
THE
BROKEN CROSS
CHRONICLES OF
THE DOUGLASES

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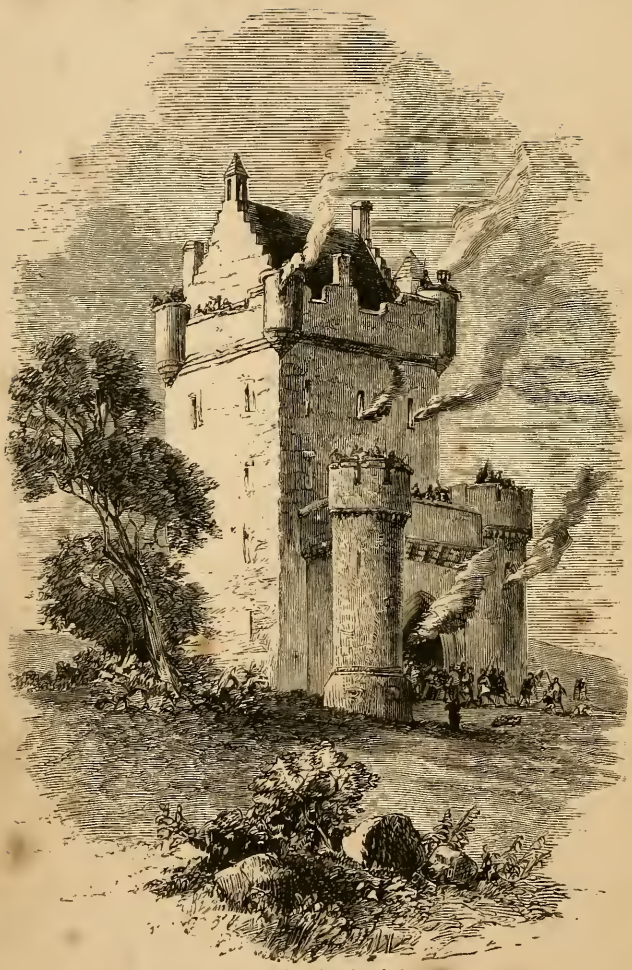

But ere the roof had sunk, a female form,
By a long cord, they lowered from the wall;
Scarce had she reached mid way, when from a loop,
A sudden rush of flame struck the frail cord,
And downward, headlong, to the rocky ground
The damsel fell, to instantaneous death.

THE

BROKEN CROSS,

A LEGEND OF DOUGLAS;

WITH

CHRONICLES

OF THE

BLACK DOUGLASES.

AS AN APPENDIX.

SECOND EDITION.

GLASGOW: T. MURRAY AND SON.—EDINBURGH: ANDREW ELLIOT.
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To The Right Hon.

The COUNTESS of HOME,

Out of respect for your Ladyship's general character, and holding in grateful remembrance favors received from the Noblemen, your late lamented Uncles, and also, from being in some slight degree connected with the Douglas property ; I assume the privilege of inscribing to your Ladyship, the following Legend, and Chronicles of the Douglases. I have had much pleasure in tracing through the early historians, as well as in the traditions of eleven centuries, the chivalrous deeds of one of the noblest families in Europe.

I have the honour to be

Your Ladyship's

Obedient Servant,

R. L.

Preface.

In reference to the Chronicles of the Black Douglases, the reader is requested to observe that, in the simple narration of the principal biographical incidents which occurred during the era of each individual family group; the author has studied brevity rather than elegance of style. At a future period, should time and circumstance permit, he may be privileged to complete the Chronicles, by bringing them down through the Angus continuation of the family to the present day.

THE BROKEN CROSS.*

"Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date."—BYRON.

IN times long sped into eternity,
The Douglas held his ancient princely sway;
Where the old castle, looming o'er the dale,
Reared its grey turrets 'midst the piney shades,
Beneath whose shelter dwelt the vassal throng,
Impatient for the foray or the chase.—
Now to the uplands merrily they wend,
With hawk and hound, where, by the mountain spring
The lonely heron wakens from his dream,
And shooting to mid sky, impales
The unwary falcon in his downward swoop;
Or, should the foray be their lord's behest,
Forth rushed the exulting messengers of war,

* The following legend has been suggested by an obscure tradition, that a considerable portion of muir land, termed "The Broken Cross Muir," in the neighbourhood of Douglas castle, owed its name to a tragedy such as is here related. The cross alluded to may have been one of the four enclosing the sanctuary of the priory of Lesmahagow.

Whilst through the wide domain, the welcome cry
Rouses the slumberer from his dream of strife;
And as the red cross rushes past, he springs
Instinctively to grasp the ruthless brand,
Which from his sires,—his chief inheritance,—
Was handed down; but from the polished blade
Art could not wrest the stains which lingered there,
Drunk from the founts whence welled the stream of life.
Along the dusky moor and treach'rous moss,
Upon their steeds as wild and fierce as they,
From every glen and every birchen grove,
Armed in their mail, the rugged spearmen teem.
Stalwart the Earl, in prime of manhood's days,
And strong his arm, as if the gnarled oak
Might well have envied him that powerful limb;
Noble his mien; whilst from his flashing eye
Leaped forth the summons of the soul within,
So unmistakeably, that all obeyed.
Altho' accomplished in the games of war,
Which was the pastime in those iron days,
Courteous and kind was he to all around,
With that hereditary daring born,
Which still has signalised his honoured race.
One only daughter claimed her father's love;

When yet in infancy her mother died,
'Reft from this world the plains of heaven to tread ;
That treasured child she with her dying breath
Bequeathed in solemn charge to her tried friend,
The abbess of the Abbey-green, who vowed
With tender care to rear her as her own,
Among the sisters of her holy house.

Scarce eighteen summers had to womanhood
The lady Edith brought.—In heaven's own mould
Her faultless form was cast ;—whilst o'er her face,
In soft harmonious lines of gentlest curve,
The tracery of angelic thought was spread.
In her dark eye, the mirror of the soul,
There dwelt a heaven of love, and sunny beams
Of dulcet joy through their dark portals streamed ;
Yet in the depth of that abyss of love,
You still might trace the latent fire that slept
Upon the vestal altars of her soul,—
Ere fanned to flame—the birthright of her sires.
She was beloved by all around her home,
Gentle, considerate, just, tho' proudly kind.
She visited the sick, relieved the poor,
Consoled the afflicted,—by her presence cheered

The mourning widow,—and the orphan soothed.
What nobler type of woman's nature here?—
In that wide district by her father owned,
Her name—the talisman of mightiest power,
That forged the fetters which bound every heart.
What maiden loves not? 'Tis the law of heaven,—
The beacon star, whose bright and glowing beam
Pierces the clouds which wrap this gloomy world,
And to poor mortals yields such taste of joy,
As angels own in bowers of Paradise.
So o'er the lady Edith's slumbering heart,
The latent passion crept with gentle step,
As with the young Buccleugh the lonely glades
She traversed, ere reluctant home they wend
'Neath the reproaches of the evening star,
Which, struggling with the dying beams of day,
Asserts the hallowed majesty of night.
His was the gentle hand, the kindly word;
The noble bearing, and the manly front;
An almost regal grandeur graced his brow,
The throne of courage, the abode of thought—
As o'er his features swept that gorgeous light,
Which bears the impress of a soul refined.
To such a man a maiden yields her love,—

Her worldly destiny,—her mortal all.

As ruled the custom of these early days,
Her father had betrothed her to the heir
Of Hay,—a Border chief,—his youthful friend:
But as she grew, the lady Edith ne'er
Could brook the proffered love of such a knight;
For he was profligate, fierce, wild, and rude,
And at her earnest prayer, her father had
Dissolved the tie, and from the castle kept
The vengeful baron,—who, by his knightly spurs
Swore she should be his bride, despite her hate.
By gold he gained a worthless wretch who spied
Upon the lady Edith, and conveyed
Intelligence, that she each evening passed,
Across the hill which skirts the castle glen,
Her ministry of charity to yield.
Ten of his boldest men, well armed, he chose,
And on his fleetest steeds they wend their way,
At midnight through the silent hills, and gain,
Long ere the dawn, the dark wood's ample shade,
Conducted by the traitor spy, who knew
Each lonely nook far in the forest depths.
There in a hollow, by the gnawing brook,

Cut from the o'erhanging bank, and shaded in
By the dense foliage of the sombre pine,
And that sad tree, whose dark and pendent bough
Weeps to its image in the sullen pool.
Night ceaseless holds her solitary sway.
The wood dove flies from that unhallowed glen,
Nor with her love-note soothes the chafing stream;
But there the moody owl his palace builds,
And on th' intruder casts his glaring gaze;
Whilst on the lowering rocks' high pinnacle,
The hungry raven chides with ominous croak,
And to the idle winds that pass, foretells
His evil prophesy, his tale of blood.
Within these ample shades the border men
Draw up their weary steeds, and from the woods
Fresh provender they bring; and next their arms
They criticise with careful eye, and place
Beside them on the ground. The sentry next
With cautious pace, peers through the woodland glades,
And hearkens to each distant sound, that floats
Upon his ear, borne by the lazy breeze.
On the soft mossy bank the Troopers rest;
In murmurs low relate their deeds of yore,
Or patient slumber the long hours away.

Just where the winding path beside the glen,
From the dun mountain's side bends to the vale,
In part o'ershadowed by the verdant birch,
Where the grey circle of the Druid stones
With lichen thick o'ergrown,—the Hermit's tomb
By a rude time-worn cross, is marked:
There Lady Edith paused, as she was wont,
To gaze in the still summer eve, that soothed
Her pensive spirit,—as she neared her home,
Amidst the warbling groves that 'neath her spread.
Sudden a figure, from his lurking place,
Rushed to her side,—a warrior sheathed in mail,
Armed with the falchion; while his dagger's hilt
In gleaming diamonds shone. With vizard raised,
He stood before her on the hermit's grave,
And thus his errand to the startled maid,
In accents soft with kneeling gesture told.—
"Lady! I come to claim that tardy love,
Which, in betrothal our good sires agreed,
Should bless us, when our riper years arrived,
But which, repulsive thou hast yet withheld."
The noble maiden drew her proudly up,
With crimsoned cheek, and pallid haughty brow,
Whilst all the courage of the Douglas lit

The stern response of that contemptuous gaze :
"Thou know'st my father's will expressed. 'Tis mine—
Where didst thou learn thy knightly courtesy,
That thus intrudes upon my solitude,
Almost within the threshold of my sire?
Shame on thy knightly courage! thus to stay
A lonely maiden on her homeward path ;
Methinks! some traitor to my father's house
Conspires with thee thus to entrap me here,
And bring dishonour to our stainless name."
Fiercely he starts: "From yonder wood this call
Brings forth my followers, who impatient wait
To bear thee to my Border stronghold, where
Our bridal shall proceed, despite thy sire,—
Despite yon beardless youth, who fain would claim
The heart, that's registered in heaven as mine."
Quick from his grasp the fearless maiden snatched
The silver call, ere it could reach his lip,
And in the brake the glittering bauble threw:
"And now, sir knight, go bring thy followers
To aid thee in thy work of courteous grace.
He who in absence thou dost so deride,
Is thy superior in knightly deeds."
Dauntless and self-possessed she stood, and said:

"Thy love I scorn! Thy hatred I contemn!
Rather the bride of heaven, but never thine!"
The frenzied baron, from its burnished sheath,
The deadly dagger drew: "Thus gain thy wish!"
With desperate thrust, into the maiden's breast
He plunged the glittering steel, home to the hilt;
And from that bloody sheath, in vain essayed
To drag the blade, for, in her reeking side,
It seemed as if some superhuman power
Had grasped the steel, and firm retained it there.
"Oh God!" she shrieked,—and with convulsive spring,
Around the ancient emblem of her faith
Her arms she threw;—but ah! too frail it proved,
To stay her gentle weight. The time-worn stem
Asunder at its centre rent, and hurled
The fainting damsel on the hermit's grave.
Gushed from the deadly wound the crimson flood,
Stained the white robe she wore in maiden pride,
And slowly trickled to the mossy turf.—
The tiny wild flowers drank that sacred dew;
And lovers tell, that only there they find
The primrose wild of that ensanguined hue.
"Father!" she sighed, whilst from her quivering frame
Her gentle spirit fled, freed from earth's woe.

A white dove hovered round on noiseless wing,
Lit for an instant on that broken cross,
Then heaven-ward bent its joyous flight away.

No mortal eye beheld the frightful crime,
But angels wept upon the towers of heaven,
And the Omnipotent foreknew the deed.
His finger brands him as another Cain.
Then from that fearful spot, the murderer rushed
With headlong flight, to join th' impatient band,
In the deep hollow of the darkening wood;
But as he breathless ran, from off his head
The smothering casque he raised, and his glaived hand,
Besmeared with gore, across his forehead drew;
Pale as a corse, except that crimson streak,
He stood among his horror-stricken band,
Hardened to war, and scenes of bloody strife.
Brief to them was their leader's faltering speech,
But his familiar, instant drew aside;
To him, with voice suppressed, in accents low,
"Norton" he urged, "the safety of our troop
Demands that thou shouldst go to yonder rock,
And from the view the suicide remove—
(Ye watched her snatch the dagger from my hand?)

Then join us at the opening of the glade:
For well thou knowest that if yon tiger's brood,
Shall open with their blood-hounds on our track,
We ne'er again may reach the Tweed's fair streams.
Guide! to the Border!—To your horses, men!"
He threw himself upon his powerful steed,
And cautious through the tangled woodland path,
In silence gained the track that threads the glen,
As night's dark vesture closed upon the world.

The vesper bell had rung from the old tower,
And the impatient earl had to the hall,
Summoned the lady's 'tiring maid, to find
Where her young mistress had that evening gone.
From her he learned, that as the day declined,
The lady Edith had (as was her wont,)
Walked up the glen, her fosterdame to see,
Who long with sickness had been sore oppressed.
Instant the master of the horse, with six
Armed followers, left the castle court, and wheeled
Up the dark glen. The moody Earl remarked:
"Scarce half an hour has sped, since a scout brought
Sure information from our northern wood,*

* There are innumerable traces of the existence of large tracts of forest having

An armed troop had filed, and at full speed
Had gained the southern pass opening the hills—
Some Border thieves, doubtless, in search of prey!"
Scarce had the little troop an hundred yards
Passed up the glen, when lo! a shepherd came,
Breathless with haste, up to the leader rushed,
And in wild accents told the mournful tale;
His faithful dog had sudden from him fled;
Within whose nostrils steemed the scent of gore,
And with loud melancholy howls prolonged,
Had lured his master to the fatal spot.
Where by the rock his youthful mistress lay,
The broken cross still to her bosom pressed,
And the green boughs, torn from the fragrant birch,

covered the uplands in this neigbbourhood. Even on the tops of the hills the peat mosses abound with the remains of the birch and alder; and trunks of oak of considerable size, blackened and preserved by the Tannin, are of frequent occurrence. Through the kindness of the last two Earls, the Author enjoyed for many years, the privilege of grouse shooting on the Broken Cross Muir. he can yet revert (with a grateful feeling,) to the happy hours which, as a sportsman and a lover of nature, he enjoyed in traversing its solitudes. On one of these occasions he stumbled on the remains of an oak standing "in situ," on the hard moorish ground near the southern corner of the Focherton Moss. There are about two feet of the trunk still existing, from which its roots ramify, quite bare along the surface. He could not help pausing to contemplate this venerable relic of byegone days: the mind reverting to the distant, period when it stood among its more ephemeral compeers of the ancient forest, where, probably, the wolf stretched himself beneath its noonday shade, and the wild boar whetted his tusks upon its trunk. That specimen of our "wooden walls" has withstood the attrition of the elements, when the same amount of iron would long since have been dissolved.

O'er her were flung, to cheat the wanderer's eye ;—
Befitting shroud for innocence like hers !
Now slowly down the glen they bear the corse.
While o'er the slumbering heath the evening breeze
Bears on its wing the shepherd maiden's shriek,
Who terror-struck, flies to her lonely home ;
Or, with the imprecations of stern men
Oppressed, it rolls its heavy tide away.
With desperate pace, back to the castle rushed
The leader of the band, and to the Earl
In haste proclaimed the tidings which he bore.—
Sternly he heard. In his avenging soul,
Instant a plan of the pursuit arose ;
His willing vassals hasten to his side.

In yon old towers wild consternation reigns ;
Through the far hills loud boomed the 'larum bell,
As from the time-worn wall the red cross glared;
On the bald mountain's brow that fronts the sky,
Blazes the balefire, ever ready held,
To speed its heralds to the slumbering vales,
In token of the peril of their lord.
" Haste with my steed ! " the fiery Earl exclaimed ;
(For all the Douglas' vengeance was aroused),

"Fling loose the bloodhounds! Grooms, away! away!"—
In the full ardour of impatient love,
The young Buccleugh at even-tide arrived,
Just as the Douglas' band had marshalled up.
And from the doorway rushed the furious Earl;
Brief was their greeting.—But the kindled eye
Bore outward token of the storm, that raged
Within the bosom of the frantic youth,
As on his gallant steed he madly sprung,
And side by side they spurred from out the court.
Now o'er the castle draw-bridge dashed the band,
A score of spears, with battle axe and blade,
Onward they press, and reach the narrow pass,
Where, but an hour ago, the Border men
Had disappeared among the lonely hills,
And now at leisure eased their slackened reins.
The moon was high, but in the distant heaven
Dark clouds arose, and churning vapours spread
O'er the fair sky, and quenched the queen of night,
As in his dream the slumbering storm-bird sang:
Now crashed the thunder from the bursting cloud,
Echo, a thousand times retold the sound,
Whilst the loosed winds the drenching torrents drove;
From hill to hill the forked lightnings leaped,

And filled the glens with momentary day.
True to their sires the savage bloodhounds rush
Along the tainted track cheered by the Earl,
Who leads the desperate chase. The Douglas steeds,
The fleetest in the dale,—perfect in wind,—
Fresh from their stalls, fast gained upon the foe ;
For they had halted where the curving hill
Joined with the chafing brook, and left a space,
By birch and willow trees inclosed around,
Close sheltered from the fury of the storm.
" Hark! didst thou hear that hound?" the Baron said ;
" Tush! 'tis the wild cat's wail that warns her young,
Or plover's plaint that cowers upon her brood :"
But the next lull that calmed the surging wind,
Brought down the echoes of the baying pack
Full on their ear. Dismayed the horsemen sprang
To their now jaded steeds, with travel worn;
They fly disordered up the tortuous track,
To gain the summit of th' opposing steep,
Whilst at its base the bloodhounds, closely packed,
Strain fiercely up to press upon their prey ;
Just then a meteor shot across the gloom,
Lighting the purple mountain's heathy sides,
And, ere its transient beam had died away,

Disclosed the straggling band.—Sublime the scene!
As limners' grandest dream can ne'er pourtray,
Now press they to the hindmost troopers' flank,
And with instinctive sense they seize the limb,
Tearing the sinews of the helpless steed;
Whilst the stern rider patient waits his doom,
From the keen spear and crashing battle axe;
Some fell upon the open heath, and some,
Exhausted, died, whelmed in the roaring flood;--
Among the grinding rocks their corses rolled.
Two yet held on with unabated speed,
Abreast they rode, and furious spurred their steeds;
And as the lightning glared upon their track,
The Douglas recognised the murderer's form.
From the Earl's side forth rushed the impetuous youth,
Ire in his heart, and death upon his steel;
His steed, impatient of the biting spur,
Sprang frantic forward, till between the foe
A hidden rock caught his advancing stride,
And downward to the earth his rider bore.
Far o'er the heath the liberated steed,
Rushed wildly into night among the hills.
As the foe passed each dealt a deadly thrust,
And grimly to himself the baron smiled.

Prone on the heath the unconscious warrior fell,
Whilst from his wounds poured out the purple tide,
But quick recovering from the stunning fall,
"On, on!" he cried, as past the Douglas charged.

As day began to tinge the eastern sky,
The hoarse low murmur of the swollen Tweed
Assailed their gladdened ear. Down the steep bank
They shot, like arrows from the o'er-stretched bow;
Hard at their croup the vengeful Douglas pressed,
Urging his panting hounds to seize the prey.
Desperate they dash into the foaming tide,
Steering with practised skill their dangerous way,
And head the furious stream that bears them down,
But a short space beyond the lances reach,
To the smooth pool an hundred yards below.
In vain the Douglas spurred his reeling steed,
To rush into the tide and reach the foe;
Abreast he rode, and as the flood conveyed,
'Midst the loud roar of its remorseless waves,
Their burden down the stream, loudly he called,
"Assassin! Coward! would I could reach thy heart!"
And furious at him shook his quivering brand.
The Baron turned with gesture menacing,

And seized his falchion's hilt, whilst from his eye
Flashed forth the lightning of his cruel soul :
But as he upwards glared, the Douglas saw
The crimson streak that stained the felon's brow,
And something whispered, *'tis thy daughter's blood!*
O'er the stern warrior's heart a faintness crept,
Quivered his frame; he reeled upon his seat,
His idle hand resigned the useless rein,
And from his grasp, relaxed, the falchion fell;
But instant from the floodgates of his heart
Up rushed the generous tide, and all himself,
The father grieved not, vengeance filled his thought.
Two hounds of courage high now took the stream,
And fiercely baying closed upon the guide;
The foremost from the falchion's biting edge
Received his death, the second with keen fang
Fixed on his side, and tore him from his seat.
In the red stream along they struggling swept,—
Now on the surface,—now beneath the wave.—
His heart's blood dyed the crimsoned waters round,
Till stifled by the dark and eddying flood,
In death's stern gripe together down they sank.
But in the smoother tide, his snorting steed
The Baron reined, and neared th' opposing side;

Abrupt and high the excavated bank
Rose o'er his head, whilst deep immersed,
Scarcely a footing could his horse maintain,
As rushed the sullen waters o'er his back ;
Upon the saddle the bold rider treads,—
He springs, and plants his foot on his own land.
The noble steed, exhausted with his toil,
Uttering one wild and agonizing neigh,
Convulsive reared, and plunged beneath the wave ;
While in the grasp of death the gory foam.
Up from his bubbling nostrils slowly oozed,
Purpling the waters which had o'er him passed,
And floats afar to mix with ocean's brine.

Far to the north on Norway's wintry shores,
The whirling storm has passed with fiery wing,
Illumining the ocean's darkest depths,
And wakes its monsters to delusive day;
Whilst through the burnished portals of the east,
The dawn has sped the messengers of morn,
Tinging the fleecy mists with ardent hue,
And bounding to old Tinto's brow has steeped
His purpled summit in a flood of gold.—
When from the primal ocean's slimy bed,

Internal fires upheaved his mighty mass,
They left within his breast vast gloomy caves,
To which the awful spirit of the storm
Retires to forge the thunder of the winds.
Now from the sleeping ocean's distant verge,
The new-born sun ascends the eastern sky,
And sheds his smiles upon the wakening world.
No trace is left of the wild storm that vexed
Th' affrighted night, save in the swollen streams,
That still are rushing from the mountain's sides;
As on the hither bank the Douglas stood,
Gnashing with rage and disappointment deep,
That yonder wretch should have escaped his blade.
But ere he homeward turned his horse's head,
Sorrow's keen shaft now rankles in his breast,—
He sees not, hears not;—even the ghastly corse,—
That by the way-side lay, he passed unseen.
But in the dark recesses of his soul,
His murdered child was ever paramount.
And as he silent rode, deep in his mind
The future plan of fierce revenge matured.—
As home they wend the troopers take the arms
Of the fallen foe; and the uninjured steeds,—
The trophies of the raid,—they gather in.

Upon a mossy bank hard by the way,
Reclined the wounded youth, cold, faint, and weak;
But him the Douglas raised with tender care,
And with the cordial draught to life restored.
Quick from the neighbouring glen the troopers brought,
The yielding ozier and the birken bough,
Which, twisted artfully, a litter made ;
With the elastic heath and oozy moss
They spread it o'er. On this the youth they laid,
And cautiously resumed their homeward track.
Long ere they spied the castle's grey old towers,
A mourning band had met them in the way:
The good old abbot of the Abbey-green,*
And all the brotherhood of holy men,

* The Abbey-green was not, as some suppose, the original name of the Priory of Lesmahagow, but was merely that of the precincts or level haugh upon which it stood. The original name of Lesmashut is derived from "Less," a garden in the Teutonic, and "Machutus" or "Machut," a saint who resided there at a very early period. In 1144, David I. established the Priory of Lesmachut, subject to the Abbey of Kelso, as was also that of Coldingham on the coast of Berwickshire, which, in 1541, James II. obtained for one of his illegitimate sons. King David granted to the Priory of Lesmahagow the privilege of an asylum, within the four crosses of which, criminals of any description were safe from their enemies and from justice. Two of these crosses probably gave origin to the name of the Broken Cross Moor. The localities of the other two, from names yet existing, must have been on the west side of the Nethan water, inclosing a space of three or four miles square. Judging from what remains of the Priory of Coldingham, it must have been a building of considerable pretension, but in common with the other religious houses at the Reformation, it appears to have undergone the process of demolition. A portion of the original building, now forming the back wall of the present parish church, has recently been cleared up and renovated, chiefly through the instrumentality and good taste of the present Earl of Home. Its Gothic arches and associated pillars exhibit considerable beauty.

In mute and reverend attitude bestowed,
On the bereaved sire, their sympathy.
There too, the hoary vassals, who had served
With the Earl's sires in many a bloody fight,
Joined with the maidens of the dale, attired
In garments pure as the new fallen snow,
Knelt on the heath; and as the Earl passed,
Down their dark rugged cheeks the hot tear poured.
A long procession formed in mourning guise;
And as they slowly moved, the holy men,
In low and solemn strains, the death chaunt raised,
Swelled by the virgin voices sweetly wild;
By zephyr borne far up the lonely hills,
It died away among the old grey rocks;
As if the spirit of the waste had caught
That holy strain, and wafted it on high.

O'er the broad lands that owned the Douglas sway,
The voice of lamentation loudly swelled,
Mixed with wild curses on the murderer's head,
While deep-breathed vows of vengeance from them burst,—
The savage custom of these barbarous days.
Well knew the Douglas how to mould the course
Of the fierce passions of his warlike men.

On that sad day in which the cold remains
Of his loved child must in the tomb be laid,
To join the ashes of her mouldering sires,
The vassals all appeared in armour clad,
With their war steeds;—and as they marshalled past
Through the great hall with sombre weeds hung round,
By torch and taper lighted to the full,
There lay the lady Edith's corse displayed,
Yet in her blood-stained robes, and in her heart
The deadly dagger slept, whilst from its hilt
The blazing diamonds seemed to mock their woe.
On a dark couch of velvet she was laid,
In centre of the hall, whilst all around
Were strewn the wild flowers which, in childhood's days,
She loved to cull;—and in her stiffened grasp
A rosebud smiled, in mockery of death.
Around the bier her weeping maidens range,
And by her side the holy sisters kneel
In attitude of woe. The solemn dirge
Floats in low murmurs through the lofty hall,
Mixed with the odours which sweet incense breathes,
And aromatic scent of the wild flowers.
A short space from the bier an altar stood,
And round the sacred fane the holy men,

With their good abbot, joined in earnest prayer
For the repose of her whom all had loved.
There, too, beside his child, the father knelt;
And as he touched that cold and rigid hand,
Which erst the sympathy of love returned,
A shudder through his manly sinews ran;
O'er her he bent, and with a stedfast gaze
Perused that pallid face, yet sweet in death,
Till hope's deceit had almost made him dream
She only slept. With fond parental love
He touched her lip;—but ah! that icy kiss
Struck horror's shaft into his inmost soul,
And sudden waked him to the world again.
With heaving bosom and reluctant step,
He turned to gaze;—he knew it was the last.
Shall fancy pierce yon chamber's dreary veil?
Or thought intrude upon the sorrowing sire?
Ah! there is something in that last farewell,
That parting of the living with the dead,
Round whom our fond affections have been coiled,
Which wrings the very fibres of the heart;
For while that effigy yet rests on earth,
To the cold dust our sympathies still cling;
But when the tomb has closed around its prey,

Fond mem'ry's torture is our only meed :
Who has experienced sorrow's keenest pang,
Will own it borders on the verge of joy.

Through that great hall, hushed as the silent tomb,
Slow paced the warrior throng, as mournfully
They gazed upon that wan and lovely face,
Beauteous in the pale panoply of death ;
Oft had it beamed upon their lonely hearths.
The stifled sob scarce broke upon the ear,
As back they threw a last and lingering glance;
But the fierce lightning of the flashing eye,
Betrayed the lurking hatred of the soul,
When on the murderer they fixed their thought.
Now from the gateway with funereal pace,
In slow procession moved the mourning band:
The mounted vassals first, in long array,
With falchion sheathed, and trailing on the ground
The lance's barb, which erst t'ward heaven had reared
Its keen and glittering point to greet the sun.
Those gallant steeds that late impatient reared,
And from their nostrils dashed the churning foam,
Or to the wild winds tossed their billowy manes,
And loudly neighing shook the trembling earth,

Their fiery eyes subdued, with solemn pace
Now silent move, as if instinctively
They owned the grief that ruled the rider's heart.
Around the bier the holy brotherhood,
In sacred strains, again the death-chaunt raised;
Behind, the father walked. Not his the grief
Which melts in woman's tears, and dissipates
The hero's soul in ineffectual woe.
Onward he moved, with firm and stately step,
Erect and stern; but o'er his lowering brow
Dark clouds had gathered, yet to make more keen
The fierce expression of his burning eye;
Midst the funereal pageantry he stalked
Alone; stung by revengeful thought, he starts,
And grasps his falchion by the ready hilt,
Whilst muttered curses from his lips escape.
Her weeping maidens next in snowy robes,
With the young virgins of the village, came;
And as the bier passed on, the kneeling crowd
In lamentations loud attest their grief.
To yon dark vault, where sleeps the coffined dust
Of her great ancestors, they bear her down,
And on the humid floor the leaden bier
Assign a place, which yet in modern days

Is sacred held.

But where is her betrothed?—

Within a darkened chamber silence reigns,
Save the low muttering of the prostrate youth,
As from his frenzied brain, the thought confused
Is wildly uttered to the watcher's ear.
In deadly strife he grasps his trusty blade,
And fiercely closes with his phantom foe;
Now by his side his Edith seems to stand,
And in impassioned strains to her he speaks
Of earthly happiness for them in store.
In vain the leeches' art, the Douglas' care,
Who of another child seemed now bereft.
For as his spirit left its home of clay,
Sweet solemn sounds around that chamber float,
And fall mysteriously upon the ear,
As tho' a heavenly choir attuned their harps,
To welcome an immortal from the world.
Death's ruthless shaft ne'er struck a nobler aim;
A flower that withered in the morn of life,—
A beam whose beauty is absorbed in gloom.
He passed away as evening tints to night,
A rainbow's glory painted on the wind.

As they return back to the drawbridge gate,
A gallows meets their gaze with dangling noose,
And hard by stands the headsman's block and axe;
Impatient for the victim strides the churl.
'Tis for the traitor spy who sold her life,
That the grim gallows rears its horrid front.
In midnight vision it had been revealed
To the old seer, who instant had him seized,
And torture from him wrung reluctant truth.
Forth from the donjon keep they drag the wretch,
And ere the cord had half its office done,
An hundred blades had drunk his bosom's blood;
To pieces next they hewed his quivering limbs,
The reeking fragments to the bloodhounds threw.*

* Perhaps some fair and sensitive reader may shudder at this part of the narrative, but it is in strict accordance with the practices of our "canny" Scottish forefathers in their bloody raids against their neighbours,—practices which may almost be placed in juxtaposition with those of the Sepoys of our times, as the sequel of this note exemplifies:—"In 1549, the castle of Jedburgh was held by the English with some companies of Spanish soldiers. The Scottish government sent a body of French to retake it, under the orders of St. Desse, This was accomplished, and next day the Laird of Fernihurst requested their aid to recover his castle, held by 60 or 80 English, commanded by a man of a savage and merciless disposition. About 25 English defended the narrow way, but soon retreated and were overtaken, and the most of them slain. The French scaled the castle and took it. The English captain implored Desse to save his life from the Borderers, but a Scotsman recognising him as the ravisher of his wife, came suddenly behind, and so dexterously struck off his head that it leaped forward five paces from his body; the Borderers then, with savage ferocity, vied with each other in mangling and insulting the carcase; they tore out the eyes of the prisoners whom they found in this den of violence. and inflicted other torments upon them before putting them to death. The General Beauge sold them a prisoner for a horse. They laid him on the ground, and galloping over hims,truck him with their lances; when dead they cut him in pieces, and bore the gobbets in triumph on the points of their spears."

Then was it whispered through that hardy throng,
T' avenge the murder of his child, the Earl
Had planned a foray on the Baron's lands,
Ere time allowed him to defend his hold,
And thus surprise the murderer in his home.
Loud acclamation burst from every throat,
And the fierce troopers wildly clashed their arms;
Whilst far among the hills the war cry rang,
Startling the wild boar in his forest lair.
Eager they take their ranks, and numbering off
Two hundred troopers marshal on the green;
Some armed with lance and battle axe, and some
With spear and sword; others the crossbow wield,
The quiver at their back with arrows stored,
Clad with the grey goose wing, whose certain flight
Conducts the steel into the foeman's heart.
The good old abbot now came forth and stood,
With arms extended toward heaven, to bless,
In solemn prayer, their sacred enterprise.*
Along the drawbridge rode the noble Earl
In shirt of mail, his arms of shining steel;

* In the early times alluded to, the arm of civil law was weak, and the chief men of the district assumed to themselves the office of judges and executors.

And as he took his station at their head,
Again the war-cry rent the yielding sky.
The word has passed, and from the castle's front,
That warlike band has quickly filed away,
And through the mountain tracks they silent steal,
To gain the Border ere the day should dawn.
The night is clear, as through the moonlit hills,
By lonely tracks, known only to the guides,
They cautiously pursue their devious way
In gloomy gorges, till the widening strath
Slowly expands into the opening plain,
Through which the Tweed's clear streams incessant pour:
Here halt they,—and the men dismount, to rest
Their steeds; while the Earl counsel takes, and plans
The order of attack.
Brief space they rest:
For in the eastern heaven the nascent day
Begins to speed its heralds 'cross the sky.
Onward again they move, and gain the ford,
Through which they dash, and on the further bank
Draw quickly up;—Whilst through the morning mists
The stronghold of the foe lifts up its tower.
One-half the force immediately disperse
Into the country round, and unawares

The slumbering inmates of the hamlets take ;
They seize the arms, and with the ready cord
Bind fast the men, who, should they dare resist,
The ruthless lance's thrust is then their doom ;
Some from the dwellings now the booty take,
And some their steeds and kine drive to the ford.
The Earl advanced at speed his eager men,
And forming round the hold, shut in the foe.
The Douglas' war cry fiercely shakes the sky,
Whilst from their slumbers start the Baron's men;
With clashing arms, and tumult loud, they rush
Up to the battlements, from whence they fling
The pond'rous missile down. The archers too,
From out the loopholes that defend the gate,
A shower of arrows send. With deadly aim
The Douglas' crossbow-men take up their stand,
And ceaseless pour their shafts into the loops.
'Twas then that death was dealt on either side,
And many a gallant on the green sward fell,
Pierced with the shafts, whose plumes had drunk his life.
Now 'gainst the strong oak door with iron studs,
They dash the ponderous stone, and with the beam
Against the framework rush;—but all in vain.
At length some brushwood to the door they drew,

With logs of wood and the stored turf they found.
Soon through the centre of the doorway rushed
The potent flame, and by the sucking wind
Long tongues of fire were drawn into the hold,
And stifling clouds of smoke pervade the whole.
The Baron and his men now driven forth,
Crowd out upon the narrow battlements,
While from below the Douglas' vengeful yell
Assails their ears. But soon the smouldering fire,
That latent burned within the ample hold,
On sudden from its narrow windows gushed,
And slowly gnawing through the roof-supports,
Downwards at length, with hideous crash they fell.
Far into heaven the fiery billows surged,
And, as the scorching torrent past them rushed,
The stifled foe, within the vortex sucked,
Were headlong drawn into that liquid hell.
But ere the roof had sunk, a female form
By a long cord they lowered from the wall.
Scarce had she reached midway, when from a loop,
A sudden rush of flame struck the frail cord,
And downward, headlong to the rocky ground
The damsel fell, to instantaneous death.
The Earl beheld,—and in that shattered corse,

He knew the young companion of his child,
Who oft around their hearth, in playful mood,
Had wiled the tedious winter hours away.
"This is the hand of heaven! the curse of war!"
He muttered, as he slowly turned aside,
To hide the manly tear that glistened there.
Softly the generous Douglas' men have raised
That mangled form, and to a neighbouring cot
They bear her thence.

Just where the corner of the parapet
Faced to the south, there by the eddying wind
Protected from the flame, a figure stooped
Upon the heated wall, blackened with fume;
Instant the Douglas saw, and recognised
The murderer of his child, as brighter still
That crimson streak across his forehead glowed;
Fiercely he shouts, "Dastard! thou now art mine!"
Hard by the wall there stood an ancient oak,
Whose branches, ladder-like, alternate sprang,
With many a cleft and many a mighty arm,
Which had for ages braved the winter's blast;
Up this the Earl ascends, until within
A score of yards, he gains some vantage ground,

And face to face confronts the glaring wretch,
Who sudden seized a fragment of the wall,
And hurled the mighty mass upon his foe:
But all unscathed the Douglas stood aloft,
Whilst deeper hatred burned within his breast;
With slow and deadly aim, a crossbow shaft,
Thirsting for blood, its barb with rancour steeled,
He drew, and pierced the villain to the heart:
Who with convulsive spring, sheer o'er the wall,
Sank into that abyss of surging flame.
Vengeance and victory were in their shout—,
And to their dying hour the troopers swore,
They had beheld a dusky shape arise
From out the raging flames, and standing by
Beckon the Baron to his fiery doom;
They said it was the form of the arch-fiend.

Thus perished the last heir of a long line,
Which had been famous for their warlike deeds;
Naught now remains of them, save the scathed wall,
That has for many an age defied the shock
Of elemental strife, the grasp of time,
The blast of winter round its ruin sweeps,
Fierce as the passions that once dwelt within;

Summer's soft winds now through these loopholes sigh,
From which the deadly shaft had winged its course.
Where once the oak and birch had tossed their boughs,
The nettle and the deadly night-shade wave,
Whose poison-pores their baleful vapours yield.
Slow from these smouldering walls the Earl retires,
His vengeance sated, and his wrath assuaged.
They gain the ford, through which the captured kine,
In many a score, had long since homeward passed;
And as the mountain tracks they now retrace,
They to their steeds some breathing space allow;
But ere the grey old castle's towers were gained,
The moonbeam on the Douglas water danced.

Still mourned the Earl the child he loved so well—
And as long years rolled on, in solitude
His days were spent, and ne'er again the raid
Had charms for him,—war's cruel mimicry,
Which to the widow and the orphan brought
Famine and death.—Not even the chase could lure
Him from his loneliness;—and long ere age
Impressed his features with its withering gripe,
His silvered locks from brooding sorrow shone.
Oft up the silent glen, his favoured walk,

He musing passed, and by the winding path,
Which o'er the hill leads to the hermit's tomb:
There, on the old grey stone beside the cross,
Hour after hour he sat, till eventide,
Wrapped in absorbing reveries of grief,
And drank from melancholy's sacred founts,
Tides of sad thought,—to poets largely given,—
That soft voluptuousness which soothes the soul,—
A golden cord angels have flung to earth,
Which links us with the sympathy of heaven:
For there's a heaven within the poet's soul,
Whose Houries minister at fancy's fane;
A Paradise of thought, on whose bright walls,
The mirrors of eternity reflect
The crowded incidents of mortal time.
There is a hell within his burning brain,
Where demons torture with remorseless sting;
The thorns of earth which rankle in his heart
With lacerating wound,—gaunt famine too,
With grinding want, that fills the world with tears,
And steeps his fellow in the hues of guilt.
Vainly he shrinks from the unhallowed grasp
Of him, who with ignoble thought imbued,
Fastens the shackle on his writhing soul;

Vainly invokes oblivion's kindly hand,
From memory's faithful tablets to expunge
Shades of the past, recorded on its page.

'Tis said that ever as the moon fills up
Her silver orb, at midnight's lonely hour,
The frighted shepherd, homeward bound, will hear
Sweet strains of music float upon the breeze,
More thrilling than an earthly harp can yield;
Far o'er the wild its heavenly numbers ring,
Woo'd by soft winds, that sigh among the flowers,
Or mingle with the voice of the lone rill,
That slowly wends to join the babbling burn,
And cheers the wondering children of the waste.
A maiden sits on yonder old grey stone.*

* Since writing the above, I have learned that there is really a ghost story attached to the locality of the Broken Cross Muir, the origin of which rather partakes of the tragi-comic. Towards the end of the last century, one Jock Grahame, a tailor, who resided with an old aunt at the foot of the Kilbank (of old Gilbank) Burn. whether from a fit of love. or blue devils, tradition has failed to chronicle, chose to put an end to himself, by suspension with a rope of twisted rushes thrown over a beam in front of the old lady's bed. He had tied one of his garters round his ancles, the other round his knees; he had then deliberately passed his head into the "fatal noose," and swung himself off a chair. The door being fastened on the old lady's return, she peeped in at the window, and seeing him in a semi-bent posture, as if putting on his clothes, she called out to him, "Jock, you lazy hound, let me in;" but another look satisfied her that Jock's locomotives were at a dead stand. It was in the afternoon and the neighbours soon collected. At that period there existed in the minds of the Scottish peasantry such a horror of suicide, that they denied the rights of Christian burial to the body of any who committed the deed. They wrapped poor Jock, just as he was, in a piece of old sacking, clothes and all, as no one would unnecessarily touch

Beneath the broken cross, in garb more pure
Than new-born snow ;—her harp rests on her lap,
Too dazzling in its sheen for mortal gaze ;
Her form, the fable of a poet's dream:
But in her bosom gleams a dagger's hilt;
And as the orients drink the moon's chaste beam,
They glow upon a spot of crimson dye ;
Whilst at her feet upon the flower-clad grave,
In armour black a youthful knight reclines ;
But in the open vizard horror dwells.
Across the ghastly skull that red streak rests,
Which in his mortal hours was painted there,

him, and placing him on a hand-barrow, with his bare head, and long carroty locks hanging down, bore him off to the Broken Cross Muir, several miles distant; there they made a shallow hole, tumbled him in and covered him up. A stout hearted herd laddie who had witnessed the scene, and hearing the men whispering that Jock was buried with his watch and purse &c., determined he would possess himself of the prize. Next day he went to a neighbouring quarry and insisted upon the use of a spade to "howk the tailor." Having shovelled the earth off the body, he seized the rope, but found he could not raise him sufficiently to accomplish the search; he craved the aid of a young man from the quarry; by their united efforts they hauled him out of his shallow resting-place, and certainly a more appaling spectacle could hardly have been witnessed—the rope round his neck. the mouth and eyes open and filled with earth, his long yellow draggled locks, might, as they said, "have frightened the de'il himsel';" but nothing daunted, herdie dived into the pockets one after another, and to his great chagrin, found nothing but a pair of old shears. They unceremoniously tumbled him once more in, and happed him up, and it was related that the ghost of the tailor, as long as a bone of him stuck by another, was seen in the calm moonlight nights sitting crosslegged on the top of a green knoll in the muir, with the phantom implements of his trade beside him (the iron goose and the smoothing board), plying his vocation with most industrious pertinacity. It was reckoned imperative that the body of a suicide should be carried through the fields; for if taken along a road or past a house, the ghost was sure to frequent these localities, so long as a bone of the body adhered to its neighbour.

And from the orbless sockets tears of fire
Rush down the fleshless cheeks: and, ever as
The music of the harper wilder swells,
Impatient in the air his glaved hand,
Besmeared with gore, he flings, while in its grasp
Is seen a dagger's sheath; and dismal groans
Ascend from out the hollow sounding trunk,
Polluting the soft ambient air of night.
All night she harps;—so sweet the melody,
The fox forgets his cunning as he lists,
And hungry crouches to his lair at morn.
Ere the first streaks of dawn have lit the sky,
Faint and more faint, that harp is heard to fall
Upon the listener's ear.—Delusively;
It seems from heaven to speak,—now from the glen,—
Until its dying numbers fade away,
Deep in the sparry caverns of the earth;
So slowly from the gaze that vision glides,
That fancy disbelieves they yet are gone.

THE END.

CHRONICLES

OF THE

BLACK DOUGLASES.

As an appropriate sequel to the legend of "The Broken Cross," the following Chronicle or abridged History of the family of the Black Douglases has been drawn up, with the hope that it may be acceptable to many who either lack time or inclination to follow it through the pages of general history. The author trusts he has not been unsuccessful in disproving the assertion advanced by Chambers and other writers, that the Douglases "have no higher an origin than a Flemish Church Vassal." The information has been extracted from various sources, viz., from general History, from the Cartulary of the Abbey of Kelso, Moreton's Annals of Teviotdale, and from the writings of David Hume of Godscroft.

The ancient family of the Douglases has occupied a conspicuous place, not in the annals of Scotland only, but of England and continental Europe. Over its origin in the dark ages which preceded the dawn of History,

the mists of time have drawn a veil. Chambers, in his Gazetteer of Scotland, states that "the first of the Douglases was one Theobald a Fleming, who, about the middle of the twelfth century, received a grant of a tract of land in Douglasdale from the Monks of Kelso, and whose descendants assumed the appellation of Douglas;" and in his account of Lanarkshire the following passage occurs: "Of these (Flemish) families none became afterwards so distinguished as the Douglases, who have no higher an origin than a Flemish Church Vassal, although such is now attempted to be refuted." This mistake on the part of Chambers has arisen from his having omitted to compare the dates in the following passages: "In 1147, Abbot Ernold granted, with consent of the Convent, to Theobald the Fleming, for two merks annually, certain lands belonging to them on the river Douglas.—Scil. de surso de Polnele ultra le latum mos ad longum Fau, de illuc ad Hirdelaw, de illuc ad Thevisford, in Mosmenin, et sic ad longum nigrum Ford, et ita ut via jacet usque Crossford."* And from the same source: "In 1269, William de Folcard, to avoid the pain of excommunication, and for the delivery of his father's soul, quitted claim to the lands of Polenele (Poniel), which his father had unjustly detained; and in 1295 the Convent recovered Folcardiston from the same person." To those acquainted with the localities, it will be at once evident that the boundaries of the lands above described are those of the former Estate of Stonebyres. The modern names are the same; and the Blackford alluded to, lies on the west side of the Blackhill of Stonebyres—on a rivulet tributary of the Clyde.

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* Cartulary of Abbey of Kelso.

But it is a historical fact quoted by Godscroft, that "in the year 1057, Malcolm Canmore held a Parliament at Forfar, in which a number of new titles was created and knighthoods bestowed. Amongst others, Gulielmus a Douglas was created a Baron, being the first Lord Douglas. On the same occasion his two sons, John and William, were Knighted." It is therefore evident, that this Church Vassal of Chambers and other writers, this Theobald the Fleming, can never be identified as the progenitor of the Douglases,—seeing that the lands granted to him were in the possession of William de Folcard 238 years after the creation of the first Baron Douglas.

David Hume, who had access to the family deeds, and had carefully collected from many sources, as well traditional as historical, all the information that could be obtained, states, that in 767, during the reign of Solvathius, King of Scotland, Donald Bane (in Irish, Donald the white), an adventurer from the western isles, assumed the title of King, invaded Scotland, and defeated Solvathius, when a nobleman, Sholto Douglas, came to his aid, slew Donald Bane, and dispersed his army. After the battle, Solvathius inquired who the individual was to whose courage he was indebted for the victory: the answer was, "Sholto Du Glas"—("behold yon black gray man!") Out of gratitude for the preservation of his crown, Solvathius bestowed upon him the lands in the south of Scotland called Douglasdale, and gave him the name of Douglas. Besides this tradition, which has been generally received, there is the concurrent testimony of an ancient manuscript still extant, and which, in the year 1595, was in the hands of Alexander M'Duff of Tillysaul, near Strathbogie, and was seen and read by

William, Earl of Angus, who died at Paris in 1616. Regarding the derivation of the name, it is otherwise stated that it arose from the Douglas water,—Du Glas meaning, in ancient British, dark blue.

Proofs of their antiquity.

To Sholto, first of the House of Douglas, succeeded his eldest son Hugh, primus, who assisted his father in the defeat of Donald Bane the usurper.

Wm. Douglas goes to Italy about 770.

William Douglas, his second son, founder of the family of Scoti of Placenza, accompanied Prince William, brother of King Achaius, into Italy. This Prince having formed a league with the Emperor Charlemagne, contributed a force of 4,000 choice Scots, among whom William Douglas had command of the men at arms. After having replaced Pope Leo III on the Papal throne, he restored the Commonwealth of Florence to its former liberty. Out of gratitude to the Scottish Prince who had greatly assisted the Florentines, they established public games crowning the Scottish Lion with great pomp. They have still in Florence a prophetic rhyme—

> "While crowned lions live in Florence field,
> To foreign arms their state shall never yield."

William Douglas, in passing through Placenza with the Prince and the Emperor, fell sick; and after his recovery, he remained there and married the daughter of Antonia Spettino, a man of old family, by whom he had many children, and from whom are descended the noble family of the Scoti bearing the Douglas arms. This account is corroborated by the Italian writers Umbertus, Locatus, and Franciscus Lansovinus, who flourished toward the end of the 8th century. They held titles, castles, and estates, and formed alliances with the most noble families in Italy. In the Church of St. Lawrence in Placenza, there are above

a dozen tombs of the Scoti or Douglassi bearing the Douglas arms. The ancient arms of the Douglases were, three mullets chief in a field azure, until the Good Sir James added the crowned heart,—referring to his having borne the heart of Bruce to the Holy Land. The Italian Douglases bear two mullets and between them a beam argent in a field azure. This alteration they were constrained to make on account of the wars between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, as it was deemed unlucky for the Guelphs to have any unequal number. It is interesting to find that, in the town of Antwerp, two of that family, Petrus and Cornelius Scoti, merchants, in 1619 were challenged by the magistrates for their presumption in placing the arms of the Douglases on their tombs. The brothers sent a messenger to Scotland, with letters to William, Earl of Angus, when a patent under the broad seal of Scotland was returned to them, confirming their right to assume the armorial insignia of the Douglases. It is therefore demonstrable from historical data, that the family of Douglas has been known to exist for 1092 years; and that it has been ever conspicuous for its valour, its patriotism, and its ability.

William, third Lord Douglas, witness to the charter of the town of Ayr by David I., 1151.

The name of William, third Lord Douglas, occurs as a witness to a charter granted by David I. to the town of Ayr in 1151.

Archibald, fourth Lord, witness to second charter to Ayr, 1236.

The name of Archibald, fourth Lord, is found in a second charter to the town of Ayr by King Alexander in 1236.

In 1259 William, fifth Lord Douglas contracted his eldest son, Hugh, to Marjory Abernethy.

William, fifth Lord, in 1259, during the reign of Alexander III., made an indenture with Lord Abernethy

in the Castle of Edinburgh, in which he contracted his son and heir, Hugh Douglas, to Marjory Abernethy, sister to Lord Abernethy, who gave with her "viginti carictas terræ" twenty ploughgates of land in the town of Glencors, Lord Douglas giving twenty ploughgates in the feu of Douglas,—the lands were Glespin, Hartwood, Kennox, Carmacoup, and Leholm,—as a dowry to Marjory Abernethy; even if her husband shall die, or if "he shall, through some devilish or wicked disposition, not consummate the marriage."

Sir Hugh, sixth Lord, and Marjory Abernethy sleep in St. Brides Church at Douglas.

Sir Hugh, sixth Lord Douglas,—who was contracted to and married Marjory Abernethy,—left no children. He was called the Good Sir Hugh, "whom his foes found never sleeping." He and the said Marjory Abernethy sleep together in St. Brides Church in Douglas. He was succeeded by his brother William.

William fourth, and seventh Lord Douglas, called the Hardy, married a sister of Lord Keith, who had two sons.

His second wife Lady Ferrais; and two sons, Archibald and John, ancestor of the Lords of Dalkeith Mains and Lochleven.

His successor, William, fourth of that name and seventh Lord Douglas, was called William the Hardy, on account of his valour and courage; and was familiarly known by the soubriquet of Long Legs, being a man of goodly stature and proportions. He was first married to a sister of Lord Keith's, by whom he had two sons, James and Hugh; and next to an English lady of the name of Ferrar, or Ferrais;—probably one of the Derby family,—by her he had also two sons, Archibald Lord of Galloway, and John of whom are the Lords of Dalkeith-Mains and Lochleven. In 1295, when Edward I. took Berwick, William the Hardy was governor of the Castle; and being unable to hold out, capitulated and gave himself up as a prisoner. Whilst a captive, he was induced to marry the Lady Ferrais, in order to secure

his support to Edward's designs on Scotland. But his love for his country prevailed; and when Wallace unfurled his banner against the English, William the Hardy joined him, and recovered the Castles of Durrisdeer and Sanquhar,—the latter he took by stratagem. One of his trustiest men, finding his way within the gate, surprised and slew the porter, and admitted the Douglases, who slew the garrison with its commander, Beauford,—kinsman to Lady Ferrais. Douglas was afterwards taken prisoner by Lord Clifford, and his wife and children fell into the hands of Bruce. He refused to take the oath of fealty to Edward, and remained in prison till his death,—his lands being given to Lord Clifford.

Died in prison. His lands given to Lord Clifford about 1295.

James Douglas, eighth Lord, commonly called the Good Sir James. Whilst his father lay in an English prison, Sir James was sent by his uncle, Sir Robert Keith, first to Glasgow and afterwards to Paris for the sake of his education. After his father's death, he returned to Scotland and joined his mother's kinsman, Archbishop Lambert of St. Andrews, who presented him to Edward, entreating the King to restore him to his inheritance. Edward, on learning who he was, deridingly told him he had "no service for any such traitor's son:" an answer not unlike that which he gave to Robert Bruce, when he reminded Edward of his promise to assist in placing him on the Scottish throne,—"What," said Edward, "have we nothing else to do but to conquer kingdoms for you?" After the escape of Bruce from England, Sir James joined him, and assisted at his coronation at Scone in 1306. On that occasion, each adherent of the cause of Bruce cast into a common heap a little portion of the soil of his estate, as a pledge of his

The Good Sir James.

Assisted at the coronation of Bruce at Scone in 1306.

fealty; Sir James also adding a portion of the soil of Douglas. This little mound is yet called "omnis terra." Shortly after, having but few followers, Bruce was defeated by the Earl of Pembroke at Methven, and again at Dalrie. For some time afterwards the party lurked about the west coast. Sir James here separated from the King; and, coming to Douglasdale, made himself known to his faithful retainer Thomas Dickson, who had also been his father's confidential servant, and resided at Hazleside, a small property which had been bestowed upon him by Sir James on account of his services to the family. His connection with the family forms one of the most interesting episodes in the history of the Douglases. At first, when Sir James presented himself to Thomas Dickson, he was so disguised in mean attire that he did not recognise his master; but on making himself known, Dickson received him with tears of joy, and concealing him in his house, brought to him by degrees, and in small numbers for fear of detection, a party of the boldest and most stalwart of their friends. The object Sir James had in view was, the capture of his own Castle of Douglas, and the destruction of the English garrison who then retained it, and who were well aware of the defeats which Bruce's partizans had recently sustained at Methven and Dalrie, thereby relaxing their vigilence. It was planned by Sir James and his friends that they should lie in ambush on Palm Sunday, which was at hand, and which was observed by the English as a high religious festival, in which the garrison would probably march in solemn procession to St. Brides Church, about a quarter of a mile from the Castle; and by cutting off the majority of their number, lead to the capitulation of the remainder. It was further concerted that

Sir James surprised the Castle of Douglas, forming the celebrated Douglas Larder.

Dickson and another, with their arms concealed, should enter the Church along with the English, and in case of any premature alarm, they were to defend the entrance till the Douglases should arrive. As it was anticipated, the English with palms in their hands marched to the Church, closely followed by Dickson and his companion, forming a part of the ordinary attendance. They had not long entered the Church, when Sir James and his friends, starting from their ambush rather prematurely, raised the Douglas slogan,—"a Douglas! a Douglas!" when the garrison, instantly becoming alive to their danger, rushed towards the door; but Dickson and his companion, throwing off their mantles and drawing their swords, made such an onslaught that seven of the enemy were slain before the arrival of their friends. During the fray the stalwart Thomas Dickson received a sword cut across the abdomen, which laying it entirely open, his bowels gushed out; but the brave old man, supporting them with his left hand, continued the fight, and although in this disabled state, slew several of his foes, till overpowered by numbers he was trampled down and slain. The Douglases arriving at this critical juncture, before any of the English had emerged from the Church, fell upon them, and although they defended themselves gallantly in the narrow aisles of the Church, slew twenty-seven of them, making prisoners of the rest, whom they shortly hanged on the branches of an old oak hard by the Castle, in revenge for the death of the brave Thomas Dickson.* Sir James next turned his attention to the

Episode of his servant, Thomas Dickson.

* The farm of Hazleside was given by Sir James in fee to Thomas Dickson, as a reward for his faithful services, a considerable time previous to the event above recorded. The Dicksons have long ceased to be possessors of it. But one William Dickson, said to be his lineal descendant, is at present tenant of

Castle; and on approaching it, they found the gate open,—the porter standing outside, unconscious of what had passed at the Church,—and on entering, they found the cloth laid and the cook busily plying his vocation. The Douglases then sat down and regaled themselves with the good cheer which had been prepared for their enemies. Sir James well knew that it was impossible for him to hold the Castle with the small band of friends who had taken part with him in this exploit, as the surrounding country was entirely in the hands of the English; and finding that there was abundance of corn, wine, ale, and other provisions in the stores and cellars, he set his men to work to render them useless to the enemy. They threw the carcases of horses, and the gory bodies of the prisoners they had slain, among the heaps of grain, and knocking in the heads of the wine and ale casks, poured their contents over them,—forming what was termed the Douglas Larder. After this they set fire to the Castle and retired to their hiding places. And although it must have been a severe trial to Sir

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the farm of Dyke on the Douglas property, where his progenitors have been tacksmen for several generations: and the tongue of tradition has recorded, that the dust of the doughty Thomas Dickson, his brave and faithful ancestor, lies buried at the threshold of the door of the old Church of St. Brides, in the spot where he fell, and where he so valiantly assailed the English. There is also a tradition that there formerly existed in St. Brides a statue of Thomas Dickson holding up his bowels with his left hand whilst he brandished his sword in his right. If such ever existed, it will probably be found buried among the rubbish which now fills the roofless and ruined portion of St. Brides; and where it is also likely that many of the tombs of the Douglases may yet be discovered, whom History records to have been buried there.

"The English Oak," as it is called, stands in front of the western aspect of the modern Castle. It is a splendid specimen; from its root, which is perhaps fifteen feet in circumference, to its apex, it is perfectly straight, giving out but few branches till towards its upper third, where there are the decayed remains of several large boughs. A thousand summers may probably have ministered to its growth; but it is now in the grasp of a deadly foe, for from its root to its summit the ivy has thickly enveloped both trunk and branch with its parasitical embrace, sucking its juices, and excluding the invigorating breath and light of heaven.

James to set fire, with his own hand, to his patrimonial Castle, it was yet very consolatory to know that he had deprived his foes of one of their best strongholds. He again took the Castle, which had been repaired by the Lord Clifford,—Sir John Walton being governor. Sir James caused fourteen of his men to pass along the neighbouring road with sacks on their backs, as if going to market at Lanark; Walton took the bait, and sallying forth to seize the corn, fell into the ambush laid for him by Sir James, when he and nearly all his men were slain. Sir James on this occasion razed the Castle. By these means he drove the English out of Douglasdale, Ettrick Forest, and Jedburgh. On one occasion, whilst holding his accustomed rendezvous at a place called Lintalee, in Jed Forest,—from whence he made constant forays across the borders upon the English,—he annoyed them to such an extent, that the government sent Thomas de Richmont with 10,000 men bearing axes wherewith to cut down the Jed Forest. Douglas and his men were feasting at Lintalee, preparatory to making an inroad upon the English border, being in need of beeves, when he learned through his scouts that the English were at hand. He drew his little army into a hollow, beside a narrow defile through which the enemy had to pass; the Scots meantime twining the branches of the underwood across the narrow path, to obstruct the enemy's horse—(still commemorated in one of the Douglas shields by a wreath of stakes). The Scots lay concealed till Douglas thought the English far enough advanced and entangled in the wood, when they rushed from their ambuscade, making a great carnage of the enemy; and Douglas singling out their commander, slew him, when his panic-stricken army made the best of their way across the

Sir James takes Douglas Castle a second time, and razed it.

border. Meantime Ellis, an English Churchman, with 300 followers, had fallen upon the good cheer of the Scots; who, returning rather unseasonably, interrupted their stolen repast and slew them almost to a man. To reward Douglas, King Robert granted him the lordship of the town, castle and forest of Jedworth, with Bonjedworth and the Mains of Jedworth. About 1373, the English had possession of nearly all the places of strength on the Scottish border,—a feud having arisen between William, Earl of Douglas, and Lord Percy, the English Warder, who kept possession of the lands and forest of Jedburgh; but by the valour of Douglas, in 1384, they were driven out of Scotland. In 1313, he surprised the Castle of Roxburgh, then called Marchmont. Sir James was a chief actor at the battle of Bannockburn, fought 22d June, 1314; in which Edward II., with from 150,000 to 300,000 in an open field, was defeated by 30,000 or 35,000 Scots. Sir James was knighted on the field; and, on that account, always preferred being addressed by his title of Sir James to that of Lord Douglas. When Edward fled from Bannockburn, he was hotly pursued by Sir James as far as Dunbar, from whence the King went by sea and narrowly escaped being made prisoner by Sir James, who was anxious to have reminded Edward of his civility when he told him he had "no service for any such traitor's son." In 1316 King Robert went to Ireland, and Edward thought to revenge himself on the Scots for his defeat at Bannockburn. Sir James raised an army and defeated him with great loss. At length, after many inroads upon the English, Edward, in 1322, complained to the Pope against King Robert for his invasions, who sent a legate to admonish him to desist; but as he would not obey, and Sir James

A chief actor at Bannockburn 22d June, 1314.

1322, Edward complained to the Pope.

and Thomas Randolph following at the heels of the legate, they were accursed three times a day by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and by all the priests in England! In 1319, when Edward besieged Berwick, Douglas and Randolph entered England advancing close to York, and encountering the English, they slew 4,000 of them, and 1,000 were drowned in the Swail with a number of priests. King Robert at this time (1322) renewed the Charter of Douglasdale to Sir James, after the battle of Billand, in which they again defeated Edward and obliged him to sue for peace. Sir James was then sent to France, to negotiate the resignation of Baliol to the Scottish crown in favor of Bruce; which he is said to have accomplished in a dexterous manner. The English were so frequently overcome, that their writers alleged Sir James had bribed their commanders; but the Scots retorted, they were so poor they had no gold to spare, but paid them off with the sharp steel. King Robert, having died on 7th July, 1329, had previously commissioned Sir James to carry his heart to be buried at Jerusalem. Taking with him a number of gentlemen of good quality, amongst whom were Sir William Sinclair of Roslin, Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig, and Sir William Keith, who falling into an ambush, were, with their leader Sir James, slain.* The historian De Froysard states that he took the heart of the King and buried it with great solemnity before the high altar at Jerusalem; others say that it was brought back by Sir William Keith and buried at Melrose. The bones of Sir James were embalmed and brought to Scotland, and were buried in the Church of St. Brides at Douglas.

1319, Battle of the Swail.

1322, Bruce renewed the charter of Douglasdal.

King Robert died 7th July 1322

Sir James goes to the Holy Land with Bruce's heart

Slain by the Saracens, 20th August, 1330. His bones buried in St. Brides.

* Godscroft.

The date of his death is 20th August, 1330. He is said to have fought the English in fifty-seven battles, and thirteen against the Saracens. The following eulogistic lines are characteristic of the poetry of the times:—

> "Good Sir James Douglas,
> Who wise, and wight, and worthy was,
> Was never over glad for winning,
> Nor yet over sad for tineing:
> Good fortune and evil chance
> He weighed both in one balance."

Hugh, fourth of that name and ninth Lord, succeeded his brother Sir James. He is stated to have been a man of dull and inactive habits. He resigned the title in favor of his brother Archibald, Lord Galloway, afterwards slain at Hallidon Hill. The said Hugh outlived his brother ten years, and granted a charter of resignation to his nephew William, who died in 1343 without issue.

Archibald Douglas, Lord Galloway, Governor of Scotland, and third brother to the Good Sir James, next succeeded.

After the death of King Robert, who had married his son David to Jane, sister of Edward III., with the hope that it would assist in maintaining peace betwixt the two countries, but regardless of his solemn renunciation of all territorial right in Scotland, the English King stirred up Edward Baliol (son of the said John Baliol, competitor of King Robert) to claim the Scottish crown. Edward agreed to assist him on condition that he should hold the crown from him. Through the agency of an English monk, under pretence of "giving him physic for the gravel," he caused Thomas Randolph, Earl of Murray, then Governor, to be poisoned; and assisting

Edward Baliol with 6,000 English, entered Scotland and gained the battle of Duplin,—in which Duncan, Earl of Mar, then governor, was slain, and King David Bruce and his Queen were obliged to fly to France for safety. Edward Baliol was crowned at Scone in 1332; and having proceeded to Annan, Archibald, Lord Galloway, went against him, and coming suddenly upon him, he was constrained to fly, half naked, on a cart horse without saddle or bridle; nor did he stop till he reached Carlisle, where he was compelled to keep his christmas with the friars. In 1333, Baliol having sworn fealty, to the English King he took him openly under his protection, besieging Berwick by sea and land. Archibald, Lord Galloway, having been appointed commander of the Scottish army, went against him at Hallidon Hill,—that fatal battle in which from 10,000 to 14,000 Scots were slain. It was during this siege of Berwick that Edward caused the two sons of Sir Alexander Seton, the governor, to be hanged in sight of their parents, because Sir Alexander would not deliver up the town. Lord Archibald and the whole Scottish army were so inflamed with indignatino at the shameful infraction of the laws of war by the murder of the Setons, that they foolishly attacked the English against great odds and in a strong position. Archibald Douglas, Lord Galloway, was there slain with a number of the nobility, and the few who were taken prisoners were beheaded next day. In consequence of this defeat, Edward Baliol was once more confirmed King by the Scottish Parliament,—the whole country submitting, excepting the strong Castles of Lochleven, Dumbarton, Kildrummie, Urquhart, and Loudonpeel.

Archibald, Lord Galloway, defeated Edward Baliol in 1332.

Battle of Hallidon Hill. Lord Archibald slain.

It may be necessary here to mention William, Lord

William, Lord of Liddesdale.

of Liddesdale, called the Flower of Chivalry. Some writers say he was the natural son of the Good Sir James; others, that he was the legitimate heir of James Douglas of Loudon. Having been wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Annan, he was detained in England for three years along with Regent Murray, till 1335; they were then set at liberty by paying ransome. This Lord of Liddesdale has been much lauded for his valorous deeds in arms, and was the chief supporter of King David's cause during a period in which Scotland was distracted by internal wars. Robert Stewart, who was then the colleague of Murray in the government, assumed the Lord of Liddesdale to assist him. Murray died after recovering the north of Scotland to David Bruce. Douglas soon reduced Teviotdale, Nithsdale, Annandale, and Clydesdale excepting the Hermitage, and drove out the English. These places were lost after the battle of Durham, and again recovered by William, first Earl of Douglas. In 1339 Lord Liddesdale went to France to inform King David of the state of his realm, and while there he obtained pardon of the French King for one Hugh Hambel, a famous pirate. In the meantime Robert Stewart laid siege to St. Johnston, before which they lay ten weeks and despaired of taking it, when Lord Liddesdale arrived in the Tay, bringing with him Hambel, the pirate, with five well-appointed ships. After recovering Cupar, he returned to St. Johnston, where he was struck on the leg by a cross-bow shaft. The Earl of Ross, by mining, drew the water from the fosses, which enabled the soldiers to "beat the defenders from off the walls, especially by shooting of darts and arrows out of the engines they had caused make; and so they rendered, and departed with bag and

He drives the English out of Scotland.

baggage in the year 1340." In four days thereafter Stirling was taken on like conditions.

In this year, 1341, Lord Liddesdale took the Castle of Edinburgh by stratagem,—having introduced a party of his men as if in charge of some hogsheads of wine, etc.: he made his brother William governor. In 1342, by the valour of Douglas, Alexander Ramsay, and John Randolph, the English were driven out of Scotland, excepting the town of Berwick. King David returned from France on 2d June, 1342; and making it his business to reward those that had been faithful to him, unwarily bestowed the Sheriffdom of Liddesdale on Ramsay, which so incensed Lord Liddesdale that, four months after, whilst Ramsay was exercising the duties of Sheriff in Hawick, he set upon him, slew some of his people, and having wounded him, he threw him on a horse and took him to Hermitage, where, after living seventeen days on the grains of corn which fell from a loft above, he died of famine.—So says the black book of Scone. David was bent upon punishing Liddesdale, who, hiding himself in "the mountains and desert places," at length obtained the King's pardon, chiefly through Robert Stewart, his friend, and cousin to the King. In 1346, at the battle of Durham, the Scots were vanquished, King David taken prisoner, and among others, William, Earl of Douglas and Lord Liddesdale; but Edward having the King in possession, released the others. In the end, Lord Liddesdale, after a life spent in the defence of his country, in successful passages of arms against the English, and in restoring his Sovereign to the throne, whereby he obtained the title of "The Flower of Chivalry,"—whilst hunting in Ettrick Forest, was set upon and slain by his cousin the Earl of Douglas A.D. 1353.

In 1341 Lord Liddesdale took the Castle of Edinburgh.

King David returned from France 2d June 1342.

Lord Liddesdale slain by the Earl of Douglas, 1353.

Some writers maintain that jealousy was the source of this outrage,—conceiving that there existed too great an intimacy betwixt Lord Liddesdale and his Countess. According to a very old ballad,

> "The Countess of Douglas out of her bower she came,
> And loudly there that she did call:
> It is for the Lord of Liddesdale
> That I let all those tears down fall.

"The song also declareth how she did write her love letters to Liddesdale, to dissuade him from that hunting." His eulogists term him, "second to none—the flower of chivalry—terrible and dreadful in arms; meek, mild, and gentle in peace—the scourge of England and sure buckler and wall of Scotland, whom neither hard success could make slack, nor prosperous slothful." David Hume, in his strenuous endeavors to maintain the honor of the family through good report and through bad, says, "I must wish this nobleman had been free from so foul a blot, and I would fain vindicate him; and some small appearance there is that it was not his deed." Scotland was at that time in a state of semibarbarism; and there were few families of any note to which there was not attached some deed of blood, arising from hereditary feuds and ambitious jealousies, originating the desire for revenge, then accounted a cardinal virtue. On account of the death of Sir James, the house of Douglas was divided against itself, pursuing each other with rancorous enmity and much bloodshed. The Douglases of Dalkeith, Caldercleer, and Strabrock, took part against the Earl; who, to regain the favor and support of his relatives, resigned the lands of Dalkeith, Newlands, and Kilbucho, to Mary, daughter of the Lord of Liddesdale.

Character of the Lord of Liddesdale.

Family feuds of the Douglases.

William, tenth Lord Douglas and first Earl of Angus.

William, tenth Lord, and son of Archibald, Lord

Galloway, who was slain at Hallidon Hill, next succeeded his uncle Hugh. It was in the person of this William that the Earldom of Angus came into the family, and which at last became the main stem. He was thrice married; first to Margaret, daughter of the Earl of Dunbar and March. His second wife was Margaret Mar, daughter of Donald, or Duncan, Earl of Mar, by whom he had two sons,—James, slain at Otterburn, and Archibald the Grim, Lord Galloway, afterwards Earl of Douglas. After the death of Margaret Mar, William married for his third wife Margaret Stewart, daughter of Thomas Stewart, Earl of Angus, and heiress of the lands and Earldom of Angus. This Thomas Stewart, Earl of Angus, was brother to Walter Stewart, Great Steward of Scotland, who married Marjory Bruce, daughter of King Robert,—thus by marriage connecting the house of Angus with the Royal blood. William, Earl of Douglas and Mar in his wife's right, had a son and daughter by her,—George and Isabella. George succeeded to the Earldom of Mar through his mother; and Isabella was executrix of the lands, who bestowed them upon her brother George. By a charter he gave to his sister, Uterine Eleonora de Bruce, the Barony of Wester Calder. She was married to Sir James Sandilands, by whom only the Douglas arms are assumed. William returned from France, where he was brought up, shortly before the battle of Durham, where the King in the morning made many Knights, and created William Earl of Douglas, "that they might fight the more valiantly." Having recovered Douglasdale, Ettrick Forest, Tweeddale, and Teviotdale from the English, he next entered England, burned Norham, and routed the English at Nisbet Moor, taking many prisoners. He also

William, tenth Lord, his three Marriages.

Earldom of Angus.

William, first Earl of Douglas at the Battle of Durham.

took Berwick by escalade; but Edward coming to its rescue, the Scots pillaged and burned it, and razed the walls. The Earl next went into France with 3,000 men, and was present at the battle of Poictiers. He narrowly escaped being made prisoner; but Archibald Douglas, son of Good Sir James, and William Ramsay of Colluthie were taken prisoners. Archibald Douglas feigning to be Colluthie's servingman, pulling off his boots, etc., which procured him his liberty at a small ransome.

King David proposes the Union.

In 1363, King David proposed to his Parliament that, having no children, the nobles should consent to the union with England; but, greatly to their honor, it is recorded they with one consent raised such a clamour, and protested that so long as they could handle their arms they would never consent to it. The Earl of Douglas especially took it to heart, and entered into a league with Robert Stewart, Earl of Strathern, next heir to the throne, Patrick, Earl of March, George, Earl of Murray, and John Stewart of Kyle, afterwards Robert III.: they carried it so far that they were almost in open rebellion, till in 1366 David yielded, and they again swore fealty to him. He died in the Castle of Edinburgh, in a tower he himself had raised, and was buried in Holyrood. After his death, at a convention of the states at Linlithgow, for the purpose of declaring Robert Stewart, son of Marjory Bruce, King, the Earl of Douglas attended, and claimed the crown as the descendant of the eldest daughter of King David, Earl of Huntingdon, and one degree nearer than his competitor, Robert Stewart. He claimed it also through John Cumming, Earl of Mar. The Earl came with such a retinue, that they feared he would take it by force of arms; but, finding that a majority of the nobility were adverse to

King David died in the Castle of Edinburgh.

Earl William claims the Crown.

his claim, he prudently desisted. Undoubtedly, if history is to be believed, the claim of the house of Douglas is prior to that of the Stewarts. The peace betwixt the two countries, which was to have lasted fourteen years, was, shortly after the coronation of Robert II., broken. At Roxburgh fair, some servants of the Earl of March were slain by the English. The Earl could get no satisfaction for this outrage; and next year he went with his followers, slew all the men of the town, and sacked and burned it. Sometime after, the Earl of Northumberland entered Scotland with 16,000 men. The Earl of Douglas meeting Sir Thomas Musgrave with 300 spearmen and 30 archers, took Sir Thomas prisoner and 300 of his men, besides those he slew. The Earl in the same year (1380) entered England with 20,000 men, and took 40,000 cattle from the fair of Penrith,—it was said, in revenge for the men of Newcastle having taken a Scotch pirate ship worth £70,000. In 1381 a truce for three years was made with England. On this occasion John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and other Lords, met for that purpose the Earls of Douglas and March. Meantime an insurrection took place in England, by Jack Straw; and when Lancaster reached Berwick, the gates were shut against him. He was glad to accept an escort by the Earl and his brother to Holyrood, where he remained till it was settled. Archibald, Lord Galloway, with the Earls of Douglas and March, took the Castle of Lochmaben; to revenge which, the Duke of Lancaster entered Scotland, rifled Edinburgh, wasted the country, and returned home. But Earl Douglas took all the places of strength in Teviotdale, with the exception of Roxburgh, seizing the

The Earl takes Sir Thomas Musgrave and 300 men prisoners.

Died in Douglas Castle in 1384.

robbers that infested it. He died of fever in Douglas Castle, and was buried in Melrose in 1384.

James, 2nd Earl of Douglas succeeded, 1384.

James, second Earl of Douglas, and second of that name, succeeded to the title in 1384. He was twice married: first to Euphan, daughter of Robert II.,—by her he had a son, who died in infancy. He had also two natural sons,—William, ancester of the house of Drumlanrig, and Archibald, ancestor of the house of Cavers: of William also was descended the houses of Coshogle, Pinyrie, &c. Archibald Douglas, first of Coshogle, and second son of William of Drumlanrig, was, as we learn, married to a Pringle, of the house of Gallashields, who bore him twelve sons; and after his death, she was married to one Carmel Wallace, and had twelve more to him! He was, during his father's lifetime, in 1381, sent ambassador to France, in the time of Charles VII. On his return, he recovered the town of Berwick, and wasted the country as far as Newcastle. In 1384 a truce was concluded between France, England, and Scotland; but meantime the Earls of Northumberland and Nottingham, to annoy the Scots, attacked them with 20,000 men, devastating the country, especially the lands of the Douglases and Lindsays. The King was desirous of keeping the truce, and endeavoured to pacify them; but Douglas, Dunbar, and Lindsay quietly got together 15,000 horse, and entering England, spoiled the lands of the Earls of Northumberland and Nottingham, as also those of the Mowbrays,—after which the truce was proclaimed. On its expiry, John de Vienne, Admiral of France, brought over 2,000 men, with 400 cuirasses and 400 half-long swords, with a not less acceptable gift of 50,000 crowns. They entered Eng-

Sent Ambassador to France, 1381

In 1384, the Earls of Douglas and Dunbar, etc., invaded England.

land again, with the Earl of Douglas as their leader, taking the Castles of Wark, Ford, and Cornwall, spoiling and burning the country as usual; but they were driven back by the heavy rains of the season. King Richard shortly after, in revenge, invaded Scotland with 60,000 foot and 8,000 horse, spoiling the religious houses of Newbattle, Melrose, and Dryburgh, not even sparing the monks. The odds of 30,000 English was so great, that Douglas, against the wish of the French Admiral, refused to meet them, but wasted Cumberland. Both armies returned home without meeting. In the following year the Earl of Douglas, Robert Stewart, Earl of Fife, and Archibald Douglas, Lord of Galloway, so secretly and suddenly crossed the Solway with 3,000 men, that they surprised Cockermouth; and gathering a rich booty, returned through Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Northumberland without any hindrance. And shortly afterwards, Archibald, Lord Galloway, and the Earl of Fife made another raid in England,—to avenge which the English sent an army into Scotland, originating the battle of Otterburn; "for the Scots irritated herewith, boiled with a desire of revenge, being at that time very flourishing with strong youth, and never better furnished with commanders." King Robert being seventy-three years old, and inclined to peace, they applied to his second son, the Earl of Fife. They kept their enterprize quiet, lest the two Kings should interfere to prevent it. They assembled in August, according to Froysard, 40,000 men. Half of this army entered by Carlisle, led by the King's two sons and Archibald, Lord Galloway; the other half led by the Earl of Douglas, the Earls of March, Murray, Crawford, and Errol, also Lord Montgomery, Patrick Hepburn of Hales, and his two sons.

Raid in England by Douglas and the Earl of Fife,

They crossed the Tyne and were past Durham before the English were aware; the first notice they had of this inroad was the burning of the country. The Earl of Northumberland sent his two sons, Henry, surnamed Hotspur, and Ralph, to oppose the Scots at Newcastle, where Hotspur offered combat to the Earl of Douglas. They mounted on fair steeds and ran together at outrance, in which encounter the Earl bore Percy out of his saddle; but the English that were by rescued him, so that he could not come at himself, but snatched away his spear with his quidor, or whittor, and holding it aloft and shaking it, he cried out aloud that he would carry that into Scotland as his spoil." Outnumbered by the English, the Earl struck his camp and retired slowly toward Scotland, "being laden with booty," which sending forward, they took and demolished the Castle of Pontilon, taking Sir Aymer of Alphel prisoner,—encamping at Otterburn, about twelve miles from Newcastle, where the Earl remained several days "that they might quell the Percy's bragging, who affirmed that they should not carry his spear to Scotland."

Encounter betwixt Douglas and Hotspur.

Major writes, that at this battle of Otterburn the Earl of Douglas fought with great valour; having a mace of iron which two ordinary men were not able to lift! and that he made a "lane round about him wherever he went." When his friends reached him in the midst of the enemy, he was lying on the ground with three deadly wounds; and covering him with a cloak, they raised his standard, and crying "a Douglas! a Douglas!" again began the fight. The two Percies having been taken prisoners, the English army fled. There was such grief in both divisions of the Scottish army for the death of Douglas, that they returned to Scotland as if they had

Battle of Otterburn.

Death of Earl Douglas.

been beaten. He was buried at Melrose, beside his father, in the presence of the whole army, and with all the pomp and solemnity which the abbot and monks could devise.

Buried at Melros

William, Lord of Nithsdale, natural son to Archibald, Lord Galloway, commonly called "The Black Douglas," deserves notice here. Writers say he was principal of the youth of Scotland, "tall and straight, a mighty personage, valiant, courteous, amiable, faithful, merry in company and pleasant, of such great strength that whomsoever he struck with sword or mace fell to the ground; he was also wise and sober." His accomplishments so gained the favour of Robert II., that he preferred him to all the nobles who sought his daughter in marriage. The name of King Robert's daughter was Giles, or Egidia, "and she was a mirror of rare and singular beauty," so that the French King sent ambassadors to desire her in marriage; but before they arrived she was married to the Black Douglas. To punish some Irish marauders, he made a descent upon the coast of Ireland, took and burned Cartinford; he also took sixty ships, and lading fifteen of them with the spoil, burned the rest. He was also made Admiral of the fleet of 250 sail, to convey an army against the Infidels; but from envy, on the part of Lord Clifford it is said, he was assasinated. It is also said that the town of Dantzic was saved by him, in commemoration of which the Douglas arms were carved over the gate; and that Scotchmen still enjoy particular privileges there,—a suburb of the town being called little Scotland. He was styled Duke of Spruce and Prince of Danskin. He died in 1389.

William Lord of Nithsdale, the Black Douglas married to Egidia, Daughter of Robert II.

Dantzic saved by him.

Died in 1389.

Archibald the Grim.

Archibald the Grim, third Earl and twelfth Lord of Douglas and Bothwell, succeeded his brother James, slain at Otterburn. He married the daughter of Andrew Murray, nephew of King David Bruce; by her he had two sons,—William, who died before his father, and Archibald, who succeeded to the titles. By her he obtained the lordship of Bothwell and other lands. He had also a daughter named Marjory, married to David, Prince of Scotland. He refused a dukedom from Robert III. in 1396, as "a novelty and empty title," having no advantage "save an airy show of appearing honor to please the humour of ambitious minds, of which he was none." At this time, George Dunbar, Earl of March, had betrothed his daughter Elizabeth to David, Prince of Scotland, and had paid a large part of her portion before-hand; but the Earl of Douglas alleged that the King had no right to contract his son without consent of the States, and by offering a larger portion with his own daughter Marjory than March had done, obtained through his friendship with the Duke of Albany, and with consent of the Parliament, the rescinding of the contract. The marriage of Marjory Douglas and Prince David was solemnised in the Church of Bothwell. The Earl of March went to the King and upbraided him for his breach of promise, demanded restitution of the money he had paid as the portion of his daughter, and threatened to be revenged for the disgrace put upon his family. Retiring from court, he fortified his Castle of Dunbar, and going into England, joined Hotspur, the hereditary enemy of the Douglases,—making frequent inroads on the borders, especially on the lands of the Earl of Douglas. They wasted the country round Haddington, burning the towns of Hales, Traprain, Markhill, &c.;

but on the approach of Douglas, they retreated in such haste that they left their booty and all their own luggage behind them. They were overtaken near Berwick, and some of them slain: the Earl returned to Edinburgh with great triumph. He died shortly after of fever, in 1400. He left a character for "high prowess and noble valour." He was singularly pious, "and most religious according to these times!" He founded the College of Bothwell for religious purposes; and both Boetius and Major say that he expelled the nuns from the Monastery of Lincluden, on account of having "kept not their chastity."

Died in 1400.

His character.

Archibald, thirteenth Lord and fourth Earl, Lord of Bothwell, Galloway, and Annandale, first Duke of Touraine, Lord of Longueville, Marshall of France. He was second son of Archibald the Grim, and married Margaret, daughter of Robert III. She was buried in the Church of Lincluden. By her he had two sons,—Archibald, afterwards Earl of Wigton, and James, Lord Abercorn. called "Gross James:" he had also two daughters,—Margaret and Elizabeth. Shortly after his succession, Henry IV. entered Scotland and laid siege to Edinburgh; but the Castle being valiantly defended by the Earl of Douglas, he was obliged, on the approach of winter, to retire with great loss. He was followed into England by the Earl of Douglas, who wasted the country as usual. On his return, it was concerted that certain barons and gentlemen should watch the borders by turns. It fell first upon Thomas Haliburton, Lord of Dirlton, who successfully robbed the English and returned in safety. But Patrick Hepburn, yr. of Hales, was not so successful: having taken a rich booty, he remained a day too

Archibald, first Duke of Touraine, Marshall of France etc.

Married Margaret, daughter of Robert III.

long, and the enemy following, overtook him at Wester Nisbet; the Scots had well nigh been victorious, when George Dunbar, eldest son of the Earl of March, bringing in 100 fresh horse, slew Patrick Hepburn and the flower of the gentlemen of Lothian; this was on 22d June, 1401. The locality is yet called the Slaughter Hill. Many were also taken prisoners, viz., Murdoch, George Earl of Angus, Thomas, Earl of Murray, Robert Erskine of Alloa, James Douglas, eldest son of Lord Dalkeith, and his two brothers, John and William, &c. It is stated in the black book of Scone, that George, Earl of Angus, and Alexander Home of Dunglas died of plague whilst prisoners. Thus ended the battle of Homildon in 1402. Whilst Earl Douglas was a prisoner, "the Duke of Rothsay became so riotous and insolently unruly, that the King committed him to his brother, the governor, to tame him, who shut him up in Falkland, and starved him to death,—apparently a favorite mode in those days of getting rid of obnoxious rivals. At this time a conspiracy was formed against King Henry by the Earl of Northumberland, Owen Glendower, and other Lords. Percy, who had so far become reconciled to Earl Douglas, offered him Berwick and part of Northumberland for his share if he would join him. The rebels parcelled England into three parts (so graphically set forth by Shakspere); and Douglas getting leave to go home, he returned with many friends and followers, and was appointed to lead the van. In the battle Douglas slew the Earl of Stafford, and three others who were apparelled like the King. When he saw Henry advancing against him, he called out in great wrath, "*Where the devil were all these Kings born?*" and dashing fiercely at him, threw him off his horse, killing Sir

Battle of Homildon.

George, Earl of Angus and Alex. Home of Douglas, died of plague.

Duke of Rothsay starved to death.

Rebellion by Percy

Earl Douglas leads the Van.

Overthrows King Henry.

Walter Blunt, the standard bearer, and overthrowing the standard The King was rescued by his son, and remounted. Resuming the battle, the rebels were overcome; and Percy being slain, ended the rebellion. Douglas was taken prisoner; and when others were complaining of their wounds, he, on account of an injury he did not care to be known, remarked that "They sit full still that have a riven breik." He was much esteemed by Henry on account of his high character and valorous conduct. At the death of Robert III. he obtained his freedom and returned to Scotland, through the good offices of his former foe, the Earl of March,—for whom after his return he negociated the restoration of March; but on condition that his Castles of Lochmaben and Dunbar should remain to the Earl and his heirs,—shewing that the said Earl had a shrewd eye to his own special agrandisement. At this time (1420) a contingent of 7,000 were sent from Scotland to assist the Dauphin of France in the civil war then raging: they were led by John, Earl of Buchan, and Archibald, Earl of Wigton,—son and son-in-law to Archibald, Earl of Douglas. The cause of the Dauphin succeeded, chiefly through the valour of the Scots; to recompense which the Dauphin mortgaged the Dukedom of Touraine to the Earl of Wigton,—valued at 10,000 crowns. His father, the Earl of Douglas, was afterwards made absolute Duke of Touraine and Lord of Longueville. Wigton was made Marshall and Constable of France. Henry died in 1421, and not long after King Charles of France also died; after which Buchan and Wigton returned to Scotland. In 1423 the Dauphin sent again for Wigton, who being sick, his father, the Earl of Douglas, went in person, accompanied by a great number of the young

Douglas taken prisoner.

Earl Douglas goes to France with 10,000 men.

nobles of Scotland and 10,000 men. At the battle of Vernuil,—strife having arisen between Buchan and the Duke of Touraine, who did not at that time wish to fight,—things were so ill arranged that the English, under the Earl of Bedford, gained the victory. The Duke, Buchan, Sir Alexander Lindsay, Robert Stewart, Sir John Swinton, and 2,000 men were slain; Sir Alexander Home of Dunglas was also slain. It is said Sir Alexander went to take leave of the Duke, who told him he could not believe they should ever have been parted; to whom he replied, "surely then, my Lord, I shall not part," and sent his brother, David of Wedderburn, back to take care of his house and family in case of his death,—which he did with such fidelity that he purchased for Thomas, one of his younger nephews, the lands of Tiningham, and for another, James, the lands of Sprot. It is also stated that there was one John Carmichael, of the house of Carmichael in Douglasdale, chaplain to the Duke of Touraine,—curiously enough called "a valiant and learned gentleman,"—who remained in France, and for his valour and worth was made Bishop of Orleans: it was he who assisted Joan d'Arc at the siege of Orleans, and mentioned in the history of that maiden.

The Earl of Douglas, Sir A. Home of Douglas and many nobles slain at the Battle of Vernuil.

John Carmichael, Chaplain to the Duke, assisted Joan of Arc at the siege of Orleans.

The Duke was buried in the Church of St. Gratious at Tours, 20th August, 1424. His coat of arms long remained over the gate of that town. His virtue and valour are unquestionable; his success as a commander indifferent,—for which he obtained the soubriquet of "Tine man."

Duke buried at Tours, 1421.

Archibald, fourth of that name, fourteenth Lord, fifth Earl, first Earl of Wigton, Lord of Bothwell, Galloway,

Archibald, 2nd Duke of Touraine

Annandale, Longueville, and second Duke of Touraine, Marshall of France, succeeded to his father, Archibald, "Tine man." He married Maud Lindsay, daughter of David, Earl of Crawford. He had three children,—William, David, and Beatrix. Immediately after he succeeded, he, with his two colleagues, William Hay, constable, and Henry, Bishop of Aberdeen, negociated the release of James I., who was crowned 22d May, 1424. But whither it arose from jealousy of the power of the house of Douglas, or from an actual conspiracy having been discovered, none of the historians of the time have recorded, however, in the first year of his reign, the Duke of Douglas and some twenty-four of the chief nobility, including several of the Stewarts, were committed to prison; they were shortly liberated. But about two years after, the King again arrested the Duke and kept him long in prison; at last, by the intercession of the Queen and the Prelates, he and the Earl of Ross were released. The historian, Major, complains that our annals take no notice of the cause of the execution of the Stewarts, and imprisonment of Douglas in Lochleven, and of Lord Kennedy in Stirling. His release took place in October, 1430, on the occasion of the baptism of the King's twin sons, when he was apparently taken into favor, and his son William was made first Knight of fifty on that great occasion. He immediately afterwards went to France, and took possession of his Dutchy of Touraine. His absence allowed others to gain the favor of the King, especially the house of Angus, which was eventually the means of supereeding his family. He remained in France till 1437; in which year the King was slain at Perth by Patrick Graham and Robert Stewart, instigated by Walter Stewart, Earl

The Duke and many of the nobility imprisoned.

Released in 1430.

The Duke returns from France, 1437.

of Athol: Livingston being Governor and Crighton Chancellor. Douglas, who had no authority in the Government, retired to his own Castle, taking care that none should interfere with the privileges which had been granted his family for their services by former Kings. Through the jealousy of Livingston and Crighton, the men of Annandale, accustomed to rapine, attacked their neighbours, so that the district south of the Forth was in a state of anarchy. Livingston having possession of the young King at Stirling, finding his hands strengthened thereby, laid siege to the Castle of Edinburgh. Crighton requested the Earl's assistance, stating that Livingston intended to overthrow the nobility, especially the house of Douglas. The Earl, with the bravery and hardihood of his ancestors, returned for answer "That they were both alike,—false, coveteous, and ambitious; that their contentions were not of virtue, or for the good of their country, but only for their own particular quarrels and private commodity,—in which contentions there was no great matter which of them overcame, and if both should perish, the country were the better: neither could there be a more pleasant sight for all honest men than to see such a couple of fencers yolked together." This answer was certainly sufficiently contemptuous, and, as some have thought, impolitic; but it testified that the Earl had a just appreciation of their vile and interested motives. He died not long after of a "burning fever," in 1438, at Restalrig, near Leith,—then a fortified house of the Logans of Fastcastle, Gunsgreen, &c., in Berwickshire, who, with the Humes of the borders, were confederates of the Douglases; and in speaking of the power of the family, historians say that the "Humes and the Logans did not scruple to be their messengers

The Duke died of fever at Restalrig, 1438.

abroad." There is also that anecdote bearing upon the power of the Douglases and the generosity of this Duke's mind, in which, having conceived high indignation against Lord Kennedy, who had wronged him, he had the power to set a value upon his head, offering the lands of Stewarton to him who should bring it to him. The account relates that Lord Kennedy, knowing he could not long escape, thought it best to be the presenter of his own head, and claim the reward; and coming secretly to St. Ninian's Church, in Wigton, where the Duke was at his devotions, at the end of the service, offered his head to the Duke as one who had deserved and claimed the reward. "The Earl, seeing the resolution and confident assurance of the man," forgave and made him his friend, yielding to him and his heirs the said lands of Stewarton. The Duke was buried in St. Brides Church, Douglas.

Lord Kennedy offers his head to the Duke, and claims Stewarton.

William, sixth of that name, sixth Earl and third Duke, succeeded his father when but a youth,—said to have been of high spirit, and of a sweet and tractable disposition. During the lifetime of his father, and after the bold and contemptuous message the Duke sent to Crighton, Livingston and he made common cause against him, through fear; but after his death, Livingston, having the King in his hands, again set up on his own account on the 3d August, 1439. He imprisoned Lord Lorn and his brother, Sir James Stewaart, who had married the Queen mother, and confined her to a chamber in Stirling Castle, on suspicion that they favored the Duke. She was not released till she found caution by Sir Alexander Gordon, or Seaton, to pay 4,000 merks. But Crighton having stolen the young King and taken him to Edinburgh, they (Crighton and Living-

Queen Mother imprisoned in Stirling Castle.

ston) formed a new league for their mutual advantage. The nobility, from whatever cause, seemed to have been overawed,—with the exception of the young Duke of Touraine, in whom the spirit and patriotism of his ancient house, young as he was, seemed concentrated. His household was large, and when he appeared in public his ordinary following was 1,000 or 2,000 horse; and by his liberality, he had attached to him a large party of friends, having a regular council who assisted him and kept his affairs in singular good order. "He dubbed men knights, also, as he thought them worthy,"—at that time a prerogative of his house; and although but fourteen at the death of his father, the promise of the future nobility of his character was sufficiently conspicuous. It were unnecessary here to recount the historical facts, which are sufficiently known, how he and his younger brother David, yet a boy, were entrapped by Livingston and Crighton, under show of assisting at the councils of their young Sovereign, and deliberately murdered in a back court of the Castle. Malcolm Fleming of Cumbernauld, their chief counsellor, was also beheaded along with them. This was in 1440, when he was but sixteen years of age. Lives there a Scotchman within whose breast does not arise the deepest feeling of shame and indignation for this blot on the history of his country? and if the execration of posterity has ever branded names with dishonor, it has attached itself to those of the villain Crighton and the butcher Livingston.

Ordinary following of the young Duke of Touraine from 1000 to 2000 horse.

Murdered by Crighton and Livingston, 1480.

James, Lord of Abercorn, (called Gross James,) sixteenth Lord, seventh Earl ,and third Duke of Touraine, succeeded in 1440 his nephew William, murdered by Crighton. This Gross James succeeded to all the

Gross James, succeeded 1480 to the Entail, his niece to the others.

entailed lands of the family; but his niece, sister to the two young men who were beheaded, obtained the rest, viz., Galloway, Wigton, Balveny, Tornaud, Annandale, &c. She was called the fair maid of Galloway, and married her cousin William, eldest son of Gross James, by which the estates were kept together.

Gross James was married to Beatrix Sinclair, daughter of the Earl of Orkney, by whom he had seven sons and four daughters — William and James, who both became Earls of Douglas; Archibald, afterwards Earl of Murray; Hugh, created Earl of Ormond, with a gift of lands in Teviotdale; Ross, fifth son; John, Lord of Balveny; Henry, Bishop of Dunkeld; George, who died before he was fifteen: his daughters were—Margaret, married to Lord Dalkeith; Beatrix, to John Stewart, Duke of Albany; Janet, to Lord Fleming, of Cumbernauld; Elizabeth, who died unmarried. The writers of that time take little notice of this nobleman. Probably his great corpulency unfitted him for the active life which his position required; and there is no mention of his having taken any steps to avenge the death of his nephews. He died in 1443, and was buried in Douglas. He was succeeded by his son William, afterwards slain in Stirling Castle.

Died in 1443, was buried in Douglas.

William, fifth Duke, sixteenth Lord, and eighth Earl, succeeded his father, Gross James. He was a man of a different stamp; was said to resemble his grandfather; and took his cousin, who was slain in Edinburgh Castle, as his model. At his succession he convened his friends and partizans at Dumfries, and there chose his counsellors, and appointed the office-bearers in his household, &c.: for, by his marriage with his cousin, the family

William, fifth Duke, married his cousin.

estates were concentrated in his person, so that his magnificent revenues made him second only to royalty. But before he could marry his cousin, he sent to Rome for a dispensation, and fearing that the King and the other members of his family would throw impediments in the way, he did not wait for the dispensation, hastening the marriage in Lent — also forbidden. It was solemnised on Good Friday. "This was thought ominous, and the unhappy event confirmed the opinion." In 1444, the young King assumed the government. The Duke went to Stirling to pay his homage to him, and was received into favor. Crighton and Livingston, the old enemies of his house, the murderers of his cousins, well knowing that their downfall was certain, now that the Duke had obtained the ear of the King, immediately set about to plot his ruin. Livingston retired to his house; Crighton to the Castle of Edinburgh, of which he was yet governor. The Duke accused them of misgovernment, and of diverting the King's revenue to their private use and that of their friends. They were summoned to appear by a certain day; but, through fear of the King and the Duke, remembering the murder of his cousins, they failed to appear, and sent word that they were ready to give an account whenever they had removed from the King the "captain of thieves," as they chose to term the Duke, because many of his followers were border men. A second time they failed to appear, and were denounced rebels at a convention in Stirling; their goods being confiscated. John Forrester, of Corstorphine, a retainer of the Duke, was sent with a body of men, who spoiled and destroyed their lands and houses. Crichton assembled his friends, and in return spoiled the lands of Douglas at Corstorphine, Strabrock,

Power of the Douglases at its height.

Crighton and Livingston summoned.

Abercorn, and Blackness, driving away a race of mares the Duke had brought from Flanders. In this he is said to have been secretly abetted by Kennedy, Bishop of St. Andrews, the Earls of Angus and Morton, the kinsmen of Douglas. The Duke wrote to Earl Crawford, who, with Alexander Ogilvie of Inverarity, entered Fife and spoiled the Bishop's lands, who, "using his own weapons, curseth them, but they made small reckoning of his curses." The Ogilvies and Crawfords having disagreed, the Duke sent 500 Clydesdale men to assist the old friend of the family, the Earl of Crawford. In this feud 500 of the Ogilvies were slain. Meantime the Duke besieged Crichton for nine months in the Castle of Edinburgh, which he at last gave up on condition that his life should be spared. Crichton was afterwards forfeited by an act he himself had made. But Livingston, the other murderer of his cousins, did not so easily escape; for being summoned before the Parliament in Edinburgh, by whom himself, his two sons, two Douglases, and Robert Bruce of Airth, were forfeited, and their goods confiscated. Livingston and the two Douglases were condemned to perpetual imprisonment in Dumbarton; his two sons, James and Robert, and his cousin, David Livingston, and Bruce, were executed. Thus the Earl seemed to have some compensation for the murder of his innocent young cousins, in the ruin of Livingston and Crichton. The just judgment of Heaven having overtaken Livingston, in the execution of his two sons and his cousin, as it were before his eyes,—in the confiscation of his goods, and in his imprisonment for life. Crichton fared no better: his lands and goods were confiscated, though his life was spared. In the succeeding year, 1448, war again broke out with England, after

The Douglases cursed by Kennedy, Bishop of St. Andrews.

Crichton besieged for nine months in Edinburgh Castle by the Duke of Hamilton.

Livingston condemned to perpetual imprisonment, his two sons and his cousin executed.

Crichton forfeited, his lands and goods confiscated.

a lapse of twenty-five years. Incursions were made by the borderers on both sides, as usual. Dumfries was burned by the Earl of Salsbury; Dunbar spoiled by the Earl of Northumberland. In return, James Douglas, the Earl's brother, burned Alnwick. But a truce for seven years was soon agreed upon. At this time the Earl obtained the hand of the youngest daughter of James Dunbar, Earl of Murray, and niece to Robert II., for his third brother, Archibald, with the title of Earl of Murray: for his fourth brother he obtained the title of Earl of Ormond: for his fifth brother, John, the titles of Lord and Baron Balveny, with many rich lands. At this time much envy and discontent had arisen among the nobles on account of the advancing of the Douglases: and, notwithstanding that David Hume, with a sturdy pen and much special pleading, maintains the immaculate character of the Earl, there can be no doubt that he exercised his all but royal power with an unsparing hand, and that his followers were generally insolent, avaricious, and cruel—which state of matters eventually led to his downfall. And it is not a little amusing, and somewhat contradictory, that, after the battle of the Sark, David Hume puts the following exhortation into the mouth of the King:—"The King did highly commend him (Ormond) and the Earl, his brother, that as their predecessors had often, as they also had done, defended the estate of Scotland with their labours and virtue in most perilous times, and had given large proof of their valour and courage,—that so they would at home accustom themselves to modesty; that they themselves would abstain, and that they would contain their friends, from injuries toward the weaker sort; that they should amplify their power and puissance in suppressing of robbers and dis-

New titles to the Douglases.

orderly men, than to make more such by conniving at them. *The Earl, finding that this was chiefly directed to him, replied with great submission that he would do as his Majesty had exhorted them!*" Disregarding the truce which had been made for seven years, the English made inroads upon the Scottish borders: to avenge which, the Scots made a wilderness of Cumberland. An army of 40,000 men was sent against them, under the Earl of Northumberland and a person called Magnus red beard, or, by the Scots in derision, "Magnus with the red mane." The King appointed Hugh Douglas, Earl of Ormond, general, who passed into Annandale to meet the English, having encamped on the water Sark. The onslaught of the Scots was so fierce, although greatly inferior in numbers, that the English were put to flight, leaving 3,000 slain or drowned in the Sark. "Magnus with the red mane" was slain. The Earl of Northumberland escaped; but his son, Lord Percy, was taken prisoner, with many of the English nobility. Crichton seems at this time to have been employed by the court in negociating the marriage of the King with Mary, daughter of Arnold, Duke of Guilders, and brought her to Scotland in 1448. This service gained him credit with the King; with which the Earl of Douglas was displeased, and obtaining leave from the King, absented himself from court—at which Crichton was well pleased. An incident happened at this time which gave his enemies an advantage, and drew down upon him the wrath of the King. Richard Colville, of Ochiltree, maintained a deadly feud against John Auchinleck, of Auchinleck, who, on his way to visit the Earl, his friend, was waylaid and slain by the said Richard Colville, which so incensed the Earl, that he solemnly vowed he should be avenged

40,000 English enter Scotland with "Magnus with the red mane."

Douglas, Earl of Ormond, sent against them.

Battle of the Sark.

before he either eat or drank. Immediately taking horse, with the readiest of his friends and followers, he rode to the Castle of Ochiltree, forced it, and slew Richard Colville and all the males within the Castle. To avoid the King's displeasure, the Earl obtained leave to go to Rome to do penance for the said slaughter; but before leaving home, as he had no children of his own, he got his second brother, James, acknowledged by the King as heir to the Earldom. He took with him in his suite the Lords Hamilton, Gray, Sutton, Seton, Oliphant, and Forbes; Calder, Urquhart, Campbell, Fraser, Lawders of Cromarty, Philouth, and Bass, Knights; with many others. He went first to Flanders; from thence, by land, to Paris, where he was joyfully received by Charles VII. on account of the services of his grandfather and his uncle; from thence he went to Rome, "which was filled with the expectation of his coming." From Paris he took with him his youngest brother, George, who had been educated there, and was a youth of great promise; but he died by the way, to the great grief of the Earl. Meantime his enemies were not idle at home; they poisoned the King's ear by ascribing to the Earl's friends and servants all the evil which was perpetrated throughout the land. In consequence of which he cited Symington, bailie to the Earl in Douglasdale, and as he did not appear, he was apprehended; but the King set him at liberty, only commanding him to satisfy those who complained. But being again annoyed with new complaints, he sent William Sinclair, Earl of Orkney, a cousin of the Earl of Douglas, being then Chancellor, to manage the estates in Galloway and Douglas, and satisfy the complainers; but he was eluded and mocked by the tenants, reporting to the

The Duke kills Richard Colville of Auchinleck.

Goes to Rome to do pennance.

Complaints against the Douglases.

The King's displeasure.

King that it was by the instigation of the Earl of Ormond, to whom the Duke had committed the direction of his affairs in his absence—Ormond being greatly dissatisfied that the Earl of Orkney, so near of blood, should have interfered. The King was much irritated, and sent heralds to summon all of the name of Douglas to compear by a certain day, and the Earl himself in two months; but none of them appearing, they were denounced as rebels. The King then went with an army into Galloway, forcing the commanders to retire to their strengths. On one occasion a portion of the Royal army was beaten back upon the King with some disgrace, who, being much enraged, took the chief Forts by assault; and first the Castle of Lochmaben fell without much trouble, thereafter, with great toil and "wearying of his men," the Castle of Douglas, which was razed to the ground. The Earl, hearing of these things while yet at Rome, was greatly concerned—many of his followers having forsaken him—made haste to return home with the few that remained by him. He was well received by the King and Queen as he journied through England; but as he approached the borders he tarried a while, sending forward his brother John to ascertain the feelings of the King towards him; and finding he was appeased, the Earl returned home, and was kindly received, and lovingly admonished to put away from him disorderly persons, especially the men of Annandale! which having promised to observe, he was reinstated in the King's favor, and made Lieutenant-General of Scotland. In the following year, without consulting the King, he passed into England to redeem some pledge he had given to the Queen to assist her husband against their nobility; the civil wars betwixt the houses of York and Lancaster

Sends Heralds to summon the Douglases, and the Earl to appear in 2 months.

Denounced as rebels for non-appearance.

Douglas Castle taken and razed.

The Earl returns to Scotland, is received into favour, and made Lieut. of Scotland.

being about to commence. From this there arose great suspicion in the mind of the Scottish King; but as the Earl brought letters from the Queen of England to the Queen of Scotland, she interceded for him, and he was pardoned by the King. Some writers, however, conjecture that the King foreseeing, through the Earl's friendship with the English court, such an accession of power as would be inimical to the safety of himself and his kingdom, degraded him from his public office, and restored Crichton, the ancient enemy of the Douglases, to the Chancellorship: the Earl of Orkney he made Lieutenant of the kingdom. At this the Earl was exceedingly irritated, more especially as Crichton had advised the King that it was necessary to bring down the power of the Douglases, and to get rid of the Earl. To punish Crichton, he caused certain of his friends to way-lay him as he was passing mid-way from Edinburgh to Crichton; but being well mounted, he escaped with a few wounds; and before they were healed, he consulted his friends, and going to Edinburgh, nearly surprised the Earl, who, excusing himself to the King, retired from court to his own house. The Earl immediately renewed the ancient confederacy betwixt his house and the Earls of Ross and Crawford for their mutual protection: this gave farther offence to the King. It also happened that Sir William Harris, of Torregles, a follower of the Earl, had withdrawn himself from his protection to please the court; which coming to the ears of the thieves of Annandale, they made a foray on his lands and spoiled his goods. Harris collected his friends and attempted to regain his loss, but was overcome and taken prisoner. The Earl, esteeming him his own servant, caught in the *red hand* within his jurisdiction, had him tried; "he was condemned, exe-

Crighton again in favor.

cuted, and hanged as a thief," in spite of the King's letter earnestly requesting that his life should be spared. Another unfortunate event fell out at this time. Maclellan, tutor of Bombie, and his brother having slain a servant of the Earl, they were seized and imprisoned in Trerie, a strong house of the Douglases. The faction persuaded the King to send a commission—of which Patrick Gray, of Foulis, uncle to the tutor, was chief—for the purpose of taking him out of his hands; but the Earl hearing of his approach, had Bombie suddenly tried, condemned, and quickly conveyed about a mile off and there executed. Crichton and his friends took advantage of these things to influence the mind of the King; and as they could not seize the Earl by force, they effected it by stratagem. He was earnestly invited to court, where he might expect the favor of the King; but suspecting the craft of Crichton, who had murdered his cousins, he flatly refused. The King, however, sent him a safe conduct under the great seal, and all the nobles present also signed a requisition to him, with their seals attached, that they would protect him against all danger, and send him safe home. Deceived by these appearances, and taking with him a strong guard of his friends and followers, he went to Stirling to wait upon the King, who, after admonishing him to lead a more orderly life, invited him to sup with him in the Castle. After supper the King led him into an inner apartment, Patrick Gray being present. The King then demanded that the Earl should break up the league with the Earls of Ross and Crawford; but the Earl excusing himself and demanding delay, the King in a passion said, "if you will not break it, I will," and stabbed him in the breast with a dagger: at the same time Patrick Gray

Sir Wm. Harris executed by Douglas.

Executed Maclellan, tutor of Bombie.

Visits the King at Stirling under a safe conduct.

Assassinated by the King.

struck him on the head with a poleaxe, and the rest who were at the door entering, struck "him every man his blow after he was dead." The base murder of the Earl not only deeply incensed his friends and followers, but also the common people; at which the King was so afraid that had it not been for the counsel of James Kennedy, Bishop of St. Andrews, he would have left the kingdom. The Earl was slain on 13th February, 1452, being Shrove Tuesday: it is not mentioned what became of his body. In him the family of Douglas rose to its highest pitch of greatness; and there is no question that, had he not been taken by surprise, he could have set the power of the King and the rest of the nobility at naught.

Earl, slain 13th July, 1452.

James, sixth, Duke of Touraine.

James, ninth and last Earl, eighteenth Lord, and sixth Duke of Touraine.

William having been thus disposed of by the King's own hand, his brother James succeeded him. Having accompanied the Earl with his three other brothers to Stirling, and hearing of the treacherous manner in which he was put to death, immediately assembled their followers. James exhorted them to lay siege to the Castle; but it was found that they were not sufficiently prepared for such an undertaking. They therefore lost the opportunity of getting the King into their hands. They accordingly returned home, and made preparation for the siege of Stirling; but five weeks having been lost, the King had time to prepare for them. On their way to Stirling, James Douglas caused the safe conduct which the King had given to the Earl to be dragged through all the towns "at the tail of an ill-favoured spittal jade or mare," and "abstaining from no contumelious words

The Douglases besiege Stirling.

they could devise against the King, his counsellors, and courtiers." Having reached Stirling, they went to the market place; and sounding with 500 horns and trumpets, by a herald, proclaimed the King and his abettors at the Castle gate "as perjured traitors to God and man," to be abhorred and detested as such. There were many of the Douglases who took part with the King, viz., the Earl of Angus and his brother, Archbishop Kennedy, with James, Lord Dalkeith (according to Hallinshed). Earl Douglas being incensed against Lord Dalkeith for his desertion, besieged his Castle of Dalkeith; but it was so ably defended by Patrick Cockburn, of Clarkington, that he was obliged to raise it. Meantime Alexander Gordon, of Huntly, raised an army in the north, and coming to the King's assistance, he was encountered at Brechin by the Earl of Crawford, who in the first part of the battle had the advantage, but by the treachery of one John Colesse, of Bonniemoor, who purposely fled, out of revenge for having been refused the Barony of Frome by Crawford: it was fought on Ascension day, 1453. The loss was equal on both sides; but Huntly had the credit of the victory. Having been informed that Archibald Douglas, Earl of Murray, had invaded his lands and burned the Piel of Strathbogie, he returned to protect them; leaving Crawford time to punish those who had forsaken him, by wasting their lands, burning and casting down their houses and Castles. The Earl having retired from Dalkeith, and Huntly getting credit for the victory at Brechin, encouraged the King to assemble a Parliament at Edinburgh, summoning the Douglases and their friends to compear; instead of which the Earl caused placards to be affixed to all the Church

Denounces the King as a perjured traitor.

Alex. Gordon, Earl of Huntly, raises an army to succour the King.

Battle of Brechin.

The Douglases cited before Parliament.

doors, stating he would obey no citation from the King, nor trust his life to him who had traitorously murdered his brother William, and his two cousins, under his safe conduct, and contrary to his oath. Himself, his three brothers, Archibald, Hugh, and John, with Beatrix, widow of the Earl William, as also Earl Crawford, and James, Lord Hamilton, were declared rebels, their lands forfeited and given to "divers new Lords." An army was raised and sent to waste their lands, The King's troops did much damage in Annandale, Galloway, and the Forest; the Douglases retaliating on the Royal possessions: so that for three or four years there was nothing but anarchy and bloodshed, famine and pestilence bringing up the rear. The King made an indirect attempt to persuade the Earl to yield, who returned a contemptuous reply, "that he would rather suffer all extremity than come into their power." But the Earl of Crawford, becoming weary of this state of warfare, cast himself in the way of the King as he journeyed through Angus; and there, bare-headed and bare-footed, dressed in the garb of a mendicant, confessed his offences, and obtained pardon.—The King having sworn that he would raze the Castle of Finhaven belonging to the Earl of Crawford, and that he would make the highest stone the lowest, went to the top of the house, and taking a small loose stone, threw it down: this stone, it is said, is still kept in an iron chain as a family heirloom. Earl Douglas, finding that his friends and followers were deserting him, sent James Hamilton, of Cadzow, to Henry of England to crave support: this he promised, on condition that the Earl became his subject and swore fealty to him, and that all the Castles and lands he should gain in Scotland, or that were in the hands of the

The Douglases declared rebels.

Earl Crawford deserts the Douglases.

The Earl craves aid from Henry of England.

James Hamilton of Cadzow also deserts.

Earl, should be put into his possession; to which the Douglas, with characteristic patriotism, replied—"That he would never leave such a blot upon his house, and would rather choose to die, by whatever hand, than commit such a crime against his country for a fault done by the Prince and some particular men only, whereof he hoped to be avenged without that shame." The King in person having laid siege to Abercorn, Earl Douglas went with an army to its succour; and although he had the superiority in numbers, he refused to fight, notwithstanding the remonstrances of James Hamilton and his other friends. Some writers state that it arose from irresolution, others from cowardice; the latter is an utter impossibility, as there never was a coward of the blood of the Douglases. Hamilton, finding from his obstinacy, that his cause was lost, that same night went and submitted humbly to the King, who issued a proclamation that all who should leave the Earl within forty-eight hours should be freely pardoned. Before the next morning his army had left him excepting 200 men, he was therefore obliged to retire, leaving his friends and servants in Abercorn to be "cruelly slain and executed". He returned into Annandale in 1455, with a few followers, hoping to find friends there; the King sent against him his own cousin, the Earl of Angus, and kinsman to Douglas, who defeated him; his brother, the Earl of Murray was slain on the field, his other brother, Ormond, being wounded, was taken and executed; the King having forgotten his former services against the English at Sark, when he slew their insolent champion, "Magnus with the red mane". Ormond was taken by the "Lord Carlisle and Johnston of Johnston, to whom the King

Earl of Ormond taken prisoner.

gave in recompense the forty pound land of Petinaine on the Clyde". The third brother, John Lord Balveny, escaped in a wood. The Earl fled to Dunstafnage and joined Donald Lord Ross of the Isles, who agreed to assist him against the King, but he withdrew himself into England. At a Parliament held on 5th August, the Earl and Beatrix his wife, and his brother John, were again forfeited, and the lands of Galloway annexed to the Crown. Beatrix applied to the King, who married her to John Stewart, his half brother, and gave her the lands of Balveny; she had two daughters. John Stewart was, in James III.'s time, made Earl of Athol. The Earl of Douglas having been abandoned by most of his friends, joined Earl Ross in an attempt to recover the Isles; they wasted Argyle, Arran, Lochaber, and Morray, took the Castle of Inverness, burned the town, and proclaimed Ross King of the Isles; but his wife, a Livingston, and in favour with the King, left him, disgusted with the barbarity with which she was surrounded. At this time Patrick Thornton, a secret partisan of Douglas, though a follower of the Court, slew John Sandilands of Calder, and Allan Stewart, cousins of the King, for which he was taken and executed. The King and the Government were at this juncture greatly perplexed by the dissensions of the nobility, and it is stated (not much to the credit of the Earl) that joining himself with Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, they made an inroad upon the Merse, wasting and pillaging it; they were encountered by George Earl of Angus, but the English being driven back, they retired across the borders. None of the writers of that time take notice of Earl Douglas for a period above twenty years, until 1483, when he was made Knight of the Garter by Edward IV.,

Earl Douglas retires to England.

Joins the Percies in a raid against the Scottish border.

the first Scotchman who was admitted to that honor. In this year (1483) Earl Douglas along with Alexander, Duke of Albany, brother to James III, who had also been banished to England, vowed they would make their offerings on the high altar of Lochmaben on St. Magdalene's day, and getting together 500 horse rode toward Lochmaben; they were encountered by the people of Nithsdale, Annandale, and Galloway, who quickly assembled under the Laird of Mousehill, the Warder; the English lost the day. The Duke of Albany escaped by flight. The Earl of Douglas, being advanced in years, was struck from his horse, and seeing Alexander Kilpatrick of Closeburn, a former retainer of his, gave himself up to him, that he might intercede with the King for his life, and that Kilpatrick might obtain the grant of the £100 land offered by the King for his apprehension. Kilpatrick concealed him in a cottage until he obtained the promise of his life,—for this service Kilpatrick obtained the lands of Kirkmichael. The Earl having been brought to the King, he sentenced him to be confined in the Abbey of Lindores, where he died in 1488; when he heard his sentence, he remarked, "He that may no better be must be a Monk." Some historians write that while he was confined in Lindores, the faction of the nobility which had put Cochrane to death and punished other favorites of the King, especially Archibald, Earl of Angus, (called "Bell-the-cat") promised him that, if he would become the head of their faction, and leave his cloister, his lands should be restored to him; others state that the King offered to make him his Lieutenant against the rebels, but he refused, saying to the King—"You have kept me and your black coffer (alluding to a certain black coin the King had desired

Taken prisoner by Kilpatrick of Closeburn.

Imprisoned in Lindores, where he died in 1488

to put into circulation, but which the people would not have,) in Stirling too long,—neither of us can do you any good, I, because my friends have forsaken me, and my followers and defenders have fallen from me, betaking themselves to other masters; and your black trunk is too far from you, and your enemies are between you and it."

The defection of the Earl's kinsmen, Angus and Morton, was the immediate cause of the downfall of his family, as was seen at the last struggle in which he was engaged and in which he was overcome, by his cousin, giving rise to the saying that "The Red Douglas put down the Black." The power of the House of Douglas previous to this epoch was so great, that they could with ease have raised from 30,000 to 40,000 men among their own retainers, men who were practised to war, willing and ready at an hour's notice to cross the borders with them to punish the English, or rob them of their goods and fat beaves. The historian, Hector Boetius, does not scruple to say "The Douglases were ever the sure buckler and wall of Scotland, and won many lands by their singular manhood and valorous deeds, for they decored this realm with many noble acts, and by the glory of their martial performances." The King bestowed the Lordship of Douglas upon his kinsman, the Earl of Angus, granting him a new charter of the lands of Douglasdale, but there is no mention made of any other lands being given to him. Thus the main line of this great family merged into and was continued in one of its branches, viz., that of Angus, which in after years proved itself nothing less worthy of the pen of the historian. According to the statements of the earliest writers, the families of Douglas and Angus are nearly

coeval;—there were Douglases in 767, but Angus was said to have been known two hundred years previous to that date. In 838 the first Thane of Angus was mentioned, and at the Parliament of Forfar in 1057, the House of Angus was one of the first that bore the title of Earl. The title of the Earldom of Douglas has now become extinct, and the Estates have passed into the hands of the Earl of Home in right of his Countess, niece of the last Lord Douglas,—but there is no exercise of the Royal prerogative which would give more universal satisfaction to the people of Scotland than an act of our gracious Sovereign to restore this famous title.

THE END.

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