

BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.*

A.D. 1314.

THIS memorable battle, fought on Monday, the 24th of June 1314, which secured the independence of the Scottish crown,

* Lord Hailes' Annals of Scotland; Nimmo's History of Stirlingshire; Ridpath's Border History; Sir Walter Scott's Lord of the



BANNOCKBURN.

and seated the great King Robert Bruce firmly on the throne—a battle the greatest of his triumphs, and the reward of his valour and perseverance—is perhaps the most celebrated event in the national annals. It is remembered, after a lapse of five centuries, with fond enthusiasm throughout the country; it is the theme of popular ballads and lyrical effusions; numerous traditions are connected with it; the ground on which it was fought is still surveyed with an intense interest, and it has conferred a kind of immortality on the tributary stream of the Forth which witnessed the most severe defeat which the English ever sustained from the Scots, from the Conquest till the Union of the Crowns.

Edward II. of England, who still kept up the same claim upon Scotland which was begun by his father, resolved at one blow to reduce a nation, whose determined resistance to the English authority had cost both his father and himself an infinitude of trouble. In addition to his own resources he borrowed considerable sums from the monasteries to defray the expenses of this important expedition, and in the spring of 1314 he assembled a most numerous army on the Borders, amounting, it is generally stated, to above 100,000 men, besides a multitude of attendants, who followed the army in the hope of sharing the plunder. This prodigious host was composed not only of all the crown vassals in England, Ireland, and Wales, who

Isles; Statistical Account of Scotland; Buchanan's History of Scotland; Abercrombie's Martial Achievements of the Scottish Nation; Leland's Collectanea; Walsingham's History of England; Tytler's History of Scotland; Sir James Balfour's Annals; General Stewart's Sketches of the Highlanders; Barbour's Bruce; The Bruce and Wallace; Bellenden's Translation of Boece's Chronicles; Hume's History of England; Douglas' Peerage of Scotland; Scots Magazine; Home's History of the Douglasses. A variety of other authorities are cited, the enumeration of which would make the list of references too long.

with the military tenants were obliged to attend their sovereign, but numbers of foreign troops were transported from Flanders and the then English provinces in France, besides many of the Scots who were disaffected to Bruce. Some writers, with a fondness for exaggeration truly wonderful, have not scrupled to make the whole host amount to 300,000 men. Ships were ordered to be in readiness for the projected invasion; Eth O'Connor, chief of the Irish of Connaught, and twenty-five Irish chiefs, were invited by Edward to his assistance; and after summoning his barons to meet him in arms at Berwick on the 11th of June, he appointed the army to rendezvous at Wark Castle. The Irish auxiliaries were to be under the command of Richard De Burgh Earl of Ulster.

Edward was roused to exertion by the state of affairs in Scotland. Bruce had made himself master of almost the whole country except Stirling Castle, the blockade of which he had committed to his brother Edward. The governor of the fortress was Sir Philip Mowbray, and that knight had concluded a treaty with Edward Bruce, stipulating to surrender the castle, if it was not succoured by his sovereign, on the day of the festival of St John the Baptist, which is celebrated on the 24th of June. King Robert was highly displeased with his brother for the impolicy of a treaty which allowed the King of England time to advance with his collected forces, and which compelled him either to hazard a battle, or to raise the siege with dishonour. "Let all England come," answered Edward Bruce, "we will fight them were they more." Robert Bruce, however, consented to the treaty, and resolved to meet the English on the appointed day. Each kingdom mustered its strength for the expected battle, preparations for which were making from Lent to Midsummer-day.

These preparations and Edward's muster-roll have re-

ceived a poetical charm in the poem entitled the LORD OF THE ISLES.

Of all the Scottish conquests made
 By the first Edward's ruthless blade,
 His son retained no more,
 Northward of Tweed, but Stirling's towers,
 Beleaguer'd by King Robert's powers :
 And they took term of truce,
 If England's King should not relieve
 The siege ere John the Baptist's eve,
 To yield them to the Bruce.
 England was moved—on every side—
 Courier, and post, and herald hied
 To summon prince and peer,
 At Berwick bounds to meet their Liege,
 Prepared to raise fair Stirling's siege,
 With buckler, brand, and spear.
 The term was nigh—they mustered fast,
 By beacon and by bugle blast
 Forth marshalled for the field ;
 There rode each knight of noble name,
 There England's hardy archers came,
 The land they trode seemed all on flame,
 With banner, blade, and shield.
 And not famed England's powers alone,
 Renowned in arms, the summons own ;
 For Neustria's knights obeyed,
 Gascogne hath lent her horsemen good,
 And Cambria, but of late subdued,
 Sent forth her mountain multitude,
 And Connoght poured from waste and wood
 Her hundred tribes, whose sceptre rude
 Dark Eth O'Connor swayed.

Some idea may be formed of the extent of the English King's preparations from the summons still preserved, issued to the sheriffs of York, Northumberland, Durham, Lancashire, Cheshire, Leicestershire, Derbyshire, Lincolnshire, Shropshire, Nottingham, Stafford, and Warwick shires, to the Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, and the Earl of Hereford and Essex, and to six or seven barons, requiring them to permit certain quotas of infantry, amounting in all to 26,540

men. The sheriff of York was commanded to equip and send forth a body of 4000 infantry, to assemble at Wark on the 10th of June, and a similar summons would doubtless be sent to all the counties in England, exclusive of the above. The writ states—" We have understood that our Scottish enemies and rebels are endeavouring to collect as strong a force as possible of infantry, in strong and marshy grounds where the approach of cavalry would be difficult, between us and the Castle of Stirling." After mentioning Sir Philip Mowbray's agreement to surrender the fortress if not relieved on St John the Baptist's day, and the King's determination with respect to the siege, the summons states that, " to remove our said enemies and rebels from such places as above mentioned, it is necessary for us to have a strong force of infantry fit for arms." The Welsh auxiliaries were under the command of Sir Maurice de Berkeley. Edward I., after conquering Wales, had employed the subjugated Welsh to assist him in his Scottish wars, for which their habits as mountaineers peculiarly fitted them. " But this policy," observes Sir Walter Scott, " was not without its risks. Previous to the battle of Falkirk the Welsh quarrelled with the English men-at-arms, and, after bloodshed on both sides, separated themselves from his army; and the feud between them at so dangerous and critical a juncture was reconciled with difficulty. Edward II. followed his father's example in this particular, and with no better success. They could not be brought to exert themselves in the cause of their conquerors. But they had an indifferent reward for their forbearance. Without arms, and clad only in scanty dresses of linen cloth, they appeared naked even in the eyes of the Scottish peasantry, and after the rout of Bannockburn were massacred by them in great numbers, as they retired in confusion towards their own country."

King Robert exerted himself to meet the mighty host of

the invaders. He ordered his forces to muster on a certain day at the Torwood, then literally a wood or forest, between Falkirk and Stirling.

Right to devoted Caledon
The storm of war rolls slowly on,
With menace deep and dread ;
So the dark clouds, with gathering power,
Suspend a while the threatened shower,
Till every peak and summit lower
Round the pale pilgrim's head.
Not with such pilgrim's startled eye
King Robert mark'd the tempest nigh !
Resolved the brunt to bide,
His royal summons warned the land
That all who owned the King's command
Should instant take the spear and brand,
To combat at his side.
O who may tell the sons of fame
That at King Robert's bidding came,
To battle for the right !
From Cheviot to the shores of Ross,
From Solway Sands to Marshall's Moes,
All bound them for the fight.

It is generally admitted that the Scots mustered altogether upwards of 30,000 men, and, according to the custom of those times, there were also more than 15,000 individuals of all ages, an unarmed and undisciplined rabble, who followed the camp. Twenty-one Highland chieftains fought under Bruce on this occasion, and it is worthy of notice that the heirs of eighteen of them are at this day in possession of their estates. As General Stewart truly observes—"When we consider the state of turbulence and misrule which prevailed in the Highlands, an unbroken succession, for five hundred years, of so great a proportion of the chief agitators and leaders is the more remarkable, as there has been a greater change of property within the last forty years of tranquillity, abundance, and wealth, than in the preceding two hundred years of feuds,

rapine, and comparative poverty." The chief of the Sutherlands distinguished himself at Bannockburn, and the other chiefs who mustered at the command of Bruce were Stewart, MacDonald, Mackay, Macpherson, Cameron, Sinclair, Drummond, Campbell, Menzies, Maclean, Robertson, Grant, Fraser, Macfarlane, Ross, Macgregor, Monro, Mackenzie, and Macquarrie. There were other chieftains present, among whom were MacDougall of Lorn, Cumming, and MacNab, all the inveterate enemies of Bruce, and consequently in the ranks of the English. It is said, that in consequence of the distinguished conduct of the chief of the Drummonds in the battle, Bruce added the *calthrops*, afterwards mentioned, to his armorial bearings, and gave him an extensive grant of lands in Perthshire. It is farther alleged as the reason, that the calthrops in the pits or ditches, which proved so destructive to the English cavalry, were adopted on that day at the recommendation of Sir Malcolm Drummond. In allusion to this, the supporters of the arms of the Family of Drummond are two naked men with huge clubs in their hands, standing on ground studded with sharp pointed iron spikes, and the motto is, *Gang Warily*. The Highlanders must have been numerous in proportion to the other forces, for Bruce had made, with a very few exceptions, a reconciliation with all the chiefs. The chief of Macgregor, who fought bravely in the battle, protected an *invincible relic*, a pretended arm of a holy man called St Fillan, who gave his name to the district in Perthshire called Strathfillan. Bruce had a particular veneration for St Fillan, and it was entrusted to the Abbot of Inchaffray.

While Bruce mustered his forces at the Torwood, he laid the plan of his operations in concert with his chosen officers, who were his brother Edward, his nephew Randolph Earl of Moray, Walter the High Steward, and Sir James Douglas, the last mentioned being the same who was

afterwards employed to carry Bruce's heart to the Holy Land, in the discharge of which romantic duty he was killed on the way. The English army reached Edinburgh without opposition, commanded by Edward II. in person, and from that city they marched to Falkirk in one day. Bruce, who was well informed of their motions, despatched Sir James Douglas and Sir Robert Keith to reconnoitre them upon their march, and those knights at their return informed the King that the army was the most numerous and pompous they had ever beheld. King Robert considered it expedient to conceal this intelligence from his forces, and ordered it to be given out that the English army was indeed numerous, but that it was wretchedly marshalled. The English meanwhile came in sight, and encamped on the north of the Torwood. Previous to this Bruce had retired towards Stirling, and posted his forces to wait for the English.

The field of battle had been selected two days before the action by King Robert, and it is now necessary to glance at the localities. The scene of the contest lies between the villages of Bannockburn and St Ninian's, and the ground was then known as the New Park of Stirling. It was partly open, and partly broken by copses of wood and marshes. Stirling was on the right of the Scots, and the rivulet of Bannockburn on the left. The banks of that stream were steep in many places, and the space between it and Stirling was partially covered with wood. As Bruce particularly dreaded the English cavalry, he commanded many pits to be dug in every quarter where cavalry could have access, of a foot in breadth, and from two to three feet in length. These long narrow pits formed so many rows with limited intervals, and at the suggestion, as already noticed, of Sir Malcolm Drummond, sharp stakes were fixed, and iron calthrops, or spikes, which always present one or two of their points upwards, were thrown, and, as

the result proved, these were most destructive to the cavalry. All those narrow pits were ingeniously covered with turf and brushwood. This device of Bruce has been disputed, but the fact is proved beyond a doubt, from the circumstance that very recently some of these sharp pointed instruments were found when digging on the site of the battle.

The order in which Bruce disposed his army has been variously stated. Buchanan and others allege that the Scots were drawn up east and west, having their front to the south, and the town and castle of Stirling to their rear. On this subject Lord Hailes observes—"After having examined the ground, I am positively certain that Barbour, whom I follow, has justly described the position of the Scots on that memorable day. Their front appears to have extended from the brook called Bannockburn to the neighbourhood of St Ninian's, pretty nearly upon the line of the present turnpike road from Stirling to Kilsyth." This must have been the actual position, for, if Buchanan's statement be correct, the eminence called the *Gillies' Hill* must have been situated, not in the rear, as is admitted by all historians, but upon the left flank of Bruce's army. The only objection to it is, that by this disposition Bruce exposed his left flank to a sally from the garrison of Stirling, but the inconsiderable number of soldiers in that fortress could have caused little annoyance to the Scots, even if they had made such an attempt. There is, however, another circumstance which ought not to be omitted; Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, had consented to a truce, which was to expire on the very day of the battle, and if he had broken it before the fate of the castle was determined, he would have been deemed a *felon knight*—an odious reproach which would have disgraced him during life. Lord Hailes justly observes, that "in those days the point of honour was the only tie which bound men, for

dispensations and absolutions had effaced the reverence for oaths." Besides, if Bruce had disposed his army east and west, and fronting the south, with Stirling on his rear, there was nothing to prevent the English approaching to the relief of the castle, which was their grand object, upon the carse or level ground from Falkirk; and this they could have done either by turning the Scottish left flank, or if they preferred it, from passing their position altogether without coming to an action, and marching directly to the relief of Stirling. It was not likely that Bruce would allow an enemy so far superior in point of numbers to his own army such an advantage, which he was certain they would secure.

King Robert arranged his army into four divisions, three of which occupied a front line, separated from each other, but sufficiently near to maintain a communication. The fourth division was stationed as the reserve. The right wing was entrusted to Edward Bruce, and was strengthened by a strong body of cavalry under Sir Robert Keith, the Marischal of Scotland and Justiciary beyond the Forth, to whom was committed the important charge of attacking the English archers, which he did so effectually in the battle by making a circuit to the right, and assailing them in flank, that he threw them into disorder, completely vanquished them, and contributed greatly to the success of the day. Douglas and the High Steward of Scotland led the central wing; the left was commanded by Randolph Earl of Moray. Bruce commanded the reserve, or fourth division, in person. This division consisted of his own vassals of Carrick, the Argyleshire Highlanders, and the men of the Isles, the latter of whom must have been numerous, for Bruce had reconciled himself with almost all their chieftains except his inveterate enemy MacDougall of Lorn. In a valley to the rear of this reserve division, to the west of the rising ground called the *Gillies' Hill*, he

placed the baggage of his army. Having thus disposed his main body, Bruce sent the followers of the camp, upwards of fifteen thousand in number, to the eminence now mentioned, the *Gillies' Hill*, or the hill on which the *gillies* or *servants* were stationed to attend the army, and which received its name from being occupied by those feudal retainers. The royal standard was fixed in a stone having a round hole for its reception, still pointed out, and called the *Bore Stone*. The disposition of the Scots showed the consummate skill of Bruce. The left flank of the Scots, protected by the stream of Bannockburn, could not be turned, or if such an attempt should be made, it could easily be supported by the reserve; and it was impossible for the English to pass the Scottish army, and move towards Stirling, without exposing their flank to attack while on the march.

In this manner Bruce waited for the approach of the English host, resolved to conquer or to die. He saw that this was the last and the decisive action, and he resolved, as his descendant Prince Charles Edward declared in 1745, to have a crown or a grave. It was true that his army bore a small proportion to the armament of England, but it was composed of men inured to war, who were animated by one common feeling of enthusiasm. Nor would he survey his warriors, gathered to achieve the independence of their country, without intense feelings.

The men of Carrick and of Ayr,
 Lennox and Lanark, too, were there,
 And all the western land :
 With these the valiant of the Isles
 Beneath their chieftains rank'd their files,
 In many a plaided band.
 There, in the centre, proudly raised,
 The Bruce's royal standard blazed,
 And there Lord Ronald's banners bore
 A galley driven by sail and oar.

A wild yet pleasing contrast made,
Warriors in mail and plate arrayed,
With the plumed and the plaid.

By these Hebrideans worn—
To centre of the vaward line
Fitz-Louis guided Amadine.
Arm'd all on foot, that host appears
A serried mass of glimmering spears.
There stood the Marchers' warlike band,
The warriors there of Lodon's land ;
Ettrick and Liddell bent the yew,
A band of archers fierce, though few :
The men of Nith and Annan's vale,
And the bold spears of Teviotdale—
The dauntless Douglas these obey,
And the young Stuart's gentle sway.
North-eastward by St Ninian's shrine,
Beneath fierce Randolph's charge, combine
The warriors from the hardy north,
From Tay to Sutherland sent forth.
The rest of Scotland's war-array
With Edward Bruce to westward lay,
Where Bannock, with his broken bank,
And deep ravine, protects their flank.
Behind them, screen'd by sheltering wood,
The gallant Keith Lord Marshal stood :
His men-at-arms bear mace and lance,
And plumes that wave, and helms that glance.
Thus fair divided by the King,
Centre, and right, and leftward wing,
Compos'd his front ; nor distant far
Was strong reserve to aid the war.

The English vanguard, commanded by the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford, came in sight of the Scottish army on the evening of Sunday, the 23d of June. Previous to the appearance of the English army, they had detached eight hundred horsemen, under the command of Sir Robert Clifford, to render assistance to the garrison of Stirling Castle. They made a circuit by the low grounds bordering on the Forth to the east and north of the town, and passed the Scottish army on their left before they were observed on their way to the castle. Bruce had entrusted

• Earl Randolph with the duty of preventing any advanced parties of the enemy from throwing succours into the fortress. Lord Hailes gives an interesting account of this manœuvre of the English and the result. “The King perceived their motions, and coming up to Randolph, angrily exclaimed, ‘Thoughtless man! you have suffered the enemy to pass.’ Randolph hastened to repair his fault, or perish. As he advanced, the English cavalry wheeled to attack him. Randolph drew up his troops in a circular form, with their spears resting on the ground, and protruded on every side. At the first onset Sir William D’Eynecourt, an English commander of distinguished valour, was slain. The enemy, far superior in numbers to Randolph, environed him, and pressed hard on his little band; Douglas saw his jeopardy, and requested the King’s permission to go and succour him. ‘You shall not move from your ground,’ cried the King; ‘let Randolph extricate himself as he best may. I will not alter my order of battle, and lose the advantage of my position.’ ‘In truth,’ replied Douglas, ‘I cannot stand by, and see Randolph perish; and, therefore, with your leave, I *must* aid him.’ The King unwillingly consented, and Douglas flew to the assistance of his friend. While approaching, he perceived that the English were falling into disorder, and that the perseverance of Randolph had prevailed over their impetuous courage. ‘Halt,’ cried Douglas, ‘these brave men have repulsed the enemy, let us not diminish their glory by sharing it.’” King Robert, attended by some of his officers, was a spectator of this encounter from a rising ground, which is supposed to be the round hill immediately west of St Ninian’s, now called Cockshothill. Earl Randolph’s party consisted of five hundred foot, and in the conflict he lost only one man, while the English sustained a considerable slaughter, including Sir William D’Eynecourt their leader. Sir Walter Scott observes—“Two

large stones erected at the north end of the village of Newhouse, about a quarter of a mile from the south part of Stirling, ascertain the place of this memorable skirmish. The circumstance tends, were confirmation necessary, to support the opinion of Lord Hailes, that the Scottish King had Stirling on his left flank. It will be remembered that Randolph commanded infantry, D'Eynecourt cavalry. Supposing, therefore, according to the vulgar hypothesis, that the Scottish line was drawn up facing to the south in the line of the brook of Bannock, and consequently that Randolph was stationed with his left flank resting upon Milton Bog, it is morally impossible that his infantry, removing from that position with whatever celerity, could cut off from Stirling a body of cavalry who had already passed St Ninian's, (Barbour says expressly they avoided the New Park, where Bruce's army lay, and held *well neath the kirk*, which can only mean St Ninian's); or, in other words, were already between them and the town, whereas, supposing Randolph's left to have approached St Ninian's, the short movement to Newhouse could easily be executed, so as to intercept the English in the manner described."

This achievement of Earl Randolph is thus described by Sir Walter Scott in the following spirited passage:—

“ What train of dust, with trumpet sound
 And glimmering spears, is wheeling round
 Our leftward flank ?”—the monarch cried
 To Moray's Earl, who rode beside.
 “ Lo ! round thy station pass the foes !
 Randolph ! thy wreath has lost a rose !”
 The Earl his visor closed, and said,
 “ My wreath shall bloom, or life shall fade.
 Follow, my household !” and they go
 Like lightning on the advancing foe.
 “ My Liege,” said noble Douglas then,
 “ Earl Randolph has but one to ten ;
 Let me go forth his band to aid !”
 “ Stir not. The error he hath made,

Let him amend it as he may :
 I will not weaken mine array."
 Then loudly rose the conflict-cry,
 And Douglas's brave heart swell'd high—
 " My Liege," he said, " with patient ear,
 I must not Moray's death-knell hear !"
 " Then go—but speed thee back again."
 Forth sprung the Douglas with his train ;
 But when they won a rising hill,
 He bade his followers hold them still.
 ' See, see ! the routed Southern fly !
 The Earl hath won the victory.
 Lo ! where yon steed runs masterless,
 His banner towers above the press.
 Rein up ; our presence would impair
 The fame we come too late to share."

While this conflict was terminated successfully in favour of the Scots, who sustained little loss in comparison to the enemy, the vanguard of the English army appeared. The English are accused by one of their own writers of spending the night before the battle in riot and drunkenness, flattering themselves that victory was certain. Their vanguard, consisting of archers and lancemen, was commanded by the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford, the former the nephew of the English King, the latter the High Constable of England. When they came in sight King Robert was in the front of his line, mounted on a small palfrey, having a battle-axe in his hand, and a crown above his helmet. The Scots gazed at their enemies in silence, who were busily employed in taking up their position, and it was soon apparent, on account of the narrow limits of the ground, that the English army had not sufficient space to extend. During these operations an English knight, named Henry de Bohun, completely armed, rode from the ranks of the vanguard directly forward to encounter King Robert, who stood to receive him. A personal combat was the result, and both armies looked on with intense anxiety. The

King and De Bohun met, when the former cleft his skull with one stroke of his battle-axe, and laid him dead at his feet. The Scots rent the air with acclamations, while the English vanguard retreated in confusion. When Bruce returned to his army, the Scots, though they were enthusiastically excited by the personal prowess and the valour of their Sovereign, blamed him for his temerity in encountering De Bohun, and reminded him that their very existence depended on his preservation. He only answered—"I have broken my good battle-axe." The greater number of writers mention this incident as having occurred immediately before the grand battle, in presence of the two armies; but Barbour, who could have his information from those who were present at the battle, which happened only twenty years before he was born, positively assures us that it took place on the evening of the previous day.

This interesting incident is the theme of a splendid passage in the LORD OF THE ISLES.

—————In advance

As far as one might pitch a lance,
 The monarch rode along the van,
 The foe's approaching force to scan,
 His line to marshal and to range,
 And ranks to square, and fronts to change.
 Alone he rode—from head to heel
 Sheath'd in his ready arms of steel.
 Nor mounted yet on war-horse wight,
 But, till more near the shock of fight,
 Reining a palfrey low and light.
 A diadem of gold was set
 Above his bright steel bassinet.
 And clasp'd within its glittering twine
 Was seen the glove of Argentine;
 Truncheon or leading staff he lacks,
 Bearing instead a battle-axe.
 He ranged his soldiers for the fight,
 Accoutred thus, in open sight
 Of either host. Three bowshots far
 Paused the deep front of England's war,

And rested on their arms awhile,
 To close and rank their warlike file;
 And hold high council, if that night
 Should view the strife, or dawning light.

O gay, yet fearful to behold,
 Flashing with steel and rough with gold,
 And bristled o'er with bills and spears,
 With plumes and pennons waving fair,
 Was that bright battle front! for there
 Rode England's King and Peers.
 And who, that saw that monarch ride,
 His kingdom battled by his side,
 Could then his direful doom foretell!
 Fair was his seat in knightly selle,
 And in his sprightly eye was set
 Some spark of the Plantagenet,
 Though light and wandering was his glance,
 It flashed at sight of shield and lance.
 "Knowest thou," he said, "De Argentine,
 Yon knight who marshals thus their line?"
 "The tokens on his helmet tell
 The Bruce, my Liege; I know him well."
 "And shall the audacious traitor brave
 The presence where our banners wave?"
 "So please, my Liege," said Argentine,
 "Were he but horsed on steed like mine,
 To give him fair and knightly chance
 I would adventure forth my lance."
 "In battle-day," the King replied,
 "Since tourney rules are set aside,
 Still must the rebel dare our wrath?
 Set on him—sweep him from the path!"
 And, at King Edward's signal, soon
 Dash'd from the ranks Sir Henry Boune.

Of Hereford's high blood he came,
 A race renowned for knightly fame,
 He burned before his monarch's eye
 To do some deed of chivalry.
 He spurred his steed, he couched his lance,
 And darted on the Bruce at once.
 —As motionless as rocks that bide
 The wrath of the advancing tide,
 The Bruce stood fast.—Each heart beat high,
 And dazzled was each gazing eye.—

The heart had hardly time to think,
 The eyelid scarce had time to wink.
 While on the King, like flash of flame,
 Spurred to full speed, the war horse came.—
 The partridge may the falcon mock,
 If that slight palfrey stand the shock ;
 But swerving from the knight's career,
 Just as they met Bruce shunned the spear.
 Onward the baffled warrior bore
 His course—but soon his course was o'er !
 High in his stirrups stood the King,
 And gave his battle-axe the swing,
 Right on De Boune, the whiles he passed,
 Fell that stern dint—the first—the last !
 Such strength upon the blow was put,
 The helmet cracked like hazel nut !
 The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,
 Was shivered to the gauntlet grasp.
 Springs from the blow the startled horse,
 Drops to the plain the lifeless corpse,
 First of that fatal field, how soon,
 How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune !

One pitying glance the monarch sped,
 Where on the field his foe lay dead :
 Then gently turned his palfrey's head,
 And, pacing back his sober way,
 Slowly he gained his own array.
 There round their King their leaders crowd,
 And blame his recklessness aloud,
 That risk'd 'gainst each adventurous spear
 A life so valued and so dear.
 His broken weapon's shaft surveyed
 The King, and careless answer made—
 “ My loss may pay my folly's tax ;
 I've broke my trusty battle-axe !”

This Sir Henry de Boune, or Bohun, was the cousin of Humphrey Earl of Hereford. Besides this knight, it is said that Bruce with his “ owne handes killed Piers Montfort, an English knight, in the woodes of Strivelin.” The knight named Argentine, who is introduced as conversing with King Edward, was Sir Giles D'Argentine, whose renown was great in Scotland. It is said that he was the

son of a Lord Chancellor Argentine, whose family derived the name from Argentine in France—and that he was an ancestor of the Dukes of Gordon. He appears to have been a hero of romance in real life. It was the common belief that the three most eminent worthies of that age were the Emperor Henry of Luxemburg, King Robert Bruce, and Sir Giles D'Argentine, but Sir Giles carried his chivalrous enthusiasm a little farther than his royal rivals, and he was the very personification of a true knight, having the three chief requisites—noble birth, valour, and courteousness. It is recorded of him that in the wars of Palestine he thrice encountered the Saracens, and in each conflict slew two of their warriors. "It was no mighty feat," he exclaimed, "for one Christian knight to overcome and slay two Pagan dogs." There is no proof, however, that King Edward witnessed the personal combat between Bruce and De Bohun. It took place on Sunday evening the 23d of June, before the main body of the English army, in which Edward was in person, was brought up.

King Robert used every means to excite and prepare his army for the impending battle. On the Sunday evening he made a speech to his soldiers, representing the necessity of courage and manly behaviour, showing them the calamities which would result from defeat, and the mighty consequences which victory would produce. Meanwhile Edward in person brought up the main body of the English army, attended by Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, and Sir Giles D'Argentine—the Earls of Lancaster, Warrene, Arundel, and Warwick, having thought proper to absent themselves on the pretence that Edward had failed to perform certain conditions promised to them. The manner in which King Robert spent this memorable Sunday night is related by Boece, in the translation of the "Croniklis of Scotland" by John Bellenden, Archdean of Moray and Canon of Ross. "All the night before the battle,

King Robert was right weary, having great solicitude for the welfare of his army, and could take no rest, revolving in his mind all jeopardies and chances of fortune. Sometimes he went to his devout contemplation, making his orisons to God and St Fillan, whose arm, as he believed, set in silver, was inclosed in a case within his pavilion, trusting that good fortune would follow the same. In the meantime the case *chakkit suddenly, without any motion or work of mortal creatures.* The priest, astonished by this wonder, went to the altar, where the case lay, and when he found the arm in the case, he cried—‘Here is ane great miracle.’ Incontinent he confessed that he brought the case empty into the field, fearing that the relick would be lost. The King, rejoicing at this miracle, passed the remainder of the night in prayer, with good hope of victory.”

The kindness of St Fillan was not forgotten by King Robert, who was devotedly attached to the Roman Catholic Church, and one of its most considerable benefactors in Scotland. He founded a priory in the district called Strathfillan, and a cell at Inchaffray, which he dedicated to the saint. It is probable, however, that Bruce was indebted to other and more rational suggestions. It is related that a Scotsman named Alexander Seton, who was in King Edward’s army, came privately over to Bruce during the night, and told him that if he began the attack early in the morning the victory over the English was certain. This illustrates the recorded statement of the English writer (Thomas de la More, cited by Camden) that the troops of Edward passed the night before the battle in riot and intemperance.

Early on the morning of Monday the 24th, King Robert prepared for battle. His first public act was the celebration of mass, which was done by Maurice Drummond, Abbot of Inchaffray, on an eminence in sight of the whole army. The sacrament was administered to the King and

his principal officers by the abbot, while inferior priests did the same to the rest of the army. The abbot passed along the front barefooted, and bearing a crucifix in his hands, exhorting the Scots in a few but forcible words to conduct themselves like men, and vindicate their rights and liberty. The whole army knelt down in token of their resolution. This solemn scene was witnessed by the King of England. "See," he exclaimed to Sir Ingram Umfraville, "they yield; they implore mercy." "They do," answered the knight, "but not our mercy. On that field they will be victorious, or die." The whole then partook of a repast, after which Bruce addressed a speech to the army, which, whether genuine or not, is thus given by Boece, and translated by Bellenden:—"I believe, noble and brave companions, that every one among you is convinced of the necessity of fighting this day against our enemies. You see an army gathered against you not only of Englishmen, but of sundry other neighbouring nations, and coming against us with their wives and children, not only to dwell in our bounds, but also to banish us out of the same, intending to cultivate our lands, to occupy our churches and houses, and to bring us to such utter ruin as to extirpate our nation. Our enemies having taken long consultation as to the cruel and horrible torments they are to inflict upon us, before we are vanquished, or fall into their hands, not knowing your invincible courage and manhood, so long exercised in chivalry, which is well known to me by long experience." After some similar observations, King Robert concluded by reminding his soldiers of the wonderful miracle of St Fillan's arm, which he appears to have sincerely believed. "God has now shown to us his favour," he said, "by the miracle of St Fillan, which I have no doubt you all know. I pray you, therefore, to be of good courage. Set on yon confused multitude of people, and trust that when God protects no numbers of enemies will pre-

vail, while the spoil and the prey will be the more valuable."

It is impossible not to feel deeply interested in this memorable battle, the whole locality of which is immortalized by Scotland's illustrious minstrel. Referring to the night of Sunday the 23d, and the preliminary incident of the following morning, we are thus transported to the enchanting scene.

It was a night of lovely June,
 High rode in cloudless blue the moon ;
 Dumiot smiled beneath her ray :
 Old Stirling's towers arose in light,
 And, turned in links of silver bright,
 Her winding river lay.
 Ah, gentle planet! other sight
 Shall greet the next returning night,
 Of broken arms and banners tore,
 And marshes dark with human gore,
 And piles of slaughtered men and horse,
 And Forth that floats the frequent corse,
 And many a wounded wretch to 'plain
 Beneath thy silver light in vain.
 But now, from England's host, the cry
 Thou hear'st of wassail revelry ;
 While from the Scottish legions pass—
 The murmur'd prayer, the early mass !
 Here, numbers had presumption given ;
 There, bands o'ermatched sought aid from Heaven.

Now on the Ochils gleams the sun,
 And glistens now Dumiot dun :
 Is it the lark that carols shrill,
 Is it the bittern's early hum ?
 No !—distant, but increasing still,
 The trumpet's sound swells up the hill,
 With the deep murmur of the drum.
 Responsive from the Scottish host
 Pipe clang and bugle sound were toss'd,
 His breast and brow each soldier cross'd,
 And darted from the ground ;
 Armed and arranged for instant fight,
 Rose archer, spearman, squire, and knight,

And in the pomp of battle bright
The dread battalion frowned.

Now onward, and in open view,
The countless ranks of England drew,
Dark rolling like the ocean tide
When the rough west hath chafed his pride,
And his deep roar sends challenge wide
To all that bars his way.

In front the gallant archers trode,
The men-at-arms behind them rode,
And hindmost of the phalanx broad
The monarch held his sway.

Beside him many a war horse fumes,
Around him waves a sea of plumes,
Where many a knight in battle known,
And some who spurs had first braced on,
And deem'd that fight should see them won,

King Edward's hosts obey.

De Argentine attends his side,
With stout De Valence, Pembroke's pride,
Selected champions from the train,
To wait upon his bridle-rein.

Upon the Scottish foe he gazed—

At once, before his sight amazed,

Sunk banner, spear, and shield :

Each weapon point is downward sent ;

Each warrior to the ground is bent.

“The rebels, Argentine, repent!

For pardon they have kneeled.”

“Aye! but they bend to other powers,

And other pardon sue than ours!

See where yon barefoot abbot stands,

And blesses them with lifted hands!

Upon the spot where they have kneeled,

These men will die, or won the field.”

“Then prove we if they die or win,

Bid Gloster's Earl the fight begin.”

It appears that the English divided their army into nine battles, or large bodies, but from the nature of the ground the intervals were very small between the several detachments. Edward was in the third division, attended by bishops, and several ecclesiastics of rank. The more ex-

perienced of the English commanders urged the propriety of delaying the battle till the following day, as Monday was a festival of the church, but the King overruled this prudent suggestion, irritated by the result of the encounter between Earl Randolph and D'Eynecourt.

The Scots were drawn up on a tract of ground now called Nether Touchadam, which lies along the declivity of a gently rising hill about a mile south from Stirling Castle. The baggage men had retired on their right to a range of steep rocks called from this circumstance the Gillies' or Servants' Hill. In their front were the banks of the Bannock, and on their left extended a morass called Miltown Bog, from its vicinity to a village of that name. It was in this morass that King Robert ordered the ditches to be formed, filled with iron spikes and covered over with turf; and as it was the middle of summer, the dryness of the morass favoured his purpose. Barbour mentions a park with trees through which the English had to pass, before they could attack the Scots, and intimates that King Robert chose this situation that the trees might prove an impediment to the operations of the English cavalry. The improvements of agriculture have during the lapse of upwards of five centuries greatly altered the aspect of the country: there is even sufficient evidence that the greater part of both the Carse of Stirling and Falkirk were unpassable morasses during wet weather in the reign of Robert Bruce; but vestiges of this park still remain, and many stumps of trees are seen all around the scene of the battle. A farmhouse is still known by the name of *the Park*, and we are told that a mill built upon the south bank of the stream of the Bannock, nearly opposite to where the centre of King Robert's army stood, is called *Park Mill*.

The front line of the Scots extended about a mile in length, and they stood patiently waiting the approach of the English. There is a tradition that the well known

Scotish tune, *Hey, tutti tatti*, was Bruce's march at the battle. Sir Walter Scott observes—"The late Mr Ritson, no granter of propositions, doubts whether the Scots had any martial music, and quotes Froissart's account of each soldier in the host bearing a little horn, on which at the onset they would make such a horrible noise, as if all the devils of hell had been among them. He observes that these horns are the only music mentioned by Barbour, and concludes that it must remain a moot point whether Bruce's army were cheered by the sound even of a solitary bagpipe. But the tradition, true or false, has been the means of securing to Scotland one of the finest lyrics in the language, the celebrated war song of Bruce by Burns—*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*." To these remarks, however, it may be urged that the bagpipe was well known in Scotland at the time.

On the 24th of June the English army advanced to the attack, led on by Edward in person, and by the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford. The narrowness of the Scotch front, and the nature of the ground, prevented them from having the full advantage of their vast superiority of numbers, and it is not easy to discover their prepared order of battle. It appears that their centre was formed of infantry, and the cavalry, many of whom were armed from head to foot, composed their wings, to strengthen which, battalions of archers were also flanked, and at certain distances along the front. The English King was attended by Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, and that flower of chivalry Sir Giles d'Argentine, who, as was customary in those days, rode at his bridle. Edward, who never imagined that the Scots would face his formidable host, was astonished when he beheld their determined resolution to offer battle. When he was expressing his surprise to Sir Ingram Umfraville, that knight suggested a plan not unlikely, if the Scots had been drawn into the snare, of securing a certain and almost

bloodless victory. This was to pretend a retreat with the whole army till they got behind their tents, and as this might tempt the Scots from their ranks for the sake of plunder, it would then be easy to turn suddenly and fall upon them. Edward rejected this advice, probably thinking that there was no need of stratagem to defeat a force so greatly inferior to him in numbers.

The English began the battle by a vigorous charge upon the left wing of the Scots, commanded by Earl Randolph, near the spot where a bridge is now thrown over Bannockburn at a village called Charterhall. It is said that the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford contended for the honour of leading the van, when the former sprung forth from the English army, but not being timely followed and supported by his knights, he was overwhelmed and slain. Barbour says of Gloucester—

He was the third best knight persay
That men knew living in his day.

An early writer utters his maledictions against the Earl's knights for giving such ineffectual assistance to their master. He says that they were in number five hundred, and only twenty of them might have saved the Earl. He was killed on a valuable horse presented to him as he marched northwards by Richard Bishop of Durham.

There are other accounts of the commencement of the action. Barbour, who does not mention the stations of the different generals, nor the precise manner in which the army was arranged, states that the first attack was made on the division commanded by Edward Bruce, who was immediately supported by Earl Randolph—that the High Steward and Douglas next led the charge—and that, last of all, King Robert, after making his observations and issuing the necessary orders, came forward with his reserve, when the battle became general. The English archers commenced the attack

with their usual bravery and dexterity, when Bruce perceiving his troops grievously annoyed, ordered Sir Robert Keith the Marischal to detach with a small and select body of cavalry, and by making a circuit attack the archers in flank. It is probable that they rounded the Miltown Bog, and by keeping the firm ground, they were enabled to charge the left flank and rear of the archers, who, having no spears or long weapons of defence, were thrown into disorder, and created a confusion from which the whole army never recovered. Bruce in the meantime advanced with the reserve. The Earl of Gloucester, in his attempt to rally the fugitives, was surrounded and hewn to pieces. Some of his knights shared the fate of their master. Similar was the fate of Robert Clifford, Edmund Manley, and other distinguished warriors. Sir Giles d'Argentine made a bold attempt to rescue Gloucester, but he was unsuccessful. When the Earl of Pembroke saw the field irretrievably lost, he urged King Edward to quit the field. Sir Giles said—“ It is not my wont to fly ;” and spurring on his horse, and exclaiming, *An Argentine! An Argentine!* he rushed into the battle, and was numbered among the slain. The Scots would have saved Gloucester if they had known him, but on that occasion he had neglected to put on the usual upper garment on which his arms, or *crest armorial*, were depicted. About a mile from the field of battle is a place called the *Bloody Folds*. Here the gallant Gloucester made his last stand, and died bravely at the head of such of his military vassals as were with him. His death was much regretted by both sides.

The battle had now become general, but before they could all come to a close engagement the movements of the Scottish cavalry compelled the English to fall into the snare laid for them. They became entangled in the long narrow and carefully concealed pits; their horses were soon disabled by the sharp iron spikes running into their hoofs ;

others stumbled and threw their riders. This dreadful discovery of the uncertain nature of the ground increased the confusion of the English. Earl Randolph knew well how to improve this accident, for which he was prepared, and taking advantage of the disorder and surprise into which the English were thrown, he charged with vigour. It is worthy of notice that pieces of harness, broken spears, and other armour, are still occasionally dug up in Miltown Bog.

To rightward of the wild affray,
 The field showed fair and level way ;
 But in mid-space the Bruce's care
 Had bored the ground with many a pit,
 With turf and brushwood hidden yet,
 That form'd a ghastly snare.
 Rushing ten thousand horsemen came,
 With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,
 That panted for the shock !
 With blazing crests and banners spread,
 And trumpet clang and clamour dread,
 The wild plain thundered to their tread,
 As far as Stirling rock.
 Down ! down ! in headlong overthrow
 Horseman and horse, the foremost go,
 Wild floundering on the field !
 The first are in destruction's gorge,
 Their followers wildly o'er them urge ;
 The knightly arm and shield,
 The mail, the acton, and the spear,
 Strong hand, high heart, are useless here ;
 Loud from the mass confused the cry
 Of dying warriors swell on high,
 And steeds that shriek in agony !

Barbour makes no mention of the pits, and the fact has been doubted by recent writers, but it is now placed beyond a doubt. The old metrical historian simply states that Randolph, seeing the slaughter made by the cavalry on the right wing among the archers, advanced boldly against the main body of the English, and entered into

close combat with them. The High Steward and Douglas, who commanded the Scottish centre, also led their division to the charge, and the battle, thus becoming general, was maintained on both sides with great obstinacy several hours. He farther adds that the Scots did great mischief among the English men-at-arms, after the bowmen had been dispersed. The battle was still at the hottest, the English continued to charge with unabated vigour, and though the Scots continued to receive them with unabated intrepidity, each individual fighting as if victory depended on his single arm, it was yet uncertain what would be the result of the day. The English King showed on the field of Bannockburn a personal gallantry worthy of his great father Edward I. Buchanan asserts that he was the first who fled, but all historians allege that he was among the last on the field; and the fact that he was pursued by Douglas with sixty horsemen on the spur confirms the statement.

The English, who never recovered from the confusion into which the select body of Scottish cavalry had thrown their archers, and which had been communicated to the whole army, were now, however, considerably exhausted, when an occurrence, represented by some as an accidental rally of enthusiasm, and by others as an organized stratagem of Bruce, completely altered the aspect of the battle, and secured the victory to the Scots. This was the sudden and unexpected appearance of the fifteen thousand *gillies*, or servants and retainers of the army, on the hill since called the Gillies' Hill. They had been ordered before the battle to retire behind the hill with the baggage, but during the engagement they formed themselves into martial order, some on foot, others on the baggage horses, and marched to the summit of the hill, displaying fastened sheets to tent poles and lances instead of banners; and they descended towards the field with hideous yells, as if

they had been a new army advancing to battle. This unexpected apparition of a fresh body of troops completely struck the already dispirited English with terror. They fled in all directions, and an immense slaughter ensued. The gillies, or servants, fell upon the fugitives, and added to the confusion, and the number of the slain. The Bannockburn was so choked with dead bodies of men and horses that it might have been passed dryshod. Many were driven into the Forth, and perished in its deep and still waters. The slaughter was immense, and the ground for miles round was covered with dead bodies. The exact number of killed and wounded has never been accurately ascertained, and it is well known that in the battles of those times it was invariably the custom for each side to lessen their own loss and augment that of the enemy. The English historians do not give any minute particulars, but they all acknowledge that their loss was immense, and that the nation never received such an overthrow. According to some Scottish writers, the English lost fifty thousand in the battle and pursuit—that of the Scots being limited to only four thousand—a proportion utterly incredible. It rather appears that the loss of the Scots was most severe—though only two persons of distinction are mentioned among the slain—Sir William Vipont and Sir Walter Ross, the latter the favourite of Edward Bruce, who when he was informed that his friend had fallen, exclaimed in anguish, “O that this day’s work were undone, so that Ross had not died.”

The Earl of Hereford retreated with a large body of troops towards Bothwell, and threw himself into the castle with a few officers, that old massive edifice being then garrisoned by the English. He was soon, however, compelled to surrender, and was subsequently exchanged for King Robert’s Queen and daughter, and others of his friends who had been some years captives in England.

Edward escaped with the greatest difficulty. He could not be persuaded to retire till Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, took hold of his bridle, and forced him off when all was lost. It was at this crisis that the gallant Sir Giles d'Argentine rushed into the field, shouting, *an Argentine!* and was soon overwhelmed and slain. Retreating from the field of battle, the English King galloped to the Castle of Stirling and demanded admittance, but Sir Philip Mowbray pointed out to him the folly of shutting himself up in that fortress, which must soon surrender, as it was impossible now to defend it against the victors, and his knightly honour was pledged to give it up by the result of the day. Convening round his person a few noblemen, knights, and about five hundred men-at-arms, he avoided the field of battle and the victorious army by a circuit, and fled towards Linlithgow, pursued by Douglas with sixty horsemen, who was often very near him. While passing the Torwood, Douglas met Sir Laurence Abernethy attended by twenty cavalry on their way to join the English army, but Sir Laurence was easily persuaded to desert the defeated monarch, and to assist in the pursuit. Douglas hung upon Edward's flight as far as Dunbar, his horsemen too few in number to assail him successively, but powerful enough to harass him in his retreat so constantly, that whoever fell an instant behind was immediately slain. The English monarch's flight terminated at Dunbar, and he was just on the point of being made prisoner, when he was received into the Castle of Dunbar by Patrick ninth Earl of Dunbar and March, who, although the cousin of Bruce, still professed allegiance to England, and treated Edward with great hospitality. He remained in Dunbar Castle three days, whence he escaped to Bamborough in a fishing vessel.

Roger de Northburg, keeper of the royal signet, was made prisoner, with his two clerks, Roger Wakenfield and

Thomas Surton. Edward issued a proclamation from Berwick, after landing in the fishing boat, announcing the loss of his seal, and prohibiting all persons to obey any order proceeding from it without evidence that the order was his. He also caused a seal to be made which he called the *Privy Seal*, to distinguish it from the lost signet. It was afterwards restored to England through the intercession of Roger de Monthermer, an ancestor of the Marquis of Hastings, who was intimately acquainted with King Robert.

The Castle of Stirling was surrendered on the day after the battle, and the garrison were allowed to pass unmolested to England in terms of the stipulations. Sir Philip Mowbray entered the service of Bruce, to whom he ever continued faithful. Perhaps from him descended the Mowbrays of Barnboul Castle on the shore of the Frith of Forth near Cramond.

The death of the Earl of Gloucester and Sir Giles d'Argentine is already mentioned. The body of the former was conveyed to St Ninian's, deposited in the religious edifice there, and received with that respect due to the high rank and noble character of the Earl. It was afterwards sent by Bruce to the King of England, with the dead body of Lord Clifford, and both were interred with all the honours due to their birth and valour. Besides those noblemen and the renowned Sir Giles, there fell representatives of the noblest and most ancient houses in England. Barbour says that two hundred pairs of gilded spurs were taken from the field of battle, and some have occasionally been dug up in more recent times. According to a well authenticated record, no fewer than forty-three English noblemen and bannerets or knights, twenty-two earls barons, and bannerets, and sixty-eight knights, were taken prisoners, exclusive of many ecclesiastics and esquires who were either slain or made captive. The spoils of the Eng-

lish camp, and the ransoms paid for the prisoners, enriched the Scots, and caused a more general circulation of money throughout the country than had ever been before known. The effects soon became every where apparent. Many large mansions were erected after this battle; the people began to study some degree of elegance in their houses and gardens, and to bestow some attention upon agriculture.

King Robert displayed great moderation after the victory. He treated his prisoners with the most marked respect and hospitality, and by alleviating the misfortunes of the captives he secured their affections. He set at liberty Sir Ralph de Morthermer and Sir Marmaduke Twenge without ransom. It is related of the latter that he contrived to conceal himself during the fury of the pursuit, and when it had relaxed he approached King Robert, who knew him well:—"Whose prisoner are you, Sir Marmaduke?" cried Bruce to the knight. "Yours, Sir," answered Sir Marmaduke. "I receive you," replied the King with the utmost courtesy, and loaded him with presents.

Bruce, with a feeling which accords with his high chivalrous character, deeply regretted the death of Sir Giles d'Argentine. So great was his grief at the fate of this gallant knight, with whom he was intimately acquainted, that it is said several of the Scottish nobles remonstrated with him on the subject. Sir Giles is finely introduced in the *LORD OF THE ISLES*, though the incidents there related of him are rather poetical licences than matters of fact. He takes leave of Edward, who was in the act of being hurried off the field by the Earl of Pembroke.

" In yonder field a gage I left,
I must not live of fame bereft;
I needs must turn again.
Speed hence, my Liege, for on your trace
The fiery Douglas takes the chase.
I know his banner well.

God send my Sovereign joy and bliss,
 And many a happier field than this !
 Ounce more, my Liege, farewell."

Again he faced the battle field—
 Wildly they fly, are slain, or yield.
 " Now then," he said, and couch'd his spear,
 " My course is run, the goal is near ;
 " One effort more, one brave career,
 " Must close this race of mine."
 Then in his stirrups rising high,
 He shouted loud his battle-cry,
 " Saint James for Argentine !"
 And, of the bold pursuers, four
 The gallant knight from saddle bore ;
 But not unharm'd—a lance's point
 Has found his breast-plate's loosen'd joint,
 An axe has razed his crest ;
 Yet still on Colonsay's fierce lord,
 Who press'd the chase with gory sword,
 He rode with spear in rest,
 And through his bloody tartans bored,
 And through his gallant breast.
 Nailed to the earth, the mountaineer
 Yet writhed him up against the spear,
 And swung his broadsword round !
 Stirrup, steel-boot, and cuish gave way,
 Beneath that blow's tremendous sway
 The blood gush'd from the wound ;
 And the grim Lord of Colonsay
 Hath turn'd him on the ground,
 And laughs in death-pang that his blade
 The mortal thrust so well repaid.

Now toil'd the Bruce, the battle done,
 To use his conquest boldly won :
 And gave command for horse and spear
 To press the Southern's scatter'd rear,
 Nor let his broken force combine,
 When the war-cry of Argentine
 Fell faintly on his ear !
 " Save, save his life," he cried. " O save
 " The kind, the noble, and the brave !"
 The squadrons round free passage gave,
 The wounded knight drew near.

He raised his red cross shield no more,
 Helm, cuish, and breast-plate stream'd with gore,
 Yet, as he saw the King advance,
 He strove even then to couch his lance—

The effort was in vain !

The spur-stroke fail'd to rouse the horse ;
 Wounded and weary, in mid course

He tumbled on the plain.

Then foremost was the generous Bruce
 To raise his head, his helm to loose :—

“ Lord Earl, the day is thine !

My Sovereign's charge, and adverse fate,
 Have made our meeting all too late ;

Yet this may Argentine,

As boon from ancient comrade, crave—
 A Christian's mass, a soldier's grave.”

Bruce pressed his dying hand—its grasp
 Kindly replied ; but, in his clasp

It stiffen'd and grew cold—

And, “ O farewell !” the victor cried,

“ Of chivalry the flower and pride,

The arm in battle bold,

The courteous mien, the noble race,

The stainless faith, the manly face !

Bid Ninian's convent light their shrine

For late-wake of De Argentine.

O'er better knight on death-bier laid,

Torch never gleam'd, nor mass was said !”

It is said that Sir Giles d'Argentine was brought to Edinburgh, and interred with great solemnity in St Giles' church in that city.

One Baston, a Carmelite friar, and superior of a monastery in Scarborough, was found among the prisoners. He was reputed one of the best poets of that age, and Edward had commanded his attendance in the army to celebrate his anticipated victory. When presented to King Robert, he was promised his liberty if he composed a poem in praise of the conquerors. He did this in Monkish Latin rhyme *on the Scottish victory at Bannockburn*, which is well known, and the authenticity of which has never been called in

question. The poem is tolerable, considering the uncultivated age in which its author lived, but it is chiefly valuable for its confirmation of several historical facts, such as the pits and ditches, the stakes and the spikes placed in them, the intemperance of the English soldiers, and a list of the most distinguished of the slain in the battle on the side of the English. "I suspect," observes Lord Hailes, "that this unhappy poet had great part of the description of the battle ready made when he was taken prisoner. His poem is a most extraordinary performance, and must have cost him infinite labour."

Bernard de Lynton, parson of Mordington at the time, afterwards Abbot of Arbroath and Chancellor of Scotland, composed a Latin poem on the battle of Bannockburn, a fragment of which is preserved by Fordun. It is a performance superior to that of Baston, and a little more intelligible. Fordun himself invoked the muse on the occasion, and has interspersed his verses throughout his history. Several ballads were composed, both in England and Scotland, on the occasion, of one of which the following lines are fragments:—

" Maydens of England, sore may ye mourne
For zour lemmans zou have lost at Bonockborne,
With hevalo."

The scene of the encounter on the evening before the battle between Earl Randolph and Lord Clifford is still called Randolph Field. Perhaps some exploit of Sir Ingram Umfraville gave his christian name to the locality called Ingram's Crook, but he was not slain in the battle, as the name of *Ingelram de Umfraville* is among the list of prisoners. But the most interesting memorial of the engagement is the Bore Stone on Brook's Brae, a large piece of granite, in a round hole on the surface of which the standard of Bruce was placed. This stone bears the marks of

many a ruthless pilgrimage, and in many parts it has been chipped off by thousands of persons who wished to possess a piece of it as a relic. So alarming were these attacks on the Bore Stone becoming every year, that it was found necessary to surround it with a strong iron rail, in which condition it is now presented to the visitor who wishes to indulge in historical associations when surveying the ever memorable field of Bannockburn.

In a work entitled the " Naval History of Britain from the Earliest Period to 1756," there is the following notice respecting Edward II. " In his private affairs no King was ever more miserable. While the Scots were beating his troops with terrible slaughter in 1314, the son of a tanner of Exeter assumed his name and title. The story was too romantic to gain credit, and all the effect it took was bringing the wretch to the gallows."
