

THE TURMOILS OF MERSE AND TEVIOTDALE.

THE town of Kelso affords in its topographical position a fine specimen of the blandest beauties of Border scenery, and in its ancient history a large and fair sample of the mingled pomp and horror, flaunting and fighting, display and deadliness of the olden Border warfare. It stands on the left bank of the Tweed, opposite the influx of the Teviot; and stretches along a plain, in the centre of a gently rising and magnificent low amphitheatre; and commands from every

opening of its streets vistas and expanses of exquisitely lovely landscape. Seen from the heights of Stichel several miles to the north, the district around the town appears to be an extensive and picturesque strath—a plain intersected by two rivers, and richly adorned with woods; but seen from the low grounds close upon the Tweed, near the town, it is a diversified basin,—a gently receding amphitheatre,—low where it is cut by the rivers, and cinctured in the distance by a boundary of sylvan heights. On the north side of the Tweed it slowly rises in successive wavy ridges, tier behind tier, till an inconsiderable summit-level is attained; and on the south side, while it generally makes a gradual rise, it is cut down on the west into a diverging stripe of lowland by the Teviot, ascends, in some places, in an almost acclivitous way from the banks, and sends up in the distance hilly and hard-featured elevations, which, though subject to the plough, are naturally pastoral. The whole district is surpassingly rich in the features of landscape which strictly constitute the beautiful,—unmixed with the grand, or, except in rare touches, with the romantic. The views presented from the knolly height of Roxburgh castle, and from the immediate vicinity of the Ducal mansion of Fleurs, are so luscious, so full and minute in feature, that they must be seen in order to be appreciated. The view from the bridge, a little below the confluence of the rivers, though greatly too rich to be depicted in words, and demanding consummate skill in order to be pencilled in colours, admits at least an easy enumeration of its leading features. Immediately on the north lies the town, with the majestic ruins of its ancient abbey, and the handsome fabric of Ednam house; $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile to the north-west, rises the magnificent pile of Fleurs castle, amidst a profusion and an expanse coming down to the Tweed of wooded decorations; in front are two islets in the Tweed, and between that river and the Teviot the beautiful peninsula of Friar's or St. James's Green, with the fair green

in its foreground, and the venerable and tufted ruins of Roxburgh castle, $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile distant; on the south-west, within a fine bend of the Teviot, are the mansion and demesne of Springwood, and away behind them, in far perspective, looking down the exulting vale of the Tweed, the Eildon hills lift up their triple summit; a little to the east, close upon the view, rises the fine form of Pinnacle-hill; away in the distance behind the town, rise the conspicuous ruin of Home castle, and the hills of Stichel and Mellerstain: and, in addition, are the curvings and rippling currents of the rivers,—beltings and clumps and lines of plantation,—the steep precipices of Maxwell and Chalkheugh,—exuberant displays of agricultural wealth and social comfort,—and reminiscences, suggestible to even a tyro in history, of events in olden times which mingle delightfully in the thoughts with a contemplation of the landscape. Sir Walter Scott—who often revelled amidst this scenery in the latter years of his boyhood,—ascribes to its influence upon his mind the awakening within him of that “insatiable love of natural scenery, more especially when combined with ancient ruins or remains of our father’s piety or splendour,” which at once characterized and distinguished him as a writer, and imparted such a warmth and munificence of colouring to all his literary pictures. Leyden, too—who had around him in the vale of the Teviot, and the “dens” of its tributary rills in the immediate vicinity of his home at Denholm, quite enough to exhaust the efforts of a lesser poet—sung impassionedly the beauties of Kelso—

“Bosom’d in woods where mighty rivers run,
 Kelso’s fair vale expands before the sun;
 Its rising downs in vernal beauty swell,
 And, fringed with hazle, winds each flowery dell;
 Green spangled plains to dimpling lawns succeed,
 And Tempe rises on the banks of Tweed:

Blue o'er the river Kelso's shadow lies,
And copse-clad isles amid the water rise."

Nearly adjacent to the town of Kelso, or rather over against it, on a rising ground at the west end of the low fertile peninsula between the Teviot and the Tweed, is the site of the ancient royal town of Roxburgh, now quite extinct. Brief but obscure notices by various historians indicate that this was a place of considerable note long previous to the 12th century, but fail to throw light on its condition or, furnish any certain facts in its history. While David I., who mounted the throne in 1124, was yet only Earl of Northumberland, the town, as well as the castle, belonged to him as an appanage of his earldom; and appears to have been so flourishing that it could not accommodate the crowds who pressed into it to enrol themselves its citizens. An overflow of its population was the occasion of the erection of the new town, the original of the present village, the Easter Roxburgh of history, about 2 miles to the south. Whether the new town was built by David, or at a period prior to the date of his influence, is uncertain; but the fact of its being an offshoot at so early a period, strikingly evinces how great and attractive a seat of population the district at the embouchure of the Teviot was in even rude and semi-barbarous times. Among other elements of the old town's importance in the time of David, it possessed an encincturing fortification of wall and ditch, and had, under the superintendence of the abbot of Kelso, schools which figured magnificently in the age's unpolished tales of fame. When David ascended the throne, it became, as a matter of course, a king's burgh, and possibly was the one which the monarch most favoured. But its main feature was its ancient castle, supposed to have been built by the Saxons while they held the sovereignty of the Northumbrian kingdom, and long a most important fort, a royal residence, a centre of strife, an eyesore to every great

party who had not possession of it, and at once the political glory and the social bane of Teviotdale. Only a few fragments of some of its outer walls now remain,—on a tabular rock which rises about 40 feet perpendicular from the level of the plain; and they distinctly indicate it to have been a place of great strength. It was for ages a focus of intrigue and pomp and battle; and it witnessed a profusion of the scenes and vicissitudes of siege and strife,—of pillage and fire and slaughter; but it now retains a most meagre vestige of its ancient importance.

“ Roxburgh! how fallen, since first, in Gothic pride,
 Thy frowning battlements the war defied,
 Called the bold chief to grace thy blazoned halls,
 And bade the rivers gird thy solid walls!
 Fallen are thy towers, and, where the palace stood,
 In gloomy grandeur waves yon hanging wood;
 Crushed are thy halls, save where the peasant sees
 One moss-clad ruin rise between the trees;
 The still-green trees, whose mournful branches wave,
 In solemn cadence o'er the hapless brave.
 Proud castle! Fancy still beholds thee stand,
 The curb, the guardian, of this Border land,
 As when the signal flame, that blazed afar,
 And bloody flag, proclaimed impending war,
 While, in the lion's place the leopard frowned
 And marshalled armies hemmed thy bulwarks round.”

The principal existing artificial gem in the midst of the gorgeous scenery of Kelso—an object connecting both this town and ancient Roxburgh, and the straths around them with many a stirring passage in the olden Border history—is the ruinous abbey,—a simply elegant, unique, tall, massive pile, in the form of a Greek cross, imposing in aspect and untiring in interest. The establishment out of which it

sprang was originally settled in Selkirk for monks of the order of Tyrone; but after a few years, was, in 1128, removed by David I. to its site at Kelso, in the vicinity of the royal residence of Roxburgh-castle. David, and all his successors on the throne till James V., lavished upon it royal favours. Whether in wealth, in political influence, or in ecclesiastical status, it maintained an eminence of grandeur which dazzles and bewilders a student of history and of human nature. The convent of Lesmahago, with its valuable dependencies, —33 parish-churches, with their tithes and other pertinents, in nearly every district, except Galloway and East-Lothian, south of the Clyde and the Forth,—the parish church of Culter in Aberdeenshire,—all the forfeitures within the town and county of Berwick,—several manors and vast numbers of farms, granges, mills, fishings, and miscellaneous property athwart the Lowlands,—so swelled the revenue as to raise it above that of all the bishops in Scotland. The abbots were superiors of the regality of Kelso, Bolden, and Reverden, frequent ambassadors and special commissioners of the royal court, and the first ecclesiastics on the roll of parliament, taking precedence of all the other abbots in the kingdom; and, while some of them rivalled the mightiest nobles in pride and splendour, others shook great tracts of country, and kept them long in agitation, by their quarrels with other ecclesiastics and their struggles for increase of power. But though the abbey was generally respected by the English marauders in the heigh-day of popery, it became a most tempting object and a speedy prey to the earliest English armies who had ceased to venerate monasticism. In 1522, an army of Henry VIII. demolished its church and vaults, fired all its cells and dormitories, and tore off the roof from all its other portions; and subsequent inroads of the national foe prevented any attempts at immediate repair or re-edification,—so that the abbey, for a time, crumbled toward total decay, and the monks were reduced almost to beggary, and skulked

among the neighbouring villages. In 1542, under the Duke of Norfolk, and again in 1545, under the Earl of Hertford, the English renewed their spoliations on the abbey, and almost entirely destroyed it by fire. On the latter occasion, it was resolutely defended by about 300 men who had posted themselves in its interior, and was entered only after the corpses of a large proportion of them formed a rampart before its gates. In 1560, the monks were expelled in consequence of the Reformation; and both then and in 1580, the abbey was despoiled of many of its architectural decorations, and carried far down the decline of ruin.

The town of Kelso figures, in ancient history, both by itself and in company with the neighbouring castle of Roxburgh, as a rendezvous of armies, as a place of international negotiation, as a scene of frequent conflict and havoc of war, and as a spot smiled upon by kings and other personages of note. "Situated on the Borders, and a frontier town of the kingdom," says Mr. Haig—whose interesting volume on the History of Kelso and Roxburgh is a main authority with us in the present article—"it was repeatedly desolated by fire and sword, during those unhappy conflicts which devastated both countries for so many ages. Kelso, or its immediate neighbourhood, was the usual rendezvous of our armies upon the eastern marches, when the vassals were summoned either to repel an invading enemy, or to retaliate on English ground the injuries which had been committed on their own. Kelso is also famous as a place of negotiation; and many truces or treaties were here concluded between the two nations."

In 1138, when David I. retreated into Scotland from his unsuccessful siege of Wark Castle, Stephen of England followed him at the head of a large army to the neighbourhood of Kelso; and David feeling obliged to stand merely on the defensive in a strong position adjacent to Roxburgh, Stephen pillaged and wasted all the surrounding country till he could

no longer obtain sufficient sustenance and spoil for his followers, and then retired to England by another passage across the Tweed, than that by which he had entered. In 1209, William of Scotland assembled an army at Roxburgh to oppose a threatened invasion by John of England; but, in consequence of an adjustment of the cause of hostilities by mediation, he was enabled to disband it, without leading it into service. In the same year, on account of a Papal interdict being imposed on England, the bishops of Rochester and Salisbury came into Scotland, and fixed their residence the former at Kelso and the latter at Roxburgh; and were hospitably received by the Scottish monarch.

In the winter of 1215-6, John of England invaded the eastern border at the head of a powerful army, and spread devastation through large tracts of Merse and Teviotdale and East Lothian, and burnt the towns of Roxburgh, Berwick, Dunbar, and Haddington, and exercised most ruthless severity upon many families and individuals of the Border lairds. In 1255, soon after Alexander III. of Scotland and his Queen had been rescued from restraint in Edinburgh Castle, and conveyed in safety to Roxburgh Castle by an English army under the Earl of Gloucester, Henry III. of England, the Queen's father, made them a visit of 15 or 16 days at Roxburgh, and had a large retinue of nobles and a great military force assembled on the English frontier, and was introduced with great processional pomp to Kelso and its abbey, and there entertained, along with the chief nobility of both kingdoms, at a sumptuous royal banquet.

During the altercations between John Baliol and Edward I. and during the subsequent wars of the succession, Merse and Teviotdale, and particularly the tracts around Kelso and Berwick, were the scenes of many turmoils. In 1292, Edward held practical possession of all the Border, and kept it under great and constant excitement, in the course of adjudicating the crown of Scotland among the rival claimants;

and toward the close of that year, after pronouncing judgment in favour of Baliol, he spent nearly a month at Roxburgh, and there concocted a number of official orders and arrangements. In 1295, Baliol agreed to deliver the Castles of Roxburgh, Jedburgh, and Berwick—and indirectly the whole territory of Merse and Teviotdale—into the temporary possession of the English; but, on the arrival of parties to take possession, he or his officers refused to give them up; and soon after, he first made a desolating irruption into Cumberland, and laid unsuccessful siege to Carlisle, and was compelled to retreat in disgrace,—and next overran a large part of Northumberland, and burned some monasteries, and was driven in disorder from a bootless attempt to storm the castle of Harbottle. Edward's wrath, which had been blazing before, was now blown into flaming fury; and he came down in great force to the Border, and made that awful capture of Berwick which is narrated at page 113 of the first volume of these Tales, and pushed forward thence through the Merse to Dunbar, and there fought and prostrated Baliol, and then went to the foot of Teviotdale, and took possession of the town and castle of Roxburgh.

In 1297, Sir William Wallace, on his way back from his dreadfully devastating incursion into England, paused awhile at Roxburgh, and laid siege to its castle, but, getting intelligence of the mustering of a powerful English army against him, he abandoned the siege, and went away to the north. In the spring of 1298, Edward came up from Newcastle, at the head of 3,000 heavy cavalry, 4,000 light cavalry, and about 80,000 infantry, and traversed Merse and Lower Teviotdale, and made mighty military demonstrations at Roxburgh and Kelso and Berwick, and then marched toward the centre of the kingdom in search of Wallace. In 1306, Mary de Bruce, the sister of King Robert, was shut up in an iron cage at Roxburgh Castle,—and there was she kept till 1310 and the same barbarous punishment was inflicted on the

Countess of Buchan in Berwick Castle, for assisting at Robert's coronation.

In 1307, Edward II. of England, immediately after his accession to the throne, came to Roxburgh and Dumfries to receive the fealty of the Scottish barons; in 1310, after making a fruitless attempt to draw together a great army at Berwick for crushing the power of Bruce, he made a rapid, bustling, vain progress through Roxburgh and Selkirk and other parts of the Border; and in 1311, he got together a kind of army at Roxburgh, for the purpose of making one more great effort against Bruce, but failed to do any considerable deed, and had the mortification to know that Bruce, in perfect defiance of him and quite unmolestedly, was about the same time carrying havoc and desolation into England over the western marches. In 1313, Sir James Douglas achieved the adroit and masterly capture of Roxburgh Castle which was narrated on pages 366 and 367 of the third volume of these Tales.

In 1332, Edward Baliol, a week or two after he had got himself crowned at Scone, marched at the head of his army to the Border, menaced Berwick, took and burnt one or more fortalices which had been held by his opponents, encamped in the vicinity of Kelso, got possession of the Castle of Roxburgh, and there acknowledged the King of England as his liege lord, and ignominiously surrendered to him the independence of Scotland. But before the close of the year, while he was at the western marches on some business of state or pleasure, attended by only a small force, he was surprised in the night and wofully discomfited by Archibald Douglas, Lord of Galloway, at the head of about 1,000 horsemen; and he escaped with difficulty, and in a state of nudity, and fled to Roxburgh on a horse which had neither saddle nor bridle. In 1333, while Baliol lay at Roxburgh, waiting reinforcements from England, and expecting the arrival of the English King in person, Sir Andrew Moray, the

Regent of Scotland, attempted to take the town and castle by assault ; but he encountered a sharp resistance on the bridge, and, while generously endeavouring to rescue one of his squires who had been thrown down, he was overpowered and made prisoner. Now followed the disastrous events at and around Berwick, which culminated in the battle of Halidon Hill, and have been narrated on pp. 324—337 of the third volume of these Tales.

In the spring of 1342, Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, took the castle of Roxburgh by escalade ; and was rewarded by King David, for the distinguished bravery of the deed, with the governorship of the Castle and the sheriffship of Teviotdale. But Lord William Douglas, who had previously held the sheriffship, felt aggrieved by these appointments, and soon after seized an opportunity of Ramsay holding a court in the church of Hawick to wreak vengeance on him, by rushing in with a body of armed followers, dragging him from the bench, wounding him, killing some of his servants, and carrying him away to direful and fatal imprisonment in Hermitage Castle.

In 1346, David II., at the head of a powerful army which had been assembled at Perth and reinforced at Edinburgh, marched through Roxburgh and up Teviotdale, on his way to a devastation of Cumberland and Northumberland, terminating in the disastrous battle of Neville's Cross, the history of which is told on pp. 97—108 of the first volume of these Tales. In consequence of this battle, the Castles of Roxburgh and Hermitage surrendered to the English, and the districts of Merse, Teviotdale, Liddesdale, Lauderdale, and most of the other border districts were abandoned to the wicked will of the conquerors. In 1348, Lord William Douglas overran Teviotdale, Ettrick-Forest, and Tweed-dale, and drove the English out of them ; and so well was he supported by the men of Teviotdale that he hotly repelled the large garrison of Roxburgh Castle, on their coming out

against him, and slew many of their number, and compelled the rest to retreat precipitately to their fortifications.

In the summer of 1355, a Scottish army marched past the English posts in the Merse, invaded Northumberland, burned Norham, captured Berwick, and in other ways annoyed and confounded their great national foe; and in the following winter, the King of England got together an immense force, and made stern and strong preparations to pay back the devastations with interest, and to inflict on the Scots condign punishment for what he called their rebellion. They heard in good time of his approach; and, knowing that they could not resist him, and at the same time determined to express not one word of compunction for what they had done, or to yield one inch to his authority, they packed up all their valuables, burned Berwick, destroyed its walls, and retreated into the interior; and when Edward arrived, he took up his residence for some time at Roxburgh Castle, and was there duped into inaction by a pretence of some of the chief Scottish nobles of negotiating submission to his sceptre, till they should gain time to conceal all their treasures, and put themselves into a strong attitude of defence; and when he discovered the cheat, he ran riot through the Border districts as far north as Haddington, and made great waste and devastation. While he remained at Roxburgh, Baliol, who attended him as a vassal, made a formal and more absolute surrender to him than before of the crown-rights of Scotland, and so sadly degraded himself as to present by way of token a portion of the Scottish soil and also his golden crown.

The previously unsettled state of the Border was enormously increased by the proceedings of the English Edwards; and it often produced among the barons and great families very violent quarrels, of far spread influence, and with most disastrous consequences. One of the chief of these may be narrated as a specimen. In August, 1371, at the annual fair of Roxburgh, a chamberlain or other domestic of the Earl

of March was slain in a scuffle by some of the English. The Earl regarded the occurrence as a gross personal insult; and, feeling impatient for redress, he immediately sent a herald to the Earl of Northumberland, Warden of the Borders, requiring him to give up the murderers. "The Warden, notwithstanding the Earl's importunity, treated his demand with derision. The Earl of March took no farther notice of the matter at the time; but, stifling his resentment, he waited for the return of the same fair in the following year, when, a great number of English being present with their merchandise, he, in conjunction with his brother, the Earl of Moray, came suddenly upon the town, slew every male, carried off their goods, and reduced the town to ashes. The borderers, glad of any pretext for commencing hostilities against the Scots, (a pretext, as some writers say, which was courted by the English—the inhabitants of the Borders being so much accustomed to live by plunder, that a state of peace reduced them to indigence,) immediately mustered all their strength; and determined, as they avowed, to obtain redress by the destruction of the Earl of March's property, advanced into Scotland. In their route, however, they regarded no property, neither did they spare the innocent inhabitants; but with relentless fury, put all to the sword, male and female, old and young. With distinguished barbarity, they ravaged the property of Sir John Gordon, which happened to lie contiguous to that of the Earl of March, spoiling his estate, and carrying away a number of prisoners. Sir John, burning to revenge the injuries thus inhumanly committed, advanced into England at the head of a numerous body of men, killing many, and taking a number of prisoners, besides seizing a large quantity of booty. On his return, he was attacked near Carham, by Sir John Lilburn, with a very superior force. The battle which ensued was fought with the utmost obstinacy and determined courage. Five times were the Scots that day on the point of being vanquished; and as often did

they return to the contest, and were victorious. At length the English were completely discomfited, and Sir John Lillburn, their commander, with his brother, and a number of his followers, made prisoners, and brought to Scotland. Sir John Gordon likewise preserved all his booty."

At the accession of Richard II. to the throne of England, in 1377, new commotions occurred on the borders; and at the fair of Roxburgh, in the autumn of that year, there was another riotous outburst of national antipathies, which terminated in the Scots setting fire to the town. The Earl of Northumberland viewed this outburst as a sequence and aggravation of the previous, and felt correspondingly enraged at it; and he therefore marched into Merse and Teviotdale with a force of 10,000 men to punish it, and took special vengeance on the Earl of March, by dooming his estates to a pillage of three days. Seven years later a general and violent insurrection broke out against the English along most of the border, even to the shores of the Solway; and by way of special precaution against the Castle of Roxburgh falling into the hands of the Scots, Lord Graystock, a famous military leader, was sent by the King of England, with troops and muniments, to reinforce and command it. But the Earl of March, hearing of his approach and of the route by which he was to travel, laid an ambush for him, and made a sudden and overwhelming attack upon his cortege, captured all his troops and waggons, and carried himself prisoner to the Castle of Dunbar.

In 1385, a Scottish army, aided by French auxiliaries, scoured the borders, and attempted to make head against the English, but found it prudent to retreat before getting embroiled in any general action; and, while on their way back toward the interior, made an unsuccessful attempt to induce their French friends to consent to a besieging of Roxburgh Castle. In 1388, as related at page 247 of the third volume of these Tales, occurred the great martial muster in Teviot-

dale which led to the famous battle of Otterburn. In 1398, during a truce with England, the Earl of Douglas's son, with Sir William Stuart and others, taking advantage of the critical situation of Richard II., broke down the bridge at Roxburgh, plundered the town, and ravaged the adjacent lands. In the year 1411, Douglas of Drumlanrig, and Gavin Dunbar, adopted the same course of hostility; for they broke down the bridge of Roxburgh, and set fire to the town. James I. made a vain attempt to recover this fortress, in 1435, of which Belleuden gives the following *naive* account. "The king past with an army to sege the castell of Marchmond, that is to say Roxburgh. The Scottis war nowmerit in this army to II.C.M. men, by [besides] futmen and caragemen. At last quhen the kyng had lyne at the sege foresaid xv. dayis and waistit all his munitioun and powder, he returnit haim, but ony mair felicité succeeding to his army."

In 1460, James II.—perhaps from the idea of its being a disgrace to the Scottish crown, that Berwick and Roxburgh should continue so long under the dominion of England—laid siege to the latter, with a numerous army, well-furnished with artillery and warlike machinery. He took the town, and levelled it to the ground; but, during the siege of the castle, while he was overseeing the discharge of one of his pieces of ordnance, so remarkable for its size that it was called 'the Lion,' it burst, and the King was almost instantaneously struck dead. A large holly, enclosed by a wall, marks the fatal spot. The Queen, Mary of Guelder, who immediately on the mournful tidings arrived in the camp, bringing her eldest son with her, then a boy of about seven years of age, conducted herself with such heroism on this mournful occasion as to inspire the troops with redoubled spirit, and the garrison, finding themselves reduced to extremity, surrendered the fortress. "That the place," says Ridpath, "which the English had held for more than a hundred years, might thenceforth cease to be a centre of

rapine and violence, or a cause of future strife between the nations, the victors reduced it to a heap of ruins." A fuller prose account of the last siege of Roxburgh Castle, and of the death of James II., is given in pp. 108—112, of the first volume of these Tales; and the following poetical one, in Leyden's Scenes of Infancy, is well worth transcription.—

“ Serene in might, amid embattled files,
 From Morven's hills and the far western isles,
 From barrier Tweed and Teviot's border tide,
 See through the host the youthful monarch ride!
 In streaming pomp, above each mailed line,
 The chiefs behold his plummy helmet shine,
 And, as he points the purple surge of war,
 His faithful legions hail their guiding star.

From Lothian's plains a hardy band uprears,
 In serried ranks, a glittering grove of spears.
 The Border chivalry more fierce advance;
 Before their steeds projects the bristling lance;
 The panting steeds that, bridled in with pain,
 Arch their proud crests, and ardent paw the plain.
 With broad claymore, and dirk, the Island clan
 Clang the resounding targe, and claim the van,
 Flash their bright swords, as stormy bugles blow,
 Unconscious of the shaft and Saxon bow.

Now sulphurous clouds involve the sickening morn,
 And the hoarse bombal drowns the pealing horn;
 Crash the disparted walls, the turrets rock,
 And the red flame bursts through the smouldering smoke.
 But, hark! with female shrieks the valleys ring!
 The death dirge sounds for Scotia's warrior-king;
 Fallen in his youth, ere, on the listed field,
 The tinge of blood had dyed his silver shield;
 Fallen in his youth, ere from the bannered plain
 Returned his faulchion, crimsoned with the slain.

His sword is sheathed, his bow remains unstrung,
 His shield unblazoned, and his praise unsung:
 The holly's glossy leaves alone shall tell
 How, on these banks, the martial monarch fell.

Lo! as to grief the drooping squadrons yield,
 And quit, with tarnished arms, the luckless field,
 His gallant consort wipes her tears away,
 Renews their courage, and restores the day.
 'Behold your king!' the lofty heroine cried,
 'He seeks his vengeance where his father died.
 'Behold your king!' Rekindling fury boils
 In every breast;—the Saxon host recoils;—
 Wide o'er the walls the billowy flames aspire,
 And streams of blood hiss through the curling fire."

The boy crown-prince, who was with his mother at the death of James II., was carried by the nobles, in the presence of the assembled army, to the abbey of Kelso, and there pompously crowned as James III., and treated with royal honours; so that the mighty sensations of warlike uproar, royal obsequies, kingly coronation, and a display of the concentrated politics of a nation, were all simultaneously excited on the small arena round the confluence of the Teviot and the Tweed. Several international truces, particularly in the years 1380 and 1391, had previously been made at Kelso; and in 1487, commissioners met here to prolong a truce for the conservation of peace along the unsettled territory of the borders, and to concoct measures preliminary to a treaty of marriage between the eldest son of James III. and the eldest daughter of Edward IV.

In 1513, as related on pp. 363—408 of the first volume of these Tales, Kelso and Coldstream, and all Merse and Teviotdale, as indeed all parts of the kingdom, were shaken as with an earthquake, by the causes and consequences of the most disastrous event which ever happened on the Border,

the battle of Flodden. In 1515, the Duke of Albany, acting as regent, visited Kelso in the course of a progress of civil pacification, and received onerous depositions respecting the oppressive conduct of Lord Hume, the Earl of Angus, and other barons. In 1520, Sir James Hamilton, marching with 400 men from the Merse, to the assistance of Andrew Kerr, baron of Fernihirst, in a dispute with the Earl of Angus, was overtaken at Kelso by the baron of Cessford, then warden of the marches, and defeated and broken in a brief and ill-contested battle.

In 1522, Kelso and the country between it and the German ocean, received the first lashings of the scourge of war in the angry and powerful invasion of Scotland by the army of Henry VIII. One portion of the English forces having marched into the interior from their fleet in the Forth, and having formed a junction with another portion which hung on the Border under Lord Dacres, the united forces, among other devastations, destroyed one moiety of Kelso by fire, laid bare the other moiety by plundering, and inflicted merciless havoc upon not a few parts of the abbey. So nervidly arousing were their deeds, that the men of Merse and Teviotdale came headlong on them in a mass, and showed such inclination, accompanied with not a little power, to make reprisals, that the devastators prudently retreated within their own frontier. After the rupture between James V. and Henry VIII., the Earl of Huntly, who had been appointed guardian of the marches, garrisoned Kelso and Jedburgh, and, in August 1542, set out from these towns in search of an invading force of 3,000 men, under Sir Robert Bowes, fell in with them at Haldon-Rigg, and after a hard contest, broke down their power and captured their chief officers. A more numerous army being sent northward by Henry, under the Duke of Norfolk, and James stationing himself with a main army of defence on Fala-moor, the Earl of Huntley, received detachments which augmented his force

to 10,000 men, and so checked the invaders along the marches, as to preserve the open country from devastation. In spite of his strenuous efforts, Kelso, and some villages in its vicinity, were entered, plundered, and given up to the flames; and they were eventually delivered from an exterminating rage of spoliation, only by the foe being compelled by want of provision, and the inclemency of the season, to retreat into their own territory. When Henry VIII.'s fury against Scotland became rekindled about the affair of the proposed marriage of the infant Queen Mary and Prince Edward of England, an English army, in 1544, entered Scotland by the eastern marches, plundered and destroyed Kelso and Jedburgh, ravaged and burned the villages and houses in their neighbourhood, made much havoc in other adjacent districts, and were eventually overthrown at the battle of Ancrum. The commotions and feuds and ravages which abounded at this time on the Borders exposed life and property everywhere and constantly to peril; and they are glanced at in the account of the battle of Ancrum on pp. 232—240 of the first volume of these Tales.

Soon after the battle of Ancrum a French auxiliary force of 3,000 foot and 500 horse arrived in Scotland; and an army consisting of these and of about 15,000 Scots marched to the Borders. But before they arrived, another English army, 12,000 strong, specially selected for their enterprise, and led on by the Earl of Hertford, next year trod the same path as the former invaders, and inflicted fearful devastation on Merse and Teviotdale. They plundered anew the towns of Kelso and Jedburgh, wasted their abbeys, and also those of Melrose and Dryburgh, and burnt 100 towns and villages. While Kelso was suffering the infliction of their rage, 300 men, as was mentioned in our notice of the abbey, made bold but vain resistance within the precincts of that pile. The Scottish army shortly after came up, and took post at Maxwellheugh, the suburb of Kelso, intending to retaliate; but

they were spared the horrors of inflicting or enduring further bloodshed, by the retreat of the invaders; and they could not wisely make an incursion into the English territories on account of the lateness of the season; so that the home-troops were disbanded, and the French were left to guard the Borders.

In 1547, during the reign of Edward VI. of England, when a new war had broken out under the Protector Somerset, and when he had assailed the capital of Scotland, and been obliged to fall back thence upon the Border, he took some strongholds on the Borders and encamped his army on the peninsula of the quondam town and castle of Roxburgh, and made a sufficient restoration of the castle to render it again a place of great strength; and on his marching away, he left in it a garrison of 500 men. The English were once more in general possession of the Border and of its strengths; and early in 1548, a Scottish army, with a large body of French auxiliaries, came down on them, wrested out of their hands the castles of Hume and Fast and Fernihirst, and made large pillages and reprisals on the frontiers of Northumberland. In the following year an English army of 8,000 men assembled at Roxburgh, burnt several villages in the vicinity, chased the Scots and French out of Teviotdale, and plundered and destroyed Jedburgh and all its neighbourhood. In 1550, a pacification was made; and agreeably to one of its terms, the Castles of Roxburgh, Eyemouth, Lauder, and Dinglass were demolished.

In 1553, a resolution was suggested by the Queen Regent, adopted by parliament, and backed by the appointment of a tax of £20,000, leviably in equal parts from the spiritual and the temporal state, to build a fort at Kelso for the defence of the Borders; but it appears to have been soon dropped, or not even incipiently to have been carried into effect. In 1557, the Queen-Regent having wantonly, at the instigation of the King of France, provoked a war with Elizabeth, col-

lected a numerous army for aggression and defence on the Border. Under the Earl of Arran, the army, joined by an auxiliary force from France, marched to Kelso, and encamped at Maxwellheugh; but, having made some vain efforts to act efficiently on the offensive, was all withdrawn, except a detachment left in garrison at Kelso and Roxburgh to defend the Borders. Hostilities continuing sharp between the kingdoms, Lord James Stuart, the illegitimate son of James V., built a house of defence at Kelso, and threw up some fortifications around the town. In 1557, the Lords Eure, Wharton, Huntley, Morton, and Argyle, resolving to disperse the army, met the Queen Dowager and the French general at Kelso; "and there the Dowager raged, and reprieved them of their promises, whiche was to invade and annoy England. Theyre deterruaycions to departe, and the consyderacions they tolde her; and thereupone arguments grew great betwene them, wherewith she sorrowed, and wepp openlye; Doyce in gret hevynes; and with high words emongest them to thes effects, they departed. Doyce wished himself in Fraunce. The duke, wyth the others, passed to Jedworthe; and kepithe the chosen men on their borders. The others of their great nombre passed to their countreyes." In 1558, an English army of about 2,000 foot and 800 horse, under Sir Harry Percy and the Governor of Berwick, overran the Merse, plundered its barons and farmers, and burnt the towns of Dunse and Langton; and the small Scottish army stationed at Kelso and elsewhere for the defence of the Borders marched out to check them, and came into a short smart action with them at Swinton, and were completely defeated, insomuch that all their foot were either slain or captured. And soon after, another Scottish force was got together, and made retaliation in Northumberland, and were forced back by the Earl of Northumberland and Sir Henry Percy, and retreated under close pressure, yet in good order and unbroken, to the Scottish side of the Tweed. But their pursuers took

some vengeance on the country, from the vicinity of Kelso eastward, and burned and destroyed Ednam and some other villages.

In 1561, when robbery and freebootery on the Borders had assumed the boldest daring and rendered all tenure of property imminently insecure, Lord James Stewart was appointed by Queen Mary her lieutenant and judge for the suppression of bandits and reivers, with the Earl of Bothwell for his assistant, and to hold his courts in Jedburgh; but so difficult did he find his office that he had to summon the authorities of eleven counties to his aid; yet he eventually condemned and executed upwards of a score of the worst bandits, and succeeded in establishing considerable order, and held a meeting at Kelso with a representative of the English government to concert measures for preventing a recurrence of Border anarchy. But a faction, with the Earl of Morton and the Laird of Cessford, the Warden of the marches, for its principal supporters, soon embarrassed the new arrangements, and caused great uneasiness at the Scottish court; and in 1566, the Earl of Bothwell, then acting as the Queen's Lieutenant on the Borders, made a progress into Liddesdale with the view of overawing the malcontents and depredators, and the Queen herself prepared to visit Jedburgh in person, and there to bring to trial and punishment some of the most obnoxious individuals. But Bothwell got a rough reception in Liddesdale, and, after being severely wounded in an attempt to seize a desperate freebooter of the Elliot clan, was shut up as an invalid in Hermitage Castle; and on the Queen arriving at Jedburgh, and hearing of his misfortune, and how he lay in imminent danger, she felt all the emotions of a romantic woman, and resolved to pay him a visit. In order to effect her purpose, she penetrated the mountainous and almost trackless region which lies between Teviotdale and Hermitage, attended by only a few followers; returning on the same day to Jedburgh, amidst storm and cold, and performing a

journey of upwards of 48 miles through almost all conceivable varieties of difficulty and obstruction. She, in consequence, became fevered and delirious and dangerously ill. But, on recovering, she made a brisk progress through Teviotdale and Merse, as if nothing had happened, spending two nights in Kelso, holding a court there, and travelling by way of Hume Castle, Langtown, and Wedderburn, with an escort of from 800 to 1,000 horse, and afterwards proceeding by way of Dunbar to her residence at Craigmillar Castle.

In 1569, the Earl of Moray spent five or six weeks in Kelso, in attempts to pacificate the Borders, and in the course of that period, had a meeting with Lord Hunsdon and Sir John Foster, on the part of England, and made concurrently with them arrangements for the attainment of his object. In 1570 an English army entered Scotland in revenge of an incursion of the Lords of Fairnirst and Buccleuch into England, divided itself into two co-operating sections, scoured the whole of Teviotdale, levelled fifty castles and strengths, and upwards of 300 villages, and rendezvoused at Kelso preparatory to its retreat. In 1575, as narrated at page 281 of the third volume of our Tales, occurred the murderous Border riot called the Raid of the Red Swire. The Earl of Bothwell, grandson to James V., and commendator of Kelso, made that town his home during the concocting of his foul and numerous treasons, and during 10 years succeeding 1584, deeply embroiled it in the marchings and military manœuvres of the forces with which first his partisans, and next himself, personally attempted to damage the kingdom; and he eventually ceased to be a pest and a torment to it, only when, in guerdon of his crimes, he was denuded of his vast possessions, and driven an exile from gifts which only provoked his ingratitude, and from a fatherland on which he could look with only the feelings of a patricide.

In 1639, Kelso and the central parts of Merse made a prominent figure in one of the most interesting events in Scot-

ish history,—the repulse of the armed attempt of Charles I. to force Episcopacy upon Scotland by the army of the Covenanters under General Lesley. The army, amounting to 17,000 or 18,000 men, rendezvoused at Dunse, and marching thence, established their quarters at Kelso. The King, personally at the head of his army of prelacy, got intelligence at Birks, near Berwick, of the position of the Covenanters, and despatched the Earl of Holland, with 1,000 cavalry, and 3,000 infantry, to try their mettle. A letter from Sir Henry, who was with the King, to the Marquis of Hamilton, who had, as his majesty's high commissioner for Scotland, made a vain attempt to effect a compromise between the Liturgy and the Covenant, will show the result:—

“MY LORD,—By the despatch Sir James Hamilton brought your lordship from his majesty's sacred pen, you were left at your liberty to commit any act of hostility upon the rebels when your lordship should find it most opportune. Since which, my Lord Holland, with 1,000 horse and 3,000 foot, marched towards Kelsey; himself advanced towards them with the horse (leaving the foot 3 miles behind), to a place called Maxwellheugh, a height above Kelsey: which, when the rebels discovered, they instantly marched out with 150 horse, and (as my Lord Holland says) eight or ten thousand foot; five or six thousand there might have been. He thereupon sent a trumpet, commanding them to retreat, according to what they had promised by the proclamation. They asked, whose trumpet he was. He said, my Lord Hollands. Their answer was, He were best begone. And so my Lord Holland made his retreat, and waited on his majesty this night to give him this account.

“This morning advertisement is brought his majesty, that Lesley, with 12,000 men, is at Cockburnspath, that 5,000 men will be this night or to-morrow at Dunse, 6,000 at Kelsey; so his majesty's opinion is, with many of his council, to keep himself upon a defensive, and make himself here as fast as he can; for his majesty doth now clearly see, and is fully satisfied in his

own judgment, that what passed in the gallery betwixt his majesty, your lordship, and myself, hath bin but too much verified on this occasion; and therefore his majesty would not have you to begin with them, but to settle things with you in a safe and good posture, and yourself to come hither in person to consult what counsels are fit to be taken, as the affairs now hold. And so, wishing your lordship a speedy passage, I rest,

“ Your lordship’s

“ most humble servant,

“ and faithful friend,

“ H. VANE.”

“ From the camp at Huntley-field,
this 4th of June, 1639.’

Discordantly with the intelligence which this letter shows the King’s scouts to have brought him, General Lesley concentrated his whole forces, and next day, to the surprise of the royal camp, took up his station on Dunse-hill, interposing his arms between the King and the capital, and exhibiting his strength and his menaces, in full view of the English forces. The King, now fully convinced of the impracticability of his attempt on the public conscience of Scotland, held a consultation two days after with the leaders of the Covenanters, made them such concessions as effected a reconciliation, and procuring the dispersion of their army, returned peacefully to England.

In the winter of 1643-4, after the Scottish Covenanters had lost all faith in the King, and had made a treaty of common cause with the Parliamentarians of England, their army, to the number of 21,000 men, under the command of General Lesley, marched toward England through the eastern part of Merse, and took possession of Berwick; and during their campaign, which culminated in the battle of Marston Moor, Kelso was their depot for reinforcing them with troops. In 1645, while the war in Scotland was still hot, between the Covenanters under various leaders and the royalists under

the Marquis of Montrose, General Lesley advanced toward the Border, evaded a detachment under the Marquis of Douglas and Lord Ogilvie sent to intercept him, took the Earls of Roxburgh and Hume prisoners, and marched through Berwick and Merse toward the foot of Lauderdale; and when Montrose got intelligence of his movements, he marched successively to Kelso, to Jedburgh, and to Selkirk; and in the vicinity of the last of these places, as narrated at page 342 of the third volume of our Tales, he got into collision with him, and sustained an overwhelming defeat, in the battle of Philiphaugh. In the early part of 1647, the Scottish army of Covenanters, who had been serving in England, and had completed their series of successes, returned to Scotland by way of Berwick, and marched thence to Kelso as their place of final rendezvous and disbandment; and there they delivered up their arms, and took an oath of continued fidelity to the Covenant, and were formally dismissed from their martial duties.

In 1648, amid the ecclesiastico-political ferment of the election of commissioners for the church, great strifes of public opinion, many private quarrels, and some indications of the outbreak of another civil war, agitated the Border districts, and produced much commotion in the towns; and about an hundred quondam English military officers arrived at Kelso and Peebles, in the hope—which happily proved a vain one—of finding employment for their swords. In 1715, the whole of the rebel forces of the Pretender, the Highlanders from the north, the Northumbrians from the south, and the men of Nithsdale and Galloway under Lord Kenmure, rendezvoused in Kelso, took full possession of the town, formally proclaimed James VIII., and remained several days making idle demonstrations till the approach of the royal troops under General Carpenter incited them to march on to Preston. In 1718, a general commission of Oyer and Terminer sat at Kelso, as in Perth, Cupar, and Dundee, for

the trial of persons concerned in the rebellion ; but here they had only one case ; and even it they found irrelevant. So attached were the Kelsonianians to the principles of the Revolution, that, though unable to make a show of resistance to the rebel occupation of their town, they, previous to that event, assembled in their church, unanimously subscribed a declaration of fidelity to the existing government, and offered themselves in such numbers, as military volunteers, that a sufficient quantity of arms could not be found for their equipment. In 1745, Teviotdale and the districts adjacent to it had a full share in the excitement and consternation of the Jacobite army's march to England, after their victory of Prestonpans. The right one of the army's three columns marched by way of Peebles and Moffat ; the middle one marched by way of Lauder, Selkirk and Hawick ; and the left and largest, comprising nearly 4,000 men, with Prince Charles-Edward himself at its head, marched by way of Kelso, halted there two days, suffered there many desertions, and then proceeded by way of Hawick, Langholm, Cannobie, and Longtown.

THE END.

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