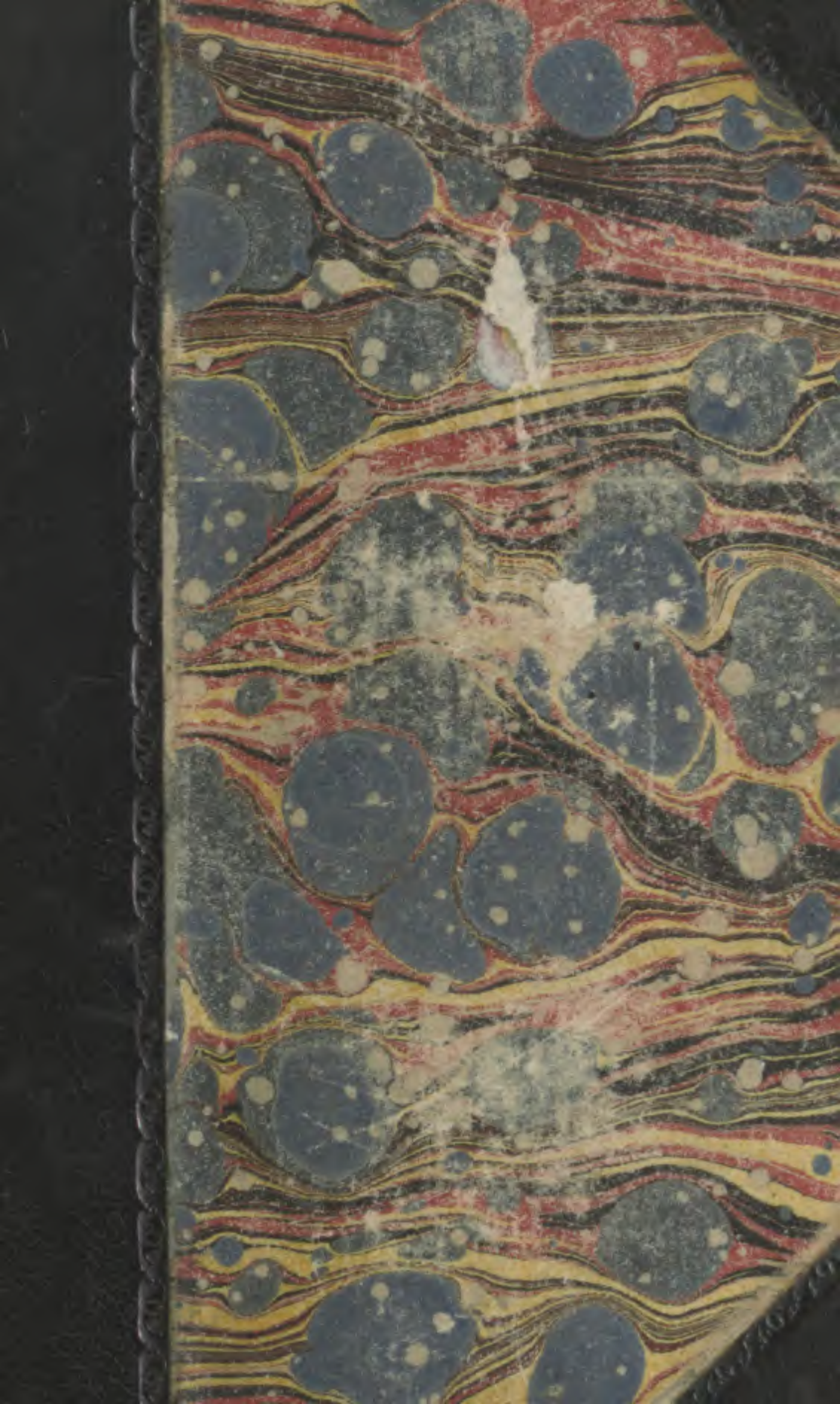

LIFE

OF

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE,

Knight of Ellerslie,

AND

GUARDIAN OF SCOTLAND.

Quha all hys dedis of prys wald dyte,
Hym worthyd a gryt buk to wryte.
WYNTOUNE.

At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood?
BURNS.

Glasgow:

PRINTED FOR RICHARD GRIFFIN & CO.

75. HUTCHESON STREET.

M,DCCC,XXV.

PREFACE.

THE information which we have respecting Sir WILLIAM WALLACE in most, if not all, of the regular histories of Scotland is extremely defective and unsatisfactory. Any one, therefore, who attempts to write his life must either confine himself within very narrow limits, or be compelled to draw his resources from Henry the Minstrel, an author whom the learned have agreed not to admit within the pale of respectable authority. This exclusion, however, we conceive to be rather ungracious, considering that they have extended their suffrages to writers who are guilty of greater aberrations from historical veracity than any which are chargeable against him. It is true that the works of these writers are in Latin; but we do not see that a great lie told in the classical language of ancient Rome should

be entitled to a larger portion of public faith than a lesser one told in the more modern *patois* of Scotland. When we find Walsingham, in describing the battle of Falkirk, telling us that the sharpness and strength of the English arrows were such that "they thoroughly penetrated the men at arms, obscured the helmets, perforated the swords and overwhelmed the lances," *(ut ipsus armatos omnino penetrarent, cassides tenebrarent, gladios perforarent, lanceas funderent)*. And another learned author, narrating the same battle, and making the killed, wounded, and prisoners amount to a greater number than what were disposed of in the most sanguinary conflicts between the Roman and Barbaric worlds. We would naturally expect that when such outrages upon our credulity are attributed to the *style* of the age in which the writers lived, that the same extenuation should be extended to our Minstrel, even when he describes his hero "like a true knight errant cleaving his enemies through brawn and brain down to the shoulders."

Considering the situation of this unfortunate

but ingenious man, no author had ever a stronger claim on the indulgence of his readers. Blind from his birth, he was deprived of the advantage of correcting the manuscript of his work, while his poverty prevented him from procuring an amanuensis capable of doing justice to his talents; hence we find a number of errors and omissions, that from the ease with which they can be rectified appear evidently the faults of the transcribers. Succeeding historians, far from making the allowances which his case demanded, have acted towards him with a want of generosity which reflects little credit on themselves; because his dates do not always correspond with the transactions, he has been rated as *"a liar"* and *fabulist,* and *"a man blind in more respects than one,"* with other expressions no less unworthy of the writers than unmerited by our author. When it is considered that there is scarcely a circumstance connected with Wallace mentioned by subsequent writers which is not to be found in the work of the Minstrel, that they have no other story to give than what he has given, and that they must either repeat what he has already

stated or be silent on the subject, we are led to conclude that he could not have so effectually pre-occupied the ground without having very complete information regarding the subject of his biography. This information, we are told by himself, is derived from a Memoir, written in Latin by Mr. John Blair, chaplain to Wallace, and an eye-witness of what he relates, and of whose work he affects to be merely a translator. Though at times Henry may be suspected of giving way to that love of embellishment, so peculiar to his profession, yet it is not carried so far as to warrant a charge of his being unfaithful to his original; and considering that not only the researches of modern commentators have tended to confirm the truth of a number of his statements, but also the Tower Records afford evidence of his correctness in matters of minor importance, it is no more than just that one who is found scrupulously adhering to truth even in trifling circumstances, should be listened to with a certain degree of confidence when he treats of matters of greater consequence.

In the volume which is now presented to the

public, the writer has chiefly consulted Wyntoune and those authors, who, from their living near the period under review, may be supposed intimately acquainted with the transactions they narrate; and by collating their writings with the valuable record preserved by the Minstrel, he indulges the hope, that, so far as plan is concerned, his performance will meet the approval of his readers.

Considering the numerous publications which are daily issuing from the press, it may be matter of surprise, that no prose history of Sir William Wallace has yet made its appearance from the pen of any of those authors whose talents have added so much to the amusement and instruction of the public.

That the early actions of a man whose heroic excellencies of character have made so deep and so lasting an impression on the minds of the people of Scotland, should, amidst this the effulgence of our literary meridian, remain to be decyphered from the obscurities of a language now almost obselete, is a circumstance not easily to be accounted for.

It would be presumption in the writer of the following pages, were he for a moment to suppose that what he now offers to the public will be considered as supplying the desideratum which thus exists in our biographical literature. If, however, the attempt which he has made should have the effect of attracting the attention and engaging the pen of some person capable of doing justice to the subject, he will consider his labours as not altogether unproductive.

In glancing over the following sheets, the writer observes a few trifling inaccuracies, for these he respectfully solicits the indulgence of his readers.

Brodick, 1825.

LIFE

OF

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

CHAPTER I.

State of Scotland in the thirteenth century. Birth, Parentage, and Education, of Sir William Wallace.

SCOTLAND, at various periods of her history, has been placed in situations of imminent peril, from the encroachments and invasions of her ambitious neighbours in the south; who, from an insatiable thirst for conquest, were either prosecuting their views of aggrandizement on the continent of Europe, or disturbing the tranquillity of Britain, by their endeavours to subvert the liberty and independence of her States. The Welsh, after being driven from the most fruitful parts of their domains, continued an arduous, but ineffectual struggle for their freedom, amid

the few barren rocks and valleys that remained to them of their ancient, and once flourishing kingdom. While the Scots, from the powerful diversion they made in favour of their French allies when assailed by the legions of England, rendered themselves particularly obnoxious to that warlike state, who could ill brook to see the flower of her chivalry driven from the fruitful and luxuriant provinces of France, before the spears of the Scotish auxiliaries: how effectually this was done, appears from the following distich to be found in the writings of one of their authors:

> "But for the Scot, to name no higher powers,
> Still Gascoigne wine and Bourdeaux had been ours."

And again, from the following adage, the result no doubt of dear-bought experience:

> "He that would France win,
> Must at Scotland first begin."

This conduct on the part of the Scots, and the unrelenting spirit of retaliation, manifested on every opportunity by the English, afforded ample fuel to keep alive the flame of discord between the two countries. During, however, the pacific reign of Alexander III., a milder spirit seemed to actuate the councils of the late

belligerents, and an interchange of good offices, appeared to soften the rancour of their animosities. The dawn of commercial prosperity had begun to break on the northern part of the island, and Alexander, eager to avail himself of the beneficial effects of its influence, held out every encouragement to induce foreigners to frequent the ports of his kingdom; and some of them were so highly favoured as to have the customs of the principal ports assigned to them, on very advantageous terms. This liberal policy soon had its effect, and the commerce of Scotland became an object of considerable importance to foreign merchants; so much so, that, if we may credit some ancient writers, the Lombards, at that time the general merchants of Europe, made a proposal to Alexander for establishing an emporium on the Frith of Forth, which was frustrated by the premature death of that good king, whereby the prosperity of Scotland suffered a long eclipse.

"Oure gold was changyd into lede,"

and our fishermen and merchants into cut-throats and plunderers, whose only trade was war, and whose only profit was the ruin of their neighbour. The lineage of Alexander became extinct in his person, with the exception of a

grandchild, daughter of the king of Norway. This female being heiress to the kingdom, was deemed by Edward I. of England a very desirable match for his son, and he lost no time in despatching ambassadors to Scotland to make the proposal. From the uniform good understanding that had prevailed between the two countries during the late reign, he found the Scots no way opposed to his views: the negotiation was accordingly proceeded in, and two knights were ordered to Norway to bring over the Princess, but they had the mortification to find, that the fair object of their voyage had died before their arrival. Under these circumstances, the crown of Scotland became a bone of contention between the leaders of two powerful factions, and as there was no third party in the country able to control, and enforce, the submission of the unsuccessful claimant, in the event of the crown being awarded to either, it was judged expedient to submit their pretensions to the arbitration of the king of England. Edward entered upon the business with great appearance of candour, and outwardly displayed so much anxiety for even-handed justice, as gained him the confidence and affection of the nation; while inwardly, he was hatching the basest conspiracy that ever

was formed against the liberties of a country. By artful delays and insidious tampering, first with one party, and then with the other—exciting their hopes, or alarming their fears, as it suited his purpose, and encouraging fresh candidates to appear on the arena—while, by the artful sophistry of himself and his lawyers, he so managed to increase the difficulties of coming to a decision, that he at last prevailed upon John Baliol, the weakest of the original claimants, to accept the crown on condition of his swearing fealty to him as his liege lord. John, after having complied with this degrading stipulation, had time to reflect on the enormity of his offence; and, stung to madness by the insults he was daily receiving from Edward, bent all his thoughts to effect a reconciliation with his own subjects, for the purpose of being revenged for the contempts he had suffered. A war breaking out between France and England, afforded him a fair opportunity for throwing off his disgraceful allegiance. Edward, however, soon concluded a truce with his enemies, and hoping to take the Scots unprovided, sent the fleet destined for France, against Scotland, with instructions to hinder all supplies from being carried into Berwick. The Scots found an opportunity to attack the fleet in the mouth of the

river, when they took and destroyed eighteen of their ships, and put the rest to flight. This discomfiture only served to increase the exasperation of Edward, and determined him to prosecute with greater ferocity, the object of his unprincipled ambition.

Having led the strength of his kingdom towards Berwick, he found that place too well prepared for a siege to expect a speedy surrender. Therefore, drawing off his troops in apparent haste, he, by the assistance of some Scots of the Brucian faction, caused spread a report of the approach of King John, with a large army for the relief of the garrison, who, eager to meet and welcome their repentant monarch, hurried through the gates, horse and foot, in joyous confusion. The cavalry of Edward were on the alert, and dashing amidst the promiscuous mass, entered the town and commenced a most frightful and indiscriminate carnage; according to the most moderate computation, seven thousand Scots were butchered on that memorable day. The ruthless barbarian, unappalled at the atrocities occasioned by his guilty ambition, hastened forward on his desolating career, while the terrified garrisons left their strong holds at his approach, and fled for shelter to the army collected by

their king for the relief of Dunbar, a place of too great importance to be given up without a struggle. Here a battle ensued, and the Scots, after a most determined and sanguinary conflict, were again broken and dispersed before the overwhelming masses of the enemy. Great numbers of the nobility fled to the castle; but the governor, Richard Seward, either from treachery, or an apprehension of famine from so many being shut up in so small a place, surrendered to Edward, who now marched triumphantly through the kingdom, receiving the homage of the terrified chieftains, and placing garrisons in the deserted fortresses.

Then followed the rapacious exactions of the remorseless invader, while his licentious soldiery lorded it over the wretched inhabitants with the most intolerable brutality. The following lines from the "Brusis Buik" will give some idea of the sufferings inflicted upon the unfortunate Scots, and account for the execrations with which the name of "*Longshanks*" has been handed down by all their writers who have treated of this unhappy period.

"Fra Wek anent Orknay
Til Mulyrryssnwk in Galway
He put in Inglis natyoun,
That worthyd so rwyde, and fellown
That Scottis men mycht do na thyng

That evyr mycht ples to thare lykyng
Thare wyvys wald thae oft forly
And thare dowchtrys dyspytwsly
And gyve ony thare at war wrath
Wayt hym well wyth a gret skath
And gyve that ony man thame by
Had ony thyng that wes worthy
As Hors, or Hund, or ony thyng
That plesand ware to thare lykyng
Wyth rycht or wrang it have wald thae
And gyve ony wald them with-say
Thae wald swa do, that thae suld tyne
Othir land or lyf, or lyve in pyne."

Neither was this galling oppression confined to the commons: the cup of misery went round, and the noblest of the land partook of its unmingled bitterness.

" Thus lyvyd the Scots in Threllage
Bath sympil and of hie parage
And of gret Lords sum thae slwe
Sum thae hangyd, sum thae drwe
And sum thae put in hard presown
But ony caws or enchesown. "

Such was the fate of those noblemen, who, possessing sentiments worthy of their birth, scorned to pander to the tyrant's lust of power, but preferred to brave the extent of his fury, rather than become the wretched instruments of their country's degradation, by swearing allegiance to her unrighteous oppressor. With sorrow, however, it must be acknowledged, that

this elevation of mind was by no means common among the Scotish aristocracy: too great a regard for their extensive possessions rendered them extremely cautious in offending the power that was likely to gain the ascendancy. But their flexibility of principle was often overmatched by the rapacity of Edward, who, when it suited his purpose, was at no loss in finding expedients for denuding the wily Scot of his cherished domains.

The unlimited exactions of the treasurer, Cressingham, and the little control he exercised over his underlings, soon banished commerce from the Scotish shores. Deprived, by his impolitic proceedings, of this lucrative branch of the national resources, he turned, with whetted appetite for plunder, upon the wretched, and already impoverished inhabitants, who looked in vain to their nobles for that protection afforded them in times past; those chieftains who would have stepped forward in their defence, had either fallen beneath the axe of the executioner, or were languishing out the prime of their existence in the distant dungeons of the invader.

The fiendish policy that instigated the massacre of the minstrels of Wales, lest their strains should animate their countrymen to revolt, had

also suggested the idea of depriving the Scots of all the monuments of their ancient glory.—The nobility still remained tame spectators of this fresh outrage, and rather increased their supple assiduities to propitiate the tyrant, and avert from themselves the effects of his displeasure. Thus abandoned by those who ought to have been her protectors, the distracted country, bleeding at every pore, lay convulsed within the coils of this human *Boa*—but that providence, which "ruleth in the kingdoms of men;" saw the extent of her calamity, and sent a deliverer with a mind endowed with every requisite for the mighty undertaking.

Sir William Wallace was descended from an ancient and respectable family in the west of Scotland. His father, who enjoyed the honour of knighthood, was laird of Ellerslie and Auchinbothie, and married the daughter of Sir Raynauld Crawfurd, sheriff of Ayr, by whom he had two sons, Malcolm and William. The former, according to some writers, was slain along with his father, by the English at Lochmaben. This, however, appears to be at variance with the statement of Andrew Wyntoune, an ancient author of acknowledged veracity, who, speaking of our hero's pedigree, says,

"Hys Fadyere was a manly knycht
Hys Modyere was a lady bricht
He gottyne and born in Mariage
Hys eldare brodyere the herytage
Had and enjoyed in his dayis"

By this it would seem that the "eldare brodyere" outlived the father, since he succeeded to the "herytage;" and though the father may have been slain by the English, yet we are here furnished with good grounds for believing, that it must have been previous to the affair at Lochmaben.

Sir William, the subject of our narrative, was born in the reign of Alexander III. Under his uncle, a wealthy ecclesiastic at Dunipace, in Stirlingshire, he received the first rudiments of his education. This worthy man was at great pains in storing his mind with the choicest maxims to be found in the ancient classics, particularly those passages where the love of liberty is most strongly recommended; and the efforts of the tutor were amply rewarded by the *amor patriæ* excited in the breast of the pupil. How long he remained in Dunipace is uncertain; but, on being removed from thence, he was sent to a public seminary at Dundee, to receive what further education the age afforded. Here he contracted a sincere and lasting friendship with John Blair, a young man, at that time of great

promise, who, on finishing his studies, became a benedictine monk, and officiated as chaplain to his heroic friend. The warmth of his regard for his illustrious schoolfellow afterwards displayed itself in a life of him, written in Latin, with great purity and eloquence, in which, all the leading circumstances are narrated, with the fidelity of an eyewitness. Unfortunately, there remains only a fragment of this interesting detail; and if we may judge from the invective it contains against the destroyer of his friend, the pen of the monk would seem to have been almost as keen as the sword of the warrior.

With this faithful companion, and other youths of similar dispositions, Wallace used to lament the degradations to which their country was daily subjected: and, fired with indignation at the insolence and oppression exercised by the English soldiery over the inhabitants of Dundee, formed an association among his fellow students, for the purpose of protecting themselves, and restraining the wantonness of the intruders, by punishing their aggressions whenever they found them in convenient situations. This, from the licentious habits of the soldiers, was frequently the case, and they seldom allowed them to escape, without experiencing the effects of their vengeance. The companions of Wal-

lace, found in him all the qualifications they could desire in a leader—a head to devise, and a hand that could execute the most daring enterprises; a fertile imagination, ever teeming with stratagems, joined to a prudence and foresight, which provided against all contingencies, —so that, when he once determined on any project, however difficult, his companions were always confident of its being crowned with success.

Under such a leader they had frequent opportunities of chastising the most obnoxious of the oppressors of their townsmen, and their conduct had begun to attract the attention of those in power, when a circumstance occurred which had the effect of breaking up, for a time, this fraternity of youthful patriots.

A young English nobleman, of the name of Selby, having, through the indulgence of his father, the then constable of Dundee, procured a complete suit of burnished steel armour, from Milan, a city at that time famous for such productions, the vain young man, having equipped himself in his glittering array, was parading about the market place, and occasionally trying the temper of his newly acquired weapons on the fleshy parts of those unprotected Scots, who chanced to come in his way. This wanton

cruelty soon reached the ears of Wallace, who, disguising himself in a dress worn by the common people, sallied forth in quest of the arrogant coxcomb, followed by a number of his friends, to act as occasion might require. It was not long before he discovered the young sprig of nobility at his amusement, and, throwing himself in his way, soon came in for a share of his notice. Instantly the hand of the indignant Scot was at his gorget, and wresting a dagger from his hand, through an opening in his armour, struck him lifeless to the ground. Retreat was now the object to be obtained, and from the confusion occasioned by a deed of such a nature, committed in the neighbourhood of a market place, crowded chiefly with his own countrymen, who could not be supposed to be very eager in the pursuit, while his own friends according to previous agreement, having joined in the hue and cry, for the purpose of bewildering the real pursuers, had the effect of facilitating his escape. According to some authors he was sheltered on this occassion by a female friend, who, having dressed him in the attire of a maid servant, had him twirling the distaff, while his enemies were searching the house; but as this bears so close a resemblance, to what is narrated of a certain hero of antiquity, we must

receive it with a proper degree of caution. It has been the practice of some old writers to ingraft upon the history or character of the subject of their biography, situations and actions that had occurred to, or been done by, the old worthies of the primitive ages, for the purpose of astonishing their readers; but this appropriation is quite unnecessary in the present instance, as all that the subject of our narrative requires, to hand him down to latest posterity, as a fit object for their love and admiration, is a simple account of his actions, and of that generous self-devotion that induced him to brave all the savage ferocity of a crowned barbarian, rather than relinquish for a moment, the claim of his country to be reckoned a free and independent kingdom.

An act of outlawry followed this aggression; and Wallace was hunted from covert to covert, by the emissaries of the Constable; who, eager to revenge the death of his son, offered great rewards for his apprehension. Having, however, successfully eluded his pursuers, he reached the neighbourhood of Ellerslie, where, lurking in a wood till he had an opportunity of communicating the knowledge of his precarious situation to his friends, and procuring a disguise by which he could make his way to his maternal uncle, at

Ayr, who, being now deposed from his office of Sheriff, lived a secluded and suspected man at his castle in the neighbourhood. Under these circumstances it became Wallace to be very circumspect in his conduct, and avoid appearing in any character that might endanger the safety of his relative: he was also enjoined while he remained under his roof, to shun every occasion that might lead to a quarrel with the English in the neighbourhood. This cautious policy of the old gentleman did not, as will be seen from the sequel, prevent him from falling a victim to the jealousy of the oppressors of his country. To the ardent and impetuous mind of his nephew, this recommendation to passive obedience, was particularly irksome; and though he refrained from every aggression on the English, he did not conceive the injunction to extend to a restriction on his intercourse with those of his countrymen, whose love of liberty induced them to prefer a life of danger and privation, among the impenetrable wilds, and fastnesses of their country, to precarious safety, and certain slavery, under the increasing tyranny of Edward. Of such unbending spirits, Scotland, at that time, contained many. From the turrets of Sir Raynauld's castle, Wallace, at nightfall, would look forth towards the mountainous defiles of Carrick,

and, from the reflection on the sky, could tell where the men whom his soul longed to be with, had kindled their evening fire, to dress their homely meal, and *bivouac* for the night. The "gallant gray" was then conveyed by stealth across the drawbridge, and, with his "sword long and sharp" by his side, and the bugle dangling from his neck, he hastened with joyous alacrity to join his associates.

Wallace had observed, that the reverses which the Scots had met with in the field, were more owing to a want of subordination among themselves, than any superior valour on the part of their enemies. He had seen, and lamented, the jealousy that existed among the nobility, and how they would stoop to the most servile compliances to the invaders of their country, if by so doing they could obtain even a temporary exaltation for their party; and he justly conceived, that, by banding together a few faithful and resolute followers, allied to no faction, but, like himself, attached to the public good, that more could be done towards the emancipation of their country, than by all the tumultuary hordes, which the treacherous and ambitious chieftains could bring together. Fully impressed with this conviction, his nights, unknown to his uncle, were spent in organizing

a system of warfare, which soon was destined to spread terror and dismay among the invaders. The *élite* of every district were divided, and subdivided, and disciplined, in a manner peculiarly his own. With the simple, but well known sounds of his bugle, he could regulate all their operations; at the appearance of danger, he could disperse them, to seek more secure retreats, or rally them around him as circumstances might require. By taking occasional journeys, on one pretext and another, he managed to extend his system over most of the low parts of Scotland, so that either amidst the fastnesses of Carrick, the deep recesses of Cartland, or on the shores of the Lomond, the rallying note for their country's deliverance, was followed by the prompt appearance of well armed warriors, at their respective places of muster, eager to follow the steps of the dauntless champion of their independence.

This system of warfare was admirably adapted for harassing the foes he had to contend with; the fortresses in their possession were surrounded by secret enemies, ever on the watch to discover, and convey to their leader, any information that might enable him to waylay their convoys, or surprise them in their strong-holds. It was in vain the warders kept watch on their lofty stations, far as the eye could reach, no

enemy appeared, no foreboding sound met their ear, to disturb the tranquillity of their revels. Far, in the woodlands, the sound of a bugle might be heard, but that passed as proceeding from some lonely forester going his rounds. The drawbridge is let down to admit fuel or provision for the garrison—the loads are thrown on the ground, the porter knocked on the head, and the burden-bearers bristle into well armed and resolute intruders; the wine cup is dashed from the hand of the astonished governor, who is only made sensible of his situation, by the vengeance that ensues; the Castle demolished, and the spoil divided among his followers, who are now allowed to return home. Wallace, attended perhaps, by a few select friends, pursues his way, to call forth the avenging swords of his countrymen, in some distant part of the kingdom.

Such were the fruits of that admirable system of warfare, which Wallace was now engaged in explaining and enforcing, at the midnight meetings of his nonjuring countrymen; and which, it has been thought proper to allude to, at this early stage of our history, that the reader may be able to comprehend the possibility of those exploits, which afterwards obtained for the heroic champion of the Scots, the applause and admiration of mankind.

CHAPTER II.

Wallace's first appearance in arms. Rencounter with part of the train of Lord Percy. Leaves his uncle, and takes shelter with the nonjurors. Adventures at Ayr. Slays the Squire Longcastle.

ACCORDING to some writers, the deeds alluded to in the foregoing chapter, as having been performed by Wallace, and his associates at Dundee, were not his first efforts against the enemies of his country; he is said to have been present at the battle of Dunbar, and to have attracted considerable notice by the fearless intrepidity of his conduct.

Though there is no positive evidence existing in support of this assertion, yet a good deal of well-grounded conjecture may be advanced in its favour. At the time the battle was fought, he had arrived at an age, difficult to be restrained from mingling in the "pomp and circumstance of war;" and it is not likely when the flower of the nation were crowding to join the banners of their insulted country, that an athletic youth, of his high chivalrous spirit, would have remained

loitering about the deserted halls of his *alma mater,* when such a spirit-stirring war cry was abroad. It may also be remarked, that, at this early period of his history, his conduct had attracted the notice of Thomas of Erceldoune, otherwise, Thomas the Rymer, and this *shrewd* observer of the " signs of the times " had been so struck with his talents and hardihood, as to risk his prophetic fame, then in its zenith, by pointing him out to his countrymen, as the man destined to deliver them from thraldom; his matchless strength, joined to the sharpness of his repartees, and the dexterity with which he played off his practical waggery against the English, tended no doubt to impress the mind of the *seer* with this favourable opinion. These exploits, with which a portion of what was then considered humour, was usually combined, are sometimes alluded to, by ancient writers, under the title of " *Gestes;* " perhaps they formed part of the work compiled by his friend, John Blair—if so, we have an additional reason for regretting the loss of that valuable record.

The following is among the earliest of his adventures of which we have any thing like a circumstantial account, an apprehension for the consequences of which obliged him to withdraw himself from the residence of his uncle. One

day, on pretence of fishing, having betaken himself to the Irvine, on the secluded banks of which he had frequently met and consulted with his outlawed associates. In order to exhibit as peaceful an exterior as possible, he had left his sword behind him, and with a boy, his only attendant, he appeared quietly pursuing his pastime, when Lord Percy drew near, attended by a numerous train of followers. The noble figure of the young Scot attracted their attention, and five of them lingered behind to observe his progress; it was not long before his successful dexterity excited their remarks, as well as a desire to appropriate the fruits of his exertions to themselves. Wallace, from the injunction of his uncle, as well as his own unarmed state, would willingly have avoided a rupture by the sacrifice of part of the fish he had caught, but every proposal for a division was insolently spurned, and nothing would suffice but an unconditional surrender of the whole; a remonstrance from Wallace was followed by one of them snatching the basket from his boy, at the same time threatening to chastise what he termed the sauciness of the Scot. Wallace, fired with indignation, seized the *poutstaff*, and laid a blow on the cheek-bone of the Englishman, which brought him to the ground, while his sword, springing

from his grasp, was caught by Wallace in time to meet the attack of the others, who now advanced to the assistance of their companion; the first blow which he gave with his newly-acquired weapon fell with such force on the wrist of one of his assailants, that hand and sword dropped powerless to the ground; the head of the third next felt the strength of his deadly blade, which, descending through the crashing helmet, scattered the blood and brains in the faces of the other two—who, astonished and terrified at the fate of their companions, hastily regained their horses; and fled to their leader to implore his assistance to revenge the slaughter of their friends. Percy, on inquiry, having found, that they had only been opposed by one unarmed Scot, upbraided them for their cowardice, and with that gallantry peculiar to his family, forbade all pursuit after so brave an adversary.

Wallace, having possessed himself of the horses and accoutrements of his enemies, rode home to his uncle and acquainted him with his adventure; the old man saw, with amazement, the proofs of the truth of his nephew's relation, and expressed his apprehension of the consequences likely to befall himself if he continued to harbour one who had given such serious cause of offence to Percy, who was at that time lieu-

tenant of the district, and, of course, not likely to overlook such conduct in one so immediately under his inspection, as his late deposed predecessor in authority. Wallace, in order to allay the well-grounded fears of his uncle, instantly determined to betake himself to some more distant part of the country; and, after receiving the old man's benediction, accompanied by a supply of money, he rode off to seek associates more congenial to his present feelings.

The fortalice of Auchencruive was at that time in possession of a gentleman of the name of Wallace, who though obliged, like most of his neighbours, to submit to the pressure of the times, was a secret and ardent friend to the liberties of his country. From this namesake our hero experienced those acts of kindness which his situation required, and by his assistance he frequently procured supplies of provisions for himself and his companions. The spring of the year was now pretty far advanced, and their woodland retreats were becoming every day more pleasant; from these Wallace would issue in disguise, and mingle with the soldiers belonging to the English garrisons, for the purpose of ascertaining their numbers and condition.

One day, having visited Ayr with this intention, he was attracted by a crowd collected near the quarters of the military, in the midst of which stood an Englishman of huge dimensions, who was playing off his raillery against the surrounding Scots; and offering for a groat to allow the best among them an opportunity of avenging their country's quarrel, upon his single person, by permitting them to exert their utmost strength in striking a blow upon his back, with a pole which he held in his hand—accompanying this absurd declaration with a number of ridiculous gestures and scurrilous language; while, with arms *a-kimbo*, his mailed companions stood loitering around him, laughing and enjoying the humour of their bulky buffoon. Wallace approached, and tendered treble the sum for the permission offered; this was readily agreed to by the jester, who winked to his comrades as he prepared to fulfil the conditions. Having examined the pole, and chosen his distance, Wallace let fall a blow, with such good will, on the part offered to his prowess, that the bone giving way beneath its force, the Englishman sunk, with a groan, at the feet of his companions. Instantly their swords were out to revenge the slaughter of their favourite. One of them in advancing towards Wallace received, on

his head, a blow, the violence of which shattered his helmet, and laid him lifeless across the body of the jester: surrounded now on all sides by the increasing number of his adversaries, he plied his weapon with a rapidity and force which kept the most forward of them at bay. Over the steel cap of a powerful trooper the fatal pole was shivered to pieces; the others seeing him, as they imagined, disarmed by this accident, made a rush forward, expecting to overwhelm him with their numbers; but, drawing his sword, which he had concealed under his dress, they as quickly receded from the well-known power of his arm. Having, by his trusty blade, cleared his way to one of the outlets of the town, he was there attacked by two of the boldest of the garrison, who had not yet mingled in the fray. The object of one of them appeared to be a wish to engage him in a little *sword-play*, and thus give his party an opportunity of hemming him in. Wallace, aware of the value of his time, broke through the *guard* of his artful opponent with a blow which clove him to the teeth; while the other, in the act of retreating, received a thrust through an opening in his armour, which, reaching his vitals, laid him senseless by the side of his companion. Five of the English soldiers had now fallen beneath the

arm of the youthful warrior; and the rest seemed so averse to come within his reach, that Wallace had time to regain a little copse, in the neighbourhood, where he had left his horse before he entered the town—and, bounding into the saddle, the hardy trooper was soon beyond the reach of any fresh assistance they might procure. Horse and foot were, however, soon on the alert, but, after a long and fruitless pursuit in the direction he appeared to have taken, they were obliged to return—some of them, who had already witnessed his prowess, no ways displeased at their want of success.

Wallace, bespattered with the blood of the oppressors of his country, appeared at sunset before the gate of the castle of Auchincruive—the well-known sound of his bugle soon gained him admission to the hospitable mansion of his kinsman, and refreshments, of which he stood much in want, were placed before him. After recounting the adventures of the day, he heard, with indignation, a detail of fresh exactions which had been made upon his relative and some other respectable proprietors in the neighbourhood, by means of Cressingham, who, about this time, was making a circuit of the principal parts of the country, and levying

contributions on all those whose sentiments were suspected to be adverse to the interest of his master. This relentless tool had already, by the severity of his proceedings, excited the hatred and indignation of great numbers of the poorer class of gentlemen, who, having nothing to expect from either of the factions which ruined and betrayed their country, had hitherto remained passive spectators of their misconduct. Wallace, though he felt indignant at the treatment of his friends, saw, with pleasure, the spirit of insurrection spreading among that portion of his countrymen, on whose services he could most rely in the day of trial.

His adventure at Ayr had become the subject of conversation among all parties, and many of the discontented gentry resorted to him in his places of concealment, by which means the number of his followers began daily to increase. Understanding that Cressingham had taken up his abode, for the time, with Percy, at Ayr, he determined to pay another visit to that town, for the purpose of ascertaining the practicability of striking a blow by which the country might be delivered from its arch-enemy. Having disguised himself in a dress taken from the body of one of the attendants of Percy, slain in the

rencounter on the banks of the Irvine, he again made his appearance in the market-place of Ayr; and, while lounging about in search of what might be suitable for his purpose, his attention was attracted by an altercation between the steward of the Lieutenant and a servant of his uncle, about a basket of fish of a superior quality, which the latter had bought, and the former insisted on having. It was in vain Sir Raynauld's servant pleaded priority of purchase. The other, swelled with all the insolence of office, having that day to cater for the Lord Treasurer and his train, as well as the household of his own chieftain, refused to listen to any argument from the mouth of the servant of a *beggarly Scot*, as he unceremoniously termed the late Sheriff. Wallace thought proper to interpose a remark reflecting on the injustice of the steward's demand, which the latter replied to by a stroke across the shoulders with a rod, or hunting-staff, which he carried in his hand. The fiery temperament of our young hero was not likely to submit to an insult of this kind. But, forgetting his assumed character, he struck the haughty menial dead on the spot. The report soon spread among the English, that the steward of Percy had been murdered by one of his lordship's train; and a guard from the castle came

hurrying to the place to apprehend the criminal. On their arrival, some of the soldiers recognised, in his face and figure, the athletic Scot, who had so lately baffled the efforts of the bravest of their warriors. The alarm spread —the gates of the town were shut—the troops poured down to the scene of action; and Wallace, amid the throng of his enemies, was labouring with his sword to extricate himself from the perilous situation in which his rashness had involved him: every blow told with terrible effect on the heads of his assailants, who recoiled as he advanced, and though certain of the impossibility of his escape, yet every man shrunk from the honour of coming in contact with so powerful an opponent. Forcing his way along the street, now slippery with the blood of his adversaries, he gained a position near one of the gates, where a projection of the wall prevented his being surrounded; this situation, however, proved unfortunate,—for, while dealing his deadly blows about him, his sword, striking against the edge of a buttress, snapped in the middle, and left him exposed to the fury of his assailants. Though a shout of exultation burst from the armed crowd, yet it was not till after several of their number had fallen beneath his dagger, that our hero submitted to that fate which he

could no longer avert. Pinioned and conducted to prison—the strongest cell, and the heaviest fetters, were the only compliments paid to his matchless gallantry—while *salt herrings* and *water* were the only comforts which the generosity of a *Percy* placed within the reach of a fallen enemy. His friends offered largely for his ransom, but their anxiety only tended to increase the vigilance and cruelty of his keepers. The slaughters which the bold outlaw had committed, had been too aggravated, and his hatred of the English too openly expressed, for them to lose sight of so dangerous a character. The grief of the Scots on hearing of his capture, is thus expressed in the rude, but strong language of Henry the Minstrel:—

"The woful wepyng that was for his takying,
The tormentyng of every creatur!
'Alas!' thai said, 'how suld our lyff endur?
Be fortoun armess has left him in thrillage;
The flowr of youth in till his tendir age.
Lefand as now a chieftane had we nane
Durst tak on hand, bot yong Wallace alayne—
This land is lost, he caucht is in the swar.
The Aperse' of Scotland left in cayr.'"

The English had now determined to make their prisoner feel all the weight of their vengeance; and they could think of no punishment so likely to subdue the energies of his noble mind,

as that of leaving him to languish out his existence in the gloomy solitude of his prison: his miserable diet was every day diminished, and, at last, wholly withdrawn. His feelings, under the agonizing sufferings which now ensued, are thus given by the abovementioned author:

——"All weildand God, resawe
My petows spreit and sawl amang the law,
My carneill lyff I may nocht thus defend,
Our few Sothroune on to the dede I drawe.
Quhen so thow will out of this warld I wend;
Giff I sald now in presoune mak an end.
"Eternaile God, quhy suld I this wayis de,
Syne my belieff all haile remanys in the,
At thin own will, full worthely was wrocht?
Bot thow redeme, na liff thae ordaned me,
Gastlye Fadyr that deit upon the tre,
Fra hellis presoune with thy blude was bocht
Quhi will thow giff thi handewark for nocht,
And mony worthy into grete payne we se?
For off my lyff ellys no thing I roucht.
"O wareide suerd of tempeyr neuir trew,
Thi fruschand blaid in the presoune sone me threw
And Inglissmen our littell harm has tayne.
Off was thae haiff wndoyne may than ynew;
My faithful Fadyer despitfully thae slew,
My brither also, and gude men mony ane,
Is this thi dait. sall thae our cum ilk ane?
On our kynrent, deyr God quhen will thow rew,
Sen my pouer thus sodandlye is gane.
"All worthi Scottis, almychty God yow leid
Sen I no mor in wyage may you speid!
In presoune heir mi worthes to myscheyff
Scly Scotland, that of helpe has grete neide,
Thi natioune all standis in a felloune dreid
Off wardlynes, all thus I take my lieff
Off thir paynys, God lat you never preiff,
Thocht I. for wo all out off witt suld weid,
Now othir gyft I may none to you gyff."

Whether this singular strain of piety emanated from the imagination of the poet, or was merely embodied into verse from the voice of tradition, it is perfectly *in keeping* with the spirit of the age and the character of the man: deep-rooted, indeed, must that patriotism have been which could, on such an awful occasion, contemplate and acknowledge a deficiency of merit solely on account of *not having slain a sufficient number of the enemy*. With such regrets, however, the walls of his prison continued to resound, while famine and disease spread their withering influence over his once beautiful and Herculean form. A violent dysentery, brought on by the wretched food presented to him the first few days of his confinement, now aided his other complaints, and reduced him so low that, under the impression of his being dead, his body was thrown out upon a "*draff midden*,"* adjoining to the jail. A confidential retainer of the family, who had nursed him in his tender years, hearing of the circumstance, by earnest importunity, obtained permission from the governor to remove the body for interment. While washing it for this purpose, signs of returning life were discovered, and the most affectionate assiduities

* A dunghill composed of brewer's grains.

were unremittingly exercised for his preservation. Opening, at last, his languid eyes, he so far recovered as to be made sensible of his situation, and of the necessity for submitting to those plans of concealment which the safety of himself and his preserver required—a small portion of her little apartment was carefully boarded off, and the entrance to it so artfully concealed as to defy the most prying curiosity. There lay the hope of Scotland's independence—slowly reviving under the fostering hand of female affection! The strength of his constitution, at last, prevailed over the pernicious effects of his confinement, and he began to think of removing to a greater distance from his enemies. Through the means of Thomas the Rymer his friends got a distant hint of his being still in life—accompanied by a prediction of his future success in the deliverance of his country from the thraldom of the English. Having dismissed his nurse with a warm recommendation to his mother at Ellerslie, he disguised himself in such homely weeds as the house afforded, and arming himself, in case of accidents, with a rusty sword which stood in a corner, he proceeded slowly towards Ricardtown, where a brother of his father's resided, and where he would be more out of the reach of any search his enemies might make after him.

The summer had just commenced; and its fragrant breath, as it fanned his languid countenance, exhilarated his spirits and infused vigour into his still emaciated form. He had not, however, proceeded far on his journey, when, at a turning of the road, he was alarmed by the appearance of three Englishmen riding towards him; by attempting to avoid them he excited their suspicions, and the foremost hastily rode up and commanded him to stand and give an account of himself. This cavalier, Wallace recognized as Squire Longcastle—a person who had made himself extremely officious in finding employment for Ormsby, Edward's "Justiciary" for Scotland, and the *Jeffries* of his day. The other two, who now came up, were his yeomen, who were escorting him from Glasgow. Dissatisfied with the answers Wallace returned to his queries, he drew his sword, and insisted on his proceeding with them to Ayr. Thinking no argument so likely to oppose this measure as the production of his rusty companion, Wallace, with a blow across the throat, brought his haughty challenger tumbling from his steed; his two servants quickly dismounted to rescue their master from the bold pedestrian. Grasping his sword with both hands, Wallace struck the first that approached him a blow which nearly severed

his head from his shoulders; while the other, finding himself opposed to so powerful an adversary, would gladly have made his escape, but a blow, repeated in a similar manner, as he attempted to regain the stirrup, laid him lifeless among the feet of the restive and affrighted animal. Having thus freed himself from this formidable trio, and appropriated their armour and whatever valuables they possessed, Wallace mounted the horse of Longcastle, and taking hold of the reins of the other two, set off at full speed towards Ricardtown. Here a number of his friends and associates had collected in the hope of hearing some tidings of him; and in the midst of their speculations on the uncertainty of his situation, and the probability of the prediction regarding him being fulfilled, they were agreeably surprised to see the drawbridge lowered down, and our hero come trotting into the castle-yard with his "three gay geldings" and their handsome caparisons. There, according to our minstrel,

"A blyth semblay was at his lichtyn doun."

CHAPTER III.

Wallace heads a body of non-jurors. Battle of Beg. Retires to the Forest of Clydesdale. Some account of his companions in arms.

The prowess which Wallace had displayed in his various rencounters with the English, his almost miraculous escape, and the prediction given out in the name of the *seer* of Erceldoune, that he was destined to deliver Scotland from the tyranny of the English, had produced a wonderful sensation among his countrymen. From those who were now convened at Ricardtown, he found that many who had formerly stood aloof from him, were now willing to enroll themselves under his command.

As soon therefore as his health would permit, he resolved to put their good intentions to the trial. He had, at an early period of his imprisonment, received the melancholy tidings of the slaughter of his brother at Lochmaben, and he ardently longed to revenge his death, as well as the cruelties inflicted upon himself. It was not long

before an opportunity offered, favourable as his heart could desire; intelligence being brought him that Fenwick, the person most deeply implicated in the death of his brother and some of his other relatives, was on his way from Carlisle, accompanied by two hundred horse, as convoy to a supply of provisions and other necessaries for the garrison at Ayr. An opportunity of this kind was not to be lost sight of; and Wallace, having consulted with his friends, selected fifty of those on whose strength and courage he could most rely. With these he set forward to occupy a position on the way the enemy behooved to pass. It was night when the little band of patriots reached the post from whence they meant to make their attack: hearing nothing of the advance of Fenwick, he ordered his men to take shelter for the night in a neighbouring wood.

The morning was pretty far advanced, when two scouts, whom Wallace had sent forward at day-break, returned with the intelligence that the enemy was at hand. Having arranged his men for the onset, his friend, John Blair, offered up prayers for their success; which were scarcely over before the English came in sight. Fenwick, on observing the small body of Scots that awaited his approach, felt perfectly assured of taking them, and their far-famed chieftain, whom

he recognised, prisoners with him to Ayr; and he congratulated himself on the pleasure the capture of the bold outlaw would afford to his master, King Edward. This pleasant reverie was, however, disturbed by a rapid movement of the Scots, who, charging with their long spears, threw his advance into confusion; and following up their advantage with the most daring intrepidity carried disorder to the very centre of his squadron, where, undismayed by the superior numbers that surrounded them, Wallace and his brave compatriots fought with all the fury of exasperated lions. The repeated charges of the English were repulsed, and returned with an increasing vigour and resolution that alarmed and confounded their commander. Wherever he turned his eyes, the sword of the Scotish chief seemed clearing a path towards him; helmet after helmet disappeared beneath his ponderous weapon, and the whole exertion of his mighty arm seemed directed towards the sanguinary Fenwick. Conscious of the justice of that vengeance which inspired our hero with more than usual ferocity, the English chief would gladly have avoided a personal rencounter. His attempts, however, were in vain—the sword of the vengeful Scot reached him at last; and the blow, though broke by the intervening sword

of a trooper, fell with sufficient force to strike him from the saddle. Falling on the opposite side of the horse, Wallace had not the satisfaction of giving the death-blow: this was an honour reserved for Robert Boyd, one of his most intimate companions. Although Fenwick was thus slain, yet the conflict continued with great obstinacy. The English, under one Bowmond, who was second in command made great efforts to retrieve the losses they had sustained. The Scots, however, maintained their ground with inflexible resolution, while the sword of their chief was rapidly increasing the gaps in the ranks of their enemies. Adam Wallace, the promising heir of Ricardtown, had the good fortune to come in contact with the leader of the English, and, after an obstinate engagement, the intrepid Bowmond fell beneath the sword of the youthful Scot. Deprived of their leaders, the English now fled in the utmost confusion, leaving one hundred of their companions dead on the field. The Scots only pursued them so far as to make their victory certain, and, returning to the spoil, found their labours amply rewarded. A numerous train of waggons, loaded with flour, wine, and all sorts of provisions, with warlike stores in abundance, and two hundred draught horses, besides money and other

valuables, fell into the hands of the victors, who, after dividing their booty, and appropriating part of it to the relief of the oppressed inhabitants in the neighbourhood, departed to secure the remainder in their inaccessible retreats in the then extensive forest of Clydesdale.

This battle was fought in the beginning of July 1297, at a place called *Beg*, above Allenton, in the parish of Galston. Of the Scots few of any note were slain; although many characters, distinguished for their gallantry and birth, were present on the occasion. Old authors enumerate the following as having joined Wallace about this time, and are supposed to have been all present at this memorable conflict:—*Sir Andrew Murray of Bothwell, Sir William Douglas, Robert Boyd, Alexander Scrimgeor, Roger Kilpatrick, Alexander Auchinleck, Edward Little, Walter Newbigging, Stephen of Ireland, Hugh Dundas, John Kneland or Cleland, Ruthven, and two Priests, John Blair, and Thomas Gray.*

In justice to the memory of these brave confederates of our hero, we will appropriate the remaining part of this chapter to the purpose of giving such notices of them as our scanty materials afford. The following account of the first-mentioned of these worthies is taken from *Douglas' Peerage of Scotland.*

" *Sir Andrew Murray* of Bothwell, who sat in the parliament, 1290, and appears to have sworn fealty to Edward I., 1290. When William Wallace raised the standard of national independence, Sir Andrew Murray joined him ; and when the other powerful barons deserted the cause, was the only person of consequence who adhered to Wallace."

Sir William Douglas, designated the *Hardy,* succeeded his brother, Hugh. He was also known by the name of *Long Leg,* and reckoned a very handsome and powerful man, surpassing most of his countrymen in stature. He was also present in the parliament of Brigham, by the name of *Gulliame de Duglas,* when the young Queen of Scotland was betrothed to Prince Edward, 18th July, 1290. He swore fealty to Edward I. in the chapel of Thurston, 5th July, 1291. The following account of him is from Hume of Godscroft's History of the House of Douglas .— ' When King Edward took the town of Berwick he (Sir William) was captain of the castle there ; and not being able to resist and hold out—the town being in the enemies' hands —he rendered the place, with himself also a prisoner, where he remained until the wars were ended, by the yielding of John Baliol to King Edward. During the time of his captivity, he

was to marry an English lady, called Ferrar, or Ferrars, that so he might be drawn to favour the king's pretensions in conquering of Scotland. But his matching did not alter his affection towards his native country, nor broke his constancy in performing his duty to it.

"Wherefore, when he heard that William Wallace was risen up, and had taken open banner against the English, he joined with him; by which accession of forces, Wallace's army was much increased and strengthened. Yet they were not always together; but according to the occasion, and as opportunity did offer, they did divide their companies, and went to several places, where they hoped to get best advantage of the enemy, and where there needed no great army, but some few companies at once. In these adventures, Lord William recovered from the English the castles of Desdier and Sanquhair.

"The manner of his taking the castle of Sanquhair is said to have been thus:—There was one Anderson, that served the castle, and furnished them with wood and fuel, and had daily access to it upon that occasion. The Lord Douglas directs one of his trustiest and stoutest servants to deal with him, or to find some means to betray the castle to him, and to bring him within the gates only.

" Anderson, either persuaded by entreaty, or corrupted with money, gave my Lord's servant, called Thomas Dickson, his apparel and carriages, who, coming to the castle, was let in by the porter for Anderson. Dickson stabbed the porter; and, giving the signal to his lord, who lay near by with his companions, set open the gates, and received them into the court. They, being entered, killed the captain and the whole of the English garrison, and so remained masters of the place. The captain's name was Beauford, a kinsman to his own Lady Ferrars, who had oppressed the country that lay near to him very insolently. One of the English that had been in the castle, escaping, went to the other garrisons that were in other castles and towns adjacent, and told them what had befallen his fellows; and withal informed them how the castle might be recovered. Whereupon, joining their forces together, they came and besieged it. Lord Douglas, finding himself straitened, and unprovided of necessaries for his defence, did secretly convey his man, Dickson, out at a postern, or some hidden passage, and sent him to William Wallace for aid. Wallace was then in Lennox; and hearing of the danger Douglas was in, made all the haste he could to come to his relief. The English, having notice of Wallace's approach,

left the siege, and retired towards England, yet not so quickly, but that Wallace, accompanied by Sir John Graham, did overtake them, and killed five hundred of their number before they could pass Dalswinton. By these, and such like means, Wallace, with his assistants, having beaten the English from most part of their strengths in Scotland, did commit the care and custody of the whole country, from Drumlanrig to Ayr, to the charge of the Lord Douglas. Now, however, there be no mention of these things in our chronology, yet, seeing the book of Wallace (which is more particular in many things) speaks of them, and the charter of the house of Symington —descended lineally of the said Thomas Dickson—who, for this and his other like services done to the Lord, and afterward to his good son, Sir James, got the twenty merk land of Hesleside, which his posterity doth still enjoy, holding of the Lords of Douglas and Angus; and there is no doubt to be made, but he hath done much more in his assistance he gave Wallace, than is recorded or extant any where; there being no likelihood that, in these so busy times, these two valiant and brave warriors did lie idle, although the particulars lie buried in deep silence."

Sir Robert Boyd, or Boyt. This bold and hardy

warrior was also one of those who swore fealty to Edward I. when he overran Scotland, 1296; but throwing off his disgraceful allegiance in 1297, he became ever after the inseparable companion of Wallace. His father, in consequence of the gallantry he displayed at the battle of Largs, obtained a grant of lands in Cunningham from Alexander III. The name is derived from *Boidh,* the Celtic term for fair or yellow hair, and was first borne by the grandfather of Robert Boyd.

Kneland, or Cleland, and Edward Little, two near relatives of Wallace, whose names are frequently mentioned with applause by the authors who write of this period.

Stephen of Ireland. This brave and useful soldier is sometimes called Stephen Ireland; but this is only by modern writers. Blind Harry, and other ancient authors, invariably designate him as *of Ireland.* It is highly probable that he was one of those self-expatriated Irish noblemen, whose love of liberty induced them to seek in foreign countries what they could no longer hope for at home. Whatever his birth may have been, he appears to have come to Scotland at an early period—perhaps in the reign of Alexander III.—and seems, from his being occasionally employed as a guide in the expeditions of Wallace,

to have had such a knowledge of the country as could only be acquired by a long residence in it. Through all the variety of fortunes which attended Sir William Wallace, and amid the desertions of some of his opulent and too cautious countrymen, Stephen of Ireland adhered to him with inflexible fidelity.

John Blair and Thomas Gray. The former of these worthy ecclesiastics has already been mentioned as the schoolfellow of our hero. After quitting Dundee, he went to finish his studies at Paris, where, under the most eminent masters of the day, his progress did not belie the early promise of his genius; and he returned to Scotland a confirmed patriot, and an accomplished scholar. The latter had the pastoral charge of Libertown; yet considered it no dereliction from his duties to attend and assist in the emancipation of his country. Of his literary talents we have reason to form the highest opinion, from the circumstance of John Blair admitting him to the honour of assisting in composing the history of their far-famed friend. This work, though it now goes all under the name of Blair, was then known to have been the joint composition of these worthies. Where Thomas Gray received his education is now a matter of uncertainty; but it is highly probable that he also finished his studies along

with his friend at Paris, and returned with him to Scotland, as we hear nothing of him previous to the encounter with Fenwick. It is very probable that it was on this occasion John Blair was installed in the office of chaplain; and it is likely that he got this preference from the circumstance of the other being already provided for: as they both appear, from their learning and patriotism, to have been equally deserving of the affection and confidence of their countrymen.

Having given the foregoing brief notices of such of the companions of Wallace as are said to have been present at this engagement, the curious reader will not be displeased if we conclude this chapter with the following description of the dress and armour in which our hero appeared on that memorable day. It is from Henry, the minstrel, and is given with a minuteness which induces a belief that it is a literal translation from the work above-mentioned; more particularly as Henry professes to have drawn his information from that authentic source:—

"A habergione vndyr his goune he war,
A steyle caplyne in his bonet but mar;
His glowis of plate in cloith were couerit weell,
In his doublet a closs coler of steyle,
His face he kepet, for it was ever bare,
With his twa handis, the quhilk full worthi war."

CHAPTER IV.

Wallace agrees to a truce with the English, at the instigation of his uncle, Sir Raynauld Crawfurd. Meets with the Orphan of Lymington. Truce broken at Ayr.

The result of the affair with Fenwick was not less encouraging to the Scots, than prejudicial to the English. The valuable convoy which the latter had thus been deprived of, was a subject of serious regret to Percy; more particularly as it appeared irretrievable,—his foraging parties having already exhausted the district under his control, and reduced the inhabitants to the most wretched expedients to maintain their miserable existence. The fields remained in a great measure uncultivated; and those among the commons who were fortunate enough to possess a cow, endeavoured to conceal her, as their only resource. The poor starvling was bled as often as nature would permit; and the blood, boiled to a consistency, formed almost the sole repast of the unhappy

owners. Percy, already aware of the impoverished situation of the country, had husbanded the resources of the garrison, in order to make them hold out till the arrival of the expected supplies. Under these circumstances, his disappointment may be easily conceived, when the disordered remains of Fenwick's party arrived at Ayr without a leader, to give an account of their disaster. Every man being at liberty to tell his own story; and, as might be expected, all of them agreed in exaggerating the number of the Scots, and the gigantic stature and strength of their chief. Percy, even from the most favourable view of the affair, could easily see the embarrassing situation in which he was placed. The uncertainty of procuring supplies by land was but too evident; and to bring them by sea was equally precarious, as the Scotish fleet was still in considerable force, and had not acknowledged the sovereignty of Edward, but, in the unsettled state of their country, continued to capture all the English vessels that came in their tract. Animated with their success, the Scotish *garrilla* parties began to appear in different parts of the country, and visited the former cruelties of the English with a severity that made it extremely dangerous for them to stray beyond the boundaries of their

fortifications. Throughout the whole range of the forest of Clydesdale, Wallace and his followers held undisputed sway; and, emerging from parts least expected by the enemy, surprised and cut off their convoys. Sir Aymer de Vallence, Earl of Pembroke, who occupied Bothwell Castle, made several attempts to drive them from their woodland retreats; but all his efforts had ended in discomfiture and disgrace; while the prisoners left in their hands were hung up, at different parts, along the skirts of the forest, as a warning to all hostile intruders. These proceedings on the part of the Scots, alarmed and perplexed the English, as it kept them in profound ignorance of the numbers they had to cope with. Left to their own conjectures, their heated imaginations peopled the impenetrable recesses of the woods with swarms of fierce and merciless enemies, headed by a chief, against whose sword the strongest of their armour afforded but a feeble protection.

From the apprehensions thus excited, the English commanders found it prudent to concentrate their forces near Glasgow, for the purpose of taking such measures as the state of their affairs might require. The alarming accounts which they had all to communicate from their several stations, made it difficult to deter-

mine what quarter deserved their most immediate attention. After a variety of plans were suggested, the Earl of Pembroke urged the propriety of endeavouring to procure a truce, till such time as they could obtain such reinforcements from England as would enable them to place the country under more effectual control. The wisdom of this measure was acknowledged by all; but the great objection was, the difficulty of making the proposal, as Wallace, who appeared to be every where present for their annoyance, was no where to be found when they went in search of him; while, from the unceremonious manner in which the English were hung up who ventured to approach his retreats, few were willing to undertake the mission. Under these circumstances, Sir Raynauld Crawfurd, whom Percy had compelled to follow him to Glasgow, was applied to, as the most likely person to effect the measure recommended. It was in vain Sir Raynauld represented the difficulties he would meet with in persuading his nephew to agree to any truce which he might conceive to be prejudicial to the interests of his country; he was sternly reminded of the control which they still held over a number of his relations and dependants, and the severest vengeance was denounced against them, if he failed to procure the arrange-

ment desired. With these threatnings ringings in his ears, the old knight proceeded in search of the bold insurgent.

The head-quarters of Wallace was, at this time, in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, near Cartland, in the deep and rocky caverns of which he found places of security and concealment for the pillage taken from the enemy, as well as refuge for himself and his followers in cases of emergency. For the greater convenience of obtaining supplies of game, as well as watching the movements of the English, his men were scattered, in small detachments, over the whole extent of the forest, and connected with the head-quarters by a chain of posts, by which the slightest alarm was readily communicated to the chief. According to Froissart, all the Scots of this period were supplied with a horn, with which they sounded the alarm to each other on the appearance of danger. These horns were also used when attacking their foes; and the effect of such hideous sounds, on cavalry unused to their method of warfare, may be easily conceived. According to this author, they would make "such a hideous noise, as if all the devils in hell had broke loose." This system, when practised in such situations as they occu-

pied at this time, tended greatly to mislead the enemy with regard to their numbers.

Sir Raynauld, being known to the outposts as the uncle of their chief, found no difficulty in making his way towards the object of his journey. Observing from an eminence the appearance of smoke rising above the trees, at a considerable distance before him, he directed his steps towards it, and found his nephew and his followers, who, having lately returned from an inroad upon the enemy in the neighbourhood of Lanark, were busy in preparing for dinner. Those who may not be acquainted with the system of camp cookery in use among the Scots at this time, will not be displeased with the following brief description of it, taken chiefly from an author, who, in these, as well as other matters, displays an intimate acquaintance with the period of our history :—On four stakes driven in the ground, the skin of the animal they had slaughtered was suspended in such a manner as to contain as much water as would boil the quantity they intended to dress ; under the skin, so filled, a fire was kindled, and the beef or venison, when sufficiently done, was distributed among the different messes, who, seated on the ground, helped themselves from the large wooden troughs, or platers, which were placed before them ; the

rich liquor, or broth, that remained in the skins was then mixed with oatmeal, till it became of a consistency fit to be made into a kind of dough, of which every man had a portion allowed him. This, on a march, when cut down in slices, and toasted on a thin iron plate, with which every soldier was provided, formed a substantial and not unsavoury repast. By this simple contrivance, the Scotish army were always saved the trouble of carrying about with them those unwieldy camp cauldrons, and other culinary apparatus, with which their more luxurious enemies were encumbered.

Sir Raynauld, after partaking of the sylvan cheer and choice wines with which his nephew had it now in his power to regale him, disclosed the object of his visit, and stated the consequences that would ensue to himself and friends, if refused the boon he came in quest of. Wallace, sensible of the advantages likely to be gained if he continued to press the enemy in their present state of alarm, refused to do any thing farther than merely submit the proposal to the other chieftains. Some of them, however, took a different view of the matter, and conceived that any advantage that might be gained in the interim by the English, would be more than counterbalanced by the opportunity it would af-

ford the Scots for spreading the insurrection more extensively. This conflicting opinion, backed by the earnest entreaties of his uncle, induced Wallace to agree to the measure required.

By the truce, thus arranged, Wallace had more opportunities of mingling with his oppressed countrymen, and learning the extent of their grievances. Though many cases of individual suffering came under his notice, nothing appeared to affect him more than the desolation which had overtaken a respectable and ancient family in the neighbourhood of Lanark. Hew de Bradfoot, a zealous advocate for the liberties of his country, possessed the lands of Lymington, and left them at his death to his son, who had imbibed, with all the ardour of youth, that love of liberty so fondly cherished by his father. For some display of these patriotic feelings, he incurred the displeasure of Hasilrig, the English governor of Lanark, who found a pretext for attacking him in his castle, and put him along with a number of his friends to the sword. The house and lands of Lymington now became the right of a surviving sister. The youth and beauty of this young gentlewoman attracted the notice of the murderer of her friends; and under the pretence of a regard for her safety, obliged her to

take up her residence in Lanark. For this *protection*, considerable sums were, from time to time, levied upon her property. The cupidity of Hasilrig, not satisfied with these exactions, intended her as match either for himself or his son; and the helpless girl had no means of averting this hateful connection, but by pleading for delay, till her grief for her slaughtered kindred had abated. Every indulgence of this kind was attended by a fresh exaction on her property, till the victim of his avarice became an object of commiseration even to those who were themselves suffering under the hand of the oppressor. Henry draws a most fascinating picture of this lovely orphan; and we have no reason to doubt the assemblage of virtues and graces in which he has arrayed her person and character, particularly as he is borne out in what he says by the Prior of St. Serfs, and other respectable authorities.

While attending her religious duties at a church near Lanark, Wallace first saw this interesting female. The beauty of her person, the grace and propriety of her demeanour, added to her forlorn situation, tended to excite the tenderest sensations in the bosom of our hero. His companions observed the disquietude of their chief, and from the frequency of his visits to

Lanark, soon suspected the cause. A circumstance, however, occurred at this juncture, which in some measure, served to divide his attention with the fair object of his solicitude. A report was circulated about the country, that on a certain day a celebrated prize-fighter would exhibit himself in the play-ground at Ayr, as a general challenger. An occurrence of this kind had always great attractions for the English; and Wallace, in hopes of gaining some useful information regarding their numbers and future operations, determined to be present on the occasion. Having arrayed himself and fifteen of his most trusty associates in suitable disguises, they proceeded towards the scene of attraction. After fixing a place of meeting, they agreed to leave their horses in a place of safety at the outside of the town, and make their entry in different directions, and in such numbers as would not excite the suspicion of their enemies.

In the midst of the crowd that was collected to witness the feats of the English champion, Wallace stood, to all appearance an unconcerned spectator, till he saw several of his countrymen, who had been baffled by the superior dexterity of their more practised antagonist, afterwards insulted by the English soldiery. The feelings which this conduct excited, were displayed on

the fine expressive countenance of our hero, in such a manner as attracted the notice of the victor, who, emboldened by his success, defied him to the combat. Wallace readily accepted the challenge, and, drawing his sword, prepared for the onset. The ease and grace with which he handled his weapon, soon convinced the English that their champion had engaged in a perilous enterprise. His skill and dexterity appeared unavailing against the cool self-possession of the Scot, who, after a few passes, became the assailant; and a blow, which descended with the rapidity of lightning, laid the arrogant gladiator lifeless on the ground. This unexpected interruption of their amusement irritated the English, who crowded round to apprehend the author of their disappointment. Wallace, however, no ways appalled by the numbers with which he was environed, dealt his deadly blows around him with their usual effect; while his followers, drawing their swords, attacked those that were nearest them with a fury that spread consternation and uproar through the whole assembly. The English, seeing themselves assailed from so many quarters, conceived they were surrounded by a multitude of enemies. Wallace, always the first in the fray, according to the homely phraseology

of our author, " grete rowme about him made ;" and the enemy had already begun to give way, when an additional force from the castle made its appearance. The battle was now renewed with redoubled fury on both sides ; and our hero, whose person had by this time been recognised, became the principal object of their hostility. The few, however, who ventured within his reach, soon paid the forfeit of their temerity. Having collected his followers around him, he fearlessly advanced into the centre of the English, diminishing their numbers with every blow of his broad sword. Three of Percy's near relations fell beneath his arms ; while his followers pressed with determined ferocity upon those who attempted to surround him. From the increasing numbers of the enemy, he at last became apprehensive of having his retreat cut off, if he continued any longer the unequal contest. Placing himself, therefore, in front of his men, he ordered them to make the best of their way, while he endeavoured to keep the enemy from harassing their rear. By incredible exertions, they at last regained their post at the outside of the town, where, mounting their horses, they were soon lost to their pursuers among the shades of Laglyne wood, leaving about thirty of the English dead

on the streets of Ayr. This conflict is supposed to have happened in the early part of August, and about twenty days after the battle of Beg. None of the Scots appear to have been killed on the occasion.

CHAPTER V.

Wallace meets his uncle, and agrees to renew the truce. Truce again broke by the English. Wallace revenges the breach of it, and captures the baggage of Percy. Successful attacks on various places by Wallace and his followers.

WALLACE having thus brought off his companions in safety, felt anxious to see his uncle, and give such an explanation of the affair as would exculpate him, in case he might be charged by his enemies as being the first aggressor under the truce existing between them; Sir Raynauld being, in a manner, guarantee for the conduct of his nephew. As soon, therefore, as the darkness of the night would conceal him from the view of the English, Wallace, after leaving instructions with his followers for their future proceedings, rode off to Crosby Castle, the residence of his uncle. A herald from Percy had, however, been before him, who, without throwing any blame on the Scots as the breakers of the truce, merely required that it might still be preserved, and that Wallace should, in future, ab-

sent himself from all market towns and places where he was likely to come in collision with the English. Wallace felt considerable difficulty in agreeing to this fresh stipulation; and it was only after earnest solicitation that he so far complied as to promise to do nothing prejudicial to the English, so long as he remained with his uncle, provided they kept strictly *within* those bounds prescribed by the terms of the former agreement; and with this understanding, Sir Raynauld insisted on his remaining with him for some time at Crosby, where he would have a better opportunity of watching the behaviour of the enemy.

For the purpose of levying fresh exactions upon certain districts of the country, an extraordinary council of the English was appointed to meet at Glasgow; and Sir Raynauld, though long since deprived of his commission, was summoned to attend as sheriff, in right of his birth, either from a wish to conciliate Wallace, or from the supposition that the Scots would submit to their imposts with more patience, if some of their countrymen appeared as the assessors. The sheriff prepared to obey the mandate, and, prompted by his affection for his nephew, wished him to accompany him on his journey. In those days the accommodation for travelling was far

from being complete. The houses of entertainment, or *spadiels*, as they were then called, afforded little more than shelter from the inclemency of the weather; and travellers who came to spend the night were expected to bring their food and other necessaries along with them, particularly those who journeyed with retinues. Under these circumstances, Sir Raynauld's party, which consisted of Wallace and two stout yeomen, were provided with a sumpter horse to carry their provisions.

They had not proceeded far, before they came up with the servants of Percy, conducting his baggage. One of their horses having met with an accident, they stopped the sheriff's party, and insisted on having their sumpter horse, in order to supply the place of the one that had got disabled. It was in vain that Sir William remonstrated against the injustice of this demand; the pacific temper of the sheriff prevailed, and, though he saw the load thrown rudely from the back of the horse, and the animal carried off, yet he restrained his nephew from attempting to prevent the outrage.

In sullen indignation, Wallace continued with his party, till within a few miles of Mearns, when, unable to control his resentment, he apprized his uncle of his determination to quit the

escort, and revenge the injury they had sustained. Sir Raynauld, seeing the determined disposition of our hero, resolved to remain all night at Mearns, and, if possible, avert from himself and his friends the consequences that were likely to result from such a proceeding.

The convoy that protected the baggage of Percy consisted of five of his personal retainers, and had reached the vicinity of the little village of Cathcart, when they heard the noise of our hero's steed behind them, accompanied by two yeomen, whom they soon recognised, and readily guessed the object of their pursuit; but as there appeared but three to five, they determined not to relinquish their unlawful acquisition.

The contest, however, was soon decided; and the English, from the loopholes of the neighbouring castle of Cathcart, saw their countrymen slaughtered, and the baggage under their protection rifled or carried off without venturing to quit their stronghold. Money and other valuables, to a considerable amount, fell into the hands of the victors, who lost no time in making their way towards Glasgow, in order to cross the Clyde at that place, and thus effect their retreat into the Lennox before Percy could be apprised of his loss.

Having effected their object, they sheltered

themselves for the night in the neighbourhood of Dunbarton, and, on the morrow, proceeded towards the wilds of the Lomond. Here Wallace was joyfully received by Malcolm, Earl of Lennox, who, with a number of his trusty tenantry, maintained amid the fastnesses of that romantic district, a protracted and sometimes successful struggle for their independence. This nobleman offered to place his followers under the command of Sir William, provided he would remain among them there for the defence of the district. His mind, however, was too deeply impressed with a desire for the general good of his country to allow him to think of confining his exertions within the limits proposed. On explaining his plan of warfare to this worthy chieftain, he found no difficulty in gaining him over to his views, and inducing him to co-operate in extending the spirit of insurrection, as well as to create a more powerful diversion in favour of them who were already embarked in the cause. With this understanding, Wallace took his departure, accompanied by a number of his companions who had resorted to him on discovering the place of his retreat.

At Gargunnock, in the neighbourhood of Stirling, the English had erected a small fortification or peel, which they had abundantly supplied

with provisions; some of the Scots who secretly adhered to Wallace, observed the carelessness which sometimes prevailed in setting the watch, and how the drawbridge was occassionally left down all night, for the purpose of admitting labourers (who were still engaged about it) in the morning, conveyed the intelligence to Wallace, who resolved to make himself master of the place on the following night. Accordingly, two spies were despatched to ascertain the probability of success. Towards evening, a column of smoke arose from a neighbouring hill, which was the signal agreed upon, if the party were to advance. Wallace instantly set his men in motion, and towards midnight arrived in front of the object of attack. As they expected, the drawbridge was down, but they found the door strongly secured in the inside. Wallace, impatient at the delay this occasioned, raised an unwieldy piece of timber which lay near the spot, and running with it against the door, the fastenings gave way, with a violence that loosened the stones, not yet properly cemented, and nearly a yard of the wall, came tumbling to the ground. The porter awakened by the noise, attempted to strike him with a ponderous mace with which he was armed; Wallace avoided the blow, and before he could recover his unwieldy

weapon, laid him lifeless at his feet. Thornton, the captain of the garrison, now appeared, with the men under his command, but the Scots had got too firm footing within the fort, to be easily expelled. After a sanguinary conflict, in which the captain fell beneath the sword of Wallace, the garrison were put to the sword with the exception of the women and children, who received from the victors as much courtesy, as the rudeness of the age entitled them to expect. The wife, and three children of Thornton, after being supplied with what necessaries they required, were allowed to depart, along with the other females, who were furnished with a pass from Wallace, by which they could proceed in safety to any of the towns in possession of the English. The Scots found in the peel of Gargunnock, abundance of all kinds of necessaries, with a large sum in money, which Wallace divided equally among his followers, and after distributing what part of the stores they did not require, among his oppressed countrymen in the neighbourhood, he demolished the fortification, and proceeded with his companions on their crusade against the enemies of their country's independence.

The mortification of Percy on receiving the accounts of the capture of his baggage,

was considerably increased by the subsequent proceedings of Wallace and his partisans. An express had just reached Glasgow, announcing the fate of the garrison of Gargunnock, when another made its appearance, giving an account of the slaughter of a party of the English in the neighbourhood of Doune. Sir Raynauld Crawfurd who had been put under arrest on suspicion of being concerned in the affair at Cathcart, was now ordered before the council, and though he had been able to establish an *alibi* with regard to the offence charged against him, yet, after being strictly interrogated as to his knowledge of his Nephew's places of concealment, he was forced to take an oath against affording shelter, or holding any correspondence with him, directly or indirectly, so long as he remained under the bond of outlawry; he was also sworn to afford the English all the information in his power in order that means might be taken for bringing him to punishment.

While Percy, Sir Aymer de Vallance, and other noblemen were thus employed at Glasgow, Wallace and his followers were concerting measures, in the depths of Methven wood, for an attack on a body of English troops which were to leave St. Johnstone on the following day, in order to proceed to Kincleven Castle, headed by

an old veteran knight, named Butler, who had rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to the Scots, by the cruelties which he had inflicted upon them.

The intelligence of this intended movement was obtained by Wallace, who, having disguised himself in the dress of a borderer, got introduced into St. Johnstone under the name of William Malcolmson. The Mayor before whom he had to appear, was so well pleased with his humorous conversation, and the account which he gave of himself that he allowed him to go in search of the employment he pretended to have come in quest of. By this means he had all the facilities he could desire, for becoming acquainted with the strength and condition of the garrison. Having ascertained the intended removal of the troops alluded to, he hastened back to his retreat in the woods, where, sounding his horn, he rallied his associates around him, and found them all willing to engage in the enterprize.

Sir James Butler, who was esteemed one of the bravest old warriors among the English, had on this occasion, about a hundred choice soldiers under his command. With this force he was quietly proceeding through the thick haze of an autumnal morning, to reinforce the garrison of Kincleven; when, from behind a

rock that projected over the road, he was suddenly assailed by the Scots. The confusion occasioned by their unexpected attack, disconcerted the English commander, and before he could recover his troops from their consternation, a fresh charge threw them into complete disorder. The strength and valour of the dauntless champion of the Scots, rendered the advantage which their enemies possessed in point of numbers, of little avail. It must, however, be allowed, that the desparity in this instance, was not so great as in some former rencounters. Wallace, according to some authentic accounts, having near sixty hardy warriors under his command, most part of whom had distinguished themselves on former occasions. Karle, or Carl, the progenitor of the MacCarls, to whom Wallace had presented the *mace,* or staff of steel, which he took from the porter at the peel of Gargunnock, displayed on this occasion the most determined bravery; his formidable weapon was wielded with a dexterity, which admirably seconded the efforts of our hero. Sixteen of the English had fallen beneath the swords of the Scots. When Wallace came in contact with Sir James Butler, the conflict was of short duration, the old veteran was no match for the young patriot, and the rout became general, when the English saw

their chief sink beneath the arm of his adversary. The disordered rabble fled in the greatest terror towards Kincleven, from the battlement of which, their discomfiture had been observed, and those within, hastened to let down the drawbridge, to receive and shelter their flying countrymen. On came the confused mass of friends and foes, the shouts of the victors, mingling with the cries of the vanquished, and thundering over the drawbridge, the pursued, and their pursuers entered the castle together. The few soldiers that were in the place, could render them but little assistance in making head against so many conquerors, and the whole, with the exception of two priests, and some women and children, were indiscriminately put to the sword.

Having cleared the place of the bodies of their slaughtered enemies, and taken precautions against a surprise during the time they might remain, they proceeded to search the castle, in which they found a rich booty in money and jewels, besides a plentiful stock of provisions, and other stores. A part of this valuable pillage, they conveyed every night to Shortwood Forrest, where they prepared pits and other places for its concealment, there to remain as a resource against future emergencies.

CHAPTER VI.

The battle of Shortwood Forest. Wallace again visits St. Johnstone in disguise. Death of Fawdon.

THE nonjurors, under Wallace, were not as yet sufficiently numerous to enable him to place garrisons in those fortresses which fell into his hands; it was, therefore, wisely determined to demolish every place of strength that was likely to afford their enemies a footing in the country. Hardy themselves, and inured to the inclemency of the weather, they cared little for those comforts which were indispensable to their more luxurious neighbours. In summer, the "green wood tree" spread its leafy canopy over their slumbers, and, in winter, their robust and sinewy frames felt little inconvenience though exposed in their dens and caverns to all the rigour of the merciless elements. Such men heard with indifference, and executed with alacrity, the command which their leader gave for the destruction of Kincleven Castle. After securing that part of the iron-work which might be useful in erecting defences in their sylvan retreats, the

remaining furniture and lumber were formed into piles, and, at the dead hour of night, the conflagration rose in volumes to the sky. From the lateness of the hour, and the secluded situation of the castle, its fate remained unknown till the morning, when the smoke, which continued to ascend from the ruins, led the country people to the knowledge of the desolating vengeance which had overtaken their oppressors: the females, who had been allowed to depart before the work of destruction commenced, carried to St. Johnstone the melancholy account of their disaster.

The grief and indignation which were felt among the English, on hearing the doleful recital of the slaughter of their countrymen, induced Sir Gerald Heron, the governor of the place, to allow Sir John Butler, son of the forementioned Sir John, to follow the Scots with all the forces of the garrison, in order to revenge the death of his father. In this undertaking he was joined by his cousin, Sir William Lorans, an officer of reputation, and a great favourite with the soldiery.

Although the force under these leaders amounted to nearly a thousand men, yet, from the admirable management of the Scotish chief, they were kept in a great measure ignorant of

their vast superiority. In the forest of Shortwood, a part of which they endeavoured to environ, their provident enemy had erected a number of rustic fortifications, in the shape of squares, communicating with each other—the walls of which were made by affixing two rows of planks to the trees, and filling up the space between with thorns; each of these squares had a small opening towards the enemy, and another at the opposite side for the purpose of retreat: while the advance towards them was intersected by defences, formed in a similar manner, in order to break and otherwise intercept the approach of too great a body of the enemy—by this means, when the Scots found themselves obliged to retire for shelter to these entrenchments, they could only be pursued in broken and straggling detachments. These defences were not fully completed when the English came in sight. Wallace, therefore, in order to gain time, appeared at a distant and almost detached part of the wood with a few of his followers, leaving the rest under the command of Stephen of Ireland to complete his defences. On the approach of the English, an arrow, from the powerful and unerring hand of our hero, brought down one of the advance-guard of the enemy; this had the effect of attracting their

attention towards that part of the wood where he had stationed his little party, who also sent their arrows among the English, though not with such good effect as their chief, who continued to bring down his man as they advanced. The English having observed the opening at which Wallace made his appearance to discharge his deadly shafts, sent forward one of the most expert of their Lancashire bowmen to lie in wait for him, while the rest directed their weapons at random towards those parts where they conceived his men to be stationed. It was not long before the eagerness of Wallace betrayed him to the practised hand of his watchful enemy, whose well-aimed shaft, after grazing the collar of steel which he usually wore, stuck fast in the fleshy part of his neck. His keen eye, however, soon discovered his lurking foe, and, hurrying towards him, intercepted his retreat, and slew him in front of his companions, who were so struck with the boldness of the deed, that not one of them attempted to prevent his return to his associates. Although the Scots were generally inferior to the English in the use of the bow, yet, on the present occasion, having the covering of the wood to shelter them from the superior number and direct aim of their adversaries, they managed, by shifting their ground

as their enemies advanced, to keep up a kind of bush fight till after noon; during which time fifteen of the English had been slain by the hand of Wallace, besides a considerable number by his companions. Their arrows being all expended, and having arrived at a part of the forest where a high cleft prevented their farther retreat, Sir William Lorans advanced upon them with nearly three hundred men under his command, while Sir Gerald Heron and young Butler remained without the forest in order to prevent the escape of any of the fugitives. Wallace had just time to make a short animating address to his companions, and placing them so as to have the advantage of the cleft as a protection to their rear, they stood prepared for the onslaught. The English were astonished to find themselves opposed to so small a number of Scots as now appeared waiting their attack, and conceived they would have little else to do than surround them and take them prisoners. The determined valour, however, with which they received and repulsed their repeated charges, convinced them that the toils of the day were not yet over. Wallace, who was always a tower of strength to his friends in the hour of danger, displayed on this occasion more than his usual heroism—while the strength which nerved his

resistless arm excited the greatest enthusiasm among his followers, and spread horror and dismay through the ranks of their enemies. Sir William Lorans still urged his men on to the conflict, and they as quickly receded, when they found themselves opposed to that champion of whose strength and exploits they had heard so many appalling accounts. The battle, however, still continued to rage with unabated fury on both sides:—the English, eager to revenge the slaughter of their countrymen, and the Scots, frantic with the wrongs they had already sustained, determined to conquer or die on the spot. At this time, their dauntless chief burst like a thunderbolt amidst the thickest of the English, and, having scattered them before him, ascended a little hillock behind which they had retreated, and applying his bugle to his mouth, made the woodlands resound with a bold and animating war-note. The English leader, conceiving that this was done in derision, rallied his forces and again advanced to the attack. Wallace and his few hardy veterans were soon environed by their enraged assailants, and the battle commenced with all the rancour of their former animosities. Though the Scots fought with the most inflexible obstinacy, yet some of them from the severity of their wounds appeared unable to

continue much longer the unequal conflict. At this critical juncture, Stephen of Ireland, and those under his command, in obedience to the signal sounded by their chief, suddenly emerged from the brushwood, and fell upon the rear of the enemy with the most determined ferocity. Surprised and dismayed at so unexpected an attack, the English fled in the greatest confusion, followed by the victors, who continued the pursuit, making dreadful carnage among them, till they reached the boundary of the forest. Here the terrified fugitives were met by Sir John Butler, and those under his command, amounting to about five hundred men. This accession of force obliged the Scots, in their turn, to retreat towards their defences—the first of which was carried by the enemy at the expense of a considerable number of the bravest of their warriors; and they had the mortification to find the Scots had only retired to a second inclosure, from which Wallace, supported by Cleland, Boyd, and a few of the most resolute of his followers, made a sortie, and, after killing a considerable number, came in contact with Lorans, and at one blow clove him to the chin. His terrified followers shrunk aghast from the ponderous weapon of their gigantic adversary. Urged on, however, by Butler, to revenge the death of their

leader, the English again crowded round the little band of heroes—again they were dispersed; and Butler, who had been foremost in the attack, came within reach of the sword of the Scotish champion, which descended with a force that would have cut him to the ground, had not an intervening branch of a tree broke the force of the blow, and his followers rushing forward to his assistance carried him off before the blow could be repeated. According to some accounts, Butler is said to have been first wounded, and that Lorans was slain in attempting to rescue him from his perilous situation. Be that as it may, the English were so discouraged by the loss of one leader and the disabling of the other, that they hastily fell back upon the troops left at the entrance of the forest under Sir Gerald Heron. Here a council of war was held, wherein it was proposed to make a simultaneous attack on the defences of the Scots. During the discussion, however, which ensued on the manner of carrying the proposal into effect, Wallace and his companions escaped by the opposite side of the forest, and retreated to Cargyle wood, the situation of which afforded them more natural advantages in securing themselves from their numerous assailants.

The English, on the retreat of the Scots,

commenced a strict search after the booty taken from Kincleven castle: nothing, however, could be discovered, save the favourite steed of old Butler, which had been left behind in one of the inclosures; on this, his wounded son was placed, and the whole cavalcade returned fatigued and dispirited to St. Johnstone, leaving one hundred and twenty of their companions dead behind them. Of the Scots, seven were killed, and the rest more or less injured.

From an elevated situation, Wallace had observed the English as they retired to St. Johnstone; and though still smarting from the wounds he had received, returned at midnight to the scene of action with a number of his companions, and dug up the most valuable part of the concealed plunder, which they conveyed to their new retreat, along with whatever arms or other booty the light of the moon enabled them to strip from the dead bodies that lay scattered around them.

A few days after the above rencounter, Wallace is said to have returned to St. Johnstone in the disguise of a priest; and a story is told of his having been betrayed by a female, with whom he had become acquainted during his former visit to that place. Repenting, however, of the information she had given his enemies,

she disclosed the danger that awaited him, just in time to effect his escape. His foes, enraged at their disappointment, again set off in pursuit of him, taking along with them a slough hound to assist them in discovering his retreats. A sanguinary battle was again fought, in which Wallace lost nine of his remaining followers, and the English leader about one hundred.

In the retreat of the Scots, Wallace is said to have slain one of his followers, named Fawdon, an Irishman, whom he suspected of treason. Of this man, Blind Harry gives the following unprepossessing description :—

"To Wallace there came ane that hecht Fawdoun,
Melancholy he was of complexion,
Heavy of stature, dour in his countenance,
Sorrowful sadde, ay dreadful but plesance."

The circumstances of his death are thus narrated by the same author, who justifies the deed on the plea of necessity :—

"To the neist wood twa myil thai had to gang,
Off upwith erde thai yeid with all thair mycht;
Gud hope thai had, for it was ner the nycht.
Fawdon tyryt, and said he mycht nocht gang.
Wallace was wa to layff him in that thrang:
He bade him ga, and said the strength was ner;
But he therefore wald nocht fastir him ster.
Wallace in ire on the crag can him ta
With his gud suerd, and strak the heid him fra—
Dreidless to ground derfly he duschit dede.
Fra him he lap, and left him in that stede.

Sum demys it to ill, and othyr sum to gud;
And I say her, into thir termyss rude,
Bettir it was he did as thinkis me.
First to the hunde it mycht grite stoppyn be.
Als Fawdoun was haldyn at great suspicion,
For he was haldyn of brokill complexion.
Rycht stark he was, and had bot litill gane,
Thus Wallace wist: had he beyne left allayne,
And he war fals, to enemyes he wald ga;
Gyff he war trew, the Southron wald him sla;
Mycht he do ocht bot tyne him as it was?"

On the first view of the case, there appears a degree of barbarity in the conduct of Wallace, which is quite at variance with that affection and tenderness which he had uniformly displayed towards his followers, and one cannot help condemning the sternness of that policy which could thus deprive a follower of his life, because worn out with toil, and disabled by wounds, he could no longer keep up with his companions. But on reflection, we find the lives of Wallace and his few remaining followers placed in jeopardy, by one, who, from his reluctance to make a little farther exertion, when assured that a place of safety was at hand, gave good grounds to suspect he had become unsound at the core. It may also be remarked, that being acquainted with the places where the plunder taken from the English was concealed, Wallace had an additional reason for suspecting his motives for wishing to be left behind; and what may like-

wise be urged in support of the justice of the suspicions against him, his countryman, Stephen, who introduced him to the little band of patriots, remained the firm and confidential friend of Wallace through all his difficulties; this he certainly would not have done, had Wallace on *slight* grounds inflicted death on one who was not only his friend and countryman, but also in a manner under his protection. But so far was Stephen from feeling dissatisfaction at the conduct of Wallace, that he and Karle lingered behind, and favoured by the shades of night which had now set in, mingled with the enemy, and while their general, Sir Gerald Heron, was in the act of stooping to examine the body of Fawdon, whose blood had arrested the progress of the slough hound, Karle watched the opportunity, and gave him a mortal stab with his dagger in the throat; the cry of treason arose among the English, while in the confusion the two confederates slipped down unobserved among the underwood that surrounded them, and made the best of their way towards Loch Earne, the well wooded banks of which afforded them every chance of security. In the mean time, Wallace and thirteen of his followers, all that were now left him, made good their retreat to the deserted castle of Gask, situated in the

middle of a wood. This place, indeed, possessed few advantages that could recommend it as a desirable retreat, yet to men in their desperate situation, the prospect of shelter from the swords of their pursuers was a considerable relief; and though it appeared in a sad state of dilapidation, a number of the apartments were entire, and the court-yard was surrounded by a wall of great thickness, which, broken as it might be in some parts, would nevertheless enable them to make a tolerable defence. With this intention, therefore, they determined to secure themselves for the night, and trust to their good swords for a path through their enemies in the morning.

CHAPTER VII.

The Scots alarmed in Gask castle. Wallace kills Butler, and effects his escape to Torwood. Conference with his maternal uncle.

After the confusion occasioned by the death of the English leader had subsided, a party of forty men were despatched with the dead body to St. Johnstone; and Butler, who had so far recovered from his wound as to be able to take the field under Sir Gerald, remained, with about five hundred men, to look after the fugitives. With this force he proceeded to secure all the neighbouring passes, and to take such other methods as he thought would prevent their escape.

In the mean time, Wallace and his few remaining friends had put their place of refuge in as good a state of defence as its ruinous condition would admit; and having procured a sheep from a neighbouring fold, they kindled a fire in the court-yard, and prepared for their evening repast.

Wallace wisely considered, from the fatigue his followers had undergone during the day,

that however much they might stand in want of refreshments, yet a few hours' repose would be absolutely necessary for recruiting their wearied and exhausted spirits, and rendering them fit for the arduous enterprize that awaited them in the morning. As soon, therefore, as they had allayed their hunger, he ordered them to betake themselves to rest, while he undertook to keep watch by himself.

Surrounded by his sleeping companions, with no light but what the expiring embers afforded, the mind of Wallace became overshadowed with melancholy forebodings. Though in the late conflicts he had destroyed a great number of the enemy, yet his own little band had been almost annihilated, and in his present situation he saw little probability of filling their places with men on whom he could place the same dependence: two of his most devoted partisans, Stephen and Karle, had disappeared, and he had every reason to suppose they were either slain or fallen into the hands of the enemy. The apathy with which some of the most powerful of the nobility continued to witness the exertions of himself and his followers for the independence of their country, filled him with grief and indignation; while from the loss of so many brave friends in the late encounter, he was apprehensive his few re-

maining companions would now consider their undertaking as desperate. These reflections, aided by the consideration that he was now surrounded by a force against which his expectations of success could not be very sanguine, tended to excite the most gloomy apprehensions.

From this state of mind he was suddenly aroused by the blowing of horns, mingled with frightful yells, which seemed to proceed from a rising ground in the neighbourhood. Two of his party were despatched to ascertain the cause of the uproar; but these not returning, and the noise still increasing, other scouts were sent out, till Wallace was at last left alone without any to assist in the defence of the place, if it should happen to be attacked.

It was now past midnight, and the flame, that still lingered about the remains of the almost extinguished faggots, continued at intervals to throw its pale and flickering light on the ruinous walls of the castle, when Wallace was suddenly startled by the shadow of a human figure on the opposite wall; though broken and indistinct at first, yet the moon, which was slowly emerging from behind a cloud, rendered it every moment more palpable. From the feet to the shoulders, which was all of it that was seen, it appeared to be of uncommon dimensions; and

what more particularly rivetted the attention of the forlorn chief, a human head appeared dangling from its hand, in a way that gave it every appearance of something supernatural. While gazing with intense anxiety on this singular object, its hand was slowly raised, and the head, which it held, after striking the helmet of Wallace, fell with considerable violence among the dying embers before him. Snatching it up, he discovered, by the light of the moon, the pale and ghastly features of the "ill-fated Fawdon;" and turning towards the place from whence it was thrown, he observed a figure endeavouring to descend by a broken part of the wall. In the excitement of the moment, he hurled the head after it, and drawing his sword, hastened from the castle in pursuit of the strange intruder.

Henry, in narrating the above circumstance, gives way to his imagination, and describes it as the real apparition of the late faithless associate; but it is evident from some expressions that escape from him, that he has taken considerable liberties with his text; and in his love for the marvellous, has endeavoured to make that appear as supernatural which was never intended to be so. When stripped of the poetical embellishments with which he has clothed it, the story, from what can be collected, appears

to have been simply this :—the English on coming to the headless body of Fawdon, naturally conceived that the Scots had quarrelled among themselves ; and some one thinking it probable from the size that the deceased might be Wallace, for whose head a considerable reward was offered, took care to secure the prize. The impatience of Butler for revenge, made him think of a night attack provided they could discover the enemy ; the horns, therefore, which had been taken from those Scots that had fallen in the conflict, were made use of as a *ruse* to entrap them into the belief that it was a party of their countryman coming to their assistance. The soldier who had got the head into his possession, appears to have been one of the scouts sent in search of the fugitives ; and no doubt cager to ascertain the value of his capture, had ventured with more confidence than his companions. Disappointment at finding Wallace alive no doubt induced him to throw the head ; and the terror which his name inspired, made him likewise think it prudent to effect his retreat.

Though the horns still continued to sound, Wallace was too cautious to reply, but wandered about the forest, searching in silence for his lost companions. His efforts, however, were unavailing ; and, at the dawn of the morning, he

found himself on the verge of the forest: here he was observed by Butler, who had rode out to view the posts; to his challenge, Wallace replied; but the other, dissatisfied, drew his sword and urged forward his steed. Wallace advancing from under the shade, which partly concealed him, Butler saw with astonishment the formidable foe he was in quest of, and prepared to fall back on his nearest position; his retreat, however, was anticipated by a blow which struck him from the saddle, and before he could recover himself, the sword of his powerful antagonist had levelled him with the dust. Wallace had just reached the stirrup of his fallen enemy, when he observed an Englishman, armed cap-a-pee, advancing in full career towards him, with his spear in rest; by a dextrous management of his horse, he avoided the stroke, and whilst his foe, unable to recover himself, was hurrying past, he lent him a blow on the neck which sent him headlong to the ground. The alarm was now spread among the English, and he observed them collecting from various quarters to intercept his retreat. Urging his steed, therefore, to its utmost speed, he shot like an arrow through a straggling party of horse that seemed the least formidable—which, on recovering from their

surprise, set off in full pursuit, followed by the whole of their force.

Though, from his superior knowledge of the country, Wallace was frequently enabled to distance his pursuers, yet the keenness with which they kept up the chase obliged him several times to turn and act on the offensive. As this was always done in situations where he could not be surrounded, those that were most forward paid dearly for their temerity; whilst the suddenness and fury of his attacks repeatedly spread a panic to the rear of his enemies, from the idea that he had met a reinforcement of his countrymen. Before the shades of evening had set in, twenty of the English were strewed along the line of his retreat, and those who were foremost, had become very cautious in approaching within reach of his arm. A rising part of the ground had, for some time, hid him from their view, and when they again came in sight of him he appeared leading his jaded and breathless steed up a steep and rugged pass between two craggy precipices: though he was soon again obscured in the shades of twilight, yet from the exhausted state of his horse they saw little probability of his being able to effect his escape. Having with difficulty followed the tract of their

gallant fugitive, they found, on descending a precipitous defile, an extensive morass spread before them, far as the eye could penetrate, at the edge of which lay the steed of their late commander, expiring from the wounds and fatigue it had encountered, but the object of their pursuit was nowhere to be seen. Strong picquets were sent out in every direction, but all their exertions were fruitless, and they returned at midnight to their head-quarters without obtaining the slightest trace of the fugitive.

It has been mentioned in the early part of our history, that the juvenile years of our hero were spent with a brother of his father's, a wealthy ecclesiastic at Dunipace, in Stirlingshire; though he was withdrawn from the protection of this relative at an early age, yet he had been long enough under his roof to endear himself to all the servants and dependants. One of the former, a widow, now lived with her three sons in a secluded part of the Torwood, then an extensive forest in Stirlingshire. In the cottage of this woman, Wallace had in former emergencies found a place of concealment from his enemies, and on this occasion, about the dead hour of night, the faithful inmates were startled by the well-known signal at the

window. Never did their heroic guest appear before them in greater distress; exhausted from fatigue, faint with hunger, his armour encrusted with blood, and every part of his dress dripping with water, showed the hardships and perils he had undergone.

After quitting his pursuers at the morass, he had, by a passage unknown to them, crossed over to the other side, and made the best of his way towards the Forth. A large force of the enemy, however, occupied the bridge of Stirling, and he was therefore compelled to take the river at Camskenneth: after considerable difficulty, from the weight of his armour, he succeeded in gaining the opposite shore, and proceeded forward on his journey, satisfied that he had now got considerably the start of his pursuers.

In the neighbourhood of the house where he had now taken refuge, was a place of concealment where he had frequently eluded his enemies, when the search was too close to allow of his remaining within doors; to this retreat he now retired, after partaking of that refreshment which his situation so much required. One of the widow's sons being despatched to acquaint his uncle with his safety, and to request his as-

sistance; while another was sent off towards the scene of his late conflicts to obtain, if possible, some intelligence of his lost companions.

The morning was pretty far advanced, when Wallace was awakened from his sleep by the sound of voices, and starting to his feet, found his uncle and two of the widow's sons engaged in conversation, one of whom had been watching him during his sleep. His uncle, taking him by the arm, led him apart from the others, and began to inquire into his situation—representing to him, at the same time, the difficulties he was still likely to experience if he continued to persevere in so hopeless a cause. "Your followers," added he, "are now either slain or dispersed, and all your efforts in the district you have been in, have not procured you a single friend to replace those you have lost; the plunder you have taken has either been recaptured, or left in places where it would be madness to hazard yourself in regaining it. Besides, were you even successful, to your utmost wish, in expelling the English from our country, do you believe that so powerful, so ambitious a prince as Edward, one who is considered the most accomplished warrior of his age, would allow the laurels to be torn from his brow by the son of an obscure Scottish laird? Would

not the whole force of his mighty kingdom, assisted, if necessary, by his foreign auxiliaries and vassals, be poured upon our devoted country? Would not the inhuman butcheries which were witnessed at Berwick be again renewed in all our cities? Have we not already had too much experience of his cruelty, to think of increasing our misfortunes by a fresh provocation? Listen, therefore, my dear son, to what I am authorised to propose to you.—You are aware that those men, whose duty and interest it was to have defended our country, have submitted to our enemies; if you will, therefore, give over your fruitless hostility to Edward, and acknowledge him as your liege lord, you will, in place of skulking from covert to covert, have it in your power to become the most powerful vassal of his crown."

Before his uncle had time to explain, Wallace withdrew his arm from his grasp.—"My situation," said he, "is gloomy enough, but not so desperate as you imagine. I regret nothing that has yet happened save the loss of my gallant friends; but I know where the sound of my horn can still call forth as many resolute spirits as will enable me to revenge their fall. Those who have joined me, know that the liberty of our country is the only object I have in view;

and they also know, that I have always been as ready to expose my own life as theirs in the quarrel. The liberty which an unprincipled usurper is endeavouring to deprive us of, is the birthright we have inherited from our ancestors and which belongs to our posterity—to whom it is our duty to transmit it: if we perish in doing so, we perish in doing what is right; and that God who made us free men will avert the scenes you dread, if we show ourselves worthy of his gift. If, on the contrary, we basely surrender what we only hold in trust for our children, the galling yoke of slavery will be a just retribution for defrauding them of their sacred inheritance. As to the proposal, come from whom it may, you can acquaint them that the destruction of a single enemy of my country's independence affords me more pleasure than all the wealth which our proud oppressor has it in his power to bestow: have you forgot, uncle," said he, while his stern features relaxed into a smile, almost sarcastic—" have you forgot,

> ' Dico tibi verum, libertas optima rerum
> Nunquam servili, sub nexu vivito, fili ;'

have you forgot those sentiments which you was at such pains to impress on my mind in the halcyon days of my childhood, when peace was in all our borders, and every man sat under his

vine and fig tree, enjoying the fatherly protection of a righteous sovereign? And is there to be no effort, no sacrifice made to bring again those days to our poor distracted country?"—He was proceeding, when the old man's eyes became suffused—recollections of the past crowded upon his mind, and he threw himself on the breast of his nephew.

While Wallace was thus engaged with his venerable relative, he was agreeably surprised to see his two friends, Karle and Stephen, advancing towards him, accompanied by a son of his kind hostess. After mutual congratulations and expressions of joy, for the unexpected meeting, had passed between them, they communicated to each other the particulars of the events that had taken place since their separation; and after receiving the benediction of the priest, and returning thanks to the Virgin, they retired to consult about their future operations.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wallace joined by Sir John Graham at Dundaff; goes to Lanark; proceedings there. Various engagements with the English. Takes Lochmaben Castle.

It appears that a similar oath to that which Sir Raynauld Crawford had been compelled to take —against holding correspondence or affording assistance to Wallace—had also been forced upon his other relatives, as we find the female alluded to in the foregoing chapter made the instrument of conveying to him the proofs of his uncle's affection.

Having, by her means, been supplied with a considerable sum of money, as well as horses for himself and his companions, they set forward, accompanied by two of her sons whom she devoted to the cause, towards those districts where they had reason to expect a more cordial co-operation, than what they had experienced in the neighbourhood of St. Johnstone.

At the suggestion of his uncle, Wallace visited Dundaff castle, on his way towards his old re-

treats in Clydesdale. This fortress, with the lands of Dundaff, Strathblane, and Strathcarron, belonged to Sir David, or, according to others, Sir John Graham, an old warrior, who in his early years had recommended himself by his gallantry to Alexander the Fierce, lord high steward of Scotland, by whom he is supposed to have been entrusted with an important command at the battle of Largs. His son and heir, Sir John, received, when but a stripling, the honour of knighthood at Berwick, on account of his conduct in a border feud with the Percys of Northumberland. During three days which Wallace remained at Dundaff, he and his companions experienced the most unbounded hospitality; and the old chieftain saw with delight the feelings of admiration and friendship with which his son and their noble guest appeared to view each other, and before the departure of Wallace, Sir John, with the consent of his father, devoted himself to the cause of his country's independence by swearing fidelity to Wallace as his chief, and would instantly have set forward along with him, but it was deemed more prudent to remain with his father, till Wallace could acquaint him of the number of followers he could muster in Clydesdale; meantime, Sir John was to hold himself in readiness to join him with his

father's vassals, as soon as he should be summoned to his standard. After mutual expressions of friendship, Wallace set forward on his journey, and lodged the same night at Bothwell, in the house of one Crawford, from whom he received information of the state of the country, and strength of the enemy; and next night he reached Gilbank, in the neighbourhood of Lanark, where he remained with a near relation of his own; from thence he despatched Stephen and Karle, one to the west and the other to the north, to acquaint his friends of his situation, and appoint a time and place for their meeting him.

It seems, at this time, a report had been circulated among the English, that Wallace had been slain in a mutiny of his followers. This rumour, no doubt occasioned by the circumstances attending the death of Fawdon, had reached Percy at Glasgow, along with the accounts of the destruction of Kincleven castle, and the slaughter of Butler and the other English officers —and though he did not give it implicit belief, yet there was a degree of credit attached to it, particularly by the English in the upper part of Clydesdale, that caused him to be less taken notice of when he appeared among them.

This was particularly serviceable to him in

the visits which he now made to Lanark. We have already alluded to an attachment which our hero entertained for a young gentlewoman of that place. A degree of obscurity hangs over the history of this amour. It is supposed by those writers who have taken notice of the subject, that the parties had been privately married shortly after the battle of Beg, during the time Wallace remained in the forest of Clydesdale, and that the ceremony was performed by John Blair, but whether in the church of Lanark, or under the "greenwood tree," is nowhere stated; be that as it may, his situation was too precarious to allow him to remove her from her present residence. His visits were, therefore, made with the utmost secrecy, in such disguises, and at such hours, as would best enable him to escape the notice of his enemies. Meantime his sword was not allowed to rust; he and a few of his companions were always on the watch for stragglers from the English quarters, and as they always attacked them in situations where none could escape, their mysterious disappearance excited the greatest alarm among their countrymen. Various anecdotes are still in circulation among the peasantry of the upper ward of Lanarkshire, regarding exploits performed about this time. Among others, there

is a relation of the severe retaliation he inflicted on a party of Englishmen, who having come to the same inn at which he and three of his companions were refreshing themselves, played off a barbarous attempt at waggery, by cutting the tails from their horses. Blind Harry alludes to this circumstance, and the following address which Wallace is represented as having made to their captain before he cut him down, may be considered as no unfavourable specimen of the humour of the man.

"Gud freynd abid
Service to tak for thi craft in this tyde,
Marschell, thou art without commaind of me,
Reward agayne me think I suld pay the,
Sen I off laitt come owt of the west,
In this cuntrie a barbour off the best,
To cut and schaiff, and that a wondyr gude;
Now thou sall feyll how I oyss to lat blude."

According to some accounts, the above transaction is said to have occurred at Lochmaben, and that he was afterwards pursued by Sir Hew of Moreland, who traced them to the Knock Wood by the blood that still continued to issue from their horses; here Wallace being joined by sixteen of his followers who had been lurking in the wood, an engagement commenced, in which, though greatly superior in numbers, the English were defeated, and Sir Hew with near twenty

of his men were slain. This account is confirmed by a tradition still current in the neighbourhood, and is thus mentioned in the statistical account of the parish of Kirkmichael: "There are several indistinct remains of ancient fortifications, but no tradition about any other than a small fort in the Knock Wood, called Wallace's house, said to have been thrown up by Sir William Wallace after he had slain Sir Hew of Moreland and five of his men, at a place still named from that event, the '*sax corses*,' i. e. the six corpses, and where there are two or three large stones which seem to have been set up in remembrance of some such transaction." Though tradition may be generally relied on when it marks the spot where any remarkable occurrence has taken place, yet the circumstances connected with it are often misstated, or very imperfectly preserved: the rude defence alluded to, under the name of Wallace's house, may have been either hastily formed during the advance of Moreland and his party, as they are said to have been seen for some time before they reached the position occupied by the Scots, or the remains of some strength used in former wars, which Wallace availed himself of, in order to protect his little band from being overpowered by their numerous assailants, as we find him

immediately after his victory obliged to quit Knock Wood, as those that escaped having fled to Lochmaben castle, a force of three hundred horse were ordered to go in pursuit of him, under the command of one Graystock, an officer who had lately arrived from England with a strong reinforcement to fill up the deficiencies which Wallace had made in their garrisons. Ignorant in a great measure of the talents and prowess of the man he had to contend with, he upbraided his fugitive countrymen with cowardice, when they recommended caution to him in operations against so wary an adversary, and bent on chastising what he termed the insolence of the freebooter, pressed forward with the greatest expedition.

The Scots having supplied themselves with the horses of their slain enemies, were preparing to advance into Clydesdale, near the confines of which, Wallace had appointed to meet his trusty associates, Karle and Stephen, with those friends who had promised to join him in the defence of their country, when the formidable array of Graystock came in sight, advancing at full gallop. Wallace ordered his men to form and retreat with deliberation, taking care to keep their horses in breath, while he remained in the rear to repress any sudden attack that might be

made. When the enemy advanced, Wallace, mounted on the horse of Moreland, kept in front of them, and rode with so much deliberation, occasionally looking over his shoulder, that an uninterested spectator might have supposed he was rather leading them on, than looking out for a favourable opportunity of attacking them, while the terror of his name prevented any of them from moving from the ranks. They had thus contrived to follow the retreating Scots for some time, when Graystock ordered a movement, by which he imagined he would be enabled to surround Wallace and his little band. At this juncture, Sir John Graham suddenly appeared with about thirty horse under his command, followed by Sir Roger Kilpatrick of Torthorowold, a near relation of Wallace's by the mother's side, who, in obedience to the message by the faithful Stephen, had taken the field with twenty of his tenantry; Wallace received these worthy confederates with three cheers, and instantly set them an example by charging through the centre of the enemy; his friends having set themselves in array, set forward at their utmost speed, and soon completed the confusion he had commenced. The left wing of the enemy were thrown into the utmost disorder before the enthusiastic charge of the

Scots, and Sir John Graham was busily employed in pursuing and cutting down the fugitives, when Wallace came up with him, and represented the impropriety of killing the common soldiers when their leaders were escaping; pointing out to him, at the same time, a body of one hundred of the enemy, which Graystock was endeavouring to keep entire, and recommended, as his horse were still in good condition, to charge and disperse them. Sir John quickly arranged his little squadron, and set forward with alacrity to execute the commands he had received. Wallace, who seldom gave orders which he did not see executed, was soon in the fray. The charge of Graham had been too impetuous to be withstood; and Wallace found the enemy in the greatest confusion, and Graystock engaged hand to hand with the knight of Dundaff: the conflict for a few minutes remained doubtful, but the superior strength and dexterity of Graham soon became apparent, and the fall of the English leader was the signal of flight for his followers, who sought refuge in the place from which the Scots had lately been driven.

The victors were hastily recalled from the pursuit by the horn of their chief, who, having collected them around him, complimented them

on the valour they had displayed, and proposed that they should instantly attack the castle of Lochmaben, representing that as the garrison had already been put to flight, and that if they could reach it before the fugitives returned, the plunder of the place would amply reward the labours they had undergone. The proposal was joyfully received, and they instantly set out under the guidance of a person well acquainted with the intricacies of the country.

As their chief expected, the fortress had been left to the care of the porter and a few invalids, who were easily overpowered; and having made themselves masters of the place, they found abundance of every thing their situation required. While enjoying themselves after the fatigues of the day, the remains of their discomfited enemies were observed hastening towards the castle; orders being given for their admission, they were, on reaching the castle-yard, surrounded by the Scots, and after a short conflict indiscriminately put to the sword.

The castle, which had thus unexpectedly fallen into their hands, was deemed so important an acquisition, that Wallace thought it advisable to place a garrison in it. He then took his departure, accompanied by Sir John Graham, Karle, Stephen, and a few such worthies, for the forest of Clydesdale.

CHAPTER IX.

Crawford Castle taken by the Scots.—Hazilrig murders the wife of Wallace.—Her death revenged, and the English driven out of Lanark.—Battle of Biggar.—Destruction of the English at Ayr.—Percy and Bishop Beck defeated at Glasgow.

The castle of Lochmaben is supposed to have been the first fortress in which Wallace ventured to place a garrison; and, it is probable he was enabled to do so, in consequence of a great many in the neighbourhood having joined his standard, encouraged, no doubt, by his late success. This supposition is confirmed by the circumstance of his leaving behind him few of those who had been in the engagement with Graystock.

While the insurrection was thus spreading in Scotland, Edward was prosecuting his views against France. The accounts of the proceedings of Wallace occasionally reached him, and arrested his attention in the midst of his victories; and though he felt no immediate appre-

hension from the attempts of the Freebooter, as he was pleased to call the patriotic leader of the Scots, yet he considered him such an enemy as it was not altogether prudent to neglect.

The applications, therefore, which were made from time to time, by Percy, and others entrusted with the management of Scottish affairs, were promptly attended to, and the requisite supplies forwarded to the different garrisons, while orders were sent to Earl Warrenne to raise a sufficient army to co-operate with Cressingham in suppressing the insurgents. Part of the supplies, as has already been hinted, had reached Lochmaben before the late rencounter, and most of the other fortified places had received their quota. This had been the case with the castle of Crawford, and the garrison were regaling themselves on the occasion, when the Scots, flushed no doubt with their late success, happened to approach in their way towards the forest of Clydesdale. Wallace, having ascertained their strength, and the occasion of their merriment, by a well-concerted stratagem gained admission, and before the astonished revellers could put themselves in a posture of defence, the place was carried, and all within put to the sword. Having dismissed his followers to secure the booty taken upon the occasion, he pro-

ceeded in disguise towards Lanark, on purpose, as is supposed, to concert measures for withdrawing the object of his affections to some place where she might be less exposed to the exactions and interference of Hazilrig.

At the entrance of the town, his figure, and the extraordinary length of his sword, attracted the attention of some of the soldiers of the garrison, and one of them, after venting an insolent sarcasm, made a snatch at his weapon. Wallace evaded the attempt to deprive him of his sword, and an acrimonious dialogue ensued between them, which terminated by his striking the hand from his insulter; he was instantly surrounded by the others, and his wounded adversary, raising his buckler with his left hand, greatly annoyed him by throwing the blood which issued from the stump over his face and person. His sword, however, in spite of this novel mode of attack, was plied with its wonted dexterity and effect. His first opponents were soon scattered before his irresistible arm; yet others continued to arrive, who, unacquainted with the foe they had to contend with, rushed headlong to the conflict. Experience, however, soon taught them to be more cautious in their advances; and Wallace had placed his enemies completely at bay, when young Hazilrig came

on with a fresh party to their assistance, which enabled them to surround their brave adversary, who, noways appalled by the increasing number of his foes, fearlessly pressed forward, and with a single blow, felled their leader to the ground; eager to revenge his death, his followers were gathering round our hero on all sides, when a door facing him suddenly opened, and the hand of his fair friend beckoned him from the fray. Wallace quickly embraced the means of escape thus offered him, and the door being instantly shut against his enemies, afforded him an opportunity for effecting his escape, by an outlet behind the house. Old Hazilrig was soon made acquainted with the fate of his son, and hastening to the spot, the door was forced open, but their formidable fugitive was no where to be found. Disappointed of his revenge, he turned his fury against the fair inmate of the house; and having discovered the connection that existed between her and Wallace, in a paroxysm of ungovernable jealousy and rage, the ruthless barbarian struck his dagger to her heart. A female attendant is said to have conveyed the melancholy intelligence to Wallace, who had retreated to Cartland craigs; there, in the midst of his followers, he heard the heart-rending recital of his bereavement with a be-

haviour worthy of himself, and becoming the occasion. Thirty of his companions were instantly in arms, impatient to revenge the wrongs of their chief. At the dead hour of night, the door of Hazilrig's apartment was burst from its hinges, and the iron grasp of Wallace awaked the caitiff from his repose; having dragged him headlong to the street, after a stern reproof for his cowardly conduct, the howling miscreant received the reward due to his villany. The alarm spread, and the garrison was soon engaged with Wallace and his party, who, being joined by the people of Lanark, whom the late instance of cruelty had roused to the utmost pitch of indignation, the English, after a severe conflict, were overpowered and driven from the town.

Having thus committed themselves, the people of Lanark and its neighbourhood saw no alternative but to join heart and hand with the avenger of their country; and the numbers that now flocked to his standard enabled him to take the field openly, and bid defiance to the enemy; and so formidable was the force now under his command, that he met and defeated a considerable army of the English in a regular engagement, in the neighbourhood of Biggar. It has been alleged, both by Blind Harry and others, that Edward commanded the

English in person on this memorable occasion, but this could not have been the case, as the English monarch was not in the country at the time. That a considerable battle was fought in that neighbourhood, is sufficiently evident from tradition, and the number of *tumuli* which are still to be seen; in the statistical account of the parish of Biggar, it is thus taken notice of:— "At the west end of the town is a tumulus, which appears never to have been opened; and there are vestiges of three camps, each of a roundish figure, at different places in the neighbourhood. There is a tradition of a battle having been fought at the east end of the town, between the Scots, under Sir William Wallace, and the English, who were said to be sixty thousand strong, wherein a great slaughter was made on both sides, especially among the latter." These accounts, however, are decidedly at variance with truth, both with regard to the amount of the English engaged, as well as the person who commanded them. It is highly probable that the enemy did not amount to more than four, or at most, five thousand men, and under the command of Aymer de Vallance, at that time governor of Bothwell castle and the surrounding country, to whom, as a matter of course, the charge of the upper ward of Lanark-

shire would devolve on the death of Hazilrig; be that as it may, the consequence of this affair was a fresh accession to the strength of Wallace, who was now joined by a great many of the nobility, who had hitherto stood aloof.

At the head of what might now be called an army, Wallace appeared openly in the field, and the celerity of his movements confounded all the calculations of his foes. While the main body of his army appeared in their formidable intrenchments occupying the attention of the English, the distant garrisons were surprised and put to the sword, by an enemy that seemed to spring up, as it were, within their walls, and of whose approach they had not the slightest intimation.

While thus engaged, tidings were brought him of the proceedings of the English at Ayr, where, in a justice aire, to which they had summoned a number of the nobility and gentry of that neighbourhood, Sir Raynauld Crawford, formerly mentioned, along with Sir Neil Montgomerie, and Sir Bryce Blair, were treacherously put to death as abettors of the insurrection, without even the formality of a trial.

Indignant at this fresh instance of cruelty exercised towards his relations, Wallace, thirsting for revenge, instantly set forward towards the

scene of barbarity, accompanied by a few of his chosen confederates, and being joined by some of the retainers of the murdered gentlemen, about midnight surrounded the barns where the English soldiers were cantoned, who, indulging in a fancied security, arising from the terror which their late severity was likely to impress upon the Scots, had, after a deep carousal, betaken themselves to rest, little dreaming of the vengeance that awaited them.

Having procured a quantity of pitch and other combustibles from the vessels in the harbour, Wallace, after placing his men so as to prevent the escape of any of the English, set fire to the thatch, which, being covered with the pitch, the flames spread to every part of the buildings, and soon rose in one general conflagration, while the screaming wretches within, who had sufficient recollection to attempt an escape, were received upon the points of the Scottish swords, and either killed or forced back to perish in the devouring element. It is said that five hundred of the English suffered in this lamentable manner. The severity of the retaliation can only be palliated by the nature of the war the parties were engaged in, and the desperation to which the cruelty of the invaders had goaded on the wretched inhabitants. If tradition may be credited, Wallace did not re-

main till the flames were extinguished, for, when about two miles on his return, at an elevated part of the road, he is said to have made his men look back at the still blazing scene of their vengeance, remarking, at the same time, that "*The barns of Ayr burn weel.*" The ruins of a church are still to be seen on the spot where the chief and his followers halted to take their last look, and is named from the circumstance, "*Burn weel Kirk.*"

As he went along, he collected additions to his force at the various places where the sound of his horn was understood, so that before he was twelve miles from Ayr, their number amounted to three hundred well appointed cavalry; with these Wallace proposed making a dash upon Glasgow, where Percy, and one of Edward's fighting Bishops, named Beck, lay with one thousand men.

As they approached the place of attack, Wallace divided his little band into two, giving the command of one of them to Boyd of Auchinleck, with instructions to make a circuit and enter the town at an opposite point, and thus attack the rear of the enemy, while Wallace was engaged with the front.

With this understanding both parties moved forward, and when near the present site of the

College church, Wallace and his party came in contact with the English under the foremen-tioned commanders, and before the inhabitants had time to shut their booths, a desperate conflict commenced. Wallace in the advance of his troops was the first to meet the brunt of the enemy's charge, which he endeavoured to repel with his usual gallantry; in this he was effectually seconded by his followers, who, inspired by the presence of their chieftain, pressed forward against the superior numbers of the enemy with the most determined bravery. Though Percy fell beneath the sword of Wallace, yet the English under Beck continued to fight with the greatest resolution, and the result of the action appeared extremely doubtful, when shoutings from the rear of the enemy announced to Wallace that Auchinleck and his trusty companions had reached the place assigned them. Animating his troops to a fresh charge, the English gave back, while the confusion occasioned by the attack of Boyd, threw them into the greatest consternation; those in front being ignorant of the extent of the force that assailed the rear, while those thus attacked were equally ignorant of what was going on in front. In these circumstances, a hasty and precipitate retreat ensued, and the bye-ways leading from the High-street were so choaked up

by the flying enemy, that a number of them were trampled to death by their companions. Beck effected his escape with about three hundred men, and directed his flight towards England; while Wallace and his brave associates continued to follow a body of the enemy under the Earl of Pembroke, whom they pursued as far as Bothwell castle, killing a great many of his party in the flight, and encouraging their countrymen as they went along.

CHAPTER X.

Miscellaneous transactions.—Battle of Stirling Bridge.—Cressingham slain.—The English driven out of Scotland.—Wallace appointed Guardian of the Kingdom.—Invades England.—Returns with glory to Scotland.—Again invades England, and meets Edward at Stanmore.—Envied by the Nobility.

WALLACE did not omit taking advantage of the impression, which these successes made, both upon the English and his own followers. Having given the minds of the latter an impetus, he did not allow it to subside, but instantly turning their attention to those places that were still in the hands of the enemy, he urged them on to fresh undertakings. He surprised the castle of Dunnottar, in which he placed a garrison. Tyber, on the banks of the Tay, he took and demolished. Dundee, Forfar, Brechin, and Montrose, were either taken, or deserted on his approach by their terrified garrisons. He entered Aberdeen, which the enemy, fearful of

his coming, had set fire to, and retreated to their ships, carrying off what plunder they could take with them.

At this place, Wallace was apprised of the advance of the army under the Earl Warenne, which induced him to depart, without laying siege to the castle; moving slowly in the direction he supposed the foe would take, in order that he might have time to select an advantageous place for giving them battle. In his first choice of a position, he is said, by Abercrombie, to have been overruled by some of the nobility, who had joined him: and, as this author asserts, when the English came in sight, the Scottish army occupied a position in the middle of a morass, near Irvine, every way disadvantageous. And, what was still worse, the leaders were at variance among themselves; so much so, that one Richard Lundy, a Scotsman of rank and talents, went over, in disgust, to the English—declaring, that he would no longer remain, where nothing but anarchy existed. His desertion was speedily followed by an offer of submission from those noblemen, who were more attentive to their own safety than their country's welfare. Among these we are sorry to find the name of the afterwards renowned Robert Bruce. This example was expected, by Wa-

renne, to have been followed by Wallace and those poorer gentry that adhered to him. And it is said that a negotiation was entered into, and artfully protracted, by the leader of the Scots, till, by a dextrous manoeuvre, he extricated the army from the perilous situation in which the ignorance or arrogance of the aristocracy had involved it

Having thus accomplished this important movement, he then broke off the negotiation, and set Warenne at defiance; who, enraged at being thus overreached, eagerly followed the Scots, who continued to retreat before him, till they took up a position on the opposite bank of the Forth, near Stirling bridge. Here they appeared to wait his approach; and Warenne, having reached the brink of the river, became cautious how he should advance against so wary a foe. Having called a council of war, it was proposed by Cressingham, that the army should instantly cross the bridge, and attack the enemy. In this he was opposed by Sir Richard Lundy, who observed, that he knew Wallace too well to suppose he would wait their attack, if he had not some stratagem in reserve to make up for the disparity of numbers; and advised, if they must needs instantly fight, to lead the army farther down the river, where they would find a ford, by which they could pass with greater

facility than in front of the enemy, where their passage, from the narrowness of the bridge, could be easily disputed. Cressingham, either displeased at finding his opinion contradicted, or not placing full reliance on the fidelity of Lundy, told Warenne, that, as Treasurer for king Edward, he could not be answerable for thus wasting the money of his master in a protracted warfare with a handful of enemies, who had only to be attacked to be defeated, and who would always be formidable, provided they were never brought to an engagement. Stung by the reproach which these remarks conveyed, Warenne gave orders for the troops to cross the bridge.

Wallace, when he had allowed a number of the enemy to pass, appeared to retreat before them; by which means the bridge became crowded, from their pressing forward to join in the pursuit, when all at once, either from accident, or, as most authors say, a preconcerted plan, the bridge gave way, and the promiscuous mass of horse and foot were precipitated into the river. The horn of Wallace now sounded the charge, and the Scots rushed forward upon those who had crossed the bridge, with an impetuosity that swept every thing before it. Warenne had the mortification to behold, from the opposite shore, the devastation which had

overtaken his army, without the possibility of affording them any relief. All he did, was to set fire to the remaining part of the bridge, and by this means retard, if possible, the pursuit of the conquerors. While thus engaged, the Earl of Lennox came from an ambush behind the hills with a strong body of cavalry; and, while the astonished battalions of the English stood gazing at the fate of their companions, his snorting squadrons came down like a whirlwind among their disordered ranks. The panic instantly became general, and the whole plain displayed one extensive prospect of disorderly retreat; the confusion of which was greatly increased by the terrified fugitives throwing away their arms in order to accelerate their flight. Wallace having crossed the ford, alluded to by Lundy, the pursuit was continued with the greatest vigour. Twenty thousand of the enemy are said to have fallen in this memorable engagement; among whom was Cressingham, who was so heartily detested by the Scots, for the cruelty and oppression which marked the career of his administration, that his body is said to have been flayed on the field of battle, and his skin made into *graith* for their horses.

This battle completely cleared Scotland of her invaders, except the garrisons of Roxburgh and

Berwick, and these, also, surrendered as soon as they heard of the advance of the Scottish army. On the side of the Scots, few of any note were slain, except the brave Sir Andrew Murray of Bothwell, an early and faithful defender of the liberties of his country, and whose son, some time after, was made regent of Scotland. This battle was fought on the thirteenth of September, one thousand, two hundred and ninety-seven. According to John Major, and some other old writers, Wallace was engaged in besieging Dundee, and not Aberdeen, when he was called away by the invasion of Warenne.

In consequence of the preceding splendid achievement, Wallace was declared regent, or guardian, of the kingdom, under Baliol; and having this power conferred upon him by the unanimous consent of the people, he set about exercising it for the general good. With this view, he divided and subdivided the nation, setting commanders over every thousand, with a regular gradation of rank and authority; so that every ten men had one placed over them, who was himself subject to the next in degree above him, and so on, till it reached the Guardian himself. By this means, he could call forth, at a very short notice, all the men in the country able to bear arms, from sixteen to sixty. Hav-

ing placed the nation in this formidable attitude, he next set himself to remedy the internal distresses under which it still laboured.

From the oppression and commotions to which the country had been subjected in the struggle for its independence, the fields had, in a great measure, lain uncultivated; a famine in consequence ensued, which was soon followed by a pestilence, arising, most probably, from the multitude of putrid carcases that remained partially, if not altogether, exposed, at that sultry season. To alleviate, as far as possible, these calamities, Wallace collected a large army, with which he marched into England; rightly judging, that, by taking away so many men, a large quantity of provisions would remain for those behind; while his soldiers would escape from the contagion, and be rewarded for their past labours by the riches they would find in the flourishing regions of the south—which, having enjoyed a long interval of peace, presented an abundance of every thing desirable to the needy adventurers of the north, who considered, as they drove home their lowing or bleating prey from the rich pastures of Durham and the surrounding counties, that they were merely removing their own property, which they had been unjustly deprived of during the tyranny of

the English. Wallace advanced as far as the gates of York, and remained in undisturbed possession of the north of England, from the first of November to the first of February; during which time, his army was several times renewed; for as soon as one party had collected a sufficient share of booty, they were allowed to retire and secure it in the north, while their places were supplied by a fresh horde of hungry adventurers: by which means the spoil of England was pretty equally divided through all the districts of Scotland, and the inhabitants began to feel the comforts of returning prosperity. —Meantime no enemy appeared to disturb the operations of the invader: so great was the terror which his name had inspired among them.

Having enriched his own country with the spoils of her enemies, Wallace returned, poor in wealth but rich in fame, to behold the prosperity which he had conferred on his countrymen. This expedition, as it increased his fame among the common people, also awakened the envy of the nobles; who could ill brook the popularity of one whose actions had thrown them so much in the shade; and the praises which they heard on all sides conferred upon him, sounded in their ears like so many reproaches thrown out against themselves: who, possessing wealth and power,

either could not, or from treachery would not, do, what he, so much their inferior in wealth and influence, had taken in hand, and finished with glory to himself and honour to the country. These were the private heartburnings which arose among those noblemen, whose consciences whispered to them, that they had been either traitors or sluggards when the liberty of their country was at stake.

Meantime, Edward, still occupied in France, finding that the affairs in Britain had assumed a more serious aspect than he had contemplated, and that the war in the north could no longer be managed by deputies, he therefore entered into a treaty with France, and returned home. On his arrival, he despatched threatening letters to Wallace, full of opprobrious epithets: telling him, among other things, that his successes only arose from taking the advantage of his, Edward's, absence from the country, and that if he had not been abroad, Wallace durst not have attempted to disturb the tranquillity of Scotland, much less have ventured on an invasion of England—concluding, by calling upon him instantly to submit himself to his authority. To these observations, Wallace replied—that, in taking the advantage of his absence to regain the liberty of his country, he had done no more than his

duty; and, that the baseness lay with Edward, in taking advantage of the disunion of a free people to enslave them; as to invading England, he had done so in order to indemnify Scotland for the injuries she had so unjustly sustained; with regard to submission, as he intended, by a certain time, to keep a holiday in England, if his majesty would honour him with his company at the feast, he would there give him his answer.

Edward, who had not brought over his veteran troops from France, hastily collected a large army of militia, in order to chastise the insolence of the Scottish bravo, as he termed the Guardian. And marching northwards, with a large but ill-disciplined army, came in sight of the Scottish forces on the plains of Stanmore.

The practised eye of Edward was so much struck with the superior discipline of the Scots, and the admirable precision with which they executed the various movements, marching, countermarching, and wheeling into line, every column coming to its position with as much regularity as if it were a solid mass of iron moving on a pivot, while the commands of the general were given with distinctness, and executed with promptitude, that, afraid of the consequence of risking his fame against so experienced a captain, at the head of such troops, with the war,

inexperienced, though numerous, army he had collected, when within five hundred paces of each other, and almost ready to engage, he turned his ensigns, and slowly marched off the field. The Scots were eager to follow, but the Guardian, afraid of an ambush, repressed their ardour—telling them, that the victory which they had already gained, was the more glorious, as it was got without blood, and against the first captain of the age, at the head of an army, which, to all human appearance, was able from its numbers to have swallowed them up: concluding his address by ordering thanksgiving to Heaven for so great an interposition in their favour.

A victory thus easily gained over so powerful a monarch—a monarch, too, to whom a great many of the nobility had sworn allegiance—induced his enemies, already jealous of his great fame, to be more inveterate against him than ever, and cause rumours to be spread abroad, "*that he openly affected a supreme, or tyrannical power;*" laying hold, no doubt, of a circumstance that occurred while the army was on its march to England. Having summoned all men able to bear arms, from sixteen to sixty, to repair to his standard, some few in and about Aberdeen refused to appear; which being reported, he left the

army, then on its march, and hastening to that neighbourhood, found it necessary, on inquiry, to order them to be hung up, as a warning to others. These men, who most likely had shared in the fruits of the first expedition, and were unwilling to risk their lives where there was a greater certainty of hard blows than plunder to be got, were very likely to interest the sympathies of those nobles who had so often acted themselves from interested motives. This, and similar stories, distorted by malice, were industriously circulated, with the intent of undermining his authority with the people; while the Brucian and Cuminian factions murmured among themselves, saying, "that if they must needs be slaves, *they had rather be so under a great and potent king, than under an upstart, whose domination was like to be not only base but also dangerous.*"

CHAPTER XI.

Truce with the English.—Wallace visits the king of France.—Captures a French pirate.—Edward breaks the truce, and invades Scotland.—Wallace recalled.—Battle of Blackironside.—Various places recovered from the English.

WALLACE was not ignorant of these heartburnings and jealousies among the aspirants to the crown, and as he had already cleared the country of all the soldiers of Edward, and placed its jurisprudence on a more secure footing than what it had been since the death of Alexander, having also concluded a truce with the English for twelve months, he bethought himself of some method to allay that feeling of jealous animosity that existed towards him in the minds of the aristocracy. With this view he is said to have deputed his authority to Lord James Stewart, a man of high reputation among all parties, and to have retired to France, from whence he had received many pressing invitations. This is more than probable, from the friendship

and alliance which had existed so long between the two countries, and it was very likely that Philip should be desirous to behold a man of whose heroic actions he had heard so much, and who had likewise been the means of relieving him from so troublesome a visitor as the king of England.

On his way, the vessel, on board of which he and a few select friends had taken their passage, was attacked by a noted pirate of the name of Longueville, at that time the terror of the seas, and the Paul Jones of his day. After a desperate conflict, Wallace and his party succeeded in boarding the enemy; and Longueville, being vanquished in a personal combat with Wallace, surrendered at discretion. The gallant manner he conducted himself during the fight, gained the esteem of our hero; who discovered that he was formerly a nobleman high in favour at the French court, but had afterwards fallen under the displeasure of the king, in consequence of having killed a knight in the royal presence; for which offence his estates were forfeited, and himself banished from the court. Smarting under these indignities, he had commenced a system of piracy, for which he was outlawed, and every avenue to the royal clemency shut against him. Wallace, on arriving at Paris,

found himself so well received by the French monarch, who, no doubt, expected his assistance against the English in Guienne, that he ventured to solicit, and after some difficulty obtained, a pardon for Longueville, who had accompanied him to Paris, in disguise.

Various stories are told of the adventures of Wallace in France, but as the histories of that country are generally silent regarding them, most of our authors have considered them fabulous; and some few even carry their incredulity so far as to doubt of his ever being in France at all; but as he appears evidently, on one or more occasions, to have withdrawn himself from the country, and as those writers who doubt of his being in France have not accounted for the chasms that his absence naturally makes in his history, and have nothing to urge against his visits to that country but their *doubts*, we cannot allow their unsupported *misgivings* to stand in opposition to the recorded testimony of ancient writers, who ought to have known more of transactions so near their own day, than authors who wrote so many ages after them—particularly as the circumstance in question could serve no political or party purpose at the time, of course it could afford no temptation for misstatement. We may also remark, that the

adventure with Longueville is corroborated by traditions still existing in the country, as well as by the circumstance of a family in Scotland, not long extinct, having derived their pedigree from that brave man, who, according to the laws of arms in those times, thought himself bound to follow the fortunes of his conqueror: he is therefore said to have accompanied Wallace to Scotland, where he had lands assigned to him, for his services. The following notice of him appears in the statistical account of the parish of Kinfauns, and goes a considerable way to establish the truth of what is here related:—"In the castle of Kinfauns is kept a large old sword, probably made about five hundred years ago, and to be used by both hands. It is shaped like a broadsword, and is five feet nine inches long, two and a half inches broad at the hilt, and of a proportionable thickness, with a round knob at the upper end, near eight inches in circumference. This terrible weapon bears the name of *Charteris's sword*, and probably belonged to Sir Thomas Charteris, commonly called Thomas de Longueville, once proprietor of the estate of Kinfauns. Sir Thomas Charteris, *alias* Longueville, was a native of France, and of an ancient family in that country. If credit can be given to accounts of such remote dates, when he

was at the court of Philip le Bel, in the end of the thirteenth century, he had a dispute with, and killed, a French nobleman, in the king's presence. He escaped, but was refused pardon.

" Having for several years infested the seas as a pirate, known by the name of the Red Reiver, from the colour of the flags he carried on his ship, in May, 1301, or 1302, (by Adamson's chronology,) Sir William Wallace, in his way to France, encountered and took him prisoner. At Wallace's intercession, the French king conferred on him a pardon, and the honour of knighthood. He accompanied Wallace, on his return to Scotland, and was ever after his faithful friend, and aiding in his exploits. Upon that hero's being betrayed and carried to England, Sir Thomas Charteris retired to Lochmaben, where he remained till Robert Bruce began to assert his right to the crown of Scotland. He joined Bruce, and was, if we may believe Adamson, who refers to Barbour, the first who followed that king into the water, at the taking of Perth, January 8, 1313.

" Bruce rewarded his bravery by giving him lands in the neighbourhood of Perth, which appear to be those of Kinfauns, and which continued in the family of Charteris for many years. It is to this ancient knight, and to the antique

sword abovementioned, that Adamson refers, in those lines (Book VI.) of his Muse's Threnodie:

> ——————'Kinfauns, which Thomas Longueville
> Some time did hold, whose ancient sword of steel
> Remains unto this day, and of that land
> Is chiefest evident.'"

"About forty years ago, upon opening the burying vault under the aisle of the church of Kinfauns, erected by this family, there was found a headpiece, or kind of helmet, made of several folds of linen, or some strong stuff, painted over with broad stripes of blue and white, which seems to have been part of the fictitious armour wherein the body of Thomas Longueville, or Charteris, had been disposed."*

Whatever services Wallace and those Scots that were with him, may have rendered the king of France, that monarch does not appear to have felt much regard for the situation of his ancient allies; for though the French, when hard pushed by the armies of England, had often experienced effective succours from the Scots, yet these adepts in diplomacy would often conclude beneficial treaties for themselves, and leave the Scots single-handed to contend with

* Vide Historical Annotations on Blind Harry's Wallace, published at Perth a few years ago.

all the forces of their powerful adversary, even when the Scots had entered upon the war in order to assist them. Treaties of this kind had been twice concluded by the French during the present struggle, in neither of which were their old friends included; and it is very probable, that one of the Guardian's reasons for proceeding to France was to remonstrate against this part of their policy.

It was not long, however, before his country required his services in another capacity. Edward, who was not ignorant of the envious feelings with which the most powerful of the Scottish barons regarded their illustrious countryman, and making his conduct in France a pretext for breaking the truce, in the following spring, having collected a large army, once more entered Scotland, and overran a great part of it. A messenger having been dispatched to France, Wallace, in obedience to the request of his country, soon after landed privately in Scotland with a few friends, and showing himself to his old associates, raised their drooping spirits, and a few successful attempts which he made against some places which had fallen into the enemy's hands so encouraged them, that in a short time he found himself at the head of a very formidable army; with part of this force

he attacked and defeated a considerable body of the enemy near the then beautiful forest of Blackironside, so says Abercrombie, in which he coincides with Blind Harry, whom by the bye, he affects to underrate, although the principal incidents in his narrative are borrowed from him.

After the affair of Blackironside, Wallace, who seldom remained long in one place, attacked and retook the castles of Airth and Lochleven; in these undertakings he received considerable assistance from Longueville, who, along with Sir John Graham, was always in close attendance on our hero in all his situations of difficulty or distress.

These, however, were only trifling advantages, and chiefly gained over those disaffected Scots, who, from fear or interested motives, were inclined to take part with the invaders. The grand army of Edward, amounting to one hundred thousand men, remained entire, and continued their progress through the country, laying it waste wherever they came, and slaying those who refused to take the oath of allegiance to the invader. Wallace, in the meantime, as Guardian, ordered all the inhabitants to retire beyond the Forth, with all their cattle, and whatever else they could take with them, leav-

ing as little behind them as possible that might be useful to the enemy. Edward following the tract of the retiring population, advanced as far as Falkirk, where he came in sight of the Scottish army, amounting to thirty thousand men, under the command of John Cumyn Lord of Badenoch, John Stewart of Bonkle, brother to the Lord of Bute, who headed the tenantry in the absence of their chief, and Sir William Wallace, three of the most powerful men in the country; the two former for their birth and influence; the latter from the great fame of his military achievements. The two armies, having taken up their positions, betook themselves to rest for the night; Edward elated at having it now in his power, as he imagined, to finish the war by a single battle.

CHAPTER XII.

Battle of Falkirk.—Conference betwixt Wallace and Bruce.

The Scottish army consisted of three divisions, of ten thousand men each, under the foremen-tioned commanders; who, having placed their pikemen in front, and filled up the space between the three bodies with archers, saw with apprehension the great superiority the English possessed in cavalry. In order, therefore, to secure themselves as much as possible from the impetuosity of their charges, they placed palisadoes, tied together with ropes, along the front of their line. In this disposition, and on the brink of engaging, an imprudent and unfortunate disagreement arose among the leaders. Stewart insisted upon taking command of the army, being, as he conceived, entitled to that honour, as the representative of his brother, who was Lord High Steward of Scotland. Cumyn, claiming it in his own right, on account of high birth, and near relationship to the crown. And Wallace, as Guardian of the kingdom, refused to admit the pre-

tensions of either to a post which he, as representative of their absent sovereign, conceived himself every way entitled to, even though he had not earned that honour by former services. Stewart, in the heat of the altercation, upbraided him with the lowness of his birth, and with encroaching upon the rights of the nobility, which reminded him, he said, "of the owl, in the fable, who, having borrowed a feather from one bird, and a feather from another, became vain of his plumage, and endeavoured to lord it over his betters. The application is not difficult," continued he, "for if every nobleman in Scotland were to claim his part of those vassals which now follow your banners, your own personal retainers would make but a sorry appearance in support of your present highflown pretensions." Wallace heard, with stern composure, these ill-timed remarks of the haughty chieftain. "I am not ignorant," said he, "of the source from whence this insulting language has originated; and since you, my Lord, condescend to utter their sentiments, you may also be induced to imitate their example; and even this" glancing a look of indignation at Cumyn, "I am not altogether unprepared for. Your fable of the owl, my Lord, is not quite applicable, for I always showed myself in the face of day, asserting

the liberty and independence of my country; while some others, like owls, courted concealment, and were too much afraid of losing their roosts to leave them for such a cause. As to my followers, I wish no man to follow me who is not sound at the heart in the cause of his country; and either at the head or in the ranks of these, I will always consider it my glory to be found. In the mean time, till it appear who are entitled to that character, I will make an alteration in my position." So saying, he removed those under his command to a strong position, on the face of a hill immediately behind.

Edward, as if aware of the feud that existed in the Scottish camp, and though suffering from the effects of a bruise, occasioned by his horse trampling upon him in the night, ordered the Earl of Hertford to advance, with a body of thirty thousand men, to attack the division under Cumyn; who, on seeing them approach, turned his banners, and marched off the field, leaving Stewart and his Brandanes, (as the inhabitants of Bute were then called,) with a few others who adhered to him, exposed to all the fury of the charge. They sustained it, however, with the firmest resolution; but the great mass of assailants, with whom they were engaged, left them little chance of success. Stewart, in

the early part of the battle, while giving orders to a body of archers, was thrown from his horse, and slain. His followers, however, far from being discouraged by the loss of their chief, continued the conflict with the greatest bravery. Macduff, grand-uncle to the Earl, or Thane, of Fife, with a great part of the retainers of that family, were cut off, in their endeavours to retrieve the fortunes of the day. Numbers, however, forced their way through the ranks of the English, and joined the division under Wallace. This was observed by Edward, who, impatient at the resistance he had already met with, ordered Robert Bruce and the Bishop of Durham to advance with the forces under their command. While Wallace was intent on covering the retreat of his unfortunate countrymen, Bruce made a circuit about the hill which he occupied, and, gaining the ascent, obliged him to quit his position, and endeavour to force his way through the enemy beneath. The charge of this fresh body of Scots, composed of the stoutest and best disciplined warriors in the country, was but ill sustained by the division they attacked, which, giving way before their impetuous descent, was thrown into confusion; and Wallace, availing himself of their disorder, directed his troops to cross the Carron,

and occupy a position which commanded the ford; in the mean time, with a small but choice body of his friends, he kept in the rear to cover the retreat, and charged and repulsed those that were most forward in the pursuit. In one of these efforts, Wallace advanced alone from the midst of his little band, and with a single blow, slew a knight templar, named Brian, * of high military renown, who had shown himself most active in the pursuit. This action rendered the others more cautious in their approaches, and Wallace would have effected his retreat before the arrival of Bruce, and those under his command, had not Sir John Graham, giving way to a gallant but an imprudent ardour, advanced too far among the enemy, where he was surrounded and slain. Wallace saw, with grief and indignation, the fate of his noble friend, and spurring his steed among the thickest of the enemy, was inflicting severe vengeance, when Bruce hastily advanced to engage him.

* Authors are at variance with regard to this Warrior, some call him *Frere Brian Jay*, others, *Briangy;* and some again are not wanting, who derive his pedigree from a French family, of the name of *Berenger:* whatever his descent may be, it is more than probable, that he was the identical Brianus, *preceptor templi in Scotia*, who, according to Rymer, swore fealty to Edward I. in Edinburgh Castle, July 1291, after the convocation at Brigham; and his example appears, by *the same* authority, to have been followed by those under his control, particularly by *John de Sautre, Maister de la Chivaleric de templi en Ecosse.*

Enraged at the sight of a man whom he considered a traitor to his country, by the effectual aid he was lending her oppressors, Wallace met his attack by a blow, which, though it missed his antagonist, yet brought horse and rider to the ground, and wheeling about, followed his retreating army, which had, by this time, reached the opposite side of the river; he himself being the last that crossed over—this he effected with great difficulty, from the influx of the tide, and the weakness of his horse, which is said to have been so worn out with the fatigues of the day, and the wounds it had received, that the noble animal expired as soon as it had placed its master beyond the reach of his pursuers. By the attention of his trusty follower, Karle, who stood an anxious spectator of the dangers of his chief, Wallace was furnished with a fresh horse; and, while the two friends, as they moved slowly along the banks of the river, were gazing with silent and sorrowful interest at the scene of carnage they had left, Bruce, from the opposite bank, having recognised the Guardian, raised his voice and requested an interview; this was readily granted, and the two warriors approached each other, from opposite sides of the river, at a place, narrow, deep, and rocky. When on the margin of the stream, Wallace

waved his hand to repress the curiosity of his followers, while he eyed his misled countryman with stern but dignified composure. Bruce felt awed by the majestic appearance and deportment of the patriot, and his voice, though loud, became tremulous, as he thus addressed him: "I am surprised, Sir William, that you should entertain thoughts, as it is believed you do, of attaining to the crown of Scotland; and that with this chimerical object in view, you should thus continue to expose yourself to so many dangers. It is not easy, you find, to resist the king of England, who is one of the greatest princes in the world. And were you even successful in your attempts, are you so vain as to imagine that the Scots will ever suffer you to be their king." The Guardian did not allow him to say more. "No!" replied he, "my thoughts never soared so high, nor do I intend to usurp a crown I very well know my birth can give me no right to, and my services can never merit; I only mean to deliver my country from oppression and slavery, and to support a just cause which you have abandoned. You, my lord, whose right may entitle you to be king, you ought to protect the kingdom, 'tis because you do it not, that I must, and will, while I breathe, endeavour the defence of that country I was born to serve,

and if providence will have it so, to die for. As for you, who, in place of exerting your talents to turn the tide of battle in your country's favour, choose rather to live a slave, if with safety to your life and fortune, than free, with the hazard of losing the latter, you may remain in possession of what you so much value, while the hollow praises of our enemies may blind you to the enormity of your conduct; but remember, my lord, they whom you are thus aiding to bind the yoke of slavery on the necks of your countrymen, will not long consider that conduct praiseworthy in you, which they would condemn as infamous in themselves; and if they are successful in rivetting our chains, you will find your reward in the well-earned contempt of the oppressor, and the hearty execrations of the oppressed. Pause, therefore, my lord, and reflect: if you have but the heart to claim the crown, you may win it with glory, and wear it with justice; I can do neither, but what I can I will, live and die a freeborn subject." These generous sentiments, uttered in a clear, manly, and determined tone of voice, came home to the heart of Bruce, with all the sternness of deserved reproof; and he was about to reply, when the ringing of harness, followed by the appearance of a number of helmets, overtopping the ridge

of a neighbouring hillock, made it prudent to break off the conference.

These are the particulars of this memorable battle, which are related with some trifling variations, by most, if not all, of our old Scotish historians. Modern commentators, however, consider themselves justified in denying some of the material points; particularly the feud among the leaders, the presence of Bruce in the engagement, and consequently his conference with Wallace. Their objections are chiefly founded on the authority of Hemingford and Trevit, two English monks, who are said to have had their information from eye-witnesses; this may be all very true, but when we find one of them (Hemingford) asserting that "*fifty thousand Scots were slain in the battle, many drowned, three hundred thousand foot taken prisoners, besides a thousand horse,*" we may reasonably suppose the possibility of these *eye-witnesses* being so much occupied in counting their killed and captured enemies, that matters of such comparatively trifling importance may not have had the requisite share of their attention. Lord Hailes, however, lends the weight of his highly respectable name in support of the authority of these romancers of the cloister, and thus expresses himself on the points in question: "It would

be tedious and unprofitable to recite all that has been said on this subject by our own writers, from Fordun to Abercrombie, how Wallace, Stewart, and Comyn quarrelled on the punctilio, of leading the van of an army, which stood on the defensive; how Stewart compared Wallace to an owl with borrowed feathers; how the Scotish leaders, busied in this frivolous altercation, had no leisure to form their army; how Comyn traitorously withdrew with ten thousand men; how Wallace from resentment followed his example; how, by such disastrous incidents, the Scotish army was enfeebled, and Stewart and his party abandoned to destruction. Our histories abound with trash of this kind, there is scarcely one of our writers who has not produced an invective against Comyn, or an apology for Wallace, or a lamentation for the deserted Stewart. What dissentions may have prevailed among the Scotish commanders, it is impossible to know; it appears not to me that their dissentions had any influence on their conduct in the day of battle. The truth seems to be this: the English cavalry greatly exceeded the Scotch in numbers, were infinitely better equipped, and more adroit: the Scotish cavalry were intimidated and fled; had they remained on the field they might have preserved their

honour, but never could have turned the chance of that day. It was natural, however, for such of the infantry as survived the engagement, to impute their disaster to the defection of the cavalry; national pride would ascribe their flight to treachery, rather than to pusillanimity. It is not improbable that Comyn commanded the cavalry, hence a report may have spread that Comyn betrayed his country, the report has been embellished by each successive relation. When men are seized with a panic, their commander must from necessity, or will from prudence, accompany them in their flight. Earl Warrene fled with his army from Stirling to Berwick, yet Edward did not punish him as a traitor, or a coward.

"The tale of Comyn's treachery, and Wallace's ill-timed resentment, may have gained credit, because it is a pretty tale, and not improbable in itself; but it always amazes me that the story of the *Congress* of Bruce and Wallace, after the battle of Falkirk, should have gained credit; I lay aside the full evidence which we now possess, that Bruce was not at that time of the English party, nor present at the battle; for it must be admitted that our historians knew nothing of those circumstances, which demonstrate the impossibility of the *Congress*; but the wonder is,

that men of sound judgment should not have seen the absurdity of a long conversation between the commander of a flying army, and one of the leaders of a victorious army. When Fordun told the story, he placed 'a narrow but inaccessible glen' between the speakers; later historians have substituted the river Carron, in place of an inaccessible glen; and they make Bruce and Wallace talk across the river, like two young declaimers from the pulpit, in a school of rhetoric."

With all due deference to his Lordship, we conceive that the strength of his first objection lies chiefly in adhering too literally to the words "*leading the van*" made use of by some of our old writers; others who mention the quarrel, do not so express themselves. Now we do not see any thing so very improbable, in a discussion arising among three chiefs, who considered themselves independent of each other, about who should have the supreme command in directing the operations of the day, which, we presume, is all that we are to understand in this instance by "*leading the van.*" The obvious advantage of having a commander-in-chief, on so momentous an occasion, could not have escaped the merest tyro in military tactics; and that no person was appointed to this office, even

his lordship does not deny. That Wallace, from past services, as well as from being Guardian of the kingdom, had reason to consider himself entitled to this distinction, cannot be disputed; and it is not likely, from the talents and foresight he had displayed on former occasions, that he would have come to the field against so powerful and experienced an adversary, without having previously formed some plan for conducting the operations of the day, so as to counteract the great superiority of force, which the English monarch had brought intothe field. The thwarting of his plans, by the envy and hauteur of his colleagues, affords a plain and obvious solution of his conduct; and his resignation of the guardianship after the battle, (which his lordship does not deny,) very strongly corroborates the account given by our Scotish Historians, of the treatment he received on the field; and this treatment must have been attended with circumstances which convinced him of the utter hopelessness of his being able to direct the resources of the country to advantage:—strong indeed must have been the reasons which induced this brave, intrepid, and prudent pilot, to relinquish the helm of affairs, at so critical a juncture. That this unfortunate animosity existed, we have the most ample testimony, and though his

lordship conceives it to have been so very trifling in its nature, as not to influence the parties in the discharge of their duty, yet we have respectable and incontrovertible evidence, that it not only did so, but was the principal, if not the sole cause, of the disasters which overwhelmed the country. Wintoune thus expreses himself on the occasion:—

For dyspyt and gret enwy
The Cwmyny's kyn all halyly,
Fyrst left the feld, and as behowyd,
Syne Willame Walayis hym remowyd,
For he persawyd gret malys
Agayne hym scharpyd mony wys.

And again,

Before than couth na man say,
Na nevyr wes sene before that day;
Sa hale wencust, the Scottis men,
Na it had noucht fallyn then;
Had noucht falshed and envy
Devysyd them sa syndryly.

Here is no national pride interfering, to conceal the extent of the discomfiture of the Scots; and it is surprising his lordship should conceive that they should think it necessary to invent what he calls a "*pretty tale,*" for the purpose of soothing the national feelings. Thirty thousand Scots, we presume, may be defeated by ninety or a hundred thousand English, without being *very* much disgraced by the affair. Whereas,

the English may have been silent on a circumstance which tended to diminish the glory of their victory, even had it come to their knowledge, which it might have done, through the means of some of those *three hundred thousand prisoners,* mentioned by his lordship's favourite authority.

That Comyn commanded the cavalry, is merely a conjecture of his lordship's; but allowing it to have been the case, we conceive there is a material difference between a leader joining in the general flight of his army, and one riding off with part of the forces and leaving the rest to stand the brunt of the engagement. If Warrene had acted so, we presume he would either have been punished as a traitor, or cashiered as a coward. That Comyn was afterwards elected one of the regents of the kingdom, affords no satisfactory evidence of his having acted correctly. He was at the head of the only entire body of troops in the country, and his faction unbroken; of course there could be no opposition to his election. And the wonder is, considering the ambition of the man, that, under these circumstances, he was not appointed sole regent, in place of sharing divided authority with two men both his inferiors in point of birth and influence.

We cannot see any great improbability of the "*congress*" (as his lordship calls it) having taken place in the manner described, provided that *Bruce was present.* Wallace had already secured his troops from immediate pursuit. Bruce might think it a favourable opportunity to palliate his conduct at Irvine; and Wallace, who was seldom afraid to come in juxtaposition with his man, might have been easily induced to stand when he hailed him. His lordship's objection is founded chiefly on the length of the conversation; now, if any one will peruse it, even in the most verbose of our historians, he will find that it could not have occupied more than five minutes, which certainly cannot be called "*a long conversation,*" or, at least, so long as to afford any thing like a feasible objection to its occurrence. As to Fordun placing "a narrow inaccessible glen" between the parties, it does not in the least affect the credibility of the account. Few glens are to be found in Scotland without a river or stream of some description running through them; and in speaking of any of these it is no uncommon thing for one person to allude to the glen, and another to the river or stream so connected with it.

That all our ancient authors should agree in the circumstance of Bruce being present at the

battle is very singular, provided he was not there. How they should all be in this state of ignorance is rather unaccountable, considering the facilities they had of informing themselves, as some of them must have wrote from authority, if not of eye-witnesses, at least of those who derived their accounts from such. It is not at all likely that Bruce, who is universally acknowledged to have been a monarch of great political sagacity, would have allowed a tale, so likely to injure him in the opinion of his subjects, to get into general circulation, while the contrary statement, *if true,* would have tended to exalt him in their estimation. There appear so many irreconcilable circumstances involved in the belief of this opinion, that we feel much inclined to suspect some little discrepancy in the evidence to which his lordship so confidently alludes ;* more particularly, as Wintoune,

* Among the various documents which his Lordship appears to consider authentic is the following, which he thus introduces :—

"I have seen the title of a public instrument, which runs thus: 'Acte contenant les responses faites par Pierre Flotte, Seigneur de Revel, commis par le Roy (de France) pour traitter et conferer avec les Ambassadeurs Anglois, touchant l'execution du traite de treve et reparation des infractions d'icelle. Simon de Meleun l'arbitre nomme par le Roy offrit au Roy d' Angleterre de delivrer tous les prisonniers Anglois en rendant par lui le Roy de Escosse et son fils, et les Escossois detenus en Angleterre et ailleurs, ou les mettant en la garde d'un prelat Francois qui les gardera soubs le nom du Pape pendant que le Pape jugera de leur differend.' The original, if extant, might serve to explain several circumstances respecting this treaty, particularly

whose authority is highly appreciated by all writers, is so very pointed in asserting the presence of Bruce in the English army. His words are,

"Bot yhit the lele Scottis men,
That in that feld ware feychtand then,
To gyddyr stwd sa fermly,
Strykand before thame manlykly,
Swa that nane thare thyrl thame mycht;
Bot Robert the Brows than wyth a slycht,
(He thare wes wyth this kyng Edwart
Set he oure Kyng wes eftyrwart,)
Wyth Schyr Anton the Beck, a wyly man,
Of Durhame Byschape he wes than,
About ane hill, a well fere way,
Owt of that stowre than prikyd thay,
Behynd bakkis alsa fast,
Thare thai came on and layid on fast;
Swa made thai the dyscomfytowre."

Here our author, not satisfied with stating that "*Robert the Brows*" was with "*King Edwart,*" but in order to establish the identity of the person, and guard against his being confounded with the elder Robert Bruce, or any other of the name, he says expressly

"*Set wes oure kyng eftyrwart.*"

hat Edward Baliol was in captivity together with his Father, and that the Pope proposed himself as umpire between Edward I. and his disobedient vassal."

Now, the above is all good modern French, and the orthography exactly as at present, with the exception of the following words, *responses*, *traitter*, *Escosse*, *soubs*, which appear to have had their spelling antiquated a little, to give the document a venerable air; it has, on the whole, a very clumsy appearance, and shows that it cannot be older than the 17th century. Now, if the "*full evidence*" referred to, be liable to similar objections, it will not appear very surprising that our old writers should have been so much in the dark respecting it.

Now, such scrupulous exactness as this, on the part of so respectable an authority, ought to be pretty conclusive of the matter in dispute, particularly when placed in opposition to the conjectures of modern writers, who had not the same opportunities of informing themselves as one who was almost contemporary with the transactions he relates. However, as the talents which lord Hailes has displayed in his researches into Scotish history, are held by the public in great and deserved estimation, and though it is with reluctance we differ from one whose opinions, in general, are entitled to so much credit, yet, as we find him in this instance at variance with most, if not all, of our ancient historians, we have thought it our duty, in the preceding pages, to endeavour to lay both sides of the question fairly before the reader, in order that he may be able to form his own opinion of the matter.

CHAPTER XIII.

Wallace visits the field of battle, and discovers the body of Graham.—Burns Stirling, and retreats to the Torwood.—Factions among the Scots.—Wallace resigns the Guardianship.—New Regency appointed.—Wallace, at the head of his friends, continues to harass the enemy.

The retreat of Wallace from the field of Falkirk, has justly been considered as a masterpiece of generalship. The Cavalry of the English which amounted to seven thousand, three thousand of whom were armed *cap-a-pee*, and four thousand were of a lighter description, afforded Edward ample means for pursuing and cutting off the retreat of the Guardian. That an army, almost destitute of cavalry, should have effected their escape from troops so numerous and so well appointed, and headed by one of the first generals of the age, is truly astonishing; and we can only account for it by supposing, that the English must either have suffered severely in the action, or that the conduct displayed by Wallace was such as awed them from the attempt.

According to Blind Harry, Wallace, after having withdrawn his troops to a place of safety, returned to the field of battle, in order to search for the body of his friend, Sir John Graham: the English having by this time removed to Linlithgow.

Considering the great affection our hero entertained for this accomplished warrior, the circumstance is not altogether improbable. The high value he placed on his service was such, that, in speaking of him, he used to designate him as his "*right hand.*" The regret which he felt at his death, was, no doubt, embittered by the reflection, that his friend might easily, from the state of the wounds which he had received at the affair of Black Ironside, have absented himself from the battle of Falkirk, without the slightest injury to his reputation. His death, however, was a serious injury to the cause of his country. The distress of Wallace, on seeing the dead body, is thus finely depicted by the forementioned author:—

"The corse of Graym, for whom he murned mast,
When thae him fand, and gud Wallace him saw,
He lychtyt doun and hynt him fra thame aw
In armyss up, behaldand his paill face;
He kyssyt him, and cryt full oft 'Allace!
My best brothir in warld[illegible] euir I had!
My afald freynd quhen [illegible]hardest stad;
My hop, my heill, thow was in mais honour!
My faith, my help, my strengthen in stour,

In the was wit, fredom, and hardiness! *
In the was treuth, manheid, and nobilness!
In the was rewll, in the was governans!
In the was virtue, with outen warians!
In the lawty, in the was gret largnas!
In the gentrice, in the was steadfastnas!
'Thow was gret cause off wynoyng off Scotland!
Thocht I began and tok the war on hand;
I wow to God, that has the warld in wauld,
Thi dead sall be to Southeron full dear sald;
Martyr thow art, for Scotlandis rycht and me!
I sall the wenge, or ell's therfor sall dei'
Was na man thar fra wepyng micht hym refrain,
For loss of hym quhen thai hard Wallace pleyn;
Thai caryit hym wyth worschip and dolour,
In the Falkyrk graithit hym in sepultour. †

In this monody we have a highly finished portrait of a warrior and gentleman, and the assemblage of rare and shining virtues, which are here said to have met in this illustrious individual, has never been denied or depreciated by the most fastidious of our critics; while all our historians bear uniform testimony to the correctness of the character here given of him.

* His Grace the Duke of Montrose, (one of whose titles is Viscount Dundaff,) possesses an antique sword, on which is the following inscription:—

SIR IONE YE GRAME, VERRY VICHT AND WYSE,
ONE OF YE CHEEFS RELIEVIT SCOTLAND THRYSE.
FAVGHT VITH YS SVORD, AND NER THOUT SCHAME,
COMMANDIT NANE TO BEIR IT BOT HIS NAME.

The Duke is also proprietor of Dundaff, where Sir John Graham of Dundaff's Castle, is seen in ruins.

Notes to Nimmo's history of Stirlingshire.

† The following corroborates very strongly what our author says regarding his interment at "Falkyrk." The gravestone of Sir John

Having discharged this duty to his departed friend, Wallace rejoined his followers in the Torwood, and on the following night, he is said

de Graham is in the Churchyard of Falkirk, having the following Latin motto, with a translation :—

MENTE MANUQVE POTENS, ET VALLAE FINVS ACHATES;
CONNITOR HIC GRAMVS, BELLO INTERFECTUS, AB ANGLIS.
XXII. JVLII ANNO 129S.

Heir lyes Sir John the Grame, baith wight and wise,
Ane of the Cheefs who rescewit Scotland thrise,
Ane better Knight, not to the world was lent,
Nor was gude Grame of truth and hardiment.

While some of Cromwell's troops were stationed in Falkirk, an Officer desired the parochial Schoolmaster to translate the Latin; this he did as follows:—

Of mind and courage stout,
Wallace's true Achates;
Here lies Sir John the Grame,
Felled by the English Baties.

There are now three stones upon the grave; when the inscription on the first had begun to wear out by the influence of the weather, a second was placed above it, with the same inscription; and a third was lately added by William Graham, of Airth, Esq. At a little distance, upon the left, is an unpolished stone, said to cover the remains of the gallant Knight of Bonkill.

Nimmo's history of Stirlingshire

With regard to the Knight of Bonkill being buried in Falkirk, we are inclined to be a little sceptical, not so much from the silence of the Minstrel, as from the great probability of his having been conveyed to Bute by the surviving tenantry of that island. In a small ruinous chapel, about half a mile west of Rothesay, there is still to be seen all that remains of "*the auld Stewarts of Bute*" where amidst a number of dilapidated monuments, well worth the attention of the antiquary, appears a stone figure, of the gallant Knight of Bonkill, in the complete armour of the 12th century. In a recess in the opposite wall, there is also to be seen another figure representing *Jean M'Rorey, heiress of Bute*, who married Alexander Stewart, father of the forementioned Knight. The present noble proprietor, whose family came to the possession of Bute in the reign of Robert II. has expended

to have broke into the English camp, on Linlithgow muir, and after killing a number of the enemy, and spreading alarm through the whole of their army, effected his retreat without losing any of his men.

Edward, incensed at the frequency with which these night attacks were repeated, determined to pursue the Scots with his whole forces. His nimble adversaries retired before him, and having burned Stirling, continued to waste the country as they went along, so that the enemy were put to the greatest inconvenience from the want of forage for their numerous cavalry.

While the Guardian and his little army of Patriots were thus engaging the attention of the invader, Comyn and the partizans of Stewart were loud in their expressions of disapprobation of the conduct of our hero: the latter charging him with the loss of the battle, by his refraining to assist Stewart till it was too late; and the former, conscious of his own misconduct, and in order to supply something like a pretext for his treacherous desertion of his countrymen, became outrageously clamorous against him: charging him with an intention of usurping the

a few shillings in making repairs about the walls where these figures are reclining. It is, however, to be regretted that a little more attention is not paid to the preservation of such valuable antiques.

sovereign authority, and declaring "that it was more honourable for men of birth to serve a great and powerful monarch, though a foreigner, than subject themselves to the tyranny of an upstart of yesterday." While such sentiments were circulating among the adherents of these two powerful families, to the manifest injury of the cause of liberty, Comyn was still increasing the number of followers; and it appeared uncertain whether he intended to assist his countrymen, or take part with the invader. Wallace saw that, without involving his country in the horrors of civil war, he could not exercise his authority, so as to compel this factious chief to the discharge of his duty. The views of Comyn with regard to the crown, had, on many occasions, been too palpably displayed to have escaped the observation of Wallace; and his late unaccountable retreat completely opened his eyes to the line of policy he was pursuing. Had both divisions of the Scotish army been destroyed, Comyn would have found little difficulty in procuring the crown from Edward, on the same terms as it had been awarded to Baliol. His being at the head of a powerful body of men, with great family interest, joined to the merit he could claim in making a retreat so favourable to the English, would, no doubt, weigh against any

lingering partiality which their king might still entertain for Bruce, whom he had long amused with hopes of the crown. As Comyn made the ambition of Wallace the pretext for his refraining to co-operate against the English, Wallace, with a promptitude which showed his mind was as decisive as his sword, when the interest of his country was at stake, called the Estates together and solemnly renounced the Guardianship of the kingdom, reserving to himself no other privilege than that of fighting against the enemies of Scotland, at the head of such friends as might be inclined to adhere to him. His resignation was followed by the election of a Regency, consisting of Comyn, Sir Simon Frazer, and Lord Soulis. By this conduct on the part of Wallace, Comyn was left without the shadow of an excuse for withholding his assistance against the common enemy; while the talents, prowess, and patriotism, of the late Guardian, acted as a check, in restraining him from sacrificing the interest of the country to his own personal aggrandizement.

Edward on his arrival at Stirling put the castle, which Wallace had partly demolished, in a state of repair; and in it, as a place of safety, he put those unwieldy engines of war, which he had brought with him for the purpose of

battering the fortifications of the country, and wnich he found would be troublesome, while pursuing his enemies over the rugged and mountainous country that lay before him. The accession of strength which the cause of liberty acquired, by the prudent measures of our patriot, enabled the Scots more effectually to embarrass the movements of the enemy; while he, with his brave followers, continued to surprise the foe, by breaking into those parts of their camp where he was least expected, the other leaders were engaged in preventing supplies from reaching their camp. Edward, however, became apprehensive of advancing too far into the sterile regions of the north. A scarcity had already begun to be severely felt in his army, and he prudently directed his march towards the more fruitful district in the neigbourhood of Perth; here his unwearied and restless enemy continued to assail those parts of the army that appeared most vulnerable, and having by some means or other, which historians do not properly explain, cut off part of the army from the main body, by breaking down the bridge over the Tay, he there, in three successive engagements, defeated them with great slaughter. The English army, however, was still too numerous for the Scots to risk a general engagement, and

Edward finding no probability of bringing the war to a satisfactory conclusion, after wreaking his vengeance on the most fruitful parts of the country, returned home through Ayrshire and Annandale, carrying with him all the spoil he could collect on his rout, and leaving behind him an army to protect the southern parts of the kingdom. The Scots remained masters of all the rest of the country.

Before closing this chapter, it may not be amiss to take a retrospect of this most interesting campaign. At the commencement of it, Scotland, by the wisdom and energy of her intrepid Guardian, had again taken her place among the independent nations of Europe. His noble achievements had not only become a theme for the Troubadours of France, but also the subject of conversation and applause at all the courts on the Continent. To Edward, who had not only distinguished himself by his warlike exploits in Palestine, but had also at a tournament, held at Calais, baffled and disgraced the most renowned of the chivalry of France, the plaudits bestowed upon a rival, so far beneath him in rank, was peculiarly mortifying, and excited in him the most inveterate hostility towards the nation thus rescued from his thraldom. On his return from France, Wallace found

among the higher class of the aristocracy, little abatement of that feeling of jealous animosity which had existed at his departure; and though willing enough to have his services in a subordinate capacity, felt by no means inclined to yield that obedience which his rank as Guardian entitled him to expect.

Comyn, whose conduct had always been suspicious, had strengthened his interest at the English court, by means of a marriage which he had contracted for his sister with Aymer de Vallance, one of the principal favourites of Edward; and the Stewart, brother to the knight of Bonkill, had made his peace with the invader and taken the oath of allegiance. In consequence of which, according to the policy of the English monarch, though the tenantry of the Stewart were arrayed against him, yet the banner of the family floated among those of the other vassals of the English crown; while the knight of Bonkill himself, (who had but recently joined the standard of his country's independence,) had as yet given no proof of the sincerity of his attachment to the cause. Under these circumstances, it became Wallace to be particularly circumspect in his movements, having to guard against the chance of treachery, on the one hand, and a powerful adversary on the other;

while his country's safety, and his own well earned laurels depended alike on the prudence of his conduct. We have already hinted the great improbability of his appearing before so formidable an enemy, without having digested a regular plan of operations, and made provision for the contingencies that might occur. That he had such a plan, and was prevented by the jealousy of his colleagues from putting it in execution, appears sufficiently obvious even from the meagre details we are possessed of. What this plan was, cannot now be fully ascertained; but if we may judge from the circumstances on record, we may infer, that it was not his intention to risk a general engagement with the enemy at Falkirk, but merely to retire as they advanced, and so lead them as far as possible into the barren districts of the north, where their numerous cavalry would be rendered in a great measure unavailing. That this was part of the scheme, his subsequent operations give us every reason to believe. The conduct of Comyn, and the profitless display of valour on the part of Stewart, brought him unavoidably in contact with the enemy; a care for his own reputation prevented him from retiring, while part of his countrymen were so seriously engaged; and by remaining, he not only covered the re-

treat of the remains of Stewart's division, but also by his commanding attitude, prevented the enemy from pursuing the fugitives, with that destructive celerity which their numerous cavalry would have enabled them to do, had he acted otherwise. We have been induced to make these remarks, from the circumstance of Wallace having been too rashly blamed for "remaining a passive spectator of the destruction of Stewart." This, according to the generality of writers, is the only stain upon his character. However, from a careful review of all the circumstances of the case, we can find no foundation whatever for the charge; on the contrary, it appears to have been entirely owing to his wisdom and prudence, that the country was afterwards enabled to make any resistance to her unprincipled invader; and taking into consideration, the peculiarly embarrassing situation in which he was placed, we conceive, that during the whole of his brilliant career, the wisdom, talents, and patriotism of Wallace, never shone forth with more resplendent lustre than at the battle of Falkirk; and to make his conduct, on that occasion, an exception against him, is to extinguish the brightest ray in that glory which encircles his name.

CHAPTER XIV.

State of Scotland on the departure of Edward.—Miscellaneous occurrences.—Proceedings of the Regency.—Character of Comyn.—Battle of Dilicarrew.—Application by the Regency to the Courts of France and Rome.—Wallace again visits France.

EDWARD, on returning with his army, as stated in the last chapter, left behind him a considerable force, to protect that part of Scotland which lay contiguous to England, and which he appeared determined, if possible, to annex to his own dominions.

Although his invasion had been productive of very disastrous consequences to the Scots, yet they did not suffer so much on this, as they had done on former occasions. The judicious orders issued by the Guardian, for driving their cattle, which formed the principal part of their wealth, to those inaccessible parts of the country, contributed not only to their safety, but also to the disappointment and distress of the enemy. On the retreat, therefore, of the grand army of Edward, the inhabitants were far from being that wretched and dispirited race, which

they had appeared to be after the battle of Dunbar. Several of the chieftains, it is true, had repeated their oaths of fidelity to the invader, but the defection, from the cause of liberty, was by no means general. The principal places of strength, with the exception of Stirling, were in the hands of the Scots. The impregnable fortress of Dumbarton, had been given by Wallace, in charge, to Sir John Stewart of Ruskie, better known by the name of Monteath, in consequence of his services in the cause of his country. This man had been present with Wallace, at the burning of the barns of Ayr, as well as in a great many other situations of danger and difficulty. According to Henry, the Guardian, when he bestowed this charge upon him, stipulated for the erection of a small house for himself within the fortress, in the building of which, considerable progress had been made, when the English army entered Scotland. Some writers allege, that the reason which induced Wallace to make choice of such a situation, was the great friendship which existed between him and Ruskie, whose society, they say, he was much attached to, and which, by this means, he would have a better opportunity for enjoying. With this opinion, however, we cannot altogether agree. That Monteath was high in the confidence

of Wallace, appears sufficiently evident from his appointing him to so important a trust; for, besides the governorship of the castle, he had also the command of a considerable part of the district of Lennox. Yet we conceive that Wallace had other motives for selecting such a place of retirement, than the mere pleasure of enjoying the society of a friend, however valued that friend might have been. The hostility which he had excited in the breast of Edward, by his conduct in Scotland, as well as by his invasion of England, gave him every reason to dread the revenge of that haughty and crafty potentate; while the vacillating character of a great proportion of the nobility, joined to that unextinguishable jealousy which existed against him, in the minds of some of the most powerful families, made it both desirable and prudent to look out for a place, where, in the decline of life, he might be secure from the attempts of his country's enemies, as well as the machinations of his own. The more immediate cause, however, may have been the safety of his surviving relations; the circumstance of so many of them having already suffered on his account, would no doubt make him consider it a duty incumbent on him to provide for those that remained. His uncle, the parson of Dunipace, he had but recently re-

lieved from a dungeon, into which the English had thrown him; and his mother had frequently been obliged to fly from the fortalice of Ellerslie, to preserve herself from falling into the hands of the enemy. These, we presume to have been the motives which induced him to stipulate for this little sanctuary in the castle of Dumbarton, and not an overweening affection for the society of Monteath; his selection of him, however, for this purpose, shows the entire confidence he had in his fidelity.

With regard to the building itself, we have it on record, that the workmen on one occassion had to desist from their operations, in consequence of the English having taken possession of the town; however, they were soon dislodged by Wallace, who surprised them at midnight, and drove them out with great slaughter. This affair is supposed to have taken place after the battle of Falkirk.

The Regency, whose activity had been chiefly displayed in intercepting the supplies destined for the English army, had also shown their wisdom in avoiding any thing like a general engagement while the grand army of Edward remained in their country; with the exception, therefore, of a few fortresses, which they retook and garrisoned, all the attacks that were made

upon the enemy were conducted by Wallace at the head of those dauntless patriots who adhered to his fortunes.

In the year 1300, a large body of the English under Sir John Pseworth, made an inroad into Fife, burning and destroying whatever came in their way, and committing great cruelties on such of the inhabitants as fell into their hands; to repress these proceedings, Wallace and his followers joined a body of their countrymen, under the command of Sir Simon Frazer, and following in the rear of the enemy, came up with them at Dilicarrew, in Fifeshire, when a desperate engagement ensued, in which the English were defeated, three thousand of them being slain, and five hundred taken prisoners; on the side of the Scots three hundred were killed and as many wounded, among whom were Sir John Seaton, Sir Thomas Lochore, and Sir John Balfour, Sheriff of Fife. In consequence of this victory, the Scots were greatly encouraged, while the English became extremely cautious how they ventured beyond the boundaries of those districts which their king had committed to their charge.

In the same year, John Comyn is said to have twice defeated the English, and to have otherwise conducted himself, so as in a great measure to efface the remembrance of his former offences.

Indeed, so well pleased were the generality of his countrymen, with his proceedings, in the commencement of the Regency, that we find some of the old historians applying to him the epithet of the "*gude Scottisman;*" from this circumstance some have supposed, that John Comyn, the Regent here alluded to, was not the John Comyn who was present at the battle of of Falkirk, but a son of his—in this opinion they, at first sight, appear to be countenanced by Wintoune, who styles him, "*Jhon Comyn, that was Jhon Comyn's swn;*" but when it is recollected, that there were three Comyns of the name of John, father, son, and grandson, what Wintoune says, will rather go to establish the opposite opinion.

The gleam of popularity which at this time shown out upon Comyn, is not to be wondered at; placed in a situation desirable, on account of the prospect it opened to his ambition, and which he could only retain by a line of policy, in unison with the spirit of liberty which his predecessor had infused into the people, he not only exerted himself against the common enemy, but had recourse to all the means in his power to gain their affections; his large possessions and great wealth, which, it is said, were never equalled by any family in Scotland, enabled him

to relieve the people from various imposts, necessary for the support of the government. While the applications which the Regency made to France, for troops to assist them in the defence of their independence, were answered by supplies of grain and wine, which, being a boon, was sold out to the people at half its former value; the plentiful supply of provisions, which in consequence, existed in the country at this time, is thus described by the Prior of St Serf's.—

> In Scotland that tyme, men mycht see
> Of all kyn wyttle grete plentie,
> The gallown of wyne, in comown prys
> Passyd noucht that tyme foure pennys,
> For a pynt now men gyve pay
> As mekil nere ilka day.

This state of things would no doubt ensure him the good opinion of that class of his countrymen who could not see the high price, which in a national point of view, was paid for the comforts thus procured them; the more thinking part, however, saw through the policy of France, in thus attempting to cajole the Scots with a few cargoes of wine, in place of fulfilling the terms of the treaty, offensive and defensive, that existed between them; from the dissatisfaction which this conduct, on the part of their allies, occasioned among the Scotish nobility, it was determined to send commissioners to France, to demand that assistance which they were bound

to afford; and, if unsuccessful, they were instructed to proceed to Rome, and lay their grievances at the feet of the Apostolic Father, and to solicit his interference to restrain the English monarch from renewing his oppressions upon their country.

About this time our hero is said to have returned to the court of France, but whether in the character of an ambassador, or as a private gentleman, is not sufficiently clear. Blind Harry gives a very circumstantial account of his voyage, as well as of them who accompanied him, with a number of adventures, all sufficiently romantic; he also states the great kindness he received from King Philip, and the titles and possessions conferred upon him; all which, to a certain extent, may have taken place, although French authors are silent on the subject. This we conceive to be a stronger objection against the truth of this part of his narrative, than all the cavillings raised against him by his countrymen, who display the greatest illiberality in their strictures upon his story, without having any of their own to substitute in its place. As we, however, have no other proof to bring forward, in support of this second journey, and his proceedings there, than what is to be found in the account of the minstrel, with the corroborating

circumstance of his non-appearance in Scotland during the important occurrences, which took place at the time assigned for his residence in France, we will not enter into a particular detail of his exploits in that country, but refer those of our readers who may be curious on the subject, to the author abovementioned. We will only remark, that the honours and titles, said to have been conferred upon him by Philip, are by no means to be wondered at; Scotsmen, much his inferiors in personal and mental qualifications, have often, at the court of France, arrived at as high honours as those said to have been bestowed upon our hero.

CHAPTER XV.

Pope Boniface opposes the claim of Edward to the Sovereignty of Scotland.—Battle of Roslin.—Edward again overruns the Country.—Wallace returns from France.

THE application which the Scotish commissioners made to King Philip, for the stipulated assistance, was at first evaded, and afterwards finally refused. The embarrassing situation of his own affairs, affording him a plausible pretext for withholding the aid necessary for the relief of the ancient allies of his kingdom. The Scots, therefore, according to their instructions, proceeded to lay their complaints before the head of the Church; Boniface listened with complacency to their grievances, and readily undertook to interpose his authority in their behalf. For this purpose he wrote a letter to Edward, exhorting him to desist from any farther attempts to subvert the liberties of a kingdom, over which he had no lawful claim. The

groundless nature of the pretensions he had set up, his Holiness proceeded, at considerable length, to explain; being, no doubt, enabled to do so, from the information furnished him by the Scots. Among other matters he reminded him, that the circumstance alone of his having negotiated with the Scots, for the marriage of his son with the heiress of Scotland, must prove fatal to any plea he might advance in favour of his being the feudal lord of that kingdom; as he would find no one weak enough to believe, that he would have submitted to negotiate, when he had a right to command. "He also" says a respectable historian, "mentioned several striking facts, which fell within the compass of Edward's own knowledge; particularly, that Alexander, when he did homage to the king, openly and expressly declared in his presence, that he swore fealty, not for his crown, but for the lands which he held in England; and the Pope's letter might have passed for a reasonable one, had he not subjoined his own claim to be liege lord of Scotland, a claim which had not once been heard of, but which, with a singular confidence, he asserted to be full and entire, and derived from the most remote antiquity. The reply which Edward made to Boniface's letter, contains particulars no less singu-

lar and remarkable. He there proves the superiority of England, by historical facts, deduced from the period of Brutus the Trojan, who, he said, founded the British monarchy in the age of Eli and Samuel. He supports his position by all the events which passed in the island before the arrival of the Romans. And, after laying great stress on the extensive dominions, and heroic victories of king Arthur, he vouchsafes at last to descend to the time of Edward the elder, with which, in his speech to the States of Scotland, he has chosen to begin his claim of superiority. He asserts it as a fact, *notorious and confirmed by the records of antiquity*, that the English monarchs had often conferred the kingdom of Scotland, on their own subjects—had dethroned these vassal kings, when unfaithful to them, and had substituted others in their stead. He displays with great pomp, the full and complete homage which William had done to Henry II., without mentioning the formal abolition of that extorted deed by king Richard; and the renunciation of all future claims of the same nature. Yet this paper, he begins with a solemn appeal to the Almighty, the searcher of hearts, for his own firm persuasion of the justice of this claim; and no less than a hundred and four Barons assembled in

parliament at Lincoln, concur in maintaining before the Pope, under their seals, the validity of their pretensions; at the same time, however, they take care to inform Boniface, that though he had justified their cause before him, they did not acknowledge him as their judge: the crown of England was free and sovereign; they had sworn to maintain all its royal prerogatives, and would never permit the king himself, was he willing, to relinquish its independence.

However absurd these pretensions of Edward may appear, those put forward by Boniface, were not less ridiculous; and the Scots saw that their only chance of remaining a free people, must depend entirely on their own exertions. They had, during the absence of their commissioners, made several successful inroads upon the English, cantoned in the southern counties. To repress and revenge which, John de Segrave was sent with an army of twenty thousand men; who, having advanced to the neighbourhood of Roslin, divided his troops into three divisions, for the purpose of procuring forage. John Comyn, Symon Frazer, and Lord Soulis, having hastily collected a body of eight thousand men, suddenly fell upon the first of the three divisions, which they defeated with great slaughter. While engaged in collecting the

spoil, the second division came in sight, on which the Scots, elated with the success they had already obtained, stood resolutely to their arms; charged, and after a desperate conflict, again drove their enemies from the field. After this double victory, the Scots, exhausted with the fatigues of the day, were preparing to refresh themselves, when their scouts brought notice, that the third division of their enemies was at hand:—their leaders flew from rank to rank, beseeching them, by one effort more, to preserve the glory they had acquired; and having equipped the followers of the camp in the arms of their slain enemies, they again commenced the bloody strife, with that enthusiasim which the remembrance of their former victories inspired. The fury of the Scotish charge decided this third battle; the English were thrown into confusion, and fled in the greatest terror, leaving behind them all their camp equipage, a prey to their victorious conquerors. The advantages resulting from this day's successes were not thrown away: the Scots every where flocked to the assistance of their countrymen; and the fortresses which Edward possessed in the south of Scotland, were quickly recovered and garrisoned by their lawful masters.

The mortification which this reverse occa-

sioned, was greatly increased by the praises that were every where bestowed upon the gallantry of the Scots; and the noise which their triple victory made at the different courts of Europe, excited a deeper and more determined inveteracy in his mind. It is probable, that, but for the discomfiture at Roslin, the resolution which he had so long displayed of reducing Scotland to subjection, might have gradually given way before the reflections occasioned by the immense losses whieh he had sustained in his two grand expeditions; and he, perhaps, would have contented himself with retaining possession of that part of Scotland which bounded his own kingdom. The defeat, however, of his lieutenant, and the subsequent proceedings of the Scots, awakened afresh all the rancorous hostility of his ambitious and unprincipled mind, and he resolved by one mighty effort, to overwhelm the Scots and efface their name from the number of the nations. In order to accomplish this project, all the ultramarine vassals of his crown were summoned to his standard. In his own kingdom of England, large levies of men and horses were raised, and the din of preparation was heard from one extremity of the land to the other; a powerful fleet was also equipped to attend the motions of the land army, and prevent the chance

of scarcity from interfering with the work of destruction he had in contemplation.

Wallace heard with sorrow the mighty preparations that were making for the annihilation of his country's independence, and he resolved to join his old associates and brave along with them the fury of the storm that was about to break upon their heads. To his friends who listened with increasing apprehension to the progress of the coming war, the hope of his return came like a sunbeam through the tempest that was blackening around them. Before, however, the French monarch would permit his departure, the countless host of the invader had crossed the Tweed and spread its desolating squadrons over the adjacent country; and those places which manifested the slightest disposition to defend their liberties, were consigned to indiscriminate carnage. Among the few places which made any resistance, the castle of Brechin appears eminently conspicuous. Under the command of the governor, Sir Thomas Maule, the garrison maintained a most heroic defence, and did not give in till the death of their commander obliged them to surrender.

Wherever the army of Edward now appeared, the chieftains were found anxiously waiting

to tender their submission, and again repeat their oaths of allegiance.

Comyn and some of the principal nobility, in order to claim the merit of an early repentance, met the invader on the borders, and thus procured more advantageous terms than they otherwise would have done. Among those who thus started for the goal of slavery, few shared more largely in the wages of iniquity than Sir John Monteith. Having met Sir Aymer de Vallence at Annan, he found means to acquire so much of his confidence, as to induce that favourite of Edward to obtain for him, not only a confirmation of the governorship of Dumbarton castle, but also an extention of his authority over the whole of the district of Lennox.

While affairs were in this situation, accounts were brought to the English camp, that the bugle of Wallace had been heard at midnight among the woods on the banks of the Tay; and a body of troops, under the command of Sir John Butler, were despatched in pursuit of him. This officer, whose father and grandfather had fallen by the hand of Wallace, set forward with alacrity to execute the service assigned him. However, after ranging the country in all directions, he was at last obliged to return with-

out having once seen the object of his pursuit, although the accounts brought him by his scouts, as well as the evasive answers of the inhabitants, convinced him of the certainty of his being in the country.

CHAPTER XVI.

Butler discovers the retreat of Wallace.—Butler slain.—Progress of Edward.—Miscellaneous occurrences.

In the early part of our narrative, we alluded to the discipline which Wallace had introduced among his countrymen, and the facility with which, by the sound of his horn, he could rally them around him in cases of emergency. From the frequency with which these calls had been made, there was scarcely a district in Scotland, where his war-note was not understood and obeyed with alacrity. Though this was the case, we do not mean to say that all those who attended its summons were animated by no other feeling than that of pure and disinterested patriotism; to the ears of many it sounded only as an invitation to divide the property of their more wealthy enemies; whom, under so daring and fortunate a leader, they never doubted of being able to conquer, and they would have obeyed the call with the same promptitude, had it summoned them to a foray against some neighbouring clan. The generosity with which

he often divided his own share of the booty among those who had suffered most, or had borne themselves with the greatest gallantry in the conflict, gained him a complete ascendancy over the discordant materials of which his little armies were frequently composed, and rendered him more formidable to an invader than all the jarring aristocracy put together. It is, therefore, not to be wondered that the report of his return, should, even in the present state of the country, have caused alarm among the English.

On the night referred to, Wallace had landed in Scotland, accompanied by Sir Thomas de Longueville, John Blair, Thomas Gray, and a few other friends who had attended him in France; and being near one of his old places of resort, he wished to gain some knowledge of the state of the country, to enable him to regulate his further proceedings; for this purpose, he raised his bugle, and before the reverberations had died away among the woodlands, a rustling was heard among the underwood, and presently an unarmed Scot stood before him. From this emissary, who had been watching the landing of the party, Wallace learned the situation of the country, and the slaughters committed by Edward, the submission of the regency, and the terror that pervaded the nobility. Finding

from the number of the English that were in the neighbourhood, the necessity of betaking himself to some place of concealment, he and his party were conducted by their informer to a farm house, in a secluded part of the country, occupied by a relation of Wallace, of the name of Crawford, the same person, it is presumed, from whom he once obtained shelter near Bothwell. Here he was joyfully received, and a hiding-place was artfully constructed in the barn for him and his companions, where they lurked during the search that was made for them by Butler.

In this retreat, they might have remained till some favourable occurrence had enabled them to appear more openly; but it seems, the unusual quantity of provisions which Crawford was obliged to purchase for the maintenance of his guests, awakened the suspicions of the English at Dundee; and the servant on his return having mentioned the examination he was subjected to, Wallace and his party thought it prudent to retire to a thicket near by, and wait the result. They had not long adopted this precaution, before a body of the English made their appearance; and having surrounded the dwelling of Crawford, they discovered in the course of their search the lair of the fugitives

The wife of Crawford having refused to answer their inquiries regarding the route of her visitors, they were proceeding by violent measures to compel her to disclose the place of their retreat; when Wallace, seeing the danger to which the wife of his friend was exposed, advanced from the thicket and sounded a bold defiance to the enemy. The situation he had chosen, was such as could only be assailed from three narrow and rugged paths; these he proposed to guard, by dividing his little party, which consisted only of about twenty men, into three divisions—with the smallest of these, he undertook to defend the path that was most exposed to the enemy's attacks. Butler was not long in commencing the assault, which he did, by a simultaneous movement on all these little parties of Scots; the resistance, however, which he met with, aided by the rugged nature of the ascent, rendered all the ardour of his troops unavailing. As the evening advanced, he called them off, and having beat a chamade, he attempted to persuade Wallace to surrender, by representing the folly of continuing a resistance which must at last terminate in the ruin of himself and his friends. Our hero replied, by advising him to stand to his arms; for, in place of surrendering,

he intended, before morning, to become the assailant; and he gave him this warning in return for the care which he had shown for himself and his friends. Irritated by this language, Butler determined to take every precaution to prevent his escape; and, for this purpose, kept his men under arms all night. Wallace, however, was as good as his word; for, at day-break, under cover of a thick mist, he descended at the head of his little band, and before the enemy was aware of his approach, broke into that quarter where Butler had his station. The surprise occasioned by his sudden appearance, threw them into confusion, which their uncertainty as to the number of their assailants greatly increased. Wallace, availing himself of the disorder into which they were thrown, pressed forward, and came in contact with Butler, who, after a slight resistance, fell beneath the powerful arm of our hero. The Scots having forced their way through the enemy, Wallace discovered that their faithful host, Crawford, had been left behind. Returning, therefore, to the charge, he was fortunately in time to save him from the spear of an English soldier, whom he slew; and, grasping his wounded friend in one of his arms, he carried him off in triumph to his companions;

and, favoured by the denseness of the fog, the gallant little band were soon lost to their pursuers.

Though thus relieved from their perilous situation, yet they are said to have suffered the greatest privations in the wild and unfrequented solitudes to which they were obliged to retire. However, their indefatigable chief, ever fertile in expedients, found means to preserve them from actual starvation till Edward withdrew his troops for the purpose of commencing his march of subjugation through the kingdom.

The time which the English monarch thus spent in the southern parts of Scotland, had been employed in the chastisement of those who had been most active in the late insurrection, and in destroying those monuments of antiquity which had escaped his fury in former invasions. With a policy worthy of himself, he endeavoured to obliterate the remembrance of all national independence among the Scots, by ransacking the monasteries, and carrying off, or committing to the flames, all the ancient records they contained; so that the Scots, in future, might have no documents to produce to falsify his claims to sovereignty over them.

In this proceeding he might have been partly influenced by the discussion he had been en-

gaged in with Boniface. Having, to his spiritual father so solemnly asserted the justice of his claim, it was but natural that he should wish to possess or destroy every evidence which might establish the falsehood and impiety of his asseverations. His object being, as he conceived, so far accomplished, he proceeded with his army, by slow marches, towards the north—exercising the same Gothic barbarity as he went along, and demolishing those fortresses which made any show of resistance.

Wallace now issued with his little band from those dens and caverns in which they had been forced to conceal themselves, and, having collected a number of his old associates, he followed the invading army; and, appearing now in front, and now in rear, made frequent and impressive attacks upon them as they struggled through the deep and rugged defiles of the country. All his efforts, however, could not retard the march of the invaders, who advanced to the extremity of the kingdom, unmolested by any save the hardy followers of our hero; who, as they had attended the motions of their foes in their laborious progress through the rough and mountainous regions of the north, now waited their return, and resumed the same harassing system of warfare. Often, from an

eminence, Edward could distinguish the lofty plume of the Scotish leader, as he dashed forward to charge some isolated corps of the English army, and while he beheld the enthusiasm with which his conduct inspired his followers, and saw the disorder of his own soldiers hurrying to gain the protection of the main body, his heart misgave him as to the stability of his conquest, while Scotland contained a man whose appearance alone was capable of inspiring his friends with such confidence and his enemies with so much fear.

CHAPTER XVII.

Edward holds a parliament at St. Andrew's.—Endeavours to gain Wallace over to his interest.—Takes Stirling Castle.—Agreement between Comyn and Bruce.—Edward returns to England.—One Haliburton undertakes to betray Wallace.

EDWARD having returned with his army from the bleak regions of the north, took up his quarters in Dunfermline, judging that his presence in the country during the winter, would contribute much towards establishing his authority; as he had formerly observed, that the places he had conquered from the Scots in summer, were generally retaken when the severe weather set in. He had, therefore, on this occasion, taken every precaution for the comfort of his troops, and large supplies of provisions were ordered to be brought him both by sea and land, so that his army should not be placed in such difficulties, as those which had formerly compelled him to retreat into England.

In order, therefore, to secure his present conquest, he began to assimilate the state of the country as much as possible to that of his other

dominions; and for that purpose he abrogated all the old laws and customs, substituting those of England in their place. In the prosecution of this object, he summoned a parliament at St. Andrew's, which was attended by all Scotsmen of any note, except Sir William Wallace, Sir Symon Frazer, and Sir William Oliphant, governor of Stirling Castle, who refused either to appear or surrender his trust, which had been committed to him by Lord Soulis, who happened at this time to be in France; this fortress which was now the only one that held out, Edward determined to gain possession of as soon as the season would permit. As to Wallace, it is said, that at this time, Edward among other great offers, tendered him the crown of Scotland, provided he would accept of it in fee of the crown of England; to this, he replied, with his usual dignity, that as he had been born a freeman, he was determined to die one, and that he preferred being the subject of his lawful sovereign, than the crowned slave of one who had no right to his allegiance. That Edward was sincere in this offer, is a matter of considerable doubt; he had already cajoled others by similar proposals, and he naturally conceived that if Wallace would not be caught by the bait, yet the offer might have the

effect of exciting the suspicions of his countrymen, and thereby weakening his influence among them. Whatever his motives may have been, Wallace sternly rejected all compromise, and remained the only Scotsman who had never acknowledged his authority. On the present occasion, Sir Symon Frazer followed his example, for which the tyrant passed sentence of banishment and outlawry against him; this gallant gentleman who now adhered to the fortunes of Wallace, had given great offence to Edward by the conspicuous part he had acted at the battle of Roslin, as it was generally allowed to have been principally owing to him, that the English sustained that mortifying defeat.

Early in the spring, Edward discovered that through the exertions of these two worthies, Wallace and Frazer, a considerable body of troops had been got together. In order, therefore, to disperse them before they became too formidable, he took the field in February and proceeded towards Stirling, in the neighbourhood of which the Scotish patriots were collecting. Their force, however, when compared with the enemy, was so very insignificant, that they prudently retreated to their former places of refuge, and Edward proceeded to besiege the

castle. The garrison, however, behaved with the most exemplary bravery, and kept the mighty army of England employed for forty days, nor did they then surrender till the fortress was reduced to a heap of ruins, and its garrison to twenty privates and two officers, Sir William Oliphant, and Sir William Duplin; these brave men, the *magnanimous* Edward obliged to come out of the place they had so gallantly defended with ropes about their necks, and in the most humiliating manner to supplicate his mercy, when he *generously* gave them their lives.

The proceedings of Edward at length gave umbrage to Comyn and Bruce. These chieftains, after Baliol, had the nearest pretensions to the crown, and they had both been amused by Edward with promises of the kingdom. In the destruction, however, of the fortresses, and the alterations he had made in the constitution of the country, they saw little that tended towards the fulfilment of the promises he had made them; Comyn, therefore, having found an opportunity, broke the matter to Bruce, by lamenting the state to which their country was reduced, by the power and policy of Edward, who endeavoured to sow discord among those whose interest it was to be friends, and by tak-

ing advantage of the animosities he thus excited, furthered his own ambitious and tyrannical designs.

These remarks begot the confidence of his rival, who communicated without reserve, the promises that had been held out to him by Edward, which drew from Comyn a proposal for the delivery of their country, in which he offered to give Bruce his estates, on condition that he relinquished his claim, and assisted him to gain the crown, or to accept of Bruce's estates on the same terms. Bruce, whose claim was generally acknowledged to be better founded than Comyn's, agreed to make over his estates, on attaining to the kingdom through the assistance of Comyn; and a private bond was entered into between them for this purpose. In order to cover their intentions, Bruce agreed to accompany Edward to London, and leave his brother, Edward Bruce, to attend to his interest in Scotland.

The English monarch having now, as he thought, completely depressed the spirit of the Scots, and brought them effectually under his yoke, began to make preparations for his return to England; and with this view, he appointed Aymer de Vallence, regent or viceroy of the kingdom, and filled all places of trust with Eng-

lishmen, or such creatures among the Scots as he found suitable for his purpose. Having made these, and such other arrangements as his policy suggested, he returned home in triumph, carrying with him the celebrated chair of Scone, on which the kings of Scotland, from the earliest ages of the monarchy, had been crowned.

Edward, however, had scarcely arrived in London before accounts from the north convinced him of the uncertainty of his conquest, so long as Wallace remained at large in the country. And as neither threats nor promises could subdue his inflexible fidelity to his country, Edward offered large rewards for securing his person dead or alive. Influenced by the greatness of the promises held out, Ralph de Haliburton, one of the Scotsmen whom Edward had carried with him to England, undertook the perfidious office, and for that purpose was allowed to return to Scotland. Of his after proceedings, we have, however, but a very imperfect outline; and from all that we can collect, his exertions in his villainous mission appear to have been limited to one or two occasions; on the last of which, from his knowledge of Wallace and his retreats, he contrived to have him beset by a strong body of cavalry, in a situation where he had no

way of escape; but by springing his horse over a precipice: this he effected, and his pursuers drawing back with horror from the attempt, left him to pursue his retreat on foot, his gallant steed having perished in the enterprise.

After this, it seems, Haliburton alarmed for the consequence of his conduct, and dreading the vengeance of his countrymen, returned with precipitation to England.

CHAPTER XVIII.

State of the country.—Bruce invited to take the crown. —Comyn's treachery to Bruce.—Wallace taken and carried to England.—His trial and execution.

The situation of Scotland, after the departure of Edward, was such as well warranted the representation that had been transmitted to England. Though there had, as yet, been no open insurrection, still there was that in the bearing of the people which betokened any thing but good-will towards the existing state of things. The national sports and customs of the English which had been attempted to be introduced among them, were shunned and disregarded by the oppressed and scowling population; while those chiefs who had formerly shown the greatest attachment to the cause of independence were seldom heard of, except when discovered holding their conferences in those sequestered retreats, where they considered themselves secure from all, save the wandering spies employed by the faithless part of their countrymen.

Wallace now saw that the state of the country required a different remedy from what had hitherto been applied. Baliol, whom he had all along acknowledged as his rightful sovereign, though detained a prisoner in England, had, through the menaces of Edward, made over to him his right to the crown and kingdom of Scotland; this act, in the opinion of Wallace, released him from his allegiance to a monarch who had all along acted unworthy of his attachment; for though he acknowledged his right to *resign* the crown, yet he could not recognise a right to *transfer* it to a stranger, to the exclusion of the lawful heir; and as Edward, the son of Baliol, was also the prisoner and tool of the King of England, he naturally fixed his attention on Bruce, as the person best fitted, from his birth and talents, to infuse that confidence into the people which naturally arises from the presence of a person invested with lawful authority. Having found no difficulty in impressing Sir Symon Frazer, and those other chiefs who adhered to him with the same sentiments, a negotiation was entered into, with Edward Bruce, for inviting his brother from England to assume the crown; and it is also said, that a special herald from Wallace and his confederates found

his way, in disguise, to Bruce—who appointed to meet with our hero, on a certain night, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow.

In the mean time, Wallace and his friends were active in organizing the insurrection—which was to burst forth as soon as Bruce appeared among them, who was at the same time to have been proclaimed king. How far Comyn was consulted on the occasion, by Wallace and his associates, does not appear. From the very little intercourse which seems to have subsisted between them since the fatal battle of Falkirk, it is highly probable that the accession of our patriot and his party, to the proposal for placing Bruce upon the throne, was communicated to Comyn through the medium of Edward Bruce; the fiery temperament of whose mind was not always in unison with those maxims of sound policy, necessary for conducting affairs of such moment. Whether Comyn had never been sincere in the agreement entered into with Bruce, or whether he afterwards repented of the bargain he had made, is a point not easily to be ascertained; but, with a duplicity worthy of his former conduct, he despatched the bond, between him and Bruce, to Edward; urging, at the same time, the arrestment of his rival, as necessary to

prevent the disturbance that was on the eve of breaking out in Scotland.

In the meantime, Wallace, who, as he conceived, among other friends, had secured the co-operation of Sir John Monteith to the measures then in agitation, had, for the purpose, it is supposed, of giving as early notice as possible of the arrival of Bruce, retained near his person a young man, related to Monteith, who was to have been despatched with the news to Dumbarton, as soon as their future monarch should arrive; when that important fortress was to have declared in his favour.

Confiding in the arrangements thus made, Wallace, as the time appointed by Bruce drew near, collected his followers round Glasgow, and disposed them in such a manner, as he could bring them together on the shortest notice. For the better concealment of his design, he retired to a small, lonely house at Robroyston, about three miles northwest of Glasgow. Here he waited with impatience for the night on which Bruce had appointed to meet him; little dreaming of the danger to which his intended sovereign was exposed through the conduct of Comyn, nor of the treachery that was hatching against himself.

The perfidious means which were employed to accomplish the destruction of Robert Bruce would have been of very little avail towards securing the objects intended, so long as his brother and our hero, who had now identified himself with the interest of the Brucian party, remained to head the insurrection that was expected to break out; and as all the magnificent promises of Edward had been unable to subdue the stern virtue of the patriot, his emissaries bethought themselves of assailing the fidelity of those friends in whom he seemed chiefly to confide. Unfortunately for the cause of liberty, their allurements were but too successful; and the honour of his early friend, Sir John Monteith, gave way to the arts of the tempter.

On the night of the fifth of August, 1305, Sir William, accompanied by his faithful friend, Karle, and the youth already mentioned, had betaken themselves to their lonely retreat at Robroyston; to which place their steps had been watched by a spy—who, as soon as he had observed them housed, returned to his employers.

At the dead hour of midnight, while the two friends lay fast asleep, the youth, whose turn it was to watch, cautiously removed the bugle from the neck of Wallace, and conveyed it, along with his arms, through an aperture in the

wall; then slowly opening the door, two men-at-arms silently entered, and seizing upon Karle, hurried him from the apartment. Wallace, awakened by the noise, started to his feet, and, missing his weapons, became sensible of his danger; grasping a large piece of oak, which had been used for a seat, he drove those who now entered headlong before him; and, placing himself in a commanding position at the entrance, his daring aspect and formidable weapon threatened certain death to the first that might approach him. Seeing the difficulty they would have in taking him alive, Monteith advanced, and, through a loophole in the wall, represented the folly of resistance—as the English, having heard of his plans, had collected too large a force to be withstood; that, if he would consent to go with him as prisoner to Dumbarton, he would undertake for the safety of his person; that all that the English wished, was to secure the peace of the country, and to be free from his molestation; that, if he consented to go with him, he should live in his own house in the castle, and he, Monteith, alone should be his keeper; that even now he would willingly sacrifice his life in his defence, but that his followers were too few, and too ill appointed, to contend with the English—he had therefore followed, he said, to use his

influence in his behalf; that the English had listened to him, on condition of an immediate surrender: assuring him, at the same time, that, if he did not comply, the house would soon be in flames about him. These, and other arguments, were urged with all the seeming sincerity of friendship; and Wallace, confiding upon early recollections, and the private understanding that subsisted between them, allowed himself to be conducted prisoner to Dumbarton.

On the morrow, however, no Monteith appeared to exert his *influence* to prevent the unfortunate hero being carried from the fortress. Strongly fettered, and guarded by a powerful escort, he was hurried towards the south, by the line of road least exposed to the chance of a rescue.

The people in the northern counties of England gave way to the greatest exultation on the news of his capture; and multitudes, of all descriptions, were collected to gaze at their illustrious prisoner. As the cavalcade approached London, the crowds became still more numerous; and though the joy at his captivity was not indulged in to the same degree as in those places where the effects of his invasions had been felt, yet the curiosity of the people to obtain a sight of a man who had maintained, for so many years, in a great measure by his own un-

aided energies, the drooping spirits of his countrymen amidst an almost unprecedented period of national calamity, became altogether uncontrollable; and every place which could command a view of him was crowded to excess. After considerable efforts, the party reached the house of William Delect, a citizen in Fenchurch-street, where they deposited their charge for the night. From the circumstance of his having been taken to the house of a private person, rather than to a place of greater security, some have imagined that Edward still meant to make another effort to gain him over to his interest; but this conjecture, however, is not sufficiently supported, by subsequent proceedings, to entitle it to any degree of credit: and we are rather inclined to believe, that the difficulty which his conductors would have had in making their way through the dense masses of people which were collected in the steets and lanes leading to the tower of London, was the sole cause of their placing him in the house of Delect.

The thirst for revenge existed too keenly in the sanguinary mind of Edward to admit of much delay in the sacrifice of his victim. Though a consideration for that love of justice, so naturally inherent in the character of the English people, obliged him to have recourse to, *at least*,

the formality of a trial, yet the indecent haste with which it was brought on, made the mockery of judicial procedure but too apparent. The day after his arrival, being the 23d of August, he was conducted, on horseback, from the house, which his temporary residence had made the scene of universal attraction, to take his trial in Westminster Hall: two knights, John Segrave and Geoffrey, armed cap-a-pee, rode beside him, one on the right hand and the other on the left. The Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen of the city, in all the splendour of civic decoration, rode in company; attended by a multitude of other official characters, arranged, according to their grades, on horseback and on foot.

Arrived at the place where the solemn farce was to be performed, they placed him on the south bench of the great hall; and, in consequence of an absurd report, which had been propagated in England, of his having said, that he merited to wear a crown in that place, a crown of laurel was placed upon his head: the noble figure, however, of the man, joined to his calm and unruffled demeanour, entirely disarmed this silly piece of ridicule of its intended effect.

Sir Peter Malory, the king's justice, then rose to impeach him of treason, burning of towns, taking of castles, and slaying the subjects of his

majesty. To the first of these counts, he answered, that he had never been a subject of the king of England—he owed him no allegiance, and, consequently, could be no traitor; as to the other offences, he frankly admitted that, in the discharge of his duty to his king and country, he had done all that was stated against him.

On this admission, he was found guilty, and sentenced to be taken to the elms in Smithfield, and there hanged, drawn, and quartered; and the dissevered parts of his body to be placed over the gates of the four principal cities of his native land.

To the everlasting infamy of Edward, this sentence was *more* than carried into effect. Over the disgusting particulars, however, of the shocking scene, from a regard to decency, and the feelings of our readers, we drop the veil.

Thus fell this great and exemplary patriot, a martyr to the rights and independence of his country, than whom, if we consider his extraordinary personal and mental endowments, joined to his unextinguishable and disinterested love of liberty, a greater hero is not to be found in the annals of any people. Born to a slender inheritance, and unconnected by birth with the opulent families of the country, he derived no

advantage from those circumstances which have often assisted other distinguished characters, in attaining that place in the temple of fame, to which their ambition was directed. To his own genius, he was indebted for a system of tactics eminently calculated for the contest he had in view; and with his own arm, he gave the first impulse to the cause of freedom, which was at last finally crowned with such glorious and decisive success, under a kindred spirit, on the field of Bannockburn. The state of Scotland, at the commencement of his brilliant career, was such as would have damped the ardour of any mind less sanguine than his own; he saw his country humbled and debased at the feet of a tyrant, whose talents and power extinguished every hope of emancipation, and the boldest of her nobles scarcely daring to express a wish to be free. His own indignant feelings blazed forth, and with his kindling enthusiasm, he breathed into his torpid and enslaved countrymen, as it were, the breath of a new existence; the regenerating influence of his heroic example was quickly caught, by those whose hearts still beat responsive to the call of honour; and in the short space of eighteen months, Scotland had not only grappled with, and overthrown the

tyranny which had lately overwhelmed her, but had also inflicted severe and merited chastisement for the wrongs she had sustained.

In person, Wallace was admirably fitted to grace that elevated station among mankind, for which his genius and talents so eminently qualified him. His face is said to have been exquisitely beautiful, his stature lofty and majestic, rising the head and shoulders above the tallest men in the country. Yet, his form, though gigantic, possessed the most perfect symmetry, and with a degree of strength almost incredible, there was combined such an agility of body and fleetness in running, that no one except when mounted on horseback could outstrip or escape from him, when he happened to pursue. All powerful as a swordsman, and unrivalled as an archer, his blows were fatal, and his shafts unerring; as an equestrian, he was a model of dexterity and grace, while the hardships he had experienced in his youth, made him view with indifference the severest privations, incident to a military life. Great and varied, however, as the accomplishments were which nature had lavished on his person, the graces with which she had enriched his mind, threw a radiance over all the rest of her gifts. Untaught himself in the military art, he

became the instructor of his countrymen, and his first efforts were worthy of the greatest captain of the age. The generosity which he displayed in the division of the booty showed, that, though poor, he was exempt from every selfish or mercenary feeling. In those times when the want of provisions threatened his little party with the greatest distress, the expedients which he had recourse to for their relief, and the self-denial which he exercised, in order to husband the slender supplies for their use, impressed his followers with sentiments of admiration and gratitude. The system which he introduced, during the short period of his Regency, of disciplining and subdividing the nation, showed the clear and comprehensive views he entertained of the true interests of the country; and, had his successors in power followed up the same measure, it would soon have been productive of the greatest benefit to the kingdom; as, independent of the great force the legislature would have been enabled to bring into the field in cases of emergency, it would have undermined, and eventually overthrown that system of clanships which has been for so many ages the bane and curse of the country. The plan which he pursued in his invasions was the most efficient for draining the enemy's country, enriching his own, and

encouraging his countrymen to flock to his standard. Though often severe in his retaliations, yet towards women and children, he always exercised the greatest humanity.

If we may judge from his regard to the sanctity of an oath, his ideas of morality appear to have been at variance with the corrupt practice of the age. Uncontaminated by the pernicious example of the great men of the country, he rather chose to bear hunger and every other privation to which the unsheltered outlaw is exposed, than purchase the advantages so much prized by others at the expense of taking an oath which he had no intention of holding sacred. This inflexible rectitude of soul, however, could not shame the aristocracy from their convenient perjuries; and the bands by which he strove to unite them together, became like ropes of sand in the hour of trial. In defiance, however, of all the difficulties which were thrown in his way, the vigour of his own character, and the wisdom of his measures, enabled him to achieve the deliverance of his native land. To the charges of ambition and usurpation which were brought against him, he gave the noblest refutation, by resigning the bauble of power into the hands of those little spirits, who would otherwise have betrayed the national indepen-

dence, or involved their country in all the horrors of civil war. Thus his virtuous self-denial preserved the people whom his valour had set free. During the short period of his Guardianship, the country was rapidly regaining her former flourishing condition; with the spoil of the enemy he had diffused plenty over the land; the poor were protected; thieves were promptly and severely punished; cheats and liars were discouraged, and good men met the reward of their virtues. The vigilance with which he watched over the public weal was unremitting, and never for a moment gave place to any object of personal consideration; even those duties which are often considered paramount to every other, were with him secondary to the interest of his country; for on the death of his mother, his presence being required elsewhere, he entrusted the performance of her obsequies to his friend, John Blair, and a confidential servant, which duty they discharged with becoming solemnity in the cathedral of Dunfermline. To this place, it is conjectured, the fragments of his own body were collated, after their barbarous and impolitic exposure had taken place. At his execution that self-possession and nobleness of soul, which formed such luminous traits in his character, never for a moment for-

sook him; without deigning to breath a murmur either against the injustice of the tyrant who condemned, or the unfortunate man who betrayed him, he submitted to his fate with that becoming dignity which extorted even from his enemies expressions of unqualified admiration.

Several attempts have been made by his countrymen to erect a monument to his memory, but, to their shame be it spoken, their apathy or parsimony have uniformly got the ascendancy of their better feelings; and the man to whose exertions their present enviable situation may, in a great measure be traced, remains till this day without a stone to record the gratitude of his country or the nature of his actions: while every age as it recedes throws around his name the mist of fable, till, in the end, like those heroes who figured in the early periods of our history, his deeds will become obscured by their own undefined greatness.

NOTES.

Page 14. "There is a very respectable man in Longforgan (in Perthshire), of the name of Smith, a weaver, and the farmer of a few acres of land, who has in his possession a stone which is called *Wallace's stone*. It is what was formerly called in this country a *bear stone*, hollow like a large mortar, and was made use of to unhusk the bear or barley, as a preparative for the pot, with a large wooden mell, long before barley-mills were known. Its station was on one side of the door, and covered with a flat stone for a seat when not otherwise employed. Upon this stone Wallace sat on his way from Dundee, when he fled after killing the governor's son, and was fed with bread and milk by the goodwife of the house, from whom the man who now lives there, and is the proprietor of the stone, is lineally descended; and here his forbears (ancestors) have lived ever since, in nearly the same station and circumstances for about 500 years." *Stat. Acc.* xix. 561, 562.

P. 36. "Riccardtoun is evidently a corruption of Richardtown. It is generally said to have been so called from a Sir Richard Wallace, who lived in the vicinity of the village, and who is said to have been uncle to the celebrated patriot Sir William Wallace. Of his house no vestige now remains; the place, however, where it stood is well known. The village of Riccardtoun is within one mile of the market place of Kilmarnock." *Stat. Acc.* v. 117.

P. 41. "Among other antiquities there may be mentioned a place called Beg, above Allinton, where the brave Wallace lay in a species of rude fortification, with only fifty of his friends, yet obtained a complete victory over an English officer of the name of Fenwick, who had two hundred men under his command. This gallant hero, it is well known, had several places of retirement towards the head of this parish and in the neighbourhood, some of which still retain his name to this day; Wallace-hill in particular, an eminence near Galla-law; and a place called Wallace-Gill, in the parish of Loudoun, a hollow glen to which he probably retired for shelter when pursued by his enemies." *Stat. Acc.* ii. 74.

P. 68. "A little south of the village there is a conical height called the Kin-hill, which is evidently artificial, and seems to have been a military work. There are the remains of a ditch or rampart of a circular form, which proves that it is not of Roman origin. It is probably of later date, and appears to

have been the place from which Sir William Wallace sallied forth on the night when he took by surprise the *Peel of Gargunnock.*" *Stat. Acc.* xviii. 116, 117.

P. 82. "*Slough hounds.* So late as the reign of James I. of England, there is an order dated A.D. 1616, that no less than nine blood hounds should be kept on the Border, upon Esk and other places mentioned." *Pennant's Tour,* 1772, i. 77, ii. 397.

"John Harding has given a curious account of the means used by Edward I. for taking Bruce, similar to that here said to have been employed against Wallace.

> The King Edward with horns and houndes him soght,
> With monne on fote, through marris, mosse, and myre;
> Through wodes also and mountens, (wher they fought);
> And ever the Kyng Edward hight men greate hyre,
> Hym for to take by might conquere;
> But thei might hym not gette, by force ne by traine,
> He satte by the fyre when thei (went) in the rain."

P. 84. "*Sir Gerald Heron.* This appears to have been the head of the ancient family of Heron, who held Ford Castle in Northumberland. In the reign of Henry III. it was in possession of Sir William Heron, who was Governor of the Castles Bamborough, Pickering, and Scarborough, Lord Warden of the Forests north of Trent, and Sheriff of Northumberland for eleven successive years." *V. Hutchinson's Northumberland,* ii. 19. "This castle has attracted much attention, as having been the scene of the enchantments of its fair mistress, by means of

which our infatuated James IV. was disarmed before the battle of Flodden; and it has acquired additional celebrity from the no less bewitching Muse of the Author of Marmion." *Dr. Jamieson's Notes on Blind Harry.*

P. 93. "In Dunipace parish is the famous Torwood, in the middle of which there are the remains of Wallace's tree, an oak, which, according to a measurement when entire, was said to be about 12 feet diameter. To this wood Wallace is said to have fled, and secreted himself in the body of that tree, then hollow, after his defeat in the north." *Stat. Acc.* iii. 336.

"This is still dignified by the name of *Wallace's Tree.* It stands in the middle of a swampy moss, having a causeway round its ruins; and its destruction has been much precipitated by the veneration in which the Scottish hero has been long held, numerous pieces having been carried off to be converted into various memorials of the champion of Scotland." *Kerr's Hist. of Bruce,* i. 127.

P. 97. "The uncle of Wallace, a priest, so often inculcated and so deeply imprinted the following lines upon his mind and memory, that by them he squared all the thoughts of his great soul and efforts of his vigorous body:—

> Deco tibi virum, libertas optima rerum
> Nunquam servili sub nexu vivito, fili.'
>
> *Scotichron. Maj.* lib. 12. cap. 3.

The above lines are thus translated by Monipennie:—

> My sonne (I say) freedome is best,
> Then never yield to thrall's arrest.

P. 102. "It has been said that Wallace left no legitimate issue, but had a natural daughter, who married Sir William Baillie of Hoprig, the progenitor of the Baillies of Lammington." *Caledonia*, i. 579.

Crawford merely says of Wallace, "He left issue only one daughter who was married to Sir William Baillie of Hoprig;" adding, "the lands of Ellerslee returned to the family of Craigie." The only thing that has the semblance of proof that Wallace was not married, is what follows in the same note:—"The estate of Ellerslee went to the Wallaces of Ricardtoun, as his nearest male heirs." But their being *male* heirs might be the reason for their inheriting this property. Besides, it does not seem fully ascertained whether our illustrious champion was ever personally vested in these lands. It is admitted by the Author of Caledonia, in a preceding note, p. 578, that "both Wyntoun and Harry concur in speaking of the great Wallace as the *second* son of Sir Malcolm." Lord Hailes says, "He was the younger son of a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Paisley. Such is the opinion generally received." *Annals*, i. 245.

It must be admitted, however, that Bower, in his continuation of Fordun, says, "That Andrew, the elder brother of William, and honoured with the

order of knighthood, being guilefully slain by the English, William succeeded to a sufficient patrimony in lands for his estate, which he left to be held by his posterity." *Scotichron.* ii. lib. xi. cap. 28.

Respecting his marriage Blind Harry observes,—

Begynnyng band with graith witness besyd,
Myn anctor sais scho was his rychtwyss wyff.

"Unless we should suppose the minstrel determined to lie in the face of evidence, his appeal in the passage quoted to his *auctor*, shows the general belief of the country at the time of his writing, and even during the life of Mr. John Blair, to whom he seems to appeal, that Wallace was married. Now it is well known that Blair was the bosom friend and faithful associate of Wallace, and, being a priest, it may reasonably be conjectured that he was the person who celebrated the marriage." *Dr. Jamieson's Notes on Blind Harry.*

"Tradition tells that the house where Wallace resided was at the head of the Castlegate, opposite the church, where a new house has lately been erected. It also acquaints us that a private vaulted archway led from this house to Cartland Craigs, but seemingly without the smallest probability." *P. Lanark Stat. Acc.* xv. 33.

P. 115. Barbour, speaking of the proceedings of the English at Ayr, in regard to Crystal of Seaton and others, thus expresses himself:—

It wes gret sorrow sekyrly,
That so worthy persoune as he,
Suld on sic manner hangyt be,

Thus gate endyt his worthynes,
And off Cramford als Schyr Ranald wes,
And Schyr Bryce als the Blar,
Hangyt in till a barne in Ar.

The Bruce, iii. 260.

P. 120. "The vestiges of *Tiber* Castle, which has been a large building, are to be seen on the banks of the Nith. A small part of the wall next the river remains; fosses are visible, and some entrenchments where it was most accessible. It is supposed that the barony of *Tiber* is named from Tiber or Tiberius. There is a Roman encampment too. The English had a garrison in this castle in the time of Sir William Wallace, who took it by surprise." *Stat. Acc. P. of Penpont*, i. 209.

P. 121. "Richard Lundie, Louden, or London, was a powerful baron in the shire of Fife. He brought five hundred men to Wallace's aid in the encounter with Macfadyen, near Craigmore, in Perthshire. Lundie, having become dissatisfied with some of the Scottish leaders, was on the English side in the battle of Stirling bridge, September 11, 1297." *Notes to the Perth edition of Wallace.*

139. "All round this monastery (Lindores, Fife,) was *Earnside wood*, where Wallace defeated the English. It was anciently four miles in length, and three in breadth; now there is nothing but some few shrubs to the east of the abbey." *Sibbald's Hist. of Fife.*

P. 188. *Adomer de Vallance Earl of Pembroke.* "This Earl seemed to have a divine interdict impending over him, and the immediate vindictive hand of Providence to be upon him and his posterity, for his atrocious deeds. He was a tool to his prince, and servilely submitted to the mandate of the crown, contrary to the dictates of humanity, honour, and justice. He sat in judgment on Thomas Earl of Lancaster, and impiously acquiesced in his sentence. He was a chief instrument in apprehending the famous Scottish patriot, Wallace, in 1305; accomplishing his capture by the treachery of his most intimate associates, and those in whom he placed his utmost confidence, Sir John Monteith, and others, of infamous memory. *Adomer*, on his bridal-day, was slain in a tournament, held in honour of his nuptials; and left a wife at once a *maiden*, *bride*, and *widow*. It is said that for several generations of this family, *a father was never happy enough to see his son*, the proscribed parent being snatched off by the hand of death before the birth of his issue." *Hutchinson's Hist. of Northumberland.*

It may also be remarked, as a singular coincidence, the fatality which attended the Stuarts after they came to the throne, not one of whom, for many generations, died a natural death. John Monteith was the son of Walter Stuart Earl of Monteith, and of the same family which afterwards swayed the Scottish sceptre.

Aymer, or Adomer, de Vallence is likewise charged by the minstrel, as being the instrument made use

of for corrupting the fidelity of Monteith; and he mentions that the infamous bargain was finally concluded in "*Ruglyne Kirk*," where the two met by appointment, and that Monteith received from Vallence three thousand crowns of gold as the price of his friend. "*Ruglyne*" is situated nearly mid-way between Bothwell and Dumbarton Castles; the former being the place where the Earl of Pembroke usually resided when in Scotland, and was quite convenient for his keeping an appointment at "*Ruglyne*" with the Governor of Dumbarton Castle. When it is recollected that John Comyn, who, according to "*Douglas's Peerage*," married a sister of Vallence, was hatching the treason which he afterwards put in practice against Bruce, at the time when his brother-in-law was tampering with the friend of Wallace, it will not be doing him great injustice if we suppose him *at least* in the secret of the infamous transaction with Monteith. In fact, both these deeds of darkness appear to have been part of the same plan for placing Comyn, and consequently the sister of the Earl of Pembroke, on the Scottish throne.

P. 195. "He brint all the Chronicles of Scotland with all maner of bukis, als weill of devyne seruyce as of othir materis, to that fyne that the memorye of Scottis suld peris. He gart the Scottis wryte bukis efter the *vse of Sarum*, and constranit thaym to say efter that vse." *Boeth.*

P. 209. In the taking of Wallace we have thought proper to follow, in a great measure, the account given by the minstrel. It is, we conceive, the only rational one we are possessed of: and, as the authority of this ill-used author has been supported by the Tower records, in matters of comparatively trifling importance, it would be unfair to doubt his veracity on so important a part of the history of his hero, particularly when all the notices we have in other writers tend more or less to confirm the truth of his statement. Lord Hailes, however, has attempted to lessen the odium which has, for these five hundred years, been attached to the memory of Monteith: however reluctant the learned may be to go in with what they call "*popular tradition*," we conceive they ought to have some evidence beyond mere scepticism on their side, before they venture to contradict it. In the remarks which his Lordship has made on the subject, we cannot discover that acuteness which characterises his other writings. The able manner in which Dr. Jamieson has replied to him, leaves little to be said on the subject. It may, however, be remarked, that if there had been a possibility of rescuing the name of Monteith from the execrations of his country, the task would not have remained for the learned annalist to perform. The great family interest which he possessed, were sufficient to protect him from punishment, not only for his treachery to Wallace, but also for his subsequent perfidy to Bruce. Yet though that interest was powerfully exerted to screen him from the consequences of his

demerits not a single effort was made to remove the dishonourable stain from his character.

The following transaction, which we have alluded to above, is quite consistent with the conduct ascribed to him by the minstrel; it will also account for the impunity which attended his crimes.

"About this time there happened a passage not unworthy to be related, in regard to the variety of providences, in a narrow compass of time. John Monteith, who betrayed his friend Wallace to the English, and was therefore deservedly hated by the Scots, received, amongst other rewards, the government of Dumbarton Castle from the English. When other forts were recovered, that only, or but very few with it, held out for the English. And because it was naturally impregnable, the king dealt with the governor by his friends and kindred to surrender it. He demanded the county or earldom of Lennox, as the price of his treachery and surrender. Neither would he ever so much as hear of any other terms. In this case the king wavered and fluctuated in his mind what to do. On the one side he earnestly desired to have the castle; yet, on the other, he did not so much prize it, as for its sake to disoblige the Earl of Lennox, who had been his fast and almost his only friend in all his calamities. But the Earl of Lennox hearing of it, and coming in, soon decided the controversy, and persuaded the king by all means to accept the condition. Accordingly the bargain was made as John Monteith would have it, and solemnly confirmed. But when the king was going

to take possession of the castle, a carpenter, one Rolland, met him in the woods of Colquhoun, about a mile from it, and having obtained liberty to speak with the king concerning a matter of great importance, he told him what treachery the governor intended against him, nay and had prepared to execute it. It was this. In a wine cellar concealed and under ground, a number of Englishmen were hid, who, when the rest of the castle should be given up, and the king secure, were to issue forth upon him, as he was at dinner, and either to kill him or take him prisoner. This being thus related, the king, upon the surrender of the other parts by John being kindly invited to a feast refused to eat, till as he had searched all other parts of the castle, so he had viewed that wine cellar also. The governor excused it, pretending that the smith who had the key was out of the way, but that he would come again anon. The king, not satisfied therewith, caused the door to be broke open, and so the plot was discovered. The English were brought forth in their armour, and being severally examined, confessed the whole matter, and they added also another discovery, viz. that a ship rode ready in the next bay to carry the king into England. The accomplices in this wicked design were put to death; but John was kept in prison, because the king was loth to offend his kindred, and especially his sons-in-law in so dangerous a time; for he had many daughters, all of whom very beautiful, and married to men rich enough but factious. Therefore, in a time of such imminent danger, the battle drawing

near wherein all was at stake, lest the mind of any powerful man might be rendered averse from him, and thereby inclined to practise against him, John was released out of prison upon this condition (for the performance whereof his sons-in-law undertook) —that he should be placed in the front of the battle, and there, by his valour, should wait the decision of providence. And, indeed, the man otherwise fraudulent, was in this faithful to his king, for he behaved himself so valiantly, that that day's work procured him not only pardon for what was past, but large rewards for the future." *Buchanan's Hist.* vol. i. p. 310.

P. 211. "In the castle of Dumbarton, they pretend to show the mail, and, if I mistake not, also the sword of Wallace. If he was confined in that fortress by Monteith, before being sent into England, as some have supposed, it is not improbable that his armour might be left there. The popular belief on this head, however, is very strong; of which I recollect a singular proof, which took place many years ago, and of which I was an eye-witness. In the procession of king Crispin, at Glasgow, his Majesty was preceded by one on horseback, appearing as his *champion*. In former times this champion of the awl thought it enough to wear a leathern jerkin, formed like one of mail. One fellow, however, was appointed of a more aspiring genius than his predecessors, who was determined to appear in real mail; and who, having sent to Dumbarton castle, and hired the use of Wal-

lace's armour for a day, made his perambulations with it through the streets. I can never forget the ghastly appearance of this poor man; who was so chilled and overburdened by the armour, that as the procession went on he was under the necessity of frequently supporting himself with a cordial. It was said that he took to bed immediately after the termination of this procession, and never rose from it. From that time forward his successors in office were content to wear the proper badge of their profession." *Dr. Jamieson's Notes on Blind Harry.*

P. 213. "William Wallace, which had oft-times set Scotland in great trouble, was taken and brought to London, with great numbers of men and women wondering upon him. *He was lodged in the house of William Delect, a citizen of London, in Fenchurch-street.* On the morrow, being the eve of St. Bartholomew, he was brought on horseback to Westminster Hall; John Segrave and Geoffrey, knights, the Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen of London, *many both on horseback and on foot,* accompanying him, and in the great hall at Westminster, *he being placed on the south bench,* crowned with laurel, for that he had said, in times past, that he ought to wear a crown in that hall, as it was commonly reported; and being appeached as a traitor by Sir Peter Malorie, the king's Justice, he answered *that he was no traitor to the king of England;* but for other things whereof he was accused, he confessed them, and was, after, headed and quartered." *Stow Chron.* p. 209.

P. 214. "The martyrdom of Walays was performed at the Elms, in Smithfield, where Cow-lane now is, on the 23d of August, 1305. It is thus described in a ballad written about a year after, when the head of Sir Symon Frazer, one of the heroes of Roslin, was set up beside those of Walays, and Lewellyn, the last sovereign of Wales:

"To warny alle the gentilmen that duel in Scotlonde,
The Waleis wes to drawe, seth he wes unhonge,
Al quic beheveded, yo boweles ybrent,
The heved to London brugg was sent."
To abyde.

* * * * *

"Sin Edward oure king, that ful ys of piete,
The Waleis' quarters sende to is oune contre,
On four half to honge huere myrour to be
Ther-opon to hinche that monie myhten se."
Ant drede.

MS. Harl. No. 2252, f. 596, *Trivet*, p. 340.

Thus did Edward glut his vengeance on the dead body of this worthy man, whose living soul all his power never could subdue.

"Some of the English historians have stained their pages with with low invectives against Walays. Carte, in particular, (Hist. vol. ii. p. 290,) labours hard to prove him a traitor to king Edward, whose *mercy* he praises. That he was a traitor, he proves from his being a native of Galloway, which, *he says*, the kings of Scotland held, in vassalage, off the crown of England; and, because the subvassals were, in cases of rebellion, subject, by the same feudal law, to the same forfeitures and penalties as the immediate vassal.

"A man must feel himself very much pinched of

arguments, when he has recourse to such as are confessedly not founded on reason—and to quibbles and perversion of facts. Clydesdale, the ancient kingdom of Strath-Cluyd, one of the first independent kingdoms established in Britain by the expulsion of the Romans, which for many centuries withstood the attacks of the Angles, Pichts, Scots, and Norwegians, and had the honour to produce Stewart, Douglas, and Walays, was never pretended to be any part of the territories of which the kings of England claimed the superiority; so the pretence that Walays was a traitor, in consequence of the place of his birth, falls to the ground: and the pretence of rebellion is equally unfounded; unless the noble exertions of a free people against the unjustifiable attempts of a neighbouring prince to subject them to his dominion, are to be branded with the name of rebellion. Well may the spirit of the noble Walays forgive those writers, for accusing him of inhumanity and rebellion, who have extolled the clemency of Edward I!" *Notes to Wyntoune's Chron.*

P. 216. "The statue of Sir William Wallace, erected by the Earl of Buchan at Dryburgh, was designed exactly from the authentic portrait of him, painted in water colours during his residence in France, which was purchased by the father of the late Sir Philip Ainslie of Pillon, knight. The hero is represented in the ancient Scottish dress and armour, with a shield hanging from his left hand, and leaning lightly on his spear with his right." *Edin. Evening Courant*, of May 19, 1817.

There is a passage in the work of the Minstrel which may be quoted as corroborating the statement of a portrait of Wallace having been taken while in France. It would be very difficult for the poor Minstrel to convey his ideas of a picture in other language than the following:

"The wyt of Frans thocht Wallace to commend
Into Scotland with this harrold, thae send
Part off his deid, and als the discriptioune
Off him, tane thar by men of discretioun,
Clerkis, knychtis, and harroldys, that hym saw;
Bot I hereoff can nocht reherss thaim aw."

P. 218. Independent of all the difficulties which Wallace had to encounter in the low country, the turbulent state of the Highlands prevented him from receiving any assistance of consequence from that quarter. The chieftains there seemed to consider their interest as very little connected with the safety or independence of the Lowlanders; and they carried on their feuds with as much inveteracy as if no foreign enemy had been in the country. We find, "About the year 1299, there was an insurrection made against the Earl of Ross by some of the people of that province inhabiting the mountains called Clan-Iver-Clan-tall-wigh and Clan-Leawe. The Earl of Ross made such diligence that he apprehended their captain, and imprisoned him at Dingwall; which so incensed the Highlanders, that they pursued the Earl of Ross's second son, at Balnegowen, took him, and carried him along prisoner with them —thinking thereby to get their captain relieved. The Monroes and the Dingwalls, with some others

of the Earl of Ross his dependers, gathered their forces and pursued the Highlanders with all diligence; so, overtaking them at Beallogh-ne-broig, betwixt Ferrindonell and Lochbrime, there ensued a cruel battle, well foughten on either side. The Clan-Iver-Clan-tall-wigh and Clan-Leawe were almost all utterly extinguished. The Monroes had a sorrowful victory, with a great loss of their men; and carried back again the Earl of Ross his son. The Laird of Kildun was there slain, with seven score of the surname of Dingwall. Divers of the Monroes were slain in this conflict; and, among the rest, there were killed eleven of the house of Foulis, that were to succeed one another; so that the succession of Foulis fell unto a child, then lying in his cradle. For which service, the Earl of Ross gave divers lands to the Monroes and the Dingwalls." *Conflicts of the Clans.*

P. 220. A revulsion, the natural consequence of the inhuman cruelty of Edward and the undaunted demeanour of his victim, took place in the minds of the people of England immediately after his execution; and the story of an English monk, who pretended to have seen a vision of angels conducting Wallace out of purgatory, with much honour, was quickly circulated, and received with much pleasure all over Britain.

The following verses, translated by the author of the History of the Douglasses, are said to be from the original Latin of John Blair, the chaplain and

biographer of Wallace; they afford a very favourable specimen of the poetical talents of the author:

"Envious Death, who ruins all,
Hath wrought the sad lamented fall
Of Wallace; and no more remains
Of him—than what an urn contains!
Ashes for our hero we have—
He, for his armour, a cold grave.
He left the Earth—too low a state!
And, by his acts, o'ercame his fate.
His soul, Death had not power to kill.
His noble deeds the world do fill
With lasting trophies of his name.
O! hadst thou virtne loved, or fame,
Thou conldst not have insulted so
Over a brave, betrayed, dead foe,
Edward; nor seen those limbs expos'd
To pnblic shame—fit to be clos'd
As relicks in an holy shrine:
But now the infamy is thine;
His end crowns him with glorious bays,
And stains the brightest of thy praise."

THE END.

MALCOLM, PRINTER, GLASGOW.