

# The Scottish Historical Review

VOL. VIII., No. 30

JANUARY 1911

## Edinburgh in 1544 and Hertford's Invasion<sup>1</sup>

A CITY set on an hill that cannot be hid. Such is Edinburgh at this day, and such it has been since some Pictish or other pre-historic fortress was first built on that crag in the valley, which seemed to invite fortification, and whose precipitous western steep has from that day to this glowed in the radiance of the summer sunsets. On the east a ridge of land slopes down for about a mile till it finds level ground at the base of Arthur's Seat. It was on the upper part of this declivity, doubtless, that the first dwellings, houses we can hardly call them, were built, sheltering under the walls of the Castle.

Of the development of the town we have but very scanty record. The houses gradually crept eastwards down the ridge, and the city proper ultimately ended at a gate called the Nether Bow Port at the bottom of the High Street. After the foundation of Holyrood Abbey by King David I., about 1145, the Augustinian canons were allowed to build a village near the Abbey, and this became the Canongate, stretching along the ridge from the gate above mentioned down to Holyrood. But for long Edinburgh was a frail little city; it depended for defence entirely on its Castle. Even in the fourteenth century, when there was much desultory warfare between England and Scotland, Edinburgh is said to have contained only 400 houses, though other historians place the figures as high as 4000. Whatever their number may have been, their construction was of the rudest.

<sup>1</sup> An address delivered to the Students' Historical Society in the University of Glasgow, 18th November, 1910.

The Earl of Lancaster's invasion of 1384 seems to have been conducted on lines of great clemency, if we are to believe the account given by a contemporary chronicler, that that general allowed the inhabitants of Edinburgh three days in which to clear out, which they did to such purpose, even carrying off the straw roofs of their houses, that when the English arrived they found nothing but bare walls, which, we are told, 'grieved the soldiers not a little.'

The next year, Froissart says, Richard II. of England came to Edinburgh and stayed there five days, 'and at his departing it was set a fyre and brent up clene; but the Castell had no hurt, for it was stronge ynough and well kept.' It was at this time that a French force arrived under the command of Jehan de Vienne, Admiral of France, to assist King Robert II. Edinburgh was too small to hold all the French knights, and, as Mr. Lang puts it, they were 'boarded out' from Dunfermline to Dunbar. And they were neither then nor on future occasions received with much cordiality. The typically independent spirit of the Scots soon showed itself, and we are told that the people 'dyde murmure and grudge, and sayde, Who the devyll hath sent for them? What do they here? Cannot we mayntayne our warre with Englande well ynoughe without their helpe? We shall do no good as longe as they be with us. . . . They understand not us nor we theym; therefore we cannot speke togayder; they wyll annone ryffle and eat up alle that ever we have in this cuntry; they shall doo us more despytes and damages than thoughe the Englysshemen shulde fyght with us; for thoughe the Englysshe men brinne our houses we care lytell therefore; we shall make them agayne chepe ynough; we axe but thre days to make them agayne, if we may gete foure or fyve stakes and bowes to cover them.' Sturdy Scots!

From all this it may be inferred that Edinburgh at this time was little better than a defenceless village; but within the next hundred years it had improved very much. The Church of St. Giles, which had been burned by Richard II., was not only rebuilt, but liberally endowed. In 1450 the city received a charter from King James granting it the privilege of surrounding itself with a wall. This wall crossed the West Bow, then the principal entrance to the city from the west, ran between the High Street and the hollow in which the Cowgate was afterwards built, crossed the ridge at the Nether Bow, the eastern entrance to the town, and terminated at the east end of the North Loch. In 1478 the

town is spoken of as a very rich place, but of course this must be taken in a very comparative sense. Still there had been, no doubt, much improvement, and the presence of the Scottish Court must have made money circulate to some extent and improved the general standard of living. After all is said, however, according to modern notions it must have been rather a squalid little town. If it was considered dirty in the eighteenth century, it was then much dirtier in proportion to the size of the town. It was, in fact, considered a dirty town even according to the standard of the sixteenth century, which, we may be sure, was not an exacting one. The poet Dunbar wrote a scathing satire on the subject.

It is curious to see from it that Edinburgh suffered then from what has been the misfortune of many Scottish towns; buildings were allowed to be erected without any consideration either for aesthetics (though, of course, the word, if indeed the idea, was not then known) or public health. The ways were ankle deep in mud and all kinds of offal. The Church of St. Giles, then beginning to be quite a handsome and imposing ecclesiastical edifice, was spoiled by a range of buildings called the Luckenbooths having been built in the middle of the otherwise spacious High Street. In this way a filthy lane, open to foot passengers only, was formed between the buildings and St. Giles. This was called the Stinkin' Stile, and it effectually prevented, for about two hundred and thirty years, any view of the really handsome church being obtained. In addition to this the town swarmed with beggars, and Dunbar tells us that

‘Through streittis nane may mak progress  
For cry of crukit, blind, and lame.’

The fatal year of 1513 brought black dismay to the capital when the news of Flodden was received: but the burgesses had the same stout hearts as of old, and immediately set about building a new wall to enclose the larger growth of the city. Starting from the Nether Bow on the east it embraced the Cowgate, then beginning to be built, and, on the slope of the hills to the south, the Priory of the Dominicans; from there it ran west along the boundary of the Collegiate Church of Our Lady in the Fields, afterwards to be remembered as the scene of the Darnley tragedy; it then passed near the Maison Dieu, or poorhouse, with its Chapel of St. Mary Magdalene, the only relic, as Mr. Bryce states in his excellent account of the wall, now

remaining of the Pre-reformation religious houses. It then enclosed the house of the Observantine Grey Friars, and turning sharply to the north, then west, and finally north again, finished its circuit at the Castle. The natural features of the locality, the North Loch and the marshy ground about it, were supposed to be a sufficient protection on the north side. Such was the area of the city proper in the years immediately after Flodden, and no important change took place in it for many years. Outside the Nether Port the Canongate stretched down to Holyrood, a burgh in its own right, with handsome houses and pleasant gardens, and possessing no less than three crosses, that of St. John at the head of the street, the Market Cross in the middle, and the Girth Cross near the Abbey. The Canongate had gates, but does not seem to have been enclosed by any wall, at all events by none of a defensive character.

But we have one contemporary account which gives an idea of the size of Edinburgh down to within four years of Hertford's invasion. This was written by a native of the town, Alexander Alasius or Alesse, who was born about 1500; as he left the country in 1532, owing to his having embraced the reformed faith, the account may not be absolutely up to date, and it is but a meagre one at best. He mentions Arthur's Seat, the Calton Hill, which he styles *Collis Apri*, the hill of the wild boar, and the Castle. The last, he says, is impregnable and inaccessible except from the town side; on the rock '*vultures nidificant*,' probably meaning hawks, and the more daring of the Edinburgh boys used to harry their nests. He then alludes to the Abbey of Holyrood, with the adjoining palace of the king lying amid gardens of great amenity by the side of a lake at the foot of Arthur's Seat. There are two large paved streets, one he calls the *Via Regia*, or High Street, and the other is evidently the Cowgate. After alluding to the religious houses of the Grey Friars, the Black Friars, the Church of St. Mary in the Fields, and the Trinity College Hospital, he tells us that the town was built not of brick but of unhewn and square stones, and with the pardonable exaggeration of an exiled native says that the houses may stand comparison with great palaces. After alluding to St. Giles' he comes back to the Palace of Holyrood house, which he describes as '*amplissimus et superbissimus*.' He mentions the Canongate as a suburb, and says that the Cowgate, now an obnoxious purlieu, was the residence of the rank and fashion of the day.

It is to be regretted that our author was not gifted with a more graphic pen ; his description is terse and bald to a degree, but it is better than nothing and is valuable in a way. It can be supplemented by references to a very interesting plan or bird's-eye view of the town taken from the Calton Hill. This has generally been assigned to the year 1544, and is supposed to have been made by some member of Hertford's invading force. Above Holyrood is written the words 'the Kyng of Scottis palas,' a name which we may suppose it retained, though there had been no King of Scots for two years before the date mentioned. It represents the city stretching in two wide streets from the gate of the Castle, before which is a cannon, down to the Nether Port. St. Giles' is in the centre of the High Street, quite in its proper position, and the Church of St. Mary in the Fields to the south, on the site of the present university. Further east, on the confines of the town proper, is another church with a pointed steeple, probably that of the Dominicans or Black Friars. The Nether Port is shown as a handsome gate with a tower on either side, and beyond this, stretching down to the Palace, is the Canongate with trees and gardens to the south. It is curious that all the town within the walls is represented as having red or tiled roofs, while the roofs of the Canongate are coloured dark grey or slate colour ; it is probable, however, that this is intended to indicate that the houses outside the walls were thatched, and not tiled. The contour of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag is very fairly delineated, the immediate foreground being taken up with the Calton Hill, with five divisions of Hertford's troops marching across it with banners flying and accompanied by twelve guns.

Such was the town itself in the middle of the sixteenth century, just before the great invasion. But, we may ask, what sort of people lived there ? Who were the men who bought and sold, who loved and laughed, who fought and quarrelled in its streets ? To reconstruct the locality is easy enough, but to revivify the people is a more difficult task. It is impossible to guess with any certainty at the number of the population, but within its rather narrow limits it was a crowded town, and with all its dust and other disagreeables, which were not a few, it must have been a picturesque and stirring scene. Picturesque, that is to say, in our eyes, and looking at it from our point of view, for I do not suppose the idea of the picturesque ever entered into the heads of any of the inhabitants of that day. The dress of the day amongst the nobles and upper classes was magnificent ; one has only to

read the expenses for the royal wardrobe in the treasurer's accounts to see what a variety of stuffs were used for dresses, and how handsomely they were ornamented. But all this gorgeous display, though it must have often lit up with flash of colour the darkling streets of Edinburgh, was confined to comparatively few persons.

No doubt a royal cortege or nobleman's retinue often swept down from the Castle to Holyrood with much bravery of many coloured silks and velvets and feathers—indeed dress of this sort was at its best in Scotland in the early sixteenth century—but the ordinary folks who sold butter at the tron, linen in the lawn-market, or who kept little shops in crazy little booths, how did they appear? Rough, mannerless and somewhat coarse, no doubt, to our modern minds, characteristics which the march of centuries has not altogether removed from their successors, but sturdy, independent and brave; quick to quarrel, as quick to make it up; fairly well off on the whole, according to the standard of the day, but without many luxuries. Living simply on rather scanty rations, dwelling in dark and dirty houses whose only light at night was from the primitive and evil-smelling *crusie*, though candles were not unknown. They dressed variously; the lower classes probably wore a most sensible costume of tunic and belt, with tight hose and a flat bonnet; but all classes above the actual labouring class strove to dress as well as they could. In the opinion of the government they dressed too well, and the statute book of parliament is crammed from 1429 down to near the time of the union with sumptuary laws restricting the right of wearing certain apparel to a chosen few; but it is needless to say the laws were of little effect. A few years later, in 1581, it was solemnly decreed that considering the great abuse among subjects of mean estate presuming to imitate his highness and nobility in wearing costly clothes, no one, under the rank of nobleman or landed gentleman having 2000 merks or 50 chalders of yearly rent, shall wear cloth of gold or silver, velvet, satin, damask, taffetas, fringes, passments, or broiderie, lawn, cambric, or woollen cloth from abroad. But exceptions were made in favour of the king's household, judges, advocates and writers, sheriffs, magistrates and town councillors, heralds and macers; with charming *naïveté*, however, the act proceeds to say that servants may wear their masters' old clothes, and women any headdress to which they have been accustomed.

Whatever the details of the dress of the mid-sixteenth century

may have been, they must have had the effect of brightening up the somewhat sombre streets of the town considerably. The whole scene must have been stirring: and both sights and sounds were typical of the time. Little smoke hung about the city; coal was no doubt used to some extent, but wood, of which there was plenty at hand, must have been largely used; Edinburgh had not yet earned its sobriquet of Auld Reekie.

Most commodities were sold in the open; shops were comparatively uncommon, though, of course, some trades required their booths. The ring of the sword-slipper's hammer might be heard issuing out of a dark shed lit by the red glow of his forge; and the hollow tap of the cooper's mallet proclaimed the fact that beer was then the staple drink of the commons. Hatters and skinners had their booths near the Tron, while shoes were sold not far off. The flesh market was in the High Street, and 'all pairtricks, plovers, capons, conyngs, chekins, and all other wyld foules and tame' were sold at the Market Cross. Nearer the Castle, at the Upper Bow, cloth, cotton and haberdashery might be purchased; at the same locality there was a tron or weighing machine for the sale of butter, cheese and wool, while on Fridays men who had to defend their country (and who had not in those days?) or support the cause of their feudal lord might be seen wending their way to the Grey Friars to try on breastplate or leathern jack, or choose a serviceable 'joctoleg.'

All through the streets there was a constant stir; vendors shouted their wares, beggars whined and exhibited their sores, clumsy carts jolted over the rough causeway, strings of pack horses laden with country produce came in from the neighbouring farms, pigs ran about grubbing in the mire, and poultry ran hither and thither among the legs of the passengers, while you were lucky if you escaped a drenching from the stoups of water which were carried by stalwart porters from the city wells into the dwelling-houses in the streets and wynds. Such was the Edinburgh of 1544, when the shadow of the great scourge which was to come lay over it.

Some of the circumstances which led up to the invasion of Scotland by the English army under Hertford can be referred to in a few words. Those of the Scottish nobles who had been taken prisoner in the disastrous rout of Solway Moss paid the price of their liberty by agreeing to further to the utmost of their power the interests of the English king in their country. Henry desired a marriage between the infant Queen Mary and his eldest

son, the Prince of Wales, a project reasonable enough in itself, but coupled with conditions that show the low morality and lack of patriotism of the time. Henry demanded that he should be acknowledged as Lord Superior of Scotland; that all fortresses there should be delivered into his hands; that the infant queen should be sent to England till such time as she should attain marriageable age. These demands were subsequently modified to some extent, but they were none the less unpalatable to the Scottish Parliament. On the other side, Cardinal Beaton, able and unscrupulous, represented the National party who supported the Catholic Church, while there was a strong body, which included the Governor Arran, who had leanings toward the reformed faith, and was not averse to the proposed marriage. The latter, however, chiefly from the inadroit way in which Henry had pushed his claims, did not long remain inclined to the propositions of that monarch.

Ultimately, though peace had been proclaimed with England, and it had been agreed that the English marriage would take place in ten years, Beaton succeeded in gaining Arran over to his side, and a council was appointed, the majority of whose members were in favour of an alliance with France. In January, 1544, the English lords made a hostile demonstration at Leith, but Arran and the Cardinal had taken their precautions. The rebel lords had no artillery, and their only hope was to persuade the Governor to come out into the open and settle the matter by force of arms. Arran got his artillery, or some of it, out of the Castle, placed it on the ridge of the High Street, and the result was that the English lords had practically to give up their case. Henry, of course, was furious; he organized an army under the command of the Earl of Hertford; the English Privy Council gave him orders that he was to burn and destroy, 'putting man, woman and child to fire and sword, without exception, where any resistance shall be made against you.' The upper stone of St. Andrews was to be made the nether, 'spare no creature alive therein.' The army embarked in a fleet of 200 sail at Tynemouth on 1st May, 1544, thus avoiding all chance of interception on the Borders. But Scotland was not all unprepared. News of the mobilization of the English ships must have been received at Edinburgh some time before, as on the 21st April messengers had been despatched throughout the country 'charging all manner of men baith to burgh and land to be ready upon twenty-four hours warning baith to pass upon the Englishmen'; and

two days later letters were sent to all the towns on the south coast of the Firth, charging the inhabitants thereof 'to mak fowseis (or trenches) for resisting the Englishe mennis navye under the paine of tinsall of all their gudis'; and later still, on the 1st of May, the very day of the embarkation at Tynemouth, summonses were sent through Fife, Forfar, Kincardine, Stirling, Clackmannan, and Kinross, 'charging all manner of men between sixty and sixteen to meet my lord Governor upon the Burgh Muir of Edinburgh the fifth day of May, to pas upon the Inglishche men.'

This was all too late: on the 3rd of May the English fleet arrived in the Firth. They dropped anchor opposite the Isle of May, landed a strong party, and burned the tower of St. Monans, partly destroying the beautiful church which had been founded by David II. in 1362 as a thankoffering for having been freed from a barbed arrow, according to one account, or for his preservation from shipwreck, according to another. They also took away with them some small boats which were of service to them when they disembarked. Proceeding up the Firth they came to anchor in the lee of Inchkeith.

It is difficult to understand how the Governor and Beaton did not use every endeavour to dispute the landing of the English troops. But this chance was not taken advantage of; indeed not a single effort in this direction seems to have been made, and the English army, early in the morning of the 4th of May, was disembarked and safely landed in the short space of four hours on the coast of Wardie, a little to the east of Granton. The force formed itself into three divisions, and had with them some small pieces of artillery drawn by men, the larger guns being left to be landed later. The first division was under the command of Lord Lisle, the Lord High Admiral of England, the second was led by Hertford himself, while the rear guard was brought up by the Earl of Shrewsbury. They came to the little estuary of the water of Leith, and there they found their progress barred by the Governor with, according to a contemporary English account written to Lord Russell by one of the combatants, five or six thousand horsemen, besides some infantry and some pieces of artillery. It is doubtful whether the Scottish forces really amounted to so large a number. Be that as it may, they did not distinguish themselves, and the whole engagement seems to have been mismanaged by the Scottish leaders. After a few exchanges of artillery fire the Scots broke

and fled, with the loss of two men only, but several of their guns fell into the enemy's hands. It is generally said that Arran and the Cardinal retired to Linlithgow, but the Treasurer's accounts show that the former was in Edinburgh, at all events on the 9th, so that if he did go to Linlithgow his stay there must have been short. The English then proceeded to Leith without further opposition, though in conformity with the order issued by the Governor alluded to, great fowseis or trenches had been dug to defend it. If we are to believe Knox they must have arrived at a most comfortable time for themselves. They had landed at high water early on Sunday morning; the march to Leith did not take long, even allowing for the feeble attempt at opposition. Accordingly it was between twelve and one o'clock when they entered the town, and there, we are told, they 'fand the tables covered, the dinnaris prepared, such abundance of wyne and victuallis besydes the other substances, that the lyk ritches were not to be found either in Scotland or in England.' So says Knox, but I am afraid his language is that of great exaggeration; he always lays on his colours with a heavy brush. Leith was not such a very wealthy or important place in those days, and it is hardly likely that the good folks who inhabited the town would prepare their Sunday dinners as if everything was going on as usual, seeing they must have observed the passage of the fleet up the Firth and have heard the artillery firing before the enemy passed the river. But it is curious to note that the English chronicler of the invasion says that Leith was found 'more full of riches than we thought to have found any Scottish town to have been.'

The next day, Monday, was chiefly taken up in landing the big guns and stores from the ships which were brought into the New Haven. The day following, Tuesday, leaving Lord Sturton with 1500 men in Leith, the English commander began his march on Edinburgh. He probably took the line of what is now termed the Easter Road, and proceeded over the Calton Hill. We know this because the army is represented as crossing this hill in the old map of Edinburgh to which I have alluded. The inhabitants of the town had rallied under the leadership of the Provost, Sir Adam Otterburn of Redhall; a trumpet was sent out of the town demanding speech with Hertford, and shortly after Otterburn, accompanied by a few of the burgesses and two or three officers of arms (perhaps the great Sir David Lindsay, who was then Lyon, was one) came out and informed

the general that the keys of the town should be delivered to him on condition that the inhabitants might go with bag and baggage and that the town should be saved from fire. Hertford replied in very truculent terms, and ended by saying that 'unless they would yield up their town unto him frankly, without conditions, and cause man, woman and child to issue into the fields, submitting themselves to his will and pleasure, he would put them to the sword and their town to the fire.' The plight of the burgesses was indeed a sorry one; they were deserted by their leaders, and had only the Castle to depend upon for protection. In these circumstances the answer of the Provost deserves to be remembered for all time. 'It were better,' said he, 'to stand to their defence than to yield to that condition.'

This account is directly contradictory of another written by a Scots author, which does not attribute to the Provost such gallant conduct. In it we are told that the 'toun of Edinburgh came furth in the sicht' of the English, 'but the Provost, Mr. Adam Otterburn, betrait them, and fled hame.' It is impossible to say which is correct, but I should like to believe in the English version; and I think had the Provost played so despicable a part we should have heard of it from the enemy, who loses no opportunity of chronicling Scottish cowardice.

Hostilities were then begun in earnest. The English account says that the Lords Bothwell and Home had entered the town with 4000 horse; but, not liking the situation, had incontinently galloped out again. As, however, Bothwell was one of the principal intriguers with the English, this is hardly likely to have happened. The English seem first to have attempted to pass through the Leith Wynd Port, which was not one of the gates of the city, but was at the end of the wynd which led up alongside the eastern wall of the town to the Nether Bow Port. In this attempt they were unsuccessful; so, wheeling to the east, they marched round to the Watergate, at the end of the Canongate, near Holyrood. There they met with no resistance, so they poured in, hauling their guns up the Canongate, not, however, without some loss, as some cannons had been brought out of the Castle and mounted in the High Street. According to the English account, the vanguard of their army did not wait for the artillery to be brought up, but assailed the Nether Bow Port sword in hand, drove the town's gunners from the embrasures on the wall, and kept up such a hot fire with their archers and arquebusiers that they checked all defence and allowed time for a

battery to be set up over against the gate, which gave way under three or four discharges from the guns. The enemy then rushed in, and a hand-to-hand fight in the streets took place. The loss on both sides must have been severe. The English claim to have killed 300 or 400 men whom they found in arms, but they did not escape scatheless themselves, as the citizens sold their lives dear. One personal incident in the struggle has come down to us. David Halkerston of that ilk stood at the entry of that wynd which for 300 years bore his name, and fell, sword in hand, doing his best for the town of which he was a distinguished burgess. He and many more cannot but have given a good account of their prowess, and must have inflicted considerable loss on the invaders. But they were overborne by force of numbers, and by the trained and disciplined troops of Hertford. Meanwhile the Scottish artillery had been withdrawn within the walls of the Castle, which, under the command of the valiant Captain Hamilton of Stanehouse, kept up a steady fire down the High Street. But the English managed to get their guns as far as the Butter Tron, at the top of the Lawnmarket, and from there shot at the Castle; but one of them was dismounted by the Castle fire, so, in the gloaming of the day, they sullenly withdrew, not without setting fire to the city in several places.

We can well imagine the consternation which must have prevailed in the town during this fateful day. We have no record as to whether there was much slaughter of the non-combatant inhabitants. No doubt Henry's savage instructions had been to put man, woman and child to the sword, where there was any resistance. But, on the other hand, the English chronicler of the incursion says nothing about a massacre of the unarmed inhabitants; he only states that they slew 300 or 400 of those whom they found armed. No historian, in fact, either English or Scottish, makes any mention of a general slaughter.

What probably occurred was this: as the Edinburgh people beheld the English forces on that May morning defiling over the shoulder of the Calton Hill, or even on the day before, when they heard of the reverse which the Governor and his troops had sustained in the pass of the Water of Leith, it is likely that the women and children, and all who were physically capable of moving, seized what of their possessions they could carry, or, if they had horses, loaded them and made the best of their way out of the city towards the west and south. What a procession it must have been! The old and sick in what carts could be

pressed into the service ; the women and children carrying what they could—a mattress, a cooking pot, a bag of oatmeal, a few of the more valued and most portable of their household gods. Some would take their way along the edge of the swampy ground that led to the lake and village of Corstorphine, guided, if night overtook them on their journey, by the lamp which was placed on the end of the old Collegiate Church there, where the Forrester tombs, still existing, were already placed ; others would strike further south, and go up the wooded banks of the Water of Leith and through its deep depths to the little village of Colinton, or, as it was then called, Hailes. Among these fugitives were likely to be seen the family of the Provost, Sir Adam Otterburn, whose place of Redhall was close by. Many of the fleeing crowd would go still further and seek in the green vales of the Pentlands that shelter and safety which was denied them nearer home. All this is a mere theory, but probably something of the sort took place. The crowd, in thus flying from the doomed town, were in no great danger. The English were strangers to the country, and, even had they so desired, would have found some difficulty in pursuing them. To the north of the town, the side from which the English approached, the North Loch and marshy ground effectually prevented any advance ; while to the west the same conditions of morass and swamp prevailed, rendering any pursuit difficult, if not impossible, except for those who knew the narrow and perilous ways, and had used them from infancy.

All night long the rising flames from the blazing town lit up the darkness. The next day and the next and the day after that there came bands of English from the camp at Leith, ‘and began where they left off,’ burning and plundering till the sack of the city was complete. It is needless to say that Holyrood did not escape. The Abbey Church was more or less destroyed and ruthlessly ravaged. Amongst the loot then carried off two articles can be traced. Sir Richard Lea of Sopwell, who appears to have been in command of the English pioneers, and as such particularly responsible for the general destruction which occurred, carried off a brazen font and the beautiful lectern of the Church. On the former he caused an arrogant inscription to be engraved, of which the following is a translation :

‘When Leeth, a toune of good account among the Scots, and Edinburgh their cheefe Cittie, were on a fire, Sir Richard Lea, knight, saved me from burning and brought mee into England.

And I beeing mindfull of this so great a benefit, whereas before I was wont to serve for the baptising of none but Kings children, have now willingly offered my services even to the meanest of the English nation—Lea the victor would have it so. Farewell. In the year of our Lord 1544 and the reign of King Henrie the Eighth 36.'

The font and lectern were both presented by him to the Church of St. Albans, Hertfordshire. The font, originally a gift to Holyrood of Abbot Bellenden, was destroyed in the English civil wars and melted down. The lectern, however, still remains at St. Albans. It consists of a brass pillar with mouldings, on the top of which is a ball surmounted by an eagle with outstretched wings. Its total height is five feet seven inches, and the spread of the eagle's wings is almost two feet. It is a very handsome piece of ecclesiastical furniture, and its connection with Holyrood is proved by the occurrence on it of four shields, each charged with a lion rampant, of a bishop's mitre and crosier, and of the words *Georgius Crichton, Episcopus Dunkeldensis*.

Crichton was provided to the Abbey of Holyrood so early as 1500, and was appointed Bishop of Dunkeld on or before 1526. He must have presented the lectern to his old Abbey after he became Bishop of Dunkeld. It is impossible that the English can have taken it from the latter place, as they were never so far north, so that it is practically certain that the lectern belonged to Holyrood. The Bishop had a house or official residence in Edinburgh on the south side of the Cowgate, so that no doubt he often attended the services in his old church, and took a continued interest in it. He was fortunate in not living to see the spoliation of his gift, as he died in the January previous to the English invasion, a very aged man. The King's Palace did not escape from the general ruin, and it is said that Norris of Speke Hall, Lancashire, carried off the books from the library of James V., including four large folios, said to contain the Records and Laws of Scotland at that time. But though there are entries in the Treasurers' accounts of various books having been supplied to the Scottish kings, I do not know that any of them, save perhaps James I., and in a lesser degree James IV., were of a very literary turn of mind or accumulated much of a library.

Notwithstanding all this wanton destruction, Scotland's cup of bitterness was not yet full. There being nothing more left to destroy in Edinburgh save the Castle, which proved too strong

a nut for the invaders to crack, they, being reinforced by 4000 light cavalry which had arrived from the Borders, turned their attention to the surrounding country, which, according to the English accounts, they devastated within a radius of seven miles, and left 'neither pile, village, nor house standing unburnt.' Corn and cattle were carried off, and much of the stuff which the flying inhabitants had carried out of the town. An absolute rot seems to have set in amongst the Scots. The beautiful and strong castle of Craigmillar which, it might be thought, was capable of strenuous defence was, we are informed by a Scottish chronicler, 'hastilie geven to the English, promesand to keep the samyne without skaith: quhilk promeis thai break and brunt and destroyit the said hous.' But this was only one item in the wholesale destruction that went on; there is a list of some thirty-three towns, or castles, or houses, which were devastated at this time.

Having done as much mischief as they could, the English force at last prepared to leave. As a final piece of brutality they broke down the pier of Leith 'and burnt every stick of it.' They carried off the 'Salamander' and the 'Unicorn,' two of the best ships in the small Scottish navy; they loaded other prizes besides their own boats with booty, and letting them sail away, prepared to return south by land. Meanwhile the whole of the country on both sides of the Firth had been ravaged, the fortress on Inchgarvie destroyed, and all the boats either burned or taken away. Finally, on 15th May, Leith was given over to the flames, and the army began their march south. Coming to Seton they burned Lord Seton's house there, 'which was right fair: and destroyed his orchards and gardens which were the fairest and best in order that we saw in all that country.' It is, perhaps, doubtful whether this was the Seton Palace near Tranent or another seat of the family, Winton Castle. The latter was built by that George, Lord Seton, who died in 1508; he was a great horticulturist and the flower beds in the garden were surrounded by a hundred painted wooden towers or temples surmounted by gilt balls. A historian of the family says that in the garden 'I have seen fyve scoir torris of tymber about the knottis of the flouris: ilk ane twa cubite of hicht, haveand twa knoppis on the heid ane above ane uther, als grit even-ilk ane as ane rowboull overgilt with gold: and the schankis thairof paintit with divers hewis of oylie colours.'

Haddington met with the same fate; Dunbar seems to

have attempted some resistance, but their fate was even worse. Having watched for the enemy all night, and perceiving them in the act of breaking up their camp in the morning, the inhabitants thought themselves safe and went to bed; but a force was detached from the English army, and succeeded in setting fire to the town, and 'men, women and children were suffocated and burnt.'

On the morning of the 17th May, in a thick easterly 'haar,' the English found themselves at Pease Pass and discovered that it was held in force by a party of Scots under the Earls of Buccleuch, and Home, and Lord Seton. Here at last, one would have thought, was a chance for the Scots. What really happened we do not know; we have only the English account of it. According to that their army calmly waited for the weather to clear, which it did about two in the afternoon, and then set forward in battle array. Far from meeting any determined resistance, it seems that the Scots abode but two shots of a falcon, and then scaled every man his own way to the high mountains, which were hard at their hands, and covered with flocks of their people. We are told that the pass was so narrow that notwithstanding the fact that there was no resistance, the English army took three hours to defile through it. The paralysis of the crowds on the surrounding heights is incredible and inexplicable. Having got through that dangerous passage the army had nothing further to fear, and after doing some further damage in the destruction of the tower of Renton they arrived at Berwick, where they were met by the ships which had sailed round from Leith.

So this particular invasion of Scotland ended. It was not to be the last, if perhaps it was the worst. In the words of a modern historian—'unless we may find some parallel in Tartar or African history to the career of this expedition, it will scarce be possible to point to any so thoroughly destitute of all features of heroism or chivalry.' According to the English account, the total loss in their army was under forty. What it was on the Scottish side is impossible even to guess at, but it must have been very large, and included not only fighting men, but women and children. The loss of life must have been great, but the wanton destruction of property must have been greater still. The burnt lands lay untilled and uncared for for years. The only things that escaped complete destruction were the churches, which generally seem to have been let alone. St. Giles' does not appear to have been

harméd. Newbattle Abbey was, however, burned, but its ruin cannot have been complete, as three years afterwards it was the meeting place of a convention held by the Queen Dowager. St. Monans in Fife suffered a good deal, and the nunnery at Haddington was burned.

But the end was not yet. Scotland was still to suffer much from the fury of the English king; and only a month after Hertford's return to England another expedition under Sir Ralph Evers harried the Borders, captured and garrisoned the Abbey of Coldingham, burnt Jedburgh and destroyed Melrose, and generally worked havoc in the country. But in February, 1544-5, the Governor and Angus got together a sufficiently large force, met the English near Jedburgh, at Lilliar's Cross, or as it is more frequently called, Ancrum Moor, and inflicted a crushing defeat on them, the leaders, Sir Ralph Evers and Sir Brian Layton, besides many other leading Englishmen, being killed in the engagement. Arran and Angus, it is said, overcome with joy, fell weeping into each other's arms.

Subsequent events are not within the scope of this paper—the coming of the French allies, the disastrous battle of Pinkie, and the peace that closed a nine years' war in 1550. It left Scotland exhausted and embittered to a terrible degree, bitterness which had showed itself in some regrettable acts of brutality in the Border fighting. But Scotsmen had suffered dreadfully. Border warfare there always was, but it was conducted on understood principles, and there was very little personal feeling about it. The various English expeditions, however, changed all that, and both invaders and invaded became savage in their warfare.

Scotland suffered as she did during this period because she was not true to herself. Her leaders were divided into two parties.

On the one side were the English lords, as they were called, who were prepared to carry out Henry's scheme as to the marriage of the infant queen, if not to go further and acknowledge his arrogant claims to the suzerainty of the country. It is possible to understand their view: the marriage between the queen and an English prince would unite the country under one crown, and was in itself commendable, especially when considered, as we can, in the light of subsequent events; and as to Henry's claim to suzerainty, such of the Scottish nobility as had been in England, and many of them had as prisoners of war, must have been struck with the prosperous, orderly, and settled state of the country, where both lordly castle and peaceful grange had an air

of fixity and comfort which was sadly absent in the faction-rent country of their birth. They may have argued, Better a settled government under a strong king than independence with the ever-present fear of finding your house beset by enemies and your roof tree blazing overhead. All this may have been wrong, was indeed wickedly and traitorously wrong in the eyes of many of their countrymen ; but it is understandable.

On the other side, there was a strong patriotic party, the position taken up by which, with regard to the proposed marriage of their queen with the English prince, is well illustrated by a conversation which has been recorded between Sadler, the English ambassador, and Sir Adam Otterburn, the Provost of Edinburgh, at one time King's Advocate, and reputed to be one of the wisest men in Scotland. Sadler was discoursing on the benefits which would ensue to the two kingdoms if the marriage took place, when Otterburn interrupted him by asking: 'Why think you that this treaty will be performed?' 'Why not?' said Sadler. 'I assure you,' replied Otterburn, 'it is not possible, for our people do not like it. And though the Governor and some of our nobility, for certain reasons, have consented to it, I know that few or none of them like it; and our common people utterly dislike it.' Sadler said he could not understand this, considering that God's providence had given England a young prince and Scotland a young princess, by whose union in marriage 'these two realmes, being knytte and conjoynd in one, the subjects of the same, which have always been infested with the warres, myght live in welth and perpetual peas.' 'I pray you,' Otterburn replied, 'give me leave to ask you a question: If your lad were a lass, and our lass were a lad, would you be so earnest in this matter? Could you be content that our lad should marry your lass, and so be king of England?' Said Sadler: 'Considering the great good that might come of it, I should not show myself zealous for my country if I did not consent to it.' 'Well,' said Otterburn, 'if you had the lass and we the lad, we could be well content with it, but I cannot believe that your nation would agree to have a Scot to be king of England. And, likewise, I assure you that our nation, being a stout nation, will never agree to have an Englishman to be king of Scotland; and though the whole nobility of the realm would consent to it, yet our common people and the stones in the street would rise and rebel against it.'

Such were the principles of the great mass of the Scottish people. Flodden had not crushed them, and they were as deter-

mined as ever to be independent of the southern kingdom. At the head of the patriotic party was the great Cardinal Beaton—the infamous cardinal, if you like to call him so—fighting, no doubt, in his own interests and in those of the Church, of which he was certainly no ornament. But he was at the head of the national party, and the nation, you will remember, had not yet broken from the old Church. His associates were determined that, come what might, Scotland would not subject herself to the rule of an alien king; and they opposed strenuously, to the best of their power, all his schemes, and spurned all projects of ultimate union between the two countries. He was backed up, as Mr. Andrew Lang points out, by the patriotic feeling of the great mass of the people, by the influence of the Queen Dowager, by the tradition of the country, and he could rely on the support of France for whatever that was worth. In resisting the English claims, we may at least give him credit for unrivalled tenacity, unwearied resolution, and great political courage. He had much against him, but he won in the end. But it was the last fight of the old faith. Soon the country adopted the principles of the Reformation, which lives like his did much to bring about. The union of the crowns came in the natural course of events. Scotland, ‘under God’s providence,’ as Otterburn expressed it, instead of being put under the foot of an English king, gave hers to England. So the way was opened to the more modern history of our great kingdom.

J. BALFOUR PAUL.

## Jacobite Songs

THE little collection of Jacobite songs here reprinted is only known to exist, as far as I can learn, in a single copy, now in the Library of the British Museum. The verses are more rude but more vigorous than those in *Loyal Songs* (1750), published without printer's name or name of place: that volume is not very scarce. It will be observed that many of the most poetical Jacobite verses, such as 'It was a' for our rightful king,' appear neither in the printed collection of 1750 nor in that of 1779. Burns, Lady Nairne, and other singers represent merely sentimental and hopeless Jacobitism; while several pieces in our collection are later modifications of verses sung in honour of James III. and VIII. The latest here is doubtless the third, of 1772, the date of the marriage of Charles III. to Louise of Stolberg. The collection does not contain the Jacobite version of *Auld Lang Syne*.

The Notes offer more particular remarks: I may here repeat that, while comparing *The True Loyalist* with Hogg's versions and notes in *Jacobite Relics*, I have been confirmed in my opinion that Hogg was, as in the case of what he gathered in the way of ballads for Scott, a much more honest editor than he is commonly supposed to have been.

A collection of Jacobite contemporary songs in Gaelic, with literal translations in prose, down to the beautiful Lament on the death of Charles, would be of much literary interest. From the few examples which friends have translated for me, I am led to suppose that the Celtic Muse is much more poetical than that of the 'Eminent Hands' who contribute to *The True Loyalist*.

ANDREW LANG.

THE TRUE LOYALIST ;  
OR,  
CHEVALIER'S FAVOURITE :

BEING A COLLECTION OF  
ELEGANT SONGS,  
NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

ALSO, SEVERAL OTHER  
LOYAL COMPOSITIONS,  
WROTE BY EMINENT HANDS.

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PRINTED IN THE YEAR M,DCC,LXXIX.

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THE ROYAL OAK TREE

(To the Tune of *The Mulberry Tree*)

YE true sons of SCOTIA together unite,  
And yield all your senses to joy and delight ;  
Give mirth its full scope, that the nations may see  
We honour our standard, the great Royal Tree :

*All shall yield to the Royal Oak Tree :*

*Bend to thee,  
Majestic tree !*

*Chearful was He, who sat in thee.*

*And thou, like him, thrice honour'd shall be.*

When our great Sov'reign C—s was driv'n from his throne,  
And dar'd scarce call the kingdom or subjects his own,  
Old Pendril, the miller, at the risk of his blood,  
Hid the King of our isle in the king of the wood.

*All shall yield, etc.*

In summer, in winter, in peace, or in war,  
'Tis acknowledg'd, with freedom, by each British tar,  
That the oak of all ships can best screen us from harm,  
Best keep out the foe, and best ride out the storm.

*All shall yield, etc.*

Let gard'ners and florists of foreign plants boast,  
 And cull the poor trifles of each distant coast ;  
 There's none of them all from a shrub to a tree,  
 Can ever compare, great Royal Oak, with thee.

*All shall yield, etc.*

[Hogg gives, in *Jacobite Relics*, Series i. p. 10, a copy all but identical with this version. 'It was taken from a curious collection of ancient MS. songs in the possession of Mr. D. Bridges, Junior, of Edinburgh. It is probably of English origin. . . .' For

'Honoured was he who sat in thee,'

our version has 'Chearful.' There are slight variations in Stanza III.]

### A SONG

ON a bank of flow'rs on a summer's day,  
 Where lads and lasses met ;  
 On the meadow-green, each maiden gay,  
 Was by her true-love set ;  
 Dick fill'd his glass, drank to his lass,  
 And C—'s health around did pass :

*Huzza! they cry'd, and a' reply'd,  
 "The Lord restore our K—g."*

To the King, says John : Drink it off, says Tom,  
 They say he's wond'rous pretty :  
 To the Duke, says Will : That's right, says Nell :  
 God send them home, says Betty :  
 May the Pow'rs above this crew remove,  
 And send us here the lads we love :

*Huzza! they cry'd, etc.*

The liquor spent, to dance they went ;  
 Each youngster chose his mate :  
 Dick bow'd to Nell, and Will to Moll ;  
 Tom chose out black-ey'd Kate.  
 Name your dance, says John ; Play it up, says Tom,  
 May the King again enjoy his own :

*Huzza! they cry'd, etc.*

G—e must be gone, for he can't stay long,  
 Lest cord or block should take him ;  
 If he don't, by Jove, and the Pow'rs above,  
 We're all resolv'd to make him :  
 Young G—e too must his dad pursue,  
 With all the spurious plund'ring crew :

*Huzza! they cry'd, etc.*

[Hogg (*Relics*, i. 49) has a version with historical differences. In Stanza 1. Jamie's health, not Charlie's, is drunk. In the second stanza they drink to the Queen and the Prince; in ours to the King and the Duke. Hogg's lines apply to James VII., Mary of Modena, and the Prince of Wales; ours to James VIII., Prince Charles, and his brother Henry, Duke of York. Our final stanza, on George I. and his son, is not in Hogg, whose version is obviously earlier than the accession of the House of Hanover. Hogg's is the version in *A Collection of Loyal Songs*, printed in the year 1750.]

## A BIRTHDAY ODE

(September 21st, 1772)

Do thou, my soul, with steady patience wait,  
 'Till God unvail his firm resolves of Fate :  
 Then C—s shall reign, possess'd of ev'ry grace,  
 And fair L—a brighten ev'ry face  
 With rising branches of a royal race.

Fly hence, despair ! thou bane of happiness !  
 Let chearing hope each faithful heart possess :  
 Toss round the glass with joyous mirth and mein,  
 And gladly sing, *God save the King and Queen* :  
 Bless them with children virtuous and fair :  
 May they be ever heaven's peculiar care.

[The birthday apparently of Louise of Stolberg, wife of Charles III.]

## A SONG

(Tune : *An thou wert mine ain thing*)

DIVINELY led thou need'st to be,  
 Else you had ne'er come o'er the sea  
 With those few friends who favour'd thee,  
 And dearly they did love thee.

Thy fortitude sure none can shake ;  
 A crown and glory is thy stake ;  
 And God thy trust, who soon can make,  
 Ev'n they who hate thee, love thee.

Fame shall reward thy clemency,  
 Whilst Gladsmuir-green is near the sea ;  
 And the triumphant victory  
 Gain'd by the Clans that lov'd thee.

Go on, great P—ce, ne'er fear thy foes,  
 Though hellish plots they do compose ;  
 The gods themselves do them oppose,  
 And smile on those who love thee.

Thy great ancestors do look down  
 With joy to see themselves outdone  
 By a young Hero of their own,  
 Begetting who's most lovely.

O happy Scotland! shall thou be  
 When Royal J—s reigns over thee,  
 And C—s, our P—ce, who favours thee,  
 And dearly ay will love thee.

[This was apparently composed in the hopeful period between Preston Pans and the Retreat from Derby.]

### A SONG

THOUGH G—die reigns in J—ie's stead  
 I'm griev'd, yet scorn to shew that;  
 I'll ne'er look down, nor hing my head  
 On Rebel W—gs for a' that;  
 But still I'll trust in Providence,  
 And still I'll laugh at a' that;  
 And sing, He's o'er the hills this night  
 That I love weel for a' that.

He's far 'yont Killebrae this night  
 That I love weel for a' that;  
 He wears a pistol on his side,  
 Which makes me blyth for a' that:  
 The highland coat, the philabeg,  
 The tartan-trouze, and a' that,  
 He wears, that's o'er the hills this night,  
 And will be here for a' that.

He wears a broad-sword on his side,  
 He kens weel how to draw that;  
 The target, and the highland plaid,  
 And shoulder-belt, and a' that:  
 A bonnet bound with ribbons blue,  
 A white cockade, and a' that,  
 He wears, that's o'er the hills this night,  
 And will be here for a' that.

The W—gs think a' that Willie's mine  
 But yet they maunna' fa' that;  
 They think our hearts will be cast down,  
 But we'll be blyth for a' that,  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 And thrice as meikle's a' that;  
 He's bonny that's o'er the hills this night,  
 And will be here for a' that.

But, O! what will the W—gs say syne,  
 When they're mista'en in a' that,  
 When G—die maun fling by the crown,  
 The hat, and wig, and a' that ;  
 The flames will get baith hat and wig,  
 As oft times they got a' that :  
 Our highland lad will wear the crown,  
 And ay be blyth for a' that.

And then our brave militia lads  
 Will be rewarded duly,  
 When they fling bye their black cockades,  
 That hellish colour truly.  
 As night is banish'd by the day,  
 The white will drive awa' that ;  
 The sun will then his beams display,  
 And will be blyth for a' that.

[Hogg's version (*Relics*, ii. 56) 'is copied from Mr. Moir's MSS.' There are considerable variations throughout : our version has six stanzas, Hogg's only five. The version in *Loyal Songs* (1750) is more akin to Hogg's. The period is after the Retreat from Stirling, possibly after Culloden.]

## A SONG

(Tune : *To ease his heart, and own his shame*)

THE P—ce did venture once to land,  
 With seven under his command,  
 For to conquer Nations three ;  
 That's the man shall govern me.

Justly may he claim the crown  
 His brave ancestors wore so long ;  
 Though they thought fit to banish thee,  
 The Restoration I hope to see.

It was a curs'd usurping crew  
 That from the true K—g took his due,  
 And sent him far across the sea ;  
 J—s the Seventh, the same was he.

They J—s the Seventh away did send,  
 How could that infant them offend ?  
 That he too banished must be,  
 To 'reave my native P—ce from me.

But his brave son in battle bright  
 Shall recover what's his right ;  
 All the Clans shall fight for thee ;  
 Glorious C—s shall govern me.

Fierce as a lion uncontrol'd,  
As an angel soft and kind,  
Merciful and just is he;  
Glorious C— shall govern me.

[This appears to be a version of Hogg's second set of *To daunton me* (*Relics*, ii. 87). For our first verse the last four lines of Hogg's first stanza give

' At Moidart our young Prince did land,  
With seven men at his right hand,  
And a' to conquer kingdoms three,  
That is the lad shall wanton me!'

Hogg's third set is by far the best and most poetical. All forms show the variations which are the note of popular songs and ballads. Hogg's third set, if merit be a test of age, ought to be the oldest. It has no reference to Prince Charles, King James is the expected hero, and 1688 and 1689 are fresh in the poet's memory.

' To daunton me, to daunton me,  
D'ye ken the thing that wad daunton me?  
Eighty eight and eighty nine.  
And a' the dreary years sinsyne,  
With cess, and press, and Presbyt'ry;  
Gude faith, this had like to daunton me.  
But to wanton me, to wanton me,  
D'ye ken the thing that wad wanton me!

' To see gude corn upon the rigs,  
And banishment to a' the Whigs,<sup>1</sup>  
And right restored where right should be;  
O, these are the things that would wanton me.  
But to wanton me, to wanton me,  
And ken ye what maist wad wanton me?  
To see King James at Edinburgh cross,  
Wi' fifty thousand foot and horse,  
And the usurper forced to flee;  
O, this is what maist wad wanton me!

From this version, obviously the oldest, the three others have, in most stanzas, departed for the worse.]

### JAMIE THE ROVER

Or all the days that's in the year,  
The Tenth of June I love most dear,  
When roses and ribbons do appear;  
Success to young Jamie the Rover.

*Fal deral*, etc.

<sup>1</sup> Various reading: 'And a gallows built to hang the Whigs.'

## Jacobite Songs

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All in green tartan my love shall be drest,  
With a diamond star upon his breast,  
And he shall be reckon'd as one of the best ;  
Success to young Jamie the Rover.

*Fal deral, etc.*

As I came in by Lanark town,  
The drums they did beat, and the trumpets did sound,  
The drums they did beat, etc.,  
To welcome young Jamie the Rover.

*Fal deral, etc.*

There's some who say he's bastardly born,  
And others who call him a bricklayer's son ;  
But they are all liars, for he's the true son  
Of him call'd Jamie the Rover.

*Fal deral, etc.*

There is in London a huge black bull,  
And he would devour us if he had his will,  
But we'll toss his harns out over his skull  
And drive the old dog to Hanover.

*Fal deral, etc.*

I need not wonder at Nature's change,  
Though he abroad be forced to range,  
I'll find him out where'er he remains,  
Young Jamie you call the Rover.

*Fal deral, etc.*

To foreign lands I'll straight repair,  
There to find out my dearest dear,  
For he alone is all my care  
Young Jamie you call the Rover.

*Fal deral, etc.*

In his Royal Arms I'll lay me down,  
In remembrance of the Tenth of June,  
And all my pleasure I will crown  
With Jamie you call the Rover.

*Fal deral, etc.*

Though all my friends should me despise,  
Yet to his praise my voice I'll raise,  
For he's a jewel in my eyes,  
Young Jamie you call the Rover.

*Fal deral, etc.*

## Andrew Lang

J. and S. I must confess  
 The thistle and crown, his motto is ;  
 Of all the swains he deserves the praise,  
 Young Jamie you call the Rover.

*Fal deral, etc.*

[Hogg has a version of this pleasant song for the White Rose king. His first verse, in the second three lines, reads

‘In tartans braw our lads are drest,  
 With roses glancing on the breast.’

Where ours has

‘All in green tartan my love shall be drest,  
 With a diamond star upon his breast.’<sup>1</sup>

In Hogg, ‘Auchindown’ takes the place of our ‘Lanark town’ (a Whiggish and Covenanting centre). Auchindown, says Hogg, is a ruined castle in Glen Fiddon, in Banffshire, a Jacobite place mentioned in another song :

‘At Auchindown, the tenth of June,  
 Sae merry, blythe, and gay, sir !’

This song (*Relics*, i. 80) is, in the last stanza, of the later Jacobite period. The poet is ready to fight for

‘Our Jamie and our Charlie.’

Our *Jamie the Rover* is of the period of the youth of James III. and VIII., and, in fact, appears to regard James II. and VI. as ‘Jamie the Rover.’

Hogg, as to ‘the great black bull,’ reads :

‘We’ll twist his horns out of his skull,’

whereas our text has

‘But we’ll toss his harns out over his skull,’

‘harns’ meaning brains.

Both versions are contaminated by references to ‘the old rogue’ or ‘old dog’ in connection with Hanover. In short, we have here variants of a song perhaps dating from 1716, but altered in various ways to suit new circumstances, and arranged by singers or copyists.]

## A SONG

PR—CE C—s is come o’er from France,  
 In Scotland to proclaim his daddie ;  
 May the heav’n’s pow’r preserve and keep  
 That worthy P—ce in’s highland plaidie.

O my bonny, bonny highland laddie,  
 My handsome, charming highland laddie,  
 May Heav’n reward, and him still guard  
 When surrounded with foes in’s highland plaidie.

<sup>1</sup>The king himself.

## Jacobite Songs

First when he came to view our land,  
The graceful looks of that young laddie,  
Made a' our true Scots hearts to warm,  
And choose to wear the highland plaidie.

*O my bonny, etc.*

But when G—die heard the news,  
That he was come before his daddie,  
He thirty-thousand pounds would give  
To catch him in his highland plaidie.

*O my bonny, etc.*

He sent John C—pe straight to the North,  
With a' his army fierce and ready,  
For to devour that worthy P—ce  
And catch him in his highland plaidie.

*O my bonny, etc.*

But when he came to Inverness,  
I told him he was South already,  
As bold's a lion conqu'ring all,  
By virtue of his highland plaidie.

*O my bonny, etc.*

From Inverness to Aberdeen,  
Where he found their ships just and ready,  
To carry him to Edinburgh,  
For to devour him in's highland plaidie.

*O my bonny, etc.*

But when he came to Edinburgh,  
East Lothian was his first land ready ;  
And then he swore that in Gladsmuir,  
He wou'd devour him in's highland plaidie.

*O my bonny, etc.*

A parcel of Scots highlanders,  
And country lads that were not ready,  
The task is small you have to do,  
To catch him in his highland plaidie.

*O my bonny, etc.*

Our worthy P—ce says to his men,  
For God's sake, haste, and make you ready,  
And gratify C—pe's fond desire  
He hath to see me in my plaidie.

*O my bonny, etc.*

Likewise says he unto his men,  
This day if you'll fight for my daddie,

## Andrew Lang

By heav'n's pow'r I'll set you free  
From tyrants, in my highland plaidie.

*O my bonny, etc.*

Then they went on like lions bold,  
Without regard to man or baby,  
For they were bent with one consent  
To fight and keep him in his plaidie.

*O my bonny, etc.*

John C—pe cries then unto his men,  
For God's sake, haste, and make you ready ;  
And let each man fly as he can,  
For fear he catch you in his plaidie.

*O my bonny, etc.*

Some rode on horse, some ran on foot,  
And some, wi' fear, their heads turn'd giddy ;  
And some cry'd, Oh ! and some, Woe's me !  
That e'er I saw a highland plaidie.

*O my bonny, etc.*

When C—pe was then a great way off,  
He said, Since I was a young babie,  
I never met with such a fright  
As when I saw him in's highland plaidie.

*O my bonny, etc.*

[This is a shorter variant of Hogg's *O my Bonnie Highland Laddie*. Hogg takes it 'from Mr. Hardy's MSS., collated with that from Mr. John Wallace of Peterhead' (*Relics*, ii. 115, 335). There are many variations. The subject is the strange march of Cope to Inverness while the Prince was entering Edinburgh, and the victory of Prestonpans.]

## A SONG

MY Grand-Sire had a riding mare,  
And she was ill to sit,  
And by there came an airy blade,  
And slipped in a foot.  
He put his foot into the stirrup,  
And gripped sickerly ;  
And ay since syne, she's prov'd unkind,  
And flung and gloom'd at me.

When my Grand-Father was deth—n'd,  
And put from Nations Three,

There was not a single plack of debt,  
 And all accompts were free.  
 But now the cr—wn's in debt, aboon  
 One Hundred Millions and Three;  
 I wonder what ails the wicked beast  
 To have such spite at me.

When William fell, and brain'd himsel',  
 They call'd my Aunty Ann;  
 Give me the mare, the riding gear,  
 The halter in my hand;  
 Then peace and plenty will abound,  
 Throughout the Nations Three;  
 We'll drive them up with whip and spur,  
 Because they slighted me.

*Preston-pans, Falkirk, and Inverurie,*  
 These were battles three;  
 But at Culloden we were all defeat,  
 And forced for to flee.  
 The poor men they were all defeat,  
 Fled to the mountains high;  
 You may be sure my heart was sore  
 When none could stay with me.

But one poor maid, with gown and plaid,  
 Convoy'd me through the isles;  
 By heaven's care I was preserv'd  
 From all their crooks and wiles:  
 Then into France as by ill-chance,  
 Though I was welcome there,  
 The cruel darts of th' usurper's arts,  
 Did still pursue me there.

I hope to God that I will mount,  
 My brave ancestor's th—ne;  
 And then I will attended be  
 By lords of high renown.  
 My brother Henry will likewise be  
 Honour'd as well as me;  
 And we'll make the W—gs change their notes,  
 And turn their tunes to me.

They gave the Qu—n the cordial drop  
 To hasten her away;  
 And then they took the cursed *oath*,  
 And drank it up like whey;  
 Then they sought the Brunswick race  
 Which we may sorely rue:  
 They got a horse, a cripple *ass*,  
 A Cousin German Sow.

[There are seven stanzas here in place of four in Hogg's version (*Relics*, i. 82). In Hogg's text the father, not the grandfather, of the speaker tries the mare; the speaker is James VIII., not Prince Charles. The absurd scandal about the poisoning of Queen Anne is in our seventh, but in Hogg's second stanza. Our song has no 'sow' (some German mistress of George). The remarks on the national debt caused by our Dutch deliverer is not in Hogg's version (our stanza 11.), and the allusions to Prince Charles's victories and to Flora Macdonald in our song are absent from Hogg's. The generation of 1745 has retained and expanded a chant of the generation of 1715.]

## A SONG

OVER yon hills, and yon lofty mountains,  
 Where the trees are clad with snow,  
 And down by yon murm'ring chrystal fountain,  
 Where the silver streams do flow.  
 There, fair Flora sat complaining,  
 For the absence of our K—g,  
 Crying, Charlie, lovely Charlie,  
 When shall we two meet again?

Fair Flora's love it was surprising,  
 Like to diadems in array;  
 And her dress of the tartan plaidie  
 Was like a rainbow in the sky;  
 And each minute she tun'd her spinnet,  
 And Royal Jamie was the tune,  
 Crying, C—s, Royal C—s,  
 When shalt thou enjoy thy own?

When all these storms are quite blown o'er,  
 Then the skies will rend and tear,  
 Then C—s he'll return to Britain  
 To enjoy the grand affair:  
 The frisking lambs will skip over,  
 And larks and linnets shall sweetly sing:  
 Singing, C—s, lovely C—s,  
 You're welcome home to be our King.

[There may be some connection between this too artless ditty about Flora Macdonald and Hogg's *Lament of Flora Macdonald* (*Relics*, ii. 179). Hogg says that he got the original of the *Lament* 'from Mr. Niel Gow, who told me they were a translation from the Gaelic, but so rude that he could not publish them. . . . On which I versified them anew,' says the honest Shepherd, 'and made them a great deal better without altering one sentiment' (*Relics*, ii. 369).

The original Gaelic may have been excellent: our version is, at least, unpretentious, but Hogg's is too conscientiously noble and sublime, though it has been popular as a song: and has a Gaelic substratum.]

## A SONG

THE K—g he has been long from home,  
 The P—ce he has sent over  
 To kick th' usurper off the th—ne,  
 And send him to Hannover.

*O'er the water, o'er the sea,  
 O'er the water to Ch—lie;  
 Go the world as it will,  
 We'll hazard our lives for C—lie.*

On Thursday last there was a fast,  
 Where they preach'd up rebellion;  
 The masons on the wall did work,  
 To place around their cannon.

*O'er the water, etc.*

The Wh—gs in cursed cabals meet,  
 Against the Lord's Anointed;  
 Their hellish projects he'll defeat,  
 And they'll be disappointed.

*O'er the water, etc.*

Sedition and rebellion reigns  
 O'er all the B—tish nation;  
 Why should we thus like cyphers stand  
 And nothing do but gaze on?

*O'er the water, etc.*

Brave Britons rouse to arms, for shame,  
 And save your K—g and nation;  
 For certainly we are to blame,  
 If we lose this occasion.

*O'er the water, etc.*

The P—ce set out for Edinburgh Town,  
 To meet with C—pe's great army;  
 In fifteen minutes he cut them down,  
 And gain'd the victory fairly.

*O'er the water, etc.*

[Comparing this song with Hogg's text (*Relics*, ii. 76) we ask, is ours the unworthy original, improved by Burns and Hogg into the best of loyal poetry; or is ours quite a distressingly different set of words to the same tune? Hogg's version, except for the last stanza, is, with slight verbal changes, No. 187 in Johnson's *Museum*, Vol. ii. (1788). Hogg says, 'I do not know if the two last stanzas have ever before been printed, though they have often been sung' (*Relics*, ii. 290). The penultimate verse appeared, as Hogg should have known, in Johnson's *Museum* (*ut supra*). If Mr. Henderson is right in saying 'Hogg's set is merely Ayrshire Bard (in Johnson) *plus* Ettrick Shepherd,' then

the Shepherd, in the last stanza, wrote the most perfect verse in the whole of Jacobite poetry. The ardent sincerity of loyal self-sacrifice was never worded so well. Cf. Henderson, in his and Henley's *Burns*, Vol. iii. p. 328. The chorus, and stanza 1., in both Hogg's and the *Museum's* versions, seem to me popular and traditional; the third may be by Burns; the fourth, if not Hogg's, is popular and traditional. I myself think that Hogg dealt fairly with what he collected, whether songs in the *Relics*, or ballads for Scott's *Minstrelsy*. His letters to Scott, with ballads (June 30, 1802; September 10 [1805]), are candid and explicit; he tells the Sheriff how he collected, what he got 'in plain prose' mixed with broken stanzas, and how he harmonised them. He is equally candid in what he says of *The Lament of Flora Macdonald*, already quoted from the *Relics*.]

## A SONG

(Tune: *Nansy's to the Green-wood gane*)

YE W—gs are a rebellious crew,  
 The plague of this poor nation;  
 Ye give not God nor Caesar due,  
 Ye smell of reprobation:  
 Ye are a stubborn, perverse pack,  
 Conceiv'd and nurs'd by treason,  
 Your practices are foul and black,  
 Your principles 'gainst reason.

Your Hogan-Mogan foreign things  
 God gave them in displeasure;  
 Ye brought them o'er and call'd them k—gs,  
 They've drain'd our blood and treasure.  
 Can ye compare your King to mine,  
 Your G—die and your W—lie?  
 Comparisons are odious,  
 A docken to a lillie.

Our Darien can witness bear,  
 And so can our Glenco, Sir;  
 The South Sea it can make appear  
 What to our King we owe, Sir:  
 We have been murder'd, starv'd, and rob'd,  
 By those your k—gs and knav'ry;  
 And, all our treasure is stock-jobb'd,  
 While we groan under slav'ry.

Did e'er the rightful St—t's race,  
 Declare it if you can, Sir,  
 Reduce you to so bad a case,—  
 Hold up your face and answer:  
 Did he who ye expell'd the throne  
 Your islands ever harass so,  
 As those whom ye have placed thereon,  
 Your Brunswick and your Nassau?

By strangers we are rob'd and kill'd,  
 That ye must plainly grant, Sir,  
 Whose coffers with our wealth are cramm'd,  
 Whilst we must starve for want, Sir.  
 Can ye compare your K—g to mine,  
 Your G—die and your W—lie?  
 Comparisons are odious,  
 A bramble to a lillie.

Your P—ce's mother was a whore,—  
 This ye cannot deny, Sir;  
 Or why liv'd she in yonder tour,  
 Confin'd there 'till she died, Sir.  
 Can ye compare your Queen to mine?  
 I know ye're not so silly;  
 Comparisons are odious,  
 A docken to a lillie.

His son is a poor matchless sot,  
 His own papa ne'er lov'd him:  
 And F—kie is an idiot,  
 As they can swear who prov'd him.  
 Can ye compare your P—ce to mine,  
 Your F—kie and your W—lie?  
 Comparisons are odious,  
 A mushroom to a lillie.

[This is a version of Hogg's *The Rebellious Crew* (*Relics*, i. 112). Hogg copied this song from an 'old printed ballad which I found among Mr. Walter Scott's original Jacobite papers' (*Relics*, i. 284). Hogg probably softened the language of our stanza vi., and, in the third line from the end, wrote

in place of our  
 'A thing so dull and silly,'  
 'Your Feckie and your Willie.']

## A SONG

AND from home I wou'd be,  
 And from home I wou'd be,  
 And from home I wou'd be,  
 To some foreign country.  
 To tarry for a while,  
 'Till heav'n think fit to smile;  
 Bring our K—g from exile  
 To his own country.

God save our lawful K—g,  
 And from danger set him free;  
 May the Scots, English, and Irish,  
 Flock to him speedily:

## Jacobite Songs

May the ghosts of the martyrs,  
 Who died for loyalty,  
 Haunt the rebels that did fight  
 Against their King and country.

May the Devil take the D—tch,  
 And drown them in the sea,  
 Willie butcher, and all such,  
 High-hanged may they be.  
 Curse on the volunteers  
 To all eternity,  
 Who did fight against our P—ce  
 In his own country.

May the rivers stop and stand  
 Like walls on ev'ry side;  
 May our highland lad pass through;  
 Jehovah be his guide.  
 Lord, dry up the river Forth,  
 As thou didst the Red sea,  
 When the Israelites did pass  
 To their own country.

Let the usurper go home  
 To Hanover with speed,  
 And all his spurious race  
 Go beyond the seas.  
 And we'll crown our lawful King  
 With mirth and jollity;  
 We'll end our days in peace  
 In our own country.

[Hogg's version is a charming song, 'bearing strong marks of the hand of the ingenious Allan Cunningham.' It is perfectly modern in tone. Our version may have been sung at Avignon, Sens, and many other asylums of the exiled Jacobites.]

## Two Glasgow Merchants in the French Revolution

DURING the Revolutionary Era the French Republic extended to the persecuted democrats of Great Britain and Ireland as hearty a welcome as Louis XIV. had accorded to the Jacobite exiles. Thus there gradually came together in Paris a band of discontented 'Patriots,' mostly English and Irish, but including some Scots, whose presence served to confirm the idea prevalent in France that nothing was wanting to set up separate republics in the United Kingdom but the appearance of French forces in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin.<sup>1</sup> The late Mr. Alger in his *Englishmen in the French Revolution* brought together some curious facts regarding the life of this colony in Paris. The adventures of two Glasgow merchants, as revealed in the documents preserved in the Public Record Office, London,<sup>2</sup> and the French Foreign Office, Paris,<sup>3</sup> not only add some touches to his interesting sketch, but also throw fresh light on the condition of affairs at home which sent not a few Scots into voluntary or enforced exile.

During the period 1795-1798 to which the documents refer, Scotland lay at the feet of its *de facto* king, Henry Dundas. The French Revolution evoked considerable enthusiasm in Scotland. The members of the Dundee Whig Club were among the first to congratulate the French nation on the advent of the new *régime*, and Glasgow sent £1200 to the National Assembly. The industrial class awoke to a sense of its political rights, and, organised in societies known as Friends of the

<sup>1</sup>The 'Scotch Directory' was to consist of Muir, Sinclair, Cameron, Simple [Lord Sempill?], a Sorbelloni [sic]. Ferguson [Adam Ferguson?] was to be Minister for Foreign Affairs, Macleod [M.P. for Inverness] for War, and Campbell [the poet Campbell?] for Marine. *v. Hist. MSS. Comm., Dropmore MSS.*, vol. 4, 1905, pp. 69 and 70.

<sup>2</sup>*Home Office (Scotland) Correspondence*, vol. 16.

<sup>3</sup>*Archives, Correspondance Politique*, vol. 592.

People, agitated for parliamentary reform. Some of the wilder spirits, however, did not conceal their desire for even greater changes in the constitution, and as the drama of the French Revolution developed into tragedy, all projects of reform at home were denounced as revolutionary. The dread thus inspired in the middle and upper classes enabled Dundas not only to repress all democratic activity throughout the country, but also to win support for the war against France, and for those arbitrary measures which reduced the government of Scotland to the despotism which bears his name. Whoever ventured to dispute the wisdom of such a policy was branded as a Democrat, a Croppy, or a Black Neb, imbued with French principles.

Yet although the democrats were effectively silenced, the following narrative affords one proof that they continued to cherish their opinions in secret; and the undercurrent of discontent with the existing state of affairs thus preserved among the industrial class, coming to light in the Radical War of 1819, contributed one element to the victory of reform in 1832.

About the end of May, 1798, the Sheriff-Depute of Edinburgh informed the Duke of Portland that two brothers, John and Benjamin Sword, had been arrested on a charge of holding improper communications with the enemy. John was apprehended on board a vessel in Leith bound for Embden, and his brother Benjamin at Glasgow. Failing to give a satisfactory account of some letters seized at the same time, they were confined to prison till they should do so. 'They are both wealthy,' wrote the sheriff, 'having retired from trade at Glasgow, the one as a Spirit and Muslin Manufacturer, the other a Tea China man, and notwithstanding their success in trade are both dissatisfied with their country and anxious to settle themselves somewhere else.'

The reasons for the dissatisfaction were partly family but largely political. In a letter to a friend in America, dated Langside House, December, 1795, John Sword, after detailing some family matters which had occasioned him much distress, proceeds to give his opinion of the political state of Scotland at that time. 'I see there will be new matter springing in our nation of great magnitude, which will produce events more momentous to the nation at large, until at last they produce a Revolution as compleat, though I hope not so sanguinary,

as that in France, the wonder and admiration of all nations on Earth. . . . I am therefore now resolved to give you a letter with a few of my remarks on the volutions gone and going on through our nation. . . . Had the Government and order of things in this country been as they were 20 years ago, I would have been in business ere now, but such a change has taken place within these few years as seldom has to any country. Our newspapers which you no doubt frequently see will have shewn you into what a state of Sin and Misery this blessed war has brought us. The numberless additional taxes to enormous amount, and to crown the matter the progress our Ministers have made in Arbitrary government is infinitely beyond whatever could have been supposed to happen in this country formerly a land of liberty. It would tire your patience to enumerate in the most concise manner a tythe of our late oppressions. This very last week a Bill has passed making it felony to complain of any part of the Minister's conduct, although it can clearly be made appear that a family that expends £250 per ann. pays above £100 taxes. It is far from improbable a civil war may soon be the baleful consequence. Were the few lines I have now wrote on this subject exhibited to our gracious, upright, and infallible Mr. Pitt, I would have reason to congratulate myself if I came off as easy as Mr. Muir or Mr. Palmer by a 14 years' mission to Botany Bay. My family affairs with those of a public nature have made me resolve not to hasard the remains of my property in trade in this country. I have long wished to see North America but never had it so much in my power as at present, and I am now almost resolved to see it in the ensuing summer.'

In his next letter, dated 30th January, 1796, he still talks of going to the New World, 'where,' he says, 'I may spend the remainder of my life free from that weight of oppression that hangs like a millstone round the neck of this devoted country. You cannot imagine with what vast strides this country is progressing to destruction, the numberless arbitrary laws enacted by our Ministry to shield them from the effects of their guilt. Our national debt is now between 3 and 400 millions Sterling. The interest paid on that is above 16 millions. If it is reckoned what expense attends the collection of it, it will be found 4 millions more. This is sunk to all Eternity. To this add the maintenance of our civil list, including all the expensive, very expensive, squandering members of it, and you will have

a sum equal to the rent of the whole landed property in Britain. And yet this is exclusive of our necessary expenses of Government, of places and pensions, etc., etc. Of the extent and amount of these last, the best arithmeticians, the most inquisitive accomptants, and the most expert clerks are ignorant. The sum is incomprehensible. The number of pensioners with the amount they receive is quite unknown. That the sum is astonishing is well known, for these very pensions that cannot be kept hid from the public—and it is a well-known fact that not one fourth part of the pensions are published, perhaps not one tenth—demonstrate to what amount the whole may be conjectured. Here one person gets £60,000 or £70,000 p. annum, another £30,000 or £40,000, many £25 and £20,000. Great numbers from £5 to £15,000, and these of less consequence are innumerable. The Government of our country is now so outre that extortion and imposition cannot be checked. Every article is taxed in twenty different shapes. Instance the article of Stamp paper. 20 years ago and less this duty was comprehended within 7 or 8 articles. At present there are 89 articles and on these 7 or 8 articles which were formerly taxed, the tax is now 3, 4, and some of them ten-fold advanced. This is only one instance among many. Almost every species of our manufactures are taxed. The consequence is very visible to every person that will indulge a thought. The indefatigable industry of the British Nation will weather the storm a little. It cannot be long. Our Government now in a manner despotic—for can it be called anything else when it is publicly known beyond contradiction that members buy seats in Parliament for a majority of these members, and this majority pass any law that Pitt chuses to propose?—I say, this Despotic Government of ours requires such immense treasure to preserve the despotism, to bribe the numberless dependant tribes, that our industry is thereby swallowed up, and it must very soon pass to destruction and like the baseless fabric of a vision leave not a wreck behind.<sup>1</sup> Already the wages of every branch of manufacture is very much enhanced and yet the poor artificer can scarcely live. . . . I do not

<sup>1</sup>The Edinburgh Whigs held equally pessimistic views regarding the fate of their country. Hence the significance of the title, 'The Pleasures of *Hope*,' by the official poet of the Whigs, Thomas Campbell. On his return from abroad in 1801 he too had to make a declaration before the Sheriff of Edinburgh to clear himself of the suspicion of being a spy.

pretend to prophecy, but from the situation in which we are circumstanced, and from which we cannot disengage ourselves, I will bett all I am worth in the world this must happen within 20 years, and it would not in the least surprize me were my prognostications to take effect in one fourth part of that time.' In a letter to the same friend, dated 10th October, 1796, he still harps on the burden of taxation. Manufacturers could not pay the taxes. This had brought the 3 Per Cents down from 96 before the war to 56, and it was expected that the next loan would bring them down to 40. When the peace came there would be such emigration to France and America as would depopulate the country, and give the finishing stroke to the public credit.

We learn nothing further of the two brothers till their arrest in 1798. Rumours of an expected invasion by the French, and of plottings by the society of United Scots, kept the Government officials in a state of nervous apprehension; and when it was known that John Sword was setting out for the continent, probably for France, which, it was affirmed, he and his brother had visited the previous year, the two were promptly arrested. It was not difficult for them to invent a story of adventure not too improbable for those troublous times. According to John's first declaration, he was on the road to Germany where he intended to settle with his wife and child. It was true that he and his brother had been abroad in August, 1797, but they had not been in France. They had visited various towns in Germany. At the end of March or the beginning of April, 1797, they had left Greenock for Charlestown in South Carolina. The vessel was taken by a French privateer called the 'Vengeance' about the 17th May. A prizemaster was put on board and the vessel sailed for Nantes. Off the coast of Ireland, however, they were retaken by the British frigate 'Apollo,' and carried into the Cove of Cork. This narrative was declared by them in their second declarations to be 'a cock and bull story,' and in their third declarations they each gave, with slight variations, a more or less veracious account of their wanderings in France.

The two brothers sailed from Leith for Hamburg at the end of August, 1797. On their arrival at Hamburg they purchased their admission as burgesses with a view to enabling them to proceed to France. Acting on the advice of friends, they tried to pass themselves off as Americans or as connected

with America. The ambassador, however, refused to give them passports. They therefore proceeded to the Hague, where they obtained passports for France. 'After two trials they got to Paris via Dunkirk and Lisle.' Thence they went to Nantes *via* Tours. The two merchants had learned that English goods brought into that port by French privateers were selling very cheap, especially coffee and sugar, and they hoped by making large purchases for America to realise a considerable profit. There was one serious drawback to such a business venture. No one would insure the goods, as they were very liable to be retaken the moment they left the port by the same privateer from whom they had been purchased. A more profitable speculation was to be made in land. At Tours 'Emigrant' property was selling at three or four years' purchase, Church lands at six years', and patrimonial property at nine or ten years' purchase. Money could be borrowed at three, four, and five per cent. John Sword, according to his brother's story, was 'exceedingly keen' to become the possessor of a convent, a church, and a dozen acres of land at the low price of £700. The iron and lead of the buildings alone would have made up the price. Benjamin, however, persuaded his brother to have nothing to do with it, and after three or four weeks' stay in Nantes they left for Paris.

During their sojourn in the capital they called on Thomas Paine, 'not from any previous knowledge of him,' John was careful to add, 'but merely out of curiosity.' Paine informed them that Thomas Muir was in Paris, and they paid him a visit, having known him as a student in the University of Glasgow. 'Muir appeared to live in style and kept his carriage.'<sup>1</sup> During an evening spent in the company of Paine and Muir,<sup>2</sup> a long

<sup>1</sup> On 31st August, 1793, Muir was sentenced by the High Court of Justiciary of Scotland to fourteen years' transportation to Botany Bay for sedition in connection with the Society of the Friends of the People. He escaped from Sydney on 11th February, 1796, and after almost incredible adventures, arrived at Bordeaux in December, 1797. He was ostentatiously welcomed by the French Directory, who granted him a pension. In a begging letter to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Muir explained that the loss of one eye, and the imperfect vision of the other, necessitated his keeping a carriage (*Archives*, vol. 590, f. 144).

<sup>2</sup> In the British Museum collection of coins and medals a farthing, inscribed 'The Three Thomases, 1796,' represents Thomas Paine, Thomas Spence (a publisher of Paine's works), and Thomas Muir hanging on a gibbet. On the reverse is the legend, 'May the three knaves of Jacobin Clubs never get a trick.' *v. The Writings of Thomas Paine*, ed. M. D. Conway, vol. iii. p. xi.

discussion ensued on religion 'which Paine reprobated, while Muir endeavoured to defend it.' Benjamin Sword even affirmed that Muir was intoxicated on that occasion. This led to the breaking up of the party, and prevented Muir from keeping his promise of introducing the brothers to the notorious Miss Williams, then living in Paris as the wife of Stone.<sup>1</sup>

Thanks to the proverbial clannishness of their race, the Glasgow merchants were introduced to another Scot, a certain Mr. Rose. A gardener by trade,<sup>2</sup> his master's influence had secured for him the post of usher to the Constituent Assembly, and he had served in the same capacity the succeeding assemblies of the period. Under his guidance the Swords visited the Council of the Ancients, and the Council of Five Hundred, and were present at the *levée* of the Directory 'to which every one was admitted.' Rose informed them 'that he was the person who had been sent by the Convention to apprehend Robespierre, which he accordingly did and gave them many particulars respecting the business.' He talked with great freedom regarding the Convention and said that he expected another convulsion. The usher dropped a hint that he might serve his country and make some money by giving information. On being asked if he knew Mr. Rose of the Treasury, he smiled and said that Mr. Rose knew him, and waived the subject. At the end of a month the brothers left for Scotland *via* Dunkirk, where they met another type of the ubiquitous Scot in the person of a Mr. M'William, originally from Ayr.

Two letters in the Archives of the French Foreign Office complete our knowledge of the Swords. One is addressed to 'Citoyen Graham à Paris,' presumably a Glasgow man, the other to Thomas Muir. In the former, John Sword takes as gloomy a view as ever of the state and prospects of his country. 'The fate of Britain is wearing nearer and nearer its crisis. New taxes come out every day, not by the channel of the House of Commons, but by the fiat of the Privy Council. Every one of them fall short of what it was taken for and new ones are framed to make up the deficiency, which also fall short of their intention. All ranks, even the creatures of the Ministry, are now complaining of their burdens. This voluntary gift which has made so much noise has been as great an oppression as the

<sup>1</sup> *v. sub voce* John Heerford Stone, *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

<sup>2</sup> 'It is from Scotland,' said Voltaire, 'we receive rules of taste in all the arts—from the epic poem to gardening,' Hume Brown, *Hist. of Scot.*, vol. iii. p. 371.

most oppressive of the taxes ; for in the first place every creature of Government is obliged to subscribe largely and they are indefatigable in forcing others to subscribe, threatening them with ruining their business, their trade, and interest, if they do not, and many who have persevered in refusing to subscribe have actually been ruined by the malice of Pitt's vermin. They have influenced all the public and private banks, so that thousands of traders who cannot pay their bills are forced by their bankers to put down their names to this gift, and threatened not to get a single bill discounted if they do not. The soldiers and sailors are likewise *compelled* to put down their names to this famous gift, and thousands of names appear in the newspapers as Patriotic contributors to this gift who curse the ministry (the authors of it), curse the purposes to which it is applied, and would give twice the amount of their subscriptions to bring the heads of the ministers to the block. But this is no news to you. Citizens John M'Kenzie, John Pattison, John Monteith, and a hundred more in Glasgow would give all the cloaths on them to be as clear of the country as you and I are.

'The manufactures are much in the decline, and if the French Republic could stop them from Hamburgh, and the American and West India markets, they might soon make what sort of a peace they pleased. The whole nation would be in arms, and indeed nothing prevents this just now but unabated efforts of the ministers bribing the landed Gentlemen to act against their own interest. I need not tell you that if the War Establishment continue two years longer in England, the Bank of England paper will be of as little value as the lowest price of American or French paper ever was, and it is in the power of the French to hurry on this event by a method which I could clearly point out.'

In the other letter dated Embden, 31st August, 1798, 15 Fructidor, an 6, to Thomas Muir, he gives a full account of his sufferings, and reveals more regarding his visit to Nantes than he had communicated to the Sheriff-Depute of Edinburgh. 'I have endured a part of the persecution you so unjustly suffered. I have occupied the same apartments in Edinburgh Jail which you have done before me and have been put to great inconveniences with my family and to great expenses. But I thank God all the malice of my persecutors have not been able to prevent me from securing as much of my property as to enable me to carry on my plan of my muslin manufactory upon a moderate scale, or even to live with œconomy upon the remains

of the fruits of my industry without emerging again into bustle, labour, and anxiety.' He goes on to relate that he was set at liberty for six months, bail being fixed at 4000 merks. Owing to the strenuous exertions of his advocate, Mr. Henry Erskine, he had been allowed to proceed to Germany to look after his affairs. The Lord Advocate had promised that if nothing further appeared against him he would not be brought to trial, but that if he was to be tried, Mr. Erskine was to advise him in due course. 'The only thing they can prove against me is my having been in France contrary to law, but my intentions, or any conversation I had with my work people about going there, I trust will not be discovered; so that if no action is commenced against me by the 29th of November, my bail bond is then discharged, and I fly to the glorious land of liberty, justly the admiration of Europe and of the whole world.' His purpose in writing to Muir was to use his influence with the French Government to help him in another unlucky piece of business. The ship by which he had intended to reach Embden at the time of his arrest had sailed without him, had been captured by a French privateer, and carried into a Dutch port. There the cargo, including Sword's belongings, had been condemned. This he held to be unjust, as they were not contraband seeing they were intended for France. The prizemaster, however, had taken the goods ashore, and most of them had probably been 'embezzled by the motley crew of renegadoes from Asia, America and Europe—not one Frenchman among them.' His plan of setting up a muslin factory in France made him anxious to secure his property. 'When I was in Paris,' he writes, 'you may perhaps remember that I acquainted you I had applied by a petition to the Minister of the Interior stating my intentions of erecting a muslin manufactory<sup>1</sup> at Nantes, and requesting

<sup>1</sup> During Muir's visit to Paris in 1793, the government spy in Edinburgh credited him with having bought ground on behalf of seven proprietors of a cotton mill in the West of Scotland. The machinery and workmen were to be removed to France. *Home Office (Scotland) Correspondence*, vol. 7, March, 1793, P.R.O., London. The idea was doubtless taken from Paine's *Rights of Man*, which had an enormous circulation in Scotland at this time, especially among the industrial classes. 'France and America bid all comers welcome, and initiate them into all the rights of citizenship. . . . There is now erecting in Passey, three miles from Paris, a large cotton factory, and several are already erected in America. Soon after the rejecting the Bill for repealing the test-law, one of the richest manufacturers in England said in my hearing, "England, Sir, is not a country for a dissenter to live in—we must go to France."' *The Writings of Thomas Paine*, ed. M. D. Conway, vol. ii. p. 328, author's footnote.

permission to go to Scotland to settle my affairs, to collect and bring my property to France, to engage a few of my best tradesmen to teach these in Nantes, and to return myself with my family and furniture. The Minister gave me leave to go to Hamburgh via Calais and Dunkirk, to go to Scotland via these, and to return by Hamburgh.

These two letters were duly forwarded to the Minister for Foreign Affairs; but further documents are lacking to reveal whether John Sword was successful in his suit, or whether he was forced to join his brother Benjamin in his native city, there to remain under the hated rule of Pitt and Dundas.

HENRY W. MEIKLE.

## Chronicle of Lanercost<sup>1</sup>

**W**HEN the Scots heard of the sudden and unexpected retreat of the English after Easter,<sup>2</sup> they set themselves down before the castles of Scotland which were held by the English, to besiege them with all their force, and through famine in the castles they obtained possession of them all, except Roxburgh, Edinburgh, Stirling, and Berwick, and a few others; and when they had promised to the English conditions of life and limb and safe conduct to their own land on surrendering the castles, William Wallace did not keep faith with them. A.D. 1298.

Meanwhile, truce was made between the King of France and the King of England, and the king returned to England, and finding how the Scots had risen in his absence, he assembled an army and directed his march towards Scotland, and having entered that country, he passed through part thereof.

So on the festival of the blessed Mary Magdalene<sup>3</sup> the Scots gave him battle with all their forces at Falkirk, William Wallace aforesaid being their commander, putting their chief trust, as was their custom, in their foot pikemen, whom they placed in the first line. But the armoured cavalry of England, which formed the greater part of the army, moving round and outflanking them on both sides, routed them, and, all the Scottish cavalry being quickly put to flight, there were slain of the pikemen and infantry, who stood their ground and fought manfully, sixty thousand, according to others eighty thousand, according to others one hundred thousand;<sup>4</sup> nor was there slain on the English side any nobleman except the Master of the Templars,

<sup>1</sup> See *Scottish Historical Review*, vi. 13, 174, 281, 383; vii. 56, 160, 271, 377; viii. 22.

<sup>2</sup> 6th April.

<sup>3</sup> 22nd July.

<sup>4</sup> Walsingham estimates the loss of the Scots at 60,000, Hemingburgh at 56,000—both preposterous figures, far exceeding the total of Wallace's forces. The only trustworthy data whereby to estimate the English losses is found in the compensation paid by King Edward for 111 horses killed in the action.

with five or six esquires, who charged the schiltrom of the Scots too hotly and rashly.

Having thus entirely overcome the enemies of our king and kingdom, the army of England marched by one route to the Scottish sea,<sup>1</sup> and returned by another, in order to destroy all that the Scots had spared before. But on the approach of winter the king dismissed the nobles of England to their own estates, and undertook the guard of the March himself with a small force for a time. But before Christmas he returned to the south, having disbanded the aforesaid guards upon the March.

VERSES.

Berwick, Dunbar, and Falkirk too  
Show all that traitor Scots can do.  
England exult ! thy Prince is peerless,  
Where thee he leadeth, follow fearless.<sup>2</sup>

PRAISE OF THE KING OF ENGLAND.

The noble race of Englishmen most worthy is of praise,  
By whom the Scottish people have been conquered in all ways.  
England exult !

The Frenchmen break their treaties as soon as they are made,  
Whereby the hope of Scotsmen has been cheated and betrayed.  
England exult !

O disconcerted people ! hide yourselves and close your gates,  
Lest Edward should espy you and wreak vengeance on your pates.  
England exult !

Henceforth the place for vanquished Scots is nearest to the tail  
In clash of arms. O England victorious, all hail !  
England exult !<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Firth of Forth.

<sup>2</sup>

VERSUS.

*Berwike et Dunbar, nec non Variata Capella,  
Monstrant quid valeant Scottorum perfida bella.  
Princeps absque pare cum sit tuus, Anglia, gaude ;  
Ardua temptare sub eo securius aude.*

<sup>3</sup>

COMMENDATIO REGIS ANGLIA.

*Nobilis Anglorum gens est dignissima laude,  
Per quam Scottorum plebs vincitur—Anglia gaude !  
Fœdera Francorum sunt frivola, plænaque fraude,  
Per quam Scottorum spes fallitur—Anglia gaude !  
Gens confusa pete latebras ac ostia claude,  
Edwardus ne te videat rex—Anglia gaude !  
In bellis motis pars contigit ultima caudæ  
Devictis Scottis—superatrix Anglia gaude !*

## OF THE IMPIETY OF THE SCOTS.

O Scottish race! God's holy shrines have been defiled by thee,  
 His sacred temples thou hast burnt, O crying shame to see!  
 Think not that thou for these misdeeds shalt punishment avoid,  
 For Hexham's famous sanctuary polluted and destroyed.  
 The pillaged house of Lanercost lies ruined and defaced;  
 The doers of such sacrilege must cruel vengeance taste.  
 Let irons, fire, and famine now scourge the wicked race,  
 With whom henceforth nor fame nor faith nor treaty can have place.  
 The Scottish nation, basely led, hath fallen in the dust;  
 In those who forfeit every pledge let no man put his trust.<sup>1</sup>

## OF WILLIAM WALLACE.

Welsh William being made a noble,<sup>2</sup>  
 Straightway the Scots became ignoble.  
 Treason and slaughter, arson and raid,  
 By suff'ring and misery must be repaid.<sup>3</sup>

About the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Mary the King of England married the Lady Margaret, sister of the King of France, whereby the [two] kings became A.D. 1299. friends.<sup>4</sup>

In the same year died Oliver, Bishop of Lincoln, and Henry of Newark, Archbishop of York. Master John of Alderby succeeded Oliver, and Henry of Corbridge, Doctor in Theology [succeeded Henry in the see of York].

1

## DE IMPIETATE SCOTTORUM.

*Per te fœdata loca sancta Deoque dicata;  
 Templaque sacrata, sunt, proh dolor! igne cremata.  
 Esse nequiverunt destructio damnaque multa  
 Ecclesiæ celebris Haugustaldensis inulta.  
 Desolata domus de Lanercost mala plura  
 Passa fuit, fiet de talibus ultio dura.  
 Ferrum, flamma, fames venient tibi, Scotia, digne,  
 In qua fama, fides, fœdus periere maligne.  
 Sub duce degenero gens Scotica degeneravit,  
 Quæ famam temere, fœdus, quæ fidem violavit.*

<sup>2</sup>Wallace is usually honoured by the knightly prefix 'Sir'; but there is no record of his receiving knighthood.

3

## DE WILLELMO WALEYS.

*Postquam Willelmus Wallensis nobilitavit,  
 Nobilitas prorsus Scottorum degeneravit.  
 Proditio, cædes, incendia, fraudque rapinæ  
 Finiri nequeunt infelici sine fine.*

<sup>4</sup>8th September.

About the same time Pope Boniface wrote to the King of England demanding that he should hand over to his custody John de Balliol, whom he was keeping under restraint, and the King complied with the Pope's demand in obedience to the Roman Curia.<sup>1</sup>

In the same year the Pope issued the statute beginning *Super cathedram, et cætera*, to promote concord between the prelates of the Church and the Orders of Preaching and Minorite Friars.

The King prepared an army for an expedition into Scotland, and during that march the Queen was delivered of her first-born son Thomas, in the northern parts about Brotherton, from which town the son there born derived his sobriquet. Howbeit the King did nothing remarkable this time against the Scots whose land he entered, because they always fled before him, skulking in moors and woods; wherefore his army was taken back to England.

In the same year William of Gainsborough, an Englishman, was summoned to the Curia, as reader in theology at the palace before the Cardinals; upon whom, after the lapse of two years, the Pope bestowed the bishopric of Worcester.

In the same [year] about the feast of S. John the Baptist,<sup>2</sup> my lord Edward King of England came to Carlisle with the nobles and great men of England. With him came Sir Hugh de Vere, and he stayed a while at Lanercost, and thence the King marched through the district of Galloway as far as the Water of Cree. Also he took the castle of Caerlaverock, which he gave to Sir Robert de Clifferd, and he caused many of those found within the castle to be hanged.

This, the sixth year of Pope Boniface, was the year of Jubilee.

In Rome each hundredth year is kept as jubilee;

Indulgences are granted and penitents go free.

This Boniface approved of and confirmed by his decree.<sup>3</sup>

In the same year as above a formal embassy arrived at the Roman Curia from the King of England: to wit—the Earls of

<sup>1</sup> John de Balliol was committed to the custody of Sir Robert de Burghesh, constable of Dover Castle, who took him to Whitsand and delivered him to the Papal nuncio. (*Fœdera*.)

<sup>2</sup> 24th June.

<sup>3</sup>

*Annus centenus Romæ semper jubilæus ;  
Crimina laxantur, cui pœnitet ista donantur ;  
Hoc declaravit Bonifacius et roboravit.*

Seland, Lincoln, and Bar,<sup>1</sup> the Bishop of Winchester, Sir Hugh le Spenser, Galfrid de Genevilla and Otto de Grandison, knights; and the Archdeacon of Richmond and John of Berwick, clerics.<sup>2</sup> The ambassadors of France were as follows—the Archbishop of Narbonne, the Bishop of Auxerre, the Counts of Saint-Paul and Boulogne, Pierre de Flota, and others.

In the same year was born Thomas of Brotherton, son of King Edward.

[Here follows in the Chronicle the famous letter of Pope Boniface VIII. to Edward I., in which he claims that ‘the Kingdom of Scotland hath from ancient time belonged by undoubted right’ to the Church of Rome, commands King Edward to desist from any attempt to infringe upon its independence, to release the Bishops of Glasgow and Sodor, and other clerics whom he had imprisoned, and to submit within six months to the Papal judgment all documents and other evidence which he may be able to produce in support of any claim he may have upon the kingdom of Scotland or part thereof.

The spirited reply from King Edward’s Parliament of Lincoln, 12th February, 1300-1, indignantly rejecting the Pope’s claim to interfere in the temporal affairs of the kingdom, is also transcribed at length in the Chronicle; but, as it is given in *Fædera* and elsewhere, it is not necessary to repeat it here.]

At the beginning of summer the king assembled an army against the Scots and placed one part of the force under command of my lord Edward, his son by his first wife and Prince of Wales, and under command of divers nobles of A.D. 1301. England who were in his company, and these entered Scotland on the west; but [the king] kept the other part with himself and entered by Berwick. The Scots, however, dared not fight with

<sup>1</sup> *Barensis*: which might be from *Bara*, the Latinised form of Dunbar: but there is no record of Sir Patrick ‘with the blak berd,’ 8th Earl of Dunbar, being employed on this mission, although he was certainly in King Edward’s service at this time.

<sup>2</sup> This embassy was sent to counter the Scottish mission earlier in the year. The chronicler’s list of names does not exactly correspond with that set forth in King Edward’s letter to Pope Boniface (Rymer’s *Fædera*), which included John, Bishop of Winchester; Friar William of Gainsborough; Gerard, Archdeacon of Richmond; John of Berwick, Canon of York; Amadis, Earl of Savoy (Sabaudia); Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln; Sir Galfrid de Genevill, Sir Galfrid Russell, Sir Otto de Grandison, Sir Hugh le Despenser, Sir Amaneus, lord of le Breto; Master Reymund, *vasatensem* of Arnald de Rama; and Peter, Canon of Almeric of S. Severin’s of Bordeaux.

either army, but fled as they had done the previous year. Howbeit they took some fine spoil from the English and did much other mischief; wherefore the king, considering that whatever he gained in Scotland during the summer he would lose in winter, decided to spend the whole winter at Linlithgow and elsewhere in Scotland, and did so. The Scots were brought far nearer subjection by that occupation than they had been before.

In the same year the Queen bore another son named Edmund, and after her purification joined the king in Scotland.

Also in these times fresh dispute took place between the Kings of France and England about the land of Gascony, but at last they came to an agreement after the truce had been renewed several times.

In the same year—

**BISHOP BONIFACE**, servant of the servants of God, to his venerable brother in Christ the Archbishop of Canterbury, greeting and apostolic benediction. Not without cause do we hold it to be very grave and most contrary to our wishes that prelates of the Church, who are under obligation through the nature of the pastoral office to set an example to others of praiseworthy conduct, presume with damnable audacity to proceed by uneven ways to nefarious actions, and, giving themselves the rein, do not shrink from perpetrating deeds whereby the Divine Majesty is offended, his glory disparaged, their own salvation endangered, and the minds of the faithful are unsettled by a grave scandal.

Wherefore we are actuated by becoming motives and exhort [thee] to consider advisedly how we may apply the speedy remedy of this warning, for the correction or punishment of the excesses of the prelates themselves, as justice requires.

For indeed we have learnt by trustworthy report, which has now many times been brought to our hearing, that Walter de Langton, Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, forgetful of pastoral integrity, unmindful of his own salvation, careless of good fame, and, as it were, the destroyer of his own honour, has not feared to perpetrate, nor does he cease from committing, deeds as wicked as they are atrocious, and so nefarious that they must either produce disgust with horror in those who hear about them or else cause a loathing of such abomination; wherefore we do not consider it meet either to describe them now in these letters or to relate them by word of mouth. Wherefore, being unwilling, as indeed we ought to be, to wink at such things as offend God and scandalise men if they receive encouragement from the truth, we must proceed by careful consideration to inflict deserved punishment upon these persons, lest they gain strength through lapse of time. In accordance, therefore, with the law as we perceive it and have decided to enforce, we have issued these apostolic scripts, strictly enjoining upon thy fraternity that, in the virtue of

obedience, thou shalt without delay cause the said bishop to be summoned under our authority, either by thyself, or by another, or by others, to appear in person before us, within the space of three months, counting from the day of this citation, on pain of deprivation of the pontifical office (which we will that he shall incur *ipso facto* should he prove disobedient in this matter), to submit humbly and effectually to our decrees and precepts and those of the apostolic see upon all and several matters set forth, and upon any others which may happen to be brought forward or objected against him.

Take thou care in thy letters, describing the course of events, to inform us fully and faithfully of the day on which thou receivest these presents, the citation and its form, and whatsoever thou doest in this matter.

Given at the Lateran, on the 8th of the Ides of February,<sup>1</sup> in the sixth year of our pontificate.

The French, desiring unjustly to subdue the Flemings to themselves, invaded that country with an army on several occasions; but the Flemings, boldly encountering on foot the mounted force, inflicted upon them much slaughter and won some marvellous victories, killing notables and nobles of France, to wit, the Counts of Artois, of Eu, of Boulogne, of Albemarle; and lords, to wit, Jacques de Saint-Paul, Godefroie de Brabayne and his son, Jean de Henaud, lord of Teyns, Pierre de Flota and Jean de Bristiach, barons; and many other knights, [with] upwards of 20,000 men, of whom 3,500 were men-at-arms.<sup>2</sup> A.D. 1302.

About the Ascension of our Lord<sup>3</sup> the King of England came with an army against the Scots; but they dreaded lest he should remain with them not only in summer but in winter; wherefore all the nobles of Scotland were compelled to come before him, and he received them to his peace. He remained in the country until the Nativity of the Glorious Virgin.<sup>4</sup> A.D. 1303.

In the same year Pope Boniface declared the King of the Teutons<sup>5</sup> to be Emperor; and this he did, as was said, for the

<sup>1</sup> 6th February, 1300-01.

<sup>2</sup> This was the battle of Courtray, 11th July, 1302, memorable as the first occasion when infantry, fighting in the solid formation afterwards adopted by the Scots, successfully withstood the onslaught of armoured cavalry. It caused as much sensation in military circles of the fourteenth century as did the introduction of breech-loading rifles by the Prussians in the war with Austria in 1866.

<sup>3</sup> 16th May.

<sup>4</sup> 8th September.

<sup>5</sup> Albert I., Duke of Austria. 'The Holy Roman Church and the Holy Roman Emperor are one and the same thing in two different aspects. . . . As divine and eternal, the head of Catholicism is the Pope, to whom souls have been entrusted; as human and temporal, the Emperor, commissioned to rule men's bodies and acts' (Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire*). The reference in the text is to a

humiliation of the King of France and the French. But the King of France and the men of his realm, clerics as well as laity, wrote many lengthy complaints against the Pope, and pledged themselves to prove all that they wrote.

But in the meantime the Pope, whom all the world feared as a lion because of his wisdom and courage, was captured and imprisoned by the Colonnas, because he had expelled cardinals who were of their kin from the College of Cardinals and made them incapable of holding any degree or dignity in the Church. In the following October<sup>1</sup> he died, whether by a natural death or, as is more probable, through grief. Within a few days Cardinal Nicholas, of the Order of Preachers, was appointed in his place, and was named Benedict the Eleventh; and because it appeared to him that the aforesaid statute of Boniface had been issued to the detriment of the aforesaid two Orders, and was too much in favour of prelates, he quashed it and issued a new one, which begins thus—*Inter cunctas*, etc. And he died in the same year on the festival of S. Thomas the Martyr,<sup>2</sup> and was succeeded (though not immediately after his death) by the Archbishop of Bordeaux, who was named Clement the Fifth, from whose time the Roman Curia has been removed to Avignon.

On the festival of S. Hieronymus<sup>3</sup> Thomas of Corbridge died, and William of Greenfield succeeded him in the arch-  
A.D. 1304. bishopric. Shortly before this, to wit, about the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary,<sup>4</sup> the King returned from Scotland to England, having received the Scots to his peace.

William Wallace was captured by a certain Scot, to wit, Sir John de Menteith, and was taken to London to the King, and  
A.D. 1305. it was adjudged that he should be drawn and hanged, beheaded, disembowelled, and dismembered, and that his entrails should be burnt; which was done. And his head was exposed upon London Bridge, his right arm on the bridge of

speech made by Pope Boniface on 30th April, 1303, in which he reminded the King of France that, like all other princes, he must consider himself subject to the Roman Emperor. 'Let not the pride of the French rebel which declares that it acknowledgeth no superior. They lie: for by law they are, and ought to be, subject to the King of the Romans and the Emperor.' Boniface had previously declined to recognise Albert I. as Emperor because he had but one eye and was the reverse of good-looking (*est homo monoculus et vultu sordido, non potest esse imperator*): and when Albert's envoys waited upon him in 1299, Boniface exclaimed 'Am I not Pontiff? Is not this the chair of Peter? Am I not able to guard the rights of the empire? I am Cæsar—I am Emperor!'

<sup>1</sup> 1303.<sup>2</sup> 7th July.<sup>3</sup> 30th September.<sup>4</sup> 8th September.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, his left arm at Berwick, his right foot at Perth, and his left foot at Aberdeen.

The vilest doom is fittest for thy crimes,  
Justice demands that thou shouldst die three times.  
Thou pillager of many a sacred shrine,  
Butcher of thousands, threefold death be thine!  
So shall the English from thee gain relief,  
Scotland! be wise, and choose a nobler chief.<sup>1</sup>

In the same year, on the fourth of the Ides of February, to wit, on the festival of S. Scholastica virgin,<sup>2</sup> Sir Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, sent seditiously and treacherously for Sir John Comyn, requiring him to come and confer with him at the house of the Minorite Friars in Dumfries; and, when he came, did slay him and his uncle Sir Robert Comyn in the church of the Friars, and afterwards took [some] castles of Scotland and their wardens, and on the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin next following<sup>3</sup> was made King of Scotland at Scone, and many of the nobles and commonalty of that land adhered to him.

When the King of England heard of this, he sent horse and foot to Carlisle and Berwick to protect the Border. But because the men of Galloway refused to join the aforesaid Robert in his rebellion, their lands were burnt A.D. 1306. by him, and, pursuing one of the chiefs of Galloway, he besieged him in a certain lake, but some of the Carlisle garrison caused him to raise the siege, and he retreated, after burning the engines and ships that he had made for the siege.<sup>4</sup>

But those who were in garrison at Berwick, to wit, Sir Robert Fitzroger, an Englishman who was warden of the town, and Sir John Mowbray, Sir Ingelram de Umfraville, and Sir Alexander de Abernethy, Scotsmen, with their following, over all of whom Sir Aymer de Valence was in command—all these, I say, entered Scotland and received to the King of England's peace some of those who at first had been intimidated into rebellion with Sir

<sup>1</sup> *Sunt tua demerita misero dignissima fine,  
Esque pati dignus necis infortunia trinæ;  
Qui vastare soles sacras hostiliter ædes,  
Et nimis atroces hominum committere cædes,  
Turpiter occisus, Anglos non amodo lædes;  
Si sapiis ergo duci tali te, Scotia, ne des.*

<sup>2</sup> 10th February, 1305-6.

<sup>3</sup> 25th March, 1305-6. The real date of the coronation was the 27th.

<sup>4</sup> This does not coincide with anything that is known of Bruce's movements after his coronation.

Robert. Him they pursued beyond the Scottish sea,<sup>1</sup> and there engaged him in battle near the town of St. John (which is called by another name Pert), killed many of his people, and in the end put him to flight.<sup>2</sup>

Meanwhile the King of England, having assembled an army, sent my lord Edward, his son aforesaid (whom he had knighted in London together with three hundred others), and the Earl of Lincoln, by whose advice the said lord Edward was to act, in pursuit of the said Robert de Brus, who had caused himself to be called King. When they entered Scotland they received many people to peace on condition that they should in all circumstances observe the law; then marching forward to the furthest bounds of Scotland, where the said Robert might be found, they found him not, but they took all the castles with a strong hand. But they hanged those who had part in the aforesaid conspiracy, design and assistance in making him king, most of whom they caused first to be drawn at the heels of horses and afterwards hanged them; among whom were the Englishman Christopher de Seton, who had married the sister of the oft-mentioned Robert, and John and Humphrey, brothers of the said Christopher, and several others with them. Among those who were hanged were not only simple country folk and laymen, but also knights and clerics and prebendaries, albeit these protested that, as members of the Church, justice should be done to them accordingly.<sup>3</sup> Then Sir Simon Fraser, a Scot, having been taken to London, was first drawn, then hanged, thirdly beheaded, and his head set up on London Bridge beside that of William Wallace. They also took to England and imprisoned the Bishop of S. Andrews, whom the King of England had appointed Guardian of Scotland, and who had entered into a bond of friendship with the said Robert, as was proved by letters of his which were found; also the Bishop of Glasgow, who had been principal adviser in that affair, and the Abbot of Scone, who assisted the aforesaid Robert when he was received into royal honour. Howbeit in the meantime Robert called de Brus was lurking in the remote isles of Scotland.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.* the firths of Forth and Clyde.

<sup>2</sup> 26th June, 1306.

<sup>3</sup> Benefit of clergy, *i.e.* to be dealt with by ecclesiastical authority.

<sup>4</sup> Fabyan and some other English writers state that Bruce spent this winter in Norway. It is usually believed that he spent it in the island of Rachrin, off the coast of Antrim. This belonged to Bysset of the Glens, to whom orders were sent from King Edward in January, 1306-7, to join Sir John de Menteith and Sir Simon de Montacute with his ships 'to put down Robert de Brus and destroy his retreat in the Isles between Scotland and Ireland.' Bain's *Calendar*, iii. 502.

Throughout all these doings the King of England was not in Scotland, but his son, with the aforesaid army. But the King was slowly approaching the Scottish border with the Queen, by many easy stages and borne in a litter on the backs of horses on account of his age and infirmity; and on the feast of S. Michael<sup>1</sup> he arrived at the Priory of Lanercost, which is eight miles from Carlisle, and there he remained until near Easter.<sup>2</sup> Meantime his kinsman, the Earl of Athol, who had encouraged the party of the said Robert to make him king, had been captured, and by command of the King was taken to London, where he was drawn, hanged, and beheaded, and his head was set upon London Bridge above the heads of William Wallace and Simon Fraser, because he was akin to the King.

After this, on the vigil of S. Scholastica virgin,<sup>3</sup> two brothers of Robert de Brus, Thomas and Alexander, Dean of Glasgow, and Sir Reginald de Crawford, desiring to avenge themselves upon the people of Galloway, invaded their country with eighteen ships and galleys, having with them a certain kinglest of Ireland, and the Lord of Cantyre and other large following. Against them came Dougal Macdoual (that is the son of Doual), a chief among the Gallovidians, with his countrymen, defeated them and captured all but a few who escaped in two galleys. He ordered the Irish kinglest and the Lord of Cantyre to be beheaded and their heads to be carried to the King of England at Lanercost.<sup>4</sup>

Thomas de Brus and his brother Alexander and Sir Reginald de Crawford, who had been severely wounded in their capture by lances and arrows, he likewise took alive to the King, who pronounced sentence upon them, and caused Thomas to be drawn at the tails of horses in Carlisle on the Friday after the first Sunday in Lent,<sup>5</sup> and then to be hanged and afterwards beheaded. Also he commanded the other two to be hanged on the same day and afterwards beheaded; whose heads, with the heads of the four others aforesaid, were set upon the three gates of Carlisle, and the head of Thomas de Brus upon the keep of Carlisle. Nigel, the third brother of Robert, had been hanged already at Newcastle.

About the same time a certain cardinal named Peter came to England, sent *a latere* from my lord the Pope to establish peace

<sup>1</sup> 29th September.

<sup>2</sup> 26th March, 1307. His writs are dated from Lanercost till 4th March, 1306-7.

<sup>3</sup> 10th February, 1306-7.

<sup>4</sup> Bain's *Cal. Doc. Scot.*, ii., 1905.

<sup>5</sup> 17th February, 1306-7.

between the King of France and the King of England; and it so happened that both my lord the King and my lord the said cardinal entered Carlisle on Passion Sunday.<sup>1</sup> Then in the cathedral church on the Wednesday following my lord cardinal explained the object of his legation before a very great number of people and clergy, and showed them the excellent manner in which my lord the Pope and my lord the King of France had agreed, subject to the consent of the King of England—to wit, that my lord Edward, son and heir of the King of England, should marry Isabella, daughter of the King of France. When this had been said, uprose William of Gainsborough, Bishop of Worcester, and on the part of the King briefly informed my lord cardinal and all who had come thither of the manner of Sir John Comyn's assassination, praying that he would deign to grant some indulgence for his soul, and that he would pronounce sentence of excommunication upon the murderers; whereupon the legate liberally granted one year [of indulgence] for those who should pray for the said soul so long as he [the cardinal] should remain in England, and for one hundred days afterwards. Then straightway, having doffed his ordinary raiment and donned his pontificals, he denounced the murderers of the said Sir John as excommunicate, anathematised, and sacrilegious, together with all their abettors, and any who offered them counsel or favour; and expelled them from Holy Mother Church until they should make full atonement; and thus those who were denounced were excommunicate for a long time throughout all England, especially in the northern parts and in the neighbourhood where the murder was committed.

On the following Friday, in the same place, peace was proclaimed between the said kings by the Archbishop of York, and [it was announced] that the King of England's son was to marry the King of France's daughter, accordingly as had been previously decreed by my lord Pope Boniface.

In the same year, about the feast of S. Matthew the Apostle,<sup>2</sup> the most noble King Edward being laid up at Newbrough near Hexham, his consort the illustrious Margaret Queen of England, came to the house of Lanercost with her honourable household. And my lord the King came thither on the vigil of S. Michael<sup>3</sup> next following, and remained there nearly half a year. And on the first day of March<sup>4</sup> they left the said monastery for Carlisle, and there he held a parliament with all the great men of the realm.

<sup>1</sup> 19th March, 1306-7.

<sup>2</sup> 21st September.

<sup>3</sup> 28th September.

<sup>4</sup> 1306-7.

In the same year Friar N. de M<sup>or</sup> was sent by the Queen to Oseney.

On Easter Day<sup>1</sup> the aforesaid Dungal<sup>2</sup> was knighted by the King's hand ; and in the same week Sir John Wallace was captured and taken to the King at Carlisle, who sent him to London, that he should there undergo the same doom as A.D. 1307. his brother William had suffered. Howbeit, notwithstanding the terrible vengeance inflicted upon the Scots who adhered to the party of the aforesaid Robert de Brus, the number of those willing to establish him in the realm increased from day to day.<sup>3</sup> Wherefore the King of England caused all the chief men of England who owed him service to attend at Carlisle with the Welsh infantry within fifteen days after the nativity of S. John the Baptist.<sup>4</sup> But alas ! on the feast of the translation of S. Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury and Martyr,<sup>5</sup> in the year of our Lord aforesaid, this illustrious and excellent King, my lord Edward, son of King Henry, died at Burgh-upon-Sands, which is distant about three miles to the north from Carlisle, in the thirty-sixth<sup>6</sup> year of his reign and the sixty-seventh of his age. Throughout his time he had been fearless and warlike, in all things strenuous and illustrious ; he left not his like among Christian princes for sagacity and courage. He is reported to have said to the Lord before his death :—Have mercy upon me, Almighty God ! *Ita veraciter sicut nunquam aliquem [ ]<sup>7</sup> nisi tantum te, Dominum Deum meum.*

Messengers were sent in haste to my lord Edward Prince of Wales, his son and heir, who arrived at Carlisle on the eleventh day, to wit, on the festival of S. Symphorosa,<sup>8</sup> and on the next day he went to Burgh to mourn for his father, with the nobles of the land and prelates of the Church, who were assembled there in great number.

<sup>1</sup> 26th March.

<sup>2</sup> Dungal or Doual, one of the Pictish chiefs of Galloway, head of a powerful clan of the same blood as the M'Doualls of Lorn. The lands of Logan in Wigtownshire are still held by his descendants.

<sup>3</sup> In this sentence is well expressed the national character of the Scots—they are willing to be lead but will not be driven.

<sup>4</sup> 8th July.

<sup>5</sup> 7th July.

<sup>6</sup> Really the thirty-fifth.

<sup>7</sup> The verb here is wanting in the original, which leaves the sense doubtful.

<sup>8</sup> 18th July.

(To be continued.)

## Charter of the Abbot and Convent of Cupar, 1220

WHILE my friend, Mr. William Brown, secretary of the Surtees Society, was working on the Citeaux deeds in the archives of the Côte d'Or preserved at Dijon, he copied a charter of the abbot and convent of Cupar, which he most kindly sent to me with the intimation that, if I found it of value as a Scottish document, I should submit it to the editor of the *Scottish Historical Review*. Though the seal is lost, the skin has every appearance of being the original charter. But the whole structure of the composition and some verbal peculiarities of language seem to indicate that it is an abridged transcript of early date. There can be no doubt, however, that the writing as we now have it contains a faithful report of a genuine transaction. As the charter without doubt possesses several features of interest, and as it appears, so far as I can learn, to be new to Scottish history, it is here printed.

Here we have Alexander, abbot of Cupar, and his convent entering into an obligation in January, 1219-1220, with the mother house of Citeaux for the yearly payment at Troyes of thirty marks, which King Alexander II., for the good of his soul, had given to the monks of Citeaux as a procuration for the abbots in attendance there on the fourth day of the General Chapter of the Order. In other words, the monks of Cupar, by their own desire, undertook to act as the King's agents for the yearly render of the benefaction, either by reason of a special grant for that purpose or in consideration of manifold gifts already bestowed by that King on their house.

As the *floruit* of Abbot Alexander is fairly well authenticated, and as several charters or abstracts of charters of King Alexander II. to that abbey are extant,<sup>1</sup> the historical relation of our text to these matters may be passed over. The interest of the deed, as

<sup>1</sup> *Register of Cupar Abbey* (Grampian Club), i. 8-11, 325-9, ii. 282.

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## TEXT.

Ego, frater Alexander, dictus abbas de Cupro eiusdemque loci conuentus, omnibus presentes litteras inspecturis, notum facimus quod tenemur Domui Cistercii in triginta marcis sterlingorum legalium singulis annis in posterum in nundinis Tresensibus in festo apostolorum Petri et Pauli persoluentis, quas Uir Nobilis Alexander, rex Scocie, pro remedio anime sue et antecessorum et successorum suorum, in perpetuam elemosinam dicte Domui contulit pro procurandis abbatibus apud Cistercium quarto die Capituli generalis, de quibus triginta marcis prefatus Rex nobis ad uoluntatem nostram plenarie satisfecit. Quod ut ratum et firmum permaneat in posterum presentem cartam sigilli nostri munimine roborauimus. Actum anno gracie M<sup>o</sup>CC<sup>o</sup> nonodecimo, mense Januario.

## TRANSLATION.

I, brother Alexander, called abbot of Cupre, and the convent of the same place, make known to all who shall see the present letter, that we are bound to the House of Citeaux in thirty marks of lawful money, to be paid yearly hereafter in the fair of Troyes on the feast of the Apostles Peter and Paul, which the illustrious Alexander, King of Scotland, for the relief of his soul and of the souls of his ancestors and successors, bestowed on the said House in perpetual alms, towards the cost of maintaining the abbots at Citeaux on the fourth day of the General Chapter: in respect of which thirty marks the said King, at our desire, has given us full compensation. That this (obligation) may continue valid and unalterable hereafter we have confirmed the present writing with the security of our seal. Done in the month of January in the year of grace 1219.

it seems to me, lies in the King's grant to Citeaux. Is this grant unique in Scottish record? Perhaps some student of Scottish evidences will give a definite answer.

My reason for asking the question arises from a study of the Cistercian statutes of 1256. In the twenty-second chapter of the fifth 'distinction' it was laid down that on the fifth day of the General Chapter, before the departure of the abbots, commemoration should be made of the Pope and Emperor and the King of France in whose kingdom the abbey of Citeaux was founded; also of the King of the English, who had bestowed a yearly alms on the chapter; also of the King of Aragon and the Duke of Burgundy.<sup>1</sup> It would appear that the King of Scots was shut out at the date of the statute from the benefit of their prayers. Did the obligation of the monks of Cupar cease at King Alexander's death? If so, it is quite evident that Alexander III. did not renew the grant.

<sup>1</sup> *Cistercian Statutes* (ed. J. T. Fowler), p. 52.

Grants for the procuration of the abbots attending the General Chapter at Citeaux were by no means rare. Mr. Brown has met with several of this sort at Dijon made by English and Irish magnates, to some of which the seals are still appendent. King Richard of England, by charter dated 22nd September, 1189, gave the church of Scarborough to God, and the church of the Blessed Mary of Citeaux 'ad procurandos omnes abbates apud Cistercium per tres dies capituli generalis,' and on a repetition of the grant, dated 11th May, 1198, the object is stated to be 'de qua elemosina uolumus abbates procurari apud Cistercium per tres dies capituli generalis.' As the grant had afterwards passed through all the processes of ecclesiastical confirmation, the appropriation of this church to the House of Citeaux became permanent.<sup>1</sup>

Grants of alms in money were by their very nature more precarious than grants of property, spiritual or temporal. The obligation depended on the continued goodwill of the donor and his descendants: ability to pay was a requisite of the first importance. The benefaction of the King of Scotland may be illustrated by similar grants of Irish rulers. In many respects the Irish grants resemble the mode adopted by Alexander II. The King of Connaught employed the abbot of Mellisfont as his agent for the payment of five marks, 'in subsidium et iuuamen procuracionis quarte diei abbatum ad generale capitulum Cistercii quolibet anno conueniencium,' which the abbot would receive from him on 23rd June or 1st May, that the money might be transmitted or brought over and delivered yearly to the House of Citeaux in the time of the General Chapter. The king obliged himself and his heirs, and those who should reign after him in Connaught, to continue the benefaction. The charter of Donagh Cairbreach, King of Thomond, is drawn up in similar form, granting two marks yearly for the same purpose, but nominating the abbot of Monasternenagh (*de Magio*) in the county of Limerick as his almoner, and appointing 1st May as the day on which the Irish abbot should receive the money. Both of the Irish charters may be dated within a few years after that of Cupar.

Perhaps we have here an explanation of the omission of the Scottish king's name from the Capitular commemoration. The names of the Irish kings were also omitted, and the nature of the grants was precisely similar. By King Richard's grant a permanent endowment was made to the abbey, but the yearly

<sup>1</sup> *Cal. of Papal Letters*, i. 120, 476; ii. 177, 190.

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payment of a small alms appears to have been regarded only as an evidence of allegiance and esteem. At all events, the political condition of Ireland at this period was not favourable to the continuance of eleemosynary grants to a distant religious house. The same may be said of the contests in Scotland during the nonage of Alexander III. at the time when the Cistercian statutes were compiled.

There was a special statute which regulated the distribution of the procurations sent to the General Chapter, three portions of which were reserved *pro defunctis* and allotted to the poor. The Cistercians are said to have prided themselves on their solicitude for the departed. Certain formalities were observed at the reception of this yearly tribute, two abbots being appointed for that purpose.

It will be observed that the King of Scotland's benefaction was to be used on the fourth day of the Chapter, that is apparently at the conclusion of the session, for on the fifth day the abbots in attendance were to take their departure.

A puzzling feature of the transaction is the place selected for the payment of the alms. Troyes is a long way from Citeaux, whereas Dijon, the nearest town of importance, was a recognised place of rendezvous for abbots and their trains on the way to and from the Chapter. The custom of holding fish-feasts at Dijon on these occasions had to be prohibited by statute. No abbot, monk, or lay brother could eat fish at Dijon during their stay there: they were also to behave themselves with becoming gravity, and not walk through the streets without urgent cause. Perhaps the Scottish abbots took another route and reached Citeaux by way of Troyes.

There are a few points in this deed of which I can offer no satisfactory explanation. It is well known that remoteness from Citeaux had much to do with the attendance of abbots at the yearly Chapter. According to the statutes<sup>1</sup> of 1256 the abbots of Scotland, like those of Ireland and Sicily, were obliged to attend only every fourth year; the abbots of countries more distant at longer intervals. But the obligation of the abbot of Cupar on behalf of the King of Scots was for a yearly payment. Then again, the Chapter assembled on 13th September, whereas the Scottish render was set down for 29th June, the feast of the Apostles Peter and Paul. The nearest safe-conduct that can be found to the date of the charter for the men of an abbot of Cupar

<sup>1</sup> *Op. cit.* p. 47.

passing through England with money beyond the seas is dated 7th August, 1224, granted at the request of the King of Scots.<sup>1</sup> On the same day a similar protection was granted to the men of the abbot of Melrose.

The best solution of the difficulties connected with this charter that occurs to me is that there was frequent communication about the period in question between Scotland and Flanders for commercial purposes. For example, it is certain that in 1225 the abbots of Cupar and Melrose had ships, freighted with wool and other merchandise, trading with Flanders.<sup>2</sup> No doubt the Cupar merchants penetrated so far south as Troyes, and as wool was the chief commodity of trade, the date selected for the yearly payment, 29th June, would synchronise well with the time for disposal of that article. The transport of money backwards and forwards was not a thing to be encouraged. In any case, in view of the commercial intercourse between Scotland and Flanders, the natural route for the Scottish abbots, when going to the General Chapter, would be through Troyes, and not by way of Dijon like most of the other prelates. There can be little doubt, however, that some of the abbots of Cupar in the fourteenth century journeyed to Citeaux by way of Dover,<sup>3</sup> a route by which they must have inevitably passed through Dijon, but this perhaps may be accounted for by the English predominance in Scotland at that period.

Sir Archibald Lawrie, who has seen a proof of this paper, has been good enough to add the following note.

JAMES WILSON.

The Scottish Cistercian monasteries in 1218-1219 claimed the assistance and protection of the parent house at Citeaux, because in 1218 the Papal Legate sent two English ecclesiastics to Scotland, with powers to release the parish priests and the people from the ban of the General Interdict, but excepted from this release bishops and prelates, including the abbots and abbey churches of the Cistercian order, although these abbeys held many Papal Bulls permitting Mass to be said privately during an Interdict. The result of the Legate's order was that the Cistercians were altogether excommunicated.

The Abbots of Melrose, Newbattle, Cupar, and Kinross, and the Prior of St. Serf's were summoned to Rome in 1218 (*Chron. of Melros.* p. 133) because they disregarded the orders of the Legate. The Abbot of Citeaux successfully exerted himself on their behalf, and to the confusion of the Legate, Abbot Conrad of Citeaux was in 1218 (or 1219?) created Cardinal

<sup>1</sup> Patent R. 8 Hen. iii. m. 5.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 9 Hen. iii. m. 5.

<sup>3</sup> Close R. 31 Edw. i. m. 6.

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Bishop of Porto, and Gaucherus, Abbot of Longo Ponte, succeeded him at Citeaux.

It is therefore not surprising to find a charter in France which shews that Alexander II., King of Scotland, helped his Scottish monasteries by agreeing to provide thirty marks of silver a year for the expenses of the General Council of the Cistercians.

The King's charter has not been preserved, probably it stated from what source the money was to come, but the king may (and not unreasonably) have said to the Abbot of Cupar, you must take the trouble of seeing that the money is sent and that it reaches the proper hands, and, so to supplement the royal charter, the Abbot of Cupar, for the moment representing the Cistercian houses in Scotland, granted a letter obligatory of payment to the house of Citeaux of the amount of the King's grant.

The time and place of payment, probably unfixed in the King's charter, were in this obligation stated to be the annual Fair of Troyes, held on the festival of the Apostles Peter and Paul, to whom the church of Troyes was dedicated.

Doubtless, as Dr. Wilson suggests, Troyes was a convenient place of payment, having regard to Scottish trade and money dealings.

I venture to doubt whether the document discovered at Dijon, and transcribed by Mr. Brown, is the original granted by the Abbot of Cupar.

It seems to me to be only an abstract, defective in many ways. It has been suggested that '*dictus Abbas de Cupro*' seems to indicate that the deed is a copy. I do not know that '*dictus*' indicates that; in the Register of Aberdeen we find '*Frater Laurentius vocatus Abbas de Melros*.' *Dictus* and *vocatus* may be terms of humility. I miss the usual words of greeting to the faithful sons of the Church. The beginning is abrupt and compressed, '*ejusdemque*' I don't like, it is always '*Et ejusdem loci conventus*.' Then to describe the abbey as '*Domus Cistercius*' is wanting in respect due to the dignified parent abbey, to which the filial houses were very closely bound. I think the original would state that Cupar lay in Scotland, would describe it as a humble daughter of Citeaux, would give the name of the great Abbot to whom and to whose successors the money was to be paid. The writer (or abstract maker) is wanting in courtesy not only to the Abbot but to the King. Alexander and his predecessors were not '*nobiles*' but '*illustres*.' The Abbot of Cupar would write of him as his Lord the King.

I do not like *pro remedio* instead of *pro salute*, and '*pro procurandis abbatibus apud Cistercium quarto die capituli generalis*' is surely wrong. Dr. Wilson translates it, 'towards the cost of maintaining the Abbots at Citeaux on the fourth day of the General Council'; but is '*pro procurandis abbatibus*' tolerable?

'*Ad procuracionem abbatibus faciendam*' or '*exhibendam*' is the usual form. '*Nobis ad voluntatem nostram plenarie satisfecit*' seems disrespectful when written of a King.

The document ends abruptly without witnesses, seemingly without the promised seal or even its tag.

A. C. LAWRIE.

## A Roman Outpost on Tweedside

### The Fort of Newstead<sup>1</sup>

THE Society of Antiquaries of Scotland have crowned their enterprise of the investigation of Roman sites in Scotland by the excavation of Newstead, near the famous Abbey of Melrose, which perhaps owed a good deal of its building stone to the plunder of the much older remains of the Roman buildings in its immediate neighbourhood. Commencing in 1895 with the large fortress-camp of Birrens, in Dumfriesshire, the Society has examined the similar camps of Lyne in Peeblesshire, Camelon in Stirlingshire, Ardoch and Inchtuthil in Perthshire, and two smaller stations on the Antonine Wall, and the results have been published in successive volumes of their *Proceedings*. Some of these results were of more than passing interest; taking them as a whole they might have been considered as affording a fairly good general idea of the character and circumstances of the military occupation of Scotland by the Romans. These were all manageable enterprises, undertaken and carried through by the Society, partly from its own resources, and partly with the help of generous contributions from one of its own members.

But Newstead proved to be an undertaking of an altogether different character in the extent of the work, and the difficulty of the problems which it presented; and the Society would have been quite unable to carry it through had it not been for the generous response made both by the Fellows and by the outside public to their appeal for subscriptions. The appeal has been fully justified by the results. Newstead has far exceeded all the other sites in the direct light it has thrown not only on the Roman invasion and occupation of the southern part of the country, but in the details it has afforded of the everyday life and the arts,

<sup>1</sup> *A Roman Frontier Post and its People; the Fort of Newstead in the Parish of Melrose.* By James Curle, F.S.A. Scot., F.S.A. Demy 4to. Pp. xx, 432, with plans and 97 plates and many other illustrations. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons. 1911. 42s. nett.



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crafts, and commerce of the colonists there, and of the traders who supplied their wants from abroad. In short, the combined result is a more vivid and complete picture of the Roman life of the first and second centuries, on the borders of a remote colony of the Empire, than has ever before been presented to us.

For this brilliant result the public, no less than the Society, are indebted to Mr. James Curle of Priorwood, Melrose, to whose direction and superintendence the excavation was entrusted, and to whose zealous and painstaking supervision the success of the operations is mainly due. When he undertook the work he had little idea how large an undertaking lay before him, or into how many byeways of archaeology it was to lead; but the more it disclosed itself the more resolutely he stuck to it, until he had the satisfaction of seeing it completed after five years of strenuous work. And now he has given to the world a sumptuous book of over 400 quarto pages, in which are recorded in the fullest detail the facts observed throughout the operations, and the conclusions drawn from them, with admirable illustrations and descriptions of the vast multitude of relics that were found. He has also given full citations of the archaeological evidence relating to the numerous problems requiring further elucidation than was obtainable on the spot. For this he has visited and carefully examined the principal Roman sites and collections in England, and on the Continent, where so much has recently been done to throw fresh light on the details of the Roman military occupation of the confines of the Empire.

He has thus proved himself in all respects emphatically the man for the occasion, and it may be confidently predicted that his book will remain the principal authority on Roman antiquities in Scotland for a very long time, if indeed it is ever possible that it can be superseded.

The story of the site is traced from 1783, when a Roman altar was casually discovered. In 1830 another altar was met with, and in 1846 some rubbish pits were exposed during the cutting of the railway line; but for more than half a century afterwards the memory of the buried altars and the tradition of the pits was all that remained to connect it with the Romans. In 1903 Mr. Roberts of Drygrange, a Fellow of the Society, in some drainage operations on his property encountered the foundations of a large building, and a proposal was made that the Society should investigate the remains thus discovered. The site, on a rising ground at the base of the Eildons (whose triple summit is

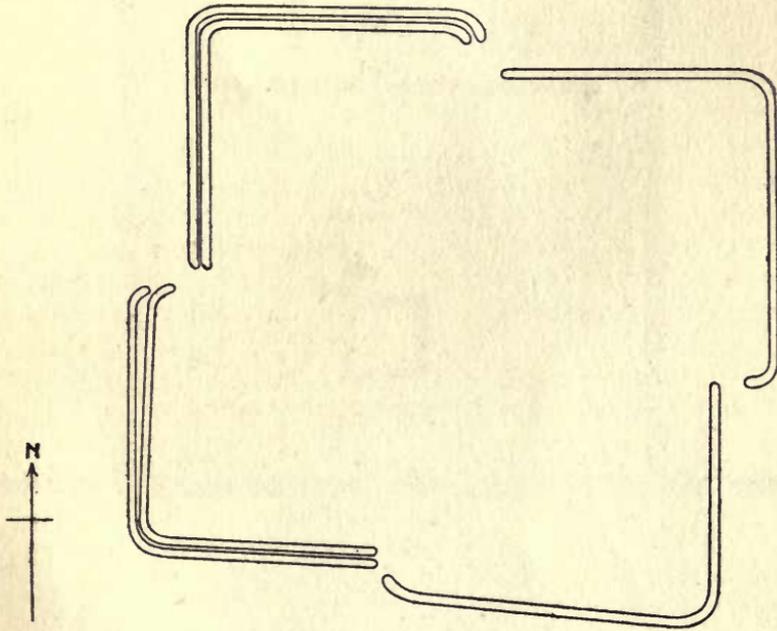
suggestive of the Trimontium of the Antonine Itinerary), commands the passage of the Tweed in the line of the Roman Road over the Cheviots from Corbridge-on-Tyne, which crosses the Oxnam at Cappuck where the remains of a Roman fort had been partially explored by the late Marquis of Lothian in 1886. It was therefore an important site which might reasonably be expected to repay excavation, although no sign was visible on the surface of the fields which had been under cultivation from time immemorial.

The process of unravelling the complicated problems of the successive reconstructions and adaptations of the forts and their defences and interior buildings during the progress of the excavations is most interestingly told by Mr. Curle. The ultimate result was an accumulation of incontestable evidence that Newstead had been by far the most important military station of the Roman army in Scotland, including a great camp of the usual form, fortified by a ditch and rampart, and containing an area of 49 acres. A little way off the north-west corner of this camp lay the remains, wholly underground, of the smaller but more solidly and elaborately constructed forts, superposed the one above the other, which it is the object of the book to describe.

As finally made out, these remains consisted of an early fort on the lower level, with an earthen rampart and two ditches, enclosing an area of about 12 acres, and a later fort of larger size which had been built partly over the site of the earlier one. From the ingenious arrangement of the ramparts and ditches of the early fort for the protection of its four gates—an arrangement that has not been observed elsewhere—as well as from the evidence of the pottery found in its ditches, it was clearly referable to the advance of Agricola. It seems to have been abandoned after a brief occupation, and at some considerable time afterwards and partly on the same site there was constructed the largest known fortress-camp in Scotland, covering with its defences an area of more than 20 acres, with an interior space exceeding 15 acres in extent. It was of the usual rectangular shape with rounded corners, and had four gates, one on each side placed opposite to each other. The outside defences consisted of three parallel lines of ditches from 12 to 23 feet in width and 9 to 12 feet deep, a stone wall 7 feet thick, and an earthen rampart 38 feet wide at the base.

Inside the rampart, and directly behind it, was a wide roadway running all the way round the interior. There were towers at the gateways, and streets or roadways about 40 feet in width

ran across the interior from one gateway to another. The spaces between these streets were occupied by ranges of stone buildings, the chief of which was the Principia, better known in Scotland as the Pretorium, an imposing erection 131 feet by 104 feet—the largest of its kind known in Britain. It had a court in front 70 feet by 62 feet, open above, and surrounded on three sides by an ambulatory 10 feet wide, the roof of which was supported on pillars. In front of the court was an entrance hall of greater length than the width of the court and extending

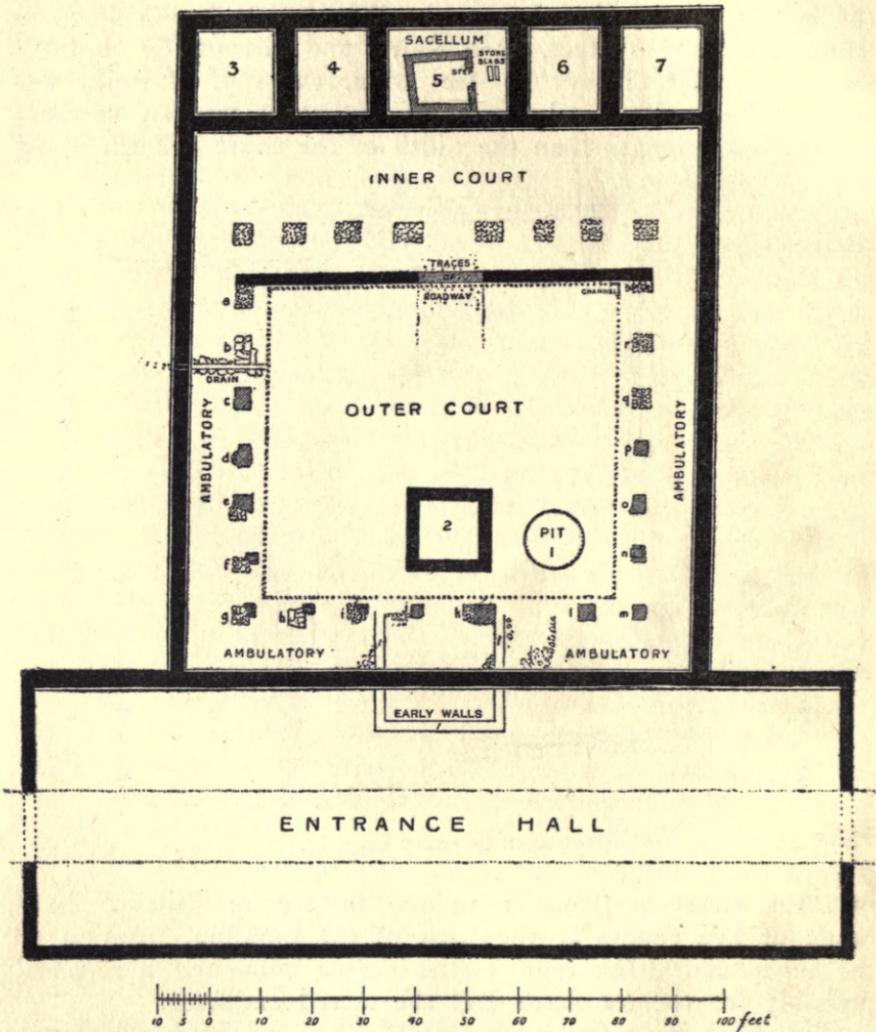


PLAN OF EARLY FORT.

into the street in front—a unique feature in Britain. In a range of five rooms at the back of the building, fronting to the inner court, the one in the centre contained a *sacellum*, probably for the standards and the sacred emblems.

Close by it was a well 25 feet deep, the upper part of which was filled with building stones, among which was part of an inscribed tablet; at 8 feet down was a human skeleton, apparently of a woman, judging from the two brooches that lay near it; at 12 feet down an altar, dedicated to Jupiter, and a brass coin of Hadrian; from this to 22 feet a medley of bones of animals, deer-horns, skulls of oxen and horses, mingled with broken

pottery, soles of shoes, and torn fragments of leather garments ; at 22 feet a human skull and part of another, and some scale armour of brass ; at the bottom an iron breastplate, pieces of



PLAN OF THE PRINCIPIA.

chain mail, and the boss of a shield, two knives, a sickle, and a linch-pin, a quern stone, and two stones having the figure of a boar, the symbol of the twentieth legion, carved on them ; and, finally, the oaken bucket of the well.



VESSELS OF UNGLAZED WARE.

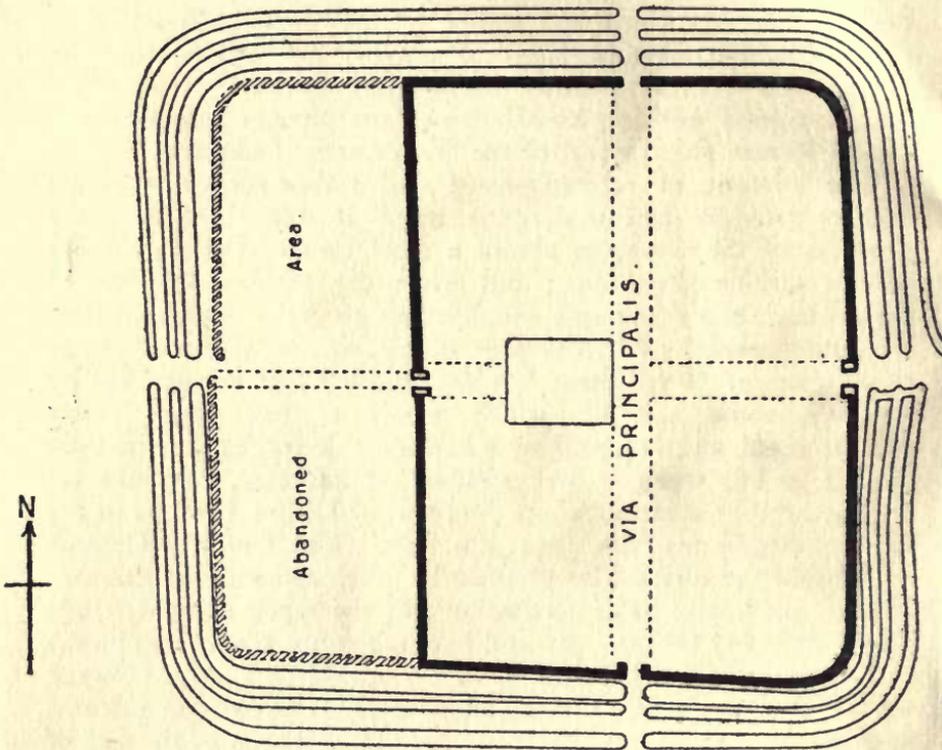
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Next to the Principia, the largest building was a dwelling-house built round a central court, probably the house of the commandant. The spaces between the roads leading from gate to gate were occupied by long narrow buildings arranged in rows with streets or lanes between them, serving as officers' quarters, barracks, granaries, storehouses, workshops, and stables. Their arrangement is shown on a large plan by Mr. Thomas Ross, LL.D., architect, and each of the more important buildings is carefully described by Mr. Curle and compared with analogous constructions in similar forts in England and in Germany, so that the reader who desires to study the subject in detail may easily acquire a good working knowledge of the interior economy of a typical Roman frontier fort of the first or second century.

The amount of rearrangement and reconstruction the fort and its defences had undergone made it difficult, during the progress of the work, to obtain a clear idea of the significance of the various alterations; but when the whole testimony of the evidence was sifted and simplified to general conclusions they are summarised by Mr. Curle as indicating five different phases of occupation. First there was the original fort constructed by Agricola, about A.D. 80, which seems to have been partly reconstructed and occupied by a considerable force till some time after A.D. 86, when it was suddenly abandoned, and not re-occupied until the advance into Scotland of Lollius Urbicus in the reign of Antoninus Pius, about A.D. 140. The forces of Urbicus would find the fort and its earthworks much as its earlier garrison had left them, and its re-occupation and the repair of its defences would naturally follow. By and bye, the more settled conditions resulting from the construction of the Antonine Vallum between the Forth and Clyde would admit of a reduction of the garrison at Newstead, which might account for the alteration of the size of the fort by the construction of the reducing wall. Some eighteen or twenty years afterwards there seems to have been a Brigantian uprising involving a loosening of the hold of the Antonine Vallum, and probably the loss for a time of such isolated forts as Birrens and Newstead.

The re-occupation after this opens the final chapter of the history of the fort. There was much alteration and rebuilding, the reducing wall was thrown down and a larger garrison installed. But the reconstructed buildings had less of the character of permanency, and it was evident that the hold on the north was slackening.

‘And then, probably somewhere early in the reign of Commodus (c. A.D. 180) when we know that the British war was pressing heavily, must have come the end. The Roman grasp of the Vallum must have given way, and with it their hold of the supporting forts, such as Birrens and Newstead. How these fell it is improbable that we shall ever know, and yet traces of the catastrophe which overwhelmed them have been revealed to us after the lapse of many passing centuries. It is the secret drawn from the wells and the rubbish pits—a tale of buildings thrown down; of altars concealed,



PLAN OF THE REDUCED FORT.

thrown into ditches, or into pits above the bodies of unburied men; of confusion, defeat, abandonment; of a day in which the long column of the garrison wound slowly southward across the spurs of the Eildons, leaving their hearths deserted, and their fires extinct.’

Three separate lines of evidence concur to sustain and corroborate these conclusions. There is first the evidence of the superposition and relation to each other of the buildings of the fort and its defences. The second line of evidence is derived from the dates of the coins recovered and the relative positions in which



BOWL OF TERRA SIGILLATA.

1840

they were found. Altogether 249 coins were found during the excavation, and these are described with full numismatic detail, and the evidence they afford is critically discussed by Dr. George Macdonald in an appendix of thirty pages. Then there is the evidence of the pottery, which always plays an important part in the determination of the chronology of Roman deposits. The nature of the fabric, the shapes of the vessels and the stamps of the potters all afford critical indications of date, so that single potsherds that may seem to the uninitiated to be the most worthless things possible, may yield important indications of chronology to the archaeologist.

Roman pottery consisted of many varieties of fabric, shape, and ornamentation, the character of which changed with the fashions of the times, but in that which is found in Britain certain forms predominate. Of these the bright red lustrous ware, possessing a colour and lustre almost resembling sealing-wax, is the most important. Formerly spoken of as Samian ware, which is a misnomer, it is now generally known as *Terra Sigillata*, a pedantic appellation, intended to signify the mode of applying its decoration by stamping the designs on the interior of the mould in which the vessels are shaped, so that the decoration appears on the exterior of the vessel in relief. It was first made in Italy at Arezzo, but the Aretine potteries declined in the first century of the Christian era, and few of their products reached Britain. But coincident with the decline of the Italian potteries there arose a colonial manufacture of this red ware in Gaul, from which an extensive exportation to Britain commenced early in the first century, and continued throughout the whole of the Roman occupation of Scotland. In a critical examination of all the pottery found at Newstead, as luminous as it is comprehensive, and copiously and finely illustrated, Mr. Curle classifies and describes the different types, indicating their relative dates, the Gaulish potteries from which they came, and their distribution on Roman sites in England and on the Continent.

Adjoining the east, south, and west sides of the fort there were large spaces of less regular form measuring about 7, 14, and 20 acres respectively, enclosed and defended by ditch and ramparts. These annexes are a not uncommon feature of the larger and more permanent Roman frontier forts. In such settlements were found the time-expired soldiers, and the traders and camp followers, living in tents or wooden huts, or other flimsy buildings of which no traces now remain. In Britain little has yet been done in the way of examining or excavating these civil

settlements, but the experience at Newstead shows that they may yield even more varied and more important revelations of the civilisation and culture of their occupants and of their military neighbours than the fort itself.

In the west annexe stood the baths of the fort, a large block of buildings 310 feet in length, dating probably from the first advance of Agricola, and provided with all the apartments and appliances pertaining to the luxurious customs peculiar to much warmer climates than that of Caledonia. No other building of any importance was found in these annexes, and the interest attached to them lay not in constructions on the surface but underground, in the wells and rubbish pits so thickly scattered over their areas. The pits varied greatly in dimensions, and from 4 to over 30 feet in depth. Over a hundred of them, including ten in the field to the north of the fort, were cleared out. Their contents were exceedingly miscellaneous, but all the best things found at Newstead came from them. One pit contained at 20 feet down the skulls of two horses, 2 feet lower two chariot wheels with their iron tires and a human skull with a sword-cut in it; lower still, a pair of shoe-soles with tackets, and the antler of an elk, and at the bottom, 23 feet down, an oak bucket with its iron handle and mountings, another horse's skull and the skulls of five dogs and antlers of red deer. Another contained a whole set of smith's tools and the contents of a smithy, including five spear-heads, four pioneers' axes, four scythes, and a sword-blade, with the usual medley of animal bones, a human skull, broken pottery, scraps of leather garments, shoes, and a woman's boot, the uppers of which were finely ornamented in open-work and the sole filled with tackets. Another contained the bones of nine horses, and underneath them the skeleton of a female dwarf whom Professor Bryce judged to have been about twenty-two years of age and only 4 feet 6 inches in stature.

The richest of all the pits was one in the south annexe, 19 feet deep, from which came an iron helmet with visor face-mask, a helmet of brass embossed with a group of figures representing a chariot race, another iron helmet undecorated, the ear-piece of a third helmet of iron, nine bronze discs or *phalerae*, each inscribed with the name of the owner, two shoulder-pieces and two elbow-pieces of bronze, each also having the name of the owner scratched in cursive letters on the inside face; a large embossed circular plate of bronze, two bridle-bits of iron, an iron armlet, a quern of Niedermendig lava complete with its iron



TERRA COTTA HORSE.

spindle and mountings, a quantity of fragments of ornamented pottery and of amphorae, torn pieces of leather garments, deer horns, and skulls of a horse and a dog.

The formidable task of the classification and critical description of the vast amount of miscellaneous material recovered from these pits, or casually found in the course of the excavation of the fort itself, might have daunted many excavators, but Mr. Curle has accomplished it with signal success. His chapters on the altars and their inscriptions, the dress, armour and weapons of the Roman soldier, the tools and implements, transport and harness with its mountings, and miscellaneous odds and ends, are really treatises on the several subjects which leave scarcely any aspect or relation of the objects untouched, and all are brought up to the level of the latest discoveries.

The value of these chapters to the archaeological student is greatly enhanced by the fact that Newstead has yielded such a number of things that are either new, or have been hitherto very imperfectly known in Britain. The visor masks of the helmets, which form such a striking feature of the collection and are so admirably illustrated in the book, are compared with all the known examples, and reasons assigned for attributing their purpose to display in tournaments rather than use in actual warfare. The one still attached to its head-piece, which is embossed with an elaborate representation of carefully dressed and curling hair, shows a fine type of face, and 'even in its present mutilated condition must rank as one of the most beautiful things the receding tide of Roman conquest has left behind it.' It is also certainly the most marvellously fine example of wrought iron-work ever seen in this country. The other face-mask of brass is neither so fine in design or execution, but has its points of distinction, and is by no means an every-day work of art-craftsmanship. The embossed helmet of bright yellow brass with a high triangular peak in front has its head-piece covered with a design, embossed in high relief, showing a nude figure driving a chariot to which are harnessed a pair of leopards, and a winged Victory hovering above.

The varieties of defensive armour found at Newstead include scale-armour of iron and of brass, chain-mail of circular links, both in iron and brass, some being riveted and others welded, breastplates of iron, and shields of which only the ribs or mountings remained. The offensive weapons included swords of two types, probably representing the legionary and the

auxiliary, bronze mountings of scabbards, spear and javelin heads in great variety of form and size, and arrow and bolt heads.

Caltrops have been often said to have been unknown till medieval times, but two of different sizes were found at Newstead. Among the miscellaneous objects of common camp furniture the camp-kettle of beaten bronze of various sizes, with its iron bow-handle, was greatly in evidence, and occasionally had the name of its owner scratched or punctured in it. Besides these culinary vessels of homely type there were two large and highly ornate vessels of bronze of the kind to which the Greek name 'Oenochoe' might be applied. They are really fine works of art and must have come from Italy.

By no means the least interesting parts of the book are those in which there can be traced the commingling of the native culture, and native products, with the culture and products of the purely Roman civilisation. For instance, a picture may be drawn in outline of the appearance of the valley of the Tweed, and the details of the flora and fauna filled in from the reports on the vegetable and animal remains found on the Roman level, and identified and described by Mr. H. F. Tagg of the Botanic Gardens and by Professor Cossar Ewart of Edinburgh University, who discusses with the ripe knowledge of an expert in the subject the characteristics and probable descent of the breeds of horses, cattle, and sheep whose remains were found at Newstead. Then we have the native inhabitants revealed, if not by their individual remains, by the Late Celtic decoration of a sword-hilt, and the ornaments of one or more sword-sheaths and harness mountings. The presence of native women and children is testified by their boots and shoes, by the evidences of spinning and weaving and basket-work, and by the personal ornaments. The brooches, or fibulae, beads, etc., have a chapter to themselves, and their enamelled ornamentation is of great beauty and interest.

It is impossible in a brief notice like this to touch upon all the points of interest that have arisen during the progress of the excavations, or are connected with the exposition of the character and relations of the objects found. Let it suffice to say that the outstanding characteristics of Mr. Curle's book are thoroughness of treatment and breadth of expert knowledge, the fruits of experience and resolute research.

JOSEPH ANDERSON.