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WALLACE AND HIS MONUMENT.

THE most remarkable meeting held in Scotland, for many years, occurred upon the 24th of June last, in a park near Stirling, the central borough of Scotland, and classic ground in our history. The Earl of Edin was chairman of the meeting, by historical justice and right, as a leading statesman and the descendant of Robert Bruce—the most consummate politician and the most skilful warrior of his time; yet he would have died a subject of England, instead of King of Scotland, if the road to Bannockburn had not been levelled by his predecessor.

The anniversary of Bannockburn, and the vicinity of that great battle field, were selected by the promoters of the meeting for its day and place; and both are alike memorable. The little rivulet has a quiet course in its June days now, through fields of rich green grain, and the morass, that was so fatal to the brave knights of England, long ago, has disappeared in meadow land, still deep and soft. The busy looms of woollen weavers, in the village, are agreeable substitutes for the hammers of the armourers, and the merry laughter of little children in its streets, for the anxious shouts that rose from the hostile camps on that short night, that knew no darkness, before its famous twenty-fourth. Still, the scene has a saddening influence over those who remember that more blood was shed there, than in any great battle of modern times, with two or three probable exceptions in the career of the first Napoleon. Britain lost, in that single day, double the number of its sons sacrificed in battle or in sickness in the Crimean struggle. All traces of their existence seem to have passed from the earth. The flow of centuries has worn away their graves; and there now remains the historical fact alone—that multitudes fought and fell on that narrow field, to break the despotic power of the Norman kings, or the victory of Bannockburn was not less essential to the independence of Scotland, than its results were requisite for the liberties of England.

The assemblage, on the last anniversary of the battle, were convened to discuss the erection of a monument. The man whose memory they proposed to perpetuate in stone was judicially murdered five centuries and a half ago. His body was cruelly mangled, while he still lived. It was rudely dishonoured and divided when he died. Parts of his remains are somewhere in England and parts in Scotland. He was denied even a grave.

One fact stands out in this transaction clear and vivid to all mankind. A memory that has survived nearly five hundred years must have had a monument. Edward of England made a monument for himself. The person who betrayed his victim to that Prince secured a memorial. Their connexion with one man is the salt that has preserved to infamy the memory of the traitor and the tyrant. The nation has been, as one generation came and passed after another, its leaders' monument. He has never had a rival in the affection of the people. The good King Robert was deeply beloved by his subjects; and he consummated the struggle for independence in triumph. The Stuarts, at one period of their family history, were men of chivalrous bearing, of intellectual power, and, for their time, of liberal sentiments. The early Stuart kings must have won the love of their countrymen in a very remarkable manner for rulers in a dark age, before the attachment to their race could have survived the folly and the madness by which it was long tried. A numerically weak nation, on a comparatively poor soil, must have many "heroes" ere it attain to distinction and power. The history of Scotland is rich in martyrs to its interests; and yet one name among them all has kept the "place of pride" in the popular heart, without cloud or rival, through centuries of change, and great deeds accomplished in much suffering. All districts of the land have local traditions connected with this name. Our schoolboys associate with it the idea of great daring, large generosity, and matchless strength. Wallace, to them, is the type of physi-

cal power. He becomes to youth the example of fervent and pure patriotism. The same men, at more advanced stages of their life, if they carefully read the history of their nation, regard the stainless patriot as a sagacious politician and statesman.

The majority of men cannot critically study history, but with them the sturdy leader of his country remains associated with all that is good and great connected with freedom struggling for life. His memory is our common centre in political history. He suppressed the parties of his own time; for that distant day had its factions, and parties, and politics like our own. He fused them all into the nation for a time, and prepared the country for its final struggle under Bruce.

The differences that have arisen since his day do not interfere with the affection evinced for his memory by all classes of his countrymen. He was neither Whig nor Tory. He had no connexion with the wars of the Stuarts and the Hanoverians. Before the first Stuart he stands above all parties—and all party feeling—the representative of national freedom and independence.

The memory of Wallace is peculiarly Scotch. We cannot say that he had any affection for England, although he was a just man, who would not have assailed the neighbouring country if he had not been attacked; and amid the horrors of civil wars, and dismal provocations, we believe he was a humane opponent. But his memory is evidently British. He rendered the British empire possible. His achievements are closer to its foundation than many persons suppose, and a Wallace in Ireland might have rendered this empire still more powerful, and our union stronger. He vindicated his country from the reproach of conquest, and infused a spirit into its people which rendered foreign domination impossible. Henry VII., an able and powerful English monarch, possessed of greater ability than any of his successors, except perhaps his grand daughter Elizabeth, until the appearance of Macaulay's favourite, the third William, sought a union with Scotland as the only means of rendering his kingdom one of those great powers that he foresaw would be formed in Europe; but he recognised the impossibility of amalgamation by conquest, and negotiated for a union of the crowns by marriage, against the wishes of powerful counsellors.

A thousand years ago Alfred was constructing the Saxon kingdom of England. He is the only English monarch who occupies a position parallel to that of Bruce in Scotland; but we have no grounds for believing that his career had its Wallace. Alfred appears alone and solitary in Saxon history,—not that his reforms and wars could have been conducted successfully without able officers; but he moved the nation, and regulated the labours of all his friends and supporters.

We are not acquainted in the history of any other country with a name that has so long maintained its hold upon the popular mind, under similar circumstances, as that of Wallace in Scot-

land. He was a younger son of a Scottish knight whose lands were not fenced round by dark forests or steep mountains, but occupied a part of the open vale of Clyde, accessible easily to all invaders. The family of Elderslie had long been established on the fertile lands between the Cart and the Clyde; and although they had not sufficient interest to assume a leading part in the troubled history of the times, yet the mother of Wallace was a daughter of Sir Richard Crawford, the Sheriff of Ayr; while his father had his own retainers, at the head of whom he was slain in a conflict with an English officer and party. Fenwick is said by some authorities to have been the name of this English officer; but the Fenwicks were an Ayrshire family, of some note even in these early times; and this individual like a great majority of the Scottish nobles, and many land-owners of the middle class, may have joined Edward of England; and that circumstance might explain the quarrel with Wallace of Elderslie, who contributed evidently to form the principles of his gallant son. The mothers of great men are generally supposed to influence their minds in early youth more than their fathers; and the opinion, if correct at any period, must have been peculiarly true in the family of a Scottish knight in times when traditional learning was the intellectual food of the young, conveyed in ballad, song, and story. We have no reason to suppose that the library of Elderslie in those days was very ample; or, although its illustrious chief obtained a liberal education in youth, that his boyhood was spent among books. From his earliest years his race were comparatively proscribed, and they were oppressed. The troubles of his country were those also of his home. All home influences would be thus directed, from his infancy, to elicit and strengthen the feelings that distinguished him as a patriot; than whom none brighter or purer can be found in the annals of any land. The family of Elderslie were united in detestation of foreign rule; and their love of independence. The death of the father had only served the strong arm of the son. The relatives of the future hero valued learning; for the years immediately subsequent to his boyhood were passed with his uncle, an ecclesiastic, of great attainments and wealth in Stirlingshire. Dundee at that period had a cathedral and a college, and Wallace was sent by his uncle to finish his educational course in that place. It is difficult to trace his history for some time after he left Dundee, but he probably was obliged to retire from that town, after slaying young Selby, of Northumberland, the Governor's son, in a brawl, originating, doubtless, in the politics of these unhappy times.

The position of Scotland before the wars of the Baliols and independence is not generally understood. The abominable destruction of documents by Edward has deprived us of the historical material. The traditional ballads of the period have been discounted by historians at a small value; and yet all the evidence successively dragged out of

musty corners of the world confirms them. They deserve more confidence than the State-papers of the time, among which most important forgeries have been detected. Some general facts relieve the inquirer in these circumstances, and slightly break through the clouds in which history is involved. The church possessed great wealth, but it could not have attained valuable property unless that had existed previously. Many buildings exhibited magnificence of design and execution. The Abbey of Dumfermline, chiefly destroyed by the English, displayed in its ruins the vastness of the original edifice. The government of the country was constitutional—as much so as that of the slave States of the American union. It consisted of its three estates. Its Parliaments were convened regularly. Its burghers and yeomen maintained their rights as the Commons of the land. The equestrian order and the nobility formed the Peerage. Then, as now, the labouring population had no political existence; but upon many estates the labourer might have become free without much more difficulty than he can now become a tenant, and thus possess those rights that belong to all free citizens. The principles of a constitutional government existed along with the feudal and patriarchal system upon large estates. Although serfs had rights, yet in times when communication was difficult, and reporters were unknown, they could not be enforced. The ecclesiastical in these circumstances, served the people as a balance to the feudal power. The estates of the church were managed with great propriety. Their vassals enjoyed more security than those of the great peers, and their labouring population lived in comparative comfort and contentment. We infer that the population was numerous, from the magnitude of the armies who contended for freedom, even while death and disease covered the land with graves. The resistance of the Caledonians to the Roman armies, a greater number of centuries before Bannockburn than have elapsed since its occurrence, infer the existence of a considerable population. During the long period that intervened to the battle of Hastings and the destruction of the Saxon dynasties in England, we have no reason to suppose that the progress of population was checked frequently by calamities of a vast magnitude, except in the Danish wars, which in some measure supplied colonists. The eastern counties of Scotland, and even of England, north of the Trent, were colonised by Danes in many places; and the close resemblance of the Danish language to the vernacular in the north-eastern counties of Scotland supply evidence of the consanguinity between the races if no other existed. After the expulsion of the Romans from the northern part of Britain, and their withdrawal from England, the insular wars chiefly occurred between families of the same great race. The Celt and Saxon feuds were border forays; except in a few instances like that of Harlaw in Scotland. Saxons, Danes, and Normans, were families of the same great tribe. They

all belonged to the Scandinavian race, and their common origin is interesting now, when we may have to choose between the alliance of the three small Scandinavian nations, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden; and that of Russia.

The battle of Hastings compelled many English families to seek refuge in Scotland. The emigrants belonged principally to the higher classes. They brought all their portable wealth with them. They also brought their bitter enmity to the Normans. The Scottish Royal family became in reality the representatives of the old Saxon Kings of England. William I. was occupied with the dangers of his English and his French possessions. The same cares descended with his dominions to his successors. They therefore did not seek war with Scotland, but they even allowed, if they did not encourage, the Saxon nobles who had fled to the north gradually to resume their possessions in the south; while the kings of Scotland were proprietors of extensive estates in the northern counties of England. These arrangements assisted to maintain peace, not continuously, but more permanently than, without them, could have been anticipated. At a subsequent period the homage done by the kings of Scotland for their English estates formed the colourable pretext for the policy of the English monarchs; while the interest of nearly all the leading families in both countries promoted their designs.

A century and a-half elapsed between the battle of Hastings and that of Bannockburn. Twenty-five years of that interval, immediately preceding the latter occurrence, passed in famine frequently, in hostilities uniformly; but during the previous years Scotland evidently shared in all the civilisation of England at the time. It is equally apparent that the north copied the ecclesiastical system of the south with less advantage. The Culdees were absorbed or suppressed before the imposing priesthood and rites of the Roman Church; and the ecclesiastics of that body absorbed a large proportion of the land of this kingdom, with obvious advantage to cultivators.

We have no reason to doubt the magnitude of the battles in that war, or the numbers who are said, by those who give the smallest figures, to have engaged in them; but they greatly exceed the military forces that we have raised in recent times. Edward II. brought more than one hundred thousand men to Bannockburn. His father had brought a larger army to Falkirk, after a greater force than Lord Raglan or Sir W. Codrington commanded were lost at Stirling. Nearly one half of Edward II.'s army were cavalry. Their baggage was conveyed in waggons, which it was said would have extended over sixty miles in an unbroken line. They were opposed by full thirty thousand efficient men, and half that number of ill-armed followers, who joined in the pursuit. These numbers were collected after an entire generation had passed their lives in bitter and continuous warfare; while famine and plague had

repeatedly wasted the land; and still a considerable portion of the country belonged to nobles who fought for and with England.

The traveller who passes over many counties in Scotland will observe in them evidence of the retrogression of cultivation. Hills that have not been ploughed for many generations are laid out in rigs and ridges. They carried at one period crops of corn, although the homes of those who tilled and reaped are entirely obliterated, and even tradition has forgotten that once they were productive. The towns of any celebrity now, existed then; and although their population were compressed into a small space, and much fewer than their present numbers, yet they retained power and privileges, now against unruly barons, and next against ambitious princes; and they must therefore have been more influential than their successors often suppose. The rural counties probably contained as many inhabitants as in our day, for if our rich agricultural districts were more densely covered with forests, it is not doubtful that our heath and muirlands were more commonly cultivated. A transition has occurred in the state of the land, and in that of the people.

The country that Wallace determined to restore was not unimportant. It once possessed privileges then to be regained, and it undoubtedly suffered from the feudal curse of Europe, serfdom—to be reformed. Like Ireland, it had long enjoyed the influence of an intellectual and pure form of Christianity; and the faith had been corrupted by wealth, while the clergy strove for temporal dignity, and the richest families of the land, sought the priests' office to their sons, not for a bit of bread, but for political power and great possessions. The lessons of Renfrew and Stirlingshires had not been forgotten by Wallace in Dundee; yet a young man was not likely to form profound plans for the deliverance of his country; and he killed Selby in a quarrel that was probably thrust upon him rather than sought. The son of the Governor of Dundee was, however, a person to be missed; and the east was no longer safe to the daring Scot who had been successful in this duel or fray. He was a branded man, and an outlaw; and fled to Ayrshire, where he fell into similar troubles, gathered around him a band of "broken" men, outlaws, like himself, desperate but determined, with whom he waged destructive warfare, as a guerilla chief, against the English garrisons. The Homer of his wars was blind, and although few authors have had more readers, for his work sounds like an ingenious romance, yet its truth has never been shaken in its leading statements, while historical discoveries confirm many of his assertions that historians once repudiated. Wallace was unquestionably a man of immense personal strength, of undaunted courage, and the best swordsman probably of his time; but he united with these qualities consummate address, eloquence that captivated the rough soldiers whom he had to discipline, high military and diplomatic qualities, and more learning than

his friends and supporters. He conducted a large correspondence, while he disciplined his army; and he contrived commercial and political alliances while he elicited a system of warfare, novel at least to his followers, and first gave confidence to his countrymen in the power of organised infantry to resist and overthrow the mailed chivalry of the Normans. He perfected the infantry tactics against cavalry, and reduced the bold retainers of the barons into those solid masses who met and tossed backward the sweeping current of men and horses. The lessons that he extracted from necessity, and taught his followers, have never been lost; and the tactics he followed have been pursued down to Balaklava; notwithstanding the change in arms, from the spear to the bayonet and the rifle.

He was joined first by members of his own family. With his uncle he fought the battle of Glasgow, to expel an English and a military bishop from the Cathedral. He destroyed the garrison of Lanark and their governor, because, while lurking among the wild rocks around the falls of Clyde, where his cave is still shown, he met the heiress of Lamington—then a ward of Haselrig, the English governor of Lanark. He was induced to seek an interview with the lady in the town, from which his retreat was only two miles distant—but he was recognised, and attacked in the street. The career of Wallace might have been cut short in that street squabble, but the lady whom he went there to visit, opened a door through which he escaped to the shelter of the cliffs and woods close upon the town of Lanark. The governor had the lady tried for assisting the escape of a rebel. She was condemned; and executed next day, with circumstances of cruelty common to all parties in that age. Wallace is said to have witnessed this sorrowful spectacle from his concealment; and the nature of the ground—if it was then as open as now, renders that quite possible. The orphan of Lamington, or as we should now say, Miss Bradfute, of Lamington, had been left alone by the death of her father, who, like the elder Wallace, was killed in a skirmish with the English party. Under Haselrig, the governor of Lanark, they attacked his house—as usual, a stronghold—and slew the owner, with a number of his retainers. Haselrig was probably glad of an opportunity to extinguish the family in the death of the heiress; who is supposed by some ancient authorities to have been married previously, but privately, to Wallace, and to whom he was certainly attached. The governor must not have estimated aright the vengeance of the man whose mortal enmity he had abundantly provoked, or he would not have slept soundly on the night that followed the lady's cruel death. But Haselrig slept the sleep that knows no waking; or a waking so rough and short, that better it were never known. When night fell, the town was quietly surrounded by the followers of Wallace and his friend Sir John Graham. The "Liberator" broke open the door of the Governor's

house; and William de Haselrig wrought no more wrong on earth. His sins were ended. With his career was closed the crime of many of his soldiers. Lanark was free, and the pretty old town, still famed for the finest scenery of its class in Britain, was the first head-quarters of the Wallace revolution.

A transaction followed which one historian denies; but it is confirmed by all the authorities upon the history of that struggle. The English officials of Ayrshire summoned Sir Reynold Crawford, the patriot's uncle, Sir Bryce Blair, probably an ancestor of the Ayrshire Blairs of the present day, Sir Hugh Montgomerie, an ancestor of the Eglinton family, and a number of other gentlemen of the county, to a justiciary of the district, and executed the whole upon suspicion of disaffection to their rule. The suspicion was, perhaps, correct, and the English authorities probably sought to prevent their junction with the rising men of Lanarkshire. The avenger's family had once more suffered from English ambition, and the consequence, apparently inevitable to them, followed. Some nights passed away, and the English stronghold was still the home of wild carousal and mirth. The garrison rejoiced over the red graves of their presumed foes, as the meshes were gathering round themselves, and they were closed into the net. They slept, and those who waked again, struggling to escape from fire or smoke, miserably died on the hedge of spears that girt them round. None escaped. Even women and children perished in the flames—which remind us of some recent deeds in the caves of Daharrah. One historian has thrown discredit over the narrative, but we fear that its darkest particulars are consistent with the general characteristics of those struggles. The crime and the vengeance were alike hideous; yet the crime preceded the vengeance, and filled to overflowing a cup of sorrow.

We have traced some of the earlier triumphs of Wallace, only because they show the connexion between his family history and his public conduct. He personally suffered from the English invasion in all the relations of life. His property was confiscated doubtless, his father slain, his uncle killed treacherously, his bride's father was killed on the threshold of his own home, and that lady was murdered, by military law, before his eyes, for assisting him to escape from the attack of a little army upon a single man. Calamities like these explain his fierce hatred to this foreign rule; yet they were only the sparks that kindle the fire. The fuel was there before, since no man ever exhibited purer patriotism than Sir William Wallace. He was joined by Sir Andrew Murray, of Bothwell, and other knights. They roused north and south. Their attacks were impetuous, incessant, almost invariably successful. Castle followed stronghold, until nearly every tower and turret of Scotland became their own. The English flag went down before them then, as always, heavy with the blood of its defenders. Quarter was not often asked,

and, perhaps, it was still more rarely conceded. These events occurred in 1297—in the previous year the English, under Edward's personal command, had slain seventeen thousand men, women, and children, in Berwick-upon-Tweed. That town contains scarcely so many persons at this day.

Thomas the Rhymer, was an enthusiast. The Scots believed that he was a prophet. He was inspired by wonderful sagacity, if by no other power. Many of the predictions ascribed to him were improbable, but the most remarkable have been fulfilled. Some writers allege that he espoused the cause of Wallace. The clergy favoured his claims. But what were these claims? Never to rule for himself. He acted always as the servant of his imprisoned king. He early found the evil influences of a divided aristocracy, and he used the clergy and the minor barons as counteracting powers. The feudal power of the nobility thwarted his plans; and he appointed a military organisation, upon the principle of the old Saxon laws, to supersede this anti-national power. He was named regent by the estates of Scotland; but he associated Sir Andrew Murray in the duties and the honours of the office. While preparing armies to resist the gigantic power of England, they engaged in the formation of commercial treaties with the Dutch and the Hanse towns. The circumstances evince the political wisdom of the regent—for Sir Andrew was a brave man, but he evidently followed out the views of his companion in arms and power.

John Baliol was an imprisoned king. A document in which he acknowledged Edward's supremacy as suzerain of Scotland, was long considered genuine. Circumstantial evidence incontestably proves that it was a forgery; and if Edward was capable of meanly thrusting a forgery in the face of a kingdom, he naturally would pursue similar means of dis severing the nobility from the national cause, and inciting dissension among them. Comyn and Bruce were claimants of the Crown. Comyn's claim was best by consanguinity. His efforts, and those of his family also, made his right stronger than that of Bruce; who evidently played the parties against each other until he was ready to strike and to win.

A large English army, comprising nearly one hundred thousand men, was raised for the invasion of Scotland. They advanced into the country, and the regents mustered a force, not equal in numbers, and defective in discipline and union, to meet them. They met at Irvine, and the Welsh declined to attack the Scotch. At this crisis the policy of the English monarch extricated his army from the difficulty that the Welsh might have raised. Sir Henry Percy and Sir Robert Clifford made terms with the Bruces, the Douglas, Lindsays, and Steward, who confessed rebellion, submitted to the English king, and withdrew their forces early in July. Notwithstanding this defection, the regents with their reduced army were able to retreat in good order upon the north, and continue hostilities, moving their positions with great rapidity, and sup-

ported by numerous forces—for the smaller barons and the vassals of the great families continued faithful to the national cause after the nobles, alarmed for the safety of their English estates, which Edward encouraged them to acquire, had submitted. The line of the Clyde and the Forth has often been the military barricade of the country. The two friths advance from east and west for many miles on each side into the land; while the Ochil hills, and ultimately the Grampians, form a barrier behind Stirling, like a bow. Stirling is the natural centre in this defensive line, and its castle, which was nearly inaccessible before the invention of gunpowder, has been besieged more frequently than any stronghold in our island. The battle of Stirling was fought by the Earl of Surrey and Cressingham, the English treasurer, at the bridge over the Forth. Sir William Wallace and Sir Andrew Murray had collected a numerous force to dispute the passage of the river; although inferior in every particular, except the courage of despair, the feeling of right, and the love of country, to their opponents. Cressingham commenced to cross the bridge, which was long and narrow. Wallace allowed him to defile until one half of his army was on the north and the other on the south side of the Forth. The attack then commenced. The struggle was severe, but Cressingham was slain, his army were destroyed, the bridge was seized and broken by the Scots, who crossed by a ford and routed Surrey's forces on the south side. The soldiers of Wallace were only a small body compared with the magnificent array under Cressingham and Surrey; but the strategy of their leader was worth ten thousand men; and the blunders of Cressingham were equal to a similar number. Wallace could scarcely have found ground more suitable to his purpose, and Cressingham could hardly have given him more effectual assistance than by his mode of attack. The loss of the Scots was trivial in numbers, but terrible in its character; for Sir Andrew Murray, who was a link between Wallace and the aristocracy, was mortally wounded. The English army consisted of fifty thousand infantry and one thousand cavalry. The slaughter among the masses of archers after they were thrown into disorder was very great. Historians of credit make it twenty thousand, many of whom were drowned in attempting to re-cross the river. As the route was complete, and the way to Berwick long and dreary, that computation is probably not exaggerated, and falls short of the poetical statistics. Wallace followed Surrey rapidly to Berwick. He reduced Edinburgh, Roxburgh, and all the minor garrisons of the English in Scotland. The nobility again attended his progress. At a woodland Parliament in the forest of Selkirk, he was chosen Guardian of the Kingdom, and the exiled king, John Balliol, confirmed the appointment.

The Guardian had disciplined the Crown vassals with great care, and rendered them formidable. He also endeavoured to check the feudal power of the nobility. His great enemy, Edward I. was

engaged in the same manner in England; but although the reforms of Wallace raised his popularity among the common people, they alienated the feudal chiefs, who learned that his triumph would release them from English domination, and relieve their vassals at the same time from their yoke. Their leader lived centuries before his time. He would have been a noble coadjutor to John Knox; but his country was not ripe, in the thirteenth century, for his ideas of civil freedom, founded probably upon his experience of the weakness imparted to the nation by the working of the feudal system.

He led his army into England from a conviction that the aggressor should support the war; and they wasted the northern counties up to Cocker-mouth and Durham. The town of Newcastle alone resisted them with success. Their raid, which lasted many months, was attended with circumstances of great cruelty to the inhabitants. Multitudes of all classes were slain. The property of nearly all classes was abstracted or destroyed. All portable goods and chattels were sent over the border, while the support in a costly way of a large army would have been a severe tax upon the northern counties of England. Sir Andrew Murray, the son of the knight who was killed at Stirling, had been by Wallace placed in his father's position as joint guardian of the kingdom. Both chiefs endeavoured to restrain the revenge of their followers; but Wallace advised the monks of Hexham to remain with himself, asserting his inability to secure their safety, except in his own presence.

The innocent suffer for the guilty often in war, if men who tolerate the ambitious craft of monarchs be ever innocent. All mankind have an intuitive knowledge of right and wrong, and if they allow it to be overborne by their rulers, sufferings may be deserved by, and necessary for them. The English soldiers had "harried" the Scotch, and burned up the country from the Tweed to the Dee. They now experienced the return game, and it was mercilessly played. At a subsequent date, after Bannockburn, they were to receive a still rougher round, because wider, of this teaching, which was not altogether lost, for the borderers devised local and separate treaties for their mutual security.

The sufferings of the Russian peasantry in the recent war have been regretted by many writers. We also regret them, for all sufferings are deplorable; but the Russian soldiers appear to have been zealous in their work. The war was popular. All wars of aggression are, we suspect, popular in the Russian empire. The sufferings of the people are, therefore, self-inflicted. Either they are active or passive participators in the Imperial policy. They support it, or they prefer to meet sufferings in executing rather than in resisting its purposes. The English peasants of the thirteenth century were imbued with the description of patriotism that pervades Russia, and seeks its satisfaction in extending the power of a tyrant.

The Earl of Surrey had raised an army of one

hundred thousand infantry and four thousand horsemen, with whom he advanced on Newcastle, in January, 1298. The guardian of Scotland retired before this vast force, and they raised the siege of Berwick castle; but, as his opponent probably calculated, the English Earl was weaker in his commissariat than in men, and he was obliged to disband his large army, or march them back to the Midland counties, with the exception of twenty thousand foot and fifteen hundred horsemen, for whom he could provide food and forage.

Edward invaded Scotland with a large army in the spring; but Wallace, instead of meeting him in his own country, entered England by another road, and ravaged the land from east to west, while Edward was engaged in the same unproductive business in the north. He heard that Wallace had captured Alawick, and he expected to catch him in the act of desolating his dominions; but he despatched a force to burn Fife, because it belonged chiefly to Macduff—who, rising above the petty jealousies of his order, adhered closely to Wallace, as the King's representative, and the Parliamentary guardian of the country. The indefatigable character of Wallace is shown by the circumstance that the next information Edward had of him was his defeat of the English detachment in Fife. A short time only elapsed until he defeated another English force in Anandale.

The strength of his character appears in a comparison of his first and second invasions of England—although only six to eight months passed between them. He lamented, during his first invasion, to the monks of Hexham his inability to protect them, unless they remained in his own presence; and women and children perished in the common destruction wrought by his soldiers, whom, in the second, he had completely under command—for certain districts and towns were ransomed by the inhabitants, and the arrangement was fully observed; while females were protected, and children saved.

The military discipline of the foot soldiers, who appeared to be the chief care of the guardian, was equally improved. They were formed in regular bodies, and taught to resist cavalry in their squares and triangles. Their drill must have been diligently pursued before they reached the precision of their movements. Three of their battles, during the early part of 1298, were conflicts that would have been deemed important in any war, and victories that, in ordinary times, would have found a ballad in our poetry, and a chapter in our traditions. Chevy Chase was a skirmish in contrast with the smallest of these fights, in which twelve hundred of the enemy were captured or slain.

Sir William Wallace depended on his strategic tactics to compensate for inferiority in numbers; and his personal exploits gave confidence to his infantry, who obeyed his orders to the letter. They burned or carried off all forage and means of support, in advance of Edward's great army, who always marched into a desert. That immense

force consisted of one hundred thousand infantry, and seven thousand cavalry, and accompanied by a number of Scottish nobles, including the Earl of Carriok, Robert Bruce, had marched long in pursuit of the Scots, but never reached them, when, on the 22nd July, their position was betrayed by the Earls of Angus and Dunbar to the English king. They hung upon his flank ready to convert his march first into a retreat, and next into flight. He was then in the neighbourhood of Linlithgow, and the Scotch occupied a position near Falkirk. By a rapid march, the King of England compelled them to fight, according to common tradition. The command of their little army was divided. Comyn insisted on his right to the chief command. Sir John Stewart commanded another division, and put in his claim as brother to the Lord Steward of Scotland. Wallace, who commanded the infantry, appears to have been overlooked in the quarrel, which was not settled when Edward was upon them. Their entire army of thirty thousand men could scarcely have withstood the shock of the brilliant array of archers, protected by knights in mail, who bore down upon them; and yet a few years afterwards, in almost exactly similar circumstances, Bruce achieved his decisive victory; but Comyn rode off with his cavalry, while Stewart died amid his archers, and Wallace, after a day of hard fighting, withdrew his infantry in the afternoon, in close columns, secure from the horsemen of England, who were unable to seize the common fruit of a great victory.

The battle was bloody on both sides, but the Scots lost Macduff of Fife, Sir John Graham, and Sir John Stewart. Their cause appeared to be ruined, yet Comyn's horse and Wallace's foot remained unbroken. One English historian gives the number of their slain at sixty thousand, or double the number of their army. It is possible, however, that he may have confounded the number of lives lost to Scotland by the campaign of 1298, with the dead at Falkirk, and this estimate is probably correct. More credible historians give the loss at Falkirk at ten, and some not quite so credible, at fifteen thousand men. Either number is doubtless exaggerated, for one division never fought, and another marched away unbroken, after severe fighting. The loss of the English was not chronicled, but it also was sad enough; for Edward immediately after marched to England, and the Earl of Hereford, along with other nobles, made the disastrous losses of the campaign a reason for abandoning the army.

Comyn is charged with treachery by some writers, for his desertion of the field; but we will never arrive at a correct explanation of these events. Two noblemen of the same name are confounded together in the transactions. Not only is this true, but their sons share the same fate; and thus by contrasting the negotiations of one person with the proceedings of another, a case is made against the compound Comyn of history; who is four valiant gentlemen rolled into one.

A band of mounted warriors in these days differed materially from the Scots Greys, the Oxford Blues, or the Enniskillen Dragoons of the present time. They were relatives and retainers of their leader, and this John Comyn at Falkirk must have refused from military reasons to risk a battle where he saw no hopes of success. As Wallace resigned his power immediately after this battle to Comyn and De Saulis, who associated Sir Simon Fraser with themselves, while the Guardian proceeded as their diplomatic representative to foreign courts, it is impossible to suppose that he imputed treason to Comyn.

The different branches of that family presented a far more effective and honest resistance to the English power than the Bruces, who fought against Wallace and freedom until Robert Bruce found suspicions alleged against him in London, where he resided, and from which he fled. His assassination of the Galway Comyn in Dumfries cleared his way to the throne, and although he is said by way of penance to have worn an iron ring, or sackcloth, or some such uneasy garment, ever after, yet the crime was foully done, and the repentance was not very sincerely made; for the family name of his rival was for a time proscribed.

Sir William Wallace might have persevered at Falkirk with the Fabian and successful tactics which the chiefs had adopted previously. The army were not so much entangled that they could not have retreated without fighting. Comyn retired safely with his division early in the day, Wallace, after fighting during the day, and sustaining a defeat and loss, retired in excellent order, and burned the town of Stirling as he passed, for the reasons which induced the Russians to burn Moscow. It is evident therefore that they might have all retired, and quite as evident that Edward could not have pursued. The solution of the matter probably is, that Stewart and the Southern Scots wanted to fight because the English were between them and home. Comyn and the Northern Scots were between the English and their homes, and they could afford to exercise more patience. Wallace considered himself bound in honour to stand by Stewart, and risk an engagement in opposition to his system of tactics, which would have secured victory within a month. His retreat from that fatal field was one of those masterly movements in war that at once attest the genius of a commander and the excellent discipline of his soldiers. His conversation with Robert Bruce across the ravine, with the Carron flowing between them, tells a tale of profound self-possession that a great calamity could not shake. His personal reconre with, and slaughter of Sir Brian de Jaye, the Knight Templar, who headed the pursuit of the English, in Callendar wood, slackened the pace of the quickest rider in the southern host; and his destruction of Stirling testifies that the pursuit of infantry by horsemen was not very ardent, and that he forgot nothing.

The resignation of his power as guardian

occurred some time after, from a conviction that his authority was inadequate to combine the great Barons. If he fought at Falkirk against his own judgment on a point of honour, he may have decided upon that course in expiation of the error. It at least shows his own opinion of Comyn's honesty, as the employment of Wallace in an official capacity proves the opinion of his diplomacy entertained by the regents. The latter defended the country by a steady adhesion to their system, against numerous armies, in the three following years. These years were passed by Sir William Wallace in Paris, Rome, and Norway. He interested the French court and king in the Scotch cause, and obtained a bull from the Pope against further military proceedings by Edward in Scotland. He urged the Norwegian king to claim the crown of Scotland, to which he held a right, and, probably, hoped to combine the rival nobles in favour of a candidate superior to either of them in power and rank. Before this application, however, he had obtained the release of John Baliol, in whose name he had acted invariably, from the Tower of London, upon the condition that he would reside afterwards upon his French estates. The imprisonment of the unfortunate monarch ceased only upon the intervention of the Pope's Nuncio; but that friendly act, doubtless, originated in the application of Wallace, backed by the recommendation of Philip of France. The latter years of John Baliol were passed in peace upon his French estates. He survived his great general and minister by eight years; and lived to hear that Bannockburn had avenged the wrongs of both, but taken from him the shadow of a crown, which he never carried in peace, and his descendant in vain sought to recover. Baliol, like Comyn, suffers from the criticisms of historians upon his conduct. He once did homage to Edward at Brechin, according to them, for the Scottish kingdom, under the fear of personal violence. The feudal acknowledgements of the Scottish monarchs for those estates that they unfortunately held in England gave countenance to spurious claims, made by Edward I. John Baliol may have performed homage for his private estates, and Edward may have converted the act into homage for his crown; but in all nations deeds obtained by intimidation were considered invalid. The acknowledgment which appears to bear John Baliol's signature has been proved to be a worthless forgery. During all his long imprisonment in the Tower of London no resignation was obtained from him. An instrument of that nature, combined with the disavowal of Wallace and his wars, would have secured his release, and his transmission to France. He refused to execute them—for he must have been frequently invited to take that course; and he continued to acknowledge with gratitude the efforts of his regent to support the independence of the crown and the kingdom.

John Baliol's connexion with Scotland was a great calamity to him. He was owner, probably, of more land in Europe than any other subject, when

he succeeded by right to this northern throne. All the English estates belonging to Baliol, which extended over part of nine counties, were to be sold for his benefit, according to the contract between the Pope's legate and the king of England, upon his departure for France; but Edward observed no contracts, and immediately forfeited the estates in favour of his nephew. He seized the money belonging to Baliol, forfeited it also, but gave it to himself. Ability is, perhaps, the only good quality that belongs to the character of Edward I., and he converted it into crime. He was a bloody and deceitful man, who marred his own peace, died miserable, and his race sunk under calamities. And yet we have an example in current history of almost similar faithlessness to the rights of private property, in a neighbouring kingdom; only the Orleans estates were not bestowed upon a Buonaparte. Scotland might have prospered under the gentle rule of Baliol, as it prospered under his predecessors, if he had been permitted to reign in peace; but it was written that its liberties and prosperity were to originate in sufferings; and the desolating war of more than half a century, which crippled the power of the Norman monarchs, introduced the war of the roses, and founded the liberties of England, at a cost to both nations of more nearly two than one million of lives, originated curiously in an arbitration.

The diplomacy of Wallace in Paris obtained a short truce from England, which Comyn and Fraser improved at home. His visit to Rome excited the cupidity of the Pontiff, who raised a claim to the crown of Scotland, and embarrassed Edward much in his dealings with the question; for Winchester, the Archbishop of Canterbury, served upon his haughty temporal monarch, in presence of his nobles and his army, the mandate of his ecclesiastical superior. The claim of Rome to Scotland went very far back indeed—back through the mists of many ages, to the days of the Judges in Israel. We know in what manner Wallace would have dealt with the claim if it had become serious; but he pitted the Pope against the Norman with diplomatic talent equal to his military skill. Edward, at one period, offered him the crown of Scotland as his feudal inferior, but the bribe was spurned. During the residence of Wallace at Paris and Rome, the English king negotiated with these courts for the apprehension of their guest; but both rejected the infamous proposals of a monarch who entertained no scruples in his transactions with an enemy, and estimated others by that standard with which he was best acquainted—his own corrupt mind.

Edward led a splendid army into Scotland in 1300; but the commencement of the century was unfortunate to him, and little or nothing was done. The pontiff embarrassed the king with his claim. The barons of England wanted a redress of their grievances, and the regents of Scotland pursued their Fabian tactics, until a truce was formed at the close of the season, but never well observed.

The winter of 1301 was passed by Edward in Linlithgow, and during that year a semblance of peace was observed; but, upon the expiry of the truce, in 1302, Sir John Comyn and Sir Simon Fraser fought the battles of Roslin. Their forces were greatly reduced, and they only mustered eight thousand men. They had, however, seized a number of castles and strongholds that had been held by or for the English, and Sir John de Segrave, who was governor of Scotland, collected an army of twenty thousand men, and left Edinburgh to oppose their progress. The regents could not have successfully resisted this army if it had been kept together; but the men marched in three divisions, at a distance of several miles. Comyn and Fraser attacked Segrave's van early in a spring morning, and unexpectedly. This division was destroyed rapidly. Segrave was wounded and made prisoner, along with his brother, his son, and sixteen knights. Some of them were even caught in bed. The second column, under Ralph de Manton Comfrey, made a better resistance, but they were beaten by a late breakfast hour, and their commander was slain. The third, under Sir Robert de Neville, reinforced by the fugitives of two divisions, made a hard afternoon's battle, but they also were overpowered, scattered, and slaughtered. De Segrave had not suspected the vicinity of his enemies, and his gallant army were routed in three separate battles on one day. Their loss was great—equal, probably, to that of the Scots at Falkirk; for we fear that the victors, as usual, had no desire to make prisoners.

Towards the close of 1302, the Pope was advised to renounce his claim to the sovereignty of Scotland, notwithstanding its long descent; and he was induced to urge submission to Edward, on the Scottish nation, as a duty. At this period, Wallace, probably, made his second visit to France. He had to fight his way on both occasions; and a glimpse of the commerce of the country is derived from the fact that his second voyage was made in a ship carrying wool to France. The French king, Philip, concluded peace with England—but without arranging for Scotland; and, notwithstanding many promises of assistance, it would appear that Wallace returned home without any reasonable expectation of help from that quarter.

His report was not calculated to encourage Comyn and Fraser in their resistance to the English crown. Baliol had retired to France, and no hope remained that he would ever revisit the north country. Bruce was in the ranks of the English. Comyn of Galway had long made his submission. The leading nobility had abandoned the regent. Their money failed. Their commissariat could not be supplied. They were compelled to disband their army. Still, these heroic men persevered. Their lands were forfeited. Their friends were alienated, or slain—prisoners, or in exile; and, in 1303, they were reduced to the condition of outlaws. Wallace continued in their company, and many of their achievements were more astonishing at this

period than when they scattered their enemies at Roslin; but Edward held all the towns with a numerous army. Sir Thomas Maule, an ancestor of Lord Panmure's, kept his own house, Brechin Castle, for a longer period than any of the subordinate forts, against the English—but it was taken ultimately by Edward, although not until its intrepid proprietor perished on the walls.

While the cause of Scotland was reduced to this deplorable plight, Edward is said to have renewed the offer of the crown, under the condition of feudal inferiority to Sir William Wallace, but it was indignantly refused; and so, when early in 1304, Stirling Castle fell, the greatest and the last of the Scottish strongholds, and Edward made peace with the disaffected, upon the conditions that Sir John Comyn of Buchan, the regent, Sir Simon Fraser, Sir John Saulis, and Sir Thomas du Bois, should be exiled for two years, the young Steward of Scotland, and Sir David Graham, for shorter periods, Sir William Wallace was excepted, and a reward offered for his capture—living or dead.

The activity of Wallace in organising a new insurrection under the Bruce party, with whom he formed a correspondence after the peace between the regent Comyn, of Badenoch and Buchan, and Edward of England, was scarcely interrupted by the active search made for him. He was surrounded by friends who kept his secret when they could no longer give him support in the field. Edward Bruce, whose hatred of England was a passion, while that of his brother Robert was a policy, and who had long retired from the English Court, agreed to meet Wallace at one of his haunts near Glasgow, in August, 1305.

The story of his capture is told in different forms. He slept. A person whose brother he had slain, either while he was in the avowed or secret service of England, along with some followers, stole his arms and bugle, and attempted to bind him. He broke the cords, and with a piece of oak slew two of his aggressors. Finding escape from the house, which was surrounded by his enemies, impossible, he followed the advice of Sir John Monteith, the Governor for England of Dunbarton Castle, and surrendered. This is the popular account.

Monteith delivered his illustrious captive to Edward, claimed and received his reward. His memory has been held ever infamous in Scotland, and he nearly accomplished similar service against Robert Bruce, at a subsequent date. He has been styled the friend of Wallace, in aggravation of his treachery; but the statement has no foundation in history. He was an Anglo-Scot, a greedy knight, who preferred private to public interests—a traitor to his country, like a thousand more of its natural leaders; but probably one of only a very few among that thousand who would have earned infamy and money by this crime.

Wallace was tried at Westminster. A crown of laurel was placed upon his head by Edward's directions, who knew that he might have worn a

crown of gold. He was charged with treason, and answered that he was never a subject of Edward's, and could not be guilty of treason against that king. He was charged with levying war against the king, storming his castles, burning his towns, slaying his subjects—and he replied that in defence of his own land, and in repelling violence, he had taken several of the enemies' castles, burned some of their towns, and slain many of their brave subjects. His answers exhibited neither bravado nor equivocation. He expected no mercy, and he sought none—but plainly avowed and defended his conduct. Among the barons of England the chained prisoner stood the most dignified man. They were slaves—and he was free, in spirit, even while in bonds. Trial was a form in his case—and sentence had been long pronounced. He was ordered to be gibbeted, disembowelled, and his body burned—except his head, which was reserved for London Bridge; one arm kept for Newcastle, another for Berwick, his right foot for Perth, and his left for Aberdeen. He was conveyed from Westminster to the Tower, and from thence to Smithfield, where his sentence was executed to the letter. Edward insisted that no ecclesiastic should be permitted to converse with him; and while the gallant barons of England abandoned a noble foe to the mean cruelty of a malignant king, the highest ecclesiastic bowed his monarch's wrath—and Winchilsea, the Archbishop of Canterbury, told Edward that the Church must not suffer that infamy, and attended upon the patriot almost to his death. He was drawn on a hurdle to Smithfield, and on the way he requested Lord Clifford to restore his psalter, which he had carried from his early years. The book was given to him, and with this only memorial of Elderslie, amid the taunts of a mob, who knew not that he was the only freeman there, he commended his soul to God, and died, still in his early youth, leaving a name that will never perish in his own land, nor from the land of his martyrdom for freedom's sake. His death was followed by that of Sir Simon Fraser, in precisely the same manner, of the three brothers Seaton, who were more cruelly treated, and of others, who continued their opposition to the claims of Edward over Scotland.

That monarch now considered his conquest secure. It was the autumn of 1305. While yet the snow was on the ground, in the spring of 1306, Bruce had recommenced the war—which, more than ten years afterwards, he concluded deep in the heart of the English soil.

The popular idea of Wallace, from the number of his achievements, is that of a man who reached an advanced period of life. Nine years served to earn his imperishable renown; and the object of Edward's hatred was a young man of thirty years. In that short life he acquired the highest military renown, combining personal daring and strength with the science of a consummate general. He formed a system of military tactics, and drilled his raw recruits into phalanx of admirable strength.

He evinced administrative talent of a high order, and an anxiety for and estimate of the value of commerce, unusual in his age. He acquired all the learning of his country and his time, and was acquainted with at least the Latin and French languages. His diplomatic skill was equal to his military success. He was the champion of the common people, and would have reformed their domestic wrongs as he repelled their foreign assailants. He was the friend of law and the supporter of order in troublous times, and thus he clung to the cause of Baliol while even Bruce compromised and schemed for his own advantage. His honesty was incorruptible, and his patriotism without a stain. No man ever more completely forgot himself in the public interest; and "posterity," not always just to the great and the dead, have acknowledged him as the first man of his land—the prince of patriots, who, scorning a crown while he lived, has reigned and ruled over hearts for centuries.

And now they propose to build a monument to the man whose monument is Scotland—whose memorial is in every heart that values liberty, and the privileges wrung out of the prerogatives of Norman kings and the power of feudal chiefs. The proposal is just, but the execution may be weak. A monument to Wallace cannot be a pillar like Lord Melville's, or an ornament to a street like Sir Walter Scott's. The plan and the site are not matured. Some parties proposed a pyramid, bold and high, like the patriot's deeds, on the field of Stirling. That idea is, probably, more consistent with the man and his time than any other which

has been mentioned. But he does not now require a monument like a gauntlet of defiance, or towering to the sky from a battle-field. His services and his worth are not less warmly acknowledged in England than in Scotland. His value to English liberty was equal to his efforts for Scottish independence; while no people more fully acknowledge the merits of a foe than the English nation, especially a foe who battled for right, and emphatically of a man whose memory belongs to Britain—for he placed the union of its dissevered parts upon the only equitable, and, therefore, solid basis.

The memorial to Wallace might be a Chelsea Hospital, standing upon its own estate, environed by its own lands, a home to the worn and wounded soldier, a shelter to the orphans or the widows of the dead. Funds for this monument would be found. It would supply a want, and be a grateful and wise acknowledgment of present services and sufferings in memorial of past achievements and worth. The committee who have accepted this business should proceed with its execution, and first promulgate a scheme and a site. We have monuments of the man everywhere—the Forth and the Clyde, and the Cartlane rocks—every river from Spey to Tweed—every mountain side, from Ben Nevis to the Eildons, all our old strongholds, from Dunbarton to Dunnottar, from sea to sea, bear traditions of the patriot; but if we are to make a common centre to all in one spot, it should be done worthily, and for that work activity and energy are requisite to clear us from another national disgrace—beginning to build without counting the cost.

AS ONE BY ONE OUR FRIENDS DEPART.

By L. M. THORNTON.

As one by one our friends depart,
 So long united to the heart,
 In joy and sorrow too:
 Thou, who didst weep, forgive the tear,
 Who didst console, now deign to cheer,
 Who saidst, "Fear not," bid us not fear,
 And peace of mind renew.

At most but a few years can glide,
 Ere each shall join the lov'd one's side—
 Soul cheering promise giv'n:
 They are "not lost, but gone before,"
 Have cross'd the river, reach'd the shore,
 And from th' Eternal heights look o'er,
 And beckon us to Heav'n!