

BATTLE OF FLODDEN.*

A.D. 1513.

THIS battle, so disastrous to the Scots, is one of the most remarkable events in Scottish history. It was long remembered as the greatest calamity which for many years had overtaken the nation, and scarcely a family of importance was not bereaved of a husband, a father, a brother, or a son. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that "Flodden Field" is the theme of MARMION—one of the most delightful conceptions of its illustrious author, whose fame is known throughout all lands, and who thus describes his early predilections—

"And ever by the winter hearth
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,
Of lovers' sleights, of ladies' charms,
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms;
Of patriots' battles won of old
By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold.

* Halle's Chronicle of England; Lindsay's (of Pitscottie) History of Scotland; Pinkerton's History of Scotland; Drummond's History; Noble's Historical Genealogy of the Royal House of Stuart; Sir Walter Scott's Marmion; Tytler's History of Scotland; Weber's edition of the Battle of Flodden, a Poem of the Sixteenth Century, with Historical Notes; Lambe's edition of the Same; Arnot's History of Edinburgh; State Papers published under the authority of his Majesty's Commissioners, illustrating the Reign of Henry VIII.

Of later fields of feud and fight,
When pouring from their Highland height,
The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,
Had swept the scarlet ranks away."

The traditionary accounts of the preliminaries, the battle, and the results of Flodden Field, are numerous and interesting. The causes of the war which terminated in this disastrous battle are narrated by all our historians, on which account it is unnecessary to repeat these minutely in the present narrative. It was begun by James IV. at the instigation of France, and carried into effect by his own rashness and folly. But the war was also accelerated by continued brawls and affrays of the Borderers, of which Sir Walter Scott records an instance. In the year 1516 Sir Robert Kerr of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches, was struck through with a lance by William Heron, and dispatched by Starked and Lilburn, all English Borderers—a slaughter which, amongst other causes of quarrel, gave rise to this war between the English and the Scots. Henry VIII., who had succeeded his father Henry VII. in 1509, gave up Lilburn to the Scots, but Starked for the time escaped. The former was sent a prisoner to Fastcastle, with Heron of Ford, a brother of the murderer. Lilburn died in that stronghold, and Andrew Kerr, the son of Sir Robert Kerr, contrived to procure the assassination of Starked, whose head was exhibited in one of the most prominent parts of Edinburgh.

James, in opposition to the wishes of his queen Margaret, the daughter of Henry VII., and the remonstrances of his experienced nobility, finding his negotiations with the King of England to procure peace to France ineffectual, seriously prepared for war. He daily inspected his artillery at the Castle of Edinburgh; his navy, stationed in the Frith of Forth, off the fishing village of Newhaven, also occupied his attention; and to provide a secure retreat for

his ships in case of any sudden attempt or attack, he built a fortalice on the rocky islet of Inchgarvie, which lies opposite to Queensferry, in the middle of that narrow strait contracted by the Frith, not two miles in breadth. Above the Frith of Forth again expands itself, and a most ample accommodation for anchorage can be obtained in fine roadsteads and capacious bays. With a fortalice on Inchgarvie and a battery on each side of the Forth, no hostile vessels could pass the Ferry without encountering certain destruction. Some particulars are preserved of the state of the Scottish King's fleet at this time. There were thirteen large ships at Leith, besides ten smaller vessels, and a ship belonging to Lynne, taken by one William Brownhill; at Newhaven lay two great ships, called the James and the Margaret, formerly damaged, but now repaired, and a long vessel, of thirty oars on each side like a galley, was constructing to attend the large ship built by James called the Great St Michael, then lying above the Queensferry off Blackness Castle. During these operations James usually went very early in the morning to Newhaven, and returned to Edinburgh at noon to dinner. It is recorded, that while inspecting his artillery in the Castle, one of the new guns burst, to the great jeopardy of the King and many spectators. Concerning the Great Michael, it is stated that it was larger and stronger than any ship in the English or French navy. The oak forests of Fife, with the exception of that of the royal demesne of Falkland, were almost exhausted in the construction, and a considerable supply of timber from Norway. It was two hundred and forty feet in length, though only thirty-six feet in breadth, the length being regarded as essential to a ship of war, but its sides were ten feet thick, and could defy the cannon of that age. The expense was estimated at about L.7000 sterling—a very large sum at that time, exclusive of the artillery, large and small. The mariners amounted to three hundred, the

gunners to one hundred and twenty ; it could receive one thousand warriors, and was commanded by Sir Andrew Wood and Robert Barton, both eminent in the naval records, such as these are, of Scotland.

But the chief residence of James IV. at this period was at Stirling, and we find West, the envoy of Henry VIII., stating in a letter written to that monarch on the 1st of April 1513, that the Scottish King had been for a week secluded in one of the monasteries in that town, so that no access could be obtained to him. It also appears from the same authority that James regularly attended his chapel every forenoon with his queen Margaret in his *traverse*, namely, his private retired seat. This obviously refers from what follows to the ecclesiastical observances of the year, it being the week before Easter, commonly called *Passion Week*. On one occasion, "when the Passion was preached," says West, "and the sermon done, the Queen sent for me." James was present, and observed, in reference to their conversation on public affairs, that he must appeal from Henry's judgment. West asked to whom, and the King replied laughing—"I shall appeal to Prester John."

The breach between Henry VIII. and James IV. was farther aggravated by the former refusing to pay the legacy left to his sister Margaret, and there is a letter from that Queen to her brother still extant, in which she upbraids him for his pitiful conduct concerning their father's legacy, desiring that no more may be said about it, as her royal husband was every day more beneficent to her, and would pay her the sum from his own resources. This indeed James had himself declared, when Henry was so mean as to offer to pay the legacy if James would consent to peace, which he scornfully rejected. But Henry had a powerful and crafty antagonist in the person of Andrew Forman, Bishop of Moray, the Scottish ambassador at the French court, who

was a man of versatile talents, long initiated in the arts of negotiation, and who appears to have acted in all his proceedings to further his own advancement even at the expense of his country. It is remarkable that two years afterwards he was accused by the Government of Scotland to the Pope of having incited James to the ruinous war which terminated in the death of that prince. This able but unprincipled ecclesiastic nevertheless contrived to be at the same time the favourite of his sovereign, and of the courts of London, Paris, and of Rome. From the first he had received the Bishopric of Moray and other important appointments: by the English monarch he had been presented to the rich Priory of Coldingham; in France his conduct had secured to him the Archbishopric of Bourges; and his devotion to the Papal Court was soon to obtain for him the Archbishopric of St Andrews and Primacy of the Scottish Church.

Bishop Forman was intimately acquainted with the character and foibles of James, and knew well how to allure him to the measures of the French court. La Motte, the French ambassador, arrived in the Frith of Forth with four ships laden with flour and wine, besides some English prizes he had taken in his voyage. But the most valuable portion of his cargo consisted of a French golden coinage called *crowns of the sun*, which he profusely distributed to the Scottish King and his nobility. At the same time letters were delivered to James from Anne of Bretagne, the Queen of the French monarch, written in an amorous strain, as if from a high born lady in distress, appealing to his chivalrous feelings, terming him her knight, assuring him that she had suffered much blame in the defence of his honour, and beseeching him to advance only three steps into England with his army for the sake of her who considered him her knight and defender. James also received from this princess a present of fourteen thousand crowns, and a valuable ring

from her own finger. Such flattering compliments made the intended impression on the mind of James.

In June 1513, Henry VIII. sent a large army into France, and soon after proceeded to take the command in person. The overthrow of that kingdom seemed to be inevitable, and James, alarmed for the safety of his French ally, as also apprehensive, he pretended, for his own consequent fate, ordered his fleet to prepare for sea. Gordon of Letterfourie, a son of the Earl of Huntly, was constituted Admiral, and ordered to convey the Earl of Arran with about three thousand soldiers to France. Very meagre accounts are preserved by historians of the number of vessels and state of the fleet, but the Great Michael, the Margaret, and the James, are specially mentioned as prominent ships. The squadron sailed from the roadstead of Leith on the 26th of July, the King remaining on board the Great Michael to animate the troops till the fleet passed the Island of May at the entrance of the Frith of Forth. The King then disembarked, and returned to Stirling, little suspecting the conduct which Arran would pursue. Instead of proceeding to France, that nobleman, whose rank and command of the troops gave him a decided superiority in influence over Gordon the Admiral, thought proper to order the fleet to sail to Ireland. Coasting the north of Scotland, he proceeded through the straits of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and at length entered Belfast Loch, as the bay at the head of which stands the town of Belfast is designated. He advanced against Carrickfergus, which he took and plundered under circumstances of great barbarity, abandoning the town to an almost total conflagration. After this exploit Arran sailed to Scotland, and landed at Ayr to place his spoils in safety. Enraged at his conduct, James sent Sir Andrew Wood with a herald-at-arms to supersede Admiral Gordon, and appointed the Earl of Angus to command the troops; but the Scottish fleet had sailed for France

before the mandate arrived. Of the actions of Arran's troops little or nothing important is recorded. He returned to Scotland in November, two months after the battle of Flodden. A part of the fleet mouldered in neglect, while a part, including the Great Michael, was sold to Louis XII.

On the day that this fleet first sailed, when James disembarked from the Great Michael, he sent his chief herald with a letter to the English King, then about to form the siege of Terouenne, in which he recited all his grievances, and insisted on Henry's return to his own dominions. That monarch received the Scottish King's letter on the 11th of August, and when he perused it he uttered invectives of scorn and indignation against him, which he desired the Lion-King-at-Arms to repeat to his master; but that functionary cautiously refused, telling him that he would take charge of a letter, as his sovereign could only be so answered, or by the English King complying with what was demanded from him. A letter full of indignities was accordingly written, but it never reached James, as the herald was not able to procure a passage from Flanders till after the battle of Flodden.

In the meanwhile several predatory incursions took place on the Borders. Lord Home, Warden of the Marches, collected between three and four thousand of his followers, and marching into England, plundered and burnt several villages, and collected considerable spoil. But Lord Home was not permitted to retain his booty, or return from this inroad with impunity. The Earl of Surrey had sent Sir William Bulmer from Doncaster with two hundred mounted archers, to defend the Marches from petty incursions on the part of the Scots, and that officer now summoned the gentlemen of the English Border to his assistance. They readily responded to his call, and with their followers increased Sir William

Bulmer's band to nearly a thousand men. They stationed themselves in ambush amid some tall broom in a plain called Milfield, or probably Broomridge, near Milfield, and suddenly surprised the Scots on their return. The English archers made great havoc among the Scots, and nearly six hundred of the latter fell. Lord Home fled, having lost his banner, and leaving his brother, Sir George Home, and more than four hundred troopers, in the hands of the English, who resumed possession of the spoil, among which there were a great many horses.

James, now intent on war, summoned the whole military force of the Lowlands, Highlands, and the Isles, to assemble on the Boroughmuir, within twenty days, and accommodated with provisions for forty days, beyond which period the Scottish feudal soldiers were not bound to serve, unless their expenses were discharged by the sovereign. Although this summons was in opposition to the advice of his council, James, who had always been popular, was readily obeyed, and the array was great, notwithstanding the general feeling that the war was imprudent. Some idea of the estimation in which James was held may be formed from the fact generally admitted, that one hundred thousand men in due time crowded to the royal standard on the Boroughmuir.

While the nobility and chiefs were mustering their feudal followers and retainers, James proceeded to Linlithgow from Stirling to hold a council of state on public affairs. The now ruined palace of Linlithgow was generally the jointure residence of the Scottish queens, and so splendid was it when entire that Mary Guise, consort of James V., and mother of Mary, declared that it was a more princely palace than any of the royal residences of France. Hence the appropriate commencement of Sir David Lindsay's Tale in MARMION.

Of all the palaces so fair
 Built for the royal dwelling
 In Scotland, far beyond compare,
 Linlithgow is excelling ;
 And in its park in jovial June
 How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
 How sweet the blackbird's lays !
 The wild duck bells from ferny brake,
 The coot dives merry in the lake,
 The saddest heart might pleasure take
 To see all nature gay.

A quaint author informs us that at this time James "came to Linlithgow, where he was at the council, very sad and dolorous, making his prayers to God to send him good success in his voyage." Whatever forebodings the King may have occasionally felt, he was ever attached to superstition since he had appeared among the insurgent nobility on the unhappy field of Sauchie against his father, which was in the month of June, and the annual return of that month always oppressed him with melancholy. Sir Walter Scott happily alludes to this fact in the stanzas which follow the above quotation—

But June is to our sovereign dear
 The heaviest month in all the year ;
 Too well his cause of grief you know—
 June saw his father's overthrow.
 Woe to the traitors, who could bring
 The princely boy against his King.
 Still in his conscience burns the sting.
 In offices as strict as Lent
 King James's June is ever spent.

It was on this occasion that James received the celebrated and apparently mysterious warning to desist from his expedition into England. Tradition differs as to the scene—an apartment of the palace, and St Catharine's aisle on the south of the church, both being pointed out, but the popular

belief inclines to the latter. The only place of worship in Linlithgow was originally a chapel in the royal palace, but the present parish church, dedicated to St Michael the Archangel, and supposed to be founded either by or in the reign of David I., was also royal property. It is generally stated that when the King was at vespers, or evening service, in the aisle already mentioned, the pretended ghostly visitor appeared to him. According to Lindsay of Pitscottie, the man who appeared came in *at the kirk door*, and he also states "that the royal family had a private entrance from the palace by a door in the north wall of the church."

It was in the evening, when the light of the Gothic edifice was somewhat obscured by the number of persons, men-at-arms, and others, that this extraordinary attempt to alarm the superstitious feelings of James was practised, and the whole story, it has been appropriately observed, is so well attested, that we have only the choice between a miracle and an imposture.

In Katherine's aisle the monarch knelt,
 With sackcloth shirt and iron belt,
 And eyes with sorrow streaming;
 Around him, in their stalls of state,
 The Thistle's Knight Companions sate,
 Their banners o'er them beaming.

The statement respecting the "stalls of state," in which the Knight Companions of the Thistle were sitting on this occasion, must be received as a poetical licence, because it introduces the proceedings of the son and successor of James IV., the Chapel and Parliament Hall having been erected by James V. The story of this device to deter the King from the projected enterprise is minutely related by Lindsay of Pitscottie, probably on the information of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, then a very young man, who was present. While the King was engaged in his devotions, a man entered the aisle by the *kirk door*, clad in a blue

gown, and belted with a piece of linen cloth; a pair of buskins were upon his feet, and the other parts of his dress conformed to those now mentioned. He was uncovered, and displayed a bald forehead, with long yellow hair resting on his shoulders. This fantastic person seemed to be upwards of fifty years of age, and held in his hand a long staff. He called loudly for the King, alleging that he had something important to communicate to him. When he approached the place where James was kneeling at prayers, he offered no obeisance, but rudely said—"Sir King, my mother hath sent me to thee, desiring thee not to pass at this time where thou art purposed, for if thou dost, thou wilt not fare well in thy journey, nor any who pass with thee. Further, she bade thee *mell* with no woman, nor use their counsel, nor let them touch thy body or thou theirs, for if thou do it thou wilt be confounded and put to shame." By this time the evening service was concluded, and James was about to look up, and return an answer to his pretended ghostly monitor, when in the presence of the King, and "of all the lords that were about him for the time, the man vanished away, and could no ways be seen or comprehended, but vanished away as if he had been a blink of the sun, or a whip of the whirlwind, and could no more be seen."

The description in *MARMION* of this strange scene ought not to be omitted. Sir David Lindsay is supposed to be the narrator, as he was present, and communicated the whole affair to Buchanan, who says, "If I had not received this story from him as a certain truth, I had omitted it as a romance of the vulgar."

I too was there, and sooth to tell,
Bedeafened with the jangling knell,
Was watching where the sunbeams fell,
Through the stained casement gleaming;
But while I marked what next befel,
It seemed as I were dreaming.

Stepped from the crowd a ghostly wight,
 In azure gown, with cincture white,
 His forehead bald, his head was bare,
 Down hung at length his yellow hair—
 He stepped before the monarch's chair,
 And stood with rustic plainness there,
 And little reverence made;
 Nor head, nor body, bowed nor bent,
 But on the desk his arm he leant,
 And words like these he said,
 In a low voice, but never tone
 So thrilled through vein, and nerve, and bone,
 ' My mother sent me from afar,
 Sir King, to warn thee not to war,
 Woe waits on thine array;
 If war thou wilt, of woman fair,
 Her witching wiles and wanton snare,
 James Stuart, doubly warned, beware;
 God keep thee as he may.'
 The wondering monarch seemed to seek
 For answer, and found none;
 And when he raised his head to speak,
 The monitor was gone.
 'The marshal and myself had cast
 To stop him, as he outward past;
 But lighter than the whirlwind's blast
 He vanish'd from our eyes;
 Like sunbeam on the billow cast,
 That glances but, and dies.

It is the common belief that the whole was a device of Queen Margaret and some of the nobility to deter the King from the enterprise. This is farther apparent from the warning given to James not to *mell with women*, for the Queen, as we shall see, had good grounds to be jealous on account of his love intrigues. The phrase, *My mother sent me*, alludes to the Virgin Mary, and is in accordance with her supposed interference with the affairs of this world cherished as the belief of those times—the ghostly monitor affecting to represent St John the Evangelist, who according to the Roman Catholic legend became her adopted son. It is also stated that St Andrew, in *propria persona* as the tutelar saint of Scotland, was the adviser of James on this

celebrated occasion ; but it is by no means clear why that apostle should be introduced with propriety, for the expression *my mother has sent* could only be used by St John. There is a tradition at Linlithgow that this man eluded the grasp of Sir David Lindsay and John Inglis the Marshal, who were standing beside the King, and of others who attempted to seize him, by gliding behind a curtain which concealed a private stair leading towards the upper part of the church, and that on leaving this building he crossed the court, and entered the palace by a small door under the window of the chapel. It is said that he was a servant of the Queen, which is probable from his alluding so pointedly to the King on the subject of incontinence.

But prudence and superstition failed to influence the mind of James, and equally fruitless were the tears, the caresses, and the entreaties of Margaret, that if he must war with her brother, at least not to conduct his forces in person, and to recollect that on his infant son rested the hopes of an affectionate people. To preserve the Queen from any pecuniary embarrassments in case of his death, James gave her a private order on the treasury for eighteen thousand crowns. The west corner of the quadrangle of the palace of Linlithgow is terminated at the top by a small pepperbox-looking turret, which projects higher than all the rest of the palace, and receives the popular name of *Queen Margaret's Bower*. "This," says Mr Chambers, "is not now easily accessible on account of the ruinous state of the stair, but it is described as seated all round with stone, and as having once a small round table of the same material in the centre. The occasion of the thing having received its name is a circumstance which seems to have been entirely overlooked in the history of Scotland. Hither, says tradition, when the King set out for Flodden, the disconsolate Margaret, after finding all methods of dissuasion ineffectual, retired to weep over the

disaster which she anticipated, but could not prevent. Alas! the tears shed by this royal dame, during the whole summer day which she is said to have spent in her lamentations, were but the meagre presages of floods which the expected calamity drew from the eyes of her female subjects." This fact, however, is noticed by Sir Walter Scott, when he introduces the subject of the King's chivalrous gallantry in connection with the Queen of France, and Lady Heron of Ford, though the latter is noticed by anticipation, as James was not acquainted with her till he entered England.

And thus for both he madly planned
 Tho' ruin of himself and land!
 And yet the sooth to tell,
 Nor England's face, nor France's Queen,
 Were worth one pearl drop, bright and sheen,
 From Margaret's eyes that fell.
 His own Queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's bower,
 All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour.

James, regardless of every entreaty, proceeded to Edinburgh, and found his army encamped on the Boroughmuir. That spacious common, which extended from the southern walls of the city to the bottom of Braid Hills, was in 1513 "a field spacious, and delightful by the shade of many stately and aged oaks." The royal standard was displayed, as on similar occasions, from the *Hare Stane*—a large stone now built into the wall on the left hand of the road leading to Braid, immediately before entering the village of Morningside. On this common upwards of one hundred thousand men were collected from the Lowlands, the Highlands, and the Isles, under their respective chiefs, in compliance with the King's command that every male adult of each family capable of bearing arms should muster for the royal service against England except the eldest son. This order was founded on the assumption that, if all the others

of the family were cut off, the eldest son would maintain the females and junior members, and while

The queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,
And weeps the weary days
The war against her native soil,
Her monarch's risk in battle broil ;

James surveyed his host with enthusiasm from the embattled fortress of the city, for

Thousand pavilions, white as snow,
Spread all the Boroughmuir below,
Upland, and dale, and down ;
A thousand did I say ? I ween
Thousands on thousands there were seen,
That chequered all the heath between
The streamlet and the town.
In crossing ranks extending far,
Forming a camp irregular :
Oft giving way, where still there stood
Some reliques of the ancient wood,
That darkly huge did intervene,
And tamed the glaring white with green,
In these extended lines there lay
A martial kingdom's vast array.
For from Hebrides, dark with rain,
To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,
And from the southern Redswire edge
To farthest Ross's rocky ledge ;
From west to east, from south to north,
Scotland sent all her warriors forth,
Marmion might hear the mingled hum
Of myriads up the mountain come :
The horses tramp and tingling clank,
Where chiefs reviewed their vassal rank,
And chargers thrilling neigh ;
And see the shifting lines advance,
While frequent flashed, from shield and lance,
The sun's reflected ray.

Nor marked they less when in the air
A thousand streamers flaunted fair ;
Various in shape, device, and hue,
Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue

Broad, narrow, swallow-tailed, and square,
 Scroll, pennon, pensil, bandrol,* there
 O'er the pavilions flew.
 Highest, and midmost, was descried
 The royal banner, floating wide,
 The staff, a pine tree, strong and straight,
 Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone
 Which still in memory is shown,
 Yet bent beneath the standard's weight,
 Whenc'er the western wind unroll'd
 With toil the huge and cumbrous fold,
 And gave to view the dazzling field,
 When, in proud Scotland's royal shield,
 The ruddy lion ramped in gold.

The stratagem at Linlithgow having been found ineffectual to restrain the King in his enterprise, another was used while the army lay encamped on the Boroughmuir, to dispirit and disperse the array. This was by summoning at the Cross of Edinburgh at midnight the chief leaders to appear before an infernal tribunal. The story is related by Lindsay of Pitscottie. It appears that James took up his residence before his march southward in the Abbey of Holyrood, the present palace of which he was actually the founder, though it has been commonly ascribed to his son James V. "The King being in the Abbey for the time," says Lindsay, "there was a cry heard at the market-cross of Edinburgh, at the hour of midnight, proclaiming, as it had been, a summons, which was named and called by the proclamation thereof the *Summons of Plutcock* (Pluto), desiring all 'men to compear, both earl and lord, and baron and gentleman, and all honest gentlemen within the town (every man specified by his name), within the space of forty

* "Each of these feudal ensigns intimated the different rank of those entitled to wear them." One of the pennons displayed on the Boroughmuir on this occasion is preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. The motto on it is *Veritas vincit*, with three harts' heads, and was carried by William Keith, second son of William, third Earl Marischal of Scotland. This gentleman was killed at Flodden.

days, before his master, where it should happen him to appoint, and be for the time, under the pain of disobedience.' Whether this summons was proclaimed by vain persons, night walkers, or drunk men for their pastime, or if it was a *spirit*, I cannot tell. But it was shown to me that an indweller of the town, Mr Richard Lawson, being *evil disposed* (unwell), walking in his gallery stair foreanent the Cross, hearing this voice proclaiming the summons, thought marvel what it should be, and cried to his servant to bring him his purse; and when he brought it to him, he took out a crown, and threw it over the stair, saying, 'I appeal from that summons, judgment, and sentence thereof, and take me all whole in the mercy of God, and of Christ Jesus his Son.' Verily the author of this, that caused me write the manner of the summons, was a landed gentleman, who was at that time twenty years of age, and was in the town the time of the said summons; and thereafter, when the field was stricken, he swore to me there was no man escaped who was called in this summons but that one man alone who made his protestation, and appealed from the said summons."

This story, which is clumsily told by Lindsay, and in which he shows his credulity by imagining the possibility of any supernatural agency, is finely delineated by our national minstrel.

Dun Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,
 Rose on a turret octagon;
 (But now is razed that monument,
 Whence royal edict rang,
 And voice of Scotland's law was sent—
 In glorious trumpet's clang.
 O! be his tomb as lead to lead,
 Upon its dull destroyer's head!—
 A minstrel's malison is said.)
 Then on its battlements they saw
 A vision, passing nature's law,
 Strange, wild, and dimly seen;

Figures that seemed to rise and die,
 Gibber and sign, advance and fly,
 While nought confirmed could ear or eye
 Discern of sound or mien.

Yet darkly did it seem, as there
 Heralds and Pursuivants prepare,
 With trumpet sound, and blazon fair

A summons to proclaim ;
 But indistinct the pageant proud,
 As fancy forms of midnight cloud,
 Where flings the moon upon her shroud

A wavering tinge of flame ;
 It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud,
 From midmost of the spectre crowd,

This awful summons came :
 ' Prince, prelate, potentate, and peer,
 Whose names I now shall call,
 Scottish, or foreigner, give ear !
 Subjects of him who sent me here,
 At his tribunal to appear,

I summon one and all.

I cite you, by each deadly sin
 That e'er hath soil'd your hearts within :
 I cite you by each brutal lust
 That e'er defiled your earthly dust—

By wrath, by pride, by fear,
 By each o'er-mastering passion's torn—
 By the dark grave and dying groan,
 When forty days are past and gone,
 I cite you to a monarch's throne

To answer and appear.'

Then thundered forth a roll of names ;
 The first was thine, unhappy James !

Then all thy nobles came ;

Crawford, Glencairn, Montrose, Argyle,
 Ross, Bothwell, Forbes, Lennox, Lyle—
 Why should I tell their separate style ?

Each chief of birth and fame,
 Of Lowland, Highland, Border, Isle,
 Foredoomed to Flodden's carnage pile,

Was cited there by name ;

And Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye,
 Of Luttesward and Scriverbay,
 De Wilton, erst of Aberley,

The self-same thundering voice did say—
 But then another spoke :

‘ Thy fatal summons I deny,
 And thine infernal lord defy,
 Appealing me to Him on high,
 Who burst the sinner’s yoke.’
 At that dread accent with a scream,
 Parted the pageant like a dream,
 The summoner was gone.

Although this and similar devices to dispirit the army became common topics of conversation, the preparations still continued. Robert Borthwick, the master gunner of Edinburgh Castle, cast seven pieces of artillery, which were designated the *Seven Sisters*, and altogether, according to Lindsay, the King mustered “thirty shot of great artillery, and thirty field pieces, with all their ordnance of powder and bullet.” It must not be supposed, however, that these instruments of war were in good condition, or well understood. On the contrary, the artillery was in a wretched state; and, as it respects the army, never perhaps was such a motley gathering seen in Scotland, and certainly not on the Boroughmuir. The description of this vast assemblage is given with great animation by the author of *MARMION*.

Nor less did Marmion’s skilful view
 Glance every hue and squadron through;
 And much he marvelled one small land
 Could marshal forth such various band;
 For men-at-arms were here,
 Heavily sheathed in mail and plate,
 Like iron towers for strength and weight,
 On Flemish steeds of bone and height,
 With battle-axe and spear.
 Young knights and squires, a lighter train,
 Practis’d their chargers on the plain,
 By aid of leg, of hand, and rein,
 Each warlike feat to show;
 To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain,
 And high curvett, that not in vain
 The sword-sway might descend amain
 On foeman’s casque below.

He saw the hardy burghers there
 March armed, on foot, with faces bare,
 For visor they wore none ;
 Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight,
 But burnished were their corslets bright,
 Their brigantines and gorgets light,
 Like very silver shone.
 Long pikes they had for standing fight,
 Two-handed swords they wore,
 And many wielded mace of weight,
 And bucklers bright they bore.

On foot the yeoman too, but dressed
 In his steel jack, a swarthy vest,
 With iron quilted well ;
 Each at his back, a slender store,
 His forty days' provision bore,
 As feudal statutes tell.
 His arms were halbard, axe, or spear,
 A cross-bow there, a hagbut here,
 A dagger knife and brand.—

— The Borderer, bred to war,
 He knew the battle's din afar,
 And joyed to hear its swell.
 On active steed, with lance and blade,
 The light-armed pricker plied his trade,
 Let nobles fight for fame :
 Let vassals follow where they lead,
 Burghers to guard their townships bleed.
 But war's the Borderers' game.
 Their gain, their glory, their delight,
 To sleep the day, maraud the night,
 O'er mountain, moss, and moor ;
 Joyful to fight they took their way,
 Scarce caring who might win the day,
 Their booty was secure.

Next Marmion viewed the Celtic race,
 Of different language, form, and face,
 A various race of man.
 Just then the chiefs their tribes arrayed,
 And wild and garish semblance made.
 The chequered trews and belted plaid,
 And varying notes the war-pipes brayed
 To every varying clan :

Wild through their red or sable hair,
Looked out their eyes with savage stare,
On Marmion as he past :
Their legs above the knees were bare,
Their frame was sinewy, short, and spare,
And hardened to the blast.

At length the command was given to the army to march ; the tents on the Boroughmuir were struck, and the assemblage of one hundred thousand men, headed by James in person, proceeded on the fatal expedition. The army left the Boroughmuir on or after the 19th of August accompanied by the Earl of Angus, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, all the Magistrates, and a great number of the citizens. The former appointed a gentleman named George Tours, of Inverleith, to officiate as Provost, and four persons to discharge the office of the Bailies, till their return, ordering them to make “ ane sufficient watch for keeping of the town by the persons that happen to remain at home, *the quarter of them ilk night.*” The King’s progress resembled a march to a tournament rather than to encounter an enemy. He soon passed the Tweed with his numerous army, and on the 22d of August he encamped at Wessel, or Twissel, where the Till joins that river. Here he remained at least two days, for on the 24th he held a kind of Parliament, consisting of those members who were in the army, and passed an act in which it was ordained that the heirs of all who fell in the war should be free from the feudal burdens due to the King, whatever might be their age.

The proceedings of James after he entered England were too faithful presages of the result of the enterprise. Instead of employing his numerous array to overwhelm the northern parts of England, and intimidate the enemy by distant destruction, while he would have enriched and secured the attachment of the army by spoil, he idly spent some days in the siege of the Castle of Norham, which surrendered on the 29th of August. There can be little

doubt that instead of obtaining possession of a strong, yet to the Scots a useless fortalice, he might have secured Newcastle, Carlisle, Durham, and even York, but James, whose chivalrous bravery was undoubted, was no general. Marching up the banks of the Tweed, he took the castle of Wark situated above Coldstream, and then venturing a few miles farther into England he took the castles of Etal and Ford, all of which were partly demolished. We are told that while engaged in these exploits, only worthy of an ordinary Border chief, the Scots ravaged the surrounding country, and having collected considerable booty, numbers of them returned home. It is said that this desertion was farther promoted by a threatened scarcity of provisions, and the continued severity of the weather—not many hours passing without rain during the whole expedition. The author of *Marmion* has finely sketched the conduct of James in these useless exploits, while he was allowing the English to collect their forces, and offer him battle. The Lord of Tantallon Castle and his guests are supposed to receive intelligence of the campaign.

By hurrying posts, or fleeting fame,
 With every varying day :
 And first they heard King James had won
 Etal, and Wark, and Ford ; and then
 That Norham's castle strong was ta'en.
 At that sore marvelled Marmion ;—
 And Douglas hoped his monarch's hand
 Would soon subdue Northumberland ;
 But whispered news there came,
 That, while his host inactive lay,
 And melted by degrees away,
 King James was dallying off the day,
 With Heron's wily dame.

This alludes to the lady of Sir William Heron of Ford, whose siren charms cost the King dear. Sir William Heron, an English Border gentleman, was at this time a prisoner at Fastcastle in East Lothian, having been sur-

rendered to the Scots by Henry VIII. on account of his connection with the slaughter of Sir Robert Kerr of Cessford already mentioned. Lady Heron was possessed of great attractions, and she resolved to take advantage of the presence of the Scottish King to procure the liberation of her husband, or to get him exchanged for Sir George Home. Entangled by her charms James indulged an infatuated passion, which dissolved him into indolence and love; while one of his illegitimate sons, Alexander Stuart, Archbishop of St Andrews, became the admirer of the lady's daughter. It is alleged by some writers, without the slightest foundation, that this enervating snare was laid for James by the Earl of Surrey, the English general, as if any human prudence could have foreseen such infatuation. Lady Heron is also said to have been permitted by James to go to the English camp on her promising that she would convey to him intelligence of the plans of the enemy, and that while she pretended to serve her royal admirer she was in reality furthering the views of Surrey. The Scottish historians impute to the King's imprudent passion the delays which led to the fatal defeat at Flodden, and it is certain that she came and went between the Scottish and English armies. There can be no doubt that many irretrievable days were wasted by James at Ford in this amorous dalliance, and even when Surrey found him and defeated him on the fatal field, he was only within a short distance of Lady Heron's castle. At the same time it may be stated that the only account given by the English historians of any intercourse between James and Lady Heron is confined to a message sent to the former by the Earl of Surrey from Alnwick. An article of it bears that Elizabeth Heron, wife of William Heron of Ford, then a prisoner in Scotland, having solicited King James to preserve the Castle of Ford from demolition or plundering, he had consented, on condition that "the said Elizabeth Heron should bring and deliver to him,

on the forenoon of the 5th of September, the Laird of Johnston and Alexander Home, then prisoners in England." Surrey offered to restore those prisoners upon receiving an assurance that the Castle of Ford would be protected under the King's seal, and he farther promised to restore Sir George Home and a gentleman named Kerr, on condition that James would set Heron at liberty from his captivity in Scotland. The answers by the King's herald to these proposals of Surrey was, that "his master would thereto make no answer."

While James was thus idling his time in the company of Lady Heron, the utmost discontent prevailed among his motley and many of them half civilized warriors. Exposed to continual rains among the upland heaths and cloudy mountains of the Cheviot range, and confined to the barren frontier of England, the leaders and their followers became dissatisfied at the progress of an enterprise which promised little booty and as little glory. The consequence was that the Scottish army gradually melted away, till there remained of the 100,000 not above 30,000 men, among whom were all the noblemen and gentlemen who had joined the army at the Boroughmuir—considerations of honour preventing them from following the common example.

Having followed James to this point of inactivity, it is now necessary to glance at the preparations of the English to repel the invaders. Henry VIII. was then in France, but the Earl of Surrey, lieutenant-general of the northern counties of England, lost no time in collecting forces to oppose the Scottish King. He raised an army of 26,000 men, and marched to the confines of the two kingdoms, guided by the information of Lady Heron, who communicated to him all the movements of James. In passing through Durham, Surrey received the consecrated banner of St Cuthbert to animate his troops. He was at Newcastle on the 30th of August, where he was joined by Lord Dacre

and several noblemen and gentlemen of rank and influence in that neighbourhood, and after consulting with them, he resolved to take the field at Bolton in Glendale on the 4th of September. When he arrived at Alnwick, within six miles of the place of rendezvous, on the 3d of that month, he found that the heavy rains had so injured the roads as to retard the march of his troops, and he remained at Alnwick on the 4th. Here he was joined by his son Thomas Howard, now Lord Admiral, who brought with him, according to one authority, about 1000 men, but another historian states that the Admiral joined his father with 5000 soldiers from the King's army in France, whom he had landed at Newcastle.

Immediately after this junction the arrangements of the English army were settled. The first line was commanded by the Lord Admiral of England, consisting of those troops he had landed at Newcastle, and the forces of the Bishopric of Durham, and others. This line also contained Lords Clifford, Conyers, Latimer, Ogle, Lumley, Scrope of Upsale, Sir William Bulmer, and various knights and esquires. The right wing of the line was commanded by Sir Edmund Howard, marshal of the army, with whom were Sir John de Bothe, Sir Thomas Butler, several esquires, the men of Hull, and the royal tenants at Hatfield. The left wing was headed by Sir Marmaduke Constable, who had with him his own sons and kinsmen, Sir Thomas Percy, and upwards of a thousand men of Lancashire. The rear was led by the Earl of Surrey, general-in-chief, with whom were Lord Scrope of Bolton, Sir Philip Tilney, Sir George Darcy, Sir John Stanley, several other knights and esquires, the citizens of York, the Bishop of Ely's retainers, and the Abbot of Whitby's tenants. Lord Dacre was captain of the right wing of Surrey's line, and commanded his own men; the left wing was headed by Sir Edward Stanley, under whom were the remainder of the forces from the

county palatine and the town of Lancaster. One historian mentions that this order was afterwards somewhat changed, but it is unnecessary to enter into minute particulars.

Surrey now thought that he was sufficiently strong to encounter the Scots, and as he was desirous of bringing matters to a decision by battle, knowing well the difficulty of supporting his troops in a barren district during such a severe season, he sent a herald to the Scottish King on Sunday the 4th of September, offering him battle on the Friday following. The herald was charged with the most irritating reproaches and defiances to James, and Surrey's son the Lord Admiral added, that having in vain sought the Scots on sea, he was now ready to meet them in the van of the English army, and as he expected no quarter from his enemies, he would give none unless to the King himself, if he should fall into his hands. These challenges were intended to rouse the spirit and resentment of James, and induce him to hazard a contest with a diminished and disheartened army at the will of the English leaders. James accepted the challenge, and sent one of his own heralds to inform Surrey that to meet him in the field was so much his wish, that if he had been in Edinburgh, he would have left the most important business for this purpose. He also sent a short written answer to the charge of breach of faith, and concluded by stating that on the justice of these proceedings he rested his quarrel, which by God's help it was his purpose to maintain with his arms on the day Surrey had named.

Some of the Scottish peers remonstrated with James on the imprudence of his resolution, reminding him that he was actually in the situation of Randolph Earl of Moray and Douglas of Liddesdale, as narrated in a previous portion of this work, and beseeching him to imitate the example of those great leaders. The Earl of Angus, whose age and experience entitled him to respect, earnestly entreated the

King to consider well the step he should take, but James only answered—"Angus, if you are afraid, you may go home." This unpardonable affront caused the Earl to leave the field with tears of indignation, but he left two sons, commanding them and his followers to abide the issue, and they both fell, with two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas. The old Earl, broken-hearted at the calamities of his house and country, retired to a monastery, where he died about a year after the battle of Flodden.

Although James was obstinately attached to his own purposes, yet he was aware of his inferiority in point of numbers, and of the reluctance of the nobility to advance farther into England. This induced him to select an advantageous situation near the castle of Ford, and to that fatal ground he removed on the 6th of September. "This," says a writer, "was the hill of Flodden, lying over against that place (Ford) on the other side of the Till, westward. It is the last and lowest of those eminences which extend on the north-east of the great mountains of Cheviot, towards the low grounds on the side of the Tweed, from which river Flodden is distant about four miles. The ascent to the top of it, from the side of the river Till, where it runs in a northerly direction, just by the foot of the declivity on which the castle and village of Ford stand, is about half a mile, and over the Till at that place there is a bridge. On the south of Flodden lies the extensive and very level plain of Milfield, having on its west side high hills, the branches of Cheviot; on the north Flodden, and other moderate eminences adjoining to it; on the south and east a tract of rising grounds, nigh the foot of which is the slow and winding course of the Till. The nearest approach of the English army towards Flodden was through this plain, in every part whereof they would have been in full view of the Scots, and the latter had a great advantage in possessing an eminence which, on the side towards the

English, had a long declivity, with hollow and marshy grounds at its foot; while the top of it was of such an extent of almost level ground, as would have sufficed for drawing up in good order the forces by whom it was occupied."

Sensible of these advantages on the part of the Scots, the Earl of Surrey, who was encamped at Wooller-haugh, to which he had marched on Tuesday the 6th of September from Bolton in order of battle, sent a herald to King James on the 7th with a letter subscribed by himself, Dacre, Clifford, Scrope, Latimer, Lumley, Percy, and other noblemen and knights. In this letter James was reminded of the readiness with which he had accepted the offer of battle on the Friday following, but that instead of remaining where the herald had first found him, he had removed to a situation more like a fortress or camp than an equal field for a trial of strength. He therefore desired the King to come down from the high grounds, and meet him the following day on the side of Milfield Plain between the hours of twelve and three, declaring that he would be ready if James would send an intimation to this effect. But the King was not so thoroughly imprudent, and the Scottish nobility had determined at all hazards not to abandon their advantageous position. He even refused to see the herald, but sent one of his attendants to say that such messages were not becoming an Earl to send to a King—that he would use no sinister arts to obtain the victory—and that he trusted to no advantages of ground.

The army of Surrey was now reduced to great straits for want of provisions, and to such an extent indeed, that we are told on the day of the battle the English had no victuals, and for two days previously they had drunk only water. Finding that this project of enticing the Scots from their advantageous position failed, and that he must either retire or bring them to action the English general on the

8th of September proceeded with great skill to a decisive measure. Passing the Till, which is a deep and slow river, he advanced over rugged ground and eminences on its east side, and encamped at Barmoor-Wood, about two miles from the Scottish army, where he passed the night. An eminence on the east of Ford screened the English from observation, and from this height the High Admiral reconnoitred the Scots, who discharged a few cannon. On the morning of the 9th, the Earl of Surrey wheeled in a north-westerly direction almost to the confluence of the Till with the Tweed, the former of which he again crossed; the vanguard and artillery passed by the bridge of Twisel, which is still standing beneath the splendid pile of Gothic architecture called Twisel Castle; and the rear guard by a ford called Milford, but as there is no ford of that name now in the neighbourhood, and as the ford nearest to the bridge of Twisel is at the mill of Heaton, about a mile farther up the river, it is probable that this is the ford indicated. Surrey by this movement obtained an easy access to Flodden Hill, and a battle was rendered unavoidable. He had placed his army between James and any supplies from Scotland, while he struck the King with surprise, who seems to have relied on the depth of the river on his front.

Even so it was—from Flodden ridge
 The Scots beheld the English host
 Leave Barmoor-Wood, their evening post,
 And heedful watched them as they cross'd
 The Till by Twisel Bridge.
 High sight it is, and haughty, while
 They dive into the deep defile;
 Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,
 Beneath the castle's airy wall.
 By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,
 Troop after troop is disappearing;
 Troop after troop their banners rearing,
 Upon the eastern bank you see,

Still pouring down the rocky den,
 Where flows the sullen Till.
 And rising from the dim-wood glen,
 Standards on standards, men on men,
 In slow succession still,
 And bending o'er the Gothic arch,
 And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
 To gain the opposing hill.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
 Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
 Since England gains the pass the while,
 And struggles through the deep defile?
 What checks the fiery soul of James?
 Why sits that champion of the dames
 Inactive on his steed;
 And sees, between him and his land,
 Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
 His host Lord Surrey lead?
 What vails the vain knight-errant's brand?
 O Douglas, for thy leading wand;
 Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
 O for one hour of Wallace wight,
 Or well skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,
 And cry—"St Andrew and our right!"
 Another sight had seen that morn
 From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
 And Flodden had been Bannockburn!—
 The precious hour has passed in vain,
 And England's host has gained the plain;
 Wheeling their march, and circling still,
 Around the base of Flodden Hill.

These enthusiastic exclamations are founded on the fact that James might have prevented the movements of the English, and we must impute his apathy or forbearance either to his want of military skill, or to the extraordinary declaration which it is said he often made, that "he was determined to have his enemies before him on a plain field," and therefore he would suffer no interruption to be given, even by artillery, to the passage of the river. The Scottish King could have repeatedly attacked the enemy, either in the rear, when marching over the rugged grounds, or when

passing the ford of the Till, but he seems not to have entertained even a suspicion of the countermarch of the English, and he had simply ordered a battery of cannon to be erected on the east side of Flodden, to defend the bridge between the village and Castle of Ford and his camp, part of which battery was recently, and probably still is, in existence. It is stated, however, that James was induced to persist in maintaining his position, when an attack would have been certain victory, by imagining that Surrey intended to cross the bridge of Berwick, and ravage the fertile district of the Merse, to procure subsistence for his famishing army; and an Englishman named Giles Musgrave, who had insinuated himself into the King's confidence, encouraged him in this delusion—the intention of that person being to induce him to leave the heights and pursue the English. Be this as it may, James was determined to maintain his ground, and to wait for Surrey the whole of the appointed day.

The Scottish nobility, who from the commencement of the campaign had been averse to a battle, endeavoured from the movements of the English to persuade James to retire into Scotland without delay, which they maintained he could now do without the least violation of his honour, as the English were plainly moving away from him. A council of the nobility was called, in which Lord Lindsay made a proposition that “the King remove, and certain of his Lords with him; and whom he thinks most expedient to take the matter in hand, to jeopardy themselves for the King's pleasure, their own honour, and the commonweal of their country.” James overheard this project, which was unanimously approved, and burst in among them, exclaiming, in a furious rage—“My Lords, I shall fight this day against England, though you may have even sworn the contrary; and though you may all leave me, and shame yourselves, you shall not shame me as ye devise. As to

Lord Lindsay, I vow to God that as soon as I see Scotland I shall hang him up at his own gate." Shortly after this, Borthwick the master gunner appeared before the King, and requested permission to attack the English army with his artillery while passing the bridge of Twisel, which he could have done to great advantage; but James replied to Borthwick, *like a man*, says Pitscottie, *that had been reft of his wits*—"I shall hang thee, quarter thee, and draw thee, if thou fire one shot this day. I am determined that I shall have them all before me on a plain field, and see what they can do."

The English now appeared in order of battle, and the Scots, after setting fire to their tents, hastened to take possession of an eminence near Brankston which might have proved of importance to the enemy, who had now passed the rivulet of Sandyford. This village of Brankston is between one and two miles north-west of the hill of Flodden, and the battle is sometimes designated from it by the English historians. The southern wind blew the smoke caused by the blazing tents between the two armies, and enabled the English to advance unperceived almost to the base of the hill. This movement of the enemy threw the Scots into confusion, and Surrey resolved to commence an immediate attack.

The English advanced in three, or, as some allege, four divisions. The van was commanded by the Lord High Admiral of England and his brother Sir Edmund Howard, Knight Marshal of the army, at whose request the Admiral's battalion was drawn close to his own. The centre was led by their father the Earl of Surrey, and the rear by Sir Edward Stanley. Lord Dacre, with a large body of cavalry, formed a reserve. In front was the English artillery, in the space between the divisions. The Scots were arranged in four divisions. Their left wing, under the Earls of Huntly and Home, was opposed to Sir Edmund Howard; the Earls of

Crawford and Montrose fronted the High Admiral; James led the centre opposed to Surrey; and the right wing was commanded by the Earls of Lennox and Argyle; while the reserve was committed to Bothwell, and consisted of his own followers, supported by those of other chiefs, connected with the Lothians. The commanders of the divisions in the Scottish army are differently given by Bishop Leslie, Buchanan, and others, but there is now no doubt that Lennox and Argyle were attacked by Stanley, while Huntly and Home assailed Sir Edmund Howard, and Crawford and Montrose were defeated by the Lord High Admiral's division.

The battle began between four and five o'clock in the afternoon of Friday the 9th of September, though the English cannon had done some execution before the action commenced. The Scots moved down the hill in deep silence, and when the High Admiral perceived them descending in four large bodies armed with long spears, he requested his father to extend and strengthen the van by drawing up the middle division on its left. The Earls of Huntly and Home charged Sir Edmund Howard, and threw his division into such disorder as would have caused a complete defeat of that wing of the English army, if Lord Dacre had not advanced to his support. But the Lord High Admiral, strengthened by Dacre's cavalry, stood firm against the assaults of the division under Crawford and Montrose, and after a sharp conflict put the Scots to the rout, killing those noblemen. On the left, the success of the English was still more decisive, for the Scottish right wing, commanded by Lennox and Argyle, consisting of undisciplined Highlanders, rushed impetuously down the hill, and were attacked by Sir Edward Stanley in the rear. The brave clansmen were unable to sustain the charge, and especially the severe execution of the Lancashire and Cheshire archers, led by Sir William Molyneux, Sir Henry

Kickley, and others. Argyle and Lennox were slain on the spot, and the two wings of the Scottish army were now totally routed, as also that division under Crawford and Montrose. The Scots derived no advantage from their artillery, which were planted so high as to shoot over the heads of the English, while the cannon of the latter were well directed. Borthwick, the master gunner, and several in the centre of the Scottish army, were killed, and the inferior gunners were completely driven from their pieces.

The King and Surrey, who commanded the respective centres of their armies, continued in the meantime engaged in close and dubious contest. No remonstrances of his attendants could prevent him from exposing himself to the thickest of the battle, and having dismounted with his nobles, who crowded round the person of their sovereign, they all struggled on foot with a mass of English billmen. Although galled by the incessant discharge of well directed arrows, James, supported by the reserve under Bothwell, charged with such fury that the standard of Surrey was almost overthrown, notwithstanding the gallant exertions of that brave nobleman. At this critical moment that part of the left wing led by Crawford and Montrose having been routed, Huntly having retired, and Home's battalion, separated from the centre, being compelled to act on the defensive against Lord Dacre's cavalry, the High Admiral and Sir Edward Stanley returned to the scene of action, and assailed on each side the remnant of the Scottish army fighting round their King, also attacked by Lord Dacre's horse. The Scottish centre, arranged in the form of a circle, maintained the shock, though assailed on every point by the victorious English, and disputed the battle till the approach of night, when Surrey drew back his forces; for the centre not having yet been broken, and the left wing being victorious, he had reason to doubt the event; nor was he certain of the victory till the returning dawn discovered that the defeat of the Scots was complete.

As for the Scottish King, he fell amid heaps of his warlike peers and gentlemen, immediately after Sir Adam Forman his standard-bearer was killed. He pushed into the middle of his enemies, by whom, with many wounds, and especially a mortal one on the head, he was slain. An unhewn piece of rock, still called the *King's Chair*, indicates the place where James fell. It is about three miles from Coldstream. The hill or field of Flodden is not more than six miles from that town, but the battle terminated three miles from the spot where it commenced. Planted clumps of trees now mark this interesting locality.

Such was the fatal battle of Flodden, the tidings of which filled the whole of Scotland with grief and consternation, and at which not fewer than 10,000 Scots were slain. The nobility disdained their lives in defence of their sovereign, and there is perhaps no conflict in history which displays such a havoc among men of rank. Among those slain were the Archbishop of St Andrews, the Bishops of Caithness and of the Isles, the Abbots of Kilwinning and Inchaffray, twelve earls, thirteen barons, five eldest sons of peers, and upwards of fifty gentlemen of distinction, chiefs of families. There is scarcely a family of eminence in Scotland but has an ancestor killed at Flodden, and in every county the battle was long remembered, and is still mentioned with a sensation of horror and sorrow. The loss of the English might amount to about 5000 men, and few persons of distinction were slain, for the battle was decided in their favour chiefly by their archers. Sir Brian Tunstall, of Thurland Castle, called in the romantic language of the times *Tunstall the Undefiled*, perhaps from his white armour and banner as well as from his unstained loyalty and knightly faith, was one of the few Englishmen of rank who fell at Flodden. Of the Scots it is finely said by the Author of MARMION—

The stubborn spearmen still made good
 Their dark impenetrable wood,
 Each stepping where his comrade stood,
 The instant that he fell.
 No thought was there of dastard flight—
 Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
 Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
 As fearlessly and well,
 Till utter darkness closed her wing
 O'er their thin host and wounded King.
 Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
 Led back from strife his shattered bands ;
 And from the charge they drew,
 As mountain-waves from wasted lands
 Sweep back to ocean blue.
 Then did his loss his foeman know,
 Their King, their lords, their mightiest low,
 They melted from the field as snow,
 When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
 Dissolves in silent dew.
 Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
 While many a broken band,
 Disordered, through her currents dash,
 To gain the Scottish land ;
 To town and tower, to down and dale,
 To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
 And raise the universal wail.
 Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
 Shall many an age that wail prolong :
 Still from the sire the son shall hear
 Of the stern strife and carnage drear
 Of Flodden's fatal field,
 Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
 And broken was her shield.

There are many traditionary anecdotes preserved respecting this fatal battle. One is connected with the Mackenzies, whose young chief, John Mackenzie of Kintail, was taken prisoner. Kenneth Oig Mackenzie of Kintail, and Farquhar Macintosh, son and heir of the chief of the Clan Chattan, had been imprisoned by the King in Edinburgh Castle in 1495, probably on account of their lawless conduct in 1491, and partly by a dread of their influence among

the Islanders. Two years afterwards they made their escape from Edinburgh Castle, but on their way to the Highlands they were treacherously seized at the Torwood by the Laird of Buchanan. Mackenzie offered resistance and was killed, and his head, along with Macintosh, who was taken alive, was presented to the King, who rewarded the perpetrators of this deed. The foster-brother of this Kenneth Oig Mackenzie, who rejoiced in the name of Donald Dubh MacGillecrist Vic Gillereoch, was with the rest of his clan at Flodden with his chief. In the retreat of the Scottish army Donald Dubh heard some one near him say to another, "Alas, Laird! thou hast fallen!" When Donald inquired who this Laird was, he was told that he was the Laird of Buchanan. Eager to revenge the death of his chief and foster-brother, though it had happened fifteen years before, the Highlander drew his sword, and rushing on the Laird, killed him on the spot, exclaiming, "If he hath not fallen, he shall fall."

Among others, the burghers of the royal burgh of Selkirk behaved with great gallantry at the battle of Flodden, in revenge for which the English afterwards laid it in ashes. "The Selkirk party," says Mr Chambers, "were a hundred in number, and James was so well pleased with their appearance that he knighted the town-clerk, William Bridone, who commanded them, upon the field of battle. Few survived the dreadful day, but among the rest was the gallant town-clerk, whose sword is still in the possession of his lineal descendants." The beautiful song, *The Flowers of the Forest*, refers to the loss sustained by the community of Selkirk at Flodden, and expresses the pathetic lamentations of the wives and daughters of the slain on that memorable field, where their "brave foresters were a' wede away." When the few survivors were returning, they found by the side of Lady-wood-edge the dead body of a female, the wife of one of their fallen comrades, with a child sucking

at her breast. There is a tradition in Selkirk that she had accompanied her husband, and was on her return home, but this is by no means probable. This person, we are told, anxious about her husband, had come that distance to meet him, but exhausted with cold and hunger she sunk and expired. In commemoration of this incident, it is traditionally said that the present arms of the burgh were adopted, which bear a female holding a child in her arms, seated on a sarcophagus, decorated with the Scottish lion, and in the background a wood.

Some trophies of Flodden are still preserved in Selkirk, and we are told that a standard was carried annually on the day of riding their *marches* before the Incorporation of Weavers, by a member of which it was taken from the English at the battle. The following legend respecting this standard, which went by the soubriquet of the *Weaver's Dish-Clout*, on account of its being inferior in appearance to the modern standards of the other Incorporations, is related by Mr Chambers. "There was one family of the name of Fletcher, consisting of five sons, the youngest of whom not relishing the King's order, fell a-crying, and expressed the utmost unwillingness to proceed upon so hazardous an enterprise. The eldest brother, enraged at such symptoms of cowardice, struck him on the face, and said he would himself go in the young poltroon's place. He did so, and in the event was the only one of his family that survived the conflict. He took from an English leader and brought home with him a pennon, which is still kept in Selkirk by the successive deacons of the weavers, and which was till lately exhibited annually at the ceremony called the *Riding of the Common*. It is of green silk, fringed round with pale silk twist, about four feet long, and tapering towards the extremity most remote from the staff. Some armorial bearings, such as an eagle and serpent, were once visible upon it, but scarcely a lineament can be discerned amidst

the tatters to which it is reduced. The people have entertained too little veneration for this memorial of the warlike glory of their ancestors, and the boys of the last generation, who, like all other boys whatsoever, were incapable of sentiment, used to call it the *Weaver's Dish-Clout*, and pelt it with stones when it was exhibited, to which cause its dilapidation is chiefly to be ascribed."

One of the peers slain at Flodden was the Earl of Caithness. This nobleman had been forfeited by James III., and the sentence still remained in force, yet his rank was acknowledged, and he joined the army with his retainers. When the English were pressing hard on James at Flodden he perceived a knight and his followers advancing in gallant order, all clad in green. He asked those beside him who they were, but the answer was that they could not tell. At length the King exclaimed, "If that be William Sinclair, I will pardon him." The knight was William Sinclair, the name of the Earl of Caithness. The King immediately wrote on a drum-head a pardon and removal of the forfeiture, which the Earl carefully cut out, and delivered to one of the clan Gun, charging him to return instantly to Caithness, and deliver the valuable document to his lady, that, whatever might befall him, his family might be secured in his restored honours and estates. The Earl and all his men were slain, and such was the impression which their fate made in the remote district of their birth, that, as he and his followers had passed the Ord of Caithness on a Monday to join the royal army, the Sinclairs had a mortal aversion to pass that promontory on Mondays, or to wear any dress of a green colour. It is said that this deed, granted to the Earl of Caithness on the field of Flodden, was preserved by his descendants the Earls of Caithness until the death of Earl Alexander in 1766, when it was secured by his son-in-law and executor the Earl of Fife, with whose family it still remains.

During the night after the battle a considerable body of Lord Home's followers, chiefly Border freebooters, pillaged the slain, and that nobleman is even charged with standing aloof during the most dangerous part of the battle, when he might have effectually assisted his sovereign. It is also stated that when required by the Earl of Huntly to hazard the relief of the King, he answered—"The man did well that day who stood and saved himself." While the followers of Home were engaged in pillaging their dead countrymen, the freebooters of Tindale and Teviotdale, who had been hovering all the day of the battle in the neighbourhood, were similarly employed in rifling the tents and stealing the horses of the English.

The statements in prejudice of Lord Home are so vague and contradictory that they deserve no credit. It is admitted by the old English historians that Home's division dispersed that of Sir Edmund Howard—a merit unjustly ascribed to the Earl of Huntly, who, it is said, was *among the first who fled!* Lord Home is even charged with assassinating James, as the latter passed the Tweed in his pretended flight from the field, for it has been alleged, in defiance of the clearest evidence, that the King was not killed at Flodden. "Some have recorded," says Drummond of Hawthornden, "that when the fortune of the day inclined to the English, four tall men, mounted upon lusty horses, wearing upon the points of their lances for cognizances streamers of straw, setting the King on a sorrel hackney, conveyed him far out of sight, and that he was seen beyond the Tweed, between Kelso and Dunse, after which what became of him is uncertain. Many hold that he was killed in the Castle of Home.—One Carr, a follower of Lord Home, on the same night the battle was fought thrust the Abbot of Kelso out of his abbey, which he durst not have attempted if the King had been alive. Another, David Galbraith, in the time of John the governor (the Duke of

Albany regent), vaunted that however John had wronged the Homes, he was one of six who had abated the insolence of King James, and brought him to know he was mortal." It is well known that James wore an iron chain about his waist, as a voluntary penance for his rebellion against his father. In a manuscript history of Scotland written by the Earl of Nithsdale, and preserved in the Scots College at Douay, it is stated that, "during the usurpation of Cromwell, a skeleton, girded with an iron chain, and inclosed in a bull's skin, was found among the ruins of the old castle of Roxburgh; and that the iron chain, which King James IV. did at no time lay by, made people generally believe that it was the body of that prince which they had discovered; but that the nation being then in subjection, there was no way to make a farther trial of the matter, so that the skeleton was interred without any ceremony in the common burial place." This story agrees in some respects with the rumour current after the battle that James was slain by some of Lord Home's men near Kelso. Sir Walter Scott observes respecting this calumny against Lord Home, stating the scene to be *Home Castle* instead of *Roxburgh*—"This tale was revived in my remembrance by an unauthenticated story of a skeleton wrapped in a bull's hide, and surrounded with an iron chain, said to have been found in the well of Home Castle, for which, on inquiry, I could never find any better authority than the sexton of the parish having said that, *if the well were cleaned out he would not be surprised at such a discovery.* Home was the chamberlain of the King, and his prime favourite. He had much to lose (in fact he did lose all) in consequence of James' death, and nothing earthly to gain by that event; but the retreat or inactivity of the left wing, which he commanded, after defeating Sir Edmund Howard, and even the circumstance of his returning unhurt and loaded with spoil, from so fatal a conflict, rendered the propagation of any calumny against him easy and

acceptable."—Pinkerton also says—"It is impossible to perceive, from the past or subsequent conduct of Home, what advantage he could hope from the death of the King, who highly favoured him and his family, but it is easy to discern that Home's power excited great jealousy during the ensuing Regency, and that his enemies exerted every art to blacken his character before the Regent was instigated to put him to death."

Other reports made the King's fate of a romantic nature. It was believed by the common people that James, inconsolable for the carnage of his nobility and subjects, had "passed over the seas, and according to his promise visited the Holy Sepulchre in Palestine, and that there for his other offences, and the bearing of arms against his father, he spent the remainder of his tedious days." But this was one of the idle reports which passed among the vulgar of that day. It was objected to the English that they never could show the token of the iron belt, to prove that the Scottish King had fallen, but it may be easily inferred that James was very likely to have laid it aside on the day of battle as encumbering his personal exertions. A better evidence can be produced in favour of the now undoubted fact that James fell at Flodden, from the circumstance that his sword, dagger, and turquois ring, are still preserved in the Heralds' College in London. According to a curious French Gazette of the battle, James was killed within a lance-length of the Earl of Surrey, and so desperate was the resistance offered that none of his division were made prisoners.

The body of the Scottish King was discovered by Lord Dacre, and that nobleman must have known James intimately from his late embassies to Scotland. It was recognized by Sir William Scott and Sir John Forman, two of the King's confidential servants, who were made prisoners. The body was conveyed to Berwick, where Surrey was, by

Dacre, and he says in a letter—"how he was treated on the occasion by one Langton of Berwick, is well known but not yet punished." It is generally stated that James was interred at Shene, now Richmond, in Surrey, in a monastery there, by the special permission of Leo X., as he had died under a sentence of excommunication for infringing the solemn pacification with England. At Berwick the King's body was embowelled and embalmed, then inclosed in a leaden coffin, and transported to Newcastle. The Earl of Surrey presented the armour worn by James to Queen Catharine, who on the 16th of September wrote a letter to Henry VIII., dated from Woburn in Bedfordshire, on her way to *our Lady at Walsingham*, in which she says,—“My husband, for harshness of Rouge-Cross, I could not send your Grace the piece of the King of Scots' coat. I thought to send himself to you, but our Englishmen would not suffer. It would have better for him to have been in peace, than to have his reward. All that God sendeth is for the best. My Lord of Surrey, my Henry, would fain know your pleasure in burying the King of Scots' body, for he hath written to me so.”

Henry VIII. was then in France, and he applied to the Pope for leave to inter the royal corpse, which had been brought from Newcastle to London, and presented to the Queen at Richmond. Leo X. replied to Henry in a letter still extant, dated the 29th of November, that as he was credibly informed, the Scottish King had exhibited “some signs of repentance for the crime that had occasioned his being excommunicated in the last agony of death,” he empowered the Bishop of London to comply with the English King's desire, and to inter the body in the Cathedral Church of St Paul with the usual solemnities. It was, however, royally interred at Richmond. Stowe, in his Survey of London, records a humiliating story respecting the body of the unfortunate James. When the monastery was

dissolved it was taken up, and in the reign of Edward VI. it was thrown into a lumber room containing old timber, lead, and stones. Some workmen employed there wantonly cut off the head, which was secured by one Lancelot Young, glazier to Queen Elizabeth, who, "*feeling a sweet savour to come from thence*, and seeing the same dried from all moisture and yet the form remaining, with the hair of the head and beard red, brought it to London, to his house in Wood Street." This person kept it for a time, but at last he caused the sexton of St Michael's Church, Wood Street, to bury it among the promiscuous bones in the charnel-house. Notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of Leo X. requesting Henry VIII. to allow the body of James to be buried with royal honours in St Paul's by the Bishop of London, that prince remained inflexible, and the subsequent disgrace of the royal remains, as above narrated, is probably too true. James IV. fell in the 25th year of his reign, and 39th of his age.

The terror which spread throughout Scotland when the result of this unfortunate battle was known is already mentioned, and the calamity was aggravated by the prospect of a long minority—the Fifth James being not a year and a half old at his father's death. In the language of an eloquent writer—"No event more immediately calamitous than the defeat at Flodden darkens the Scottish annals. Shrieks of despair resounded through the kingdom. Wives, mothers, daughters, rushed into the streets and highways, tearing their hair, indulging in all the distraction of sorrow; while each invoked some favourite name, a husband, a son, a father, a brother, a lover, now blended in one bloody mass of destruction. While the pleasing labours of harvest were abandoned, while an awful silence reigned in the former scenes of rural mirth, the castle and the tower echoed to the lamentations of noble matrons and virgins; the churches and chapels were filled with melancholy processions to

deprecate the divine vengeance, and to chaunt with funereal music masses for the slain. Nor, amid the pangs of private distress, was the monarch forgotten—the valiant, the affable, the great, the good, who in an evil hour had sacrificed to precipitation a reign of virtues, who in the vigour of his life had fallen in a foreign land, and whose mangled body was the prey of his enemies.” The tidings of the fatal overthrow reached Edinburgh on the day after the battle, and overwhelmed the citizens with grief and confusion. The streets were crowded with women, clamouring, weeping, and seeking intelligence of their friends. It is already stated that the Lord Provost and Magistrates had accompanied the King, and that George Tours, or George of Tours, with four other persons were left to discharge the duties of Provost and Bailies till their return. In such a state of excitement were the citizens, that George Tours and his coadjutors deemed it necessary to issue a proclamation, ordering all the inhabitants to assemble for the defence of the city at the tolling of the common bell, and commanding that “all women, and especially vagabonds, do repair to their work, and be not seen on the streets clamouring and crying, under pain of banishment forth of this city, and that without mitigation of the sentence.” The Town Council ordered a guard to be raised for the defence of the city; the walls were repaired and fortified, and money was levied to purchase artillery to resist the expected victorious invaders.

But the English general, although victorious at Flodden, on the very border of Scotland, was in no condition to prosecute his triumph, and the apprehensions of the Scots were fortunately unfounded. After the battle Surrey ordered divine service to be celebrated, and created forty knights on the field. He then directed his march southwards. He was soon afterwards created Duke of Norfolk—a title which had been conferred by Richard III. on his

father, who fell fighting on the side of that tyrant at Bosworth Field. His son, the High Admiral, was created Earl of Surrey, and Sir Edward Stanley was also elevated to the peerage by the title of Lord Mouteagle.

The victory of Flodden was celebrated by the English wits and poets of that age in most exulting strains, and some of their effusions are still preserved. King James is called the *Scot Jemmy*, and the Scots are politely designated *fools and sots*. The gallant conduct of the Scots is studiously concealed, and ridiculous hits are made at the King's fate and the nation in general. The Scots were too depressed to reply to those effusions, if they ever found their way into the country. All was gloom, sorrow, and despondency, and many years elapsed before Scotland recovered from this great disaster. Their feelings are admirably expressed in the fine old melancholy ballad written after the defeat, entitled *The Flowers of the Forest*, which is well known, and has been often printed.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border!

The English for ance by guile wan the day;
The flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liltin' at the ewes milkin',
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sghing and moaning on ilka green loanin'—
The flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.
