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THE

CHILD'S FIRST STEP

TO

SCOTTISH HISTORY.

BY

ANNE BODWELL.

AUTHOR OF "THE CHILD'S FIRST STEP TO ENGLISH
HISTORY."

REVISED BY HERSELF IN HER SECOND EDITION
AND ENLARGED.

AND "THE ANNUAL YEAR."

LONDON:

T. B. SHARPE,

15, KING'S STREET, NEW BURLINGTON.



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BY
ANNE RODWELL,
AUTHORESS OF "THE CHILD'S FIRST STEP TO ENGLISH
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DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS ROYAL,
AND "THE JUVENILE PIANIST."

London:
T. B. SHARPE,
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TO THE
LORD ALBERT SUTHERLAND LEVESON
GOWER.

MY LORD,

*Having been permitted the honour of
dedicating my little volume of SCOTTISH HISTORY
to your Lordship, I shall feel deeply gratified
should its limited contents afford you either the
smallest pleasure or instruction.*

I have the honour to be,

MY LORD,

*Your Lordship's most obedient
and obliged Servant,*

ANNE RODWELL.

66, Great Portland Street.

March 9th, 1846.

Preface.

ENCOURAGED by the flattering manner in which my little History of England was received, and the great success that attended its publication, (which I gratefully acknowledge was owing, in no small degree, to its being honoured by Royal Patronage, and the active and extensive interest of powerful friends,) I have been induced to continue my series of Juvenile British History; and, in the hope that a portion of that kindness which was so largely bestowed on my recent publication may be extended to my present work, I have now the honour of bringing before the public the Second Volume of my series, which has for its subject the intricate, though truly interesting, History of Scotland.

I have had no little difficulty, whilst selecting my material from the voluminous works of Chalmers, Tytler, Home, and Sir Walter Scott, to condense my selections from their richly laden stores into so limited a space, and at the same time to render them in any way intelligible and interesting to young readers.

It may, perhaps, be thought (if any one should take the pains to criticise so minor a volume in the field of literature,) that I have paid an undue attention to the early period of Scottish History; and to these I would say, in justification of my plan, that there are so few works to be found, within the pale of modern reading, which treat of Scotland, and its early form of government, that I have endeavoured, with peculiar care, in this little volume, to give a sketch of its general history from the invasion of the Romans, and thus to clear to the minds of the young, (who are generally the most enquiring readers,) many of those hidden events which

occupied an important place in the history of that country prior to the disastrous times of the Edwards.

But I fondly trust that the simple form and unpretending title of my little volume will shield it from the piercing eye of severe criticism, and also be accepted as the best apology I can offer for its multiplied imperfections.

And since it has been written with no other design than to amuse the young reader, and to give some idea of the general history of that part of Great Britain next in importance to England, I shall be amply repaid for the trouble I have taken in its compilation, should I have succeeded in my desire that it may be found in any way useful as a stepping-stone to the ascent of historical knowledge.

I regret, extremely, so long a period has elapsed between the appearance of my first and second volumes ;

but the delay has been unavoidably caused by most severe domestic affliction. Should no unforeseen circumstances prevent my continuing my labours, I hope my next volume, which will include the histories of Ireland and Wales, may be produced with less delay.

66, GREAT PORTLAND STREET,
March 6th, 1846.

Introduction.

"OH, I am in such joy, for Mamma has finished my new History," said Jane, as she came jumping into the library, where her brother Arthur was busily engaged reading some books that had just been sent him for a birth-day present.

"I wish," said Arthur, "you would make less noise and bustle in your joy; for you disturb me so much that I can scarcely understand what I am reading about."

"Tales of my Grandfather," said Jane, taking up one of her brother's books, "that is a very pretty title for a book; I should very much like to read one of those tales. May I do so, dear Arthur?"

“ You must read all of them if you wish to understand what they are about,” said Arthur.

“ Are they all about the same thing ? What a very long tale it must be to fill so many books ; besides, I wonder they should put Tales of my Grandfather on the outside if there be only one.”

“ Why you see, Jane,” said Arthur, “ these books are full of tales of the different Kings of Scotland ; and they belong so much to one another, that you cannot tell very well what they are about unless you read the whole history.”

“ Oh, it is a History of Scotland ! thank you, I shall not want to read your books, Arthur, for Mamma has just told me that she has written a little History of Scotland on purpose for me, and that is why I am so pleased ;—for she is going to read me some of it this evening.”

“ I will ask Mamma,” said Arthur, “ whether

I may not come and hear it too ; for I wish to know whether the History she has written for you is like my pretty birth-day present."


His Mamma's leave was no sooner asked than it was granted. " But," said she, " you must remember, Arthur, that the little History I am going to read to you is written for your sister, and there are many things in it which you have heard about before, and, therefore you must not be surprised if you do not find it so amusing as your own."

" Never mind, Mamma, if I do not like it, you know I need not listen ; but I dare say there will be a good many things in it I have not heard about before, though it is a much smaller History than Sir Walter Scott's, and I think I shall have enough to amuse me in finding out the difference of the two works."

“And as I want to be amused too, Arthur, pray do not talk any more to Mamma,” said Jane, “or you will tire her so much that she will not be able to read. So pray, dear Mamma, begin directly, before Arthur has time to interfere with his long speeches.”

“I will do so immediately, my dear, and, as Arthur is going to favour us with his company, you must excuse me, Jane, if I sometimes bring his name forward in my reading, to keep his attention alive, and to make him a more ready listener to your little book on Scottish History.”

CHAPTER I.



“ You must bear in mind, my dear children, that Great Britain, in the early ages, was divided into three principal kingdoms,—Britain, Britannia, or England, on the South,—Caledonia, North Britain, or Scotland, on the North,—and Cambria, or Wales, on the West; but before it was thus divided, the entire island, as far as Caithness, was peopled by one race of men, who came from ancient Gaul, and were of Celtic origin. You will recollect that the Romans were then a most powerful people, and you, Arthur, have already read of the great conquests they made in various parts of the world, and with such good success, that they were vain enough to imagine they should in time be the entire conquerors of it. Whilst the Romans were in pursuit of this

wild scheme, they came in the time of Julius Cæsar (which you have already read in your English History was about fifty years before Christ,) into Gaul, and from thence into Britain. The natives of the southern part fought bravely and fiercely in defence of their wild uncultivated country, but in time yielded to the Roman power. There were, however, some brave Britons who would not submit to the Roman intruders, and in spite of the many comforts and improvements they introduced among those Britons, who would acknowledge them lords of their native soil, these dauntless men preferred their independence, and fled northward from the power of the invaders, seeking refuge behind the hills, and among the woods and ravines of North Britain. But the Romans were as bent upon making them yield, as these rude barbarians (for so the Romans justly called them) were resolved to withstand them; and for this purpose Julius Agricola, A.D. 80, set sail with a body of men from Manchester, (then called Manicunium,) to invade and conquer their country: his task was a hard

one, for the natives fought, like all wild and untrained soldiers, with savage barbarity; but his superior skill in arms, and untiring bravery, at length succeeded, and the natives south of the Forth and Clyde became subject to him. Agricola wisely raised fortifications along these rivers, to prevent those Britons who had fled beyond them from returning south. In A.D. 83, Agricola crossed this boundary, and in the following year fought a hard battle with the natives, thirty thousand of whom 'faced the invaders bravely,' near the Grampian Hills, and fought so manfully, that Agricola was glad to bid adieu to them; he sailed further north, and discovered that Britain was an island, but did not venture to land again in its northern parts. The cruel and wicked Emperor Domitian, envying his brave general's fame, sent for him to Rome, and compelled him to enter that city in the night, that no triumph might await him for the laurels he had won. In A.D. 120, Adrian came into Britain, and raised a wall of mud from the Tyne to the Solway Frith, making that the bound-

ary of North and South Britain. Antoninus Pius, A. D. 140, raised a wall from the Frith of Forth to the Frith of Clyde; for the Romans still tried to keep their power thus far. Many battles were fought between them and the still unconquered tribes, till, in A. D. 208, the aged Severus went in person to try and complete those conquests in the north, which had been begun by his predecessors; but he could do little with such hardy foes, for though they promised to yield, yet Severus had no sooner retired, than they came out of their hiding holes, and broke the peace they had just made. Severus had reached York when he heard of their rebellion, and instantly gave a cruel order for a general slaughter of men women and children; but his own death spared him the execution of so great a crime. From this time the Romans made no fresh attempts to extend their conquests north of the wall of Antoninus Pius, which was newly fortified; and one, in a line with the more southern wall of Adrian, was also built before the Romans left the island in the fifth century. No sooner had they

quitted it, than the Caledonians tried, as you well know, to come south of these walls, and made such frequent inroads upon the Southern Britons, that they sent once more to entreat the aid of the Roman generals; ‘for,’ said they, in their letter to Ætius, the Roman consul, ‘the barbarians drive us into the sea, where we must be drowned; and if we go back, they kill us.’ But the Romans began to find out they had grasped at too much in their attempt to conquer Britain, and were glad to give up their right to it.”

“Mamma,” said Jane, “you just now called the North Britons Caledonians; was that their proper name?”

“Yes, my dear, Scotland was anciently called Caledonia, and it was thus named by the Romans. The North Britons called the centre of their country *Celyddon*, from its being covered with vast and extensive woods: for that word means, in their language, wood or covert, the people were called *Celyddoni*, or ‘Men of the Wood.’ When Agricola crossed the Frith of Forth, he found himself in

the centre of their vast forests ; and his son in law, Tacitus, was the first who gave this country the Latin name of Caledonia ; the people he called Caledonians, and, from the extent of their woods, the whole of north Britain was called Caledonia."

" But I have read of Picts and Scots fighting against the English, Mamma," said Jane, " who were they ?"

" The origin of the Picts and Scots, my dear child, has given rise to much argument amongst learned men ; but Chalmers, with many others, says they were originally of the same Celtic nation ; the Picts were a tribe of Caledonians who lived along the eastern coast in a large and open country, which was called *Peithw* by the Britons ; from that word meaning open country in their language, the natives were called *Peithi*, or ' the people of the plain.' The Romans changed the word *Peithi* into *Picti*, from the natives painting their bodies. The Scots were not known in Caledonia till the fourth century, when they made their principal settlements in Argyleshire, and along the western coast."

“Where did they come from, Mamma?” said Jane.

“From Ireland, my dear; for, strange as it may appear to you, the early inhabitants of Ireland were called Scots, and originally came from Britain.”

“Well, that is a singular thing, Mamma,” said Arthur, “that the people of Ireland were ever called Scots, and that in the end the country of Caledonia should be called Scotland.”

“But it is no more strange than true, my dear boy: the first Scots that settled in Caledonia came from Ulster; they were called *Dabriads* or *Scoto-Irish*, and, as you may imagine, they were constantly at war with the Picts.”

“That, I am not at all surprised at Mamma,” said Arthur, “for surely they had not as much right in Caledonia as the Picts, who were the native inhabitants.”

“I must certainly agree with you in thinking that the Picts had a far greater claim to Caledonia than these new settlers from Ireland, and for nearly four centuries they kept the ascendancy, Caledonia,

during that time, being called the kingdom of the Picts ; but at the end of that period the Scots made themselves so entirely masters of the country, that its name was changed from Caledonia to that of Scotland."

"Mamma," said Jane, "I should like very much to know what kind of men they were in those days, and what sort of dress they wore."

"Like most other savage nations, my love, the early Scotch did not think much about dress ; the little clothing they wore was made of the skins of the wild beasts they killed in the chase. They painted the naked parts of their bodies with all kinds of gay colours, and in various figures and odd patterns ; for this reason you have just heard that the Romans called them *Picti* or *Picts* ; they wore their long shaggy hair matted down over their faces, so as to form a kind of helmet. Their houses were made of wattles, but they also lived in the natural caves of their country, which made them capital hiding holes when pursued by their enemies. They knew no arts, and their wants were few ; they could endure the extremes

of cold and hunger, for they had but little idea of cultivating the barren land they lived in. In short, they were a savage people, yet fearlessly brave, and so independent, that they acknowledged a chief only in times of extreme danger.

“Such were the early inhabitants of Scotland, and similar to them are almost all other nations that know no Supreme being but the gods of their own imaginations; for though the Caledonians as well as the South Britons had priests whom they called Druids, yet their ideas of the true God were so confounded, and tinctured with idolatry and superstition, that, until Christianity was known among them, they can hardly be considered otherwise than people living in heathenish ignorance. The Scots in Ireland were Christians before they settled in Caledonia, A.D. 432, and when they first visited the Caledonian shores in A.D. 503, their virtuous priest Columba planted the Christian banner there; its holy influence, by his pious care, soon reached the Pictish territory, and spread so rapidly that, ere long, Scotland ranked as a Christian nation.”

CHAPTER II.

“ I HOPE in this chapter, my dear children, to be able to point out to you the leading events that took place in Scotland, from the time the Romans left it in 446, till the overthrow of the Pictish kingdom by the Scots in 843. The Pictish kingdom on the east, and the Scottish on the west, were then the principal divisions of North Britain, but Moray, Sutherland, and Caithness, were not included in Caledonia in these early ages. They were peopled, as well as the Hebrides, the Orkneys, and the Shetland Islands, by a different race of men, who came from Scandinavia, and formed a part of the kingdom of Norway. Some of the smaller counties in the south likewise then ranked as separate principalities, and were peopled by a strange mixture of Scots,

(called also 'The wild Scots of Galloway,' to distinguish them from the settlers in Argyleshire,) Britons from England, who fled from the invading Saxon power in their own country, and who were called Strathclyde Britons, whilst the Saxons themselves made a settlement in the Lothians, and maintained their power there for a lengthened period. So many petty states, formed in a rude age, and in so small a district, was, as you may easily imagine, the cause of unceasing and barbarous war; for since possession, more than right, was then their only law, they were continually poaching on their neighbours' grounds, in order to gain what best suited their purpose, and such infringements were generally revenged with merciless fury. But I dare say you are wanting to know why the Picts suffered their kingdom to be invaded and taken from them; so I will no longer tire your patience with this uninteresting part of my little history, only begging you to try and remember the names of the ancient Scottish kingdoms, as by chance I may have to speak of them in a later part of the history. Forty Pictish

kings, by turns, ruled in their part of the kingdom, but so little interest is attached to their reigns, that we will not lose time by dwelling upon them; and their rude and uncouth names, whilst they would puzzle you to pronounce, would be quite impossible, as well as useless, to remember.

“War was the sole object and employment of their lives, and for a time, with barbarous bravery, they withstood the encroaching power of the Scots, but by degrees, they lost what they had fought so hard to preserve, by quarrelling among themselves for plunder. As they had no laws, the king’s power was feeble, and at length so entirely lost, that he, with his lawless subjects, became an easy prey to the conquering Scots. At the end of the four hundred years of their government, no improvement had taken place in their manners and customs; not one single art was known among them; the women went to war in their husband’s train; and though Christianity had found its way into their state, their actions were not much influenced by its doctrines. Without laws, and without one comfort, with their

minds as untaught, as their lands were uncultivated, the Picts can only be spoken of as rude and uncivilized barbarians."

"And I must say," said Arthur, "that I am much disappointed in their History, for I was in hopes you would have had a great deal to say about the Picts, and that I should have heard they were a fine race of brave men."

"How could you expect to hear much good of the Picts, Arthur," said Jane, "when you know how they teased the English, and how cruel they were in all their wars."

"You are right, Jane," said her Mamma, "had the Picts staid at home, and remained united among themselves, they would have stood some chance of keeping their kingdom; on the contrary, they were the scourges of the lands they invaded, whither they went not so much with the desire of conquest, as to destroy and lay waste by plunder, all that came in their way. Bede says "they mowed the Britons like ripe corn, and trampled them underfoot:" like beasts of prey they carried off all they could find, and

quarrelled and fought about the division of their ill-gotten stores ; and whilst they were engaged in this sport, not only the Scoto-Irish, but the pirates of the Northern Seas, then known as the terrible 'Vikingr,' took possession of their kingdom, thus sweeping away from the historic page, the name and kingdom of the Picts."

"Where did the Vikingr come from, Mamma?" said Jane.

"They were a portion of the same race of people known to us as the Danes. These Scandinavian pirates were the most formidable of invaders, and for centuries were the scourge and terror of all Britain."

"The title of those pirates pleases me very much ;" said Arthur, "and now, Mamma, if you please, let us hear something of the Scots."

CHAPTER III.

I HAVE already told you that the Scots came from Ireland, and originally from the western part of South Britain. Ireland (or Hibernia, as it was anciently called) was, at a very early period peopled by settlers from British shores, and from their wandering across the channel to find a new home, they were called *Sceite*, an Irish word for dispersed or scattered, and not long after the inhabitants of Ireland were known by the name of Scots. About the year 503 the Scots made their first settlement in Caledonia in the Mull of Cantire. The chiefs of the new colonists were the three sons of an Irish king, and to Fergus, one of the three, the Scottish people proudly trace their royal pedigree, considering him as the founder of their monarchy. His power at

first was small, his followers few, and his territory extended no farther than the peninsula wherein he had landed. By degrees all these increased, and though the twenty-nine kings that succeeded him were not famed for any particular exploits or great virtues, yet, at the close of their reigns, the Scots had gained so much power and ascendancy in Caledonia as to aim at overthrowing the Pictish kingdom, in which they at last, as you have heard, succeeded. In 843 Kenneth Mac Alpin, king of the Scots in their own nook of the island, "broke the bounds of his ancient" dominions, and, by a decisive battle over the Picts, added that kingdom to his former possessions, and, with the victory, took the title of king of Scotland. From this period, till its union with England in 1603, Scotland was governed by one king."

"I am glad we are come to the real reigns of the Scottish kings," said Jane; "I long to hear about the brave Bruce and Sir William Wallace, too."

"But before you begin about them, Mamma," said Arthur, "do tell us what kind of ships the Scots crossed the channel in, when they first settled in

Cantire; for I cannot imagine that they understood much about helms and rudders.”

“ Indeed, they were ignorant of every art, and that of ship-building was not much known, even in more civilized countries, till a far later period; yet the Scots managed to construct vessels sufficiently well for their own rivers, and even to cross channels, otherwise they would never have made settlements in Scotland. They called their vessels currachs, which were nothing more than a keel of wood framed with wicker-work, and made water-proof by having skins of beasts stretched over them. The Scots were, however, a more civilized people than the natives of Caledonia; they were Christians long before they settled there; and their priests, called monks or Culdees, from the hermit life they led, spent their time in cultivating the earth, and, till the piratical Vikingr found their way into Argyleshire and the neighbouring islands, these holy men of old prided themselves in their well-stocked gardens and fruitful orchards. Bees too were carefully hived, and in those early times mead was their favourite drink.

Heather honey, which is still so much esteemed for a Scotch breakfast, was not less prized among the early Scots. Their principal wealth was in their bees, and long after the formation of the Scottish monarchy they formed a very principal article of commerce. The Scotch superstitiously abstained from eating any kind of fish, indeed, they were prohibited by law from doing so; and when this foolish custom had vanished, the finny tribe were for a long period the property of the sovereign. The Scots were a prejudiced people, and had frequent quarrels among themselves: their hatreds were carried to excess, the opposing parties frequently nicknamed each other, and it is asserted that this was the origin of their clans, the chief giving name to all his followers."

CHAPTER IV.

“ PLEASED as you are at what you consider the beginning of the Scottish kingdom, my very curtailed history will not allow me to say much of her early kings, and indeed, I should fear to weary rather than amuse you, were I to give any lengthened account of a people, whose whole life was spent in one continued scene of war, either at home or with their fearful and still more barbarous invaders, the “pirate kings” of the northern seas. Yet the reign of Kenneth Mac Alpin (called the Hardy, from his bravery and valour), the first king of Scotland, has some interest in it, for it was, in the first place, no easy task to maintain his power and title as king of Scotland over the kingdom he had so hardly won; but in this he succeeded, as well as in driving out

the Danes; he likewise made a bold attempt to plant his conquering banner in Lothian, then as you have heard, the property of the Northumbrian Saxons. Kenneth was considered a great lawgiver; but, as written laws were unknown in those times, it may be imagined the order of his government (if any were to be found in so rudely formed a kingdom) was preserved by the fame of his arms, for those who dared to oppose his will paid dearly for their disobedience; and though Kenneth is even ranked as a religious prince, yet mercy to the conquered, or clemency to the offender, formed no part of his creed. Perhaps the most important feature in his reign, was his causing the *fatal* stone to be removed from Argyle to Scone, in memory of his last battle with the Picts, and also more fully to confirm his authority and that of his successors on the Scottish throne, for its legendary history affirmed that Scottish kings should rule where that stone rested."

"Do, Mamma," said Arthur, "tell us the origin of this stone; is it not the very same that Edward the First took so much care to bring to England?"

“ It is, my dear ; the Scots of Ireland, and the early Scots, being then alike ignorant in the arts of reading and writing, had no other way of commemorating events than by placing stone monuments on or near the spot they wished to have remembered. Of these they had three kinds—religious, eventful, and funeral. The first were merely upright stones, rudely carved with the moon and stars. Their funeral monuments were likewise rudely sculptured, and those that marked their other events had a history belonging to them, which even to this day is carefully remembered, and related to every inquiring traveller. To such we will leave them, for little faith ought to be placed in legendary or traditionary history, where the narrator has the power to embellish it with all the romance of fiction. From the same course may be traced the origin of their venerated inaugural or *fatal* stone ; but since the Bardic prophecy concerning it is not without some truth, I will endeavour to satisfy your curiosity by telling you its strange history. The Scots fondly imagine it to have been Jacob’s pillow, and that it

was brought from the Holy Land by the Druids (who came originally from the east), and placed by them with pious care in their sacred island. On it the kings of Ireland were installed in their supreme office, and whether or not it was the self-same stone that was afterwards carried with sacred trust into Cantire, when the Scoto-Irish colonized that part, may be matter of doubt, but at all events, it was held in equal veneration, and was only used for the solemn office of inaugurating their kings, which ceremony was performed by their priests. When Kenneth by conquest became king of Scotland, he, with the same care, had the fatal stone removed to Scone, that city being in the centre of his kingdom; and Edward the First must have put an equal faith in its history, or he would not have been so eager to gain possession of it, and transplant it to the capital of his own kingdom. By him it was placed in Westminster Abbey, near the altar, before the shrine of Saint Edward, and in that sacred edifice it has ever since remained. Edward the Third promised to return it to its lawful owners, and issued

grants for that effect, which, however, were not fulfilled."

"Do, dear Mamma," said Arthur, "tell us what the old bard said about this wonderful stone."

"The prophecy was expressed in few words, and though quaint had a powerful meaning. It ran thus:—


"Except old seers do feign,
And wizard wits be blind,
The Scots in place must reign
Where they this stone shall find."

"If that prophecy be true, then, Mamma," said Jane, "Queen Victoria must be a descendant of the first Scottish king Fergus."

"It is rather difficult to trace the royal pedigree back to Fergus, the first Scoto-Irish king in Scotland; still, puzzling as it is, it may be accomplished, and thus is the Bardic prophecy concerning this precious relic of antiquity fulfilled. But in our lengthened detail of the *fatal* stone, we must not forget that Kenneth's history is unfinished; he died in 859, and was succeeded by his brother

Donal the Third; for it was an established law with the Scots, as it had been with the Picts, that sons did not succeed their fathers on the throne, if they were minors at the time of their parent's death. The Picts, aided by the English, made a bold effort to regain their kingdom, and after a desperate and cruel battle, Donal was made prisoner, and carried by Egbert into England. The Northumbrian Saxons, elated with their victory, begged the Picts to pursue the conquest; they rushed on with savage fury, but, in crossing the Frith of Forth, they found their boats unequal to stem the power of the current, half of them were lost, and terrified at finding themselves so much in the power of their enemy, and in so helpless a state, they very gladly came to terms of peace with the Scots, and restored them their captive king Donal. Many of the Picts, in despair of regaining their kingdom, emigrated to England, Norway, and Denmark. Donal was a brave man, but his character was considered bad even in that dark age; he died in 863, and was buried at Icolmkill, the burial-place of most of the early Scottish kings."

CHAPTER V.



“CONSTANTINE the Second, now of age, succeeded his uncle Donal, he found his unhappy kingdom in a ruinous condition. The Danes gladly listened to the complaints of the exiled Picts, and promised to do all in their power to regain their kingdom for them. With this intent they quickly invaded Scotland, and nothing could exceed the terror of the inhabitants, when they saw both their eastern and western coasts invaded by these mighty kings or rather monsters of the sea. Hemmed in so unexpectedly on both sides, the poor Scots sought refuge in their sacred buildings, but their heathenish foes had no respect either for persons or places, both alike were sacrificed to their fury. Constantine with a large army, confronted his ruthless foes at Leven Wa-

ter, but after a brave resistance was obliged to yield. It is said 10,000 Scotch were killed in the battle. The king fled to a cave, but he was soon discovered and murdered by the pursuing Danes. This cave has ever since been called the Black Den, or Devil's Cave. The Scottish nation would now have been entirely lost, had not Aod, or Hugh (called also the "Fair-headed,") the brother of Constantine, wisely retreated with his remaining troops, till with a larger army, and more favourable opportunity, he should have a better chance of driving out his formidable foes, in 881. Hugh was immediately crowned at Scone, but he was no sooner king than he forgot his important trust, and cared not what became of his subjects. The Danes continued their ravages, and the Scots, tired of so useless a king, joined Grig, a rebellious and unconquered chieftain, who dethroned Hugh, and killed him in the first year of his reign. Grig now claimed the vacant throne for himself, but finding the Scots did not relish him for their sovereign, he joined Eocha, the grand-son of Kenneth, with him in the government. The Scots, however, could not for-

get that Grig was a usurper, and tried all they could to deprive him of his unjust power. The Danes meanwhile amused themselves by laying waste the country. It was in vain that Grig tried to inspire his men with courage, to revenge the murder of their late king Constantine; they were alike deaf to his reasonings, and inactive in his cause, though their own interest was concerned in the object; their independent spirits could neither brook seeing their ancient lines of kings broken, nor would they bow to a chief who had no greater right than themselves to rule. They therefore preferred having their country destroyed by the ruthless Danes, to being troubled by a rebel chieftain, for whose power they had the most sovereign contempt. Grig was in consequence driven from the throne in 893, eleven years after his usurpation."

"And I must say I am heartily glad of it," said Arthur, "I love the independent spirit of the early Scots, and the will they had to keep the royal power in its proper line."

"But poor Scotland," said Jane; "only think,

Arthur, of those wretched Danes killing every one as they pleased, without any one to hinder them from doing so."

"If the Scots could fight bravely enough to turn the rebel Grig off the throne, I hope we shall hear they did as much for the Danes," said Arthur; "but who was the next king, Mamma?"

"Donal the Fourth, the son of the murdered Constantine, was welcomed to the throne with much rejoicing, and he well deserved the love of his untaught subjects. The Danes made a furious attack upon Scone, and the terror of the Scots, when they beheld their venerated *fatal* stone attacked, maddened their courage; they fought like lions against the more savage tiger, and happily succeeded in releasing it from the grasp of the invaders. The conflict was a mighty one, but even the Danes trembled at the sight of Donal's superior army, and gladly fled before him. Donal rejoiced in peace, and instantly set to work to improve the government of the kingdom, and to better the condition of the poor. His fame as a warrior was not greater than were his private virtues,—he was a warm

defender of the Christian religion, and, like the good Alfred, his contemporary, he gained many converts to his faith among the Danes. Donal made one cruel law, which shows the barbarity of the age in which he lived, at the same time it bespeaks his zeal for religion. His horror of hearing the Lord's name taken in vain was so great, that any one known to be guilty of this crime had their tongues burnt through with a hot iron. Donal was killed whilst fighting valiantly against the Danes in 904."

CHAPTER VI.



“CONSTANTINE the Third was the son of Aod, or Hugh. It is useless to relate the continued scene of war with the Danes during the early years of this king’s reign. At length they were defeated, but the Scots had no rest, for no sooner had the Danes taken their departure, than Edward the Elder of England, in 924, entered the country, with the desire of adding it to his southern dominions, but his death, in the following year, put a stop to his ambitious schemes. Athelstan, however, soon found some pretext for carrying on the war which his father had begun, and, after endless quarrels and annoyances on both tides, Constantine unwisely ventured into England, sailed up the Humber, and fought a desperate battle at Brannenburgh

where his army was completely ruined. Constantine with difficulty fled to his ships,—his valiant son was slain in the battle; and worn out by the continual harass of war, and enfeebled by age, Constantine, with more concern for himself, than zeal for his ruined kingdom, gave up the crown in 944, and became Abbot of the Culdees at St. Andrews.

“Malcolm, the first son of Donal, now succeeded to the troubled crown of Scotland: his name, so familiar to our ears, seems to throw a gleam of light upon the obscure history of the early Scottish kings. Malcolm’s reign was short, but one important event in it must not be passed over. Cumberland and Westmoreland, though in the English territory, were not subject to England’s king till long after the Saxon heptarchy began. Edmund the Pious, however, made a bold and successful attempt to unite this powerful territory to his own. He laid waste the country, conquered the reigning king, and, with wanton cruelty, put out the eyes of his five sons. From motives of policy he gave his newly won principality to the king of Scotland, on condition he would unite

with him by sea and land in driving out all foreign foes, to which Malcolm gladly acceded, delighted at having so strong a border possession, particularly as the Lothians were Saxon property. The peace of Malcolm's reign was disturbed by rebellions among the powerful Maormoors, in the more northern districts ; they still rejected the sovereign's power, and tried to weaken his authority by frequent insurrections. In one of these Malcolm was treacherously murdered at Mearns in 953. It is said the murderers on being discovered were put to the cruel death of being torn to pieces by wild horses.

“ Of Indulph's reign there is little to relate. He was the son of Constantine the Third. The Danes made more formidable invasions than ever. Indulph faced them bold and fearlessly, but lost his life whilst pursuing them to their ships in 960.”

“ I was in hopes we should have heard no more of those detestable Danes,” said Arthur. “ The Scots must have been a brave people, and though they were a little cruel, the persecution of the Danes was enough to make them savage.”

“I pity the poor women and children,” said Jane, “and I wonder what they found to live upon.”

“I told you in the beginning I had nothing to relate but scenes of discomfit and horror. The Scots bore the name of Christians, but their actions too often proved how little they were guided by its peaceful doctrines, yet let us not be so uncharitable as to condemn without trying to find some palliative. We must remember they were always kept in a state of irritation by the persecutions of the merciless Danes, their lands were a desert waste, and even if they had the desire, they had no chance of rising above their barbarous customs. Besides, the early Scots had no idea of learning, not even their kings could read or write, and their priests thought more of the helmet than the cowl, thinking it no dishonour to their sacred calling to fight for their country’s rescue, so that they had little leisure for diffusing their own scanty store of knowledge; and too many of our pious forefathers gloried in the ignorance of their flocks, from the influence they had over their darkened minds, and the power of increasing their own

authority. In Scotland this was particularly observable where the people listened with childish simplicity and almost idolatrous veneration to their words. The priests loved not only to wrap the truths of the gospel in the thickest folds of mystery, but they delighted in intimidating the minds of their ignorant hearers, and thus an eclipse of the sun or moon, a rushing torrent, the encroachments of the sea, indeed any simple cause of nature, guided by the unerring hand of providence, was not unfrequently ascribed by them to a supernatural power. Many a legend was founded on a simple fact, and handed down from age to age, till at last they found a place in the historic page, but too ridiculous to be considered otherwise than a fictitious tale."

"Oh, Mamma, I am sadly afraid," said Arthur, "you will make out that Macbeth's witches, which I so much delight to read about, were mere tales."

"You must wait till we come to Macbeth's reign before we speak of the events of his time; meanwhile remember that this history is intended for

your instruction ; and though it might please your fancy better if I were to decorate it with all the improbable legends of the age, yet an erroneous impression is always best avoided where real facts ought only to be stated. In Duf's reign you will hear of the increasing power of the priests. Duf was the son of Malcolm the First, and was elected king in preference to Culen Indulf's son, he being a minor ; but Doncha, the principal of the Culdees at Dunkeld, a second Dunstan, wished Culen to reign, and he busied himself in raising an army to dethrone Duf, but lost his life in the attempt. Culen's friends at length succeeded in driving Duf off the throne, he fled north of Forres, where he was murdered by Donwald, his chief but unworthy favourite. Culen's inglorious reign lasted five years : he was killed in battle by the Strathclyde Britons, whose honour he had insulted, 970.

“Kenneth, the third son of Malcolm the First, now succeeded to the throne. Kenneth punished the Strathclyde Britons for their invasion in the preceding reign by conquering their country, but for a

time he permitted them to retain their native princes as tributary to him. Kenneth had hardly time to rejoice in his important victory, before he heard of the Danes sailing into the Tay with a powerful fleet, and he went with a large army to meet his uninvited guests near Perth. Before commencing the battle, he promised large rewards to every soldier that would lay the head of a Dane at his feet,—‘For,’ said he, ‘if the Danes take us, we know our fate; they will not only put us to cruel torture, but they will triumph in sacrificing our wives and our children to their savage revenge.’ The whole army was moved by the king’s speech. When they first beheld their deadly foes, their hearts sunk within them, but their fears seemed now buried in their resolution to fight for themselves and for their country. The battle was cruel, but the Danes were, at length, defeated.

“The tradition which gives the honour of Kenneth’s victory to a peasant named Hay has no truth in it, and it is equally wrong to imagine that the yoke and motto (*Serva jugam*) which now adorn the arms

of the noble family of Errol owe their origin to this event ; for neither mottos nor armorial bearings were known in Scotland in those times. Kenneth made a bold and unwise law to alter the old established succession of the Scottish kings, in favour of his son Malcolm, then a minor, who was made prince of Cumberland, and the nobles promised to support his claim to the throne on the death of the king ; but Kenneth, fearing a dispute might arise in favour of his nephew, Malcolm, son of Duf, then the lawful heir according to the Scottish right of succession, had him cruelly murdered. It is said Kenneth soon repented of his horrid crime, and that he tried to quiet his conscience by founding monasteries and enriching the clergy, but his guilt pursued him everywhere, and it is said that he at length confessed his crime to a priest, who promised him absolution, on his performing a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Palladius, near Fordun ;—thither he went in superstitious faith, but resting at Feticairn, he was there treacherously murdered by order of the lady Fennella, in revenge for his having slain her son, with

other rebels, in an insurrection in Kincardineshire, 994."

"I have read of that story," said Arthur, "in the Geography of the British Isles, and I will show you, Jane, where to find it bye and bye."

CHAPTER VII.



“ON the death of Kenneth the Third, a long war, which lasted nine years, took place as to the right of succession. Constantine the Fourth, the son of Culen, and Kenneth the Fourth, the son of Duf, no longer minors, claimed by turns the throne ; but Malcolm, son of the late king, opposed them, and by their death won the contended crown in 1003. The reign of the victorious Malcolm is gratefully remembered by Scottish annalists, for the signal service he rendered his country in driving out the mighty Vikingr, who had been the scourge of Scotland for nearly two hundred years. Many a bold struggle, however, on the part of the Danes, to keep their footing in a country they had so long infested, took

place before they quitted it for ever. In 1010 they made a formidable attempt in Forfarshire. Malcolm's army was at first so completely overpowered, that the Danes triumphed in their imagined victory.—Stunned, but not defeated, the brave Scots withdrew to a church dedicated to St. Moloch. Malcolm in pity beheld his wasted army, and dismounting his horse, he knelt down imploring heaven to spare his kingdom from destruction, and made a solemn vow, that if his prayers were heard and victory obtained, to found a cathedral church on the place where he offered his petition, and to dedicate it to the tutelar saint of the sacred spot. No sooner was his prayer made than he rose from his knees, and fighting with redoubled vigour, he killed the Danish king, and gained a signal victory. He immediately fulfilled his solemn vow, and the church is still standing as a lasting memorial of his faith in prayer, and his victory in arms. In 1014 the Danes made a last attempt, but Sweyn was tired of so many repulses, and gladly entered into a treaty with the invincible Malcolm to refrain from future invasion,



MALCOLM'S VOW.

and thankfully withdrew his fleet from a country he found it impossible either to conquer or to gain any settlement in. Malcolm must have been a great warrior to get rid of so powerful a foe as the Danes, at an era when they were triumphing in their sovereignty over England, and had successfully made themselves masters of a large territory in the north of France. In 1020 he added the three Lothians, Berwickshire, and part of Teviotdale to his kingdom. Historians do not agree as to his death. Some say he was murdered at Glamis at the age of eighty, and the spot is still shewn where Malcolm fell by the assassin's hand. It is likewise said that vengeance quickly pursued the daring murderers, who, in endeavouring to escape, lost their way, and the ground being covered with snow, they unwarily walked into the Lake of Forfar, and there met with an untimely and watery grave. Chalmers says Malcolm died a natural death in 1033. He left no sons, but two daughters.

“ Duncan, the son of Beatrice, one of Malcolm's daughters, was now chosen king of Scotland. This

good king, known so well as the ‘gracious Duncan,’ had many foes, who no sooner saw him seated on the throne of his ancestors, than they set to work to revenge the wrongs they had received from them on his sacred person. These had arisen from Kenneth the Third altering the long established law of succession; and the heirs of the murdered princes now tried by fresh murder to regain what they fancied they had a right to. The famed and ambitious Lady Macbeth, known in history as the Lady Gruoch, was, both by birth and marriage, nearly related to the deceased princes. She had been taught from her cradle to look upon Malcolm as the murderer of her relatives; and no sooner was she Macbeth’s wife, than she tried to instil into his mind her own ambitious views, by making him assert his own claim and hers to the throne of their murdered relatives. This powerful Maormoor became an active partner in her guilty schemes, and idle fortune-telling tales, which, according to romance, were whispered into his ears by unearthly beings, had filled him with dreamy visions of one day wearing the crown. By treachery

and murder he won it; for the good king Duncan was obliged to visit his northern dominions, in the heart of the powerful Maormoor Macbeth's territory, and there he, unsuspectingly, fell a victim to the mutual hatred and envious ambition of the Lady Gruoch and her lord Macbeth. Duncan was murdered at Bothgownan, near Elgin, in 1040.

"I see by Arthur's countenance, he is a little disappointed that the immortal Shakspeare's sovereign of plays does not acutely agree with my account of Duncan's reign; for some of Macbeth's guilt is wiped away by his having, according to the Scottish law, a strong claim to the throne; and he only followed the example of Duncan's ancestors, by gaining it through unjustifiable murder."

"Why, Mamma," said Arthur, "I cannot help being vexed at any thing that lessens the truth of the story in my favourite play, and I almost wish that old Scottish law anywhere, since it has deprived me of the power of thinking Macbeth one of the worst of murderers, besides making him no longer a usurper; I was afraid you would make out that there was a

great deal of fiction in that play, still I must admire it, though it is not altogether true."

"I would not, on any account, try to lessen your admiration for so magnificent a work of poetic art, but the poet's licence for a romance would be no excuse in an historical narrative."

"Well, Arthur," said Jane, "do you know I am quite glad to learn the real truth, and we both are quite sure that there were never such people as witches."

"That may be; but they helped Shakspeare in his play very nicely, though there was no reality in their accosting Macbeth with their 'All hail, Macbeth.'"

"You did not call him Thane, Mamma, but Maor-moor. Was that, too, fictitious?" said Arthur.

"No, my dear; but the word Thane was not known in Scotland in Macbeth's time; and it is puzzling to know how it has found its way into that history even before the days of Macbeth. The Scots at that time spoke no other than the Celtic language; for it was only during war that they

mixed with the inhabitants of other countries. By good authority it is proved that the word Thane is Saxon; and till the reign of Malcolm the Third, neither Saxons, their manners, nor their customs, had any prevalence in Scotland. The nobles of Scotland were, till that period, called Maormoors, or princes, and after that Comites, or Earls."

"Then were there never any Thanes in Scotland, Mamma?" said Arthur.

"Yes, my dear; when Saxon customs found their way into Scotland, then the office of Thane became known in that country, but never as a title of rank. Neither were the Thanes officers of state; but they were the king's stewards or bailiffs, and had the management of the crown lands. There were also Abthanes, so called, because they were stewards of the lands of the clergy, whose head was the Abbot; besides it was the distinguishing mark of their office, that of the Thane, or king's steward, being a post of greater honour than that of the Abthane; their number was unlimited, but in turbulent times many of these stewards were necessary to prevent the royal lands


being encroached upon; especially as the fish of their rivers and lakes were royal property, and then a principal article of food."

"What a hard thing, Mamma, for the poor Scotch," said Jane, "not to be able to eat a little river fish without buying it."

"One thing in their favour was, they seldom ate more than one meal a day, and that of the simplest kind; and they had such a horror of the more dainty fare of the English, that, though out of place, I must tell you the petition they made to Malcolm the Third, to protect them by law against over-feeding; 'heretofore', said they, 'we ate but once a day, and then no superfluous meats and drinks sought by sea and land, nor curiously dressed dishes served forth with sauces; but fed only to satisfy nature, and not our greedy appetites, which sober fare made us strong of body, and almost like giants in strength and size:' but now, without further delay, I must proceed to Macbeth's reign. He was crowned at Scone immediately after Duncan's death, whose two sons, fearing treachery might be in store for them, found

safety in flight. Malcolm went to England, and Donalbaine took refuge in the Hebrides, which then belonged to the Norwegians. Perhaps you will be surprised to hear that Macbeth made an admirable king; even peace and plenty were the consequence of his able government, which nothing disturbed, till the friends of Duncan's children could no longer brook his usurping power; the memorable battle of Dunsinane was decisive in their favour. Macbeth fled in terror from the field of battle, but was quickly pursued and slain at Lumphananan, by Macduff, in 1056. What became of the Lady Gruoch or Macbeth is unknown; history and tradition are alike silent as to her fate. Macbeth's friends tried to place her son Lulach (called also Fatuus, or the simple) on the throne; and in 1057, a battle was fought at Essie in Strathbogie by his party, against the powerful supporters of Malcolm, who, in sympathy for his murdered father, and in pity for him and his brother, alike in voluntary exile, fought with redoubled energy. Lulach was slain in the battle, and Malcolm proclaimed king, to the general joy of the nation."

CHAPTER VIII.



“MALCOLM the Third had so large a head that he was called Canmore, or Caenmohr, which that word means. Notwithstanding the general joy that greeted Malcolm on his return to his native land, there were many of the powerful Maormoors in the north who looked upon him with a jealous eye, fearing he might introduce southern customs into his own dominions, of which they had the greatest horror; and these fears were not groundless, for Malcolm had lived too long in England not to prefer the superior comforts he had enjoyed there, to the pitiful condition of his own kingdom: but he wisely tried to gain the affections of his uncouth and wayward subjects before he made any innovations upon their fondly-treasured barbarities.

He rewarded liberally all those who had so generously risked their lives and private interests to restore him to the throne of his ancestors. Affliction had softened the natural fierceness of his character into a more refined bravery; and his justice and lenity made even those who did not love his new style of government feel an awe and rude respect for him who had dared to make so bold a step, and ventured not to question his authority. In spite of Malcolm's resolution to continue in peace with the English king, Edward the Confessor, who had so generously sheltered him from the fury of his father's foes, some fancied wrong made him, in a hasty moment, forget the gratitude he owed that monarch, and he rashly entered the north of England as his foe. Peace and good feeling were, however, soon happily restored, and the two kings continued to live in strict friendship with each other till the death of Edward. Malcolm gladly offered an asylum to the poor Saxons who fled from the Norman conqueror after the battle of Hastings. Among the fugitives was the royal Edgar Atheling, with his mother and two sisters, who had come to

England to claim the crown ; but William's conquering arms stopped his intentions, and returning to the continent, adverse winds drove his vessel into the Frith of Forth. Malcolm was glad to have it in his power to assist a Saxon prince ; he welcomed the royal party to his kingdom, and not long after their arrival, Edgar's sister, Margaret, became the queen of Scotland, and her amiability and gentleness of character won for her the people's love, and made them ready converts to many an act of civilization which had not been imagined north of the Tweed before her time.

“In 1070 Malcolm made vast preparations for war with the Conqueror, in favour of his brother-in-law, the Atheling, and laid waste the whole of the bishopric of Durham. William, in revenge, made a murderous attack upon the Northumbrians, whom Malcolm protected ; and, dreading the Conqueror's power further north, he made peace with him, by consenting to hold Cumberland as a tributary kingdom. In 1079 William wanted Malcolm to do him homage for the Lothians, but this he of course refused ; the enraged Conqueror sent his son Robert to fight the king of

Scots; but, without hazarding a battle, the prince hastily returned, stopping on his way to build a new castle upon 'the coaly Tyne,' and thus named that city. In 1091 Malcolm, vexed at having given up the independence of Cumberland, made fresh war with William Rufus, who projected an invasion into Scotland, but his large fleet was destroyed by a severe storm, and the greater part of his army perished from the extremes of cold and hunger. The injured Edgar Atheling forgot his own wrongs in his pity for the ravages the sister countries suffered from such devastating wars, he acted as a mediator between the two monarchs, and effected a cold reconciliation, which was soon broken. Malcolm, in 1097, went to besiege Alnwick Castle, and was killed in the attack; some historians say through treachery."

"What a generous good man Edgar Atheling was, Mamma," said Jane, "how I wish he had reigned in England."

"He was too meek a man and good a prince to engage in war, which must have proved useless against the powerful arms of the Norman Conqueror. I must

not close Malcolm's memorable reign without saying a few words of the virtuous queen Margaret. By her amiability and piety she had not only great influence over her rough warrior-husband, but the priests of Scotland did not disdain to listen and receive instruction from her gentle lips. Malcolm, on these occasions, acted as interpreter, and though he could not read her holy books, he loved to hear them explained in his beloved queen's simple words, and showed his reverence for them by having them richly adorned. There was a strange mixture of foreign luxury and native barbarity at Margaret's court. The dishes were of costly gold, but the native guests knew no table etiquette, and Margaret was greatly shocked to see many of the Scottish lords retire without waiting for the grace or thanksgiving from her good priest Turgot. The few who remained were rewarded for their patience by a goblet of luscious wine; and the tempting lure gained ere long so many converts, that all soon learned to wait for the pious benediction; and Margaret had the joy of knowing what was begun only with the hope of a childish


reward had become the prevailing custom in all the civilized parts of Scotland. This good queen was dangerously ill when prince Edgar entered her room with the melancholy tidings of his father's death. She saw his drooping countenance, and faintly asked, 'How fares it with the king and my loved Edward?' 'They both are dead,' was the reply. The expiring queen lifted her hands and eyes to heaven, crying, 'God's will be done;' and in the midst of her bitter anguish she expired."

"How charming to hear something of a Scottish queen, and so good a one too," said Jane.

"I was sure you would be pleased with her history; the Scots loved her almost to idolatry, and enrolled her among their saints. Malcolm's reign forms an important epoch in the early history of Scotland; his alliance with the Saxon princess, Margaret, made him have a deep interest in the affairs of England; he protected her injured people, and all who fled the Conqueror's wrath were warmly welcomed by him, and many a rebel Norman was glad to find a shelter in Malcolm's kingdom. He cautiously and wisely made

them acknowledge his royal favour in allotting them lands for their possession, by some form of obligation which, no doubt, formed the germ of what in after ages was the almost universal feudal law. Malcolm was, however, a better soldier than a politician, or he would not have so unwisely given up his sovereign right to the principality of Cumberland to the artful Conqueror. That rash act brought much trouble upon Scotland for her future kings to struggle against. Malcolm's bravery was unquestioned, and his generosity possessed a refinement unknown before. I will finish his reign with an anecdote related of him where both were displayed. It had been whispered to him that his death was preconcerted by a nobleman of his court. Malcolm, whilst amusing himself in a hunting match, purposely drew this intended murderer into a solitary part of the forest, and telling him of the rumour that had reached his ears, dared him to mortal combat; the astonished nobleman confessed his intended crime, and, on his knees, begged mercy of his much-wronged, though yet uninjured, king, promised lasting fidelity, which the generous monarch

accepted, and had no reason to repent his clemency hereafter. Malcolm left a numerous family, but at the time of his death they were all minors."



CHAPTER IX.

“A TERRIBLE contest now arose about the old right of succession. Donalbaine, Malcolm’s brother, had been passing his time in the Hebrides, glorying in the barbarities of their ancient customs, and, urged by the wild inhabitants of those isles, he resolved to assert his claim to the throne on his brother’s death. The peace-loving Edgar Atheling was terrified when he heard that the wild Donalbaine, in accordance with the old law, intended to be made king, and knowing that opposition would only inflame the savage wildness of his determined character, as well as deluge the country with bloodshed and rapine, he carried the young orphan family of his sainted sister into England for protection, till he could devise some means for re-establishing them in their native kingdom. Meanwhile

Donalbaine was crowned at Scone, but the triumph of his reign was as short as it was boisterous ; he, with savage joy, yielded to the entreaties of his barbarous train of followers to banish every foreigner from the kingdom that had made a settlement there in the last reign, but the cruel edict only hastened his dethronement, for they had been the happy means of introducing a taste for civilization into the southern parts, which had already taken too strong a root to be relinquished without a struggle. William Rufus generously permitted Duncan, a natural son of Malcolm, to assist his oppressed countrymen with a well-organized army of English and Normans, which soon drove away Donalbaine's undisciplined giant followers; like wild deer they fled from the bows and arrows of Duncan's army, and Donalbaine, thus deserted, was glad to escape with his life, and he again retreated to the wild scenery of the western isles. Duncan immediately claimed the crown for himself. This second usurpation brought fresh trouble and additional cruelty. Edmund, the second son of Malcolm, connived with Donalbaine in the murder of Duncan,

which took place in 1094 on the banks of the Bervie. An unlettered stone still marks the fatal spot. Donalbaine immediately issued from his retreat, and was again made king. He, with yet greater tyranny, continued his barbarous persecutions on the foreigners and civilized Scots, but was again repulsed. The red king William, in pity for Malcolm's children, again fitted out an army to oppose his devastating power. The young prince Edgar joyfully headed the troops the English monarch so kindly sent to the rescue of his distressed countrymen ; before opposing his uncle in open battle, Edgar sent to demand the crown as its lawful inheritor, but his courteous forbearance was repaid by the treacherous murder of the messengers. Young Edgar immediately made a furious attack, which was soon crowned with victory ; the aged Donalbaine fled, justly dreading that the cruelties he had so unsparingly inflicted on others would be returned fourfold on his own gory head ; his infirmities made him an easy prey to his quickly pursuing foes. Edgar, with needless cruelty embittered his imprisoned hours by putting out his eyes. The unhappy rebel king

died soon after at Rosebervie, in Forfarshire, and with him ended the line of the Scoto-Irish kings, who had occupied the throne from the overthrow of the Pictish kingdom in 843 till 1097."

"How delighted I am to think we are coming to more civilized times," said Arthur, "those barbarous Scoto-Irish kings have almost tired me of my love for the brave Scots, but Bruce and Wallace will bring it all back again. Oh! how much I wish I had been a soldier in their times, and how I would have fought for them."

"What, against our own English, Arthur?" said Jane.

"Yes, to be sure; Edward the First was an usurper in Scotland, and he should have had no help from me: I like justice too well for that."

"You would most likely, then, have been hanged in chains as poor Wallace was," said Jane, "it is no use asking Mamma how the Scots lived in those times, for I suppose they had no more comforts then than they had years ago."

"Indeed you are right; for you have just heard

that the dawn of civilization was only beginning to dispel the mist of barbarous ignorance, so treasured by the early inhabitants of the then unlettered Scotland. Happily the delusion passed away with the last Scoto-Irish king; and though native prejudice greatly impeded the rapid progress of every civilized art, yet in the next century we shall see, notwithstanding the desolating war of the sister countries, that the inhabitants of the north of our island began to partake of the chivalrous spirit of the age; and the productions of the country were cultivated and husbanded with a frugal care that paved the way to commerce with their own and other countries. The only mark of civilization among the early Scots was their national music. Though the sweet and plaintive melodies of many of their early songs but ill agree with the natural ferocity of their character,—yet their country richly abounded in national airs; and even now there are few who do not listen to these songs of early days with delight, and without catching some of the enthusiasm that in days of yore inspired their listeners to the highest pitch of animal courage. They had also what

you will probably think far more in accordance with their barbarous customs—war cries. Every clan had its peculiar slagan, or war cry, though all alike tended to the same purpose. These discordant sounds were partly produced by blowing through a kind of trumpet, the hideous noise of which was heard at the distance of miles; others shouted out with stentorian voice the words peculiar to their different clans, when all drew to the centre of attraction, where outrage generally was the cause, and as certainly the result, of the meeting.”

CHAPTER X.

“EDGAR, the third son of Malcolm and the sainted Margaret, now ascended the throne. His personal bravery made him feared by his foes, whilst his justice and humanity gained him the love and respect of his subjects, and many even of those who on the death of Donalbaine had retired to brood over, in silent sorrow, that they could no longer oppose his claim to the crown, by degrees became submissive to his laws. Edgar’s gratitude to William, and his love for English customs, rendered still more dear by his sister Matilda’s marriage with Henry the First, made him live on terms of the strictest friendship with both those kings; and Edgar was proud of being allied to a prince whose superior learning was universally acknowledged. The peace of his kingdom was

sadly disturbed by the unexpected invasion of Magnus, king of Norway, who came to claim the sovereignty of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, which Donalbaine had promised him, on condition that Magnus would assist to place him on the throne of Scotland. Edgar heard with surprise, if not with terror, for this unlooked-for visitation; he was fully aware that his barbarous subjects of the north and south of Scotland would rejoice in the prospect of meeting with any one to dethrone him, and he feared the result of opposing so powerful a foe; but the Almighty hand of heaven interposed to save him and his country: Magnus died before he reached the islands, which caused so great a consternation throughout his navy, that they relinquished the intended attack. Edgar retreated southwards, internally rejoicing that his country was so providentially spared a furious war, and perhaps defeat and slavery to a king, yet more savage than his Scottish ancestors. Edgar conferred large benefits on the clergy, and by his own example enforced a constant observance of every virtue, which tended to preserve peace, and to improve the con-

dition of his subjects. He endeavoured to increase the rising inclination for learning, arts, and sciences, but all were in too infant a state to make much advancement during his short reign. Edgar died in the tenth year of his reign at Dun Edin, 'The Edinburgh of the Saxons,' in 1106.


"As Edgar died without children, his brother Alexander ascended the throne, under the title of Alexander the First. The first important act of his reign was to reform the overgrown errors of the ancient Culdee establishments, by dismissing their warrior-priests, and entrusting the preaching of the gospel of peace to the Augustine Order of Monks, who in this reign became the head of the church in Scotland. They ably seconded Alexander in his efforts to introduce the literature of the age into his kingdom, and so well succeeded, that the English language was spoken among the southern Scotch, as well as at the court of Alexander. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York took advantage of the close intimacy that existed between the English and Scottish kings, and asserted their power over the Church

of Scotland, by appointing the Bishop of Saint Andrews; but Alexander resisted such an infringement of his rights, and resolutely maintained the independence of his kingdom. The angry prelates applied to the pope, who decided in their favour, but Alexander managed his parley with the two English church dignitaries so skilfully, and with so much address, that he gained his own end without any breach of faith between him and Henry, or any serious broil with his powerful adversaries. The restless and uncurbed spirit of the Scots north of the Tay broke out into open rebellion in 1120. The proud and half-savage chieftans of those districts found it quite impossible any longer to submit to laws that they did not choose to understand, and they made a bold struggle to dethrone Alexander, and to make Angus, the grandson of Lulach, their king, who promised to restore the kingdom to all its ancient forms of government. Alexander no sooner heard of the intended attack, than he marched at the head of a large army, who had stout hearts and able hands to defend their king, and to prevent their country from again

sinking into barbarism. Alexander knew that intimidation was necessary to restore peace, and to overawe his insubordinate subjects; he fought valiantly and desperately, so that his half-naked opponents, unused to fight against disciplined men, were glad to return the short daggers with which they fought into their leathern girdles, and, though perhaps unwillingly, they were obliged to promise submission to their valiant sovereign, and return again to their fastnesses, broken in spirit, but otherwise untamed. Alexander was too lenient a sovereign to exercise needless cruelty; when he had accomplished his purpose, he bent his steps southwards; on his way he heard of the lawless plunder that was carried on in many parts of his kingdom, and he enacted severe laws against all such offenders. The Leolfs of Scotland were enraged at thus being interfered with, and concerted the death of their king; they were by the treachery of his chamberlain admitted into his bedroom. Alexander knew of their intent time enough to defend himself against his murderers: his wicked chamberlain, with some others, were killed in the

affray, and guilt made cowards of the rest ; they fled with all speed, but in time met with the punishment they so justly merited. The virtuous king Alexander lived in a stormy age, and ruled over a people who were hardly sensible that their happiness was increased by religion and justice—the two leading features of this good king's government ; and you have heard how hard his task was to maintain his sovereign authority : at times he was compelled to enforce his laws by an authority which gave him the name of Fierce ; but a term more suited to his decided valour, than to any ferocity of character, was more justly his due. Alexander was an admirer of every civilized art, and a promoter of learning, but his reign was too short to display much benefit from the wisdom of his laws ; he however succeeded in introducing coinage into Scotland, and died at Stirling, 1124, deeply regretted by all who knew how to estimate his virtues as a man, and his superior government as a prince."

CHAPTER XI.



“DAVID the First, the youngest son of Malcolm Canmore, succeeded his brother Alexander; he possessed great talents, and was a more polished king than any that had yet worn the Scottish crown. Till his sovereign duties called him into Scotland, he spent the greater part of his time at the English court, and lived in great friendship with Henry till his death. He had promised that king to support the cause of his niece, the empress Matilda, to the English throne; and no sooner was Henry dead, than he was called upon to fulfil his promise. David was nearly allied to both the contending claimants; for Stephen was likewise his nephew, having married the daughter of his sister Mary, the Countess of Boulogne. The

raging storm of war that so long desolated England, when Matilda and Stephen were striving for that throne, was shared by the Scottish king; he steadfastly supported the claim of the Empress, and three times crossed the borders of his kingdom to assist her with his arms. David's tumultuous army, composed of the native Scotch, the Strathclyde Britons, the untamed Galwegians, and every settler that had found a residence in Scotland, formed a strange medley of barbarous and civilized warriors, and each respective party needed a separate king. David tried to maintain discipline, but the effort was as fruitless as the wish was vain; and the barbarous disorder and sacrilegious plunder of his undisciplined troops brought upon the powerless king a scandal that he did not merit; for civilization and refinement marked all his actions. Stephen tried to make peace, by yielding territories in distress, which, in a happier moment, he thought he could easily reclaim; but David was too politic to rest from pursuing the cause he had espoused. With a devastating fury his lawless troops entered Yorkshire, and

proceeded to Cuton Moor, near Northallerton, where the memorable battle of the Standard was fought in 1138. The English barons had assembled there in formidable array. The archbishop of York erected a standard in their camp, with three saintly banners waving from its top, guarding a consecrated host. The sacred emblem gave a sanctity to their cause, which animated the whole army, and impressed the savage Galwegians with an awe that lessened the fury of their assault. This barbarous clan arrived on the eve of the battle, having just triumphantly crossed the country from Lancashire, loaded with spoil, and elated with success. They determined to be foremost in the battle of Northallerton. The king wished his better disciplined troops to commence the attack, but it was useless. 'Whence this confidence in these men cased in mail?' said one of these Celtic chiefs, Malise, earl of Stratherne: 'I wear none; yet will I advance further to morrow than those who are sheathed in steel.' The insulting Galwegian's taunt was angrily replied to by a Norman knight, Allen de Percy; 'Rude earl,' said he, 'you brag of what you



BATTLE OF THE STANDARD.

dare not do;' and David only prevented outrage by yielding to the savage warrior.

“ Robert de Bruce, David's faithful friend, tried to dissuade him from pursuing a war against English and Normans who had protected him in distress, and so warmly befriended him; but David was resolute, and the aged Norman warrior wept at resigning his allegiance to a king whose cause he could no longer aid. The king wept too at receiving the surrender of his lands, and at parting with so old a friend. Bernard de Baliol, a Yorkshire baron, did the same. The Galwegians rushed on to the battle, with their hideous war-cry of *Albanigh*, and stunned those whom they attacked by the fury of their onset; but though they triumphed in their strength, these half-naked warriors would have been glad of a coat of mail to face the showers of arrows which pierced them on all sides; and they were about to flee, when David's son, Prince Henry, came to their aid, and broke down the assailants, with as much ease as he would have done a spider's web. But their victory was short, for a cry ran through the army that

the king was killed. In vain did David show himself to his disordered troops, unhelmeted, and begged them to support him in the fight. Fear had robbed them of their undisciplined courage, and David gladly fled to save his life. The humbled Galwegians were now taught a lesson of humanity unknown among their tribes, and the king availed himself of their submission to bring them under better discipline. Stephen, though victorious, dreaded fresh invasions from the Scotch, and made peace with David, by yielding to his son Henry the whole earldom of Northumberland. Still war raged in England; but David was tired of the wayward and imperious conduct of his empress-niece, and after the battle of Northallerton, he made no further invasions in her cause, although he paid her frequent visits, and occasionally joined her English friends, till, at length, quite worn out, he left her to her fate. It was fortunate for David that his own kingdom was more peaceable than that of England. In the beginning of his reign he had quelled an insurrection in Moray, raised by the friends of the rebel Angus; his victory over them at

the pass of Stratherne, obliged them to submit to their still hated Saxon laws. David was equally peaceful with the English archbishops, who again tried to extend their authority over the Scottish church; but their unlawful pretensions were stayed by the prudent measures of the king. In 1152, David had to mourn the loss of his son, the virtuous Prince Henry; and the people gave a proof of their love for their king, and their respect for his laws, by the sorrow they expressed at the death of the heir to the throne. Henry left six infant children. The heart-broken aged monarch used all his efforts to have the young Malcolm acknowledged as the future sovereign, but grief hastened the old king's death in the following year, 1154. He was found dead, in an attitude of earnest prayer, to the general grief of the nation."

"Oh, Mamma," said Jane, "how nice to hear of such good kings as the sons of Malcolm were."

"It is, my dear; for they all did honour to their brave father's memory, and to the holy precepts of their virtuous mother; and time no longer stole away

without being marked by some benefit arising from the increasing influence of learning and the arts. David, perhaps to a fault, poured benefits on the clergy for their zealous aid in extending the knowledge of the sacred writings, as well as many useful arts; so that, in this reign, we read of corn being ground into meal and manufactured into malt. The Scots had learned to brew good ale; flax and leather were turned to useful purposes; the women spun wool, and some industrious adventurers bored holes in the earth, and there discovered large salt mines, as well as those of gold, and quarries of stone and slate; but could the good and 'patriot king' David have taken a peep into future ages, he would not, perhaps, have been so lavish of his gifts, since so much trouble ensued to the state from the too-richly endowed lands of the clergy."

"Was that Norman Robert de Bruce you mentioned, Mamma, any relation to my brave friend king Robert Bruce?" said Arthur, "I thought he had been a real Scotchman, some relation to Fergus, and no foreigner."

“ So he was ; but I am sorry to disappoint you by telling you that king Robert Bruce was of Norman extraction, and in direct descent from David’s friend De Brus ; his right to the Scottish throne, as being of the royal line of Fergus, came from his ancestors’ marriage with Scots of royal blood. David, who was kind to every body, made friends with many Normans whilst he lived in England, and when he came to the Scottish throne he enlarged their English territories, by giving them lands in his own. All that kindness could imagine and justice execute, might have been king David’s motto ; he mourned the atrocities of his wild soldiery so deeply, that he at one time thought of making a pilgrimage to Palestine to atone for their wrongs which he had no power to prevent ; he was the first king of Scotland who thought of making Edinburgh the royal residence, and founded the abbey of Holyrood.”

CHAPTER XII.

“MALCOLM, the Fourth, son of the virtuous prince Henry, succeeded his grandfather David when only twelve years old ; he was the first minor that reigned in Scotland, and the events of his short reign prove that Scotland was not then in a fit state to be governed by a child. Henry the Second of England amused the young prince with tales of chivalry, and so far influenced his actions, as to gain his services in the war with France, for which he gave him the empty title of Knight, or Earl, of Huntingdon. His Scotch subjects were much enraged at their young king being so entirely under the controul of Henry, and said they would not be ruled by any English king, and whilst he was in France made a great stir, which would have been of serious consequence had not

Malcolm happily returned in time to maintain his royal power, and, assisted by the clergy, he soon repressed the growing tumult. Henry of England still pursued his artful plan of increasing his power in Scotland; and though he had promised his uncle David the sovereignty of the country between the Tyne and Tweed for the services he had rendered him in helping him to the English throne, yet he no sooner got possession of it, than he made young Malcolm resign his claim to it, and tried to deprive him of his independence, by requiring him to do homage for the Lothians; and such was Henry's influence over the young king, that his artful schemes succeeded.—Meanwhile Somerled, Lord of the Isles, with the men of Moray and Galloway, revolted, and made a bold attempt to unfetter themselves from the royal yoke; but Malcolm, though too yielding to the English king, was not without bravery, and he soon dispersed the rebels. He died in 1165, at the early age of twenty-four. His effeminate appearance, shyness of manner, and indecision of character, gained him the name of “Malcolm the Maiden;” still he

was brave in his own country, where he felt his superiority, but with youthful inexperience he leant to the opinions of the more polished Henry, without thinking how injurious his advice was to the real interest of himself, and the people over whom he ruled.

“ William, the brother of Malcolm, now came to the throne. Arthur has read in his valuable birthday present, that this king was called the Lion; and I think even you, Jane, have heard of William the Lion in your History of England. He was the first Scottish king who used armorial bearings, and he gained the surname of Lion, from choosing that animal rampant to adorn his helmet, as was the fashion of the times; the Lion still graces the Scottish arms, and the chief of their herald's-court is called Lion King-at-Arms. William lost no time in demanding of the English king those northern provinces that he with so little ceremony had promised the young king Malcolm to give up to him, and Henry's refusal made the two kings deadly foes. William, disgusted and distressed, applied to the

French court for help. Till 1173 no actual war had taken place. About this time Henry's sons broke out in open rebellion against their sovereign father, and William gladly joined Richard, who promised to restore him the earldom of Northumberland. In 1174 the king of Scotland entered that country, and marched to Alnwick, where he encamped with a few of his best troops, for the greater part of his army, still barbarous and undisciplined, amused themselves by scouring the country, and burning and destroying whatever came in their way. The Yorkshire barons joined the men of Northumberland, and were journeying from Newcastle to Alnwick, when a heavy mist came on. Dreading they might be suddenly pounced upon by their scattered foes, they thought of retracing their steps. 'What,' said Bernard de Baliol, 'retreat; if you all go back I will advance alone.'—The party did not exceed four hundred, and all followed their resolute leader; hidden by the mist, they found their way to Alnwick, to the surprise and horror of the Scottish king, who at first took them for some of his own disordered troops. In honour to

the name he bore, he met them with a lion heart.—‘Come on,’ said he, ‘now we shall see which of us are good knights.’ But four hundred equally brave men soon overcame the king of Scots. William was taken prisoner and carried to Newcastle, and thence to Northampton, into Henry’s presence, with his legs tied beneath his horse, a shameful insult to a fallen foe, and a disgrace to those who boasted of their chivalry. But Henry was cruel in his triumph, and gloried in humbling the fallen Scottish king—his rebellious childrens’ friend: he would listen to no terms of release, unless Wililam would do homage for the whole of Scotland. The Scottish nobles and clergy, in fear of worse consequences from the disorder and confusion of their kingdom without its head, hastily yielded; the dishonourable treaty was made at Falaise: William did homage for ‘broad Scotland’ at York, and returned, crest-fallen, a tributary king, to his own dominions, over which Henry styled himself ‘Lord Paramount.’ Another trouble now came upon William. Pope Alexander thought he had a right to be supreme head of the Church of

Scotland, and appointed an archbishop to the vacant see of Saint Andrew's. William thought fit to elect one of his own choice, for which the pope put the kingdom under an interdict; but William was not frightened, he maintained his right, and a new pope wisely recalled the edict of his predecessor. In 1189 Henry died, and Richard the First of England generously refused to take homage from the king of Scotland, who had fought in his behalf. He restored him all his rights upon payment of ten thousand marks, a heavy ransom in those days, and of no little use to Richard in his crusade wars. Once more England and Scotland were at peace, which lasted many years, with only one slight interruption in the reign of John, when the king of Scotland for 'good will,' and some further advantages, paid 15,000 marks to that king. William died at Stirling in 1214, aged seventy-two."

"Well, Jane," said Arthur, "what do you now think of the English king? Surely you will not take the part of the cunning Henry the Second for his pretended friendship to the Scotch, merely to usurp

what he had no right to, besides telling such abominable stories."

"No, I do not think that he was right," said Jane, "but you must remember, Arthur, that Henry could not help being very angry with William for his taking part with his wicked children."

"But that was only in revenge for the wrongs he had before received," said Arthur.

"I thought you did not like revenge, Arthur," said Jane, "but, at least, you must say that Richard behaved well to William."

"Yes, Richard was a noble king, but still he got a large sum of money for his generosity. Perhaps you do not know, Jane, that those ten thousand marks were worthy as much as one hundred thousand pounds of our money; is it not so, Mamma?"

"Yes; and had not William the Lion been a favourite with his subjects, he would have found it a difficult task to raise so large a sum, when coinage was only just known in Scotland; but the clergy and people all came forward, and by means of a voluntary tax were able to pay their king's ransom. When

Richard was a prisoner in Germany, William sent two thousand marks to aid in his liberation ; some historians think it was part of the sum due to that king, but many are inclined to ascribe it entirely to his generosity. In spite of the troubles of his reign William did much good in his own kingdom. He was a great law-giver, and perhaps severe in justice, but his uncouth northern subjects required a tight rein to keep them from rebelling against laws which they still hated and despised."

CHAPTER XIII.

“ALEXANDER the Second succeeded his father, William the Lion, in 1214; he was about sixteen,—and his rebels subjects in the north, and the English in the south, tried by turns to rob him of his crown, thinking his extreme youth would make his kingdom an easy purchase; but Alexander was very brave, and an equal match for both parties. He affronted John by taking the part of his ill-used subjects, and, to show his revenge, John entered Scotland, and set fire to Dunbar and Haddington; but so great an insult was soon resented: Alexander pursued him into England, but his Galloway troops were so riotous and disorderly that Alexander was glad to dismiss them, and he was just going to join the French army when the news of John’s death restored peace to England.

“ Henry the Third entered into a long parley with Alexander about his right of independent sovereignty, which ended by the Scottish king doing homage for Huntingdon, and those territories formerly held tributary to England. Henry would then have gladly made peace, but Alexander would listen to no terms of reconciliation till Henry gave him his sister Joan in marriage, with a dowry in lands worth £1000. For a time the two kings lived as good brothers, and during Henry’s absence in France, Alexander carefully protected his brother’s northern possessions from insurrection. In 1244 new jealousies led to fresh war; the justice of Alexander’s cause prevailed, and though Henry felt his power, he could but esteem the manly conduct of the upright and virtuous prince. Alexander’s greatest sorrows in his own kingdom arose from the constant struggle for power among the chiefs of Moray, Galloway, and Argyle. He marched into the heart of these rebel countries, and dispersed the insurgents; even the haughty chiefs themselves trembled before a king whose dauntless firmness overawed them, and whose justice was so

tempered with mercy that, however unwillingly, they ventured no longer to withstand his power: but a more serious disturbance took place in Caithness, the people of that district refusing to pay the tithes which the bishop imperatively demanded of them. They assembled a council, in which they proposed to slay the bishop; the word was instantly followed by the execution of the cruel deed,—and the bishop was burnt to death in his palace. Not long after, the Earl of Caithness met a similar death from the bishop's infuriated servants, on hearing that the powerful earl refused assistance to their murdered master. Alexander visited this scene of outrage, punished the most guilty, and restored peace. Alexander died in the Hebrides, in the little island of Kerrera, whither he had gone to demand homage from the chiefs of those isles, which some had paid to the Norwegian sovereign as lord paramount. Alexander had two wives; he was the best of Scottish kings, equally pious, just, and brave,—the defender of the church—the protector of his people—and the friend of the poor and oppressed. He was so good a man that he died



CORONATION OF ALEXANDER THE THIRD.

deeply regretted both by English and Scotch ; his little son succeeded him in 1249.

ALEXANDER THE THIRD.

Alexander the Third was only a little child of eight years old when he became king of Scotland. Henry the Third of England tried to assume a power over his youthful nephew's coronation, and applied to the pope to order its delay till he had been properly received into the chivalrous honour of knighthood. The Scottish nobility were annoyed at Henry's unasked-for interference, and showed their independence, by having the child crowned and knighted at the same time, by the bishop of St. Andrews. He was, accordingly, taken to Scone, and, placed upon their famed *fatal* Stone, and repeated, as he was told, the coronation oaths in Latin and Norman French; then, according to their ancient customs, a venerable highland bard, with whitened locks, and clad in a scarlet mantle, knelt before the throne, and repeated, in his native Gaelic, the genealogy of the infant king. The

next display of royal pomp took place in England, in 1251, when Henry, still bent upon robbing the youthful king of his independence, thought to hide his views by marrying him to his little daughter, the princess Margaret, then only ten years old. The ceremony took place at York, with a wasteful display of gorgeous dresses, and extravagant feasting. The whole country was in an uproar of rejoicing, and not long after, the little pair set out for Scotland; Alexander first doing homage to Henry, for his English lands, but it was in vain Henry tried to court him into submission for the whole of Scotland. Alexander had a manly spirit, superior to his years; for, though only eleven, he boldly replied, 'that he came on a joyous and a peaceful errand to be married, and not to treat of state affairs, which he was too young to discuss upon without the advice of his council.' Henry was mortified however, and with officious care, tried to meddle in the affairs of Scotland, but the young king was too wary to be entrapped, and though he, with his queen, paid many visits to their royal relatives in England, he would, on no one occa-

sion, compromise his royal dignity: still the whole of his long minority was constantly disturbed by the intrigues of the wily Henry, and had not the young and prudent king been ably supported by the Comyns, his staunch and powerful friends, it would have been a still greater difficulty to have kept his kingdom unfettered from the English yoke. As it was, Scotland suffered much, for many a noble infringed upon his neighbour's rights, and many a churchman added unjustly to his wealth, which gave rise to civil feuds; so that the land was left untilled, manufactures were neglected, and every rising art for this short period gave place to tearing down castles, violating churches, and other lawless depredations. In 1262 all Alexander's energy was required to repel a most formidable invasion of the Danes and Norwegians. Haco, king of Norway, came to demand the sovereignty of the Western Isles, which Alexander claimed for himself, but the real intention of the Norwegian king was to conquer Scotland; with the barbarous dignity of former years, he filled the seas with his vast fleet, which threaded its way through the Western

Islands, and sailed into the Clyde. Alexander met him at the little village of Largs, with a well disciplined army to oppose his landing: he first courteously demanded of his northern foe the purpose of his visit; a little time was thus gained, which Alexander employed in adding to his troops. Never before had there been seen in the Scottish army so dazzling a sight of men clad in shining steel, the horses even were guarded with breast plates, and some from Spain were entirely cased in mail. The gallant king proudly led on his troops, both parties fought desperately; but the elements, guided by a mightier hand than that of man, raged furiously, and shattered the Norwegian fleet. Haco, in terror lest he should have no means of escape left, forgot the battle and fled with his landed soldiers to the yet remaining ships; he reached the Orkneys and died there, worn out by fatigue and grief. His successor Magnus, feared to pursue so hazardous a war; and gave up all right to the Hebrides and the Isle of Man, on receiving from Alexander the sum of 4000 marks, but he kept the sovereignty of the Orkney and Shetland Islands. Alexander had some trouble to

prevent the pope usurping authority over the Scottish Church, but he turned a deaf ear to his threats, and declared himself and his clergy free from his controul, by refusing to pay the tithes which Clement the Fourth tried to levy for the king of England to assist in the Crusade wars; giving answer to the pope's legate that all the money he and the clergy could spare he should employ for crusaders from his own kingdom; and many a bold Scottish knight joined in the sacred war. Severe domestic griefs were added to this good king's anxieties; his queen was dead, and of his three children not one lived to reign in Scotland, the Princess Margaret, who had married Eric, king of Norway, died, leaving an infant daughter in that barren northern country; and as both Prince Alexander, the heir to the throne, and his younger brother David were dead, Alexander lost no time in having his infant grandchild Margaret, known as the Maiden of Norway, proclaimed throughout the kingdom as his successor; but the closing years of his reign were sadly clouded by the gloomy prospects of the troubles that he knew would come upon his king-

dom for the want of an heir with years and energy to withstand the usurping power of England over her sovereign and independent rights. Alexander married again, and was shortly after killed by a fall from his horse at Kinghorn, in 1285. He had been hunting in the neighbourhood of that town, and riding homewards at a rapid pace on a dark night, his horse stumbled over a rocky precipice, when both king and steed were plunged into the sea and met an instant death. The grief at the melancholy fate of their beloved king was universal, and I dare say you will like to hear what the faithful Fordun has said of him. 'In his time the Church flourished, its ministers were treated with reverence, vice was openly discouraged, cunning and treachery were trampled under foot, injury ceased, the reign of virtue, truth, and justice was maintained throughout the land.'"

"There is more pleasure in hearing about Scottish kings now," said Jane, "for they liked some peace as well as war."

"Mind, Jane, what you say," said Arthur, "about peace, for you will hear about plenty of war from

this time, and mostly with our own English, who were the very plagues of Scotland. Nothing pleases me more than to hear of the cool answers both the Alexanders gave the artful Henry."

"It is a pity," said Jane, "they could not keep friends, for the English certainly improved the Scotch very much. I suppose all Scotland was civilized then, Mamma."

"There were yet some chieftains in the north who lived among their clans, proudly boasting of their pure Celtic origin, speaking their native Gaelic and pursuing their primitive customs, despising every art of foreign introduction, and every law that differed from their own strange mode of rule; but their power was restrained, for they did not venture south of the Tay, fearing the contagion of their southern countrymen, whom they called 'Fish-eaters;'"—the term Highlanders and Lowlanders arose from the marked difference of language, dress, and mode of living of the inhabitants north and south of the Tay. In the south of Scotland the customs and manners were those of the English;

the inhabitants now traded with foreign countries, so that prosperity and plenty reigned, when the untimely death of the valiant king of Scots put an end to all their hopes, and gave birth to every fear, for

‘ — Old men and beldames

Did prophecy about it dangerously.’

CHAPTER XIV.



“MARGARET, the Maiden of Norway, was only three years old when called to reign in Scotland. Edward the First, with cunning policy, secured the friendship of her father Eric, king of Norway, and advised him not to part with the infant queen; but not assigning as his reason, that he would first see how he could manage to add her kingdom to his own. This he thought would be best accomplished by marrying the little queen to his infant son Edward of Cærnarvon, but they were too nearly related to effect this without the pope’s permission: this was obtained, and the Scotch barons of Norman descent, having an equal interest in both kingdoms, were pleased at the idea of an union which they thought would bring peace; but the lords of a pure Scottish

lineage disliked Edward's schemes, fearing that their liberties would be curtailed by so close a connexion: however, a regency of six being appointed to act for their absent queen, to protect her rights, and as Edward made so many large promises that the kingdom should not be robbed of its independence, they yielded to his views of government, without seeing that every law dictated by him tended to ensnare them, and increase his own authority. Edward, laughing at their blindness, and rejoicing in his own artful schemes, boldly demanded possession of their castles, saying, 'he could not defend them conscientiously from invasion, or protect them against internal discord, unless his authority was more openly confirmed.' The Scots were roused at so daring a request, and declared, 'that they would not give up the keeping of their castles to any one but their queen, or her intended husband.' The mortified Edward dared not at this critical moment vent his rage at so bold a denial: he had secretly sent to Norway, and knew the little queen was

on her voyage ; he, therefore, quietly awaited her arrival, to which all parties looked forward with the greatest interest, but in September, 1290, the melancholy tidings of her death in the Orkneys cast a deep gloom over the nation. The whole kingdom was plunged into the deepest distress, for every loyal subject knew too well that the untimely death of the last heir of their still lamented and good king Alexander would bring much trouble upon their unhappy kingdom. They were now without a sovereign, and all who had any royal blood flowing in their veins, lost not a moment in gaining friends to support their respective claims to the vacant throne. So many contending parties threw the kingdom into the greatest disorder, and the Bishop of Saint Andrew's, in a rash moment of despair and vexation, sent to implore Edward's interference ; he gladly accepted this single invitation, and soon appeared in Scotland, to adjust, as he said, their wrongs ; and to effect this he required that he should be acknowledged as Lord Paramount of the kingdom of Scotland. The poor Scotch soon saw the trap they had fallen into ; they



denied him the title, saying they could not decide so important a measure without the sanction of their sovereign. 'Then,' cried the king of England, 'by holy Edward, whose crown I wear, I will either have my rights recognized, or die in the vindication of them;' and an army close at hand was ready to fight for his pretended claim. The various candidates for the crown were lulled by Edward's flattering promise of helping each to the throne if they would acknowledge his supremacy; and, not long after, a herald proclaimed his title as Lord Paramount of the Scottish realm. Meanwhile Edward went through the kingdom to receive a general homage, and on the 3rd of August, 1291, he, with great pomp, sat as judge over the competitors. Three only out of twelve claimants were of the lineage of William the Lion, whose brother David, earl of Huntingdon, had left three daughters, and their children were now contending for the throne: a long debate followed, till at last Edward gave the choice to John Baliol, a grandson of Earl David's eldest daughter, in preference to Robert Bruce and John de Hastings,

who were sons of his two younger daughters. It was however a long time before Baliol's coronation took place. At last, in 1292, when Edward had arranged all to his own wishes, he suffered the crown to be placed on Baliol's head, taking care that he should do him full homage both in England and Scotland; and in the presence of the chief nobles of Scotland, Edward broke their great seal of state into four parts."

"What was that for, Mamma?" said Jane.

"To shew its uselessness, my dear. He took the pieces with him into England, as a proof that he was the sovereign keeper of all their state affairs."

"Despicable man!" said Arthur.

"Do you not know, Arthur," said Jane, "you are speaking of a king, and an English king too?"

"I care not," said Arthur. "If I had been John de Baliol, I think I would have bitten my tongue through before I would have given him any right over my kingdom. I am vexed, Jane, to have to say any thing against crowned heads, but I am sure you

must allow Edward was a great usurper, and a terrible hypocrite."

"I never meant to say that Edward was a good man," said Jane, "for you know, Arthur, I do not like cruelty of any kind, and Edward was very cruel to the Welsh."

"Yes; and I rather think you will hear of more cruelty in Scotland yet. Was this period what is called the Interregnum, Mamma?"

"Yes, my dear; indeed many historians call the space from Alexander the Third's death till the reign of Robert Bruce, an interregnum."

"But that can hardly be called correct, Mamma," said Arthur, "for John Baliol was a crowned king."

"Yes, Arthur, but every crowned head is not a king, and such was John Baliol; for if he dared at any time to assume a kingly dignity, then Edward treated him as a rebel vassal, but whilst he submitted to his imperious will, nothing could be more courteous than Edward's behaviour to him, and I declare his varying character, and Edward's unjust

tyranny over him, makes me afraid to read my little sketch of his reign in your hearing, for in your love for Scotland's independence I fear you will hardly restrain your indignation, whilst you hear how she was for a time enchained."

"I promise not to interrupt you, Mamma, till you make a long pause," said Arthur, "Wallace and Bruce are close at hand, and I long to hear what you will say of them."

CHAPTER XV.

“JOHN BALIOL’s was truly a crown of thorns, and he had soon cause to repent the disgraceful conditions upon which he wore it. Edward was as skilful as he was a cunning politician, and he purposely annoyed Baliol, in order to fasten him more firmly in his chains. In spite of Edward’s promises, that Scottish subjects were to be governed by the laws of Scotland, every little cause of dispute was carried by Edward’s secret connivance to his court in England, and the powerless king of Scots was constantly being summoned to attend there at Edward’s pleasure. On one occasion Baliol ventured to refuse giving an answer at Edward’s court, saying, ‘I am king of Scotland, and can make no answer in this place without the advice of my people.’ ‘Are you

not my liegeman?" cried the infuriated Edward.— 'You owe me homage;' and he instantly shewed his power by seizing upon three of Baliol's principal castles in Scotland, and kept possession of them till he had gained from the wavering king fresh promises of duty and submission to him as liege lord of his realm. Not long after Edward commanded Baliol to raise an army and join him in his war against the French king Philip. The demand was treated with silent scorn both by Baliol and his Scottish nobles, who made him promise to assist them in regaining the independence of their kingdom, by seizing upon the estates of every nobleman who aided in Edward's schemes, and dismissing them from Scotland. Bruce, the competitor, was among the number that relied on Edward's artful promises and forsook his country's cause. The Scotch also prevailed upon Baliol to befriend secretly the French against their oppressor; but so little faith had they in his word, that they kept him a prisoner till they had put all their plans in operation. Great was the tumult in Scotland, whilst Edward vented his rage

by a furious attack upon Berwick; a wholesale murder of its inhabitants took place on Good Friday, and Baliol, with equal, but more just rage, retaliated the wrongs he had received: he refused to appear at Edward's summons, and sent him an angry letter, which ended by renouncing all allegiance to that monarch, and declaring himself his open foe. 'The senseless traitor,' said Edward, 'of what folly is he guilty! but since he will not come to us, we will go to him:' and without delay he marched northward to the strong castle of Dunbar, felling down with his giant arm all who opposed him. At Perth he halted to rejoice with his barons at the desolation he had wrought in Scotland. Baliol, broken-hearted, now implored an interview; the stern king disdained to see him, but the Bishop of Durham bore the conqueror's terms of reconciliation; and in the presence of that haughty prelate and his own rebel barons the fallen monarch resigned his kingdom to the conqueror's mercy; he was then stript of his royal robes, his crown and sceptre were taken from him, and he did a feudal penance, holding in his hand a white rod. Thus,

my dear children, ended, in 1296, the miserable reign of John Baliol. He was an amiable man, but quiet virtues had little sway even among his own factious and divided nobles, much less against the tyrant Edward's artful schemes, who triumphed in his ill-gotten power during the second interregnum. He again traversed the Scottish kingdom, buying the good faith of some with gold, giving many treacherous promises to others, and receiving general homage. In his march he ransacked every stronghold, destroyed every written charter that came in his way, and completed his insults to the heart-broken Scotch by carrying off their ancient idolized *fatal* stone, and placing it, as I have told you, in Westminster abbey."

"The poor Scotch, how much I pity them!" said Jane. 'Why Edward was quite as bad as the Danes.'

"So at last, Jane, you venture to say a word against an English king," said Arthur, I think I shall call him in future the tyrant Longshanks, to show my contempt for him. But, Mamma, I am

much surprised to hear of any Bruce being such a traitor to his country ; I hope he was not much of a relation to my noble king Robert."

"Only his grandfather, my dear, who was called Bruce the Competitor : he was Earl of Carrick and Lord of Annandale. You remember he acknowledged Edward's supremacy in Scotland, with the hope of gaining the crown ; in that he was deceived : but Edward's cunning policy secured Bruce's friendship, and when his estates were taken from him, he entirely forgot his country and his royal blood in his own wrongs ; but time opened his eyes to the English king's deceitful promises. Bruce had been promised Baliol's crown upon the surrender of Dunbar ; he reminded Edward of it, but the answer was, 'Do you think we have nothing else to do but to conquer kingdoms for you ?' However Edward kept peace with him by restoring him his lands of Annandale."

"And what became of poor John Baliol, Mamma ?" said Jane.

"The French king Philip was his warm friend,

and before he made peace with Edward, in 1297, he insisted that John Baliol should be liberated from the Tower, where he had been kept since his defeat; but Edward would not release him till Pope Boniface interfered, whose word was always a stay upon Edward's actions. 'I will send John Baliol to the Pope,' said Edward, 'as a false seducer of the people, and a perjured man;' but only on condition that the pope does not interfere in his or his son's behalf. Before leaving the kingdom, the unhappy Baliol was further insulted by having his baggage searched; a crown of gold and a state seal were taken from his trunks, and the miserable man was then conveyed by the pope's messengers to Bailleul in France, where he lived in quiet retirement till his death."

CHAPTER XVI.

“I AM afraid, Arthur, you will not be much amused with my short history of your great favourite, Sir William Wallace, and I must tell you it has been no easy task to glean for my little book the most memorable events of his brilliant career, when all that concerns his eventful life, as Scotland’s greatest hero and the champion of her liberties, must amuse every young reader of the history of that country. The noble Wallace was of gigantic form, and his actions gave proof of his dauntless courage, for none but the bravest of the brave would have dared at such a moment to stand forth as his country’s deliverer; but Wallace disdained the fetters of unjust slavery and taxation, and he boldly stepped forward singly

and unsupported to rescue his country from a yoke he would not himself wear. Scotland was unhappily at that period so divided by party faction, that most of the nobles forgot the state of their country, and willingly sacrificed her freedom for their own wealth and personal security ; and, deceived by Edward's promises, and allured by his treacherous gold, they did homage to him, swore to submit to his laws and to support his cause. Wallace, blushing at their selfish indifference with the spirit of a true and independent Scotchman, revenged every innovation on his liberty, and justly irritated at being outlawed by his oppressors for not submitting to their tyranny, he began his bold career. Many wished but few at first dared to enlist in his hazardous undertaking ; however, by degrees the contagion of his unshaken firmness spread far and near. Young Bruce, afterwards the renowned king Robert, and Sir William Douglas, both in the English service, joined his party, and lent him all their powerful aid. Wallace led his daring followers through various parts of the country, and had frequent skirmishes with the unsuspecting and unprepared

English. General success added both courage and numbers to his army, till he at last marched to Stirling to give the English battle, who had been sent there by Edward to disperse the insurgents. Wallace placed his army most advantageously on the north side of the river Forth; a long narrow bridge separated him from the English, who were on the opposite shore, which Wallace knew if they attempted to cross must make his victory triumphant. Surrey, the Guardian of Scotland, aware of the danger, feared to hazard a battle, and sent two friars to Wallace to demand a truce: 'Return to your friends,' said he, 'and tell them that we came here with no peaceful intent, but ready for battle, and determined to avenge our wrongs, and set our country free; let your masters come and attack us, we are ready to meet them beard to beard.' The irritated English drove on the battle, and Cressingham, the treasurer, indignant at the cool reply of Wallace, rashly crossed the bridge; the whole army tried to follow, but finding that the Scots hewed them down, they retreated: a dreadful tumult ensued, horses and soldiers were

plunged into the river, Cressingham was slain, and Warrenne fled with his troops, nor halted till he reached Berwick, to tell Edward that he had lost Scotland at Stirling as quickly as he had gained it at Dunbar. Sad indeed was the scene of Scotland even in victory; the brave soldiers of Wallace forgot, or perhaps in those disastrous times had never heard of mercy; revenge for wrong was their motto, and most cruelly did they act up to it; Wallace, if he had the inclination had not the power to stay the fury of their untamed revenge over their fallen foes. Cressingham's limbs were torn to pieces, and fearing they might forget the man they thus execrated, they divided his skin among them, hoping that its disgusting sight might keep alive their barbarous hate. The Scottish nobles were jealous of Wallace's just popularity: they were too proud to be controuled by a man whose greatness annoyed them, and whose inferior rank made it still more galling to submit to; but they could not prevent his being the idol of the people, who made him their guardian, and willingly gave him sums of money

to help him in his conquests. Castle after castle was reclaimed by him: at length he marched into England, and such was the terror of the Northumbrians when they saw the Scotch coming again into their land, that they fled, like frightened sheep, to Newcastle. Wallace's troops, flushed with recent victory, cruelly swept away every thing by fire and sword, and even churches were assailed by them: their outrageous attack upon Hexham is a disgrace even to Wallace, for his own nature was tinctured with the fierce barbarity of the age in which he lived; he, however, protected the frightened friars of Hexham, saying, 'Remain with me, holy men, my soldiers are evil disposed, I cannot justify, and I dare not punish them.'

"Edward was in Flanders when the news reached him that Wallace had regained Scotland, and was now governor of that kingdom. As soon as possible he marched at the head of a very powerful army into Scotland. At the sight of the conqueror the Scots lost their courage, and many of them again became submissive; but Wallace had as much foresight as

Edward had cunning, and he had done all in his power to prevent the English army staying long in Scotland, by rooting up and destroying all kinds of provision ; but Edward was bent on complete conquest, and in spite of hunger he led on his troops to fight the Scots at Falkirk. The two armies met in July, 1298. Wallace commanded his men, saying to them before the battle began, ‘I have brought you to the ring, dance as you best can.’ It was still the fashion, as I have told you before, for priests and bishops to fight in battle, and consecrated banners were often displayed, to give sacredness to the cause. The bishop of Durham was leading his body of English troops hastily on, when Ralph Bassett, of Drayton, reproved him rather unceremoniously: ‘Stick to thy mass, bishop,’ cried he, ‘and teach us not what we ought to do in the face of an enemy.’ ‘On then,’ said the bishop, not the least offended, ‘set on in your own way, we are all soldiers to day, and bound to do our duty.’

“The battle of Falkirk was a fatal blow to Wallace and his cause. Poor Wallace ! he could not bear the

shameful defeat: he gave up the governorship of the kingdom he had so nearly rescued, and retired into France."

"My bravest of heroes," said Arthur, "how much I should have felt for you if I had seen you so cast down. But how could you call it a shameful defeat, Mamma, when so great a man as Wallace lost the battle?"

"Because, my dear, envy drove away honour from the breast of most of the Scottish nobles, even of those who deigned to fight under his banner. Wallace entrusted them with the command of his cavalry, and to their shame be it spoken, no sooner did they face the English, than they turned their backs and retired from the battle-field, without drawing a lance in defence of their nearly ruined country. The whole line of cavalry was in consequence thrown into confusion, and Wallace, thus so cruelly deceived, could not withstand Edward's superior army: and he deeply grieved the havoc of that terrible day. Sir John Stewart, Macduff, and Sir John the Grahame were Wallace's faithful followers

and bosom friends; but they all fell in this disastrous fight."

"What disgraceful treachery. I tell you what; it was a shocking thing those Norman knights coming into Scotland," said Arthur, "for they did all the mischief."

"But, Arthur," said Jane, "pray do not forget that they and the Saxons were very useful to the poor Scots when they first came, in teaching them how to live more comfortably."

"Whatever the first settlers did in softening the barbarous character of the native Scotch, it is very certain they owed their descendants no gratitude for the manner in which those proud lords treated their countryman Wallace," said their Mamma, "and I suppose, Arthur, you will rejoice to hear that Edward's victory at Falkirk brought little ease to his ambitious and restless mind. In the first place, Wallace had so stript the path of the English of all provision, that hunger compelled Edward to return to England immediately after the battle; and no sooner was his back turned, than the Scottish

barons who took the government on Wallace's retreat, made preparations to disturb Edward's imagined triumph.

"In the year 1300, the Earl of Buchan, and John Comyn of Badenoch, presented themselves before Edward, who was in Galloway, to demand that Baliol, their lawful king, should be replaced on the throne, and that every estate which the English king had so unjustly robbed them of, should be restored to the rightful owners. Edward, with contemptuous scorn, told the rebels, as he called them, that he had made up his mind to keep Scotland in his power; and both parties separated in wrath to make fresh war, the one to defend their wrongs, and the other to increase his unjust and tyrannic usurpation. Edward was still brooding over his sorrow at being obliged to grant a truce to the Scots, when a message from the pope was brought to him, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, commanding him to discontinue all further war with a people over whom he had no right to rule, and that freedom and liberty were to be restored to every unjustly-injured Scot.

The pope was the only person Edward feared, and galling as it was to his proud spirit, he trembled at disobeying his imperious mandate; but when the archbishop ventured, in the presence of his nobles and the Prince of Wales, to entreat him to yield, saying that, ‘Jerusalem,’ meaning the pope, ‘would not fail to protect her citizens, and to cherish, like Mount Zion, those who trusted in the Lord,’ Edward, bursting with rage, declared, ‘I will not be silent or at rest either for Mount Zion or Jerusalem, but as long as there is breath in my nostrils will defend what all the world knows to be my right;’ but in an under tone he told the archbishop he would hear what his council said before he returned any answer to the pope. Instructed by the king, they wrote an humble letter to his Highness, beseeching him to let Edward hold in peace a kingdom, which from ancient times had belonged to the English, and that, however Edward might wish to obey his holy Father, they could not permit him to lay aside his royal rights.”

“Oh, Mamma,” said Arthur, “it quite tires my

patience to hear of the insolence of the English and their abominable wicked stories."

"Their cunning answered very well for a time; the pope was appeased, and he himself was a complete turncoat, for soon after he vented his august ire upon the Scotch, and, in a letter to the clergy of Scotland, accused them of being the cause of all the disturbance, and threatened them with far greater miseries if they did not remain at peace with England, and submit to Edward as their sovereign. But both the English and Scotch were too much maddened with rage to heed the pope's threat. In 1302 Segrave, the new governor of Scotland, aided by Sir John Comyn and Wallace, with their valiant followers, gained a signal victory over Edward's party at Roslin, but only in a few months after to feel the smart of his most terrible revenge. The angry monarch declared he would make the whole nation yield to him, or with fire and sword lay the country a desert waste. Edward again marched northwards, tracing his course with blood: men, women, and children, castles and churches, with their holy in-

habitants, fell powerless before him; to resist was madness, and to yield was to feel the vengeance of his indignation. Stirling was the last castle, and Wallace the last man that yielded to their merciless foe. Finding it no use any longer to maintain the fight, Wallace fled to the woods: Edward in vain tried to pursue him, but dreading his unbroken spirit would yet wrest the kingdom from his grasp, he offered large sums of money for his capture; and for gold the noble Wallace became the conqueror's prey. Sir John Monteith seized him whilst asleep, and took him to the English king, who added a deeper stain to his cruel deeds by the shameful death of his powerless foe. In August, 1305, Sir William Wallace was tried with much pomp at Westminster Hall, where he was impeached as a traitor to the king of England. 'Traitor,' said Wallace, 'was I never.' He was dragged in chains at the tails of horses through the streets to the gallows in Smithfield, where he was first hanged, then butchered in a cruel way, and lastly his head was taken off and placed on the top of a pole on London bridge, his right arm

at Newcastle, and his left at Berwick, one foot was sent to Perth, and another part of his mangled body to Aberdeen."

"And was that all by Edward's order?" said Jane, "What could he expect to meet with for such wicked actions: he was more cruel than I really thought."

"Both England and Scotland gave many proofs of wanton cruelty in their deadly feuds; indeed they fought like bull dogs, and gored the unhappy creatures that fell into their hands with the savage brutality of wild animals rather than human beings who bore the name of Christians, but whose actions too often betrayed them into sins of heathenish ignorance. Edward had but a short time to triumph in his victory; for a new champion now came forward to disturb the peace which he was longing to enjoy, after the unceasing war of fifteen years."

"And that was Robert Bruce;" said Arthur. "but I am not quite pleased with his behaviour to Sir William Wallace; you see he was no true Scot, as I thought he was. I am rather glad to hear

Jane's history read, though I have once or twice had to change my mind about what I thought quite true before."

"I told you, Arthur," said Jane, "it was much better to know the truth, though it may not be so nice to listen to as a pretty tale."

CHAPTER XVII.

“THOUGH Robert Bruce in his youth loved his rich lands of Annandale too dearly to risk them in fighting for his country’s independence, and his spirit was too proud to be second to Wallace in the field of glory, yet no sooner had that immortal hero retired from the scene of action, than Bruce came forward to claim the crown in right of his descent from David, Earl of Huntingdon ; but he had a dangerous rival in Sir John Comyn, known as the Red Comyn, who, from having married Margery, King Baliol’s sister, asserted his powerful right to a throne which, against Edward’s arms, was almost as inaccessible as the steepest crags and impassable defiles with which their country abounded. These two great nobles were, for the love of place, Edward’s open





DEATH OF COMYN.

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friends, but secret foes, and their rival claims made them very jealous of each other. Both, however, seemed to agree in wishing to rescue Scotland from Edward's iron grasp, and Bruce and Comyn at length agreed to settle their own quarrels by one or other taking the crown, and he who gave it up was to possess all the private estates of the other. Comyn said he would give up his title to the throne, take Bruce's lands, and give him all his aid to gain the crown; but he no sooner made the agreement than repenting of his offer, he secretly informed Edward of all Bruce's designs, who was in England at the time, and had to fly for his life, on being told of Comyn's treachery; he reached Dumfries in safety, where Comyn had likewise repaired. Bruce demanded a private interview with Comyn, in the convent of the Friars; the sacred walls re-echoed with their angry words, and Bruce, in the heat of passion drew his sword and slew the Red Comyn before the high altar. The sacrilegious murder did not go unavenged by Edward, who, on hearing that Bruce was crowned at Scone and acknowledged King

of Scotland, hurried there, first vowing to the Almighty, and, as was the fashion, to two swans, the emblems of truth and constancy, that he would not rest till he had put down the traitor king, and hanged, drawn, quartered, or imprisoned every one concerned in Comyn's death. Bruce was at Perth, and was so unprepared for Edward's arrival, that his soldiers were cooking their suppers in his camp, when Percy entered with the English troops. Bruce with difficulty gained his horse; and three times he was all but taken by the enemy, but though defeated, he managed to escape. He was so closely watched that it was a long time before he could escape from the woods to Aberdeen; there he was joined by his queen and many of her ladies, who followed him willingly through his hair-breadth escapes, caring neither for cold nor hunger; at length they came into the territory of the powerful Lord of Lorn, his most deadly foe; there his perils increased, but by dint of good fortune, and with the help of his most faithful friend, Sir James Douglas, he was able to escape to the little island of Rathlin, on the north coast of Ire-

land. Edward was much enraged at being again baffled by his enemy ; with hue and cry he had him tracked from place to place, but he was now out of reach, welcomed and hospitably entertained by the Irish. One of Bruce's youthful brothers was murdered by the order of Edward ; and his own relation, the Earl of Athol, but Bruce's friend, fell into his hands. Edward lay ill at the time of a deadly sickness, but his heart was even then steeled against mercy, and on some one's interceding for the earl's life, on account of the royal blood in his veins, 'We will acknowledge it,' said the relentless king, 'by letting him have a higher gallows than the rest of his rebel followers,' and so saying he ordered one of fifty feet high to be erected for his execution. In the spring of 1307 Bruce came again into Scotland, with Sir James Douglas and his faithful train ; but they had to grope their way through incredible dangers, and only ventured out of their hiding places when they were sure of obtaining some advantage over their foes. Bruce and Douglas were well skilled in arms :

they succeeded in driving the English out of Ayr; their frequent success gave them fresh hopes of conquest. Edward was on the eve of giving them battle, and had advanced as far as Carlisle, when he died, in July, 1307, to the general joy of the Scotch, on whose liberties and rights he had trampled more than twenty years."

"What became of Bruce's queen, Mamma," said Jane, "when the king went to that little Island?"

"Edward managed to get her, and took care to keep her shut her up in prison, with her daughter. I dare say your are glad to hear of a lady's name in this history of wars and battles. The queen of Bruce had great courage; she, with the other ladies, who wandered through the country with him, would have perished with cold and hunger had they not contrived to clothe themselves in the warm skins of beasts, and feed upon the roots and berries they found in the mountains: but Bruce was a great favourite with the noble ladies of his land; and it is said that the Countess of Buchan, with some others,

helped him with sums of money to return from Rachlin, and pursue his battles. But the poor Countess of Buchan was cruelly punished by Edward for helping at Bruce's coronation. The Earls of Fife from ancient times had always placed the king on his throne, but at this era that nobleman was in Edward's service, and his sister, the Countess of Buchan, was determined to keep up the privilege of her family by performing the service in her brother's stead. She was at length taken by Edward, and put in prison at Berwick, in an outer turret of the castle; it was like a cage, only more strongly cross-barred with wood and iron: there the poor Countess was kept for every one to look at as they passed, but no one was allowed to speak to her on pain of severe punishment. She was kept in this wretched place for four years, and was then sent into a convent. Two of Bruce's sisters were treated in the same cruel manner."

"Another act of Edward's cruelty," said Arthur, "I am heartily glad that we shall hear no more of his wicked actions."

“The size of my book has allowed me but little room for the momentous events of the age in which Edward the First lived, as relates to Scottish history; but as you are older I hope you will read the many valuable works written on a country whose interests are so closely connected with our own, and whose history was for so many ages, before the happy union of the two countries, so strangely mixed up with that of England.”

CHAPTER XVIII.



“EDWARD the First, on his death bed, made his son promise that his heart should be taken to Jerusalem, and that his bones should not be buried, but being properly prepared should be carried at the head of the English army till Scotland was entirely subdued. But Edward the Second disobeyed his dying father’s request in every point ; his body was buried at Westminster, a fortunate thing for the peaceful rest of his bones, for had they fallen into the hands of the Scotch it is not very probable that they would have ever found a grave. Again Edward broke his faith by returning to England after he had received homage from Scotland, from those who liked to give it ; and then, as you may remember, he spent his time among his favourites, every day losing the respect

of his ill-governed people. But Bruce did not sleep meanwhile: he added fresh laurels to his wreath of victory in his marches through his country, in spite of the English making many attempts to maintain their authority; but with their changeable king it was impossible to give a decisive battle, for his continually varying orders, first for war and then for peace, kept them at a complete stand-still, which enabled Bruce to look into every nook of his kingdom, to see where he could best make an attack; and he never let a chance escape of adding to his conquests. On one occasion his nephew, Thomas Randolph, was made prisoner by Douglas, and brought before him; 'Nephew,' said Bruce, 'you have for a while forgotten your allegiance, but now you must be reconciled.' 'I have done nothing of which to be ashamed,' said his proud relative, 'but rather you ought to be arraigned for defying the King of England; why do you not, like a true knight, face the English in the field?' 'That may come in time,' said Bruce, 'but since thou art so rude of speech, it is fitting thy proud words should

meet their punishment, till thou knowest better my right and thine own duty;' so saying, he ordered him to prison: the young baron, however, soon relented, and became one of his uncle's most faithful followers. In 1310 Edward found courage enough to march into Scotland, and four different times he made useless attempts to give the Scottish king battle. But Bruce was not willing to fight, and first driving the cattle into the mountains and cutting off all means of forage, he retreated there with his army, well knowing that the pangs of hunger would soon compel the English to retire into their own country."

"It was now the King of Scotland's turn to invade. In 1312 he led his army into England, and, though Bruce was ever merciful in conquest, and at all times generous to a fallen foe in his own country, yet in his expedition into England cruelty of every kind tarnished the glory of his conquering arms, and by yielding to the barbarity of the age in permitting his soldiers to lay waste the land of the Northumbrians, and pillage and destroy all that came in their way, he sunk his own generous and warlike fame;

but it was a difficult thing to forget at all times the wrongs he had received: three noble brothers had met with a cruel and an unjust death at the command of the merciless Edward the First, and his wife and daughter were yet in prison; but the time was close at hand when Scotland's chains were to be unloosed. In 1314 Edward the Second, with great pomp, led a numerous army into Scotland, and marched into Stirlingshire, where, on the plains of Bannockburn, was fought the ever memorable battle of that name, which you already know was so triumphant a victory to the noble Scots. Before the battle began, a venerable Abbot, barefooted and holding in his hand a crucifix, walked slowly round the Scottish army in devout prayer; Bruce and all his soldiers fell upon their knees to join in the petition that the Almighty would aid them in their just cause. 'See,' said the English Edward, 'they are kneeling; they ask for mercy!' 'They do, my liege,' replied Umfraville, 'but it is from God, not from us. Trust me, yon men will win the day, or die upon the field.' 'Be it so,' said Edward, and immediately he

began the battle with great fury. It must have been a fearful sight to see the heaps of slain, for thirty thousand of the English were dead upon the field before they left it to their conquerors. Edward fled to Dunbar, and was glad to secure his own safety by sailing in a little fishing skiff from that place to Berwick, thinking very little at the time of his poor slain and wounded soldiers, or of the quantity of money that had been wasted in so ruinous a war. Bruce, now without dispute the King of Scotland, crowned his glorious triumph by his mercy and kindness to the poor half-killed men of Edward's army, and by the respect he showed to the dead, in having them properly buried. His point was gained: he had, as he thought, set his country free, and he did not wish to add to the miseries of his fear-struck foes by any useless acts of cruelty. Notwithstanding the English, Scotch, and Irish were fighting one against the other without any rest till 1317, Edward Bruce had sailed into Ireland, and made himself king of that Island; but his reign was short and stormy: in 1318 he was killed in an affray

with some of his new subjects. Both Edward the Second and Robert Bruce tried to come to terms of peace; the English king wrote a long letter of complaint to the pope, and asked him for his help. The pope, always glad to show his power, sent two cardinals with letters to each king. The reverend messengers, after being robbed and much ill used, arrived in Bruce's presence; the pope's letter was addressed to 'Lord Robert Bruce, Governor of Scotland;' the king refused to open it, saying, 'The holy father's letter is doubtless designed for some that bear my name, for me it cannot be who am sovereign of Scotland.' It was useless for the pope to try to deprive King Robert of his sovereignty, or to command him with threats to keep peace with England; he politely but positively declined his interference, and showed how little he cared for his bulls and excommunications, by invading England whenever he pleased; so that war occupied the whole time of both Scotch and English during the remainder of Edward's unhappy reign, but no great battle, like that of Bannockburn, again took place. The

Scotch gained Berwick, and Edward once again in 1322, with a large army, entered Scotland, hoping to conquer it; but Bruce had laid the whole country waste, as far as the Frith of Forth. The English king marched as far as Edinburgh, having nothing but hunger to fight against. One day's exploit of the soldiers was repaid by their bringing back an unfortunate lame bull. 'Is he all you have got,' said the Earl Warrenne, when he saw the soldiers return with their solitary booty, 'then, by my faith, I never saw dearer beef.' Edward, seeing he gained nothing by carrying on a war which only added to his trouble, made terms of peace, soon, however, to be broken. At Edward's tragical death in 1327, Bruce was still working hard to keep his kingdom free from the English, and this could only be done by his harassing them in their own country. Edward the Third heard of the desolation in the north, for the Scots had come to the banks of the Wear, setting fire to every thing that came in their way, and he lost no time in leading an army to oppose them; the blazing fires were his guide, but though he came

within five miles of the Scotch army, they so cleverly contrived to hide themselves, that the English, after spending many days in vainly looking for them, exposed to cold, hunger, and the torrents of rain that deluged the country, gave up all hopes of finding them, when the news arrived that they were all lying on the banks of the Wear. Edward challenged them to fight, but the Scots had few troops, and did not like to hazard a battle; they sent Edward word they had come when they pleased, without asking his leave, and that they should remain as long as it suited them, and added 'if the king dislikes our presence, let him pass the river, and do the best to chastise us.'

"The English, who were afraid to begin a war with their intrepid foes, still kept upon the watch; but, through the neglect of the guard, their king was nearly captured. Douglas with his usual daring came one night to the English camp and passed the sleeping sentinel, exclaiming as an English officer, 'Ha! St. George! have we no ward here.' In the next minute he walked into the royal tent,

startling the surprised English with his war cry of ‘Douglas! a Douglas!’ and the young king had to run for his life. Two days after, the English, to their astonishment, heard that the Scots had set out on their march homeward, and Edward, much mortified, was obliged to give up all hopes of subduing a people so skilled in all the stratagems of war. In 1328 he made a lasting peace with the king of Scotland, in which he promised to give up his pretended right to that kingdom, and to acknowledge it free as in the time of Alexander the Third. He also gave orders for every state paper to be restored to Bruce, with the regal chair of their ancestors. Both kings agreed to live as good and loving brothers, and to help each other in any trouble that might come upon them, but swore never to take part with a rebel subject. Robert Bruce’s son David, then only five years old, and the heir to the throne, was married to the little princess Joanna, sister to Edward the Third; and the king of Scotland consented to give to the English twenty thousand pounds sterling.

“Thus at the end of thirty-two years’ most cruel

war, the English, overcome by Bruce's decided bravery, gave up to the Scots what they never had any right to; but the warrior king did not live long to enjoy the peace he had gained with so much honour to his country. Scarcely had the infant bride and bridegroom received his blessing, before the noble monarch became dangerously ill; and, in 1329, after entreating his barons to protect the early years of their new sovereign, and to maintain his right, he called his brave friend Sir James Douglas to him, and told him that with a solemn vow he had promised, when peace came, to go to Palestine, but now that death was about to rob him of his dearest wish. 'Still,' said the dying monarch, looking with love on his brave general, 'though my body cannot go, I must send my heart there; and for the love you bear me, will you go beyond the seas to acquit me of my vow, by laying at my Saviour's sepulchre the heart of king Robert of Scotland?' At these words all wept. Sir James replied, 'Most faithfully, my liege, do I promise on the word of a true knight to fulfil, as far as I am able, the commands with which

you honour me.' 'Then I die in peace,' said the good king; and shortly after he expired, mourned by a nation who loved him as the deliverer of his country, the most generous of men, and the noblest and bravest of kings."

"I am glad," said Arthur, "to find that Robert Bruce in the end fought like a true Scot for his country; but though I quite forgive him for not helping Wallace, yet I must always be vexed that so good a man, and great a king, was ever so unkind as he was to that noble man."

"Mamma," said Jane, "I like the reign of Robert Bruce better than any I have yet heard; he made such droll answers to the English, and always did what he chose."

"I must lengthen my tale by telling you some more of his schemes, aided by Douglas and Randolph, for surprising the English. He was anxious to gain the castle of Perth, but it was so strongly fortified by a high wall and deep moat, that it was very difficult to manage an attack upon it. Bruce however was not frightened by any obstacle

when he had once made up his mind ; with a scaling ladder he waded through the deep moat up to the chin in water, and was soon on the top of the high wall. A French knight in his train was so surprised, that he exclaimed, ‘What would our French lords say to see a gallant king hazard his person to win such a paltry hamlet ;’ so saying, with his native gaiety, he threw himself into the water and followed him : the astonished English were soon taken, and the whole town was gained by Bruce’s presence of mind. Roxburgh castle was taken by Sir James Douglas, who, with sixty men made their way to the castle by creeping on their hands and feet covered with black cloaks to hide their shining armour, which made them look more like cattle feeding than armed men. In this guise they came close to the castle where the English were enjoying a Shrove Tuesday feast ; and you can fancy their horror when they heard the voice of Douglas in the hall shouting out his well-known war cry : to flee was impossible, and to resist of as little use. The strong castle of Edinburgh was soon after taken by

Randolph, in a similar way: and what was even more creditable to Bruce than his daring valour, was his mercy to those he captured; for the generous king only fought for his own and his people's rights, and never sanctioned cruelty, though he could not always prevent it."

"No; Bruce was too noble and generous to cut and maim dead bodies as Edward did," said Arthur.

"Well," said Jane, "I must say, I am glad we are come to the end of the wars; perhaps we shall now hear something of the dress of the people, and what they did."

"I wish I could amuse you in that way, but you have heard what a desert waste the country was from the long war; however, the people loved to dress as was the fashion of the times,—which, at that era, was most expensive, as the dresses were much studded with precious stones; and velvets, silks, satins, and even cloth of gold was worn by ladies of rank on state occasions: they also dressed their hair with great taste, and ornamented their heads with garlands of flowers and circlets of gold; and you may

suppose that they could not have had all these fine things without being able to have some of them at least made at home."

"Now, Mamma, you have told Jane what the ladies wore, will you tell me whether the men went to battle in armour?" said Arthur.


"They did; and the helmets of the king and nobles were adorned with crests and plumes of feathers. Robert Bruce had a crown on the top of his helmet; and their war horses pranced along as if proud of the rich housings and trappings with which they were covered. Bows and arrows, swords and spears glittered in their array to the battle field; so that you see the Scotch and English were alike in their modes of dress, manners, and customs: and it is a pity that two countries so closely united by the nearest ties, as well as situation, should have been such deadly enemies."

"Did Sir James Douglas carry king Robert's heart to the Holy Land, Mamma?" said Jane.

"He set out with that intent, accompanied by a splendid train of Scotch nobles and knights, but

unfortunately he stopped in Spain to fight against the Saracens, and was there killed: he wore the heart of his beloved king enclosed in a casket round his neck; and when he saw he could not defend his life against the fierce enemies who hemmed him in, he threw his sacred trust before him, exclaiming, ‘Now pass onward as thou wert wont, and Douglas will follow thee or die;’ so saying, he pushed his way through the enemy after his loved treasure, but was almost instantly killed. Both the body of the brave Douglas and the king’s heart were carefully taken back to Scotland and buried amidst the tears of the people; for the good Sir James Douglas, the greatest of all military knights, was justly as much beloved for his kindness, hospitality, and gentleness of manner at home, as he was dreaded by his foes for his dauntless prowess and heroic courage in the battle-field.”

CHAPTER XIX.



“It would have been well for Scotland if the noble Douglas had not lost his life in a foreign land, for the little king David was too much of a child to be of any use besides that of wearing the crown. He, with his baby queen, were taken to Scone soon after the late king’s death to be crowned, and the veteran Randolph, Earl of Moray, who had grown grey in his country’s service, was chosen regent; and this brave general ruled the state so well, that he succeeded in keeping the English out of Scotland: but his sudden death in 1332, (as some say by poison,) made that kingdom again a scene of trouble and distress.

“Edward the Third had been with breathless

anxiety longing for the moment when he could meddle in the affairs of Scotland. Randolph knew his wishes but had skill enough to ward off the blow. The Earl of Mar, the new regent, was a bad soldier, and weak and irresolute in all his actions. The haughty Scots were jealous of so unfit a man being placed over them ; and many, if they did not aid Edward, at least did nothing to defend their country. Edward Baliol, the son of the slave king John Baliol, was the tool that the English Edward made use of to regain Scotland. This usurping prince entered Scotland with four thousand men, and rashly faced the Earl of Mar at Dupplin, whose army was ten times as large as his own ; but Mar's want of kill and bravery, with some treachery, led to an entire defeat, and Baliol, with proud triumph, marched into Perthshire, gained the castle of Perth, and then went to Scone, where he was crowned king of Scotland, little thinking at the moment of the fetters with which he had bound himself. Edward soon met him on the borders to hail him king, but on terms so slavish, that none but a coward or usurper would have yielded

to: but you will be glad to hear that in less than three months Baliol's unjust crown was torn from his brows. The Scotch came suddenly upon him whilst he was feasting at Annan, and they treated him so roughly that he fled to England as fast as he could, without even waiting to saddle his horse, or to cover himself with decent clothing. Every brave knight that cared either for the child of their much-loved king, or for the freedom of their country, now came forward to save her from entire ruin. Sir Archibald and Sir William Douglas, both kinsmen of the good Sir James, were foremost in the field; they first carried the young king and queen into France for safety, and then returned to conquer or to die in the royal cause. By some mischance Sir William Douglas, the gallant knight of Liddesdale, fell into Edward's hands, who, rejoicing in so rich a prize, ordered him to be strongly fettered. Sir Andrew Moray, an equally valiant knight, was likewise in Edward's keeping—at a moment too when the Scotch were most wanting to fight against the English, who were then attacking

Berwick. In July, 1333, the Scots rashly hazarded a battle at Hallidon Hill: they fought with manful bravery, but their army was entirely routed; and Edward, elated with victory, ordered a general thanksgiving to be offered to the Almighty throughout his realm. The Scots were now in a most pitiable state, and Edward, for five years, with the vassal king Baliol in his train, continued to annoy them in every possible way; and so much power had the English king gained over their cast-down spirits, that few dared to name David as their king, whilst Baliol, for Edward, received a general homage. You have read of the civil wars in England, and Scotland was at this time in a worse condition, for each noble wished to be at the head of the state, and many of them, when they found no place was to be gained, intrigued with Edward, and joined him in fighting against their king and country. There were, however, yet a few who cared more for their country's honour than their own security, and though they had not the power to oppose the English in open battle, they kept them in constant alarm by coming

out of their retreats whenever they had any chance of driving away their intrusive visitors.

“Robert, the Steward of Scotland, son of Marjory, Robert Bruce’s daughter, was worthy of his noble grandsire. After the unfortunate battle of Hallidon, he had been forced to hide himself in the Isle of Bute, for Edward would have been glad to have got him into his power: he robbed him of his lands to enrich the Earl of Athol, for his help in betraying his country; but the Steward of Scotland was, after a time, able to join the Earl of Moray and the Knight of Liddesdale, who were again free.

“Edward was enraged and mortified that he could not get the Scots to fight a pitched battle; but the able governors of Scotland were too wise to run their necks into the lion’s mouth, and like Bruce they teased the English king by driving away their cattle and laying waste the country Edward had to pass through, so that though within his reach, they were perfectly safe in the defiles of their mountain lands. On one occasion the English army

came close to the forest where the Earl of Moray was ; mass was going on when his terrified soldiers came to tell him of the danger, but frightened as they were, they dared not interrupt the solemn service. 'There is no need of hurry,' said the earl, when he at last heard the news, and he slowly began to put on his arms ; but his faithful soldiers well nigh lost their patience in their fear, when they saw their general quietly sit down on a bank, and calling for his baggage, he took out a skin from which he cut a strap to repair one of his horse's saddle-girths : he then mounted his steed, and first facing Edward, disappointed him of a battle, by retreating to a narrow defile, till more prosperous times should come. When the Regent Moray died, in 1338, the Steward was made sole governor of Scotland, and his able plans of government so well succeeded, that in 1341 the Scotch sent to France to fetch king David home. The young king was now eighteen. The Scots honoured his return with greetings of festive joy, soon however to be changed into fresh sorrow. The Steward was no longer governor, and the king was

too fond of ease and pleasure to be a fit ruler at such a time, and over so petulant a people. Alike passionate and self-willed, he too often acted without thought; and such was his error when he led his large army into England in 1346, to revenge upon the absent king of that country the insults and wrongs he had received at his hands. Marking his path with fire and sword, he at last arrived on the plains of Neville's Cross, near Durham; and his badly-chosen ground and ill-arranged troops, showed that no hero of the former reign was there to rule the Scottish army. David was too wayward to listen to the advice of the brave knights and soldiers who fought under him. It was in vain that Sir John de Graham rode up to him to beg that he would advance with his cavalry to charge the English archers. 'Oh, give me,' cried Graham, in an agony of sorrow, as he saw the English troops draw nearer and nearer, 'give me but a hundred horse, and I engage to disperse them all;' but strange as it may seem, the king refused his petition, the noble Graham's horse was shot under him, and he narrowly saved his own life.

The arrows of the English archers poured upon the Scotch as thick as hail ; the noble Scotch knights flocked round their king to save his life, and one by one fell dead before him : David fought with energy, but at length fell into the hands of his enemies, and was quickly taken in the train of captives to the Tower of London, and there remained eleven years. Edward at first treated him with great unkindness, but finding out his varying character, he changed his plan, and with the deepest art, contrived to get the promise of his kingly captive to acknowledge him his Lord Superior.

“Edward, confident that he would soon be recognized King of Scotland, allowed David, in 1352, to visit his unhappy subjects and enslaved kingdom. The Scots gladly received him, but were horror-struck when they learned that he had sold his kingdom to regain his liberty : with one voice they told him that they would not submit to a king who would not keep his country free from the English yoke ; that they were willing to pay any sum of money to release him, but not on terms that would

make him and them the slaves of Edward. The mortified David was obliged again to return to England, and the Scots, having no longer any faith in their king, made their own terms of release, which Edward was forced to accept, for his war with France for a time obliged him to keep peace with Scotland. In 1357 David was set at liberty for the enormous ransom of ninety thousand marks, and I am sorry to say he was quite unworthy of his people's generosity. David had no children, and the Steward of Scotland, who was heir to the throne, was no favourite with the king; Edward also dreaded his determined valour, and took every means of strengthening David's dislike to him, and at length gained the king's promise that he would propose to his nobles, in order to seal a lasting peace with England, that it would be better for him to leave his crown to Lionel, Duke of Clarence, Edward's third son. In 1363 David, in a long speech to his parliament, made this proposition; thunder-struck at his base proposal, a sudden burst of indignation ran through the whole assembly: they told him in few words they wished

for peace, but that their country was a free one, and should so remain. ‘And never,’ said they, ‘will we allow an Englishman to rule over us!’ The king’s eyes flashed with disappointed rage, for ever since he had regained his liberty he had been secretly conniving with Edward to enslave his people’s liberty, but his game was now over; and the nobles told him that, unless he renounced his disgraceful designs, he should no longer be king. Nothing, however, could break off David’s intimacy with the English king, who still hoped to become King of Scotland: for the poverty of the nation was daily increasing, and a part of the heavy ransom was yet unpaid; and Edward had it in his mind to forgive the debt, if he could once bring the Scottish barons to unite with their king in doing him homage. But his schemes were for a time delayed by his war with France; and David’s death, in 1370, happened just in time to save his country from entire ruin.”

“What a lucky thing for Scotland!” said Arthur, “to think, Mamma, that such a man should have been the son of the brave Robert Bruce! he was

really quite a disgrace to Scotland, and I wonder he did not blush when the noble barons spoke out their minds so plainly."

"The only excuse, Arthur, is that he was quite a child when he began his reign, and he had been brought up in a court where pleasure, ease, and luxury were too much thought of: he was brave, but his personal courage was spoiled by his self-will; but, if we excuse all these lesser faults, nothing can pardon his sin in deceiving the brave people who staked their lives, wealth, and liberty in his behalf, whilst he, in return, helped the very man against whom they risked so much; and, what is even worse, with the most secret cunning he actually willed the kingdom into Edward's hands. Another of his follies was his marrying for his second queen the beautiful Margaret Logie; her inferior rank made the proud Scotch nobles still more angry with him, and her wasteful extravagance, added to the distress of the nation: she had art enough to make the king put the Steward of Scotland and all his family in prison; however, the king's violent

love for her soon turned into great hatred, and he left her to her fate; she went to Rome to implore the pope's aid in her cause, but died before any stir was made in her behalf."

"I really think, Mamma," said Jane, "if it had not been for those noble Douglasses Scotland would have belonged to England."

"I am sorry to tell you that the knight of Liddesdale, once so brave, disgraced his name sadly before his death: on two occasions he turned traitor to his country, and he was the cause of Sir Allan Ramsay's cruel death, whom the king, with more haste than judgment, had made Sheriff of Roxburgh for his service in taking that castle. Douglas, who had large possessions in that county, was jealous of Ramsay's holding an office which in justice belonged to him, and consequently became his most deadly foe. When Sir Allan was engaged in the duties of his office at Howick, Douglas came suddenly upon him, and struck him with his sword, and, whilst bleeding from his wound, he laid him across a horse, and took him to a lonely

dungeon where he shut him up without food of any kind. It is said that poor Sir Allan Ramsay lived seventeen days in this wretched state, trying to catch the few grains of corn that fell through the chinks in the floor, from a granary above: but at last he was starved to death. The cruel murder was returned upon the head of Douglas: whilst hunting in Ettrick Forest, he was slain by his own huntsman, and very few mourned the death of the Knight of Liddesdale, who in early years had been the brave protector of his country."

"What murderers the Scotch were, Mamma!" said Jane.

"They were indeed sad times, but my short history contains very few of the horrid deeds that filled the reigns of the Scottish kings in those terrible days; but in excuse for the Scotch, it may be said their naturally fierce dispositions were galled by English injustice: the age was dark, there being little time for learning, when war filled every man's mind, and shut out every peaceful christian virtue. I think I ought not to omit telling you

of the heroic valour of the Countess of March, called 'Black Agnes of Dunbar,' on account of her dark complexion. Her lord's castle was besieged by the English when he was absent; during the action she paraded the walls, and to show how little she cared for the assault the English made upon her strongly embattled towers, she carelessly wiped off the dust with her pocket handkerchief, which the falling bricks left upon the battlements. An English knight standing by the Earl of Salisbury was killed by an arrow shot at her command; 'There,' cried the Earl, 'comes one of my lady's tiring pins; Agnes's love shafts go straight to the heart.' The English were in the end obliged to leave Dunbar, for Sir Allan Ramsay had by stealth brought quantities of food into the castle, so that they had no longer any hopes of starving the brave garrison to death."

CHAPTER XX.

“As David left no children, Robert, the High Steward of Scotland, grandson of Robert Bruce, was, without doubt, the heir to the throne; however William, Earl of Douglas, at first thought to oppose his just claim, but a better feeling soon made him give up his foolish pretensions, and Robert the Second was crowned at Scone with great solemnity, amidst the unrestrained joy of a people whose love he had won by his military fame, and the zeal with which he had fought for their liberties during the terrible contests of the last reign. Robert was fifty-five years old, and was very glad to change his warrior's helmet for a peaceful crown; and though some of his sturdy subjects would have been better pleased so see him leading his troops into England to punish

Edward for the troubles he had brought upon them, yet they soon learned to admire his more quiet kingly virtues, for he was an affectionate father among his people, always ready to listen to their sorrows, and if possible to remedy their wrongs. The first years of Robert's virtuous reign were darkened by the sorrows of plague and famine; and the distress of the people was much increased by the heavy sum of money they had yet to pay the English king for David's ransom. Edward, who had grasped at being lord of three kingdoms, saw his proud hopes blighted before the close of his long reign; and his own feeble health, worn out troops, and empty coffers made him as anxious as king Robert to let both countries remain at peace. The people were yet in a state of irritation, and the first cause of complaint was Edward's refusing to acknowledge the ransom-money as received of king Robert: he still fondly dreamt of the time when he should be able to carry his army into Scotland, to compel all to call him king, but he forgot his years and his infirmities, and died in 1377, still clinging to the hope he did

not live to realize. The Scots felt no longer any fear from English invasion, for Richard the Second was a mere child, and had none of the valour of his ancestors. Yet, like spoiled children who know not what they cry for, the Scotch did not profit by the peaceful wishes of their king, but made every little fault an excuse for shedding blood. In 1380, John of Gaunt, at the head of an army, marched to the Scottish borders, but a truce of three years was arranged without a battle; and not long after, the Duke of Lancaster, being in trouble with the English, on account of his friendship for Wickliffe, and his wishes to follow out his plans of reform in the church, fled from their fury, and came to beg a shelter in the country of his former foes. He was most hospitably received, and treated with all the honours of a royal guest in the palace of Holyrood. The peace of the nations seemed complete when the heads of the two countries could forget the sorrows of the past, and meet upon such friendly terms, but the people would not follow their example. In 1385 a terrible outbreak took place in spite of king Robert's

command that he would not have the peace with England broken : a large body of French troops, headed by John de Vienne, landed in Scotland, to beg that people to join them in revenging upon the English the injuries they had alike suffered from the conquering king Edward ; he brought with him fourteen hundred suits of costly armour, and fifty thousand franks of gold. The Scots, delighted at the prospect of annoying the English, soon made up their minds, at the sight of so tempting a bribe, and in a few days were ready for the battle. Meanwhile Richard, at the head of his troops, marched towards Scotland with an enormous army ; the impatient French wanted to meet them in open battle, but the Earl of Douglas knew that the safety of his inferior army rested in their laying the path of the English barren, and in retreating to their mountain fastnesses, so that in the end the English had to return to their own country, disappointed in not destroying their enemies ; and the Scotch made them yet more angry by pursuing them into England, and ravaging their northern lands with fire and plunder.

The French were not at all pleased with this strange mode of warfare, and soon repented of their eagerness to make the Scots such close allies; besides, their rude and comfortless mode of life ill accorded with the luxuries they had left behind them; and their friendship was soon changed into abuse and angry words. 'What evil spirit hath brought you here?' was the retort of the indignant Scotch. 'Who sent for you? Cannot we maintain our war with England well enough without your help? Pack up your goods and be gone; for no good will be done as long as you are among us; you are worse than the English.' The French took the advice of their uncourteous friends, and sailed away from their shores, now wishing to make friends of the English, so that they might help them to punish the Scots for their rude insults. The aged and infirm king Robert was much vexed he could not keep his restless subjects in better order, but his single voice for peace was soon overruled by his sons and the independent barons. In 1388 they again entered England, and fought the famous battle of Otterbourne. The Scots boasted

of the signal victory gained in that day's fight: a Douglas of gigantic power fought on their side, but he had to oppose a lion valiant as himself in arms. Percy, so well known even to little children under the name of Harry Hotspur, singled out Douglas for his foe; in their first skirmish Douglas won Sir Henry Percy's lance. 'This trophy,' said the triumphant earl, 'I will carry to Scotland, and place it on the highest tower of my castle at Dalkeith.' 'That, so help me God,' cried Hotspur, 'no Douglas shall ever do.' 'Then,' answered Douglas, 'your pennon shall this night be placed before my tent, come and win it if you can.' The proud Hotspur was staid from accepting the challenge by his cooler and more cautious soldiers, who knew that Douglas would have a trap ready for him, from which he would not be able to make his escape. Both armies rested on the field, when Hotspur, at sun-set, rode up to the enemy, hoping to surprise them while asleep. The cry of Percy, soon roused every Scot, and he was in a moment surrounded by their most gallant men. The famous battle of Otterbourne was

fought by moonlight, and her quiet light soon shone upon a sad field of lifeless men. Douglas, with his huge battle-axe, cut his way through the ranks of the enemy, but too daringly braved their spears ; he received a mortal wound in the neck, and as he lay bleeding on the ground, Sir James Lindsay, who first saw his helpless state, asked him how he was. 'But poorly,' said the still stout warrior. 'I am dying in my armour, thanks be to God, like my fathers, and not upon my bed ; but if you love me, raise my banner and press on, for he who should bear it is dead beside me.' The Scots, whilst they saw their valiant knight's banner, thought all was right, and fought till they won the day. Hotspur was taken prisoner, and the English were much mortified to think that so signal a victory was won by their old enemies, inferior in number, but equal at least in bravery. A peace was soon after made which even the Scots agreed to ; and Robert the Second closed his life in 1390, rejoicing that he had lived to see the end of a war he had been trying in vain to prevent, from the time he was made king."

“I like that king Robert very much,” said Jane. “I think he is the first king of Scotland that really wished for peace.”

“And do you not like that brave Earl Douglas too, who died so nobly for his country?” said Arthur. “It is a pity he ran his neck into so much danger, though.”

“The Scots mourned their brave general more than they triumphed in their brilliant victory, and returned to their country in sorrow, to bury their noble champion in Melrose abbey. I am not at all surprised at Jane liking Robert’s peaceful wishes, for she thinks of the miserable state the country must be in, laid desolate from year to year, and I cannot say how the Scotch women and children, and even their soldier-husbands would have found food to live upon, or clothing to cover themselves with, if they had not traded with other countries; but the Scotch merchants now went to France and Flanders as well as England with their wool, skins, and other rude commodities, to bring, in return, articles of dress more suited to the tastes of the wearer in those days even of mixed barbarity and

luxury. Robert the Second was the first of the line of Stuart; and he left a large family. Before his death he had appointed Robert, his second son, Earl of Fife, Regent, instead of John, Earl of Carrick, his eldest son, who was unfit for active life, having been lamed by a kick from a horse. His third son, the Earl of Buchan, was governor in the Highlands; he was as savage in authority, as the country he ruled in was wild and mountaneous. This rude Earl, from his barbarous practices, was named the ‘Wolf of Badenoch.’ ”

CHAPTER XXI.

“JOHN, Earl of Carrick, the eldest son of Robert the Second, was crowned King of Scotland under the title of Robert the Third. You will wonder why his name was so changed, but the Scots were a superstitious people, and they could not bear the thoughts of a second king John, after the dangers and troubles their kingdom had been exposed to by the bad management of John Baliol; they therefore, one and all, agreed with their king's consent, to new christen him at his coronation, and in honour of his great grandfather, whose memory they still treasured, gave him the title of Robert the Third. He was fifty years old when he came to the crown, and like his father, was far more anxious for peace than war. The French and English kings were also glad of rest,

so that the first years of his reign were passed without any intrusion from foreign foes; but at home he was much annoyed. Not to be a warrior king in those stormy times was thought a greater fault than to want justice and humanity, and Robert had not enough spirit to resist his brother's interfering with his government over his troublesome people. The fierce Wolf of Badenoch kept the northern states in a continual uproar of the most savage war: the haughty lords of those yet wild districts were like petty kings; to follow their own will was their creed, therefore it was not probable that they should submit to a tyrant governor when they found it too hard a thing for their proud spirits to bow even to their king. Robert's natural amiability in a few years sunk into a faulty indifference. The Earl of Fife, who, in 1398, was created Duke of Albany, the first time that Norman title was used in Scotland, now made enemies of the people by his overbearing conduct. The king's eldest son was also created Duke of Rothsay. This handsome young prince was a general favourite, for his amiable, affectionate

and courteous behaviour, but his love of pleasure brought him both into trouble and disgrace, and his manly and generous spirit could not brook to see his uncle, the Duke of Albany, usurping his father's rights. 'If,' said the people, 'it is necessary for the king to have some one to help him in the government, it is just that the Duke of Rothsay, the heir to the throne, should fill that office,' and accordingly he was immediately placed at the head of the state, and the Duke of Albany retired from his post to brood over his disappointed ambition, till he could find a moment to revenge himself upon his nephew. His jealousy soon ripened the gathering storm, for he had promised his nephew in marriage to the daughter of the rich Earl of March, but when the news reached the ears of Archibald, Earl of Douglas, he, wishing to be allied to royalty, offered his daughter, and laid down a dowry too tempting for the young duke to refuse, who cared for neither ladies, and preferred the heap of gold that would buy him the most pleasure. The disappointed Earl of March went to the king in a great rage; but he,

not choosing to meddle in his son's affairs, drew from the angry Earl a threat that he would gain the King of England's help in his cause, and so saying, he went to England. Henry the Fourth, who had come to that throne, hastened into Scotland, with an army to frighten his vassal, as he proudly called the Scottish king, and to assert his claim as Lord Superior. The Scots quite laughed at his boldness, and did not even deign to give a reply to his demand that Robert should attend to do him homage. In 1400 Henry made a second trial, and marched into Scotland as far as Edinburgh; there he halted, and without a battle, again retreated into England. Meanwhile the Duke of Rothesay was daily being drawn deeper into his uncle's meshes. The thoughtless prince plunged into the most extravagant pleasures, and added to his faults by making unworthy favourites: one more daring than the rest proposed to rid him of his uncle by cold murder. The generous prince scorned the base proposal, and his wicked friend in consequence became his most bitter foe, and with secret cunning he betrayed

him to the Duke of Albany, by laying his own guilty scheme of assassination to the prince's charge. The duke, glad of any thing that could get him into his power, hastened to tell the king of the plot against his life, and the infirm king, heart-broken at the news, ordered his much-loved son to close confinement. The unsuspecting prince dreamt of no treachery, and secure in the people's love, rode about the country almost unguarded: he was on his way to St. Andrew's when the duke came suddenly upon him, and first stripping him of his rich clothes, threw a coarse cloak around him, and placing him on a jaded horse, took him to a miserable dungeon, guarded by two ruffians, who watched over him fifteen days without giving him a morsel of food. It is said that a poor woman, passing by his dungeon, heard his groans, and that at night she took him cakes which she managed to put through the grating of his cheerless abode, and that by means of a pipe she gave him milk to quench his thirst; the kind deed was soon discovered, and, as you may guess, as speedily put a stop to by his cruel guards. The king

heard in deep sorrow of the prince's wretched end, and of the suspicion that the Duke of Albany was the author of the cruel deed ; but the depth of his grief weakened still further his broken spirit, and perhaps from a secret fear that worse might ensue if he attempted to punish his powerful and most wicked relative, he took no notice of the fact, nor did he take any steps to prevent his again usurping the regency, which had been in the hands of his murdered son.

“ In 1402 another serious war took place on the borders of Scotland, which ended in the entire defeat of the Scots ; and Harry Hotspur, to whose bravery the victory of Homildon was owing, rejoiced in so great a triumph, for his train of prisoners was worth a king's ransom : but the pride of the hot-brained Earl and his father the Duke of Northumberland, was sorely wounded at Henry's commanding them on no account to release their prisoners without his leave ; and the monarch, by this unwise order, made foes of the friends that had gained him the crown. The Duke of Albany, the Douglasses, and all who had felt the smart of Homildon, now joined

the Percies, and fought on their side at the ever-memorable battle of Shrewsbury, which you may remember was a day of great glory to Henry, and his valiant son, the madcap Prince of Wales. Hotspur was slain in the contest, and Douglas was again made prisoner.

“The wicked Duke of Albany was more than ever hated by the people for his injustice, and they shuddered when they thought of the Duke of Rothsay’s cruel murder. The good and virtuous king was unfit to cope with the deep arts of his wicked brother, and, trembling lest James (his second son), should fall into his uncle’s hands, he thought to provide for the young prince’s safety by sending him to be educated in France, the king of that country being his warm ally. Robert, having lately made a truce with the English, felt sure that no harm would come to his son from any attack on their part, and, as he heard of fresh acts of treachery by his brother, the Duke of Albany, he hastened the young prince’s voyage. Henry’s honour, however, hung by a very slender thread, and he broke his faith with Robert,

by having the vessel, with its royal burden, seized off Flamborough Head, and placing Prince James in the Tower as soon as he reached London. Henry added to his cruelty by jesting with those who came to beg he would set the poor boy free, saying, he was himself a good French scholar, and that his father could not send him to a better master. Whilst the Duke of Albany was well pleased at his young nephew's being so securely housed, the king was bowed down by the most heart-rending grief, and his sorrow soon carried him to his grave ; he died in 1406, truly of a broken heart."

"Poor man !" said Jane, 'how much I pity him : I declare it was of no use for good people to reign in such a place as Scotland."

"Robert the Third was doubtless a good man, but I cannot say that he was altogether free from blame in quietly submitting to wrongs, which wanted great energy to repress. The many virtues with which he was adorned were like hidden talents, for he buried them in his own troubled mind, instead of seeking to gain the love of his subjects by justice and lenity, and the fear if not the respect

of those who could only be brought to submission by the exercise of his sovereign authority."

"I wonder what was the use of Henry's making such a pompous march into Scotland, Mamma," said Arthur, "and then going back again in such a foolish way?"

"Perhaps you will give him more credit for his conduct, when I tell you he was the most merciful English invader that ever entered Scotland, and for Holyrood he had a great respect. When two monks came to entreat he would spare that sacred building, the king replied, 'Never while I live shall I cause distress to any religious house whatever; and God forbid that Holyrood, the asylum of my father in his exile, should suffer aught from his son. I am not come to ravage the land, but to avenge a wrong done to my own fair fame, by him who dares not meet me,' meaning no doubt the Duke of Albany. 'I must also tell you that Henry the Fourth was the last king that came into Scotland as an English foe.'"

"I suppose that wretched man, the Duke of

Albany, will be doing more bad things yet," said Jane, "as he was so pleased poor prince James was in prison: if it were not wrong, I wish he might have a great deal to suffer for his cruelty."

CHAPTER XXII.

“THE Scotch were much to be pitied when Robert the Third died, and in a sorry state, for their young king was still a prisoner in the strong Tower of London, and the Duke of Albany was too well pleased at having the entire rule of the kingdom to make any efforts to release his captive nephew. All they could do was to have prince James proclaimed throughout the kingdom as their lawful monarch, under the title of James the First, and to regret that there was no longer a Wallace or a Douglas to rid them of the Regent Albany, by fighting in the royal cause. Times had however changed, and most of the nobles were busy in adding to their private wealth, and extending their own power. Some, both in England and Scotland, preferred a rover's life, and fought for the

sovereignty of the seas, so that it was no easy matter for ships laden with stores to pass to and fro without being waylaid by these piratical depredators. Stewart, Earl of Mar, was, in his wild career, engaged in this lawless plunder: he was the son of the Earl of Buchan, and had made himself notorious by murdering the late Earl of Mar, and afterwards winning the love of the widowed countess, who married him, and gave to her first husband's murderer his title and estates. He, however, did his country a signal service in the terrible disturbance that took place in the north of Scotland in 1411. The heir to the earldom of Ross being dead, Donald, Lord of the Isles, and the Duke of Albany claimed it in right of their families being married with the late earl's daughters; and Donald, who considered his claim superior, made a desperate effort to gain possession of it. He dashed through the whole of the northern country, followed by myriads of his half-savage subjects: their approach was ushered in by their hideous yells and war-cries, and they felled all before them with their battle-axes, short swords,

and other uncouth weapons ; but when they reached Aberdeen, their untamed strength gave way, for their skin bucklers were but a poor defence against the Earl of Mar's stout warriors sheathed in shining steel. Still they fought with savage fury, and if the Earl of Mar's own experience in highland warfare had been forgotten, his gallant army would soon have been overpowered ; as it was the struggle was a fearful one, but in the end Donald was forced to retire to his island kingdom, more cast down than conquered, and much as he disdained it, he was at last obliged to kneel as a vassal to the Regent Albany, and give up all thoughts of gaining the earldom of Ross. Henry the Fourth of England died in 1413, and king James was still a prisoner at his court ; but though none can justify the English king for his breach of faith in getting the young prince into his power, yet we must do him the justice to say, he treated him rather as a kingly guest than a captive, and acted up to his word in giving him a princely education. The Duke of Albany's usurped power was beset with many thorns,

his own son Murdoch Stewart was in the keeping of the English king, and he had a deep game to play, in order to regain his son's liberty, and yet to let his nephew James remain in bondage; but he was wicked enough for most things, and succeeded in his designs, hiding them all with the basest art. He softened down the people's hatred by freeing them from taxes, and kept the nobles quiet by letting them enjoy, undisturbed, their over-grown power, but to keep peace with Henry the Fifth was a less easy task. That king was trying for the French crown, and the Duke of Albany sent troops into France to help the weak king Charles the Sixth. You would fancy that such a step would have ruined all his ambitious schemes; and there is no doubt that if Henry could, he would have made the artful Scot repent this daring step; but Albany was cunning enough in his wickedness to know the English king could at that time only vent his anger by treating James with more severity, and to bind him in stronger chains was all he wanted. You may well suppose that few sighed at the death of so heartless

a man as the Regent Albany: he died in 1419, at the age of eighty, hated for his vices, and justly despised by everybody. Scotland for four years may be said to be without a governor: the Duke of Murdoch bore the title of regent, but his power was smaller than his father's, and was soon entirely lost through his amiable and gentle disposition. At length, in 1423, Archibald, Earl of Douglas, awoke from his lethargy, and made a bold effort to set his king free. The infant king Henry the Sixth was now sovereign of England, and after a long debate with the Regent Bedford, it was agreed that James should return to Scotland. He had married the daughter of the Earl of Somerset, and the king and queen were welcomed into Scotland by high and low with the greatest joy. Mirth and feasting reigned throughout the land, and the happy Scots seemed to vie with each other in doing honour to their long-exiled king. Hardly was his coronation over before this wise and great, though severe king, began to correct the errors that had for so many years been creeping into his kingdom. James was a polished

prince, and more noted for his learning in arts and sciences than any that had reigned before him; but his justice was not often tempered with mercy, and he punished the rebel lords with a cruel severity, that can only be excused by his having suffered so much from their misconduct. Every relative of the Regent Albany was put to instant and cruel death, and scarce a lord escaped having his power lessened, or his estate passed into other hands. The people, so long unused to controul, were struck with terror, and the king's hasty and imperative commands were obeyed from fear, more than love. The lords of the Isles tried in vain to resist his power. James visited every part of his kingdom, and called all to account for their former misdeeds. By a deep stratagem he succeeded in getting most of these lawless chieftains to attend the parliament he was holding in the north, when no less than forty were put to the death they so justly merited. Alexander, the then Lord of the Isles, tried to revenge their deaths: James flew to chastise him for his boldness, and the haughty chief, at last

weary of being hunted about from place to place, stooped to a degradation before unheard of among those ‘ocean kings:’ the miserable man knelt before James almost in a state of nudity, and holding his bare sword at the point, gave the hilt to his sovereign, in token of submission, and implored his mercy. James spared the wretched man’s life, but, to show his royal power, he kept him and his mother for a time in close confinement, and afterwards released him. Even such an act of mercy as this did not often occur in James’s passage through his kingdom to stem the insolent power of the barons and wild chieftains. When he came to the crown, he heard, on all sides, of evils that made his kingdom rather a den for every vice, than a land where Christians dwelt. ‘Let God but grant me life,’ said the king, ‘and there shall not be a spot in my dominions where the king shall not keep the castle, and the furze-bush the cow, though I myself should lead the life of a dog to accomplish it.’ His words were truly verified, for he drew upon himself the hatred of his nobles in his attempt to restore the sovereign power, and in protecting his

more humble subjects from their tyrant rule. A tale is told, that a poor woman was robbed of all her little wealth, and her two cows driven off, by some robber chieftain: in her bitter grief she said she would not put on her shoes till she had carried her tale of woe to the king. 'It is false,' cried the chieftain, 'I'll have you shod myself before you reach the court;' and so saying he instantly fixed horse's shoes to her feet, driving the long nails into her naked soles, and then threw her into the road, bleeding from her wounds. Some kind Samaritan released her from her cruel suffering, and as soon as her wounds were healed, she set off to the king, and showed him the scars which the heartless chief had made. James listened with pity and kindness to her sorrowing tale, and the wretched chieftain was soon put to a death so cruel, that it filled the hearts of the lookers on with terror, and taught them this useful lesson, that it was in vain to resist a king who looked into every law, and who punished every breach of it with the greatest rigour. Another tale is told, of two nobles of high rank quarrelling in the



QUEEN INTERCEDING FOR THE NOBLES.

royal presence, and one so far forgot himself as to give his foe a smart blow on the face. The king ordered the subject to stretch out his hand on the table, and taking a short cutlass from his girdle, he told the assaulted baron to strike off the outstretched hand. The queen, who was present with her ladies, fell down at his feet and begged for mercy, which she at length obtained, and the noble was punished by being instantly banished from court. But acts like these made James most unpopular. The barons were like wild horses, and they still tried to pull against the reins. Malise Graham had a particular spite against the king for his having seized his earldom of Strathern, and given him in lieu one of smaller worth; he vowed revenge, and uttered his complaints in open parliament, and spoke even in the king's presence of his unjust tyranny. James started from his throne and ordered the traitor to be instantly arrested; he was at first sent to prison, and afterwards banished as an outlaw. Graham now busied himself in persuading the most discontented of the nobles to join him in a plot against the king's

life; James heard of the threat, but paid no attention to it. In 1436, he, with his queen, went to Perth to keep the festival of Christmas with great splendour; when the royal party drew near the Frith of Forth, an old woman, who knew that the conspirators had made up their minds to kill their king whilst he was enjoying his Christmas revel, threw herself before him, and warned him of the danger, saying, 'If he crossed that water he should never return again alive.' The king, struck by her prophetic tone of voice, halted for a moment, but one of his court telling him it was only a mad woman's fears, the king pushed on his journey, and arrived at Perth. The conspirators were there also, and had at length planned the hour of their dark deed, whilst the king passed away his days in pleasure, little dreaming of his untimely end. Sir Robert Stewart, the High Chamberlain, had already let in his murderers, when the old woman again begged permission to see the king; he at the time was busy in a game of chess, and told her to come next morning, but ere that came her errand was

of no avail. The king, on hearing the clang of arms, knew that he was betrayed, and thought of the traitor Graham. The queen and her ladies entreated him to escape to a small vault below; where he lay concealed for some time, but Graham, finding out his hiding place, rushed upon his unhappy victim, who begged his life in vain. 'Let me at least have a confessor for the good of my soul,' cried the king, still trying to parry off the blow. 'None,' cried Graham, 'none shalt thou have but this sword;' and he immediately plunged it to his heart. Thus died the renowned king James, who, had he lived in a more enlightened age, would perhaps have been less severe in the management of his refractory barons: and his excellent laws, all so just and worthy of an upright and highly-gifted king, would have made his people happy and himself beloved, had he taken a longer time, and gentler means, to work out his great undertaking of general reform."

"Oh do tell me, Mamma," said Jane, "what the poor queen did amongst those wretched murderers."

“The queen, with her ladies, were talking with the king on the pleasures of the past day, when they first heard the steps of the murderers, and then found that every bolt and lock had been taken off the doors; whilst the king was getting to his hiding place, the queen and her ladies guarded the door: the Lady Catherine Douglas, with heroic courage, thrust her arm into the staple of the lock, and would not leave her post till some savage ruffian broke it in two with his violence. The queen in the meantime stood like a statue, for fear had robbed her of all sense, and in this helpless state she would have shared her husband’s fate, if Graham had not ordered his men to leave off wounding the women, and go on in search of the king, whose own haste betrayed his retreat; on hearing the murderers retire, he called to the lady Elizabeth Douglas to draw him up by means of a sheet, when in the attempt he fell in the vault beneath; the noise brought back Graham, and the uncovered hole in the floor soon discovered the king. ‘Here is the bride we have been so long looking for,’ said

he, with savage mirth, and the murderous attack began. The queen fled, but forgot her own sorrow in having her husband's murderers brought to justice. Graham triumphed even in his excess of torture, which surpassed the rack in cruelty, and died rejoicing in his having rid the world of a tyrant. Other cruelties, too, marked this period: the doctrines of Wickliffe had found their way into Scotland, and those who dared to persevere in his glorious truths were trampled down with the same fury as in England. James was himself a rigid papist, therefore it was not likely he should tolerate any other religion; and the clergy, in fear that their power would be lessened as the people's minds understood more clearly the sacred truths, entreated James to put down, as heresy, all that differed from popery."

"What a pity it was that James was so cruel, Mamma," said Jane, "since you say he made so many good laws."

"The commerce of the country was much increased by his good management; he made the

farmers till the ground with care, and insisted upon having wolf hunts four times a year, for the country was then overrun with those savage animals : one very quaint law, too, was made among many others. The innkeepers of the various villages made a complaint to the king, that his subjects had the bad practice of taking up their abode at their friends' houses whilst travelling about from place to place, so that the inns were empty and in grievous poverty ; whereupon the king commanded that every one who showed hospitality to their friends, to the injury of the public inns, should pay the sum of forty shillings, but persons of high rank, who travelled with their suites, were allowed to visit their friends, on condition that their horses and servants went to the inns. Another law, which would now be little relished, was that on dress. No person of less rank than a knight, or with a smaller income than two hundred marks a year, was allowed to wear silks, rich furs, or ornaments of any kind. The ladies, also, had to dress according to their rank in life ; no citizen's or

commoner's wife, however rich, could wear trains in those days, or any of the hoods and ruffs that adorned ladies of noble birth, and all were ordered to take care and not spend more money upon their clothes than their husbands could spare them."

"What a strange law, Mamma," said Jane, "why my nurse even wears a silk gown, and dresses nearly as smart as you do. I wonder what she would say to such a law."

"Perhaps it would be a good thing if the poorer people in these days thought more of saving a little from their wages for their old age, instead of spending so much in foolish dress."

"James left one son, who came to the crown on his death; his eldest daughter, the princess Margaret, was married to the dauphin of France, afterwards the wicked Louis the Eleventh; he was a cruel husband, and she lived to repent the day when she went to France filled with girlish delight at the splendid train that accompanied her, and the magnificent grandeur of her wedding."

"The Scotch seem to have had no foreign wars in the reign of James the First," said Arthur.

"No; none of any note. The English were too busy in France, which they lost just before James's death; they then tried to break the peace between Scotland and France, but it was of no avail. It was well for James that his foreign foes were quiet, for he had enough to do at home with his haughty barons, who were more difficult to controul than an army of ten thousand men."

CHAPTER XXIII.

“THE early part of James the Second’s reign is but a dull history of sad feuds among the nobles of Scotland, who took advantage of the long minority of their baby-king to regain their estates, and trample down every law that the first James had made to restrain their power. James the Second was only five years old when the crown was put upon his infant head, in Holyrood Abbey. Perhaps you will wonder why he was not crowned at Scone, which, from the time of Fergus, had been the place where every Scottish king first wore his badge of royalty ; but the queen mother had carried her boy for safety to Edinburgh, and dared not let him be taken into the country of the rebel lords for his coronation. Sir William Crichton was chosen to share with

the queen the government of the kingdom, and he soon artfully took the whole charge upon himself, and the widowed queen, finding her child almost a prisoner in his own castle of Edinburgh, connived with Sir Alexander Livingston, the Lieutenant of the kingdom, to remove the young king to Stirling, which she could only do by locking him up in a wardrobe, and he was thus stolen away,—Sir William Crichton, little suspecting what sort of linen the wardrobe held, as he saw the chest shipped from Leith to Stirling. As you may fancy, these two governing knights were rivals for power; however, a very formidable enemy, in the person of the Earl of Douglas, made them more friendly. The queen, finding she had no sway, and trembling for her own safety, married Sir James Stewart, a son of the powerful Lord of Lorn; she still tried to regain the charge of her young son, and asked the aid of William, the youthful but most ambitious Earl of Douglas: Livingston heard of it, and, without much ceremony, put the queen in a kind of state prison, and her husband in one of less comfort. Sir William Crichton

broke his friendship with Livingston; and one day, when the young king was taking the air near Stirling, he enticed him to go back with him to Edinburgh. Meanwhile the power of the Douglasses was so uncontrollable that all Scotland seemed under their rule; and Livingston and Crichton joined in the deepest treachery to rid themselves of a power which they much dreaded would crush their own. The Earl of Douglas, and his only brother David, received a cunning invitation to visit the young king at Edinburgh, where they were entertained for many days with regal splendour, and James, then ten years old, delighted with his high-born guest, soon became deeply attached to him, but was little aware of the sad scene he was soon made to play a part in. One day at dinner the youths were startled by a black bull's head being placed upon the table, a dish which was only served when a deep-laid plot was about to end in murder; they sprang from their seats, but were instantly seized: in vain the king clung to Crichton, and with tears pleaded for the life of his friends; they were without delay beheaded in the

court of the palace yard. It seems strange that so base a murder was not instantly revenged, but in those terrible days the ties of kindred and of love were all smothered in ambition, and revenge for a relative's death was but little thought of, so long as it gave his successor an opportunity of forwarding his ambitious views. Years rolled on, marked only by the fearful sway of the nobles, and the feuds which their private jealousies were for ever kindling; but James, who had now reached his seventeenth year, threw aside the fetters which chained his infant years, and began to let his subjects know that he was king. He was more careful than his father in reducing the power of his recreant lords, and aided by Kennedy, the good Bishop of St. Andrew's, and Crichton, he went to his work with the skill of a wise and prudent prince, and in time very much improved the state of his factious and divided kingdom; but Douglas still defied all controul, and did not deign to treat even his sovereign with the least respect. On one occasion, the king sent to command the Earl to release an unhappy man who

had fallen into his displeasure, and who was pretty sure of sharing the common death of all that chanced to come within his grasp. The Earl received the king's messenger, Sir Patrick Grey, who was uncle to the captive, with much courtesy and respect, giving at the same time private orders that the man should be immediately executed; he then said to Grey, 'You found me just about to sit down to dinner, if it pleases you we will conclude our meal, and then peruse the letter with which I am honoured by my sovereign.' This done, he seemed much concerned on reading the letter, 'Sorry am I,' said he, 'I cannot better fulfil the purport of this gracious letter, but thou shalt have all the redress I can give thee,' and he led the way to the yard, where laid, hardly yet cold, the headless trunk of the murdered man. 'Yonder, Sir Patrick, is your sister's son, unfortunately he wants his head, but you are welcome to do what you best please with his body.' The heart-wrung Grey, with silent grief fled from the lion's den, not daring to utter a word lest he too might share his nephew's cruel fate; but when he had safely crossed the draw-

bridge he turned upon the haughty earl a look of bitter scorn, and shaking his glove of mail, told him in hasty words he should live to rue his cruel insult : and then fled with the swiftest speed of his racehorse to escape Douglas's hot pursuit, for so daring a threat. When the king heard Sir Patrick's tale, he resolved to get rid of this tyrant, however dear the purchase, and instantly sent to invite him to Stirling. Douglas, with some suspicion, was forced to comply. The king bade him welcome, and asked him to supper ; then, taking him aside, he reasoned with him on his want of deference, and accused him of the many crimes he had been guilty of. Douglas returned an answer full of wrath, and the king, losing his self-command, exclaimed, ' False traitor ! ' unsheathed his dagger and stabbed him : Sir Patrick Grey gave him his death-wound, and threw his mangled body into the yard beneath the window. It is a pity that James stained his hands with human blood, and tarnished the glory of his excellent government by an act of cruel vengeance ; but it was done in a moment of rage, increased by Douglas's

insulting defiance of all respect due to his sovereign. The next earl revenged upon the king his brother's murder, by joining the Yorkist party in England, and making war upon the borders in 1455 ; but a truce was soon after made. James did all he could to assist Henry of Lancaster in regaining his crown, and was on the eve of preparing an army to invade England when his own awful and sudden death, put an end to all his designs. Roxburgh Castle had belonged to the English ever since the reign of David Bruce, and James was going to lay siege to this strong fortress, aided by the power of cannon, which had but just found an entrance into Scotland. They were clumsy in their make, and often imperfect in their action ; and James was standing too near one of these dangerous engines of war, when, from its being loaded, it burst with full force upon the young king, and killed him on the spot when he was only thirty years of age. This sad event took place in 1460, to the great grief of the nation ; for James was truly and deservedly beloved : he was equally firm but less severe than his father in curbing the power

of the nobles and the Lords of the Isles, who were joined by Douglas in 1455, in open rebellion against James; but John, the Lord of his ocean kingdom had to retire with the vast fleet he had fitted out to destroy the throne of Scotland, and, to the honour of James, little blood was shed in the daring enterprise."

"There was always something to spoil the peace of Scotland, Mamma," said Jane, "what horrid creatures those Douglasses were!"

"And yet I wonder what Robert Bruce would have done without the help of the good Sir James, Jane," said Arthur.

"If they had all been like that good man, they would have continued the stay instead of the scourge of their king and country; but their enormous wealth, and their marriage into the royal family, made them aspire even to the throne: happily James the Second left a son, though only a boy of eight years old, and the heads of the Scottish nation showed how much they liked their late king's rule by sending for the widowed queen and her son, that he might be at once acknowledged king in his father's place.

“Who was James the Second’s queen, Mamma?” said Jane.

“Her name, my dear, was Mary of Gueldres, a lady of great beauty; when she reached Holyrood, she was received by the king, and welcomed to her new home with great rejoicing. A body guard of three hundred knights, clothed in shining steel, as were also their horses, conducted her, on her landing, to the palace of Holyrood, and the bride, as was the fashion of the times, rode behind one of her French lords, attended by her uncle, the good Duke of Burgundy, who gave her to the king with a nice bride’s portion of sixty thousand crowns,—an immense sum in those days.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

“THERE could not be a greater misery for Scotland than James the Second’s death, just at the time he was sealing the peace of his country by winning the love of his turbulent subjects, and still maintaining his royal power. James the Third was but eight years old at this sad era; he was crowned at Kelso, and his mother chosen as regent, with the good bishop Kennedy to help her in her task. Whilst this worthy man lived, the young king’s royal dignity was well preserved by his firm and careful policy, for Kennedy was a great statesman, and was alike wise and good, pious and charitable; but his death, in 1466, opened the bud of discord that had been longing to burst in the bosom of many an artful Scot.

“Whilst all good men were mourning at the death of their country’s prop, Sir Alexander Boyd, with his brother, Lord Boyd, were planning to get James into their power, and to take upon themselves the supreme rule of the state. They made little scruple of seizing their young king’s person, and carrying him to Edinburgh, and with equal ease they won him over to declare in open parliament, that the act was his own free will; and he at the same time chose Lord Boyd as his future governor, and gave his sister, the princess Mary, in marriage to the governor’s son, creating him Earl of Arran, with lands so extensive, that the house of Boyd became equal in power to that of the fallen Douglas. Their arrogance made them the objects of general envy, and the king’s ears were almost deafened with complaints of their insulting and cruel rule. However unworthy they may have been of the royal favour, yet the crown of Scotland had to thank them for the securer government of the Western, and the sovereignty of the Orkney and Shetland Isles. The king of Denmark, to

whom they belonged, was glad to purchase the friendship of the king of Scotland, by giving him his daughter in marriage, and, for her wedding dowry, those treeless islands of the north. The Earl of Arran managed the whole of this affair with great skill; but his own pride, and that of his family, had made him so many enemies, that soon after the king's marriage with the Danish princess in 1409, he and all his family became outcasts of the kingdom, and would have been put to death had they not saved their lives by flight. Sir Alexander was the only one who paid the penalty for his ruined family. The Countess of Arran was torn from her first husband, and forced to marry the Lord Hamilton, of whom you will hear more in the reign of Mary. The late king of Scotland, as you have heard, was a warm friend to the unfortunate Henry the Sixth. He and his ambitious queen had found a shelter in that court in the time of their greatest distress, and the same kind feeling continued till Henry's entire ruin at Tewkesbury. His unhappy death, in 1470, placed his rival Edward

securely on the throne of England. If that artful monarch had not been too busy in increasing his conquests abroad, it is probable he would have taken some steps to punish the Scots for the help they gave his Lancastrian foe: but Edward's crown did not sit quietly enough upon his head for him to make enemies with his Scottish neighbours; and, in 1472, a little prince being born in Scotland, he thought to secure a lasting peace with that country, by forming a treaty of marriage between the new-born babe and his own little daughter, who was only two years old.

“Sad troubles arose in Scotland when James took the government of the kingdom into his own hands: the monarch loved repose; and his taste for arts and sciences filled his mind, and occupied his time so entirely, that he forgot his public duties in the pursuit of what gave him so much pleasure, and what is still worse, he drew upon him the hatred of his nobles by robbing them of their high offices, which he gave to his instructors in his favourite pursuits, who were men of mean birth, and in

no degree fit for such important posts. One Cochrane, an architect, or, as some said, nothing more than a common mason, was James's chosen friend: this man had an extraordinary influence over the king, whilst he was carrying on the basest intrigues. The irritated nobles, and the king's brothers, the Duke of Albany and the Earl of Mar, entered into a league against James, which ended by the Duke of Albany making open war against his brother, aided by the English and the exiled Douglas, in 1484. This old nobleman, overcome by the weight of his armour, was speedily taken, and carried to the king as a rich prize, who forbore, in respect to his grey hairs, to shorten his fast ebbing life, but humanely sent him to end his days in the monastery of Lindores; but pride and shame still rose in the breast of the last of these haughty nobles, as with bitter scorn he said, 'He who may no better be, must needs turn monk.' Albany went to France; the Earl of Mar had died in a late rebellion, some say by order of the king. The infamous Cochrane took his title and

estates, but he soon lost all his ill-gotten rank, and died the death of a traitor. The lords never recovered the shock their dignity had suffered by their king's misguided partiality, and James was too weak and irresolute to maintain, with steady perseverance, his royal authority. The close of his reign was a sad scene of the miseries which are sure to be the result, even in better regulated states, where the monarch is ruled by favourites. In 1488 the nobles succeeded in gaining the young prince to take up arms against his father; and James, 'cut to the heart' to see his child join in the revolt, was roused to do his utmost: he bent his steps northward, to avoid falling into his son's hands, and soon gained a large army to oppose him; but the king's heart sunk within him, when he saw that it was against his son he had to defend himself, and to spare him the guilt of murder, and his people shedding each other's blood, he made a reconciliation with his rebellious child, soon, however, to be broken, for the young prince forgot all sense of duty, and plunged again into the excess of sin, in once more raising

arms against his parent and his king. James, with a courage heightened by the tenderest sorrow, drew up his troops at Sanchie Burn, two miles from the memorable plains of Bannockburn. He fought with bravery, surrounded by those of his faithful subjects who cared not to face death if they could save their king's life, but finding their little band giving way, they begged their king to fly. James instantly put spurs to his horse, but in crossing the little river Bannock, he came so suddenly upon a poor woman who was drawing water at the brook, that she, taking him for some phantom, threw down her jug and fled to her cottage; the king's steed, frightened at the noise, began plunging, and threw his royal load upon the ground: fainting from the bruise and pressure of his armour, he was taken to a hut close by, and quickly brought to his senses by the kindness of his humble attendants. 'Fetch me a priest,' said the king, 'that I may confess before I die.' The woman asked him who he was. 'Alas! I was your sovereign this morning.' The astonished woman ran out wringing her hands and crying for a priest to come



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to her dying king. One of the prince's soldiers passing at the time said, 'I am a priest,' and he was led to the king, who was stretched out upon a bed covered with a coarse cloth. The assumed priest, (for he was indeed an assassin,) knelt down by his bed side, and under pretence of giving the monarch holy comfort, stabbed him to death by many wounds, and then made his escape, carrying with him the murdered remains of poor king James the Third."

"What, another James killed, Mamma!" said Jane, "how shocking, and then to have such a wicked son. I wonder what the prince said when he knew of his poor father's murder."

"When too late he repented of his wicked conduct, but he was so intoxicated with his title of king, that his sudden burst of grief was forgotten in his excess of joy; but when cooler moments came, he truly repented of being the leader, if not the planner, of a rebellion that ended in his father's death, and which he might perhaps have spared if, like a dutiful child, he had sought to hide his

parent's errors, and, by his love and energy united, have raised him to that place in his people's hearts which he had lost by his ill-directed partiality."

"Yes, it was a great pity he made favourites," said Jane, "but still there was no harm in being fond of learning, and liking the men who taught him."


"No, my dear; it was only by withdrawing himself too much from higher duties, that James was guilty of a fault in pursuing those elegant arts which refine the mind, soften the passions, and smooth the cares of life: he was an excellent musician, but his lords were yet too unpolished to like a king who did not enter into their quarrels, or lead them out to war, and James was wrong in not humouring, to a proper degree, the inclinations of his restless subjects. The king had a great taste for gorgeous dress and rich jewelery; his favourite Cochrane rivalled him in the splendour of his attire and golden chains, and he begged that he might be hanged in a silken cord, instead of a common vulgar hempen one; the incensed nobles degraded him so much as to hang him in one of horse hair."

“That was a horrid rebellion of the Duke of Albany, Mamma,” said Arthur.

“It was indeed. At one time the king was a complete prisoner in Edinburgh castle, and in fear of his life, and was only released by signing papers, which gave Albany a power as great as that of the king. Edward the Fourth played a deep part in this affair, but with his death the duke’s plot lost all chance of success, for Richard the Third and James were good friends, and Henry the Seventh, on coming to the crown, made it an important thing to have the peace of England and Scotland continue. James lost his queen about this time; and finding one year’s sorrow quite enough, he, as soon as it was ended, made an offer to the widowed queen of Edward the Fourth, but the marriage did not take place, in consequence of James first requiring possession of the border fortress of Berwick, which Henry the Seventh would not yield. There were some useful laws made in the reign of James the Third to increase the wealth of the kingdom, by sending out their manufactures, and receiving others

in exchange, on the payment of certain custom-house dues. Copper money was also used in this reign for the benefit of the poor, and St. Andrew's was made an archbishoprick. James was only thirty-five years old when his cruel murder took place, in 1488."

CHAPTER XXV.



“As you may imagine, James the Fourth found his crown at times a very uneasy one. His first act was to punish severely all those faithful nobles who ventured to speak of the late king’s death as a murder, and it was openly declared in parliament that he and his nobles were quite free from so great a crime, but still his conscience could not be deceived, and oftentimes, when he pictured to himself his father’s mangled body, he would have been thankful to lay down his crown to regain a quiet mind. With the superstition of the times, he thought to atone for his guilt by penance and self-mortification, and he always wore round his body an iron belt, with a weight attached to it, which he increased every year; and he not unfrequently shut himself up in retire-

ment, to undergo greater privations. But these acts of penance had not much effect in curbing his hasty temper, for he was a complete Hotspur in all his actions ; but his generous and benevolent disposition, kindness of heart, and condescending manners to the meanest of his subjects, made them readily pardon faults, committed without thought, in their love for his many virtues. James had seen the errors of partial government, and he studied to root out the feuds that had been the scourge of the country for so many years : he also visited the most northern parts of his kingdom, and tried to tame the yet uncouth and fierce dispositions of those warlike giant chieftains, by leading them to acts of industry, teaching them the arts and manufactures of their southern countrymen, and making laws to enforce what he took so much pains to instil into them ; but James found it a much easier task to pass acts and to frame laws, than to have them put in practice, and he had to make some examples of the most lawless, to show that it was useless to resist a power which he knew was founded on the strictest justice. In

1490 a serious conspiracy was formed in England by Henry the Seventh, and the Lords Bothwell and Buchan, to dethrone James, which was nipped in the bud; but, in 1494, contention again arose between the two kings, for James joined the Duchess of Burgundy in her plot to place Perkin Warbeck on the English throne, received the impostor into his kingdom as Prince Richard of England, with great honour, and married him to his relation, the Lady Catherine Gordon. In 1497 James entered so hotly into Warbeck's cause, that he invaded England; but the Scots were not at all inclined to join in this strange adventure, and the king was not a little annoyed at being forced to make a retreat, and after spending so much money, to be in the end compelled to resign the young and bold adventurer to his fate. After some time the Scotch and English again became reconciled, and in 1502 James was married to Margaret, the daughter of Henry the Seventh. She was escorted into Scotland by a numerous train of nobility, and the king received her with great rapture: his horse was covered with

gold trappings, and his intended bride, who mounted behind him, rode to the palace of Holyrood, followed by multitudes of people, who rent the air with their joyous welcome to their future queen.

“The marriage festivities were as costly as joyous; but James was not so kind a husband, as he was a good sovereign, and his extravagant love of pleasure brought him into many domestic troubles. Henry the Seventh’s death, in 1509, broke the peace of the two kingdoms, which had only been maintained till that period by Henry’s prudent caution in not resenting his impetuous son-in-law’s too hasty actions. The overbearing Henry the Eighth was soon jealous of James’s friendship with foreign courts, above all, that of France; and James gave his brother-in-law mortal offence by aiding the French king, Louis the Twelfth, in his war against Henry. Angry letters passed between the two kings; James took upon himself to reprove Henry for making war with France, and threatened to invade England if he did not desist. Henry’s rage, on reading the letter, was

without bounds. 'Tell your king,' said he to the lion-herald, 'I shall return home at mine own pleasure, and not at your sovereign's bidding.' The queen tried in vain to entreat her husband not to begin a war against her brother, but her voice was little heeded; the nobles were averse to it, but James was so much beloved, that all ranks, Highlanders as well as Lowlanders, flocked to his banner, and marched with him across the Tweed, to the plains of Flodden Field. But James was too hot-brained to make a good soldier; he could manage a tournament, but knew not how to fight a battle, and he courted his ruin by his own waywardness. His army was well placed: trusting to that, he carelessly let the enemy cross the little river Till, that divided them, and, though the aged Earl of Angus came and begged him either to make an instant attack, or retreat before the enemy came too close upon them, the king would not listen. 'Go home if you are afraid, Angus,' said he, in anger. The poor nobleman burst into tears; 'My age makes me of no use but in counsel, and that is scorned; my two

sons I leave in the field, and may the end be glorious.' Other nobles came and, on their knees, begged the king to make an instant attack; but he madly scorned the advice of all till it was too late. The Earl of Surry had come close upon him, and then the fight began with fury: the king fought with desperation, and caring only to display his own courage, rushed forward upon the enemy, till at length, he fell, among heaps of slain, covered with wounds. And this was the sad end of the battle of Flodden Field. The people wept the death of a king whom they tenderly loved, and forgot their private sorrows in their nation's woe; for so fatal was the blow of that sad day, and so manfully did the Scots fight for their king, that ten thousand slain lay upon the field before they would give up the struggle. The king's body was buried at Richmond, 1513."

"What could make James so headstrong, Mamma?" said Arthur.

"That is difficult to say: he went madly to the war, and as madly lost the victory he might other-

wise have gained, perhaps have saved his own life and spared the panic that his rash act caused the nation. When the fatal news reached the various towns, the fearful shrieks of the women were heard in every street; high and low had to mourn some near relation; and the cries continued so long to pierce the air, that the heads of the towns were forced to beg the women to moderate their grief, and to tell them that it would be more in the character of Christians if they were to go to the house of God, and offer up their prayers for trust in his mercy and resignation to his will."

"I am very sorry James was not kind to his queen, Mamma," said Jane.

"Yes, it is a pity he marred his public virtues by many private errors; for James's reign was certainly one of great glory to the Scottish nation. The art of printing did not find its way into Scotland till his time. He also founded the College of Aberdeen; and public schools for the learned languages and general knowledge were well filled, as a law was made that the sons of the nobles,

and all who could afford it, should at nine years of age begin to have their minds trained to learning, proper for the station they were intended to fill. James, also took great pride and delight in his navy. You already know that Columbus's bold and successful enterprize had made every country eager to have ships, fit for an expedition across the western seas: James was determined, he would stand unrivalled in the size of one of his vessels; for he had so ponderous a machine built, that its size prevented it being of so much use as those of smaller and more elegant construction. Sir Andrew Wood was a gallant naval officer, and did much in putting down the English pirates, to the great annoyance of Henry the Seventh. The two Bartons were equally valorous, but their warfare was more for booty, and the sea fights of those times, if began in bravery, generally ended in greedy plunder by the conquering party. James left an infant son to succeed him, who came to the crown under the title of James the Fifth."

CHAPTER XXVI.

“JAMES the Fifth of Scotland was little more than a year old when he was taken to Scone for his coronation, and the smiles that usually beam on every face at so joyous an event were now sadly changed into the deepest woe at the thoughts of their late king's untimely end, and of the streams of blood that had been poured forth on Flodden Field, making their country and their homes desolate. The king, too, would have changed his baby smile, at the sight of his golden crown, to a doleful cry, could he have known the sorrows that were being wreathed round his infant brows. Poor Scotland was, indeed, shorn of all her glory by the death of so many of her nobles. The clergy were now her chief support, and Beaton, archbishop

of Glasgow, took the head of the state, under the widowed queen, who was chosen regent for her child; but the Scots soon discovered the folly of this plan. The queen was the sister of Henry the Eighth, and that monarch thought the purchase of the kingdom would be an easy matter whilst in a woman's hands, and that woman his own sister. In the midst of their distress the Scotch sent to France, to beg the Duke of Albany, James's cousin, to come and take the regency—a step which gave the queen great offence, for she had married again to the Earl of Angus, the head of the once most powerful Douglasses, and she thought to unite with him in governing the kingdom; but Albany's arrival put an end to all such schemes, and the Earls of Angus and Arran, both rivals for the regency, now joined in full force to weaken the government of Albany, whose wise policy was worthy of a better fate. Most historians have drawn his picture by the ill success that attended his government, and have spoken of him as a selfish, weak, and arrogant man; but when you are old enough, I hope you will read Mr.

Tytler's most valuable history, and admire with me the pains he has taken to give truth to all that relates to Scottish history, and how ably he has given the reasons that have made poor Albany the victim of so much ill-will, which he would have been too glad to have had it in his power to prevent. Scarcely had he landed before he heard of the cabals that were forming to overturn the monarchy, and at the head of these intrigues was the queen-mother, who had still her children with her. Albany most courteously pointed out to her the folly and error of her ways; but she was now so much attached to Angus, and in such close correspondence with her brother, that Albany was forced to rescue the infant king from being smuggled out of his just inheritance. When the lords came to Edinburgh castle, the stately queen appeared at the gates; with the king holding her hand, and his younger brother in her arms. 'Declare your errand,' said she, in a stern voice; and when she heard that they came for her two children, she ordered the portcullis to be put down, saying, 'I hold this castle

from my late husband, your king, who gave me, also, the keeping of his children, and to no person whatever, will I yield them.' Fearing, however, force might be used, she took them instantly to Stirling, whither Albany also went, with a strong party. The queen, finding it useless to resist, gave the keys of the castle to the little James, who placed them in the hands of Albany: the generous regent usurped no power, but only begged the queen to give up sharing in the treasons that were carried on by her husband, Angus, against her own child, the reigning king. But the queen was deaf to every advice; it was in vain Albany talked to her and wrote to her, to think again, before he should be compelled in justice to his office to deny her any care of her children, whose guardian she ought to be. Henry and Angus had poisoned every maternal feeling, and she fled from them and her country to join more openly with the rebel party. When too late she found out her error, for both Arran and Angus turned against the English conspirators, and aided the governor in destroying a plot, of which

they had been a party in forming. Margaret's haughty spirit was now as fierce as her equally proud brother's, and her love, like his, was quickly turned to the most deadly hatred of Angus and the regent, whose only fault was too easy a forgiveness of those factious lords, who changed sides as it best suited their purpose; but not all their base designs, nor those of Henry, the queen-mother, and Wolsey, could make those good Scots, who really loved their king, conspire with them in driving away Albany, whom they sincerely loved. In 1516, the regent went to France to gain some help from his old allies, and his absence gave rise to general insurrection: Highlanders and Lowlanders seemed to vie with each other in outraging and putting down every wise law for the peace and welfare of the kingdom; and till Albany returned, in 1521, it is difficult to say who was governor, or on what plan the sovereignty of the kingdom was carried on, where all tried to increase their own power, caring very little for a king who was still a child. In 1522 Albany went into England with

an army, to see if it were possible to prevent the excess of intrigue that was going on between lord Dacre, Henry's governor in the north, the queen, and the lords Angus and Arran, with other factious nobles; but, not wishing to shed useless blood, Albany returned, hoping he had succeeded in making the border country a little more tranquil. In 1523, fresh annoyances made him again lead his troops into England; but winter coming on, and the soldiers following the shameful example of the nobles, refused to risk their lives in an attack upon the English, and the regent was in consequence forced to retreat: he was now so completely worn out and disgusted with a people, who had neither respect for themselves, their king, nor their country, that he gave up the regency, and went to France, never to return to his native land. You may guess Queen Margaret rejoiced at the departure of almost the only honest man in Scotland: her first step was to get her son into her own hands; and, though only thirteen, she made the Scotch acknowledge him as their sovereign, free of

all controul. The bishops of St. Andrew's and Aberdeen, who saw through her schemes, would not sanction so great a folly: they were in consequence sent to prison, and the queen, with Arran and her new husband, Henry Stewart, Lord Methven, now took the entire rule of the state, for the young king was nothing more than a prisoner in their keeping. They were soon disturbed by an intrigue of a deeper dye. Angus came to attack the castle of Edinburgh, and the Chancellor Beaton helped him to put down the insolent power of Arran and the queen; but the Douglas party was equally overbearing: and the haughty earl went through the kingdom, punishing with unsparing severity, all who opposed his rule. And if those he oppressed had dared to speak their thoughts, they might have said, you are yourself nothing more than a usurper. Time rolled on with scenes so sad, that one can only pity the young king who had no friend bold enough to oppose the once more overgrown power of the Douglasses. James was now sixteen, and could plainly see, unless he made the effort himself, he would most likely be a prisoner

all his life. He managed to make his escape from Falkland to Stirling in the night, and as he was, by hard riding; and would take no rest till he saw his castle well secured, and the keys under his own pillow. The rage of the Douglasses was as great when they heard of the king's flight, as the joy of the people at seeing him his own master: he was looked upon by his overjoyed subjects as their deliverer, and he well deserved their love; for he was manly, generous, kind to the poor, and ever ready to redress their wrongs,—free from all pride, he made himself, perhaps too much, the friend of his people, and was proud of being called by them, 'The king of the commons!' James's just wrath against the Douglasses made him prompt in his measures to crush their power: he deprived them of their estates; but he showed a generous mercy in sparing the life of Angus, who burnt and laid waste the country as long as he had any means of doing so. When James was at Stirling, the daring Earl set fire to two villages close by the castle, saying, 'perhaps the light might be useful to the king, if

he should again take it into his head to travel before sunrise.' James visited his northern dominions, and had great trouble in restoring anything like peace and good order in his half-ruined kingdom. In 1536 he went into France, to claim Marie de Bourbon, who had been fixed upon for his queen; but not liking that lady so well as the Princess Magdalene, the daughter of Francis the First, he married her, and carried his young and beautiful bride home to a far ruder country than that she had been reared in; the cold air of which, and the loss of so many luxuries, hastened a decline, which seemed to have begun before her marriage, and the happy bridegroom had soon to mourn a queen he tenderly loved. But his grief was soon spent; and scarcely had his year of sorrow fled before he married Mary of Guise."

"In 1540, James sailed round his peninsular kingdom, with a fleet of twelve ships. So novel a sight astonished the natives of the Isles, who at first thought it some unearthly visitation; but when they learned the rank of their guest, they came

flocking to their shores, and did him homage in their own rude form. Good and able as was the government of James, three separate conspiracies were formed to attack his life: the Douglasses, and Sir James Hamilton, son of the Earl of Arran, were sharers in these dark plots. James was much hurt at the untameable spirit of his nobles and their contemptuous treatment of him: he most unwisely made favourites; and his extreme partiality for Oliver Sinclair made them entirely forget they had a king. His mother, who had been the source of so much evil to her only son, died in 1541, unmourned by those even who had joined her in her mischievous treatment of the king. A heavier grief quickly followed in the death of his two infant sons. Henry the Eighth, who had been James's most terrible foe, ever since he became king, now put in the old claim of superior sovereign: an open war was the result of this absurd demand. James prepared for the battle, and marched to the borders of the Solway river; his nobles also put on their armour, but they showed their indifference by

carelessly allowing the English enemy to draw near them, without making any effort to stay their progress. James implored them to protect their property and save their honour: they heeded not his voice, and, to their shame be it spoken, as soon as a small party of the English began the attack, ten thousand of James's troops fled at once, to the horror of the king, who saw that they rather intended to betray him into the hands of the English than to fight in his defence. This blow was too severe: he fell into complete despair from which nothing could rouse him; and his health sank under his excess of sorrow. When near his end, the news was brought him of the birth of a daughter, but no joy lighted the dying monarch's face: his sons were dead, and he thought how hard had been his struggle to recover his kingdom from the hands of his enemies, and how ill his best efforts had been repaid by his most ungrateful people; if such had been his thankless task, what chance could a poor baby-queen have of keeping the crown? Broken-hearted, he was sinking to an early grave; and,

thinking of his ancestor, Robert Bruce, who came to the crown in right of his mother, he said, with a bitter sigh, 'It came with a lass, and it will go away with a lass,' and soon after died, in 1542."

"I think James the Fifth's soldiers ought, every one of them, to have been hanged," said Arthur, "they were worse than cowards to run off, when there was no danger, in that shameful manner."

"What could make the Scotch people so foolish, Mamma," said Jane, "to be always changing about in the way they did? I never heard of such men before, anywhere."

"They did not reflect much credit upon their country, and one would have thought that they had suffered so much from English oppression, that they would have risked their lives in the greatest perils to avoid being again drawn into her chains; but such, you see, was not the case, and their strange and unmanly conduct can only be accounted for by the feudal government of the kingdom. That law compelled them to many acts of vassalage at which their proud hearts rebelled, their own love

of power, too, often made them despise their king, and, as you have heard from beginning to end of this little history, not one reign passed by without its peace being broken by some rebel lord or untamed chieftain, who, setting every law at defiance, insulted the sovereign power. The same feudal law compelled all who held lands of their superiors to join in their rebellions; and the daring outrages committed by them needed the severest punishments to stay their murderous attacks: and hatred, instead of love, filled the breasts of these proud lords, when they found it useless to struggle against their king; and, in disappointed rage, they watched for the moment to join a foreign enemy, who bribed them, by false promises, to betray their monarch. This was the real system of Scotland's unhappy government, and this the cause of the endless wars that mark every period of her history."

"Yes," said Jane, "it was just so; for often I have thought I should hear of a nice quiet reign, and then, all in a minute, the king has been forced to go and fight with his own lords. I am sure they

might, if they liked, have been much happier with the James' at least, for they were all good men."

"But, as I have told you already, they were too refined for most of their unruly subjects; and the few who loved peace, and to improve their growing taste for arts and sciences, were but small in number compared with the multitudes who must always have a sword in their hands, either to fight at home or abroad. I must not omit to tell you of the Reformation, which increased in Scotland in spite of the continued cruelties that the Protestants had to suffer there as well as in England. James was blinded by his popish clergy, and his close relationship to France, against showing any mercy to those who declared themselves willing martyrs in the cause of the new religion; and his mild government was sadly tarnished by his sanctioning the death of many of the reformers, seven of whom were burnt at the stake in 1539; but, as in England, their sufferings only helped to fan the flame which, once kindled, was not to be again put out. And the popish clergy in Scotland, as well as

in England, had good cause to tremble at their loss of power; for the time was fast drawing near when their ignorant flocks would no longer believe that a golden fee to the priest could purchase a pardon for sins."

"I am very glad to hear of that, Mamma," said Jane, "for I hope when the Scotch were able to read and understand their Bibles, they would be a little more merciful, and behave better to their kings."

"The progress of the Reformation was much slower in Scotland than in England, from their frequent and near intercourse with the French; and we shall yet have to hear of many a martyr's cruel death before the Protestant religion was fully established in Scotland."

"Was not that a capital trick, Mamma, of James getting away from the Douglasses?" said Arthur.

"Yes, it was; you can easily imagine the rage they were in, when they heard of his escape. And the young king contrived it very cleverly. Stirling

Castle was in his mother's keeping, but he gained it from her by making her husband, Stewart, a peer, with the title and estates of Methven: he next gained leave of Angus to remove to Falkland, who was himself enjoying regal state in Lothian. Sir Archibald Douglas, his uncle, was at Dundee, so that the young king had only one of his Douglas keepers with him to watch his movements, whom he cheated by giving orders for a grand hunting party one morning. The evening before, feigning great fatigue, and wishing to rest as long before the hunt as possible, he went to his bed-room, and there waited till all were gone to bed. Then putting on a dress of one of the guards, he stole to the stable, and, as you have heard, rode as fast as he could to Stirling. In the morning he was missed by his attendant, who went to inquire of Douglas where he was. 'His Grace is yet in bed,' said he. 'No, no,' said the man, 'ye are deceived, and betrayed, too, for the king has passed the bridge of Stirling.'

"Sir George Douglas could not controul the

fury of his disappointment when he found the truth of the man's story. In a few hours the Earl of Angus and all his train marched to Stirling; but a herald stayed their journey, by taxing them, in the king's name, with treason, if they dared to approach his castle, so that, in their then unguarded state, they had nothing left for them to do but turn their horses' heads, and go back to Linlithgow, more angry than before.

CHAPTER XXVII.

“I AM now come to the reign of Mary, known so well as the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, whose great beauty and terrible misfortunes have, from the period in which she lived, down to our own times, made her the theme of many a history. Children are even taught to pity poor Mary, long before they are able to know the reason why; for it requires the sober judgment of riper years to enter into the depth of the troubles that marked every period of her eventful life. With joy, however, I tell you, that the cloud of guilt which many have so unkindly suffered to hang over her head has at last passed away, and her entire innocence of those deadly crimes with which her fair fame has so long been tarnished is now fully proved by

authors of our own days, who have, with careful diligence, sought out papers relative to her history, and with generous intent have brought them all to light, in which it is clearly proved, that poor Mary was the most wronged of women, and the most injured of queens. Even her cradled years were passed in gloom and sorrow, for the cruel Henry the Eighth tried in every way to get her into his keeping; and to escape the treachery of those nobles who plotted with him to tear her away from her mother, and to make her kingdom his, the poor little baby-queen was forced to be taken from castle to castle, to be hidden, as it were, from her own cruel lords, foremost of whom was the haughty Earl of Angus, and all who bore the name of Douglas: Lord Lennox, and, alas! so many that played a traitor's game, swelled the list of Henry's party, that it will be a great act of charity to pass them over unnoticed, since they can only be spoken of for the despicable part they took in one of the deepest and most artful intrigues that was ever planned to ruin a nation. Henry tried to cover his

views by a pretended friendly union, proposing to marry the babe to his son, prince Edward; but neither the Regent Arran, Cardinal Beaton, nor the queen-mother would listen to offers gilded with fair speeches, which only concealed a bondage worse than slavery. When Henry found both bribes and threats of no avail, he vented his lion rage, with uncurbed fury, on every helpless Scot that came in his way. Some merchants were returning home with their well-laden ships, when Henry's spies way-laid them, and, with a rich bribe, begged them to join in ruining their country. 'No' said they indignantly, 'do with us and with our goods what seemeth best to you; we are willing to die, but we will never be traitors to our native land:' so that you see there were some Wallaces who seconded Arran's too weak efforts as a minister. Beaton was a much more skilful ruler, but his private character was bad; and zeal for religion was the cloak, both with protestant and papist, for persecutions of the most cruel kind. Beaton was a rigid catholic, as was also the queen's mother, and they

equalled Mary of England in their cruel persecutions of all reformers. In 1545, Wishart, a zealous protestant, the tutor of Knox, fell a victim to their bigoted zeal, by the most cruel death they could devise; and the Cardinal, by his ill-timed severity, made not only his enemies more eager to destroy him, but caused even his own party to shudder. He had long been watched by Henry and his followers, and a price set upon his head: for a time he eluded their diligent search, but in 1546 he was surprised in his castle of St. Andrew's, in the dead of night, and paid the penalty of his former cruelties, by receiving at the hands of the reformers many wounds, made still more galling by the bitter scorn they heaped upon their helpless dying victim. The cardinal's daring murder filled his party with alarm, whilst Henry was overjoyed at being rid of a man whom nothing could move to join in his still cherished scheme of seizing the young queen, and making her prince Edward's wife. At his death, in 1547, the two kingdoms were still harrassing each other: Henry's dying command to Somerset was,

to pursue the war, in king Edward's name, till the Scots should be frightened into submission. With this intent the Protector marched to the Scottish borders, and Arran, fear-struck, sent the fiery cross into every part of the country, to summon his worn-out troops. This was nothing more than a cross of wood, first burnt black by a blazing fire, and then dipped in the blood of a fresh slain goat: all looked with terror upon this ancient emblem of superstitious devotion, which was carried into the most distant hamlets on a pointed spear, and none dared to disobey its awful summons. In a few days the governor's army amounted to thirty-six thousand men, and he marched straight to Musselburgh: sorry am I to tell you his whole cavalry were so completely beaten, that he was forced to retire. Wishing to save the wreck of his army, he tried to come to some friendly terms with Somerset, who was marching still further into the country. 'Tell your master,' said the earl to the herald, 'the times of peace are past, we fight in a just cause, therefore let our foes but meet us in a plain field, and we will

give them enough of battle.' The armies met at Pinkie: again the poor Scots were wofully cut to pieces, and thousands strewed the field before the rest took flight. The queen-mother plainly saw that her child was no longer safe in her own kingdom, and she lost no time in sending her to France, feeling secure in her near relationship to that court, and in the friendship that had lasted so many years between the two countries; at the same time her future marriage with the Dauphin of France was agreed to, and the little queen, with four companions of her own age and name, and attended by a strong guard of faithful subjects, set sail, in 1548, for France. It was indeed a lucky thing she reached its shores in safety, for the English had planned to waylay her on her passage, but were too late in putting to sea. In 1554 the queen dowager took upon herself the regency of the kingdom, to the great annoyance of the Earl of Arran, but who, unable to resist the united power of the queen, and her artful brothers, the Dukes of Guise, at last retired with the title of Duke of Chastelherault. The queen-mother was deservedly

beloved by the Scotch people, and for many years she ruled the state with so much ability, that both protestants and catholics moderated their angry feelings, and learned to live in peace with one another; but in time her intriguing brothers of Guise betrayed her into actions which drew upon her the suspicion of the people she governed, and blindly leaning to them, and to those of her own faith, the latter years of her regency were one continued scene of tumult and confusion; and more the tool of intrigue than the actual planner of it, she lost the people's love, as well as her office, and died in 1560, from grief that her earnest will to do right had been set aside, by a party too powerful for her naturally amiable mind to struggle against.

“The Reformation was the great theme of angry contention. Knox, with over-heated zeal, drove on his vast and most holy work of putting down the armies of the papists; but it would have been better for the nation, had he thought, in the midst of his powerful preachings, that his object would be easier attained by a more friendly manner of addressing

his irritated and most bigoted listeners, and yet severe and difficult as was his task, he succeeded in making his pure doctrine the religion of the country."

"Mamma," said Jane, "you have not said a word about Queen Mary marrying the French king; I long to hear more of her history, and what became of her after she went to France."

"I am just come to the period of her becoming the principal character in my little work; but I thought it better to finish the few words I had to say of Mary of Guise, without any notice of periods, though the Queen of Scots' marriage took place two years before her mother's death; for she was married in 1558 to the Dauphin, according to the popish form, with great pomp and solemnity: she was then only fifteen, and extremely beautiful. In the following year, her husband became king of France, which made Mary the queen of two nations, and the heir to a third."

"Why, how was that, Mamma?" said Jane.

"If you remember, Elizabeth had just come

to the English throne, and, in case of her death, Mary of Scotland was the nearest heir to that crown."

"I should not wonder, then, if that were the reason Elizabeth behaved so ill to poor Mary; for I know she was both jealous and proud," said Jane.

"What you have just said is quite true; for Elizabeth's envy led her to commit acts which must be a lasting stain upon her character: as soon as she came to the crown, the quarrels in the two kingdoms were renewed with the same views, and with quite as much treachery, as in the time of her father, Henry the Eighth, whom the haughty Queen of England too much resembled."

"And do you mean to say, Mamma, that the Scottish nobles still went on plotting against their young queen?" said Arthur.

"Too many of them, my dear, played a sad double game, and among the number was James Stewart, a half-brother of the queen, for he was the son of James the Fifth; and it was very unnatural of him to listen to his sister's laments,

which she told with all the frankness of her natural character, thinking he was true to her interest alone, whilst, all the time, he related to Elizabeth every conversation, and betrayed her in a most shameful manner."

"Wicked man!" said Arthur, "what did he aim at? the crown I suppose."

"You may be sure ambition was his chief motive. The first great cause of Elizabeth's anger was Mary having the arms of England united with those of France and Scotland, on her marriage with Francis the Second, an act to which she was in no way privy; for her ambitious uncles, and her father-in-law, Henry the Second, took care to increase their own power in this great union without ever consulting her, and made her sign deeds in childish ignorance, which she would never have done had she been at all aware of their contents: her husband, whom she tenderly loved, died in 1560. Mary's grief was for a time most poignant: as was the fashion of those times for widowed queens of France, she kept her chamber forty days, and received her visits of con-

dolence in her bed, from her dearest friends, who were allowed the privilege of breaking in upon her sacred sorrow."

"What a curious fashion, Mamma," said Jane, "I wonder whether it was then the custom to wear black for mourning."

"It was; and Mary wore her sable garments long after the usual time; indeed, it is said, that it was only force which made her give up these sad remembrances of her dearly loved husband when she became the wife of Darnley."

CHAPTER XXVIII.



“WHEN the news of Mary’s widowhood reached Scotland, the parliament hastened to complete their plan of reformation in the Church, according to the doctrines of Knox; and, as soon as this great work was ended, her brother, Lord James Stewart and afterwards Earl of Moray, went over to France to request she would return to her kingdom, and exercise her sovereign authority. It was well known that Mary was a rigid catholic; but her amiable character gave her people strong hopes she would not interfere with any of their newly arranged forms of government. Mary received the invitation of her subjects with all her natural warmth of character; and though it cost her many a pang to quit the shores of the country in which

she had spent her happy youthful years, yet duty to her people overcame every selfish feeling, and she instantly prepared for her voyage. In 1561 she bid adieu to France: so long as she could catch a glimpse of its shores she kept her eyes rivetted towards that country; but when all faded from her view, she exclaimed, 'Farewell, my beloved France, farewell!' and then, with a sad heart, turned her thoughts to the real difficulties in which she was placed. She was no stranger to the storms that had been going on in her own kingdom, and her sorrow was much increased by Elizabeth's unfriendly conduct; for though Mary had resigned the use of the English arms on her husband's death, the English queen would not forgive the fault, for it did not belong to Elizabeth either to pardon or forget any injury, and she was pleased at being able to wound poor Mary's sorrowing heart by refusing to let her pass through England on her way home: indeed, it is said, that Elizabeth gave orders to intercept the passage of the Scottish queen; but a brisk wind and heavy mist, which kept the royal vessel out of sight,

enabled her to reach her native shores in safety. Mary sighed at the contrast between the comforts and luxuries she had left behind, and the rude ceremonies with which she was received on her landing in her native kingdom; but in spite of all her disappointments she could not help being gratified at the hearty welcome which greeted her on all sides, and which continued till she arrived at Holyrood. The people could not restrain their noisy mirth, and even during the night two hundred violinists met under her windows, and serenaded their queen till break of day. Mary would have much preferred a quiet sleep after her voyage, to the strains which dinned her ears, probably, not of the most melodious kind, since the performers were all amateurs; but the queen good-naturedly accepted every well-intentioned token of affection from her unpolished countrymen, and struggled with herself to forget all the refinements of the court she had just quitted. Mary, however, could not help being much shocked by Knox breaking in upon her private devotions, and upbraiding her in harsh

language for, what he termed, her idolatrous worship, and his stern and threatening language made her tremble with fear; but, though he saw his youthful queen in tears before him, yet he went on in his own peculiar strain till the queen withdrew from his presence. Such was this great man's influence, that none dared to oppose him, nor did the queen express a wish that his bold and daring intrusion should be in any way resented; she loved peace, and wished to conciliate all her subjects: her only request was, that she might be permitted to offer her prayers to heaven in the way she had been taught, and this wish was granted. Her next and most earnest desire was to gain Elizabeth's friendship; but she knew her own rank and titles, and she wanted Elizabeth to acknowledge that she was heir to her throne: this the English queen put off from time to time, as also Mary's continued requests to have an interview with her 'dear sister.'

"Elizabeth disgracefully employed her time in intriguing with Mary's artful minister, and watched with eagerness to entrap the unsuspecting queen

into some fault, that would enable her to become a more open enemy. The beautiful Queen of Scots had many suitors for her hand, and, blindly trusting to Elizabeth's friendship, sought her advice on the subject. The King of Sweden, the Infant of Spain, and the Arch-duke Charles of Austria, were eager to marry her; but it was not likely that the English queen would wish Mary to be allied to any foreign court, which might deprive her of the pleasure of carrying out her plan of revenge, and in which she was so ably seconded by her ministers, Cecil and Randolph, with the Scotch Lords, Moray, Lethington, Argyle, and others: Knox was in terror too, and he again annoyed Mary by telling her to her face of the great sin she would commit if she married a catholic. 'What have you to do with my marriage?' said the queen, much irritated. And when Elizabeth's long put-off reply, at length, came, proposing Lord Leicester for her husband, all her royal dignity rose at the insult: 'Your mistress,' said she to Randolph, 'bids me think of honour;

think you then, Master Randolph, to marry an English subject is fitting for the Queen of Scotland :’ and at length learning that Elizabeth would not acknowledge her as the rightful heir to the English throne, Mary no longer tried to restrain her rage, but with much spirit said, ‘ Since I have been so long deceived by the fair speeches of the Queen of England, I have resolved no longer to abide by her decision, and with the consent of my people have chosen for myself a husband, the Lord Darnley.’ Mary’s decision greatly alarmed the English queen, and she sent Sir Nicholas Throckmorton to prevent the union : Mary replied with great dignity to his objections, ‘ that she was sorry her good sister disliked the match, since it was one which united closer both nations.’ Darnley was the son of Lord Lennox, whose mother was the daughter of Henry the Seventh ; and the Countess of Lennox was the lady Margaret Douglas, cousin of Elizabeth. Selfish motives, and the fear of losing their offices, induced the Scottish lords to join Elizabeth in refusing to sanction the marriage of the queen ;

but Mary began to find out how treacherously her best actions were misconstrued, and, always acting too much from impulse, she became from opposition the more resolute, and hastened on the marriage, which took place at Holyrood, 1565. Mary was dressed in the deepest mourning, but at the earnest request of her new husband she threw off her doleful dress towards evening, for one more suited for the festivities that ended this day of joy, so quickly to be changed into lasting sorrow, for Darnley was a man of bad character, and he soon became insolent and overbearing in his conduct, even to the queen herself. Mary was not of a temper to bear such behaviour patiently; and when she found herself treated with cold and jealous indifference by her husband, whom she had raised to the title of King of Scotland, she could not fail to be most unhappy. The wicked Darnley tried to betray his queen into the hands of her bitterest enemies, and contrived with them a plot for murdering her favourite musician and foreign secretary, David Rizzio, who, for his great musical talent and respectful behaviour

to his royal mistress, was much esteemed by her : perhaps she, in her warmth of gratitude for his zeal in her service, forgot how jealous her people were of foreigners holding any office in their country ; but, innocent herself, she did not dream of the guilty throng that hovered around her, greedily watching every movement that might ensnare her. Rizzio, with others, was supping in the queen's presence, when Darnley entered her room, and holding the queen tightly down, the conspirators rushed in, headed by Ruthven, clad in complete armour, who killed the helpless Rizzio : he in terror ran to the queen to protect him, and Lord Ruthven had the daring to lean over his royal mistress, to give him his death wound. Darnley managed with his usual cunning to justify himself, and denied any share in the treasonous outrage ; and the queen scarcely knowing whom to trust believed him, and forgave every former ill : but his treachery exposed him to the deepest wrath with those who had acted only under his directions ; and they resolved to make him pay the forfeit of his

perfidy by the sacrifice of his own life. The birth of the little prince James for a while checked their deadly rage against the father of the new heir to the crown: and soon after the king had a violent attack of small-pox. The queen and her babe were for a time kept from him; but as soon as the danger of contagion was past, she nursed him with the most affectionate care, and accompanied him on his journey to a small hamlet, called Kirk-of-Field, whither he was conveyed for change of air—its healthy situation being thought preferable to that of Holyrood; and here the Lords, Bothwell, Lethington, and Morton, carried into effect their long-planned murder, by having a train of gunpowder secretly laid under the building. Fortunately the queen escaped, by being on the very night at Holyrood, celebrating the marriage of one of her household. The festivities were barely over, when a servant brought the sad tidings of the king's death. Poor Mary, horror-struck, shut herself up in her room, to weep for one who was most unworthy of the rank he bore, either as a king, a husband,

or a father. Confusion sat upon every face, and all were busy to find out the murderer. The guilty Bothwell was soon openly accused as a party concerned, if not the very perpetrator of the deadly deed, and the queen's enemies ventured to attach guilt upon her sacred person; and here, my dear child, begin the causes which so many parties have argued upon as to Mary's guilt or innocence. We are glad, however, that the hitherto untranslated letters of Bothwell, and others, have now been brought to light by the zealous prince Labanoff, and the most indefatigable and unequalled female historian, Miss Agnes Strickland: they have proved true, what before so many were anxious to discover, that poor Mary was in no way partner to her husband's murder, and that her future strange actions were from force, not choice. Old historians say she knew the full extent of Bothwell's guilt, and proved her own by making him her husband, but modern ones rejoice in being able to say that the unhappy queen, without hardly one honest person to protect her from slander, or to shield her

from injury, fled to Dunbar for safety, and that on her way there, she was seized by Bothwell, and whilst his prisoner, to save her life, she was compelled to marry him. But Mary lived in times of dark conspiracy, when good actions were so rare, that few believed it possible to escape contamination, and those who sat in judgment upon their queen were glad of any loophole to make her as guilty as themselves. Elizabeth was foremost in trampling to the dust her much injured cousin. Mary was now thought unfit to govern: she was made prisoner, and sent to Lochleven castle, where she was most cruelly treated by her keepers, Lindsay and Ruthven; nor was the mistress of the fortress more kind to her. This lady, whose name was Margaret Erskine, was mother to her half-brother the Lord of Moray. He was in France at the time of this deep tragedy, but was called home to take the regency: to him Mary still in vain looked for deliverance from her persecutors; all she gained from him was a promise that her prison hours should be passed in more queenly state. And

resigning to him the sovereign power, she bid him adieu with heart-broken sobs, and an earnest prayer to protect her baby-boy, to whom she sent a mother's kiss and blessing. These were the sad events of 1567."

"Oh, Mamma," said Jane, "I cannot bear to hear all this; it quite chokes me with grief. Poor queen Mary!"

"Then shall I not relate to you any more of her sad history, my dear?"

"O yes, Mamma, I must know all; but it does grieve me to know how cruelly she was used."

"And yet, though it adds to the queen's wrongs, we cannot be too thankful to know she was innocent of the crimes that induced men to persecute a poor helpless woman so unmercifully. It is said that her relations, the Hamiltons, with Lord Huntley and others, even threatened to take the queen's life while she was at Lochleven castle, and a messenger was sent into England to know how far such a measure would be approved at that court. Elizabeth feigned the greatest anger at the treatment her

sister-queen was then exposed to, hoping by such means to entangle her more closely in her captive chains."

"But I suppose, Mamma," said Arthur, "that Elizabeth knew very well all the time where Mary was?"

"You shall hear, my dear, in the next chapter."

CHAPTER XXIX.

“THE Earl of Moray found his new office of regent a very uneasy one, for the Scotch lords would not brook being controlled by a brother conspirator, and they no sooner saw Moray usurp a power they were all craving for, than they set to work to ruin him, by releasing Mary, and replacing her on the throne ; but she was so closely watched, and strongly guarded, that it seemed an impossibility. Her relations, the Hamiltons, who, you have just heard, would have been glad to smuggle away her life, were now so jealous of Moray, that they eagerly took up the queen’s cause, and, aided by Lord Seton and George Douglas, one of her keepers, who was so moved by pity and love for his royal captive, that he would have laid down his life to serve her, Mary

managed to escape from her prison, in the dress of her laundress, to a little boat upon the lake. One of the sailors suspected something, from the queen keeping her veil down, and rudely snatched hold of it. Mary, in terror, put out her hand, and its whiteness told him she was no laundress. She tried in vain to make her hard-hearted rowers carry her across the lake: they were too much afraid of the Lord of Lochleven's wrath to listen to her cries. She was taken back to her prison, and put under a stronger guard: still her friends were busy in her favour; and one of her pages, known as the little Douglas, got the keys of the castle from the keeper when he was at supper, and running off with them to the queen, he almost flew with her to the boat, and with the aid of one of her maids, landed his royal mistress on the opposite side of the lake, where the Hamiltons received her, and carried her off in triumph, to the great annoyance of her mortified gaolers. The news of her release gave joy to thousands, who flocked to her standard, and the regent, in trembling haste, marched with an army,

to confront his royal foe. The battle of Langside was, alas! a sad defeat for Mary; she watched it from a neighbouring hill, till she saw every hope of victory vanish, then dreading she should be seized by her rebel subjects, she mounted a swift horse, and fled to the borders of her kingdom. Still fancying herself pursued, she with great terror and haste insisted (against the wishes of her faithful followers), on being rowed over to Workington, a small town on the coast of Cumberland, and thence she went to Carlisle, little dreaming that when she set her foot on English shores she was entering her prison. But it was Mary's fault to act without thought, her own generous heart was soon moved with pity, and she fancied Elizabeth would listen to her tale of woe with a sister's love and sorrow. Too soon she found out how idle such hopes were, and to her horror she discovered a harsh judge in the queen, to whom she looked for mercy, and even a plotter against her cause and life, instead of a protector of her sacred person. Her touching letters to Elizabeth were, at first, written in full confidence of that queen's



DEPARTURE OF MARY FOR ENGLAND.

sisterly love. She reminded her of a ring she had received in pledge of affection, and warmly entreated leave to tell her wrongs; but Elizabeth's feigned answer of kindness was too cold not to wound the almost broken heart of Mary, when she refused to see her till her innocence could be proved by her being brought to trial. 'What,' said the poor queen, in indignation, 'does the queen of England dare to be my judge? to no earthly power can I, the crowned queen of France and Scotland, be accountable.' She was told that Moray was to accuse her. 'Whoever heard,' said she, 'of traitors and subjects pleading against their prince; and yet if they must needs come, confront me with them, let me hear their accusations, and then listen to my reply.' You have heard of the fame of Elizabeth's ministers, Cecil (Lord Burleigh), the Earl of Leicester, and Walsingham; they were Mary's deadly foes, and they helped Elizabeth with their evil counsel and schemes for carrying on their plot in Scotland, a task made very easy among nobles who cared little what they did, if they could but screen their own guilt, in

accusing their friendless queen of crimes that had been planned and executed by themselves; therefore it was not very likely that Mary would be allowed to appear against so guilty a host, and her illegal trial was for a time set aside. The ill-used captive queen heard with indignant sorrow of the cruel plots against her, and trembling lest her life should be taken from her, she tried every means to effect her escape, by begging the aid of foreign princes to plead in her behalf. The Duke of Norfolk was sincerely attached to her, and he rashly attempted schemes for her freedom, which even Moray joined in: unhappily Elizabeth's spies discovered the affair, and Moray saved his own credit by revealing the whole matter to the enraged Elizabeth. The Duke of Norfolk was sent to the tower, and Mary, who had been moved from her prison-castle of Carlisle to Bolton and Tutbury was now removed to Wingfield, under the sterner guardship of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and his cruel, wicked countess. The Duke of Norfolk was in time set free; but in spite of his promises not to again espouse the cause of Mary, he

broke his faith in pity for her suffering state, and madly tried once more to set her free. Elizabeth's ungovernable rage, when she heard of this second plot, could only be satiated by the Duke of Norfolk's death, and he was, in consequence, beheaded in 1572, and Mary's still sadder prison hours were now doomed to be at Sheffield. The dreadful massacre of the Protestants in France, in the same year, filled the whole nation with equal horror and alarm. Elizabeth and her ministers were ill at ease, for their hearts told them of the guilty part they were playing, and they dreaded lest Mary's catholic friends and relatives abroad should practise some secret revenge upon themselves or their country, for their cruel and unjust persecution of her. To destroy Mary was, therefore, their most earnest wish, but how to carry it into effect without bringing ruin upon themselves would have puzzled a sovereign and court less practised than that of England in the most guilty plots. I must not here break the thread of my woful tale, by telling you of the miseries Scotland was enduring from perfidy to

their lawful sovereign. Moray and Lennox had successively been regents there, and Mar filled that office when Elizabeth sent Killigrew to Scotland, to treat for Mary's being conveyed there, on condition that the Earl of Mar would consent to her being instantly put to death. The regent was ready to act, but he was too poor to add Elizabeth's guilt to his own without a handsomer fee than she offered him, and his sudden death put a stop to his executing the guilty deed. Elizabeth, however, was resolute in getting rid of Mary ; and as soon as Morton was made regent, Killigrew was again sent upon his deadly errand ; but the queen of England was still too sparing of her gold, and though Morton's hatred of Mary made him eager to destroy her, yet his avarice rendered him greedy of gain, and he asked a larger sum than Elizabeth chose to spare. Poor Mary was a stranger to these acts of treachery. Her health suffered severely from the hardships she had to endure, and she had a constant dread of being poisoned. She again wrote letters of entreaty to Elizabeth, and made every effort for

her own release. She heard from time to time of her entirely ruined cause in Scotland; but what added most to her bitter sorrows were the cold and heartless letters of her son. He had been brought up amongst his mother's enemies, and taught to despise, if not to hate her; but, like her, he was not a free agent in his kingdom, and the artful Master of Gray took good care that his letters to his mother should be opened, and robbed of every kind word that could soothe her broken heart. Mary's own letters, addressed to foreign courts, were treated in the same disgraceful manner; and when the plotters against her life found no other means of getting rid of her, they contrived to transpose her secret communications to her friends into language of guilty conspiracy against the queen of England's life. It was in the year 1586 that Mary's death was decreed, by the plot of Babington, Ballard, Morgan, and others, to assassinate Elizabeth. Walsingham gained tidings of the news, and ingeniously added the poor and helpless Mary's name to that of the other conspirators. She was in this year re-

moved to Fotheringay castle; her papers were all seized, her secretaries, Nan and Curll, put to torture till they had confessed her guilt, and Babington, through dread of suffering, made her a partner in the heinous plot. Elizabeth's triumph was now complete; Mary was tried for high treason, and found guilty: her pathetic defence in Miss Strickland's work will please you, when you are old enough to read it, for its affecting simplicity. 'I am innocent,' said she, weeping. 'If I have ever planned any scheme against the life of my sister, I pray that God may never shew me mercy. I am a queen, and sovereign, anointed in the church of God, and cannot and ought not to be judged by laws which you put forth.' She was then told that she had written letters to foreign courts, particularly to that of Spain. 'That I do not deny; and who would not seek the aid of friends to obtain release from such a captivity as mine?' It is, perhaps, a pity she listened to any plans of England being invaded, but Mary was drawn into snares by her catholic friends, who were justly irritated at her wrongs, and whose

bigotry led them into acts of over-heated zeal for her release.

“ Mary received the tidings that she was to die with dignified composure, nay, even cheerfulness. ‘Come, come,’ said she to one of her maidens, Jane Kennedy, ‘cease weeping and be busy. Did I not warn you, my children, that it would come to this? And now, blessed be God! it has come, and fear and sorrow are at an end. Weep not then, nor lament, but rejoice rather that you see your poor mistress so near the end of all her troubles. Dry your eyes, then, and let us pray together.’ She passed the evening that preceded her death in holy meditation, and in bequeathing to her faithful servants the little that was left to her controul. The tragic tale now ends. Poor Mary, on February 18th, 1587, was led to the hall in Fotheringay castle, prepared for her execution, followed by six of her faithful servants. She bore with calmness the many insults that were practised upon her, and even with a smile said to the executioner, who rudely assisted in unrobing her, that she never had such grooms

before to attend upon her, nor had she ever before undressed in so large a company. She prayed devoutly according to the Romish form, craved a blessing for her son, and even for Elizabeth, in plotting against whose life she again declared her innocence; 'but I will here,' said she, 'in my last moments, accuse no one; when I am gone, much that is now hid will be brought to light.' With tearful eyes she took an affectionate leave of her faithful attendants, saying, 'I forgive, with all my heart, those, who by this deed shall put an end to all my troubles, for God knows my innocence, and may he have mercy on my soul.' She then felt where to lay her head to receive the fatal blow, for her eyes were bandaged; and in a few moments she became a sacrifice to the iniquitous malice of her blood-thirsty enemies.

"O, Mamma, what a sad tale," said Jane, "I cannot help crying at the very thoughts of poor Mary's sufferings."

"It must be a steeled heart, my child, that cannot spare a tear at the recital of Mary's wrongs.

The quiet composure with which she bore her nineteen years' hard captivity—her unwillingness to believe Elizabeth her enemy—and, when she could no longer doubt it, her courteous behaviour to her for the sake of her son, whose apparent want of affection seemed almost too bitter a pang to support—her kindness to every one—and her affection for all who treated her with kindness, give a sanctity to her sufferings, which make all pity her: but when in riper years you will be able to read the lengthened details of her wrongs, and judge for yourself their almost incredible extent, your heart will indeed bleed with a woman's sympathy for the sufferings of Mary Queen of Scots."

"I wonder how Elizabeth felt when she thought of what she had done," said Jane.

"You have read in English history that she showed great reluctance and sorrow at signing her death warrant; but it ill accords with her message to Gray, whom James had sent to try and save his mother's shameful death. But the Master of Gray was as deceitful as the rest of the Scottish nobles;

he feigned to serve his king in public, but in private told Elizabeth, 'dead people cannot bite,' meaning when Mary was dead, no harm would happen to the queen of England; he, however, begged Elizabeth to put off the execution for fifteen days. 'No,' said she, in a furious rage, 'not for an hour.' When she had signed the death-warrant, she gave it to Davison, telling him to make all speed, and, laughing, said, 'You can call on Walsingham and show it him, but I fear the shock will kill him outright.' Davison, as you have heard, did his bidding faithfully, but Elizabeth was rather terrified at the results, for Henry the Third of France prepared to avenge his relative's death. She, however, with the deepest policy, feigned an insupportable grief, wrote letters of sympathy to James and Henry, and heaped her revenge upon her secretary Davison, by imprisoning him; and, as he had no witness to speak to the part the queen took in the affair, he, poor man, was doomed to lasting ruin and disgrace."

"I am ashamed almost to think that Elizabeth was suffered to reign in England; and I wonder

how any one can praise her," said Arthur. "Do, Mamma, tell us what the Scotch were doing all this time, that they did not, some of them at least, try and get Mary out of Elizabeth's keeping."

"Too many of the Scotch nobles, my dear, were as you have already heard, so deeply concerned in the guilty deeds that occupied the whole of poor Mary's unhappy life, that they had no other chance of screening their own guilt than by being traitors to their queen and country; and, reckless of the day when their most secret actions must be brought to light, they heeded not by what means they increased their individual power, nor upon what terms they gained the favour of the English queen and her artful ministers. I will, however, as briefly as possible, relate to you the leading events of the affairs that took place in Scotland, from the time Mary so hastily sought out England as a place of shelter in 1567.

CHAPTER XXX.

“IN the year 1567 the infant James was crowned King of Scotland, in the place of his unhappy parent. The Earl of Moray was chosen regent: he was a great soldier and skilful ruler, and a firm and able supporter of the Protestant religion; but, although historians give him credit for possessing many private virtues, yet a sad blot is affixed to his memory by his deep intrigues with Elizabeth to ruin the cause of his much injured queen and sister; and his ambition to gain the sovereign authority made him a despot in his government, and drew upon him the hatred of most of the nobles, who were equally jealous of power and place with him. James Hamilton of Bothwelllaugh, more than any other of the queen’s

friends, had felt the smart of the regent's tyranny, for Moray had not only robbed him of all his own estates, but had torn from him his wife's property of Woodhouselee, and caused her to be driven from her home nearly naked, on a bitterly cold night, into the woods, where she was found next morning raving mad. Justly irritated at such wanton cruelty, Bothwellough vowed to satiate his revenge by the then too common practice of treacherous murder, and in 1570, whilst the regent was passing through the High Street of Linlithgow, on his way to Edinburgh, he was shot to the heart by Hamilton, who had concealed himself for the purpose in a house belonging to his uncle, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's. The horror-struck people were so busy in trying to find out the place from whence the deadly aim was taken, that Bothwellough escaped detection; though a glimpse was caught of him as he galloped away from the scene of consternation. Moray was as much beloved by the people as he was hated by the nobles, for he was ever the friend of the former, and had shielded them from many acts

of cruel and unjust oppression. Elizabeth, too, mourned deeply the loss of so useful and powerful an agent as Moray : for she feared his sudden death would destroy her at present only half-formed schemes regarding the imprisoned Mary ; her hopes of being able to continue her unjust usage of that queen, however, revived, when she heard that the Earl of Lennox, the father of the murdered Darnley was chosen regent for his grandson James, and she immediately sent a large body of troops under the command of the Earl of Sussex, to aid him in destroying the Queen of Scots' friends in the north. A terrible civil war now desolated Scotland : fathers and sons fought with fury against one another, as the divided champions of the king or queen. Sir William Maitland of Lethington, and Kirkaldy of Grange, formerly Mary's enemies, now joined her party, but in spite of every effort they found it impossible to withstand the fearful numbers that opposed them ; and the loss of Dumbarton castle gave their enemies an insurmountable advantage, for standing upon its rocky pinnacle, they fancied

it impregnable. However, a man named Crawford, with daring boldness, attempted to ascend the craggy path that led to it: more than once his scaling ladders gave way, but fearless of all danger he placed them more securely, and once more ventured up the dangerous path. Hardly had he proceeded half way, when one of his companions was seized with a fit of epilepsy, in which he clung to the ladders with so much force that none could move him to pass on. Crawford was puzzled; but after a moment's pause he had the poor man securely tied to the ladder, and then turning it, he with his comrades reached the top. Lord Fleming, the governor of the castle, and the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, who was with him, had no means of defence. It was with great difficulty that the governor saved his life: the archbishop fell a victim to the savage fury of men who were eager to crush to the earth all who bore the name of Hamilton. The queen's friends were much irritated at this unexpected loss, and they made an equally bold attempt to destroy the regent and his partizans,

when they were at Stirling, by making a stealthy entrance into that city during the night: Lord Claud Hamilton, the Earl of Huntley, and some others were the leaders of the party; but through some mismanagement they revealed their own plot, and a terrible scuffle ensued, in which the regent Lennox was slain, 1571. The Earl of Mar, governor to the young king, was chosen regent in his place: and during his short government the civil war continued with unabated fury. Sir Adam Gordon, with equal bravery and success, fought for his captive-queen in the north; but her party was too weak to withstand the power of the English and the rebel Scotch united. Mar tried in vain to restore peace, for the cruel Earl of Morton set aside every honest proposal made by the regent, and deluged the country by his wholesale murder of all who dared to espouse the queen's cause. It is said that the Earl of Mar's sudden death was occasioned by grief for the evils which surrounded him, and which he had not the power to avoid.

“In 1572 Morton became regent: too much

cannot be said to express the horrors of his savage government. And you can hardly wonder at Mary's miserable state, when one of her husband's murderers was placed at the head of her kingdom: he had only one object in view, which was, to conceal his own guilt by banishing the very name of the exiled queen, and bringing to the scaffold all who could in any way unfathom the depths of the atrocious plot that had so many years been going on, to the shame of both England and Scotland. And it is a grievous tale to tell that Morton, sanctioned and aided by Elizabeth in his deadly schemes, succeeded in sweeping away the little remnant of royalists that dared yet to hoist the banner in defence of the helpless Queen of Scots. Edinburgh castle held out till the last; but that, too, ably as it was defended by Kirkaldy of Grange, and Maitland of Lethington, could not withstand the fierce attack made upon it by Elizabeth's soldiers, under the command of Sir William Drury: its brave defenders sealed, by their death, her utter ruin, for none ventured after 1573 to speak of Mary as a sovereign,

nor openly to defend her cause. Morton triumphed in his wicked course uninterruptedly five years. In 1578 the nobles put a check to his ungovernable tyranny, by obliging James (now in his twelfth year) to take the government into his own hands. The young prince obeyed, and, child as he was, had he been gifted with the manly courage of his forefathers, he would soon have succeeded in crushing the insolence of his own nobles, and in driving out the intrusive English ambassadors ; but it was, unhappily, James's misfortune to have been trained in the school of deceit and cunning, and his fault to yield to the grossest flattery. Morton, sure of soon being able to regain his influence over the unstable king, retired, at his sovereign's command, to his palace at Dalkeith, then known as 'the lion's den.' As might be expected, he soon managed to convince James that on him and on Elizabeth's favour hung the security of his crown ; but fortunately the Earls of Argyle and Athole interfered to save their young and changeable king from being again governed by Morton : yet the wicked earl contrived to carry

on his treacherous dealings at the English court, and swelled the list of his crimes by fresh murders and unjust gain. At length, in 1581, James, yielding to the wishes of new favourites, had Morton brought to trial for the murder of his father, and not even Elizabeth's threats, nor the sight of her army on the borders of Scotland, could deter James from having Morton executed.

“The troubles in Scotland were not in any way lessened by Morton's death, for James, with childish weakness, gave the government of the kingdom entirely into the hands of his chosen friends, the Earl of Arran and the Duke of Lennox; the former, whose name was Stewart, was a man of most infamous character, but his captivating manners had so completely won the king's heart, that, as you have just heard, he succeeded in ruining the Earl of Morton: he enriched himself with the estates of those unhappy nobles, whose less artfully hidden plots had exposed them to the king's wrath, and took the title of Earl of Arran, which, you may remember, was once the name of the high-born

Duke of Chastelherault, and afterwards that of his unfortunate son, whose insanity did not save him from being hardly dealt with by the enemies of his unhappy relative Queen Mary. James's other favourite was his cousin Ermé Stewart, Duke of Lennox: nothing can be said against the private character of this unfortunate young man; but as he had been brought up in France, the Scotch and English alike suspected him of being the agent of some secret plot to release Mary, and overturn the Protestant religion, and, as James loaded him with favours, he was as much hated by the nobles of Scotland as the wicked Earl of Arran. With James, too, they were much enraged, for his giving himself up so entirely to his follies and pleasures. Many of them entered into a 'band,' to separate the king from his dangerous companions, which they accomplished by enticing him to Ruthven castle, the seat of the Earl of Gowrie, when he was out in a hunting party, unaccompanied by either of his favourites. The unsuspecting king did not discover the trap he had fallen into till the morning



RAID OF RUTHVEN.

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after his arrival at the castle, when, on wishing to quit it, the principal conspirators, the Earls of Mar, Gowrie, Lord Lindsay, and the Master of Glamis stopped him, saying, he must remain where he was till their grievances were redressed. James, much astonished, reminded them of his sovereign authority, and persisted in going when and where he pleased; but, on making the attempt, the Master of Glamis rudely stepped forward and stopped up the door-way. The king, finding all remonstrance vain, between grief and rage, burst into tears. ‘Better bairns greet,’ said Glamis, contemptuously, ‘than bearded men.’ James felt the insulting rebuke, and never forgave it.

“It was ten months before James could release himself from the bondage of the ‘Raid of Ruthven,’ and even then it is not likely he would have escaped the vigilant eyes of his rebel nobles and the intriguing ambassadors of the English court, if he had not wisely concealed his real sentiments from both parties, and covered his angry feelings with a well-guised air of contentment. Much to the surprise of

his captors, they heard of his arrival at St. Andrews, whither he had rode one morning under pretence of viewing the castle, but, in reality, to join a party of well-armed friends, who had long been scheming with him a means for his deliverance. The king, rejoicing in his liberty, readily promised forgiveness to the conspirators, who came to implore his mercy ; but Arran was no sooner in full power, than James, guided by him, relented of his generosity, and sent them all out of his kingdom. Elizabeth took their part, sanctioned their return, and incited them to fresh acts of rebellion. Gowrie was taken, and, the whole plot being revealed, he was executed ; and though he justly merited the king's displeasure, yet much future trouble arose from this single act of severity, for Arran was a more dangerous foe to both his king and country : but James was so blindly attached to this wicked minister, that he was a mere tool in his government, till a new favourite, named the Master of Gray, discovered to James the treacherous intercourse between Arran and the English queen, when James, in violent wrath, stripped him of

his dignities, and sent him into exile. In 1596, the miserable man, fancying his crimes were forgotten, attempted to return, but, on his way, fell into the hands of his mortal enemies, the Douglasses, and was murdered. The Master of Gray was, if possible, a deeper plotter in iniquity than any that had preceded him in royal favour; as you have already heard, in poor Mary's history, he was the chief cause of inducing James to forsake his parent in the extreme of her distress, and, by his arts and false insinuations, James abandoned her entirely to the mercy of her most cruel enemies: and when at last her unjust trial and untimely death filled up the measure of their guilt, James made but a feeble effort to prevent the former, whilst the latter, after a momentary burst of passionate wrath, was passed over unrevenged."

"Is it possible, Mamma," said Arthur, "that James could call himself a man and a king, and make no attempt to punish Elizabeth and her ministers for his mother's cruel murder?"

"Even so, my child; and much as we must pity

and excuse James, for having been the dupe of wicked men, yet, had he chosen, he might at least have made the effort to gain a personal interview with his afflicted parent, and have learnt from her own lips truths that never reached his ears. But the selfish dread of losing the English throne, to which he was heir, and a natural indolence of character, made him forget every tie of nature and of duty, in the fear of Elizabeth's anger. The King of France, and many of his nobles endeavoured to rouse him from his lethargy, and incite him to revenge: 'If your majesty,' said the Earl of Bothwell, with honest bluntness, 'suffers the process to proceed against your mother, I think, my liege, you should be hanged yourself the day after.' James made a momentary show of anxiety; but still persisted that his mother's life was in no danger: when the fatal news of her death at length arrived, and the enraged nobles and people of Scotland thronged into his presence, and upon their knees demanded that the lost honour of their insulted nation should be instantly revenged;

James was compelled into a promise of active warfare; but, with a cowardice that none can palliate, he soon forgot every angry feeling of resentment in his renewed dread of losing the English throne. Elizabeth, aware of her guilt, and in great alarm lest the real truth of dark conspiracy should in the end be brought to light, wrote to James a letter of sympathy; 'for the miserable accident,' as she called it, that had taken place at Fotheringay. And, as you have already heard, by artfully throwing the blame on Davison, James was easily lulled into a belief that he had no occasion to pursue the matter further."

"I am almost of Earl Bothwell's opinion," said Arthur, "that James ought to have been hanged; and as for Elizabeth, I cannot say enough of her wicked conduct."

"I think if you had lived in those times, Arthur," said Jane, "you would most certainly have lost your head if you had spoken your mind so plainly, for it makes me fear that even now you will be taken up for treason. Pray, Mamma,

was that Earl Bothwell the same that behaved so wickedly to Queen Mary, for you never told us what became of him."

"No, my dear; you cannot suppose that the man who had been the chief instrument in her husband's murder, and who had caused her ruin, would ever make any effort to save her life: Bothwell fled to Denmark, and there died, first making full confession of his guilty part in the murder of Darnley, and at the same time clearing the queen of all knowledge of so heinous a crime. The important document was, by the King of Denmark's order, sent to Scotland and England; but as Bothwell had, in his confession, revealed the names of all his partners in guilt, many of whom were at that moment engaged in bringing about poor Mary's untimely end, they treated the dying testimony of Bothwell as the result of a fevered brain, and carefully hid it from those who would have been most likely to enquire further into its unwelcome revelations."

CHAPTER XXXI.

“SCARCELY had the panic occasioned by the death of the unfortunate Queen of Scots subsided, than the dreaded invasion of the Spanish Armada filled every one with terror. James lost no time in having the coasts of Scotland well fortified: and Elizabeth, anxious to show her gratitude for his prompt exertions, was profuse in her offers of refilling his empty coffers; however, when the danger was past, she, as was her frequent custom, disliked to part with her gold, and James, poor as the meanest beggar, through the extravagance of avaricious favourites, was so highly incensed at her breach of promise, that he threatened to make war against the sovereign of England; but he more wisely smothered his angry feelings, and

turned his arms northward to repel the intrigues of his catholic nobles, who, in 1589, strengthened by the power of Rome, threatened to overturn the protestant power in Scotland. The novel sight of seeing James in armour caused a great sensation among his people; and the king so astonished his insurgent subjects, by his vigorous pursuit of them, that they quickly returned to their allegiance. Soon after, James, rejoicing in the peaceful state of his kingdom, sent the Chancellor Maitland into Denmark, to conclude a marriage-treaty with the king of that country, for the Princess Anne, his second daughter. In earlier years, when Elizabeth and Arran controuled all James's actions, he had offended the Danish King by breaking off a marriage contract with his eldest daughter; and James, now his own master, tried to heal the breach by marrying the Princess Anne. Elizabeth was in a sad perplexity, and officiously recommended him an old and ugly princess of Navarre, but James was resolute in choosing his own wife. As the King of Denmark was still eager for the

union, much haste was made to fit out the royal bride: 'five hundred tailors,' it is said, 'plied their needles diligently,' to complete her trousseau. James, ever ardent and impetuous in his undertakings, was eagerly expecting his bride's arrival, when he heard that adverse winds had driven her back to Denmark; and, annoyed at the delay, he instantly crossed the seas to fetch her himself: in five days he reached Upsal, and with lover-like impatience rushed into her presence, forgetting in his rough embrace that he had never seen her, till she gently reproved him for his freedom. Their marriage was celebrated with royal honour; and James, in the spring of 1590, returned to Scotland with his bride. There she was enthusiastically welcomed: as was the fashion of the times, complimentary orations in latin greeted her at every place, and, on entering Edinburgh, a little boy, shut up in a golden globe, which was fastened to the city gate, was let out of his curious hiding place, and fluttering before her in an angel's garb, presented her with silver keys of the city. All

ranks seemed to vie with each other in joy and festivity; but like a summer shower, this transient reign of peace was soon over. There were few among the ancient nobility who had not some private quarrel to avenge; and the cruel murder of the young Earl of Moray, usually called, on account of his extreme beauty, the 'Bonnie Earl,' by his formidable enemy the catholic Earl Huntley, added to the horrors of the civil war which still continued, to the ruin of Scotland's peace and prosperity. Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, like the fiercest of the Douglasses of old, seemed bent upon crushing the power of the king, whose relative he was; and his daring acts of rebellion made him the scourge of all Scotland. On one occasion he made an attempt to seize the king's person: 'Strike me,' said James to him, as he rushed into his room at Holyrood, 'You seek my life, take it.' The cool courage of the king, who, whilst he spoke, threw himself back into his chair, disarmed Bothwell, and penitently kneeling down at the king's feet, he received the pardon which he

craved. But he ill-merited James's generous forgiveness, for he again rebelled against every law, and the king, driven to desperation in 1594, banished him the kingdom. The rebellious catholic Earls, Huntley, Errol, and Angus, fell at the same time into a similar disgrace for their renewed treasons; but relying on the king's merciful disposition they soon returned, and on a promise of submission were again taken into royal favour; but this act of gentle mercy upon the part of James gave great offence to the ministers of the kirk. Those rigid reformists, trembling for the safety of the new religion, did not abound in that greatest of all virtues, Christian charity. On more than one occasion they made a general fast for the idolatry and sins of the land; and even went so far as to pray that the king might be visited with some greivous plague, in order to recal him to his duty. James suffered them to give full vent to their angry feelings in their long and ungospel-like sermons, wisely endeavouring to calm the general irritation of his turbulent people by

forbearing to inflame the minds of either catholics or protestants by any ill-timed severity. At the battle of Glenlivet, in the north, and on many subsequent revolts of his catholic and untamed island subjects, he acted with a decision and prudence that showed him no longer the tool of a factious nobility, but the sovereign of his people; and after some years of struggle by the one party, and through the sovereign's forbearance, the blessings of peace were once more known in Scotland. Still I have yet another grievous plot against the king's life to tell you of, which took place in 1600. You may remember the Earl of Gowrie was the leader of the Raid of Ruthven, and that for continued treasons, he in the end lost his life: two of his sons had from that moment been filled with a desire to revenge upon the king their father's murder, as they called it, and for this purpose laid a trap, very like that of Ruthven, to ensnare the king; and as James had a great partiality for both the young Earl of Gowrie, and his brother Lord Ruthven, he readily accepted

their invitation to Gowrie castle. Hardly had he arrived there before he was, with deep-planned art, separated from the few of his retinue that accompanied him, and conveyed into a secret chamber, under pretence of securing some new found treasure: there to his horror he discovered in its place an armed man, named Henderson: fortunately for the king this man had also been brought there without knowing why, and he refused to strike a blow against him. Ruthven, however, made a desperate attack upon James, and had not Henderson opened the window, and with the king called out loudly for help, in all probability James would never have been King of Great Britain. The Earls of Mar and Lennox arrived in time to save the king, who was almost suffocated by the savage hold Ruthven had of his throat. In the scuffle that ensued the Earl of Gowrie was slain; and James did not suffer one of the house of Ruthven to escape death or disgrace for the daring plot that they had so artfully planned against his life. The time is now come for me

to tell you of that momentous event, when, by the death of Elizabeth of England, in 1603, James, as her lawful heir, became King of Great Britain. During the last ten years of her life, she and James had been upon most unfriendly terms, and none could learn from her to whom she intended to will the crown."

"Was that necessary, Mamma?" said Arthur. "I thought that in England the next heir must come to the crown, whether the sovereign liked it or not."

"Yes, but James, though he was the next heir in the law of succession, had a powerful rival in the Lady Arabella Stuart; and Elizabeth's partiality for her made not only James but many of the queen's ministers fear she would leave the crown to Lady Arabella, when a fearful civil war must have followed in the struggle for supremacy between the king of Scots and his cousin."

"I have often heard of Lady Arabella Stuart, but I do not quite know who she was; will you tell me, Mamma?" said Jane.

“She, as well as James, was a great grandchild of James the Fourth, who, as I am sure you remember, married Margaret, the daughter of Henry the Seventh, and from this union became equally related to the English throne; but the Lady Arabella’s royal parentage had descended to her in the female line, and, as the daughter of the Earl of Lennox, she had no right to the throne, whilst her cousin James or his children lived to inherit it. Fortunately the great queen of England quieted the fears of her anxious ministers, and confirmed the right of James, by a sign, (when speech had left her,) that he was to succeed her on the throne of England. James was in bed when Sir Robert Carey arrived in Scotland with the joyful tidings, and knelt before him to salute him as king of Great Britain and Ireland. ‘Show me the token,’ said the king, half sleeping; and Carey gave him a ring which had been taken off Elizabeth’s finger after death. Quite satisfied at the truth of the report, James, with great coolness, wished him good night, and, I suppose, went to sleep: at all events he did

not reveal the private news of Carey till Robert Cecil (whose business and desire it was to have been the first to hail James in his new title) sent official papers to announce to him and his people, that he had been proclaimed king of England, and to request his immediate presence in his new dominion."

"What a funny man James was, Mamma," said Jane, "to be so quiet and unconcerned about so great an honour."

"Yes, James was a strange character, for he had on many occasions shown both foresight and courage, and his coolness was equally surprising, and yet it is said he was so fearfully timid, that he never could look upon an unsheathed sword without trembling; and I have read that, when using that dangerous weapon to confer the honour of knighthood, he always turned his head away, to the great risk of injuring the kneeling candidate for honour. James, too, was at an early age considered a prodigy in learning, and the ambassadors from foreign courts were frequently astonished at his knowledge of their

languages. Buchanan was his tutor: he was a very learned man, and wrote a History of Scotland; but his partiality for his royal master has made his history a mere fable of those terrible times. Till the reign of James the Sixth, the new year began in March; it was then changed in Scotland to the first of January, our present new year's day, though it was not altered in England till a later period. James had several children, as you have read in your History of England."

"How proud the Scotch must have been, Mamma," said Arthur, "to think that after fighting so many hundred years against the English, to maintain their independence, that in the end they had to come into Scotland, and do homage to a king of that country as their lawful sovereign."

"The Scotch had good reason to be proud of their ancestors, whose national valour had in the most troublesome times saved them from the slavish yoke of England's proudest and most valiant kings; but whilst the multitude rejoiced at their increase of consequence, by their being so honourably united

to England, there were some who heaved a sigh of sorrow when James bid them farewell, and one among the rest escorted the king to the borderlands clad in deep mourning, giving as a reason, that he wore it for the departed honour of his country, which from this time was to be united with that of England,—a nation which they had ever considered as hostile to them, and to which they had for so long a period proudly refused to yield their liberty.”

“Is this the end of my Scottish History, Mamma?” said Jane. “I shall be sorry if you have no more to tell me, for I like it so much.”

“I have yet a short sketch to give you of the events which occurred from the union of the two kingdoms to our own time, which I have done in as short a space as possible, your little book not allowing me to enter into any minute details.”

CHAPTER XXXII.



“I MUST not delay my History to tell you of the joy of James and his northern nobles when they beheld the riches of the southern land, further than saying, the delighted king was profuse in his liberality to the multitudes of needy followers that poured daily into his new capital; but, at length, worn out by their greedy demands, and ashamed of their disreputable appearance, he sent orders to the border towns of Scotland not to let any of his countrymen pass into England without leave from the different magistrates. No sooner had James left Scotland than a general stir was made in the whole Archipelago of the Western Isles, by the wild clans that horded there, in primitive barbarity, to re-establish their independence; and each, in trying

to assert his petty sovereignty, made small scruple of committing the most horrible murders. James was prompt in his measures to bring his lawless subjects to submission, and they soon learned that, though their king was absent, his laws travelled northward, and were enforced with a rigour which they could not withstand. In 1617 James paid a visit to his native kingdom, where he was well received. He conferred a lasting benefit on his country by establishing schools for the poor in every town: he also tried to introduce the English Church form of prayer; but the stern clergy of Scotland resisted any innovation, and, if possible, lengthened their miserable faces, as they poured forth their abuse of all set forms of prayer, which they would persist in calling, even to the king's face, popery. James, finding it impossible to convince them to the contrary, and not wishing to expose himself to a repetition of the abuse they so unsparingly put forth in their lengthened and ungospel-like sermons, did not choose to raise any unnecessary tumult among his irritable people, and returned to Lon-

don without gaining his point. When Charles came to the crown, he unwisely drew upon him the inveterate hatred of the ministry and members of the Scottish Church, by the peremptory order he gave for the liturgy of our Church to be used in Scotland. He forgot how tenacious the Scotch were of their independence, and, as they had still their own free parliament, they were indignant at the smallest infringement on their liberties; and a proclamation, under the form of a 'Covenant,' was drawn up, and signed by countless numbers, to do away with Charles's sovereign authority in the north. You already know the melancholy termination of the disgraceful civil war, that desolated alike England and Scotland: in the latter country it was heightened by the maddened rage of religious enthusiasts. The gallant Marquis of Montrose forsook the Covenanters, to rescue his persecuted king and replace him on the throne, in which he nearly succeeded in 1645, by the signal victory he gained near Perth over the Covenanters; but the bravery of one man, with a few faithful followers

could do little against thousands bent upon hunting down their prey. Charles, driven to the last extremity, threw himself upon the mercy of his Scottish subjects, who promised to shelter him and replace him on the throne, if he would but subscribe to their covenant, which Charles positively refused; and, hiding their treachery under the cloak of their religion, they sold their king into the hands of the English for the sum of four hundred thousand pounds sterling."

"What do you say to that, Arthur?" said Jane.

"I could say a good deal in favour of the Marquis of Montrose," said Arthur, "and I am sorry Mamma has not told you of the troubles he went through to save Charles; but I will let you read my History of Scotland, which is full of all kinds of anecdotes."

"Thank you, Arthur, I shall be glad, perhaps, to read it one day," said Jane, "but I am very well pleased with my own book, and do not care to hear much more of a people who could behave so wickedly as they did to poor Charles. I suppose, Mamma,

they were very pleased when they heard of his murder."

"No, my dear: the Scotch could always afford to be in deep distress when they had nothing to fear from those they had helped in bringing to an untimely grave; and when they heard of Charles's death, they talked, as on former occasions, of the insulted honour of their nation, and immediately sent to offer the crown to Prince Charles, who was on the continent, but only on condition that he would subscribe to their covenant. Montrose, who was with him, forbade such a compromise of his royal dignity, and immediately set sail for Scotland, to have Charles proclaimed king, by force of arms if necessary. At first he met with no resistance; but in his march southward he unhappily fell into the hands of his enemies, and, after being dragged about, like a wild beast, from place to place, he was hanged at Edinburgh. The patience with which this great man bore every insult drew tears from many of his persecutors as he was dragged along to execution. Unmoved himself, he calmly observed,

that, 'the ceremony attending it had been somewhat fatiguing and tedious.' And when he was told his limbs, like those of Wallace, were to be dispersed throughout Scotland, he said, 'I am only sorry I have not flesh enough to send to every city in Europe, to tell the glory of the cause for which I suffer.' Prince Charles soon after came to Scotland, and, first binding himself to the Covenanters, was crowned their king; but his merry humour sadly interfered with the necessity of keeping a long face, and he soon lost favour with his saintly party, from the impossibility of looking a hypocrite, as well as playing the part of one. Cromwell came into Scotland to assert his right to the government of that kingdom, and Charles, being defeated at the battle of Dunbar in 1651, without much sorrow, gave up his right to a throne, which was to be held only on such hard conditions. After his restoration he punished the presbyterians for their abuse of him and his relations, by doing away with their whole code of laws, and insisting on uniformity of worship: as you may imagine, many resisted the

imperious mandate, and hundreds of their ministers were, in consequence, turned out of their livings, and treated with much cruelty. Driven to despair, the unhappy sufferers, in 1666, made an attempt to free themselves from the tyrannic yoke of the Duke of Lauderdale, but were defeated near the Pentland Hills, and subjected to greater miseries. They in vain applied to Charles for redress; he was buried in careless pleasure, and it did not suit him to hear tales of woe. Roused again into action by continued persecution, they made one more effort to throw off the English yoke, by assembling all their strength at Bothwell Bridge, where they fought desperately, but were defeated by James, Duke of Monmouth, who showed much kindness to the conquered; but they were not in a state to appreciate mercy from a foe, and thirsted for peace only to satiate their revenge. The Earl of Argyle was at the head of the Covenanters, and, being taken by his enemies, was put to death. I cannot describe to you the sufferings that awaited the unhappy victims of the Cavaliers and Cove-

nanters, whenever they had the ill-luck to fall into one another's hands. Nor did any better feeling prevail among them during James's short reign, for their dread of popery was as great as ever; yet strange as it may seem, as soon as James was dethroned in England, men were found mad enough in Scotland, in spite of his religion, to add to the desolation of their country, by helping the misguided king to regain his crown.

“Graham, Viscount Dundee, headed the Jacobites (as James's friends were now called) in Scotland, and to this day the Highlanders boast of the brilliant victory that was gained by their warlike ancestors over King William's troops at the pass of Killcrankie, in 1689. When the English army was on the march, their General, Mackay, was forsaken by most of the Highlanders in the English service, who, knowing their strength, refused to accompany him further: and when the general began to reprove, and threatened them, they defied him still further, by rushing in a body to a stream close by, and, filling their bonnets with water,

drank to the health of King James, and immediately passed over to join Dundee, who was waiting with impatience till his enemies had passed the narrow defile. They then, like a mountain torrent, rushed upon their terrified foes, and dealt their Herculean blows on all sides. The victorious Dundee, whilst pursuing his flying foes with Highland impetuosity, was, in his turn, ensnared; and, just as he thought his victory complete, he received a wound which killed him on the spot."

"What a famous battle that was, Mamma," said Arthur. "Somehow or other, I cannot help admiring the spirit of the Highlanders."

"This was the last battle of any note that was gained for King James in Scotland; and, after some slight skirmishes, the Highlanders submitted to William's laws, that king wisely buying their allegiance by promises of pardon and distribution of gold."

"I would not have given William credit for so much generosity, Mamma," said Arthur.

“Then you would not have done William justice, for he was far more moderate in his government of Scotland than his predecessors; he did away with the persecutions against the presbyterians, but through the ill advice of the Lords of Breadalbane and Stair, the close of his reign was stained by a crime of so deep a treachery, that all Europe was filled with horror at the bare recital.”

“What more murder, Mamma!” said Jane, “just as I thought you were going to finish my book with some happy tale of peace.”

“I am sorry, my child, that I cannot realize your hope, for my sketch of Scottish History must end as it began, with tales of hard-fought battles; but what I have just alluded to was far worse than when men fight openly for victory or death. William, as I have just told you, ordered money to be distributed among the Highland clans, on condition that they would lay down their arms by a certain day in January, 1692. The Macdonald clan, from some private quarrel with William’s ministers, held out till the latest moment, and having some miles to

travel to give in their allegiance, the chief, owing to the severe weather, and total want of roads, barely tendered it in time. Brcadalbane and his colleague reported to William, that the Macdonalds had defied his laws, and obtained from him permission to treat them as rebels; and, terrible to relate, they sent Captain Campbell and a troop of soldiers to Glencoe, to butcher every member of Macdonald's clan. The unsuspecting victims received Campbell as a guest, and days passed on without their dreaming of his deadly mission; at length the murderous attack began in the dead of night, and the venerable chief, with all around him, were slain. One among the rest, about to share the same fate, threw his plaid over the soldiers as they were going to fire upon him, and before they could unmuffle their faces, he had escaped to the woods."

"What wretches," said Arthur, "why you could not have told a more cowardly or barbarous tale at the very foundation of the kingdom, Mamma."

"Such a tale would even then have been disgraceful to relate; but in what ought to have been

the enlightened times of the seventeenth century it seems hard to believe that men of rank, and bearing the name of Christians, could so far disgrace themselves, and tarnish the honour of their country.

“About the year 1696 a strange revolution had taken place in Scotland: an enterprising man named Patterson, whose name is still remembered as the originator of the Bank of England, filled his countrymen with a desire, as eager as his own, to form a colony in the Isthmus of Darien; and grants having been obtained in both the Parliaments of Scotland and England, hundreds of needy Scotchmen emigrated there, expecting to fill the seas, on their return, with ships of richly laden stores: but, alas! they found the expedition fruitless, and, like the man in the fable who broke his golden egg, they had emptied their purses of what little they contained, and returned beggars to their country, without any means left of refilling them. The whole failure of their scheme was laid upon William; for after the charter was given, and he had promised his aid in the undertaking, through

some jealous fear he placed every obstacle in their way, by preventing all over whom he had the slightest controul carrying on any trade with the poor deluded Scotch. Whether or not William's ungenerous conduct was the cause of their ruin, he and his countrymen were from this time as much loathed by the Scotch people as when they were carrying on their wars against English oppression : and years passed away, even after the union of 1707, before the poor, but proud, inhabitants of Scotland could unite with the English as one people governed by one sovereign.

“Anne was hardly seated upon the throne before the great storm burst forth, that preceded the union ; but her ministers were wise and cautious, whilst the Scotch were still divided as to whether they would consent to have their parliament united with that of England, or whether they would not defy them by raising a standard in favour of James's son, known as the Chevalier St. George : however, the stronger party carried the day, and, after five years' violent contention, the Scots were forced into

accepting the unwelcome act ; by it they were bound to conform in a greater degree to English laws, to give up all idea of James's catholic son succeeding to the British throne, and to lose their independent parliament,—this was looked upon as a national disgrace ; and when the sixteen peers and forty-five commoners, that were appointed as their representatives, went to take their seats in the parliament of London, they looked more like men going to execution, than the supporters of their country's privileges ; and, indeed, their lot was far from enviable, for the English looked upon them with disdain, whilst their brethren in Scotland reviled them for compromising their national honour on such disgraceful terms. In such a state of things you will not be astonished that a violent attempt was made to do away with the union, and that the Jacobite party, at the head of which was the Duke of Hamilton, wrote to invite the Chevalier St. George to come into Scotland. From the time of his father's abdication he had been living under the protection of Louis the Fourteenth ; and, as

that king had promised James the Second, on his death-bed, that he would support his son's right to the British crown, he provided him with shipping for his expedition; but, on arriving in Scotland, the Jacobite Earl of Mar, another of his warmest partizans, saw that even to attempt a landing would be useless, and the Chevalier, therefore, returned to the continent immediately. Though discontent often broke out into open broils among the Scottish clans, and the Highlanders especially were much annoyed in having the battle delayed, which the Earl of Mar had promised to fight, in order to place Prince James on the throne, yet they were forced to wait till the death of Queen Anne, in 1714, as she, in the latter part of her reign, had shewn a desire that her brother should succeed her, and had actually formed a plan to secure the crown to him. Unfortunately Louis died about the same time that George the First came to the crown, and with him all the Chevalier's hopes of foreign aid; but his friends in Scotland drove on to the battle-field, and when they got to Sherriff

Muir, and came in sight of the Duke of Argyle, who was fighting for King George, they threw their bonnets up in the air, shouting, 'Revenge, to day, revenge; and to-morrow, mourning.' 'Fight, or not?' asked the Earl of Mar, whom the Earl of Huntley had been trying to dissuade from giving battle. 'Fight,' shouted out the impatient chieftains, and immediately stripping off their plaids, and drawing their swords, they began the attack: the valour on both sides was so equal that, for a time, it was difficult to say who was victor; but the Highlanders' retreat, and Mar's uncertainty, gave the victory to Argyle; and the battle of Sherriff Muir was so fatal a blow to the hopes of the Highlanders, that when the Chevalier at last arrived in Scotland they hardly gave him welcome. The poor Chevalier, too, was sadly disappointed, for he had raised his hopes to a crown. The melancholy tidings of defeat came like death upon his ears, and the Highlanders, who went out to meet him on his landing at Peterhead, were so annoyed at his cold and silent manners, that they actually

asked if he could speak; but the hopes of more fighting kept them in good humour, and preparations were made for a battle at Perth: however, the Chevalier, finding his cause hopeless, gave up the idea, which greatly enraged the Highlanders. 'Why then' said they, 'did the king bring us hither? Was it to see us butchered like dogs, without striking a blow?' 'But think of the prince's safety,' said one of his retinue, 'leave his safety to us; if he will die like a prince, see, here are ten thousand ready to die with him.' But they were not listened to; the Prince and the Earl of Mar both fled to the continent, and left the brave but deluded Highlanders to the mercy of their opponents, after having invited them from their mountains, and incited them to the most daring rebellions."

"How disgraceful," said Arthur; "that Earl of Mar was anything but a brave soldier: and, I am quite sure, so tame and selfish a prince as the Chevalier was not at all fit to be a king, at least not of Highlanders."

"Was not the Chevalier de St. George the

Pretender, that I have read of in my English History, Mamma?" said Jane.

"The very same, my dear; and his son, of whom I am now going to speak, Prince Charles Stuart, is known in our history as the Young Pretender."

"But they neither of them deserved the name," said Arthur, "for they were the children of King James."

"Perhaps it was rather a harsh epithet; but you must remember that, owing to their bigoted adherence to the Popish religion, they forfeited their claims to the British throne, and by this means brought upon themselves the persecutions they had to endure whilst attempting to regain the throne of their ancestors."

"Did the Chevalier de St. George ever come back to England? Mamma," said Jane.

"No, my dear; in bitter disappointment at his ruined prospects, he retired into Italy, and, shortly after, married the daughter of a Polish prince. A slight insurrection was made in Scotland in 1719 in order to replace him on the throne, which was

soon quelled, and that country then enjoyed comparative peace till the great rebellion in 1745, and during this happy period vast improvements found their way into Scotland; among the rest, public roads were formed: the Highlanders greatly disapproved of them at first, fearing their old enemies, as they still called the English, would more readily find their way amongst them."

"And true enough they did," said Arthur, "for I have read about the battle of Culloden, which I know is in Invernesshire."

"Before I speak of that great battle, I must tell you in 1745 all Europe was distracted with war, and the French, in their eagerness to destroy the British monarchy, offered to assist the Chevalier de St. George in conquering Scotland. Flattered by their promise of support, he sent his son, the adventurous Prince Charles, to the French capital, to receive the means for carrying out the project. The young prince was impatient at the tardy conduct of the French government in furnishing supplies; and finding there was no chance of imme-

diate help from them, against the advice of every sincere wisher in his success, he set out on his rash voyage with only two ships, scantily filled with followers, and still worse provided with means of defence, and money. In the disguise of a mariner, Charles at length arrived at the end of his perilous voyage among the Hebrides, where he was met by the most powerful of the clans, who, one and all, intreated him not to land, as ruin must follow so rash a step; but Charles was resolute: 'I have come hither,' said he, 'with my mind made up, to reclaim my rights or to perish.' In vain did Cameron of Lochiel entreat him to relinquish so mad an undertaking, The prince landed at Moidart, half angry, and disappointed at being thwarted in his romantic adventure. 'Be the issue what it will,' said he, 'I will display my standard and take the field, let those join me who will!' Such an appeal to Highlanders had the desired effect: the torch once kindled soon burst out into a flame; and the prince in a few days was wending his way through the country, followed



BATTLE OF PRESTON PANS.

by thousands of untutored soldiers. His march to Perth was most successful: every day gave fresh hopes to the Highlanders, who swept every thing before them. Sir John Cope meanwhile was trying on the part of the English to prevent their entrance into Edinburgh; but so rapid was their march that Charles reached the capital, and took possession of Holyrood House before the Governor, General Guest, could rouse the tardy inhabitants to a sense of their danger. To give Charles battle was the only chance the English had of recovering their lost ground; and General Cope drew up his troops at Preston Pans. The Prince and his motley group of Highland followers obeyed the call. The English seemed panic-struck at the grotesque appearance of their foes: many of them were nearly naked, and their tattered plaids, targets, and various weapons, in addition to the yells that always preceded their fights, so entirely stunned the English army, that the rebels gained a complete victory; and it must have been amusing to have seen the looks of the wild

mountaineers when they got possession of the rich booty the English left upon the field, for they could not imagine the use of their warlike accoutrements, nor of their camp provisions; and on finding some cakes of chocolate, and gentlemen's wigs, they were as much lost in astonishment as they were puzzled to find out their uses. Their curiosity and delight at such new scenes made them as anxious as their victorious prince to go into England. You know how fatal were the results of that undertaking: and yet if the adventurous prince had been better supplied with money, he might have been the cause of distressing the English for a time by his daring intrepidity; for the invasion of so many wild men, and at a moment when the king was abroad fighting in the continental wars, filled the people with alarm. Much against his will, Charles did not pursue his march further than Derby; his undisciplined troops were equally displeased: wonder had hitherto kept them quiet; but when they found they were to retrace their steps, they carried off whatever they could. Iron

was so scarce a commodity in Scotland that they marched off with all that came in their way; and it was almost ludicrous to see the bolts, bars, and rusty nails with which they loaded themselves, quite content with what they thought a rich prize. The Duke of Cumberland was sent by his brother into Scotland; but he had not yet arrived, when Charles and his troops, in their retreat, reached Falkirk. Lord George Murray, who commanded the prince's troops, gave General Hawley battle; and the Highlanders again carried off the victor's laurels. Still these mountain soldiers began to flag in spirits; and as they drew nearer their native hills, many of them declined to continue a war, which brought no good to them. Charles, too, was bitterly disappointed of supplies from France, and saw his hopes of regaining the crown daily dwindle away. But still he was forced to fight once more, for the Duke of Cumberland had arrived, as well as a body of Hessian troops, whose moustaches and blue military dress greatly astonished, as well as terrified, the

Highlanders. Worn out in spirits by the complaints of his faithful followers, who, starved and driven to distress, cared no longer for the fight, Charles retreated to Inverness. Without discipline, and in such a mood, his troops were easily routed, and the terrible battle of Culloden so completely ruined Charles's hopes, as to put an end to all his exploits. Finding there was no quarter given to his wasted army, and that a price was set upon his head, he made a retreat to Invergarry, and thence to the Western Isles. No wild deer was ever more closely hunted than Charles after the battle of Culloden; and had not he been sheltered by men as fierce as bull-dogs, and who would have died themselves rather than betray the last prince of their ancient line of kings, nothing could have saved him from falling into the hands of his enemies. Poor, desolate, and starved, as they were, they had given their word to protect their prince: and, incredible as it may seem, not even the tempting reward of thirty-thousand pounds could induce them to betray Charles Stuart, whom

they carefully concealed till a French vessel could be found to conduct him to a safer home. I have not time to tell you of his hair-breadth escapes, nor of the miseries he had to endure from cold, hunger, and want of clothes. The intrepid Flora Macdonald was a heroine of romance in her endeavours to save Prince Charles: she disguised herself, and rode through the country with him, making him pass as her servant. His tall figure and strongly-marked features, rendered the undertaking desperate; but Flora braved every danger, and did not forsake her important charge till she had placed him in hands better able, though not more willing than her own, to defend him.

“Arthur, I see, looks disappointed at my brief account of Charles’s romantic history: he thinks of his own delightful work, and wonders how I can have deprived you, Jane, of so many charming stories of romance; but you must remember, my dear child, when the materials of volumes are limited to pages, nothing more than an outline can be given of the general history. All I hope is

that, in reading your own little book, you will leave it with a desire of increasing the little stock of knowledge you may have been able to gain from its limited contents; and, if so, I shall be delighted that my labours to amuse and instruct you have not been entirely lost."

"But, Mamma, you do not mean to say you have finished my book: I could listen a long time yet without being tired."

"Yes, my dear; the battle of Culloden was the last struggle between the Scotch and English; and, as I told you that my book was to end as it began, with tales of battles, it must of necessity close here."

"But, Mamma," said Jane, "do just tell me what the Scotch have been doing since 1745."

"I am afraid you have puzzled me; I am sure you will be vexed to hear, that the Duke of Cumberland was cruelly severe over the poor Highlanders, most of whom were put to the sword, and the country made a desert waste."

"You see Jane to the last, Mamma, has to tell

you of the persecutions of the English against the Scotch," said Arthur, "and I must say I like your book for that, because though Mamma is an Englishwoman, she has spoken the truth, and not tried to hide the faults of the English any more than those of the Scotch."

"You are too much of a Highlander for me to try to talk to you," said Jane, "I like to hear the truth, of course, quite as much as you; but I am always sorry when I hear any thing against the English, whilst you seem to rejoice at all their wrong actions."

"You are both warm champions," said their Mamma, "and I dare say will be equally glad to learn that, for more than a century, both nations have been living in the strictest friendship; which has been a mutual benefit to both countries. The English are indebted to the Scotch for the introduction of steam, which, by their persevering industry and ingenuity, has been brought to its present state of perfection. The first steam vessel was used on the Clyde, in 1812; and

none can visit Scotland without being amazed at the extent of their cotton and woollen manufactures, which, for elegance, variety, and durability, stand unrivalled. We are likewise much indebted to the Scotch for the vegetable luxuries of our tables, since they furnish us with the best gardeners; and there are few English who do not wish to follow the example of our Sovereign, Queen Victoria, and her royal consort, by visiting a country so full of magnificent scenery and native grandeur as the ancient kingdom of Scotland."

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