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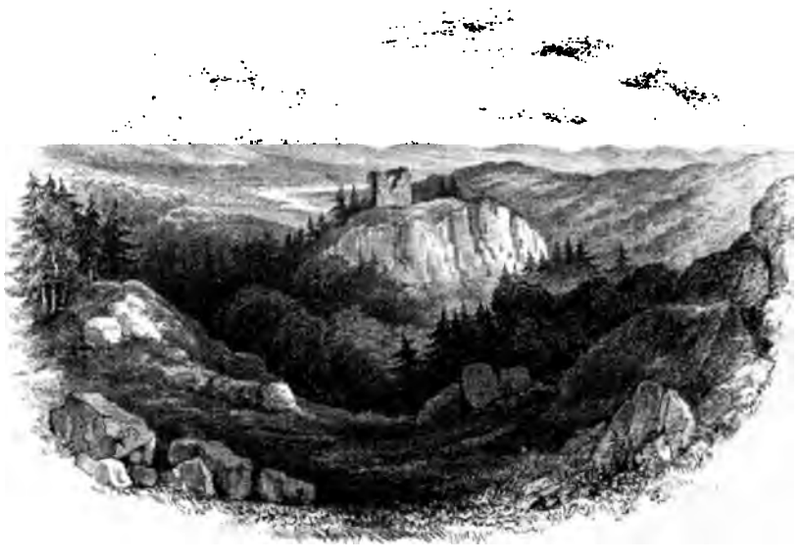

THE TOWER ON MINTO CRAIGS—1840.

MDCCCLXX.

The Impression consists of Twenty-five Copies,

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PART I.

ORIGIN OF THE BORDER CLANS.

I. The Elliots—Position occupied by them in Liddesdale.

The Elliots make their first appearance in Border History in the latter half of the fifteenth century, at which period they were settled as a clan in Liddesdale, an upland district in the south-west of Roxburghshire.

Whence they came, what was their origin, and what their previous fortunes, are points on which nothing positive and reliable is known, though tradition and theory have done their best to atone for deficiency of facts. The oldest and most generally received tradition is that given by Scott of Satchells, in his Rhyming Chronicle of the History of the Scotts and Elliots,[1] which represents the Elliots as coming from Angus with Robert the Bruce :—

> "The town of Elliot[2] was their antiquitie,
> Which stands in Angus, in the foot of Glenshie.
> With brave King Robert Bruce they hither came,
> Which is three hundred and eighty years agone;
> In West Tiviotdale these gentlemen did dwell,
> They were twelve great families I heard my goodsir tell,
> Their chief was then a baron of renown,
> Designed Redheugh, which is now called Lariston."

The testimony of Satchells is, however, hotly disputed by persons well versed in Border history, who conceive the Elliots, like the Scotts, to have been sons of the soil, to have gradually acquired local importance by the increase of their numbers, and by the pre-eminent qualities of certain individuals.

Others, again, partially adopt the tradition given by Satchells, but with

[1] Walter Scott of Satchells (born in 1629) wrote a Rhyming Chronicle of the History of the Scotts and Elliots, on the title-page of which he describes himself as—

> "An old soldier, and no scholler,
> And one that can write nane,
> But just the letters of his name."

He went to the wars in Flanders with Buccleuch, and printed his Chronicle in 1688.

[2] Alyth, situated on the borders of Forfarshire and Perthshire.—See App. I.

this difference, that they refer the advent of the Elliots in Roxburghshire to a later period.

Taking their stand on historical records, they show that from early times there had existed a connection between Angus and Liddesdale, which arose out of the marriage of the first Earl Douglas (1381) with the Countess of Angus.[1] The son of this marriage became Earl of Angus (1398), and married Mary Stuart, daughter of Robert III., receiving from that king grants of certain lands in Teviotdale, and the lordship of the valley of the Lyddel.

In spite of the overwhelming power on the Borders of their kinsmen the Earls of Douglas, the Earls of Angus retained firm hold of the castle of Hermitage and the Vale of Lyddel throughout the Border wars of the fifteenth century; and it is highly probable that they sought at various times to strengthen their position in the Lowlands by bringing from Angus a number of their own tried friends and retainers. They can never have had greater need to do so than when, after the forfeiture of the Douglas estates on the Border, and the grant of the forfeited lands to Angus, these had to be defended against the power of England, acting with Douglas, who was in open rebellion against his sovereign.

At this period, 1455, the Earl of Angus parted with considerable estates in Angus, "retaining only the superiority;" and no likelier time can be found for the removal of his tenants and retainers from the territory he was parting with. The first mention of the Elliots in Border annals dates from a few years subsequent to this date.

Some corroboration of this theory may be found in the positions occupied by the clan in Upper Liddesdale, where their settlements lay like a belt round the castle of Hermitage—itself the strongest fortress on the Borders, and the residence in all time of the Lords of Lyddel, whether their name was called Soulis, Douglas, Angus, or Bothwell. By the castle walls flows the little river Hermitage, giving, like all others in that country, its "name to a dale." Winding under fringes of hazel, and between steep green braes, it loses itself, after a course of some ten miles, in the waters of the Liddel. Near the source of this stream, about two miles above the castle, where the valley contracts to the dimensions of a glen,

[1] Margaret, heiress in her own right of the estates and earldom of Angus, was the third wife of the Earl of Douglas. His son, by an earlier marriage, succeeded his father in the earldom and estates of Douglas.

stood the tower of the Elliots of Goranberry, whose importance in the clan may be measured by the circumstance of their having had a supernatural ally to themselves. The Brownie of Goranberry still lives in tradition, and is said never to have failed the family in faithful service, till its last member had been gathered to his fathers. Disdaining no toil, however servile, doing many a busy night's work in silence under the harvest-moon, the Brownie's chief duty lay in averting by timely warning the approach of danger. Mute at all other times, his voice was then heard like the sighing of the autumn wind, rising into shrieks and passionate wails when dread passed into certainty of woe.[1]

Among the hills to the west of Goranberry lies the source of a streamlet, which, flowing into the Ewes near its head, opens a pass into Liddesdale, not only from Ewesdale but from Eskdale and the Ettrick (it was by this line that the Regent Murray entered Liddesdale when he came to "make the rush-bush keep the cow"). At the head of the rivulet, and in the lock of the pass stood the Tower of Unthank, belonging to a family of Elliots. They have long since died out, and no trace of them remains, but the ruins of a little chapel may still be seen, in which strange lights were said to glimmer when an Elliot of Unthank was about to die.

The Elliots of Falnash owned a strong tower near the source of the Teviot—a spot on which swords and pistols and other signs of strife, have frequently come to light; and close to the vast morass called the Dead Water, in which both the Liddel and the Tyne have their source, stood the peel[2] of Copshaw. It also belonged in very early times to an Elliot, and so remained as marked on old maps throughout the sixteenth century.

A strong position on the watershed was in those days the key of the neighbouring Lowlands, for the water-courses, or water-gates as they were called, were the channel of communication between the dales—their rock-filled beds offering a firmer and often a dryer footing than the boggy hill-sides along which they ran. It is therefore noteworthy that the chief hill-passes north-east and west of Hermitage were held by members of the Elliot clan, while they had some thirty or forty peels on the banks of the Hermitage and the Liddel, between the castle and the settlements of the Armstrongs. The lands of Redheugh and Lariston, owned by the chiefs of the clan, lay between the Liddel and the Kershope, the English

[1] The Goranberry Elliots are mentioned by Satchells as belonging to the old stock. They were extinct before his time.

[2] Peel, a Border tower.

frontier; and to Redheugh is said to have belonged a considerable territory, extending nearly to Hawick.

A cannon-ball found among the massive constructions of the Tower of Redheugh testified to the force which it was deemed necessary to bring against it. It is only from such slight indications that any notion of the strength of these old towers can be acquired, since immediately after the union of the crowns they were all razed to the ground.

Such are the principal traditions and theories respecting the origin of the clan. Without further lingering on the possible and the probable, we will now pass to less dubious matters.

It is certain that in the latter half of the fifteenth century the Elliots were numerous and powerful in Liddesdale—second only to the Armstrongs in importance.[1]

With other Border clans they are mentioned as having made a raid[2] into Northumberland in 1493, thereby anticipating the intentions of their sovereign James IV., who, having embraced the cause of Perkin Warbeck, was preparing to invade England in a more regular manner. During the war the Liddesdale clans carried on their depredations with vigour. On its termination, James sought to recall them to peaceable courses; with that object he summoned the chiefs of the principal names to his court, to arrange for "keeping gude rule" in Liddesdale; and among those Border leaders came, under promise of safe conduct, Robert Elliot of Redheugh.

This raid, though so unimportant as to have escaped the notice of historians, is, when taken with its results, a fair example of the invariable relations between the State and the Borderers.

In times of war, they were in the vanguard of the Scottish army; in times of peace, their turbulent courses brought them into conflict with all established authorities.

[1] Other clans, as the Nixons and the Croziers, inhabited Liddesdale along with the Elliots and Armstrongs, but they seem not to have been numerous or important.

[2] This raid, says Tytler, is mentioned nowhere but in the records of Justiciary, Nov. 1493.

II. Influence of Soil and Climate—Geographical and Physical Conditions of Liddesdale.

Philosophical historians tell us that the original causes which determine the character of a race are to be sought in the influences of climate, soil, and food. A glance at the geographical position and physical conformation of Liddesdale may show that the turbulent courses, or, in other words, the predatory habits, with which its inhabitants are reproached, arose in necessity rather than choice.

Lying in the heart of a wild and mountainous tract of country, which connects the fells of Cumberland with the hills at the head of Clydesdale, Liddesdale was bounded on the south by the English frontier; on the north by the hills of Dumfriesshire, sheltering in their dales some of the wildest clans in the west of Scotland; on the east by a congeries of hills and long tracts of morass, which divide the Liddesdale uplands from the lowlands of Teviotdale, and serve as the watershed of both valleys; on the west by Eskdale and the Debateable Land.[1]

Such having been the geographical position of the Liddesdale Borderers, hemmed in on all sides by open enemies or warlike neighbours, the physical features of their valley seem to have been no less unfavourable to peaceful and settled pursuits. Its lower portions, where gently rolling hills and wide haughs favoured cultivation, were owned by the Armstrongs. Upper Liddesdale, which fell to the share of the Elliots, was, as it continues to this day, a bleak and mountainous region.

The vapours of the Atlantic Ocean, attracted to the hills, hang round their summits in clouds and rain, saturating with moisture the deep mosses on their sides, filling the glens with sudden and impenetrable mists, and in summer, when the sun's heat is reflected from the hill-sides,

[1] Upon the march between the parishes of Castleton and Canonby, and upon very high ground near to Tinnis Hill, there is a cairn of great extent, consisting of freestones of great size: it is 86 yards long. At the south end is a perpendicular stone, evidently so placed by the hand of man, 7 feet above the moss, 13 feet in circumference. This was anciently called the Standing Stone, and was considered the north boundary of the Debateable Land.—*Old Statistical Account of Castleton Parish.*

producing a warm and vaporous atmosphere, in which the scanty crops ripen at a considerably earlier period than in the Lowlands.[1]

No graceful drapery of natural wood softens the ruggedness of the landscape; if an old thorn lifts its shaggy head above the ferns and heather, it serves as a landmark for miles; on all sides gray stones and black peat-mosses struggle for the mastery with coarse herbage.[2]

[1] *Old Statistical Account.*

[2] In former times the cultivated land seems to have been frequently on the lower slopes of the hills; between it and the river the holm land was often occupied by natural woods. Above the cultivated ground a strong dyke or wall was drawn along the hill-sides, separating it from the common pasturage.—*Ibid.*

III. Population settled in Upper Liddesdale—Growth of a distinct Border Community.

On this inhospitable soil a considerable population must have been settled in early times, as is evidenced by numerous remains of villages and graveyards—by parochial records, which mention no less than five churches or chapels in Liddesdale at the beginning of the seventeenth century—by the traces of furrows on bleak hill-sides, from whence it would now be deemed futile to raise a crop—and, lastly, by the lists of the numerous ploughs and other gear taken in Liddesdale during the English invasions of the sixteenth century.

When the extreme insecurity of all agricultural property during those unsettled times is taken into consideration, the extent of land under cultivation in the Border districts is as surprising as it is creditable to the industry of the Borderers. The fact, however, remains, that the population could not subsist on their soil.

Within a trifling distance of Liddelshead is North Tynehead, from whence the Tyne flows, through a great part of Northumberland, till it reaches the sea at Newcastle.[1] Except in so far as one valley opens to the east, and the other to the west, there is probably no considerable difference between the condition of climate and of soil in the upper portions of Tynedale and Liddesdale, therefore the remark of Sir Robert Bowes, in his Book of the State of the Frontiers and Marches, 1551, that "the great disorders of Tynedale and Redesdale (Reid-water is a tributary of the Tyne) arose in their having more inhabitants in either of them than the said countries may sustain," is applicable also to the neighbouring, and similarly thickly populated, district of Liddesdale.

In those days the transfer of labour was a thing unknown, nor, indeed, did a class of agricultural labourers exist in any part of the country. By Border laws it was strictly forbidden to Borderers belonging to opposite marches to interchange communications. They might not intermarry;

[1] North Tyne receives the river Rede, which falls from the steep hill of Reidswire, formerly the True Place, or Place of Conference, at which the Lords Wardens of the Middle Marches of both kingdoms usually determined the disputes of that part of the Borders. The hill of Reidswire is included in the range of the Carter.

they might not meet in sports and pastimes; they might not plant or sow across the march; they might not pursue wild animals across the frontier; they might not buy or sell together; and though a great contraband trade did exist on the Borders, for cattle, horses, salt-fish, and other merchandise, it could only be carried on at considerable risk.[1]

The constant temptation to evade these restrictions may be supposed, from the close neighbourhood in which lived the population of the opposing frontiers. The Whele Church, at the head of Liddesdale, was not four miles distant from a chapel at the head of Tyne, in Northumberland.[2] There must have been many a quiet spot between the two, where the shepherds, watching their flocks upon the hills, may have heard the chimes from both, calling Scots and English to their evening prayer.

Living thus, side by side, under the same conditions, speaking the same language, of necessity adopting similar habits, observing the same religious rites, "amicably communicating," as Camden says, "their customs and way of living;"[3] it was most natural that the Borderers should have constantly laid themselves open to the charge of fraternising with those of the opposite marches, to the prejudice of their nationality.

Accordingly, during the English invasion under Lord Hertford, in 1545, we find him writing to Henry VIII. that the "Borderers did not willingly injure each other;" and, therefore, that when he marched through Teviotdale, burning and destroying the country three or four miles on either side of his way, he found it necessary, for the better enactment thereof, to send "100 Irishmen with them (his troops), because the Borderers will not willingly burn their neighbours."

Another contemporary authority describes the friendly intercourse known to exist between the subjects of the two crowns, on adjacent frontiers, as one of the serious evils of the time.[4]

"The grit familiarite," he says, "that inglishmen and Scottishmen

[1] One of the Border laws of the English frontier forbade "the making appointment and holding communication with Scotchmen, and intermarrying with a Scottish woman, without license of the Wardens."

[2] Both are marked on Speed's old maps (1611).

[3] Camden says of Northumberland, that it is a county, "mostly rough and barren, which seems to have hardened the very carcases of the inhabitants, whom the neighbouring Scots have rendered still more hardy, sometimes inuring them to war, and sometimes amicably communicating their customs and way of living, whence they are become a most warlike people, and excellent horsemen," etc.—Camden, *Britannia* (1607).

[4] Author of *The Complaynt of Scotland*, published 1598.

has had on both the bordours, ilka ane with utheris, in merchandise, by selling and buying hors, nolt, and scheip," had led many to adhere to the "opinione of England rather than that of their native country. In the days of Moses, the Jews durst not have familiarite with the Samaritans, nor with the Philistines, nor the Grekes with the Persans, be rason that ilk ane repute other to be of a barbarous nature. Nations," as he truly observes, "of opposite natures and complexions," being accustomed to repute each other barbarians; from whence he draws the conclusion that "the nature of Scottismen and englishmen being as different as sheep and wolves," it was impossible that any good result could arise from their intercourse.

The regulations which divided the frontier states into three marches on either side, placing them under the rule of special officers and jurisdictions, governed by their own laws and customs, not only failed to keep asunder those whom nature had joined together, but acted powerfully in effecting a separation between the Borderers and their respective countrymen dwelling further inland, and in consolidating the Border populations into a distinct community.

This was so much the case that, by the regulations of the Corporation of Newcastle, no burgess could take to his apprentice a youth from the dales of Tyne and Rede, the ground for the prohibition being, that the Dalesmen made common cause with those of Scotland; and in the latter part of the sixteenth century, when various acts of harshness and of weakness[1] on the part of the Scotch government had alienated the attachment of the Scotch Borderers, they were in like manner forbidden to move inland, to settle in Fife or Lothian; and hence, in derision, they were wont to call the king, King of Fife and the Lothians.

[1] Such as giving up Liddesdale to be harried by the English, 1522; the execution of Johnny Armstrong, 1528.—*Border Minstrelsy, Introduction.*

IV. Nature of their Property and Pursuits, to be explained by foregoing Statements concerning their Soil, Climate, and their Numbers, and the Restrictions under which they lived.

Nature and man having combined to treat with severity the inhabitants of the Borders, the only source of wealth open to them lay in their herds and flocks.

The hill-sides, from which could barely be raised a crop of oats or barley sufficient to keep a family in meal and bannocks, supplied the Borderers' cattle and sheep with food all the year round, from the earliest appearance of the moss on the muirlands till it was stacked and dried for foggage. The very bogs and morasses became serviceable to them, as helping to secure the safety of their stock. At the first alarm of approaching danger, the cattle and sheep were driven into the wastes, and there became inaccessible to an enemy ignorant of the narrow and intricate tracks by which alone man or beast could traverse them in safety.[1]

From the War of Independence to the Union of the Crowns, the Borderers are described as trusting to their fastnesses in the hills for the protection of their property. Temperate in their habits, independent of the use of bread, they lived on the produce of their herds and flocks; to these they looked for food and clothing, with these they requited the services of their retainers, paid the dowries of their daughters, the mortuary to their priests, and, may be, the strains of the minstrel who best sang the daring exploits by which the herd was won.[2]

From the earliest times cows appear to have constituted the chief wealth of the inhabitants of Lowland Scotland. Among the Celtic and Cymric tribes the idea of a pecuniary retribution for manslaughter, or personal injury, had found acceptance, and was embodied in certain ancient laws denounced by Edward the First as those of the "Scots and Brets." In the fragments of

[1] "These dales," says Camden, "of Tynedale and Redesdale have such boggy topp'd mountains as are not to be cross'd by ordinary horsemen."

[2] Payment of mortuaries was done by leading a horse or a cow before the corpse at a funeral. It was considered as a gift, left by the man in fulfilment of all arrears in the payment of tithes and oblations. Mr. Froude says that a cow was the usual mortuary throughout Scotland.

these which have come down to us, it is seen that the person of every individual, from the King downwards, was estimated at an absolute value, in regularly graduated proportions, according to the rank of the sufferer, and this personal valuation, called the Cro, was estimated in cows. Thus, 1000 cows were set off against the life of a King, 150 against that of the King's son; the disproportion between the two being so great as to suggest the notion, that the extraordinary value attached to the life of the King may have had its source in the uncertainty of all rules of succession in early times—or rather in the absolute certainty that a general scramble, among the nearest heirs to the crown, would ensue on the death of the King—and that the scrambling of storks is ever a murderous pastime to frogs. The Cro of the son of a Comes was 100 cows, that of a member of the lowest rank of the nobility, or the fourth in descent from a Thane, was 44 cows and a trifling sum in coin.

By a statute of William the Lion "29 cows, and ane young cow," was the fine for death by murder.[1] The same act enjoined the murderer to make peace with the friends of the defunct, according to the law of the countrie, but it also, somewhat perversely, according to Mr. Burton, acknowledged this to be man's law in contradistinction to God's law.[2]

"Be the law of Gode a heid for a heid, a hand for a hand, an e for an e, a fut for a fut. Be the law of man: for the lyf of a man 29 ky." From which point of view the Borderer was certainly given to "godliness;" since he greatly preferred the so-called divine enactment, which permitted him to take his revenge on his enemy to parting with his kye, and babbling of peace when there was no peace.

Fierce and poor, but well fed, and fed on the same fare which made the "English wild beasts," as their contemporaries called them, the boldest, fiercest, strongest nation in Europe, the Scotch Borderers formed a hardy and numerous population, living on a soil which could not support them, under conditions which laid them open to constant attacks from a neighbouring country, and obliged them, in the absence of all payment, support, or protection from their own state, to resort to acts of reprisal in order to secure means of existence.

[1] Burton's *History of Scotland.* Vol. ii. page 142, footnote.

[2] This, too, was ancient Irish law. The law of the "Scots and Brets" is mentioned in an instrument quoted by Sir D. Dalrymple as late as 1304.—Leyden's *Introduction.*

V. Peculiar Social Institutions—Whence arising?

But another cause there was besides those enumerated for the distinctive character of the Border community—namely, the social institutions which were peculiar to themselves. On the Middle and Western Marches, and in a very limited degree on the Eastern, but nowhere else in the Scottish Lowlands, we find established the semi-patriarchal semi-military organisation of the clan—Patriarchal, in so much as the chieftain of the clan "was supposed to represent in blood that father from whom the whole sept claim their original descent;" military, in so much as the members of the clan were bound to render military service to their chief, acknowledging his authority as supreme. The chief, on his side, was held responsible by the state for "good rule"[1] over his followers. Those clans who had no chief of sufficient dignity and importance to be accepted as answerable for his people, became broken clans. Whoever might be their landlord, the fealty of the clansmen was due to their chief; and thus was formed a community within the state, of which the leading idea was devotion to a leader, coupled with that of the *solidarité* of the clan.

Pennant says there were sixteen Saxon clans in the Lowlands; and Sir Walter Scott remarks, probably with greater accuracy, that it would be a troublesome matter to enumerate them.

It is, however, certain that the system of clanship prevailed on the Middle and Western Marches up to the period of the union of the crowns.

To account for a fact which strikes one as so anomalous, we need not go back to the period of the formation of the clouds and the laying of the strong foundations of the earth; but, nevertheless, the origin of the social organisation of the Borderers, as we find it in the fifteenth century, is probably traceable to the period when this country first emerged from obscurity into the realms of history.

Looking around us at the present time on the most tranquil and pastoral of districts, remote from the scenes which tempt the ambition and cupidity of men, it seems hard to believe that when our country first received her name, and entered the community of nations, she did so by what the French call the baptism of fire.

[1] By an Act of James IV., end of fifteenth century.

VI. Three Races successively occupy the Lowlands—Scoto-Saxon Period—Extinction of Natives.

Three great races, the Celtic, the Latin, and the Gothic, struggled together during centuries for the possession of our wild hills; to this hour we may trace the signs of their warfare across the heathery muirlands under beds of mountain fern.

To the Celtic race belonged the aboriginal tribes which the Romans conquered and abandoned, which the Gothic displaced and absorbed. The last process was a gradual one, of which we know but little. It resulted in the appropriation of the Merse and the Lothians by the Saxons, while the Celt took refuge in the peat-bogs and fastnesses of the western hills and uplands; not, however, to remain there altogether, for, contemporaneously with the reigns of the Norman Kings of England and their immediate successors, a Scoto-Saxon people were in possession of Lowland Scotland from sea to sea.

The Celtic race at that time occupied the two extremities of the social scale; at its lowest were the enslaved nations, the aborigines of the same race as the Britons of Strathclyde, Cumbria, and Wales;[1] at its apex, the Scots or Irish Celts formed the governing class in the country to which they gave their name, and which included on its eastern coast the old Saxon provinces of the Lothians, the Merse, and Northumberland.

When the sister of Edgar Atheling, the good Queen Margaret of Malcolm Canmore, came to the Scotch Court, she found her Saxon speech unintelligible to a Celtic people. What followed is well known; various causes, and among them the favour of the reigning dynasty, led to considerable immigrations into Scotland of Saxons and Normans from England; and gradually, insensibly, the civilisation and speech of Scotland acquired a purely Gothic type.

[1] The Cymric race, to which the British tribes belonged, is, we believe, considered to form a division of the Celtic race.

From the accession of David I. in the twelfth century to the siege of Berwick by Edward I. in 1296, Scotland enjoyed an era of profound peace. Then was the golden age of Teviotdale.[1]

Royal residences adorned the banks of Tweed and Jed, attracting to those sylvan scenes the presence of kings and parliaments, of legates and councils, with all the usual concomitants of such illustrious gatherings—state processions, pomps, and pageantries.[2]

Roxburgh and Berwick were free and flourishing burghs; Berwick, being also a seaport second only to London in importance, might be justly styled, said an old chronicler, "a second Alexandria, for her riches were the sea, and her walls the waters."

The abbeys and monasteries,[3] of which we now admire the ruins, then

[1] David I., who has been compared to Charlemagne in his power of upheaving the social crust of his time, held his court at Newcastle-on-Tyne as Earl of Northumberland in right of his wife. He was also Prince of Cumbria as well as King of Scotland, so that the whole Border districts were under his rule. At the battle of the Standard, 1148, when the men of Teviotdale formed with the Cumbrians the division commanded by the King's son, he displayed the banner of the Pendragon.

[2] Alexander III. was married at Jedburgh, where he had a "fair manor." At a ball given on the occasion of his nuptials, 1285, a ghost, or something like a ghost, joined in the dance. Boece expressly says that it was a skeleton. "A foolish pleasantry to frighten the court ladies, or a pious fraud to check the growth of promiscuous dancing, probably gave rise to the exhibition of this harlequin skeleton."—Dalrymple's *Annals of Scotland.*

Henry III. of England visited his daughter, the Queen of Scotland, at Jedburgh, and accompanied her from thence in a religious procession to Kelso.—Chalmers's *Caledonia.*

[3] Melrose, Dryburgh, Kelso, Jedburgh, existed as monastic establishments before the War of Succession, but their churches, as we see them now, probably date from a period subsequent to the wars of independence. They are frequently mentioned as destroyed during the wars, and bear marks of reparation, if not of absolute renewal, at a much later date. In connection with these important foundations were the parochial churches of Teviotdale, such as those of Minto and Hassendean. These were under the superintendence of the Cistercian brotherhood of Melrose: the Whele church, in like manner, at Liddelshead was connected with Jedburgh. There were many religious houses in various parts of Teviotdale: in Jedburgh a convent of Carmelites was founded in 1315.

In ancient Roxburgh there was a convent of Franciscans. The Knights of St. John of Jerusalem are said to have had an ecclesiastical establishment at the junction of the Ale and the Teviot.

Spittal Ford still retains in its name a recollection of the Hospital or Maison Dieu—where the sick, the indigent, and pilgrims, found a refuge. Other such houses of refuge existed at Hassendean and Roxburgh, etc.; and, as Chalmers has observed, "such facts seem to evince that the men of Teviotdale in the times that are flown practised charity as well as they could push the spear."—*Caledonia,* vii. p. 163.

The church of Hassendean, with its lands, tithes, and other emoluments, had been granted in 1192 by the Bishop of Glasgow to the Monks of Melrose; a cell being settled wherein several monks resided to execute the sacred trust of receiving the pilgrims and sheltering the strangers.—*Caledonia.*

stood entire in graceful pride, sheltered under wooded hills; while in connection with them churches and chapels, hospitals and houses of refuge were scattered far and wide along the Border hills and valleys.

And, no less in dependence on the monks, who were zealous agriculturists, mills and farm-steadings[1] arose on the banks of Border streams.

Innumerable flocks of sheep grazed the green braes of Teviotdale. Herds of swine wandered under the oak woods of Jedburgh and Melrose, not without damage, it was said, to the royal and noble rights[2] in the wild animals dwelling there.

Waggons laden with grain passed down the roads of Teviotdale, bringing back loads of the "burning stone" of Newcastle; ploughs driven by many oxen cultivated the haughs and hills; and here and there an oxgang of arable land, or an acre of grass-meadow, was under culture of some humbler proprietor, to whom it had been granted by the monks for rent or service.[3]

All classes seem to have been imbued with a genuine Anglo-Saxon regard for profitable occupations; since even great knights, and the King himself, did not disdain to rear live stock in the shape of horses, for which they had many and large breeding establishments; the monks by no means refusing to receive their tithes in colts.[4]

The one shadow on this fair scene of prosperity is the confessed existence of an enslaved class. "The natives," as they were significantly called, formed the "*residuum*" of the population. Too contemptible to have furnished subjects of interest or inquiry for their masters, we know but little of them, save that their wailing voices were borne on the evening breeze as they worked in the corn-fields of Teviotdale.

So much we learn from the delightful sketches of Mr. Cosmo Innes. From the same and other sources we learn, too, that this era of peace and

[1] The farm-steadings of the monks were called Granges.

[2] The right of following game in the forests was reserved by the great Barons, and they no doubt were gallantly mounted when hunting "harts and hinds—boars and roe," or chasing smaller game with falcons on the wrist. Rights of way through the forests cost considerable prices. The monks of Melrose are said to have paid 20s. sterling for a right of way in Teviotdale.

[3] "The subdivision of property, when these documents first afford light on the subject, was much greater than is consistent with the idea commonly entertained of the overgrown power of the leading nobles and the degraded situation of other classes; and the minute portions in which the gifts to the abbey were frequently bestowed, seem to show the value and advancing cultivation of that now fertile territory."—*Sketches of Early History*, p. 58.

[4] The kings, nobles, monks, reared a very hardy race of horses in the woods.

affluence was brought to a close by the ambition of the English kings. For more than a century war and rapine ravaged the adjacent territories of both the conflicting states; and when the destructive tide ebbed, it swept along with it many of the best features of former times.

The flourishing burghs were sacked and burnt. The great monasteries of Teviotdale, the centres of learning and civilisation in the district,[1] were plundered and poor. The monks of Kelso were wanderers in Scotland. "We speak it with grief," said a contemporary Bishop of St. Andrews, "its monks wander over Scotland begging food and clothing of other religious houses." The monks of Jedburgh were reduced to such poverty, that Edward I. transferred them to English monasteries; and for so doing, claimed the merit of a pious act.[2]

The great lay-proprietors and landowners,[3] the powerful baronage, composed of both Normans and Saxons, who had received grants of lands on the Borders, had disappeared, and their territories were possessed by new comers, whose fortunes had arisen during the long war.

The kings, deserting their Border palaces, had betaken themselves to Edinburgh and the inland towns beyond the Forth. The forests,[4] through which even the monasteries had had to purchase rights of way from the lords of the soil, had been recklessly injured, and in many places destroyed.

[1] "The monks," says Mr. Cosmo Innes, "were zealous agriculturists and good gardeners. . . . They were good neighbours and kind landlords; so that the kindly tenant of the church was considered as the most favoured of agriculturists."—*Sketches of Early History*, p. 134.

[2] The monastery of "Jedworth was so impoverished by the Scots wars, that it was unable to maintain the canons thereof; nor were they able to reside there in safety to serve God; the king, Edward the First, out of his piety, sent some of them to other religious houses in England."—*Antiquarian Repertory*, 4th vol. p. 436. Edward III. wished to protect the monastery of Kelso (which was very opulent), and also the other monasteries of Teviotdale. By the treaty of Northampton in 1328 he issued writs of restitution to the abbots of Melrose, Kelso, and Jedworth, of the pensions and lands which they held in England. In 1341 he kept his Christmas at Melrose. Richard III. confirmed, on two several occasions, the act of restitution granted by his grandfather—burning the Abbey of Melrose between whiles! The latest of these Acts of Richard II. was dated 1390.

[3] The De Morevilles, Avenels, Rolands, and others. David I. had granted considerable domains in the south of Scotland to several Norman barons in return for military service. His charters are addressed to his feal subjects, Franks, English, Scottish, and Galwegian; and his son Henry classes the inhabitants of his county of Northumberland as Franks (*i.e.* Normans) and English.

[4] There were frequent disputes between the monks, whose herds of swine were pastured in the forests, and the barons, arising out of the conflicting interests of the game-preservers and the swineherds—the latter being obviously the poachers of those days.

The rich corn-lands were left untouched, for he who sowed knew not that he would reap; and crops of oats and barley alone were raised on the haughs. Rent had become unknown on the Borders, and remained so till the Union of the Crowns; for the introduction of the feudal system on the eastern Borders, and the general adoption of clanship on the western, had changed the free Saxon communities into a military organisation.

But, in the midst of this general desolation, one happy change there was. The dark cloud which had obscured the sunshine of the Scoto-Saxon period had been swept away by the hurricane. During the War of Independence, masters and slaves, last-comers and natives, had made common cause, and by the end of the fourteenth century no trace of slavery[1] was to be found.

[1] That is, no man could be sold into slavery; the serf was, nevertheless, attached to the soil.

VII. Lowlands in Fourteenth Century—Saxon Characteristics of the People—Natives live only in Poetry and Tradition.

At this period—the end of the fourteenth century—a portrait of the Lowland Scot was drawn for us by a contemporary, and a master-hand.

Froissart has no more graphic description in his pages than that of the visit of certain French knights to Scotland in 1385, and of the surprise with which they viewed the condition of things there. "When these barons and knights of France," says he, "who had been used to handsome hotels, ornamented apartments, and castles, with good soft beds to repose on, saw themselves in such poverty, they began to laugh and to say to the Admiral, 'What could have brought us hither?' We have never known till now what poverty and hard living were. We have now found the truth of what our fathers and mothers used to tell us, 'Go, thou shalt have in thy time, shouldst thou live long enough, hard beds and poor lodgings'—all this is now come to pass." Upon which Sir John de Vienne endeavoured to appease them, advising them to take in good humour whatever they can get: "You cannot always be at Paris, Dijon, Beaune, or Chalons. It is necessary for those who wish to live with honour in this world to endure good and evil."

But Edinburgh was not only inferior to Paris, Dijon, Beaune, and Chalons. "Notwithstanding it was the residence of the King, and the Palace of Scotland, it was not such a town as Tournay or Valenciennes. There were not 4000 houses in it!"

Here were no fair manors enclosed by hedge and ditch; no royal studs of horses; no wealthy monasteries willing to entertain the strangers. In place of these, they found a poor, proud, self-reliant, and somewhat surly people, impatient of the interference of foreigners in matters they could settle for themselves; indisposed to courteous shows when feeling no cordiality; determined to sustain no affront without redress, no injury without compensation; resolute to maintain their just rights according to the laws of their country.

"What devil has brought them here?" said the Scots; "or who has sent for them? cannot we carry on our wars with England without their assistance? . . . Let them be told to return again, for we are numerous enough in Scotland to fight our own quarrels, and do not want their company. We cannot speak their language, nor they ours, and we cannot converse together." . . . .

"Savages," said Froissart, "who do not want to be acquainted with any one;" and delight not in visits. The French received so few, "it was not worth speaking of."

Sharp, too, they were in the matter of horse-dealing, asking for a horse ten times more than its worth. "Ignorant hypocrites, and wicked people," says our historian.

If the reception given to their foreign auxiliaries was not cordial, the close of their relations was even less so.

"You must know, that whatever the French wanted to buy, they were made to pay very dear for; and it was fortunate the French did not quarrel with each other seriously, as there were frequent riots on account of provisions. The Scots said the French had done them more harm than the English; and when asked in what manner, they replied, "By riding through their corn, oats, and barley, on their march, which they trode under foot, not condescending to follow the roads, for which damage they would have a recompense before they left Scotland, and they should find neither vessel nor mariner that dared to put to sea without their permission."[1] They kept their words, and the French knights were not permitted to depart until their leader had published a proclamation, taking all debts on himself, and promising not to leave the country till they were paid. The King of France and Duke of Burgundy had to raise the money to redeem the Admiral; and on his return to France he told the King that he would rather be Count of Savoy or of Artois, or of some such country, than King of Scotland. "A rude and worthless people," was, in Froissart's estimation, the conclusion of the matter.

"Rude and worthless!" Rude? well, possibly; but worthless, no! In their proud reserve, in their sturdy self-reliance, in their resolution to shrink from no lengths in defence of their property—for the knights complained that the varlets sent out to plunder went to meet a certain death—

[1] Knights and squires complained of the timber cut down. Froissart mentions the cutting down of trees to make stakes for the horses.

and, above all, in the strong sense of their popular rights, which led them to insist that the French commander should not leave Scotland till all damages had been made good,—we recognise the qualities which make individuals respected and nations great. Plenty and peace, golden cornlands and good cheer had vanished from the land; but in the sketch left us by Froissart we recognise at once the type of the Scottish Lowlander, such as poverty and long suffering had made him, such as equally miserable conditions might make him again.

"After all," says a great French critic, "the only permanent and invincible guarantee (of the liberty of the subject), in all countries and under all constitutions, is that internal argument which many men hold, and are known to hold, with themselves:—'If any one touches my property, enters my house, or otherwise molests me, let him beware. I have patience, but I have good arms, good comrades, a good blade, and in some circumstances the firm resolution at all costs to plunge my blade into his throat.'"[1]

Other points there are in Froissart's account of the Scotland of his day worth glancing at. First and foremost, the apparent homogeneousness of the nation. To the foreign observers no trace of antagonism of race was perceptible. Wherever the army marched, by east borders or west, everywhere was seen the same poverty, and the same spirit. "What if their houses were burnt, three or four sticks would suffice to rebuild them!" This was the language used from Edinburgh to the Borders.

Secondly, there were symptoms that this unity of race was not confined to one side the frontier; the French commander reported to his king that in his judgment the animosity of the Scotch to the English was not to be depended upon, for that they naturally inclined to the English as speaking the same tongue, and that they were agreed in jealousy of foreigners.

In other words, the popular feeling of both countries was adverse to the rule of their Norman masters: with a common origin, and a common hatred, they might learn to defend a common cause.

In the time of Froissart, the native had passed out of history; on the other hand, a brilliant literature had arisen, in which his traditions were enshrined. The exploits of his ancestors, originally sung by the bards of Wales and Armorica, and rendered popular in the recitals of the Norman

[1] *Hist. de la Litt. Anglaise*, by Henri Taine, vol. i. p. 140.

minstrels,[1] were the favourite theme of song in palace and castle from Scotland to the north of France. A shadowy kingdom had been erected in the mountains of the west, of which Carlisle, "a city beloved of King Arthur" was the capital, and Berwick, "la joyeuse garde." "The chaire of Arthur, of Arthur the Prince of the Britains, whose monuments, famous among all ballad-makers, are for the most part to be found on the Borders of England and Scotland,"[2] was the name given to "the high mountain hanging over a Park of Hares, Conies, and Deare," without the gates of Edinburgh.

Sir Gawain was known as Lord of Galloway, and Lancelot of the Lake, Tristram, and Sir Galahad, were household names in the fourteenth century, even as at the present day.

These tales, unquestionably based on Celtic traditions, found their readiest acceptance in those countries, as Britain and western France, in which the Gaelic race formed a chief part of the population; to the south of France and Italy they never penetrated.[3] Had the race whose glories they described been more powerful, they might possibly have given umbrage to the powers that had succeeded them; as it was, the admiration they called forth was a safe expenditure of sympathy; and while listened to with delight by the Norman chieftains, who recognised a kindred spirit with their own in the chivalrous figures of King Arthur's knights, they stirred in the natives of western Europe what remained of Celtic blood by reviving the cherished facts and names of a day long since dead.[4]

[1] Geo. Ellis, in a letter to Sir W. Scott on his volume of Sir Tristram then preparing for the press, wrote that he was convinced the Norman minstrels had learnt the traditions of King Arthur in Brittany before they came to England.

[2] Fynes Morrison, 1598.

[3] Sismondi, *Hist. de la Litt. du Midi.*

[4] In the end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth centuries an infinite variety of French metrical romances on the subject of King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table, appeared in England and Normandy as the Sangreal, Percival, etc., written by Chrétien des Troyes and others.

In the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, many of these were reduced into prose.—*Hist. of Fiction*, by Dunlop.

VIII. Lesley describes the Borderers with Celtic Features.

So much there seems established, that, by the end of the fourteenth century, the idea of a distinction of race among the inhabitants of southern Scotland had disappeared. "The savages of the Islands and Highlands,"[1] as the Spanish Ambassador to James IV.'s Court termed the population of these districts, were a race apart, speaking another tongue.

But from this time forwards, and with greater distinctness and clearness as time goes on, we find a considerable distinction acknowledged between the institutions, manners, and customs of the dwellers in the Lowland plains and the inhabitants of the Lowland or Border hills.

It is acknowledged in Scotch Acts, which class the Highlanders and the Borderers together; it is attested by Scotch historians—Lesley, Bishop of Ross, having given us a full-length portrait of the Borderer of Queen Mary's reign, which is full of characteristics at variance with those of the Lowlanders in other parts; it is shown in the slowness with which the population of the dales came into the thoroughly popular movement of the Reformation.

Lesley draws a marked distinction between the Borderers on the Eastern and those on the Middle and Western Marches. The Merse, as we have seen, had been settled in early times by men of the Saxon race. In treating of the Merse, Lesley says that "the nobles and barons of the Merse, *unlike the other Borderers*, administered justice with regularity, and abstained from plunder and depredation."

Of the "other Borderers"—the dwellers on the Middle and West Marches, which included Teviotdale[2] and Liddesdale—he gives the following account:—

"They are more turbulent and lawless than any of the other natives of Scotland—in times of peace despising husbandry" (in this we think he was mistaken); "in times of war reduced to great poverty by daily incur-

[1] In old writers Teviotdale stands for a much wider tract of country than it now describes. It included the vale of the Tweed above Kelso, as well as the valleys of the Teviot, of its tributaries, and of the Liddel. The Middle and West Marches were, by the confession of the English Wardens, by far the "hardest to keep."

[2] Burton's *History of Scotland.*

sions of the enemy. Living on flesh,[1] milk and curds, and boiled barley, they have little acquaintance with bread,[2] or with good beer or wine; neither do they take much pleasure in them when they get them. The poorer sort live in huts of turf, about the burning of which they do not care." In 150 years how little progress had been made! "The more powerful among them live in stone castles called Peels. Those who are chieftains of the people do not so much commit depredations themselves, as connive at those who do; for they greatly fear their followers may resent any severity of restraint shown to them in time of peace by refusing to obey their leaders in time of war. The approach of the royal forces, if sent against them, seems to them a game; for they are so protected by the nature of the country, that if driven from the woods they take refuge in the mountains, and if disturbed there, they retreat to the mosses and morasses, where scarcely men on foot can follow them, and no horses save their own, trained to go through the bogs *on their knees.* For this purpose they rarely shoe their horses with iron.[3] The Borderers are all mounted, considering it base to go on foot; and if they have good swift horses, and wherewithal to adorn their wives, they care little for other possessions."

"Murder they consider a crime prohibited by divine law, and abstain with great care from blood. If they commit slaughter, it is to revenge the death of a clansman. Hence arises the practice of deadly feud, in which all take part against all. This plague exists throughout the kingdom; but is more common on the Borders than elsewhere."

"They hold that property is common to all who stand in need of it, and can never be persuaded that there is anything reprehensible in acting in this faith, so that they ever tell their beads with most fervour when setting out on a foray" (religious matters in general, then so deeply stirring the Scotch mind, they did not care about).[4] "They sally out of their own borders, in the night, in troops, through unfrequented byways, and many

[1] As for the practice of eating human flesh, of which they were accused, Lesley acquits, at all events, our forefathers in Liddesdale; he believes it to have been confined to the inhabitants of Annandale. Only in one single instance was there evidence of a Scot living on raw salmon caught by himself in shallow waters.

[2] Wheaten bread and beer had been plentiful in Teviotdale in the thirteenth century.

[3] Froissart says they have no iron to shoe their horses.

[4] The Borderers were very slow to come into the movement of the Reformation; but in the sixteenth century, 1568, Drury wrote that "our trusty neighbours of Teviotdale are holden occupied only to trust to the pleasure of their own heads."

intricate windings. All the daytime they refresh themselves and their horses in lurking holes they had pitched upon before, till they arrive in the dark at those places they have a design upon. As soon as they have seized upon the booty, they, in like manner, return home in the night through blind ways, and fetching many a compass. The more skilful any captain is to pass through those wild deserts, crooked turnings, and deep precipices, in the thickest mists and darkness, his reputation is the greater, and he is looked upon as a man of an excellent head. And they are so very cunning, that they seldom have their booty taken from them, unless sometimes when, by the help of bloodhounds following them exactly upon the trail, they may chance to fall into the hands of their adversaries. When being taken they have so much persuasive eloquence, and so many smooth insinuating words at command, that if they do not move their judges, nay, and even their adversaries (notwithstanding the severity of their natures), to have mercy, yet they incite them to admiration and compassion."[1]

Their chief virtue, according to our historian, consisted in their fidelity to their pledged faith even to an enemy; in other words, in a certain sense of honour which made them consider a breach of trust an indelible disgrace:—"If any one shall be found guilty of this crime among them, it is usual for him who has received the injury, or any one of his name, to suspend the culprit's glove upon the top of an elevated spear, and to ride about with it, exhibiting it in reproach of his violation of faith, which is done in their solemn conventions; as, for example, in those while the wardens of both kingdoms are sitting to make amends for injuries, according to custom. They think there cannot be a greater mark of disgrace than this, and esteem it a greater punishment even than an honourable death inflicted on the guilty person."

Akin to this keen sense of honour, limited to a particular case as it seems to have been, was the sense of pride in their own and their forefathers' exploits, which led them to delight in listening to their recitals by their ballad-makers or minstrels. In music and poetry Lesley found them taking great pleasure.

En somme, as the French say, the sketch of the Bishop of Ross leaves us with an impression of a daring, spirited, hardy race, preferring bodily risks to bodily gratification, and dangerous adventure to patient toil; de-

[1] The last extract is quoted from Camden's *Britannia*.

lighting in the moonlight foray, in the stealthy ambush and sudden surprise; but, while taking freely the property of others, unwilling to shed blood; possessed of devotional feelings, and a sense of honour; gifted with certain refined tastes, which, added to a touch of personal vanity, and perhaps to some dramatic instincts, produced in them on occasion a natural flow of eloquence. Devoted to their hereditary chiefs, their conception of law confined to the "wild justice of revenge," these people, as Lesley saw them, lived among their fastnesses and morasses untamed rather than free.

This portrait of our countrymen was drawn some 150 years later than that by Froissart—with this difference, moreover, that in the pages of Lesley the Borderer is a central figure, while in those of Froissart the Scot is little more than a unit among the lively and moving multitude that crowd his narrative; nevertheless, in the unit we recognise at once the elementary quantity at the base of our nationality, while in the distinct and detailed portraiture of Lesley we gaze on lineaments which have left no similitude among us.

Is there no ground for the presumption that at the root of the varied characteristics and customs which distinguished the idiosyncrasy of the inhabitants of the Western and Middle Marches from that of the dwellers in the Lowland plains, there lay the hereditary instincts of different races?

IX. Conclusion from foregoing Statements that, before the Union of the Crowns, the Borderers, who for various reasons had formed a Distinct Community, retained many Traits of Character and Manners derived from the Native Population, which had probably largely contributed to form a Mixed Race.

It seems to us that, with these facts before us—remembering too, that for reasons of State, as we have seen, the frontier districts had been strictly separated from those lying inland, and had, in consequence, retained their original characteristics in full force—we can hardly avoid the conclusion that, in the veins of the Dalesmen described by Lesley there ran no small portion of the blood of those who once reigned over Strathclyde and Cumbria, and who probably in those sterile districts were never dispossessed, though they gradually amalgamated with a stronger race.[1]

A long line of fortification, at one time traceable through great part of Roxburghshire, is designated traditionally as the line of limitation between the advancing and retreating people.[2]

It has already been shown that the lateral valleys of Teviotdale and of Tynedale, on the north and south sides of the same mountain barrier, are watered by streams which frequently have their source in close proximity to each other. It is natural to suppose that in these wild dales the natives, abandoning the wide haughs of Teviot, Tweed, and Tyne, would have sought security and made a stand; and just in these we find established the clans of Kerr, Rutherford, Turnbull, the Robsons of Northumberland, the Scotts, the Elliots, and the Armstrongs. Both sides of the

[1] Cumbria or Strathclyde, originally peopled by the British tribes of Cymric race, resigned its independence to the Scots or Irish Celts in 970.

Humphrey Clinker, describing his first impressions of the Lowland Scotch, on entering the Borders from Northumberland, says they forcibly reminded him of Welshmen.

[2] It cuts off the wide open vales of the Teviot, the Tweed, and the Gala, from the uplands in which these streams take their rise; it crosses the head of Liddel between that district and Northumberland, and is there called the Scots Dyke; in other places it is named the Picts' Wall and the Catrail.

frontier, similar in their local character, were probably so in their original population.[1]

The old Celtic practice of Gavelkind, by which the tenure of lands throughout the country determined with the life of the possessor,[2] is still traceable in Tynedale and Redesdale, as it is among the Welsh and the Scoto-Irish of Argyll.

What were the precise proportions in which the two races combined to form a common stock in our Border dales may not now be discoverable; but there seems strong presumptive evidence that, while a similar process of amalgamation was carried on throughout the Lowlands of Scotland, the proportion of Celtic blood absorbed in the fusion was considerably greater in the upland districts than in the wide and fertile valleys opening to the sea.

That the dialect spoken in all these valleys was of Teutonic origin, is an argument which must not be pushed too far.

M. Taine tells us that the Saxons imposed their speech on the Normans, because they themselves were "des lourdands,"[3] and could not learn. In Algeria, to this day, travellers are at a loss which most to admire—the readiness with which the conquerors impart, or the conquered learn, the French tongue.

The names of the clans were not, as Pennant describes them, Saxon, though, had they been so, we need not have attached much importance to the fact, since our own name of Elliot was Saxonised into Elwald by some Lowland clerks, though never so written by any branch of the clan, or so called in the dialect of the country.

The Scotts were undoubtedly designated by the name of the nation to which they belonged; the names of Armstrong and of Turnbull were obviously sobriquets, and a charter of the fourteenth century is said to exist which designates a certain William as Turn-e-bull.

[1] The Kerrs were settled on the Jed and Cayle, the Rutherfords on the Jed, the Turnbulls on the Rhoull, the Armstrongs and Elliots, the Nixons and Croziers, on the Liddel, the Scotts on the Ettrick.

[2] *Gavelkind.*—Said to be an ancient British custom by which sons or brothers inherit land equally without distinction of seniority, of which there are still traces in Wales, in Kent, and in some parts of Northumberland.—*Cosmo Innes.*

Gavelkind.—That the tenure of lands throughout the country determined with the death of the possessor, a law of the ancient Irish, traceable to recent times among the Scoto-Irish of Argyll.—*Caledonia.*

[3] Dullards.

Rutherford is attributed to a Celtic origin; and Kerr, according to Jamieson, is derived from the Gaelic (?) word *kerse*, for low grounds near water; and Nixon, Johnson, and others, were simply sons of Nicholas and sons of John.

We need not, however, seek only in the past for traces of an amalgamation between the two great races. To a mixture of the quicker blood of the Celt with the phlegmatic temperament of the Saxon, may be ascribed the union, not uncommon in our country, of the dogged, patient, holdfast qualities of the one race, with the hot impulse, the quick intelligence, the tinge of sentimental feeling, which argue the presence of the other.

Under a rugged exterior, and undemonstrative manner, the Scotch labourer on our Border lands frequently hides an enthusiastic appreciation of beauty in nature, of the romantic in poetry, and of the noble in character and in thought; and when, under the influence of strong feeling, his natural reserve gives way, his language is often forcible and full of poetical expressions.

The sum and conclusion of the matter then is, that if to our Saxon forefathers we owe some measure of their strong and enduring will, and of the tough nerves and muscles, braced and strung by conflict with the powers of nature among ice-bound coasts and depths of forest, we owe also a debt of gratitude to those, whom for the nonce we will call our maternal ancestors—who, though the first to leave the Morning Land, kept its fires uncooled—who, coming hitherwards by the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, by the orange groves of Italy, and France, and Spain, had imbibed a sense of beauty, and a warmth of heart and of imagination, of which the after-glow has not yet faded from our northern sky.

PART II.

RURAL LIFE ON THE BORDERS BEFORE 1600.

I. Diet.

Having glanced at the general causes which gave a peculiar character to the Border community on the Middle and West Marches, we may look a little closer into their prevailing habits and customs.

The history of the Border clans does not detach itself from that of the population at large till the end of the fifteenth century; and immediately after the union of the crowns and the restoration of peace on the Borders, it again became reabsorbed in the general history of the country; as a torrent which bursts from a muirland tarn, brawls a short space among the hills before losing itself in the waters of some majestic river.

It is with the streamlet that we have to do—to mark the mosses and the flowrets, the pebbles and the weeds which obstruct or beautify its course; nevertheless, like other explorers, we must seek its source; we must observe the features of the country it traverses, in order to comprehend the causes which determined its direction and volume.

The most ancient Scotch song extant, said to date from the thirteenth century, is a lamentation over the golden days of Alexander III.—a king who lived, and married, and danced, and planted, on the banks of the Jed and the Tweed.

" When Alexander our Kyng was dede,
That Scotland led in luve and lè,
Awa was sonce of ale and brede,
Of wyne and wax, of gamyn and glè.

" Oure gold was changed into lede;
Cryst borne into virginitie,
Succour Scotland and remede,
That stad is in perplexitie."

A century later things had not improved, and Froissart described the Border districts as a desert country, full of stones, and torrents " in which many were washed and many drowned." In recounting the hardships of

the English army during their northern campaign, he says :—"The peasants thereabouts" (in Northumberland) brought the English army "on mules and small horses, bread badly baked in baskets, and poor thin wine, asking for the loaf 6d., which was not worth more than a penny, and a gallon of wine for six groats, hardly worth a penny."

Half-a-century after the period of which Froissart wrote, poverty and barbarism had rather increased than diminished on the banks of Tweed, once adorned with royal castles and flourishing towns, as we learn from a glimpse of village life on Tweedside, preserved for us in the writings of a pope.

Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius II., legate in Scotland in 1448, has related his experiences in a narrative, of which Camden has translated for us the following portion :—"Having ferryed over the Twede,[1] he came to a large village about sunset, and alighted at a countryman's house, where he supp'd with the curate of the place and his host. The table was plentifully supplied with pottage, hens, and geese, but nothing of either wine or bread appeared. All the men and women of the town flock'd in, as to see some strange sight; and as our countrymen used to admire the Œthiopians and Indians, so these people stared at Æneas, asking the curate what countryman he was? what his errand could be? and whether he were a Christian or no?"

So far the adventures of Pope Pius II. might be matched any day by Pope Pius IX., should he desire to make acquaintance *incog.* with some of the hamlets hidden away in remote Alpine valleys. He would doubtless alight at the house of the principal countryman, where the curé would be certain to drop in to meet the traveller. Pottage and tough poultry would not be wanting on the table, nor would a loaf of rye bread. Inquisitive villagers might probably look in; and if one could conceive a pope sufficiently ignorant of ecclesiastical rites to need an explanation of some rural *festa,* he might chance to hear the remark not unfrequently drawn forth by the question of Protestant travellers :—"Ma che! non e Cristiano."[2]

Then, again, as the legate had provided himself against the scarcity he might meet with on his road by carrying a bottle of red wine and a few loaves of white bread from the monastery he last quitted, so, in like manner, would the modern traveller furnish himself with precisely

[1] Into Northumberland.

[2] Well, well! he is not a Christian.

the same articles, and be equally ready to win with a share of them the goodwill of wistful guides and muleteers.

But here all resemblance between past and present ends.

The sight of white bread and wine, unknown in those wilds, though the first had been common in Teviotdale in the thirteenth century, brought men and women to smell, and taste, and beg, till the whole supply had to be transferred to them. Then followed a sudden "stampede" of all the men, priest and host included, who set off in haste to secure themselves in "a certain tower, at a great distance, for fear of the Scots," who were wont to cross the river to plunder in the night-time. The poor legate importunately entreated to share in the refuge, but they would by no means be persuaded to take him, so he and his two servants and a guide remained, much against their will, with some hundred women, "some of them young and very handsome, all sitting round a fire sleepless, the women dressing of hemp, and chatting with the guide and 'interpreter,' until, the night being well advanced, they heard a mighty noise of dogs barking and geese gagling; whereupon the women slipped off various ways, and the guide ran away, and all was in such confusion as if the enemy had been upon them. But Æneas thought it his safest course to keep close in his bedchamber (which was a stable), and there to await the issue, lest running out, and being unacquainted with the country, he should be robbed by the first man he met. Presently, both the women and the guide returned, acquainting them that all was well, and that they were friends (and no enemies) who were arrived."[1]

The most barbarous feature in this narrative is the utter regardlessness shown by the men to the fate of their women, which they, said Æneas, did not think of any importance.

It is, however, fair to suppose, that the legate may have mistaken the information derived through his interpreter on this point, as he certainly did on others, unless Border warfare was conducted on the East Marches on totally different principles from what it was on the Middle and Western. The circumstance of the men escaping to shut themselves up

[1] Camden ushers in this relation with the observation, that he gives it because the manners of the Northumbrians are still the same, which brings down an indignant observation from his commentator, who says, that "wine was a greater rarity in a countryman's house in Middlesex than in Northumberland, and that the people were better behaved than those in southern counties."—Camden's *Brit.*, the edition revised by Ed. Gibson, Bishop of Lincoln. Pub. 1722.

in a tower is perfectly foreign to the custom of the Borderers, whose habit it invariably was to attack their enemies in the open, though by ambushes and surprises.

From the days of Piccolomini until the legislative union of England and Scotland had developed the internal resources of the latter country, there was but little change in the nature of the diet on which was nourished an athletic and vigorous race. Barley and pease meal, rye-bread and oat-cakes, pottage, "open kail," hens and geese, as valuable to the Scotch peasant in former times as to the Irish at the present day, formed the staple articles of food among the country people in country districts.[1]

The agricultural poor, living on the cultivated lands, were undoubtedly more distressed than those clansmen, whether Highlanders or Borderers, who were followers of a powerful chieftain, and shared in the produce of his herds and flocks, of his rivers, lakes, and forests.

There was an absolute lack of money in Scotland during the reigns of the Stuarts. From the Highlands to the Borders, rents, when paid at all, were paid in kind—a condition of things which denotes a wretched state of agriculture, since, in the climate of Scotland, nothing is more certain than that, before much can be got out of the land, much must be put in.

"Nothing is scarce here but money," said a French traveller in the first half of the fifteenth century, when Mary Queen of Scots was Dauphiness of France.[2]

"They have barley, plenty of pease and beans. In my time the poor people put their dough between two irons to make it into bread, and then made it what is esteemed good food in this country. . . . The arable lands are indifferent, and the greater part of the country a desert. . . . The better sort have plenty of cows and calves, on which account their flesh is cheap, and in my time bread was tolerably cheap; they drink beer, and a quantity of ale."[3] On the whole, he concludes, "except that

[1] And remained so in Roxburghshire until recent times.

[2] Maitre Etienne Perlin, étudiant en droit à l'université de Paris, published a treatise on England and Scotland, after a personal visit to both countries, addressed to Marguerite de France, Duchesse de Berri, daughter of Francis I., only sister to Henry II., published 1558.

[3] Another observer, writing in the early part of the sixteenth century, the Spanish Ambassador (Burton's *History of Scotland*), says the corn-lands were good, but the people did not know how to cultivate them; on the other hand, Lord Hertford, after marching through Teviotdale in 1542, described it to Henry VIII. as one of the finest corn countries he had ever seen.

they have not such weighty purses as the English," a fact which he hopes he may mention without scandal, as it is the duty of a historian to speak truth—he found them "not to differ from the English in speech, condition, or stature." The want of money which Perlin observed among the Scotch gave rise to a curious custom, mentioned by him as generally practised among merchants—namely, that of lodging any man for a whole year on the host's best fare, who would for the same period give him a loan of twenty écus au soleil,[1] to be resumed at the expiration of the term. Without some such arrangement it was not easy, according to Perlin, to obtain a lodging, and the slackness of the Scots in entertaining strangers is commented on by him with some severity.

"One thing I find reprehensible among the Scots, which is, that it is difficult to obtain a lodging from them. If you say to an ordinary sort of man in Scotch, *Guede gueduit, goud maistre, praie gui mi longini*; which is to say in their language, Good night, my master, I pray you to give me a lodging; they will answer you haughtily in their tongue, *Est no bet*, which is to say, there is no bed; and will not vouchsafe to lodge you, unless they expect a considerable recompence. However, some are more compassionate and humane, there being here, as in other countries, both good and bad. Except that they have not such weighty purses, they do not differ from the English either in condition or stature."

It seems not to have occurred to the Frenchman that there may have been linguistic obstacles to a mutual good understanding between himself and the natives; yet the specimen of Scotch given in his text suggests such a possibility.

The lack of hospitality complained of may have arisen from the national jealousy of strangers during a period of war; and there was scarcely a time in the sixteenth century at which Scotland was not at war.[2] Hospitality was, however, largely practised among natives; the custom of the country among the rich being to entertain kinsmen and friends on a

[1] These écus were struck by Louis XI. with the mint-mark of a sun, from whence they took the name, and were current in England and Scotland by the weight. Fynes Morrison mentions a similar custom as existing in his time, 1598, at Berwick, "where the lending of £60 would give the lender a fair chamber, and good dyet as long as he would lend them (the citizens) the money."

[2] All the accounts we have seen agree in describing the Scotch as very shy of foreigners, in spite of their foreign alliances.

magnificent scale,[1] and among all classes to give at least a night's board and lodging to every traveller who asked it. Hence arose a very natural desire not to have such hospitality abused, and that it was liable to be so more than one old ballad will testify. It became necessary closely to watch those on the move, and statutes against sorners and vagabonds increased in severity as time wore on.[2]

But at no subsequent period, probably, was there greater abundance and plenty in the larders of the nobles, or more lavish expenditure of good cheer by them, than towards the close of the fifteenth and the early part of the sixteenth centuries, at which time they possessed their herds and flocks in peace, while game of all kinds was abundant in the land.

Some insight we gain into the living of a great lord at that period in the narration contained in the *Memoirs of the House of Somerville* of the "infare," or marriage entertainment, provided by Lord Somerville when, in 1489, James IV. visited him at Cowdally, and was present at the nuptials of his eldest son. "Then do the chamberlain's and steward's accompts" show "that 52 kyne, 200 sheep, 40 bolls of malt, 20 stone of butter," were spent at this infare, "besyde fishes, tame and wild fowll in such abundance that both the King and the nobilitie declared they had not seen the lyke in any house in the kingdome; and yet this intertainment was short by near a third as to that the first Hugh Lord Somerville gave to King James V. at the marriage of his eldest daughter, Lady Cookpoolles."

[1] The better kind of travellers found lodging in the great monasteries, and could make easy days from Durham to Lindisfarne; from thence to Kelso, Jedburgh, and Melrose.

[2] One of the great problems of those unsettled times was how to coerce into peaceable conduct the gangs of vagabonds who infested the country. From among them, no doubt, the heads of factions and of clans enrolled many an active and unscrupulous supporter, who did no honour to the colours or the surname he was allowed to bear. Many of them were the waifs and strays of war; others belonged to the class, numerous enough at all times, of those who preferred living on society to earning their livelihood. From a very early period statutes abounded against all manner of vagrants; and, as late as 1698, Fletcher of Saltoun computes the number of these loose and disorderly characters in Scotland as no fewer than a hundred thousand. Until the general establishment of poor's-rates, bands of strolling beggars wandered over the country, receiving alms of meat and bread. Dr. Somerville tells us that, in 1773, some of the old tenant-farmers in Roxburghshire were wont to give a supper in their houses and night-quarters in their barns to companies of strolling vagrants. A more durable hospitality was bestowed on "a description of persons called 'sorners,' who, though the name survives, have no modern representatives—persons destitute of a fixed home, and with slender means of subsistence, who used to lodge by turns, and for days and weeks together, at the houses of their acquaintances, and were treated with as much attention and generosity as if they had been capable of making a return in kind."

So great was the rude hospitality of Cowdally Castle, that the common people gave it the name of Cow-daily, because a cow was killed every day of the week.

It was the custom of one of the Lords Somerville, when writing from Court to his wife at Cowdally, to prepare her for the arrival of guests by adding to his letter the words *speates and raxes* (spits and ranges), as a hint to prepare suitable hospitalities. On the occasion of an impending visit from the King, he, the better to secure her attention, repeated these customary words. Unhappily the lady could "read none," and was obliged to entrust the interpretation of her lord's wishes to the major-domo of the household—who at this time had lately entered into office, and was unacquainted with his master's handwriting—whence it ensued that, on arriving at the postscript, he read, for speates and raxes, *spears and jacks*,[1] thus converting a hint to hospitality into a note of war. So ominous a sentence twice recorded could only be supposed to mean pressing danger, and the lady, conceiving her husband to have fallen at variance with some about the Court, possibly to be retained in durance there, immediately summoned all the officers, vassals, tenants of the baronies, to go to his assistance. At an early hour on the following morning some 200 mounted retainers of the house of Somerville were not only on their way to Edinburgh, but had intercepted the King's party coming from thence, under the guidance of Lord Somerville, to enjoy their sport on the lochs and muirs of Calder and Carnwath.

The historian of the Somervilles describes, amusingly, the scene which followed,—the wrath of the King, who imagined himself the subject of a treacherous surprise; the consternation of Lord Somerville, unable to account for the appearance of his vassals; and the alarm of the latter, who discovered their presence to be equally uncalled for and undesired.

When the mistake was cleared up it led to endless fun and laughter, though there may have been some among the party disposed to ponder on the evidence given of the feudal power of a great baronial house, and to mistrust the apparent friendliness of the relations between the sovereign and such formidable vassals.

The muirs and lochs in the vicinity of Cowdally were celebrated for their game, and, together with the hills of Clydesdale, were the sources

[1] *Jacks:* doublets quilted with iron, worn by the irregular cavalry of the age.

[illegible] the Lords Somerville drew their plentiful cheer for some genera-
[illegible]

It is related that when, in 1517, Hugh, Lord Somerville, the most [illegible] of his race, brought home to his Tower of Carnwath a young lady from the Lothians, she was much impressed with the wild and desolate character of the scenery round her new home, with the barrenness of the hills, "where there was not so much as a kail-yard," and with the extent of the moss under her view from the house. "She thought she had inverted the progress of the Israelites, and had entered the desert out of Canaan;" but on presently seeing the table plentifully covered for supper, she took courage to ask her husband if there was any great market-town near by, whence he had all that provision.[1] He replied, "with a smile and a kiss," that he had two or three such, which were obliged to yield him more than she saw on his table that day. A few days later the enigma was explained, when, having first assembled a goodly gathering of cousins, with Cambusnethan at their head, he took them a ride along the river haughs, where cows were grazing by hundreds, in sight of hills "clad with shepe," and brought them to Cowdally Loch, abounding in fish, and the resort of "many wild foulles, very useful for housekeeping."

There they spent the afternoon in fishing; and we are told that the young lady, though somewhat timorous at first, having never been in a boat before, was presently so encouraged by the example of the lady of Cambusnethan, better accustomed to the water, having often "to cross the Clyde at her own dwelling," that she took an oar herself, and the whole party continued their sport till sunset, when they adjourned to supper at the Tower of Cowdally, on a rig of dry hills above the Loch.

. . . . . There their fare was beyond all that the young lady had seen; "wholl sheep and legges of cowes being served up in timber platers, or rather in troches of ane awell (oval) form, made out of the trunks of , black and firme in the timber, as if they had been ibony or brizell, some of which remained untill my time," says the author of the Memoirs, himself a member of the house. "This was a vanitie and unthriftie custom they observed at the treates in these dayes, for it was in the great quantitie of these, and abundance of tame and wylde foull that they gloryed most.

[1] Janet Maitland, daughter to William Maitland of Ledingtoune, in East Lothian. Carnwath Tower is in a very upland and moorish part of Lanarkshire.

The fashion of kick-shoes and desertes was not much knowne nor served upon great men's tables before Queen Marey's reign."

So ended the day, and after its experiences, the bride of Somerville must doubtless have been satisfied with her husband's practical method of convincing her of the extent of his resources, having herself seen in the grassy hills and haughs, the far-stretching moorlands and broad waters, the "market towns" whence he supplied his table.

Whole sheep and legs of cows, served in timber troughs, would be considered a somewhat indigestible supper by the nobles of our day; but the digestions of those times were stronger, and men, whose *tournaments* were not confined to *doves*[1] required to feed their bone and fibre with more substantial fare. We find by the Northumberland House-Book that the Earl and Countess of Northumberland were wont to breakfast on flesh days separately from their family "on a loaf of brede in trenchers, two manchetts,[2] one quart of bere, a quart of wyne, half a chyne of mutton, or ells a chyne of beif boilid;" and it is gratifying to learn that on fast days they were permitted to season the repast of fish with six *baconned* herrings.

Were we suddenly transported into a baronial castle of the sixteenth century, and bidden to supper there, we might chance to find as much difficulty in dissecting as in digesting our food. Forks are late inventions; and before they came into use the practice was for a general carver to the company to cut off long strips of meat, which the guests then extracted from a common dish; a disagreeable process, "seeing," as an old writer says, "that all men's fingers are not alike cleane." At the beginning of the seventeenth century it appears that forks were not in use at table in any European country except Italy, an English traveller at that period having described them with the precision which is due to new discoveries:—"The Italian, and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, doe alwaies at their meales use a little forke when they cut their meate. For while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten their forke, which they hold in their other hand, upon the same dish, so that whatsoever he be that sitting in the company of any others at meale, should unadvisedly touch the dish of meate with his fingers, from which all at the table doe cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the company,

[1] See *Lothair*, by the Right Hon. B. Disraeli, M.P.

[2] Wheaten loaves.

as having transgressed the lawes of good manners, in so much that for his error he shall be at the least browbeaten, if not reprehended in wordes. This forme of feeding I understand is generally used in all places of Italy, their forks being for the most part made of iron or steele, and some of silver; but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any meanes indure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon I my selfe thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England, since I came home."[1]

These anecdotes may appear to have led us far from the Borders and Border habits; but, in fact, the Somervilles had a Border connection —having held extensive lands in Roxburghshire from the time of their first settlement in the days of David I. There is also enough in common, in the general features of Lanarkshire and the upper parts of Roxburghshire, to warrant the belief that the natural resources of those districts were not very dissimilar, while at the period treated of the manners of the great lords were probably much the same; and Cessford and Ferniherst, Hermitage and Branxholm, may not have been far behind Cowdally in good cheer.[2]

It must not, however, be supposed that the clans in the south of Scotland were as well off as those in the north, or that the great Border lords had the same undisputed right to their "market towns" by loch and muir, as those whose estates lay farther from the frontier. These last, and also the Highland Chieftains, were lords of the soil, whereas, in the south, the royal rights over extensive forests were jealously guarded, and on the Borders extensive districts (as the Vale of Lydell), though nominally held by some great noble as a grant from the Crown, were in actual occupation by clans who refused to acknowledge any authority but that of their chiefs, some of whom were landed men, while others were mere captains of Border hordes. The powers, rights, and wealth of landlord and chieftain were consequently limited and antagonistic. Still, until after the Union

[1] Coryatt's *Crudities*, 1608.

[2] The writer of the *Memoirs of the House of Somerville* says that in 1550 the estate was in a declining condition, because of the great charges and expenses of the same Hugh Lord Somerville, so that his expenditure was no doubt laviah to extravagance.

of the Crowns, when a system of enclosure began, and the common wastes were taken into culture, there was a considerable amount of large and small game on the Border wastes, and herds of black cattle found pasturage on the hills. The rivers, too, abounded in fish; and we have the authority of Sir Walter Scott for the contribution made in his time by the salmon of the Esk and the Liddel to the tables of the Liddesdale farmers.[1]

[1] See *Guy Mannering*.

II. Woods—Houses.

The latter part of the fifteenth century was a breathing time for Scotland. The Wars of the Roses occupied her English neighbours; and, though Teviotdale was harassed by the feuds of the Rutherfords and the Turnbulls, they were a long way from equalling in general destructiveness the wars with England in the previous and in the following centuries;—those wars which Maitre Perlin described as proceeding from the "general desire of the great to eat the small." The statutes enacted at this period show how anxiously the Scotch Estates strove to profit by an era of comparative peace to repair the ravages of war.

In the 14th Parliament of James II., 1457, it was enacted, that all freeholders and tenants should plant woddes and trees, and make hedges and "saw broome," "in place convenient therefore." Another Act enjoined that the hedges should always be of live and not of hewen wood. Punishments also were to be inflicted on "stealers of green wodde, levellers of trees, destroyers of live wodde, breakers of orchards." This last offence was peculiarly offensive to the monks, who were keen and successful horticulturists, and whose orchards, especially at Jedburgh, have furnished excellent pear and other fruit trees to modern times. Such enactments as the above would not have been required in a well-wooded country; and though tradition always speaks of Scotland in pre-historic times as covered with forests, it is probable, that long before the time we write of the greater part of these had been destroyed. Armies necessarily consume a considerable amount of fuel, and the pages of Froissart tell us how recklessly, during the War of Independence, every man in the English army cut down a tree to tether his horse, or lopped a bough to feed it; and how regardless the Scotch appeared to be of the burning of their miserable huts, since, as they said: "What matter! we can rebuild them with three sticks and a pole." The destruction of the forests had probably begun in very early times. According to a Liddesdale tradition, that valley had been cleared of wood by a Roman legion quartered in the district. At a later period the monks of Teviotdale used up a great

quantity of wood in their salt-works; and it is probable that the forests of which we read in old historians, and in which the Scots are represented as constantly taking refuge in case of invasion, were tracts of wild waste land only partially wooded. In 1503, some ten years before the renewal of war with England, the Scotch Parliament declared the wood of Scotland to be "utterly destroyed" (6th Parliament of James IV.); and, a little later, every lord and laird was desired to plant at least one acre of wood near his house, "quhair there are no great woddes nor forests."[1]

Whatever may have been the immediate effect of this and similar legislation, the wars of the sixteenth century must have prevented any permanent results, for, from that period downwards, Scotland is described as a country bare of wood.

Shakespeare,[2] who is conjectured to have had personal knowledge of it, compares it for barrenness to the palm of the hand.[3] But the storm which bows the proud spares the humble, and, while bereft of her trees, Scotland was adorned with tracts of golden broom which attracted the notice and admiration of travellers;[4] while they observed with surprise, that the people did not warm themselves with wood but with coals.[5]

The fifteenth century was a time of reparation for buildings as well as for the improvement of the surface of the country by enclosures and plantations. The only buildings which at that period were marked by graceful architecture, and the no less graceful surroundings of gardens, orchards, and shady walks, were the monasteries. In spite of the grievous oppression they had suffered during the wars with England, the monks had returned to their homes; and the chief portions of the abbeys of Jedburgh and

[1] There were no doubt large woods, and even forests, in certain localities, as the "great wode" on the silver Jed, where, in the time of Froissart, Lord William Douglas and certain other nobles "secreted themselves" for a space of seven years, and carried on from thence a warfare which ended in the liberation of the Lowlands from the grasp of Edward III.; but, even in this case, we need not fancy the outlawed Earls living the life of the Duke and Orlando in the Forest of Ardennes, for high on the Jed stood one of the oldest strongholds of the Douglas—Lintalee, which no doubt formed the base of his operations. At Melrose, at the same time, there existed extensive oak woods, in which mention is made of the Scotch army encamping for a night—the larks singing the reveillée.

[2] Shakespeare is said to have been one of a troop of comedians who visited Aberdeen in 1603.

[3] *Comedy of Errors.*—Act III. Scene 2.

[4] Maitre Perlin. Broom was useful for thatch, and the sowing of it was enacted by statute.

[5] Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini.

Melrose, as we now see them, were raised or repaired in the latter part of the fifteenth century.[1] Maitre Perlin, already quoted, whose travels were limited to the south of Scotland, takes special notice of the many churches he saw highly ornamented, and the numerous monasteries, in which there were plenty of religious, adding, "it is to be noted that the ecclesiastics are richer than the housekeepers or nobles." A significant fact, which did not tend to make them popular with the upper classes; but to the poor the monks were kind masters and instructors, and were allowed to be the best of landlords.

The bareness and bleakness of the Border districts, in addition to their exposed situation as a frontier state, may have contributed to indispose those who held property elsewhere from inhabiting their Border castles. As early as 1426, it had been enacted that "every lord having in auld times their castles, fortalices, and manor places, big, repair, and reforme their castles and manors, and dwell in them themselves, or ane of their friendes, for the gracious governall of their landes be gude policie, and to expend the fruite of their landes in the countrie quhaire the land lyes."

In 1455 we find the Scotch Estates legislating for the Border districts in the same spirit, and desiring, "they that are nearest to the Bordoure to have gud householdes, and abuilzed[2] men as effeiris, and to be ready at their principal place, and to pass with the wardanes, quhen and quhair they shall be charged."—(Acts of James II.)

The houses of the principal nobles on the Borders were in fact little fortresses, which they were enjoined (by an Act of 1481) to "keep and defend from our enemies of England." Ilk lord was to stuffe his own house, and strengthen it with victuals, men, and artyllerie, etc.

Among these castles, Hermitage is mentioned specially as in "maist danger." As we have seen, the peels of the Elliots and Armstrongs formed a belt of outposts around it; and every one of the little valleys, watered by a tributary stream of the Teviot, along which lay a pass from the English Border to Teviotdale, was guarded by the stronghold of a Douglas, a Kerr, or a Scott; of a Rutherford, or a Turnbull.

How capable these were of stout resistance to the attacks of an

[1] The name of John Hall, who was abbot of Jedburgh in 1470, is inscribed on parts of the Abbey restored in his time. It is questioned if the church of St. Mary's, Melrose, was ever completed.

[2] Abuilement, habiliment—dressed as becomes his station.—*Jamieson.*

English army, we may learn from the letters of the English commanders to their government, during the invasions of the sixteenth century. Lord Surrey, in 1545, speaks of the castle of Ferniherst, on the Jed, belonging to the chief of one branch[1] of the Kerrs, as "marvellous strong." While of Cessford on the Cayle, belonging to another family of the same name, he says, "It might never have been taken had the assailed been able to go on defending." The walls of Cessford were twelve feet thick.

We cannot, in the present day, view the ruinous remains of these ancient strongholds, without being struck by a sense of durability, and of concentrated strength.

Our modern buildings, which occupy far larger space, have frequently a time-worn look about them foreign to the solid constructions of our ancestors; and what is true of their buildings is, in a measure, true also of the ancient trees we find in their vicinity—not one of which can be matched in size and grandeur among the woods and plantations that now clothe the bareness of our hills. Numbers of old ash-trees are scattered over the face of the country—though every autumn blast diminishes their number—relics of a race of giants passed away. From castle to homestead there is scarcely an old building without one such in its vicinity—the common explanation of their frequency being that the ash was a sacred tree among the Saxons; all the important vessels in use among the people being of ash wood, in allusion to the creation of the human race by Odin out of the same material.

The Scotch Wardens, who had power of life and death over the dwellers on their marches, as the chiefs of clans had over their followers, are said to have made use of the branches of the big ash-trees, which commonly stood at their doors, for the execution on offenders of a summary sentence of death by hanging. An ash-tree is still pointed out at Cessford which tradition says was so used, for not only at Jedburgh was "Jeddart justice" worked on offenders. There and elsewhere many were suspended, without form of trial, from the strong bough of a venerable tree, scaring away by their death-agony the world of happy birds whose home was in its foliage. Many more were consigned to the depths of some dark pool, hollowed out by the stream from the rocky scaurs above which the Border castles were so frequently placed.

[1] The Duke of Roxburghe and the Marquis of Lothian represent respectively the ancient houses of Ker of Cessford and Kerr of Fairniherst.

The quiet angler who now haunts these gloomy waters little dreams of a day when they were stained with deeper dyes than those reflected from the sandstone cliff, and were disturbed by heavier splashes than those of "the fish."

To scarcity of wood, and to abundance of easily-worked stone, may be ascribed the universal employment of the latter material in castles, peels, and bastel-houses. Camden says that in Queen Elizabeth's time "every man of fashion in Tynedale and Redesdale had his fort or castle of stone."

In the south of England, meanwhile, the Spanish nobles who came over with Philip II. were surprised to find "the English living in houses of sticks and dirt, while faring as well as the King." They were, however, on the eve of a change; for, in Queen Elizabeth's day, the "glory of hospitallitie made way for the bravery of building."[1]

The bastel-houses of the Scotch gentry were, when of sufficient size, shared by a considerable number of their kinsmen, retainers, and work-people. The ancient Barons of Buccleuch are said to have retained in their household at Branxholm no less than twenty-four gentlemen, "all being of their kith and kin,"[2] who held lands of the chief in return for military service. At Alnwick, the Earl of Northumberland had one hundred and sixty persons in his household, of whom eleven were priests. As the Border castles of those days were, however, rarely more than square keeps, it is probable that, while all met at a common table, lodging was provided for the greater part out of the chief's own dwelling. Large households were not discontinued till later times.

Around the castle or bastel-house, and the buildings attached to it, was an outer enclosure or fortified courtyard, called a barmkyn, which, by statute, was obliged to be six ells high and one ell thick.

An Act of the Scottish Parliament, 12th June 1536, entitled "For bigging of strengthis on the Borderis," enjoins "every landed man possessed of a hundred pund land of new extent to build thereon a barmkin of lime and stone, 30 feet square, 1 ell thick, and 6 ells high, for defence of himself, his tenants, and goodes in troublous times, with a tower within the same for himself, if he thinks it expedient."

In some cases, as in that of the old fortified house of Halideane, in

[1] Camden.

[2] Satchells.

the county of Roxburgh, two towers of considerable size were placed within the barmkyn, which at Halideane surrounded a space of not less than a quarter of an acre, and was pierced with slanting holes, thirty feet apart, through which a musket might have been fired.

From the spoils of the same old house, most unfortunately pulled down last century to be used up in building stone, we learn that stones, with holy texts sculptured upon them, were occasionally used in the external decoration of houses in our own country, as they are to this day in South Germany and Switzerland;[1] a pious custom seeming to claim a blessing for the habitation and its inmates. The sculptured stone which once surmounted the entrance gateway of Halideane,[2] bore the following inscription, accompanied with an heraldic device :—

"Fear God. Flee from Sin. Mak
to the lyfe everlasting. To the end.
Dem. Isobel Ker. 1530."

A stone sculptured in like manner was removed from the castle of Mangerton in Liddesdale. It bore an armorial device, a date, and the initials S. A. and E. E., supposed by Sir Walter Scott to have had reference to the marriage of a Sim Armstrong with an Elizabeth Elliot, and if so, was intended, we may believe, to perpetuate a happy memory.[3]

Country towns, which were chiefly resorted to in troubled times for safety, and were allowed to fall into dilapidation and ruin when people could live unmolested in remote and lonely places, were usually surrounded by palisades, in the Robinson Crusoe style, or by stone walls.[4] Many of the old gateways were standing late in last century.[5] Within the walls, a strong tower served as a place of security for stores, and for the old and helpless on occasions of attack; and around it were grouped the mud

[1] According to Mr. Crabb Robinson, piety was not the only object served by these sculptured memorials. He mentions a house at Pirna, where the inscription ran as follows :— "This house is in the hand of God. In the year 1793 was the wall raised; and if God will turn my heart to it, and my father-in-law will advance the needful, I will cover it with tiles."

[2] It has since found its use as a lintel of a doorway in a neighbouring farm-house.

[3] One of the towers in the enclosure of Halideane contained three storeys, the other five, consisting of eight or ten lodgeable rooms, besides porters' lodges, servants' hall, vaulted cellars, bakehouses, etc. The roof and flooring were of the strongest oak.—*Old Statistical Account, Parish of Bowden.*

[4] Froissart mentions the Border towns as enclosed with dykes and palisades.

[5] See Dr. Somerville.

huts with thatched roofs,[1] which continued the sole dwelling-places of the labouring class till very recent times.[2] The substantial farm-houses and steadings, and the neat cottages, around which hollyhocks whisper to the birds under the eaves, and the bees hum over garden flowers, are of very modern date.

In the wildest of the Border districts, such as Liddesdale, the usual building in request was the peel, no doubt varying in size according to the means of the proprietor. In some cases it was used as an adjunct to his residence, but in most cases, it was his sole habitation. Built frequently with walls from eight to twelve feet thick, it consisted of two or three storeys raised above each other, and resting on a strong vaulted chamber or cellar, in which, in case of alarm, the cattle and stores could be secured, while the other helpless properties of the chief or laird, the women and children, were placed in the highest chamber, the only one in which the windows and lights were something more than slits.[3]

This upper room frequently opened on a battlement, from whence missiles could be thrown on the assailants below; a turnpike stair, so constructed that only one step could be seen at a time, conducted from floor to floor. When, in the last years of the eighteenth century, Lord Keeper Guildford came to Northumberland, he found the farm-houses there built on the same plan.[4] There was but one entrance to a peel, by a double door, the outer one being of iron bars closely interwoven "grill-wise;" the inner of oak, secured also with iron. So strong were these little towers that they could only be destroyed by artillery, which it was often impracticable to bring against them. Hence the usual mode of attack was to pile fires outside of the walls, by which means the inhabitants were smoked out, and they and their cattle having been secured, the stores and wood-work inside the building were set on fire.

A peel so treated only required the return of its owner, who was rarely if ever found within its walls, to be rapidly placed again in a state of defence—a fact which accounts for the repeated mention of the same

[1] These roofs, thatched with heather, were easily removed, and were often burnt by their owners. Froissart says, that in Edward III.'s time, the English army on their march through the Border hills, found the villages of the Scots burnt by themselves. In like manner, in the sixteenth century, Hawick was burnt by the townspeople before the English entered it.

[2] See Dr. Somerville.

[3] It will be remembered, that in the old ballads the ladies are described constantly as looking out from their upper chamber.

[4] *Lives of the Norths.*

towers in the lists of places destroyed by the English armies. The inflammable parts were not unfrequently set on fire by the proprietor himself, who thus effectually prevented his enemies from putting his house to any use. Lord James Douglas is said to have burnt his castle three several times.

The smoking out of the inhabitants of a Border peel is described with great power in the ballad of "Edom o' Gordon," given in Percy's *Reliques*, and said to be ancient. The lord of the castle being absent, the defence is described as carried on by his brave wife, to whom, in the uppermost chamber, clouds of smoke bring word of the fires lighted round her home.[1]

"O than bespaik her little son,
Sate on the nourice' knee;
Sayes, 'Mither dear, gi' owre this house,
For the reek it smithers me.'

"'I wad gie a' my gowd, my childe,
Sae wad I a' my fee,
For ane blast o' the westlin wind
To blaw the reek frae thee.'

"O then bespaik hir daughter dear,
She was baith jimp and sma':
'O row me in a pair of sheits,
And tow me owre the wa'.'

"They rowed hir in a pair o' sheits,
And tow'd hir owre the wa':
But on the point of the Gordon's spear,
She got a deadly fa'.

"O bonnie bonnie was hir mouth,
And cherry wer hir cheiks,
And clear clear was hir yellow hair,
Wherein the reid bluid dreips.

"Then wi' his spear he turn'd hir owre,
O gin hir face was wan!
He said, 'Ze are the first that eir
I wisht alive again.'

[1] The locality of the peel is said to have been Dunse, in Berwickshire.

" He turn'd hir owre and owre again,
O gin hir skin was whyte!
I might ha' spared that bonnie face
To be some man's delyte.'

" 'Busk and bounn, my merry men a',
For ill dooms I do guess;
I canna luik in that bonnie face,
As it lies on the grass.' "

The destruction of a house by fire nowadays, implies not unfrequently the destruction of works of art, of valuable books, of historical memories, and still more frequently the annihilation of tender associations linking several generations together; but in old times, though some may have cared for the walls which "births had gladdened and deaths sanctified," still within them were none of the surroundings and accessories which make the daily charm of the locality we call our home. Sunshine and moonlight came there by stealth, and yet there can have been no sacred quiet in the gloomy chambers shared by old and young, and high and low. Out-of-door life was the life of the olden times; and most men probably agreed with the Earl of Angus, who said he "loved better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep."

In-door occupations, however, there were, for the female part of the establishment more especially, and varying of course with the demands of the household. Till within the last sixty years most domestic articles were home-made. The napery of which a Scotch housewife was so justly proud, was spun at home,[1] so too were the woollen clothes made by the peasantry and the middle class; as their flocks furnished them with wool, so their herds supplied the leather of which they made their brogues.[2] Froissart describes "10,000 old shoes," doubtless of this kind, left by the Scotch army in a deserted encampment, and Dr. Somerville tells us that the occupation of shoemaking existed in Border farm-houses in his own young days. Winter evenings were spent in shaping utensils of wood, or weaving baskets of osiers; while in summer, the work of the dairy and the larder engrossed as much forethought and care, if not so much skill, as

[1] It would be interesting to ascertain whence the designs were derived which were transferred to home-spun table-linen. Many country houses can probably show old linen on which the patterns surpass in grace and beauty of design most of those to be found in our best manufactures. Could they have been supplied by the ladies of the family?

[2] Shoes or sandals of untanned leather.

at the present day. The preparation of herbs for simples occupied a good deal of time and attention, and was by no means confined to the commonalty. In England, Henry VIII. was great at the preparation of salves and ointments, which he afterwards distributed as royal gifts. In short, from early times to very recent ones, there was far less division of labour than now exists. Towns were far apart, and ill furnished with shops, and the result was perhaps an inferiority in the articles manufactured, but a decided gain in general handiness and helpfulness on the part of individuals, and may be too in the social enjoyment with which their work was carried on.

The strength and number of the petty strongholds of Liddesdale made them formidable, and on the accession of James VI. to the English throne, his first act was the despatching of Sir Walter Selby to raze them all to the ground, commanding that their iron "yetts" should be turned into ploughshares. So complete was the work of destruction, that it is difficult in most instances to trace the spots where they stood, but in Teviotdale their gray and mouldering walls still crown many a crag and scaur—the wild rose flaunting from the battlements which once bore the standard of a Turnbull or a Douglas; the harebell and the wallflower glancing from the loopholes whence pikes or "dags" ~~once~~ protruded of yore.

Any one acquainted with the Campagna at Rome who comes unexpectedly on one of these Border towers in a gully on the muirlands, screened from the blast by a rocky bank and a thicket of twisted birch-trees, cannot fail to be reminded of the Roman towers, so like our own in their general figure, standing equally forlorn among burnt and withered herbage, a few old gnarled and withered cork-trees by the side, ridges and depressions of desolate land stretching far around them, and on the horizon an outline of purple hills.

III. Unity in Associations—Deadly Feuds—Social State—Learning.

In the ballad of Edom of Gordon, the lady and her family are described as perishing in the flames, and there is evidence in the similar fate of the Lady of Broomhouse in the sixteenth century, and in other no less tragic events recorded in the correspondence of the English Wardens, that the perpetual state of warfare in which the frontier states existed during the greater part of the sixteenth century, had given a character of ferocity to a people not originally cruel.

Except under certain circumstances the Borderer avoided the shedding of blood. When he did so, it was in fulfilment of his idea of duty to the body of which he was a member.

Unity in association was the fundamental priniciple of Border organisation, as personal independence was that of the Saxon Lowlands. The deadly feuds—horrible as they were, and heathenish as King James truly called them—resulted from, and tended to keep up, the sense of *solidarité*, which caused each individual clansman to be reckoned as a member of one whole.

Certain injuries, according to their view, could only be wiped out by blood. Every man belonging to the clan of the sufferer became his avenger; not only on the person who had committed the injury, but on all of his "name, kindred, maintainers, and upholders." It was held a point of honour to shed blood for blood; and a fearful instance of the pertinacity with which the occasion for revenge was sought is to be found in the well-known story of the death of Sir R. Kerr, and its fatal results. Kerr, Warden of the Middle Marches in 1511, was slain by three Englishmen; the murderers escaped into England, but were pursued by two of Kerr's followers, who came up with one of them at some place south of York, murdered him in his bed, and carried the head in triumph to Edinburgh.

Another terrible feature of this custom was the long period over which the private wars extended. Carried on, on such principles as have been described, every fresh encounter laid a new *casus belli;* consequently we

hear of feuds lasting over many years: the Elliots and the Fenwicks were for a century at war.[1]

Lesley tells us that the practice of deadly feud existed throughout the country, though in a lesser degree elsewhere than on the Borders. He was not probably aware that at the time he wrote it was in vogue among the most chivalrous and accomplished people in Europe—the Moors of Southern Spain. "From them," says Sismondi,[2] "came to us that religion of vengeance, that delicate sense of injury or affront, which made them sacrifice their own lives and those of their families to wipe out a stain on their honour;" which, in 1568, caused the revolt of all the Alpuxarra of Grenada, and the death of 50,000 Moors in revenge for a blow given by a Spanish nobleman to a descendant of the Aben Humeyas. So natural is this sanguinary religion to fierce and untamed natures, that we find deadly feuds, conducted on precisely the same principles prevailing at the present day among the hill-tribes of Affghanistan, and the Indians[3] of North America; while the Mosaic law by its enactments concerning cities of refuge and avengers of blood, testifies to the antiquity of the practice, and the necessity of limitation where abolition was impossible. The general views of property held by the Borderers were based on the same view of the unity of the clan. Property they held to be in common, therefore clansmen never stole from each other; but a theft committed by a member of another sept was an act to be met by fair reprisal on the doer of it or his "*upholders.*"

Highway robbery is said to have been unknown among them, in which respect they were far behind their good neighbours of England. An English Lord Chancellor (Sir John Fortescue), writing from France during the Wars of the Roses, ascribed much of the misery and oppression of Frenchmen to their "cowardise and lacke of hartes and corage, that

[1] An entry in the Records of the Stationers' Company of Hawick mentions in 1580-1, H. Carre "was lycensed to sell a ballad of a rade made into Lyddesdale by certain English gentlemen of the Phenix (Fenwicks) and others against the Elliots for deadly feud. The original whereof began by the Elliots trying Scotts (Scotch) at Kyrkesed in Scotland for c. years past."—*Register of Stationers' Company, Annals of Hawick.*

[2] Sismondi, *Histoire de la Littérature du Midi.*

[3] An article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, 1869, on the Defenders of our North-Western Frontier in India, describes the deadly feud as a custom of the hill-tribes of Affghanistan. In an article in the same magazine, in the September Number, 1869, entitled, "Our War Path," it is stated that among the North American Indians the law of blood for blood is a moral and legal canon, and in default of the immediate offender, vengeance must be wreaked on his family or tribe. The Corsican vendettas were founded on the same law of reprisal.

kepith the Frenchmen from rysyng, and not povertye, which corage no Frenchman hath like to the Englishman." And he illustrates his position by the comparatively small number of highway robberies committed in France as compared with England. "The Frenchman having no hertys to do so terrible an act, there be therefor mo men hangyd in England in a yere for robberye and manslaughter, than thir be hangid in France for such cause of crime in vii years." The odds against which the English performed these unlawful deeds gained for them the high approval of the Chancellor. "It hath ben often seen in England that iii or 4 theifis—for povertie—hath sett upon 8 true men and robbed them all. But it hath not been seen in Fraunce that vii or viii theifis have been ready to robbe iii or iv true men." Words which, besides giving us an idea of the condition of countries supposed to have been far before Scotland in civilisation at the time of which we write, may be useful in teaching us to judge of distant periods according to the views of those who lived in them rather than by our own. In the judgment of Sir J. Fortescue, the man who "for povertie" took the riches of others rather than starve, showed himself more worthy to live than he who had not the heart to do so.

Such was the morality in high quarters in the sixteenth century. In the nineteenth we have purified our moral theories, and intrusted the control of our practices to a preventive army of policemen and a retributive host of constables, jailors, magistrates, and judges.

The Borderer's best virtue—fidelity—had no doubt its source in the same sense of sacred obligation towards certain persons which lay at the root of the deadly feuds; while, in like manner, the strong sense of union among the members of a clan led each clansman to feel a share in the disgrace which attached to any one of his name proved to be guilty of perfidy; but it should be observed, that the Borderer's engagements were equally respected whether made to friend or foe. Numberless instances can be adduced from their history in proof of their loyalty to those who had placed trust in them, in defiance of and in spite of all attempts to corrupt them. It was said that if unawares they had given hospitality to their worst enemy, he was safe from danger or pursuit until a sufficient time had elapsed to allow of the processes of digestion. Faithful men know how to trust, and accordingly we find that it was usual among the Borderers, after an engagement, "to dismiss their prisoners on parole,' who never failed either to transmit the stipulated ransom, or to surrender

themselves to bondage if unable to do so. Which "strict assurance of pledged faith," says Sir Walter Scott, "tended much to soften the rigours of war; for when a Borderer made a prisoner, he esteemed it wholly unnecessary to lead him into actual captivity or confinement. He simply accepted his word to be a true prisoner, and named a time and place where he expected him to come to treat about his ransom."

While the ties, real or supposed, of blood, formed in the individual members of a clan a sense of union of which modern society has no example even in the closest family relations, it is probable that the consciousness of a common descent with his chief gave to the humblest clansman a sentiment of personal dignity, while a common want of education and of refinement in manners opposed no insuperable bars to the social intercourse of those who differed most in worldly gear and position. At the marriage of Walter Scott of Harden (1567) with Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow, the marriage-contract was signed by a notary, because none of the parties could write their names.

'It would, however, be rash to draw any very general inferences from such a fact as this as to the condition of learning among their contemporaries. Nearly a hundred years before the wedding of the illiterate Harden, was born Gawain Douglas, a son of Archibald Bell-the-Cat, one of the best of our early poets, and the translator of the *Æneid* into Scotch heroics. Many peers of Parliament in the reign of Edward VI. could not write, and yet we know that at his court were men and women conspicuous for their mental attainments. Letters were in like manner successfully cultivated at the court of the Stuarts, who from first to last were an accomplished race.

It is probable that no nation in Europe took as much interest as the Scotch in the general education of the people. In the thirteenth century the monks of Kelso not only gave instruction within their monastery, but they had schools in the town of Roxburgh, and the "Sang Schools," in which church singing was the primary object of instruction, became in many places the groundwork of our burgh grammar-schools.[1] "Early in the fifteenth century the schools of Scotland taught the elements of letters and grammar as we now have them."[2]

To this fact it may be ascribed that though the Lady of Somerville

[1] *Sketches of Early History*—Cosmo Innes. [2] *Ibid.*

could not read, her steward was able to do so ; and he appears to have been a layman, a circumstance worth noting, as in the House-Book of the Earls of Northumberland the offices requiring some instruction in those who held them seem to have been filled by ecclesiastics.

At the end of the fifteenth century the Scotch Parliament passed an Act which shows a high appreciation of the duty of imparting to those who might be called on to execute the laws, some knowledge of the principles of justice—an original view of the subject, which, if it had been more widely adopted, might have spared us Lord Brougham's epigram, that justiceship was one syllable more than justice.[1]

The Act says, "It is statute and ordained throughout all the Realme, that all Barronnes, and Freeholders that are of substance, put their eldest sonnes and airis to the schules—fra they be six or nine zeires of age, and till remaine at the Grammar Schules until they be competently founded and have perfect Latin. And thairafter to remain three zeires at the Schules of art and jure, swa they may have knowledge and understanding of the Laws, throw the quhilks justice may remaine universally throw all the Realme, swa that they, at Schireffs' or Judges' Ordinaries, under the King's Hienesse, may have Knowledge to do justice, that the puir people should have no neede to seek our Soverign Lordis principall auditor for ilk small injury."

The baron or freeholder omitting to observe this statute is to be fined 20 pounds.

[1] In the sixteenth century French was taught in schools in Scotland, and Scotchmen were remarked as learned men at foreign universities. Maitre Perlin, 1558, says, "I knew formerly at Paris two doctors of divinity who were the most learned to be met with, and principally in philosophy. They had all the books of Aristotle at their fingers' ends."

IV. Bards—Poetry—Minstrelsy—Summer on the Muirlands.

Whatever their learning may have been, the Borderers were distinguished by their love of music and poetry; a taste as strongly developed in them as in their fellow-mountaineers, the inhabitants of Wales and of the Scotch Highlands.

Even in the fourteenth century, Barbour[1] thought it needless to give the particulars of a Border exploit, "for any one may hear young women at play sing it among them ilka day."

"The Scots song made of 'Otterbourne,' and also that commonly sung of the 'Hunting of the Cheviot,' are mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland*[2] among popular ballads, and the old song of 'Percy and Douglas'[3] moved the great heart of Sir Philip Sidney more than the sound of a trumpet, though only sung by an old blind crowder."[4]

That bards were a recognised class in Scotland in very early times is shown by the ancient statutes in which they are denounced. By a very old Scotch law it was enacted "that all vagabonds, fules, bardis, and syklik idill people, shall be brent on the cheek, and scourged with a wand;" and a law of Macbeth, who was "to all his lieges awful," whatever he may have been to his wife, ordained that bards should be yoked to the plough instead of the ox.

In the fifteenth century they were scarcely less harshly treated. In 1449 it was ordained, "gif there be onie that makis them fuiles, and *ar bairdes*, or uthers sik like rinnares about, and gif onie sik be fundin, that they be put in the king's waird, or in his irons (the jougs), for their trespasses, or to have their ears cut off, or suffer banishment; and being funden again, they were to be hanged." In 1457 bards are denounced in the same category with "feinzied fuiles and maisterful beggars," and nearly a hundred years later (1579) they were included in an Act of James VI.

[1] Barbour, author of *The Bruce*, born about 1316, died 1395.

[2] *Complaynt of Scotland*—author uncertain. Published 1548.

[3] The same as the 'Hunting of the Cheviot.'

[4] Sir Philip Sidney (in his *Defence of Poesie*) saith—"Certainly, I must confess my own barbarousness. I never heard the old song of 'Percy and Douglas,' that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind Crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style, which, being so evil apparell'd in the dust and cobwebs of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the glorious eloquence of Pindar?"

against "strang and idle beggars," and adjudged, upon conviction, "to be scourged and burnt throw the ear with a hote iron."

Truly, there can have been no poetasters in those days; for none but those inspired by an "afflatus" equal to the north wind in power, can have been moved to sing under such adverse circumstances.

The severity of the early statutes may have had their origin in the subjects dealt with by our ancient Border poets, which are said to have closely resembled those treated of by the Irish bards, described by Spenser in his *History of Ireland*, relating chiefly to the exploits of their heroic ancestors, whose morality was not of a kind to find favour in the sight of the more orderly part of the community. If to this source of offence was added another, in the fact that these humble singers were waifs of a down-trodden race, it is easy to conceive that they were looked on with suspicion by their rulers, whose business it was to make the laws while they made the songs. This was the case in Ireland, where an old English writer reproached the Irish bards with "their policie to do mischief by repeating their forefathers' acts."

It is certain that in the time of Elizabeth some use was made of certain metrical prophecies, of which Merlin[1] was the reputed author, to prepare the Scotch mind for a union of the crowns. A political tendency may, in like manner, have been discovered in the minstrelsy of earlier days."[2]

The later statutes were evidently directed against the itinerant poets who came under the class of persons preferring idle and vagrant habits to the industrious ones of the community they lived in; we have the example of England for a parallel severity in the treatment of persons afflicted with "idleness and otiosity." In 1536, an Act was passed in England, under which an able-bodied beggar was sentenced for a first offence of begging to a whipping at the cart-tail; for a second to have his ear slit or bored through with a hot iron; for a third offence, being looked on as incorrigible, he suffered death.

Such enactments as these may be regarded with respect, as the recognition by active and energetic natures of the universal duty of a laborious life; but they can hardly have been favourable to the development of artistic faculties, or conduced to the enjoyment of a summer's day.

[1] The Scotch Merlin, or Merlin the Wild, is not to be confounded with Merlin of the court of King Arthur.

[2] Minstrels were frequently used as spies between the contending armies of England and Scotland.

Until the Revolution the remains of the bards or minstrels existed in almost every quarter of the Scottish Lowlands, says Leyden; but after that era scarcely any vestige of them can be traced. A writer of the seventeenth century, George Martine of Clermont, who is supposed to have been secretary to Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrews, notices the approaching extinction of the order of the bards. "They at length degenerated by degrees into common ballad-makers. To our fathers' time and ours something remained, and still does, of this ancient order, and they are called by others and themselves Jockies, who go about begging, and use still to recite the sluggornes of most of the true ancient surnames of Scotland from old experience and observation. . . . One of them told me there were not left twelve in the whole Isle, but he remembered when they abounded."

The minstrels who resorted to the palaces of royalty, or wore the livery of the nobles, held a very different place in the social hierarchy from the wandering "crowders" and "jockies;" and to them, as has been said, we owe the preservation of the old Cymric traditions preserved in their *fabliaux* and metrical romances.[1]

To this class belonged Blind Harry, the author of the *Wallace*, who flourished in the middle of the fifteenth century, gaining his food and clothing by the recitation of histories and ballads before the nobles of the land.

Distinct, too, from bards and minstrels were the simple shepherd-poets, to whom we owe some of our sweetest songs, many of which were current for centuries among the people of Scotland before they found their way into print. The habit of learning by heart, and reciting the traditions and songs of the district, is well known to have been handed down from generation to generation.

"Many," said Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, "are not aware of the manners of this country. Till this present age the poor illiterate people in these glens knew of no other entertainment in the long winter nights than repeating and listening to the feats of their ancestors recorded in the songs which I believe to be handed down from father to son for many generations; although, no doubt, had a copy been taken at the end of every fifty years there must have been some difference occasioned by a change of language."

[1] "The song and the minstrel were probably the sole resources against *ennui* in the intervals of repose from military adventures."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

In Liddesdale[1] the custom of reciting songs commemorating the exploits of former days, was in full force at the end of last century, the oldest people in the parish teaching them to the young.

A love of music is naturally allied to a love of poetry, and if De Stendhal may be believed when he says that wherever solitude and imagination meet together, we have not long to wait ere a taste for music appears, it was only to be expected, as was actually the case, that the lonely life led during the summer months by the shepherds of our native hills should have given birth to national melodies, as well as to songs and ballads. "Most of the finest old Scotch songs," says the compiler of the *Relics of Ancient Poetry*, "have the scene laid within twenty miles of England, which is indeed all poetic ground—green hills—remains of woods —clear brooks;" and it was the opinion of Leyden, that many of the fine old airs to which the words were wedded, were composed by the shepherds of these pastoral districts.

It was the custom of the Borderers on both sides of the frontier, and one which is said to have prevailed in Cumberland till very late times, to entrust their cattle to a nomadic tribe of herdsmen, who, like the Swiss at the present day, lived with the herds on the hills throughout the summer months, inhabiting, from April to August, temporary huts called *Sheilings*,[2] a word said to be derived from the Scandinavian *scalenga*, as the custom was introduced by the Gothic tribes, who settled themselves in the Lowlands.

A pretty sketch of shepherd life is given in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, where the "hooded herd"[3] is described as blowing on the buck-horn and corn-pipe, calling his flocks along the banks and braes, and resting in the noon-day's heat, on the summit of a hill, there to be joined by his wife or children bringing him his meal, and making ready for him on the lea ridge a seat of rushes, sedge, and many fragrant green meadow herbs.

The noon-day meal, says the same authority, was often made a rendezvous for the shepherds on the neighbouring hills, who came, every man bringing "his horne spoone in the lug of his bonnet," "to take their refection together on ky milk and zoue (ewe) milk, or sweet milk and sour milk, curds and quhaye, fresh butter and salt butter, green cheis, &c. &c., with no bread but rye cakes, and fustein skons made of flour." Then they talked

[1] See *Old Statistical Account.*

[2] The word is traceable in Midshiels, Cauldshiels, Shielsloch, etc.

[3] With his plaid drawn over his head.

with great merriment, and danced and sang "sweet melodious songs," till it was time to drive their flocks to the fields.

"This simple representation," says Leyden, "is accurately copied from nature, and the original may still be seen in some of the wild pastoral districts of Scotland, as the flocks of sheep, after grazing some hours, are always disposed to rest in the sunny days of summer, basking themselves on some dry acclivity. A concourse of shepherds for a social meal . . . is by no means an uncommon occurrence."

We fear, that in the last fifty years, the song and the dance, and the social gathering, have disappeared; but throughout our pastoral districts, no sight is more familiar than that of the shepherd, moving along a green hill's brow, watching his flocks as they roam far and wide over ridge and dell, or beguiling his time in some "bieldy bit,"[1] by fashioning whistles from a neighbouring bourtree, or by cutting words and figures on the turf. And who has not met, towards noon on a summer's day, a little figure tripping along by hedge-row and brae, to carry the father his meal? or passing the spot again, some hours later, has not seen evidence of her stay in a fading cushion of fern or heather, or a broken daisy chain?

The custom of dancing the ring-dance to the music of the Lowland bagpipe, at the kirn, or feast of cutting down the grain, lasted to our own times; the period of the Revolution seems, however, to have been that from which the decline of Scottish song and music dates.

The institution of the town-piper, which existed in very old times, and was not extinct in the early part of this century, tended to keep up the recollection of melodies once popular. In time of war it was the duty of the piper to accompany his townsmen into battle, cheering them on to the fray by his martial strains;—in times of peace he perambulated the country at seed-time and harvest, on which last occasion he attended the reapers to the fields, and played behind them.

There seems to have been a great variety of pipes in use among the Lowland peasantry. The bagpipe was certainly at one time a common instrument, and the author of the *Complaynt of Scotland* no doubt intends it by "the pipe maid *of ane bleddir* and *of ane reid*," which he mentions as used by the shepherds of his time, as well as the corn-pipe, the pipe "maid of ane great horne," and the "stock-a-horn," a reed or pipe inserted into a horn, the whistle being made of an excavated elder branch. All

[1] Sheltered spot.

of these are truly *pastoral* instruments, and are to be found wherever shepherd boys, and flocks, and reeds are met together.

In ancient times the harp was not unknown to the Lowland Scotch, and has found mention in the poems of Thomas the Rhymer, and in at least one old Border ballad.[1]

In the early part of the sixteenth century, fiddles seem to have been in vogue among the upper classes. At Pasch, Easter, 1505, and on New Year's Day, 1507, fiddlers are mentioned as engaged to play at court; and Brantôme mentions that "des marauds avec des petits rebecs,[2] dont il n'y en a faute dans ce pays là," received Queen Mary on the night of her arrival at Holyrood.

The taste for music was strongly developed through all classes in Scotland, a fact which attracted the notice of a shrewd and accurate observer,[3] who, travelling among us not many years since, remarked that if Edinburgh, like St. Petersburgh, had been the residence of a powerful sovereign, with an opulent and idle nobility, the musical genius of Scotland might have become as celebrated as that of Germany; and the natural spring of music which wells up among the mossy rocks of old Caledonia might have been preserved, purified, and rendered productive of greater results."[4]

The melodies of Scotland have no doubt a national character, a soft wildness and a subdued pathos; as if they had caught some of the tones which murmur along our sea-girt shores, or breathe in the sough of our mountain breeze.

Our Border ballads are as evidently of indigenous growth. They have little or nothing in common with the romances of chivalry, in which the ladies break the seventh commandment as often as their lords the sixth. The romantic songs of our country-side certainly do not show any great respect for life or morals, but their immorality is that of a barbarous period, when there was no very great distinction between

[1] "The Cruel Sister."

[2] *Rebec;* a three-stringed fiddle. "And the jocund rebecs sound."—*L'Allegro*, Milton.

[3] Henri Beyle (De Stendhal), *Vie de Rossini.*

[4] In 1579 an act was passed "requesting" the municipal authorities in the burough towns —as also the patrons and provosts of villages—to erect and set up "sang scuilis," and this "because the art of music and singing almaist decayit will shortly decay, without timeous remedy be providit."

Music was taught in some public schools as late as 1748.

the manners and sentiments of the herdsman and of his herds. Love, hate, and jealousy, passions natural to all animals, were freely expressed; but of the duplicity and perfidy which arise from the development of the same passions in organised societies, we find little or no trace, absolutely none of that worst symptom of corruption — the glorification of deceit, treachery, and successful profligacy. Faithless wives and betrayed husbands figure in all the tales of chivalry. We know but of one old ballad which relates to a domestic catastrophe of this kind, and only a fragment of it remains in the history of Godscroft—the parties being a Countess of Angus, whose attachment to a Douglas was the cause of his death at the hand of her husband; and we must remark that, admitting the ballad to have been founded on fact, both parties belonged to the class which figure in and were fed on the romances of the minstrels, the professors of *la gaie science*.

The characteristic trait of the romantic ballads of the Borders is a simple unconscious sensuousness, allied to a decided preference of gloomy over joyous subjects. Twenty-six out of thirty-four collected by Sir Walter Scott deal with events of a more or less tragic character.

Of these, one of the most striking, because saturated with a spirit more gloomy than any fact, is the well-known dirge of the "Twa Corbies," while, perhaps, the most graceful in its tender pathos is "Helen of Kirkconnell Lee."

A state of society in which constant feuds arose, dividing clans from clans, and families from families, dissolving old alliances and early friendships, could not be otherwise than productive of much individual suffering; while the precarious relations between the Borderers and the State led to a very indulgent view on the part of the former of the exploits which called down a sentence of outlawry on those who performed them: on these two causes hinge most of the Border tales.

The machinery of the Border ballads is as different from that of the romances of chivalry as the subjects to which they relate are different from those sung by more courtly minstrels. Sorcerers, enchanters, magicians, griffins, dragons, and castles, figure in the recitals of the latter; fairies, kelpies, brownies, goblins, and the "good green wode," take their place in the romantic legends of which our glens and woodlands were the home.

Lastly, our Lowland poets, among the best of whom have been

Borderers,[1] were imbued with that strong love of nature for herself, which seems to us most deeply rooted in the races with whom her smiles are rarest. Gawain Douglas may, for aught we know to the contrary, have been born in his father's castle of Hermitage, among green hills where—

> "The beryl streams rinnand ower stannerie greis,
> Made sober noise."

At all events, he spent some of the best years of his life at Hawick, where he held an ecclesiastical benefice, and to the influence of our Border scenery we may ascribe the profound sense of the beauties of nature which his writings display. Warton, in his *History of Poetry*, has translated Gawain Douglas's obsolete speech into intelligible English prose, and from this we quote a passage highly descriptive of upland scenery as seen in summer: "The glebe, fearless of the blast, spreads her broad bosom. The corn-crops and the new-sprung barley reclothed the earth with a gladsome garment. The variegated vesture of the valley covered the cloven furrow, and the barley lands were diversified with flowery weeds. The meadow was besprinkled with rivulets; and the fresh moisture of the dewy night restored the herbage which the cattle had cropped in the day. The blossoms in the garden trusted their heads to the protection of the young sun. Rank ivy leaves overspread the wall of the rampart. The blooming hawthorn clothed all his thorns in flowers. There was a soft verdure after balmy showers."

Without doubt the summer of the north cannot vie with her southern sisters in splendour of light and glow of heat and colours, but she has a charm of her own; the charm which belongs to things much desired and soon lost, and beautiful withal in themselves. Coy and mutable, yet glad and bright, she comes with a joy of brawling waters, drawing aroma from the dark pine forest, and teaching the drooping birch to breathe "fragrance after showers." However dreary our uplands in winter, summer paints them in magical hues, from her first appearance, when in playful mockery of departing winter she sprinkles the moist hills with snowy saxifrage, hangs a rime-like crust of flowers on the bare twigs of blackthorn, and hides the delicate wood-sorrel, like a snow-drift, in the fissures of the rocks; until autumn steals upon her, after the true fashion of Border warfare, with silent step, under a starlight sky, and a struggle ensues which sets the woods aflame, dyes scarlet the foliage of the lovely cranebills,

[1] Douglas, Thomson, Leyden, Armstrong.

turns to fire the tall stems by the side of the streamlet, and wreathes the bare spikes of the willow-herbs with curling flakes of smoke-like down.

In her short span she pours out a wealth of beauty on the utmost solitudes of the hills. Violets are so abundant on the Cheviots, that we can almost fancy the hill receives its glorious tint of purple from the flower, and every green summit is redolent of thyme and bright with mountain blossoms; natives of the wilds which, however wooed, will not be won to leave their lonesome haunts, whose very names recall the spots where they grow.

The rose, the lily, the carnation, lend their glory to every garden, whether of palace or cottage, from Tweedside to Tiber, but the fringed bog-bean, the golden asphodel, the purple marsh-violet, the white star of the grass of Parnassus, are children of the moss and the muir; like other untamed races of the earth, they have fled before the sower and the plough, and those who seek them must find their way to unfrequented places on the breezy mountain side.

Laid in the driest of herbals, they call up visions of grassy hills, where larks sing over stretches of gorse, and the air is scented with the lemon-like fragrance of the mountain fern; of fir woods, where the golden-crested wren hangs his nest from the topmost bough, and the earth is carpeted with the glossy leaves of the blaeberry, dear to all children from Border hills to southern Alps;[1] of walks with careful footsteps across some treacherous moss, with its trailing deer-hair, its silvery cotton-grass, its scarlet sundews, and all its bewitching unattainable flowers; and of happy hours on the open moors, glowing in crimson glory under the smile of heaven.

Hours in which some of the calm serenity of nature has passed into our being, while "solitude and imagination having met together," we lost ourselves in the contemplation of the breadth and glory of the sunlit space—of the tranquil slow-paced shadows falling from the hills—of the unfathomable mysteries of distances, so radiant in heaven, so mist-wrapped on earth.

A story is told of a certain Scotchman who, hearing in foreign lands the song of the nightingale, confessed that dearer to him was the cry of the curlew than the song of all the nightingales that ever sang.

[1] There known by the softer name of *orioni*.

Whereon the narrator of the anecdote remarked :—" The force of prejudice could no farther go ;" to which we should like to append our comment, that beyond this assertion the force of dulness could no farther go.

The Scotchman had raised no question of critical comparison, nor had denied the power of music in the bird, " whose heart leaps upwards from the cypress trees to the clear moon ;" but his soul longed for the wild and plaintive cry which haunts the moss and the blue loch-side, which to him was as the voice of the hills, resonant with all the beloved sounds of home.

V. Sociability of the People before the Reformation—Religious Festivals—Yule and Pasch.

Before the Reformation the genius of the people leant rather to sociability than solitude. Just as the sight of a beacon-fire on Caerly Hill would assemble 10,000 horsemen in a few hours, so the word of a football-match brought all the neighbouring villages to the scene of action, and was so frequently the cloak of a less lawful cause of assembly, that such matches were proclaimed illegal. Excessive conviviality was not the failing of the Borderers: all contemporary authorities describe them as remarkably temperate, but they shared in the tastes of their time; and the end of the fifteenth century, and the early years of the ensuing one, was a period throughout Britain of festivity and merry-making.

The marriage of Princess Margaret of England to James IV. of Scotland, which took place in 1503, was celebrated with great splendour. Her progress from Richmond to Edinburgh was a scene of continuous display. A company of players followed in her train, and masques and mummers filled the stately halls of Holyrood. Poets, too, of a far higher order than the salaried "minstrels" graced her court.

William Dunbar[1] composed his greatest poem, entitled the *Thistle and the Rose*, in honour of this union; the fair Princess herself being in a happier position to appreciate the poems addressed to her than was her Saxon predecessor, the good Queen Margaret, wife of Malcolm Canmore, whose husband was obliged to interpret to her the language of her new subjects. The poems of the reign of James IV. show that Lowland Scotch and the English language were nearly the same.[2] We have said that poets graced the court of James and Queen Margaret, but it is fair to add, they castigated it too.

[1] William Dunbar, author of the *Golden Targe*, and other poems, born 1470.

[2] See Gawain Douglas's translation of the *Æneid*.

The Spanish Ambassador at the court of James IV. says in a despatch to his own government, in which he praises the king's gift of languages, "his own Scotch language is as different from English as Aragonese from Castilian. The king speaks besides the language of the savages who live in some parts of Scotland and in the Highlands. It is as different from Scotch as Biscayan from Castilian."—Burton's *History of Scotland*, vol. iv.

Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, attached to James V. from his infancy, was the Juvenal of his day; and there were many others whose vigorous verses have remained to us, though their names have been forgotten, who were no less severe in their strictures on the vices of the Court, and still more of the clergy.

The caustic humour of the people gave an easy popularity to satirical poetry, and serious complaints were made by English wardens of the scurrilous songs current on the Borders at the expense of the English King.

Another court besides that of Holyrood claimed royal honours in Scotland at this time, and, what perhaps was still more needful, assistance from the King's treasury. The first tribe of gipsies—or Egyptians, as they were called—arrived in Scotland in the fifteenth century, under the lead of their captain, King of Roumany, Earl of Greece, King of Cipre; to whom, under these various lofty titles, payments were made at the King's command, as may be seen by entries in the treasurer's books of payments. Their leader was permitted to execute judgment on his people "according to the laws of Egypt;" and his *status* as an Egyptian prince was so fully recognised in Scotland, that James IV. wrote a letter introducing him as the Earl of Little Egypt to the King of Denmark.[1] The descendants of this gipsy tribe have never been wanting in Scotland, though they have long since ceased to frequent the halls of the great, and now have their head-quarters at Yetholm in our Border hills.

While the Court of Scotland and that of Roumany were masking and dancing in the palace of Holyrood, affording, no doubt, many good stories, and stories good and bad, to such casual visitors as Robert Elliot of Redheugh, who, not unfrequently, though not always voluntarily, appeared at court, to answer for keeping good rule over his clan, the people, on their side, were entertained from Easter to Lent with a succession of holydays sanctified by the church, which gave occasion for social gatherings and merry-makings.

The Catholic Church at that time reigned supreme over the faith and manners of the Borderers, who, though indifferent to the questions of religious truth profoundly agitating the minds of their countrymen, were superstitious and devout; and, while having no mind to lead a holy life, were glad to secure the Church's blessing on the life which they led.

[1] In May 1529, they danced before the King at Holyrood. Mary also protected them. James, her son, ordered them out of Scotland as vagabonds and sorners.

Yule and Pasch (Christmas and Easter) were the great sacred festivals of the year. While the former was celebrated on the south side of the Border with bull-baiting and such other entertainments as became the princely house of Northumberland, it was kept throughout the Border district with jollity and mirth. Though the chief's table alone was graced with a boar's head, decked out in rosemary and bays; more homely tables could boast a fatted goose, and Christmas-pie made of neats' tongues, chicken, eggs, sugar, raisins, lemon, orange-peel, and spices—an invigorating preparation for mummers and masquers. Alas! a few years later the poor rosemary and bays became an abomination, and Christmas-pie was voted an "Idolatrie in crust!"[1] Nevertheless, the goose and the pastry have not been wholly put down; for, as it was said in the olden time, "some were more enemies to the ceremony than to the cheer of Christmas."[2] The goose is still an honoured dish, and the pastry survives in the shortbread and sweet cakes eaten at this season, round a blazing fire, by old and young.

In old times the largest and most knotty block of wood that could be obtained was set apart for the Yule log, which, in hall or kitchen, burnt from the eve to the dawn of Christmas day; and was apparently so often selected from the birch, the natural wood of many of our hills, as to give rise to the proverb—

"As bare as the birk at Yule e'en."

The jollities, commenced at Christmas, were continued to the Epiphany, when some strange association with the visit to the infant Saviour of the Kings of the East led to the custom of drawing lots with beans for the honour of being styled King and Queen of the Feast—a custom still observed in England and elsewhere on Twelfth Night.[3]

This carnival time[4] was in some places prolonged to Candlemas (February 2), on which day it was the custom in parts of Scotland for the

[1] The Quakers were said to distinguish their feasts by a heretical sort of pudding.

[2] Selden's *Table-Talk*.

[3] This was done at Queen Mary's court. The Lady Fleming is mentioned in a letter of Randolph's as Quene of the Bene on Twelfth Night.

[4] In England, Stow tells us that the Christmas holidays began at All-Hallow e'en—1st November—and lasted to the day after Candlemas, during which time there was much playing at cards for counters in every house, more for pastime than for gain."

scholars of the parish schools to assist at the barbarous game of cock-fighting, the master presiding, and receiving as his perquisite the cocks which were provided at his request for the occasion by all the male scholars. After this fashion the day was observed till recent times at Hawick.[1]

During the celebration of the Christmas festivities, the Abbot of Unreason held his sway in the palaces of royalty and the houses of the great nobility, conducting the sports and Christmas gambols; while the common people, assuming various characters, as mummers, guisards, sword and morris dancers, paraded the villages and made sport for themselves.[2]

In Roxburghshire, at Christmas time, guisards go round from house to house, acting a rude play.

Some customs connected with this season, which date from ancient times have come down to our own, and among these is the observance of the last day of the year, known as Hogmanay. On this day every child in a parish is entitled to receive "a penny and a piece," a piece of cake or bun from the farmers and householders.[3] In some districts in the south of Scotland the children flock in numbers to claim their rights—the sound of their clattering tongues and trampling feet as they stream towards the house, regardless of all respect to policies and shrubberies, awakening many a sleeper before his time. A few years ago, a circumstance worth recording occurred in our Border district in connection with Hogmanay. There lived for many years in a certain parish in Teviotdale a poor family, several members of which were born with imperfect mental faculties;

[1] Wilson's *History of Hawick*, published 1841. The custom had endured to within sixty years of that date.

[2] The Lord of Misrule in England was the Abbot of Unreason in Scotland. The sword-dancers of Northumberland still represent the wild dance of former days, which had not, we believe, entirely fallen into desuetude last century, when around the naked blades danced four savages, as naked themselves, to the sound of wild shouts and cries.

Christmas festivities were, not many years ago, celebrated at Yetholm much in the same manner as in Durham and Northumberland. Dancers with pot-sleeves, and button-holes decorated with ribbons, went in companies of sometimes a dozen, accompanied by a person called a *Bessy*, with the besom, dressed in petticoats, and disguised as an old woman; while another was called the Fool. Something of the sort existed, as we have seen, in parts of Roxburghshire.

[3] In Cumberland the same practice is observed, the children singing a ditty in which they crave the bounty they had in old King Edward's time.

a case rendered remarkable by the fact of the parents having been rather above than below the usual standard of intelligence. The mother, moreover, was blessed with one of those rare characters which increase our reverence for human nature. Very poor, so much so after her husband's death, as to have no source of livelihood beyond the assistance derived from parochial and private sources, she continued to maintain four all but helpless sons and herself in habits of decent comfort. Living with them in a lonely cottage removed from social neighbourhood, there was in her an unfailing source of cheerful life which neither solitude nor sorrow could destroy, which caused her countenance to beam with content, and her thoughts to overflow in words of thankfulness.

The "lads," as she called them long after they had become middle-aged men, were always tidy, always cared for; and in her tender pride she spoke of them, as she acted towards them, with that natural reverence which belongs to love, jealously protecting them from the observation of strangers, holding them sacred from the cold pity of the indifferent. In spite of the gloom in which their faculties were wrapped, she imparted to them some notions of right and wrong; she taught them to raise their hands in prayer to One whose name they would not lightly say; and if their clouded apprehensions failed to conceive the things of which she spoke, love taught them duty, and made their mother's will their law.

Children as these poor men were in mind, they never failed to keep Hogmanay with the children of the neighbourhood, nor did they fail to carry home to their mother the pence and cakes, the only gifts they had it in their power to bestow.

A few years ago, there was a winter remarkable for its severity. The morning of Hogmanay dawned on a world white and cold and still as death. Snow, like death, had levelled all distinctions, covering alike with its impenetrable shroud the smooth-shaven lawn, and the rugged mountain-side. The muirland lay beneath it trackless as the sea; nevertheless, prints of little feet lay thick upon the snow, and as usual children came and went rejoicing. But before the day was over, a cry arose "as of one weeping for her children:" two of those who had gone forth from their homes in the morning had not returned to them again, and these were the two most helpless of all—the "lads" from the distant cottage over the hill. How keen the sympathy, how anxious the search, may be conceived; yet evening, night, and morning passed, and no tidings of the wanderers came

home. At last, when hope was waning, they were found. Having wandered far beyond their ken, vainly searching for familiar landmarks, cold and fatigue had overcome them, and they had lain down hand in hand under a snow-laden hedge, where, numbed with cold and starved with hunger, bewildered and forlorn, they were found. The joy of the meeting may be conceived, but it became inexpressibly touching to the bystanders, when the poor wanderers, on beholding their mother, drew forth from their pockets untouched the Hogmanay cakes, the yearly gift, of which not even the pangs of hunger had tempted them to deprive her.

Since then she has passed hence; in the beautiful words of an old hymn—"She home ha' gone and ta'en her wages;" and we have been told that when her coffin was carried out from the humble home, which she alone had made one, her sons, gray-headed men, stirred by some unutterable impulse, of their own accord knelt down around the open book from which she had daily sought the spirit and the life.

Though this little narrative has carried us far from the Christmas sports of our forefathers, it is an episode in the life of the population of to-day, which, if singular in some of its circumstances is not so in its chief feature—the profound sense of religious duty, not uncommon among those on whom the "Scotch church has laid the strong hand of her purity."[1]

The meaning of the word Hogmanay has been much disputed. Hagmena is in Northumberland the name for December itself. Some trace the word to the Scandinavians, some to the Druids, some to the Christianised Romans;[2] but one interpreter has an explanation which we will not dispute with him. John Dixon, holding forth against this custom in a sermon at Kelso, said, "Sirs, do ye know what Hogmanay signifies? It is the Devil be in the house! that's the meaning of the Hebrew original!"

The days preceding Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent, were called

[1] The mother's place has been filled since her death by a sister, and only those who have witnessed such lives can perhaps realise all that is implied of sacrifice and strength in the entire self-devotion of one rational being to the sole and continual companionship of those afflicted with hopeless imbecility.

[2] Hoggie not—night of slaughter preceding Yule; minné—drinking cup. } Gothic.
O gui menez—Druidical.
Homme est né—Christian.

Collop Monday and Shrove Tuesday. On the first our good ancestors took their leave of meat till Easter, and slices of the salted meat which they allowed themselves for their winter provision were called collops, in distinction from *steaks*, the appropriate term for a cut of fresh meat.

On the following day, known in the north as Fastern's Eve, and in England as Shrove Tuesday, eggs, flour, and butter, were in great request for the frying of pancakes, an occasion for much hospitality in northern kitchens. The true Scotch form of the Shrovetide dish is better known as crowdie—being a mixture of oatmeal, milk, and butter.

By way of improving the last opportunity for mirth open to good Catholics before Easter, it was customary to hold matches at hand or foot ball on Fastern's Eve; and the custom, not finally obsolete in Hawick at the end of last century, survives to this day at Yetholm in the Border district.

Before the Reformation these observances had a nobler purpose than mere merriment; Fastern's Eve being considered as a day of mutual intercourse and friendship, when no better preparation for the time of humiliation and fasting could be conceived than the forgiveness of previous offences and ancient grudges, in proof of which all men joined in handball, football, and other social sports.

Whenever and wherever the favourite pastimes of the Scotch are mentioned, from the most distant to modern times, we always find the game of ball playing a prominent part. It gave umbrage to the English when played at Kelso 300 years ago, and in our own day the haughs on Teviot's "wild and willowed shore" are occasionally the scene of fierce though good-humoured contention, when the towns of Jedburgh and Denholm have met to dispute the "Ba'." The violence with which the game was played has caused it to be discountenanced, and we fear that in those places where the female element was introduced, it had not the softening, humanising influence which it is intended to exercise on the political assemblies of the men of the future.

An old friend has told us that "an absurd game at the hand-ba'" used sometimes long ago to be played by the women of Coldstream and Newtown, the married against the unmarried; and "I fear," she says, "it was more obstinately contested, and with less temper, than by their husbands and admirers." The same lady remembers hearing that, some sixty years ago,

a new ball, highly decorated with ribbon, used to be thrown, by one of the young ladies of a Border family from a window of her father's house, to a crowd of men belonging to the parish going to compete for their yearly game of "hand-ba'" or "Hainshin-ba'," and the gift was received with loud cheers.

Lent was not so very gloomy after all. When half-way to Easter, Mid-Lent or *Mothering* Sunday was the appointed day for country people to visit their friends and relatives; and the two Sundays before Easter—the one known as Care Sunday, and the second as Palm Sunday—had cheerful rites of their own. On Care Sunday gray peas, called carlings, steeped in water, and soaked with butter, were given away or eaten at a kind of entertainment; a custom still observed in Northumberland.

On Palm Sunday, in commemoration of our Lord's triumphal entrance into Jerusalem, boys used to carry about branches of the early-flowering willow, just bursting into silken buds, which they called palms.

Easter was, of course, a time of rejoicing, when those who had been feasted at Yule might return the good cheer given to them. "A Yule feast may be quit at Pasch," says an old Scotch proverb, in the sense that one good turn deserves another. In preparation for the social reunions of Easter, the previous Thursday is said to have been set apart for a general clipping of hair and beards, and was hence called *Shere* Thursday, a custom which may possibly be alluded to in that prettiest of old pastoral songs, "Ewebughts, Marion"—

> "And sure as my chin hath nae hair on,
> I sall come west and see ye."[1]

Easter Day must always be the greatest day of the Christian year—that on which the gates of the eternal world are flung open, and the vision of immortality dawns on men. But in old times all created things were believed to share in the triumph over death; people rose early to see the sun ~~dawn~~, and say they did so; flowers, freshly sprung in brilliant hues from the earth so long bare, cold, and death-like under the frozen grasp of winter, decked the churches as emblems of immortality.

[1] A Scottish song, given in Percy's *Reliques*, of a remarkably pastoral simple character.

> "Will ye gae to the ewebughts, Marion,
> And weir in the sheep wi' me?
> The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
> But nae half so sweet as thee."

Probably none enjoyed the festival of Easter more than the children of the poor, who ran about pelting each other with pace-eggs dyed in the blossoms of the flowering whin or broom. In great and rich households, the pace-eggs, stained or covered with gold leaf, were sent in chargers to the church to be blessed by the priest, and were afterwards placed as a central dish of brilliant colour on tables laden with plate and other things rich and rare, deemed suitable accompaniments of the Easter eggs.[1]

Another customary Easter dish was a tansy-cake, often made a prize at the favourite sport of ball. It was composed of eggs, mixed with the young leaves of the tansy, which grows abundantly by Teviot side, its yellow blossoms forming a beautiful contrast in summer to the purple willow herbs which share with it the river's bank. The plant has a pleasant taste, and "was said by some to be good for the stomach of those who had eaten fish all Lent;" but others believed the tansy to be eaten in imitation of the bitter herbs of the Jews. Selden tells us in his *Table Talk* that such was the origin of the custom, and he adds: "Our meats and sports have (much of them) relation to church works. The coffin of our Christmas pies, in shape long, is an imitation of the cratch.[2] Our choosing Kings and Queens on Twelfth Night hath reference to the Three Kings. . . . Our tansies at Easter have reference to the bitter herbs, though, at the same time, it was always the fashion for a man to have a gammon of bacon to show himself to be no Jew."[3]

[1] In a roll of State expenses in the reign of Edward I., as an item in the accounts of Easter Sunday, there appear 400½ Easter eggs, at 1s. 6d.

[2] Manger.

[3] Isaac Walton gives a description of the English form of the tansy-cake, which contains his usual mixture of poetry and practical instruction. He says, "Boys and women love the recreation of angling for minnows; and in the spring they make of these excellent minnow tansies, for, being washed well in salt, and their heads and tails cut off, and their guts taken out, and not washed after, they prove excellent for that use,—that is, being mixed with yolks of eggs, the flowers of cowslips and of primroses, and a little tansy. Thus used, they make a dainty dish of meat."

VI. Beltane—St. John the Baptist's Day—St. Peter and St. Paul—All Hallow E'en.

Pasch and Yule were the two greatest holidays in the Church calendar; but one which found no place there was scarcely less dear to the hearts of the country people. This was the 1st of May. All the various nationalities, blended together in the population of the British Isles, seem to have kept, after some fashion or other, the first festival of summer.

From British Cornwall to Danish Lincolnshire, from Saxon Northumberland to Celtic Scotland, May was ushered in with various rites.[1]

In some country districts processions of boys might be seen bearing willow-wands tufted with cowslips, after the fashion of the Bacchanalian rites, at which were carried staves and thyrses. In others the 1st of May was held to be the boundary-day between spring and winter, and was inaugurated by a mock-battle between parties of young people assuming to be their respective partisans. Spring, of course, came off victorious, and her triumph was proclaimed in a song, of which the chorus was—"We have brought the summer home." These were local customs.[2] To rise before the sun, and bathe the face in the fresh morning dew;[3] to visit the woods at early dawn, with noise of horns and trumpets; to strip the May-trees of their blossoming boughs, and carry them home in garlands and

[1] The Romans celebrated the feast of Shepherds at the end of April, and the rites of Flora commenced with May. For the customs of the Scandinavians, Saxons, Celts, see Brand's *Popular Antiquities.*

[2] Brand's *Popular Antiquities.*

[3] A custom still observed in Germany as in Scotland. Motherwell, in his preface to Henderson's *Proverbs*, says:—"That the ancestor of one of his neighbours, in a Scottish village, going out early with his gun one May or Beltane morning, caught two witches sweeping off the May-dew with a long hair tether. It was considered a valuable cosmetic."

nosegays; to sing "May songs," and dance round the Maypole, were universal observances throughout Britain on May-day.[1]

Every town and village in England, beginning with the capital, boasted a Maypole, the shaft of some tall young tree, which, having been cut in a neighbouring wood—not always, it was said, with the goodwill of the proprietor—was dragged to its destination by a number of oxen; and having been painted and adorned with streamers of ribbon and wreaths of flowers, reared its tall head above the neighbouring church tower, and stood,—its garlands floating on "the frolic wind that breathes the spring,"—a meet standard-bearer for the advancing host of leaves and flowers and fruits.[2]

In the old prose romance of the *Mort d'Arthur*, it is said that Queen Guinevere went a-Maying into the woods and fields beside Westminster. In the sixteenth century the woods had receded; but Hall tells us in his *Chronicles*, that in Henry VIII.'s time the court still "went a-Maying," riding from the palace at Greenwich to Shooter's Hill, to gather May and sun-dew in the early morning—his Grace, and his knights and gentlemen, in white satin, and his guards and yeomen of the crown in white sarcenet—a difference which recalls forcibly the distinction of attire between Tilburina and her confidante. Meanwhile, from London to Edinburgh, the people flocked to see the Mayday games, in which dramatic representations of the jolly outlaw's life in "good greene wode" formed a chief feature. Possibly on this occasion, as on others, the popular merry-makings may have had more genuine jollity about them than the comparatively refined pleasures of their betters, for Queen Elizabeth is said to have wished to be a milkmaid in the month of May; though we can hardly bring ourselves to conceive Her Majesty dancing "high and disposedly" after her fashion, round the Maypole on a village green.

In the north of England it was usual to light bonfires at the close of the day, and as late as the beginning of last century this was done in the streets of Newcastle; while within doors a "May Feast" was held, for

[1] —— "'Tis as much impossible as 'tis to make them sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be."
Henry VIII. Act v. Sc. 3.
"No doubt they rose up early, to observe the rite of May."—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

[2] The church of St. Andrews, in the Strand, London, was called St. Andrews *under the shaft*, because the May-pole customarily erected in front of it surpassed the church-tower in height.

which a syllabub[1] was specially prepared, composed of warm milk, sweet cake, and wine. A species of divination was practised by fishing in this syllabub with a ladle for a wedding-ring, the belief being that the finder would be the first among the youthful assistants to require such ring himself. In this custom a vestige has been found of the pagan rites of divination practised at feasts; but so slight an indication of an early connection with heathendom hardly prepares us for its bold acknowledgment across the Border.

In Scotland May-day lost at once its name and meaning. Beltane, as it was designated in popular speech, as in Acts of Parliament, was in fact the feast of Bel or Baal, the sun-god, in whose honour, on some far-distant day, fires had blazed on every green hill-top of Scotland and Ireland.[2] When and why this festival was transferred in Scotland and in the south of Ireland to the first of May, from the summer solstice, at which it had been customarily observed by the Celtic and Gothic nations, it would now be hard to say; but there can be no question that the Beltane festival of the Lowland Scotch, and of the population of South Ireland, had been originally designed to propitiate the sun by sacrifices offered on the hills.

As far back as the fifteenth century we find Beltane celebrated in the Lowlands much as May-day was in England; as, for instance, at the Beltane Fair of Peebles,[3] even at that period boasting itself an *ancient* festival, to which music, sports, and feasting, attracted multitudes annually from the Firth and the Forest. It forms the subject of King James I.'s poem of *Peblis to the Play*. In the sixteenth century the Scottish Parliament repeatedly prohibited in vain "the May games"[4] so dear to the people, so "disorderly and discreditable" in the eyes of the Reformers; and all the while practices dating from an older and more detestable religion than

[1] The syllabub finds a place in the Cornish observances of May-day.

[2] "Beltane," says Jamieson, "the name of a sort of festival observed on the first of May O.S. Bonfires kindled on this occasion were intended to solicit the protection of Baal, or the sun-god, for shepherds and their flocks."

In an Act of James I., 1424, it is specified that all trees should be forfeited to the King in which the nests of rooks are found at Beltane; and an Act, with similar purpose and like reference to Beltane, was passed in 1457.

[3] The Beltane Fair of Peebles lasted till long after the Reformation.

[4] In 1555, the May games were prohibited as disorderly and discreditable.

they conceived of were carried on unobserved among the herdsmen of the Scottish hills.

It was not till the end of last century that any attention was attracted to the peculiar customs observed by the shepherds on the Perthshire moors at their accustomed meeting on the 1st of May. The earliest account of them is that of Pennant, the traveller, whose tour in Scotland took place in 1769, and who received the facts he states from a gentleman resident in Perthshire.

"Each one of the company" (of herdsmen keeping holiday on the 1st of May) "is expected," he says, "to contribute some ingredient to a mixture of eggs, butter, oatmeal, and milk, of which a small quantity is spilt on the ground by way of libation. A cake of oatmeal is then produced, on which are nine square knobs, each supposed to be dedicated to some particular being, the supposed preserver of their flocks and herds, or to some particular animal, the real destroyer of them. Each person then turns his face to the fire, breaks off a knob, and flinging it over his shoulder, says, 'This I give to thee, preserve thou my horses; this to thee, preserve thou my sheep,' and so on. After that they use the same ceremony to the noxious animals: 'This I give to thee, O Fox, spare thou my Lambs; this to thee, O Hoodie Crow; this to thee, O Eagle.' When the ceremony is over, they dine on the caudle, etc."[1]

Some twelve years later, in 1792, the *Old Statistical Account* of Scotland was published, opening up a treasure of antiquarian, topographical, and other useful knowledge. In its account of the parish of Callander in Perthshire, we read that the custom of meeting on the 1st of May was still observed by the herdsmen on the hill, who were wont to "cut a table in the green sod, of a round figure, by casting a trench in the ground of such circumference as to hold the whole company. They kindle a fire and dress a repast of eggs and milk in the consistence of a custard. They knead a cake of oatmeal, which is toasted at the embers against a stone. After the custard is eaten up, they divide the cake into so many portions, as similar as possible to one another in size and shape, as there are persons in the company. They daub one of these portions all over with charcoal until it be perfectly black. They put all the bits of cake into a bonnet. Every one blindfolded draws out a portion. He who holds the bonnet is entitled

[1] *Tour in Scotland*, 1769.

to the last bit. Whoever draws the black bit is the person to be sacrificed to Baal, whose favour they mean to implore in rendering the year productive of the sustenance of man and beast. . . . They now only compel the devoted person to hop three times through the flames, with which the ceremonies of this festival are closed."

When we find rites so distinct and significant as these existing from time immemorial in remote districts, while in less primitive parts, though the rites had become obsolete, the day on which they were observed retained a name suggesting the worship with which they are associated, we can scarcely doubt that we have before us the vestiges of a once wide-spread creed; that, before the Romans had introduced into Britain the service of Flora, our heathen ancestors had bowed the knee to Baal.

Another trace of the same or of a kindred worship was seen in Ayrshire when the *Old Statistical Account* was drawn up. On Beltane Eve[1] bonfires were lighted on the hills, and men ran about them with torches.

It is very remarkable that no record of such customs as those described to have existed in the Highlands of Perthshire within recent times has been found farther to the north of Scotland. But the link is not wanting which connects these ancient observances with our own Border land.

"To this day," says Mr. Jeffrey, in his most careful and accurate *History of Roxburghshire*, "it is the practice of the young people of the district to see the sun rise on May morning from the top of some high hill, and bathe their faces in May-dew; and though no memory of Beltane bonfires exists in the annals of the district, the names of various Border hills, as the Bellyng, Bell's Cairn, the Yearning Bel, the Needlaw, between Teviotdale and Liddesdale, are believed to have reference to the sacred fires once kindled on their summits in honour of Bel the Sun-god."

Many customs lingered on the Borders to a not remote period, which point to the same origin: such as that of leaping *over* bonfires, that of passing a new-born infant *over* a flame,[2] and that of making cattle to go through the smoke of the need or nest fire, practices evidently symbolical of purification by fire. To work as if working for *need-fire*, is a proverb

[1] This was the custom of the people in the south of Ireland on the 1st May, called, in the Irish language, "mi, na Béaltane."

[2] Passing children through fire to Moloch was a sin of the Philistines.

on the Borders, illustrated by a fact recorded in *Northern Folk Lore*, of a number of persons having assembled, not many years ago, on the banks of the river Greta, in Yorkshire, to work for need-fire and pass their cattle through the smoke as a cure for murrain.[1] The fire was produced by rubbing two pieces of dry wood together, and was carried from place to place. Bonfires were kindled with it, and the cattle driven into the smoke, where they were kept for some time.

The observance of Beltane on the 1st of May by no means excluded a repetition of the same fiery rites on Midsummer eve, the 21st June, the summer solstice, which the Roman Church had adopted in its calendar as the vigil of St. John the Baptist's Day.[2]

On or about this day, Hawick, from time immemorial, until the last years of last century, lighted her midsummer bonfires and kept holiday. But, in modern times, when, though old customs survived, their original meaning was forgotten, these bonfires had no other association than with the annual game of ball, played at this season between dwellers on the opposite side of the Slitrig,[3] which was itself very probably a relic of the ancient festival, as the yearly ball at Yetholm has come down to us from the time when Fastern's Eve was a recognised holiday throughout the land.

In the *Annals of Hawick* it is stated that in 1716 several parties were fined for misdemeanours and riots at their annual *bone fyre* on Midsummer Saturday; and the custom having "degenerated into a scene of rude contention," this ancient pastime, and the bonfires which accompanied it, were finally suppressed by the Magistrates of Hawick in 1792.[4]

Some light is thrown on the original meaning of a bonfire by the definition in Jamieson's Dictionary of the Scotch word *bone*—signify-

[1] This fact is related by Mr. Denham, who states that his father, who died in 1843, aged 79, remembered having witnessed it. Another correspondent, quoted in the same volume, the Vicar of Stamfordham, writes, that when a murrain broke out among the cattle some eighteen years ago, need-fires were produced and used as above described. "Many farmers hereabout, as I am informed, used the need-fire."

[2] "To be born between the Beltanes" was a Scotch proverb, signifying that a person was peculiarly sharp, which is explained by the circumstance of the May-day games having extended over a certain number of days, the first and last of which were termed Beltane.

[3] The match was played on the last Saturday before Midsummer.

[4] In a let of the burgh lands, the tenant is expressly debarred from allowing any bonfire to be burnt in the haugh.

ing a petition or prayer in which sense it is used by Gawain Douglas, who very probably himself assisted at the annual *bone fyre* of Hawick—

> "And lukand upwart toward the clere mone,
> With awful voce thus wise he made his bone."

On the English Border in Northumberland, in the first quarter of last century, when Henry Bourne, of Newcastle, wrote the chapters on antiquities, edited and developed by Brand, the Eve of St. John was celebrated by games of wrestling, by running races and dancing, and by lighting of fires, over which the young people used to leap, clergymen being strictly prohibited from so doing, doubtless because their sacred character required them to discountenance the superstition thus symbolised. How long these customs prevailed in Northumberland we know not; but, considerably later in the century, they were observed to linger in parts of Scotland and in the west of England; while a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1795, says, that a few years before he had seen this festival, the Eve of St. John, kept in Ireland, by the lighting on every eminence of fires at midnight, round which the people danced, and at the close went through the fires—we suppose he meant the smoke—with their families and cattle. The whole was conducted with religious solemnity. After the feast of the summer solstice had become Christianized, the orthodox explanation of the lighting of fires on St. John's Eve was that St. John himself had been a "burning and a shining light." Whether or no this interpretation was always borne in mind by those who ran from hill to hill, lighting up their craggy peaks with flame, may be doubtful; but a spectator will be satisfied to go without an explanation, if only permitted to see the beautiful and striking effect produced by these mountain fires, apparently lighting themselves simultaneously on distant peaks, and flashing into sudden brilliance on the dark hill-sides, as the brands which kindle them are carried from point to point.

We had once the good fortune to witness this festival, as celebrated to this day, in the mountain valleys of the southern Alps, arriving, as we did, at the hamlet of Gressonay, in the Val du Lys, on the vigil of its patron saint, St. John the Baptist. In preparation for the evening, the broad slips of meadow land on either side the stream, the haughs, as we should call them, were scattered over at no distant intervals with what at a distance ap-

peared to be large haycocks, but, on closer examination, showed themselves piles of fern mixed with the beautiful Alpine rhododendron, the rose of the Alps. At night-fall they were lighted, and at the same moment, the crests of the mountains, the gloom of the pine woods, the splintered outline of crags, and the snow-drifts still lying among them, were revealed by countless fires, lighting up the darkness from the ice-whitened stream to the glaciers which fed it.

To those who had been taught to think of the Baptist, in goat-skins and the wilderness, feeding on locusts and wild honey, and preaching the doctrines of repentance and asceticism, the jollities of the following day were, to say the least, startling, when viewed as observances practised in his honour. From dawn to noon, the peasants, who were constantly pouring into the village, ate and drank, and danced and fiddled, sitting in front of their doors, or strolling along the pastures. The chief proprietor of the district, a Baron P——, the curé, the inn-keeper, and some of his guests, sat and drank with the rest, and sobriety and civility were the order of the day. Many of the women wore caps heavily embroidered with gold, said to be worth from £8 to £10 apiece, and to be treasured as heirlooms in their families. They were in general gaudily dressed, and the effect of so much bright and moving colour on the greensward of the valley, formed an effective contrast to the dark masses of forest and of mountain which framed the picture.

As far as we saw, there was much enjoyment and no disorder; and if our forefathers conducted themselves as well, we cannot but feel some sympathy in the reluctance with which they abandoned their ancient holidays; and we will own to a peculiar commiseration for those inhabitants of Aberdeen, who were accused before the Kirk-session in July 1608 for having had fires kindled in front of their houses on the Eve of St. John and on St. Peter's day.

The 29th of June, day of St. Peter and St. Paul, on the strength perhaps of the patronage of a pair of saints, made double resistance to those who sought its abolition, and we find the day kept in Northumberland and in Ayrshire late in last century.[1]

We have Froissart's authority for its observance in the fourteenth

[1] Brand's *Popular Antiquities. Old Statistical Account.*

century by the Scottish army encamped on the Border hills. On St. Peter's Eve, he says, "they (the Scots) made great blazing fires, and began to play such a concert, that it seemed as if all the devils in hell had come hither to join them in the noise, so that those of the English army who had never heard it before, were much frightened."[1]

After the month of June the number of holidays decreased; a fact which was, perhaps, accurately interpreted by an old writer, who says, "May and June are chosen for the celebration of games, because they were not convenient for field-sports."

Nevertheless, there were few holidays in higher repute than Hallowe-en, the first of November, the Eve of All Souls, which was celebrated, though no longer with its religious associations, till recent times, and is still observed in the Highlands, by the lighting of bonfires on the hills.

Nothing seems less accountable to us in the history of holidays than that the vigil of All Souls' Day, sacred to the dead, should have been converted into a festival of peculiar jollity; for, let dogmas and customs change as they may, death and sorrow remain, sanctifying the commonest associations with those loved, lost, and mourned.

It is certain, however, that the name of Halloween, at the present day, recalls nothing so forcibly as the vivid poetry of Burns.

Before leaving the subject of our ancient holidays, it may be observed that fire and flowers were indispensable to all festivals of yore. Throughout the language of humanity, they are the natural signs for the intangible spirit and frail mortality; and though in these days the world has grown up and speaks of such things in words of wisdom, we are not sure that it speaks any plainer.

At all events, it would have been pleasant to see the dingy streets of London playing at country life, when, as on St. John's Eve, every man's door was shadowed with green birch, long fennel, St. John's wort, lilies, and orpine, and bonfires blazed in the streets; or on St. Barnabas Day, when houses and churches were decked with garlands of roses, and sweet woodruff, said to retain their fragrance through the year; and better still should we have liked to see the rosy cam-

[1] Brand's *Antiquities*. *Old Statistical Account of Scotland*, published 1792.

pions and purple hyacinths, the cowslips and primroses, the flowering geans and honeysuckles of our own glens and dingles, trained into graceful wreaths about our homes, not without reverent association with the great and holy men who have given light and sweetness to our daily paths.

VII. Rural Holidays — Sheep-washing — Kirn-Feast — Valentine's Day — Weddings — Baptisms — Lykewakes — Sundays — Cow-butts — Fairs — Handfasting.

Besides those holidays which had more or less of a sacred character, and recurred at stated periods, there were some which belonged especially to rural life. Of these the chief were the annual sheep-washing and sheep-shearing at the beginning of summer, and the gathering in of harvest towards its close; and there were others, the occasion of which was found in such events of individual life as are universally esteemed of sacred importance—baptisms, name-days, and weddings.

With Thomson's exquisite and most accurate description of an annual sheep-washing we shall dismiss that noisiest of pastoral ceremonies.

"Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that, fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And panting labour to the furthest shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream,
Heavy and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturbed, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill—and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks

Are in the wattled pen innumerous press'd,
Head above head; and ranged in lusty rows
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall."

The harvest-home, or Kirn-feast, which was popular in the south of Scotland from early to very recent times, was probably, when celebrated in Liddesdale, a source of some discomfort to the dwellers in the neighbouring dales. We have seen that harvests were peculiarly early in that valley, owing to its south-western exposure, and the news that the reapers had carried home the Kirn-dolly (a figure of straw, adorned with ears of corn and ribbands), was of ominous significance to those whose own crops were standing.

From the denunciations of Sir David Lyndsay we learn that in the sixteenth century the kirn-doll was carried through Edinburgh in procession, with priest and friar, giving thereby just offence to serious people.

"Of Edinburgh that great idolatrie
And manifest abomination,
On there feist day, all creature may see,
They beir ane old stok Image throw the Town,
With tolbrone, trumpet, shalme, and clarion,
Quhilk has been usit mony ane yeir begone,
With priests and frieris into procession,
Siclyke as Bel was borne through Babylon."

Nevertheless, the kirn-feast and its doll descended to our own times, though now fallen into desuetude.

A correspondent remembers the kirn-feast, as celebrated in Berwickshire at the beginning of this century: "It was a joyous scene, all contending on the 'Hairst Rig' for the last cut of corn; and well do I remember how slyly some kind friend of mine would place that last cut under some stones or handfuls of earth, to bring me luck; and the good-

natured laughter that arose, that I had received the secured prize they had all been striving for.[1] Of this precious cut the 'Kirn Dolly' was made, and was often to be seen as an ornament in the 'binks' of cottages. I have delightful remembrances of kirns I have seen given at C— L— to all the workpeople on the grounds. About sunset we used to leave the dinner-table, and often, on a glorious autumn evening, a long procession was seen winding along the approach, headed by a band of music, and the old steward following with a pretty girl—the prettiest always being selected—leaning on each arm. On reaching the house, they danced 'sixum' and 'foursum' reels on the lawn; and the sight, I assure you, was too picturesque ever to forget, especially when a bright moon gave effect to the scene. The supper followed; and then, repairing to the farm offices, they danced all night in a barn. Old and young were on the floor; and a very old woman, hump-backed too, outdid all in the way she whirled and sprang about. In those days their dancing was unspoiled by dancing-masters. They danced with a spirit now seldom seen, and every one had a distinct and original style, the intricacy of fine steps being little if at all known, and '*time*,' therefore, the less marred."

The feast of harvest-home, the ingathering of summer's richest gifts, appropriately closed the season, which had been opened with hope and promise by the observances of the 1st of May.

We must not, however, dismiss the subject of Scotch holidays in the olden time without any notice of one which survived all its compeers, All-Hallow E'en excepted, and was the cause of merry-making in Roxburghshire not many years ago.

St. Valentine's Day, when it was said the birds paired and the boughs budded, was, as we all know, specially devoted to lovers; and in Scotland it was the custom for men to offer women presents on this day, which it might not have been deemed decorous to accept at other times. Many were the true lovers' knots (said to be of Danish invention); no less numerous were the gloves, rings, and knives, exchanged on the 14th February. The knife or knives, sheathed and worn at the girdle, forming

[1] In Berri, and possibly in other parts of France, the custom exists of placing a trifling present under the last ear of corn, which is then concealed and searched for as described in the text.

part of the accoutrements for a bride, were in consequence a significant love-token.

In the touching Border ballad of the "Cruel Sister" to which Sir Walter Scott ascribes some antiquity, these gifts are referred to:—

"There were two sisters sat in a bour;
Binnorie—O Binnorie;
There came a knight to be their wooer,
By the bonny mill-dams of Binnorie.

"He courted the eldest with *glove* and *ring;*
Binnorie—O Binnorie;
But he lo'ed the youngest aboon a'thing,
By the bonny mill-dams of Binnorie.

"He courted the eldest with brooch and *knife;*
Binnorie—O Binnorie;
But he lo'ed the youngest aboon his life,
By the bonny mill-dams of Binnorie."

The loves of this unhappy knight met with a tragic fate, owing chiefly, perhaps, to his not having known his own mind. We may hope that, as a general rule, the courtship commenced in February was happily ended by a wedding in April. April and November being the favourite seasons in Scotland for marriages, while May was universally avoided as unlucky.[1]

Marriages interest everybody, and seem, sometimes, more joyful occasions to friends and neighbours than to the principals themselves. In Scotland a country wedding was celebrated with great joviality; in humble life the neighbours of the contracting parties customarily supplied the wheat and barley for bread or cakes, the poultry for pies, the milk for the furmenty; if the wedding was of the kind denominated a penny wedding, the whole expense of the entertainment was defrayed by the guests. Sometimes as many as 200 or 300 were bidden, who then clubbed together to pay the cost of a common entertainment which lasted for days.

A similar custom prevailed in Wales and Cumberland, with certain variations. In some places the bridal pair took round cart and horses to the houses of their relations and friends, and received from them corn, meal, wool, etc. In Scotland, as in Wales, a custom existed of running or riding a race at the close of the ceremony, from the church-door to the bridegroom's

[1] The prejudice against May as a marrying month is found among various nations, and is as old as the Romans.

house, where a *Broose*, or smoking broth, was dispensed to the first comer. Dancing and music always followed on the wedding feast, and among these the cushion-dance was sure not to be forgotten. The figure consisted in each man and woman dancing round the room, a cushion in hand, till he or she, as the case might be, finally deposited it at the feet of a by-stander, who bestowed a kiss in return for the cushion. This dance, which we have seen danced, though we believe it is not considered so decorous as the polka, was introduced at Whitehall by the Stuart kings. Selden mentions it in his time as a novelty, and classes it with "the omnium gatherum, tolly-polly hoite cum toite," contrasting it with the stately measures of Queen Elizabeth's court, of which, no doubt, the *pavan* was one—a dance so staid and majestic that it was performed annually, on Candlemas Day, by the judges in the hall of Serjeant's Inn, Chancery Lane.

Our sprightlier Scotch dances need to be diversified with periods of rest, during which, at the present day, some popular ballad is sometimes recited or sung. In former times the pause in the dance was often made use of to practise the art of divination, by various approved methods, in order to ascertain the future partners of the unmarried guests. A mild kind of astrology was much in vogue among the Lowlanders, who loved to see a bright sun and a glowing moon shine auspiciously on a bridal pair, and who, under the clear skies of the north, had every facility to read the "poetry of heaven" when moved thereto by the poetry of earth.

The moss-troopers of the Marches were much given to the study of astrology, and it is said that many of their charms and amulets existed to a late period.

As in all Catholic countries, the honours paid by us to birthdays were, among our forefathers, reserved for their name-days, the holidays set apart in honour of their saints, whose names they had received at their baptism. As towns and villages, districts and countries, had, like individuals, their patron saint, while every church was dedicated to a holy personage, the recurrence of such *jours de fête*, as they are called abroad, was very frequent.

The importance which was attached to the punctual observance of the baptismal rites is shadowed forth in various Border superstitions, such as the belief that the spirits of unbaptized infants were condemned to wander perpetually on earth, and that their wailings were heard in the *sough* of the wind and the sobbing of the stream. Oddly enough, while

their spirits were supposed to be confined to the mists and fogs of earth, their bodies were held to be the ready prey of the fairies, who were always on the watch to carry off to fairyland a new-born infant, previous to its enrolment by baptism into the Christian community.

A curious custom existed in the Border counties of Scotland — that of leaving the right hand of male children unchristened, that it might deal the more deadly or "unhallowed" blows to its enemies. This practice was, however, limited to those occasions on which a rancorous enmity was acknowledged between different clans, the meaning being that the child was thus devoted to bear the family feud.[1] It is worthy of remark that in a recently-published volume on the *Folk-lore of the North*, a "nursery practice is stated to exist both in the north and in the extreme west of England, that of leaving an infant's right hand unwashed, the reason alleged for which is that he may gather riches." Is not this obviously the modern adaptation of the ancient custom above described, of which the original signification has been forgotten? and is not the same consciousness of the unchristian nature of the pursuits to which the unsanctified hand is dedicated at the root of both conceptions? Between Mammon and Moloch there is not much to choose.

It may seem somewhat incongruous to give a place to funeral rites among the occasions of holiday-making we have been enumerating. Nevertheless, they were not only the cause of gathering together numerous assemblages of people, but were accompanied with an amount of feasting and revelry which led to much disorder. The custom of honouring the dead by a feast, termed a lykewake, was once common throughout Scotland and Northumberland, as it is to this day practised in the Highlands and in Ireland.

The original meaning of the lykewake was by the institution of a watch over a corpse to protect it from the tampering of evil spirits between death and interment. According to Sir Walter Scott, to this superstition was added another, more especially in the Border districts, which completed the horrors surrounding the office of watcher near the dead. It was believed that by certain rites, such as leaving the door of the death-chamber ajar, the spirit of the corpse, ever hovering about its earthly tabernacle until the latter was finally consigned to the grave, might be

[1] The same custom existed in Ireland.—See Campion's *History*, 1633.

induced to return to it, and through its bodily organs communicate, if required, the cause of death, more especially when produced by foul play. This superstition is alluded to in the ballad of "Young Benjie;" but it is even more strikingly illustrated by a story told by Sir Walter, in a note to the same, of an incident which is related as having occurred in a solitary cottage on a Border fell. "One day the husband died suddenly, and his wife, who was equally afraid of staying alone by the corpse or leaving the dead body by itself, repeatedly went to the door, and looked anxiously over the lonely moor for the sight of some person approaching. In her confusion and alarm she accidentally left the door ajar, when the corpse suddenly started up and sat in the bed, frowning and grinning at her frightfully. She sat alone, crying bitterly, unable to avoid the fascination of the dead man's eye, and too much terrified to break the sullen silence, till a Catholic priest passing over the wild entered the cottage. He first set the door quite open, then put his little finger in his mouth and said the paternoster backwards; when the horrid look of the corpse relaxed, it fell back on the bed, and behaved itself as a dead man ought to do."[1]

Where such superstitions as these were prevalent, it is no wonder that friends and relatives should have felt bound to relieve by their presence the loneliness of the watchers, or that their coming should have been welcome to them.

Many rites now abandoned by Presbyterians, or fallen among all sects into desuetude, were observed till within the last sixty years in our Border districts.

Of these was the announcement of a death by the tolling of the passing bell:—

> "The clinking-bell gaed through the town,
> To carry the dead corse to the clay."

In Hawick, this duty was performed by the burgh officer, who afterwards deposited the bell at the foot of the corpse, as a charm to keep the devil and his legions at a distance, while the soul of the departed performed its journey to Heaven.[2]

To sing a hymn to the departing soul was a custom very lately prevalent in Hawick,[3] and may not be entirely abandoned; and in rural

[1] *Border Minstrelsy*, ii. 217. [2] "Clerk Sanders."—*Border Ballad.* [3] *Annals of Hawick.*

districts on both sides the Border, a plate of salt was not unfrequently placed on a dead man's breast.[1]

Without any special solemnity being added to the customary observance of the day, the recurrence of Sunday was a cause of weekly assemblages, when the dwellers in distant hamlets met together at their parish kirk. Before the Reformation, Sunday was the great day for golf-playing, foot-ball,[2] markets, weddings—the bridal parties being accompanied by the merry music of pipers,[3] and frequently giving vent to their joyous feelings by a dance round the market-cross;[4] and so rooted were these practices in the tastes of the people, that they were not thoroughly eradicated till the middle of the seventeenth century.

Certain Sundays were distinguished as Play-Sundays, when sacred dramas were represented by the people themselves, and were performed within the churches.[5] Many of them were of the nature of those which will this year (1870) draw numbers of travellers to the district of Ammergau, in Bavaria, where every ten years the peasants of the valley perform the story of our Lord's Passion and Death in a succession of representations extending over some days. In early times, before the discovery of printing had multiplied books, and before the Reformation had placed the Bible in the hands of the people, such exhibitions were no doubt of great value in popularising a knowledge of sacred history. In addition to the historical dramas, there were also what were called "mysteries" and moralities, into the nature of which we need not enter here; but any one desiring to see how little of reverence and sacred awe can have entered into the feelings of the performers in these exhibitions, though we by no means accuse them of conscious irreverence, should look into Sharp's *Dissertations on the Coventry Mysteries,* containing the charges for the performance by various companies in Coventry, extracted from their books of accounts.

Among these we observe the following items for pageants held in the reign of Queen Elizabeth (1557):—

[1] Walter Scott, with his usual careful observance of local customs, has described both these practices as performed by Meg Merrilees.

[2] In 1628, the minister of Carstairs regretted to the Presbytery of Lanark the breach of the Sabbath "by the insolent behaviour of men and women in foot-balling, and dancing barley-breaks."

[3] Forbidden 1649.

[4] Forbidden 1600.

[5] An Act of Henry VIII. forbids the acting of plays within the church.

" Paid for a coat and pair of gloves for God . 3d.
Paid for a pair of gloves for God . . 2d.
Paid to whyte sollys (saved sollys) . . vs.
Paid to black sollys (damned sollys) . . vs.
Paid to worms of conscience . . . xvid."

A tar-barrel for hell's mouth is a conspicuous item. Beelzebub, who was always allowed the weapons of wit, seems to have been rather a popular character in the old mysteries, as he is, or was some twenty years ago, in a curious performance which annually took place at Turin, where, represented by a preaching friar, called for the day the Devil's Advocate, he was allowed to plead his own cause from the pulpit of one of the Turin churches, and though always supposed to be vanquished in argument by a preacher retained on the opposite side, was nevertheless cheered by the sympathies of the audience.

Though the Play-Sundays may have drawn to church larger attendance than others, yet the church, within or without the walls, was the centre on Sundays of rural life. By a statute of 1457, it had been enacted that, for the training of youth in martial habits and skill in archery, a pair of butts should be erected in every churchyard from Pasch till All Hallowmas, and "schutting be used" by all men between twelve and fifty years of age.

Whether the purpose of this enactment was to bring the devout to the archery ground, or the archers to the kirk, is perhaps a little doubtful; very possibly the church may have been the more popular resort of the two, as it was always a place of meeting for both sexes, and, probably with a view to prevent it from becoming a place of assignations, strict laws were passed forbidding a woman to attend church or market with "her face mussaled that she may not be ken'd" (1457-1470).

The framers of these statutes were evidently suspicious of another motive besides the obvious one—

" Frae snaw and wind, baith air and late,
To keep that face so fair."[1]

And they very likely had good reason for their opinion, for the kirk was

[1] The lines, quoted in Chambers's *Domestic Annals*, from a Comedy published in Edinburgh 1613. Among other articles of a lady's dress is mentioned—

"Your maisk, when ye gang the gait,
Frae snaw and wind, baith air and late,
To keep that face so fair."

evidently a scene of some display. The Act of 1457 permits labourers and husbandmen, who at all other times were to wear gray or white, to appear on holidays in light blue, green, and red, and their wives "richt-swa and curches of their own making;" while women generally were forbidden to wear "tails" (trains) "unfit in length and furred under."

The opportunities given by the weekly meeting at kirk for beauty to see and be seen, are alluded to in various songs, as for instance in the pretty pastoral already quoted, "The Ewebughts, Marion."

"There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Quha gape and glowr wi' their e'e,
At kirk quhan they see my Marion,
Bot nane o' them lues like me."

And tradition ascribes the death of a lord of Liddesdale, by the hand of an Armstrong, to an illicit attachment which arose out of the meeting of the parties in Ettleton Kirk.

The statute concerning tails dates from the reign of James II., but that part of it was not strictly adhered to, since three reigns later we find Sir David Lyndsay complaining that the fashion was still in vogue:—

"Every lady of the land
Should have her taill so trailland,
Quhare they go it may be sene
How kirk and causey they sweep clene."

Then, as now, a foolish fashion, instituted in the higher ranks, was adopted by those below them:—

"Ane mureland Meg that milked the zowis,
Claggit with clay above the howis,
In barn, nor byir scho well nocht byde
Without her kyrtill taill beside.
They waist more claith within few yeiris
Than wald claith fyftie score of freris."

The poem is said by Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, from which we quote it, to have more humour than decency. However that may be, the conclusion is that:—

"Bot in the kirk and market placis,
I think they suld nocht hide thair facis."

And the author advises the king to issue a proclamation:—

"Both throw the land and Borrowstonis,
To show thare face and cut thare gownis."

In the Act of 1470, and in the later poem, kirk and market were named together as places of public concourse; and more attractive probably than either were the fairs, of which there were several annual ones in Teviotdale. The Earl of Northumberland's *House-Book* tells us that even great lords were wont to provision their households at a yearly fair; and the Dalesmen, who were not popular in market-towns, probably did most of their lawful commerce at the neighbouring fairs. There was one held in Eskdale Muir, which is remembered for its having been the scene at which certain irregular marriages took place, known by the name of handfasting:—"At that fair it was the custom for the unmarried persons of both sexes to choose a companion according to their liking, with whom they were to live till that time next year. This was called handfasting. If they were pleased with each other, they remained together for life; if not, they separated, and were free to make another choice as at the first. If a child were born of the connection, it was always attached to the disaffected person."[1] When this part of the country belonged to the abbacy of Melrose, a priest, to whom was given the name of *Book-i-bosom*, because he carried a bible or prayer-book in his bosom, came from time to time to confirm the marriages.

Handfasting was not confined to the Border districts, as it was forbidden in 1562 by the kirk-session at Aberdeen, where the promise of marriage was sometimes extended over a period of six or seven years. Its origin has been traced to both Romans and Goths, but may with equal probability be ascribed to the condition of the country. A somewhat similar practice is described as existing in the present day in Greenland:—"In every district or two the government appoints a parson, and the priest comes round *when he has time*, and marries them in batches—a certain dispensation being allowed in the meantime, and a refusal to complete his engagement being unknown on the side of the male lover."[2]

The fair of Eskdale Muir is connected by traditions with the Elliots of Lariston, the family of the chief of the clan, one of whom it is said betrothed himself after this fashion to a young girl infinitely his inferior in worldly position. At the end of the year, the young couple desired to make their engagement binding, a step against which all the prejudices of the lover's class immediately arrayed themselves. All means just and fair

[1] *Old Statistical Account.* [2] *Cornhill Magazine*, July 1869.

were adopted, especially by the female members of the clan, to prevent so unseemly an alliance; but lovers are apt to be careless of prejudices, and chieftains of all prejudices save their own; in spite of opposition the day was fixed, the wedding was celebrated, and the invited guests were partaking of the "infare," when, to the universal consternation, the poor bride was seized with her death agonies, and expired in her lover's arms, denouncing with her last breath the treacherous women of Liddesdale who had brought her to her early grave, and praying that they who had persecuted her for being beloved should never be happy in love themselves. A belief in the efficacy of the dying woman's curse was handed down from generation to generation, and it is averred that persons now living have heard it mentioned as clinging to the women of Liddesdale.

VIII. Churches—Pilgrimages—Sacred Crosses and others—Religious Ignorance of the Borderers.

A lack of churches could certainly not have been pleaded by the Liddesdale Borderers as a justification for these irregular rites.[1] There were no less than five churches and chapels in the parish of Liddesdale: Hermitage, the Whele, Ettleton, Dinlabyre, and Chapel Knowe. Not far from Hermitage stood the chapel of Unthank, at the head of Ewse, where tradition says a Book-i-bosom used to appear once a-year to perform an accumulation of sacred rites which might with advantage have been spread over several months. In Ettleton churchyard, a wild ruinous spot on a bleak hill-side, the names of many an Elliot and Armstrong may at the present day be read on the mossy tombstones.[2]

The chapel of Hermitage was probably included within the castle walls, but a few irregular mounds and time-worn gravestones, encircled by a crumbling wall, still mark the site of its graveyard on the banks of the stream, sheltered by a few old ash, and within the shadow of the hills. Graveyards were originally placed at some little distance from the churches, but were subsequently brought nearer, for greater sanctity and the exorcism of ghosts. The Whele Church, supposed to have been the most considerable in the valley, stood at Liddlehead, near the Deadwater, and close to an old Roman road, the Whele Causey, from whence the church took its name.

At the present day, those "who journey thither find themselves alone With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites That overhead are sailing in the sky." Scarce a human habitation is to be seen from the spot, and a few stones of excellent construction, "lying on the turf or built into the dyke of a sheep-fold," are all that remains of a building in which Edward I. obtained a night's lodging when on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Ninian's in Galloway,[3] where three centuries later, the reformed doc-

[1] Gretna Green is at no great distance from the scene of Eskdale Fair.

[2] Ettleton and Dinlabyre were both Elliot residences.

[3] In the middle of the fifteenth century, Archibald fourth Earl of Douglas, who died in 1438, was paying his devotions at St. Ninian's church, when a circumstance took place most character-

trines were preached to the Borderers. The vicinity of the old Roman way may possibly have been counted as a merit to the Whele Church in days when roads were non-existent, and before the large paving stones had been removed to make enclosures. In Northumberland, many old Roman ways are still in use.

Like the castles and bastel-houses of the gentry, the churches were built of stone. Many of very early date were standing in the sixteenth century, and might be standing now, but for the practice in the Middle Ages of treating them, and especially their belfry-towers, as fortresses.

The church of Burgh-upon-Sands near the Solway Firth, six miles from Carlisle, is said to be a good example of the fortified Border churches. In case of an inroad from the Scottish coast, the cattle appear to have been shut up in the body of the church, and the inhabitants to have had recourse to a large embattled tower at its western end.[1] The only entrance to this tower is from the church, and it is secured by a ponderous iron door, 6 feet 8 inches in height, with two large iron bolts, and the walls are 7 feet thick. The tower was probably built in the reign of Edward I. The abbeys of Jedburgh and Kelso had similar towers, which stood repeated sieges, and were finally stormed and destroyed; and in the list of places destroyed in Teviotdale, in the English wars of the sixteenth century, mention is made of churches of lesser note. No reverence for the sanctity of the buildings seems to have influenced either Scotch or English, though, as Froissart said of similar deeds of destructiveness two centuries before, "It was pity

istic of the times. "There being something wherein the Lord Kennedie had wronged and offended him Douglas, he conceived such high indignation thereat, that he published his desire of revenge to be such, that whosoever would bring the Lord Kennedie's head should have the lands of Stuarton. This offer proceeded from so powerful a man, and knowne to be a man that would keep his promise, the Lord Kennedie hearing of it (fearing he would hardly escape his hands, resolved, by way of precaution, to be himself the presenter of his owne head unto him, and accordingly keeping his owne intention close to himself, he came privately to Wigton, where, finding the Earl Douglas at his devotions in St. Ninian's church (a place famous in those days for the frequent resort of pilgrims thither,, immediately after divine service offered his head to the Earle as one who had deserved the promised reward, and did crave it. The Earle, seeing the resolution and confident assurance of the man who had put himself in his power and mercy, forgave him all former faults, made him his friend, and withall gave him the reward he had promised, disponing to him and his heiris the lands of Stuarton, which his successors, the Earles of Cassilis, doe peaceably enjoy to this day."—*Godscroft.*

[1] In the wars of religion in France the same manner of using the churches was usual. Arms were placed in them, etc.—See *Sully.*

thus to destroy in Christendom the churches wherein God was served and honoured."[1]

The churches held in highest reverence were those which contained the relics of some famous saint. When this was the case, no length of journey or hardship of travel prevented pilgrims from finding their way to them; and in those wild times, when roads and maps were not, and people travelled for duty and not for pleasure, pilgrimages were often useful in causing a certain circulation of the population, bringing those who lived apart together, though only for a moment.

It is a singular reflection that after the Roman Catholic religion was superseded, after the wars with England had ceased, after a period of comparative order and prosperity had succeeded to the state of perpetual warfare which had previously and for so long existed, then, and not till then, the Border districts disappeared from the stage on which the historical drama was being enacted, and fell into that quiet obscurity, which is said to be the happiest of fates!

From the seventeenth century till the mighty minstrel of our own time threw the charm of his genius over the traditions and localities of his native land, who ever heard of the Border hills and dales, traversed as often by the armies of Rome, as by those of the Plantagenets and the Tudors, and of which the names were familiar as household words in the correspondence of Percys and Dacres, of Surreys and Wolseys, of Stuarts and Tudors?

In the little valley of the Slitrig, a tributary of the Teviot, in which in very early times an Elliot of Lariston fixed his home at Stobs, there stood in mediæval times a celebrated chapel dedicated to St. Cuthbert, said to have been one of the resting-places of that famous saint on his miraculous journey from Melrose to Lindisfarne.

Miracles were of no uncommon occurrence here; and a pretty tale is told of a poor widow whose flock was pursued one snowy wintry night by a herd of wolves, till, arriving at the open gateway of the churchyard, the sheep fled within the sacred precincts, while the wolves remained power-

[1] Good Catholics were not over chary of church property in the good old times when they had everything their own way. Queen Mary bestowed on Bothwell the rich abbacies of Melrose and Haddington.—Burton's *History*, vol. iv. p. 328.

She also bestowed upon him, and took for herself, various valuables belonging to the Cathedral of Aberdeen, which had been sent to Huntly Castle for safety. Among these were caps, chasubles, tunicks, etc.—*Inventories of Queen Mary* (Bannatyne Club).

less to follow—gazing from without at their destined prey securely resting on the holy ground, which none could enter with evil design. Every returning March, on St. Cuthbert's Day, pilgrims came to visit this secluded spot, long after the building had fallen in ruins, and that nothing was left of it but some irregular mounds of mossy turf. One can fancy that there may have been some among those who wearily ascended the little upland valley to whom such a miracle as that of the wolf abstaining from devouring a lamb had a personal interest.[1]

The Borderers by no means invariably respected the sanctity of a true pilgrim's character, for in 1528 we find Lord Dacre complaining to Cardinal Wolsey, that a relation of his own, returning from a pilgrimage to St. Ninian's, had been carried off and detained in some hill fortress until he, Lord Dacre, shall redeem an arrant Border thief then in his safe keeping.

The four great pilgrimages of Scotland were — Scone, Dunkeld, Paisley, and Melrose. In 1569 the clans of Scott and Kerr entered into a bond of alliance or feud-staunching, to reconcile a deadly feud, by which the heads of each clan became bound to make the four great pilgrimages for the benefit of the souls of those who had fallen in the feud.

Crosses were abundant all through the Border district, as sacred symbols of the faith, as boundary-marks, as memorials of some event which had occurred on the spot where they were erected. Many of them, which have since disappeared, were standing in last century.

At Milnholm, on Liddel Water, a memorial cross still exists, which is said to mark the spot where the body of an Armstrong, murdered by the governor of Hermitage, rested on its way to the Ettleton churchyard in the hill above. The tradition is that Douglas, Lord of Liddesdale, fell in love with a beautiful girl whom he saw at Ettleton kirk, that her father got her out of his way, and was murdered by Douglas for his pains. The population, however, rose on the murderer, who, escaping for his life, obtained a refuge in Mangerton Castle, belonging to the chief of the Armstrongs, to whom he afterwards showed his gratitude by decoying him

[1] The North British Railway, between Carlisle and Edinburgh, crosses the Border fells not far from the source of the Slitrig, of which it follows the course to Hawick. It crosses a wide tract of moor and morass, on which traces of the Catrail are still to be discerned: and thus two great works of ancient and modern times may be seen at once—the first intended to separate, the second to bind together, the inhabitants of hill and dale, of plain and muirland.

to Hermitage, where he was treacherously slain; an incident alluded to in the ballad of the "Cout o' Keeldar:[1]—

> "'Twas here for Mangerton's brave lord,
> A bloody feast was set;
> Who, weetless, at the festal board,
> The bull's broad frontlet met."

Certain crosses were held in especial respect as rewarding their votaries by the cure of their infirmities. Sir David Lyndsay speaks of the people flocking to be cured of various diseases at the "auld rude" or cross of Kerrail; and ~~thirteen~~ years after the Reformation, we find Edmund, Bishop of London, noticing in a letter to Sir William Cecil the custom of creeping to the cross as still followed at Dunbar.

"Oure men," he wrote, "are all retourned oute of Scotlande, and so farre as I can learn, make no preparation to go thither agayne. One of them named Evans, who is thought a man of more simplicitie than the rest, hath reported (as I am credibly informed), that att Dunbarre on Good Frydaye, they saw certayn persons go bare-footed and bare-legged to the church to creepe to the crosse. If it be so, the church of Scotland will notte be pure inowghe fir our men."—1563.

Thirty years later, in 1592, Robert Wauchope of Caik Muir, a suspected Papist, was accused before his presbytery of going yearly bare-foot in pilgrimage to the cross of Peebles. He admitted the fact, but pleaded that he had since given up a "rite unprofitable and ungodly."

The attachment with which the people held to their ancient practices may be gathered from the repeated fulminations issued against them by the presbyteries after the Reformation.

In 1555, they addressed themselves to the putting down of the May-games, with the Abbot of Unreason, Maid Marion, and all their crew.

In 1574, persons were charged before the presbyteries with singing carols at Yule.

In 1577, the kirk-session of Perth prosecuted certain persons for taking part in the Corpus Christi play on that day.

In 1594, the presbytery of Glasgow forbade a piper to play his pipes on Sunday frae the rising till the sun going to.[2]

[1] By Leyden. The bull's head introduced at a banquet was a signal of death.

[2] As in Norway, at present, Sunday began at sunset on Saturday, and terminated on Sunday at six o'clock.

In November 1581, ~~twenty~~ years after the Reformation, "dregs of idolatrie" being found to exist in certain parts "by using of pilgrimage to some chapels, crosses, wells, by observing the festival days of the sancts—sometime namit their patrons, in setting furth of bane-fires, and singing of carols within and about kirks at certain seasons of the year"—an Act of Parliament was passed forbidding these practices: punishment, a month's imprisonment, and bread and water.[1]

In 1595-1596, the General Assembly of the clergy denounce the common corruption of all estates within this realm, specifying among many causes, keeping of festival days, fires, pilgrimages, singing of carols at Yule.[2]

In 1599, the presbytery of Aberdeen ordered that there be nae play Sundays hereafter, under all hiest pain.[3]

In this list of proscriptions, we have seen that in 1577 certain persons came under the disapprobation of the kirk-session of Perth, for taking part in the Corpus Christi play on that day; it is therefore worthy of remark, that, only twenty-three years before, the following entry was made in the record of the city of Edinburgh: "The provost, baillies, and counsale, ordains the thesaurer Robert Grahame to content and pay to Walter Bynryng, the sowme of £v for the making of the play-ground, and the painting of the handseyne,[4] and the playeris's facis, quhill beand payit, provideand always, that the said Walter mak the play geir underwritten furth cumand to the towne, quhen thai haif ado therewith, quhilkis he has now ressavit—viz. viii play hattis,[5] an Kingis Crown, ane myter, and folis heede, ane foxis, ane pair angell-wingis, twa angel hair, ane chaplet of trymphe."—Dalzel's *Scottish Poems*, sixteenth century, quoted in illustration of the Corpus Christi plays by Sharp.[6]

[1] *Domestic Annals of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 147.

[2] *Domestic Annals*, vol. i. 269.

[3] *Ibid.* vol. i. 333.

[4] Handseyne—ensign.

[5] Play-hattis.—A hat for the Pharisee is an item in the books of the Guilds of Coventry.

[6] There is a curious list in the Appendix of Illustrations to the Corpus Christi plays (Sharp's *Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries*) of the trades which took part in these pageants at York in the fifteenth century, and of the parts distributed among them: thus, the representation of the Supreme Being performing the act of creation, and the fall of Lucifer and his angels, was given to the *tanners*.

IX. Superstitions—Wells—Springs—Shellycoats—Kelpies—Witches—Fairies—Reformers.

Lesley was struck with the extreme superstition of the Borderers, which displayed itself not only in religious matters, but coloured all their habits of mind. Every property in a natural object for which they could not account, every event of which they did not comprehend the cause, every sight of wonder, every mysterious sound, became to them invested with a supernatural character. Hence arose the reverence they paid to certain wells and natural springs, especially to such as possessed medicinal qualities; though, in truth, this may be traced to hereditary rather than to instinctive superstitions, since to deck the borders of wells with garlands of flowers was a Roman rite which continued in Catholic times to be practised in our own country on Holy Thursday;[1] while the hanging of offerings of rags or old garments on the bushes around those wells of which the waters were gifted with healing qualities, was a custom prevalent among all the northern races, forbidden repeatedly by statute in England from the days of the Saxon and Danish kings to those of the Reformation.[2] The Roman Catholic Church, in accordance with her habitual practice of adopting the superstitions she could not eradicate, sought in this case, as in others, to transform an ignorant worship into a religious sentiment by placing the sacred wells under the protection of holy persons; hence, in Presbyterian Scotland, and in our own Border districts, more than one ancient well, hidden away in the depths of woods, lost to the sight of heaven among thickets of fern, is popularly known as the "Lady Well" (well of Our Lady) to this day. Within the memory of living persons, a well, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, at Sigget, in Aberdeenshire, was

[1] Holy Thursday is, in parts of Italy, observed by decking the churches with flowers, supposed to be offerings at our Saviour's tomb. At Genoa the noble families, having chapels of their own within the great churches, vie with each other in the ornamentation of these with altar-cloths and carpets, made entirely of flowers, the ground being usually composed of violets of different shades, the designs upon this drawn in camellias, etc.

[2] It exists in Glamorganshire at the present day, and has been observed among travellers in the central regions of Africa. Sacred wells are also known in the East, respected equally by Kurd, Caucasian, and Armenian.

resorted to on Pasch Sunday, the votaries always taking care to have some money to drop therein.[1]

It was not, perhaps, unnatural that an idea of personality should have been attached by our simple forefathers to the mountain torrents, which may well be termed "living waters," which give a voice to the solitudes of the hills, welling forth from the mountain at their "own sweet will," carrying refreshment to a thirsty land, or sweeping down soil and crag and tree, "in one red ruin blent." But our Border superstitions point rather to spirits haunting the waters than to a personality in the stream itself.

The old classical river-deity was not in their mythology, but sprites, both frolicksome and malignant, laughed or wailed in the mountain stream.

To the more genial sort belonged the Shellycoat, who, when seen by mortal eyes, was covered with weeds, and pebbles, and fresh-water shells —a very Glaucus. He was mostly a good-humoured fellow, misleading travellers by feigned cries, and bursting into laughter when he succeeded in beguiling them from the road to follow the windings of the stream.

One of this class is said to have lived in the stream of Goranberry, where his gurgling laughter was often to be heard, after the successful performance of some such impish freaks as those detailed by another tricksy sprite of southern growth, a certain Robin Goodfellow, with whom Ben Jonson is believed to have had relations:—

"Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
As from their night sports they trudge home;
With counterfeiting voice I greete,
And call them on with me to roame
Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;
Or else unseene with them I go,
All in the nicke,
To play some tricke,
And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho!"[2]

To a more malignant species belonged the Water Kelpie, who enticed travellers by loud cries to their destruction in some swollen stream. One summer evening the dwellers near a certain ford in Liddel Water heard

[1] Aberdeen boasted of a very celebrated well, venerated for the efficacy of its waters in curing disease. It was dedicated to St. Fiack, a Scottish saint, and we are told that the name of fiacre was given to hackney coaches, because hired carriages were first made use of by pilgrims from Paris to his shrine.—Chambers's *Domestic Annals.*

[2] "Robin Goodfellow," attributed to Ben Jonson, in Percy's *Ancient Songs and Ballads.*

the well-known wail of the Kelpie, seeming more than usually ominous of evil, and gradually assuming to their frightened ear an articulate form—"The hour is come, but not the man." Suddenly the voice was hushed, for at that moment a traveller was seen approaching the ford. To interrupt his advance, and forcibly prevent him from entering the stream was, on the part of the bystanders, the work of a moment; but little more than momentary too was his deliverance, for though led away from the immediate cause of danger, he was shortly afterwards found drowned, his face buried in the font of Castleton Church. The man was "fey," and no human help could avert his fate, though one might have hoped that holy water would not have lent its aid to work his doom.

Worse than the Kelpies, because more ubiquitous, were the Witches, ever hateful, who assumed every form from that of the typical old woman to a frightened hare; who spent their time in brewing evil potions out of ingredients of which the least detestable were noxious plants.

> "And I ha' bene plucking (plants among)
> Hemlock, henbane, adder's-tongue,
> Nightshade, moonwort, libbard's bane;
> And twice by the dogges was like to be tane."[1]

Happily they might be scared away by anything sacred, from the name of our Lord to the branch of holly (holy-tree) or of churchyard yew.

Then there were a host of local spirits, known in different localities under various names, as Ringan, Redcap, Fatlips,[2] Kyttock. Some of these were purely maleficent; but in general they appear to have been pretty much like other people—more mischievous than malignant—sociable but not genial. Kyttock was given to appear on Minto Craigs in the form of a white rabbit or of a frisky kid, and was believed to lurk under two gigantic gray boulders, round which some ancient pines and ashes have twisted their hoary stems. Fatlips and Redcap haunted old castles, and gloomy were the legends told over the kitchen fire at Yule, of sights and sounds met with in the mouldering ruins where dark deeds had been done.

The Saxon lords of Hermitage—De Soulis by name—were pre-eminent in bad repute, and more especially he who, with Ringan's connivance, had

[1] Ben Jonson.

[2] The old peel on Minto rocks goes by the name of Fatlips Castle. One of a similar description, also known as Fatlips, stands on Tinto hill, in ~~Aberdeenshire~~ Lanarkshire. Fatlips was the name of a goblin which haunted a spot near Dryburgh; it is also found in Aberdeenshire; but we believe the derivation of the word to be unknown.

made away with the Lord of Mangerton and the young Cout o' Keeldar, and was himself finally boiled to death on the Nine-stane-rig on Skelfhill, where the stones which supported his cauldron may be seen to this day.

> " At the Skelfhill, the cauldron still
> The men of Liddesdale can show,
> And on the spot where they boiled the pot
> The spreat and the deerhair ne'er will grow."

To propitiate the invisible world, many and various were the methods adopted by the Border population. A sprite resided in the depths of a well on the broad shoulder of Minchmuir, whose favour could only be won by offerings of cheese therein thrown: a sprite was he of mousey tastes. Another, whose dwelling lay in the depths of a tarn on the green summit of Wineburgh, asked only to be left in peace. A floating leaf sufficed to disturb the sybarite, and a pebble thrown by a shepherd lad into the glassy river produced, on one memorable occasion, a wrathful flood which half-destroyed the town of Hawick.

Of all these airy beings none were born of such graceful fancies as the fairies; and thus, while their comrades the kelpies, witches, gnomes, goblins, and brownies, have long since been left to the vulgar, fairies will haunt us ever, tripping it to the music of Mendelssohn, portrayed in the exquisite colouring of Shakespeare, or wafted on the wild breeze-like strains of Shelley.

The fairy world was as populous, and as full of social gradations, as our own. The white and delicate fairies who lived in the conical green hills on the Borders, were doubtless the upper ten thousand;—far less graceful and capricious were those domestic goblins, the swarthy brownies, who sought the Borderer at his own hearthstone—kindly drudges, who disdained no manner of servile work, from building up the peat-stack to fetching the howdie home.

As a counter-spell against those of the fairies, farmers hung garlands of honeysuckle over the byre-door; and young men and maidens armed themselves with sprigs of holly or mountain-ash; the mother alone, whose babe between birth and christening was the fairy's best-loved prize, trusted to no spell beyond that of watchful love, and guarded her treasure night and day till the Church had placed it safe within her fold.

Yet little Christian children, safely sealed with holy cross, probably indulged in some not unkindly inquisitiveness as to the proceedings of the

elfin tribe, who, from Oberon to Puck, had so much in common with themselves—who made the fairy butter,[1] which they loved to seek among the roots of old thorns, under the cool delicate fronds of the oak or beech fern —who left their beds and dishes[2] in the stream, their tapers[3] in the turf, and stained the cup-moss with their scarlet wine.

Then o'er a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread;
A grain of rye, or wheat,
The diet that we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups, fill'd to the brink.

The braines of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stew'd
Is meat that's easily chew'd;
Braines of worms, and marrow of mice,
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile;
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we passe,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.[4]

Whoever wrote that bill of fare had shared a fairy feast—had stepped after sunset on the golden stars of the St. John's wort, and been carried on a fairy-horse to eat his supper in Fairyland.

Such things have been. Shakespeare and Ben Jonson picked up their fairy-lore by some such uncanny means; and so, no doubt, did he who met the fairy court with other "Pilgrims of the Rhine;" and he who last year was made court-painter to Queen Mab.

[1] Fairy butter is, or was, the name given in the North to a fungus which grows in old trees.

[2] The hollow and perforated stones, found in the bed of torrents, are deemed fairy bowls and platters by the common people.

[3] White edible fungi, called Clavaria or Hypoxylon, are fairy candles.

[4] Anon. 1635.

But such are choice spirits; to the vulgar, except by luck, Fairyland was inaccessible, and the fairy-folk invisible.

The foxglove saw them when he bent his tall stem at their approach, and gave them his bells for fairy cups; the pine-tree saw them when they stole his long needles for fairy lances; and the little white rabbit watched them as they stripped the lichens off the craigs, to wear them like leopard-skins over their shoulder. Still, to the prying eyes of men, the fairy was invisible, though the herd-boy lying under the whin-bushes on the Border hills was wont to hear the ringing of their bridles as the fairy chase swept by.

> "About the dead hour of the night
> He heard the bridles ring—
> . . . . .
> Their oaten pipes blew wondrous shrill,
> The hemlock small blew clear,
> And louder notes from hemlock large
> And bog-reed struck the ear."[1]

The fairy gift of invisibility was, however, to be attained by adventurous mortals, when these had the courage to sally forth on St. John's Eve, and gather seed from the fronds of fern, a plant specially protected by the Fairy Queen, and of which the seed was believed only to become visible on that night. To render such mortal valour useless was a supreme object of fairy power; and Sir Walter Scott tells us that "some faint traces yet remain on the Borders of a conflict of a mysterious and terrible nature between mortals and the spirits of the wilds."

At the Reformation, a much more formidable warfare was carried on against all manner of spirits, from fay to bogle, who, having no pretensions to an angelic origin, could only be set down as devils. After the reign of the Reformers began, there was no more exorcism by honeysuckle spray and branch of mountain ash. "The world ceased to be merry when fairies left off dancing," said Selden; and it became sad enough when their votaries were sent to fire and stake.

In 1586, a poor woman named Alison Pearson was actually burnt alive for no other crime than a journey to Fairyland; where, strange to say,

[1] Ballad of "Young Tamlane," one of the oldest ballads extant, and still popular in Ettrick Forest in Sir Walter Scott's time. Leyden recognises it under the name of Thom of Lyn, mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland*. The scene is laid on the Carterhaugh, a grassy meadow near the confluence of the Ettrick and the Yarrow.

she met a gallant old Border chieftain, the Laird of Buccleuch, who had come not long before to a violent death.

One of the clauses of the indictment laid against this unhappy woman states, that she was convicted of hanting and repairing, with the gude neighbours and the Queen of Elfland, and that she had friends in the Court "of her own blude," etc.[1]

As late, we blush to write it, as 1773, a witch was drawn for blood in Ancrum parish;[2] but let not our Southern neighbours triumph over our darkness—about the same time a similar instance of persecution occurred in Kent.

But notwithstanding the determination of the Reformed Church to come to no terms with the spirits of evil, the people were for more conciliatory methods. Exorcism and propitiation were both occasionally tried on the great Spirit of Evil himself. "Miserable creatures that we are," says St. Chrysostom, "we cannot so much as cast out fleas, much less devils;" and yet a very large part of the population of the world have preferred the heavier to the lighter task—by which the fleas alone have profited.

Sir Walter Scott, in one of his notes to the *Border Minstrelsy*, mentions "the extreme civility which the vulgar in Scotland use towards spirits of a dubious or even a determinedly mischievous nature." Thus, the fairies were termed in Scotland, as we have seen in the trial of Alison Pearson, "the gude neighbours," upon the principle adopted by Bailie Jarvie:—"They ca' them," said he, as he journeyed through the woods at moonlight, "men of peace, meaning thereby to make their good will; and we may e'en as weel ca' them that too; for there's nae gude speaking ill o' the laird in his ain bounds." And, carrying this discretion a little farther, our good ancestors talked of the Arch-fiend himself as the gudeman[3] of the infernal regions; nor did they stop there, but actually left for his especial behoof a piece of their farms. In the *Book of the Universal*

[1] *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. ii. 2. 150.

[2] The operation consisted in making an incision or scratch over the eyebrow with a penknife.

[3] Gudeman—meaning tenant. It was in a nobler spirit that Burns concluded his "Address to the Deil:"—

"But, fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben:
O wad ye tak' a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still ha'e a stake:
I'm wae to think upon yon den,
E'en for your sake!"

Kirk, 13th May 1594, mention is made of the "horrible supersitioune usit in Garioch and dyvers parts of the countrie, in not labouring a parcel of ground dedicated to the Devil, under the title of the Gude Man's Croft;" all possessors of such lands being thenceforth ordained to cultivate them. "The obvious, but unavowed purpose of this practice," says Sir Walter, "was to avert the destructive rage of Satan from the neighbouring possessions."

The *Old Statistical Account of Scotland*, from which we have derived so much information, shows us that common people, in parts of the Lowlands, had not discontinued, even at the end of last century, their belief in many of the superstitions we have described.

In the account therein given of the parish of Kirkcudbright, it is said that the common people in those parts believed firmly in ghosts, hob-goblins, fairies, elves, witches, and wizards. They used charms and incantations, believed in lucky and in unlucky days; in brownies, who performed some of the domestic labour in the night, as thrashing and winnowing, churning, etc. They fixed branches of the mountain-ash or narrow-leaved service-tree above the stakes to which their cattle were tethered, to preserve them from magic. All which superstitions were in force when the *Statistical Account* was drawn up, 1792.[1]

It is well known that the Irish entertain a belief, that Irish earth can cure the poison of adders or other venomous reptiles. Irish stones were at one time common in Northumbrian dales; and in high repute as a charm to keep frogs, snakes, and other vermin, from entering the possessor's house. A kindred superstition existed across the Border, where it was believed that the earth of Liddesdale was destructive of the common gray rat; and last century it was not uncommon to see tinkers carrying away loads of Liddesdale earth for the behoof of the farmers of Teviotdale.

[1] *Northern Folk-lore. Old Statistical Account.*

X. Sports—Wrestling—Hunting.

We have been dealing hitherto with the social habits and customs of the rural population on the Borders, but a sketch of country life would be very imperfect which contained no mention of the favourite sport of the upper classes, shared by the whole male population.

"What is a gentleman without his recreations?" asks a young fop in an old play; and of all recreations, none were so keenly enjoyed as field sports.

It has been said by a wit of our own day, that the natural propensity of an Englishman is to kill something. "They come to breakfast, saying, 'How fine a morning! What shall we kill to-day?'" The charge laid in playful malice against our contemporaries, was literally true of their forefathers—men ever in the saddle, with weapons in their hands, and strength and will and skill to use them.

King James VI. in a treatise "On a King's Christian Duty towards God," addressed to his son Prince Henry, gives a large place to the duty of cultivating bodily exercises; and of all these, he finds hunting with running hounds the most honourable and noblest sort. "Certainly," he says, "bodily exercises and games are very commendable; as well for banishing of idlenesse, the mother of all vice, as for making the body able and durable for travell, which is very necessarie for a king. But from this court I debarre all rough and violent exercises as the foote-ball, meeter for lameing than making able the users thereof. . . . . The exercises I would have you to use, although but moderately, not making a craft of them, are running, leaping, wrestling, fencing, dancing, and playing at the caitch or tennis, archerie, palle malle, and such like other fair and pleasant field games. And the honourablest and most recommendable games that ye can use, are on horseback. . . . I cannot omit heere the hunting, namely, with running houndes, which is the most honourable and noblest

sort thereof, for it is a thievish form of hunting to shoote with guns and bows, and greyhound hunting is not so martiall a game."

The king, it will be observed, showed no peculiar tenderness for foot-ball, the favourite pastime of his native land; but his comment upon it was not unjust, as the annals of Eton and Harrow can show to this day; and he hit the point at which all sports and exercises cease to be useful, and become simply mischievous, when he enjoined that all exercises whatsoever should be enjoyed moderately, "*not making a craft of them.*"

From the Scoto-Saxon period downwards, Scotch sovereigns and nobles had been as prone as their English neighbours to the pleasures of the chase. The kings had a vast forest in every shire;—a large one between the Gala and the Leader, and another in Eskdale. In every forest was a forester, whose duty it was to protect the game. Though, it is said, there was little severity in the forest laws of Scotland.

The ancient ballad of "Johnnie of Breadislie" relates a conflict between the foresters in Nithsdale and an unlicensed visitor to the greenwood, who though having "eneugh of the gude wheat bread, and eneugh o' the blude red wine," could not forbear to meddle with the king's venison.

The swineherds of the monks of Teviotdale are the earliest poachers on record, and in due time, their masters continued, after their usual fashion, to arrogate to themselves the forest rights, which had at first been limited to the great barons. The abbeys of Melrose, Kelso, and Jedburgh, had all received grants of the tenth of the skins of bucks and roes killed in the royal forests of Teviotdale.

The universal period of the year for the pursuit of various kinds of game in South Britain was from Holyrood Day to Midsummer. The fox was hunted from the Nativity to the Annunciation of Our Lady; the roebuck from Easter to Michaelmas; the roe from Michaelmas to Candlemas; the hare from Michaelmas to Midsummer; the wolf or the fox, and the boar, from the Nativity to the Purification of Our Lady; but in our wild Border fells, in days when every man was armed, it is probable that these regulations were not strictly observed, and hence the great diminution of game even before it could be accounted for by the enclosure of the waste lands.[1]

The Border hills and wastes were the natural resort of wild animals; and, until the increase of cultivation had driven them away, red deer were abundant throughout the hills of Roxburghshire and Selkirkshire.

[1] Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes of the People of England.*

Froissart tells us that the English army, in their march through the Border districts,[1] were often startled by cries of alarm, supposed to proceed from the foremost ranks engaged with the enemy, but which turned out to proceed from herds of deer, or other wild beasts, abundant in those heaths and desert places. Flying before the banners, they were pursued by the shouts of the army,—just as the wild swine of the Estremadura were pursued by the soldiers of Wellington's army, in defiance of all discipline.

In the sixteenth century red deer and roebucks were plentiful in the Cheviots, for Leland in his *Itinerary* says, "In Northumberland, as I heare say, there be no forest except Cheviot Hills, where is much brushwoode, and some grounde overgrown with linge, and some with mosse. I have heard say that Cheviot Hills stretcheth out twenty miles. There is great plenty of redd dere and roe buckes."[2] And Lesley, Bishop of Ross, writing about the same time, tells us that the largest stags in Scotland sheltered near St. Mary's Lake in Selkirkshire, a country named *par excellence* The Forest, in which James V., on the 2d day of June 1528, assembled his nobles for the famous hunting which, beginning with deer, ended with the Armstrongs.

The nobles and gentlemen of Scotland who accompanied the king from Edinburgh were to the number of 12,000 men, and having "hounded and hawked" all through Meggatland, they slew "there some eighteen score of harts."

Meggatland,[3] the high ground of Selkirkshire, is still in great part muirland, dear to the sportsman's heart, where on an August day the crack of a breech-loader and the whirr of a rising covey are familiar sounds, for grouse and black-game have succeeded to the antlered monarch of the wilds. The sheep-farmer is rapidly destroying the last vestiges of what was once the royal forest of Selkirkshire.

Next to his favourite game of war, the Borderer loved nothing better than to follow his chief or warden on a hunting expedition in royal or baronial forest, and with still more zest did he find his way in a hunting foray over the Border.

[1] The "poor peasants told them they were at the time fourteen leagues from Newcastle-on-Tyne, and eleven from Carlisle."

[2] Leland's *Itinerary*, 1538.

[3] Meggatland, so named from the little stream Meggat, which falls into St. Mary's Loch. Some of the finest Border scenery lies in this direction, between Ettrick and Yarrow.

According to Sir R. Carey, Warden of the Middle Marches in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it had been an ancient custom of the Borderers, when they were "at quiet, to send to the Warden of the Middle Marches to desire leave that they might come into England to hunt with their greyhounds for deer towards the end of summer. This had never been denied to them."

Unhappily the Borderers were occasionally given to dispense with the formality of the permission, if it so happened that the occupations or the weakness of the English wardens gave them an occasion for doing so; worse still, it was averred, that coming on pretext of hunting, they brought servants and carts to cut and carry off wood for the restoration of their houses. It is painful to own that the chief of the Elliot clan himself was charged with free trade in wood—that is, as far as dealing freely with his neighbour's is concerned. These proceedings had been continued for a long period, till at last, in the person of Carey, a warden was found neither to be cajoled nor intimidated. He determined to stop these illegal practices, and did so. Having taken a dozen of the principal gentlemen who had crossed the frontier, he carried them to Withrington, where he lay, made them welcome, and gave them the best entertainment he could. "They lay in the castle two or three days, and so I sent them home," says Carey; "they assuring me that they would never hunt again without leave, which they did truly perform all the time I stayed there. I many times met them myself, and hunted with them two or three days." Carey must have been a keen sportsman, for we find that he took Sir Robert Carr to hunt with him two or three times a-week, when the latter was a prisoner on parole under his care.

The "Hunting of the Chevyat," so favourite a ballad in both Scotland and England, arose in a similar attempt on the side of the English to hunt over the Border.

"The Persé owt of Northombarlande
And a vowe to God mayd he,
That he wold hunte in the mountayns
Off Cheyviat within dayes thre,
In the mauger of doughtè Dogles
And all that ever with him be."

The manner in which the sport was conducted is graphically described.

"The dryvars thorowe the woodes went
For to reas the dear,
Bomen bickarte uppone the bent
With ther browd aras cleare.

Then the wyld thorowe the woodes went
On every syde shear,
Grea-hondes thorowe the greves glent
For to kill thear dear."

A large deer-hound of a breed which is now extinct was used by the Borderers in their hunting expeditions. And Boece says that they had two distinct breeds, for the double purpose of scent and pursuit.[1] "In Scotland," he says, "are dogs of marvellous condition, for besides the common nature and universal properties of dogs of all other countries, there are three sorts which are not seen elsewhere in the world.

"The first is an hound of great swiftness, hardiness, and strength, fierce and cruell upon all wilde beasts, and eger against theives that offer their masters any violence. The second is a *rach* or hound, verie exquisite in following the foot (which we call drawing), whether it be of man or beast, yet he will pursue any manner of foulle or fish. The third sort is no greater than that of *raches*, etc. etc. These are so skilful that they will pursue a thiefe in most precise manner." After describing them as not to be baffled by water, taking up the scent across a stream, he continues: "The dogs of this kind are called sleuth-hounds; certis this report would seem incredible, except it were daily had in experience upon the Borders of England and Scotland, where pillage is good purchase indifferently on both sides. There is a law also among the Borderers in time of peace, that who so denieth entrance of a sleuth-hound in pursuit made after felons and stolen goods, shall be holden as accessory unto the theft."

Red-deer and roes were not the sole object of the Borderers' hunting expeditions, for wild boars lingered here and there, as we learn from a popular rhyme in Liddesdale, which enumerates the best localities for sport:—

"Billhope braes for bucks and raes,
And Caritheugh for swine,
And Tarras for the good bull-trout,
If he be ta'en in time."

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[1] Hector Boece's *Description of Scotland;* Introduction to the History, Holinshed.

The Scotch rivers abounded in fish. Legislation for the protection of "*redde fish*" or salmon was perpetual during the reigns of the Stuarts. Salted salmon must have been considered a delicacy in England in the sixteenth century; since there is a precept in Rymer's *Fœdera*, iv. 554, by Henry IV. in 1433, for delivery to the Duchess of Clarence a kit of salted salmon which had been sent to her by the Queen of Scotland; but no more delicate fish can be tasted than the trout of the Border streams —as superior in our opinion to the trout of south Britain as are the clear and rapid streams in which they live to the sluggish rivers of England.[1]

The muirland lochs and mosses were then as now the haunts of wild-fowl, wild-ducks, teal, snipe, and plovers, and the hills and thickets of foxes[2] and badgers; and then, but not now, the hills were the resort of wolves and wild-cats, while the eagle built his nest among the craigs, and continued to do so in Liddesdale till the end of last century. The destruction of the eggs of birds of prey was enacted in 1457, as part of a general scheme of protection of the "birds and wild fowles that gain to eat for the sustentation of man, as pertrickes, plovers, and sic like fowles;" and three times a year every Sheriff, Lord, Bailie, and Baronne was ordered to gather the country folk to hunt the wolf.[3]

Hawking had not lost in the sixteenth century the popularity which it enjoyed in the days of the Barbour, and before his time; and as a sport in which ladies took an active share, and were said to excel, it plays a conspicuous part in the romances of the olden time. Great attention was paid to the training of falcons. In old prints it will be seen that the great lords and ladies were invariably depicted with a bird on the wrist, the sort of hawk delineated being a sure mark of the rank of its owner, for the books on hawking assigned different sorts to different ranks; thus an emperor alone used a merlan, an eagle, or a vulture; while princes, dukes, and earls, had various kinds of falcons; to a yeoman was allowed a gos-hawk; to a

[1] When Edward I. invaded Scotland in 1300, he carried with him his nets and his fishers to supply his table.

[2] "*How the Scots prevent the malice of foxes and preserve their poultrie.*—Certes there is almost no house that doth not for certaine daies cherish up a yong fox, which the Scots do call a Todde, and then killing the same, they mince the flesh thereof amongst such meat as they give unto their fowles and other little bestials, and by this means they are preserved from danger of the fox, almost by two months after, so that they may wander whither they will, for the foxes smelling the flesh of their fellows yet in their crops will in no wise meddle with them."—*Boece.*

[3] See Act 1457.

priest, a sparrow-hawk; to a knave or a servant, a kestrel. Towards the end of the sixteenth century, hunting with "running hounds," as King James says, "began to be considered more honourable."[1]

For the encouragement of the art of horsemanship, James I. established public horse-races in many parts of the kingdom. The sport was deemed an honourable one, not having as yet degenerated into "a craft;" and an old Scotch poet of the sixteenth century, classing horse-racing with hunting and hawking, lamented that dice and card-playing were superseding it. One of the puritanical writers of the reign of Elizabeth allows of it "as yielding good exercise;" but in the following century horse-racing had already begun to show signs of the mischievous tendencies now so fully developed.

"Horse-races," says the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1660), "are desports of great men, and are good in themselves, though many gentlemen by such means quite gallop out of their fortunes."

King James was a man of foresight, and, not content with encouraging field sports, was ready to have others in store for a rainy day. "When it is foul and stormy weather," says he, in the treatise quoted before, "may ye lawfully play at the cards and tables, for as to diceing I think it becometh best deboshed soldiers to play at on the heads of the drums, being only ruled by hazard, and subject to knavish cogging; and as for the chess, I think it over fond, because it is over wise and philosophic a folly."

Dice and gaming seem to have been always popular with the Anglo-Saxons, and are frequently alluded to by old writers as much in vogue among the Borderers. Chess and backgammon were also games of very ancient date, but they probably were confined to the baronial castles.

[1] Strutt says, in his *Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, that hawking was the general sport of the English nobility to the end of the sixteenth century, but that its fall was very rapid, and was chiefly attributable to the more general use of the musket, which pointed out a readier method of securing game.

XI. Customs in War.

The chase was but mimic warfare after all. The real enjoyment of the Borderers lay in hard knocks and blows, for which, in early times, they were not only "joyful, but thankful."

Any dispute between individuals was settled by arms, and the clergy were no more exempt than the laity from those martial courses. In the thirteenth century, not only simple clerks, but abbots and priors, within the diocese of Carlisle, were, on the challenge of any one of the kingdom of Scotland, compelled to undertake a combat.

Bonds of man-rent, or engagements to rise in arms at the call of the person to whom they were granted (towards whom the obligation was incurred) were of very ancient date in Scotland, certainly existing in the thirteenth century, if not sooner. They prevailed throughout the Border wars, and were the frequent subject of legal denunciations, the power of the great vassals of the Crown being dangerously increased by the facility with which they obtained bonds of man-rent from the inferior barons and chieftains.

It appears from one of the old Border ballads, "Græme and Bewick," as from Sir Walter Scott's comments upon it, that, besides the bonds which bound inferiors to their superiors, ties scarcely less binding were formed between persons of the same degree, bearing, in fact, a strong resemblance to the institution of brotherhood in arms, held sacred in the days of chivalry, and "whose origin," says Sir Walter, "may be traced up to the Scythian ancestors of Odin." He adds that, in a MS. account of Tweeddale it is said, in praise of the inhabitants, that "when they fall in the humour of good fellowship they use it as a cement and bond of society, and not to foment revenge, quarrels, and murders, which is usual in other countries," by which Sir Walter supposes we should understand Selkirkshire and Teviotdale; but the reference is surely rather to the acknowledged usages of the clans of Liddesdale and Upper Teviotdale, than to the institution of a brotherhood in arms—a practice undoubtedly abandoned at a very early period, if it ever was common in Scotland.

In the ballad referred to, the tragic element consists in two such brethren in arms being forced to mortal combat by the determination of the father of one of them to ascertain whether a son confessedly unsuccessful at his books would better know how to make "his arm defend his head." The result of the experiment was not a happy one, and after the death of his son, the father breaks out in a lament highly characteristic of a Borderer:—

"I durst hae ridden the Border through,
Had Christy Græme been at my back.

"Had I been led through Liddesdale,
And thirty horsemen guarding me,
And Christy Græme been at my back,
Sae soon as he had set me free."

"The Scots," says Higden, "hateth bondage most of anything, and hold for a foul slothe if a man dye in his bed, and grete worship if he die in the field." With such dispositions they could not fail to be good soldiers, and accordingly Froissart tells us that "Englishmen on the one party and Scots on the other party are good men of war, for when they meet there is a hard fight without sparing; there is no loo (*i.e.* cessation for parley) between them, as long as spears, swords, axes, or daggers will endure; but lay on each upon other, and when they be well beaten, and that the one party hath obtained the victory, they then glorify so in their deeds of arms, and are so joyful, that such as be taken they shall be ransomed ere they go out of the field; so that shortly each of them is so content with other, that at their departings courteously they will say, 'God thank you.' But in fighting one with another, there is no play nor sparing."[1] "Bold, hardy, and accustomed to war," he calls them in another place, "marching from twenty to twenty-four leagues by night and day without halting; knights and esquires on large bay horses, the common people on little galloways; carrying no provisions of bread or wine, trusting to the running stream for their drink, and to a small bag of oatmeal for their food; each man having two thin plates of metal slung under the flaps of his saddle, on which he made an oatcake. For more solid diet they trusted to the cattle stolen on their march; and the English army, on coming up to their deserted encampment, found more than 500 large cattle which the enemy had killed, as they were too heavy to carry with them, and too slow to follow them, and

[1] Froissart, Hafod edition. 1804.

they wished not to let them fall into the hands of the English alive. They found there also more than 300 cauldrons made of leather, with the hair on the outside, which were hung on the fires full of water and meat ready for boiling. There were also upwards of 1000 spits with meat on them prepared for roasting; and more than 10,000 pairs of old worn-out shoes, made of undressed leather, which the Scots had left there."

Their system of warfare was that which has been adopted by all nations, under similar circumstances, from Spain to the Tyrol, having for its sole object the infliction of as much damage to the enemy as was consistent with avoiding an open collision between a scanty though armed and bold population on the one side, and a numerous and well-organised force on the other.

Fordun tells us that in this they followed the advice given them by Bruce :—

"On foot should be all Scottish weir,[1]
By hill and moss themselves to wear;[2]
Let wood for walls be bow and speir,
That inemies do them no dreire.[3]
In strait places gar keep all store,
And burn the plain land them before;
Then shall they pass away in haste,
When that they find naething but waste,
With wiles and wakening in the night,
And meikle noises made on height;
Than shall they turn with great affray,
As they were chased with sword away;
This is the counsell and intent
Of good King Robert's testament."[4]

The French knights who visited Scotland in 1388 were much dissatisfied with the Scotch method of warfare, when they found their allies preparing to enter England by the Western Marches, while the English were allowed to invade the Merse unopposed. Even the sight of the English forces arrayed for war, which they beheld at a distance from the hill-tops, scarcely sufficed to convince them that the Scotch were "not the most foolish people they had ever seen."

As late as the end of the sixteenth century, we find by the Memoirs of Carey, that the Borderers still followed the same practice in their *international* raids.

[1] War. [2] Defend. [3] Harm. [4] *Forduni Scotichronicon.*

In this guerilla warfare the moon was as necessary to the success of the operations as to the timing in our own day of a county ball. The long moonlight nights of autumn, when the bracken had grown russet on the hill-side, and leaves hung dark and brown on the bushes, were eminently favourable for the movements of men used to take advantage of every scrap of covert, and able from the heights around them to overlook a wide range of country, and more especially the watercourses, glittering for miles in the moonlight.

When once the snow had fallen, betraying every dark outline on its spotless surface, and retaining the marks of every footprint, wise men stayed at home, kept their Yule, and talked by the blazing log of the exploits done in autumn.

Traces of the old Border warfare linger in the mottoes of some of the Border families, which, no doubt, had much significance to the apprehension of our forefathers,—as, "Best riding by moonlight" (Scott); "We'll hae moonlight again" (Scott); "You shall want ere I want" (Cranstoun).

Again, similar memories are evoked by certain games popular among youngsters of Teviotdale. Among these was a game called "The Pledges," commonly played at Hawick some fifty years ago, which was evidently suggested by the raids of other days. It was played by parties, as many as twenty on one side, on open ground. A line of demarcation was drawn between them — coats, vests, hats, shoes, were cast off and laid on the ground in heaps, some thirty yards behind the line on each side; to capture these heaps was the essence of the game, which commenced with the challenge, "Set your feet on Scotch ground, ye English, if ye dare." Burns and Nicolson[1] mention a similar game as played in Cumberland, in which the challenge is addressed to the hungry Scot.

As we have already seen, the Scotch Borderers were hardy in their habits and temperate in their diet. "They ben lytell of meat and mowe faste long, and eten seldom when the sun is up, and ete flesh, fishe, mylke, and frute more than brede," says an old writer;[2] and nothing seems to have astonished them more in the proceedings of the French contingent sent to assist them at the defence of Jedburgh, 1535, than the arrangements of the commissariat, a department of which they were totally ignorant. Beaugé remarks, that nothing surprised the Scottish army so much as to

[1] *History of Westmoreland and Cumberland.*

[2] Higden, quoted by Leyden in his Introduction to the *Complaynt of Scotland.*

see their French allies encumbered with baggage waggons and attended by commissaries, while the Scotch carried a small bag of oatmeal, and baked their own cakes, as they had done in the days of Froissart two centuries before.[1] Unhappily, Beaugé records another feature in their practice, which shows the moral deterioration caused by the long continuance of a state of war. Even in those rough times, he found the ferocity of the Scottish Borderers worthy of remark, stating that they would buy a prisoner of him in order to torture him.

The passage in which Beaugé records the evil deed of this nature to which he was an eye-witness, is given by Sir Walter Scott, in his Introduction to the *Border Minstrelsy*. There can be no question of the fact; but it should not be forgotten, that the occasion was the siege of a fortress in the heart of the Borderers' country, which had been held by a commander and followers, accused by the same authority of having perpetrated such "excesses of lust and cruelty as would have made to tremble the most savage Moor in Africa."

The regular Border service and laws were instituted in the reign of Edward I. The former for the purpose of keeping a strict watch, appointing beacons, regulating the musters in time of war; the laws for the punishment of private rapine, murders, etc., committed by individuals of each nation, in time of peace. An officer of high rank called the Lord Warden, was appointed in 1296. Lord de Clifford was the first English warden.[2]

The office continued till the Union of the Crowns—the frontier districts of both countries being divided into three marches on either side, called the East, the Middle, and the West Marches—each march under its own warden. "He who deduces the marches (so truly called from mercke, a limitary bound) from frequent marching and warlike expeditions therein, missed the *word*, but hit the *matter*," said old Fuller.

The English Borders were much more strongly fortified than the Scottish.[3] No great baronial residences, like those of the English wardens

[1] Introduction to *Border Minstrelsy*.

[2] Robert de Clifford, lord of Westmoreland.

[3] Froissart makes the English lords say—"If the Scottes come forth we shall have knowledge thereof; if they draw towards Carlisle, we shall enter on another parte into their countrey, and we shall do them more damage than they can do us, for their country is all open; we may go where we list, and our country is strong, and the towns and castles well closed."

and nobles, adorned the frontier of the northern kingdom; but Hermitage Castle on the western march, and Hume Castle on the eastern, opposed a proud front to Alnwick and Carlisle.

The military regulations called Border Laws were drawn up by William Earl Douglas, 18th December 1443, with the advice of the most experienced marchmen, eighteen in all. Among those who signed for Scotland we find the names of Hepburn, Cranstoun, Scott, Hume, Rutherford, besides Douglas, Angus, Somerville, Maxwell,—the lords, freeholders, and eldest Borderers that best knowledge had were sworn first, that they should put the ordinances into order and writing, which had been ordained in the days of Black Archibald of Douglas and his son's days, and that they should swear to support him in doing the law on those who should break them." The English Wardens adopted the same regulations.[1]

Some of the Border laws are too peculiar to be passed over, as, for instance, the law of the hot-trod, by which it was enacted that the wardens of either realm were entitled to pursue fugitives or offenders into the precincts of the neighbouring realm—the pursuit being led by a person carrying aloft on a spear a lighted piece of turf, with hue and cry, bugle-horn and bloodhound, that all might be aware of the purpose of the party. As late as 1563, it is expressly stated that it is not intended to make "derogation or abolishment of the laws and customs of the Marches of old ordained and provided," and hence the "parties grieved may follow their lawful trode with hound and horn, with hue and cry, and all other accustomed manner of just pursuit for the recovery of their

[1] The Warden had under him two deputies or sub-wardens, two serjeants, and other officers; he had a council who were to inquire into murders, maimings, fire-raisings, violent thefts, deadly feuds, cutting down trees, sowing corn in the opposite realm, depasturing cattle, hunting in the opposite realm, following after goods into the opposite realm, pursuit of hot-trod with hound and horn, hue and cry, recapture of fugitives, loiterers, safe-conduct, observance of truce, fouling and swearing of bills, banyshing and reproving perjury and over-swearing, etc. The warden was also to punish all offences against truces, take cognizance of all hostile acts, hold courts in the Marches for determining of all plaints, pleas, etc. It was an ancient law of the Marches, that on any party refusing to accept reasonable terms of ransom, these were to be determined by persons selected for the purpose. From the above regulations we learn the nature of the offences most frequently perpetrated on the Marches, and we also see in the Border community not the horde of lawless banditti which they are generally supposed to have been, but an organised military society living under fixed laws and discipline. On some parts of the English Border, where the feudal system prevailed, there were *foot* tenements and *nag* tenements, according to the value of the respective tenures; every tenement being obliged to attend his lord on the service of the Marches, at his own expense, for not more than forty days. In the upper portions of Northumberland were all *nag* tenements, according to ancient custom.

goods spoiled." Probably no other Border custom led to more mischievous consequences than this authorised invasion (in pursuit) of the enemy's frontier.

The curious resemblance of the lighted piece of turf to the Highlander's fiery cross is worth notice.

Another custom peculiar to the Borders was that of tracking fugitives with sleuth dogs. Barbour tells us that Robert Bruce was repeatedly so tracked, and the practice endured for centuries. In 1573, Lord Warton, Warden of the Middle Marches on the English frontier, established a line of communication along the whole line of Borders from Berwick to Carlisle, with sitters and searchers, sleuth-hounds and watchers, by day and night.

A running stream crossing the track frequently baffled the dog's pursuit, but blood spilt on it destroyed "the discriminating fierceness of the dog's scent," and it is said that a captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions.

"A person was alive in the memory of man," says Sir Walter Scott, "who remembered a bloodhound being kept at Eldinhope, in Ettrick Forest, for whose maintenance the tenant had an allowance of meal. At that time the sheep were always watched at night. Upon one occasion, when the duty had fallen on the narrator, then a lad, he became exhausted with fatigue, and fell asleep upon a bank, near sun-rising. Suddenly he was awakened by the tread of horses, and saw five men well mounted and armed, ride briskly over the edge of the hill. They stopped and looked at the flock; but the day was too far broken to admit the chance of their carrying any of them off. One of them, in spite, leaped from his horse, and coming to the shepherd, seized him by the belt he wore round his waist, and, setting his foot upon his body, pulled it till it broke, and carried it away with him. They rode off at full gallop, and the shepherd giving the alarm, the bloodhound was turned loose, and the people in the neighbourhood alarmed. The marauders, however, escaped, notwithstanding a sharp pursuit. This circumstance serves to show how very long the license of the Borderers continued in some degree to manifest itself."

A curious paper exists in a MS. volume belonging to Lord Lonsdale, which gives a full account of the duties enforced on the tenants of the great barons during the wars between England and Scotland.[1]

[1] Lyson, *Cumberland*, t. xi.

"*Requirements of the Barony of Gilsland.*

"Every bayliffe to keep a good, able, and sufficient horse, and to have armour and weapons, &c.

"Every bayliffe shall sett the watches which are due to be set within the charge of his balewicke—viz. both the day-watches and the night-watches, as the time of year doth require. The night-watch to be sett upon Michaelmas-even, or sooner if need require; but that to be the longest day, &c.

"The day-watches, as it shall be needful, saving three places, where they shall be perpetual. The day-watch always to begin on Candlemas-eve; and the night upon Michaelmas-eve or sooner.

"All tenantes, as by the tenure of their farm-holds, shall keep a good nagge for service. A good nagge is able at any time to bear a man 20 or 24 hours without a baite; or at the least is able sufficiently to bear a manne 20 miles within Scotland and out again without a baite. No nagge to be allowed but such as are capable of this service—the tenants failing in possessing such to be committed to Carlisle.

"All tenants to be able to serve the Lord Warden or their officers, upon 6 hours warning, in any place where they may be appointed to serve.

"Every tenant to provide himself with weapons, armour, &c.

"Every tenant to go forth at *tenne* of the night to his watch, and not to come in till after the cockes have crowen; and to call twice of all their neighbours—that is to say, ones about midnight, and ones after the cocks have crowen.

"That there should be two watchers.

"A tenant was forbidden to send boyes or women for this duty.

"On the arising of any fray in the country, every watcher to shout, and in the place where the fray beginneth, the partie that is harried to keep a beaken burning of some height, of intent that, notwithstanding all the country be in a fraye, the fier may be a token where the hurt is done."[1]

[1] At Linton, in Roxburghshire, there is a circle of stones surrounding a smooth plot of turf, called the Tryst, or place of appointment, which tradition avers to have been the rendezvous of the neighbouring warriors. The name of the leader was cut in the turf, and the arrangement of the letters announced to his followers the course which he had taken.—*Old Statistical Account of Linton.*

The Border beacons formed a telegraphic communication with Edinburgh. One bale or faggot gave warning of the approach of the English, in any manner; two bales signified *they are coming indeed;* four bales blazing beside each other, *that the enemy are in great force.* The beacons were a long and strong tree, with a long iron pole across the head of it, and an iron brander fixed on a stalk in the middle of it for holding a tar-barrel. Such beacons were observed by a French traveller in the sixteenth century bordering the way-side from Canterbury to London.[1]

Caerby Hill, a hill in Liddesdale, which commanded a very extensive view, and for this cause had probably been chosen as a post of observation in far more distant days, since vestiges of very ancient fortifications are still discoverable upon it, was, in the time of the Border wars, the place of rendezvous for the Liddesdale men, where, it was said, as many as 10,000 horsemen would assemble in a few hours. "When the beacon was kindled on Caerby, it was responded to by the Leepsteel and Needlaw, the Dunian and the heights of Home, thus warning in an incredibly short time all the men of Teviotdale;"[2] and if taken up by the Lammermuirs and North Berwick Law, carrying its fiery warning to the very heart of Scotland.

Sir Robert Carey tells us how quickly, on slighter occasions, a Border force could be mustered, in a very entertaining account of an expedition made by himself, while Warden of the Middle Marches. "We had ridden five miles out of Carlisle to surprise a Græme, who, living in his pretty house, with close by it a strong tower for his own defence in time of need," was suspected of harbouring two Scottishmen, who had killed a churchman in Scotland. "I thought to surprise the Scots on a sudden, and about two o'clock in the morning I took horse in Carlisle, and not above twenty-five in my company, thinking to surprise the house on a sudden. Before I could surround the house the two Scots were gotten into the strong tower, and I might see a boy riding from the house as fast as his horse could carry him; I little suspecting what it meant. But Thomas Carleton came to me presently, and told me that if I did not presently prevent it, both myself and all my company would be either slain or taken prisoners. It was strange to me to hear this language. He then said to me, 'Do you see that boy that rideth away so fast? He will be in Scotland within this

[1] Letter of Maitre Etienne Perlin.

[2] Jeffrey's *History of Roxburghshire.*

half-hour, and he is gone to let them know that you are here, and to what end you have come, and the small number you have with you, and that if they will make haste, on a sudden they may surprise us and do with us what they please.' Hereupon we took advice what was best to be done." . . . In a few hours 400 horse came up within a quarter of a mile, but seeing the force which the Warden, acting on Carleton's hint, had meanwhile obtained, and which amounted to some 800 men, "they stood at gaze."

The whole account is most curious. The English Borderers, feeling themselves in greatest force, "came crying with full mouths, 'Sir, these are they that have killed our brothers, our uncles, and our cousins, and they are coming on weak grass nags, such as they could get on a sudden; and God put them into your hands that we may take revenge on them for the blood they have spilt of ours.'" Carey, however, was more mercifully disposed. "I desired they would be patient awhile, and bethought myself if I should give them their wills there would be few or none of the Scots that would escape unkilled, there were so many deadly feuds among them. So I resolved within myself to give them a fair answer, but not to give them their desire. So I told them that if I were not there myself they might then do what pleased themselves, but, being present, if I should give them leave, the blood that should be spilt that day would lie very heavy on my conscience, and therefore I desired them, for my sake, to forbear, and if the Scots did not presently make away with all the speed they could, upon my sending to them, they should then have their wills to do what they pleased. They were ill satisfied with my answer, but durst not disobey. I sent with speed to the Scots, and bade them pack away with all the speed they could, for if they stayed the messenger's return they should few of them return to their own home. They made no stay, but they were turned homewards before the messenger had made an end of his message. Thus, by God's mercy, I escaped a great danger, and by my means there were a great many men's lives saved that day."

The habit of the Border chieftains of keeping a certain number of their retainers always armed and prepared to start at a moment's warning, of course enabled them to arrive at a given point with great celerity; and we are convinced that the horses belonging to Buccleuch were no "weak grass nags."[1]

[1] Fynes Morrison (1598) remarks, that the horses used by the Scotch were full of spirit and patient of labour, but were very little. It was forbidden in Queen Elizabeth's time to improve the breed by importation of English horses.

Horses were, as we have seen, from the earliest times the most valued possessions of the men of Teviotdale.[1] Lesley has told us how the Borderers loved to decorate them, and the high regard in which a good horse was held on the frontiers, is amusingly shown in a rescript of a sentence of excommunication passed by the Bishop of Durham on the Borderers of the Reid and the Tyne. The rescript, dated 1498, releases certain persons from the spiritual sentence, but as a penance annexed to their release, they were required to renounce the use of the jack and headpiece, and to ride on no horse which should exceed, in ordinary estimation, the sum of 16s. 8d.

The military operations of the Borderers were by no means entirely confined to the raids carried on after their own fashion. They were not unfrequently called upon to act as a contingent to a larger and more disciplined force; and under these circumstances they seem, from the days of Otterbourne to those of Queen Mary, to have made themselves no less conspicuous for noise than for valour.

In 1488, when Angus, at the head of an army composed in chief of Dalesmen, met the King's forces in battle on the field of Sauchieburn, the latter were quickly routed by the fierce onset of the men of Annandale and Liddesdale, who carried spears two ells longer than were used by the rest of their countrymen, and "who came on shouting and crying, and feared the King so (having no practice in war) that he took purpose and ran his way." A century before, the forefathers of these same noisy warriors, who had followed the Douglas to Otterbourne, had startled the whole English army "by making noises like all the devils of hell;" and, nearly a century later than Sauchieburn we find their neighbours, the Borderers of the English frontier, keeping up the same disorderly practices. Patten, who attended the Protector Somerset on his march through the Borders in the sixteenth century, writes of them as follows:—

"As we wear then a setling, and the tents a setting up, and having all things else commendable in our hole journey, one thing seemed to me an intolerable disorder and abuse—that whereas, allweys, both in all tounes of war and in all campes of armies, quietness and stillness without nois is,

[1] The meets of Roxburghshire may show to this day that the men of Teviotdale know a good horse, and can ride him too; and it has been said, on the authority of a distinguished sportsman, that whereas a horse trained in Leicestershire was of no use among our Border hills, a good horse in Roxburghshire was good anywhere else.

principally in the night after the watch is set, observed (I need not reason why), our northern prikkers, the Borderers, notwithstanding, with great enormitie (as thought me), and not unlike (to be playn) unto a masterles hounde howlyng in a hie way when he hath lost him he waited upon ;— sum hoopyng, sum whistling, and most with crying 'A Berwyckyr! A Berwycke! A Balmer! A Balmer! A Fenwicke! A Fenwyke!" or so otherwise as their captains' names were, never lin'de these troublous and dangerous noises all the nighte longe. They said they did it to find their captains and fellowes, but if the soldiers of our other countreys and shires had used the same maner, in that case we should have oft tymes had the state of our camp more like the outrages of a dissolute huntyng than the quiet of a well-orderd armye. It is a feat of war, in mine opinion, that might right well be left."[1]

[1] Dalyell's *Fragments*.

PART III.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE BORDERS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

I. James IV.—Chief of Clans to keep "Good Rule"—Flodden.

We ended our last chapter, and the slight outline it contained of Border society in the old time, with a description of the military organisation of the Borderers. We will now follow their fortunes throughout the wars of the sixteenth century, during which they played a prominent part in the defence of their country.

The history of the sixteenth century is "drenched in flesh and blood." The same causes which stimulated the intellectual nature of man, raising questions of religious truth and of political science, were acting also on his moral nature, and the result was a powerful development of individual character. Great principles were in conflict and at stake; but they had so disguised themselves in incarnate form, that to this day, in reading the history of that period, we are in danger of forgetting the main issues in dispute, as we are alternately swayed by our preferences or aversions for the persons with whose fate they were involved.

Knox and Queen Mary; the Tudors, with the axe in one hand and the Bible in the other; the Stuarts, who had an aptitude for coming into conflict with both axe and Bible;—all these, and many more, were, after all, only masks, behind which lay concealed certain fateful forms, by no means conjured as yet into those regions of peace where abstract dogmas should dwell with disembodied spirits.

But only in recent times have we arrived at the suspicion, we will not say acknowledgment, that men were but tools who were thought to be factors. In the sixteenth century every passion of human nature was in arms, and enlisted for or against the forms of mortal mould with

whose fate it was believed that of immortal principles was intimately connected.

As elsewhere, so with us; while, throughout the sixteenth century, Scotland was "fighting for independence," and England "for empire;" and while even the trifling incidents of our Border warfare were to the general policy of our country what the spray is to the parent stem,—an infinite variety is given to the surface of history by the play of personal passions, called forth by the relations of powerful individuals of contrasted character and dissimilar circumstances. To our Border districts came, in the sixteenth century, no small number of those whose personal adventures have won them a place in song and fiction, which will endure as long as the historical annals of their country.

The first act of the great drama of the century was as full of tragic interest as any which followed it.

After a long interval of peace and of close alliance with England, the note of war was struck again, and was soon changed into a death-knell by the disastrous battle of Flodden.

A cursory retrospect of the events affecting the Borders, which intervened between Sauchieburn, 1481, and Flodden, will enable us the better to understand the relations of the State and the Borderers at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

At Sauchieburn the Borderers of Liddesdale and Annandale had followed the Earl of Angus beyond the limits of their own district, and had taken part with him against the Sovereign, contributing in no small degree to the defeat of the royal forces.

James IV., taking warning by his father's fate, had kept a very watchful eye on the rising power of Angus on the Borders, and finally checked it by forcing him and his son to exchange the lordship of Liddesdale and the castle of Hermitage for the castle and lordship of Bothwell, 1492. The event which led to this result was a duel between Angus and Spense of Kilspindie, the exchange described being made the condition of the royal pardon to Angus, though the historian of the House of Douglas (Hume of Godscroft) affects to ignore the fact. "George, Master of Angus,"[1] he says, "excambed the lands of Liddesdale for Bothwell with Patrick Earl Bothwell. . . Upon what reason either the Earl Bothwell should have affected these, or he preferred the other, and not thought himself

[1] George, Master of Angus, killed at Flodden, 1513, son of Archibald, sixth Earl of Angus.

as fit to rule that unruly country as any other, I have not heard. But it was done in his father's lifetime, who was no fool when he was in his greatest vogue the first three years of King James IV."

In the following year, Patrick Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, was made Warden of the West and Middle Marches, and obtained a grant of Hermitage, and of the other possessions lately held by Angus in Liddesdale. Though at this time ceased the old territorial connection between the House of Douglas and Liddesdale, it appears that the clans dwelling in that district and in Annandale were unwilling to follow any but their old leaders. They became more independent than heretofore of any supreme authority, and henceforth in history and song the Elliots and Armstrongs appear as close allies. It was, however, to another point of the frontier states that James IV., not long after these transactions, led a military force, to "punish the excesses of the Marchmen, and to protect his peaceable lieges."[1]

The Rutherfords of the valley of the Jed, and the Turnbulls of Rhoull water, also a tributary of the Teviot, had been at feud for many years, much to the discomfort of all quietly-disposed persons in their vicinity. To punish these unruly clans, James made a sudden descent upon their territories, and executed summary justice upon them. Two hundred Turnbulls were brought before the King, holding their naked swords in their hands, and having halters round their necks, after which some were imprisoned, and others capitally punished. The scene of this exploit was the castle of Bedrule, the stronghold of the chief of the Turnbull clan. Slight trace of it now remains on the grassy knoll where once it stood; but in old times Bedrule held an important place among Border strongholds, commanding as it did the opening into Teviotdale of a valley from whence various passes lead into Jedwater, Redesdale, and Liddesdale.

The Romans discovered the importance of the position; the remains of one of their camps is still to be seen on the smooth green brow of Bonchester Hill, below which the rapid stream of the Rhoull forces its way between red sandstone scaurs, among huge gray boulders, and under overhanging thickets of hazel, until it joins the Teviot, forming the watergate from Liddesdale to Teviotdale. In later times this line was familiar to English wardens, and later still was taken by the troopers of Charles Edward on their way from Teviotdale to Carlisle. This was probably the

[1] Lesley and Holinshed.

last occasion on which the tramp of armed men was heard in a glen frequented only by the husbandman, the reaper, and the trout-fisher, or by some keen sketcher who has discovered it to be one of the most characteristic of Border valleys, dipped in afternoon shadow by the mountainous form of Rubislaw, guarded to the south by the green hills of the Border, and opening to the north on the bold front of Minto Craigs, a natural rampart of granite, crowned by a castle, which in old times belonged to a Turnbull.

With the Liddesdale clans the king took a more conciliatory course. Probably with a view to approaching war, an act of amnesty was granted to them in 1509.

By an Act of Council, passed a few years before, chiefs of clans had been made responsible for the execution of legal writs against their vassals, and it became the practice to hold them responsible for the good conduct of their clans.[1] But, in November 1510, Robert Elliot of Redheugh, and his companions, together with Sym and Jock Armstrong, and other inhabitants of Liddesdale, got a respite to be "unhengst in their persons for nineteen years, for all crimes previous to that date." At Flodden the Borderers formed the vanguard of the Scotch army. Hall, a contemporary authority, gives a list of knights and gentlemen who fell there, in which appears the name of Master Elliot, who may therefore be supposed to have been the chief of the clan, or a member of his house.[2]

Every one knows the story of Flodden, and those know it best who have learnt it in the pages of Marmion. Following the facts with historical precision, Sir Walter Scott has shown us the battle as our forefathers saw it. More ignorant, perhaps, than ourselves of the remote causes which led to the fatal result, whether these lay in points of general policy, or in personal idiosyncrasies, they saw the gathering upon Boroughmuir, they heard the "bruit" of the evil witcheries of Ford, they took part in the fatal fray, and so, thanks to the great minstrel of the Borders, have we.

No minstrel could have conceived more romantic incidents than those which grouped themselves about that fatal field; beginning with the letter and the ring by which the Queen of France besought King James, "her own true" knight, to march for her sake three feet on English ground, and the determination of the chivalrous king to obey her behest in defiance of all remonstrance, natural and supernatural. For this he set at naught the

[1] *Border Minstrelsy.* [2] Hall died 1549.

warning vision of Linlithgow, the weird muster-roll called at dead of night at the market-cross of Edinburgh, the troubled dreams of Queen Margaret, the Rose of England, who had found a thorny bed by the Thistle's side. For this he was proof against the earnest expostulations of the venerable Angus, moved to tears by the dangers impending on his king and country, and "freed by his former life from the imputation of fearfulness."

Then to the spells of France were added the far more dangerous ones of Ford, which by deeds of double treachery rendered vain the valour of the King, and the efforts of his people. From her most distant parts Scotland had poured forth her "fighting men." Stories are told of the cordial welcome given by James to the young Earl of Caithness, arriving on the field with 300 warriors at his back, all clad in green—not one of whom survived to return to his home in distant Caithness, where henceforth the soft spring hue became inseparably associated with misfortune. No less conspicuous for gallant bearing, came a band from nearer parts, the "fighting men" of Selkirk, whose leader and provost was knighted on the field by the king himself. Of these, too, a few stragglers alone returned, bearing with them the dead body of a woman, wife to one of their comrades, who had been found lifeless on the field with a sucking infant at her breast;[1]—a sad and striking fate, the memory of which has been preserved in the heraldic devices of her native town, and yet, in truth, it was far less sorrowful than that which awaited hundreds of her countrywomen, left to mourn for manhood in its prime.

Our Border towns were reduced by this one battle to such a state as we have heard described in those of France at the end of the great war, abandoned to women and children, and to old men whose "sons were with the king."

> "God had left the old and feeble,
> He had ta'en away the young."[2]

This was especially the case with Hawick, of which town it is said all the young men were exterminated,[3] all ranks suffering equally.

Our national historian, Mr. Burton, tells us, that "long afterwards it was said you could not point to a worshipful family in Scotland that did not own a grave on Brankstone Moor." And he adds, "The peerage passed

[1] It is said that the figure of a woman sitting by the Scottish lion, depicted in the arms of the Burgh of Selkirk, has reference to this event.

[2] Aytoun's *Lays of the Cavaliers.* [3] *Annals of Hawick.*

almost collectively into a new generation, for twelve earls and thirteen lords of parliament were among the dead—the nation was leaderless."

Scotland was left to bury her dead;—but in the case of her gallant and chivalrous chief, even this last condition was denied her. The difficulty of identifying the body of the Scottish king gave rise to a report that he still survived.

Pitscottie tells us, "Some say there came four men on four horses riding to the field with four spears, and a wisp on every spearhead, to be a sign and withe to them, that every one of them should know other. They rode in the field and horsed the king, and brought him forth off the field on a din hackney. But some say they had him into the Merse, betwixt Dunse and Kelso; but what they did with him there I cannot tell. But one, ten years thereafter, convicted of slaughter, offered to the Duke of Albany, for his life, to let him see the place where the king was yearded; to the token, he should let him see his belt of iron lying beside him in the grave. But, notwithstanding, this man got no audience by them that were about him; the Duke of Albany desired not at that time that such thing should be known."[1]

Though no investigations were made at the time, and perhaps on this account, a tradition of a mysterious and hallowed grave in the graveyard of Hume Castle in the Merse has come down to our own time.

A correspondent of the *Kelso Chronicle* in 1851 stated that, some forty years before, a small mound was pointed out to him in the ruined graveyard of Hume Castle as "the King's grave;" his informant assuring him that from time immemorial it had been customary, when a funeral entered the churchyard, to walk in procession round the grave and return to the spot where the dead was to be buried, in whatever part of the churchyard that might be. One cold and stormy day, the practice was objected to, and was afterwards discontinued. The story is a curious illustration of the way in which for centuries some simple custom continues unobserved, which if investigated might unfold a historical mystery, but which is allowed to die out at last from some puerile cause, and passes into oblivion.

The correspondent of the *Kelso Chronicle* who communicated the foregoing statement, suggested that the hallowed grave might be connected with another ancient local tradition of a skeleton discovered in Berry Moss (near Kelso), with a gold chain about it, with links corresponding with

[1] Pitscottie.

King James's age, but which, whether King James's body or not, was certainly that of a person of distinction.

To this day the deep mosses give up their dead, and legends of the battlefield are preserved by those who dwell near it. A few years back a drain was cut through some mossy ground near the western base of Branxton Hill, which laid bare a pit of human bones, not more than three feet below the surface; and within this century a rude narrow bridge near the source of the Till was pointed out as that over which the English army crossed when marching to Flodden.

The most remarkable corroboration on record of the statement that the king survived the battle of Flodden is to be found in State Papers (June 23, 1525), where it is stated that the Queen Margaret Tudor, when desirous of divorcing her second husband Angus, observed that the king had been alive three years after he was believed to have died at Flodden—a fact which, if true, would have invalidated her second marriage, contracted within that period.[1]

Strange as it may seem, the tale of so fatal a disaster, so enormous a defeat, has been enshrined in the loving memory of a nation, to be held sacred as the proudest victory. "Men have died before, and worms have ate them," and their devotion has been forgotten, and the tears wept for them have dried; but still to this day, when men gather together on our Border side, they proudly boast themselves the "sons of those who fell at Flodden," and rarely part without a call for the sad strains which lament the "Flowers of the Forest a' wede awa." Like the Provost of Edinburgh, in Aytoun's heroic lay, they call for the tale of disaster, and know it will read like glory—

> "Speak! though it be of overthrow,
> It cannot be disgrace!"

From contemporaneous times to our own, the history of Flodden has produced a rich crop of literature, and men have never tired of reading of it in poetry and prose.[2] In our own time it has been enshrined by the genius of Scott and of Aytoun in the classical literature of Scotland; but we claim for a member of our family the credit of having written, on this same subject, at once the most popular song of the country side, and, according to Sir Walter, the best imitation of the old ballad.

[1] Quoted in the *Battle of Flodden*, by Robert White.

[2] An excellent account of the battle, by Robert White, Esq. (from which we have borrowed largely), was published last year at Newcastle.

The story goes that Sir Gilbert Elliot,[1] Justice-clerk, made a wager with his daughter Jane, that she could not write a ballad worthy of the only known lines of an ancient song on Flodden. These were the first and last :—

"I've heard them lilting at the ewes milking."

And

"The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away."

Posterity has decided that Jean Elliot won her wager; and though some of the expressions contained in it have become obsolete, we believe that her ballad will always be read with pleasure for its simple pathos.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard them lilting at the ewe-milking,
Lasses a' lilting before dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede awae.

At bright, in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorning;
Lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing;
Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her awae.

In har'st, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering;
Bandsters are runkled, and lyart or gray;
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching;—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede awae.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae younkers are roaming
'Bout stacks, with the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk maid sits dreary, lamenting her deary—
The Flowers of the Forest are weded awae.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border!
The English for ance by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
The prime of our land are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewe-milking;
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede awae.

Lilting . . .	Singing cheerfully.	Leglin . . .	Milk-pail.
Loaning . . .	A broad lane.	Har'st . . .	Harvest.
Wede awae . .	Weeded out.	Shearing . . .	Reaping.
Scorning . . .	Rallying.	Bandsters . .	Sheaf-binders.
Dowie . . .	Dreary.	Runkled . . .	Wrinkled.
Daffing . . .	Joking.	Lyart	Inclined to gray.
Gabbing . . .	Chattering.	Fleeching . .	Coaxing.
	Gloaming	Twilight.	

[1] See Appendix II.

II. Lord Dacre's Raid, 1514—War with England, 1522-1524.

After the battle of Flodden, Lord Dacre, Warden of the Middle Marches, desolated the Borders by a continuous system of inroads.

One of these is so graphically described in a letter addressed by him to his sovereign Henry VIII., that we shall give it *in extenso*, believing that no words but his own could give so clear an insight into the manner and the spirit of Border warfare.

Thomas Lord Dacre to King Henry VIII., 1513.[1]

"Pleas it your Highnes to knowe I have receyved your most honourable Lettres of your gracious thanks for my pure service done to your Grace according to my dieuty which is to me the most singler comforth and rejoysing I can have; . . . . . and where as by the same your most honorable letters, I understond your pleasor and commaundment is that I shold effectually procede to the spedy execucion of ij Roads opon the West and Medyll Marches to the most annoyaunce of the Scotts that I possibly may, like it your Grace to knowe, opon Thuresday last past, I assembled your subgietts in Northumbreland to the nombre of a thousand horsmen, and rode in at Gallespeth, and so to the watre of Kale two myle within Scotland, and there set furth two foreyes: my broder Philipp Dacre with ccc men which burnt and destroyed the town of Rowcastell with all the cornes in the same and thereabouts, and wan two toures in it, and burnt both roppe and flores: and Sir Roger Fenwike with ccc men burnt the town of Langton and destroyed all the cornes therein: which Townes er in the hert of the countre two myle beyond Jedworth opon the watere of Chevyot.[2] And I come with a stale[3] to a place called the Dungyon, a myle from Jedworth, and so went to the Sclater furd on the water of Bowset, and there the Scotts persewed us right sore, ther bekered with us, and gave us hand stroks; there come thre standards to bak theym, that is to say, David Karr[4] of Fernehirst, and the lard of Bondgedworth opon the oon side, and the sheriff of Tevidale on the othre side, with the nombre of Dcc men or mo.

[1] Ellis' *Original Letters*, 1st vol. 1st series. [2] Teviot. [3] An ambush.

[4] The celebrated "Dand Kerr," between whom and Lord Dacre a bitter personal enmity existed.

"The lard of Walghope was hurt there with oon arrowe and his hors slane; Mark Trumbill was strikken with a spere and the hede left in hym, his hors was won, and diverse Scotesmen were hurt there. And so we come forwards, where we saw my broder Syr Cristofer Dacre with his oste arreyed at a place called the Bellyng, which was to us no litill comforte, and to hym gret gladness seyng the small power we were of at that time.

"My said broder come in at Cressop brige, and there entred the Medyll marches, and so come thorow Ledesdale to the rughes wyre, xiiij myle within the ground of Scotland, and thire he put furth two forreyes: Syr John Ratclif with fyve hundreth men in oon, which burnt the town of Dyker, sex myle from the said swyre, with a toure in the same, thei layed corne and straw to the dore and burnt it both rofe and flore, and so smoked theym out.

"Also the said Syr John and his company burnt the Townnes of Sowdon and Lurchestrother, with a toure in it, and distroyed all the cornes about theym and toke diverse prisoners with much insight and goods. Nicholes Haryngton, Nicholes Rydley, Thomas Medilton, and George Skelton, with othre to the nombre of fyve hundredth in the othe forrey burnt the towne of Hyndhalghehede, and a toure in the same, flore and rofe; and in likewise the townnes of West sawsyde and Est sawsyde, with a Pele of lyme and stane in it: and my said broder Syr Cristofer with two thousand horsmen and cccc fute men with bowes, for savegard of thost in strayts, come in a stale to Dykerawe; and there the said forreyeres releved hym, and so come forward and met me. We had not rydden above the space of a myle when we sawe the Lord Chambrelane appere in our sight with ij M. men, and four standerds; the othre thre standerds resorted to hym, and so the countre drew fast to theym.

"We put us in arreye and come homeworde, and rode no faster than nowte, shepp, and swyne that we had won wold dryve, which was of no gret substance, for the countre was warned of our comyng, and the bekyns burnt fro mydnyght forward. And when the Scotts had geven us overe we retourned home and come in at the Redswyre. I come to Harbotell at mydnyght: my broder Syr Christopher lay that night at the toure of Otterburne, and opon the morne to Hexham, and his folks in other townnes opon the water of Tyne, and on the thrid day at home, as many as might git.

"Sir, I se not the gentilmen of the countre in a redyness for defence

of your bordoures, for certen of theym to whome I had geven warnyng, as my Lord Ogle, which promised to come to me, the constable of Alnewike, and othre, trustyng thei wold haue bene glad to do your grace service accordingly as thei have done to your Wardens in tyme of werre, come not to me at the place appoynted, whereby I was not accompanyed as I thoght to have been. I was councelled and avised by my guyds to have regoined my purpose, and so wold have done, but oonly that I had appoynted with my broder Syr Christofer to mete hym in Scotland, for he departed fro me to the West Merches, to bryng my folks from thens, whome I might not disappoynt, for I had no space to gif him warnyng, it was xxx^{ti} myle fro me and more, and els I had not keped my purpose, which now is performed, thanked be Jhesu, and all your subgietts in savety bot a servaunt of myn, which was killed there; and two Scotts were slain and many othre hurt the same tyme.

"Pleas it your Grace, as for the Rode to be made opon your West marche, I can not se how it can be done conveniently unto the next light, for two consideracions, oon is bycause I dar not be absent of this Medill March during this light, for fere the Scotts schold distroye and burne the countrie in myn absence, which I regard gretly; and oon othre is, that my servants' horses which come to this Rode was sore labored, for thei rode xxviij^{ti} oures without any bayte. And in the next light I shall, God willing, performe the said rode; and in the meane tyme shall cause small Rodes be made, which shalbe as gret annoyaunce to the Scotts as a great Rode shold be, and thus shall yo^{r} money be employed to the best I can, and for the grettiest hurt and destruccion of the Scotts; for I shalbe as goode a husband thereof as I wold be of myn awn, and alwey I shalbe redy to gif accompt of the same at your pleasure.

"Also pleas it your Grace, me seammes it were necessary that yo^{r} lettres of commaundment were direct to my lord of Northumbreland and to my Lord of Clifford, to cause their tenannts gif attendance opon your Wardens, as thei have bene accustomed to do in tymes passed; for, as I understond, my Lord Clifford's tenannts er^{e} warned not to ride without his speciall commaundment."

This letter is so full of touches characteristic of the times and of the writer that it cannot fail to be read with interest. We see in it the relentless spirit in which the war was carried on by the lieutenants of the

English King; the reluctance of the gentlemen of the country, whose property was devastated by the retaliation of the Scots, to take part in the warden's inroads; the jealousy with which the great lords guarded their feudal rights over their tenants from his encroachments; and lastly, the warden's consciousness that the war must be made to pay, and that he would be called to account for its cost to his master. On the other hand, we have as lively a picture of the Scottish Borders, the defence of which was trusted to the Border chieftains, under whose standards the men rapidly assembled, leaving their "property of cornes," etc., to be burnt in the "towns of stane and lyme," but "persevering right sore in handstroke," while their bekyns blazed forth on every hill.

The line by which Lord Dacre entered Teviotdale is traceable from any of the heights of the northern bank of the river; as, for instance, from Minto Craigs, whence Langton Tower may still be seen, and the little "town" or hamlet of Rowcastell, close to the road leading over Dunian from Teviotdale to Jedburgh. The green slope of the Bellyng, known to fox-hunters, is no less apparent, and the dark woods of Cavers mark the spot whence the Sheriff of Teviotdale marched forth to meet the invader.[1]

In the year following that of the battle, one of Dacre's marauding parties made acquaintance with the town of Hawick. Coming up the Teviot for plunder, they were within a few miles of the town when the news of their approach arrived there. The townsmen, burning to revenge the fate of their kith and kin who had fallen at Flodden, did not wait to receive the invaders, but, sallying forth to their encounter, intercepted them at the Trows, a narrow gorge—now spanned by Hornshole's bridge—through which the river rushes, with force and depth, between rocks and scaurs surmounted with brushwood. Here a desperate conflict took place, and the invaders, taken by surprise, were completely cut up, leaving their flag in the hands of the victors. It was religiously preserved for many years, and a facsimile of it is still carried round the marches of the burgh lands at the annual Common Riding.[2] This yearly ceremony is opened by the cornet, or standard-bearer of the town, on horseback, who, carrying the flag, accompanied by his "lads," or assistants, and followed by a large con-

[1] This inroad took place two months after Flodden, in the year following.

[2] This standard was carried by the cornet before the carriage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian, on the occasion of their visiting Hawick, October 1869.

course of people, proceeds from the town to the Common Haugh, where the annual races now take place ; not, however, until the whole assemblage has joined in singing the old Border song, of which the chorus is the slogan of Hawick :

" Up wi' Hawick's rights and Common,
Up wi' a' the Border Bowmen ;
Teribus and *Teri Odin*,
We are up to ride our Common."

Teribus ye Teri Odin is said to be the corrupted spelling of the Anglo-Saxon Tyr hœbbe us, ye Tyr, ye Odin. " May Tyr uphold us, both Tyr and Odin."[1]

On this occasion the English were worsted, but so trifling a check did not prevent their leader from completing his devastation of the Scotch frontiers. In a letter to the Council,[2] May 17, 1514, Lord Dacre enumerates the districts destroyed on the Scottish Border. These were—" The water of Liddel, 12 miles long, on which were 100 ploughs. Water of Ludden, 8 miles long, 40 ploughs. Two towns of Carlinriggs, 40 ploughs. Water of Ewse, 8 miles, 40 ploughs. Head of Teviot, Branxholm to Ewse, 8 miles, 80 ploughs. Water of Ale, Askridge, and Elmartoun, 50 ploughs ; lands which lie all and every one of them waste now, and no corn sown upon ~~some~~ of the said ground."

It seems to us that, when the character of the valleys is considered which figure in the preceding list, when it is also remembered how insecure all agricultural produce must have been in those unsettled times, there is evidence, in the number of ploughs possessed by the inhabitants of Liddesdale and Teviotdale, of the industrious habits of the population, of which they were rarely permitted to reap the advantage.

While the Borders were in this state, the Elliots did not remain idle ; one of them, William Elliot or Elwald, was particularly active, and made several raids into Northumberland, to the " old town of Hexhamshire, belonging to the Archbishop of York, Cardinal of England, and brent the same and drove away the cattle."[3]

They did not, however, confine themselves to those proceedings, legitimate enough on the part of men whose homes and " gear " had been destroyed, but were convicted of other depredations, for which their chiefs

[1] Jeffrey's *History of Roxburghshire.*
[2] Pinkerton's *History*, p. 459.
[3] See many attempts against England in Raine's *North Durham.*

obtained remission from the Duke of Albany when he came to the Borders with a large force to quiet the disturbed districts.[1]

This visit of the Regent's to the Borders had for its object, says Pitscottie, "to danton all theft, reiff, and slaughter committed before in the King's young age;" for the minority of James was a time of lawlessness and anarchy, when to the open attacks of a foreign enemy were added the constant factions of the chief nobility, who, while contriving to excite the national jealousy of foreigners against the Regent Albany,[2] were in fact less careful than himself of the general misery of the people. "When he "(Albany) "came to Kelso, Jedburgh, and Melrose, and then heard the complaint of the people, and the complaint made upon the Earl of Angus, the Lord Hume, and other great men, who had oppresst the country in time when there was no justice ministrate, for the lack of a head to plead to, the governor, hearing their great complaints, was very sorrowful in his heart, setting his whole intent to remeid the same."

This, however, he found he had not power to do, and having consulted with his counsel in Edinburgh whether those could be punished quietly, who could not be punished openly, he came to the conclusion that he should put off doing justice upon them; knowing that "Scottish men cannot abide to be extremely used by justice nor punishment, nor yet can suffer their neighbours to live in peace and rest beside them."[3]

Dacre was, as usual, at the bottom of the miseries and oppressions under which the unfortunate Borderers laboured, for he had successfully corrupted many of the Scotch nobles, and supported Hume, Angus, and others of the English party in their treasonable proceedings against the government of the Regent Albany. The object which governed the policy of the English warden, may be gathered from one of his letters to the lords of King Henry's council at this time: "There was never so mikell myschefe, robbery, spoiling, and vengeance in Scotland, than there is now, without hope of remedye, which I pray our Lord to continue."

The execution of Lord Home by the orders of the Regent, and the retaliation of the Border clan of which Hume was the head on the unlucky Frenchman[4] sent to hold his office, and whose curled locks were as

[1] From the first of these *rescripts* it appears that Redheuch and Lariston were then held by two brothers of the name of Elliot—Redheuch being presumably the eldest as named first.

[2] John, Duke of Albany, born in France.

[3] Pitscottie, James V., 125, 1516.

[4] De la Bastie. He was killed in a skirmish, and one of the Homes took his head and hung it by the curled locks from his own saddle-bow.

offensive to the rough barons of the north, as the trim beard of Bolingbroke's courtier had been to Hotspur, were incidents which, by increasing the unpopularity of the government, and by manifesting its weakness, may have been accepted by Dacre as an answer to his prayer.

Such was the condition of affairs during the nine years which followed on the defeat of Flodden; and though it were mockery to give to such a state the name of peace, nevertheless, there was no general war between Scotland and England, until it broke out again in 1523, when Henry VIII., having quarrelled with France, desired Scotland to do the same. The Scotch Estates deemed it a point of honour to resist this attempt to enforce an English policy on them, and met the threats of Henry by assembling a large army on the Eastern Borders. So rapid was the action of the Scotch Estates, that the English commanders on the Borders, Lord Surrey and Lord Dacre, would have undoubtedly been taken by surprise, had not the "great policy and wisdom" of our arch-enemy, "my Lord Dacres," been successfully employed to obtain a cessation of arms from the Regent Albany, during which the Scottish host dispersed.[1]

In the following year an English army, under the command of the Earl of Shrewsbury, Lord Surrey (Lord-Lieutenant of the North), Lord Dorset, and Lord Dacre, invaded Scotland—the chief expedition being directed against Jedburgh—and, on the 27th September 1523, Lord Surrey wrote an account of its success to Cardinal Wolsey:[1] "The town being so surely burnt that no garrysons nor other shall be lodged there till it be rebuilded. Undoubtedly," he adds, "there was no journey made into Scotland, in no man's day leving, with so fewe a numbre, that is recounted to be so high an enterprize as this, both with these countrymen and Scottismen, nor in truth so much hurt done; but in the ende a great misfortune did fall, only by folly, that such order as was commanded by me to be kept was not observed."

[1] Fire and slaughter were at work meanwhile on the Eastern Marches. The Earl of Northumberland wrote to Henry VIII., 22d October 1522, that "some Scottish barons had threatened to come within three miles of my pore house at Warkworth, where I lye, and gif me light to put on my clothes at midnight." Then follows a list of horrid atrocities committed by the Scots in Redesdale, avenged by equal horrors on the Merse, and the letter ends thus: "And also I, by the advice of my brother Clyfforth, have devised that within 3 nights, Godde willing, Kelsey in like case shall be brent, with all the corn in the said town, and they shall have no place to lye any garrison in, nigh unto the Borders." This burning of Kelso was to be done secretly by Tynedale and Redesdale.

[2] Ellis's *Original Letters*, first series, 1st vol.

Here follows an account of the disposition which Lord Surrey had made of his force before entering Scotland: he then continues:—"I was of counsaill with the Marshallis at th'ordering of our lodgings, and our campe was so well environed with ordinance, carts, and dykes, that hard it was to enter or issue, but at certain places appointed for the purpose; and assigned the most commodious place of the said camp for my Lord Dacre's company next the water, and next my Lord of Westmoreland. And at such time as my Lord Dacre came into the field, I being at the sault of th'abbay, which continued unto two hours within the night, my said Lord Dacre wold in no wise bee content to ly within the camp, which was made right sure, but lodged himself without; wherewith, at my return, I was not content, but then it was too late to remove."

Surrey seems to have taken on himself the assault of "th'abbay," while Sir Thomas Tempest and Sir William Bulmer were ordered to burn the town. On the following day Lord Dacre was detached with 300 Kendal men to a stronghold called Ferniherst, the lord whereof was Dacre's mortal enemy. The said Ferniherst "stode marvellous strong in a great wode," in which wood the Englishmen found their match in "hardy men who went no foot back for them," and handled them sorely, "making the best resistance that had been seen in those parts." As, however, the assailants were able to bring up ordnance against the house, they were ultimately successful, when they "wan the howse and threw down the same."

"After that, my said lord returning to the camp, would in no wise be lodged in the same, but where he lay the furst night; and he being with me at souper about 8 o'clock, the horses of his company broke loose, and suddenly ran out of his fold in suche nombre that it caused a marvellous alarm in our fold; and our standing watch being set, the horses came running along the campe, at whom were shot above 100 shief of arrows and divers guns, thinking they had been Scotts that would have saulted the campe. Finally, the horses were so mad that they ran like wild deer into the fold, above 1500 at the least in divers companies; and in one place above 50 fell down a great rock and slew themselves, and about 250 ran into the towne, being on fire, and by the women taken and carried away right evil brent; and many were taken agayne; but finally by that I can esteme by the nombre of them that I sawe goo on fote the next daye, I think there is lost above 800 horses, and all unto folly for lak of not lying within the campe."

Perhaps in extenuation of their own imprudence, Lord Dacre and his company declared they saw wonders that night "6 tymes, of spirits and fearful sights. And universally all their companye saye plainly the devil was that night among them vi times." Lord Surrey says he dare not write the wonders they saw, being, however, evidently of opinion himself that, though the devil appeared six times *outside* the camp, he could not once have *wan in*, and he concludes that the knight "hath now paid dearly for his own want of order."

Of the Borderers, Lord Surrey writes, with a brave man's appreciation of brave men, "I assure your Grace I found the Scots at this time the boldest men, and the hottest that ever I saw in any nation, and all the jorney, upon all parts of the army, kept us with so continuall skyrmishe that I never saw the like. If they might assemble forty thousand as good men as I nowe sawe fifteen hundred or two thousand, it would be an hard encounter to meet them. Pitie it is of my Lord Dacre's losse of the horses of his company."

Albany tried to raise an army against the English, but finding the nobles who composed it completely corrupted by England, he disbanded it without effecting anything, and the Borderers were left to themselves, to resist the power of the English king as best they might.

This was the second occasion within a year on which Albany had summoned together a large army, to see it disperse without striking a blow. His own unpopularity, and that of the French alliance, had no doubt much to do with the unwillingness of the Scotch to follow his banner; while the popular mistrust of the Government was fomented by the party who were in treasonable relations with England; but to these causes were also added such as existed in all feudal armies, and were at the time weakening the force of Surrey. Lord Surrey's letters to Cardinal Wolsey, from the camp before Wark, when he, unaware of the weakness of his adversary, was expecting an immediate invasion of the English Borders, are full of instruction as to the difficulties which attended the command of a feudal force; the first letter, moreover, gives a characteristic sketch of Albany, which, if accurate, may not be omitted among the causes of his failure as a commander.

Having complained of being ill supported by reinforcements from the South,[1] "God knoweth," he proceeds, "if the poorest gentleman in the

[1] Ellis's *Original Letters*, First Series, vol. i.—The Earl of Surrey to Cardinal Wolsey.

King's house were here, and I at London, and were advertised of this newes, I would not fail to kneel upon my knees before the King's grace, to have license to come hither in poste to be at the day of battle. And if young noblemen and gentilmen be not desirous and willing to be at suche jorneys, and to take the payne and yeve the adventure, and the King's Highness well contented with thoos that woll so doo, and not regarding others that wolbe but dauncers, disers, and carders, his Grace shall not bee well served when he wold bee; for men without experience shall doo small servyce, and experience of war woll not be had withoute it be sought for, and the adventure yeven. Of likelihood no man leving shall ever lyve to se the Scotts attempt to envade this realme with the power of England if they be well resisted nowe. And by many ways I am advertised that the Duke of Albany is a mervelous wilful man, and woll beleve noo mannys counsail, but woll have his owne opinion followed. . . . I am also advertised that he is so passionate that and he bee aperte amongis his familiers, and doth here anything contrarius to his meynde and pleasure, his accustomed manner is too take his bonnet sodenly of his hed and to throwe it in the fire, and no man dare take it out, but let it to be brent. My Lord Dacre doth affirme that at his last being in Scotland, he did borne above a dozyn bonetts aftir that maner. And if he be suche a man, with God's grace, we shall spede the better with him."[1] Surrey ends his letter by begging his Grace to write "one open letter to all the posts, charging them to make such diligence nowe in riding from London to this town" (Newcastle), "that letters between the two may be conveyed in forty-eight hours at least, which they maye well do.—Newcastell, the 8th day of October."[2]

It is entertaining to mark the contempt with which the self-restrained Englishman records the violent action of the more impetuous foreigner; but Surrey and Wolsey gave harsh judgment when they pronounced Albany a coward, for they knew full well how little reliance he could place in an army of which the vanguard was composed of foreigners, because its natural leaders were suspected of dealings with the enemy.[3]

[1] "No little comfort it is to the King's Highness," wrote Wolsey in reply to Surrey, "that his Grace hath so hardy a captain as ye be, against such a coward as the Duke of Albany is known to be—so discreet and sober a servant, against so furious and wilful a fool."

[2] Many of the letters to and from the wardens have the superscription :—"Haste, haste, post haste, for your life."

[3] Tytler, vol. v. 170.

After the retreat of Albany, Lord Surrey wrote again, and this time to King Henry himself. His letter, containing an account of the operations of the army, ends thus :—

. . . "Sir—I feare me it shall not be possible for me to kepe this army no longer togidder; for such as come out of the bishopricke, this country and other places, at their own coste, have spent all that they have, and with moche difficulty and faire words I have kept them here thus long. Notwithstanding, I shall doe my beste to keepe thym togidder unto the tyme that I shall know the Duke's army be perspoiled. Assuering your Grace that Maister Magnus hath but iij M. marks lefte; and if th' army should be discharged to-morrow next, I think x M. marks will not paye that is owing and conduyte mony home. And considering how paynefully and with good will they have served, it were pitie they sh$^{d.}$ departe without having that was promised them, wherefore mooste humble I beseech your Highness that convenient mony may be sent hither with diligence. And if it come not before the departing hence of th' army, to th' intente they should not go hence grudging and speking shrodly, I shall deliver them as moche as is here with as moche more as I may borrow. And also, I still bynd myself by my bill to pay them as much as shall be due for the reste; most humbly beseeching your Highness to see me discharged of the same with convenient diligence, or els I shall be utterly undoon for ever. Also, I beseech your Grace to send thankful letters to such as have done good service at this time, whose names be conteyned in a bill herein closed; also 64 blanks to be written here to such as I do not remember the names of, assuring your Grace that in all my life I never saw so many Englishmen in none army nor so well willed as thees were, from the highest to the lowest, nor never was gentilman so moche bounde as I have been this jorney to all noblemen, gentilmen, and souldiers, which favor they have showed me for the great love they bore to your Highness, and the desirous myende they have to do your Grace service.—Written in the campe, two miles from Wark, this Tuysday at night.

"Your most humble subject and servant,

"T. SURREY.[1]

"To the King's most Noble Grace."

In a letter to Wolsey, of nearly the same date, Surrey had besought

[1] Ellis's *Original Letters*, First Series, vol. i.

him, in case he (Surrey) came to miscarry in his expedition, that he would be a gode lord to his poor children, assuring him that without the King and Cardinal's favour they would be undone. For, "I have spent so much to serve the King's Highness, that if God do now his pleasure off me, I shall leave them the poorest nobleman's children that died in this realm these forty years, having neither goodes nor fote off londe to put in feofment to do them gode after me.—Scribbled the 23d October, 11 at night."

From these letters it appears that want of pay was the dissolvent, which after a time surely dispersed the feudal armies; and that the expenses borne by the great barons who held the chief commands were ruinous to them; working the usual effect of poverty on aristocracies—making them servile to the powers who could restore their fortunes.

While these regular forces of the two countries were holding each other in check on the Eastern Marches, our old friend Lord Dacre was following his usual courses in the west. Writing, in his capacity of Warden of the Middle Marches, to Cardinal Wolsey (March 5), he strongly recommends that Canonbie in Liddisdale should be brent and destroyed as being claimed by the Scotch. "As for the rest or the debateable ground," he says, "that was unbrynt and destroyed when I was there, I have caused much of it to be brynt and destroyed, and shall not fail, God willing, so to proceed from time to time intil it be clearly waste, without one house or hold standing within it."

So well did he keep his word, that in the course of 1524 he wrote again to Wolsey, "that nothing was left on the frontier of Scotland, without it be parts of old houses, whereof the thatch and coverings are taken away by reason whereof they cannot be burnt." He might have added that, while he had successfully desolated the surface of the country, he had failed to break the spirit of the people.

The only result he had obtained was that the Scotch, deserting their frontier hamlets, had moved further inland; and Lord Dacre, in the letter already quoted, is forced to confess "that with the small force at his command, no raid can be made on the Borders to the King's honor;" he therefore advises either a truce to be taken by the wardens for a season, or that a force of some 5000 or 6000 men, with ordnance and horses, and all other necessaries, should be kept on the Borders for great raids, and "always after a great raid made to have wages for that time only, and to departe, and retorne to an order as they shall be called upon. . . . For

surely to drive the time, as we do living in defense, and doing but small hurt to the King's enemys, it is nothing to the honor of his Highness, and far less to his profit."[1]

Lord Dacre died the following year, 1525, having been for seventeen years Warden on the English Marches.[2] Of all our enemies of England he was the most persistent, the most ferocious. During his long reign as chief officer of Henry VIII. on the English Border, he had come into personal contact with most of the Border leaders, his feelings towards whom were those of a bitter personal hatred. The natural arrogance of the man is shown in his impatience of control, as described by Surrey; and the same harsh overbearing disposition crops out in his instructions to a confidential agent, empowered by him to negotiate on delicate matters with no less a person than the Queen-Dowager of Scotland, Margaret Tudor, married to the Earl of Angus. In 1521, when the Queen's intimacy with Albany was giving umbrage to the government of her brother, Henry VIII., Lord Dacre gave instructions to his trusty and well-beloved servant, the Laird of Burrow, to show and declare unto the Queen of Scotland, "that dishonorable bruits were spoken of her in Scotland; that it is comyn to the knowledge of the King, my sovereign, that her Grace is departed from my Lord of Angus, her husband, contrary to all good order; that it standeth not with her honor to leve her husband by counsaill of any man;" and finally he ends these sharp reproofs by the remark that, "as few Scottismen will give her faithfull counsaill, but only for their own profit, it were good to take summe regard to such as be naturally born to give Her Grace good counsale," which, should she not do, in all likelihood she will come to her destruction both in fame and otherwise.[3]

[1] Ellis's *Original Letters*, First Series, vol. i.

[2] His death was announced to Wolsey in a letter from Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, dated from the Castle of Skipton, November 14, 1525, in the following words:—"It hath pleased Almighty God to call Lord Dacre to his mercy."—Ellis, First Series, vol. i. p. 250.

[3] Ellis's *Original Letters*, First Series, vol. i.

III. Angus requires the Border Barons to subscribe a Bond against the Dalesmen—Buccleuch protects them—A terrible Cursing.

The English forays had to be carried sixteen or twenty miles into Scottish ground, because the inhabitants had removed inland.[1] To this cause it was probably owing, that Scott of Buccleuch attained so large a following among the Elliots and other inhabitants of Liddesdale, who removed into Upper Teviotdale and Selkirkshire. It is apparently in allusion to the protection thus afforded to those driven inland, that Queen Margaret, who was in English pay, wrote to the Duke of Norfolk, October 11, 1524,[2] "that he," Buccleuch, "did the greatest evils that might be done, and took part plainly with thieves." A truce having been concluded with England, Angus, who was made Warden of the East and Middle Marches, determined that the unfortunate people who had been driven from their homes by the English, should now be driven back to Liddesdale, and for this end he required the Border barons to enter into a bond, by which they swore that they, by themselves, their kith and friends, should solely and truly serve the Earl of Angus, and raise their kith and kin for the forthputting of the Liddesdale men, Eskdale and Ewsdale, their wives and bairns now dwelling in the bounds of Tweeddale, Ettrick Forest, or bounds adjacent thereto. Walter Scott of Buccleuch was a party to this bond, but was probably not very willing to make enemies of the Liddesdale men who had sought his protection and added to his strength; accordingly he kept on good terms with them, and was the first to offer open resistance to the Douglases.

The Warden made a great raid against the Armstrongs, and the help of the Church was called in to pronounce a "terrible cursing."

Terrible it was thought in its own day, for it was transmitted by Magnus, an emissary from King Henry in Scotland, to Cardinal Wolsey, in 1525, as a document worthy of notice.

[1] "Sir William Ewre, lieutenant of the Middle Marches, made a journey into Scotland, and did very well, and seized and brought away above 800 neat, with many horses and other catall, as shepe and gate, to a great number, and muche insight; and I assure your Grace, they did fetch sixteen myles within the good ground of Scotland." On another journey of twenty miles, Lord Dacre reports that they brought "a thousand neat and much other catall."—*Lord Dacre to Cardinal Wolsey*, 1524.

[2] *Border Correspondence.*

"The occasion," says Mr. Burton, "was one of public importance; an attempt, through this kind of spiritual warfare, with its civil consequences, to subdue the Border reivers, and make them give up their evil ways."

Those who wish to read it at length may seek it in the fourth volume of Burton's *History of Scotland*, page 31; we must content ourselves with the following extract:—

"I denounce, proclaim, and declare, all and sundry the committers of the said sackless murders, slaughters, burnings," etc. etc., "openly upon daylight, and under silence of night, as well within temporal lands as kirk lands, together with their partakers, assisters," etc., "generally cursed, warned, aggregate and re-aggregate, with The Great Cursing. I curse their head, and all the hairs of their head; I curse their face, their mouth, their eyes," etc. "I curse them going, I curse them riding; I curse them eating, I curse them drinking; I curse them waking, I curse them sleeping;" and so on in every action of their lives. "I curse their wives, their bairns, and their servants, participant with them in their evil deeds. I curse their corn, their cattle, their wool, their sheep," etc. etc., "and all their quick good. I curse their halls, chambers," etc. "All the malisons and wansouns that ever got worldly credence since the beginning of the world to this hour must light upon them."

After a list of various judgments, from the fire and sword which stopped Adam from the "yetts of paradise" to the troubles which befell Simon Magus, follow interdictions from participating in any of the rites of the church, from holding communications with any Christian man or woman. All persons holding contracts with them were discharged from the same:—"*I take from them and cry down all the good deeds that ever they did or shall do, till they rise from this cursing.*" "Finally, I condemn them to the deep pit of hell; and, as ther candles go from your sight, so may their souls go from the visage of God," etc. etc.[1]

For a short time after this terrible cursing the Borderers seem to have kept quiet; but curses have this disadvantage, that if no evil comes of them, the parties against whom they are directed learn to distinguish between the will to threaten and the power to do; and revert to their

[1] About the beginning of this century these cursings began to be held in little estimation. A friar, mentioned by John Knox, attacked, in a public sermon, several usages of the church, among others that of cursing.

wicked practices with a fresh sense of immunity. So it was with our forefathers; and they not long afterwards joined heartily with Buccleuch in an ineffectual attempt to release their young King, now a boy of fourteen, from the "iron rule" of Angus, leagued with Arran in a political partnership, "to whom no man durst say the contrary."

One of the Elliots lost his life for the part he took in this unsuccessful enterprise, being executed at Melrose for having "come treasonably, in company with Sir W. Scott of Buccleuch, against the King and his lieutenant" (1526). Pitscottie tells the story of this expedition to the rescue of the King in his usual quaint style, giving us to understand that the Laird of Buccleuch, though a powerful chieftain on the Borders, was scarcely yet of sufficiently recognised importance in the state to be on terms of familiarity with his sovereign; since, on receiving a quiet and secret letter, written in the King's own hand, "beseeching him that he would come, with his kith and friends, and all the force he might be, and meet him at Melrose, to take him out of the Douglas's hands," the Laird of Buccleuch received the letter very thankfully, and "was very glad thereof, to be put to such charges and familiarity with this Prince, and did great diligence to perform the King's writing, and to bring the matter to pass as he desired."

With this view Buccleuch collected about 1000 men, at whose head he made his appearance at Holyden,[1] near Melrose; replying to a messenger, sent by Angus to inquire the meaning of this array, that he came to show his clan to the King, according to the custom of the Borders; but on being commanded in the name of the King to retire, he refused to do so, saying he knew the King's mind better than Angus. The chief result of the conflict ~~which~~ ensued was a considerable loss of lives of gentlemen and yeomen, which caused the King to be sad and dolorous, knowing that they had died for his defence and at the command of his writing. The death of the Laird of Cessford, who, with his kinsman Ker of Ferniherst, took part in the fray on the side of the Douglases, was the occasion of a deadly feud between the Scotts and Kers, which a quarter of a century later cost Sir Walter his life.[2]

[1] *Halidene*, near Melrose.

[2] The field of Melrose, where

"Gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear
Reek'd on dark Elliot's Border spear,"

was not the occasion "when first the Scott and Carrs were foes." Two years before, Queen

After the failure of Buccleuch, the Douglases continued absolute. Angus made use of his authority as Warden rather to gain adherents to himself than to suppress crime, directing his raids, in chief part, against the Barons who would not enter into bonds of manrent. The Earl of Bothwell, Lord of Liddesdale, too powerful a lord to submit to any such engagement, undertook to keep "good rule" in Liddesdale. Complaints, however, being made against the Liddesdale clans, Angus made a raid into that country, and received the submission of several surnames. The Elliots were not among those complained of.

In 1528 the King, James V., made his escape from Falkland Castle, when the Douglases were attainted, and their estates divided among several great lords. Buccleuch came in for a share, and, according to Lord Dacre, had no small influence in the royal councils. "The King is ruled and advised by the Queen, Henry Stewart, now her husband, the Lord Maxwell, and the Laird of Buccleuch, chief maintainer of all misguided men on the Borders of Scotland."[1] The King, nevertheless, was at that very time on his way to the Borders, to enforce order there; on the 23d of the month he wrote to Henry VIII. from Jedburgh,[2] "that he was in travail towards the Borders, to put good order and rule upon them," with what effect we learn from another portion of Wolsey's correspondence, a letter from an English agent, Lassells, to Wolsey,[3] which sums up the state of the country, two months after the King's arrival there, as follows:—"Sept. 8, 1528.—Touching the Borders, the thieves of both sides never did steal so fast, for they reckon none other but that it will be plain war. The King's company doth rob and spoil all the tenants that belongeth to the Earl of Angus, and the Earl likewise, and his friends, doth rob and spoil all them that taketh the King's part."

English and Scotch commissioners were appointed during the young King's visit to the Borders for the redress of wrongs, and terms were agreed on which certainly absolved the men of Liddesdale from all further duty as subjects of Scotland, since the English King was by them empowered to give letters of marque to his officers, authorising them, if

Margaret, writing to Norfolk (October 11, 1524, *State Papers*), says:—"There is great despyte between the Laird of Cessford and the Laird of Buccleuch, and slaughter. Wherefor I thought it best to put them both in the Castle of Edinburgh, while that they find a way how the Borders may be well ruled, seeing it is in their hands to do as they will."—*MS. Notes of the Hon. Geo. Elliot.*

[1] Lord Dacre to Wolsey, July 18, 1528.

[2] See Tytler, vol. v.

[3] Raine's *North Durham*, p. 15.

the Liddesdale men were not duly reduced by their own officers, to invade the inhabitants of Liddesdale, and commit all manner of hostilities, "until redress was obtained." The King of Scotland, on his side, undertook not to assist the persons thus invaded, but to support the English.[1] This was hard treatment for the Liddesdale men, who had lately been engaged in a gallant attempt to rescue James from the power of the Douglases, and were naturally unwilling to submit to the authority of the Warden, who had confessedly only taken the post the better to serve England.

[1] In the year 1528, by a convention dated at Berwick, it was declared lawful for the King of England to proceed by letters of marque, authorising his wardens and other officers to proceed against the inhabitants of Liddesdale, to their slaughter, burning, hership, robbing, reiving, despoiling, and destruction, till full redress was obtained of the wrongs complained of. But it was provided that the English should not besiege the house or castle of Hermitage, or appropriate any part of Liddesdale, or accept of the homage of any of its inhabitants, being Scotchmen by birth.

"The same singular mode of coercion was to be competent to the King of Scotland for the injuries committed by the inhabitants of the Water of Levin, and of the tract of country between that water, the Crissop, and the Liddell. Each monarch might prevent this hostile method of procedure against his subjects, by offered redress and satisfaction by the 11th January."—Redpath's *Borders of England and Scotland.*

IV. The Armstrongs, 1528—Raid out of Northumberland, 1533.

The struggle with Angus brought the King into conflict with the men of Liddesdale. As it has been said, a certain connection of sentiment, as well as, in some instances, of actual bonds of vassalage, subsisted between the Liddesdale Borderers and Angus long after that Earl had ceased to be Lord of the valley; but not for this reason only were they obnoxious to the King. "He found them a sort of independent state," says Mr. Burton. "It was only in the nomenclature of the law that the house of Armstrong were subjects of the King of Scotland;" but we have it on the same authority that, in the "nomenclature of Holyrood and the Tolbooth, the Borderers were only known as thieves."

The great advantages which accrue from the power of calling names are matter of daily observation, and the law and the Tolbooth had certain means of registering their opinions which gave them considerable weight; but though kings hanged the Borderers, and chancellors made songs against them, it is clear that their leaders exercised the authority of petty princes in the wild districts over which they ruled—a great portion of which they had gained by the sword in times previous to the general settlement of the two countries.

Mr. Burton compares "the influences at work in separating this district" to those which made the "Continental margravates;" while their daring temper, and the warlike habits of the clansmen, were well adapted to preserve the independence of the frontier state.

Satchells has described them as they might very possibly have been willing to describe themselves; and, we think, with such a nice sense of justice that we give his definition of a freebooter intact:—

"On that Border was the Armstrangs, able men,
Somewhat unruly, and very ill to tame;
I would have none think that I call them thieves;
For if I did, it would be arrant lies;
For all Frontiers, and Borders, I observe,
Wherever they lie, are Freebooters,
And does the enemy much more harms,
Than five thousand marshal-men in arms;
The Freebooters venture both life and limb,
Good wife and bairn, and every other thing;

He must do so, or else must starve and die ;
For all his lively-hood comes of the enemie :
His substance, being, and his house most tight,
Yet he may chance to loss all in a night ;
Being driven to poverty, he must needs a Freebooter be,
Yet for vulgar calumnies there is no remedie :
An arrant liar calls a Freebooter a thief,
A freebooter may be many a man's relief :
A freebooter will offer no man wrong,
Nor will take none at any hand ;
He spoils more enemies now and then,
Than many hundreds of your marshal-men :
Near to a border frontier in time of war,
There ne'er a man but he's a freebooter :
Where fainting fazard dare not show their face ;
And calls their offspring thieves, to their disgrace ;
These are serpents' spirits, and vulgar slaves,
That slanders worthies sleeping in their graves."

That men so unruly and lawless should have been held dangerous by the State, and should have been treated as such, is at once intelligible and justifiable ; but it has always been the popular belief that there were elements of treachery in the scheme which worked their overthrow, and hence the deep and continued resentment caused by the treatment to which they were subjected.

The chief of the Armstrongs was the Laird of "Sweet Mangerton," in Liddesdale. Next to himself in power and authority seems, at the period of the King's raid, to have been his brother, Laird of Gilnockie, whose ruined tower is still to be seen in one of the loveliest scenes of Eskdale ; and it was to him that the King, according to the ballad, addressed a letter praying him "to come and speak with him speedily." Upon this, Armstrong, no doubt flattered, as Buccleuch had been, by finding himself in direct correspondence with his sovereign, appears to have conceived a hope of receiving him at Gilnockie ; and in the height of his satisfaction, he called on his ancient and steadfast allies, the Elliots, to strengthen his force.

" The Elliots and Armstrangs did convene ;
They were a gallant cumpanie."

And before setting out to meet the King

" They ran their horse on the Langhome howm,
And brak their speirs wi' mickle main.
The ladies lukit frae their loft-windows—
' God bring our men weel hame agen ! ' "

To the delicate perception of the women it seemed that some hidden danger was lurking under all the busy preparation.

Of the King's preparations, and of their final result, we read in old Pitscottie as follows:—Determined to "cause his good Commons to live in peace, and to danton the Border thieves," he called together his lords, barons, gentlemen, etc., to bring their good dogs with them, and to hunt with him in Teviotdale, Annandale, and Liddesdale.

"The 2d day of June the King passed out of Edinburgh to the hunting, with many of the nobles and gentlemen of Scotland with him, to the number of 12,000 men, and then passed to Meggetland, and hounded and hawked all the country and bounds—that is to say, Crammat, Pappert Law, St. Marylaws, Carlavorick Chapel, Ewindoores, and Longhope. I heard say he slew in these bounds eighteen score of harts. After this hunting he hanged John Armstrong, Laird of Gilnockie, and his complices, to the number of 36 persons, for the which many Scottish men heavily lamented, for he was the most redoubted chieftain that had been for a long time on the Borders either of Scotland or England. He rode ever with 24 able gentlemen, well horsed, yet he never molested any Scottishman. But, it is said, that from the Borders to Newcastle every man, of whatsomever estate, paid him tribute to be free of his trouble. He came before the King with his foresaid number, richly apparelled, trusting that, in respect of his free offer of his person, he should obtain the King's favour. But the King, seeing him and his men so gorgeous in their apparel, with so many brave men under a tyrant's commandment, frowardly turning him about, he bade take the tyrant out of his sight, saying, 'What wants that knave that a King should have?' But John Armstrong made great offers to the King. That he should sustain himself, with 40 gentlemen, ever ready at his service, on their own cost, without wronging any Scottishman. Secondly, that there was not a subject in England, duke, earl, or baron, but within a certain day he should bring him to his Majesty either quick or dead. At length he, seeing no hope of favour, said, very proudly, 'It is folly to seek grace at a graceless face. But,' said he, 'had I known this, I should have lived on the Borders in despite of King Harry and you both; for I know King Harry would downweigh my best horse with gold to know that I were condemned to die this day.'"

Such is the tale of the historian; Border tradition adds that the trees

withered on which Armstrong and his band were hanged. So deep and lasting was the regret for the murdered leader, that one may believe his account of himself as given in the ballad was a just one, and that to some of the sins of his time and calling he added virtues of his own, appreciable by the community among which he lived. If so, they were less likely to attribute his execution to the King's desire to deliver his good commons from a petty tyrant, than to a readiness to rid himself of a dangerous subject.

Henry VIII., on hearing of the Borderer's death, is said to have regretted it, and to have remarked that a King's face should give grace; but to a Tudor, boldness in another man was a force to be used, while to a Stuart it was too often a power to be feared.

Other leaders besides Armstrong were executed on this occasion, when King James penetrated into the recesses of Ewsdale and Teviotdale. The fate of Cockburn of Henderland, hanged before his own castle, has been commemorated in the touching lament called that of the Border Widow.[1]

The great power of the Armstrongs declined after the execution of
1530 Johnnie Armstrong in ~~1525;~~ but they did not become a broken clan till a much later period, as their chief, the Laird of Mangerton, is mentioned in the roll of 1585. All through the sixteenth century they were in opposition to the Scottish Court and Warden; in 1598, when, after one of their raids into Cumberland, Sir R. Carey, Warden of the West Marches, demanded satisfaction from the King of Scotland, he replied that the offenders were no subjects of his, and that he might take his own revenge.

It was not, however, till after the death of Queen Elizabeth that they were finally outlawed, in punishment of a raid on an unusually large scale. Their lands were, at that time, divided among the Elliots and the Scotts, and though individuals of the name made themselves conspicuous throughout the seventeenth century as Border reivers, this fiercest of the Lowland clans disappeared from the annals of their country when peace was restored to her Borders.

Before setting out on his expedition against the Armstrongs, King James had thought it wise to place some of the chief Border barons in ward in Edinburgh; in other words, "to charge certain great men to enter in ward in the castles of Edinburgh, Blackness, and Dumbarton, there to remain during his pleasure—to wit, the laird of Buccleugh was warded in the castle of Edinburgh; the laird of Johnstone, and Mark Ker, warded in

[1] *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. ii. p. 310.

Dundee, with many other gentlemen of the Borders, because he (the King) knew well they were the breakers of peace, and nothing was done by the Commons but by their advice and command, wherethrough there was great reiff and hership in the country by their said herdsmen; but from time that they were taken and put in captivity, . . . there was great peace and rest a long time, wherethrough the King had great profit; for he had 10,000 sheep going in the Ettrick Forest, in keeping by Andrew Bell, who made the King as good count of them as they had gone in the bounds of Fife."[1]

Pitscottie is merciless in his exposition of motives. The King's sheep, however, did not long enjoy their immunity, if it was due to the absence of the Border chieftains, for they in a short time returned to their hills and dales, in a state of considerable exasperation at the treatment to which they had been subjected.

The Earl of Bothwell, resenting the King's attempt to control his fellow-barons, took an early opportunity after the events we have described to open a treasonable correspondence with Northumberland,[2] "in order," as he said, "for revenging of his displeasure, and relevying of his heart and stomach against the Scottish King;" and the Elliots, who did not forgive the cruel and treacherous treatment which their old allies had sustained, threw off all semblance of allegiance to the Stuarts. Robert Elliot of the Armitage,[3] and three others, accompanied Bothwell at an interview held between him and Northumberland, the object of which, as stated by Northumberland to King Henry, was to secure his Grace, that by it "the realme of Skotland sal be brought into gud stait agayn, and not the nobles thereof be kept down as they are in thraldom, but to be set up as they have bene before." It is to the honour of Buccleuch and the Border chieftains, who were most deeply oppressed, that they did not enter into the intrigues of the Earls of Bothwell and Angus with the English; but Bothwell drew over many of his followers; and, in 1532, Northumberland wrote to King Henry that the "Scotch King's unpopularity increased on the Borders—the Armstrongs' country especially would not resist invasion."[4]

We are not surprised after this to find the Earl of Northumberland writing to Henry VIII., in 1533, that a successful inroad had been made, when

[1] Pitscottie, *History*. [2] *State Papers*, vol. iv. p. 557—Northumberland to Henry VIII.

[3] He was probably at the time the Captain of Hermitage, for unless a confidential person, he would not have been admitted to the interview.

[4] Tytler's *History of Scotland*, vol. v. 240.

the Middle Marches were plundered up to the gate of the Buccleuchs' stronghold—Branxholm Castle—"that knight he was not at home, and so they burnt Branxholm and other towns."

At break of day they "receded homewards over Liddesdale, lest the warning should have been given to Jedworth—which Jedworth is from the Whele Causey six miles. . . . So, upon sundry good considerations, before they entered Liddesdale they maid proclamation, commanding, upon pain of death, assurance to be for the said inhabitants of Liddesdale, without any prejudice or hurt to be done by any Englishman unto them."

The letter ends by the information that the raid had been carried "13 miles into the ground of Scotland, and from my house at Warkworth, above 60 miles of the most evil passage, where great snawes doth lye." Buccleuch, though not at home to the Earl of Northumberland, shortly returned his visit, and with 300 men devastated Northumberland.[1]

One of the causes which led to Northumberland's expedition against Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, is stated to have been the indignation produced in the English nobles' breasts by certain sarcasms in which that chief had indulged against the King of England.

The English leaders seem to have been sensitive on the score of raillery, which gives one the suspicion that they may have been less ready in the art of "tongue-fencing" than their neighbours.

In 1538, Sir Thomas Wharton, "wardene of the W. Marchis of England, foranent Scotland," was sufficiently ruffled by "certain ballats and buks of deffamatioun" current on the Bordours, to the displeasure of his sovereign, to make remonstrance concerning them to James V., who replied that he "would presentlie direct scharpe charges to all partis of our Bordours, to defend sic thingis to be usit be ony our lieges, and to get knawledge of the auctors of it, to the intent that thai may be punyschit for their demerits as accords. Bot because we never hard of sic things befoir, we suspect the samyn to be imaginate, and devisit be sum of zour awin natioun and liegis of our derrest uncle's. . . .

"Linly^{t}g^{r}., y^{e} last day of Januar. JAMES R."

[1] 1533.—Some idea of the power of the Border barons may be gathered from the report of Magnus, who says:—"The Scots are in such readiness, that five gentlemen—viz. Lord Hume and Alexander Hume for Merse, and Buccleuch, David Ker of Ferniherst, and Mark Ker, for Teviotdale—may suddenly, without proclamation, assemble 5000 men."—Magnus to the King, July 16, 1533.—Raine's *North Durham*, p. 15. *MS. Notes of the Hon. Geo. Elliot.*

V. Solway Moss, 1542—Negotiations for the Marriage of Edward VI. with Queen Mary—Henry VIII. makes War—Exploits of Sir R. Ewre and Sir B. Latoun.

The frontier districts continued to be disturbed by frequent inroads, and in 1542 was fought the battle of Solway Moss, which James V. only survived a fortnight.

Henry VIII. immediately began a negotiation for the marriage of the infant Queen to his son Prince Edward, and the delivery of Mary into his hands, in which the Douglases and the prisoners taken at Solway Moss, who were all bound to serve him, were his principal agents. Cardinal Beaton, the great opponent of the English faction, was supported among others by the Earl of Bothwell, who had the government of Liddesdale, and the Laird of Buccleuch.

The English Wardens therefore suspected, probably with reason, the good faith of an offer of service made to them at this time (May 1543) by "certain Liddesdale men, chiefly Elliots . . . in the name of 300 of their surnames, all horsed men, which is within Liddesdale."[1] Such offers, it was supposed, were instigated by Bothwell himself, who, had they been accepted, would have instantly accused the English of breaking truce, and taking away Scottish subjects.[2] A little later, while the English army was ravaging Teviotdale, the Laird of Buccleuch made a similar offer, which the wardens attributed to a desire to secure his harvest. They were probably not far wrong in their surmises, for on the 29th of the same month of May, Lord Parr, brother to Katherine Parr, writing to the Council, mentions attempts against England by the Liddesdale men, for which they (the English Wardens) could get no redress, the fault being with Lord Bothwell, described by Sir R. Sadler as "the most vain and insolent man in the world, full of pride and folly; and here, I assure you, nothing at all esteemed."

Sadler had been sent to Scotland by the English King to negotiate the marriage of Prince Edward with the young Queen, and to watch the proceedings of the "assured Lords," at the head of whom was Angus. The result of his investigations was, that the emissaries of Henry had made

[1] See letter of Sir Ralph Ewre to the Duke of Suffolk, May 20, 1543.

[2] Suffolk and Tunstall to the Council, May 21, 1543.—*State Papers*, vol. v. page 289.

no progress; that the vassals who had formerly followed Angus against his own sovereign, would desert him when he should appear as an ally of England; and that the people generally would "liever suffer extremity than come to the obedience and subjection of England. They will have their realm free, and live within themselves after their own laws and customs."[1] A brave and a wise will it was, for which we should be proud and grateful.

During the fifteen years of Angus's absence from his country, his power and estates had suffered considerably. Sadler, writing to Henry VIII., 1543, says—"In my Lord Angus's house where he is, I cannot be, being the same (as I am candidly informed) is in such ruin as he hath there scant one chamber for himself and my lady his wife," etc.[1]

We will not accuse a Douglas of treasonable dealings with a foreign power for the object of ultimately retrieving his fallen fortunes; and we can acknowledge that there were many sound and statesmanlike reasons for the existence of an English party at the Scotch court; but gratitude should be given to whom gratitude is due, and we may not forget that we owe the great gift of national independence far less to the wisdom of our Councils and the patriotism of our nobility, than to the firm determination of the people. If there were an attempt at dictation from England, Sadler was told[2] "there is not so little a boy but he will hurl stones against it, and the wives will handle their distaffs, and the commons will rather die in it, and many noblemen and all the clergy be against it." In this determined hostility of the commons, the Borderers bore their full share.

Upon them broke the wave which Henry's baffled hopes caused to overflow on Scotland. The English Wardens "trusted to God" that they should have power to do annoyance to Scotland this winter; and on the Middle Marches "they trusted to burn and make waste all the dwellers in Liddesdale, except within the Castle of Hermitage; or else to compel all the dwellers without the said Castle in Liddesdale to do service to the King's Highness."[3] Sir Ralph Ewre, Warden of the Middle Marches, gives

[1] Sadler to Lord Parr.

[2] By Sir George Douglas, brother of Angus, himself an assured Lord, and a better friend to the King's Majesty (of England) than to the Commonwealth of Scotland.

[3] Paper entitled "The Opinions of Sir T. Wharton, Sir R. Ewre, and others, for annoyance, as they trust to God shall be done to Scotland, this winter."—*State Papers*, 1543.

a long list of places in Teviotdale and the Merse to be burnt, "as the moon and weather permit."

It was the "appynnyon" (opinion) of Sir Ralph Ewre,[1] "that Jedworth, which is the strength of all Tiviydale, should be brent and destroyed, which done, the King's Majestie might, with a small power, have the Borders of Scotland at commandment."[2]

This appynnyon of his lieutenant no doubt influenced Lord Hertford, when in the following year, 1544, he wrote as follows to the King's Majestie:—"There shall be a Warden's rode made into Jedworth, not doubting but that, with the grace of God, it shall be fisible ynough to win the towne, and also the church or abbey of the same, which is thought to be a house of some strength, and may be made a good fortress. And the same towne being the chief place of resort and assemble of all the Marsh and Tevidaill, and their principal relief in those parts, if it be thus taken from them, it shall not lyttle abate their courage and engender muche quyetnesse on the Borders."

It is satisfactory to find among all these preparations for destruction some "compunctious visitings," in respect of beautiful Melrose. "As touching *Mewrehouse*" (still called Meurus by the common people), "his Majesty is pleased," wrote the Lords of the Council to the Earl of Shrewsbury (1544), "that, notwithstanding the same cannot be well fortified and kept for his Majesty's use, for the difficulty of victualls, and yit it *shall not be defaced*, except it appear that the same maie be fortified and kept against his Majesty by the enemies."[3] The extent of Henry's magnanimity amounted to the forbidding of destruction from which he could reap no advantage.

Between July and November of the following year, 1544, sufficient "exploits were done upon the Scots" to fill a dozen printed folio pages in Hayne's *State Papers*.[4]

The "Lord of Bucklugh" was a considerable sufferer—his barmkeyn at Branxholm was burnt, and 600 oxen and kyen, 600 shepe, certen horse and nags, 200 gayt, and as "moche spoyle of insight grace" being carried off as they could take away. Another town of the same chieftain was

[1] Sir Ralph Ewre of Ewes, governor of Berwick; he maintained law and order along the Border, and "was ever ready to prikke the Scot."

[2] Sir R. Ewre to Lord Hertford, 1543.

[3] *Ibid.* [4] 43, *et seq.*

"smoked sore," while from its barmkeyn were taken 80 horses or nags, 200 nolt, and 400 shepe.[1]

Besides the Armstrongs, the Olivers, Croziers, Halls, Turnbulls, are all mentioned as under assurance, and acting with the Tyndall and Ryddesall men against Teviotdale. Curiously enough, on the 14th September, Sir Raff Ewre mentions them as entering the castle of Edgerstone in Teviotdale "by policie," and three days later he names the same parties and *the Rudderforths* (to whom Edgerstone belonged) as acting together against Scotland.

Nearly the whole country was compelled to give pledges for their conduct, and to wear the red cross, the English badge. Almost the only surnames of any importance on the Middle Marches, who were not at this time found acting with the English, were the Elliots and the Scotts; it is therefore probable that, as on previous occasions, the Elliots had been forced to leave Liddesdale, and had sought refuge among the Scotts in Ettrick and the Forest.

How little was meant by the acceptance of "assurance" from the English commanders, is shown in a letter of Sir Rauff Evre (1544) to Lord Hertford, in which he mentions twenty days as the term for which it would probably be asked by the Lairds of Tividale, while he adds, on the authority of an "espiall, that if they get ayde in that time they intende to stande at deffyance with England."[2]

It was precisely for a term of twenty days that Buccleuch requested "assurance" at this very time from Lord Wharton, in order to consult with his friends, in consequence of what had passed at a conference between the two hostile leaders, graphically described in Burton's *History of Scotland*, quoted in part from the Hamilton Papers; the purpose of the

[1] Sum-total.—Towns, towers, stedes, barmekyns, parish churches, bastell houses . 192

Scotts slain . .	403
Prisoners taken . .	816
Nolt . . .	10,386
Shepe . . .	12,492
Nags and geldings .	1,296
Gayt . . .	200
Bolls of corn . .	350

[2] 1544. Sir Rauff Evre to the same:—"I am credible informed that a grit sorte of the Lards of Tividale intend to make sutte unto your Lordship secretly that theye myght haue assurance of your Lordship for the space of twenty days . . and, halbeit, as I am informyde by one of my espialls, there intent is no more but because they are promysed to have ayde ffrom the Governor and the Cardinall within this fortnyte, and if they get ayde they intende to stande at deffyance with England."

English in this meeting being to gain over the Border chieftains to their master's cause.

"Wharton had a conference with the Laird of Buccleuch, who had succeeded the Armstrongs as the chief leader and potentate on the Scots side of the Border warfare. They met with threescore horse on either side. The English announced their great master's success in his war with the Scots' ally — he had just taken Boulogne. Buccleuch on this mused a little, but was not discomposed." The English then, reminding him that he had sought the meeting, asked what business he had to propound? Thereon, we are told, "he, with a merry countenance, answered, that he would buy horse of them, and renew old acquaintance. They said they had no horses to sell to any Scotsman, and for old acquaintance; they thought he had some other matter, and advised him to show the same. Who answered, 'Jesu! what ails you thus to run upon us?' In this strain of light good-humour, he reminded them how near the two countries had come to a fast alliance; how Scotland had virtually consented to the union of the prince and princess, and all would have gone well, and the wars would not have begun, had the King of England dealt fairly. And earnestly therewith said, that if my Lord Prince did marry their Queen, he would as truly and dutifully serve the King's Highness and my Lord Prince, as any Scottishman did any King of Scotland; and that he would be glad to have the favour of England with his honour; but that he would not be constrained thereto if all Teviotdale were burnt to the bottom of hell." The other party recommended him to give over this kind of talk, and announce his intention. Was he, or was he not, to become King Henry's liegeman? He dropped some sarcasms on Angus and the "assured Scots," saying, that if he gave his word he would keep it better than they did. "Being again pressed for a decision, he took up his position as the leader of a powerful party, who had met Wharton, not on the question of going over to the enemy, but of discussing what could be done to put an end to the cruel war. But he saw how it was; they would have him sing 'the shameful carol,' and, to avoid the destruction of his house, seek the favour of England."[1]

The conference, which closed with the request of Buccleuch for twenty days' assurance, in order to take time for consultation, had no result. Wharton, indeed, had not power to grant the assurance asked; and when we next meet Buccleuch, it is on the field of Ancrum Moor.

[1] Burton's *History of Scotland*, vol. iii.

VI. 1545—Ancrum Moor—Lord Hertford's Second Invasion—Kelso Abbey destroyed, 1545.

The King of England promised to bestow a grant of the country which they had destroyed on Sir Ralph Ewre of Ewes and Sir Brian Latone, 1544; on hearing which, Archibald, seventh Earl of Angus, is said to have sworn to write their deeds of investiture upon their skins, with sharp pens and bloody ink, in resentment for their having defaced the tombs of his ancestors at Melrose.

In 1545 the same generals entered Scotland again, with 700 assured Scottishmen, chiefly Armstrongs and Turnbulls, and other broken clans, in their train.

In this invasion the English advanced as far as Melrose; on their retreat they were interrupted by the Scotch under Angus, who had been reinforced by Buccleuch, and on a plain north of Teviot, not far from the confluence of that river with the Ale, was fought the battle of Ancrum Moor, which afforded a day's revenge to those who had so long suffered the ravages of the English. The Scotch army, originally encamped on the heights above the village of Ancrum, had, by the advice of Buccleuch, descended to a piece of low flat ground called Penielheugh. In this position they were discovered by the English retreating in loose order, who, coming over the shoulder of the hill, with the setting sun and the westerly wind full in their faces, were taken at a disadvantage and beaten. As the battle was about to commence, a heron, roused from the marshes by the tumult, soared away betwixt the contending armies. "Oh," exclaimed Angus, "that I had here my white goss-hawk, that we might all yoke at once!"[1]

During the battle the assured Borderers stripped off their red crosses to join with their countrymen, while the cry of "Remember Broomhouse!" was heard on all sides. Broomhouse was the name of a bastel-house

[1] Godscroft.

belonging to one of the Humes, which had shortly before been burnt while the wife and bairns of the owner were within it, a deed of unusual atrocity even in the horrors of that war.

In the traditions of the country the battle-field is made to extend over a considerable space, for *Lilliard's Edge*, a ridge of muirland north of Ancrum village, is said to be so named after a maiden of Teviotdale, who bore that name, and who there fell fighting in the ranks of her countrymen. Tradition tells us that she was young, beautiful, loving, and beloved, till, driven to despair by the death of her soldier lover, she took his place in the ranks of the army, and died fighting heroically in the field.[1]

Unluckily for her, her fame was not restricted solely to tradition, and, as often happens, history has meddled to mar. Not many years ago a stone inscribed in her honour was still standing, and the inscription, as legible as authentic, ran thus—

> "Fair maiden Lilliard lies under this stane,
> Small was her stature, but great was her fame;
> Upon the English loons she laid many thumps,
> And when her legs were cutted off, she fought upon her stumps."

To us the maiden of Teviotdale will ever remain an illustration of the injustice of posterity. Had a Byron recorded her fate, she might have lived in immortal verse by the side of the Maid of Saragossa; had no poet sung her story, it might have lingered in tradition and brought a tear down some loving maiden's cheek; but the villanous doggrel in which her deeds have come down to us has proved an effectual stumbling-block to all romantic associations. Yet, what are sympathies worth which are scared away by the conjunction of two unlucky rhymes?

Ewre fell at the battle of Ancrum Moor, and was much regretted by his sovereign, who swore to avenge his death upon Angus, "against whom he conceived himself to have" particular grounds of resentment, on account of favours received by the Earl at his hands. The answer of Angus was worthy of a Douglas, more so than any other part of his

[1] Boece mentions the women of Scotland as fighting by the side of their husbands. That such was sometimes the practice of the English north country women is stated on the authority of Hollinshed, who records a conflict fought near Naworth between Leonard Dacres and Lord Hunsdon, in which the former had in his company "many desperate women, who there gave the adventure of their lives, and fought right stoutly."

conduct.[1] "Is our brother-in-law offended," said he, "that I, as a good Scotsman, have avenged my ravaged country and the defaced tombs of my ancestors upon Ralph Ewers? They were better men than he, and I was bound to do no less; and will he take my life for that? Little knows King Harry the skirts of Kirntable.[2] I can keep myself there against all his English host."[3]

This victory only momentarily relieved the country from the English. With the view of following up their advantage, the Scotch assembled an army for the invasion of England, in which Buccleuch, with all Liddesdale and Teviotdale, "had one wing;" but the expedition failed through the treachery of the Douglases, and a second time the Earl of Hertford overran the Borders.

Kelso was the most important place destroyed. Lord Hertford, in a despatch, wrote that he summoned the house, "but such as were within, a hundred persons, Scotchmen, whereof 12 of them were monks, persuaded with their own folly and wilfulness to keep it (which no men of any consideration of the danger they were in could have done), did refuse to render and deliver it."

Cannon were brought up, but when a breach was made, and the invaders entered, it was found that the garrison had retreated to the strong belfry-tower. It was assaulted on the following day, and all within killed.

In Hayne's *State Papers* there is a list of the "names of the fortrisses, abbys, frere-houses, market-townes, villages, towres, and places brent, rased, and cast downe by the commandment of Therll of Hertford, the King's Majestie's Lieutenant-Generall in the north partes, in the invasion into the realme of Scotland, between the 8th of September and the 23d of the same, 1545." The parts in which this wholesale destruction took place were on the river of Twede, on the river of Tiviot, on the waters of Rowle, Jedde, Kale, Bowmont, and in the Merse; and the sum-total gives—

In monasteries and frere-houses - - - - -	7
In castells, towns, and peles - - - - -	16

[1] It was not even now from a patriotic motive that the Douglases were opposed to the English, but because their lands and their family tombs had not been respected by their allies. Sir George Douglas was in correspondence with King Henry two days before the battle of Ancrum, and Angus immediately afterwards relapsed into his old subserviency to England.—*MS. Notes of the Hon. Geo. Elliot.*

[2] A mountainous tract at the head of Douglasdale. [3] Godscroft.

In market-townes - - - - - - -	5
In villages - - - - - - - -	~~2 or 3~~
In mylnes - - - - - - - -	13
In spytills and hospitals - - - - -	3

Among the towns and places burnt on the Teviot we note the names of Over Angeram, Neyther Angeram, East Barnshall, Mynto Crag, Minto Towne and Place, West Mynto, the Cragge End Cames, Bryeryards, Denhome, Langton, Rowcastell, Tympinton.[1]

It was in this raid that Lord Hertford described Teviotdale as a fine corn country, "and such plenty of the same as we have not seen the more plenteous in England. The harvest being early, all the corn was shorn, and in stacks or shocks, and so easily burnt." On the same occasion he found himself obliged to employ "Irishmen" for the work of destruction, as "the Borderers would not willingly injure each other," possibly from dread of reprisals as much as from nationality.

The English invasion had no other result than to stimulate Scotland to fresh exertions. Ninescore pounds were assigned to Buccleuch out of the taxes of Perth for the wages of the men under him on the Borders.[2] In October 1545, a force of 500 horsemen was directed to remain in Teviotdale, of which 125 were put under him. At the same date the Border barons agreed to concur in resisting our "auld enemies of England," and to resist thieves and traitors invading the realm, etc., to which William Scott, son and heir of Buccleuch, was a party, as he was also to another engagement with the Kerrs and others, to concur for this purpose, "without fear of bonds."

[1] Thirty-six places in all were burnt on the Teviot.

[2] Act Parl. v. ii. p. 461.

VII. Death of Henry VIII.—Duke of Somerset's Invasion—Lord Wharton on the Borders—Earl Bothwell, 1566.

The death of Henry VIII. made no change in the policy of England, and the Earl of Hertford, become Duke of Somerset and Lord Protector, once more invaded Scotland. After the battle of Pinkie, September 10, 1547, he returned to the English Border through Merse and Teviotdale, all the gentlemen of which districts made their submission to him.[1] The Earl of Bothwell, Lord of Liddesdale, had previously been bought over by the English Government with the promise of the hand in marriage of the Duchess of Suffolk,[2] sister to the late King. The price to be given for this alliance was the Castle of Hermitage.

In the following year, 1548, Lord Wharton,[3] as Warden of the Western Marches, rode a raid into Scotland with 3000 men, trusting that the "assured Lords" would, according to their engagements, have "brought their following to his aid;" but in this he was disappointed. Whatever might be the disposition of the leaders, the followers were true to their own countrymen. He, however, succeeded in engaging 7000 Scotchmen to serve England, who belonged chiefly to the frontier districts most recently ravaged, as Liddesdale and the Debateable Land, Teviotdale, Annandale, Nithsdale, and Eskdale.

He states that among the Liddesdale Borderers who came under assurance were 300 Armstrongs, 74 Elwoods (Elliots), 32 Nixons.

The Elliots here mentioned can have formed but a small part of the clan, whose numbers were at this time very considerable.

We have seen that some years before, in 1543, the Elliots and Croziers came to Sir Ralph Ewre, in the name of 300 of their surnames, all mounted men; and it was said that besides these 300, there were others of another grain, that is belonging to different branches of the same clan. The greater

[1] Sir Walter Scott supposed that none of his name had taken assurance; but in this he was mistaken, for Sir Ralph Bulmer, writing to the Protector, 10th December 1547, says—"although Buccleuch had taken assurance, he was playing a double part."—*Tytler*, vol. vi. proof, No. 3.

[2] Mary of England married first Louis XII. of France; second, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

[3] Lord Wharton had the chief wardenry or general superintendence of all the Marches.

part of these had probably taken refuge in Ettrick and other districts, and had not returned to Liddesdale since the war began. The policy of engaging men in their service who were exasperated by cruelties committed on themselves by the English was not very successful; and, on more fields than that of Ancrum Moor, the assured Borderers turned against their employers, for which breach of engagement Wharton did not scruple to execute the pledges or hostages who had been delivered to him.

A body of French troops having been sent to assist the Scots under M. D'Essé, Arran advanced to the Borders, and retook Jedburgh, which he had afterwards to abandon. Buccleuch and his friends, on the approach of Arran, revolted from the English; to punish which most righteous desertion, Lord Gray of Wilton marched into the upper part of Teviotdale, Gala Water, Borthwick Water, and Liddesdale, burning and destroying a great circuit of country, and bringing away a great number of cattle.[1]

The French Ambassador writes that Lord Gray, "en a enmené un si grand nombre de bestials qu'on n'en a guere vu le semblable, car c'est le meilleur pays d'Ecosse. Et principalement furent là détruits les amis de Buccleuch et ceux qui s'etaient revoltés à la venue du Governeur et de ses adhérens" (1549). The English now began to lose ground, and after a struggle carried on with great ferocity on the Border, peace was at length made; and those who had been driven from their homes in Liddesdale were enabled to return there.

After a short interval of peace, during which the Commissioners of both countries agreed upon a division of the Debateable Land, war broke out again (1557), and the Elliots and Croziers lost no time in making themselves conspicuously offensive; riding nightly on the East and Middle Marches, and making "open raids and spoils."

At this time the Scotch Borderers seem to have been more active than their neighbours on the English frontier, who thus became willing to come to terms with their adversaries. "They were assured by the Scots from burning and spoil, and for the same in likewise paid the Scots certain rent and tribute." "*A proceeding which had never been heard of before,*" wrote Sir R. Sadler. This statement is worthy of remark, because it has been represented, chiefly on the authority of certain ballads, that the custom of

[1] In 1528, a proclamation had been published, commanding the inhabitants of Lothian, Merse, Lauderdale, and Ettrick Forest, who were assured with England, to join the governor, offering them remission. Buccleuch and his friends probably took advantage of this.

enforcing black-mail here alluded to was of more ancient date. Its mention in the ballad of Johnny Armstrong has always led us to believe that the ballad—or at all events certain portions of it—was not written till late in the sixteenth century, when the custom of enforcing black-mail had become established.[1]

We are ourselves disposed to think, that the "unheard-of proceeding" which so shocked Sadler, was rather a proof of advancing civilisation, arguing that men had something to do besides fighting, and something to give besides hard knocks and blows.

As for the morality of the practice, we cannot see that at a time when the English sovereign and government were attempting to possess themselves of their neighbours' territory, and obliging the inhabitants to take "assurance" from them as the sole means of saving their goods and lives, the Scots, on their side, should be blamed for attempting in return to possess themselves of as much as they could get of English gear, and for demanding tribute of the enemies they were thus induced to spare.

In Lodge's *Illustrations of British History*, there is some correspondence ~~which~~ shows the state of poverty to which the northern counties of England had been reduced by the constant incursions of the Scots, and also how thoroughly wearied of the war was the class most affected by it —namely, that of the country gentlemen and farmers.

The Governor of Berwick, writing in 1557 to Lord Shrewsbury,[2] Lieutenant-General of the Northern Parts, tells him that "all the carriages between York and Newcastle, and all the sacks within 20 miles of Newcastle," were insufficient to carry the necessary supplies of corn from Newcastle to Berwick.[3]

After this statement, it is difficult to enter into the surprise expressed by Lord Westmoreland (Warden of the West Marches), in the course of

[1] "The practice of taking persons prisoner for the sake of ransom, and also that of demanding black-mail or tribute-money in return for protection, were forbidden by an Act of Privy Council in 1567, 6th November."

[2] In one of Lord Wharton's letters to Lord Shrewsbury is a passage which shows that these great lords were not so wholly absorbed in affairs of state as to have no time for amusement. Lord Wharton writes:—"I am sorye my house of Wharton is not in a readiness for y^r L^d^ship's lodging. I besiche y^r L^d^ship to take some sport of my litell grounde there. My Lady may shote with her crossbowe, and y^r L^d^ship may see coursing with all your greyhounds. Tho' the game be poore, yet it shall be my comfort that y^r L^d^ship will use the same to your pleasure. My son Musgrave can be y^r L^d^ship's guide, though he be no good hunter."—(1555).

[3] "Perhaps 500 quarters of wheat," suggests the editor of the *Letters*.

the same year, that the people of the bishopric showed no readiness to go on with the war. He writes that "at the present time (October 1557), he could count on no horsemen but his own, unless it be those of Robert Tempest;" whereas in former times he had seen as many as a thousand men ready to serve the "Bishopricke;" "but it will be so no more, so long as the gentlemen and rich farmers are suffered to tarry at home, and a sort of poor creators and men hired for monye sent furth, which hath nothing to help themselves withal. I am sorry to see such an untowardness to serve in the people of the Bishopricke as is now, but I know not in whom the fault is."

Lord Westmoreland's expressions in this matter resemble those of Lord Surrey and Lord Dacre, already quoted; and Lord Westmoreland's testimony is all the more to be trusted, because, only two months before the date of the letter last quoted, he had written to Lord Shrewsbury with very different anticipations of the response which would be made by the people to their "natural lords and masters."

"And my Lord, if it so be the Dow^{r} of Scotland, wth the power thereof, be comed to the Borders, my poore advice is y^{r} L^{d}ship sh^{d} likewise come forward with y^{r} holle power, streight way, never regarding the lake of monye in respect of the present dangers of the frontiers; and to bring wth y^{r} L^{dp} all the worshipfull and wealthiest of the countrie, so that ev'ry man of worshipe may have the conduction and guiding of his owne friends and tenants, to th' intent that if any murmor or grudg shall arise amongst the soldiers for lack of money, before the same be provided, every man of worship may helpe to relieve his own company; and as I think the herts of the people is such, that they woll sooner be persuaded by ther owne naturall lords and maisters, and more willingly serve under them for love than with strangers for money.

"Thus, wishing y^{r} good L^{d}ship most prosperous success in all the King and Queene's affaires, and as well to do as I w^{d} myself, I commit the same to Almighty God. F^{r} my manor at Kirkbymoreshed, the 18th Aug. 1557.

"H. WESTM'LA'D."

"My very good Lord the Erle of Westmoreland to L^{d} Shrewsbury, L^{d} President of the King and Quenes Majesties'[1] Counsell, estab^{d} in the North Parts, and their Highness L^{d}General from Trent Northward. Hast post, hast, hast, hast for thy lyff, for lyff, for lyff."

[1] Philip and Mary.

During a two months' truce in the same year, 1557, the Wardens were "charged to take certain great riders of either syde, and remain with them for the better stay and continuance of the peace."

On this occasion, apparently, "the riders" were to be kept in ward. Some twenty years before, an Elliot, taken by the English Wardens under similar circumstances, was put to death, and the Scotch authorities were informed that he had been executed according to "your laws and his demerits."

Never had the country been in a more unsettled state than when, in 1561, Lord James Stuart, afterwards Regent Murray, was sent with a large force to the Borders, with great success at the time, but so little permanent result, that in 1562 he was obliged to repeat his expedition.

His first descent on the Borders had been directed against Jedburgh; on his second coming he went to Hawick. "Making a sudden and rapid march, he encompassed the town with his soldiers, entered the market-place, and by proclamation forbade any citizen, on pain of death, to receive or shelter a thief. Fifty-three of the most noted outlaws were apprehended; of these eighteen were instantly drowned, for lack of trees and halters."

Not long after this a feud broke out between the Elliots and Scotts, "wherewith the realm was somewhat troubled." The agents of Queen Elizabeth took advantage of this feud to strengthen their own party. They gave encouragement to the Elliots, with the view of annoying the partizans of Mary. Randolph, Elizabeth's envoy, suggested that, in order to show her displeasure against Lord Hume, Queen Mary's most trusted adherent in the Merse, thirty or forty "strapping Elliots" might be found who would harry his lands.

In 1565, when Bothwell had been made Lieutenant-General of all the Marches, he "wrought sore with the Elliots to call them to him, but he was unable, by all his promises, to induce them to join the Queen's party." The English party, in the meantime, "feared that they would become open enemies;" but when Bothwell was preparing an expedition against the Laird of Cessford and his son, the Elliots, with Lord Hume, the young Laird of Buccleuch, and all the best Border names, combined to withstand Bothwell unless the Queen herself accompanied him, and

requested the English Wardens, in case of distress, to let them take shelter on their Borders,[1] a request which was readily complied with.[2]

The intended expedition was abandoned at the time, but two months later Bothwell went with a large force to the Borders, and was followed by the Queen, to hold a justice-court at Jedburgh. The raid was directed particularly against the Elliots,[3] who were now banded with the Armstrongs and Scotts. On this occasion Bothwell was severely wounded by John Elliot of Park.

[1] "For that purpose have the best of these surnames" (the Lord Hume, the Lairds of Cessford and Buccleuch), "as well the Elwoods, whom we feared would become open enemies, as many other, also sent and desired my Lord Warden and me, that if they should be so distressed, we would suffer them, for four or five days, to lie closely upon our borders for their better succour," etc. etc. In this letter allusion is made to the growing power of Bothwell. "He continueth the most hated man of that realme, and it is said that his influence is such, as David" (Rizzio) "was never more abhorred than he is now." The King and Queen are described as on the worst terms.—*Earl of Bedford to Secretary Cecil.*

[2] Bedford to Cecil, August 3, 1566.

[3] Letters of Robert Melville.

VIII. Queen Mary on the Borders—John of the Park.

"The Queen," says a contemporary historian, "departed towards Jedburgh to hold a justice-court there on the 8th" (Oct. 1566). "Upon the same day the Earl of Bothwell, sent by her to bring in certain thieves and malefactors of Liddesdale to the justice-air to be humbled for their demerits, and he being serchand the fields about the Hermitage after that he had taken certain of the said theives, and had put them in the said place of Hermitage in prison, chancit upon ane thief callit John ~~Elwot~~ of the Park. And after he had taken him, the said John speirit gif he wold save his life; the said Earl of Bothwell said, gif an assise would make him clean[1] he was heartily contented, but it behuvit to pass to the Queen's grace. The said John hearand they words, slips frae his horse to have run away, but in the lighting the said Earl shot him with ane dag[2] in the body, and lighted down to have taken him again, and followand fiercely upon the said thief the said Earl slipped over ane souch, and tumbled down the same, wherethrough he was sa hurt that he swoonit. The said John, perceivand himself shot and the Earl fallen, he gaed to him where he lay, and gave him three wounds, ane in the body, ane in the head, and ane in the hand; and my lord gave him twa straiks with ane whinger at the haip, and the said thief departed, and my lord lay in a swoon till his servants came and carried him off to the Hermitage. At his coming thereto the said thieves which was in prison in the said Hermitage, had gotten forth thereof and was maisters of the place, till ane, callit Robert Elliot of the Shaw, came and said, gif they would let in my Lord Bothwell he would save all their lives and let them gang hame; and so they let my lord in, and gif he had not gotten in at that time he and all his company had been slain. And the said thief that hurt my Lord Bothwell deceasit within a mile, upon ane hill, of the wounds gotten frae my Lord Bothwell of before."

This account comes from the pen of a supporter of Bothwell's, but there is another, also contemporaneous,[3] which gives a different version of

[1] If a jury would acquit him. [2] A dag—a pistol.
[3] *Bedford Correspondence.*

the story, describing a fierce encounter between the soldiers led by Bothwell and a party of armed Elliots, who attacked them suddenly from one of the glens which intersected the hill-sides of Liddesdale; a conflict, hilt to hilt, ensued, in which Bothwell was severely wounded by the leader of the band, John Elliot of the Park. In the meanwhile, another party of Elliots had possessed themselves of the Hermitage, and were prepared to resist the entry of the Queen's troops and their wounded leader, but were finally dissuaded from so doing by the representations of Elliot of the Shaws—a man of weight and influence among them—who pointed out the hopelessness of any but temporary success in a struggle between the clan and the power of the state.

John of the Park certainly did not die of this adventure, for he was alive in 1567, when the Lord Chancellor, Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, mentions him in a poem directed against the thieves of Liddesdale :—

"They leave not spindle, spoon, nor spit,
Bed, bolster, blanket, sark, nor sheet;
John of the Park
Rypes kist and ark,
For all sic wark
He is right meet."

He was therefore one of those whose fate was pleasantly anticipated by the Chancellor in the concluding verse :—

"Yet or I die,
Some shall them see
Hing on a tree,
While they be dead."

John, however, disappointed these hopes, for he figured in many a Border foray, of date subsequent to Lethington's diatribes; and tradition ascribes to him a song, which we may imagine to have been his reply to that of the head of the law :—

"I've wounded the Queen's lieutenant,
And gar'd his troopers flee,
And my name is little Jock Elliot,
And wha daur meddle with me?"

Though the rest of the song has been forgotten, the air is still a popular one, and to it the men of Liddesdale marched into Hawick, when,

in 1806, on an alarm of invasion, they swam the Liddel river, and hurried to join the Volunteer force at the general rendezvous.

We left Bothwell sorely wounded at Hermitage; by the 16th of October he was pronounced convalescent, and about that time he received a visit from the Queen, who was residing at Jedburgh, where the house is still to be seen then inhabited by her. Jedburgh is at least 20 miles from Hermitage, and when Queen Mary took the sudden resolution of visiting the wounded Earl there, autumn was fast waning into winter, and the expedition, hazardous at all times from the political condition of the country, was rendered doubly difficult by the shortness of the days and the state of the muirlands, always full of bogs, and in winter all but impassable.

She was obliged to add considerably to the unavoidable fatigues of her ride, by taking a circuitous route on the north side of the Teviot, and through the town of Hawick, the hills and defiles to the south being in the hands of Borderers disaffected to her party. Tradition states that in crossing a morass above Hawick, her horse became bogged, and was with difficulty extricated. The spot is to this day pointed out as the "Queen's mire," and is as impassable as it was in the sixteenth century. After a stay of two hours at Hermitage, she returned to Jedburgh. Her life nearly paid the forfeit of this adventure—for, after exhausting her already wearied frame upon a large packet of writings which she despatched on the 17th to Bothwell, she was seized with fever, fainting, and delirium, and her life was for some time in danger. On the 31st she despatched provisions, etc., to Hermitage, and on the 8th November left Jedburgh.[1]

The Queen's visit to the Borders left deep traces. During it she first gave signs of the reckless passion for Bothwell which was so soon to bring infamy upon her name; and yet neither a preoccupied mind, nor illness, nor grief, could prevent her from exercising over those who came within the sphere of her personal influence, that potent spell, which the flight of centuries has not sufficed to lay. Accordingly, among the Border leaders

[1] Wiffen's *History of the House of Bedford.* A month later, on the 11th December 1566, the Earl of Bedford visited the Queen at Holyrood; "she saluted my Lord of Bedford with a kiss, *whether he would or no*, and gave him a banquet of sweetmeats; after which, with my Lord, the Queen went into the nursery to see her bairn." We fear that my Lord of Bedford's implied reluctance to the kiss may have been intended for Elizabeth's eye. Mary's predilection for "sweetmeats," very characteristic of her Parisian education, has been alluded to before when the writer of the *Memoirs of the Somervilles* mentions the introduction by her of the fashion of *desserts* and *kickshaws*.

she gained zealous partisans, while the population, comparatively indifferent to religious matters, found no cause of offence in her creed, and were therefore open to admit the natural impressions excited by youth and beauty, and by personal distress contrasted with high rank and power.[1]

When days of trouble came, nowhere did the Queen find more faithful support than from the great chieftains of Teviotdale; and when the wave went over her, they alone attempted revenge.

The enforced agreement to the terms imposed on him by the Elliots ere they would let him into Hermitage Castle rankled in Bothwell's mind, and in the following year, 1567, he was "minded to make a raid into Liddesdale," and summoned the gentry and Border chiefs to join him at Melrose, June 7. They refused to obey his summons, and shortly afterwards the battle of Carberry Hill rendered the Queen a prisoner and Bothwell a fugitive.

Liddesdale was still, however, destined to suffer for a past connection with him. The Regent Murray, conceiving, perhaps, that Bothwell had taken refuge in the district, made a sudden inroad upon it.

Assembling the lieges at Peebles, November 8th, he marched suddenly to Hawick upon the market day, and there surprised a number of the Liddesdale men, upon forty-three of whom, according to his fashion, he did summary execution; twenty-two of these persons were Elliots, six were Croziers, and the rest of other surnames; eleven of them were hanged, seven drowned, one slain in the taking, three or four led to Edinburgh, and the rest "cleansed by an assise."

[1] The Queen at this time was known to be on the worst terms with Darnley, and, in spite of a feigned reconciliation, to have by no means forgiven his share in the murder of Rizzio, which had taken place a few months before.

IX. Regent Murray—Rebellion of the North—Rebel Earls and Martin of Priskin's-haugh—Hector of Harlaw.

The Regent having been called to England by Elizabeth to meet the Commissioners of Queen Mary, now a captive in her hands, his absence was taken advantage of by the Borderers, who committed great excesses. The place of Torwoodlee, in the month of December 1568, was invaded by a band of 300 men, belonging to the Armstrongs, Elliots, Batesons, and Grahams; the house broken open, seventeen horses worth £100 apiece, and £1000 in gold carried off, and G. Hoppringle, the owner, slain: a deed which we believe to be the most indefensible in Border annals, since no motive is assigned for it beyond a desire of plunder.

Jock Armstrong, the Laird's Jock, whose name is well known in Border tradition, took part in this raid; and when retribution followed in the ensuing spring, by the marching of an army, led by the Regent, into Liddesdale, Mangerton, the residence of the chief of the Armstrongs, was burnt.

But the punishment of marauders was not the Regent's sole object in this expedition. He sought, under pretence of an engagement to put down crime, to obtain an acknowledgment of King James's title and of his own authority. For this purpose a "bond" or engagement was drawn up by the Border Barons, in which the subscribers "bound themselves to the Earl of Murray, Regent; declared themselves obedient subjects to the King's Majesty and professed enemies to all thieves, inhabitants of the county of Liddesdale, Eskdale, Ewesdale, Annandale; and in special to all persons of the name of Armstrong, Elliot, Nikson, Crozier, Littill, Bateson, Thomson, Irving, Bell, Johnstone, Glendoning, Routledge, Henderson, and Scotts of Ewesdale, and to their wives, bairns, beasts, and servants." They engaged not to give them "meat, drink, or herbry," or suffer them to resort to markets or trysts, or permit them or their wives to remain on any lands without Liddesdale, unless within seven days of that date they find sufficient sureties to the Wardens of the Marches; "and all others not finding the said sureties within the said space, we shall pursue to the deid with fire, sword, and other hostility, and expose them and all thing in their possession in prey to the men of war, as open and knowing enemies of God,

the King our sovereign, and the Commonwealth." "Also, in case, in the resistance or pursuit of any of the said thieves, it shall happen any of these to be slain and brint, or any of our friends to be harassed by them, we shall ever esteem the quarrel a deadly feud, equal to us all, and shall never agree with the same thieves."

The Laird of Buccleuch was specially promised the assistance of the subscribers to this bond as against the objects of it, but he was not disposed to acknowledge the authority of the Regent, nor to desert the clans of Liddesdale; and, from this time forward, he is found among the most active partisans of Mary, and exercising great influence with the Borderers.

Murray's next raid on the Borders, in September and October 1569, was directed against the followers of Buccleuch and Ferniherst.[1] This seems to have been the most effectual of his expeditions, and to have resulted in the sending of seventy-two hostages across the Firth for safe keeping—a step which, as we are told by a contemporary poet, resulted in making the rest keep order.

"Having established all things in this sort,
To Liddesdale again he did resort.
Through Eskdale, Ewsdale, and all the dales rode he.
. . . . . .
Nae thief did stir, they did him fear so sore.
. . . . . .
Threescore and twelve he brought of them in pledge;
Syne warded them whilk made the rest keep order
Than might the russbus keep kye on the Border."—(1570.)

Shortly after this the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, who had taken a foremost part in the Rising of the North, were forced to fly from England and take refuge in Liddesdale.

There their flight was interrupted by Martin Elliot of Prickinhaugh,[2] who, with others that had given pledges to the Regent,[3] proposed to raise

[1] Sir Thomas Kerr, son of "Dand" Kerr, chief of the Kerrs of Ferniehurst, was created Lord Jedburgh by James VI. in acknowledgment of his fidelity and devotion to Queen Mary. He is said to have been possessed of eminent qualities. The lairds of Cessford, Ferniehurst, and Buccleuch, all received the honour of knighthood about the same time, 1522, from the Queen Regent, Mary of Lorraine.

[2] Martin Elliot of Prickinhaugh was a noted character on the Borders. He belonged to a branch of the Lariston family; and it is he who, according to one version of the ballad, had the credit of rescuing "Jamie Telfer's Kye."

[3] We have no information as to the time at which the chiefs of the Elliots enrolled themselves among the adherents of the popular party, but some of their leading families appear to have taken sides with the Regent, and at an early date.

their forces against them. The Earls were escorted by another Border clan, that of Black Ormiston (one of the murderers of Darnley), with which Martin of the Tower had a mind to quarrel; and so, after having, according to their custom, dismounted to fight, Elliot said to Ormiston he would be sorry to enter deadly feud with him by bloodshed, but he would charge him and the rest before the Regent for keeping of the rebels, and if he did not put them out of the country the next day, he would do his worst against them; whereupon the two Earls were driven to leave Liddesdale, and fly to one of the Armstrongs, a Scot upon the "'batable" on the Borders between Liddesdale and England.

The Scot was Hector Armstrong of Harlaw (all contemporary authorities agree upon this point), who afterwards basely betrayed Northumberland, and delivered him into the hands of the Regent.

"This act of treachery," says Lord Herries, "was so foully constructed by all the rest of the Border men, that from this time all men disdained his company, even his own nearest kinsmen, and to this day he is spoken of as an example of treason; for amongst these Border men their word of protection to any man in distress that comes amongst them is held sacred, and before they break their faith in this kind, they will rather undergo any hazard whatsoever."[1]

This feeling of the Borderers is shown in a letter of one of Sir R. Sadler's spies, who says that "Hector of Harlaw's head was wished to be eaten among us at supper"[2]—"us" standing for the Borderers among whom the English spy had insinuated himself, without any suspicion on their part of his true character.

In Fuller's *Worthies of Northumberland* we find him giving the following explanation of the Border proverb, *To take Hector's cloak:* "To deceive a friend who confideth on his faithfulness; and hereon a story doth depend. When Thomas Piercy, Earl of Northumberland, anno 1569, was routed in the rebellion which he had raised against Queen Elizabeth, he hid himself in the house of one Hector Armstrong of Harlaw in this county, having confidence he would be true to him, which, notwithstanding, for money betrayed him to the Regent of Scotland. It was observed that Hector, being before a rich man, fell poor of a sudden, and so hated generally, that he never durst go abroad, insomuch that the proverb *To take*

[1] Lord Herries's *Memoirs.*

[2] Sadler, vol. ii. p. 389.

Hector's cloak is continued to this day among them, when they would express a man that betrayeth his friend who trusteth him."[1]

People who have not many virtues to boast of, are chary of those they have; thus the Borderer, whose best virtue was fidelity, would by no means consent to have it stained or doubted. He was proud of his acknowledged fidelity to his chief, to his clan, to the laws of hospitality which forbade him to injure an enemy under his roof, or who, having partaken of his food, had not had time to digest it, to his plighted word, howsoever strong the temptation to break it; and these sentiments were not confined to the leaders of the clans, but were shared by men who were not above acting in the service of the enemy. An illustration of ~~which~~ fact is to be found in the letter already referred to, from which we proceed to quote a curious and interesting account of our Border district at the period of the northern insurrection, 1569-70. The writer was an English spy, Robert Constable by name, his correspondent being Sadler himself. Constable had entered Scotland for the purpose of reporting on the movements of the fugitive Earls. His mission led him first to the valley of the Jed, where at Ferniherst he found "Therll of Westmoreland not secretly kept, but walking before the gates openly, and seven of his servants standing by." Lord Westmoreland appears to have had no suspicion of Constable's true character; and believing him the friend he represented himself to be, he told him if he had but come six hours sooner, he should have spoken with "my lady of Northumberland, for the same night before, after midnight, she rode from Farnehirst to Hume Castell," which, says Constable, "I understoode otherwise to be true, and the lard of Farnehirst rode with hir to within half a mile of Hume, that the lord Hume's men resevid her, and from thence the lard retorned to Farnehirst again. My lord told me he was beholding to the lard that frendly had defended him from the Regent, and kept him even within iij miles of the Regent all that while he lay in Gedworth;[2] how here he was sought for, and how straightly he escaped yt was strange, and how that this day fortnight the Regent had assembled to the nomber of viij^{c} (800) horsmen and footmen, and came furth of Gedworth of purpose to search the house of Farnehirst; but so sone as he marched thetherwards, his company fled from him by xx and xl, that ere he came within a quarter of a mile of Farnehirst he had none left but his

[1] Fuller's *Worthies of Northumberland.*

[2] Jedburgh.

owne men, which were not ij^{c} (200), so that he retorned to Jedworth, and saide that he rode but to view the woods." After some further conversation, in which Constable discovered the place of refuge of other fugitives, he proceeded to speak with Mr. Norton[1] and his sons at Cavers, "the Sheriff of Tevidale's house. By the way as we rode, I told my oste[2] that the Lord of Fernihirst, his master (Sir Thomas Ker, a steady adherent of Queen Mary), had taken such an enterprise in hand, as not a subject in England durst do the like, to kepe any man openly as he did Thearle Westmoreland, against the will of the chief in auchthoritie. He said that his master cared not so much for the Regent as the Regent cared for him, for he was well able to raise 3000 men within his owne rule; besides that his wife by whom he had goodly children, was daughter to the Laird of Grange, Captain of Edinburgh Castell, and Provoste of Edenborowe. This wief that he married lately is sister to the Lord of Bucclewghe, a man of greater power than his master; also almost all the gentlemen of Tevidaill, of the Marsh and Soutray, were knitt with such friendship they had agreed to take one part." At Cavers, Constable learnt some particulars of the defeat from the Nortons, and in return gave them the treacherous advice "to ride, as he would surely do in their place, into England, and lye secretly with some speciall friend that would keep him as his own lyf, which he made humble submission, craving only lif."

The Nortons seem to have listened to this treacherous advice, saying that if they could only reach Yorkshire, they might be kept secret there if it were seven years. Constable, upon this, promised to get them "two guides that would not care to steal, and yet they would not betray any man that trusts in them for all the gold in Scotland or France. They are my guids and outlaws; if they would betray me they might get their pardons and cause me to be hang'd, but I have tried them ere this."

Having obtained all the information Norton could give as to the rest of the fugitives, Constable returned to Ferniherst, and by the way in the dark he met the old Laird of Bedrule, and three in his company. On the representations of George Pyle, Bedrule took Constable to be one of the

[1] Richard Norton had several sons, all of whom save one were engaged in the insurrection; that one is said to have accompanied his father into battle unarmed; the old man carried the banner of the two Earls, which displayed a cross and the five wounds of the Saviour.

[2] George Pyle of Milheuch, in Jedwater, with whom he lodged, appears in the list of Border riders on the Middle Marches made up in 1597.

fugitives, and at once offered him the use of his house, as if it were his own. "I thanked him, and offered him any friendship that might lie in me to do, and declared that my coming was in secret manner, to se wherein I could pleasure my friends in extremitie." On Constable's return to Milheuch, he found "many guests of divers factions, some outlaws of England, some of Scotland, some neighbours thereabout at cards, some for ale, some for plake and hard hedds;[1] and after that I had diligently learned and enquired that there was none of any surname that had me in deadly feud, nor none that knew me, I sat down and played at hard heads among them, where I hard *vox populi*, that the Lord Regent would not for his owne honor, nor for thonor of his country, deliver th' Erles if he had them bothe, unless it were to have their Quene delivered to him; and if he wold agree to make that change, the Borderers would stirt up in his country and reve both the Quene and the Lords from him, for the like shame was never done in Scotland, and that he durst better eat his own lugges than come again to Ferniherst; if he did, he should be fought with ere he came over Sowtray Edge.

"Hector of Harlaw's head was wished to have been eaten among us at supper."

Happily for them in the end, none of the fugitives trusted Constable's offers.

[1] Hard heads, a small coin worth about three halfpence.

X. Assassination of Regent Murray—Day of Law, 1570—Raid of Reidswire, 1575.

It can hardly cause surprise that such open protection afforded to the rebel Earls should have given deep offence to the English Government, and accordingly we find "those proud Scots," who befriended them, treated somewhat roughly in the correspondence of the English Commanders with the Council.[1]

A month after the flight to Scotland of the English Earls, the Regent Murray was assassinated under circumstances too well known to need repetition (January 24, 1569). On the very next night, the Borderers, led by Buccleuch and Ferniherst, took horse again and made an incursion into England as far as Morpeth, for which, in the following year, 1570, they were punished by the invasion of an English army under Sussex.

Sussex entered Scotland at Wark, and after cruelly ravaging Merse and Teviotdale, he received at Jedburgh the submission of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches. There he divided his forces in two parts, sending the one to burn and raze Ferniherst, Hunthill, Bedrule, and Minto; the other, meanwhile, destroying the opposite side of the Teviot, as far as Hawick. The town had been deserted by the inhabitants, who had pulled off the thatch from their houses and set fire to it in the streets, so as no person could well enter them for smoke. What remained, however, of the town was burnt, as was also Branxholm, which was set fire to by Buccleuch himself.[2]

A state paper of the time says:—"It is conceived that there is razed, overthrown, and burnt in this journey 50 strong castles and peels, and about 300 villages, so that there be few in the country who invaded England who have castles or houses for themselves."[3]

The English expected that, after these losses, Buccleuch, who had lately married the sister of the Earl of Angus, would, by the procurement of the Earl of Morton (uncle of Angus), turn to their party; but in this they were disappointed.[4]

During the civil war which followed, the Liddesdale men once more joined Buccleuch and the Queen's party; and it was probably as followers

[1] Haynes' *State Papers*.
[2] Redpath's *Border History*.
[3] *Cabala*, p. 175.
[4] Sussex to Cecil, April 25, 1570.

of Buccleuch that some of the Elliots happened to be in Edinburgh when a day of law was held between them and the Hoppringles.

The attempt to settle their differences by law was not very successful, for the "ane party set upon the other, and had not the town of Edinburgh rid them, there had been great slaughter done the said day"[1] (December 7, 1570). The Borderers, notwithstanding this outbreak, had, while in Edinburgh, the unusual duty of administering justice thrown upon them; Robert Cunninghame, a burgess of Edinburgh, being brought before an "assise of Liddesdale men," charged with bringing in the English, of which offence he was convicted. These same Borderers were, no doubt, engaged in the course of the next year (1571) in one of the most daring and remarkable exploits of the time—the surprise of the town of Stirling, and the capture of the Regent Lennox, with other nobles sitting in parliament there.

The great power attained by individuals in a very loosely organised society, is a fact of which our history gives perpetual illustrations; for example, a short time since we read of a certain William Elliot who set fire to the town of Hexham. On the present memorable occasion two Border chieftains, Buccleuch and Ferniherst, incensed against those who, as they said, had instigated their invasion of England in 1569, and had subsequently left them to bear the brunt of Elizabeth's vengeance, determined, in conjunction with others of the Queen's party, to capture the town of Stirling—at that moment the seat of government. The enterprise was planned by Kirkcaldy of Grange, who held Edinburgh Castle, and was conducted by Huntly, Lord Claud Hamilton, Buccleuch, Ferniherst, and Spens of Wormiston, with a force of 60 hagbutters and 340 Border horse. They left Edinburgh on the evening of the 3d September, and making a rapid march, reached Stirling as day was breaking. The Regent Lennox, and the Earls of Morton, Glencairn, and all the principal persons of the King's faction, were surprised in their houses, and taken prisoners; though many, Morton especially, made a stout defence. It had been arranged that, to prevent pursuit, all the stables were to be emptied by Buccleuch's and Ferniherst's men, "not to have a horse uncarried away with them, quhilk the southland childer forgot not to do for their part."[2] Meantime, "a number of unruly servants" broke up the merchants' booths, and ran about in disorder, leaving their masters alone; a circumstance no

[1] *Diurnal of Occurrents.* The dispute probably arose out of the attack on Torwoodlee, in which several Elliots took part.

[2] Melville's *Mem.*, p. 241.

sooner perceived than taken advantage of by the citizens, among whom the alarm had spread. The assailants were in their turn attacked, and their prisoners rescued, except the Regent, who was killed. Buccleuch surrendered himself to Morton. Nine of the Queen's party were killed, and sixteen made prisoners; and the loss, it is said, would have been much greater, but that the Borderers had so effectually cleared the stables, that not a horse was left to give chase with.[1]

Buccleuch[2] soon regained his liberty, but was forced to make his submission to the Regent Morton, who invented a new system of Border warfare, "punishing them (the Borderers) by their purses rather than by their lives." He, however, in August 1573, marched with a force to Jedburgh, and reduced the most refractory of them to obedience by the destruction, "with great spuilze, of their goods, their corns and houses." He also made the chiefs give hostages for "keeping good rule," and these, being generally members of the leading families, were sent to Dundee for safe keeping.

In 1575 took place a skirmish between the Scotch and English, known in Border minstrelsy as the Raid of the Reidswire; it was one of those occurrences which show the temperament acquired by men constantly engaged in strife: as on their own muirlands the smallest spark will suffice to set a tract aflame, the most trifling cause sufficed to produce results dangerous to the peace of two kingdoms.

A day of truce having been appointed to be held at the Reidswire, a spot on the frontier dedicated to such meetings, where certain arrangements necessary to the order of both frontiers were agreed upon by their respective wardens, Sir John Carmichael the Scotch, and Sir John Forster the English, Warden of the Middle Marches, appeared upon the ground with their customary following of sub-wardens, archers, and others. The ballad tells us that

"Carmichael was our warden then,
He caused the Countrie to come in,
And the Laird's Wat, that worthy man,
Brought in that sirname weil be seen.

"The Armstrongs, that aye hes been
A hardy house, but not a hail,
Th' Elliots honors to maintain,
Brought down the lave o' Liddesdale.

[1] Tytler's *History of Scotland.*

[2] He died in 1574.

" Then Tevidale came to wi' speid,
The Sheriffe[1] brought the Douglas down,
Wi' Cranstane, Gladstain, good at need,
Baith Rewle water and Hawick town.

" Beanjeddart bauldly made him boun,
Wi' a' the Trumbills, stronge and stout;
The Rutherfoords,[2] with grit renown,
Convoyed the town of Jedburgh out."

The meeting began in mirth and good-humour, and while the wardens proceeded to business their followers engaged in sports, and played at cards or dice, others loitered about upon the fells, or lounged round the temporary booths which it was the wont of certain petty merchants and traders to erect on these occasions. In the course of the day a bill was fouled (that is, was found a true bill) against a notorious English free-booter; whereupon Forster alleged that he had fled from justice. Carmichael appears to have considered this statement as a pretext to avoid making compensation for the felony, for he " bade Forster play fair," a taunt not for a moment brooked by the English warden, who retorted with some heat, while his retinue, the men of Redesdale and Tynedale, conceiving their leader to have been insulted, discharged a flight of arrows among the Scotch. This was the signal for a battle to begin, which ended in victory on the part of the Scots, and cost Forster, Francis Russell (son to the Earl of Bedford), and others, their lives.

Sir George Heron was slain in this skirmish, " a worthy gentleman, well beloved of both countries, whom they would have been loth to hurt if the heat of the conflict had not carried them to it unawares.

" It was expected this should have been an occasion of warre, but the Regent was nothing afraid of the matter. He knew them[3] and they him; he entertained friendship with them after his wonted manner, and sent many Scottish falcons for a present to the courtiers of England, whereof one made a jest, saying 'That hee dealt very nobly and bountifully with the English, in that he gave them live hawks for dead Herons.'"[4]

[1] The Sheriff of Teviotdale, Douglas of Cavers, descended from "the doughty Douglas" who was slain at Otterbourne.

[2] Thomas Rutherfoord, the Black Laird of Edgestane, had nine sons at his back, and was much feared on the Borders. He was present with his followers at the Raid of the Reidswire, 1575. His son Richard married a daughter of the Laird of Lariston, chief of the Elliots.

[3] The English. [4] Hume of Godscroft.

XI. Fenwicks and Elliots—Execution of Mary Queen of Scots—Commissioners for the Borders—Charges before them.

According to the ballad, the arrival of the Fenwicks on the field was the signal of disorder; and as the Fenwicks and the Elliots had a quarrel of some hundred years' standing, it is to be presumed that the "lads of Liddesdale" did not "fall to" the less readily when they found themselves confronted with their hereditary foes.

In the period which followed James VI.'s liberation from the "Ruthven Lords,"[1] both the Scotts and the Elliots served under Colonel Stewart, Captain of the King's Guard; and when James raised the whole force of the country against the conspirators, Colonel Stewart, "with the Scots and Elliotts to the number of 600 men,"[2] and a body of Glasgow citizens, took possession of Stirling town and castle, which the rebels abandoned, and where Gowrie was afterwards executed.

Occasional service at a distance from the Border did not prevent the Liddesdale men from committing great depredations on the English frontiers. The name of Elliot is conspicuous in the raids made against the people of Northumberland.

Sir John Foster, Warden of the English Middle March, "who had been," says his successor, Sir Robert Carey, "an able and valiant man, and had done great good service, grew at length to that weakness, by reason of his age, that the Borderers, knowing it, grew insolent; and, by reason of their many incursions and open raids, the inhabitants of the March were much weakened and impoverished, so that they were no longer able to subsist without personal help." The Redesdale people, moreover, complained that their warden was something more than weak, and that he made friends with and received in his house at Alnwick, Martin

[1] In the Raid of Ruthven, the Earls of Gowrie, Mar, Lindsay, and the Master of Glamis, got the King into their hands at Ruthven, Gowrie's seat, in 1582. They were supported by England and by the Kirk, etc., and the King's person was held by this faction till he escaped into St. Andrews, which was kept for him by Colonel Stewart, brother of the Earl of Arran, June 1583.

[2] Moysie's *Memoirs*.

Elwood and Robin Elwood of Lidsdale, the "chief doers" of the practices complained of.

Robert Elliot of Redheugh, the chief of the clan, had at this time acquired considerable influence, and, in 1585, was one of eight lairds who signed a bond, engaging themselves to support the authority of Sir Thomas Ker of Ferniherst, Warden of the Middle Marches; for even "when the truncheon of warden was assigned to a baron of extensive power and following on the frontiers, he seems to have thought that the royal commission, added to his own natural authority, was insufficient to overawe the turbulent Borderers,"[1] without the agreement of the principal chiefs to respect and enforce the royal authority in his person.

This bond was subscribed with the hands of—

Bukclvche.
Antro Ruy'ford of Hundelle.
George Dowglass of Boun Jedward zoun.
Reckart Ruy'ford of Edzerton.
Thom Ruy'ford of Hunthill.
Andro Ker of Greinheid.
William Dowgleiss of Caveris.
Robert Elliot of Ridhewcht.

The execution of Queen Mary, 8th of February 1587, excited universal indignation through the country, and King James had some difficulty in restraining his subjects from seeking instant revenge by an invasion of England.

"The Scottish Border chiefs," says Tytler, "had so strictly waylaid every road and pass, that not a letter or scrap of intelligence could be conveyed to the English Court; three Scottish scouts, with troopers, trained to the duty and armed to the teeth, were stationed at Linton Bridge, Coldingham, Moray, and beyond Haddington, who watched day and night, and pounced on every packet. The system of secret intelligence was at a stand. Walsingham pined for news, and complained that his 'little blue-cap lads,' who used to bring him word of all occurrences, were no more the men he had known them. . . . Buccleuch, Cessford, and Ferniherst, were only restrained from an outbreak by the positive injunctions of the King, and stood, full armed and fiery-eyed, straining like bloodhounds in the slip, ready to be let loose at a moment's warning on England."[2]

They had not to wait long. Between May and August 1587,

[1] *Border Antiquities.* [2] Vol. ix. p. 6.

"six successive Scottish forays swept with relentless havoc through the Middle Marches," their leaders being Cessford, Ferniherst, Angus, Francis Stewart Earl of Bothwell,[1] and his stepson Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch. It is probable that the Elliots took part in these raids, with which ended the demonstrations of Scotland, since the families of Buccleuch, of Bothwell, and of Elliot, were at this time connected by the marriage of William Elliot of Lariston to a sister of Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch.[2] Moreover, the old party distinctions were effaced by the burning desire to avenge Queen Mary, and the country sorely humiliated by her death.

King James nevertheless soon returned to terms of friendship with Elizabeth, and commissioners, appointed by England and Scotland, met at Berwick (1587), as had been arranged by treaty the year before, to redress offences on the Borders. In the minutes of their proceedings are found a number of bills fouled by the Commissioners for want of appearance, of which the following selections may serve as specimens :—

WEST MARCHES AGAINST LIDDESDALE.[3]

JUNE 1581.

Sir Simon Musgrove, knight, with Thom of the Todhill and his neighbours, complains upon	Robin Elliot of the Park, Sim Elliot, Clemia Croser, Gawin's Jock, and their accomplices, for	60 kie and oxen, a horse, and the taking of a prisoner.

JULY 1581.

James Foster of Symwhaite complains upon	Will Ellot of the Redhughe, Adam of the Shaws, John of the Hill, and John Ellot of Hinghouse, for	50 kine and oxen, and all his insight.

OCTOBER 1582.

Thos. Musgrove, deputy of Bewcastle, and the tenants, against	Walter Scott, Lard of Buccleuch, and his accomplices, for	200 kine and oxen, 300 gaite and sheep.

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[1] Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, son of John Stewart, Prior of Coldingham, a natural son of James V., was created Earl of Bothwell; he married Lady Margaret Douglas, eldest daughter of David, seventh Earl of Angus, and niece of Regent Morton. She had been previously married to Walter Scott of Buccleuch, "a man of rare qualities, wise, true, stout, and modest."—Douglas's *Peerage*.

[2] Mary Scott, daughter of Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch and Lady Margaret Douglas, was married to Elliot of Lariston.

[3] Preface to Nicolson and Burns' *History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*.

15TH NOVEMBER 1582.

Sir S. Musgrove, knight, complains against	The Lard of Mangerton, Lard's Jock, Sims Thom, for	Burning of his barns, wheat, rye, oats, bigg, and peas, worth 1000 l. sterling.

LIDDESDALE AGAINST WEST MARCHES.

Robin Elliot of the Redheugh complains upon	Thos. Carleton, for	60 kie and oxen, 400 sheep, insight 200 l. from the steide.
Elliot of Barnhead	Mr. Musgrove, Thomas Carleton,	200 kie and oxen, 40 horses and mares.

A very stringent system was now established for the government of the Borders. By Act of Parliament (passed 1587), all landlords and chieftains of clans were required to find security for those dwelling on their land or belonging to their clans; pledges were to be delivered to the King, to be kept beyond the Firth. All persons born in Liddesdale, Eskdale, Ewesdale, Annandale, or the Debateable Land, who had settled elsewhere, were to be removed to the place of their birth, unless the landlords under whom they then dwelt would become responsible for their acts. Marriages with English subjects were forbidden, except with the king's license.[1]

Appended to the Act is "a roll of the clans that have captains, chiefs, and chieftains on whom they depend, oftimes against the will of their landlords." Those on the Middle March were the

Ellottis.
Armstrongs.
Nixons.
Crosiers.

Elliot of Redheugh appears on this roll as the chief of the Elliots.

[1] The prohibition against intermarriages with the English did not prevent the Elliots from seeking a wife over the Border, since they about this time contracted alliances with the Carltons of Carlton Hill, Cumberland. A daughter of Elliot of Redheugh married a son of Sir Thomas Carlton of Carlton Hill, and Robert Elliot of Lariston married a daughter of Sir Thomas Carlton.

XII. Bothwell on the Borders—Wat of Harden—Elliots of Redheugh, Lariston, and Stobs.

While such a turbulent character as Bothwell held the lordship of Liddesdale, it was not to be expected that the inhabitants would desist from their disorderly habits. In his various attempts against James, he generally had about him a number of broken men, from the Borders both of England and Scotland—it was said, indeed, that "all Teviotdale ran after him"—but his followers consisted rather of an assemblage of desperate characters than of a gathering of Border clans. Before entering on his treasonable proceedings, he resigned his Liddesdale estates to his step-son, Sir W. Scott, who was already Keeper of Liddesdale, and had great authority with the clans, but Sir Walter himself was so far compromised that he was required to leave the country for three years, and to go abroad.

Scott of Harden, well known in Border history as "Auld Wat," had taken part in Bothwell's abortive attempt to seize the King's person at Falkland, in punishment for which Harden's towers of Dryhope and Harden were demolished by a royal commission, 1592.

Harden, lately restored by its proprietor, Lord Polwarth, representative of the ancient line of the Scotts of Harden, still looks proudly down from the bold craig on which it stands, in a narrow and picturesque glen traversed by the Borthwick; but of Dryhope, which came to "Auld Wat" by his marriage with the "Flower of Yarrow," daughter of Robert Scott of Dryhope, nothing remains save a crumbling tower on the shores of "lone St. Mary's Lake."

On the occasion of this alliance, the obstreperous character of the bridegroom is indicated by the marriage-settlements, which, after stating that Scott of Dryhope bound himself to find Harden in horse meat and man's meat, at his own house, for a year and a day, went on to engage that five barons would pledge themselves to see him remove on the expiration of that period, without attempting to continue in possession by force.

The marriage-portion which, in subsequent years, "Auld Wat" thought sufficient for his own daughter Margaret, when giving her to Gilbert

Elliot of Stobs,[1] was of a much more irregular character, and possibly less certain of attainment, if the tradition is accurate which describes it as "½ a Michaelmas moon," in other words, half the produce of the next Border foray!

May not this fact, if such indeed it be, be accepted as an illustration of the theory that the Borderers were far more deeply imbued with the habits of freebooters after the middle of the sixteenth century than in earlier times, and that these habits were not so much the result of peculiarly turbulent dispositions on their part, as they were the natural consequence of the demoralisation and ruin produced by a perpetual state of war?

No doubt, as has been remarked in a former part of this sketch, the nature of the property held by the Borderers on both frontiers, consisting chiefly of flocks and herds, was a sore temptation to minds of the class to which "Auld Wat" belonged; and nowhere are the relative merits and drawbacks of *movable* and *immovable* stock more fully brought out than in two well-known anecdotes of this Border chief. It is related that one evening, as the village herd was driving out the cattle to pasture, the old Laird heard him call loudly to drive out "Harden's coo." "Harden's coo!" echoed the affronted chief. "Is it come to that pass? by my faith they shall soon say Harden's kye." Accordingly he sounded his bugle, mounted his horse, set out with his followers, and returned next day with a "bow of kye and a bassined bull;" but on his way home it is said that the Border chieftain's acquisitiveness was whetted by the sight of a very large haystack, for "it occurred to the provident laird that this would be extremely convenient to fodder his new stock of cattle." Unluckily, no means of transporting it occurred, and "he was fain to take leave of it with this apostrophe, now proverbial: 'By my soul! had ye but four feet, ye should not stand lang there.'"[2]

To his hereditary property of Harden, and to his acquired one of Dryhope, "Auld Wat" added in time the lands of Gilsmancleuch, in the vale of Ettrick; a territory which, if not very profitable, in the farmer's estimation, includes as much beauty of hill and dale, of rock, and linn, and water, as can well be found in any portion of the Borders.

[1] Gilbert Elliot, first Laird of Stobs, son of Elliot of Lariston and Mary Scott of Buccleuch, married Margaret, daughter of Scott of Harden and the Flower of Yarrow. He was the common ancestor of the houses of Stobs and of Minto, and from him also descended George Augustus Eliott, Lord Heathfield, the gallant defender of Gibraltar.

[2] *Notes to Border Minstrelsy.*

Gilsmancleuch was obtained by him from King James VI., in compensation for the death of one of his six sons, slain by the Laird of *that Ilk*. Dreading lest the remaining brothers should revenge the murder, he is said to have put them all under lock and key, while he rode post-haste to Edinburgh, stated his charge, and obtained the grant of the lands forfeited by the deed complained of; on which he returned to Harden, and met his family with the remark, that the "lands of Gilmanscleuch were well worth a dead son."

Poor Flower of Yarrow!—Wild honeysuckle, "wet with the showers of the mountains," and condemned "to embrace the rock for want of shelter!"

Buccleuch remained abroad for three years. Soon after his return he received a grant of portion of the forfeited lands of the Earl of Bothwell, which were divided between himself, Ker of Cessford, and Lord Hume.

Buccleuch, besides receiving the lordship of Crichton and Liddesdale, was likewise restored to his office of Keeper of Liddesdale, which was now given to him in heritage. At this time the Elliots were the most powerful clan of the valley. Those of the surname of Armstrong may have been more numerous, but they were a broken clan.

A MS. tract, addressed to Lord Burghley, illustrative of the Border topography, exists in the British Museum. The date of it is 1590. It contains a map of the Scotch Borders, taken in the same year, on which the different castles and houses, with the names of the owners, are specified. In the text it is stated that "the chief surnames in Liddesdale stand upon Armstrongs and Elwoods. The chief Armstrong is of Mangerton, and the chief Elliot at Ladiesfane."[1] "These are two great surnames, and most offensive to England, at this daie, for the Armstrongs, both of Annandale and Lyddesdale, be for ever riding." The Armstrongs, however, had declined in power and wealth, while the chief of the Elliots was said to ride eighteen miles on his own land, from Lariston to Hawick.

Though Lariston is mentioned in the tract of 1590 as the chief's residence, we believe this to have been so at that period only because Elliot of Redheugh was a minor, to whose estates of Redheugh and Lariston William Elliot of Lariston appears to have been tutor during the minority of his nephew, the head of the house.

[1] Lariston.

There is no mention of an Elliot as concerned in the treasons of Bothwell; but, in subsequent years, one of his (Bothwell's) daughters by Lady Margaret Douglas, Lady Jean Stewart, was married to Robert Elliot of Redheugh.[1] On the failure of their line, the chieftainship become a mere nominal distinction—passed to the Elliots of Stobs, the direct descendants of William of Lariston, and of the first Robert of Redheugh.

At the end of the sixteenth century, the clan of the Elliots occupied, in addition to Redheugh and Lariston, the places of Goranberry, Prickinhaugh, Arkelton, Braidlee, Falnash, Burgh, Park, Dinlabyre, Stobs, and many others.

Though the chiefs of the clans were now persons of wealth and substance, connected with powerful families, and had probably too much to lose themselves, to find equal pleasure, as in the past, in making raids on others, they were, according to the policy of the Scotch Government, held responsible for the offences of all who belonged to them; and they no doubt did, until the union of the crowns and the final establishment of peace on the Borders, continue to make very destructive inroads on the English, which were retaliated upon themselves.

One exploit stands out from all others, conspicuous as a gallant deed, worthy to be the last of any note accomplished by the Scotch Borderers on our auld enemies of England. This was the gallant release of Kinmont Willy in 1596.

[1] The marriage of Lady Jean Stewart, daughter of Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, by Lady Margaret Douglas, widow of Buccleuch, to Elliot of Redheugh, is recorded in settlements in the possession of the Earl of Minto. It appears that two Elliots, an uncle and a nephew, married half-sisters—the uncle marrying the daughter of Lady Margaret Douglas by her first husband, Buccleuch; the nephew, a daughter by her second husband, the Earl of Bothwell.

XIII. Kinmont Willy.

Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, "a baron of proud temper, undaunted courage, and considered one of the ablest military leaders in Scotland, was at this time Warden of the West Marches; having for his brother Warden of England, Lord Scrope, also a brave and experienced ruler." In the absence of the principals, it became the duty of their subordinates, the deputy wardens, to hold the Warden Courts for the punishment of outlaws and offenders. "From one of these courts, held at a place called the Dryholm of Kershope, where a small *burn* or rivulet divides the two countries," Willy of Kinmont "was quietly returning home through Liddesdale with three or four in company, when he was suddenly attacked by a body of two hundred English Borderers, chased for some miles, captured, tied to a horse, and carried in triumph to Carlisle Castle, where Lord Scrope, the governor and warden, cast him, heavily ironed, into the common prison."

"By Border laws, in order to secure the peace and security of the Warden Courts, it had been made death for any Englishman or Scotsman to draw weapon on his greatest foe from the time of holding the court till next morning at sunrise."

Such an outrageous violation of Border law as the capture of Kinmont Willy under these circumstances was instantly complained of by Buccleuch, "who, receiving no satisfactory reply from Lord Scrope, swore that he would bring Kinmont Willie out of Carlisle Castle, quick or dead, with his own hand. The threat was esteemed a mere bravado, for the castle was strongly garrisoned and well fortified, in the middle of a populous and hostile city, and under the command of Lord Scrope, as brave a soldier as in all England." "Choosing a dark and tempestuous night, the 13th April, he assembled 200 of his bravest men at the Tower of Morton, a fortalice on the Debateable Land. . . . They were all well mounted, all armed at all points, and carried with them scaling ladders, besides iron crowbars, sledge hammers, etc. Thus furnished, and favoured by the extreme darkness of the night, they passed the river Eske, rode briskly through the Grahames' country, forded the Eden, then swollen over

its banks, and came to the brook Caday close by Carlisle, where Buccleuch made his men dismount, and silently led eighty of them with the ladders and iron tools to the foot of the outer wall of the castle.

"Everything favoured them; the heavens were as black as pitch, the rain descended in torrents, and as they raised their ladders to fix them on the cope-stone, they could hear the English sentinels challenge as they walked their rounds. To their rage and disappointment, the ladders proved too short, but finding a postern in the wall, they undermined it, and soon made a breach enough for a soldier to squeeze through. In this way a dozen stout fellows passed into the inner court, Buccleuch himself being the fifth man who entered. Twenty-four troopers now rushed to the castle-jail—Buccleuch meantime keeping the postern—forced the door of the chamber where Kinmont was confined, carried him off in his irons, and sounding their trumpet, the signal agreed on, were answered by loud shouts and the trumpet of Buccleuch, whose troopers filled the base court. All was now terror and confusion, both in town and castle. The alarum-bell rang, and was answered by his brazen brother of the cathedral and the town-house; the beacon blazed up upon the top of the great tower, and its red uncertain glare on the black sky, and the shadowy forms and glancing armour of the Borderers, rather increased the horror and their numbers. None could see their enemy, or tell his real strength. Lord Scrope, believing, as he afterwards wrote to Burleigh, that 500 Scots were in possession of the castle, kept himself close within his chamber. Kinmont Will himself, as he was carried on his friends' shoulders beneath the warden's window, roared out a lusty 'good-night' to his lordship; and in a wonderfully brief space Buccleuch had effected his purpose, joined his men on the Caday, remounted his troopers, forded once more the Esk and the Eden, and bearing his rescued favourite in the middle of his little band, regained the Scottish Border before sunset. Kinmont, in swimming his horse through the Eden, which was then flooded, was much cumbered by irons round his ankles, and is said to have drily observed that often as he had breasted it, he had never had such heavy spurs. Buccleuch, eager to rid him of these shackles, halted at the first smith's house they came to on the Border, but the door was locked, the family asleep, and the smith was only roused by the Lord Warden stretching his long spear through the window, and nearly spitting him."[1]

[1] We have given this account, extracted almost verbatim from Tytler's *History of Scotland*, at full length, because it strikes us as being full of spirit and force.

The smith's daughter, then a child, is said to have recounted in advanced years the wonder with which the family had arisen out of sleep, to find this party of armed and mounted men at their door, all talking and laughing merrily.

In the list of names forwarded by Lord Scrope to the English government, as those of the persons who took part in this enterprising exploit, are those of Wat Scott of Harden; Wat Scott of Goldielands; Jock Elliot of the Copshaw; Sandie Armstrong, son to Hobbie, laird of Mangerton; and Kinmont's sons, Jock, Francie, Sandie, and Geordie Armstrong, each of them brave and daring mosstroopers like their father, who was said to be a man of great personal strength and stature.

Scott of Satchells, whose father took part in the adventure, states that Buccleuch would not allow any of the landed men of his clan to accompany him for fear of forfeiture; but two gentlemen of landed estate, and also his sister's son, Sir Gilbert Elliot of Stobs, determined to join him, and did so. The ballad of Kinmont Willy has the same story:—

"He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld,
I trow they were of his ain name,
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, call'd
The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same."

As, however, Gilbert Elliot of Stobs was at this time an infant, the Elliot who accompanied Buccleuch must have been Elliot of Lariston, his sister's husband.

The English, on their side, did not tamely brook so bold an insult on the part of the Scottish Warden, in behalf of one whom they termed a "notorious thief."

Whether this description of Kinmont Willy be strictly accurate or no, we have no means of knowing; but that his repute among his contemporaries was not high, may be gathered from a passage in Calderwood, where James Melvine, urging reasons against subscribing the Act of Supremacy in 1584, asks ironically, "Who should take order with vice and wickedness? The Court and Bishops? As well as Martine Elliot and Will of Kinmont with stealing on the Borders."

Whatever the moral character of the Borderer, it was clear that those who had possessed themselves of his person had done so unlawfully, had perhaps made the greatest of all blunders—the doing of a right thing at a wrong time. Shortly afterwards, in consequence of a

regulation made by the commissioners of both nations at Berwick, to the effect that the chiefs should enter into ward in the opposite counties till delinquents were delivered up, Buccleuch was sent to England, and appearing at court, Elizabeth asked him how he dared to undertake so desperate and presumptuous an act. "What is it that a man dare not do?" was the reply, and one thoroughly to the taste of the sovereign to whom it was made. Elizabeth's high spirit appreciated that of the Border chieftain, and, turning to one of her courtiers, she said, "With 10,000 such men our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne of Europe." (1597.)

XIV. Sir R. Carey, 1591 to 1602.

At the commencement of our sketch of Border history in the sixteenth century, we made acquaintance with the most ferocious and unsparing of the wardens sent to their northern frontiers by our auld "enemies of England;" we will now conclude it with some quotations from the Memoirs of the last Englishman who held the office of Warden of the Middle Marches.

The death of Lord Dacre and the arrival of Sir R. Carey were events separated by three-quarters of a century, and in that period great changes had taken place. The courtier of Elizabeth was far from feeling the personal antipathies towards the Borderers which possessed his predecessor. In nothing is this more apparent than in an anecdote already told of Sir R. Carey's desire to save life by avoiding collision between his own force and the Borderers when they met near Carlisle. "By my means there were many men's lives spared that day," he says—a matter for which Lord Dacre would scarcely have put up a thanksgiving.

In 1591 Sir Robert Carey (afterwards Earl of Monmouth) came to the West Borders to assist his brother-in-law, Lord Scrope (appointed to the west wardenry by Queen Elizabeth), as Deputy-Warden.

"After I had passed my best time in Court, and got little, I betook myself to the country, after I was past one-and-thirty years old, where I lived with great content, for we had a stirring world, and few days passed over my head but I was on horseback, either to prevent mischief or to take malefactors, and to bring the Border to better quiet than it had been in times past."

But Carey did not content himself with attending only to the duties of his charge, and during his wardenry an event occurred which brought him into collision with his sovereign. His Memoirs are charming in the frankness with which he details the flirtaceous footing on which he stood with the Maiden Queen. Having, during his stay in the north, married a gentlewoman "more for her worth than her wealth," he tells us that the Queen was "mightily offended," as were most of his best friends, and that, in 1593, when he had gone to Court to solicit the return of her favour, she "knowing, though she would not know," of his presence there, desired

to send him on a mission to the King of Scots, and, addressing his father, said, "I hear your fine son that has married so worthily is hereabouts—send him," etc.; whereupon Carey refused to go without a safe-conduct signed by herself, as "it were in her power to hang me on my return, were I to go to the King of Scots without a license." This caution seems to have mightily amused his father and also the Queen, who always loved to see her power respected. She acceded to his request—but still refused to grant him an interview before his departure. On his return he took advantage of the business he had been engaged in to insist on an audience, and, knowing well the character of the woman with whom he had to deal, he forced himself, dirty as he was, into the presence, where lords and ladies were dancing. At last he was left alone with her. "Our first encounter was stormy and terrible, which I passed over with silence. After she had spoken her pleasure of me and my wife, I told her that 'she herself was the fault of my marriage, and that if she had but graced me with the least of her favours, I had never left her nor her Court; and seeing she was the chief cause of my misfortune, I would never off my knees till I had kissed her hand and obtained my pardon.' She was not displeased with my excuse, and before we parted we were good friends."

Sir R. Carey was afterwards sent to take the government of the Eastern Marches in his father's absence, and in his Memoirs he has given an animated account of his relations "with his opposite warden," Sir Robert Car of Cessford, "a brave active young man."

After some sparring, owing to Sir Robert Car having shown a disposition to "*brave*" the English warden, by foiling him at an appointed rendezvous, they had "a great quarrel" about a certain favourite of Car's, "a great thief called Geordie Bourne."

"This gallant, with his associates, would, in a bravery, come and take goods in the East March;" Carey's men, intercepting them as they were driving off the cattle, shot one of the party, and took Bourne prisoner. "After he was taken, his pride was such, as he asked, who it was that durst avow that night's work? But when he heard it was the garrison he was more quiet. But so powerful and awful was this Sir Robert Car and his favourites, as there was not a gentleman in all the East March that durst offend them." Carey, however, was less forbearing, and having heard from Geordie Bourne's own lips a confession of such crimes as might be committed at the present day in the Abruzzi by some bandit

chief, he caused his prisoner to be executed, an act for which Car expressed his determination to have vengeance.

Not long after, a great match at football was arranged at Kelso, and "all the chief riders were to be there." This Carey suspected to be a feint to surprise and destroy his men, in revenge for the late execution; and so it turned out, though, by his wise precautions, "a bloody tragedy was spared."

"Then sat the Commissioners at Berwick, by whom it was enjoined that the officers of each sovereign should deliver over such persons as were found guilty in their jurisdictions to the opposite officers, till they had made satisfaction for the goods taken out of their respective countries; in default of which the officers were to deliver themselves up to be detained prisoners till the Commissioners had received satisfaction for the goods taken out of their respective countries. Days were fixed for the delivery of them all. Most of the prisoners were punctually handed over—the Laird of Buccleuch and Sir Robert Car being, however, faulty—though Buccleuch (who had lately rescued Kinmont Willy) surrendered himself, entering himself as prisoner at Berwick."

Sir Robert Car, "contrary to all men's expectations," chose Carey for his guardian, "and home I brought him to my own house, after he was delivered to me. I lodged him as well as I could, and took order for his diet and men to attend on him; and sent him word that (although by his harsh carriage towards me, ever since I had that charge, he could not expect any favour, yet) hereing so much goodness of him, that he never broke his word; if he would give me his hand and credit to be a true prisoner, he should have no guard set on him, but have free liberty for his friends in Scotland to have ingress and regress to him as often as he pleased. He took this very kindly at my hands, accepted of my order, and sent me thanks.

"Some four days passed; all which time his friends came unto him, and he kept his chamber. Then he sent to me, and desired me I would come to speak to him, which I did; and after long discourse, charging and re-charging one another with wrong and injuries, at last, before our parting, we became good friends, with great protestations on his side never to give me occasion of unkindness again. After our reconciliation, he kept his chamber no longer, but dined and supped with me. I took him abroad with me, at the least thrice a-week, a-hunting,

and every day we grew better friends. Bocleugh, in a few days after, had his pledges delivered, and was set at liberty. But Sir Robert Car could not get his, so that I was commanded to carry him to York, and there to deliver him prisoner to the Archbishop, which accordingly I did. At our parting he professed great love unto me for the kind usage I had shown him, and said I should find the effects of it upon his delivery. Thus we parted; and not long after his pledges were got, and he set at liberty. After his return home, I found him as good as his word. We met oft at days of truce, and continued very kind and good friends."

"There is extant," says a note to Carey's *Memoirs*, "a letter from the Archbishop to the Lord Treasurer respecting the mode of keeping this hostage.

"I understand," saith he, "that the gentleman is wise and valiant, but somewhat haughty here, and resolute. I would pray your Lordship that I may have directions whether he may not go with his keeper in my company to sermons; and whether he may not sometimes dine with the council, as the last hostages did; and thirdly, whether he may sometimes be brought to sitting to the common hall, where he may see how careful her Majesty is that the poorest subject in her kingdom may have their right, and that her people seek remedy by law, and not by avenging themselves. Perhaps it may do him good as long as he liveth."

In these last words the Archbishop gives us a glimpse "of Freedom in her regal seat of England," differing from the wild freedom of the Border side no less than the stately Rose of England differs from the untrammelled briar which flaunts her blossoms on our mountain breeze; and yet to the briar we owe the rose.

Carey was made Warden of the West Marches not long before Elizabeth's death.[1] He says, "I had very good justice from Sir R. Car and the Laird of Ferniherst, that had charge over the East and Middle Marches; but the west part, which was Liddelsdale, gave me great cumber.

"The first thing they did was the taking of Haltwhistle, carrying away prisoners and goods. I sent to seek for justice for so great a wrong. The opposite officer sent me word it was not in his power, for that they were all fugitives, and not answerable to the king's laws. I acquainted the King of Scots with his answre. He signified to me it was true, and that if I could take my own revenge, without hurting his honest subjects,

[1] He was five years warden—from 1598 to 1603, when Elizabeth died.

he would be glad of it." "The outlaws themselves were in strongholds, and could no way be got hold of."

Thereupon, after some bloody encounters, Carey, with a considerable force, entered the country, entrenched himself on the wastes, building "a pretty fort,"[1] in which he stayed from the midst of June to end of August.

"The outlaws, abandoning their houses where they dwelt, took refuge in a large and great forest called the Tarras. It was of that strength, and so surrounded with bogs, and marsh grounds, and thick bushes and shrubs, as they found not the force or power of England or Scotland so long as they were there. They sent me word that I was like the first puff of a haggis, hottest at the first, and bade me stay there as long as the weather would give me leave;" but the result of the expedition disappointed the hopes of the outlaws, for, by making a wide circuit of thirty miles, a part of Carey's force contrived to surround the forest, and surprise them from the inner or Scotch side, from which they had feared no attack.[2]

Up to this period the Armstrongs had given Carey no rest, but having over-mastered them, he brought the march to quiet.

During the Warden's encampment before Tarras, he was surprised one day by the unexpected arrival of a fine herd of his own Cumberland cattle, with a message from the outlaws to the effect that as he had been so long in Scotland they thought he would be glad of some good English beef! Yet at this very time highway robbery was unknown on the Borders.

With Carey's wardenship we close the chapter of our Border story as that of a frontier and military state. The anecdotes, extracted from his memoirs, will suffice to show that at the moment when the old life was dropped, the original type was as strong as ever in the character of the Borderers. They retained in full force the ready arm, and the ready tongue, and the dash of chivalry, which were their best characteristics, and were no less conspicuous than of yore for the quick resentment of injuries, the impatience of restraint, and the turbulent disposition which constantly brought them into conflict with law and order. We will now see how in times of peace they set about turning their swords into pruning-hooks.

[1] Said to be on Caerby Hill.

[2] The ninth Earl of Angus, Lieutenant of the Borders, had, some years before, pursued the outlawed Armstrongs into the Tarras Moss. He intended to surround them, but when approaching from the muirside they found the nest empty and the birds all gone. This Angus, who died in 1588, used to say "He had greater pleasure in hunting a thief than a hare."

PART IV.

FROM THE UNION OF THE CROWNS TO THE LEGISLATIVE UNION OF THE KINGDOMS.

I. Attempt at Pacification of the Country.

With our last chapter we closed the history of the Borders as that of a frontier state. We have seen the streamlet emerge from the cleughs and linns, the glens and gorges, which chafed and restrained it, and lose itself in broader waters; but even these have still a course to run through mountainous pastures and wild fells, before they reach the golden plains with which peace and prosperity ultimately covered the land. The union of the Crowns of England and Scotland obtained for the Border districts, as for the rest of the country, the blessing of peace, the first condition of progress; but it was not such a peace as we see depicted with a cornucopia of plenty in her hand.

Circumstances had moulded the population of a pastoral district into a community of soldiers; other circumstances were now to invert the process, and to transmute a military society into one of husbandmen and herdsmen.

The first step towards this result was to put an end to the conditions under which the Borderers had so constantly defied the military power of the State; and, as we have seen, one of the earliest acts of James VI., as sovereign of the United Kingdom, was to despatch Sir Walter Selby with a force to Liddesdale, to raze to the ground the chief strongholds there. Ten days after the King's arrival in London he issued a proclamation directed against the inhabitants of the Marches, by which he plainly expressed both his previous inability to keep them in order, and his present determination so to do. In the hope of assisting the spread of peaceable ideas among them, he declared the Borders should lose their name, and having ceased to be the extremities of the Kingdoms, should be called the Middle Shires.

Commissioners were appointed to exercise much the same authority as had been held by the wardens; they had power to punish delinquents, and to make regulations for keeping order. Among these we find the following proclamation:—"Proclamation shall be made, that all inhabiting within Tynedale and Redesdale in Northumberland, Bewcastledale, Willgavey, the north part of Gilsland, Esk, and Leven in Cumberland; east and west Tevidale, Liddelsdale, Eskdale, Ewsdale, and Annandale in Scotland (saving noblemen and gentlemen unsuspected of felony and theft, and not being of broken clans, and their household, servant, etc.), shall put away all harmur and weapons, etc., and shall not keep any horse, etc., above the value of 50s. sterling."[1]

But the Border Commissioners did not confine themselves to proclamations; for we learn that in September 1606, George, Earl of Dunbar, His Majesty's Commissioner for ordering the Borders, took such a course with the broken men and sorners, that in two justiciary courts, "hadden by him, he condemned and caused hang above 140 of the nimblest and most powerful thieves on the Border." The chancellor told the king next month "that the Borders were now settled for by ony thing that has been done there before."

It was declared a few months later (November 20) that one of the principal difficulties in reducing the Borders to peace and order lay in the strength of the houses in which the thieves lived, and particularly the "iron yetts" with which these houses were furnished. The privy-council therefore ordained that all iron yetts in houses, belonging to persons below the rank of barons, should be "removit and turnit in plew-irons, or sic other necessar work as to the owners sall seem expedient."[2]

These yetts were composed grill-wise, the bars curiously intersecting with each other.

Before one of these Warden Courts (1605) Robert Elliot of Redheugh complained of George Henderson of Winnington, for having twice in the year gone to a birkwood belonging to Redheugh, and cut down and carried away each time 100 large grown trees, 300 full-grown alders, 300 large hazel, 400 great saugh trees. It would be curious to ascertain how the said George Henderson set about removing such a quantity of timber, or how he contrived to cut it down without detection or interruption.

[1] Proceedings of the Border Commissioners, 1605. Note to introduction to *Border Minstrelsy*.

[2] *Domestic Annals*, vol. i. p. 401.

In 1607, Johnny Elliot of Copshaw, one of the wildest of the name, was indicted for having made an incursion into England with 300 others, chiefly Armstrongs, for which he was declared a rebel, and his goods escheated.

The habits of a population cannot be changed in a day, and Stowe wrote in anticipation of a later state of affairs, when he said :—" The northerne Borders became as safe and peaceable as any part of the entire kingdom in the fourth year of the king's raigne: as well gentlemen as others, inhabiting the places aforesaid, finding the auncient waste-ground to be very good and fruitefull, began to contend in law about their bounds, challenging then, that for their hereditary right which formerly they disavowed, only to avoyde charge of common defence."

As we attempted to show at the commencement of this outline of Border story, the soil and climate of the uplands of Teviotdale and Liddesdale, included in the Middle Marches, were such as to render inevitable the poverty of a population *confined to their limits*, especially at a period when there was no knowledge of the capabilities of all soils under scientific agricultural treatment, and no money to expend upon experimental farming.

No sooner were the restrictions on settling in other parts of the country removed, than the natural results ensued; new openings were found for industry and energy, and many Liddesdale names, among them that of Elliot, appeared in the lists of the provosts and bailies of Selkirk and Peebles, and on the roll of the advocates of Edinburgh.

Again, when the Borderers were allowed to attend markets, and carry on a fair trade, they willingly availed themselves of their privileges; but until the legislative union of the countries had not only been effected, but had had time to produce results, Scotland remained very poor; such outlying districts as Liddesdale continuing till last century in the condition in which they had been at the union of the kingdoms; with this difference, that, under a system of tenant-farming, the common wastes were enclosed without becoming more profitable, and the population was diminished without being bettered in condition.

II. Mosstroopers.

We have seen, in the stringency of the early laws against vagabondage, how large a portion of the population were without settled pursuits; but a class existed, at the end of the seventeenth century, unknown a hundred years before. It was composed of the waifs and strays of war; of men who, from their youth upwards, having followed no other trade, were in days of peace at best "chimneys in summer;"[1] of adventurers who, from all parts of the country, had flocked to the frontier to secure immunity for past misdeeds, and a share of spoil to come, by enrolling themselves among the followers of a warden or a chief.

The irregular soldiery, who, under various names, were the curse of Europe in the Middle Ages, were composed of men of this type. To them, as to Jaffier in *Venice Preserved*, "Honesty was a ragged virtue;" and it was matter of wonderment "how that d—d starving quality got footing in the world;" of such was Geordie Bourne, "that great thief;" of such, too, were the mosstroopers—the reproach of our land—whose misdeeds, we think, have been too often attributed to the Borderers of old.

They are included by Fuller[2] among the wonders of Cumberland, "so strange the condition of their living, if considered in their Originall, Increase, Height, Decay, and Ruine.

"1. *Originall.*—I conceive them the same called Borderers in Mr. Camden, and charactered by him to be a wild and warlike people. They are called Mosstroopers because dwelling in the mosses, and riding in troops together. They dwell in the bounds, or meeting of the two kingdoms, but obey the laws of neither. They come to church as seldom as the 29th of February comes into the calendar.

"2. *Increase.*—When England and Scotland were united in Great Britain, they that formerly lived by hostile incursions betook themselves to the robbing of their neighbours. Their sons are free of the trade by

[1] Lord Burleigh's *Ten Precepts.* "Soldiers in peace are chimneys in summer."
[2] Fuller's *Worthies of England—Cumberland.*

their fathers' copy. They are like to Job (not in piety or patience, but) in sudden plenty and poverty; sometimes having flocks and herds in the morning, none at night; and perchance many again next day. They may give for their motto, *vivitur ex rapto;* stealing from their honest neighbours, which they sometimes regain. They are a nest of hornets; strike one, and stir all of them about your ears. Indeed, if they promise safely to conduct a traveller, they will perform it with the fidelity of a Turkish Janizary; otherwise, woe be to him that falleth into their quarters!

"3. *Height.*—Amounting forty years since, to some thousands. These compelled the vicinage to purchase their security by paying a constant rent to them. When in their greatest height, they had two great enemies, the laws of the land and the Lord William Howard of Naworth. He sent many of them to Carlisle, to that place *where the officer always doth his work by daylight.* Yet these Mosstroopers, if possibly they could procure the pardon for a condemned person of their company, would advance great sums out of their common stock, who in such a case *cast in their lots amongst themselves, and all have one purse.*

"4. *Decay.*—Caused by the wisdom, valour, and diligence of the Right Hon. Charles Lord Howard, Earl of Carlisle, who routed these English Tories with his regiments. His severity unto them will not only be excused but commended by the judicious, who consider, how our great lawyer doth describe such persons, who are solemnly outlaw'd. Thenceforward [after they are outlaw'd] they wear a wolf's head, so that they lawfully may be destroyed, without any judicial inquisition, as who carry their own condemnation about them, and deservedly die without Law because they refused to live according to Law.'[1]

"5. *Ruine.*—Such the success of this noble Lord's severity, that he made a thorough Reformation among them, and the Ringleaders being destroyed, the rest are reduced to legal obedience, and so I trust will continue."

In the seventeenth century faith in the success of penal enactments was strong. Experience has taught us that a surer method of repressing the crime which is bred of misery is to open the sources of national wealth, and to find new fields for labour. In a small way the mosstroopers of the Border districts did their best to illustrate these economical axioms,

[1] Bracton, *Lib. tertio, Tract.* 2.

for throughout the seventeenth century they went on, in spite of Bracton, lifting cattle, and being themselves lifted on the gallows of Carlisle. For many a year after the Borders had become in fact, though not in name, Middle Shires, the old Border proverb—

> "If they come, they come not;
> If they come not, they come"—

needed no Œdipus to render it intelligible.[1]

The rough and ready wit which characterised the old Borderers stood their descendants occasionally in good stead. One of the mosstrooping Armstrongs of the seventeenth century having been obliged to leave his country for his country's good, became a celebrated jester at the English Court. Sir Walter Scott, in a note to the modern ballad of "Archie Armstrong's Aith," relates that he was dismissed in disgrace in 1637 for his insolent wit. Being, like his countrymen, filled with Presbyterian zeal, he was apt to direct his jests against the English churchmen. One day when Archbishop Laud was about to say grace before dinner, Archie begged permission of the King to perform that office in his stead, and having received it, said, "All *praise* to God, and little *Laud* to the deil." On another occasion, when the prelate had been signally baffled in carrying out his views concerning the settlement of church matters, Armstrong accosted him with "Who is fool now, my lord?" This last impertinence is said to have been the final cause of his disgrace.

Many stories of Archie Armstrong are, or were not long since, current in Eskdale Forest, and on one of these the ballad is founded. It is pretended that, after having carried off a sheep from a neighbouring field, he concealed the carcass in an empty cradle, and passed it off on his pursuers as his dying bairn, praying, at the same time, that unless his innocence

[1] Scotch Border proverb, quoted by Fuller:—"We must fetch an Œdipus to expound this riddling proverb, customary in the wars between England and Scotland; for the cattle of people living hereabout, turn'd into the common pasture, did by instinct and custom return home at night, except violently intercepted by the freebooters and Borderers, who, living between two kingdoms, owned no king, whilst *vivitur ex rapto*—catch who may. Hence many in these parts who had an herd of kine in the morning had not a cow-tail at night, and alternately proved rich and poor by the trade aforesaid. If, therefore, these Borderers came, their cattle came not; if they came not, their cattle surely returned.

"Now, although a sprigg of these Borderers hath lately been revived (disguised under the new name of mosstroopers), yet the union of the two kingdomes hath, for the main, knocked this proverb out of joynt, never, I hope, to be wholly set again."—Fuller's *Worthies of England.*

were cleared he might be doomed to eat the flesh that very cradle held; and the doom, it is believed, was not long in coming.

The strangest of all the stories of mosstroopers and their adventures is one related of another Armstrong in the Border ballad of "Christy's Will;" and more fully in Sir Walter Scott's notes to the same. Sir Walter tells us that in the reign of Charles I. Gilnockie Castle was inhabited by an Armstrong, a lineal descendant of the notorious Johnny. Having been seized on a marauding expedition, he was under detention in the Tolbooth of Jedburgh, when Lord Traquair, Lord High Treasurer, happened to visit it. The great man and the reiver seem to have had some previous acquaintance. On their meeting, Christy's Will was asked "How he came there?" to which he replied, "For stealing two tethers" (halters); but on being pressed, he confessed, "there were two delicate colts at the end of them!" The joke amused Lord Traquair, who exerted his influence to obtain the release of Christy's Will. A short time afterwards he had an opportunity of showing his gratitude, and of illustrating anew the moral contained in the fable of the *Lion and the Mouse.* A lawsuit of some importance to the Earl of Traquair was pending before the Court of Session; and no more certain way of securing a favourable result suggested itself to Traquair than to kidnap the President—Sir Alexander Gibson, Lord Drurie. For the service needed Christy's Will was the man; and a lonely peel of his in Annandale was chosen as the place of temporary incarceration for the unlucky judge. As Sir Walter Scott tells the story, the moss-trooper not only carried off his prisoner, but detained him for three months, during which time his friends mourned him as dead, and a successor was appointed to his office. At last, the lawsuit was gained by Traquair, and the missing President was at once restored to his liberty and his friends. But not even to himself was the mystery of his disappearance cleared up until many years afterwards, when, travelling in Annandale, he recognised in the names of *Maudge* the cat, and *Batty* the shepherd's dog, belonging to Will's establishment, the only words which, loudly called from time to time, had reached his ears during his period of imprisonment.[1]

The unsettled state of the Border districts towards the close of the

[1] The last Border reiver, Willie of Westburnflat, was an Armstrong, executed last century at Selkirk. The readers of the *Black Dwarf* will remember his attack on Hobbie Elliot's homestead.

seventeenth century, is described in the *Lives of the Norths* by Roger North, who accompanied his relation, Lord Keeper Guildford, when he held the assizes at Newcastle and Carlisle;[1] his evidence shows that certain early habits, both as to disregard of *meum* and *tuum*, and as to summary pocesses of conviction, were extant among the Borderers when he wrote.

"The county of Northumberland hath been exceedingly infested with thieving of cattle, which is the remains of the Border trade since the union with Scotland.[2] This was so great a mischief that all the considerable farm-houses (the houses of gentlemen were castles of course) were built of stone, in the manner of a square tower, with an overhanging battlement, and underneath the cattle were lodged every night. In the upper room the family lodged, and when the alarm came they went up to the top, and, with hot water and stones from the battlements fought in defence of their cattle.

"After the Union, to prevent the thieving trade, the Crown sent Commissioners of Oyer and Terminer, directed to an equal number of English and Scotch, extending to certain limits on each side of the Border; and being continued, it is therefore call'd the Border Commission. And these meet in their sessions, and hang up at another rate than the assizes; for we were told that at one sessions they hang'd eighteen for not reading *sicut clerici*. . . . The country is yet very sharp upon thieves; and a violent suspicion there is next to conviction.

"When his lordship held the assizes at Newcastle, there was one Mungo Noble (supposed to be a great thief) brought to trial before his lordship upon four several indictments; and his lordship was so much a south-country judge as not to think any of them well proved. One was for stealing a horse of a person unknown; and the evidence amounted to no more than a horse was seen feeding upon the heath near his shiel (which is a cottage made on open places of turf and flag), and none could tell who was the owner of it. In short, the man escaped, much to the regret of diverse gentlemen, who thought he ought to be hang'd, and that was enough. While the judges at the trial discours'd of the evidence and its defects, a Scotch gentleman upon the Bench, who was a Border Com-

[1] *Life of Lord Keeper Guildford.* By the Honourable Roger North. Reign of Charles II.

[2] The advantage of the Union was so great to these countries, that Lord Grey of Wark's estate, which was not above £1000 per annum, hath since risen to £7000 or £8000.

missioner, made a long neck towards the judge, and, 'My laird,' said he, 'send him to huzz, and yees never see him mair.'

"From Newcastle his lordship's road lay to Carlisle. The Northumberland Sheriff gave us all arms—that is, a dagger, knife, penknife, and fork, all together. And because it is a hideous road all by the Tyne, for a coach not sustained by main force impassable, his lordship was forced to take horse and to ride most part of the way to Hexham.[1]

"Here his Lordship saw the true image of a Border country. The tenants of the several manors are bound to guard the judges through their precincts; and out of it they would not go, no not an inch, to save the souls of them. They were a comical sort of people, riding upon nags, as they call their small horses, with long beards, cloaks, and long broadswords with basket hilts hanging in broad belts, that their legs and swords almost touch'd the ground, and every one in his turn came up cheek by jowl, and talk'd with my Lord Judge. His Lordship was very well pleased with their discourse, for they were great antiquarians in their own bounds."

The taste for antiquarian or archæological knowledge remarked on by North has by no means died out in the Border districts, and there are probably few localities richer in material to gratify it than the frontiers of England and Scotland.

If we ascend any one of the hills which command the passes from England into Scotland, from the Cheviots to the fells of Cumberland, the chances are, that we fling ourselves down to rest on some green bank, once included in a British or Pictish strength.[2] Retracing our steps to the valley by the track, which leads straight as an arrow to the nearest ford, we shall probably be on a Roman line of way, and not far off may come across a ridge and hollow, recognised by antiquarians as a Roman station, where the surrounding grasses assume a finer texture and a deeper

[1] "Hexham, for the entertainment," says North, "might be a Scotch or a Welsh town. The rest of the journey, bating hunger and thirst, which will not be quenched by anything to be fastened upon there," was pleasanter. At Carlisle the party got good ale and small beer, which they brewed at home on *south* country malt, for to say truth, barley is seldom ripe in their country.

[2] The remains of several large fortified camps, both square and round, are to be seen on the summits of the Liddesdale hills; in one of these a hatchet of fine brass and a sword of mixed metal were found. There are also many small circular forts, called by the population of the district Picts' works.

green, telling of superior quality, or care, or skill.[1] Then following up the stream (never wanting in a dale), wherever its waters are swollen by a mountain rill, or wherever the linn is deepest and scaur most rugged, the ruins of a mediæval tower will be found, not seldom concealed among the smiling orchards and golden corn-ricks with which the upland farmer has decked these now peaceful and pastoral vales.

It is interesting to find, in the oldest records extant of the early civilisation of Teviotdale, vestiges of a period viewed as ancient in those remote times.

Possibly some one of the many Roman camps we see now, long since stripped of its masonwork, and some Roman way still existing, though its paving stones have gone to build a dyke, may be the very same designated in charters of boundaries as the "ancient castle," the "old roadway;" while the "old elm," the "old oak," the "old white thorn by the well," named in like manner and for like purposes, may have been relics of the forests, cut down in the Roman times, as the "Capon tree" and "the King of the Forest," in the valley of the Jed, are, in our own day, the noble survivors of mediæval woods.

[1] The vicinity of a Roman camp upon the Borders is still distinguished by the more vivid green and finer texture of its grasses, evidence of care, and perhaps of superior science in days gone by. In Northumberland such grass land is actually rented higher than others. Roman roads are still in use in the Border districts: the ancient pavement has long since been used up for dykes or buildings, but the ancient line of way is followed.

III. The Lairds.

The interest displayed by the Borderers of Lord North's time in the antiquities of their country, was significant of the intelligent observation and the susceptibility to mental culture, which in earlier days were manifested in their taste for tradition, for poetry, and music, and in later times procured for Border names a distinguished position among those most eminent in the annals of the land.

While their followers, or those who had lately been so, were plying their old trade, the principal families were no doubt preparing themselves to play a part on an altered stage.

The mutual relations of a Border chief and his clan are difficult to define, and still more so is the gradual relaxation of the ties which subsisted between them.

Want of accurate data is the stumbling-block which meets every attempt to describe with precision the Border life of former times. Few of the great Border families have preserved any very ancient documents. Those of the Kers of Ferniherst are believed to have been destroyed by the family in the reign of Queen Mary, to whose cause they were devoted. The papers of the Elliots were destroyed by fire at Stobs Castle last century. We have no means therefore of following the gradual dissolution of old connections, or the transition from one condition of society into another; but in the archives of the Scotts of Raeburn a document exists which has been quoted to show that, as far back as the sixteenth century, the ties between a Border chieftain and his clan differed from those acknowledged by Highland chieftains and their followers—inasmuch as, in the case of the Borderers, steps were taken to secure a certain measure of justice within the clan by the institution of a species of *jury court*, to be composed of five of the principal persons of the clan. This bond is described in Chambers's *Domestic Annals* as follows:—

"1589, June 3, a bond of association was entered into by Sir Walter Scott of Branxholm, and fifty of the most important men of his kin and clan, which throws an important light on the customs of the age. A later and more notable Sir Walter Scott says of this bond, which he had seen in the

possession of his cousin, William Scott, Esq. of Raeburn, that it is calculated to secure against any clansmen taking any 'room' or possession over the head of another of the name. Any one who was accused of having done so, bound himself to stand by the award of five men, to be mutually chosen, bearing the name of Scott, which shows an independence on the part of the clansmen which I was not prepared for. The bond . . . seems to have been calculated to prevent kinsmen from going to law with each other, and to secure a species of justice within the clan, to the advancement of the 'guid and godlie purposes' of their chief."[1]

It will be remembered that on the marriage of Wat of Harden, five barons undertook to prevent his forcible establishment in his father-in-law's house, so that the association was useful in preventing such acts of violence, as well as in awarding the reparation to be made for them when committed.

Nine years after the union of the crowns we find some of the principal names of West Teviotdale combining to suppress the excesses of the population among which they lived, and thus by association endeavouring to "keep good rule" in their native districts, though no longer claiming a right to do so as heads of clans.

In 1612, Scott of Harden, Scott of Tushielaw, Elliot of Falnash, and others, held a meeting at Jedburgh, with a view to making a final and decisive effort for staying that system of blood and robbery by which the land had been so long harassed. They entered into a sort of bond, agreeing to stand firm with the government in putting all lawless persons down. Even when the culprits were their own dependants or tenants, they were to take part in bringing them to justice; and if they fled, were to deprive them of "their tacks and steadings," and "put in other persons to occupy the same."

Whether from ancient ties of mutual dependence, or from other causes, there seems to have been no trace in Teviotdale of the bad feeling which Lord Guildford found to exist in Cumberland between the landlords and their tenants, where his historian describes the people as having "join'd in a sort of confederacy to undermine the estates of the gentry, by pretending a tenant-right, which there is a customary estate not unlike our copyholds; and the verdict was sure to be tenant-right whatever the case was. The gentlemen, finding that all was going, resolv'd to put a

[1] *Domestic Annals.*

stop to it by serving on common juries. I could not but wonder to see pantaloons and shoulder-knots crowding among the common clowns; but this account was a satisfaction."[1]

One cause for the better relations of landlords and tenants, on the Scotch frontier, may be found in the custom practised among the lairds of subdividing their land among the members of their family—a practice which grew up gradually along with the rise of that class of proprietors who had not received their estates as grants from the crown, but had probably acquired them by purchase, marriage, or inheritance; and who, in fact, were known as lairds.[2]

In the Autobiography of Sir Walter Scott, which forms the opening chapter of Lockhart's *Life*, will be found the following remarks, clearly describing the condition of things in this country, from the withdrawal to more favoured localities of the great baronial leaders down to the legislative union of the kingdoms.

"When Satchells wrote (1688), he boasted that Buccleuch could summon to his banner 100 lairds, all of his own name, with 10,000 more, landless men, but still of the same blood. The younger sons of these various lairds were, through many successive generations, portioned off with fragments of the inheritance, until such subdivision could go no farther, and then the cadet of necessity either adopted the profession of arms in some foreign service very frequently, or became a cultivator on the estate of his own elder brother, of the chieftain of his branch, or of the great chief and patriarchal protector of the whole clan. Until the commerce of England, and, above all, the military and civil services of the English colonies, were thrown open to the enterprise of the Scotch, this system of things continued entire.

[1] It appears from a letter of Edmond, Bishop of London, to the Hon. Sir William Cecil (without date, Ellis's *Original Letters*), that the people of Cumberland were much oppressed by their landlords in previous times, whence, very probably, arose the necessity for combined action against them.

The bishop says:—"I have oft thought to make a generall sute to you for regarde to the little angle wher I was borne, called Cowplande, parcell of Cumberland; the ignorantest parte in religion, and moste oppressed of covetous landlordes off anie one part of this realme to my knowledge." The letter ends by a request that "they may be taught the worde, and not left to the 'expilation' of the country gentlemen."

[2] It seems that Teviotdale was accustomed to small proprietors in very ancient times, since Mr. Cosmo Innes tells us, in his *Sketches of Early History*, "that the subdivision of property, when these documents" (the Chartularies of the Abbeys of Teviotdale) "first afford light on the subject, was much greater than is consistent with the idea entertained of the overgrown power of the leading nobles, and the degraded situation of other classes."

"It was a system which bound together the various classes of the rural population in bonds of mutual love and confidence; the original community of lineage was equally remembered on all sides; the landlord could count for more than rent on the tenant, who regarded him rather as a father or an elder brother, than as one who owed his superiority to mere wealth; and the farmer who on fit occasions partook, on equal terms, of the chase, and the hospitality of his landlord, went back with content and satisfaction to the daily labours of a vocation which he found no one disposed to consider as derogating from gentle blood."[1]

The Elliots, without perhaps affording an example of the subdivision of property once united, may be quoted in evidence of the habit prevalent among the gentry of settling themselves on the land as owners and cultivators. Thus Redheugh and Lariston having belonged to two brothers, a second son of Lariston founded the line of Stobs; three sons[2] of Gilbert Elliot of Stobs possessed land in Roxburghshire, and the son of one of these was the progenitor of the line of Minto. Most of the leading Border families of the name of Elliot, though no longer counting themselves kin, trace descent from Elliot of Redheugh.

[1] Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. i. 76.

[2] Gilbert Elliot of Craigend, 1637, a property now included in the estate of Minto; Gawin Elliot of Midlem Mill and Grange, a property now known by the name of Linthill; Archibald Elliot, who had a charter of Middlestead.

IV. Liddesdale.

No descendants of the old stock of Redheugh existed in Liddesdale last century; and already, in the time of Satchells, the decline of the old families was noticed by him with regret.

> "For the Elliots, brave and worthy men,
> Have been as much oppressed as any name I ken;
> For in my own time I have seen so much odds,
> No Elliot enjoyed any heritage but Dunlabyre, Falnash, and Stobs.
>
> "Stobs and Dunlabyre is of the ancient kind,
> Cobshaw, Brugh, Prickinhaugh, and Goranberries gone,
> Yet there's more Elliots by other stiles that supplies their room."

At the present time, though the Elliots are still numerous in Liddesdale, the chief properties held by those of the name are in Teviotdale. But we cannot part from Liddesdale, so long the home of our clan, without any notice of its subsequent fortunes. Up to the end of last century there was but little change in the external appearance of the upper half of the valley, from that it wore when the Elliots raised their peels on the banks of the Liddel and the Hermitage. Unattractive as ever to the eye of the agriculturist, it had lost none of the beauty so dear to the artist. Glorious tints of crimson, purple, and green, intensified by the moisture of the atmosphere, still invested moor, hill, and bog, with splendour, but few had opportunities of discovering beauties in so inaccessible a district.

When Sir Walter Scott made his first "raid into Liddesdale" in 1792, no inn nor public house of any kind existed in the whole valley; travellers passed from the shepherd's hut to the minister's manse, and again back to the homestead, gathering wherever they went songs and tunes, and occasionally more tangible relics of antiquity. The absence of any house of entertainment for travellers shows how completely unfrequented the district was; for an English traveller, Fynes Morrison,[1] who came to Scot-

[1] *Itinerary* of Fynes Morrison, published 1617.

land in 1598, found even then in all places[1] "some houses where passengers may meet a lodging, tho' they have no such innes as bee in England," and have "no bushes nor signs hung out;" and John Taylor, the Thames waterman (1618), makes honourable mention of an inn at Moffat, where, arriving way-worn and weary from Carlisle, he found "good ordinary country entertainment, fare and lodging being sweet, might have served a far better man than himself."

The "sweet fare" we fancy, consisted of fresh milk and heather-honey, with perhaps oat cake, ewe-milk cheese, and a trout from the stream; and the lodging, before the days of whisky and tobacco, was no doubt sweet too, with the racy smell of a peat-fire, and with clean linen "washed in fairy-well water, and bleached on the bonny white gowans."

The entertainment given, nearly 200 years later, to the young Walter Scott in Liddesdale (1792), was of a less idyllic character. In the homesteads of Liddesdale he discovered that the descendants of our old Borderers had renounced the temperate habits of their forefathers as well as their superstitions, and had become at once spiritual and spirituous—a condition of things which, as regards the spirituous part, may be accounted for by the scarcity of animal food, a trying climate, and a miserably poor population.[2]

The following schedule of wages in the parish of Castleton, in the middle of last century (1740), will suffice to attest the fact of their poverty:—

A man servant with maintenance	from £3 to £3	10	0
A woman servant with do. in summer	0	16	6
Ditto in winter	0	5	0
A day labourer in winter without maintenance . . .	0	0	6
A tailor in winter	0	0	4
Ditto in summer	0	0	6
Price of a pair of shoes	0	4	6
Ditto of a pair of clogs	0	2	6

At a later period, the only markets in butcher meat were Hawick and Langholm on the Esk. To the former there was not even a road.

[1] In towns it was still the custom, as in Perlin's time, for merchants to entertain a stranger for the loan of £60, keeping him in board and victuals as long as the money lasted.

[2] See the scene at a homestead (Lockhart's *Life of Scott*), where the "big ha' Bible" was open on the table, and the evening service going on, when the gudeman of the farm suddenly started on his knees, exclaiming, "By G—, here's the keg at last!" and in tumbled, as he spoke the word, a couple of sturdy herdsmen with a supply of rum and brandy from a certain smuggler's haunt.

"Not one yard of road," says the *Old Statistical Account*, "had ever been made through the country, till within the last few years (1793). For about sixteen miles along the river, the road lay rather in the water than on the banks, the only path being in what is called the Watergate, and the unhappy traveller crosses the river at least twenty-four times in that extent. Every article must be carried on horseback; and through these deep and broken bogs and mosses we must *crawl*, to the great fatigue of ourselves, but the much greater injury of our horses. There never was a bridge on either Liddel or Hermitage, which divided the parish for twenty-six miles."[1]

Under such conditions it may well be supposed that the population, chiefly pastoral,[2] retained much that was primitive in their habits and customs; while from father to son were handed down the traditions of the past. Hence the charm possessed by this outlying district for Sir Walter Scott, who has immortalised its features in his novel of *Guy Mannering*. Owing to the paucity of surnames—for according to the shepherd of Charlieshope, "most of them were Elliots and Armstrongs," it was customary when Sir Walter Scott visited Liddesdale, to distinguish individuals by nicknames derived from their trade or the name of their place. This practice had been common among the highest class on the Borders in the sixteenth century, when Gilbert Elliot of Stobs, and his wife, Margaret

[1] It seems only fair to modern Liddesdale to state that the state of things described above has long since passed away. A neat little town has grown up at Castleton, under the auspices of the Duke of Buccleuch; and besides good roads, the valley is traversed in all its length by the North British Railway between Carlisle and Hawick. At Riccarton Junction, a station almost on the summit of the pass, a branch line (the ~~Waverley~~) strikes through Redesdale and Tynedale to join the Great Northern at Berwick. Thus the very wildest districts of the Border are laid open to the traveller.

[2] We have a traveller's impression of the more western district of Annandale in the writings of John Taylor, the Thames waterman, commonly called the Water-poet, who set out from London on the 14th of July 1618, to visit Scotland. He entered by the West Border, walking, while his guide rode with his baggage on a pony. As he passed along Annandale, he counted 1100 neat at "as good grass as ever man did mow."

> "There I saw sky above and earth below,
> And as in England, there the sun did show
> The hills with sheep replete, with corn the dale,
> And many a cottage yielded good Scotch ale."

At Moffat he found a country inn. It is curious to compare this account of one of the wildest districts of the West Marches with that given by Æneas Sylvius of the opposite extremity of the frontiers, the Eastern Marches, some 200 years before.—1488.

Scott of Harden, were best known as "Gibby wi' the gowden garters" and "Maggy Fendy;" while Maggy's brother, the young Laird of Harden, himself the eldest son of "Auld Wat" and the "Flower of Yarrow," had, according to the well-known tradition, been forced into matrimony with "muckle-mou'd Meg," daughter of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank.

The custom of nicknames endured in Teviotdale to recent time, for Dr. Somerville mentions it as common in his youth.

To the fact of the population being of the old stock, and chiefly "Elliots and Armstrongs," may, no doubt, be attributed the preservation of many a Border ballad, which the women sitting at their wheels used to recite to the younger generation, filling them, perhaps, with unlawful regrets for the days when an Armstrong "came down like a wolf on the fold," and Lariston crossed the Kershope to replenish his byre.

It is said that, within the limits of last century, the Border reiver occasionally plied his trade among the hills of Ettrick; but long after he had ceased to molest the herds and flocks, birds and beasts of prey, extinct in other parts of the country, contrived to give the shepherd an insight into the feelings of his predecessors, when, upon the flock lying peaceably on the grassy mounds which cover the site of Jock o' the Syde's old peel, or feeding in the summer evening on the ruins of Mangertoun, the robber descended with rush or swoop, leaving him to mourn his finest lamb, carried off to aërial heights in the talons of an eagle, or torn to pieces by fox or wild cat.[1]

As has been said before, the Border strongholds have vanished, and corn grows and sheep feed where once they stood; but one old fortress still remains—the seeming guardian of these wild scenes. Like the skeleton of the sentinel found at the gate of Pompeii, it points a lesson from a buried world, bearing witness, in its forlorn and ruined grandeur, to faithful spirits fled.

For three centuries and more the tide of war ebbed and flowed continuously under the massive walls of Hermitage, and still they stand, grim, solid, unbroken, contemptuous of all external decoration from nature or from man. Gigantic mounds of turf, which once were ramparts, lie scattered around them; beyond these a waste of morass and heather is limited by an amphitheatre of hills.

[1] Such events are related to have occurred among the Liddesdale hills not more than half-a-century ago.

Seen from without, the castle probably looks much as it did when armed men lounged in its shadow, or shot arrows from the narrow slits which alone break the blankness of the walls; and the eye, wandering over them in vain for some sign, to show what manner of men lived behind their screen of stone, discovers with relief, in a high corner of the western wall, one solitary mullioned window.

From thence some one may have rejoiced to receive the radiance of the summer sky, the gay song of the lark, the fragrant breath of the meadow-sweet growing by the stream. Some one must have looked forth on the green hills, and on the wide stretches of golden asphodel covering the morass. Queen Mary herself, during the few hours she spent there while on her hurried and reckless visit to Bothwell, may have leaned from that spot—to see nothing, perhaps, but the visions of her own fevered mind; and if so, summers and flowers have had their revenge; for within the castle, hall, guard-room, and presence-chamber, have fallen into one unintelligible mass, over which the fern and the harebell have thrown a tapestry more delicately beautiful than any that human fingers ever wove.[1]

[1] The air is full of tradition in this lonely spot. Above the castle is the Ninestane Rig, on Skelf Hill, where the wicked Soulis was boiled to death in a cauldron, the stones on which it rested being still pointed out. "A cruel sorcerer was he, harassing his neighbours, and fortifying his castle against the King of Scotland, for which purpose he invoked the fiends by his incantations, and forced his vassals to drag materials like beasts of burden." His familiar demon, Redcap or Ringan, has not even now forsaken the dungeon where his victims lay; and the peasantry, who believe that, for the wicked deeds done there, the old castle has sunk some feet below the ground, are wont to avoid its precincts when the shades of evening fall. The "Flower of Chivalry," Douglas, the Knight of Liddesdale, has contributed his share to the awful associations of Hermitage, for to him was due the death by starvation, in the castle-dungeon, of Sir Alexander Ramsay, a good knight, whose sole offence was having held a court of justice at Hawick by his sovereign's command. Close to the castle-walls is the grave of the Cout o' Keeldar, whose story may be read in a modern ballad by Leyden:—

"The lonely shepherd loves to mark
The daisy springing fair,
Where weeps the birch of silver bark,
With long dishevelled hair.

"The grave is green, and round is spread
The curling lady fern;
That fatal day the mould was red,
No moss was on the cairn."

In the stream below is the "foaming linn" where Keeldar met his death:—

"The holly floated to the side,
And the leaf of the rowan pale;
Alas! no spell could charm the tide,
Nor the lance of Liddisdale."

Cout o' Keeldar, by Leyden.

V. The Reformation.

The ruins of Hermitage are no unfit symbol of the institutions which crumbled away when the Border fortress ceased to be needed. To the eye of the antiquarian and historian feudal Scotland must always be a deeply-interesting subject of investigation, but as an extinct organism, with which her modern institutions have little or no relation—unlike in this the sister country.

The English owe their institutions to the combined action of the aristocracy and the people, who, though for the most part belonging to different nationalities, were influenced by the genius of the same Teutonic race; with this difference, that the Norman, by nature, or by acquirement during his occupation of Northern France, was possessed of certain characteristics — such as a spirit of dominion, a love of order, a thirst for military glory and chivalrous achievement, which distinguished him from the laborious, enduring, but freedom-loving Saxon. Norman and Saxon were the types of aristocracy and democracy as developed by the same resolute, earnest, energetic race; and they combined with marvellous harmony, though by no means in equal proportions, in the construction of the institutions of England.

In Scotland, though the same distinction of nationalities existed as in England, it cannot be said that, in historic times, there has ever been a dominant race. The feudal system was at no one period imposed upon the country, though it gradually "crept in."[1] The weakness of the Crown rendered unnecessary such a coalition as took place in England between the nobles and the people. Hence the social system, as it existed in Scotland in the sixteenth century, had no hold on the affections of the people; while, owing to the weakness of the state, and its civil dissensions, civilisation came later to Scotland than to England; but when it came, it bore, in a marked manner, the impress of the popular mind. The organisation of the Reformed Church was essentially democratic; and Queen Mary saw, with perfect clearness, where the new revolution was tending, when, pale and agitated, she exclaimed to Knox:—"Well, then, I perceive that

[1] Cosmo Innes.

my subjects shall obey you and not me; and will do what they please, and not what I command!"[1] To sum up the matter briefly, English institutions have been stronger than the Saxon genius of the people; in Scotland the reverse was the case, even before the Reformation.

The removal of the Court, and with it of the centre of gravity to the aristocracy, tended still further to weaken the social organisation of Scotland, as it had existed previously to that date; but its most powerful dissolvent was the Reformation.

The movement of the Reformation on the Continent had been watched with profound interest by Scotchmen before it reached our shores; when it did so, it roused at once into intensity all those characteristics of the people which we are apt to attribute to their Saxon origin. In spite of holydays, shows, and merry-makings—in spite of ignorance of any but a superficial religion—to the Scotchman life was *full of sairiousness.* This Queen Mary remarked; "her common talk was that she saw nothing in Scotland but gravity, quhilk repugned altogidder to her nature." Like his Northumbrian kinsmen of old, the Scot was more than ready to hear what the new teachers had to say; and though centuries had passed since the apologue was made, he could still find a likeness to his soul in the bird which flew through the hall, none knowing whence or whither.[2]

We cannot say that we think the picture drawn of the most probable destiny of the soul by the fathers of the kirk was an attractive one. But without venturing to hint at any criticisms of their creed, we may admit that the Calvinistic dogmas concerning the human side of our Lord's suffering were strictly in accordance with ideas which had long prevailed in Scotland and elsewhere: those of the necessity of expiation by blood for sins too enormous to be otherwise obliterated, coupled with a horror of blood-guiltiness. In unison with their own views of righteous vengeance, the Reformers taught that the Deity could be appeased by blood alone; and in like manner, carrying into the sphere of religion the uncompromising spirit with which they had fought their ancient enemies, they bound themselves to deadly feud with the devil and all of his abettors and upholders, including, as we have seen, imps, goblins, bogles, and fairies.

The extreme lengths to which it was possible for excited consciences to be carried in the direction of asceticism may be seen in the following catalogue of abominations. It is extracted from the manifesto of four

[1] M'Crie's *Life of Knox.* [2] Bede.

unfortunate Covenanters who were seized in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and incarcerated in the Canongate Tolbooth. . . . "We renounce the names of months as—January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December; Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday; Martinmas, Holydays: for there is none holy but the Sabbath-day; Lambas-day, Whitsunday, Candlemas, Beltan, cross-stones, and images, fairs named by Saints, and all the remnants of Popery; Yool or Christmas, Old Wives' Fables and By-words, as Palm Sunday, Carline Sunday, the 29th of May being dedicat by this generation to prophanity; Peace Sunday, Holloweven, Hogmynee night, Valentine's Even; no marrying in the month they call May, the innumerable relicts of Popery, Atheism, and sorcery, and New Year's day, and Handsell Monday, dredgies and lykewakes; Valentine's Fair, chappels and chaplains; likewise Sabbath-days' feuetings, blythments, banquetings, revelling, pipings, sportings, dancings, laughings, singing prophane and lustfull songs and ballads; table-lawings, monklands, frier-lands, blackfriar-lands, kirk and kirkyards, and mercat crosses, founstones images, registers of lands and houses, register of bonds; discharges and all their law-works, inhibitions, hornings, letters of adjudications, ships'-passes, prophanity and all unchast thoughts, words, and actions, formality and indifferency; story-books and ballads, romances and pamphlets, comedy books, cards and dice, and all such like, we disown all of them, and burn them the 6th day of the week, being the 27th day of the 5th month 1681, at the Canongate Tolbooth Tron-House."[1]

That, in their righteous horror against sin, they proscribed much that was innocent, no one can doubt; but there is unhappily more than sufficient evidence of the corruption of manners in their day to justify their unsparing onslaught on immorality and vice. Men may differ as to the wisest method by which such a warfare should be conducted; none can withhold their respect from those who strive to trample down the brutal part of human nature, even when incapable of doing so in a spirit of Divine compassion.

The long connection between the Courts of Scotland and of France, during a period of great laxity of morals on the Continent, had had much influence for evil on the manners of our kings and nobles. England in this respect was purer, and gave no examples of the shameful connections

[1] *Preliminary Dissertation to Ancient Scottish Melodies;* Bannatyne Club.

which were not only formed, but openly acknowledged, between the Stuart princes and daughters of noble houses, and which existed no less commonly between the higher ecclesiastics and the female nobility.

From the end of the fifteenth century to the beginning of the seventeenth, the tone of society in the highest class was French; so was the dress, and so in many instances the manners affected by the gentry. It was even remarked that the furniture used in the dwellings was that of France, Spain, and Italy.[1] Where there was much similarity in manners, it was probable there would be not less in morals, and such we believe to have been the case. A significant sentence, bearing on this point, is to be found in a letter from the Earl of Bedford to Secretary Cecil, in which mention is made of the friendship, "*after the Scots manner*," between Morton and the Lady of Crawford.[2]

Don Pedro de Ayala (1498) specially mentions the beauty and grace of Scotch women, adding, that though bold, they were honest, and had unlimited influence over their husbands. Boece tells us that their beauty was short-lived, owing to their great voracity; which habit of excessive eating, observable in both sexes, he attributed to the number of fat animals, of birds and beasts for the fowler and hunter, and of fish in the rivers, estuaries, and lakes, all of which supplied them with food.[3] There are many indications that extravagance in living had become excessive towards the close of the sixteenth century; and in proof of this may be cited some passages from a comedy entitled *Philotus*, published in Edinburgh in 1603, founded on a story published in 1581.

A rich old man, persuading a young woman to become his wife, promises her no less than five meals a-day; and all the occupations proposed in the interim seem intended to "fetch her an appetite."

After the toilet—a very elaborate one—to be prepared by her maids before she rises, she is admonished as follows:—

> "Then tak, to stanch your morning drouth,
> Ane cup of Malvoisie for your mouth;

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[1] See report on the court of James IV. and the people of Scotland, sent by Don Pedro de Ayala to Ferdinand and Isabella, 1498. See Fynes Morrison.

[2] "The Queen thinketh, as I hear, that the Earl Morton is returned home from whence he hath been, and is come to the Lady of Crawford, who of old time and long continuance hath been a friend and well-willer of his after the *Scots manner*."—Earl of Bedford to Secretary Cecil. *Bedford Correspondence.*

[3] "Excessive drinking and gluttony" are included in the long catalogue of sins denounced by the General Assembly in 1595-96.—*Domestic Annals.*

For fume cast succar in a fouth[1]
Together with a toast.
Three garden gowps[2] tak of the air,
And bid your page in haste prepare,
For your disjune some dainty fare,
And care not for nae cost.

" Ane pair of plovers, piping het,
Ane partrick and ane quailie get,
Ane cup of sack, sweet and weel set,
May for ane breakfast gain.
Your cater he may care for syne
Some delicate, again' you dine;
Your cook to season all sae fine
Then does employ his pain."

Thus strengthened for the duties of the day, the lady is to visit her servants and maids :—

" And, gif there ony wark be wrang,
Then bitterly them blame:

" And now, when all their warks are done,
For your refreshing after noon,
Gar bring into your chamber soon,
Some dainty dish of meat;
Ane cup or twa with Muscadel,
Some other licht thing there withal—
For raisins or for capers call,
Gif that ye please to eat.

Till supper time then may ye chuse
Into your garden to repose,
Or merrily to tak ane gloze,[3]
Or tak ane book and read on;
Syne to your supper are ye brought,
Till fare, full far that has been sought,
And dainty dishes, dearly bought,
That ladies love to feed on.

The organs then, into your hall,
With shalm and timbrel sound they sall,
The viol and the lute withal,
To gar your meat digest:

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[1] Quantity. [2] Mouthfuls. [3] Gloze, to warm at the fire.

The supper done, then up ye rise
To gang ane while, as is the guise,
By ye have roamit ane alley thrice,
It is a mile almaist.

Then ye may to your chalmer gang,
Beguile the nicht, gif it be lang,
With talk, and merry mows[1] amang,
To elevate the spleen.
For your collation tak ane taste,
Some little licht thing till digest,
At nicht use Rhen'sh wine ay almaist,
For it is cauld and clean."

It will be observed that the lady is offered four different kinds of wine. Fynes Morrison mentions that the wines drunk by the Scotch gentry were very pure, not sweetened with sugar after the English fashion, "tho' at feasts they put comfits into their wine after the French manner."[2]

The same authority (1598) describes the country people and merchants as drinking largely, the gentlemen somewhat more sparingly. "Yet," he adds, "the very courtiers, at feasts, by night meetings and entertaining strangers, used to drink healths not without excess, and (to speak truth without offence) the excesse of drinking was then far greater in generall among the Scots than the English."

It is fair to say that with regard to their diet the account of their consumption given by Fynes Morrison is very moderate; indeed, on the occasion of a visit which he paid to a knight's house on the Borders, to negotiate about "Bordering affairs," he observed a somewhat "rude neglect" of the art of cookery.

"Touching their diet: they eat much red colewort and cabbage, but little freshe meate, using to salt their mutton and geese, which made me wonder that they used to eat beefe without salting. The gentlemen reckon their revenues *not* by rents of monie, but by chaldrons of victuals, and keepe many people in their families, yet living most on corne and rootes, not spending any great quantity of flesh.[3]

[1] Jests.

[2] *Domestic Annals.*

[3] Fynes Morrison says, "that they, in his day, exported the skinnes of otters, wethers, badgers, and martens, to Bordeaux; also, salt and clothes of linen and woollen," which, he says, "narrow and shrinke in the wetting;" and from Bordeaux they imported wines, prunes, walnuts, and chestnuts.

"Myself was at a knight's house who had many servants to attend him, that brought in his meate with their heads covered with blew caps, the table being more than half furnished with great platters of porridge, each having a little piece of sodden meate; and when the table was served, the servants did sit down with us, but the upper messe, in steade of porridge, had a pullet, with some prunes in the broth. And I observed no art of cookery or furniture of household stuffe, but rather rude neglect of both, though myself and my companion, sent from the Governor of Berwicke about Bordering affaires, were entertained after their best manner. The Scots living there in factions used to keepe many followers, and so consumed their revenue of victuals, living in some want of money. They vulgarly eate harsh cakes of oates, but in cities have also wheaten bread, which for the most part was bought by courtiers, gentlemen, and the best sort of citizens. When I lived at Barwicke, the Scots, weekly upon the market day, obtained leave in writing of the Governor to buy pease and beans, whereof, as also of wheate, their merchants at this day send great quantity from London into Scotland."

In like manner, the account given by Fynes Morrison of the general condition of the Scotch as he saw them at the beginning of the seventeenth century, is suggestive rather of poverty than of display. The gentlemen's houses he found "nothing so frequent nor so stately built as the better sort of the English." "Lastly, the villages of clay covered with straw, much more frequent than in England, and less commodious within."[1] Their preference of French to English customs he mentions as coming out strongly among the upper class in the matter of dress.

"The husbandmen in Scotland, the servants, and almost all in the country, did weare coarse cloth, made at home, of gray or skie colour, and flat blew caps, very broad. The merchants in cities were attired in English or French cloth, of pale colour, or mingled black and blue. The gentlemen did weare English cloth, or silk or light stuffes, little or nothing adorned with silk lace, much less with silver and gold; and all followed at this time the French fashion, especially in Court. . . . . The inferior sort of citizens' wives, and the women of the country, did wear cloakes

[1] "Their bedsteads are like cupboards in the wall, the doors to be opened and shut at pleasure"—these are the boxbeds which still hold their ground. We are unable to say whether the next custom recorded by our traveller also exists: "They use but one sheet, open at the sides and top, but close at the feet, and so doubled."

made of a coarse stuff, of two or three colours, in checker-worke, vulgarly called *plodan*. To conclude, in generall, they would not at this time be attired after the English fashion in any sort; but the men, especially at Court, follow the French fashion; and the women, both in Court and city, as well in cloakes as naked heads and close sleeves on the arms and all other garments, follow the fashion of the women of Germany."[1]

[1] The virgins of Germany go bareheaded, with close sleeves upon their arms.—*Fynes Morrison.*

"Some twenty or thirty years ago the first use of coaches came into Scotland. Yet they were rare even in Edenborough. At this day, since the kingdoms of England and Scotland were united, many Scots, by the King's favour, have been promoted both in dignities and estate, and the use of coaches became more frequent, yet nothing so common as in England. But the use of horse-litters hath been very ancient in Scotland, as in England, for sickly men and women of qualitie." *Fynes Morrison.*

"In Scotland a horse (for travellers) could be hired for 2s. the first day, and 8d. the day untill he be brought home; and the horse-letters use to send a footeman to bring backe the horse."—*Ibid.*

VI. The Reformation.

The Reformation was late of finding its way into the Border wilds; for, while the religious and civil dissensions were at their height, in 1568, Drury wrote to Cecil—"Our trusty neighbours of Teviotdale are holden occupied only to attend to the pleasure and calling of their own heads to make some diversion in this matter." The influence of the reformed preachers among the Borderers seems also to have been but small, for upon all occasions of dispute with the kirk, James VI. was wont to call in their assistance.[1]

The reputation of the Borderers was, perhaps, of a kind to deter men of peace from visiting them when not assured of a welcome. Colville, in his *Paranesis or Admonition*, states that the reformed divines were far from undertaking distant journeys to convert the heathen, "as I wold wis at God that ye wold only go bot to the Hielands and Borders of our own realm to gain our awin countrymen, who, for lack of preaching, must, with time, become either infidels or atheists."[2]

And we find that before the beginning of the seventeenth century, little or no provision had been made for teaching of the Word in the district of Liddesdale.

Being "destitute of all instruction and bringing up in the fear of God, be lack of pastoris to preach the Word of God sen the Reformation of religion and letteris, his Majesty, under the great seal, with advice, united and annexed in ane parsonage and vicarage the kirks of Castleton, Ettleton, and Quhele-kirk and Belkirk in ane perpetual rectory, or parsonage and vicarage of Castleton.—9 Dec. 1604."[3] Previous to the Reformation the parish church of Castleton, in Liddesdale, belonged to the Abbey of Jedburgh.

It is not improbable that the Borderers, in the remote scenes in which they lived, had had less personal experience than the dwellers in cities of the dissoluteness of manners unhappily so prevalent among the higher

[1] *Calderwood*, p. 129. [2] Notes to *Border Minstrelsy*. [3] *Fasti Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ*.

ecclesiastics. As a rule, in all countries and in all periods, the rural clergy are likely to be of purer manners than those whose duties keep them in the precincts of a court. But the monks and friars, of whom there was no lack in Teviotdale, had been the subject of dislike and contempt for many a day previous to the Reformation.[1] A popular rhyme embodies this feeling—

"O, the monks of Melrose made gude kale
On Fridays, when they fasted;
They wanted neither beef nor ale,
As long as their neighbours' lasted."

In many of the languages of Europe, satires of very early date are extant against the mendicant orders, showing them to have been the terror of parents and husbands, the contempt of the active and laborious.

The work of the Reformation was greatly helped on by the number of pasquinades and satires in vogue among all classes, and directed against the vices of the clergy. Some of these were in the form of parodies of the ritual—the idea of which may very possibly have been taken from the mock-services performed by the Roman Catholics on the Feast of Fools—the extraordinary and most irreverent observance of this holyday being commonly practised in cathedral towns, and never with more license than in the sixteenth century.[2]

At a later time it became the fashion to moralise popular ballads and to metamorphose others into godly and spiritual songs; while some of the tender pastoral airs, which refused to be so adapted, were attributed to the composition of the devil. Shakespeare, in his *Winter's Tale* (Act iv. sc. 2) speaks of a Puritan singing psalms to hornpipes.

"In princes courts," says Hume of Logie, 1598, "in the houssis of greate men, and at the assembleis of young men, gentlemen, and young damsels, the chief pastime is to sing prophane sonnets and vaine ballates of love." "A naughtie subject," he elsewhere says.

Unluckily, there is no surer way of increasing naughtiness than by

[1] As early as the beginning of the fifteenth century, edicts had been directed by the Scotch Parliament against the Austin and Benedictine Friars. "In 1424, the Estates recorded among their Acts a solemn admonition, addressed in the King's name to the heads of the Benedictines and Austin Houses, lamenting their irregularities, and sternly calling them to order if they would save their establishments from ruin."—*Burton*.

[2] It was still kept up in parts of France in the middle of the seventeenth century, and being celebrated in monasteries and religious houses, as well as in churches, led to great abuses.—*Cérémonies Religieuses de Bernard Picart*, v. ix.

making people believe that natural feelings are necessarily naughty ones; and, to judge from the writings of the Reformers, the first result of their teaching was not favourable to the progress of morality; nor did the reformed doctrines meet with ready acceptance from the inhabitants of the Lowland districts.

The small progress made towards effecting a change of habits in the people of the extreme parts of the Lowlands, during the first half-century after the Reformation, may be gathered from the statements of the Reformers. Thus, when Mr. John Welsh[1] went to Ayr in 1590, he found the country so wicked, and the hatred of godliness so great, that there could not one in all the town be found who would let him a house to dwell in. And when he had first taken up his residence in the town, the place was so divided into factions, and filled with bloody conflicts, that a man could hardly walk the streets with safety. "He used, in his earnestness, to rush in between the combatants, covering his head with a headpiece, but never using a sword, that they might see he came for peace and not for war." There was in Ayr an aged minister, of so easy a disposition, that he used "to go too great a length with his neighbours in many dangerous practices; and among the rest he used to go to the bow-butts and archery on the Sabbath afternoons, to Mr. Welsh's great dissatisfaction. While Mr. Welsh was at Ayr, the Lord's day was greatly profaned at a gentleman's house about eight miles distant from Ayr, by reason of great confluence of people playing at the football and other pastimes."

A son of Mr. Welsh, Mr. Josias Welsh, became minister at Temple-Patrick, in the North of Ireland, and was commonly called the Cock of the Conscience by the people of that country.

Again, half-a-century later, when Mr. John Livingstone "came to Ancrum in Teviotdale in 1648, he found the people very tractable, but very ignorant, and some of them very loose in their carriage; and it was a long time before any of them could be brought to such a condition, that he could adventure to celebrate the Lord's Supper."

Richard Cameron, licensed at Heughhead in Teviotdale, was sent to preach in Annandale during the persecution. He said, "How could he

[1] Mr. John Welsh, born 1570, in Nithsdale. His first settlement was at Selkirk, where he found the country rude. He left it chiefly because of the base treatment he had received from a certain Scot of Headschaw, a family now extinct.

go there? He knew not what sort of people they were." To which Mr. Welsh replied:—"Go your way, Ritchie, and set the fire of hell to their tails." He went, and the first day he preached upon that text, "How shall I put thee among the children?" etc. "In the application he said, 'Put you among the children! the offspring of robbers and thieves!' Many have heard of Annandale thieves. Some of them got a merciful cast that day, and told it afterwards, that it was the first field-meeting that ever they attended; and that they went out of curiosity to see how a minister could preach in a tent, and people sit on the ground."[1]

In those days, apparently, people liked their ministers to deal with them as they did with each other; and were never so joyful as when the balms of the righteous tended "to break their heads."[2]

[1] Before 1679. Life of Cameron.—*Scots Worthies.*

[2] The congregation were occasionally roused by still stronger measures. The Perth kirk-session ordained "John Tenender, session-officer, to have his red staff in the kirk on the Sabbath-days to wauken sleepers."

VII. The Persecution.

But, towards the middle of the seventeenth century, a change came over the mind of the people—the harp of Scotland was strung to deeper tones. The spirit of the reformed religion had swept over the land, full and strong as the westland wind laden with the scent of fresh-turned earth, with the spring-like fragrance of reviving nature. In a purified atmosphere men had learnt something of their duties—much of their rights—and the attempts of the government to control their free action in matters of conscience, awoke the old spirit of resistance. "A Scotchman hateth bondage most of all," said an old writer, and the bondage now proposed to them was, in their view, bondage to the devil.

The Stuart kings should have better understood the race from which they came. They might have known, too, how small was their personal hold on men who for generations had been, at one time or the other, in arms against the Crown; but it was a peculiarity of the Stuarts that, while gifted with singular acuteness in their insight into the characters of individuals, they were wholly wanting in the power of reading masses of men; it was a part of the idiosyncrasy which led them to excel in all things not requiring the highest excellence, and when that was demanded of them, to fail.

No dynasty was ever less fitted to cope with men whose very passions had a moral root. In spite of cultivated tastes and intellectual gifts of no mean order, they were utterly unable to comprehend the fervid imagination in the light of which their subjects saw themselves transfigured into the God-led Israelites, their preachers into prophets, their kings into Ahabs. They were still listening to the old familiar cadences while a new strain was on the lips of their people—a strain rarely heard in courts, though among them it has found loving acceptance.

"Where is thy favour'd haunt, eternal Voice,
The region of thy choice,
Where, undisturb'd by sin and earth, the soul
Owns thy entire control?

'Tis on the mountain's summit, dark and high,
Where storms are hurrying by:
'Tis 'mid the strong foundations of the earth,
Where torrents have their birth.

"No sounds of worldly toil, ascending there,
Mar the full burst of prayer;
Lone Nature feels that she may freely breathe,
And round us, and beneath,
Are heard her sacred tones: the fitful sweep
Of winds across the steep,
Through wither'd bents—romantic note, and clear,
Meet for a hermit's ear,—

"The wheeling kite's wild solitary cry,
And, scarcely heard so high,
The dashing waters, when the air is still,
From many a torrent rill
That winds unseen beneath the shaggy fell,
Track'd by the blue mist well:
Such sounds as make deep silence in the heart,
For thought to do her part.
'Tis then we hear the voice of God within."[1]

Among the least learned of our pastoral population—the herdsmen in the solitudes of the hills—there were, from the time of the Reformation to our own, many who could repeat the greater part of the Bible—as they could likewise a considerable portion of *The Wallace* and *The Bruce*;[2] and from these sources they drew the mingled inspirations of patriotism and piety.

The study of the Old Testament had imbued the Lowland Scotch with the fervid spirit of the Israelites of old, or rather the history of the ancient race of soldier-shepherds, with their faith and energy, their trials and deliverances, awoke a ready response in the breast of men gifted by nature with many similar qualities, and placed in scenes and circumstances full of resemblance to those depicted in the story of the Israelites.

With the Bible in his hands, not only was the shepherd of the hills as ready as the youthful David to do battle against the enemies of God, but to the inanimate world around him was given a deeper significance.

[1] Keble, *20th Sunday after Trinity.*

[2] Leyden, Introduction to the *Complaynt*, says he has known several instances of men able to do this.

The mountains where he had played and piped on a summer's day, stood solemnly about him, as the Lord about his people; the torrents spake to him of One whose voice was as the sound of many waters; among the crags and caves he sought refuge from his enemy by the "Rock of his strength;" and he himself was as the sheep wandering in the wilderness—yet neither forgotten nor alone. The 23d Psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd," has always been specially dear to the Scotch people.

While the least educated classes of the people adopted the new tendencies with passion, there was, happily for the country, no severance of view between them and their old leaders. The Border gentry took their full share in resistance to the undue exercise of royal power, and suffered manfully in the persecutions which ensued.

During the troubles of the reign of Charles I. the Stobs family took an active part on the popular side, and appear to have been strong Presbyterians. When forces were raised by Parliament for putting the kingdom in a posture of defence, William Elliot of Stobs,[1] and Gilbert of Craigend,[2] the two eldest sons of "Gibby wi' the golden garters," were nominated among the colonels of horse and foot for the county of Roxburgh (1643 and 1646); and afterwards they, as well as their brother Gavin of Midlem Mill, were named members of the Committee of War for the same county (1648 and 1649); while Archibald of Middlestead, another brother, belonged to a similar committee for Selkirkshire.

At the Restoration Gilbert and Archibald were both subjected to fines, the first for £1200, the second for £600, or to be exempted from the indemnity. The ladies of the family were not behind their husbands in Presbyterian zeal. Mr. John Livingstone gives to the "Lady Craigend," and the Lady Stobs, the praise of being well-affected persons, and adds that "he has been oft well refreshed at exercises in their houses." The "Lady Craigend" was fined £500 a second time in 1684, for not keeping church.[3]

Gavin Elliot of Midlem Mill and Grange, seems, like many of the

[1] William Elliot of Stobs, eldest son of Gilbert Elliot of Stobs and Margaret Scott of Harden, was Commissioner in Parliament for Roxburghshire in 1641 and subsequent years. He married a daughter of Lord Cranstoun; their eldest son Gilbert was Lieutenant-Colonel of a regiment of horse, and during Charles II.'s stay in Scotland in 1651 was knighted by him at Largo Sands.

[2] *Balf. Annals*, v. 257.

[3] Act of Parliament, v. 7, p. 424; ~~Lord~~ of Livingstone, 186-7; Wodrow, vol. ii. p. 364.

Presbyterians during the years 1645-6, to have taken alarm at the growing strength of the Independents, and to have been in favour of supporting the King against them; and his sufferings in the royalist cause at this period were made a ground for the pardon of his son, Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto. Gavin Elliot was named a Commissioner of Supply for Roxburghshire in 1661, and a Justice of the Peace in 1663, and died some time during Charles II.'s reign. He married a daughter of Hay of Hayston, in Peebles, by whom he had two sons, Gavin Elliot[1] of Midlem Mill and Gilbert Elliot, afterwards of Minto; a short account of the latter, from the pen of one of his descendants, will fitly close our sketches of the Borderers of the Middle Marches, for in him were exhibited in tamer times the qualities which had made his race conspicuous in days of yore.[2]

[1] Though the younger brother lived to become a far more distinguished man than the elder, it was said that their relative positions as senior and junior were never forgotten by Midlem Mill. A story is told of Gavin having come to Jedburgh when Lord Minto was sitting as Judge on an assize there. As he was elbowing his way through the crowd, a bystander called out: "Make way, make way, for Lord Minto's brother." "Na, na," said Gavin, "Gibby's *my* brother."

[2] For the information contained in this chapter concerning family history we are indebted to MS. notes of the Honourable George Elliot.

PART V.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT OF MINTO.[1]

GILBERT ELLIOT was born in the year 1651. He was brought up as a writer, and settled in Edinburgh. His youth was passed under the worst government that ever ruled in Scotland, and he must have been a witness of the persecution and oppression which the country suffered, of which those of his name and family had their share.[2] It was in the case of one of the victims of this arbitrary rule, that he first had an opportunity of showing the energy and activity of his character.

His friend, William Veitch, who had fled from Scotland after the rising in the Pentlands, and had for many years resided in Northumberland, was suddenly arrested and carried across the Border into Scotland. He was brought before the Council (February 22, 1679); but, there appearing no case against him on which to found a charge, the King directed him to be brought before the Criminal Court upon an old illegal sentence obtained in his absence twelve years before. Finding that his death was intended, Veitch prevailed with his friend, Mr. Elliot, to go up to London with a representation of his case. On arriving there, Gilbert Elliot tried first to see the Duke of Lauderdale; but all access to him was denied. He next applied to Shaftesbury, and others of that party, who took up the case warmly. Shaftesbury and Monmouth pressed the King upon it; but the only reply they got was—"I have written with my own

[1] Narrative by the Honourable George Elliot, extracted from his notes on family history.

[2] The fines imposed on his uncles, Gilbert and Archibald, have been already mentioned. His cousin, Sir William Scott of Harden, and Andrew Hay, brother of Hayston (probably his uncle), both suffered in the same way.

Among the ministers banished or turned out for nonconformity were several Elliots—viz.

Robert Elliot, minister of Linton.
Gavin Elliot, „ Kirkton.
Mr. Elliot, „ Yarrow.

(*Wodrow*, vol. i. App. No. 37.)

And Robert Elliot, minister of Alessudden, was summoned before the Council (1681) for dissuading the Magistrates of Peebles from taking the test.—(*Wodrow.*)

hand to execute him, and what I have written I have written." Finding no hopes in this quarter, it was resolved to try what could be done through Parliament; and accordingly Mr. Elliot went down with a number of copies of the case, which he had had printed, and distributed them to the members as they entered the House. The case being thus brought to the notice of a number of persons, and the Parliament being inclined to take it up, the King was advised to give way, and Mr. Elliot had the satisfaction of receiving through Lord Stair a royal letter, directing all further proceedings against Veitch to be stopped. The letter was immediately despatched to Scotland,[1] and reached the hands of the Justice-General as he was on his way to the Court, at which sentence of death would have been pronounced.

Veitch, after this narrow escape, was liberated, and returned to his old place of exile in Northumberland.[2]

In this mission Mr. Elliot was brought into communication with the leading Whigs in England, as well as with Veitch's friends, among whom were the principal persons of the Presbyterian party in Scotland; and his subsequent fortunes may be attributed to the success with which he conducted it.

Not long afterwards, he was again employed on a similar errand for a more important personage, the Earl of Argyle.

Argyle, whose case even in those times stands out as a prominent instance of tyranny, had been called upon to take the test, an oath lately imposed by Parliament, which, from the inconsistency of its terms, was objected to alike by Episcopalians and Presbyterians. On taking the oath he gave an explanation of the sense in which he understood it, and no objection being made, he took his seat at the Council. Immediately afterwards, however, the Duke of York, who was then in Scotland, and the Privy Council, laid hold of the explanation, which was perfectly innocent in itself, and made it the foundation of a charge of treason and leasing-making, and, from subservient judges and a packed jury, had no difficulty in obtaining a conviction (Dec. 13, 1681). Under this conviction Argyle now lay a prisoner in the castle of Edinburgh, and being convinced that his life was

[1] Mr. Elliot not being over well supplied with money, and two other agents, for Sir Patrick Hume and Sir James Stewart, who likewise had orders of release, being in the same case, they thought it too great an expense for all three to ride post to Edinburgh; so they cast lots which should do it, and it fell to Hume's agent.—*Life of Veitch.*

[2] Wodrow, vol. ii. p. 8.

aimed at by the Council, it was resolved to send an agent to London to learn the King's intentions towards him. Mr. Elliot was pitched upon for this service, and immediately posted off. He can scarcely have arrived in London when information was obtained that, in answer to the demand of the Council in Edinburgh, the King had written a letter directing sentence to be passed on Argyle, and staying execution during pleasure. No time was therefore to be lost, and Mr. Elliot set off post for Edinburgh, outrode the King's messenger by near twenty-four hours, and at six o'clock in the evening of December 20th delivered his letters to Argyle, announcing that sentence of death would be immediately pronounced. At seven o'clock the same evening Argyle made his escape in the disguise of a page, and by the time the Council received the King's letter he had been conducted across the Border to Mr. Veitch's house in Northumberland. Sentence of death was pronounced in his absence, and a reward offered for his capture; but in the meantime, he and Veitch, who both owed their safety, if not their lives, to Mr. Elliot, succeeded in making their way up to London without discovery.[1]

Argyle and a number of other Scotsmen now began to consult about some means of delivering their country from the intolerable tyranny under which it suffered, and Mr. Elliot was one of those who entered actively into their schemes. Of the principal persons engaged in the plot, Argyle and Veitch were in Holland; Robert Baillie of Jerviswood, James Stewart (afterwards Sir James Stewart of Goodtrees, and Lord Advocate), Lord Melville (afterwards Secretary of State), William Carstairs (afterwards William III.'s chaplain and confidential adviser), and Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, were in England in communication with Lord Russell and his friends; and Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth (afterwards Earl of Marchmont), Lord Tarras, Pringle of Torwoodlee, and Scot of Galashiels, managed matters in Scotland. Mr. Elliot, who had already given proof of his capacity for such service, was employed as an envoy between these various

[1] Wodrow, vol. ii. p. 205, *et seq.* *Life of Veitch*, p. 133, *et seq.* Wodrow, who tells the story, does not seem to have known that Mr. Elliot was the person who made the rapid ride from London to Edinburgh. There is a tradition in the family that the King was not unwilling that Mr. Elliot should reach Edinburgh first, and that the messenger to the Council was, therefore, not hurried off. There is great probability of this being true, for it was the Duke of York and Scottish Privy Council who were urging on matters against Argyle, and the King seems rather reluctantly to have given in to them. When Argyle was afterwards in hiding in London, the fact was known to the King, but he showed no disposition to lay hold of him.—*Burnet.*

parties, and made several journeys from Scotland to London, or Holland, on the business they were engaged in.[1]

The project had scarcely got beyond the first stage when it was interrupted by the discovery of the Ryehouse Plot, and the execution of Russell, Sydney, etc.; and the Government having got wind of it, arrested Baillie, Carstairs, and several more, and threw them into prison. As the English law did not admit of torture, the prisoners were, in defiance of all law, sent down to Scotland in order that some revelation of the plot might thus be extracted from them.[2]

Mr. Carstairs, on being first brought before the Council at Edinburgh, refused to answer anything. He was tortured with the thumbikins for an hour, when, being about to faint from the pain, he was released without making any disclosure. The next day the torture was to be repeated, when, on obtaining a solemn promise that his evidence should not be used against any person whom he should name, he consented to answer the questions put to him.[3]

Mr. Elliot was named as one of those who had a knowledge of the plot;[4] but aware that there was no safety for him in Scotland, he had probably already made his escape, as did Sir Patrick Hume, Lord Melville, and others, who all went over to Holland; but Lord Tarras, Scot of Galashiels, and some others, were arrested. Baillie of Jerviswood[5] was tried and executed, and proceedings were also taken against those who had escaped. Mr. Elliot and twenty-one others were summoned to compear before parliament on a certain day, on a process of treason raised against them by the Lord Advocate,[6] but this could not be proceeded with until

[1] See Recital in Decreet of Forfeiture against Sir John Cochrane, Act of Parliament, vol. viii. App. p. 40, 41; and a similar Recital in the forfeitures of Sir Patrick Hume and others.

[2] November 1663. Fountainhall, *Historical Notice*, vol. ii. p. 458.

[3] Wodrow, vol. ii. p. 392. September 6, 1684.

[4] Fountainhall, *Historical Notice*, p. 556. The name of Mr. Elliot does not appear in Carstairs's confession as published; there were, as he himself says, many omissions in the published copy. Probably, as Mr. Elliot was not in custody, the Government kept back his name with the view of arresting him.

[5] Baillie, who was in a very weak state, was executed within five hours after sentence, lest death should anticipate the execution. In spite of the condition under which it had been obtained, Carstairs's confession was made use of against him at the trial. (Wodrow, Fountainhall.)

[6] January 1685, *Historical Notice*, vol. ii. p. 600. The process was raised in pursuance of an order of the Council, dated December 3, 1684, and another to the same effect, January 7, 1685 (Wodrow, vol. ii. p. 454, 463). Notwithstanding the citation, the Advocate was also ordered to bring a process against Mr. Elliot and five others in the Court of Justiciary; and they not

the meeting of the Estates, before which time important events had occurred.

The plan of a rising in Scotland had never been given up, and on the death of Charles II. the preparations were actively pushed forward. Argyle had raised some money for the purchase of arms, and vessels to carry them, and Sir Patrick Hume, Pringle of Torwoodlee, and Mr. Gilbert Elliot, are said to have gone round to the Protestant churches in Geneva and Germany, collecting contributions for the same object.[1]

All the principal refugees from Scotland were collected in Holland, where Monmouth was also busy making arrangements for his expedition. Mr. Elliot was not the least active among them. He had, during the winter, been in communication with Argyle,[2] and now attended the meetings held by the Scots for settling their plans. Here some difficulty occurred owing to Argyle being determined to retain the entire control and management in his own hands; and Sir Patrick Hume and other leading persons, not willing to risk everything without some knowledge of his plans and prospects, were on the point of withdrawing from all share in the expedition; but ultimately an agreement was come to at a meeting held at Amsterdam, April 17, 1685. From the minutes of the meeting it appears that there were present, the Earl of Argyle, Mr. Charles Campbell, his son, Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, George Pringle of Torwoodlee, William Denholm of Westshiels, George Hume of Bassindean, John Cochrane of Waterside, Mr. George Wishart, William Clellan, James Stewart, advocate, and Mr. Gilbert Elliot. Sir John Cochrane was elected Præses pro hac vice, and they unanimously resolved—"That the above-named persons, and other gentlemen of the kingdom of Scotland joining with them in a great undertaking intended by them in defence and for the recovery of the religious rights and liberties of the kingdom of Scotland, shall assume and take upon them the quality and character of a council, for consulting and determining whatsoever relates to that great undertaking, and management thereof; and that so soon as they come to Scotland such of the nation as shall join themselves

appearing, were, on March 17, decreed outlaws and fugitives, put to the horn, and their movable goods and gear to be escheated; but the Advocate is satisfied not to extract an act against them until May 16, when they are cited to parliament (Wodrow, and Fountainhall's *History*). "Mr. Gilbert Elliot, writer (or sometime writer) in Edinburgh," is the description in these processes.

[1] Fountainhall, *Historical Observations*, p. 190.

[2] Evidence of Dr. Blackadder and David Stewart in process of treason.

to them in the prosecution of the said undertaking shall likewise have access to and be joined in the foresaid council."

"The persons foresaid, in the character and quality above expressed, do resolve to make war against James, Duke of Albany and York, and such as shall adhere to him; and for the command and conduct of the army they shall be able to gather together, they did unanimously choose and appoint Archibald, Earl of Argyle, to the office of captain-general, with as full and ample power as any captain-general is ordinarily in use to have in any free state in Europe."[1]

They further directed that a declaration of war should be prepared, and that Mr. William Veitch and two others should be sent to Scotland to prepare their friends there.

All the arrangements being at length completed, and three ships, the *Anna*, *Sophia*, and *David*, loaded with arms and ammunition, the whole company, amounting to about 300 men embarked, Mr. Elliot being on board the *Anna*, the "Admiral ship," in which Argyle himself sailed. On the 1st of May the little fleet dropped down from Amsterdam to the Vlie, and next day set sail with a fair wind.

The voyage was prosperous, but from the moment of their making the west coast of Scotland, where they were to disembark, the failure of the undertaking became apparent. Argyle was disappointed to find how few of his own people joined his standard.[2] By the disagreement between him and Sir Patrick Hume and other gentlemen belonging to the Lowlands, who wished at once to proceed to that part of the country, much time was wasted. After they had landed, their ships and stores were taken by English frigates, and the Government had time to raise all the forces of the country against them; so that, when at length it was determined to make for the Lowlands, where the strength of the Presbyterians lay, their situation had become almost desperate. A small remnant of their body, numbering no more than 100 men, crossed the Clyde, where Argyle and all the Highlanders left them. This little force gallantly defended themselves against a considerable body of King's troops, who attacked them at Muirdykes in Renfrew; and having driven off the enemy, they still held together some days, when information of Argyle's capture was received, upon which

[1] Wodrow, vol. ii. p. 529.

[2] Those upon whom he chiefly reckoned had been summoned to Edinburgh by the Government, in order to prevent their joining.

they determined to disperse, and each man to seek safety as he best could.[1]

A proclamation was issued against receiving the fugitives, under pain of treason, and offering rewards to any person who should bring them in dead or alive.[2] Nevertheless, Mr. Elliot and many of his companions succeeded in escaping, and once more took refuge on the Continent.[3]

Such was the ending of the unfortunate attempt, and it now only remained for the Government to take vengeance on those engaged in it.

June 30.—Argyle was beheaded without waiting for a new trial, and the sentence under which he was executed was not for his present rebellion, but for his former explanation of the test. For Rumbold, who had also fallen into their hands, the ordinary punishment for treason was thought too mild, and the Council invented a new and barbarous sentence, which was rigidly carried out.[4] Most of the principal persons, both those who had been taken and those who had escaped, were forfeited in Parliament. The process already begun there against Mr. Elliot was, by Act of Parliament, remitted to the Court of Justiciary,[5] to whom a parliamentary power was given of proceeding to forfeiture, notwithstanding the absence of the accused; and accordingly, on the 16th of July, the trial, if it can be so called, took place.

The indictment charged Mr. Elliot with the crime of treason, in having conversed and intercommuned with the late Earl of Argyle, a

[1] Wodrow, vol. ii. pp. 529-537; Sir Patrick Hume's Narrative, *Marchmont Papers*, vol. iii. The account in Wodrow is chiefly taken from a paper drawn up by Argyle, and gives his version of the expedition, and its causes of failure. Sir Patrick Hume gives the version of the other party. See also the *Life of Bryson*, published by M'Crie, p. 314 *et seq.*

[2] Wodrow, vol. ii. Appendix, p. 156. There are three scales of rewards—1800 marks, 1000, and 500—according to the importance of the individuals. The name of Mr. Gilbert Elliot was accidentally omitted in the proclamation.—Fountainhall, *Historical Notices*, vol. ii. p. 650.

[3] The particulars of Mr. Elliot's escape are not known. He probably lurked about the Lowlands, where, notwithstanding the long course of persecution they had endured, there were still many persons ready to risk receiving and assisting the fugitives till they found means to get out of the country. See Brysson's account of his escape, *Life*, 335-345.

[4] Wodrow, vol. ii. p. 551.

[5] Act Parl. vol. viii. p. 490, June 16, 1685. The others, whose names were remitted to the same Court, were the Earl of Loudoun (deceased); Sir James Dalrymple of Stair; James Stewart; Colin Campbell of Ardkinlas; Denholm of Westahiels; J. Weir of Newton; J. Hay of Park; Sir William Scott, younger of Harden; Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun; Hume of Bassindean; and Walter Lockhart of Kirktown.

forfeited and declared traitor.[1] Sir John Cochrane,[2] the first witness called, depones "That he saw Mr. Gilbert Elliot in Holland, in the months of March and April last, converse several times with the late Earl of Argyle, and in his company; and that Mr. Gilbert Elliot came over in the ship with the late Earl of Argyle, and landed with him, and was and continued with him and the rebels till they were dissipate." John Cochrane of Watersyde (second son of Sir John), the next witness, depones that "he saw the person called Mr. Gilbert Elliot, whom he believes to be the same, conversing with the late Argyle several times in Holland about the same period, and that he was clerk to the rebels in their meetings there, and that he came over with them to Scotland, and was in arms with them there." Other persons who had been in the expedition having given further evidence to the same effect, the jury found the libel sufficiently proven, upon which sentence of death and forfeiture was pronounced in the usual form.

Mr. Elliot probably, as before, made Holland his place of exile; but we do not hear of him again until the year 1687. At that time King James, with a view of gaining the Presbyterians, had adopted a more conciliatory policy. A toleration had been proclaimed, and many persons received pardon. Mr. Elliot, among others, obtained a remission of his forfeiture.[3] It bears date May 19, 1687, and is expressed to be granted in consideration of the fidelity and sufferings of the late Gavin Elliot of Midlem Mill, and his adherence to the interests of Charles I. in the years 1645, 1646, and subsequent years; absolves Mr. Gilbert Elliot, his son, from all crimes of lease-majesty, etc., remits his forfeiture, and restores him to his blood and fame.

Being thus enabled to return to his country, he came to Edinburgh, and having determined to give up practice as a writer, and to take to the higher branch of the profession, he applied to be admitted advocate.

The examiners, when he came before them, were rather alarmed at having anything to do with so suspicious a person, lest they should be involved in the crime of conversing with a forfeited traitor; but the remis-

[1] There were other articles in the indictment, but the advocate only insisted upon that charging converse.

[2] Sir John Cochrane had been taken prisoner, and was forfeited. His life is said to have been bought off by his father, the Earl of Dundonald, paying £5000 to the priests.—(*Burnet*). But he more probably owed it to his appearing as the principal witness against many of his former companions.

[3] Remission under Great Seal, dated May 19, 1687. Sealed at Edinburgh, June 13. (The original is at Minto.)

sion having been produced, the difficulty was got over.[1] Though he had received a pardon, and was admitted to the Bar, Mr. Elliot probably still kept up a correspondence with his friends in Holland. At all events, whether in this way, or by taking a more active part in the Revolution of 1688, he had at that time again rendered himself so far obnoxious to the government of King James, that an order was given for his arrest. Happily, before it could be acted on, that government was overthrown, and the unexecuted order was afterwards found in the cabinet of Lord Balcarras, when his papers were searched.[2]

The Revolution at once brought the friends of Mr. Elliot from exile into power. He himself was appointed Clerk of the Privy Council,[3] an office which he continued to hold till he was raised to the Bench.

By a special Act of Parliament his forfeiture was rescinded (1690),[4] and his name also appears in the general Act rescinding all forfeitures and fines.

At the Bar he soon rose into extensive practice, and is found frequently engaged in the numerous cases arising out of the extortions and illegalities of the two preceding reigns.

What with the earnings of his profession, and the profits of his office, which were considerable, he was enabled to purchase the estate of Headshaw (1696); and, some years later (1703), acquired the barony of Minto.

He was created a knight about 1692, and a baronet, 1700; and, in 1703, was elected to Parliament as one of the Commissioners for Roxburghshire.

Two years afterwards, a vacancy occurring on the Bench, he received the promotion which, as Wodrow remarks, "he so well deserved by his unshaken probity, integrity, and boldness, against all unrighteousness and

[1] "The examinators," says Lord Fountainhall, "stumbled to meet with him till he showed first his remission, lest it might infer converse against them."—(*Hist. Not.*, vol. ii. p. 824, Nov. 8, 1687.) Mr. Elliot was certainly admitted an advocate before the Revolution.

[2] Lord Cardross to Lord Melville, November 28, 1689.—*Leven and Melville Papers.*

[3] Letters patent, appointing Mr. Gilbert Elliot, advocate, to be one of two clerks of Privy Council, dated May 31, 1689, and sealed at Edinburgh, December 4th.—(Original at Minto.) He was re-appointed on accession of Queen Anne, by letters patent, dated January 29, 1703.—(Original at Minto.)

[4] The Act recites, that the verdict having been solely for conversing with Argyle, a forfeited traitor, and Argyle's forfeiture having been declared to be contrary to law, and having been rescinded, their Majesties, *ex justicia*, rescind and annul the decreet of forfeiture against Mr. Elliot.

vice;" and, on the 28th June 1705, he took his seat in the Court of Session with the title of Lord Minto.[1]

This did not remove him from Parliament, where he retained his seat through the stormy debates on the Union, and until the Scottish Parliament itself became extinct.

Sir Gilbert was against an incorporating union, such as was proposed, but was by no means prepared to go along with the violence of the opposition, who sought by all means, fair and unfair, to defeat the measure.

As far as can be gathered by his votes, he appears to have partaken to a considerable extent in the general distrust and hostility against England, which the disputes between the two countries about their trading privileges had raised to so high a pitch, and he was therefore decidedly against the abolition of a national legislature; but on the great question of the succession to the crown, he was for at once settling it on the Hanoverian line, as proposed in the second article of Union, and to this part of the measure he gave a steady support. Upon several other articles he likewise voted with the Government, and he supported them in the proceedings which they took against the devices of the opposition to create excitement and disturbance in the country.[2] He was a member of the committee to which one of the articles (the 6th) was referred, but seems not to have relished the duty, and seldom attended.[3]

[1] Nearly at the same time he was appointed one of the Deputy-Keepers of the Signet (1705).

Sir Gilbert had been strongly but ineffectually recommended for a Judgeship at the death of U. Swinton, Lord Masington, by Sir James Stewart of Goodtrees, the Lord Advocate, and by Patrick Hume, Earl of Marchmont, who knew Sir Gilbert well, and spoke of him as "true, honest, just, and bold, of which he had given good proof." Both these gentlemen were connected by marriage with Sir Gilbert, Lord Marchmont the more nearly, he having married Grizel Carre, whose niece, Jean Carre, was the wife of Sir Gilbert.

[2] He voted *with* the Union party on the 2d, 4th, and 21st articles, on the Act for security of religion, and on the proclamations against seditious convocations. He voted *against* the Union on the 1st, 3d, 18th, and 22d articles, and on the final vote upon the whole.—*Acts of Parliament*, vol. ii. In the years 1703 and 1704, when the Act of Security was before Parliament, by which the successor to the crown of England was to be excluded from succession to that of Scotland except under certain restrictions, Sir Gilbert, on both occasions, joined the protest of Lord Anandale *against* the exclusion.—*Acts of Parliament.*

[3] *Acts of Parliament*, vol. ii. In a memorandum of Lord Marchmont's, noting the kind of attendance given by each member of this committee, the note to Sir Gilbert's name is "seldom and cross, being against the Union."—*Marchmont Papers.* Sir James Stewart of Good-

The final division on the whole Treaty of Union was taken on January 16, 1707, when Sir Gilbert recorded his vote, "not approve;" but he found himself in a minority of 69 to 110, and the measure passed the Scottish Parliament.

With the Union Sir Gilbert's political life ended, and he was thenceforth chiefly occupied with his duties as a Lord of Session. He was likewise one of the Lords of Justiciary, and thus sat as a judge in the very court which had sentenced him to death.

With his old friend Veitch, who was settled as minister at Dumfries, he kept up his intimacy to the last. Whenever he visited that place, he always spent some days with him, and they would then talk over the perils of their former life.

"Ah! Willie, Willie," said Sir Gilbert on some such occasion "had it no been for me the pyets[1] had been pyking your pow[2] on the Nether Bow Port." To which Veitch replied, "Ah! Gibbie, Gibbie, had it no been for me ye would have been yet writing papers at a plack the page."

On the bench Lord Minto had the character of fulfilling his duties with vigour and diligence to the close of his life.[3]

He died in the year 1718, at the age of sixty-seven, having been twice married; first to Helen Stevenson, daughter of Andrew Stevenson, a burgess of Edinburgh, by whom he had a daughter, Mary, married to Sir John Elphinstone of Logie; secondly, to Jean Carre,[4] daughter of Sir Andrew Carre of Cavers, by whom he had two sons—first, Gilbert,[5] who succeeded him; and second, Andrew, who, at the age of sixteen, was drowned in passing over to Holland for his studies.

trees, Lord Advocate, is said to have urged him on against the Union, to which the Advocate was himself opposed. Their political antagonists, in the usual style of the day, threw out hints of their having both received money (from the Dutch). In the violent party-feeling then existing, such charges were recklessly made against all opponents. Undoubtedly, if Sir Gilbert had been influenced by corrupt motives, we should not have found him voting *against* the government.—See *Jerviswoode Correspondence*, pp. 169, 177. Sir James Stewart had been his associate in all the political events of his life, and was, moreover, connected with his family, and may very probably have had influence with him.

[1] Pyets—magpies.

[2] Pow—head.

[3] Wodrow, vol. ii. p. 8. Wodrow here speaks of him as still living and discharging his duties; at p. 493, he speaks of him as lately dead.

[4] Jean Carre was the niece of Lady Marchmont and first cousin of Lady Grizell Baillie; she survived her husband many years.

[5] See Appendix ii.

Such is the story of Lord Minto's public career, drawn from authentic sources. To local tradition we are indebted for an anecdote, too characteristic of the times to be omitted. It is recorded that Lord Minto, on one of his professional journeys into the Borders, was robbed of a fine horse; whereupon, instead of applying to the officials in his train to discover the author of the theft, he at once addressed himself to his friend and clansman Elliot of Thorlieshope, in Liddesdale, who was shrewdly suspected of keeping up relations with the Cumbrian freebooters. Thorlieshope, in consequence, sent a mounted servant to the head-quarters of the parties supposed to have knowledge of such transactions; and they, in their turn, after some negotiation, dismissed the messenger *on foot*. Next morning, however, Lord Minto's missing horse, and that of the servant of Thorlieshope, were seen trotting amicably home with their tails tied together.

Mr. Elliot, in the manuscript from which we have extracted the foregoing narrative, mentions that his ancestor's purchase of the barony of Minto was determined by an old attachment for the place where he had spent many happy days of his youth, with an aunt, Elizabeth Elliot of Stobs, married to the last Turnbull of Minto.[1] Had it been destitute of all such personal associations, the locality which he selected for his home was rich in others dear to his race.

A Borderer could desire no better position from whence to survey the chief features of Teviotdale, than the summit of the hills and craigs of Minto—commanding, as they do, a wide extent of dale and upland—

[1] Minto was from an early period the property of the family of Turnbull. Walter Turnbull, of whose previous title we have no knowledge, obtained a confirmation of these lands from David I. (1329 to 1370). John, afterwards Sir John, Turnbull of Minto, who had the name of "Out-with-the-sword," made a grant of the lands and barony to his nephew Sir William Stewart of Jedworth (confirmed by Robert III. Jan. 4, 1390-1); but afterwards, on a report being received that "Out-with-the-sword" had fallen in the wars in France, his son Walter Turnbull disputed the validity of the grant, on the ground that his father was *a leper* at the time he made it, which, according to the law of Scotland as it then stood, would render it void. After a good deal of litigation, a partition was made (1453) between the contending parties, according to which one-third of the lands and the superiority of the whole was decreed to Sir William Stewart of Dalswinton (grandson of Sir William Stewart of Jedworth), and the remaining two-thirds to Walter Turnbull. In these shares the property continued to be held by the two families until the beginning of the 17th century, when the Stewarts parted with most of their Minto property—on which they had never lived. Part of the lands disposed of by them was bought by Gilbert Elliot, thenceforth called of Craig End; the remainder passed into other hands. Towards the end of the century, John Turnbull, the last Turnbull of Minto, parted with his share of the barony, which was subsequently, in its original dimensions, secured by the Earl of Tarras, from whose son it was purchased by Sir Gilbert Elliot.—*Notes of the Honourable George Elliot.*

framed in hills, and watered by the most classic streams of the Borders.

It happened to us once, many years ago, to stand on Minto Craigs, with a cloudless sky overhead, while below, at no great distance from our feet, an impenetrable white mist veiled the face of the country, making the distant hills appear a high coast-line, and the near ones, islands and headlands flecking an inland sea. Suddenly the mist rose, and in the depths was revealed a rolling tide of verdure and of golden grain, creeping up the hill-sides, running into their creeks and inlets, surging up the base of the rocks, cresting the steepest ridges, and lying in bright and broad expanse in the bottom of the valley.

To this day the impression then made upon our mind has remained unfaded; and Teviotdale, the land "made blithe with plough and harrow," still reminds us, in its general conformation, of some wide firth, dotted by the insulated heights of the Eildons, the Minto hills, and Ruberslaw. The impression is perhaps strengthened by the breadth of sky due to the low elevation of the hill-ranges—a peculiarity to which is attributable the rare beauty of our Teviotdale sunsets.

If, from the craigs which rise abruptly from the north shore of the Teviot, we glance over the rich and varied foreground to the salient features of the landscape, we shall find these identified with the most striking events in our national life.

Foremost among our landmarks appear, on the south-eastern horizon, the "distant Cheviots blue"—huge rounded masses, grand from simple massiveness—rolling towards us in billow-like undulations; there were the hunting grounds of the Douglas, and there too the battle-field of Flodden.[1] Far north of these the clearly-moulded outline of Dunse Law, once covered with the white tents of the army of the Solemn League and Covenant, reminds us how much had come and gone between that solemn mustering of forces armed to defend the freedom of a nation's faith, and the reckless days of Chevy Chase, when

> "The Persé owt of Northombarlande,
> And a vowe to God mayd he,
> That he wold hunte in the mountayns
> Off Cheyviat within dayes thre."

[1] The battle of Otterbourne (1388) was fought in Redesdale, among the western spurs of the Cheviot hills.

In that interval of time our national life had passed from youth to manhood.

Between those opposite points, on the eastern coast lie the rich plains of the Merse—coveted prize of all invading armies, despite their guardian river and many a "castled height," from Norham to Berwick; and, as if hurrying forward to their defence, the Teviot sweeps past us, below the heights of Ancrum Moor, and round the slopes of Penielheugh, gathering up the Border streamlets on her way, to swell the volume of the Tweed about to become the frontier of the land. To the south, where a low range of hills divides the valley of the Teviot from that of the Jed, we trace the scene of Lord Dacre's raid in ~~1522~~ 1523, from the "tower of stane and lyme," in Lantontown to the white walls of Rewcastell, hard by the hill-road, which, passing over Dunion (whence the "bekyns" warned the country to be up and out), drops down upon Jedburgh with its ancient abbey, and Ferniherst, at no great distance, retired in dignified seclusion among high hills and the remains of a "marvellous great wode."

In face of us, as we look to the noon-day sun, the hills recede, giving to view the valley of the Rule, where the fierce Turnbull clan were made to do homage to James IV. with halters round their necks; the distance being closed by the long ridge of the Carter, the boundary between Tynedale and Teviotdale, between England and Scotland. A steep and bare hill-side it seems, where the summer clouds make deep shadows on clefts and corries, adding gloom to a rugged defiant aspect, not ill fitted for the rampart of a nation.

Near to hand, across the water, Ruberslaw, the highest hill of the valley rises above the woods of Cavers, whence the Douglas sallied forth to meet Lord Dacre's invading force, and above the little village of Denholm, where Leyden was born. We have read somewhere that this heathery height suggested to Thomson the lines which describe winter on the "rude mountain and the mossy wild." "Surly and dark" he has been called in our day,[1] and no hill to our thinking ever had a better right to be so; for every year takes something from his mantle of imperial purple, or, worse still, clothes his bare flanks in "checker-worke."

Over his shoulder, and closing in our western horizon, appear the Liddesdale hills — graceful shapes of varied outline, and tender tints losing themselves in the blaze of sunset. Wineburgh and Fanna, Skelfhill

[1] Vide *Minchmoor*, by Dr. John Brown.

(bearing the Nine-stane Rig on his slopes), and Penchryst Pen, are there,[1] whiling us away from truth to tradition.

For thus far history has monopolised the associations of the landscape; but it ceases to be so when looking northwards we gaze, under the shadow of the setting sun, upon a mountainous district, the nearest edge of which is the well-defined cairn-topped ridge, above "fair Bowhill" and Newark's "stately tower," while its farthest point is reached in Harestane Broadlaw, "nearly as high as Ben Lomond."[2] Among those hills are the sources of the Tweed; the "lonely dales" of Ettrick and of Yarrow; "St. Mary's 'silver wave'" and Minchmoor, with its haunted well; and the hill above Traquair, the very name of which brings to one's mind a poem,[3] sad as sweet music, or like the "saddest tone," "yet sweet—of some loved voice heard long ago."

Yet not in that quarter, though so rich in poetical memories, must we seek the Poet's Corner of the land. Not there, but nearer home, where the purple heights of Eildon rise as abruptly from the plain as an island from the waters. Their shadows fall on Abbotsford and Melrose, on Dryburgh, and Tweed's fair vale and Merton woods; while near by are Leaderhaughs, the broomy knolls of the Cowdenknowes, and Smailholm's ruined tower, where Scott laid the scene of his ballad of St. John's Eve, and where, in his days of infancy, he imbibed from the flower, and the lightning, and the ancient strength, a threefold inspiration.[4]

[1] "Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,
That rises slowly to her ken,
And spreading broad its wavering light,
Shakes its loose tresses on the night?
Is yon red glare the western star?—
O, 'tis the beacon-blaze of war!

. . . .

"On Penchryst glows a bale of fire,
And three are kindling on Priesthaughswire;
Ride out, ride out,
The foe to scout!
Mount, mount for Branksome, every man!
Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan,
That ever are true and stout—
Ye need not send to Liddesdale;
For when they see the blazing bale,
Elliots and Armstrongs never fail."—*The Lay*, canto iii.

[2] *Minchmoor.* [3] "The Bush aboon Traquair," by Professor Sharp.

[4] In the life of Scott it is told, that when an infant, lying on the grass under the walls of

Cast our glance where we may, there is scarce a spot or summit which he has not enriched with associations, from Liddesdale to where the Lammermuirs frown against the northern sky, with looks as lowering as those of the Master of Ravenswood himself.[1]

Scott's poetry and Scott's more wonderful prose were born in our "caller air," and to languid spirits "pent in city's heat" they seem to bring again the healthful power of the mountain breeze. But, while his novels have been naturalised among the nations of Europe, his poetry must ever be best appreciated by those familiar with the scenes he loved, and with the local colouring he reproduced so well.

The charm is potent where—

> On Minto Craigs the moonbeams glint,
> Where Barnhill hew'd his bed of flint;
> Who flung his outlaw'd limbs to rest
> Where falcons hang their giddy nest,
> Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eye
> For many a league his prey could spy;
> Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne,
> The terrors of the robber's horn;
> Cliffs, which, for many a later year,
> The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
> When some sad swain shall teach the grove,
> Ambition is no cure for love![2]

There are those still living who remember the deep chaunted tones in which he recited these lines in the spot they describe, while, with far-off look, he gazed upon the hawks circling over the outlaw's tower in the woods below, and the peaceful stillness brooding on Teviot's "wild and willowed shore."

Smailholm, he used to clap his hands at the lightning, and cry "Bonny, bonny." He himself has told us how

> "Well the lonely infant knew,
> Recesses where the wall-flower grew," etc.

[1] Or as Buccleuch, when, hanging with his force on their side like "a war-cloud," he watched with impotent rage the ravages of the English army in the Merse and Teviotdale.

[2] The allusion is to the well-known stanzas by Sir Gilbert Elliot, third Baronet of Minto:—

> "My sheep I neglected; I lost my sheep-hook."

APPENDIX I.

ALYTH, or Eliot, is the name of a town and parish lying on the borders of Angus and Perthshire. In early times it must have been a place of some importance, for many of the charters of William the Lion are dated there. The usual spelling at that time was "Alitht" or "Alith." Variations, such as "Alicht," "Alycht," occur later; and in the seventeenth century it appears as "Elith," "Elyth," 'Elicht," "Elit," and "Eliot."[1] It was here that General Monk's troopers, in 1651, surprised and took prisoners a Committee of the Estates of Scotland; and in the contemporary mention of this affair the place is called indiscriminately "Eliot," "Elit," and "Alyth."[2] At the present day the name has recovered its old form, and is only known as Alyth.

The name of this place was, as usually happened in early times, adopted as a personal designation or surname. When this occurred it is impossible to say, but it was certainly so used at the end of the thirteenth century, when Walter de Alith and Thomas de Alith are mentioned among the prisoners taken by Edward I. at the battle of Dunbar, 1296. In the same year the name of William Alight appears as a burgess of the neighbouring town of Perth; again, shortly afterwards, during the reign of Robert Bruce (1306-1329), the names of Robert de Alycht and William de Alycht occur in a charter of that king. These persons may be assumed to have belonged to the place whence they derived their name, and may very probably be the stock from which the family is derived. The surname, which appears to have undergone the same changes as the name of the town, occurs subsequently in Angus, and though these instances are few, they suffice to show that such a family was established there. In the year 1413 we find Patrick Elyoth mentioned as capellanus Sanctæ Crucis de Montrose in Forfar. This is about the period when the Elliots are said to have removed to the Borders. James Eliot, who entered the ministry in 1593, was one of the ministers sent by the district of Brechin, in Forfarshire, to the General Assembly in 1610; and afterwards became minister of the burgh of Forfar.

In 1650 we find Henry Eliot a burgess of Forfar. These cases show that Elliots existed in Angus after the time when they were settled in great numbers on the

[1] Eliot in Angus is mentioned in Balfour's *Annals*, vol. v. p. 314; and in Lamont's *Diary* (1651), pp. 39, 41.

[2] Melville's *Diary*; Baillie's *Letters and Journal*; Lamont's *Diary*; Acts of Parliament.

Borders, and would seem to indicate, that on the removal of the principal families, some of them remained in their old abodes. It is highly improbable that even the latest of the Elliots mentioned above could have come *from* the Border and settled in Angus, for until the seventeenth century, when the union of the two crowns effected a great change in the Borders, the Elliots of that district remained united in clans, and confined to their own uplands, not even settling in the towns of the Border counties.[1]

That they should have penetrated to so distant a part of the country as Forfar, at a time when they had hardly begun to remove even into the neighbouring towns, can hardly be supposed. Besides the town of Alyth or Elliot, there is likewise, in the eastern part of Angus, a small river of the name of Elliot, which falls into the sea near Arbroath. It is quite possible that the stream may have given rise to the surname; but, as surnames are more usually taken from towns than rivers, and as it appears that Alyth, the name of the town, was so used, it is more likely that the family name, which afterwards appears in the form of Elliot, was derived from Alyth, and that it passed through changes similar to those recorded as having taken place in the name of the town.[2]

APPENDIX II.

Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, the second Baronet, was admitted Advocate in 1715, and in little more than ten years was elevated to the Bench in succession to Lord Cullen. He took the judicial title of Lord Minto (as his father had done before him), and was so designated for nearly forty years; though, during the last three years of his life, it merged in the higher title of Lord Justice-Clerk, to which office he was raised in 1763, holding it to 1766, when he died at Minto.

He was, previously to his being raised to the Bench, a Member of Parliament for a short time, and was a warm supporter of the measures of John, Duke of Argyll. As a thorough Whig he was a great enemy to the Jacobites, and when they traversed the country was forced to seek safety by concealing himself among the Craigs of Minto. A family tradition gives to his daughter Jean the credit of having saved her father's life at that time by the coolness and presence of mind with which she received a party of Prince Charlie's followers on their march through Teviotdale to Carlisle. The second Lord Minto was a man of considerable mental attainments, and of highly cultivated tastes. To him we owe the foundations of the extensive

[1] William Elliot of Peebles, in 1603, son of William Elliot of Horsliehill, is the earliest case I have met with of any Elliot settled in a town.

[2] MS. Notes of the Hon. George Elliot.

library of Minto. He is said to have been a good Italian scholar, and to have composed with facility in that language; to have cultivated music, and to have introduced the German flute into Scotland, though the fact of the "Almany whissel" having been known a century before makes this doubtful. One of the earliest of our scientific agriculturists, he showed public spirit in inaugurating various improvements in the county of Roxburghshire, and both zeal and taste in planning others on his estate of Minto, and in the town of Edinburgh. He and his eldest son were both on the Committee for the improvements of Edinburgh, and a pamphlet of his on certain public works in that city has been preserved. Lord Minto was on terms of intimate friendship with Lord Kames. On one occasion when the latter was engaged as counsel in a cause on which he had written a paper of considerable merit, Lord Minto, after hearing the arguments, came down from the Bench, and shaking Henry Hume (as he then was) by the hand, congratulated him on his paper, observing that, like an able mathematician, he had thrown out the quantities and given only the equations. It is related that when Lord Minto and Lord Kames were proceeding together from Jedburgh to Dumfries—the first as Judge, the second as Depute-advocate—they agreed to put up at the house of Mr. Armstrong of Sorbies, who was wont to receive the Judge with cordial hospitality. On this occasion, however, he inquired of Lord Minto "wha that lang, black, dour-looking chiel was whom he had wi' him?" To which the Judge replied, "It was one come to hang the Armstrongs!" The joke had been too often a melancholy fact for it to be relished by an Armstrong; and Sorbies, indignantly slamming the door in their faces, bade them be off! Lord Kames is reported to have been the original propounder of the advice, often repeated: "When you don't understand a subject, write a book upon it;" and to Lord Minto was the counsel given.

Lord Minto, who married Helen Stewart, daughter of Sir Robert Stewart of Allanbank, left a large family, among whom were—Sir Gilbert, his heir; Admiral John Elliot, the gallant conqueror of Thurot's squadron; Andrew, the last Governor of New York; Jean, the authoress of the "Flowers of the Forest;" Anne, who married Charles Congleton of Congleton, representative of the twentieth generation of that family; and Eleanor, married to John Rutherford of Edgerston, a gallant soldier of the Independent army at New York, who fell at the battle of Ticonderoga in 1758.