

Ruined Castles of
Mid-Lothian.

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THE
RUINED CASTLES OF MID-LOTHIAN.



The Ruined Castles of Mid-Lothian :

THEIR POSITION ; THEIR FAMILIES ; THEIR
RUINS ; AND THEIR HISTORY.

BY

JOHN DICKSON, F.S.A.Scot.,

ST. NINIAN'S, LEITH.

With Illustrations.

“Time

Has mouldered into beauty many a tower
Which, when it frowned in all its battlements,
Was only terrible.”—MASON.

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Dedication.

THIS BOOK
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO
HER,
WHOSE CONSTANT COMPANIONSHIP
HAS SWEETENED THE JOYS AND LIGHTENED THE LABOURS
OF THE
PAST TWENTY-ONE YEARS.

PREFACE.

SOME time ago, the Author delivered a course of lectures in Leith, on *The Ruined Castles of Mid-Lothian*. With one or two exceptions, they were re-delivered in the different localities where these Castles are situate. It was, however, his original intention to give them in book form to the reading public. That series of lectures contained the substance of the present work, which professes to give a pretty exhaustive sketch of the Ruined Castles in the county, whose story is intimately associated with the general history of the country. The book has been written, not for the keen eye of the critical antiquarian—although it contains the results of a wide antiquarian research—but for the ordinary reader. The writer's aim has been to bring together from the large area of historical literature, all, or nearly all, that has been related of those venerable piles, so as to make a visit to them both interesting and instructive. Their stones have a story which is herein simply told.

In the treatment of the different subjects, a uniform plan has been followed throughout. The

reader is taken, first of all, to the *locality* where the Castles stand, and made acquainted with the surrounding scenery. Then follows a succinct account of the *families* that once possessed the now deserted halls. Thereafter, the *ruins* are somewhat minutely described—special notice being taken of their architectural features; and the narrative, in every case, closes with a record of their *historical associations*. Such a mode of treatment, it is felt, cannot fail to give a comprehensive view of each Castle's story.

It is said of Lord Macaulay that he never described a Battle-field without first having visited it. That was a very proper thing to do, as it ensured accuracy. The Author has adopted the same course. His descriptions of *The Ruined Castles of Mid-Lothian* are the result of a careful survey made on the spot. He has, however, to acknowledge his indebtedness to Messrs. M'Gibbon & Ross for much valuable help and many suggestions obtained from their *Castellated Architecture of Scotland*. A few short quotations taken from that most admirable work, for criticism and other purposes, are duly acknowledged by foot-notes, in the pages where they are found incorporated.

In delineating the story of "the lordly line of high St. Clair," little use has been made of the *Genealogie* by Father Hay. His style is so inflated, and his facts often so apparently imaginary, that one has great difficulty in accepting the narrative as a piece of solid biography. The book is chiefly valuable as being a *Thesaurus* of the Charter-chests of Roslin. In his treatment of the *Historic Incidents* associated with Roslin Castle, the writer is fully aware that he may have laid himself open to the charge of "padding." This, however, could not well have been avoided. The "Incidents" themselves having such an important bearing upon the history of the country, he felt quite justified in giving a brief statement of the events which led up to them.

Materials do not exist for an extended account of *Cousland Castle*. The description of it, therefore, is necessarily brief. Though comparatively unknown, the Castle is a place of considerable interest, being closely associated with the sad tale of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. It was under *its* shadow, and *not* on Carberry Hill, that her *actual* surrender, to the Associate Lords, took place on the 15th of June 1567.

The Author is indebted to many sources of

information for the facts narrated in the following pages. The following are but a few of the authorities consulted:—*Acts of Parliament*; Douglas' *Peerage*; Anderson's *Scottish Nation*; *Old and New Statistical Accounts*; Calderwood's *History*; Henderson's *History of Dunfermline*; Scott's *Provincial Antiquities*; *Genealogie of the Sainteclaires of Rosslyn*; Froude's *History of England*; Burton's *History of Scotland*; *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*; *The Sinclairs of England*; Strickland's *Life of Mary Queen of Scots*, etc., etc. He has also to thank the Honourable Hew Dalrymple, Oxenfoord Castle, for some valuable information concerning his family; also John Borthwick, Esq. of Crookston, for a few interesting facts regarding Borthwick Castle. Gratitude is likewise due to the officials of The Advocates', Signet, Antiquarian, and Free Libraries for access to Books.

The illustrations are from photographs, by the kind permission of Messrs. A. A. Inglis, Edinburgh, and G. W. Wilson & Co., Aberdeen.

ST. NINIAN'S, LEITH,
February 1894.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Ruined Castles of Mid-Lothian are relics of *Feudalism*. Their early masters held them as fiefs under the crown on condition of military service. This *system* of land tenure was generally adopted by all the great European nations, during the Middle Ages. It was introduced into England by William the Conqueror at the Conquest in 1066; and shortly afterwards, it found its way into Scotland. The frequent reference made in the following pages, to the *Feudal System* and its accompaniments, renders it necessary that we should, at the outset, present the reader with a short account of its *origin* and *practical operation*.

According to some authorities, the word *feu* or *feud*, of which *feudal* is the adjective, is derived from the Latin *fides*, faith, and *odh*, a Teutonic term, signifying property. A *feud*, therefore, originally meant land, held as *fee* for faithful service. The Feudal System had its origin in *conquest*. Every knight who had

the term *Donjon* came to be applied to the entire structure. The space enclosed by the screens was designated the *court-yard*. This usually contained the *well* which supplied the Castle with water. A larger area outside—also enclosed by embattled walls—went by the name of the *Bailey*, or Place of Judgment. Here took place the *Judgment of Battle*. Every Feudal superior was the judge in all matters affecting his vassals. When, therefore, anyone was charged with a crime, the accuser and the accused met face to face, in deadly conflict, before their liege lord. If the accused was vanquished, he was pronounced guilty, and his body adjudged to be suspended from the *dole tree*, or “Tree of Sorrow.” This was the Judgment of Battle. The Bailey, too, was often the scene of the “meet” for the hunt, the muster for the campaign, and the match for the tournament. When the Feudal chief wished to end a tilting match he shouted, “*Peace!*”; and instantly the levelled lances went up against the mailed corselets of the knightly combatants. Such was Feudalism in its outstanding features.

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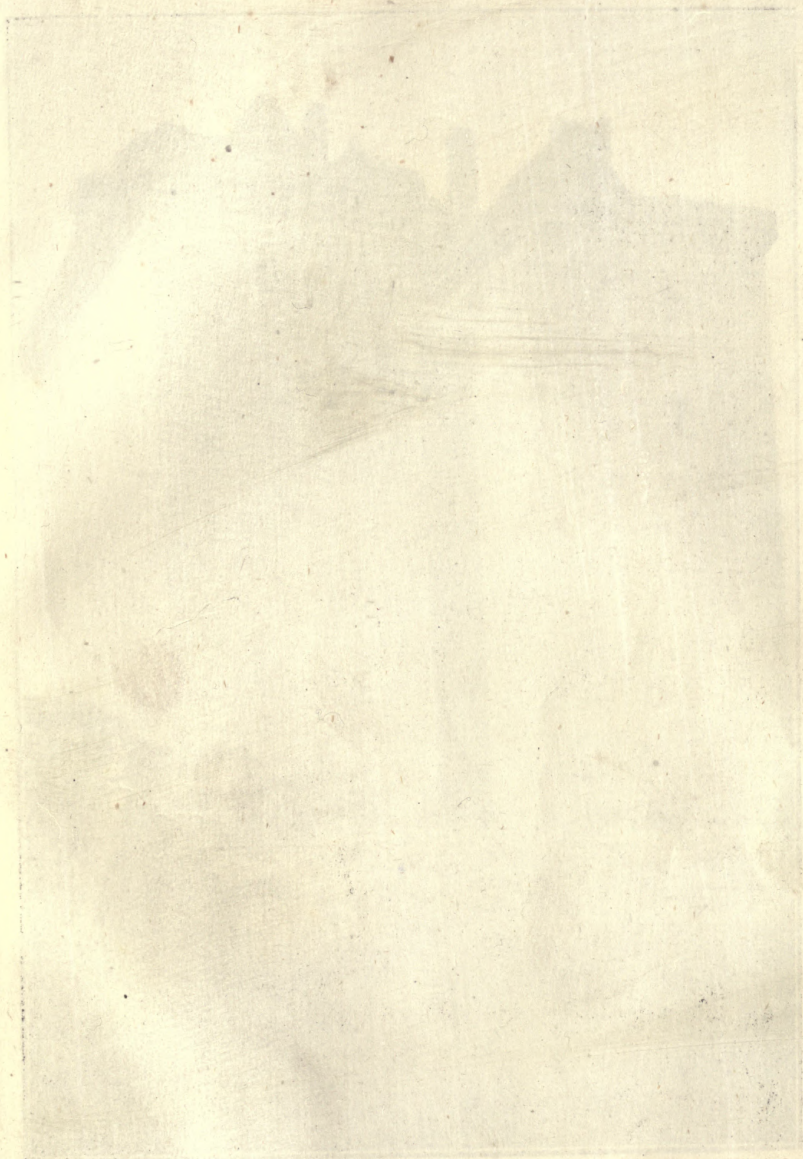
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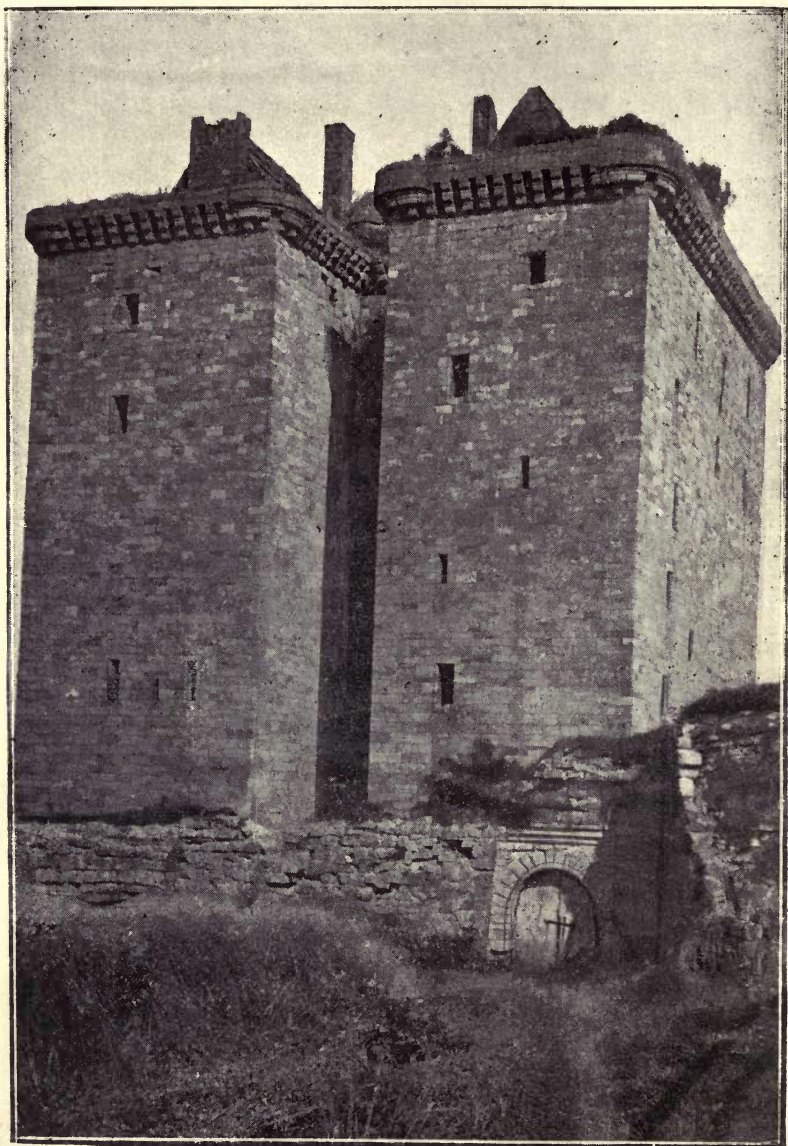
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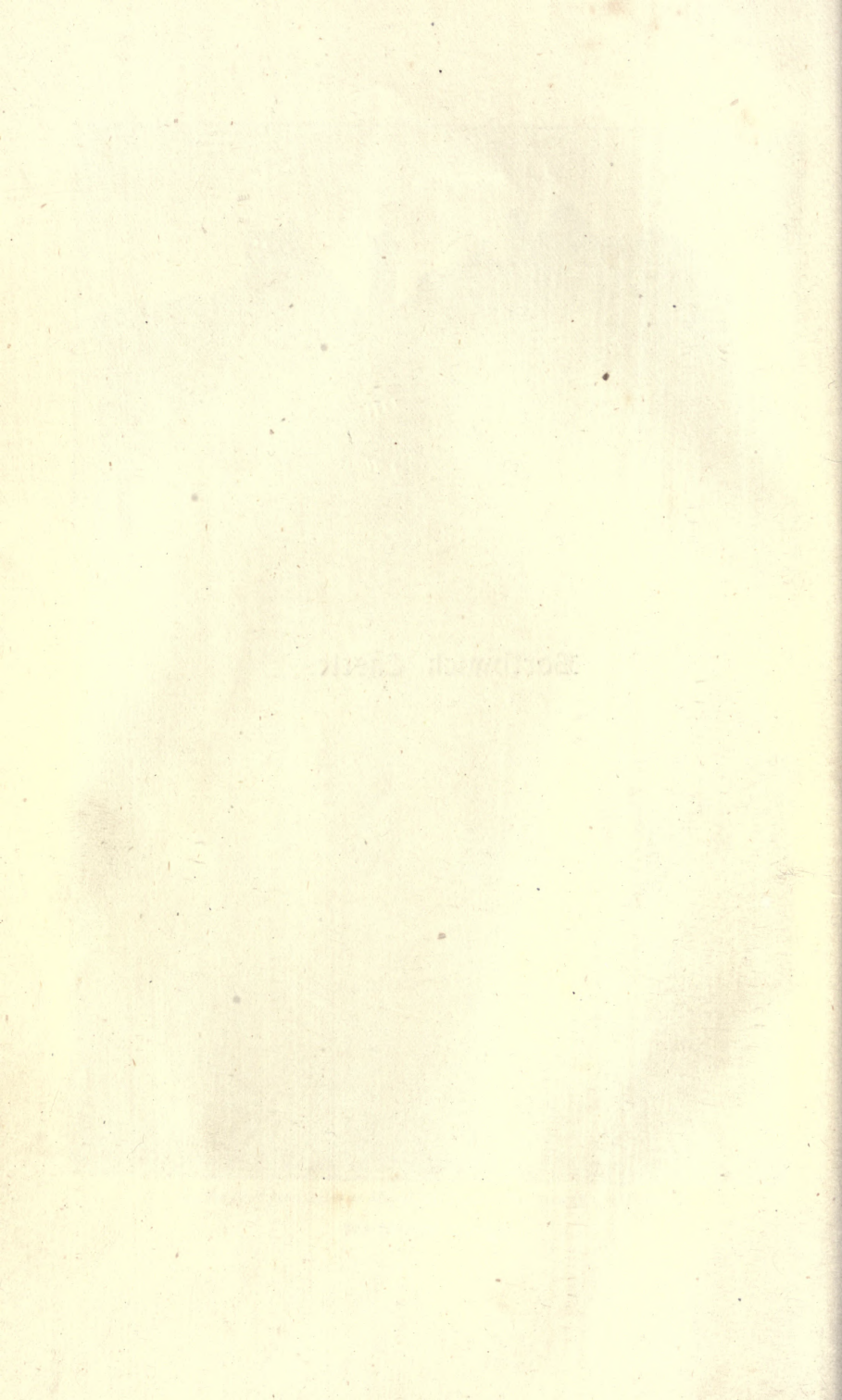
ALFRED DAVENPORT



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BORTHWICK CASTLE.

Borthwick Castle.



CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

“Wild flowers all around of every hue,
Sure, 'tis a lovely scene.”

Two streams, known as the North and South Middleton Burns, descend from the Moorfoot Hills. Pursuing parallel courses for about four miles in a north-easterly direction, the smaller of the two suddenly takes a north-west route, and joins its sister a little to the east of Borthwick kirk. The united waters then flow under the name of the Gore, by Catcune and Gorebridge towards Kirkhill, where they lose themselves in the larger Esk.

The valley of the Gore is one of marked beauty and fertility, with many romantic spots. Its varied flora and foliage make it a favourite haunt of the botanist. Grahame, the author of the *Sabbath*, in another poem, entitled the *Birds of Scotland*, has described the sylvan scenery of the district in the following beautiful lines :—

“What though fair Scotland's valleys rarely vaunt
The oak majestic, whose aged boughs

Darken a rood-breadth ! yet nowhere is seen
More beauteously profuse wild underwood ;
Nowhere 'tis seen more beauteously profuse
Than on thy tangling banks, well wooded Esk.
And, Borthwick, thine, above that fairy nook
Form'd by your blending streams. The hawthorn there,
With moss and lichen gray, dies of old age,
No steel profane permitted to intrude :
Up to the topmost branches climbs the rose,
And mingles with the fading blooms of May ;
While round the brier the honeysuckle wreaths
Entwine, and, with sweet perfume embalm
The dying rose : a never-failing blow,
From spring to fall expands ; the sloe thorn white,
As if a flaky shower the leafless sprays
Had hung ; the hawthorn, May's fair diadem ;
The whin's rich dye ; the bonny broom ; the rasp
Erect ; the rose, red, white, and faintest pink ;
And long extending bramble's flowery shoots."

The poet, who lived for two successive summers in this neighbourhood, being enamoured of its beauty, thus wrote. His aim in life was to enter the Church, and Borthwick was his *ideal* of a parish. Walking, one fine summer evening, near the "Auld Kirk" with a friend, Grahame cast a delighted look at the scene as shown in the gilding of the sun's last rays, and said, "I wish such a place as that had fallen to my lot." "Would it not become wearisome?" rejoined the other. "Oh no!" he replied, "it would be delightful to live a life of usefulness among a simple people, unmolested with petty cares and ceremonies." His ideal never became a *fact*.

The Gore valley boasts many interesting and thrilling associations. Here the legionaries of Cæsar had a station (*curia*) at Currie, during their occupation of North Britain. Along the Roman way, which ran through it, thundered the hoofs of the Southron while attempting the conquest of Scotland. Here too that astute ecclesiastic, and famed historian, Principal Robertson, first saw the light. He was born in the Manse of Borthwick; and ever cherished an attachment to the place of his nativity and the scenes of his youth. But, its chief interest circles around the princely pile of Borthwick Castle, which stands upon a peninsular knoll formed by the bend of the North Middleton Burn and the Gore. The position therefore, was a strong one, being surrounded on every side, except one, by steep banks and water. This knoll was anciently called the Mote of Lochwarret. It formed part of the estate of that name, and belonged originally to William de Hay, from whom it was purchased by the first Lord Borthwick, the founder of the Castle. Thus, "like many other baronial residences in Scotland, Sir William de Borthwick had his magnificent pile built upon the very verge of his own property." The reason of this was obvious. It served for purposes alike defensive and offensive, more particularly the latter. This was "hinted by a northern baron, to whom a friend objected that the circumstance was likely to be a defect, if not an inconvenience.

‘We’ll brizz yont,’ *i.e.* we’ll press forward, was the chief’s answer; and it expressed the policy of the powerful in settling their residence upon the extremity of their domains, as giving pretext and opportunity for making acquisitions at the expense of their neighbours.”*

Sir William de Hay is said to have looked with a jealous eye upon the splendid Castle that threw its shadow across his lands, and to have taken rather a novel way of venting his spleen. Immediately beneath the knoll on which the fortress stands, are the remains of an old mill, which tradition avers, was “built out of spite” by the laird of Little Lochwarret, to “the intent that the Lord of Borthwick, in all his pride, should never be out of hearing of the clack of his neighbour’s mill.” This was poor revenge; but it was short lived. The House of Borthwick “brizzed yont,” and soon the entire estate of Lochwarret—Loquhariot—now called Vogrie, owned the sway of the more powerful baron.

Borthwick Castle superseded a less pretentious edifice. About two miles distant from it, in the grounds of Harvieston, and beautifully situated on the banks of the Gore, is a ruin known as the old Castle of Catcune. This was the residence of the Borthwick family, before it rose to power and eminence in Scotland. During their term of comparative obscurity, and while resident in the humbler dwelling, they promiscuously bore the

* *Provincial Antiquities.*

titles of Catcune, Legertwood, and Heriot-Muir before they assumed the title of Borthwick of that Ilk. This, as we shall afterwards note, was the family name, which was transferred to their possessions. We have here, therefore, an illustration of an estate named after the proprietor; and not, as is usually the case, the lands giving a title to the holder.

Presumably, the "brizzing yont" already spoken of, appears to have been of the mild type. It was not by the too common method of rapine, fire, and sword practised in the early feudal times, when might was right. About the end of the 14th and beginning of the 15th century, there lived in the Castle of Catcune, a Sir William Borthwick. He was a person of great parts, distinguished as an ambassador on certain important negotiations, and concerned in most of the public transactions of his time. This Sir William appears to have been created by James I. Lord Borthwick previous to 1430; for, in October of that year took place the baptism of James's twin sons. At the font, the King dubbed both the infants, knights, and conferred the same honour on the youthful heirs of the Earl of Doulgas; the Chancellor, Lord Crichton; Logan of Restalrig; and Lord Borthwick, whose son was then designated "*Filius et Heres Gulielmi Domini de Borthwick.*" Tradition makes the mother of this "*Filius et Heres,*" a daughter of the house of Hay of Lochwarret. The story runs

that while the old Castle of Catcune was inhabited by the first Lord Borthwick, he fell in love with and married a lady of the family of Hay; and that in consequence of the connexion, the Hays, who then became Lords of Yester, and ancestors of the present Marquisate of Tweeddale, consented to give up their estate of Lochwarret to the knight of Catcune; and to favour his plan of eventually building a more magnificent mansion for the residence of himself and his lady. If this tradition speak the truth, then, the "brizzing yont" was by the course of true love and marriage.

The "Mote of Lochwarret," however, had been previously obtained by purchase; and under the Great Seal, given at Edinburgh on the 2nd of June 1430, in the 25th year of the reign of James I., Lord Borthwick obtained a special licence to erect thereon "a castle or fortalice, to surround it with walls and ditches; to defend it with gates of brass or iron; and to place upon the summit defensive ornaments, by which is meant battlements and turrets. He was further empowered to place in the Castle so erected, a constable, a porter; and all other persons and things necessary for the defence thereof." The full original of this *litera licentiæ* is as follows:—

Jacobus Dei gratia Rex Scotorum. Omnibus probis hominibus suis ad quos presentes literæ pervenerint Salutem. Sciatis quod concessimus Dilecto et Fideli nostro Willielmo

de Borthwick de eodem militi tanquam utile et honestum licentiam specialem construendi castrum in loco illo qui vulgariter dicitur le Mote de Lochorwart infra vicecomitatum de Edinburgh ac ipsum castrum seu fortalitium erigere et fortificare muris fossisque circumcingere portis ereiis seu ferreis ac in sumitate ornamentis defensivis preparare. Et in eodem castro seu fortalicio constabularium janitorem custodesque necessarios et optimos pro sua voluntate porendi et removendi ac omnia alia quæ ad securitatem et fortificationem dicti castri necessaria fuerint faciendi. In cujus rei testimonium has literas nostras sub magno sigillo nostro fieri fecimus patentes. Apud Edinburghum 2^{do} die mensis Junii anno Domini 1430^{mo} et regni nostri 25^{to}.

A stately and most magnificent Castle was accordingly reared, which afterwards became the chief seat and title of the family. Such was the origin of the Castle of Borthwick.

Its valley position necessarily circumscribes the prospect from the battlements; but notwithstanding this disadvantage they command a varied and beautiful view. Northward, the eye rests upon the heights of Loquhariot and Mount Skip, with the woods of Vogrie in the distance. In this direction too—and little more than a mile off—may be descried the top of Crichtoun Castle, the proud rival of Borthwick in the day of its glory. “The convenience of communicating by signal with a neighbouring fortress,” remarks Sir Walter Scott, in his *Provincial Antiquities*, “was an object so much studied in the erection of Scottish Castles, that in all

probability this formed the reason for the unusual height to which Borthwick Castle was raised." Immediately to the east, is the high ground on which Cromwell planted his ordnance in 1650; and further removed are the wooded slopes and romantic braes of Crichtoun and Halfakiln, behind which rises the loftier eminence of Cakemuir Hill. Towards the south, the prospect is very circumscribed, as the base of the Moorfoots almost rests in the shadow of the Castle itself. Westward, the eye roaming over the undulating grounds of Middleton, ultimately reposes upon the rich sylvan scenery of Arniston and Catcune.

The scene immediately beneath the feet of the spectator is one of charming beauty. The dark-foliaged glens through which murmur the "blending streams"—the handsome Parish Church of Borthwick with its Manse; and old Burying-ground, studded with grave-stones, memorials to the departed dead—the grassy banks of the knoll upon which the ruin stands—the little Gore, meandering on its way to the Esk through its beautiful valley, rich with pastoral and agricultural produce—the sheep and cattle peacefully grazing on its green pastures—and the finely gardened houses, homesteads, and other humbler haunts, all combine to fill in a landscape charming at every point.

Till lately, this panorama was enjoyed by the tourist at the expense of much "fear and trembling." Neglect,

decay, and the roots of luxuriant shrubs have for long been rendering the roof of this princely pile anything but safe. A recent visit, however, to the Castle by members of the "Archæological Society" turned public attention to so unsatisfactory a state of matters; and steps have now been taken by the proprietor and others to arrest the work of actual destruction, and the slow progress of decay. Thus, we confidently anticipate, that the battlements of what is one of the finest relics of the Feudal Age, and also one of the most beautiful and entire specimens of castle-architecture in Scotland, will become again as strong and secure, as when they first left the hands of their original builder.

The stone of the Castle is of the best quality, and is admired by all who visit the ruin. The blocks are as perfect in edge to-day, as when they were first placed in position. Tradition says that they were obtained from a quarry at Currie, in the immediate vicinity.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOUSE OF BORTHWICK.

“ Whose deeds were in their day,
The theme of loud acclaim.”

THIS illustrious House played a very prominent part in the political affairs of Scotland for well-nigh three centuries. No names occur more frequently, as attending the Scottish Estates of Parliament, during the reign of the Stuarts, than the Lords of Borthwick. “ Their power and talents unquestionably rendered them able counsellors, and powerful assistants of the royal authority.”*

The origin of the Borthwick Family lies in the cloud-land of uncertainty. Like many other ancestors of our nobility, they are said to have come originally from the continent. Their hitherto written story states—but on no reliable basis—that the founder of this noble house was one Andreas, the son of a Livonian Knight, named Burtick. He accompanied Edward Atheling, and his sister Margaret, afterwards wife of Malcolm Canmore, to Scotland in 1067; and obtaining possession of some lands in this country, settled here. His posterity,

* *Provincial Antiquities.*

accordingly, with some alteration in the spelling, are stated to have taken the surname of Borthwick from the birthplace of their progenitor. On the other hand, Douglas, in his *Peerage*, is of opinion that the surname is local, assumed from lands of that name on the Borthwick water, in the county of Selkirk. The Borthwicks, indeed, had estates both in that shire and Peebles; but their greater holding was in Mid-Lothian. This was co-extensive, if not larger than the familiar parish, that now bears their name. And it must be accepted as an unquestioned fact, that this estate received its territorial designation from them, since it was anciently called Lochwarret; and took the name of Borthwick, only after it became the property of the family of that name.

The scion of their house, destined to "drag them into fame," was Sir William de Borthwick, already mentioned as the founder of the Castle, and the first Lord Borthwick. He was ennobled by James I., about the year 1424; but in the records there is no patent constituting this peerage. According to the abbreviation of the *Scotochronicon*, his elevation did not take place until nine years later, in 1433, when "*creatus est Dominus de Borthwick.*" This was more than likely the correct date, seeing that in his "*Litera Licentie*" for the erection of the Castle, granted in 1430, the King simply addresses him as "*Delectus et Fidelis noster Willielmus de Borthwick.*" Previous to him, there seems to have been two

persons of the name of Sir William Borthwick, occupiers of the Castle of Catcune. One of them—probably the father of Lord Borthwick—is repeatedly mentioned by Rymer in his *Foedera*; and Douglas in his *Peerage* enumerates several grants of lands, charters, and public appointments held by a personage of that name. Besides the Lord Borthwick, Sir William had a daughter Janet, who was married, first to James Douglas, Earl of Dalkeith; and secondly to George, Earl of Caithness.

Lord Borthwick was a contemporary of the famed Chancellor Crichtoun, and like him figured much in national affairs. He lacked, however, the intriguing propensities of his near neighbour. Nor are we aware that his Castle was ever made the scene of any dark conspiracy, leading up to atrocious crimes, and which still adhere in lurid colours to the ruins of Crichtoun. He took an active part in bringing home King James after a long imprisonment of eighteen years in England; and was a surety for his return when he visited Scotland in 1421. In 1423, he further became one of the substituted hostages for the final release of the King, and remained in Durham under the custody of the Bishop of that diocese, until his royal master was free. Lord Borthwick then obtained his liberty. This was in the year 1424.

James, on his return, found Scotland in a wretched condition. The feudal nobles over-rode law, and held

the Government in contempt. They kept the whole country in confusion and cruelly oppressed the people. Outrage and violence filled the land. Security for life and property was unknown. Things were at a terrible pass. "If I am spared," said James, "I shall bring in a change such as men little dream of. There is not the wildest spot where the key shall not keep the cattle and the bracken bush the cow."

But, he had to move cautiously. His task was like tiger-hunting. He summoned a Parliament to meet at Perth on the twelfth of March 1425. There the "barons bold" sat for eight days, eloquently wagging their beards, and breathing vengeance against the Lollards. They little recked that vengeance was at their own door. On the ninth day, an extraordinary scene was enacted. By order of the King, armed men broke in upon the deliberations; and twenty-six of the more powerful among the nobility were seized and borne off prisoners. Among these were Murdoch, Duke of Albany, his two sons, and his aged father-in-law, the Earl of Lennox. This stroke was stern and decided. But James further judged it necessary to write the lesson in blood. Accordingly, in the Parliament Hall of the Palace at Stirling, on the twenty-fourth day of May, an Assize was constituted with great pomp and solemnity, for the trial of these four ill-fated noblemen. The King, sitting on his throne, clothed with the robes

and insignia of majesty, with the sceptre in his hand, and wearing the royal crown, presided as the supreme judge of his people. Beside him sat a jury, comprising twenty-one nobles and barons, amongst whom was my Lord Borthwick. The issue of the trial was an ugly stain of blood on the robe of our Poet-King. The accused were all found guilty, and executed on that fatal eminence before the Castle of Stirling, still known as the "Heading Hill."

" The sad and fatal mound,
That oft had heard the death axe sound,
As on the noblest of the land
Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand."

Sir William de Borthwick continued to enjoy the favour and patronage of his sovereign; and to have weight in the counsels of the nation. His possessions grew with his influence, until the old House at Catcune was no longer a befitting residence for his family. Hence his application for the *litera licentie*, in 1430, to erect the princely pile on the Mote of Lochwarret, whose ruins are still the admiration of all who visit them. It was many years in building; and, during its erection, its owner was raised to the peerage, under the title of *Nobilis et potens Dominus, Willielmus Dominus Borthwick*. Little, or almost nothing more is known of either his public or private career until his death, which took place in 1458. His influence, however, seems never to

have waned. This appears from the noble stand he made in the Parliament of 1457, in the interests of his sister Janet, the Lady of Dalkeith. James II., on the advice of his Chancellor Kennedy, the famous Bishop of St. Andrews, purposed raising her husband to the rank of Earl of Morton. The honour was to be given "as a reward of his loyalty." When the proposal was first mooted in the Estates, Lord Borthwick humbly asserted that the lands of Morton in Nithsdale belonged to his sister; and earnestly implored His Majesty to confer no title in prejudice of her right. Nor did the old baron appeal in vain. The Chancellor replied that the place from which Lord Dalkeith was to derive the title of his proposed Earldom was Morton of Calderclere—now East-Calder—and not the Dumfriesshire estate of that name. Thereupon Lord Borthwick took instruments. This incident, though somewhat personal in its character, shewed that his influence was felt in the Supreme Council of the nation.

Baron Borthwick's friendly relationship with "the lordly line of high St. Clair" is well known. Of course we have the account of it highly varnished by the imaginative brain of Father Hay. The potent William, Prince of Orkney and Earl of Caithness, along with his wife of queenly mien, the "Princess" Elizabeth, kept up regal state in his castle by the Esk. His service-plate, of gold and silver, was the admiration of kings. Nobles waited

upon him at his table. Lord Dirleton was the master of his household ; Lord Borthwick his cup-bearer ; Lord Fleming his carver ; and these had as deputies in their absence, the Lairds of Drummelzier, Sandilands, and Calder. Thus served Lord Borthwick the House of Roslin.

He passed away in 1458, the first and greatest of his ennobled line. But his "sepulchre is with us unto this day." In what was the aisle of the old church, "may still be seen two monumental statues in a recumbent posture, and in good preservation, of this first Lord Borthwick and his Lady. His Lordship is in full armour. He has the countenance of a man of middle age, with a sagacious and manly expression ; and such as was not unlikely to have captivated in his more youthful years, any daughter that the house of Hay—or the still more renowned house of Douglas—could have furnished to him. The Lady is a beautiful female figure, of a gentle and handsome cast of features, in the full robes of her time. Their monument was formerly surrounded by several infantine figures, which have now entirely disappeared."* But the tradition is that the parents had a numerous offspring, who are all buried in the same spot. Above the monument, in the intersection of the Gothic arch by which it is canopied, there is a defaced shield, representing the Armorial

* *New Statistical Account.*

Bearings of those who sleep below. Lord Borthwick left two sons—William, who succeeded to his titles; and John, who acquired the lands of Crookston in 1446. His family still holds the estate of that name.

William, the second peer, like his father, took an active interest in state affairs. While yet a young man, he was sent under the appellation of *Willielmus de Borthwick, junior*, as an ambassador to the court of Rome, along with the Bishops of Aberdeen and Dunblane. History is silent regarding the object of their mission. We may, however, conclude that it was for services rendered on that occasion he received the honour of knighthood from James I. in 1430. At the time of his accession to the peerage, England was in the throes of the "Wars of the Roses." In that internecine strife, Henry of Winchester, desirous of keeping back all extraneous aid from the House of York, entered into a Treaty of Peace with Scotland. It was signed at Newcastle in 1459, when Lord Borthwick was present as a delegate. After the overthrow of the Lancastrian party at Towton, in Yorkshire, and the dethronement of Henry, Edward IV. also seemed anxious to keep on good terms with the northern nation. He desired not merely to renew the truces, but also to establish a lasting peace with "his beloved kinsman, the King of Scots." To ratify a new Treaty on these lines, Baron Borthwick was again sent across the

silver Tweed, on the twenty-fourth of September 1461, as the representative of Scotland. Two years later, he was for the third time ambassador at the English court. He died in 1464, when the Barony of Borthwick along with its princely pile passed to the possession of his eldest son, William, the third of that name to inherit the titles and honours of his family.

He also was a politician of some note, and a well-known figure in Parliament for nearly forty years. Twice he exercised the high function of ambassador in England. Notwithstanding his comparative old age, in 1513, this gallant Baron of Borthwick gathered to the muster on the Burgh-muir; followed the chivalric James IV. to the fatal field of Flodden; and there amid "the circle deep, which fought around their king," he sacrificed his life in the interests of a "forlorn hope." His heir, the Master of Borthwick, was also present, but escaped the carnage of the day. Another son, named Robert, commanded the artillery. This was he of whom tradition relates—but without the slightest foundation in fact—that he fell upon his knees before King James and besought leave to cannonade Twisel Bridge, to prevent the English passage of the Till; which entreaty only met with a peremptory refusal. Robert de Borthwick was probably one of the most efficient military engineers of his day. He cast among other pieces, the beautiful train of guns, called the "Seven

Sisters," so much admired by the victors, whose prize they became at Flodden. The trade mark on the ordnance of his manufacture was the following, "*Machina sum Scoto Borthwic fabricata Roberto.*" Sir Walter Scott in "Marmion," erroneously traces these famous cannon to another source:—

"And there were Borthwick's sisters seven,
By France's king to Scotland given.
Ill-omened gift! the guns remain
The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain."

After the catastrophe at Flodden, the Master of Borthwick, who had had the good luck to come out scathless from the "fatal ring," succeeded to the Barony. He had been rather "fast" in his youth, and narrowly escaped imprisonment for debt. "He appeared defender in an action for debt, on the 4th July 1476, when judgment was given against him."

The result of "dark Flodden" filled every corner of Scotland with terror. Literally a "universal wail" was heard throughout the land. There was terror everywhere, lest the victorious English army might push northward; and alarm was entertained for the safety of the young King, James V. All the strongholds were strengthened—notably Stirling. Thither the youthful monarch was sent under the care of Lord Borthwick, who at the same time was appointed by the Privy Council, governor and commander of that fortress.

These important and responsible trusts he held until October 1517, when a peace was concluded with England, of which he was one of the signatories. He died in 1542, the same year in which his royal charge, under the influence of a broken heart, departed this life. His wife was Margaret, the daughter of Lord Hay of Yester, by whom he had two sons—the Master of Borthwick, who predeceased his father, and John, the fifth baron.

John was easy-going. Then were the stirring times of the Reformation, but his only manifested interest in that movement was opposition. He held to the creed of a degenerate Church, and made no bones of the fact that he would continue to believe what his fathers believed. Accordingly, we find him on the side of the Queen Regent in the “struggle of Faith,” and against the “Lords of the Congregation.” But, notwithstanding his attachment to the Church of Rome, Lord Borthwick was guilty of allowing a gross misdemeanour towards one of her officials, wholly unworthy his rank. It would appear that he encouraged his servants to enjoy the feast of the “Topsy Priest.” At that entertainment, the guests elected what was then known as the “Abbot of Unreason.” It was a most hilarious caricature of things sacred; and the wonder is, that it was tolerated by the powers of the Church. “Men cased in hoops of leather, represented dragons, lions, bears, wolves, asses,

and swine. The asses stood up on their hind legs and tinkled the harp, nodding their long ears to the music. The swine played the bagpipe and the fiddle, while the other animals exerted themselves to roar in character, and all was rude merriment and riot.”*

The particular episode of insult already referred to, happened at Borthwick Castle, in 1547. It was of the most whimsical nature. Sir Walter Scott’s graphic description of it—taken from the “Consistory Register of St. Andrews”—is well known to the readers of his *Provincial Antiquities*. It appears, that, in consequence of a process between the Master George Hay de Minzeane and the Lord Borthwick, letters of excommunication had passed against the latter, on account of the contumacy of certain witnesses. William Langlands, an apparitor or macer (*bacularius*) of the See of St. Andrews, presented these letters to the Curate of the Church of Borthwick, requiring him to publish the same at the service of High Mass. It seems that the inhabitants of the Castle were at this time engaged in the favourite sport of enacting the Abbot of Unreason. This frolicsome person with his retinue, notwithstanding of the apparitor’s character, entered the church, seized upon the primate’s office without hesitation, and dragging him to the mill dam on the south side of the Castle, compelled him to leap into the water. Not content with

* Mackenzie’s *History of Scotland*.

this partial immersion, the Abbot of Unreason pronounced that Mr. William Langlands was not yet sufficiently bathed, and therefore caused his assistants to lay him on his back in the stream, and duck him in the most satisfactory and perfect manner. The unfortunate apparitor was then conducted back to the church, where, for his refreshment after his bath, the letters of excommunication were torn to pieces, and steeped in a bowl of wine, the mock abbot being probably of opinion that a tough parchment was but dry eating. Langlands was compelled to eat the letters, and swallow the wine, and dismissed by the Abbot of Unreason, with the comfortable assurance that if any more such letters should arrive during the continuance of his office, "they should a' gang the same gait," *i.e.* "go the same road." This was how Baron Borthwick allowed his servants to treat the servants of the Immaculate Church. Perhaps he entertained the idea that all things were fair in "litigation" as in war. He died in 1565. His wife was Lady Isobel, a daughter of the Earl of Crawford, by whom he had a son, William, who became the sixth Lord Borthwick.

He proved a stanch friend to the beautiful but ill-fated Mary in her time of trouble. His Castle afforded her a shelter when she was compelled to flee from Holyrood in June 1567, along with her guilty paramour, the infamous James, Earl of Bothwell. Here they narrowly evaded capture at the hands of Morton,

Lindsay, and others of the associate Lords, who had galloped down to Borthwick and surrounded the Castle in the darkness. Bothwell escaped by a postern and made his way to Dunbar. Mary soon followed in male attire to Cakemuir Tower, whither the regicide returned, and carried her off also to Dunbar. Notwithstanding her unfortunate relationship with the murderer of her husband, Lord Borthwick never swerved from his loyalty towards the unhappy Queen. After her surrender on the ridge of Cousland, and the decision of the confederate Lords to send her a captive to Lochleven Castle, he became one of a rescue party for her deliverance. The transference of Mary from Holyrood to Lochleven was entrusted to Lords Lindsay and Ruthven. They rode hard, and well they might, for Lords Seton, Yester, and Borthwick, at the head of a band of well-armed militia, were close upon their heels. The race was sharply run; but the Queen was rowed across the lake to the Castle before the royal cavaliers reached the water's edge. Thus, when the grim portals of that island fortress closed upon her, Mary inaugurated an imprisonment, which was only brought to an end, twenty years later, by the great deliverer of all—death—amid the ensanguined scene of Fotheringay.

Lord Borthwick married Grizel, daughter of Walter Scott of Branxholm, ancestor of the Duke of Buccleuch. By her he had two sons—William, who died before his

father, and James, who became the seventh Baron. Matters did not go altogether very smoothly with Lady Borthwick. It appears from "*Pitcairn's Criminal Trials*," under date of 15th January 1579, that she and her two sisters were made the subjects of a legal prosecution, on the ground of "alleged gross irregularity of life and conduct." Those charges however were not proven; and the probability is they were groundless. The generally received opinion is, that they were trumped up by the dominant party in the state, to excite the popular odium against Lord Borthwick and the ladies of his family, for their firm adhesion to the hapless Mary, then pining away in hopeless captivity in English prisons.

The career of James, the seventh Baron, was a very short one. He succeeded his father in 1597, and died in 1599. While still Master of Borthwick, he was charged, along with sundry other persons, under "deidly feud" against the Lairds of Craigmillar and Bass. Having been cited to appear before the "Scottish Solomon"—James VI.—"at Haliruidhouse, and to keip their lodgingis efter their cuming quhill (till) they be speceallie set free," young Borthwick refused to obey the citation. He was accordingly apprehended, and put into "durance vile" in the Tolbooth. At his apprehension there seems to have been a riot. We gather from the pages of Pitcairn, that John Halden

and others were ordered to be denounced rebels, for not answering "tuiching the riot committit by thame laitlie, againis the Provost and Baillies of the Burgh of Edinburgh, in thair convoy, and taking to warde, James, the Master of Borthwick."

His son John, the eighth of his ennobled line, was not served heir to the barony until July 1621. He married the Lady Lilian Kerr, daughter of the first Earl of Lothian, by whom he had a son, also named John. He was born at Prestongrange, the seat of his grandfather; and afterwards became the ninth baron. He is described as having been "a man of great honour and loyalty." Like his predecessors, he was an ardent partisan of the Stuarts; and adhered firmly to the royal cause throughout the civil war. After the disastrous battle at Dunbar, he defied the power of Cromwell; nor did he submit until he saw his Castle begin to crumble before the cannon of "the stern Protector." This last representative of an illustrious line died without issue in 1672.

From that period until 1727, the title remained dormant. Then Henry, a lineal descendant of Alexander Borthwick, of Nenthorn, in the county of Roxburgh, second son of the third Lord Borthwick, who fell at Flodden, "was served heir-male in general of William, the first Lord Borthwick." Henry assumed all the honours of his family, and regularly voted at the

election of the Scottish Representative Peers, until 1761, when the House of Lords "made an order to him, and on several others, who had assumed dormant peerages, not to take on them their titles, until the same should be allowed in due course of law." He had his right, however, confirmed to him in 1762. This tenth Baron Borthwick married Margaret, daughter of George Drummond, of Broich, in Stirlingshire, but died without heirs in 1772, when the title again became dormant. Two years later the peerage was claimed by the then Laird of Crookston, which claim was disallowed.

Archibald, another scion of the Nenthorn House, and the "heir-male" of Lord Borthwick, was in Norway at the time of his death. Returning home in 1807, he instituted proceedings to establish his right to the dormant peerage, and was opposed by John Borthwick, Esq., of Crookston, son of the claimant of 1774. He based his claim upon an unbroken descent through nine generations from John de Borthwick of Crookston, younger son of William, the first baron; and also upon a denial of the legitimacy of Alexander of Nenthorn. No decision was come to in favour of either of the rival claimants. Thus matters remained until 1816, when Patrick, the eldest son of Archibald, anew petitioned the Crown. His suit likewise fell short of success. However, in 1870, the claim was again put forward by Patrick's younger son, Cunninghame Borthwick, Esq., of Raven-

stone, in Wigtonshire, who had the title adjudged to him by the House of Lords in the May of that year. He was accordingly the eleventh baron. Dying in 1885, Archibald Patrick Thomas, the present and twelfth Lord Borthwick, succeeded to the honours of his ancient and illustrious line.

But while rival claimants disputed over "empty titles," the patrimony of their ancestors passed into other hands, and the scene of their greatness fast became a crumbling ruin.

After the death of the ninth Lord Borthwick, the Castle and barony became the property of his nephew and heir of entail, John Dundas, Esq., of Harvieston, grandson of Sir James Dundas of the distinguished family of Arniston. This was in 1672; and they remained in his possession until 1692. Then, it would appear that the Castle and adjoining lands were purchased by Sir James Dalrymple, brother of John, the first Earl of Stair, and progenitor of the present illustrious house of Stair. His mother was Margaret Ross, co-heiress of Balneil, in Wigtonshire, a woman of fine intellectual gifts, and "so successful in what she undertook, that the vulgar, no way partial to her husband or her family, imputed her success to necromancy." She was the original of Scott's "Lady Ashton," in *The Bride of Lammermoor*. Her daughter, Miss Janet Dalrymple, was the prototype of the ill-fated "Lucy,"

the heroine of that novel. Sir James Dalrymple is designated "first of Borthwick and afterwards of Cousland." He owned the Castle of Borthwick until 1760, when it passed again by purchase to the family of Mitchelson of Middleton. Then it ceased to be inhabited. If tradition can be credited, the design of its new possessor was to pull it down, and use the material in the erection of Middleton House. We are devoutly thankful that such a piece of purposed vandalism was never carried into effect. In 1812, this princely pile of his great ancestor was acquired by John Borthwick, Esq., of Crookston. Thus, it passed to a branch of the ancient family, who were its first owners, and from whom it derived its name.

In Crookston House there are an old clock and a curiously carved chair, which belonged to the furnishings of Borthwick Castle, sold in 1692. They were recovered by the late Mr. Borthwick in 1826.

CHAPTER III.

THE CASTLE.

“ Why sitt'st thou by that ruined hall,
Thou aged carle, so stern and grey ?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder why it passed away ? ”

BORTHWICK CASTLE stands upon the east platform of what was formerly called the “ Mote of Lochwarret.” It rises from an embattled court-yard of irregular shape, fully eighty yards in length, with an average breadth of forty yards. The curtain-walls—especially the one on the west side, where the Castle was without any natural barriers of defence—were of great strength. The angles were defended by massive towers and bastions. That flanking the Gateway is drum-shaped ;* and judging from what still remains of it, it must have been amazingly strong. It was thirty-five feet in diameter ; and, as twenty-four of these were taken up with solid masonry, the central chamber measured only eleven feet in diameter. This tower had a basement and first and second floors, all of which were furnished with large horizontal portholes, evidently intended for

* This tower is now a caretaker's house.

musketoons. The same species of embrasure perforate the western curtain. About the middle of the south wall are the ruins of another tower, circular in front, and square behind. The loops here are vertical, the original apertures for bows and arrows. This being so, we infer that the horizontal embrasures in the drum-tower and west wall are of a later date; and may have been inserted when fire-arms became weapons of defence. The other towers are now little more than shapeless heaps, so thoroughly have they gone down before the ruthless hand of decay.

It would appear that the court-yard was divided into two sections by a wall of no great strength, which ran north and south. The western and larger division was the court-yard proper of the Castle; the eastern contained the stables and other offices, not a vestige of which now remains. In the west curtain, and close to the drum-tower, is the main Gateway, not very high, and arched. Its depth, including abutments, measures fully twelve feet. It had the usual portcullis and drawbridge; but the moat in front has entirely disappeared. Immediately above the arch, is a flat entablature, with mouldings in the Renaissance style.

“Borthwick,” according to Sir Walter Scott, “is by far the finest specimen of that very numerous class of Scottish Castles, which consist of a single donjon or keep.” This remarkable mass of building is yet, upon

the whole, pretty entire, and of astonishing strength. The form of the structure is rectangular—almost square—being seventy-four feet by sixty-nine outside the walls. The west front is broken by a recess, which gives to the Keep, the plan of a parallelogram with two wings. Very simple is the arrangement of the interior chambers. They are all rectangular, and parallel with the outer walls. Five well-stairs, constructed in the thickness of the walls, lead to the different apartments. The walls themselves are from ten to fourteen feet thick; and this amazing mass of stone and lime is maintained with but little diminution throughout their entire height. They rise from a plain plinth, and are terminated by strong corbels, upon which rests a low parapet. Their height, from base to battlement, is ninety feet; but if the altitude of the roof be taken into account, the entire perpendicular of the structure is fully one hundred and ten feet.

The Castle originally had two entrances. Both were placed in the north front; the one above the other. The lowermost led into the basement, and is now the only entrance. The upper or State doorway afforded direct access to the Grand Hall. It was reached by means of a ramp* or perron of stone, raised against the northern screen, from which a bridge led to the State

* This ramp has been restored, so that the Castle has again its two original entrances.

entrance, as is apparent from the spring of the arch still visible beneath the sole of the door. Over the door itself, is a shallow ogee niche, almost defaced. This is said to have once contained in low relief a figure of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland. The style of the building is "simple and severe"; and although the material is hewn stone of remarkably fine workmanship, yet, with the exceptions of the niche and corbels, it is entirely destitute of external ornamentation.

We now enter the Castle by the door leading to the floor of the basement, which is considerably lower than the outer level, and reached by a short flight of steps. The main portion of the building here is occupied by three cellars of about equal size; all arched in the roof, and having single loops for light. A door to the right in the first of these chambers, leads to the basement of the north wing. This contains the Dungeon. It is a gloomy apartment, eighteen feet by twelve, with a high and narrow loop in the west wall. It was overlooked by an Entresol room, where probably a guard kept watch. In the south wing is a Draw-Well.* The arch here is very flat, and only about eight feet in height. From the well room, starts a corkscrew stair giving access to the first floor. A similar stair begins in the

* Another well has been recently discovered. It is immediately in front of the door leading to the basement, and under the newly restored ramp.

north wall of the cellar next the entrance, and terminates also on the first flat, in a mural guard-room, immediately adjoining the State lobby. About half way up the well-room stair is another Entresol, which was doubtless used as a guard-chamber to defend the passage here to the Grand Hall. This apartment contained a fire-place, a cupboard, and a mural garde-robe. Thus all communication in and out, up and down, was well supervised.

The great outstanding internal feature of Borthwick Castle is the Grand Hall,* imposing even in decay. Every corner of it is replete with the remains of fallen greatness. It is situate on the first storey, and occupies the entire area of the principal building. This spacious chamber is fully fifty-one feet long, and about twenty-four feet wide. It is covered by a pointed barrel vault, quite plain, and nearly thirty feet in height. Here, as Nisbet says, "a man on horseback might turn a spear with all the ease imaginable." The walls and vault are of the finest ashlar work; but there is evidence of the roof having been painted with such devices as occur in old illuminations; since over one part of it, are still legible in Gothic characters the words, "*The Temple of Honor.*" The great feature of the Hall, after its lofty roof, is a magnificent fire-place, nine feet wide by three deep; and placed in the centre of the south end of the

* The floor of this Hall has been newly laid with concrete.

chamber. It is canopied by a stone hood, which dies into the wall, about two-thirds up the height of the grand arch. This hood rests upon a couple of one-half shafts, with bases and carved caps, and a flowered band above; all in the decorated style. On either side of the hood, is a five feet recess, which gradually narrows to a loop of about one foot.

Along the west side of the Hall are various openings. The one in the middle is a recess, with a window looking into the outer recess formed by the two wings of the Keep. Near the fire-place is a *sedile*, or seat of honour for the "master of the house," four feet wide, with an enriched canopy and shield bearing the Borthwick Arms. The east wall is only broken by two square-headed windows, in deep, splayed, arched recesses, twenty-two feet apart. It would appear that along the north end of the Hall ran a passage, cut off by a "screen,"* above which was the Minstrels' Gallery. This gallery was reached by a well-stair in the north-east angle of the Castle, that led directly to the battlements, and was doubtless the common stair used by the soldiers.† In the passage was a handsome wash-hand basin with groined and flowered canopy; and a base resting upon a half-shaft. It had a drain to the outside. This stately chamber was originally entered by means of the ramp

* Messrs. M'Gibbon and Ross, *Castellated Architecture of Scotland*.

† This stair has been recently restored.

and bridge already referred to. The passage leading from these was in length the thickness of the outer wall—fourteen feet—and had a breadth of four feet seven inches. It had a door at each end, but no portcullis. The Hall contains many masons' marks.

“Stately and magnificent as the Hall of Borthwick is in itself, it is no less rich in associations. Here we may suppose the ‘Abbot of Unreason’ to have exercised his frolics. Here the stern Protector of the conquered land received the keys of the Castle, into which his cannon had forced an entrance. But, above all, the image of Queen Mary, feasting with her unworthy and guilty Bothwell, startled from revelry by the voice of insurrection, and finally obliged to escape in the disguise of a page, comes before us with that deep interest which is excited by every vicissitude of her melancholy story. In pacing through the solitude of this august room, the words of the plaintive ditty can scarcely be absent from the mind of the visitor :” *

“I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead,
And all but me departed.”

On the right of the Grand Entrance, and occupying the first floor of the north wing, is the kitchen. It is twenty-two feet by sixteen ; and spanned by a large flat

* *New Statistical Account.*

arch, which throws the western half into a stone hood with an immense fire-place. Here the culinary operations of the Castle were carried on. Light was supplied by three looped recesses, one of which appears to have been afterwards blocked by an oven,* still in a very good state of preservation. Off the kitchen was a small service-room, from which the reeking joints and reaming pitchers of mighty ale were brought for consumpt in the Hall. There was also a service-window communicating with the "screen." The kitchen had the usual stone-sink and emptying drain.

A beautifully ornate doorway on the right of the grand fire-place, gives access to an airy apartment on the first floor of the south wing. This was Bothwell's bedroom. Placed immediately beside it, in the thickness of the outer wall, is another chamber of diminutive size, called "The Lady's Bower," or "Queen Mary's Room." These both bear marks of having been hung with tapestry. According to the *New Statistical Account of Scotland*, the Lady's Bower "was the identical room occupied by Mary during the few last days in which she could be considered as her own mistress. From that room she went to all her sorrows." We do not like to break away from tradition; but we must do so here. Whichever may have been the room occupied by the unfortunate Princess, during her stay at Borthwick, the

* This oven has now been removed.

real one must ever remain a matter of conjecture. Nevertheless, the "Lady's Bower" cannot possibly claim that honour, and for the very good reason that it was a garde-robe. It is more than likely the Queen's room was on the second floor of the north wing, and communicated, according to the etiquette of the period, with the private chapel. This apartment had no connexion with any staircase, and could only be entered from the Drawing-room, which was beside the Chapel. The local traditions of the locality affirm that Mary and Bothwell did not occupy the same chambers while at Borthwick, but slept far remote from each other in different quarters of the Castle. The sleeping apartment appropriated by tradition to the regicide, was near the guard-room on the first floor. This, accordingly, must have been the one already mentioned, on the right of the grand fireplace.

Two newel stairs start from the Great Hall, giving access to the higher storeys and the battlements. One of these, already referred to, is in the north-east angle of the Castle; * the other is in the angle formed by the south wing and the main building. About ten feet above the foot of the former stair, a passage leads past the Minstrels' Gallery, to a short straight flight of steps, at the top of which starts another well-stair in the angle of the north wing. This also conducts to the battle-

* The newly restored stair already mentioned.

ments, and communicates with the tier of apartments over the kitchen, with the exception of Queen Mary's Room, which was entered only from the Drawing-room. The other stair gives access to the rooms in the south wing and the Chapel. The Chapel was immediately above the Grand Hall, and along with the Drawing-room occupied the entire area of the second floor of the main building. It was the smaller of the two; and had a fire-place at its south end, with a window on either side. A recess in the eastern wall served the purposes of an oratory. It also contained a window, the Piscina, and a locker. The Drawing-room had a beautifully hooded hearth, with flanking shafts. It was a spacious and well-lighted apartment, and communicated directly with the handsome room already referred to as "Queen Mary's Room," where was another finely hooded fire-place. Adjoining the royal chamber was a mural wardrobe. Both Chapel and Drawing-room * had flat timber roofs about fourteen feet in height.

A room, equal in size to the Grand Hall, occupies the third storey.† It is vaulted, in order to carry the stone roof overhead. It had no fire-place, and was probably apportioned into three apartments, which were used for sleeping accommodation by the garrison. All the superior bed-rooms were in the wings. These are now

* Their floors have been restored.

† The flooring in this apartment has also been restored.

floorless * and roofless. Tradition avers that the wood was taken out by Mitchelson of Middleton, and sold to a Leith merchant, who never paid a penny of the purchase, having become bankrupt. Mitchelson's vandalism was thus properly recompensed.

The battlements are accessible by each of the three well-stairs. The prominent features here are the roofs of the main building and the wings, which rise independently of each other from the rampart level walk. They are high pitched; and their vaults were originally covered with cut stone tiles, fitted so as to form ridges and hollows, and perfectly water-tight. The stairheads resemble sentry-boxes. They are circular, and canopied with conical roofs of ashlar. The parapet is carried on bold corbels, with open machicolations on all sides, except the east, where it is continued straight up with the face of the wall. This is a subject which has given rise to some ingenious theories; but, although at first sight somewhat puzzling, its explanation is very simple and natural. As it now exists, it could not have been part of the original plan. A few feet from the top is a large cavity torn into the flat ashlar work. Various opinions have been advanced to account for this breach—such as lightning, the influence of the weather, or some defect in the masonry. All these, however, may be put aside as mere conjecture. The only satisfactory solution

* Floors now restored.

is that which has both the testimony of history and tradition to support it—the battering of the Castle by Cromwell in 1650. The east parapet with its corbels and bartizans were then destroyed; and in restoring the parapet, it was carried up flush with the wall. “This is quite evident from a careful examination of the spot. Parts of the circular bartizans at the angles, and some of the corbels, and the holes where others have been inserted all round, are still to be seen.”* There is a clear walk round the battlements, only broken by the chimneys.

* *Castellated Architecture of Scotland.*

CHAPTER IV.

BORTHWICK CASTLE IN HISTORY.

“Rebels to the field.”

BORTHWICK is a historic Castle. It has witnessed many a stirring scene both within and without its walls. Its chief interest, however, circles around the story of the hapless Mary Stuart. Her career of freedom closed with her last sojourn here. From its hospitable halls she passed to hopeless captivity.

“Poor Mary, an untimely tomb
Was thine, with prison hours of gloom ;
Thou wert a woman, and let all
Thy faults be buried with thee.”

Mary's visits to Borthwick rest not upon tradition only ; they are well accredited facts of history. In what is called *Cecil's* or *Murray's Diary*, we meet with a few entries anent some of her visits to this princely pile. Thus under date of 7th October 1566, the following is noted :—

“My Lord Bothwell was hurt in Liddisdale, and the Queen raid to Borthwick.”

Again, two entries appear under 11th June 1567 :—

“Bothwell purposed an raid against the Lord Houme and Finhirst, and so passed to Melros, she to Borthwick.”

“The Lords came suddenly to Borthwick. Bothwell fled to Dunbar, and the Lordis retyred to Edinburgh. She followed Bothwell to Dunbar disguised.”

It is around the incidents noted in the last of these entries that all the interest of Mary's connexion with Borthwick centres. The story is thrilling, but sad. Bothwell had envied Darnley's seat, and the ill-starred husband of the equally ill-starred Queen of Scotland got a quick despatch. His “passing” was amid thunder and fire—

“As overhead a meteor came,
Slow moving, tinging with its flame
The murky clouds and deep :
It shed a glare on Arthur Seat,
It widened like a shield,
And burst in thunder and in fire,
Above the Kirk-of-Field.”

It was a bloody deed, and desperately despatched. Bothwell was the prime mover in the atrocious act. He was put upon his trial, which proved a mere sham and mockery of justice. The management of it was left to a band of associated nobility, many of whose hands reeked with Darnley's blood. They were simply the accomplices of Bothwell in his deed of daring. They knew him to be guilty; but instead of deserting, they supported him. They were afraid of his guilty secrets. Besides, they had a fell purpose to serve.

They thought, that through his means, and by stimulating his exorbitant ambition for the royal hand, to accomplish the ruin and overthrow of Mary herself. Alas! their dark design was only too successful.

But had Bothwell, after the attainment of his object, not been so unscrupulous, the issue of events might have proved very different from what it did. Ambition is like the grave; it is never satisfied. Having translated the father to "where the wicked cease from troubling," and become the husband of the mother, his next step was an attempt to get rid of the son—the infant James—in order that his own seed, if he had had any, might sit upon the Stuart throne. Bothwell made no secret of his diabolical intention. On the contrary, he made it his brag, that if he could get the young Prince into his power, he should warrant him from avenging his father's death. This roused the country; and the Lords now saw that their opportunity to strike had come.

James was in Stirling under the trusted keeping of the Earl of Mar. Thither, about the beginning of June 1567, repaired Argyle, Morton, Lindsay, Athol, Glencairn, and many others, with a large body of retainers. Their ostensible aim was the protection of the Prince, and "to enterprise the delivery of the Queen's most noble person from the captivity and restraint in which she had been now for a long time held by the murderer

of her husband, who had usurped the government of her realm." But, while they put that face upon their doings, insurrection was really the work they had on hand. Everything being in readiness, they moved towards Edinburgh, where they thought to make a stoop on Holyrood and take Bothwell prisoner. In this, however, they were balked. Argyle, whose hands were pretty red with Darnley's gore, played the traitor, and managed to give the arch-regicide timely warning to make good his escape. He accordingly decamped to Borthwick Castle, taking the Queen along with him. Bothwell, now alive to the game of his former associates in guilt, saw that he must either fight or perish. He, therefore, braced himself to face the alternative. Leaving Mary under the charge of Lord Borthwick, he hastened to Melrose, to summon the Borderers to his standard. But even with his own vassals he was thoroughly out of favour. Lord Home had forestalled him, and drawn the men of Liddesdale into the field against him. Soured and disappointed, he was compelled to retrace his steps to Borthwick, where he rejoined the Queen. Matters were now fast becoming desperate. By this time the associate Lords had reached Edinburgh, where they put forth a proclamation to the people of Scotland why they were in arms. "They were minded," they said, "with all their forces to deliver the Queen's most noble person forth of

captivity and prison; and to punish Bothwell, both for the cruel murder of the late King Henry, the ravishing and detention of Her Majesty, and the wicked design he meditated against the Prince."

Meanwhile, the chafed tiger, growling within the halls of Borthwick, had despatched a messenger to the capital, to Sir James Balfour, who held the Castle in his interests, praying him to come with all speed to Borthwick, with all the force which he could raise. But, again, he was out of count with fortune. His embassy fell into the hands of the enemy, and compelled to divulge the whereabouts of the prey. Determined not to be balked a second time, the Lords, now augmented by Home and his feudal muster from the Valley of Hermitage, on the early morning of Tuesday, 11th June 1567, galloped down to Borthwick, and surrounded the Castle in the darkness. They attempted to gain admission to the stronghold by stratagem. A small section of their party, professing to represent the succours expected from Edinburgh, presented themselves at the entrance gate and clamoured for admission; saying that they were chased by the rebel forces. The ruse was all but successful. Bothwell at the moment was stepping into bed. He flung on his clothes on hearing the noise, and reached the court-yard, barely in time to prevent an influx of foes instead of friends. His game, however, was

about played out. He knew there was no protection for him even behind the massive masonry of Borthwick; and that capture meant instant death. Courage accordingly failed him; and this foulest and basest of ruffians sought safety in precipitous flight. With no other companion, save the Master of Crookston, he slipped out by a secret postern among the trees, in the rear of the Castle, and crossed the Gore. The fugitives were seen and chased. They separated to distract their pursuers, who unluckily followed and took the wrong man. Bothwell was not far off. Young Crookston, in his terror, pointed to the way he had taken; but he was not believed. The scoundrel escaped to Haddington, and thence to Dunbar.

The leaders of the agitation, ignorant of the turn events had taken, now came up and completely blockaded the Castle. Their language was anything but polite. Understanding that Bothwell was still inside the fortress, they shouted, "calling him traitor, murderer, butcher;" "bidding him come out and maintain his challenge." The Queen herself was not spared. Foul taunts—too coarse to be repeated—were flung at her; the Lords, forgetting they were not only nobility, but gentlemen. Learning that the prey had again made good his escape, the insurgent nobles fell back upon Dalkeith.

As soon as quietude had again settled down around Borthwick, Mary despatched the youthful laird of Reres

with a message to Sir James Balfour, the Governor of Edinburgh Castle, enjoining him "to hold it for her, and to fire upon the Lords if they attempted to enter the town." But, although the Castle party had shut the gates, Lord Lindsay scaled the walls without meeting any resistance; and the Confederates, entering in a body, repaired again to the "Mercat Cross," where they anew issued their proclamation, "that they had risen in arms to protect the Prince from his father's murderer"—a name no less applicable to Morton, their leader, than to Bothwell himself.

The tidings of these events were carried to Mary by one Beaton, brother to the Archbishop of Glasgow. He found her still at Borthwick, "so quiet that there were none with her passing six or seven persons," including doubtless the "Four Maries." She had calculated on the citizens of Edinburgh defending the capital against the insurgents. But, alas! she had, with unpardonable indiscretion, linked her fortune with that of an infamous man, and her unpopularity increased. Her capital now in the hands of her enemies, and the loyalty of her subjects doubtful, she resolved on flight from the hospitable halls of Borthwick.

This was an unfortunate resolution. Had she been content to remain for a few weeks within the friendly shelter, and determined on separating her fortunes from those of the deservedly detested Bothwell, the insurrec-

tion would soon have died away, and her after sun might have set in peace, instead of blood. The "scroll of fate," however, had otherwise decreed. On the night of the Wednesday following the early Tuesday morn of Bothwell's precipitous flight, arrayed in the dress of a cavalier, booted and spurred, "she stole," says Miss Strickland, "from her chamber unattended, and, gliding down a turret stair, let herself down from the window in the banqueting-hall, which is still pointed out by local tradition. And, though the height cannot be less than eight and twenty feet, she reached the ground in safety, being probably assisted by her ladies from within; and passed through the same low postern in the wall by which Bothwell had previously escaped. Thus, while all in the Castle were wrapped in their first sound sleep, she, their Sovereign, walked forth unobserved into the night, without a single person either to defend or guide her on her unknown way. She mounted a close-cropped nag, which she found bridled and saddled outside the walls, at the foot of the mound. It must have been provided for her use by some faithful person of low degree, to whom she had confided her intention. Such among the readers of Mary's biography, who may chance to be familiar with the local features of that wild district of mountain, moor, and moss in which Borthwick Castle is situated, will not be surprised that the royal fugitive became bewildered in the then track-

less labyrinth of glens, swamps, and thorny breaks, through which she vainly strove to make her way to a place of refuge she was never doomed to find. According to local tradition, her humble steed carried her over Crichtoun-muir, which, at that sweet season of the year, is the haunt of innumerable glow-worms. Those 'stars of the green earth' were perhaps the only lights that shone on the lonely path of Scotland's hapless Queen. She must have travelled in a circle, for, after wandering all night, she had made so little progress, that at dawn of day she was encountered near Black Castle, at Cakemuir, scarcely two miles from Borthwick, by Bothwell himself, at the head of a party of his vassals, among whom was Wauchope, the then laird of Cakemuir." * In these circumstances, Mary's position was such that nothing was left for her, but again—as at "Cramond Brig"—to submit to the inevitable, and go with Bothwell whithersoever he chose to take her. He carried her first to Black Castle, where she changed her dress. Thereafter he hurried her away by Fala and the north slopes of the Lammermoors, to his Castle at Dunbar.

Such was the romantic flight of Mary Queen of Scots from Borthwick, the last real home of freedom she ever enjoyed on earth. It would appear that Lord Borthwick followed her to Dunbar, as he was present at the surrender on the ridge of Cousland, 15th June

* *Life of Mary Queen of Scots.*

1567. From thenceforth she became the victim of a lawless oligarchy, and barbarous statecraft, which hounded her from prison to prison, for nineteen long weary years; until she found a blessed relief from her protracted sufferings upon a scaffold, at the hands of a kinswoman, "her sister and her foe;" an act which must always remain a foul stain upon the otherwise fair reputation of the Great Elizabeth. It was a cruel piece of business; and badly atoned for by the hypocritical Queen attempting to lay the odium of it at the door of others, and according to her helpless victim the rites of a splendid funeral.

"What boot they now, these honours rare,
This royal pomp and state?
Can they restore the dead to life,
Or close the scroll of Fate?
Can they recall the early days,
So joyous and so blest,
When France's gay and sunny soil,
Her feet in gladness prest?
Through all the splendour and the glare
Which mark the gorgeous scene,
Who can forget the headsman's axe,—
The pale and murdered Queen?
And thou, stern Queen, whose jealous hate
Thus ruthlessly could doom
The lovely rival of thy crown
So early to the tomb;
If ever sigh from broken heart
May dare against thee plead,
Beware! lest thou in life's last days,
Seek mercy in thy need.

For, more of Love, and more of Truth,
Thy helpless victim knew,
Than ever thou in all thy pride,
Around thy throne might view.
'Tis not the rank, nor yet the gold,
That can affection move ;
A gentle mind and kindly heart
Alone we learn to love."

And such, with all her failings, was the heart of the unfortunate Mary Stuart.

The Barons Borthwick, as already noted, were always stanch adherents of royalty. Charles I., in his troubles, found in John, the ninth Baron, a fast friend. He garrisoned the Castle of Borthwick in the interests of that unhappy monarch, which helped greatly to embarrass the movements of the wily Cromwell during the invasion of 1650. "Dunbar Drove," fought on the 3rd September of that year, laid Scotland at the feet of the stern Protector. The people, however, did not take kindly to the "yoke of bondage." All the old animosities to English rule, in the days of the early Plantagenets, were revived. Everywhere, throughout the entire country, were the soldiers of the Commonwealth exposed to the horrors of a guerilla warfare. Predatory bands, of what were then called "Moss-troopers," waylaid them like highwaymen, who slew and plundered all whom chance brought across their path. This roused the ire of the Protector, who issued the following proclamation thereanent :

“I, finding that divers of the army under my command are not only spoiled and robbed, but also sometimes barbarously and inhumanly butchered and slain, by a sort of outlaws and robbers, not under the discipline of any army; and finding that all our tenderness to the country produceth no other effect than their compliance with, and protection of, such persons; and, considering that it is in the power of the country to detect and discover them—many of them being inhabitants of those places where commonly the outrage is committed—and perceiving that their motion is ordinarily by the invitation, and according to intelligence given them by countrymen;

“I do therefore declare, that wheresoever any under my command shall be hereafter robbed or spoiled by such parties, I will require life for life; and a plenary satisfaction for their goods, of those parishes and places where the fact shall be committed, unless they shall discover and produce the offender. And this I wish all persons to take notice of, that none may plead ignorance.

“Given under my hand at Edinburgh, the 5th of November 1650.”—OLIVER CROMWELL.*

It would appear that Lord Borthwick harboured a “nest” of these disturbers of the peace. This was the covey referred to by Carlyle in the prologue to the letter which Cromwell addressed to the Governor of Borthwick Castle, on the 18th November 1650. “One nest of mosstroopers, not far off in the Dalkeith region, ought specially to be abated.” The letter was couched in the following terms:—

* Newspapers—in *Cromwelliana*, p. 94.

"To the Governor of Borthwick Castle. These.

"EDINBURGH, 18th November 1650.

"SIR,—I thought fit to send this trumpet to you, to let you know, That if you please to walk away with your company, and deliver the House to such as I shall send to receive it, you shall have liberty to carry off your arms and goods, and such other necessities as you have.

"You have harboured such parties in your house as have basely and inhumanly murdered our men : if you necessitate me to bend my cannon against you, you may expect what I doubt you will not be pleased with. I expect your present Answer ; and rest your servant." *

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The "Baron bold," at first paid little attention to this bellicose missive ordering him so peremptorily to leave his "House." He probably imagined that both himself and his "Mosstroopers" were safe behind the fourteen feet of solid masonry. If so, their delusion was quickly dispelled. Cromwell's artillery was on a scale of which Scotland had previously little conception. The ordnance, under the direction of Monk, opened fire upon the east front of the Castle ; and had a surrender not taken place, a few more shots would have brought down the boasted pile of the Borthwicks about the ears of its lord. As it was, the east parapet was destroyed, and a large cavity torn into the flat ashlar-stone work. Lord Borthwick, however, was able to secure honourable terms of capitulation. He "walked away" with moveable goods, with wife and child, and had "fifteen days" allowed

* Cromwell's Letters—No. 152—Carlyle.

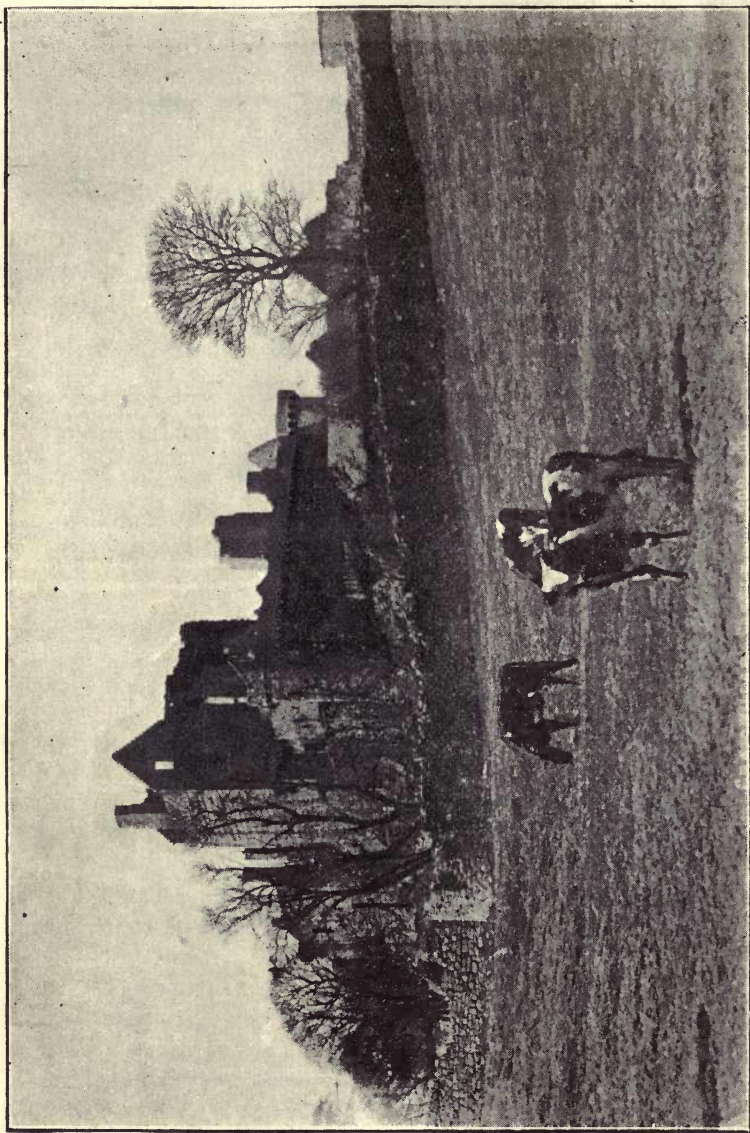
him to pack up. Henceforth, the Dalkeith region and the Carlisle Road became a little quieter.

With its "pommelling" by Cromwell, Borthwick's rôle in the historic drama of Scotland was played out. For more than a century afterwards it was simply the home of its owners. But, in the year 1760, when it passed from the Dalrymples to the Mitchelsons, it was deserted as a residence, and fast became a crumbling ruin. Yet, notwithstanding the effects of the wasting hand of Time, the grand appearance of this princely pile, as it still towers its giant mass over the valley of Loquhart, which it has sentinelled for ages, fills the mind of the beholder with awe and veneration. And now,

" Hoary walls, farewell !

Since first ye rose in architectural pride,
Since first ye frowned in majesty of strength,
Since first ye caught the crimson of the dawn,
Old Time hath wrought on thee strange revolutions.
Thy lords have passed away ; and thou their home
Is now a desolation.

On many a pensive eve,
My thoughts have brooded on the changeful scene,
Gazed at it through the microscope of Truth,
And found it, as the Royal Psalmist found,
In all its issues, and in all its hopes,
Mere vanity. With thee reverting far
Through the bright Eden of departed years,
Here contemplation, from the stir of life
Estranged, might treasure many a lesson deep,
And view, with unsophisticated eye,
The lowly state, and lofty dignity,
The pride and insignificance of man !"



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CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE.

Craigmillar Castle.

CHAPTER V.

INTRODUCTORY.

“ Here all Edina’s glories rise to view,
Her lofty spires, and castle proudly strong ;
The distant Forth reflecting the pale light,
As slow it flows the laughing fields among.”

BEAUTIFUL for situation is Craigmillar Castle. This interesting relic of a Feudal Age crowns the summit of a gentle eminence about two miles south-east of the Grange suburb of Edinburgh. The hill on which it stands, in view of the rapidly extending city—which bids fair at no very distant day to environ it—is richly planted with young wood. But, in the immediate vicinity of the ruin itself, a few of the old ancestral trees still remain, having braved the storms of ages. These are getting fewer every year.

Craigmillar is a favourite subject of the artist. It offers grand attractions to the tourist. It is “a place friendly to Stuart Mariolaters.” Unnumbered pedestrians make its ivy-clad pile a common goal. It amply repays a visit. The lover of the beautiful, the antiquarian, and the student of history find here a sufficiency to gratify their individual tastes.

The scenery around Craigmillar is uniquely picturesque. Its hoary battlements command a view, which for extent, beauty, and variety in the landscape, is almost without a rival anywhere. It is equal to, if indeed it does not surpass the splendid panorama of the Abbey Craig at Stirling.

Standing on the flat roof of the "Keep" the eye takes in a magnificent nature picture. The northward view is by far the finest. On the left—beautifully interspersed with rich foliage, and covering the historic Burgh-muir—spread out in regular grandeur, lie the princely mansions and fine villas of the suburbs of Morningside and Grange. Behind these—"piled deep and massy, close and high—Mine own romantic town."

"Here all Edina's glories rise to view,
Her lofty spires, and castle proudly strong."

And still farther in the rear, forming a befitting background to the whole, rises the finely wooded hill of Corstorphine. Right ahead, there is the bulky haunch of the "leonine" Arthur Seat defended by the perpendicular cliffs of Salisbury Crags, and the basaltic columns of Samson's Ribs. Nestling in perfect beauty at its base, the eye rests upon the placid loch and hamlet of Duddingston with its Mansion House amid old ancestral trees. Yonder too, is Portobello, and the Forth reflecting the white Pharos on Inchkeith Island; and further distant, meeting the horizon line, loom the fields

and hills of Fifeshire. Towards the sun-rising, may be seen the Field of Preston, where fortune smiled upon the ruined House of Stuart in 1746. Beyond it, the Bay and Links of Aberlady; the Garaldine Hills; "North Berwick Law with cone of green;" "Bass amid the waters;" and the hump of Traprane over the ridge of Tranent.

Turning to the south, the landscape presents on its foreground the richly wooded slopes of Carberry Hill. The level ground at its base is Pinkie Cleuch. Here, on Saturday, 10th September 1547, took place "the mad wooing to win a fair bride." Then was fought the battle in the interests of dead "Henry's match," so disastrous to the Scottish arms. The day was long afterwards remembered in Scotland as "Black Saturday." On the summit of the hill, stand the ruins of Fawside Castle, the headquarters of the Duke of Somerset, who led the English Army. Along that ridge marched the "Bonnie Prince Charlie" to the fortune at Preston. Other scenes of historic note lie in this direction. Yonder is the ridge of Cousland, where the fair and hapless Mary was received by her rebel nobility, after her surrender on Carberry Hill. Higher up the country is the Roman Camp. On the distant background may be dimly seen the Lammermoor and Moorfoot Hills. Towards the west, the view is more circumscribed, being bounded by the Pentlands, Braids, and Blackford Hill of "Marmion" fame.

A very interesting feature in the scenery around Craigmillar is the perfect circle of some of "the stately Homes" of Scotland, embosomed "amid their tall ancestral trees," almost under the shadow of the Castle itself. Taking it as the centre, with a radius of less than a mile, there lie on the circumference, Preston-field House (Sir Robert Dick Cunyngham); Duddingston House (Duke of Abercorn); Niddrie House (Colonel Wauchope); Edmonstone House (Sir John Don Wauchope); Kingston-Grange; and the Inch. These two are the property of Mr. Little Gilmour, who also owns Craigmillar. Truly then, "there is not in Britain a more commanding view of rich and varied scenery, including wood, water, a fine city, and a richly cultivated country than may be had from Craigmillar Castle."*

Craigmillar is Gaelic in its origin. It is derived from *Craig-moil-ard*, which signifies a rock, bare and high; and running out into a plain. This is literally the case here. The Castle stands upon a rock. On its south front it is from twenty to thirty feet high. In the immediate neighbourhood too, rock may be seen cropping out to the very surface. The old sandstone quarry—now shut up—supplied the stone to build the Piershill Barracks, Regent Bridge, George Square, and a great part of the "south side" of Edinburgh.

Such then are the site and surroundings of the

* *New Statistical Account.*

venerable Castle of Craigmillar. Existing from a comparatively early date, its history is closely associated with that of Holyrood itself. Its now deserted and desolate halls were frequently graced by the royal personages who ruled and reigned there. Its name is linked with undying memories of much that has perished for ever. To record and perpetuate a few of these "memories" will now be our aim in the chapters that follow. "Craigmillar," says a recent writer, "possesses one marked distinction from every other strong place of a similar kind—such as Edinburgh or Stirling. Though very frequently a royal residence, it always remained private property, and for several hundred years was held by the same family."* Its glories are now gone, and,

"The chamber where the Queen whose charms divine,
Made wond'ring nations own the power of love,
Oft bathed her snowy limbs in sparkling wine,
Now proves a lonely refuge for the dove."

* Warrender, *Walks near Edinburgh*.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BARONS OF CRAIGMILLAR—THE PRESTONS.

“Heroes approach,
Ye who by skill or manly force may claim
Your rival to surpass, and merit fame.”

DIM figures are many of these. Looming out from the mists of a past age may be faintly seen the forms of Henry de Craigmillar; William, his son; and others of that ilk; and Sir John de Capella.

Craigmillar occurs pretty early in the national Records. Accordingly, we find as far back as the year 1136, that King David I., “the sair sanct to the crown,” gave to the Abbey of Dunfermline, in free and perpetual gift, a carrucate of arable land and some houses at Craigmillar.* Between that year and 1212, it appears to have come under the feudal regime. Then, doubtless, it would have its dule-tree or “Tree of sorrow,” upon which many a poor recalcitrant vassal came to grief at the rope’s end, immediately outside the castle walls.

The first to hold Craigmillar in fief, under the crown, was Henry de Craigmillar. His son, William, or

* Regist. de Dunf.

William Fitz-Henry, was also a benefactor of the opulent Fifeshire Abbey. In a charter of mortification in Haddington's collections, granted in the reign of Alexander II. A.D. 1212, he bequeathed in pure and perpetual alms to the church and monastery of Dunfermline, a certain toft of land in Craigmillar, in the southern part which leads from the town of Nidreif (Niddrie) to the church of Liberton, which Henry de Edmonton holds of him.

How long Craigmillar remained in the possession of its early masters is uncertain. Other lords, we know, had dominion over it in the fourteenth century. Then it belonged to Sir John de Capella, lord of Craigmillar; whose family held it until 1374, when it passed into the hands of Sir Simon Preston of Gorton.* His descendants owned it for nearly three hundred years. With the Preston tenure began the palmy days of Craigmillar. Then the castle became the scene of those stirring historical events with which its name is now indelibly linked. Sir Simon traced his descent from Leolph de Preston, who lived in the time of William the Lion. He is designated "*filius Leolphi*," in a donation to the Monastery of Newbattle, granted about the beginning of the reign of Alexander II. It would appear that the Preston ancestors held a very respectable position in the ranks of the Scottish barons even at

* Near Hawthornden.

that remote date. Sir William, the son of Leolphus, was among the nobles summoned to meet Edward I. at Berwick in 1292, during the contention between Baliol and Bruce for the throne. His son, Nicol, figures in the Ragman Roll as one of the craven souls, who swore fealty to that haughty monarch in 1296. More honourable and patriotic records afterwards distinguish his descendant, Laurence de Preston, knight, who upheld the cause of David II. against Edward Baliol, son of the old "straw king," who made an attempt to seize the Bruce's crown. This brave soldier lost his life at Dunbar in a skirmish with the English in 1337. The honours of his family thereafter devolved upon Sir John de Preston, who was also warmly attached to the heir of the Bruce; and accompanied him in his ill-advised raid into England in 1346. He was taken prisoner at the Battle of Neville's Cross, near Durham—whipped by a woman, Queen Philippa—and sent with his royal master to the Tower of London, where he remained until he was ransomed. Upon his return from captivity, he obtained a charter from King David, conveying to him the lands of Gorton. Dying shortly afterwards, he was succeeded by his son Simon, the first of the Preston stock to own Craigmillar. It came by purchase.

Simon de Preston, *filius et hæres apparens Domini Joannis*, was knighted by David II. in 1360. He had the estate of Craigmillar confirmed to him by Robert

II. The charter of ratification is dated 22nd February 1374. It conveyed to him the whole of the lands of Craigmillar, in Vic. du Edinburgh, whilk William de Capella resigned, and decreed them "to be held of the king and his heirs, for the service of one archer in the royal army." Sir Simon de Preston had three sons. Simon, the eldest, appears to have predeceased his father, as his second son, Sir George, succeeded to the baronies of Gorton and Craigmillar. Sir Henry, the youngest, was Provost of Edinburgh in 1434. Nor was he the last of his race to fill the civic chair.

After Sir John Preston, the son and successor of Sir George, came another baron, named William, whose connexion with the Cathedral of St. Giles has transmitted his memory to posterity. He was not content simply to breathe the balmy air of Craigmillar, nor to "set up his rest behind the stove." He travelled much. During a visit to France, he obtained by the aid of the king of that country, Charles VII., a precious relic—the arm-bone of St. Giles. On his return to Scotland, he freely gifted the relic "to our mother kirk of St. Giles of Edinburgh, without making any condition." Upon his departure from this life, he was accorded, in gratitude for his bequest, a place of sepulchre in the Lady Chapel of the Cathedral. Nor was this all. "Considering the great labour and costs that he made for getting thereof"—the arm-bone—the Town Council * obliged

* Burgh Records.

themselves to his son, to build that aisle* to his memory, which still bears his name; and where his armorial bearings—a shield with three unicorn heads—may still be seen. Besides, it was expressly ordered that his male representatives should have the honour, in all civic processions, of bearing the relic of the Saint. This singular right the Preston family continued annually to exercise until the Reformation.

William's death took place in 1442. He was succeeded by a son, also named William, who was the first of his race to assume the title "Laird of Craigmillar"—*Domine de Craigmillar*—and represented the city of Edinburgh in the Parliament of 1471. He died in 1474, and left the "lordly halls" to his son, Sir Simon Preston, who was also member for the city in 1487. He had granted him a charter, under the seal of James IV., "uniting the lands of Cragmelor and Gortoun as the barony of Cragmelor."† His wife belonged to "the lordly line of high St. Clair." By her he had two sons, William and George; each of whom held Craigmillar in turn, before it passed to the son of the latter, the famous Sir Simon Preston, Provost and Privy Councillor.‡ This proud castellan, who with many others dyed his hands in the

* The Preston Aisle.

† Douglas, *Peerage*.

‡ "On the 22nd of January 1565, Sir Simon Preston was appointed Lord Justice-General of Scotland, an office which he seems only to have held for a short period."—Pitcairn's *State Trials*.

blood of David Rizzio, twice filled the civic chair of Edinburgh. It was during his tenure of the Castle that it became associated with the beautiful Mary Stuart, around whose memory so much of the interest, now attached to it, circles. His town residence was called the "Black Turnpike." * Here the unfortunate Queen met with a bitter reception when she was cruelly thrust into it by the confederate lords, who broke faith with her, after their return to the capital from Carberry Hill.

In his capacity as chief Magistrate, Sir Simon Preston obtained from the Regent Murray, a charter conveying to himself Trinity Church, with the Hospital and lands thereof. This gift he shortly afterwards bestowed upon the city for behoof of its poor; an act which received as much praise as if it had been a public-spirited disposal of his own property.† A bond was also entered into between him and Kirkaldy of Grange, Governor of Edinburgh Castle, for the defence and support of the Government of James VI. This compact was of short duration. Grange, "the man of the Craig," as he was then called, soon after unfurled the standard of Queen Mary, and from his lofty rock, dominated the city of

* This edifice stood to the west of the Tron Church, on the vacant space of ground now forming the entrance to Hunter Square. It was taken down in 1788.

† Burgh Records.

Edinburgh. Then Preston's magisterial reign closed. Kirkaldy drove him furth, and set in the civic chair, as his own deputy, his son-in-law, Kerr of Ferniehurst, a person "with as little of the municipal or corporate in his character as could well be."*

Sir Simon Preston was twice married. By his second wife, Elizabeth Menteith, he had a son, David, who succeeded to the barony. David was unfortunate in domestic relationships. "Upon the 13th January 1591, the Laird of Craigmillar intended divorcement before the Commissars of Edinburgh, against his wife for adulterie committed with the Laird of Nidrie. The witnesses being sworne, and to be examined, one of them, who could depone most in that matter, was taken by force out of the Tolbuith, by Lord Bothwell, the King sitting in the meantime with the Lords of Session in the Tolbuith; and was taken captive to Crichton Castle, where Bothwell threatened him with the gallows. Manie enormities were committed as if there had been no king in Israel: so contemptible was the King's authoritie, and that through his own defaulte, wanting due care and courage to minister Justice."†

The heirs of Sir William de Craigmillar—Domine de Craigmillar—held the barony until 1639, when his line became extinct, with the decease, in that year, of Sir Robert Preston, grandson of the famous Provost, who

* Burton, *History of Scotland*.

† Calderwood.

died without issue. Craigmillar then passed to a collateral branch of the family, the representative of which was George Preston. He was probably the son of David Preston of Whitehill, who appears to have been cited as a rebel in 1590. George became a warm partisan of the unfortunate Charles I. He was on the committee of war for Edinburgh-shire; and had the baronies of Craigmillar and Gorton ratified to him in 1644.* A petition having been presented against him in 1649, he had to pay a fine of £1500 into the Exchequer of Cromwell.* This was mitigated to £500. Besides, he had refunded to him certain sums advanced by a levy in 1648. George was the last of the Prestons to hold the lordship of Craigmillar. For well-nigh three centuries his ancestors had graced its halls. The year 1661 saw it pass into other hands.

Before bidding adieu to the barons of Craigmillar, one scion more of their ancient line is worthy of special notice. This was Sir Richard Preston, a descendant of the third son of Sir Simon Preston, who in 1374 purchased the estate of Craigmillar. He was ennobled in 1607. A gentleman of the bedchamber of James I. and a knight of the bath, Sir Richard was created a peer of Scotland by that monarch under the title of Lord Dingwall. He married the Lady Elizabeth Butler, only daughter of Thomas, Earl of Ormonde, and widow of

* Acts of Parliament.

Viscount Theophilim; and became Earl of Desmond in the peerage of Ireland, in 1614. He met his death by drowning in 1628. His Scottish honours descended to his daughter, Elizabeth, who became Duchess of Ormonde.

Such is the story of the Prestons, barons of Craigmillar. For well-nigh three centuries they held sway in "yon hall capacious, where the flowing bowl inspired convivial mirth." In addition to their own immediate vassals, they could summon into the field others of noble rank. On the boundary walls of their Castle, in the days of Sir Walter Scott,* might have been seen the "arms" of Cockburn of Ormiston; Congleton of Congleton; Moubray of Barnbogle; and Otterburn of Redford, allies of the Prestons of Craigmillar. These have now all disappeared. But the family Shield, with its three unicorn heads, still meets the eye of the tourist on almost every part of the ruin. Each has got a different setting. That over the principal doorway, and another—a modern reproduction of it—above the newer entrance to the "Keep" in the east wing of the castle, have the shield represented *couché*, that is, pendent from the corner. In the panel, surmounting the old and original entrance, the shield is similarly placed. In this scutcheon, it sustains a helmet and crest. The whole forms a fine picture of what was the head-gear of the proud Prestons. The reason of the *couché* posture is said to have been on account of it

* *Provincial Antiquities.*

having been deemed more honourable to carry the shield in that fashion than square. This arrangement, too, according to some authorities, originated in the practice of competitors hanging up their shields prior to a tournament. If they were to fight on horseback, they suspended it by the *sinister* chief; and if on foot, by the *dexter* chief. On the eastern wall of the castle may be seen the "armorial bearings" of Sir Simon Preston. Here, in addition to the shield, bearing the unicorns' heads, are his initials, "S.P." Another panel, with the family escutcheon, is inserted over a small portal, leading from the outer Bailey to what was probably a Flower Garden, on the west side of the castle. This bears the date 1570 (1510?). Beneath the shield are a cheese-press and tun—a wretched *rebus* to express the name of Preston. In other places may be discerned the Preston Heraldry. But, with the exceptions of those over the principal doorway, and the old entrance to the "Keep," none of them are in their original position. The modern amateur builder has inserted most of them where they are now to be seen.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BARONETS OF CRAIGMILLAR—THE GILMOURS.

“Nil penna sed usus.”

CRAIGMILLAR passed from the Prestons to the Gilmours in 1661. It came by purchase and it went by purchase. Sir John Gilmour was the buyer. He had his bargain ratified to him by Act of Parliament, the same year in which it was bought. “Our Soverane Lord, with advice and consent of the Estates of Parliament, Ratifies, Approves, and perpetually confirms to and in favors of Sir John Gilmour of Craigmillar, Knight President of the Colledge of Justice, and Alexander his sonne, his heirs . . . the letter of disposition made and granted be George Prestoun of Craigmiller and Mr. Johne Prestoun his brother all and haill the lands and Baronie of Craigmiller with the tower fortaleice dowcats etc.” In the following year (1662) he had also ratified to him and to his son Alexander, the lands of Craiglockhart.*

Sir John was the son of an eminent Writer to the Signet, who flourished in the early part of the seven-

* Acts of Parliament.

teenth century. This forms a key to the "Armorial Bearings" of the family. These consist of three writing pens with a crest; a dexter hand holding a scroll of paper; and the motto, "*Nil penna sed usus.*" All this insignia indicate that their rise was from being Writers or Lawyers.*

Sir John Gilmour followed his father's profession, and was educated for the bar. He passed as advocate in 1628. In 1641 he was appointed by the Estates of Parliament, one of the counsel for the Earl of Montrose; and conducted himself with such satisfaction to the royalist party, that he obtained through their patronage a very extensive legal practice. The same year of the Craigmillar purchase, Sir John was called by Charles II. to fill the Lord President's chair in the Court of Session. In the deed appointing him to this high office, he is described as a "person of such known integritie and such eminent abilities." His salary, however, was not great, being only £500 a year. At the same time he became a Privy Councillor and one of the Barons of Exchequer. In addition to all his other honours, he was elected Member of Parliament for the shire of Edinburgh in 1661; and continued to represent the county till his death, in 1671. He was a thorough

* Gilmour is Gaelic in its origin. It is derived from *gillie*, a servant, and *mhor*, great; literally a great servant. The designation was applied to the henchman or follower of a Highland chief.

constitutionalist. His influence in opposing many of the arbitrary measures of his sovereign was often very successful. He obtained a clause in the Militia Act that the realm of Scotland should maintain no force, levied by the king or otherwise, without the consent of the Estates. There are numerous other "memories" on record of him, that do him lasting honour. One of these is the noble stand he made in the interests of the luckless Marquis of Argyle. When that ill-fated nobleman was brought before—what Kirkton well named—the "Terrible Parliament," Sir John Gilmour made a powerful but futile effort to save him. He frankly told his brother judges, "that after paying all the attention in his power to the case, he could find nothing proved against him but what the greater part of the House was as deeply involved in as he." On this, one of the commissioners, the Earl of Middleton, rose and observed, "that what Sir John said was very true; but the King might pitch upon whom he pleased to make an example of."*

Other acts, long remembered to his credit, show Sir John Gilmour to have been a large-hearted and beneficent man. He seems to have had not the slightest sympathy with the prelatie rage of the "killing times." As a Privy Councillor he refused to vote for extreme measures against the Covenanters who had surrendered

* Wodrow's *Analecta*, Maitland Club.

themselves on "promise of quarter," after the affair at Rullion Green, in 1666. He counselled honour and mercy. But in vain. The influence of the bloodthirsty recreant, Archbishop Sharp, prevailed. The luckless heroes of the Covenant found a prison in "Haddow's Hole,"* and were soon after proceeded against as criminals.

After a life of uniform probity and great usefulness, Sir John died in 1671. He had resigned the Lord President's chair the preceding year. So passed away the first and greatest of the Gilmours, having been Laird of Craigmillar for a decade.

He was succeeded by his son, Alexander, created a baronet in 1678. He took little or no part in the political history of his time. In the records of Parliament his name is found as one of "an association of defence," formed in 1696, to protect King William against a plot for his assassination by the papists. Sir Alexander, on his attaining to the baronetcy, married the Hon. Grizel, daughter of the eleventh Lord Ross. He died in 1731. With several daughters he had a son, Sir Charles Gilmour, who was elected a member of Parliament for Edinburghshire, in 1737. After his death at Montpelier, in 1750, the estate of Craigmillar passed to his son, Sir Alexander Gilmour, the

* Formerly a part of St. Giles' Cathedral, which modern improvements have swept away.

fourth and last baronet. He was an officer in His Majesty's Foot Guards; and also represented Mid-Lothian in Parliament from 1761 to 1774. Sir Alexander died unmarried in 1792. With him the baronetcy became extinct. The lands of Craigmillar then devolved upon William Charles Little, of Liberton, who thereupon assumed the additional name of Gilmour.

William Charles Little was the great-grandson of Sir Alexander Gilmour, the second baronet of Craigmillar, and his wife, the Hon. Grizel. His grandmother was Helen, their eldest daughter. She had married William Little, of Liberton. An only daughter, Grizel was the issue of this union. She married her cousin, Walter Little. Their only son, the above mentioned William Charles Little, became the heir of Craigmillar. He died in 1797, leaving a family of five sons and three daughters. The eldest son, Walter Little Gilmour, of Craigmillar and Liberton, took to wife, in 1805, Miss M'Dowal, heiress of Canonmills near Edinburgh. He died in 1807. With a daughter, Jane, he left a posthumous son, the late Walter James Little Gilmour, born the year his father died. A fine print of him hangs in "Queen Mary's Room" in the Castle. The present representative of the family is Mr. Gordon Gilmour of the Grenadier Guards. He is the grandson of Jane, sister of the late Mr. Gilmour.

It is worthy of note that the Gilmours are the

descendants, not only of the old baronets of Craigmillar, but also of ancestors, some of whom—like the Prestons—held high positions in the magistracy of Edinburgh. There lies buried in the Greyfriars Churchyard—with a splendid monument erected to his memory, by his great-grandchild, in 1683—"William Little, of Over Libertoun, sometime Provost of Edinburgh. Here also, beside his brother, Mr. Clement,* elder than the Provost, Commissarie in the metropolis, waites the resurrection."

* Mr. Clement Littill, advocate, and one of the Commissaries of Edinburgh, died on the 1st of April 1580. He bequeathed as a legacy to the city, to be used by the ministers, elders, and deacons, thereof, "his haill bukis of theologie, estimat to the soume of ane thousand merkis." The books, amounting to about three thousand volumes, having been transferred to the newly-founded College, formed the nucleus of the University Library.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CASTLE.

“Without the gods how short a period stands
The proudest monument of mortal hands.”

OBSCURITY veils from us alike its original founder and the date of its foundation. There is nothing to shew at what age, or by what hand it was built. However, a building of one kind or another must have existed here as early as 1010.*

Of the present structure the Keep is doubtless the oldest part, and probably belongs to the latter half of the fourteenth century. The wings are of a much later date. Grose surmises, with great plausibility, that much of the building, as it now appears, was erected when the Castle was repaired after its partial destruction by the English, under Hertford, in 1544. That event is thus described by a contemporary chronicler. “The English army passed to Craigmillar, quhilk was haistilie given to thaim ; promesed to keip samyne without skaith, quhilk promes thai brak and brunt and destroyit the said hous.” † Whatever may have been the adjuncts of the

* Chalmers' *Caledonia*.

† *Diurnal of Occurrents*.

Keep previous to the burning by Hertford, there is every reason for believing that the plans of restoration were such as took the Castle out of the category of Feudal Keeps,* and brought it into that of castles with quadrangles.

In point of architectural beauty and accommodation, Craigmillar excels the generality of Scottish castles. The curtains, or surrounding walls, enclose a space of 130 feet by 90 feet, and are flanked by circular turrets. They are thirty feet high, and bear the date 1427. Very interesting from an architectural point of view, are those old embattled "screens." They appear dull and dead now; but this is owing to the windows and other openings having all been built up in recent years. Bold corbels project from the top, upon which rests the parapet wall, with open machicolations and gargoyles. These machicolations were not designed simply for structural effect. They were also for purposes of defence. Through them, the assailed with impunity could hurl missiles down upon the heads of their assailants.

The parapet wall was provided with embrasures and loopholes. Carved on the merlons, between the embrasures, on the north front are the letters **G** and **P**, doubtless the initials of the family name of "Preston," and

* The castle of the feudal lord consisted of a grim, massy keep, with outbuildings, the whole surrounded by a fortified wall and moat, passable only by a narrow drawbridge.

their original estate of "Gorton." Loops are pierced through these letters. Here also may be seen the Royal Arms—the lion rampant with the crown above. This was to show that in time of war, or during any term of trouble and commotion, the Castle was at the service of the sovereign.

The flanking towers, of which there are four—one at each corner—are higher than the "screens," and are also provided with similar machicolated parapets. Each of these turrets appears to have had an upper battlement. This is evident from the partial remains of a stair in the one at the south-east angle of the Castle. The turret here is peculiar. It is circular to the east and square to the west. This arrangement may have been designed to mask a small postern that gave access to the Castle from the south. In this same tower is pointed out the traditional prison-room of Queen Mary. It is of limited dimensions, being only nine feet by five. It has, however, two windows and a fire-place. She is said to have slept in a swing hammock. Truly "the brilliant Queen" would not be over comfortable. The tradition is wholly without foundation. There is not a tittle of evidence to show that Mary was ever a prisoner at Craigmillar. It often received her as a Queen; never as a captive.

The gateway to the inner court is in the centre of the northern screen. "It is rather a weak feature in this

Castle as it now stands. But there are indications of there having originally been a guard-room and inner gateway, with probably a portcullis. That there have been buildings of some kind along the inside of this wall is apparent from the window and other recesses still remaining. One of these recesses on the upper floor contains a loophole and stone-seat as if for a sentinel to watch the gate." * The tourist, on entering, is confronted by the mass of the donjon or Keep, mantled with ivy from base to battlement. The inferior buildings or wings are on his right and left. These enclose a spacious oblong court. But, *tempora mutantur*. And for the better. Where armed men strode, the yew and elderberry peacefully grow ; while the war song has given place to the chatter of the jackdaw and the twitter of the swallow.

The Keep occupies the most commanding position of the site. Its south wall rests upon a precipitous cliff from twenty to thirty feet in height. In this cliff there is a deep chasm, which was utilized for purposes of defence. The plan is of the usual form, with a projection on the west side. The height is fifty-eight feet. This includes the parapet, which is flush with the main wall. The frontage is fifty-one feet, and the depth fully forty-seven feet. The walls are nine feet thick. Originally the donjon had but one entrance. This was the arched doorway already referred to as surmounted by

* *Castellated Architecture of Scotland.*

the Preston Arms. It stands in the re-entering angle of the projection. To reach it, the visitor has to pass through the ruins of the west wing, and then along a narrow court eight yards long. Beside the door, on the right, there is an arch fully twelve feet in diameter, now built up. The design of this arch was doubtless to carry the south curtain wall of the Castle over the rock chasm mentioned above. The chasm itself penetrated considerably in front of the door, and had to be crossed by a bridge. It would, therefore, be a strong defence in guarding entrance to the Keep.

The doorway leads into a small lobby. Off it, and at right angles, runs another. This conducts to what was probably the Dungeon of the donjon. It is an apartment of considerable dimensions, and can now be reached by other two doors situate in the east and west walls of the Keep. Those entrances were in all likelihood made when the Castle was restored after its destruction by Hertford. Then it may have been used for other than prison purposes. Overhead, was another spacious room with vaulted roof. This was for guards. Right opposite the entrance door, and at the farther end of the small lobby, is another door. Inside it, starts a newel stair leading up to the level of the guardroom. Here another stair—placed a few feet to one side, and entered also by a doorway—ascends to the level of the principal Hall.

This Hall is large and spacious, but with little or no

architectural adornments. There is, however, at the upper end of it, a fine fire-place of simple design. Its width is eleven feet. The Hall itself is about thirty-five feet long, and twenty-one broad. Its height to the top of the vault, is fully twenty-five feet. On each of the side walls is a row of corbels about twelve feet above the floor. Some are of opinion that these indicate the level of another hall. This may have been. But, if any such arrangement ever existed, it must have marred considerably the simple beauty of this chief apartment in the Castle. It is not unlikely that these corbels had something to do with narrow galleries for the accommodation of musicians; and were communicated with by a door off the stair, that leads to the higher storeys. The Hall is well lit. Besides three large windows, there is another in the recess leading to the galleries; and also a smaller one in the west wall—pretty high up—which, however, may have been intended more for ventilation than light. The three larger windows are each supplied with stone seats or benches. There is also a locker in the one looking south. On the bench in this window, immediately below the locker, may be faintly traced a diagram, said to have been used for playing an old knightly game, called “The Walls of Troy.” This was probably a pastime of Craigmillar’s princely guests. Some remnants too of old paintings may still be seen on the lower portions of the walls in the Great Hall.

A door at the north-east corner of the Hall leads to a small room, with a window looking into the inner court. This apartment may have been a place of safety for the plate and other valuables of the dining table. On the right of the fire-place—but now built up—was another entrance to the Hall, made doubtless as a convenient means of communication with the west wing of the Castle. There still remain some fragments of the stair which led up to it.

Before leaving the Hall, the tourist is shown the “traditional room” of Queen Mary. It is now the only apartment of the Castle “under lock and key.” It is most irregular in shape. The doorway is low and narrow. This seems not to have been its original entrance, as is evident from a built-up doorway on the stair landing. Two small windows, in deep recesses, supply it with light. The room itself has been under the hand of the modern workman, as the plaster on the walls and the flags on the floor amply testify. There is a good fire-place. Between the windows is an arched recess, surmounted by the Scotch Thistle, and crown, flanked with the initials M.R., “Marie Regina.” The furnishings* of this once queenly boudoir are not now of much account. There are, however, a few curiosities, such as the Queen’s work-basket (?);

* Some of these have been recently removed to the Inch House.

a bluff hunting coat worn by Charles II. ; an old rifle ; some remains of a breast-plate, said to have belonged to Lord Darnley ; and a small specimen of a sixteenth century grate in the fire-place. The walls are decorated with the skins and horns of deer killed in the neighbourhood. Over the fire-place are portraits of Queen Mary and the late Mr. Gilmour. That of the beautiful Queen is an engraving of a painting by Farino. It is dedicated by permission to Sir Walter Scott. Beneath it are the following sweet verses from the pen of Mr. Henry Scott Riddell, author of " Scotland Yet."

"Yes ! thou art Mary, Scotland's Queen,
Embodied forth by magic art ;
An image that long, long hath been
Enshrined within a nation's heart.
And who can gaze upon thee now,
And know no sorrow for the tears
Wrung from thy heart, whilst passing through
Thy pilgrimage of hapless years ?
We own there is a mournful charm
Which hides thy frailties in decay ;
Whilst thinking how a heart so warm
Could e'er grow cold as other clay.
The white rose shall no sweets impart,
The thistle wave no longer green ;
Ere Time shall melt from Scotland's heart,
The memory of her lovely Queen."

There can be but little doubt that this interesting chamber was the scene of the celebrated " Conference of Craigmillar " in 1567 ; and where the infamous " Bond "

was ultimately drawn up and signed. Of these we shall speak by and by.

We now bid adieu to the Great Hall. A narrow stair, immediately outside the entrance to it, leads to the donjon roof. Ascending a few steps, we pass the door communicating with the galleries already referred to. A little higher, and we enter a very agreeable room. This apartment—probably the bed-room of royalty when resident at Craigmillar—is eighteen feet long and twelve feet broad. It has a vaulted roof, and off it is the only remaining specimen of a privy closet in the Castle. A few steps more brings us to the top of the Keep. The view well repays the climb. It commands a scene of great beauty and extent.*

The roof is flat, with a slight gradient north and south from the centre. It was originally paved with dressed stone flags. The south gradient is the old roof restored. The parapet wall is flush with the main building; and is provided with crenellations and plain gargoyles. It is more than likely that the parapet at first encircled the

* See Chapter V.

O'er broken steps, that hang aloof,
The pilgrims mount the vaulted roof;
O! then what varied prospects rise—
What fairy-landscapes meet their eyes!
Where Dalkeith's curling smoke ascends,
The Esk in rocky channel wends,
Whose waters as they roll along,
Have oft been praised in poet's song.

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entire roof. But alterations of a later date raised the walls of the south wing, and thereby secured the addition of a large and airy room. This apartment may have served as a dormitory for guards, as there is a sentinel's box off it. It is worthy of note that this addition was placed on that side of the Keep where defence from the parapet was least needed, because of the protection afforded by the cliff below.*

The visitor now descends to the level of the Great Hall. Here he leaves the Keep by a wide and easy stair. A few steps below the landing, a corridor branches off it to the upper apartments of the east wing of the Castle. These are all roofless; and the partitions of many of them are also gone. On the right of the corridor itself, are the remains of a large and airy room, with a fine southern exposure; but of the other apartments on this storey, not a vestige is left, save dilapidated outer walls and windows. Their floors, now thrown into one, and laid with concrete, have all the appearance of a paved court-yard. At the south-east corner is the semi-circular turret already mentioned as containing the traditional prison chamber of the unfortunate Mary. The descent to it is by an extremely narrow winding stair. On the level of this contracted chamber is a doorway, leading out to what appears to have been a balcony overlooking the Castle gardens.

* *Castellated Architecture of Scotland.*

It is surmounted by the "Preston Shield." At the end of the balcony is a strong square bartizan. Before leaving this part of the ruin, the tourist may enjoy a walk along the "screens" as far as the north-west tower. He must move cautiously however, because of the machicolations and gargoyles at his feet.

Returning to the wide stair, we make a further descent, and soon reach another corridor immediately beneath the one we have just left. This communicated with the kitchen by means of a door now built up. Here also was a service window—still to be seen—through which the smoking joints were borne by busy waiters to the long oaken table in the Great Hall, to be served up to "My lord" and his guests; while black bearded men-at-arms passed round the pitcher of mighty ale. Two other apartments—probably bedrooms—entered off this corridor. The door on the opposite side of the stair led to the guard-room immediately under the Grand Hall. Descending to the ground floor, we turn into a long gloomy passage corresponding to the corridors of the higher storeys. It is fully twelve yards in length, and leads to two rooms, the farthest in of which communicated with the postern formerly mentioned as situate in the square side of the south-east turret. Parallel with the dark passage is a flight of twelve steps. This is the entrance to the kitchen, a large vaulted apartment, twenty-four feet

by fourteen. It has a large fire-place, ten feet wide. Here the steam of boiled meat, of roast and stew, often obscured the sombre roof, while the dogs growled and fought for the bones and offal of the feast, as they lay waiting their repast beneath the tables. But these too were the days of other strife, when our Scottish nobles—

“Carved at the meal with gloves of steel,
And drank their wine through the helmet barred.”

We now debouch from the Castle into the inner court by a fine Renaissance door-way of early sixteenth century work.

Turning to the right, a stair descends to the traditional dungeons, which were more likely to have been cellars. One of them contained a Draw-well, which is now filled up. Fronting the descent, is what was the Bake-house of the Castle, with an oven, pretty entire. The reputed dungeons enter from a low dark passage. To explore them the visitor requires the aid of artificial light. The one to the right of the passage is said to have been the prison-house of the ill-fated Earl of Mar, brother of James III. In this “limbo” there is just light sufficient to make darkness visible. Very different is its companion chamber. No ray is admitted here to dispel the gloom. From this “Erebus,” tradition has it, that a subterranean way led down to the mansion-house of Peffermill, the residence of the notorious Earl of

Bothwell during the reign of Mary. In the narrow passage between these dungeons, John Pinkerton, Advocate, and Mr. Irvine, W.S., discovered in 1813, a human skeleton, built into the wall in an upright position. On being exposed to the air, it soon became dust.

Leaving these gloomy abodes, our attention is next drawn to the buildings forming the north projection of the east wing. Into this part of the structure three ordinary doors give access from the inner court. The first of these enters an apartment of considerable dimensions, immediately under the kitchen. Inside the next door starts a spiral stair, leading up to a room of equal size as the preceding. There is evidence of this stair having ascended higher. The third opens into another room, in every respect similar to the two we have just left. From this one, a door—now built up—led out to the Chapel. Here also is an entrance to the north-east turret, which was probably a guard station. It has got two arrow-slits commanding the outer Bailey, east and west. These rooms have all vaulted roofs. Along with the others on the ground floor of this wing, they were, in all likelihood, occupied by the servants and resident serfs.

We now cross the court-yard to the west wing of the Castle, which appears to be much more modern than any other part of the structure. It bears the date 1600

over one of the windows. Now, as Craigmillar did not come into the possession of the Gilmours until 1661, it would seem that this wing is considerably older than the time of Sir John Gilmour, by whom in its present form it is said to have been built. He may have made alterations upon it. In architectural design it is wholly different from all else at Craigmillar. None of the roofs appear to have been vaulted. And where we have bold corbels and wide machicolations on the east wing, we have here a line of six handsome gabled dormer windows, and a projecting chimney. Indeed, the whole appearance gives us more of the impression that it is a dilapidated country mansion-house of the seventeenth century, than the decayed wing of a Feudal keep. There can be no doubt whatever that the present ruin supplanted a building much older. The fact that the south-west tower has got corbels and machicolations, shews that a "screen," similar to what we find on the east and north sides of the Castle, must also have gone along the west side.

The west wing is entered by a very fine doorway placed at an obtuse angle to the Keep. Inside this doorway is a square paved court from which started the stair that led up to the Great Hall. Here are to be seen the fragments of it which still remain. Off this court is another of equal size—also paved—where is an entrance to the ground floor of the Keep. Beyond

it again is a third court, twenty-seven feet in length. At its further end stood the "Confessional," reached by a flight of four steps, none of which now remain. The Confessional itself was sixteen feet by four. In it may still be seen the elevated niche where the priest used to stand, and receive the self-accusations of the poor and unfortunate penitents. Near the Confessional, is a small apartment, of dungeon-like aspect, said to have been the executioner's room where he plied his deadly trade. Within this lethal chamber is shewn a stone, deeply worn as if it had been rubbed by some piece of metal; and the guide—if he knows his calling—may play upon the credulous and say that this was the result of the headsman sharpening his axe; an awful monument of the wholesale slaughter of Feudal times. The incredulous, however, may be inclined to adopt another theory, and substitute the cook for the executioner. Happier days are said to have transformed this death cell into a wine-cellar.

Ascending by a spiral stair in the basement of the south-west turret, we soon find ourselves in an airy and comfortable apartment just beside the Confessional. This probably was a withdrawing room. It adjoins what during the Gilmours' occupancy of Craigmillar was the Dining Hall, a large and spacious room thirty feet long by about eighteen feet broad. It had two handsome mullioned windows, now built up. Between

these was the fire-place. Upon its upper lintel are the remains of some nicely carved armorial designs. Leaving this apartment the visitor enters the kitchen. It is large, and has a fire-place ten feet wide. A door led off it to the north-west turret. The entire suite of rooms, on the upper storey of this west wing, is now roofless and floorless, and were lit by the dormer windows mentioned above. We now debouch again through the kitchen entrance into the inner court.

Such then is a rapid survey of Craigmillar's interesting ruin. Sir Walter Scott's graphic and well-known description of Crichtoun Castle may be fitly adapted here—

“ The towers in different ages rose,
The various architecture shows
The builders various hands.”

As formerly noted, we have no certain data given us to fix the exact age of any portion of the structure. Doubtless the Keep was the nucleus of the whole. It has been assigned to the latter half of the fourteenth century; but probably its foundation was considerably earlier. Over the doorway of the old church, in the outer Bailey, is a stone bearing the date 1249. This stone is certainly not in its original position. The surmise therefore, is not wholly Utopian, that it once belonged to the Keep, and marked the year of its erection. Another stone, already noticed, bears the date 1570 (1510?). This stone—also a wanderer—may refer

to the final restoration of the Castle after its destruction by the English in 1544.

The Gilmours continued to live at Craigmillar until the time of the last baronet, when the family preferred "The Inch," their present residence. Its last occupants were two old ladies, the daughters of the Lord President, Sir John Gilmour. The Castle was in a perfect state of preservation with "all its office houses and grass," when it was advertised in the *Edinburgh Courant* of the 11th March 1761, to be let. About the beginning of the present century, this once favourite abode of Scottish Royalty, and the scene of many a stirring event in our national annals, was permitted to fall into decay. Time and neglect soon did their deadly work. Fortunately, however, Craigmillar is now in good hands; and its owner, Mr. Gordon Gilmour, preserves this very interesting relic of Feudal times with the greatest care. For this, he deserves the best thanks alike of the student of history and of the antiquarian.

CHAPTER IX.

OUTWORKS AND OTHER BUILDINGS.

“Yon mould’ring chapel which in days of yore,
To some romantic saint was sacred made :
Where the early priest his matins murmured o’er,
And said his numerous prayers for the dead.”

THE outer ramparts of Craigmillar were strong and extensive. They consisted, for the most part, of well built mural work, varying from two to three feet thick. Around them was a deep moat ; but no trace of it now remains. The walls enclosed the Bailey on the north, and the gardens on the south of the Castle. They were flanked at each corner by round towers, three of which partially remain. The one at the north-east angle is pretty entire ; and, judging from its construction, these turrets appear to have served the double purpose of dove-cots and places of defence. The principal approach to the Castle ran past this tower to an arched gateway facing the east, and situate about the middle of the Bailey. It was fully eleven feet high, and about seven feet six inches wide. Beside it was a post for the guard. Immediately within this portal, stood what were the offices of the Castle ; traces of which are still to be seen. A rather commodious building, at the extreme west of

the Bailey, without any pretensions to architectural beauty, and internally arrased with ivy, goes by the designation of "The Church." Some writers are of opinion that it was originally a "Barn." This is doubtful. It is more than likely to have been the Presbyterian Meeting-House, built by the Lord President, Sir John Gilmour, after the indulgence accorded to Scotland by James VII., and which served for many years as the Parish Church of Liberton. This structure is said to have been the first building erected in Scotland in the interests of Presbyterianism, consequent to the Act of "Religious Toleration" granted by that monarch. Here, large congregations assembled to worship God according to conscience; and to receive the pure milk of the Word from pastors whom they loved. Here, in 1687, the Rev. James Webster was ordained, after having been previously three times imprisoned for Non-conformity. Here, he preached with the greatest acceptance under the "Banner of the Covenant" until the "Revolution Settlement," in 1689, when he became parish minister of Liberton. "Allowance was given him by the Committee of Estates, 17th May 1689, to exercise his ministry at the Kirk (of Liberton) without prejudice to the patron." Then the Meeting-House at Craigmillar was superseded and adapted to agricultural purposes, when probably it may have been utilized as a "Barn."

East of the Castle are the ruins of what was, in its halcyon days, the Private Chapel. This seems to have been a very simple building. It was of no great dimensions, being twenty-nine feet by fourteen. The few remains of carving about it indicate fifteenth century work. The door now leading to it, is in its north side. But this entrance was in all likelihood first made when its sacred use had terminated; and itself converted into a stable. The original door, which is now built up, was in the south side. Over this doorway, may still be seen the remains of a beautifully carved niche, that once contained the image of "some romantic saint"; while inside it are a broken font and other consecrated appendages. In the same wall, with this door, were two handsome windows, the larger of which well attracts attention. It was elegantly mullioned, and there are still some traces of very rich ornamental work on the upper lintel. There was also a chaste circular window in the west gable. The Chapel had access to the Castle by means of a private entrance through the east screen; but it too is closed up. Between the Castle and the Chapel are the remains of what appears to have been a guard-tower. This, in all likelihood, was used as the station of an armed sentinel, or some other attendant, whose duty it was to wait on the worshipper when engaged in repeating his Paternosters.

Besides the outer ramparts, another wall of defence

appears to have run along the south front of the Castle, immediately under the rock on which the structure stands. That this was one of the original enclosures of the old Keep is more than likely. At its western extremity, a very elegant stair, six feet wide, ascended from the lower level to the Flower-garden. It consisted of fine stone balusters with cope. The same design was carried along the raised wall on the south side of the garden itself; but not a vestige of it is now to the fore. Some of its pillars, however, may still be seen ornamenting the entrances to dwellings in the neighbourhood of the Castle. There are also relics of masonry on the north side of the Flower-garden; but it is difficult to give anything like a definite opinion as to what this really was. In the more extensive garden, to the south of the Castle, is the bed of a dried-up pond, fashioned in the form of a "P," doubtless so designed as being the initial letter of "Preston," the old proprietor's name.

The Bailey, or place of Judgment, occupied the space now covered by the green sward lying between the Castle and the northern outer wall. It was fully two hundred and ten feet long, with an average breadth of about seventy feet. Here, doubtless, in the early days of chivalry, when Feudalism was in its glory, often took place what was known as the "Judgment of Battle," when many a vassal, innocent or otherwise, bit the dust previous to dangling under the bough of the "dule-tree." Here,

too, the men-at-arms bounded into their saddles to follow their "baron bold" to the hunt; or to join the king in some warlike expedition. It shows a different aspect now. Instead of "the clashing spear and shield," or the sound of the oft-repeated tales of strife and blood, told by the armed warriors who strode there, we have the peaceful cattle grazing; and the laugh of the merry picnic party as they make holiday on the green. Few places are better adapted, or are more taken advantage of, for these happy gatherings than this old Bailey of Craigmillar. Yes, how changed the scene from what it was when the trampling of iron hoofs and the clang of arms broke upon the ear; and the gay concourse of assembled beauty, and knights in harness bright, or in "rugged steel unfiled," burst upon the sight. Aye, very different to what it was wont to be, when the young and brilliant Queen of Scots oft drew around her here the chivalry of Scotland:

"Her glances, like the day-god's light,
On each and all were thrown;
Like him she shone, impartial, bright,
Unrivalled and alone."

CHAPTER X.

ROYALTY AT CRAIGMILLAR.

“Within these halls once royalty held sway,
And for a season laid its cares away.”

HISTORICALLY, Craigmillar is intimately associated with the Royalty of old Scotland. It was long a favourite resort of the Stuart sovereigns—notably Mary—with the beginning of whose tale of woe it is indelibly linked. She very frequently resided here; and many of her despatches were dated from Craigmillar. On the central merlon of the parapet of the northern screen of the Castle, and right above the Preston Shield, may still be seen the Royal Arms of Scotland. This implied that under the Feudal regime, the Castle was at the disposal of the occupant of the Throne, whenever he thought fit to make it a temporary residence. Then its chief was under obligation to accommodate, not only the Royal Household, but also the Privy Council itself.

But not every scion of the House of Stuart went to Craigmillar from choice. History tells of one at least, whose residence there was enforced. This was John, Earl of Mar, the younger brother of James III. James

was a weakling. His imbecility was evidenced by a passion for worthless favourites, whom he elected to places of power; and in some cases raised to the ranks of the nobility. These creatures generally belonged to the lower classes. This was a most fatal policy on the part of the King. It incensed the barons and alienated the affections of his subjects. The result was that his brothers, Alexander, Duke of Albany; and John, Earl of Mar, both of whom took a deep interest in whatever concerned the welfare of the nation, soon became more popular than James himself, who is described as "a man that loved solitarriness and desired never to hear of warre." This was a misfortune for a King in an age of chivalry. Their popularity seems to have turned the heads of the young princes. Albany, the more ambitious of the two, unfurled the standard of rebellion, and made an attempt upon the Throne. It failed, and he got for his pains imprisonment in the Castle of Edinburgh. He soon made his escape, however, and found an asylum in England. The gay and handsome Mar, "who knew nothing bot nobilitie," was not so fortunate. It is no part of authentic history that he had any share in his brother's design upon the Crown. But this much is certain, that the scheming parasites poisoned the mind of James against his younger brother, by informing him that he had consulted witches, with the view of bringing about his own death. This had such an effect

upon the timid and jealous monarch that he ordered the Earl to be apprehended and confined in Craigmillar. Mystery hangs around his after fate. Drummond, in his *History of the Jameses*, says he was seized by fever and delirium in Craigmillar, and was removed to the Canongate, where he died in the hands of the King's physician; either from a too profuse use of phlebotomy; or, from his having in a fit of frenzy torn off the bandages. The generally received opinion, however, is, that Mar never came forth from his prison in the Castle alive. There he is said to have been murdered by stifling in a bath. If this be how he met his death, it is not unlikely that the skeleton discovered in 1813, may have been that of the unfortunate nobleman, who perished here through foul play in 1479.

But happier associations link the Stuart family to Craigmillar. The troubles of James III. closed amid the carnage of Sauchieburn in 1488. Then his son, "James of the iron belt," succeeded to the Throne. This chivalrous monarch often graced Craigmillar with his presence; and witnessed many a gay entertainment within its walls. Here he met his youthful bride—royal Margaret of England—on her way from Newbattle to Holyrood. The meeting was the occasion of much joy at the Castle. Tilts, tournaments, and other military spectacles were exhibited in great abundance. In connexion with these rejoicings, a somewhat exciting scene

took place between Sir Patrick Hamilton and a brother knight. The lady attending Sir Patrick and who bore his bugle horn, was suddenly seized by his companion in arms, who assayed to carry her off. The two came to blows over the affair, and probably bloodshed would have been the issue had not the King called, "Peace." The last time the gallant James looked upon Craigmillar's towers was in July 1513, when he swept past them, with Sir William Preston in his train, leading his "kingdom's vast array "

" To the stern strife and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotia's spear,
And broken was her shield."

After his lamented death, the crown of Scotland fell to an infant boy, barely three years old, James V. Much of his youth was spent at Craigmillar. He was taken there to inhale the keen and balmy air while the pestilence, known in history as the "Mickle Ail," devastated the City of Edinburgh. There, with Lord Erskine as his guardian; and Sir David Lindsay of the Mount as his tutor, the young King spent many bright and joyous days. He was singularly fortunate in his teacher. Under the affectionate care of Lindsay, his happy childhood wore away. James was passionately fond of music; and Sir David sang him songs and played on the lute to his heart's content. Imagination too pictures the royal pupil and the Poet pedagogue seated

on the stone seats in the window recesses of Craigmillar's princely Hall, engaged in the game of "The Walls of Troy" and other amusements. Sometimes Sir David danced to him and played farces on the floor; or dressed himself in quaint and droll disguises to make merry the boy King. Thus calmly passed at Craigmillar, the early youth of the "Gudeman of Ballengeich," and one of the most popular of the Stuart sovereigns. His residence there often made "English Margaret" a visitor at the Castle. Shortly after the catastrophe at Flodden, she became the wife of Archibald, Earl of Angus. Her influence, in that capacity, over her son, was not very conducive to the best interests of the kingdom. It fostered all the mischiefs incidental to a long minority in Feudal times.

It is, however, around the memory of his unfortunate daughter—the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots—that the chief interest in Craigmillar now circles. Its historical association with her is the reminiscence that attracts to its hoary ruins, year after year, so many votaries of her beauty and her sufferings. It was her favourite resort, besides being the scene of many of her joys and sorrows.

"For here had Scotland's ill-used Queen,
In plaided vest of heathy green;
Among her dames all rosy blooming—
Gay pleasure every face illuming—
To mountain music tripped along,
Or chanted forth some minstrel song."

Mary seems to have formed a strong and early attachment for Craigmillar. This was little to be wondered at. Its sylvan surroundings were more in harmony with her poetic soul—after the scenes of gay France, the land of her childhood—than the dingy atmosphere of Holyrood. Here, she often found a solace from the cares of State, while as yet she had no presentiment of the sorrows to come; or the treachery that was to lurk in her path. These were Craigmillar's gayest and happiest days, when its lordly Hall was brightened with the lustre of Queen Mary's presence and the sunshine of her smile. This was from 1561 to 1567. Between these two years, there stood out on the face of the political sky, the sunshine and shade of a troubled reign. It was a period of intrigue, rebellion, and assassination. Mary's marriage with Darnley proved the beginning of her sorrows, and the egg from which much of her misfortune was hatched. Darnley was a worthless coxcomb, wholly unworthy the royal heart he won. He was debauched, jealous, cruel, and vindictive. His vicious conduct towards herself very quickly estranged the affections of his consort; while his double-dealing alienated from him many of the leading nobility, some of whom he had heartlessly betrayed and sent into banishment, after the miserable Rizzio affair—a dastardly act of blood, in which he himself played a most disreputable part. Thus it was that they deter-

mined to "take him off." Accordingly, in Darnley's own conduct, we have the first link in the chain of sad circumstances which led up to the tragedy of the Kirk of Field.

It was the winter of 1566. Mary had just recovered from the effects of a severe illness, and had gone to Craigmillar to recruit her strength in the keen breezy air. Hither, on the 26th November of that year, came her husband, but in no conciliatory mood. His presence there rather aggravated, than otherwise, the misunderstanding between them. Du Croc, the French Ambassador, and the mutual confidant of the royal pair, has left on record how matters were at that time. In a letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, he says, "The Queen is for the present at Craigmillar, about a league distant from this city—Edinburgh. She is still in the hands of the physicians; and I do assure you is not at all well. I do believe the principal part of her disease to consist of a deep grief and sorrow; nor does it seem possible to make her forget the same. Again and again she says she wishes she were dead." On another occasion the Ambassador wrote, "Matters are going on worse and worse between the royal pair; and that, unless through the special intervention of God, no good understanding would be likely to take place, for Darnley would never humble himself as he ought; and the Queen could not see him in conference with

any of her nobles without suspecting there was a plot between them."

Brief was Darnley's stay at Craigmillar. He left before the New Year of 1567 and went off in the pet to Stirling. Then it was that the lords, taking advantage of the estrangement between the ill-matched couple, initiated their scheme "to take him off." They set their machinery agoing immediately on Darnley's departure. Five of them—Murray, Maitland, Huntly, Argyle, and Bothwell—were with the Queen at Craigmillar. These noblemen were greatly concerned for the pardon of their colleague, the Earl of Morton, who was then in exile in England for his share in the murder of Rizzio. They had often interceded for him; but Mary seemed inexorable. One dark December morning however, while Argyle was still in bed, Murray and Maitland came to his room. They had important business on hand. Maitland introduced the subject and said, "The best way to obtain Morton's pardon was to promise Her Majesty to find means of divorce from her husband." Argyle, who had his doubts as to that method, replied that he did not know how it could be done. "My Lord," answered Maitland, "care you not for that, we shall find the means to make her quit of him well enough, if you and Lord Huntly look on and not take offence." The next move in the game was to find the breath of this last-named nobleman. He was accord-

ingly sent for, and the matter propounded to him. As a special inducement, it was proposed that the opportunity might be taken to do something in his own favour, by the restoration of forfeited lands. Huntly took the bait, and said that he would not stand in the way of the project. Thus far then the promoters of the "Craigmillar Bond" met with a fair amount of success. The next step was to be its crucial test. The co-operation of Bothwell was absolutely necessary for the carrying out of the plot to its final issue. But, unlike the other conspirators, he had no personal quarrel with Darnley; and no deadly debt of vengeance to requite. "Him, therefore, they had to allure to join the murderous league, and play the executive rôle, by the irresistible bribes of love and empire. If Bothwell could have resisted the temptations of his official colleagues, he might have had the honour of rescuing Mary Stuart from the iniquitous combination, of which he was at once the tool and victim. As long as he remained faithful to his duty, she was safe, and her husband also, for it was in his power to have protected both, being at the head of the military force of the realm. It was therefore necessary to the accomplishment of the designs of his confederates that Bothwell should be drawn into their coalition." * Alas, his ambitious soul was too weak to roll back the tempta-

* Strickland, *Life of Queen Mary*.

tion; and, accordingly, he launched upon a torrent, which irresistibly bore him out into a sea of misery. This part of the scene has been graphically portrayed, by the late Professor Aytoun, in *Bothwell: a Poem*:—

'Twas in Craigmillar's ancient pile,
That first I lent my ear
To the dark words of Lethington,
With Murray bending near.
The theme was Darnley and his deeds—
His vain capricious mind,
That no controlling power could guide,
Or sense of honour bind.

.
The door swung slowly on its hinge,

And in a figure came,
In form and face of Lethington,
Most like, yet still the same.
And thus he spoke in Maitland's voice,
But deeper far than he :

"Rise up, Lord Bothwell, from thy bed ;
Rise up, and follow me."

Then up the stairs he led the way,
By winding steps and steep,
Out to the topmost battlement
Of old Craigmillar's Keep.

"Behold again," the deep voice said,
And straight arose a spire
Of lurid red and dismal light
Between me and the mountain height,*
A peak of wavering fire.

Above it was a kingly crown—

Then sounded in my ear,

"That glorious prize may be thine own ;

* Arthur Seat.

Not only that, but honour, power,
Beauty and love, a matchless dower,
Dominion far and near."

I spoke not, but he heard my thought :

" Well done, thou dauntless peer ;

I love the brave and venturous will,

That knows not ruth nor fear !

Come then, I swear, by yonder fire,

An oath ne'er broke by me,

That thou wilt sit in Darnley's place,

When Darnley dies by thee."

Thus, with their plans matured for the pardon of expatriated nobles; divorce; and veiled intention of murder, Murray and his colleagues sought the royal presence. They found the Queen in her small boudoir off the great hall in the Castle. Here, on the 24th December 1566, took place the famous "Craigmillar Conference." The first part of the business on the card was the pardon of Morton, Lindsay, and others implicated in the murder of Rizzio. They did not, to begin with, make the promise to rid her of Darnley a condition of their request in the interests of these noblemen. True, that was to have been their policy, had she refused compliance. But, out of respect to such combined and repeated advocacy, which was warmly supported by the English Queen, Mary, in the generosity of her heart, at once signed a free and full forgiveness to the very men who six months later wrenched the crown from her brow. "So long as Morton," writes Mr. Froude,

“remained in exile, Darnley could hope that the conspiracy against him was incomplete. The proclamation of the pardon was his death-knell.” He might, in all truth, have added, that it was also the first nail in the deposition coffin of the Queen of Scots herself.

Thus far the “Conference” was a success. Thereafter they approached the matter of a divorce from her husband, who, they said, “plagued her and them; and would not rest till he did her some other evil turn.” Mary’s reply to this suggestion was: That under two conditions only would she acquiesce in the proposal: *first*, if the divorce could be obtained lawfully; and *second*, without prejudice to her son. Otherwise, she would rather abide the perils that might chance in her lifetime. These conditions were, indeed, fatal to the scheme of divorce. How could the marriage be legally annulled without risking the child’s claims to succeed to both crowns? The nobles had anticipated this difficulty, and tried to assure her by precedents. But they were themselves very well aware that the interests which depended on the young Prince of Scotland, were too vast to be lightly put in jeopardy. So, we are driven to the conclusion, that the divorce movement never seriously engaged their attention at all. It was a mere blind to the fell purpose they had in view. They had already planned another and shorter road out

of the difficulty. Nor had they any time to lose. They knew well the womanly heart they had to deal with. Already they saw it going out towards the hand that had often ruthlessly torn it. Speaking of her husband, Mary said, "Peradventure he may change," adding, "that it were better that she herself for a time passed into France and abode there till he acknowledged himself." The wily Lethington replied, "Madam, fancy ye not we are here of the principal of your Grace's nobility and council that shall find the means that your Majesty shall be quit of him, without prejudice of your son?—and albeit my Lord of Murray, here present, be little less scrupulous for a Protestant than your Grace is for a Papist, I am assured he will look through his fingers, and behold our doings, and say nothing to the same." To this, the Queen nobly answered, "I will that ye do nothing whereto any spot may be laid to my honour, or conscience; and therefore, I pray you, rather let the matter be in the state that it is, abiding till God of His goodness put remedy thereto; that ye, believing to do me service, may possibly turn to my hurt and displeasure." "Madam," rejoined the pertinacious Maitland, "let us guide the matter among us, and your Grace shall see nothing but good and approved by Parliament."

Mr. Froude insinuates that Mary must have understood these words as suggestive of murder; but that "perhaps she desired not to know what was intended

till the deed was done." This is a most gratuitous statement in the face of the Queen's own asseverations. One wonders how the accomplished historian could have made it. It is, however, in perfect harmony with his intense hatred of the royal lady, and his accepting as genuine the famous "Casket Letters," which are now universally admitted to be rank forgeries. But, if the words implied murder to Mary, what is to be said of the "stainless Murray," whom Lethington, in his own presence, assured her was to "look through his fingers at the deed." Froude's explanation of this is nothing short of an insult to the intelligence of his readers. "Such subjects," he says, "are not usually discussed in too loud a tone, and he may not have heard them distinctly." Most unlikely. "The document to which he refers, proves that the entire proposal of getting rid of Darnley, and of 'finding the means,' whatever that meant, originated with Murray and Lethington." True, he himself swore afterwards, "that if any man said he was present when purposes were held in his audience tending to any unlawful or dishonourable end, he spoke wickedly or untruly." Yes; but every reader of history knows that Murray was a master in dissimulation. Truth was often no part of his practice.

But why have recourse to assassination at all? They might have taken Darnley off by constitutional methods had they had the mind. He had been guilty of High

Treason in dismissing by his own usurped authority—after Rizzio's murder—Parliament while holding the Sovereign as a prisoner. This was a sufficient ground for impeachment. They could not, however, induce Her Majesty to proceed against her consort along these lines; nor would it have served the purpose of those intriguing Protestant nobles, whose ultimate design was the deposition of a Catholic Queen. This, they judged, could only be brought about by the assassination of her husband; and the inculcation of Mary herself through marriage with the chief actor, Bothwell, who, to begin with, was only a tool in the hands of the others, bribed by a glittering prize. And, alas! their plot only too fatally succeeded. Thus ended the famed "Craigmillar Conference" of 1556; abortive in all its objects but one—the pardon of Morton and his associates in guilt. The Divorce and Impeachment questions alike fell to the ground. Mary was willing to wait until, in the Providence of God, she got release. The conspirators, however, were of a different mind. And it was because she could not be induced to act against her husband in any way, and "negatived the conspiracy in every point," that they were reduced to the necessity of falling back on their original plan "of preventing the inconveniences that might ensue to them from his determined hostility," by taking him off by assassination. Accordingly, after the Queen retired from the Conference, four of the party

present—Argyle, Huntly, Maitland, and Bothwell, with a cousin of Bothwell—signed a “Bond” to the following purpose:—“That for sae meikle as it was thought expedient and profitable for the commonweal by the nobility and lords underwritten, that sic an young fool and proud tyran (as the King) should not bear rule over them—for divers causes therefore they all had concluded that he should be put forth by one way or other—and whosoever should take the deed in hand or do it, they should defend and fortify it, for it should be by everyone of them reckoned and holden done by themselves.” This was Darnley’s death warrant, which was drawn up within the precincts of Old Craigmillar’s Keep. At the close of the “Conference,” Mary bade adieu to Craigmillar, whose princely Hall was never again to be brightened with the lustre of her presence; though destined in after ages to be lit up by the twilight of her memory. She proceeded first to Holyrood; and from thence to Stirling, to be present at the baptism of her son. Darnley was absent on that auspicious occasion—not by constraint, but willingly. Elizabeth of England had commissioned her representative, the Earl of Bedford, not to recognize him as King of Scotland. This Darnley regarded as an insult, and swiftly, “without word spoken or leave taken he stole away from Stirling and fled to his father in Glasgow.” There he was seized with the small-pox. The Queen hastened to his bedside, where

a reconciliation was effected between the royal pair. After Darnley was convalescent, Mary purposed taking him to Craigmillar to recruit his strength. He had some misgivings about going thither. The castellan, Sir Simon Preston, the false Provost of Edinburgh, whose complicity in the confederacy for the murder of David Rizzio and the arrest of the Queen, Darnley had indignantly denounced, was the brother-in-law of his arch-enemy, Lethington.* Assured, however, that no evil would befall him there, he left Glasgow on the 27th January 1567, attended by his wife, for Craigmillar. But the conspirators had another destination prepared for him—the ill-omened Kirk of Field. Nau tells us that Her Majesty was opposed to the change; but her objections were overruled.† The sad sequel is well known and quickly told. There, on the 9th of February of that year, the hapless husband of Mary Stuart passed under the hand of violence to his dread account. It was a dark deed.

Poor Darnley! His son, James VI., was the last of the blood-royal to make Craigmillar a residence. Here he first formed the resolution of going to Denmark, in search of a bride. Thence he set out, like another “Leander hastening to Hero,” and bounded over stormy seas, to woo the fair Lady Anne, daughter of Frederick II.

* Strickland, *Life of Mary Queen of Scots*.

† Claude Nau, *The History of Mary Stuart*.

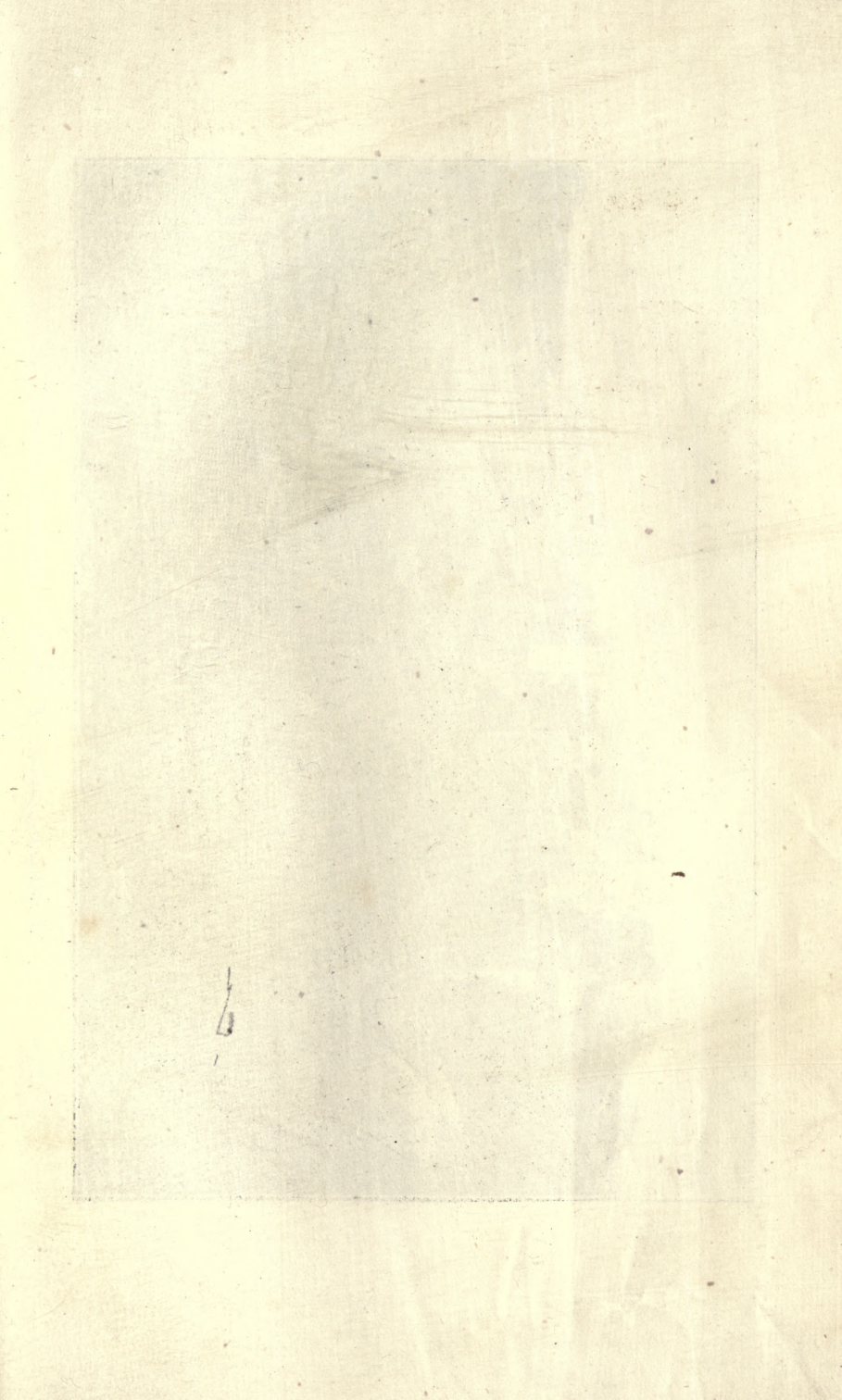
They were the children of parents who once were lovers.*

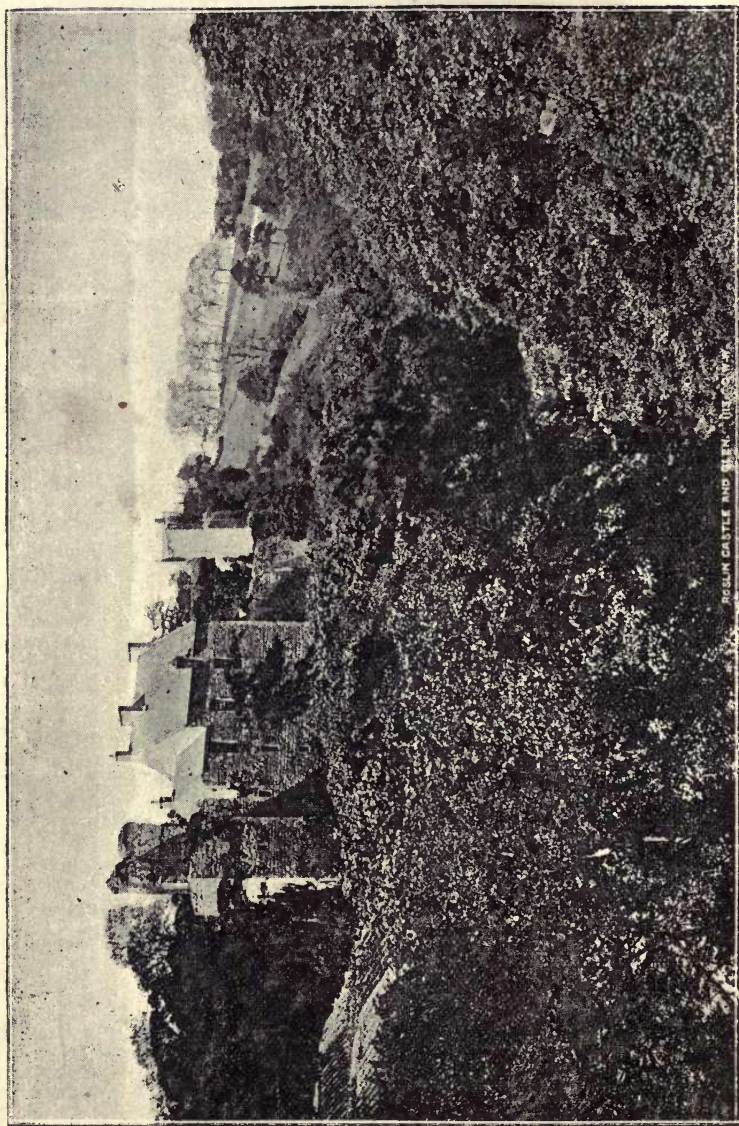
Although not on record, it is more than probable that this favourite retreat of his ancestors received a visit from the ill-fated Prince Charles Edward Stuart. Certain it is that he slept a night in its immediate neighbourhood, while his army lay encamped at Duddingston, previous to the march to Preston.

But royal feet have also trod its now deserted halls. Our own revered Victoria favoured it with more than one visit. On the 1st of September 1842, as she passed from Granton to Dalkeith, she noted in her journal, "We saw Craigmillar Castle, a ruin where Mary Queen of Scots used to live." Five days later, she paid it a special visit, along with her lamented Consort. They were both greatly pleased with all that they saw. On another occasion, while residing at Holyrood, they took a run out to Craigmillar, and were much amused when their *cicerone*—whose historical knowledge appears to have had more of the imaginative than the real in it— informed them, "That it was Cromwell who laid the Castle in ruins." Not a few Scottish fortresses experienced the brunt of Oliver's cannon; Craigmillar never. While Dunbar and Worcester were being fought, this old pile was the residence of a quiet country

* A marriage between Queen Mary and Frederick was once contemplated.—Schiern's *Bothwell*.

gentleman without any political influence, and about to part with it for money ; thus alienating from his family a patrimony, which had been in their possession for well-nigh three centuries. Time and neglect wrought the ravages which a considerate proprietor has now happily been able to arrest.





ROSLIN CASTLE AND GLEN. DUN. 1877.

By the kind permission of G. W. Wilson & Co., Photographers, Aberdeen.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

Roslin Castle.



CHAPTER XI.

INTRODUCTORY.

“It glared on Roslin’s castled rock,
It ruddied all the copsewood glen.”

FEW places in Scotland are better known than Roslin. It is one of the “lions” of the country; and the holiday of the tourist would be incomplete without an excursion to “the copsewood glen” with its “Chapel proud,” and “castled rock,” which was for centuries the home of “the lordly line of high St. Clair.”

Although now little more than a mere hamlet, Roslin was formerly a place of some importance. About the middle of the fifteenth century it was the third town in the Lothians—being inferior only to Edinburgh and Haddington. Then it enjoyed the fostering care of Sir William St. Clair, third Earl of Orkney, who lived in its Castle in a style of princely magnificence. His influence drew to the locality all ranks and classes of society; and so it became in course of time very populous. In 1456, Roslin received from James II. a charter, erecting it into a burgh or barony, with the rights of a Market Cross; a weekly market on Saturdays; and an annual

fair, which was held on the 28th of October. This charter was twice subsequently confirmed; first by James VI., and again by his son Charles I. These things now belong to the past, and Roslin's present endowments consist of the triple attraction of a ruined Castle, replete with historical associations; an ancient Chapel, remarkable as being one of the most elegant, ornate, and entire specimens of medieval ecclesiastical architecture in Scotland; and a piece of valley, famed equally for beauty and scenic romance. Through this classic glen,

"The Esk in rocky channel wends,
Whose waters, as they roll along,
Have oft been praised in poet's song."

It is indeed a beautiful dell, "abounding with all the romantic varieties of cliff, and copsewood, and waterfall." The precipitous rocks, that sentinel the "fairy stream," are everywhere mantled with the most luxuriant foliage, which adds an inexpressible loveliness to the scene. If the tourist would view it at its best, let him make his visit in "jovial June," when the green leaves are in all their vernal freshness; or in pleasant October, when they have assumed the gorgeous but melancholy tints, which betoken their approaching fall. Roslin Glen is a typical Scotch valley. None other has waked so frequently the lyrical muse of the country. His

delight in "Roslin's rocky glen" has been beautifully sung by Sir Walter Scott :—

"Sweet are thy paths, oh, passing sweet !
 By Esk's fair streams that run
 O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
 Impervious to the sun.
 There the rapt poet's step may rove,
 And yield the Muse the day ;
 There Beauty, led by timid Love,
 May shun the tell-tale lay."

Amid this picturesque and romantic scenery stands Roslin Castle, "haggard and utterly dilapidated—the mere wreck of a great pile riding on a little sea of forest—a rueful apology for the once grand fabric, whose name of 'Roslin Castle' is so intimately associated with melody and song." The spectacle of an ancient castle, which once reflected the splendour of Feudal pageantry, and resounded alternately with the clang of armour and the strain of the minstrel, cannot fail to excite melancholy reflections. Here, where beauty once exerted its potent witchery upon hearts, which scarcely acknowledged another power, we observe only marks of that desolation and decay to which universal nature is subject. Where the flattering bard once swept the strings of the lyre, inflaming the pride of the stately damsel and the courage of the fierce warrior, the hooting of the owl nightly pronounces its requiem over departed greatness ; and where the mailed chieftain

issued his commands to be obeyed over a hundred hills and valleys, the voice of the shepherd may be heard directing his faithful cur tending the flock which browses where power, grandeur, and beauty were once concentrated and obsequiously honoured.

It appears that the present ruins are not the remains of the original Roslin Castle. Father Hay, in his *Genealogie of the Saintclaires*, says, "Sir William St. Clair," after the Battle of Roslin Moor, in 1302, "returned to his dwelling not farre from that place." He carried along with him "an English prisoner, a man of no small estimation," whom he generously entertained. His kind treatment of him won the heart of the captive soldier, who, out of gratitude, gave Sir William advice and counsel in things that pertained to his advantage. "Amongst the rest, because he saw the Castle of Roslin not to be strong enough, he advised him to build it upon the rock where it now standeth; which counsell he embraced, and built the Wall Tower, with other buildings, and there he dwelt."

By whom was the former Castle erected? Where did it stand? These are moot questions. Its probable founder was the "Seemly St. Clair," the ancestor of "the lordly line," who had the Barony of Roslin gifted to him by Malcolm Canmore, about the year 1070. Three different sites are claimed for it. Some authcrities affirm that it stood on the right bank of the Esk, im-

mediately opposite the present Castle. Others, and perhaps with more reason, have supposed its position to have been either upon the College Hill, where the Chapel now stands, or on the steep sloping bank, called the "Orchard," between the Chapel and the river. Without entering into any discussion on the question of "site," the College Hill appears the most likely. This eminence was originally called "Roskelyn," a Gaelic or Erse word, signifying a mound in a glen, which exactly describes its position. The term is easily recognisable in the modern "Rosslyn," that name having been communicated to the Castle which crowned its summit.

This Castle, then, was doubtless the "dwelling not far" from the field of Roslin Moor, where was witnessed

"Three triumphs in a day,
Three hosts subdued in one,
Three armies scattered like the spray
Beneath one common sun,"

and where the brave St. Clair, "who is said to have taken part in it, lived; but which his English prisoner considered to be not 'strong enough.' Judging from the mode of warfare which existed at that time, no doubt he was right in advising his noble jailor and friend to build it where he did, for it stands on a rocky peninsula washed on three sides by the Esk."* From an

* *Illustrated Guide to Roslin Castle.*

etymological standpoint, the name "Roslin" was even more appropriate to the Castle in its new position; its surroundings unmistakeably pointing to the origin of the term. It is derived from *Ross*, a promontory, and *Lyn*, a waterfall. No other name could have been so accurately applicable to the position of the edifice, since it stands upon a lofty mass of jutting rock, overhanging the Esk, whose waters here are broken by a small linn. It would appear that the name Roslin was never applied to any large extent of land around the Castle, as the names of the neighbouring baronies seem to be of as great antiquity. It was originally the name of the Castle only, and probably also of the small barony attached to it—the grant of Malcolm to the "Seemly St. Clair"—which, in course of time, was transferred to the village which grew up around it.

Intimately associated with the Castle is the Chapel of Roslin, erected in 1446. It owes its origin to William, third Earl and "Prince of Orkney," the most opulent of all "the lordly line." It was originally a collegiate Church, under the tutelar care of St. Matthew. The design of the founder in raising this beautiful edifice is thus related by the historian of his family:—
"His adge creeping on him," says Father Hay, "to the end he might not seem altogether unthankful to God for the benefices he received from Him, it came into his

mind to build a house for God's service, of most curious work, the which, that it might be done with greater glory and splendour, he caused artificers to be brought from other regions and foraigne parts." It would appear that Earl William was his own architect. According to the same authority, "he caused the draughts to be drawn upon eastland boards, and made the carpenters to carve them according to the draughts thereon, and then gave them for patterns to the massons that they might cut the like in stone." In structure, the Chapel is curious, elaborate, and singularly unique, combining "the solidity of the Norman with the minute decorations of the latest species of the Tudor age." Its masterpiece is the "Prentice's Pillar," a beautifully wreathed column, which a trite legend calls the work of an inspired apprentice. The uninspired Dutchman, Slezer, terms it the "Prince's Pillar." It is difficult to decide between the claims of tradition and the opinion of the Hollander.

Beneath the pavement of the Chapel, repose all that is mortal of many of the old St. Clairs. Strange their mode of sepulture. They were laid to rest, shrouded in coats of mail, without a coffin. Thus swathed, they sleep the quiet sleep. It is truly marvellous the amount of fiction that has gathered around Roslin and its "barons bold." The "Apprentice Pillar" is only one of many myths. Who has not also heard of the "Sleeping

Lady"* with "her great treasure amounting to some millions," buried in one of the Castle vaults—of the knight, named Wilson, predicted to break the charm and to claim for his bride the "lady fair" with all her wealth—of the fabulous accretions attaching to the "Help and Hold" story—and of the weird superstition of the Chapel seeming all on fire when the Inevitable was nigh "the lordly line of high St. Clair" Sir Walter Scott makes a fine poetical use of the last-mentioned fiction; and at the same time graphically alludes to the ancient strange method of the barons' burial, in his beautiful and well-known ballad of *Rosabelle*:

"O'er Roslin all that dreary night
 A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam,
 'Twas broader than the watchfire's light,
 And redder than the bright moonbeam.
 It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
 It ruddied all the copsewood glen;
 'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
 And seen from caverned Hawthornden.
 Seemed all on fire that Chapel proud
 Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie;
 Each baron, for a sable shroud,
 Sheathed in his iron panoply.

* Slezer, in his *Theatrum Scotiæ* (1693), says that "a great treasure, amounting to some millions, lies buried in one of the vaults. It is under the guardanship of a lady of the ancient house of St. Clair, who, not very faithful to her trust, has been long in a dormant state. Awakened, however, by the sound of a trumpet, which must be heard in one of the lower apartments, she is to make her appearance, and to point out the spot where the treasure lies."

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altars pale,
Shone every pillar, foliage bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.
Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair ;
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair."

CHAPTER XII.

THE ST. CLAIRS—EARLIER BARONS.

“The lordly line of high St. Clair.”

THE year 1066 marked a new era in English history. Then a Norman army, led by William, the illegitimate son of Robert *le diable*, Duke of Normandy by a tanner's daughter, made its descent upon the Sussex coast. He came to do battle with the Saxon masters of the country. The invaders were confronted (14th October) by a powerful host, under the command of Harold, the last of the Saxon kings of England, on the field of Senlac near Hastings. For a whole day the conflict raged with great fury, the English battle-axes and the Norman spears alike doing fearful execution. Victory long remained doubtful. At length, the brave Harold fell, struck to the brain by an arrow, which entered his eye, and the fortune of war rested with the fierce bald-headed grandson of the tanner. That one battle made William the Conqueror master of all England.

Among the mail-clad knights of France, that helped in the decisive contest on that eventful October day,

was Walderne, Count de St. Clair, who was related by marriage to the Conqueror. He had married his cousin, Helen, daughter of Richard, his father's brother. Three sons were the issue of this union, Richard, William, and Britel; all of whom shared the perils of their chief on the bloody field of Senlac. Thus, the cradle of "the lordly line of high St. Clair," like that of many more of the older nobility, is to be sought for among the vine-clad vales of Normandy. The rigour of William made England too hot for the representatives of the royal Saxon line, who sought relief in voluntary expatriation. Accordingly, Edgar Atheling, the heir of the throne, accompanied by his mother and his two sisters, one of whom was named Margaret, craved the protection of Malcolm Canmore, king of Scotland. They were hospitably entertained by the Scottish Court at Dunfermline; and Margaret ultimately became the wife of Malcolm. Not a few of the southern nobles followed in the train of the exiles, amongst whom was William de St. Clair, the "second son of Walderne, Count de St. Clair, and Margaret, daughter to Richard, Duke of Normandy." His mother's name, however, as already mentioned, was Duke Richard's daughter, Helen.

It is a puzzle why William de St. Clair should have deserted him whom he had helped to Harold's crown. The probable reason was the great bitterness that arose between the Conqueror and some of his leading nobility.

The division of the conquered kingdom, according to the Feudal regime, would of all things be of the character to raise heart-burnings, and it is proverbial that the *amour propre* of his followers was particularly keen. Be that as it may, Sir William, surnamed *le blond*, or "the seemly St. Clair," on account of his fine proportions, features, and yellow hair, identified himself with the interests of the expatriated Saxon royalty. Honours flowed plentifully upon him, and, when the gentle and beautiful Margaret became Queen of Scotland, the Great-head made him her steward or *dapifer*. In connexion with his occupancy of that office, there is a theory mooted of his lineage that deeper historic study might establish. It would seem that the introduction of Norman customs at the Scottish Court began with the advent of Margaret as the wife of Malcolm, and that her cup-bearer or steward became *dapifer* of Scotland, the same office from which the Royal Stuarts took their name. Now, this highest position, next to the monarch, was always hereditary. May not, therefore, this "seemly St. Clair" be the direct forefather of the Stuarts, who by marriage with the royal line of Bruce became Kings of Scotland, and afterwards of the United Kingdom? Such a question, although we cannot return to it a definite answer, at least affords matter for curious and interesting discussion.

Sir William *le blond* married Dorothea, daughter of

Cospatric, Earl of Dunbar, by whom he had a son, Henry, who afterwards became his successor. For his faithful services to Malcolm and Margaret, he had the Barony of Roslin granted to him in the year 1070. Then, probably, he began to build the first Castle of Roslin upon the College Hill; though some authorities make it a couple of centuries older, and attribute its foundation to Asterious the Pict, whose daughter Panthioria married Donald MacAlpin, the second of our Scottish kings. Among other honours enjoyed by the "seemly St. Clair," not the least was his appointment as "Warden of the Border Marches." In that capacity, the Conqueror found his *quondam* friend his most determined foe. They crossed swords more than once; and, in one battle at least, the former subject was successful against his king. The *casus belli* was the protection of Edgar Atheling, whom Malcolm of Scotland heroically refused to surrender to the wrath of William. Nothing irritated him so much as the presence of his rival at the Northern Court. Besides, the continual appeals of Edgar himself to the Danish king for aid to drive "the bastard" out of the island, rendered the conqueror of Harold irreconcilable. The Border accordingly was the scene of incessant feud. Reprisal followed reprisal. Raid succeeded raid. It was during one of these forays that "The Seemly" lost his life. He fell fighting bravely against his royal namesake and relative; and his

lieutenant, Robert Fitz-Hamo, Earl of Gloucester. Thus ended the career of William *le blond*, son of Walderne, and founder of "the lordly line of high St. Clair." His death took place some time about the year 1090.

Henry succeeded. He was a man greatly beloved by Canmore, who continued to him his father's honours. He held, in addition, the Barony of Roslin, in free heritage. As "Warden of the Marches," Sir Henry had many a stout fight with the soldiers of William the Conqueror; and so distinguished himself that Malcolm conferred upon him the lands of Pentland. The heart-burnings between the two kingdoms remained in all their virulence after William's death. Indeed, Rufus was even more overbearing than his father; and Malcolm, exasperated at an affront he had received from that rude son of the Conqueror, invaded England and laid siege to Alnwick Castle. St. Clair, who was a moving spirit in the invasion, prosecuted the investment with great vigour. Reduced to extremity, the garrison, on the 13th November 1093, agreed to capitulate. The Scottish king received the keys of the Castle on the point of a spear, and, whilst in the act of accepting them, was thrust through the eye and killed. This sad event so dispirited the Scots, that they soon afterwards raised the siege, and led by the Knight of Roslin, drew off beyond the Tweed. Soon after his return from this

fatal expedition, Sir Henry married Rosabelle, daughter of the Earl of Strathearn. Her untimely death, by drowning, while crossing the Firth of Forth, forms the subject of the beautiful ballad by Sir Walter Scott, already referred to:—

“There are twenty of Roslin’s barons bold
Lie buried in that proud chapelle,
Each one the holy vault doth hold,
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.
And each St. Clair is buried there,
With candle, with book, and with bell ;
But the sea caves sung, and the wild waves rung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.”

Sir Henry had by Rosabelle a son named William, who succeeded to the baronage on the death of his father, which took place shortly after the accession of David I. to the throne in 1124.

Sir William St. Clair, the third baron of Roslin, had the charters granted to his predecessors confirmed by David I. He was also made a Privy Councillor by that monarch, and was the first of his line to call himself “*St. Clair of Roslin.*” On the death of Henry I., king of England, his nephew, Stephen, usurped the English crown, and demanded of David homage for Northumberland, Cumberland, and Huntingdon. The claim was met by a peremptory refusal, and war in consequence became the issue. Stephen carried fire and sword into the nearest Border counties, whilst the Scots retaliated

upon the usurper by similar devastation. These events occurred during 1136; and the year following, a Scottish army crossed the Tweed under the command of the Earls of March, Monteith, and Angus, and defeated the English at the village of Allarton. In that battle, Sir William St. Clair greatly distinguished himself, for which he was rewarded with the lands of Cardaine. This fresh bequest secured for him the name of "*Cardaine St. Clair*." He continued to serve faithfully David I. and his two grandsons and successors, Malcolm the Maiden, and William the Lion. About the beginning of the latter reign, Sir William was sent to England, as an ambassador, to demand from the second Henry the restitution of Northumberland to Scotland, which the "Maiden" had been cajoled into resigning. Henry, who was at the time embarrassed by a war with France, and not being on the best of terms with his own family, yielded to the demand. St. Clair, successful in his mission, returned home to the old Castle at Roslin, where he shortly afterwards died. His wife was the Lady Elizabeth Gartnay, daughter of the Earl of March, by whom he had a son, also named William, who succeeded to the estates as the fourth baron.

He had the grants of his forefathers ratified to him by William the Lion in 1180; and added to his domains by the purchase of the lands of Balormin from the monks of Newbattle. Upon the accession of Alex-

ander II. to the throne in 1214, St. Clair was appointed Great Master Hunter of Scotland and Sheriff of Mid-Lothian. About the same time stirring events were taking place in England. The barons there were in deadly feud with their worthless king, John, over Magna Charta. But, right prevailed; and the luckless "Lackland" was compelled to grant the great Palladium of English Constitutionalism, at Runnymede, on the 15th June 1215. The Pope, John's friend, shortly afterwards "annulled" the Charter and excommunicated the barons. This renewed the war. The champions of Liberty called in the aid of Alexander of Scotland, who at once sent to their assistance Sir William St. Clair with a powerful army. The Knight of Roslin "so well acquitted himself in the expedition, that Alexander rewarded him with the Barony of Cousland in free heritage." He also confirmed to him, by new charters, his former possessions—"the old charters having been lost or destroyed in King William's time." At his death, "the lordly line" was continued in the person of his son Henry.

Little is known of this fifth baron of Roslin. He seems, however, to have been a warm friend and benefactor of the monks of Newbattle Abbey, as his name is mentioned in connexion with two donations to that Institution. He married a daughter of the Earl of Mar, of whom was born William, the sixth baron who

succeeded to the titles and estates of his illustrious ancestors. In 1243, Alexander II., who frequently resided at Newbattle, buried within the precincts of the Abbey his beloved consort, Mary. The bereaved monarch was deeply grateful to the fraternity for granting her a grave, and bestowed upon them various donations and privileges which were witnessed by Sir William St. Clair of Roslin.

Sir William was appointed one of the guardians of the kingdom during the minority of Alexander III. This boy-king was crowned at Scone in his eighth year, on the 13th July 1249; and about eighteen months afterwards, he was provided with a wife, Margaret, daughter of Henry III. of England. Then were troublous times for Scotland. Ever since the days of Harold Haarfager, the whole of the Scottish Isles, from Orkney and Shetland round to the Isle of Man, had been in possession of the Norsemen, who owned as their Feudal superior the monarch of Norway. These Norse "Ravens," as they were called, frequently swooped down upon the shores of the mainland, and swept off everything of value that would lift or drive. St. Clair had much hard work in taming these bold and piratical adventurers. They were, however, eventually tamed. At Largs—20th October 1263—he led the soldiers of Alexander "to glorious victory." The defeat proved so disastrous to the enemy, that the Norse king, old Haco,

went down to his grave of a broken heart. Signal results followed that splendid and decisive triumph. It freed Scotland for ever from the incursions of the sea-rovers; and brought the whole of the Western Hebrides, along with the Island of Man, under the dominion of her crown.

Sir William had not such good luck in England. The nobles there, incensed at the misrule of Henry III., had risen in rebellion; and the country groaned beneath the horrors of a civil war. Alexander naturally espoused the cause of his father-in-law, and despatched to his aid 5000 men. They were under the command of Sir William St. Clair; Robert Bruce, Knight of Annandale; and Alexander Cumin. Very few of them re-crossed the Tweed. They nearly all fell at the Battle of Lewes in 1265, where the English rebels, led by Sir Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, obtained a bloody victory. Cumin, with the King of England and his son—afterwards Edward I.—were made prisoners. Bruce and St. Clair managed under difficulties to regain their native land: the Knight of Annandale to become—after a romantic courtship—the husband of Marjory, the youthful widow of Adam, Earl of Carrick, and the father of the “Bruce of Bannockburn”: and the Knight of Roslin to be gathered to his fathers. He died in his Castle by the Esk in 1270. He had been for the last six years of his life Sheriff of all the Lothians.

His son, another Sir William, then became the seventh representative of "the lordly line of high St. Clair." Like his father, he was the sagacious counsellor of Alexander III.; and his services in the interests of the State were rewarded by a charter granted by that monarch, investing him in the lands of Cateune. He was also appointed Sheriff of Mid-Lothian for life. St. Clair took a prominent part in the Parliament that met at Scone in 1284, for the purpose of settling the succession to the Scottish Throne, in the event of Alexander dying without male heirs. There the nobles acknowledged the claims of Alexander's grand-daughter, the "Maid of Norway"—Margaret—and pledged their fidelity to her. Roslin, along with certain others of the nobility, were nominated to act as guardians of the kingdom, should the young Princess be still a minor at the time of her accession. The following year St. Clair went to France to bring over Joleta, daughter of the Count of Dreux, whom Alexander had chosen to make his second wife. But the King did not long survive this happy event. Riding one dark night between Burntisland and Kinghorn, he mistook the road, and his horse falling over a precipice, he was killed on the spot. It was a sad day for Scotland—that 19th of March 1286—"quhen Alysandre owre Kynge wes dede." It left the kingdom in the hands of his grand-daughter, a sickly child, barely eight years old. The first step of

the guardians was to procure a husband for her ; and at Brigham in 1289, Sir William St. Clair of Roslin and his *confrères* entered into a treaty for her marriage with Prince Edward—the first Prince of Wales—heir of the English Crown. That proposed union, however, never became an accomplished fact, as the girl-queen died at Orkney, on her way to the land of her mother's people. Her death left the Scottish Throne without any direct heirs. But, as is usual in such cases, indirect heirs were plentiful. A whole round dozen of competitors set up their claims, chief among whom were Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale ; and John Baliol, Lord of Galloway. St. Clair favoured Baliol, whom Edward I. of England ultimately appointed king of Scotland. His name stands upon the Ragman Roll among the mean spirits who sold the independence of their kingdom to that grasping potentate in 1296. Better thoughts and more patriotic feelings, however afterwards swayed the breast of the Knight of Roslin, and he allied himself with the saviours of his country. Accordingly, he stood by the "Wallace wight" on the fatal field of Falkirk ; and with his vassals took part in the famous "Triple Battle," fought almost beneath the walls of his dwelling. There he got possession of the "English prisoner of no small estimation, whose counsel he embraced," and laid the foundation of the princely Castle whose remains are now only "the mere wreck of

a great pile, and the rueful apology of a once grand fabric." St. Clair passed to his rest in 1305, the same year in which his brave companion, the heroic Wallace, met his death. By his wife, Jane Halyburton, daughter of the Laird of Dirleton, he left three sons, Henry, William, and Gregory.

Sir Henry, the adventurous knight of the famed *Help and Hold Legend*, succeeded as the eighth baron. Along with his father, he had sworn fealty to Edward I. at Norham on the 13th June 1292; and for a number of years had favoured the policy of that ambitious monarch in his attempts to bring about the subjugation of Scotland. The "Hammer of the Scottish Nation" dying in 1306, St. Clair still adhered to the English project, and twice received a commission from Edward II. to assist in suppressing the "rebels." Subsequently, he linked his fortunes with those of "The Bruce," and became one of his most zealous supporters in the War of Independence. He rendered signal service at Bannockburn, where, shoulder to shoulder with the good Lord James and Randolph, he dealt the blows of liberty which broke the proud usurper's chain, and set his country free. His devotion to the cause of freedom added to the already extensive demesne of Roslin the lands of Kirkton, Logan-House, Whitehaugh, Summerhope, and Earncraig.

Sir Henry, brave in war, was also wise in counsel.

He was a prominent figure in the Estates of the nation ; and took a leading part in the Parliament, held in the Abbey of Arbroath, on the 6th April 1320, to draw up an appeal to the Pope, beseeching him "to exhort the King of England to acknowledge the Independence of Scotland." That memorial had the desired effect at the Papal Court ; and from the day its prayer was granted, the dream of the Southroner, to bring Scotland under the rule of England by conquest, vanished for ever. Two years later, St. Clair became one of the signatories to the truce, or permanent peace between King Robert and Edward II., which proved so beneficial to both Kingdoms. It was about this time also that the incident happened which gave birth to the romantic "Help and Hold Legend." The story is brief in outline.

A fleet white deer had repeatedly baffled the royal hounds amongst the copsewood of the Pentlands. One day, at the close of an unsuccessful chase, the King asked a company of his nobles whether any dogs in their possession could take the game which had so often balked his own hounds. The Knight of Roslin promptly offered to pledge his head that his two favourites, "Help and Hold," would take the prey before it crossed the March Burn. This offer was at once accepted by His Majesty, who at the same time staked the Forest of Pentland Moor in *guerdon* of success. Such were the terms of the wager—St. Clair's head against the Forest

of Pentland Moor. A few sleuth-hounds having been set on to start the stag, Bruce stationed himself on the best vantage-ground to command a view of the chase. The instant it took to the open, St. Clair slipped his dogs, and, mounting his steed, rushed after the deer in careering swiftness. The stag felt that it had never been so pursued. Still it bounded forward with lightning speed, the hounds gradually gaining upon it, and the noble huntsman at their heels, cheering them on. Some leaps more and it is safe. The March Burn is at hand; and beyond it the copsewood offering the friendly shelter. The bank was reached, and the stag dashed into the fatal stream on which hung the life of Sir Henry St. Clair. Then the gallant knight flung himself from his horse upon the ground in despair. "Hold," however, in the crisis of fate, stopped the deer in the middle of the brook, and "Help" coming up, the two dogs drove it back and killed it on the winning side of the Burn. St. Clair's neck was saved, but only by the skin of his teeth. King Robert, who had witnessed the exciting scene, came speedily down from his vantage-ground, embraced his courtier, and paid the wager by bestowing upon him the Pentland Moor, which is said to have been originally one of the Royal Hunting Fields. Tradition avers that St. Clair founded the Chapel of St. Katherine in the Hope—Parish of Penicuik—as a token of gratitude for his merciful deliverance. In 1328, he

further added to his large possessions a portion of the lands of Gorton, near Hawthornden, which he had obtained from Gilbert de Gardin. Among the many public honours enjoyed by Sir Henry, not the least was that of "*Panctarius Scotiae*," or chief Butler of the Kingdom; the same office which was first held by his great ancestor, the "Seemly St. Clair." He died about the beginning of 1329, a few months previous to the death of the good King Robert. His tomb is said to be in Roslin Chapel, and it appropriately represents the figure of a Knight in armour attended by a hound.

His son, Sir William, succeeded. His career was brief; but his name will continue to live in Scotland's story, because of its association with another more illustrious—the Good Lord James of Douglas. The great Bruce had taken an oath of that valiant hero to convey his heart to Jerusalem, for burial in the Holy Sepulchre. Obedient to his master's dying request, Douglas set out for the East with a goodly retinue of Knights in his train, amongst whom was St. Clair of Roslin. He bore the King's heart in a silver casket hung about his neck. On his journey through Spain, he joined Alphonso of Leon and Castile, then at war with the Moslem Chief, Osmyn. The hostile armies met in battle array at Teba, not far from the Rock of Gibraltar, on the 26th of August 1330. The contest was keen; and, as the heroic Douglas led a forlorn hope against overwhelming num-

bers of the enemy, he flung before him the casket containing the precious relic, saying, "Onward, noble heart, as thou wert wont!—Douglas will follow thee, or die!" He did die; and by his side also perished the brave St. Clair.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ST. CLAIRS—EARLS OF ORKNEY.

“The lordly line of high St. Clair.”

A MINOR now became the tenth baron of Roslin, another William by name. He was a mere infant when his father fell at Teba. But this youth was destined to lift the House of St. Clair to even a higher altitude than it had yet reached. In 1325, the male line of the ancient Yarls of Orkney, the descendants of the famed sea-king Rollo, the ancestor of William the Conqueror, failed in the person of Magnus V. Then the earldom passed to Malise, Earl of Strathearn and Caithness, who had married the only daughter of Magnus. Their only child and co-heiress—another Rosabelle—became the wife of Sir William St. Clair of Roslin.

“From the north Orkney Islands fair,
Arrived a young and noble dame ;
With Strathearn’s lands to form her dower,
Proud Orkney’s blue-eyed daughter came.
And William claimed the beauteous bride,
And Roslin on her William smiled ;
It satisfied his feudal pride,
Thus to obtain proud Orkney’s child.”

The eldest son of this union, Sir Henry St. Clair, the eleventh baron of Roslin, became Earl of Orkney, which title he had ratified to him by Haco IV., king of Norway, in 1379. He held that honour, however, under rather severe conditions—conditions which, in the event of war between Scotland and Norway, would have necessitated him to have arrayed himself against his native country. Happily, no circumstance ever arose to test his fidelity to his Norse Feudal superior. Henry St. Clair built the Castle of Kirkwall, where he ruled like a King, “re-mitting crime, stamping coin, and making laws.” But this proud northern seat of “the lordly line of high St. Clair,” like that of Roslin, is now also “haggard and utterly dilapidated, the mere wreck of a great pile.”

“Where restless seas
Howl round the storm-swept Orcades—
Where erst St. Clair bore princely sway
O’er isle and islet, strait and bay;
Still nods their palace to its fall,
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall.”

Earl Henry was Lord Chief-Justice of Scotland under Robert II.; and he probably lost his life in the fatal battle of Hamildon Hill, “where many noblemen were slain,” fought September 14th, 1402. There is a tradition—now exploded—that he married the Princess Florentina, daughter of Christian I., king of Denmark, by whom he was created Duke of Oldenburgh. His real

wife was Jean, daughter of Sir Thomas Halyburton of Dirleton.

Henry, son of the preceding and second Earl of Orkney, excelled even his father in the brilliancy of his Court, which was attended by many of the leading nobility of the kingdom. Besides, he added to the already numerous honours of his family that of Lord High Admiral of Scotland. About this time the country was greatly troubled in consequence of internal feuds in the Royal House itself. An incompetent king—Robert III.—filled the Throne. His more ambitious and unprincipled brother, the Duke of Albany, aimed at removing every obstacle between himself and the reins of Government; and he scrupled at no means to gain his end. Robert's heir was the young profligate, David, Duke of Rothesay, whose vices had made for himself many enemies. Albany persuaded his brother that a little temporary restraint would be a wholesome lesson to the wild youth. Accordingly, he had him arrested under the Great Seal, and put into confinement in one of the dungeons of Falkland Palace. What followed is a dark story, made familiar to all the world by Sir Walter Scott in *The Fair Maid of Perth*. Rothesay never came forth from his prison alive. A wasted skeleton went down to the grave in the monastery of Lindores. Suspicion held that he died of starvation at the instigation of his cruel relative. To clear his way

to the Throne, however, Albany would have required to have trod a considerable path of blood; for the King had yet another son—afterwards James I.—and three daughters.

Robert, fearing a repetition of foul play at the hands of the “false uncle,” resolved to send the young prince to France, under the pretence that he would receive a better education there than Scotland could afford him. He accordingly took ship at the Bass Rock, and embarked for the south under the care of the Earl of Orkney. But St. Clair and his charge never reached their destination. Albany had given a hint of the movement to Henry of England, who despatched some war vessels to take the Prince and his attendants captive. They were made prisoners off Flamborough Head, and carried before Henry. Roslin complained of the outrage. Their mission, he said, was entirely peaceful; its object being to conduct his master’s son for education at the Court of France. The protest was of no avail. Henry Bolingbroke was inexorable. He was more than a match for Henry of Roslin. “He knew French,” he replied, “sufficiently well to be able himself to tutor his trusty cousin.” Accordingly, there was nothing for James and his guardian but to submit with the best possible grace, and to go into respectable captivity at Pevensey. His capture, however, turned out to be “a blessing in disguise” for the future king

of Scotland. St. Clair remained more or less a prisoner in England with his royal charge until his death in 1418, a period of nearly thirteen years. He made frequent visits to Scotland during that term, when his brothers, John and William, became sureties for his return. He greatly enlarged the Castle of Roslin by the erection of the great Donjon or Keep which occupied the south-west part of the pile in the days of its glory. This was probably about the year 1390. A considerable portion of that huge structure still remains. This second Earl of Orkney was, through marriage, closely connected with the Royal Family itself. He married Ægidia, daughter of William Douglas, Lord of Nithsdale, and the Princess Ægidia, daughter of Robert II. Their son William became the third Earl of Orkney.

With this "Prince of Orkney," as he is sometimes called, the house of "high St. Clair" reached its zenith. Its greatness culminated when he held "court" in Roslin Castle along with his "Princess," the Lady Elizabeth Douglas. It is difficult to credit the inflated accounts which the historian of his family, Father Hay, has given to the world of the regal state maintained by this scion of "the lordly line." Nor is it easy to conceive how he came to possess the numerous titles—Scottish and otherwise—which his relative has ascribed to him. Had *The Edinburgh Almanac* been printed in those days, his

string of titles would have eclipsed even that of the "Bold Buccleuch" himself. In addition to his being "Prince of Orkney," and Duke of Oldenburgh (?); he was, it is said, Earl of Caithness and Strathearn; Lord St. Clair; Lord Nithsdale; Baron of Roslin; Baron of Pentland and Pentland Moor in free forestry; Baron of Cousland; Baron of Cardin St. Clair; Baron of Herbertshire; Baron of Hertford; Baron of Grahamshaws; Baron of Kirkton; Baron of Cavers; Baron of Newburgh; Baron of Roxburgh; etc.: Knight of the English Order of the Garter; and of the French Order of the Cockle: Lord High Admiral of Scotland; Lord Warden of the Three Marches; Lord Chief-Justice; Great Chancellor; Chamberlain; and Lieutenant of Scotland. Besides all these honours, he was also made Grand Master of Freemasonry in Scotland, which distinction became hereditary in his family.

The magnificent establishment, too, maintained by this last and greatest of the Orkney Yarls almost staggers belief. Real royalty itself must have been satisfied with a much less princely style. He was served at his table in vessels of gold and silver; Lord Dirleton acted as the master of his household; Lord Borthwick was his cup-bearer; and Lord Fleming his carver. Each of these had a deputy of equal rank, who officiated in his absence. The "Princess" was attended by seventy-five gentlewomen, of whom fifty-three were

the daughters of peers. They were all attired in silk and velvet; and adorned with chains of gold and other jewels. When travelling from Roslin to the Family mansion in Edinburgh, which was at the foot of Blackfriars Wynd, she was escorted by two hundred gentlemen, all mounted; and if after night-fall, by eighty torch-bearers in addition to the other retinue. We fear that much of that pageantry was mythical, wholly legendary; a dream of tradition to brighten the glory of "the lordly line of high St. Clair."

But to the more solid facts of history. When William, "Prince of Orkney," succeeded to the titles of the House of Roslin, James I. was still a prisoner in England. Arrangements, however, were soon afterwards made for his release. Upon these being completed, St. Clair, along with the famed Chancellor Crichtoun and others of the leading nobility, crossed the Tweed to bring back the King. They met him at Durham on the 13th December 1423. It was a happy day for Scotland, when the long-absent son of Robert III. returned to take possession of the throne of his ancestors, and bringing with him the beautiful Jane Beaufort, the "milk-white dove" of his own "*King's Quhair*." His entire reign was spent in devising and carrying out wise and liberal measures for the prosperity of his people. No more devoted minister had our

“Poet King” than Sir William St. Clair, of Roslin. As Lord High Admiral of Scotland, he was intrusted with the safe conduct of the youthful Princess Margaret to France, on the occasion of her marriage with the Dauphin in 1436. At that time the relations between England and Scotland were somewhat strained through French influence. Accordingly, an English Fleet was put out to sea to capture the daughter, after the same fashion in which the father had been taken captive fully thirty years before. But Earl William was more fortunate with his fair charge than his father, Earl Henry, had been with his—more, however, through “good luck” than superior management. While the English were on the outlook for their prize, they found casual occupation in picking up some Dutch vessels laden with wine, from Rochelle to Flanders. Just as they had completed this act of piracy, a Spanish sail hove in sight, bearing down upon them, and the English had to consult their own safety. In these circumstances, they were able to keep but an imperfect look-out for St. Clair, who managed to elude his enemies and land the Princess safely at La Rochelle. From thence she was conveyed to Paris, where the nuptials between her and her affianced—afterwards Louis XI.—were celebrated with all the pomp of ceremony characteristic of the “gay Court of Bourbon.”

Shortly after that auspicious event, James I., in 1437,

came to a tragic end, and was succeeded by his son, "James of the fiery face," then only a minor of six years. His reign was a troubled one. Turbulent nobles strove for the mastery; and not a few of them—notably the Earl of Douglas and his vassals—aimed at the overthrow of royalty itself. But the loyalty of Orkney was always above suspicion. He always enjoyed the confidence of his sovereign, and held many responsible positions under the Government. He was Lord High Chancellor of Scotland about the year 1450; and also Ambassador to the Court of Henry VI. In 1456 he had the Earldom of Caithness conferred upon him, "in compensation," as the charter runs, "of a claim of right which he and his heirs had to the Lordship of Nithsdale, through his mother Ægidia." He was afterwards designated Earl of Orkney and Caithness; but, subsequently to 1471—in which year he surrendered to King James III. the Earldom of Orkney—he was styled Earl of Caithness only.

The circumstances which led up to St. Clair's relinquishment of the old Norwegian Jarldom were somewhat remarkable. It would appear that the Western Islands did not come to Scotland wholly by conquest. Alexander III., after his victory at Largs, had agreed to pay Norway one hundred marks yearly for their cession. But, though the treaty was twice

confirmed, no payments had been made for over thirty years, subsequent to 1426. The Norse Government, therefore, pressed its claims, and asked not only for arrears and interest, but also for the penalty for the non-implementing of the bargain, besides the principal sum. The gross total amounted to about ten millions sterling. Difficulties threatened. With a view to settle the matter amicably, Louis XI. of France was appointed arbiter. Before the question was brought to a point, it became involved with another. His Majesty of Denmark had a daughter, Margaret, come to the age when it was desirable to seek a suitable husband for her. Louis took advantage of that circumstance. It opened a door of easy access out of the difficulty. Wishing to be friendly with both nations, he proposed a union between James III., the young King of Scotland, and the fair Princess of Denmark. It was a very happy proposal; and the suggestion was favourably received by the wise heads of both kingdoms. Negotiations were accordingly entered into for the carrying out of the nuptial arrangements. The dowry of the Princess was to be 60,000 florins; one-sixth of which was to be paid before she left her father's house; and for the balance, the Islands of Orkney were pledged as security. But, Christian of Denmark being unable to meet even the first instalment, the Shetland Isles were given as a further guarantee for 8,000 of the 10,000

florins. The Danish Government were sanguine that they would be able to redeem the Islands in a few years, and stipulated that there should be no interference with the laws then in force in them. The redemption price, however, was never forthcoming; and Orkney and Shetland became by prescriptive right a part of the Scottish nation.

This transfer affected the standing of the Earl of Orkney. His Yarldom had not come to him by grant from the crown of Scotland according to Feudal regime, and the changed conditions rendered it desirable that it should be held by such tenure. Besides, St. Clair showed no great anxiety about retaining the title. Accordingly, as already mentioned, he laid down at the feet of James the coronet of the old Orcadian Yarldom, with his "hail richt" thereto, in 1471; and received in compensation the Castle of Ravenscraig in Fife, together with the adjacent lands of Wils-town, Dubbo, and Carberry. He had, at the same time, an assurance given him under the Great Seal, that no revocation of any of these grants should take place, "notwithstanding of the king being still in his minority."

This most brilliant of all the St. Clairs passed away in 1484, and was buried in the Chapel of Roslin, which still remains, a splendid monument to his memory. He was twice married, and left three sons and a daughter.

Amongst the former he portioned his vast estates—a circumstance which contributed far more than the loss of the Orkneys to break down the family influence, William, the eldest son, whose mother was the “Princess”—the Lady Elizabeth Douglas—was the least fortunate of the three, having had bestowed on him merely the lands of Newburgh in Aberdeenshire. He became the ancestor of the present Baron Sinclair of Herdmanston in East Lothian, and Nisbet House, Berwickshire. His grandson, by a daughter, was the notorious James Hepburn, fourth Earl of Bothwell, and third husband of Mary Queen of Scots, whom she created Duke of Orkney. The second son—also named William—by Marjory, daughter of Alexander Sutherland, of Dunbeth, continued the line of the Earl of Caithness. This title his father had previously resigned in his favour, and he in consequence obtained a charter of the whole lands of that Earldom on the 7th December 1476. Upon his third son, Sir Oliver St. Clair—full brother to the Earl of Caithness—he settled all his estates south of the Tay. Sir Oliver was the progenitor of the line who for two centuries owned the domain of Roslin, until it became extinct in the person of William St. Clair, Esq., who died in 1778. Their place of sepulture is in the vault of the Chapel, where many of them were buried in royal fashion, in their armour.

"Twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried in that proud Chapelle."

Thus waned the glory of William, the opulent Earl of Orkney, whose titles were such as might "weary even a Spaniard." His daughter was married to Alexander, Duke of Albany, son of James II.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ST. CLAIRS—LATER BARONS.

“The lordly line of high St. Clair.”

SIR OLIVER, as already mentioned, connected the later barons of Roslin with the ancient House of St. Clair. He had his father's will, which conveyed to him all the estates south of the Tay, confirmed by a charter dated 10th December 1476. But upon the death of his father, in 1484, his eldest brother, Sir William of Newburgh, raised an action for the reduction of that settlement. The brothers ultimately agreed to a compromise, in terms of which William obtained the lands of Cousland, in Mid-Lothian; the Barony of Dysart, and the Castle of Ravenscraig, with the lands of Wilstown, Dubbo, and Carberry, in Fifeshire. He, at the same time, with the consent of his eldest son Henry, renounced in favour of Sir Oliver all claim to the Barony of Roslin, together with the estates of Pentland, Pentland-Moor, Morton, and Morton-Hall in Mid-Lothian; and the manor of Herbertshire in the county of Stirling.

Sir Oliver St. Clair married Margaret, a daughter of

the Laird of Borthwick, by whom he had two sons, George, and the noted Oliver Sinclair, the favourite of James V., whom to the general disgust, he placed in command of the army sent to invade England in 1542. To the repugnance of the soldiers to act under him, is attributed the disgraceful rout at Solway Moss, where 10,000 Scottish troops fled ignominiously before the charge of 300 English cavalry without a blow given or taken.

George took to wife, Agnes, a daughter of Lord Crichtoun of Sanquhar. Two sons came of that union, William and Alexander. Upon the resignation of his father, he procured a charter under the Great Seal of James IV., conveying to him the Baronies of Roslin and Herbertshire. He had also confirmed to him the lands of Pentland, with the *advowson* of the church thereof. Sir Oliver himself, however, retained the superiority. George dying before his father, the estates passed to his elder son, William, who accordingly succeeded to them on the demise of his grandfather.

Sir William St. Clair, like his uncle Oliver, was a great favourite with James V., who conferred on him the honour of knighthood. He frequently sat in the Parliaments of that monarch by special writ. He had, in addition to a charter given him ratifying his paternal possessions, the confirmation of an old one *in favorem Henrici de Sto Claro comitis Orcadiæ prædecessoris dicti Willielmi terrarum baroniæ de Roslin, etc.* Sir William

was a patron of Roslin Chapel, and bestowed upon it a gift of land in 1523. His wife was the Lady Alice, daughter of the fourth Lord Home. He died in 1540, at a comparatively early age, leaving an only son, also named William who became his heir.

This Sir William was a man of brilliant parts. He was made Lord Justice-General of Scotland by Francis and Mary, an appointment confirmed by Mary herself on her return to Scotland in 1561. Like all his predecessors, Sir William was a stanch loyalist. He was a warm friend of the beautiful Queen, and remained true to her in the midst of all her misfortunes. He fought under banner at Langside, where he was taken prisoner; but shortly afterwards, through the clemency of the Regent Murray, he obtained a free pardon. Returning to his quiet home by the Esk, St. Clair devoted himself with much enthusiasm to collect a large number of the old and valuable Manuscripts which had been taken out of the monasteries at the time of the Reformation. He was also a great patron of the gypsies, and on one occasion was the means of saving a member of that fraternity, about to suffer the extreme penalty of the law on the Burgh-muir. In grateful acknowledgment of that generous act, the entire "camp" were wont to meet annually on the Stanks of Roslin and act their plays of *Robin Hood* and *Little John*, for the entertainment of Sir William and his household. He was twice

married. His first wife was Isabel, daughter of Sir Walter Ker of Cessford, of whom was born Edward, the immediate successor of his father. After her death, he espoused Lindsay, daughter of the Laird of Egle, by whom he had a second son, named William.

Edward had a charter under the Great Seal of Queen Mary—dated 5th June 1564—confirming to him the lands of Roslin and Pentland. Having no issue, he interdicted himself in 1580, and made over his estates to his half-brother, Sir William St. Clair of Pentland, who succeeded to the Barony of Roslin in 1582.

Sir William St. Clair of Pentland was a great builder. He added to the Castle of Roslin more than any of his predecessors had done. The “triple tier of vaults”—the ruins of which are still so imposing—overlooking the Esk; the splendid Hall above them—now also a ruin; the Clock-Tower at their south-eastern extremity; the higher of the two arches upon which the entrance bridge rests; and other buildings, were all the work of his hands. These large additions to his residence involved so great an outlay as rendered it necessary for Sir William to part with the estates of Herbertshire, Morton, and Morton-hall. He married Jean Edminston, the beautiful daughter of a Merse laird. Her initials with his own monogram may still be seen over the fireplace in the ruined Hall above the tier of vaults. St. Clair was a stanch adherent of the Church of Rome,

and, in consequence thereof, he was out of favour with the dominant party in the state. But other causes may have accounted for his want of popularity. If the gossip of the day can be relied on, his moral tone was anything but high. It is said that he deserted the beautiful Jean Edminston and eloped to Ireland with his miller's daughter. He died about the beginning of the 17th century, and was laid to rest in his armour in Roslin Chapel.

His son, another Sir William St. Clair, succeeded, and had a confirmation of the estates granted to him in 1610. He also added to the ancestral halls of Roslin, and built over the vaults the structure which still remains comparatively intact. He was a warm loyalist, and ardently attached to the cause of Charles I. Indeed, his devotion to that unfortunate monarch almost ruined the resources of his family. To meet his expenditure, much of his property had either to be mortgaged or sold. Sir William took to wife a daughter of Dr. John Spottiswood, who held successively the Archiepiscopal sees of Glasgow and St. Andrews; and who was also Chancellor of the kingdom—the first churchman to hold that high office since the Reformation. By her he had three sons, all worthy scions of “the lordly line of high St. Clair.” William, the eldest, was a young man of brilliant promise, and a great favourite of Charles I., from whom he received the honour of knighthood. He predeceased his

father, who died in 1650. St. Clair—the last of “Roslin’s barons bold” to be buried in his armour—was laid to rest in the vaults of the Chapel, on the 3rd of September of that year—the very day “Dunbar Drove” was fought, in which our misguided covenanting forefathers suffered such wreck and carnage at the hands of Cromwell’s Ironsides.

The old Barony of Roslin then passed to Sir William’s second son, John, surnamed the “Prince.” He was served heir to estates sadly mortgaged through the excessive attachment of his immediate predecessors to the royal cause during the troublous times of Charles I. The “Prince,” however, did not long enjoy his lordship of the beauties “by Esk’s fair stream.” Among the first of the Scottish strongholds to engage the martial attention of Cromwell after the Battle of Dunbar, was Roslin Castle. Thither he despatched General Monk, with 600 soldiers and some pieces of artillery. Bravely fought the “Prince,” but all in vain. The ordnance of the Commonwealth quickly wrought the work of demolition, and Sir John St. Clair was forced to accept an unconditional surrender. He went forth, a sad man, from amid the ruins of his ancestral home to prison-life in Tynemouth Castle. Here he remained for many years; and returned again to Roslin, but only to die. His death took place in 1690.

James, his younger brother, succeeded to the Barony.

He was, however, under the necessity of redeeming, or rather rebuying, the estates he inherited. He did not rebuild the Castle of Roslin after its demolition by Monk, so that it stands to-day pretty much as Sir James St. Clair left it. Like his father and brother, he was a zealous partisan of the House of Stuart, and spent all his means in furthering the foolish policy of James II. Indeed, he so encumbered the estates that he died a poor man, which necessitated his widow making application to William and Mary for assistance to bring up and educate her children. She was the daughter of Sir Henry Spotswood, Sheriff of Dublin. Lady St. Clair had been previously married to George Hay, Esq., and was the mother of Father Richard Augustine Hay, Prior of Piermont, and author of *The Genealogie of the Sainte Claires of Rosslyn*. She bore Sir James two sons, James and Alexander, the former of whom predeceased his father.

Alexander succeeded. He was born on the last of November 1672, and served heir to the lands of Roslin 5th April 1699. He died in 1706. His wife was Jean, daughter of the seventh Lord Semple, by whom he had six children, who all died young, except William, his successor, with whose death in 1778 terminated "the lordly line of high St. Clair."

William St. Clair, a *vir priscae virtutis*, who is commonly spoken of as the "last of the Roslins," was a

minor six years old when his father died, and was served heir to the estates in 1727. He married Cordelia, daughter of Sir George Wishart of Clifton Hall. None of his family—which consisted of three sons and five daughters—survived him. Himself departed this life in 1778, aged 78. His reduced circumstances necessitated him to resign the office of Hereditary Grand Master of Scotland to the Scottish Freemasons in 1736. About the same time he sold the estate of Roslin to the Honourable James St. Clair, second son of the seventh Lord Sinclair of Herdmanston. It was afterwards carried by destination to the issue of Lord Sinclair's second daughter, whose grandson, Sir James Erskine of Alva, succeeded to the Earldom of Rosslyn which had first been conferred on his maternal uncle, the Lord Chancellor Loughborough, in 1801. [See below.] William St. Clair, the last of a noble race whose heroes had often bled in their country's cause, inherited all the intrepid spirit of his forefathers, united with the milder virtues of humanity and the polished manners of a gentleman. He was an ardent athlete, and in manly exercises excelled the most of his contemporaries. "This last Roslin," says Sir Walter Scott, "was a man considerably over six feet, with dark grey locks; straight, and of a graceful figure. He was thin flanked and broad shouldered, built, it would seem, for the business of war or the chase. He had a noble eye of chastened

pride and undoubted authority. His features were striking and handsome in their general effect, though somewhat harsh and exaggerated when considered in detail. His complexion was dark and grizzled. The schoolboys who crowded to see him perform feats of strength and skill in the old Scottish games of Golf and Archery, used to say amongst themselves, that the whole figure resembled the famous founder of the Douglas Race. In all the manly sports, which required strength and dexterity, Roslin was unrivalled. But his particular delight was in the use of the bow."

The relation of the present House of Rosslyn with the old line of St. Clair is very remote indeed. Nevertheless the blood of William *le blond*, and William, "Prince of Orkney," flows in the veins of the successors of the famed, though somewhat intriguing and unscrupulous Lord Chancellor Loughborough, who became first Earl of Rosslyn in 1801. He was the son of Mr. Peter Wedderburn of Chesterhill, Mid-Lothian. The title was granted him, with remainder in default of male issue, to his nephew, Sir James Erskine, who succeeded him as second Earl of Rosslyn in 1805.

The connexion between the modern and the old families may be traced as follows:—William St. Clair, of Newburgh, the eldest son of the "Prince of Orkney," had, as already noted, by the reduction of his father's will, got possession of the lands of Dysart, Dubbo,

Ravensraig, Carberry, and Wilston in Fifeshire. These estates, at his death, passed to his son Henry, who was created Lord Sinclair in 1489. John, the sixth of his ennobled line, was a warm partisan of the unfortunate Charles I. He also befriended Charles II., and took part in his raid into England which ended so disastrously at Worcester in 1651, where he was taken prisoner by Cromwell, and relegated to enforced retirement for the space of nearly ten years. His daughter and sole heiress, Catherine Sinclair, married John Sinclair, younger of Herdmanston, a lineal descendant of William *le blond* through Henry de Sancto Claro, whose family had a charter of the lands of Herdmanston in 1162. Henry Sinclair, their eldest son, succeeded to his grandfather's titles and estates, which were confirmed to him by Charles II. in 1677. His son John, the Master of Sinclair, took part in the rebellion of 1715. He was in consequence attainted and compelled to flee to the continent. Obtaining a pardon in 1726, he returned home. The attainder was so far removed as to allow him to inherit the property; but the title remained dormant until his death in 1750. Owing to the attainder of John, the family estates had been settled upon his brother James, a General in the King's army, and who generously restored them to John on his obtaining the pardon. James ultimately got them back again in 1750, when he became his brother's heir. He was the

eighth Lord Sinclair, although he does not appear to have assumed the title. He died in 1762 without issue; and was succeeded in his heritable property by his nephew, Colonel James Paterson, son of his sister the Honourable Grisel Sinclair and John Paterson of Prestonhall.

Colonel Paterson assumed the name of St. Clair, but died without issue in 1789. The estates thereafter passed to Sir James Erskine, who was thus descended. The Honourable Catherine Sinclair, younger sister of General St. Clair, married Sir John Erskine of Alloa, a scion of the House of Mar. From this union sprung Sir Henry Erskine, the sixth baronet of Alva, who married Janet Wedderburn, only sister of the first Earl of Rosslyn. Their son, the above-mentioned Sir James Erskine—who had heired the St. Clair property from Colonel Paterson, and assumed the name and arms of the family—on the death of his uncle, in 1805, succeeded to his titles and became second Earl of Rosslyn. Thus was the modern House of Rosslyn linked on to “the lordly line of high St. Clair.”

The second Earl took to wife Henrietta Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Honourable Edward Bouverie. He died in 1837, and was succeeded by his son, James Alexander St. Clair Erskine, who became a Major-General in the army, and a Deputy-Lieutenant of Fife-shire. He married Frances, a daughter of Lieutenant-General William Wemyss. Dying in 1866, his honours

passed to his son, Francis Robert St. Clair Erskine, who for five years represented Her Majesty as Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. He married Blanche-Adeliza, second daughter of Henry Fitz-Roy, Esq., of Salcey Lawn, Northamptonshire, and widow of the Honourable Charles Henry Maynard. He died in 1890, and was succeeded by the present peer and fifth Earl of Rosslyn, The Right Honourable James Francis Harry St. Clair Erskine, who took to wife Violet Aline, younger daughter of R. C. Vyner, Esq., of Fairfield, Yorkshire.

Such, then, is a brief sketch of an illustrious line, "whose deeds were in their day the theme of loud acclaim." While at the zenith of their glory, they stood in the foremost ranks of old Scotia's nobility; nor can it be said that their fair reputation was ever stained by any foul acts of blood, like those which blight the escutcheons of so many others of our ennobled lines. They were all through their history the warm adherents of the Crown, which in the early Feudal age at least, meant the patrons of civil liberty, and the free administration of justice. They were indeed a race

"In whose bold voice there dwelt inspiring power
To wake the stormy joy of danger's hour,
To nerve the arm, the spirit to sustain;
Rouse from dependence, and support in pain,
And, midst the deadly tumult of the strife,
Taught every pulse to thrill with more than life."

CHAPTER XV.

THE CASTLE.

“St. Clair ! thy princely halls
In ruins sink decayed.”

ROSLIN CASTLE is romantically situate. Literally, it “rides upon a little sea of forest.” The rocky eminence on which it stands, is almost enclosed by one of the windings of the Esk, which here assumes a very tortuous course. The site, though highly pleasant and imposing, cannot be regarded as a strong one, when judged by the modern modes and methods of warfare, since it is dominated by commanding heights on every side. But, at the time of the Castle’s erection, and when the manner of reducing strongholds was as the “tug of Greek with Greek,” it must have been well-nigh impregnable.

The origin of the first Castle of Roslin lies in the cloudland of obscurity. “It is so remote,” says Chalmers, “that it is laid in fable : in fact, it is beyond the date of authentic record.” The present ruins are those of a building founded about the beginning of the fourteenth century—probably in the year 1304—by

Sir William St. Clair, on the recommendation of an English prisoner, taken at the famous "Triple Battle" fought on Bilston Moor, 24th February 1302. The original and only access to the Castle was by a narrow ridge of rock, which, for defensive purposes, was cut away, and the chasm spanned by a drawbridge. This, at a later date, was superseded by a more permanent way, 55 feet in height, and fully twice the width of the present bridge. It seems to have rested on a couple of parallel arches, one of which has entirely disappeared; but traces of its spring are still visible in the rock, on the side of the gully nearest the Castle. The structure of the present bridge is peculiar. It is narrow—being barely three yards wide—and rests upon two arches of very different altitudes. That on the east side is 27 feet high, and supports masonry its own thickness, to the top of the parapet, a height of 28 feet. This arch, which has a much older appearance than its companion, was doubtless one of the parallel pair of the original permanent way: the other, which sustains the roadway, is 48 feet in height, and must have been erected when the bridge was reduced to its present width. Here, the masonry is much more modern in design. It is of fine ashlar work, relieved on the north side by a succession of plain plinths. The old drawbridge is generally supposed to have been removed in 1446, by William, the third Earl of Orkney, who substituted for it the

permanent structure which was rebuilt in its present form, in 1597, by Sir William St. Clair of Pentland. "He buildd one of the arches of the (Drawbridge (?))" Bridge. The roadway through the defile led to another bridge over the Esk, a remnant of which still stands. It also was the work of the last of the Orcadian Yarls. "He buildd the bridge under the Castle." At the south end of the bridge was a gateway, placed in the centre of a massive wall of great strength. The removal of the drawbridge would render that new means of defence necessary ; and it must have proved a very serious barrier in the way of an enemy trying to reach the outer gate of the Castle itself.

The Castle, including the court-yard, covered a pretty large area. Its total length was fully 200 feet, with a breadth of 90 feet. The walls are, in many places, nine feet thick. At a distance of about nine yards from the south end of the bridge, stand the ruins of what was known as the Forework of the Castle. It was an immense building of several storeys, and contained what was called the Lantern or Lamp-Tower which took its name from the light or beacon placed there, to illumine the approach to the Castle by the bridge. In the centre of the Forework is a gateway, now very much dilapidated. This gave access to the Court-yard. It was arched, and may have contained a portecullis. Above it was a turreted guard-house, with portions of

the corbels of the turrets still remaining. The formation of the Forework, when complete, resembled the modern house erected over the triple tier of vaults, only it was much more extensive. All that now exists of it are some ruined walls and the broken gateway. Judging from what is left, the Forework must have been a structure of considerable strength, and admirably adapted to command the approach to the Castle by the bridge. It was the design of William, Earl of Orkney. "He builded," says Father Hay, "the Forework that looks to the north-east." After he had removed the old drawbridge, and substituted for it a more permanent way, he would require to look to the defences of the Castle. Accordingly, he reared the Forework with its gateway, guard-house, lamp-tower, and other necessary means of protection.

Immediately behind the Forework, on the east side of the court-yard, is a vacant space, where stood the original Keep of the Castle, or "Wall Tower," erected in 1304. Not a vestige of it remains but the "wall" itself, a huge mass of time honey-combed masonry, mantled with ivy, which rises from the rock below—a depth of 36 feet—to the level of the court-yard. Here dwelt the St. Clairs until 1390, when Henry, the second Earl of Orkney, built the "Great Dungeon"—the Donjon or Keep. This massive pile stood at the south-west corner of the court-yard, on the highest point of the promon-

tory, and was unquestionably the oldest part of the Castle, next to the "Wall Tower." It was of the usual oblong form, rounded at the south-west angle, but none of its measurements can now be ascertained, with the exception of the length, which was fully more than fifty feet. Little is known of its interior arrangements. It appears, however, to have been five storeys in height. The basement was arched; and it would doubtless contain the kitchen accommodation. This was entered by a door in the south front; and, judging from a large chimney shown in an old print of Roslin Castle, the fire-place must have been in the thickness of the north wall.

Over the basement was the Grand Hall. The roof here also seems to have been arched; and the principal entrance to the Keep was on the level of this floor. It was immediately above the door of the basement. A portion of one of its jambs may still be traced. How this access to the Grand Hall was reached can now only be a matter of conjecture. The probability is that a stair was set against the screen wall of the Castle—similar to that which has just been restored at Borthwick—from the landing of which a bridge led to the Hall entrance. The other flats had the ordinary plain joisted roofs, and afforded the sleeping accommodation. Access to these was by means of a winding stair, leading from the basement and Hall to the battlements. There

are also some traces of mural chambers off the upper flats, which probably may have been used as garde-robes. The roof was single and high pitched, with gables of fine ashlar work ; and covered with the usual cut stone tiles, fitted so as to form ridges and furrows. The parapet was carried on bold corbels, with open machicolations right round the building. All that now remains of this once famous Keep is the west wall, pretty entire up to the corbelling of the parapet ; and a fragment of the south front to the same height. The fallen debris forms a grass-grown mound considerably higher than the floor of the Great Hall ; and, so " where princes oft at wine and wassail sate," the poultry of the peaceful castellan quietly pick up the grub and the grain.

The next great addition to the Castle was by William, " Prince of Orkney," who built the Forework already mentioned, and also what Father Hay calls the "Chapel." Only the outer wall of the latter structure remains. It extends in a straight line northward from the west front of the Keep to the gable of the Forework. The architectural features of this part of the building are entirely different from all other portions of the Castle. Indeed, it is singularly unique, and consists of eight buttresses or "rounds," as they are called. These are placed two feet apart, and project more than five feet. The buttresses were not built simply to add strength

to the wall; they were a part of the original design for architectural effect. That which is left of them gives no indication of how the "rounds" were finished at the top; but Father Hay thus describes them: "He" (Sir William St. Clair) "buildd the Church Walls of Rosline, having rounds with fair chambers and galleries thereon." "From this description," say Messrs. McGibbon and Ross in their *Castellated Architecture of Scotland*, "it seems probable either that arches were thrown from round to round and a gallery continued along the top; or that a parapet ran round the wall heads of the buttresses as well as the top of the wall; in which case the former would create recesses, and would thus represent the 'fair chambers'; while the parapet walk at the wall head would form the galleries." That was likely. However, a reference again to the old print of Roslin Castle will suggest another and more satisfactory clue to what the Prior of St. Piermont meant by the "fair chambers and galleries." As there represented, the "rounds" seem to have terminated in bartizaned turrets with conical circular roofs, which well answer the description of "the fair chambers and galleries."

Between the buttresses was a series of openings, now built up, the use of which has puzzled the antiquarian more than the finish of the "rounds" themselves. Some are of opinion that they were embrasures for

cannon. Their size, and a cover-wall which stood a few yards in front of them, are fatal to that theory. Others suggest that cattle may have been housed in this part of the building. This is an equally absurd surmise. It is impossible to imagine that such fine masonry could ever have been erected as an inclosure for beasts of the stall. Doubtless these apertures were originally windows—with one exception which has a door-like aspect about it. They all have had splayed jambs with cut recesses for shutters. Assuming that the inner wall of this structure was similar in design to the one now remaining, we may accept the probability that they were the “Church walls of Rosline,” referred to by Father Hay. Indeed, it is quite a reasonable supposition to think, that the ground flat of this beautiful addition to the Castle was designed by its builder to be used as a Church or Chapel, before he had any intention of erecting the more magnificent edifice which now stands upon the College Hill.

Over this Chapel was a spacious Hall, about sixty-four feet in length. Evidences of the sockets for the joisting of the floor are still manifest above the arched recesses of the lower windows. This Hall was lit from the court-yard side; and it must have commanded a charming view of the valley of the Esk by Hawthornden and Gorton. A solitary round moulded

corbel is all that remains of its once handsome roof. Here Sir William St. Clair, "Prince of Orkney," feasted in a state of great magnificence and almost regal splendour. Here he "was royally served in gold and silver vessels." In this princely apartment, "richly hung with embroidered hangings," he and his "Princess" lived in splendid style, second only to the Royal House itself. Then was the noon-day of the glory of the St. Clairs, which afterwards began to decline from various causes already noted in the story of their "lordly line."

By far the larger section of Roslin's ruined pile is on the south-east side of the court-yard, overlooking the Esk. Here are the "tremendous triple tier of vaults," the Clock-Tower, and stately Hall—now a ruin—all the contribution of Sir William St. Clair of Pentland to his ancestral dwelling, between the years of 1582 and 1597. The vaults were a necessity for the erection of the Hall. They are founded on the solid rock, which, for greater security, has been "scraped" at a height of ten feet from the ground. The height of the building, from the garden at its base, to the level of the court-yard, is fully more than 50 feet. The vaults themselves comprise the three lower storeys. Immediately over the vaults was the Grand Hall; and above it again the Bed-room accommodation. Thus the entire structure by the side of the river was originally five

storeys high. This imposing pile of flats was connected by an easy stair, $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, called the "Great Turnpike." It was in straight sections; and had a landing on each flat. Much of it is still in a complete state of preservation.

The access from the second to the third storey by the "Great Turnpike" has been built up, and in consequence thereof the two lowermost tiers can only now be reached by a door from the garden, on the level of the second flat. This entrance was designed originally for the convenience of the servants and soldiers who thereby could gain admission to any part of the building, without interfering with the privacy of the Great Hall. It would appear that the door was defended by a bridge. This is evident from a window, immediately beneath it in the lower vault, which must have looked into an area below the bridge. Probably, too, there was an entrance from the area into the basement of the Clock-Tower.

Entering by the garden door, the visitor goes along a straight passage, at the extreme end of which, on the right hand, is the lowest section of the "Great Turnpike." Descending, he reaches the basement storey of the vaults. At the foot of the stair is the kitchen, an apartment of considerable dimensions, being 23 feet by 21. It is arched, and contains a fire-place, 11 feet wide and 7 feet deep. In the fire-place is a small draught slit. The kitchen had a locker, and was lit by

two windows. In the space between the "Great Turnpike" and the kitchen, is a door from which descend some steps that probably may have led out into the garden. Opposite the door of the kitchen is a dreary passage, 22 yards long and $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide. On its left side are three cellars, all of equal size—15 feet square—with a fire-place only in the first of them. They are arched, and lit by windows facing the garden. At the farther end of this passage is the blocked-up window that looked into the area beneath the entrance doorway. The passage itself was dependent upon this window for light. There was also a lamp recess in the wall. A door in the third cellar leads to the basement of the Clock-Tower. This apartment may have been used for dungeon purposes. Almost opposite the foot of the "Great Turnpike," and facing the door of the first compartment on the left, is another doorway, now built up, which gave access to other vaults said to be underneath the court-yard of the Castle. Here, legend says, sleeps the "Enchanted" daughter of the House of St. Clair, beside her untold wealth, awaiting the trumpet-blast that is to break the spell and set her free. Here, too, tradition locates another dungeon, properly called "Little Ease," into which the unfortunate prisoners were let down with ropes, and where no ray of light, and possibly also none of hope, came, except from *above*.*

* *Illustrated Guide to Rosslyn.*

The construction of the second tier is, in every respect, similar to that of its lower companion. Over the kitchen was a Bakehouse, equal to it in size, being also 23 feet by 21. It had a large oven placed in the north-west corner, and was lighted by two windows with steps. The roof was arched, and it contained a locker and stone drain for sanitary purposes. The other compartments on this storey all correspond to those on the kitchen flat beneath. There were, however, no fire-places in any of them; and the windows had eyelets or shot-holes, splayed only in the inside, with the exception of the one in the Clock-Tower commanding the entrance door, which was splayed both within and without.

The uppermost range of the vaults can only now be entered from the modern house above, as all communication with the "Great Turnpike" is stopped at the second flat. In structure, it resembled the two under storeys, and appears to have been, when in use, the "servants' quarters." The windows here are also supplied with shot-holes under the sills. For the convenience of the culinary department, the kitchen and bakery communicated with the higher flats by means of a "hoist," but the apertures are now built up. There are also evidences of what appears to have been a speaking-tube.

Immediately over the triple tier of vaults was the Grand Hall of Sir William St. Clair of Pentland. It is

now an utter ruin, but it still contains many remnants of its former greatness. Part of it has been utilized as the kitchen of the modern house. This Hall was originally a spacious apartment, measuring fully 50 feet long by 23 wide. It was lofty, and well lighted by large windows overlooking the Esk and the Court-yard. There were also two other windows in the south gable with shot-holes underneath, splayed within and without. Between these are the remains of what appears to have been a *dais*, or state seat, projecting into the apartment. There is, in the west side, a handsomely moulded Gothic fire-place, 8 feet wide by $4\frac{1}{2}$ high, with "joggled" lintel of seven different pieces; and a "saving arch" to carry the real weight of the wall above. In the centre of the cornice, between the lintel and the arch, is a finely wrought shield bearing the arms of Sir William St. Clair and his lady Jean Edmonston, impaled with their initials in the upper corners, and the date 1597 below. That year, probably, noted the time when the Hall was completed; and possibly also the Clock-Tower. The jambs and lower lintel of the fire-place, together with the top edge of the cornice, are beautifully ornamented with carved rosettes which lend a very pleasing effect to the entire structure. In the jamb, of what was the middle window on the east side of the Hall, is a *Piscina* with carved work similar in design to that around the fire-place. Its use has greatly puzzled the

antiquarian. The presence of a drain to the outside has suggested to some, "that it may have served as a basin for washing glasses." It is more likely, however, to have been put to some religious purpose. Through a fine doorway, 6 feet high by $2\frac{1}{4}$ wide, with ornamental design similar to the fire-place and Piscina, we get into the Clock Tower. Here was a newel stair—now completely gone—communicating with the "servants' quarters" on the third tier of the vaults beneath. On the right of the entrance door to the Hall itself was a locker. Not a vestige now remains of the storey over the Hall, which doubtless contained the superior bedroom accommodation. It is also hard to say what was the design of the finish of the Clock Tower. The roof was probably high pitched, with ashlar gables and the usual "rig and furrow" tiles. It had a dial. "The initial letters of his name (Sir William St. Clair of Pentland) are graven on a stone above the dyall with the following 1596, which designs the year wherein that worke was finished." *

The "modern house," a rueful apology for the once grand fabric of Roslin Castle, may also have been the work of Sir William St. Clair of Pentland. His son and successor, however, must have had something to do with it, as an ornate entrance seems to show, with its lintel inscribed S.W.S., 1622. The same initials appear on

* Father Hay, *Genealogie of the Sainteclaires of Rosslyn*.

the half-circular pediment of a dormer window on the upper flat. The doorway itself is handsomely moulded, and enriched with rosettes and other ornaments, similar to those around the fire-place and the Piscina in the Grand Hall. Above it, is a square niche which probably contained the armorial bearings of the family. Most of the windows facing the court-yard are also enriched with carvings. The plain front of the building is further relieved by the massive corbel of a newel stair which leads from the Dining-room to the Bed-rooms above. Inside, are the two upper sections of the "Great Turnpike." The Dining-room is a spacious apartment, being about 23 feet square, and lit by three large windows. "Its ceiling is somewhat interesting. It is of plaster, and divided into nine panels, richly decorated with hunting and hawking scenes, and a profusion of floral ornamentation. The centre panel contains the Arms of St. Clair—the engrailed cross; supporters, *dexter*, a mermaid with a comb in one hand and a bunch of seaweed in the other; *sinister*, a griffin; crest, a dove; motto, 'Credo;' date, 1622." *

The precipitous position of Roslin Castle, to a large extent, obviated the necessity for "screens" or cover-walls. Nature more than art was its defence. There are, however, remains of a curtain having run along the south and west sides of the Donjon, at a distance of

* *Illustrated Guide to Rosslyn.*

about 12 feet from its base. It had towers at the corners; and was probably continued in front of the "rounds," till it reached the high retaining wall of the roadway at the entrance gate. It would appear too that another defensive wall was erected on the face of the west cliff, with embrasures and merlons, remnants of which are still visible here and there. Some other detached ruins abound in this locality; but it is now impossible to say what they have been. Father Hay mentions two towers which stood on the north-west side of the Castle. These, in all likelihood, were the towers "Robin Hood" and "Little John," which Sir William St. Clair, Lord Justice-General under Queen Mary, allocated as a lodging for the gypsies, when they came to amuse him with their plays in the Stanks of Roslin, until he was prohibited encouraging them by an Act of the Privy Council, 27th January 1561.*

There are a weirdness and a forlornness attaching to these crumbling ruins which strikingly contrast with the natural beauties that environ them, and the busy life which breathes under their shadow. No one visiting them but must be struck with the force of Captain Grose's description already quoted—"haggard and utterly dilapidated, the mere wreck of a great pile riding on a little sea of forest, a rueful apology for the once grand

* Privy Council Records.

fabric, whose name of Roslin Castle is so intimately associated with melody and song."

"St. Clair! thy princely halls
In ruin sink decayed,
While beauteous stand the Chapel walls
Where thy proud line is laid!—
What sees the stranger musing here,
Where mail-clad men no longer dwell?
A bleach-field spreads its whiteness near,
And smoke-wreaths round the dell
Show whence the Christian worshipper
Obeys the Sabbath bell."

CHAPTER XVI.

HISTORIC INCIDENTS.

“Hark ! ’twas the trumpet rung !
Commingling armies shout ;
And echoing far yon woods among,
The ravage and the rout.”

ROSLIN CASTLE is replete with historical associations. Though always more of a residence than a fortress, it was, nevertheless, the scene of many exciting events closely allied with the general history of the country. Indeed, if Father Hay’s opinion is to be credited, the Castle itself is a monument of one of the most stirring episodes in the war of Scottish Independence—the “Triple Battle of Roslin.”

After his fatal defeat at Falkirk, in 1298, the heroic Wallace laid down the reins of the government of Scotland. He felt that he could no longer act with advantage to the cause of Freedom in the face of the jealousy of so many of the leading nobility—a jealousy which had brought about the catastrophe at Falkirk. Other hands, however, were ready to take up her sword rather than submit to the tyranny of “the proud usurper,” Edward I.

Chief among these were Sir John Comyn, who was appointed regent of the kingdom in the name of the "straw king," Baliol; and Sir Simon Fraser. Brave men strengthened their hands, so that they were enabled to carry on a species of guerilla warfare to the great detriment of their English oppressors. Edward, beset with difficulties at home and on the continent, was prevented from giving personal attention to the conquest of Scotland. But, in the circumstances, he ordered his lieutenant, Sir John de Segrave, to cross the Tweed with a powerful army to chastise "the rebels." Segrave, accordingly, marched from Berwick towards Edinburgh at the head of 20,000 men, generalled by some of "Longshanks'" best and most experienced officers. Amongst these were Segrave's own brothers: Sir Robert de Neville, a valiant knight who had played a prominent part in the Welsh expedition; and Sir Ralph de Manton, paymaster to the English King, and who bore on that account the *soubriquet* of Ralph the Cofferer. He was a priest, but, like many of the ecclesiastics and bishops of those fierce times, he preferred a coat of mail to the surplice.

Segrave had advanced as far as Roslin unmolested. There he divided his army into three divisions; and allowed each to choose its own camping-ground, without any regard to proper means of communication. The first detachment was under his own immediate command;

the Cofferer had charge of the second; and Neville commanded the third. Early in the morning of the 24th February 1302, as Segrave and his men slumbered carelessly on Bilston Moor, an alarm was raised that the enemy was upon them. The report proved true. Comyn and Fraser were at Biggar, when they heard of the advance of the English. Hastily collecting 8000 men, they marched under cover of night to Roslin, and surprised the invaders in their encampment. Segrave's division was entirely routed. Himself was wounded and made prisoner, along with many other persons of note. This victory was hardly won, when the second detachment of the enemy hove in sight. A cruel but necessary order was given to slay the prisoners; which having been done, the Scots, elated with success, rushed on the foe, who, after a stubborn resistance, broke and fled in great confusion. The fruits of this second triumph were the Cofferer a prisoner and a rich booty. It too had scarcely been achieved, when the third division of the English, led by Neville, was seen in the distance. Worn out by their night's march from Biggar, and fatigued by the two previous encounters, the little band of Scots thought of immediate retreat. But the proximity of the foe rendered this impossible. Therefore, with the determination of patriots, resolved to do or die, they awaited the onslaught, which resulted in the death of Neville and the total defeat of his division.

“ Baffled and backward borne,
Is England's foremost war ;
The Saxon battle-god forlorn,
Remounts his raven car,
'Tis vain—a third time victory's cheer
Bursts forth from that resistless foe,
Who headlong, on their fierce career,
Like mountain torrents go ;
The invaders are dispersed like deer;
And whither none may know ! ”

Sir William St. Clair of Roslin shared the glory of that day ; and the stately Castle, founded at the instance of his “ English prisoner,” became a worthy monument of the “ Triple Victory.”

Two centuries and a half had come and gone ; and Roslin Castle as a structure had greatly increased. Then it was the residence of Sir William St. Clair, the proud “ Prince of Orkney.” James of the “ fiery face ” sat upon the Stuart throne. His position was a difficult one ; as William, Earl of Douglas, was in league with other noble chiefs to accomplish his overthrow and the subversion of the government. Prominent amongst these were the Earls of Crawford and Ross ; and Sir James Hamilton of Cadyow, head of the great House of Hamilton. Douglas carried matters with a high hand. He ravaged the estates of the nobles who were friendly to the king, and put to death those of them that had the misfortune to become his prisoners. James determined to crush him, which, however, proved to be no

easy task. The Douglas alliance was such that the king would have had but a small chance of success in the field. James, therefore, dissembled. Under the pretext of wishing to bring about an amicable settlement, he invited the recalcitrant baron to the Court, which, at that time, was residing in the Castle of Stirling. The haughty peer accepted the invitation, on condition of a safe conduct from the king. This was granted. Accompanied by a large retinue, under the command of Sir James Hamilton of Cadyow, Douglas arrived at Stirling, in February 1452; and was received by James with every demonstration of friendship. The day following that of his arrival, he was entertained by His Majesty to supper, in what is now known as the "Douglas Room." Supper being ended, James took his vassal aside into another apartment. After a little "friendly chat," the conversation turned upon the league which Douglas had with the Earls of Crawford and Ross. He entreated him to cancel that agreement, as unworthy of his allegiance as a subject, and detrimental to the welfare of the nation. Douglas insolently refused, and accused the king with maladministration of the Government. James had fire in his breast as well as on his face. "False traitor," he exclaimed, "if *you* will not break the bond, *this* shall!" and drawing his dagger, he dealt the Earl a stab in the throat, and another in the abdomen. Sir Patrick Gray, captain of the Royal guard, whose nephew Douglas had,

a short time before, cruelly beheaded, felled the wounded baron to the ground with a blow of his battle-axe. Some of the other courtiers, standing near, also struck at him with their swords. Douglas expired without uttering a word, covered with twenty-six wounds.

That dark deed of blood only deepened the Douglas resentment against the king. Four brothers of the dead peer were in Stirling at the time of the butchery. James, the eldest, immediately set himself to revenge the cruel assassination. His name was a terror in the country; and his influence was so great that the king soon had cause to tremble for the safety of his crown. But he lacked the determination of his slaughtered brother. Meanwhile, King James, acting on the advice of his trusty counsellor, Kennedy, Bishop of St. Andrews, used other means than force to weaken his terrible foe. By the promise of pardon, gifts of land, treasures, and honours, many of the more powerful of the Douglas faction were drawn over to the Royal standard. Yet, notwithstanding this, the influence of Douglas was such that it seemed the sword alone could decide the issue of the contest. An opportunity soon presented itself.

Sir William St. Clair of Roslin had laid siege to Abercorn Castle, a stronghold of the Douglasses. Douglas himself advanced to its relief. James, to frustrate this attempt, threw a powerful army between him and the beleaguered

fortress. The hostile forces met on the banks of Carron. While they looked each other in the face, Kennedy secretly plied his policy to weaken the rebel ranks. He tried very specially to induce Sir James Hamilton to renounce the cause of Douglas, but failed. The crisis soon came. James sent a herald to the insurgent camp, charging the Earl to disperse his followers, and promising a pardon to all amongst them who would leave his standard. Douglas made light of the summons, and sounded the attack. His men, however, began to lose heart. The message of the king had made a great impression upon many of the rebel leaders; and, Douglas seeing this, instead of advancing, ordered a retrograde movement to restore the sinking courage of his soldiers. But the result was quite the opposite of what he anticipated. Hamilton, annoyed at the indecision of his chief, and ashamed of his cowardice, asked him whether he meant to fight or not? Douglas replied contemptuously, "that if he was afraid, he was welcome to go home." Hamilton took the Earl at his word, and, leaving the camp of the insurgent chief, went over to the king.

The desertion of Hamilton broke the back-bone of the rebellion. But James did not receive him with open arms. He was a little suspicious of one who had withstood all the entreaties of Kennedy, and had come over to him more from wounded pride than from a sense

of duty. Accordingly, before granting Hamilton an amnesty and receiving him into favour, he sent him a prisoner to Roslin Castle, where he atoned in some measure for his rebellion. James, probably, had another reason for thus relegating the Laird of Cadyow. He may have taken this step to afford the Earl of Orkney a slight *solatium* for the insult he experienced, some time before, at the hands of the Douglas vassals, when they refused to pay to him—as Chancellor—the fines which the law imposed upon their chief for his high-handed conduct. Be that as it may, Hamilton's imprisonment in Roslin Castle was of short duration. After a few weeks, he was received at Court; rewarded with large favours; and ultimately obtained in marriage the Princess Margaret, eldest daughter of the king, who brought to him the title and lands of the Earl and Earldom of Arran, still retained by his successor the Duke of Hamilton.

Events in connexion with Roslin Castle now bring us down to the year 1544. Then began in earnest "the mad wooing to win a fair bride." Henry VIII. formed a plan of uniting the kingdoms of England and Scotland by a marriage between the infant Mary, Queen of Scots, and his only son, Edward VI., then a child. The project was gladly welcomed by the leaders of the Reformation in Scotland, and ultimately a Treaty was entered into with England for

its consummation. The Regent Arran was one of the signatories. But French influence, which was nothing more or less than Romanism, was then rampant at the Scottish Court. Mary of Guise, the Queen-mother, and Cardinal Beaton, aided by many of the leading nobility, among whom was St. Clair of Roslin—who was a stanch supporter of the Old Church—strenuously opposed the English alliance. Arran, the Governor, played false. Within a fortnight after he had ratified the conditions of the match with England, he reconciled himself to the Cardinal, and joined in putting a stop to the proposed marriage.*

So Henry's suit failed. But the proud monarch was not to be done. Defeated diplomacy was followed up by armed invasion. Henry, incensed at the Regent's double dealing, determined on immediate war. The Earl of Hertford was accordingly despatched to Scotland with a powerful army. That general got special instructions regarding the towns and castles opposed to the nuptials between Edward and Mary. He was "to sack, burn, and subvert all such." St. Clair's opposition brought Roslin under the terrible proscription; and his Castle was quickly to feel the brunt of bluff King Hal's wrath.

Upon a beautiful Saturday, in May 1544, the army of invasion entered the Forth and disembarked at Granton. The day following, Hertford marched to

* See also under "Cousland Castle."

Leith, which he reached about the time of the "dinner-hour." Contrary to his expectation, he met with no opposition. The Warder of St. Nicholas' Gate was nowhere to be seen. No order had come from the Provost of Edinburgh to the inhabitants, summoning them to arms. No stirring words, such as followed on Dark Flodden :—

"Then let the warning bells ring out ;
Then gird you to the fray ;
Then man the walls like burghers stout,
And fight while fight you may :
'Twere better that in fiery flame
The roof should thunder down,
Than that the foot of foreign foe
Should trample in the town."

None. Deserted by the powers—their superiors—in their hour of need, the defenceless people judged it the best policy to desert the town. This they accordingly did ; and left their well-furnished dinner-tables to be enjoyed by the hungry Englishmen, who were not out of the need of them. If we are to judge from the sumptuous nature of the repast, the Leithers of those days must have moved in easy circumstances. Speaking about it, a contemporary thus writes :—"When the English Army entered Leith, betwix twelve and one hour, they found the tables covered, and deners prepared ; each with abundance of wine and victuals, besides other substance, that the lyk boundis was not to be found neyther in Scotland nor England."

Having disposed of their "Leith dinner," Hertford's soldiers began the sack of the town, in which they were fully engaged until the following Wednesday. Thereafter, they turned their attention to Edinburgh; and soon Holyrood and "Auld Reekie" were one scene of conflagration. No mercy was shewn the luckless city. It was utterly "ruinate and destroyed." Having thus laid the capital and its port in ashes, Hertford began to reckon with the proscribed castles in their neighbourhood. Craigmillar was the first to receive a visit; then Roslin. Here, little or no resistance was offered. Indeed, resistance was useless; and the English, rushing across the Bridge, first sacked the Castle of all its valuables, and then set fire to the building. The Keep, the "fair galleries," the Forework, and the Wall Tower were all totally destroyed. St. Clair paid dear for "the rough wooing." He was literally burnt out. Hertford left him nothing but a smouldering mass. It is said that the effects of this terrible burning are still apparent on the north-west side of the ruins. There, they still present a calcined appearance. The Castle was soon afterwards rebuilt.

And now, the lapse of more than another century brings the story of Roslin down to the year 1650. Then the Castle received a visit from another English army on no peaceful mission. On that occasion, it was doomed to feel, not the brunt of fire, but of artillery.

The Stuart kings, whom the house of St. Clair always warmly supported, aimed at "absolute monarchy." Their will, and not the *vox populi*, was to rule the nation. The Whitehall tragedy might have opened their eyes to the danger of such arbitrary notions. But none are so blind as those who are not willing to see; and Charles II. was one of those misguided fools. When his father's head rolled on the scaffold at Whitehall, he was compelled to seek a refuge in Holland. Loyal to the ancient traditions of their country, the Scots felt bound to remain faithful to him. But they imposed their own *conditions* of fidelity. Charles must sign *The Covenant*. They said, "While we are bound to him, and will stand by him to the death, he on his part must be bound to rule according to the laws, and to respect our liberty and conscience." The "Merry Monarch" accepted their terms, and flung himself into the arms of the Covenanters. It was a strangely foolish policy this knight-errantry of theirs in the interests of Charles Stuart. Full of hope, he set sail from Holland with a small retinue of followers. After a short passage, he landed at the mouth of the Spey on the 4th of July 1650, and marched southwards amidst the applause of the multitude. At Edinburgh, he swore and signed the Covenant. All was joy there. The citizens hailed his return with bonfires, ringing of bells, and sounding of trumpets. They danced all night through the streets,

unable to go to their beds for delight. The "Kail-wives" of the Tron—Jenny Geddes among the rest—cast their creels and the very stools they sat on into the bon-fire. Silly folks; their mirth was only a gleam of sunshine before the storm.

Meanwhile, the English Parliament took another view of the matter. They well understood what the supporting of Charles in Scotland meant. Its issue, they saw, would be the invasion of England, and the attempted overthrow of the *Commonwealth* which they had substituted in the room of *Kingship*, abolished on the scaffold at Whitehall. They, accordingly, forestalled Charles and his Scottish friends in that matter.

Cromwell at once crossed the Tweed at the head of sixteen thousand *Ironsides*. The Scots prepared to oppose him. Their army, double that number, was placed under the command of General David Leslie. This skilled son of Mars prudently intrenched himself between Leith and Edinburgh, and awaited the approach of his wily antagonist. Cromwell used every endeavour to entice him from his strong position, but failed. Baffled, he retreated upon Dunbar. Leslie followed at his heels. There, on the early morning of Tuesday, 3rd September 1650, took place *Dunbar Drove*—a crowning victory for the Ironsides. The Scots lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners, no fewer than thirteen thousand men; while only some twenty of their enemies were

slain. Cromwell, after his splendid triumph, marched to Edinburgh, which he entered without opposition. There he resided while "his forces occupied themselves reducing detached castles"—Roslin among others. Thither General Monk was despatched with "six hundred men, four pieces of ordnance, and a mortar-piece." He took up a position on the high ground to the north of the Castle—at a spot still known as "Monk's Battery"—in the neighbourhood of Rosebank. Sir John St. Clair—the "Prince"—was then its proprietor. He held out bravely for a time against the Cromwellian soldiers. But ultimately the powerful cannon of the Commonwealth prevailed. The destruction of the Castle was all but complete. Every part of it was battered down, except the "Modern House" which still stands. After its surrender, the Castle was spoiled of its valuables; everything was carried off that was worth removing, and the brave defender, as already stated, sent a prisoner to Tynemouth Castle. With the exception of a partial restoration of the Forework by Sir James St. Clair, the brother and successor of Sir John, Roslin Castle was never again rebuilt. It is, therefore, safe to affirm, that we now look upon the once proud House of "the lordly line of high St. Clair" pretty much in the same condition as Monk's cannon left it; with this difference, that its ruins have become, through the wasting hand of time and other causes, only more ruinous.

Once in its history, Roslin Castle suffered from fanaticism. This happened on the 11th December 1688. An Edinburgh mob, "enraged at idols, mass, and beads," after destroying the Chapel Royal of Holyrood and desecrating the Royal Tombs there, marched out to Roslin and pillaged its Castle and Chapel. In this they were assisted by the inhabitants of the village and the tenantry of the Barony. They attacked the Chapel at ten o'clock at night, and, after spoiling it, fell upon the Castle, which they plundered of its treasures. "It appears," says Mr. Thompson in his admirable Guide, "that the object of the rabble was not so much to destroy the building"—the Modern House—"as the furniture and vestments which they looked upon as Popish and idolatrous." This opinion is confirmed by an extract which he gives from the *Life of James Currie, Merchant in Pentland*, privately printed about the time of the spoliation. "On this same night—December 11th, 1688—some men went over to Roslin Castle, and burnt their images and many of their Popish books, I telling them where they would find their Priests' robes; but, withal, I desired some to go after them, and hinder them from taking or hurting anything, except what belonged to their idolatry."

With that incident closed the rôle of the proud Castle of the St. Clairs on the stage of their country's history. It had previously been the scene of many a stirring

event; but in later times, the section of it that survived the bullets of Monk, became simply the residence of a genuine Scottish laird of the old stamp, the lineal descendant of the high race who first founded the pile, and the last male of their long line. But, deserted now that palace home,

"Where princes oft at wine and wassail sate

There silence reigns,

Save that, beneath, amid the danky vaults,

Is heard, with fitful melancholy sound

The clammy dew-drops plashing.

And now,

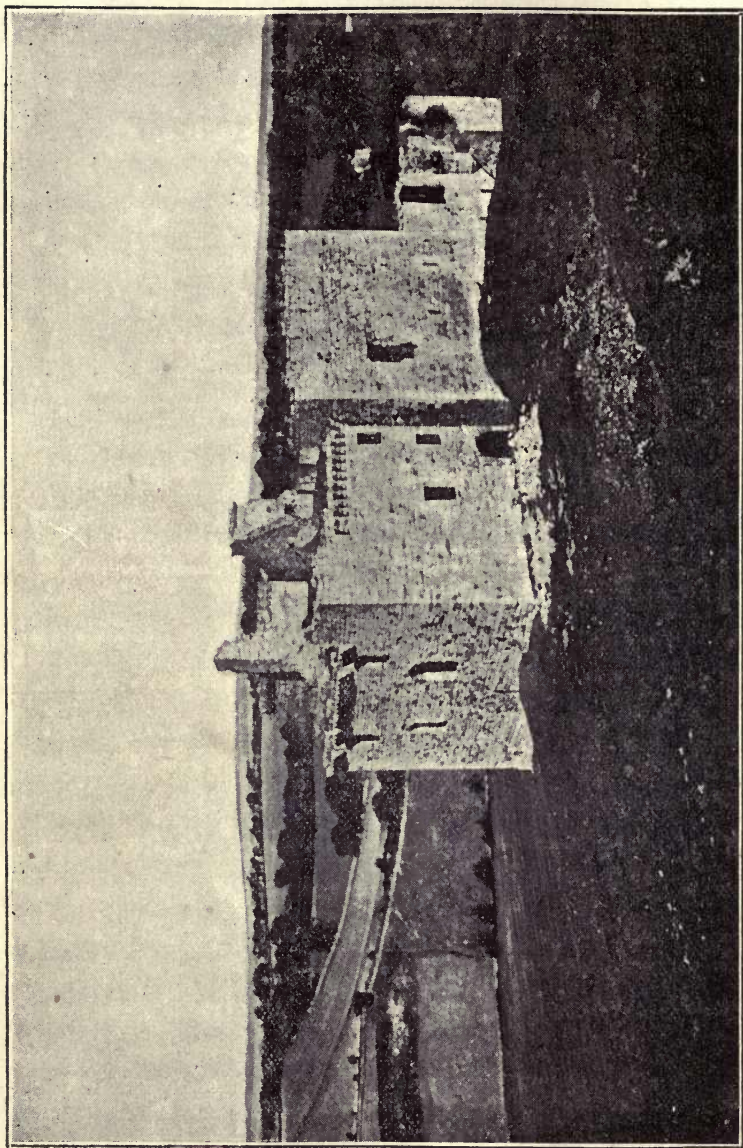
Embattled pile, farewell ! to solitude

¶ I leave thy ruins ; though, not more with thee,

Oftener than on the highways of the world,

Where throng the busy multitudes astir,

Dwells Solitude."



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CRICHTOUN CASTLE.

Crichtoun Castle.



CHAPTER XVII.

INTRODUCTORY.

“Lord Marmion view'd the landscape bright,
He view'd it with a chief's delight.”

CRICHTOUN CASTLE is very picturesquely situate. Its position might almost be termed “romantic.” This magnificent massive ruin which forms the grand feature in the landscape, where for centuries it has kept grim and faithful watch, rises from a projecting terreplein overlooking “the green vale of Tyne.” The position was a strong one; and, previous to the introduction of firearms—especially artillery—it must have possessed great advantages for purposes of defence. On one side only was the Castle dominated by rising ground; and there, probably, it would be defended by a “fosse” or ditch. This was on its east front. But its defenders could afford to laugh at assault even from that quarter. The Keep, with its walls of seven feet four inches of solid masonry, would enable them to give a good account of themselves, and deal successfully with every attempt at hostile inroad.

Readers of *Marmion* are familiar with Sir Walter

Scott's graphic—though now somewhat exaggerated—description of the scenery around Crichtoun Castle. The poet brings his fictitious adventurer, Lord Marmion, from “Norham's castled steep,” *en route* to the Scottish camp at Burgh-muir,* by Crichtoun. His course lay along the plains of Merse, and over the Lammermoor Hills to Gifford. After a brief stay at the village inn there, the baron's train pursued its journey “through Salton's and through Humbie's Woods.” Emerging from these sylvan shades, the martial company was met by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount—Lord Lion King-at-arms—accompanied by a numerous suite. The “Lion King” here took the place of Marmion's “mysterious guide”—the Holy Palmer—and became the *cicerone* of the united bands. He led them by the old road that ran between Edinburgh and Melrose. It passed through what are now the policies of Oxenfoord, pretty much in the line of the present “Terrace Walk,” and up by the “Lion's Gate.” A ford then crossed the Tyne where the bridge spans the river beside the Curling Pond. When the cavalcade reached this point, instead of continuing on the main route towards the capital, it digressed to the left along the haughs of Ford and Vogrie.

* Now covered by the suburbs of Morningside and Grange, Edinburgh.

“The right hand path they now decline,
And trace against the stream of Tyne.
At length up that wild dale they wind,
Where Crichtoun Castle crowns the bank ;
For there the Lion's care assigned
A lodging meet for Marmion's rank.”

Then follows a description of the Castle's position,
already referred to:—

“That Castle rises on the steep
Of the green vale of Tyne ;
And far beneath, where slow they creep
From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
Where alders moist, and willows weep,
You hear her streams repine.” *

Now few “alders moist” and few “willows weep” by the banks of the Tyne. But it must be borne in mind, however, that a century has well-nigh come and gone since Crichtoun was “the minstrel's loved resort.” When Scott first visited the ruin, the “green braes of Crichtoun” were covered with copse and underwood, which formed a wild and beautiful fringe to the level pasture land through which the infant Tyne meanders. Then were stormy times. The dread of Napoleon Bonaparte lay like a hideous nightmare upon the nations of Europe, and British gunpowder was freely spent to “clip his wings.” Hence, alder charcoal, being deemed the best for the manufacture thereof, was held in great demand. The Crichtoun forest, along with others, was laid under

* *Marmion*, Canto IV.

contribution; and, accordingly, the alders disappeared. Their removal, Sir Walter regrets in his *Border Antiquities*, and indulges the hope that the proprietors may replace these coppices by more permanent plantations. But two generations have passed away since the "Author of *Waverley*" was gathered to his fathers, and Crichtoun braes are still comparatively treeless. Here and there a few patches of the dark foliage may yet be seen; but generally, where "alders" were wont to moist, the bracken, rush, and whin hold almost undisputed sway. Thus, at the present time, the immediate surroundings of Crichtoun Castle partake more of a pastoral and agricultural, than a sylvan character. The surface of the ground is intensely undulating—height and depression alternating in rapid succession. Though a considerable portion of it be under the farmer's rotation, still the natural grass predominates. There is, moreover, an aspect of weirdness about the scene. It shares largely the silence and solitude incident to treeless grassy slopes seldom touched by the plough, and considerably distant from the haunts of men.

The view from the battlements, although not very extensive, nevertheless presents a singular combination of the wild and picturesque. If the tourist, by artificial means—the stair being completely broken—can manage to gain the summit of the south-east tower, he will command a prospect that will more than repay his in-

convenience. This tower is called "Bothwell's Green." Here, according to a lingering tradition of the district, James, Earl of Bothwell, the husband of the hapless Mary, was wont to repair in those brief moments of repose that he could snatch from the ambitious scheming of his stormy and eventful life. And here too, probably—before it became associated with that infamous and dark-souled plotter—fancy listens to the fictitious conversation between Sir David Lindsay and Lord Marmion, as—

"On the battlements they walked,
And by the slowly fading light
Of varying topics talked." *

"Bothwell's Green" commands a charming view. It is somewhat limited towards the east by the high grounds of Longfaugh, above Crichtoun House. Southward, however, the eye roams away until the rounded summits of the Moorfoot Hills close in the horizon; while lesser eminences and wood-clothed glens fill up the immediate foreground. Here, too, may be seen the turrets of Borthwick Castle, grim and massive, peering above the heights of Loquhariot, from the valley over which they have frowned for centuries. Away, towards the west, the landscape is that of a richly wooded and agricultural district. The view, in this direction, comprises classic scenes, sweeping as it does along the beautiful vale of

* *Marmion*, Canto IV.

Esk by "caverned Hawthornden," Roslin, and "Dryden's groves of oak," until in the far distance the horizon line meets the Pentland range. Turning northward, the prospect is somewhat more extensive. In the immediate forefront stands the ancient church of Crichtoun; and behind it the sylvan glen of Vogrie. From this vantage-ground, too, may be seen the finely wooded policies of Oxenfoord and Prestonhall. Nor are these the limits of our vision in this direction; for the eye carries itself over by Elphinstone Tower and the blue Forth, until sky and land appear to kiss on the summits of the distant hills of Fifeshire.

Such then are the environments of Crichtoun Castle. They are varied, wild, and picturesque. We may here say with a recent writer, that with the exception of the extinction of the alder forest, "the aspect of the Castle's surroundings has to all appearance changed but little, since the time when the dark-souled plotter—against the honour of his Queen and the life of his sovereign—may have first nourished his schemes within the walls of Crichtoun, and saw them in his mind's eye realized, while gazing from the very battlements on which you are now supposed to be seated."* But its sun has long set. Its halls—once almost regal—have for ages been deserted, and silence reigns where mirth was often heard. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. The poet† laments the desolation,

* *Sketches of East Lothian*. † Sir Walter Scott in *Marmion*.

although his description, in one or two points at least, is now no longer applicable—inasmuch as the court does not now “pen the lazy steer and sheep”; nor are “houseless cattle” any longer permitted to enter the precincts of the “graceful portico”

“To shield them from the storm.”

But it may be fairly questioned whether or not a worse calamity, than the invasion of “the lazy steer and sheep,” has not happened to the Court of Crichtoun. Time, vandalism, and neglect have literally choked it with debris. Now, what from damp and slippery stones, stinging nettles, and branching elder-bushes,* it is no easy thing to get up Sir Walter Scott’s enthusiasm when he wrote :—

“And shuddering, still may we explore,
Where oft whilom were captives pent,
The darkness of thy Massy More ;
Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,
May trace, in undulating line,
The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.” †

It would be well if the proprietor were induced to remedy still further the condition of things. A little was done upwards of twenty years ago, when here and there the crumbling walls were fortified by fresh masonry. But much more requires to be done.

* The Court has been recently cleared of all these, so that the visitor can now visit the ruins with comfort.

† *Marmion*, Canto IV.

The court-yard stands sadly in need of being relieved of its mass of rubbish.* The fallen stones might very fitly be utilized in a partial restoration of the "tottered Keep." To prevent further dilapidation of the vaulted roof of the original Hall, the shrubs and plants that luxuriate there should at once be eradicated.* Besides, a general overhaul of the entire building is needed to stay the ravages of time. Should Mr. Callander see his way to do something along these lines, in the interests of this noble ruin, he will lay the itinerant antiquarian, and all other lovers of Scotland's past story, under a debt of deep gratitude.

* This has now been done.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LAIRDS OF CRICHTOUN.

“He was the greatest of renown,
Except the king who wore the crown.”

CRICHTOUN CASTLE owes its place in history to the splendid talents of one man. This was Sir William Crichtoun, better known as “Chancellor Crichtoun.” He appears to have been the first layman in Scotland who attained to eminence rather from political than military achievements, and flourished in the reigns of the “Poet King” (James I.) and his successor.

The Crichtoun family was both ancient and honourable; but, until the Chancellor’s time, it only ranked among the lesser Barons. Unlike that of Borthwick, which transferred its name to its possessions, this family derived its cognomen from the neighbouring village, or lands it held in fief of the king. It seems to have been assumed about the period when *surnames* became common in Scotland.*

It is difficult at this time of day to trace the House of Crichtoun to its source; and many of its earlier scions

* Probably about the time of the Norman Conquest, 1066.

are dim figures indeed. The first representative we meet with is "Turstan de Creichtune," one of the witnesses to the charter of the foundation of Holyrood Abbey in 1128. He was an Archdeacon.* Then, the printed page is silent for upwards of a century. But, in 1240, the Crichtoun stream reappears again out of the sands of ages; and from that point it flows on unbroken. The barony at that period was in the possession of William de Crichtoun. He is designated "*Dominus de Crichton*," in a charter of Malwin, Earl of Lennox, to Stephen de Blantyre. His son and successor, Thomas, was one of those mean souls who sold the independence of his country by swearing fealty to Edward I. in 1296. He signed the wretched document which is contemptuously known in history as the "Ragman Roll." Next in the order of time came Nicholaus, who flourished in the days of the Bruce, and fought at Bannockburn. Equally honourable records distinguish John de Crichtoun in the reign of David II. A William de Crichtoun is frequently mentioned towards the close of the fourteenth century, whose son John had the lands and Castle of Crichtoun confirmed to him by Robert III. By his wife Christian, John became the father of the most illustrious descendant of Turstan—the famous Chancellor. He made the history of his House.

* History of the Chapel Royal of Holyrood.

Sir William Crichtoun, one of the most prominent figures in the political arena of his country, during the reigns of the first two Jameses, was gifted with governmental abilities far beyond what is usual in a dark age. He was a stanch adherent of the Crown, which at that time meant the friend of civil liberty and the free administration of justice. "Then the people, as yet, did not exist as an order of the state, and the immediate oppressors of law and freedom were the band of aristocratic nobility, who set the laws of the kingdom and authority of the sovereign at equal defiance." * This most unsatisfactory state of matters the Chancellor tried hard to remedy, by striking at its most potent representative—the haughty House of Douglas. Nor was he wholly without success in the attempt. But the means he employed were, in many respects, highly disreputable and totally unworthy an otherwise splendid career.

We are entirely without definite information as to when Crichtoun first turned his attention to the thankless trade of politics. Doubtless he had made his mark previous to 1423. In that year he was appointed a delegate, with some of the leading nobility, to proceed to Durham, to bring home the king, James I., after his release from an eighteen years' captivity in England. At the coronation of His Majesty, in 1424, he received the honour of knighthood; besides being made a gentleman

* Sir Walter Scott, *Provincial Antiquities*.

of the bedchamber. But Sir William pushed himself on towards grander preferments. On the 8th of May 1426, a commission was issued by Parliament, constituting "*Willielmus de Crichton baro de eodem miles cambellanus noster, William de Fowlis, and Thomas de Cranstoun* ambassadors, to treat with Eric of Norway for a firm and lasting peace between the two countries." In this embassy the Laird of Crichtoun was the moving spirit; and so successfully was its object accomplished, that, on his return home, he was elected a Privy Councillor, Chancellor of the Kingdom, and Master of the Royal Household. It appears that he was dismissed the Chancellorship in 1444, when the office was conferred upon Cameron, Archbishop of Glasgow. But three years later, along with his coadjutor Livingston, Crichtoun deprived the Churchman of that honour and again took it upon himself. Very soon after he was sent to France, to treat with Arnold, Duke of Gueldres, for the marriage of his daughter Mary with his royal master, James II., then in his eighteenth year. He secured the fair bride and brought her home to Holyrood, where the nuptials were celebrated with great pomp. For this pleasant piece of business, Sir William was elevated to the peerage, under the title of Lord Crichtoun. These things happened in 1448, and in the following year the Chancellor founded the Collegiate—what is now the present Parish—Church of Crichtoun.*

* "It was originally a rectory, rated in the ancient Taxatio at

This distinguished and experienced statesman was summoned off a stormy stage in 1454. He died at the Castle of Crichtoun, full of years and honour—honour, however, not without some serious blurs to dim its lustre. His place of sepulchre is said to be the Church. This is probable.

After the demise of the celebrated Chancellor, the Barony and titles of Crichtoun, along with the lands of Vogrie, passed to his son Sir James, who thereupon became the second Lord Crichtoun. He had already had knighthood in his own right, having obtained that honour from James I. in 1430, on the occasion of the baptism of that king's eldest son. During his father's lifetime he was styled Sir James Crichtoun of Fren-draught. This was an extensive property in Aberdeenshire, which came to him through marriage with Janet, the elder of the two daughters, and co-heirs of James Dunbar, Earl of Moray. He was appointed Great Chamberlain of Scotland in 1440, which office he held until 1453. He sat in the Parliament of 1467; but he appears to have taken little or no interest in public affairs. He died in 1469.

A go-a-head personage was the third Lord Crichtoun, William, his son and successor. He had all the in-

30 merks, and received its Collegiate foundation from Chancellor Crichtoun, out of thankfulness and gratitude to Almighty God for all the manifold deliverances He had vouchsafed to him."

triguing proclivities of his illustrious grandfather, with none of his virtues. He was out and out a bad man. A traitor to begin with, he abetted the Duke of Albany's infamous attempts against the life and crown of his brother James III. Albany took refuge in England, and Crichtoun was pardoned. This act of clemency, however, did him no good. He very soon afterwards played the rôle of traitor again, by carrying on a criminal correspondence with the exiled Prince, through the medium of a priest named Thomas Dickson, and using other means to foment a rebellion against the Government. He was accordingly ordered to trial before the Parliament on the 14th of February 1484. Fearing the consequences, he too took leg-bail across the silver Tweed. The result was outlawry, the confiscation of his estates, and the reward of £40 offered for his apprehension. Thus he brought about the ruin of his House; and the descendants of the great Chancellor were for ever banished from their lordly halls of Crichtoun. Yet more. If Buchanan is to be trusted, my Lord William had other and worse faults than a "sower of sedition." He seems to have been a highly immoral man, and his conduct in this respect may account somewhat for his political blunders and rebellion against his sovereign. One sin generally opens up the way to another. However, if the story ever was a reality, James himself was anything but guiltless. It appears that Lady Crichtoun

was remarkable for her beauty, and her bewitching eyes proved too much for the amorous monarch. The injured husband retaliated,—not in the Divorce Court,—but by paying the king back in his own coin. He seduced his favourite sister, the Princess Margaret—said also to have had bewitching eyes—and whose chastity was not above suspicion. From immorality Crichtoun was led into insurrection. Hence his enforced expatriation. During the residence of her husband in England, Lady Crichtoun died in her Castle by “the green vale of Tyne,” and the royal lady who is averred to have encouraged the disgraceful amour “lamented so much the absence of the restless William,” that she eagerly besought her brother to permit his return to Scotland.* James, desirous of concealing his sister’s infamy, and making *amende* for his own misconduct, acceded to her request, but on the distinct understanding that Crichtoun would make her his wife. This he accordingly did, and had the lands of Frendraught restored to him. He also entertained the hope that the Crichtoun estates would be relieved from the ban of confiscation, and he and Margaret reinstated into the family possessions. This, however, was never realized. He died very soon after at Inverness, and was buried there. He left a son by his first wife, and a daughter by the Princess, who became Countess of Rothes. Thus with the third Lord,

* Buchanan, *History*, Book xii. 51.

closed the Crichtoun career, at least as proprietors of their native Castle and Barony, having held them for over three centuries.*

Their new master was a John Ramsay, one of the minions of James III. He was the only favourite of that infatuated monarch who escaped the halter at Lauder Bridge. He owed his neck to his extreme youth and the earnest entreaties of James in his behalf. These melted the stubborn will of "Bell the Cat." Ramsay's honours were rapid, but they were equally evanescent. First came knighthood, and then an Earl's coronet under the title of "My Lord Bothwell"; and behind all, to keep it up, the lands of Bothwell and Crichtoun, and the Chancellor's princely mansion to reside in. Splendid preferment for a private gentleman. He enjoyed his *otium cum dignitate* for about four years. But with the collapse of his royal patron at Beaton's Mill in 1488, disappeared the stars and stripes

* "Their honours revived in the county of Aberdeen, where they became Viscounts of Frendraught. This title also subsequently fell, through attachment to the House of Stuart."—*Provincial Antiquities*.

"The second son of the Chancellor married the heretrix of Sanquhar, named Ross, from whom descended the Lords of Sanquhar, afterwards Earls of Dumfries, but now merged into the Marquisate of Bute."—Crawford's *Note*.

The blood of the famed Chancellor also flows in the veins of the present Roxburgh family. Agnes, his daughter, having married their ancestor, Ker of Cessford. He is now lineally represented by Maitland Makgill Crichtoun of Rankeilour, Fife.

of the straw Earl of Bothwell; and he was relegated as plain Mr. John Ramsay. Sir John Dick Lauder, in his *Scottish Rivers*, claims him as one of his ancestors, and says "that after being compelled to lay down the title of Lord Bothwell, he retired into private life, and was the origin of the family of Ramsay of Balmain, which was afterwards lineally represented by the celebrated Sir Andrew Ramsay, Lord Abbotshall, father-in-law of Lord Fountainhall. Sir Walter Scott, too, gives a little more of his private life history which was not at all creditable. "Ramsay," he writes, "acted the part of an obscure and traitorous spy for the English monarch." He died in the year of Flodden, 1513.

Steadily continued to flow the stream of Crichtoun's vicissitude, as the infant Tyne still does beneath its crumbling walls. Consequent on the disgrace of Ramsay, the Castle and lands were conferred upon the third Lord Hailes, and first Earl of Bothwell. In this nobleman, Crichtoun owned a master powerful and daring as the sagacious Chancellor himself. It may be truly affirmed of him, that he "walked ambition's diamond ridge." The family name was Hepburn, and belonged originally to Northumberland. Adam, the first of his race who migrated into Scotland during the reign of David II., obtained from the Earl of March a charter of various lands in Haddingtonshire. Sir Patrick Hepburn of Hailes, in that county, the eldest

son of Adam, was present at the Battle of Otterburn, and greatly distinguished himself by his brave defence of the Douglas standard, which he saved from capture by the English. The chief of the Hepburns was afterwards ennobled under the title of Lord Hailes. The circumstances which ultimately led Patrick, the third peer, to the higher promotion of Earl of Bothwell and his possession of the Crichtoun Barony, were sad in the extreme, involving the overthrow and slaughter of his king. Lauder Bridge stuck in James's throat. After the "haltering" there, the tension between him and his nobility was strained to the utmost. Vengeance lurked in his breast, and rebellion in theirs. Little was required as a *casus belli*. That little was soon forthcoming. James was in want of funds to endow a musical choir in the Chapel Royal at Stirling. To meet the necessity, he appropriated the revenues of the Priory at Coldingham. This Lord Home resented, as it was "poaching upon his preserves," and he was warmly supported by his opulent neighbour Lord Hailes. They mustered their forces and rose in open rebellion. The insurrection soon became general. Leith and Dunbar supplied the insurgents with money and ammunition. The Highlanders, ever true to the Stuart interests, flocked to the standard of the king. Accordingly, James was able to take the field at the head of a powerful force. The armies looked one another in the

face at Sauchieburn, about a mile from the scene of the famous triumph of the Bruce in 1314. There they came to blows. The battle which was signalized by the cruel circumstance of the presence of the Duke of Rothesay, James's eldest son,—a youth only in his seventeenth year,—among his father's mortal enemies, ended in the defeat of the royal troops after a bloody conflict. Almost at the first onset, the king, losing any little courage he ever had, turned his horse and fled. It threw him at Beaton's Mill, now a humble dwelling near Stirling, called the "King's House." Here he was cruelly murdered by one of his foes, who pretended to be a priest, desirous of administering to the unhappy James the consolations of religion.

In this shameful conflict of son against father, and brother against brother, Lord Hailes led his Hepburns in the van of the rebel force, and was loaded with honours by the son of the butchered king. He was made Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh; Sheriff-Principal of Mid-Lothian; Master of the Royal Household; and High Admiral of Scotland for life. Nor was this all. On the 4th of September 1488, Patrick had granted to him, under the Great Seal, a charter of Crichtoun Castle, with the lands thereof; including Vogrie, Ford and mill, the *advowson* of Crichtoun Church, and other estates forfeited by Sir John Ramsay. Four days after, he was created Earl of Bothwell.

James IV. conferred this honour upon him in a full Parliament, himself girding him with the sword of possession. In a Parliament held at Edinburgh in 1493, an Act was passed revoking all grants made by the king during his minority. From the effect of this enactment, however, Lord Bothwell was exempted. Consequently he was permitted to wear the Chancellor's shoes unmolested. All along he stood high in royal favour. He was one of the delegates sent to London to negotiate a marriage between Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., and James. The nuptials took place at Richmond by proxy in 1503, the Laird of Crichtoun acting the *rôle* of bridegroom, as the representative of his chivalrous master. On the Queen's arrival in Scotland, a few months later, she was met by James attired in Cloth of Gold, at Dalkeith. Lord Bothwell, on that auspicious occasion, bore the "Sword of State" before him, attended by the principal nobility of the Court. He died in 1507, and was succeeded by his son Adam, the second Earl.

He owned the Castle of Crichtoun at the time of Marmion's fictitious visit; but was absent on the arrival of that haughty chief.

"With eyes scarce dried his sorrowing dame,
To welcome noble Marmion, came;
Her son, a stripling twelve years old,
Proffered the Baron's rein to hold;
For each man, that could draw a sword,
Had marched that morning with their lord,

Earl Adam Hepburn—he who died
On Flodden, by his sovereign's side.
Long may his Lady look in vain !
She ne'er shall see his gallant train
Come sweeping back through Crichtoun Dean." *

At the disastrous Battle of Flodden, fought on the 9th September 1513, "Earl Adam Hepburn" commanded the Scottish Reserve, consisting of his Crichtoun vassals and other Lothian men. These advanced to aid the "circle deep that fought around their king," in so gallant a style that the standard of Surrey was in danger of being taken. But all in vain. "The English shafts in volleys hailed." The "billmen plied their ghastly blows," and the men of the Tyne valley, along with their chief and the flower of Scotland's nobility, were left to rot in the same heaps, with men from the banks of Severn and Thames, on "Flodden's fatal field."

"Then did their loss the foemen know ;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field like snow."

And thus was "a stripling twelve years old" sadly served heir to Crichtoun's domains.

And the "stripling" grew until he became a man. Then he figured in history as Patrick, third Earl of Bothwell and Laird of Crichtoun—not, however, a very honourable man in many respects, as we shall see presently. Sir Walter Scott writes of his family :

* *Marmion*.

"'Twas a brave race, before the name
Of hated Bothwell stained their fame."

They were indeed "brave," but their "fame" was tarnished long before "hated Bothwell" dreamed of usurping "Darnley's place." And this "stripling," now grown to manhood, was the man who soiled it. How? You shall hear. Our country at that time was in the throes of the Reformation, struggling for spiritual freedom. The saintly George Wishart was a moving spirit in the battle. He had been "hunted like a partridge on the mountain" by that "limb of hell," Cardinal David Beaton. Wishart, in his wanderings, found a refuge under the hospitable roof of Cockburn of Ormiston Hall. Beaton got on to his scent, and arrived at Elphinstone Tower. The Earl of Bothwell hastened thence from Crichtoun Castle, to become his pliant tool in hunting down the Reformer. According to Sir Ralph Sadler, "he was a vain and insolent man of the world, full of pride and folly, nothing at all esteemed." This character of him, by the English ambassador, is testified as true by contemporary history and confirmed by his treatment of Wishart. He played the part of Judas well, and betrayed the innocent into the hands of the chief priest, with a lie on his lips. Thus was the "fame" of the family tarnished, long before the dreams of James Bothwell had shaped themselves into dire reality. Indeed, the son in many of his moral features was too

like the father. He was "a chip of the old block," even in his ambition for a royal hand. The father wooed the mother,* and failed; and the son wooed the daughter with, alas! too fatal a success.

Earl Patrick died in 1556, when the Barony of Crichtoun devolved upon Darnley's murderer. His tale of crime is too notorious to stand in any need of recapitulating here. The veriest tyro in history knows how that red-handed regicide waded through slaughter to wed a Queen. His memory is justly execrated. But we cannot withhold the tear of pity for the fair princess he dragged so shamelessly and ruthlessly in the mire; and who, from association with him, has had her name covered with an obloquy no time seems able to efface. We are all familiar with the incidents of the sad story that led up to the reversion of Crichtoun Castle. Briefly told, they are as follow:—The abduction of Her Majesty at Cramond Brig—the tragedy at Kirk-of-Field—the mock trial and acquittal of Bothwell—the fatal marriage—the transient honeymoon in Borthwick Castle—the precipitate retreat thence of the regicide to Dunbar, and the subsequent escape of Mary in male attire—her brief visit to Cakemuir on her way to join her paramour in the Castle of "Black Agnes"—the wretched Queen sighing for an untimely tomb—

* Earl Patrick aspired to the hand of Mary of Guise, mother of Mary Queen of Scots.

the forlorn march to Carberry Hill—the surrender on the ridge of Cousland—the flight of Bothwell—the after-experience, so vividly set forth by the late Professor Aytoun :

“ O faithless were the waves and wind !
Still the avenger sped behind.
No rock so rude, no isle so lone,
That I might claim it as my own.
A price was set upon my head,
Hunted from place to place I fled
Till chased across the open seas,
I met the surly Dane.
These were his gifts and welcome—these !
A dungeon and a chain.” *

And, to close all, a “ Pirate’s Grave ” far away from Crichtoun’s “ lordly gallery fair.” Darnley’s murderer went to his account in 1578 ; but his connexion with Crichtoun Castle had closed eleven years previous, by a doom of forfeiture dated 29th December 1567.

Thus for a third time in its history, this princely mansion reverted to the Crown. It was now in the patronage of James VI., who conferred it upon his natural cousin Francis, son of the Prior of Coldingham. This hopeful youth he also created Earl of Bothwell. James’s only plea for this investiture was, that Francis was the “ son of his mother,” who was a sister of his own father’s murderer. He had the lands and titles confirmed to

* *Bothwell, A Poem.*

him by Parliament, in 1585. The ratification ran as follows :—

“Oure Souerane Lord w' aduise and consent of his thrie estaitis of parliament hes ratefit appreuit. . . . To his Rycht traist cousing frances erll bothuile and his airis maill lauffullie to be gotten of his body all and haill the landis and lordschippis of Crichtoun w' castell and maner place thairof.”

This was the Laird of Crichtoun and true Scotchman, who—when James ordered his nation to put on mourning for Queen Mary—appeared before His Majesty, clad in a full suit of armour, saying, “This is the only weed worthy the occasion.” He did not always remain thus loyal. Shortly afterwards he conspired against the king, and consulted with the denizens of Hag-Brae—the witches—as to the best means of bringing about his death. For this, he had to flee the country, and Crichtoun again changed masters.

It now passed into the hands of the Buccleuch family. Their tenure of it, however, was short-lived. Charles I., with more heart than policy, assigned the Castle and Barony to Francis Stuart, son of the fugitive Earl. By this impolitic act, he made of the “Bold Buccleuch” an enemy to himself. The rehabilitation served nothing, as the Bothwell sun had all but set. Francis Stuart led a dissolute life, got drowned in debt, and Crichtoun became the prey of creditors. It was knocked down under the hammer to the highest bidder.

The Bothwell of *Old Mortality* never owned the halls of his ancestors. He was present as a captain of cavalry at the Battle of "Bothwell Brig." With him, a haughty race, in whose veins flowed the kingly blood of Scotland, and with whom much of the vanished glory of Crichtoun Castle is associated, disappeared from the stage of history.

A strange, yea, a unique story is that of the proprietary of Crichtoun Castle. The vicissitudes it has experienced are almost without a parallel. Its ownership, up to this time, "illustrates the versatility of human affairs, and the peculiar mutability of the turbulent politics of Scotland, where it became a matter of proverbial remark, that no family of preponderating distinction usually thrive beyond the third generation."

If Crichtoun's career was chequered under Baronial sway, it fared no better under Burgess rule. Here again, it was perpetually changing masters. In the time of Scotstarvet, the Castle and lands were held by a Dr. Seaton, "as having right from the creditors of Francis Stuart." He afterwards sold it to one Hepburn of Humbie, from whom it derived a designation by which it was long known, among the common people of the district—"Humbie's Wa's." This transmission took place in 1649. Hepburn owned the Castle for over thirty years; and it was probably during his proprietorship that it ceased to be a residence, and began to

crumble into ruins. From Hepburn it passed by purchase to Primrose of Carrington, ancestor of the present Rosebery family. It remained in this possession, until 1724, when it was again alienated by Primrose to Sir James Justuss, of Justuss Hall. With him the Castle did not long remain—being conveyed in trust to one Livingstone, who sold it to the Pringles of Clifton. Nor did these poor stones yet find rest in permanent proprietary. Pringle sold them to Patrick Ross, from whose trustees they were bought by Alexander Callendar, Esq. This purchase was effected in 1786. He was succeeded by Sir John Callendar, at whose death Crichtoun's storm-beaten battlements passed to the custody of his heir of entail, J. A. Higgins, Esq. of Higgins-Nooke. The Castle and Barony are now the property of Henry Callendar, Esq. of Westerton and Prestonhall. His family has held them for considerably over a century,—the longest tenure of any, with the exception of that of their original possessors.

Thus, in the matter of proprietorship, Crichtoun Castle has had a history peculiarly its own. It is grandly unique. While its near neighbour—Borthwick—loyal ever to the royal cause, has come down through the ages without almost a change of "lord," Crichtoun, often by the foolish indiscretion of its owners, and the whims of kings, and other circumstances, has been tossed like a ball from one hand

to another, until its ancestral story reads almost like a romance. It has seen many of its owners in glory and decay; and the hoary battlements, that now frown over the green braes of Crichtoun, present a striking type of the instability of human greatness. It crumbles as the stone. It, too, is often "like the morning cloud and early dew;" it is like the "sunbeam on the billow cast, that glances but and dies." So it has been with many of the proud families who once held high carnival within those lordly halls. What was long their glory and their pride still remains, a crumbling ruin; but where are they? Their names live in history; the deeds of some of them are execrated; and their children are forgotten. What was is now as though it had never been; and the pomp and pageantry of bygone years are remembered only as a tale of the historian. The infant Tyne still warbles on. The music of its gentle ripples blends harmoniously with the weirdness of the scene; and, as we gaze down upon it, from the grey ruins, it seems to say,

"That men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CASTLE.

"The towers in different ages rose ;
Their various architecture shows
The builders' various hands."

IN a MS. description of Mid-Lothian, in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, this Castle is thus described : " The Castle of Crichtoun is a well-built and strong house. It is well situated with park and wood thereof adjoining thereto." The lofty, massive, and solid masonry impresses the spectator with a sense of awe rather than of beauty. It lacks, however, the imposing grandeur of Borthwick.

The original nucleus of the building was the donjon tower or Keep, which occupies the north-east portion of the structure. It is now a total ruin, owing to the collapse of its west front. That catastrophe, it is said, was caused by a piece of vandalism, perpetrated by a farmer in the district, who carried off the pavement of the Court-yard ; thus undermining the foundation, and exposing it to the sapping influences of the rain. The "screens" appear to have run in the

line of the inner walls of the south and west wings, and the exterior wall of the north wing. The lower part of this latter wall is very thick, and has a very old appearance. It was doubtless a part of the enceinte afterwards incorporated with the newer buildings. Thus the donjon would have attached to it a court-yard, fully sixty-five feet long, and forty-two feet wide. The present quadrangle, choked with the debris* of the now "tottered Keep," is about forty-two feet square. The small postern, overlooking the Tyne, and by which visitors get admission to the Castle, may have existed from the beginning; but the principal entrance was by a low arched gateway on the east side.

We have no definite data to determine when the Keep was founded. The earliest date assigned is 1240. It is of the usual oblong form. The length is forty-six feet, and the breadth thirty-three. Its height cannot now be ascertained. The walls are seven feet four inches thick. Notwithstanding its ruined condition, the donjon tower still retains portions of two plain barrel vaults. The under one, which was semi-circular, enclosed the basement storey; and the upper, which was slightly peaked, formed the roof of the Great Hall. The basement storey seems to have been divided into two flats. The original entrance to this part of the Keep was on the north side, which, of course, had to

* Now cleared.

be built up when the latest, and by far the finest, addition was added to the Castle. Then was substituted for it the present arched door-way which faces the postern at the opposite side of the court-yard. Entering through this arch, and turning to the left, the visitor reaches the foot of a short straight stair, formed in the thickness of the north wall of the Keep. This gave access to the upper flat of the basement storey. It also led to the dungeon, termed the "Massie More." This dismal chamber, "where oft whilom were captives pent," is barely seven feet by five, and about eleven from floor to roof. The door, which is thirty inches high, is in the side, and about eight feet from the bottom of the abyss. There is the usual narrow slit for air. It would appear that no internal means of communication existed between the lower apartments and the Great Hall. The access to it—before the building of the north wing—was by a door similar to, and right above the one which led to the basement storey. This, probably, was reached by an outer stair against the northern "screen," and a connecting bridge, as at Borthwick. The Great Hall was thirty-three feet six inches by nineteen feet eight inches. Its altitude, to the peak of the vault, was fully twenty-four feet. The fire-place was in the east wall; but so thorough has been the collapse, that it is impossible now to give any idea of its design. The Hall was well

lit by long and graceful windows, one or two of which still remain. The arrangement of the kitchen of the Keep was very peculiar. It was an entresol apartment formed in the haunch of the vault of the basement storey, immediately above the Dungeon.* It was not large, the dimensions being twelve feet by seven. The only entrance to it was by a few steps, going down from the north end of the Hall. Immediately adjoining the entrance door, at the north-west corner of the Hall, started a newel stair which led up to the private rooms. These, in all likelihood, were arched to support the stone roof which probably had machicolated battlements all round. But this part of the structure has entirely disappeared. Not a vestige of it remains.

Such was the old Peel at Crichtoun—the early cradle of the family, to whom it gave its name, while it was content with a position in the ranks of the lesser barons. Gradually, however, it became too strait for ambition. The haughty Chancellor required a dwelling worthy his dignity. The plain Keep might well serve Sir William Crichtoun, Baronet; but not My Lord Crichtoun, High Chancellor of Scotland. Thus, mural extension became necessary.

The first and by far the largest additions to the Castle were the south and west wings. These comprised the whole range of buildings, extending from the

* *Castellated Architecture of Scotland,*

entrance gateway to the postern. They were erected by the Chancellor, and date from the later years of the first half of the fifteenth century. Externally this structure was plain, but massive. It had square towers at the angles, with lower elevations between. As far round as the south-west tower, the summits of the outer walls were corbelled, and had parapets with small machicolations. Plainness and massiveness were likewise its characteristics inside the court—the only relieving features here being the windows and an arched recess in the west end of the south wall. The southern wing contained the new Halls and other public apartments; while the kitchen accommodation and bed-rooms were located in the west side. The bed-rooms were entirely confined to the south-west tower—sometimes erroneously confounded with the original Keep. This tower is almost a square, being twenty-five feet on the outside. It afforded no fewer than five storeys of sleeping accommodation, each apartment measuring seventeen feet by fourteen. It is the only part of the Castle where there are no vaulted roofs.

In the general plan of his arrangement, the Chancellor seems to have “followed that of the other great castles of the period, such as Doune and Tantallon. Thus the entrance was by an archway under the Hall.”* This was subsequently built up; for what reason it is

* *Castellated Architecture of Scotland.*

now impossible to say. The basement all round is occupied with vaulted cellars, some of which are of considerable dimensions. Two large Halls—the one above the other—were situate in the south wing. That on the first floor was reached by a wide outside stair from the court, immediately under the arched recess already referred to. This stair is now a total ruin. A beautifully carved door-way, on the landing, leads to an inner lobby, nine feet by seven. From this lobby started a newel stair—still partially entire—which gave access to the suite of bed-rooms in the south-west tower. Another finely designed door, in the style of fifteenth century work, led from the lobby into the Grand Hall of the Chancellor. This Hall is spacious, being forty-four feet long, and about twenty-seven feet wide. It had a handsome fire-place enriched with carving, similar to that of Borthwick. The windows are large, and some of them give evidence of having had stone seats.

Here, doubtless, the wily Chancellor often supped, when he had opportunity from “king-stealing,” political intrigue, and dark designs against the Douglas stock. It was in this very Hall the two young and promising scions of that noble House were *feted*, previous to being lured to their doom in Edinburgh Castle—a Judas deed that dimmed the honour of the illustrious statesman.

At its lower end, and in a line with the lobby, from both of which it was separated by a strong stone parti-

tion, was a service-room. It was not very large, being only fifteen feet by seven. However, an arched recess, in the thickness of the outer wall, added considerably to its width. A rather remarkable circular balcony projects from its window, the purpose of which it is difficult to define. There is also a hatch in the floor, three feet square, communicating with the cellar underneath. The use of this is apparent. The preparations for the Hall table would be brought from the kitchen to the cellar, from which they would be lifted by a hoist to the service-room. Thus would the servants be saved the labour of carrying the cooked joints, etc., up the outside stair. The spaciousness of this once magnificent Hall was afterwards destroyed by a clumsy stone partition, erected across about two-thirds its length; but, for what purpose, it is now impossible to give any opinion. A door, beside the fire-place, leads the visitor into a small bartizan chamber off the south-east tower. This guard-room has some very peculiar port-holes. They are placed at such an angle so as thoroughly to command the principal gateway of the Castle. Here, too, was the stair that led to the upper Hall, and also to the top of the tower itself, which was known afterwards as "Bothwell's Green." This Hall could likewise be reached by the stair in the south-west tower. It was somewhat larger than its lower companion, extending as it does over the lobby and service-room.

It had an open roof, and a great deal of chaste stone ornamentation. What remains of the cornice shows it to have been finely carved with balls and flowers. The fire-place, too, was handsome and very uncommon. Instead of the usual cross lintel, in one piece, resting upon beautifully designed uprights, it consists of many smaller portions, curiously dovetailed into each other. This Hall may have served the purposes of the modern Drawing-room. The lightness of its architecture, its fine exposure, and the commanding view, all point to that conclusion. Both it and its lower neighbour had communication with the original Keep by means of small rooms erected over the chief gateway of the Castle.

Leaving those once splendid apartments—now utter desolation—we cross the court-yard to the kitchen entrance. This was a little to the right of the postern passage. The kitchen itself was on the first flat of the west wing, and was reached by a short inside stair. It was rather commodious, being twenty-three feet broad and fully eleven feet deep, to the arches that enclose the large fire-place. These spans—two in number—are ten feet wide and six feet in height. The centre pillar is eighteen inches square. The fire-place, which takes in the entire breadth of the kitchen, is about eight feet deep. It was furnished with a “short,” by which ashes and other refuse were discharged to the cellar beneath.

The kitchen was lit by a fine window that looked out into the court. Immediately adjoining it, at its south end, was a large scullery, with sink and drain. Here would be done all the drudgery of the culinary department, and where, doubtless, the canine denizens of the Castle growled and fought for the bones and offal of the feast. At its other extremity was a small but airy apartment, used probably as a pantry for storing the plate and other utensils of the table. It is the room lit by the most westerly of the fine range of windows that is the chief feature in the north front of the Castle, and which gives it so imposing an aspect when looked at from the venerable Church of Crichtoun. Above the scullery, on the second flat of the west wing, was another kitchen, which, according to Ross and M'Gibbon, "seems to have been used in connexion with the upper Hall, or withdrawing-room. The corbels and holes in the wall are still to be seen, which carried an overhanging wooden passage projected on the east side of this floor. Here was a service window. The object of this arrangement appears to have been to give access from the kitchen to the upper Hall without passing through the bed-rooms of the south-west tower." If this theory be correct, then it would seem, that the upper Hall occasionally served as a Dining-room, in addition to its general use as an ordinary Drawing-room.

We now come to speak about the latest, but by far

and away the finest addition to the Castle—that of the north wing. It affords an example of splendid architecture very unusual in Scottish castles. The exterior wall here is massive, and finely relieved by handsome windows, bartizans, and corbelled projections at base and battlement. The court-yard side of this part of the building is even more outstanding, and presents a marked contrast to the plain though elegant masonry of the other three sides of the court. It rises upon a piazza of seven beautiful arches, the pillars of which have a most graceful appearance. Above the portico, the stones of the entire front are cut into diamond facets, the angular projections of which produce a fine variety of light and shade. These give a rich, varied, and beautiful effect to the structure. We know of no other Scottish castle that has anything similar. “The design seems to have been borrowed from the Raithous at Lübeck on the Continent.”* Over the capitals of the two central pillars of the piazza, are Monograms, decorated with anchors, the entwining cordage being shaped into the letters “M.S.D.”—doubtless the initials of Mary Stuart and Darnley. The basement of this wing, like the others, was taken up with arched cellars which probably would be screened off from the corridor. In the extreme north-east of the basement, is an apartment with deep recesses in the wall, and furnished

* *Castellated Architecture of Scotland.*

with horizontal portholes. To this chamber, tradition gives the name of the "Battery." It appears also to have served the purpose of a Bakehouse, and has the remains of an oven. A narrow companion, beside it, is called the "Drip-room."

The portico embraces six of the seven arches. It is thirty-four feet long, five feet eight inches wide, and about ten feet high. Some indulge the fancy that here the ladies of the household sunned themselves, especially during unfavourable weather. Very unlikely. Erected purely for structural effect, the piazza was far too small to be of any use as a promenade; although it is quite probable that the armed sentinels of the court-yard took advantage of its shelter, when the wintry blasts raved around the Castle.

This superb wing was entered from the seventh arch by a handsome square staircase—the "ruined stair" of *Marmion*. It consisted of short straight sections, with spacious landings. The steps were fully five feet six inches wide. To the solid newel were attached very graceful pillars, with finely wrought rope carving on the capitals; while the soffits also displayed rich work of twining cordage and rosettes. This favourite cable ornament, together with the anchors on the monograms, give a clue to the age and founder of this part of the building. Sir Walter Scott inclines to one of the Earls of Bothwell, who were High Admirals of

Scotland, and he is disposed to assign the work to the first Earl Patrick, whose taste for magnificence was well known. We may, therefore, fix its date somewhere about 1490. An arch, uniform in every respect with the arches of the piazza, leads from the court-yard to the postern. It has also the facet ornamentation on the wall above it. The Grand Staircase was certainly one of the most handsome of its kind in Scotland. Its roof is of stone; and is wrought with raised ribs, in imitation of the plaster ceilings of the Elizabethan period of architecture.

Ascending to the first landing of the Grand Staircase, we enter on the right the "lordly gallery fair" of *Marmion*. It is immediately above the "graceful portico." This, in its glory, must have been a magnificent Hall. It was placed so as to be in direct communication with the kitchen by means of a small service-room on the opposite side of the landing. The Hall itself was thirty feet long and about nineteen wide. It was splendidly lighted by three superb windows looking into the court, and two others facing the north. Between the latter was a "sideboard." Here the beautiful Mary was *feted*, on the occasion of her first visit to the Castle, after her marriage with Lord Darnley. It was probably in commemoration of this visit that the monograms were inserted on the pillars beneath. Here, too, it may have been the infamous Bothwell first set

amorous eyes upon the fair form, and meditated the diabolical scheme which ultimately led to the ruin of both.

Adjoining the "lordly gallery fair," and against the north wall of the old Keep, are the remains of what was the Drawing-room of Earl Patrick's wing. It was immediately over the Bakery and Drip-room, and was about twenty-four feet square. This addition necessitated the closing up of the original entrances to the basement and Great Hall of the donjon. The Drawing-room itself is now, like the court-yard, literally choked with fallen debris, and covered with luxuriant vegetation*—the elderberry and nettle, of course, being predominant. Off its north-west corner, was a small oblong bartizan chamber, with three portholes. A larger guard-room—square—off the north-east corner, and right over the oven, had also three portholes. Here, too, was another bartizan, similar to the one in the south-east tower. This north wing of the Castle contained two other storeys, with disposition of apartments akin to what we have already described, but which were used for bedroom accommodation. Those immediately above the Hall were entered from the Grand Staircase; and those over the Drawing-room by a spiral stair, a portion of which still remains in the passage leading from the Drawing-room to the

* Now cleared.

larger guard-room off it. But these upper parts of the structure are now entirely gone.

In our delineation of Crichtoun's ruins, reference has been so frequently made by quotation to Sir Walter Scott's graphic description of them—so minutely accurate in detail—that we cannot refrain from giving it *verbatim* in its entirety, before we close this literary ramble over these vestiges of former greatness. It is familiar, but it never loses in interest :—

“ The towers in different ages rose ;
Their various architecture shews
The builders' various hands ;
A mighty mass that could oppose,
When deadliest hatred fired its foes,
The vengeful Douglas bands.
Crichtoun ! though now thy miry court
But pens the lazy steer and sheep,
Thy turrets rude and tottered Keep,
Have been the minstrel's loved resort.
Oft have I traced within thy fort,
Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,
Scutcheons of honour, or pretence,
Quartered in old armorial sort,
Remains of rude magnificence.
Nor, wholly yet, hath time defaced
Thy lordly gallery fair ;
Nor yet the stony cord unbraced
Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,
Adorn thy ruined stair.
Still rises unimpaired below,
The court-yard's graceful portico ;
Above its cornice, row and row,

Of fair hewn facets, richly shew
Their pointed diamond form,
Though there but houseless cattle go
To shield them from the storm.
And, shuddering, still may we explore,
Where oft whilom were captives pent,
The darkness of thy Massy More ;
Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,
May trace, in undulating line,
The sluggish mazes of the Tyne."

The court-yard of Crichtoun Castle, which has been encumbered for a great many years by the collapse of the entire west front of the original Keep, has now been cleared of the debris; the shrubs, which threatened destruction to other parts of the building, have also been entirely eradicated; and steps taken to preserve this massive ruin against the wasting hand of time. These first-fruits of an awakened interest in Crichtoun's noble pile, on the part of the proprietor, are here gratefully acknowledged; and the hope is cherished that something more may soon be done towards a partial restoration of the "tottered Keep." It is to be regretted that the clearance of the court-yard has elicited nothing as to the whereabouts of the Draw-well. This, however, may yet be discovered under some one of the arched recesses of the Castle. No relics, of any great consequence, were unearthed during the removal of the debris, with the exception of some corniced stones belonging to the fallen structure, and a few pieces of

hearth tiles, which in all likelihood were a part of the fire-place of the Grand Hall.

The stone of Crichtoun Castle is not of the same hard and durable nature as that of its near neighbour, Borthwick. It is much softer in texture; and, in many parts of the building, it is literally honeycombed, through the influence of the weather. Furthermore, as the "various architecture shews the builders' various hands," so the different kinds and qualities of stone used in the erection of the pile, seem to hint that more than one quarry is represented in

"The mighty mass that could oppose—
When deadliest hatred fired its foes—
The vengeful Douglas' bands."

Earl Patrick's magnificent north wing, however, appears to have been built of the very best material. Here, the diamond facets; the carved cordage and anchors; the rosettes and other ornamentations, are in some instances as perfect to-day as they were when they first came from under the mason's chisel. Taken, then, as a whole, there are few ruins in Scotland, more than Crichtoun, which so well display the style and elegance of old Castle architecture. And, now that it is under a considerate proprietor interested in its preservation, ready and willing to put forth his hand when required, we have every reason to hope that this beautiful relic of a Feudal age will be well preserved and protected.

The "Massie More" (sometimes written Massy More or Massamore, and pronounced in three syllables) is the name of the dungeon in Crichtoun Castle. It was a term generally applied to the principal dungeon of a Feudal Keep. Sir Walter Scott, in his Notes to *Marmion*, says "the epithet is of Saracenic origin. The same word applies to the dungeons of the ancient Moorish castles in Spain, and serves to shew from what nation the Gothic style of castle-building was originally derived."

CHAPTER XX.

HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

“The walls are mouldering in decay,
The merry guests!—ah, where are they?”

CRICHTOUN CASTLE has few recorded Historical Associations, and these chiefly partake more of a domestic than a national character. The reason of this is not far to seek. It was more a residence than a fortress. Besides, it lay back off the route of hostile armies, and thus it was but little exposed to the ravages of war. The Chancellor was the first to drag the Castle out of obscurity, by associating it with a deed of blood that sadly dimmed his reputation.

In 1437, James I., the Poet King of Scotland, having been cruelly assassinated in the Blackfriars' Monastery at Perth, left to his infant successor—a child of six years—the legacy of a troubled kingdom. His political executors were Livingstone of Callander, who was appointed Governor; and Sir William Crichtoun, the Chancellor. Both belonged to the ranks of the inferior barons, and their promotion by the Estates to such high honour, irritated to an extreme degree the haughty

House of Douglas. Livingstone and Crichtoun had little love for each other. They were often "at drawn daggers." But they had a common foe in the Douglas. Accordingly, the two laid their own quarrels aside for a time, and joined their wits to put down this formidable chief. The chief then was William, the sixth Earl. Historians differ in their delineation of his character. Hume of Godscroft says that he was "a person of a sweet, tractable, and meek disposition." Mackenzie, on the other hand, avers that he was "a proud, rash, and violent man, and carried the insolence of his haughty House to a pitch beyond any of his line before him." Be this as it may, he refused to acknowledge the authority of Livingstone and Crichtoun. They were, therefore, determined to crush him. Their policy was to trap the lion, rather than to beard him in his den. Douglas, accordingly, was invited with many flattering professions to the Court which was then held in Edinburgh Castle. He accepted the invitation, and set out for the capital, accompanied by his younger brother David. On their way thither, they were met by the Chancellor, and taken to Crichtoun Castle, where they were entertained "friendly, cheerfully, and magnificently; and that not for one day, but for two days." Then Crichtoun Halls "rang merrily with wassail, game, and glee."

This extraordinary kindness roused the suspicion of

the Douglas' friends, who advised him to return; or, if not, to send back David his brother. The warning, however, was unheeded. Douglas and his train, escorted by the Chancellor and his retinue, rode gaily down the Vogrie Glen, and were soon within the stronghold of "Mine own romantic town." Here, for some days, all was fair and bright. At length the trap was ready. Then the mask of friendship and hospitality was thrown aside. Earl William and his brother were apprehended in the presence of the young king, who wept and clung to the Chancellor's knees, pleading earnestly for the lives of his friends. But all in vain. After the mockery of a trial, their heads were struck off in the back court of the Castle. This was the "Black Dinner" which Earl Douglas got in Edinburgh. It was a bloody deed, a detestable act of state policy—all too common then—and justly execrated in the rhyme—

"Edinborough Castle, town, and tower,
God grant you sink for sin,
And that even for the black dinoure
Earl Douglas gat therein."

The murdered peer was succeeded by his uncle, called Gross James, a huge fat man, and enormously lazy. His obesity and his sloth kept him from avenging the tragic fate of his nephew. He, however, only occupied the Halls of Sir James "the Good" for about two years. This noble Falstaff dropped into the ranks of

the "majority," and the fortunes of his powerful House devolved upon his son William, the proudest and most dangerous of all that ever bore the name of Douglas. For him too a "Black Dinner" was waiting; and it is more than probable its *recipe* also came from Crichtoun Castle.

Meanwhile, Earl William was determined to have blood for blood, and to be revenged on the Chancellor for the cruel death of his cousin. To this end he summoned the whole array of his vassals, whom he despatched under the command of Forrester of Corstorphine, and besieged him in his stronghold by the Tyne. This was the first regular siege in the history of the Castle. "The vengeful Douglas' bands" found it no easy matter to reduce the fortress. At length, after a stubborn resistance for nine months, it was stormed, sacked, and partially destroyed. The Chancellor, however, was anything but cowed. Reprisal followed reprisal. Forrester had scarcely gone off with his booty, when, according to Hume of Godscroft, "Crichtoun assembled his friends and followers, who ravished in return the lands of Corstorphine and Abercorn, and, amongst other goods, drove away to the stables at Crichtoun, a race of mares that the Earl of Douglas had brought over from Flanders." These events took place in the year 1445. Still the feud continued, and the fire of indignation burned in the Douglas' bosom, although he

made no further attempt to beard the lion in his den, the Crichtoun in his Hall. He tried to play the cowardly game of assassination, and all but succeeded. On one occasion, when the Chancellor was on his way to Edinburgh, he fell into an ambush set for his destruction. He escaped with difficulty, after being pursued to the very gates of his paternal Castle by the minions of the Douglas. But the inevitable calms all strife. Earl William got his "Black Dinner" served up to him within Stirling's "circuit dread," by the hands of his sovereign in 1452; and, shortly after, Chancellor William, too, was gathered to his fathers and laid to rest in Crichtoun Church.

Peace now reigned in "the green vale of Tyne" until 1484. Then the last Lord Crichtoun ruined himself and his family, by insurrection against the government of James III. He garrisoned the Castle with his retainers and other Lothian men in the interests of the Duke of Albany, brother of the king, whom he recognized as Alexander IV. The rebellion was abortive. Crichtoun had not the courage to stand to his guns, but secretly fled from the Castle at the approach of the royal troops. The garrison then quietly surrendered, without any resistance, and laid down their arms. Among the prisoners noted in the records of Parliament as having been taken in the Castle on this occasion, and who suffered forfeiture, were "*Gawine of Crechtoun*,

George of Crichtoun, and a John Dalrymple." It would appear that no damage was done to the building, the only penalty it paid being reversion from its old family into the hands of a stranger.

Nothing further of a noteworthy character happened within the walls of Crichtoun, until the time of the third Earl of Bothwell—the "stripling twelve years old"—when Marmion made his fictitious visit. As already mentioned, this scion of the House of Hailes "flew at high game" for a wife—Mary of Lorraine, the mother of the "brilliant Queen." Disappointed in his suit, he became disgusted with everybody and everything; lost all his patriotism; and encouraged and aided the English invasion under Hertford, so detrimental to the interests of Scotland, in 1544. He further interfered with one Peter Thomson, a Government messenger, as he made a proclamation at the Market Cross of Haddington, stole from him the Queen's letters, and carried himself off to "the darkness of the Massie More," at Crichtoun. For these things, the Earl was tried on a charge of high treason, but acquitted. He departed this life in 1556, and the "lordly gallery fair" came into the possession of his son—the infamous James Bothwell.

If we could re-people these now desolate and ruined halls, doubtless we would witness the most brilliant assemblies they ever saw, in his day. Then the Castle was the scene of many a gay revel, when belted knight,

in chivalric pride, sat beside "lady fair" at the banquet, and passed round the wine cup in courtly glee. Then, too, it was the scene of a dark conspiracy. Here was hatched the "Craigmillar Bond" that led up to the tragedy of the "Kirk of Field." Crichtoun Castle was Bothwell's principal residential abode. Within its precincts he chiefly resided during the stormy incidents of the Reformation period. He was himself a Protestant, but, strange to relate, he sided with the Government against the Lords of the Congregation. He took not a few of the Regent's enemies prisoners during the war. Having by her command, in the autumn of the year 1559, placed himself in ambush, with some French troops, at Traprane Law, in East Lothian, he was so fortunate as to surprise and take prisoner one of the leaders of the rebellion, who at the time was charged with an important mission. John Cockburn, Laird of Ormiston, had been secretly sent to Berwick, for the purpose of receiving from the accredited agents of Queen Elizabeth—who was the direct cause of many of the troubles of Scotland at this period—£1000 sterling, as part of the sums which she had destined to fan the flame of insurrection. Carrying the treasure intrusted to him, Cockburn got safely by Dunbar, with its French garrison. But, in the neighbourhood of Haddington, he was suddenly set upon by Bothwell, and, sorely wounded, he fell into the Earl's hands, along

with the treasure which he carried. The leaders of the rebellion felt keenly this blow. Two of them, James Stuart, afterwards Earl of Moray, and Lord James Hamilton, hastened from Edinburgh at the head of two thousand horsemen after Bothwell, in order to recover the lost treasure which was to provide a supply for their pecuniary distress. Meanwhile, the Earl with his booty had sought a refuge in Crichtoun Castle. It was forthwith besieged and speedily taken by the Reformed party; but not before Bothwell had succeeded in escaping from it with the money, "upon a horse without saddle, boot, or spur." His possessions were spared by his enemies until they had summoned him to give up his booty; and this, Bothwell having refused to do, the Lords caused Crichtoun Castle to be completely sacked. Thereafter it was garrisoned by fifty hagbutters.

But happier scenes were soon to be witnessed in this hitherto tempest-tossed fortress. The beautiful Mary Stuart graced its walls with her presence, on the occasion of the nuptials of her half-brother, John Stuart, Prior of Coldingham, with Lady Jane Hepburn, sister of Bothwell. The marriage took place on Sunday the 11th January 1562, "with much good sport and many pastimes," in the Queen's own presence, at Crichtoun Castle. Thereafter, other happy events followed, which rendered the "lordly gallery fair" all "joyous and

gay." Wishing to imitate the good example of his sister, the Earl himself determined to marry. Accordingly, at the age of thirty, he espoused "a good, modest, and virtuous woman," the Lady Jane Gordon, then in her twentieth year. She was sister to Lord Huntly. The marriage-contract was signed by Queen Mary herself, by whose "adviss and express counsale" the match was brought about. By this contract, the bridegroom settled upon his bride the lands and Castle of Crichtoun. These, however, were heavily mortgaged, and the bride's dowry, of twelve thousand merks (£8000)—for the payment of which her brother was responsible—was to be applied for the redemption of the mortgages. The marriage ceremony took place in the Chapel Royal of Holyrood, on the 24th February 1566, and was performed by the bride's uncle, Alexander Gordon, Bishop of Galloway, and titular Archbishop of Athens. After the consummation of the nuptials, the Earl of Bothwell and his young Countess set out on their honeymoon to Crichtoun Castle. Here the wedding feast was kept up with great splendour, lasting with its tournaments and chivalric sports for five days. It was shortly after this festive season, that Mary and Darnley paid a visit to Crichtoun, and were *feted* in the "lordly gallery fair." This visit was commemorated by the monograms already noticed. Then, too, it was probably—as formerly surmised—that Jean Gordon's

star first began to pale, in Bothwell's estimation, before the radiance of a brighter sun. Then he dreamed of a royal hand—if not a royal heart.

We may say, that with the forfeiture of this Earl of Bothwell, in 1567, Crichtoun's glories began to wane. The regicide spent not his second honeymoon here, but in the neighbouring Castle of Borthwick. His nephew and successor, Francis, son of the Prior of Coldingham, was a bold and daring spirit, but with little or no principle. An incident, associated with our subject, during his proprietary was not to his credit. We have it on the authority of Calderwood. In 1591, when James VI. sat in the Tolbooth, hearing the case of the Laird of Craigmillar, who sued for a divorce against his wife, the Earl of Bothwell forcibly carried off one of the most important witnesses to his Castle at Crichtoun, and there he threatened him with the "Massie More," and even the gallows, if he dared to divulge aught of what he knew. In such a high-handed manner was justice balked by the nobles in those days, who often acted "as if there had been no king in Israel."

It was probably his son Francis, the *creature* of Charles I., who so cavalierly immured—according to tradition—in the "Massie More" the Scott of Buccleuch, for refusing to "lift his hat" to the Towers of Crichtoun as he passed. He made *amende honorable*, however, by himself undergoing "durance vile" for one

night in his own dungeon, while his prisoner held high festival in his princely hall.

Tradition also speaks of a *Velvet Way* or subterranean passage running between the Castle and the Church. Where is the ruined Castle that is not either haunted, or has a Velvet Way? There appears, however, to have been some faith in Crichtoun's Velvet Way up till so late as the end of 1867. Then, an attempt was made to discover it: but failed. The failure proves its non-existence. Neither can the "Well" of the Castle be discovered. It, in sooth, had once a being. Such a necessary appendage generally occupied the basement storey of the Donjon; and we have little doubt that, if the debris were cleared out of Crichtoun's "tottered Keep," this interesting fountain of the past would be unearthed.* A few relics—consisting of a floor-tile, portion of oak, and a bodle of Charles II.—found in the Castle in 1869, may be seen in the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh.

A building of a somewhat Chapel-like aspect, situate about one hundred yards to the south of the Castle, puzzles the antiquarian to say what it has been. Sir Walter Scott avers that its use was "for Divine Service." He further adds, "It is remarkable that, in Scotland, the Chapel of the Castle is often thus situated, perhaps to avoid admitting within the precincts of the

* The well has not been discovered.

fortification those whom it was not thought proper or decent to debar from the place of worship." This is by no means conclusive. The proximity of the Church to the Castle would have served that purpose. Besides, if it had been originally erected for religious purposes, its position would have been due east and west, which it is not. We must, therefore, discard the Chapel theory. The likelihood is that it was a stable, and the horse-shoe ornament around one of its end windows is in favour of this opinion. The roof is arched, and the outside buttresses may have been built to strengthen the structure when its upper storey was added.

Such, then, is the story of Crichtoun Castle in glory and decay, briefly, though imperfectly told. These romantic ruins are well worthy a visit. It will alike repay the tastes of the "antiquary, the admirer of the picturesque, or he who seeks the scenes of historical events as fittest to convey subjects of grave contemplation, and cherish the remembrance of days which are gone by."

"What art Thou now, O pile of olden time ?
A visible memento that the works of men
Do, like their masters, pass away ;
The sparrow chatters on thy buttresses
Throughout the livelong day, and sportively
The swallow twitters through thy vaulted roofs,
Fluttering the whiteness of its inner plumes
Through shade, and now emerging to the sun ;
The night-owls are thy choristers, and whoop
Amid the silence of the dreary dark."

Cousland Castle.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SHORT SKETCH.

“And scarcely can the curious eye
Trace out its strong foundations.”

COUSLAND is a small village in the parish of Cranstoun. It lies three miles east north-east of Dalkeith, and fully ten miles east south-east of Edinburgh. This village is well known for its limestone quarries, which have supplied material for building purposes during the greater part of the closing century. Formerly, it had some flourishing coal-works. The district, however, is chiefly agricultural. Under the old ecclesiastical *regime*, Cousland was the seat of a Chapelry.

This Chapelry was annexed to the parish of Cranstoun about the time of the Reformation. It had previously belonged to the Abbey of Dunfermline. In the Chartulary of that opulent Abbey, the *Capella de Cousland* is mentioned no less than seventeen times; and is frequently associated with the Church of Inveresk, of which it seems to have been a dependent. In the Chartulary the name of the village is very variously spelt. Thus we have Causland, Cowsland, Cooslande, Coukesland, and

Cousland ; the last being the only form that has survived. About what time the Chapelry came under the rule of Dunfermline cannot now be determined. Keith, in his *Religious Houses*, says that Musselburgh and Inveresk, with the Church, mills, and harbour thereof, were conferred upon the Fifeshire Abbey by Malcolm Canmore (1057–1093); and the presumption is, that Cousland Chapelry was gifted at the same time. Not a vestige of the Chapel * itself—said to have been dedicated to St. Bartholomew—now remains. It shared the fate of the Religious Houses of Melrose, Kelso, Dryburgh, Jedburgh, Eccles, Haddington, Newbattle, Holyrood, and many other churches in the Merse, Teviotdale, and Lothian, during the English invasion of 1544, which was intended to force “our lass” to marry “their lad.” We shall presently see that Cousland paid even more dearly for the “nipping and scratching,” as it lost not only its Chapel, but afterwards its Castle. What was left of St. Bartholomew’s House was probably taken to build the Nunnery which tradition says was erected on its site ; a part of whose ruins, together with its enclosure walls, called the “White Dyke,” are still to be seen. The stones of both, and those of the Castle itself, may have been utilized in a later age for farmsteads in the neighbourhood—a system of vandalism that

* The ruins of the Castle have been long erroneously regarded as the remains of the Chapel.

has swept away many mementoes of Feudal times. "The walls of these old edifices," says a recent historian, formed a quarry of stones ready hewn and dressed, to which any one who might be in want of building materials repaired with mattock and cart. The Abbey of Melrose supplied materials to build a mansion-house and a jail, and to repair a mill. The Abbey of Arbroath was let out as a common quarry. New Abbey can be traced in the walls of the adjoining village." Each locality, where some Feudal relic nods to the moon, has the same tale to tell. If the laird had a farm-steading, a dyke, or a row of cottars' houses to build, it was done cheaply with the stones of the ruined pile. We have no doubt, therefore, that much of the old Castle of Cousland is to be found in the older houses of the village. Thanks for the spirit of the lairds now-a-days, jealous for the landmarks of the past, and whose vigilance is likewise exerted to secure them against the wasting hand of time.

The Barony of Cousland, in the thirteenth century, formed part of the extensive domains of "the lordly line of high St. Clair"—having been bestowed in free heritage, by Alexander II. in 1215, upon Sir William St. Clair, fourth Baron of Roslin. It continued with the Roslin family until their vast estates were broken up, after the death of William, third Earl of Orkney. As the influence of the St. Clairs gradually waned, their lands passed to the possession of other families; and,

about the middle of the seventeenth century, the estate of Cousland seems to have been owned by Sir James Macgill, who was ennobled in 1651, under the title of Viscount of Oxfuird or Oxfurd, and Lord Makgill of Cousland. He was the descendant of Sir James Macgill, who was Provost of Edinburgh under James V. That peerage fell in 1705, on the death of Robert, second Viscount, and has been dormant ever since. The Cousland Barony thereafter became the property of Sir James Dalrymple, second son of the first Viscount of Stair, and ancestor of the present Earl of Stair. He was first designated of Borthwick; afterwards, of Killock; and subsequently, of Cousland. His eldest son, Sir John Dalrymple, the second Baronet, was designated of Cousland.* He was one of the Principal Clerks of the Court of Session, appointed on his father's demission from that office in 1708. He was twice

* Sir John Dalrymple, second Baronet, was a great agriculturist. In a book called *Present State of Husbandry in Scotland*, published in Edinburgh 1783, vol. iii., Part ii., page 395, occurs the following:—"Sir John Dalrymple, of Cousland, in the neighbourhood of Preston Hall, grandfather to the present Sir John, Baron of Exchequer, was among the first in Scotland who thought of improvements; and his memory ought to be highly regarded for the example he gave to his neighbours by his improvements of every sort, not only of land, but of horses, horned cattle, and sheep. His horses and horned cattle were in great esteem, and to this day are accounted by good judges equal in value to any of a later breed."

married. His first wife was Elizabeth, eldest daughter of William Fletcher, of New Cranstoun, whose widow his father, Sir James, had taken for his second wife. By Sir John's contract of marriage with Miss Fletcher—to which his father was a party—he acquired the lands of New Cranstoun, which estate, together with those of Cousland and Heriotmuir—being the family possessions—were entailed on the heirs of the marriage, with remainder to the other sons of Sir James of Borthwick.

On Sir John's death in 1743, his son, Sir William Dalrymple, became the third Baronet of Cousland. He died on the 26th of February 1771. The baronetcy then descended to his eldest son, Sir John Dalrymple, who was designated of Cranstoun and Cousland. Sir John was an eminent lawyer and miscellaneous writer. He was also a great agriculturalist and scientist. In 1776 he was appointed one of the barons of the Scottish Court of Exchequer, an office which he resigned in 1807. His residence was at Cranstoun (Remote) Castle, New Cranstoun, where, in 1798, he discovered the art of making soap from herrings; and employed people at his own charge for the purpose of giving instruction to any who wished a knowledge of the process. His enthusiasm for agriculture is well known. He had the honour of introducing into Scotland the drill system of sowing turnips. He greatly improved

the breed of farm-horses and black cattle, and was among the first to cultivate clover and rye-grass.

Sir John married his cousin, Elizabeth, the only child and heiress of Thomas Hamilton Macgill, of Fala and Cranstoun Ridel, and representative of the Viscount of Oxfuird, which title had been dormant since 1705. Through her, these estates passed to the possession of the Dalrymples. In consequence of this, her husband had to add to his own, the names of Hamilton and Macgill. Cranstoun Ridel had been long in the family of the Macgills. It took its designation from Hugh Ridel, who received it as a grant from Earl Henry, son of David I., but who afterwards bestowed it, together with the Church of Cranstoun, upon the monks of Kelso, as the purchase of their prayers for the souls of the said Earl Henry and his father, David I. It came into the possession of the Macgills through a family named Murray, in the reign of David II. (1329-1371). Sir John Dalrymple Hamilton Macgill dying in 1810, he was succeeded by his son, General Sir John Hamilton Dalrymple, fifth Baronet of Cousland, who, on the demise of his kinsman, John William Henry, seventh Earl of Stair, became the eighth Earl. Thus was the old Barony of Cousland merged into the Earldom of Stair. Sir John was raised to the peerage of the United Kingdom under the title of Baron Oxenfoord of Cousland, 11th August 1841; with remainder to his brother,

North Dalrymple, Esquire of Cleland and Fordel, who succeeded to the titles in 1853; and from whom, in 1864, they descended to the present Peer, the Right Honourable John Hamilton Dalrymple, tenth Earl of Stair.

The old baronial Castle of Cousland was situated on the south side of the village, where a considerable portion of it, adjoining the ruins of the Nunnery, still exists. It appears to have been a simple Peel Tower of great strength, as is evident from the thickness of the walls, and its foundation upon the natural rock. In structure and internal arrangement, Cousland Castle probably resembled Elphinstone Tower—though much smaller—and with which it doubtless communicated, by means of beacon lights. It was of oblong shape, and the walls, which were fully $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick, measured externally 37 feet by 30 feet. Their height cannot now be determined. What remains is part of the basement storey, an apartment of considerable dimensions, measuring 26 feet by 19. This, in all likelihood, was used for culinary purposes, as it contained two small lockers, a drain for water, and other kitchen conveniences. The roof, which was arched, could not have been less than 15 feet at its greatest altitude. It was lit by a couple of small windows in the south wall, and by another, much larger, which looked towards the west. The doorway, now thoroughly dilapidated, was also in the south front. It was about 7 feet high by $2\frac{1}{2}$ wide;

and appears to have had a few steps down to the floor of the basement. The basement also gives evidence of having been divided by a screen 6 feet in height; thus cutting it into two apartments, the smaller being 19 feet by $9\frac{1}{2}$. The stair, leading to the upper storeys, seems to have occupied the north-east corner of the building; and, as no trace of the fire-place remains, that requisite must have had a position in the east wall, of which not one stone is now left upon another:

“And scarcely can the curious eye trace out
Its strong foundations.”

As in similar Keeps, the Grand Hall would be on the flat above the basement; and, over that again two other flats, containing the bed-room accommodation.

Notwithstanding its strong and substantial masonry, the wasting hand of time, and the more ruthless attacks of human vandalism,* have so completely dilapidated Cousland Castle, as to render it almost impossible now to give any idea of what it was in its entirety. Like its superior, Roslin Castle, it is the “mere wreck,” the

* “We must not forget to mention that a family of the name of Foster having come from the North of England, and taken what is called the surface coal of Cousland, were engaged in pulling down part of the old walls in order to use the material for some building purposes. They were much astonished to see a stream of gold pieces issue from a crevice.”—SIR T. DICK LAUDER.

The late Mr. Ainslie of Cousland Park also attempted to destroy these interesting ruins.

“rueful apology,” of its former self. The date of its erection is also conjectural. It seems, however, to have been in existence when the Barony came into the possession of the House of St. Clair in 1215, so that the generally received opinion, that it was built in the reign of William the Lion (1165–1214), may be accepted as probably correct. The St. Clairs used it as a hunting-lodge. Then it was the scene of many a gay entertainment, given by these gallant and lordly Knights.

It is only in more recent years that history has begun to be properly written. Formerly, every historian who took up his pen, assayed to give us the story of some particular nation, from the earliest times down to his own day. Such a narrative—even though it extended to many volumes—was necessarily very cursory. However, the historian now acts upon the principle of concentration; that is to say, he confines himself to a certain *period* and relates the events embraced within its limits; or, he takes up a particular *locality* and deals historically with it. By this means, we get more of a detailed story than a general sketch; and so many places, hitherto unknown to fame, become well known. Thus it was with the comparatively obscure village of Cousland. Until Mr. Froude wrote, few knew that it had any connection with the surrender of Mary Queen of Scots to the Confederate Lords, on the 15th of June 1567; and yet Cousland, and *not* Carberry Hill, was the

actual scene of that surrender. But it had associations with her pathetically romantic story, some twenty years prior to that event. Mary's whole career, from her birth at Linlithgow, to her death at Fotheringay, has all the fascinations of a fairy tale. The fierce battle which has gone on almost incessantly around her memory, in the arena of literature, for now three centuries, is but the counterpart of the material struggle that was waged around her person, while she lived. Her birth became the signal for war. Then bluff King Hal filled the English throne. His aim was that of his great predecessor, Edward I., the union of England and Scotland under one crown; not, however, by martial conquest, but by the more peaceable means of marriage-contract. Accordingly, Mary had scarcely seen the light in Linlithgow Palace, on the 7th of December 1542, when Henry thought that she might become an eligible bride for his son—afterwards Edward VI.—then a gentle youth of six years. And, so she would. Well, had the union taken place. Yes, it would have been equally advantageous to both nations, and saved Mary herself many a bitter pang in after years.

Henry, himself, saw the necessity for the marriage; and so did all the wise men of Scotland at that time. They judged it a grand opportunity to end the desolating wars of many generations, and seal a lasting peace.

A treaty, for its consummation, was therefore entered into, which was duly signed by the Regent Arran and the English Ambassador in the Abbey Church of Holyrood. Many of the leading Scottish nobility were present at the signing of the contract, and over the Holy Sacrament they pledged their inviolable fidelity to see the terms of the agreement duly carried out. It would have become an accomplished fact, but for priestly intrigue. Unfortunately, the Regent was a man of straw, with no mind of his own. He was a mere figure-head in the State ship. The notorious Cardinal David Beaton held the helm, and that proud prelate was dead against a Protestant alliance for the infant Queen. Through his influence, the marriage treaty was flung to the four winds of heaven. Henry, enraged to the utmost at the broken faith, sent an army of invasion into Scotland in 1544, under the command of the Earl of Hertford, who burned many towns and villages, including Edinburgh and Leith; and not a few strongholds, amongst which were Craigmillar and Roslin. Such was Hertford's first invasion—"too much for a wooing, and too little for a conquest." It did not, however, end the tale of blood and rapine. "Henry," says one, "had lashed the ill-guided country with a whip of fire;" but this was only the beginning of miseries which culminated in Pinkie-Cleugh. Dying in 1547, he left as a part of his last will and testament, that Scotland be coerced to make

good the matrimonial tie; and if need be, to renew and continue the war, until Edward and Mary were led to the altar. In accordance, therefore, with this death-bed injunction of his royal master, Hertford—now Duke of Somerset and Lord Protector of the kingdom—crossed the Tweed a second time, to indulge further in the “nipping and scratching” process of wooing. He led his army from Berwick to East Linton, where he crossed the Tyne by the narrow bridge which still remains. Here, some show of resistance was offered by a noted Border maurader, named Dandy Carr, at the head of a body of light horsemen; but he was soon put to flight by a small detachment of the invading force, under the command of Dudley, Earl of Warwick. Reaching Haddington, Somerset despatched a division of his army by way of Pencaitland, Ormiston, and Cousland, as a corps of observation; and to guard against a flank attack. Himself moved the main body through Tranent to the crest of Fawside Hill, which overlooks the field that proved so fatal to Scotland. The corps of observation, having taken possession of Cousland and its Castle, crossed the Bellyford Valley, and joined the main army on Fawside Hill.

The Scots were strongly posted on Edmonston Edge—the rising ground east of Portobello, now partly covered by the villas of Joppa. Had they awaited the onset of their enemies there, then, in all probability, Pinkie had

been another Bannockburn. But, by some unaccountable decree of fate, their irresolute leader—the straw Arran—left his vantage-ground, crossed the old bridge of Musselburgh, and sweeping round the western side of the eminence now crowned by the Parish Church of Inveresk, took up a new position on the level ground extending along the northern base of Carberry Hill. This was the battlefield of Pinkie. The day was soon decided. The badly-generalled regiments of Scotland seem to have lost both head and heart, and fled at the first onset in irretrievable confusion, westward to Edinburgh and Leith, and southward to Dalkeith. Behind them, followed in murderous pursuit the heavy cavalry of England, giving no quarter, until fully 10,000 of their foes had bit the dust. It was indeed a “Black Saturday” for Scotland, that dark 10th of September 1547, in Pinkie Cleugh. Somerset, after his easy victory, took possession of his enemy’s strong position on Edmonston Edge. Here he encamped; and from hence he sent forth foraging bands which devastated the country around within a radius of six miles. In this crusade of destruction, Cousland Castle, with some other secondary fortresses, fell a prey to the wrath of the invader, who left it a pile of blackened ruins. Its demolition was one of the last acts in the drama of the “mad wooing” which ended in ruin. The rough mode pursued by the English of making love to their Queen,

and their persistency in bringing about a matrimonial alliance amid the groans of dying citizens and the ashes of burning towns and castles, disgusted even the best men in Scotland, who at first had favoured the union. The Earl of Huntly said, "He disliked not the match, but he hated the manner of wooing." As it was, "our lass" was never to wed "their lad."

Cousland Castle was never afterwards restored. It was allowed to crumble with the fading fortunes of the House of St. Clair. But, the memorable event already referred to—the surrender of Mary to the Confederate Lords on 15th June 1567, which took place under the shadow of its ruined walls—is so thoroughly one of its historical associations as entitles it to a place in this sketch.

Darnley had gone to his account, and the Queen had given her hand to Bothwell, the red-dyed regicide. Act of supreme folly in Mary thus to marry the murderer of her husband. It roused the country into rebellion. The rising, however, was fostered by men, many of whom were equally guilty with Bothwell of Darnley's blood. The caitiff wretch was residing with the Queen in the Castle of Dunbar, after her flight from Borthwick, when he heard of the turn affairs had taken. He, accordingly, lost no time in summoning together his vassals, and in about a couple of days upwards of 2000 men were around his standard. With this force Both-

well marched to Carberry Hill, where he encamped on the 14th of June 1567. Mary accompanied him. Tradition still points out the exact scene of their encampment, which is now popularly known by the name of "Mary's Mount." A rough, unhewn stone, adorned with a rudely carved crown, surmounted by the letters, "M. R.," and the date 1567, marks the historic spot,

"Where Mary agonizèd stood,
And saw the warlike hosts around
Prepare them for the deadly feud.
She grieved to see each hostile band,
The children of one mother-land
For battle met. Their banners flaunted
Amid Carberry's beechen grove ;
And kinsman braving kinsman, strove
Undaunting and undaunted."

Apprised of Bothwell's arrival at Carberry Hill, the Associate Lords, on the morning of the following day, left Edinburgh, and took up a position on the ill-fated field of Pinkie. Dubious of success attending an attack from that quarter, they waited until the afternoon, and then swept round by Smeaton, Longside, and Chalkieside to the ridge of Cousland, where they encamped beneath the walls of its ruined Castle. The two hostile armies were now in full view of each other, separated only by the hollow of the Bellyford Burn, "two or three crossbow shots across." Still neither party showed any inclination to fight, but rather to temporize, in the expect-

tation that some sudden turn of fortune might determine the issue for one or other of them. As the hours rolled wearily onward, Bothwell boastfully offered to end the quarrel by engaging in single combat any one of the Confederate Lords of equal standing with himself, who might be willing to risk an encounter. Kirkaldy of Grange and Murray of Tullibardine at once accepted the challenge. Both of these noblemen, however, were rejected on the ground of inferiority of rank. Then the Earl of Morton burned to measure swords with Bothwell; but Lord Lindsay of the Byres claimed precedence, in virtue of his nearer relationship to the dead Darnley. After all had been arranged for the conflict, the rebels suddenly changed their minds—as unfair to Lord Lindsay to take upon himself the brunt of a quarrel in which they all felt equally interested. Thus the time passed. It was now nearing seven o'clock in the evening, and the Lords, to bring matters to a crisis, sent a message to the Queen, to the effect that if she would leave her husband, and return with them to Edinburgh, they would render her all due respect, and Bothwell might go where he pleased. Kirkaldy was the bearer of this message; and the Lords demanded an immediate answer. All were astir around the old Castle of Cousland—an evidence that the Confederates meant business, in the event of her non-compliance with their wishes. Mary had no choice. Through desertion, her troops had

dwindled away to a mere handful of Bothwell's personal followers. She, accordingly, bade him farewell; and he rode off unmolested towards Dunbar, with a few attendants.

After his departure, Grange approached the Queen. Tradition long pointed out a stone on which she sat and held a conversation with him, previous to her committing herself into the power of the insurgent leaders. That stone has now disappeared, but on its site stands the slab already referred to. It was erected some years ago by the late Lord Elphinstone, and bears the following inscription:—

“At this spot, Mary Queen of Scots, after the escape of Bothwell, mounted her horse, and surrendered herself to the Confederate Lords.—15 June 1567.”

Upon Kirkaldy coming up to her, Mary said, “Laird of Grange, I render me unto you, upon the condition ye rehearsed unto me, in the name of the Lords.” Then giving him her hand, he knelt and kissed it. This done, she mounted her charger; and, led by one of the royal equerries, she followed Grange down what is now the slope of Backhill, across the Bellyford brook, and was soon within the lines of the Confederate noblemen—drawn up in front of Cousland's ruined pile. She was received by Morton, outwardly with all the tokens of respect due by a subject to a sovereign. Trusting to their integrity, and taking them to be men of honour,

who would respect their word, Mary thus addressed the Confederate nobles: "My lords, I have come to you, trusting in your promises that you will respect me, and give me the obedience due to your native Queen and lawful Sovereign." Alas! she was little aware of the perfidy of the men whose patronage she implored, and into whose power she committed herself. They had played deep; and the game had gone in their favour. This old ruin witnessed them, on that long June evening, a band of perjured villains. In her surrender at Cousland Castle, Mary surrendered everything—royalty and liberty, and even life itself. There, she virtually stood "a Queen without a crown." There began her hopeless captivity; for, with the exception of the transient gleam of freedom that shot across her path on her romantic escape from Lochleven, the sun of Liberty never again shone around the footsteps of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, until the tragic stroke, at Fotheringhay, put an end to "foreign bands and never-ending care."

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