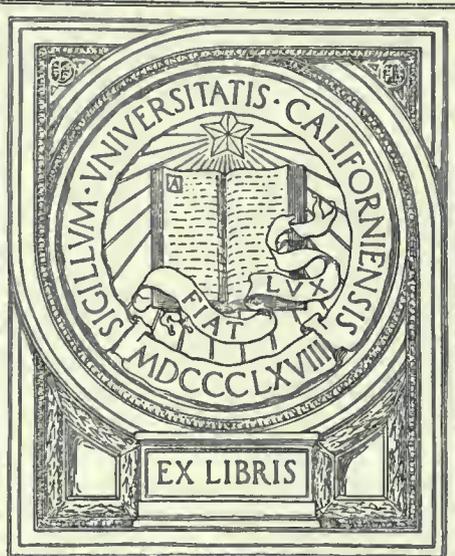


A dark silhouette of Edinburgh Castle, showing its various towers and battlements, set against a lighter, textured background. The silhouette is positioned at the top of the book cover.

THE STORY OF
EDINBURGH
CASTLE · BY
L. WEIRTER

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THE STORY OF
EDINBURGH CASTLE



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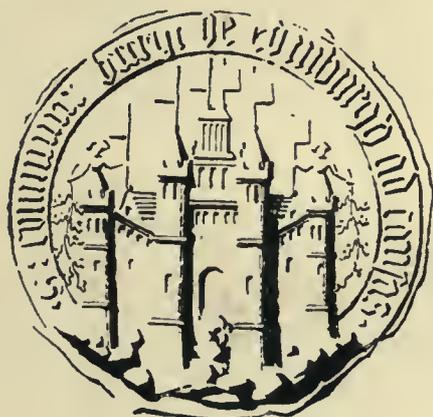


THE STORY OF EDINBURGH CASTLE

BY LOUIS WEIRTER R.B.A.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
PROFESSOR PATRICK GEDDES

WITH SIXTEEN COLLOTYPES AND AN ETCHED
FRONTISPIECE BY THE AUTHOR ALSO EIGHT
DRAWINGS IN LINE BY MONRO S. ORR AND
END-PAPERS DESIGNED BY OTTO SCHLAPP Ph.D.



UNIVERSITY OF
EDINBURGH

LONDON
GEORGE G. HARRAP & COMPANY
PORTSMOUTH STREET KINGSWAY W.C.
MCMXIII



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INTRODUCTION

IT must be twenty years and more since Mr. Weirter and I made acquaintance ; when he joined the cheerful company and helped the opening festival of one of those groups of students, happily mingled with artists, who in hostel after hostel of Castlehill and Lawnmarket and St. Giles were in those days initiating for Edinburgh the adoption of that free and informal mode of associated life from which the historic colleges of mediæval universities have been a further but not always a more vital development. And I speak here first of this little fellowship of University Hall, not only as having afforded our initial and enduring personal tie, but as having set its stamp upon us both, since common environment and associated action ever tend toward unity of interest and harmony of spirit. For our association of 'town and gown'—of individual citizen and student then, and as yet, but planned to steep and spread into University and City in no very distant morrow—was already foreseeing, in this union of artist and student, the educational future, in which the old schism between knowledge and beauty, the long separation of learning and art, and of these from the common life, shall be abated. More than this, it was also forefeeling an opening civic future, through which our romantic old town, largely fallen though it has been for generations into squalor and even ruin, should yet be worthily conserved, maintained, renewed. From our vantage-points among its highest outlooks we could already foresee its recovered precedence over the New Town, which with all its stateliness is, and can be, but the foremost mansion-suburb of the historic city. To the rightful denizens of this—the innumerable company of lawyers made perfect, who well-nigh to a man, as fame has so long made known, and social survey can but confirm, exceed those of all other cities in scrupulous conformities, in conscious respectabilities, and all the other formal virtues, and whose dynamic attitude, that of criticism, is correspondingly practised and displayed—to these, I say, our dreams have naturally appeared but vain, as indeed they do to this day, and even to most of those fathers of either City or

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University who mistakenly persist in inhabiting that dangerously chilling neighbourhood. Still, our fraternity has managed to survive; and as little by little we have cleansed and gardenized, repaired and built, our dreams have developed, our plans and town-plans with them, until we are well-nigh ready to leave to our successors in these first hostels of Old Edinburgh not merely the project, but a clear and organized, albeit plastic and adaptive, design for the 'Historic Mile,' nothing short of the phoenix-like renewal of the ancient capital as a modern one. With this too may advance that rejuvenescence of its University, which has long and at many points been in unmistakable if tardy progress, as henceforth largely a residential one, yet withal not less democratic than in its best days, with its modest halls and courts mingled among the homes and gardens of the people; and it may be, yet more vitally and closely knit with their own renewing purpose and joy of life than even were the friaries of old, or are the settlements of to-day.

Thus, even within the opening generation Old Edinburgh may again be no less significant than in its bygone days of patriotic defence or of religious initiative, of political intensity or of philosophic thought. Indeed, why not more than ever? For what if that rarest of historic marvels, that of a city's too rare culture-blossoming and architectural renewal, be after all a simple and an opening life-secret—that which lies plain before us in the growing child, the interaction of bodily and mental life, of health and happiness as sound and sane—material conditions and higher activities evolving together? Even for the academic town, though Edinburgh, past or future, is far more, our associated endeavours from the very first have begun to show how it may readily, even speedily, be made a no insignificant nor less individual third to those two most magnificent of the material creations of collegiate life in the past, the 'Backs' in Cambridge, the 'High' of Oxford. For, unapproachably splendid in their way though these two monumental perspectives be, here is a yet fuller civic, national, and historic seat, in the most nobly romantic and inspiring setting; and this for learning and its professions,

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and up to their highest applications and expressions in literature or for art ; and with its innumerable study windows, befitting a city of thought, each commanding some synthetic yet changeful view and vision of city and country, mountain and sea and sky, hardly surpassed by that which of old aided the thought of Athens to its encyclopædic syntheses, which stirred it to creative idealisms. Where better can youth recall the long pageant of the historic past, and thence proceed to grapple with the tangled tasks of the present, or search into its problems, and finally plan and strive toward the opening future, than upon this long sky-line which runs from the Abbey ruins and the Palace towers up to the yet more varied and historic Castle, and which thus sums up against the sky the past, the present, and something of the opening future ; and all this scarce less dramatically and far more comprehensively than in any other great city-view in the world ? For in the high outlooks of the classic cities so full a presentment of recent and present times is lacking, while from the towering heights of new-world centres we miss the rich perspective of the past. Here, moreover, the presentment is complete and emphatic enough to be more than a local record ; and to be broadly representative, and to a scarcely less striking degree, of the main institutions and monuments of the long history of civilization. It is no less than this social and civic completeness which gives the central panorama of Edinburgh its impressiveness to every eye. Scott's work was indeed above all an evidence of this and an earnest of more : and thus, when that tragic pre-eminence in the diseases of overcrowding amid which the University has so justly won and ever and again renews her medical fame has been cleansed away for good, and her most crowded school thus falls to mere provincial magnitude, she may bestir herself to the shaping of a new Faculty of Civics, with a School of Sociology perhaps no less pre-eminent in its turn.

Here then, and indeed more fully stated than either of us has realized before, are the deep ties which after so many years have brought our artist-author and his preface-writer together—fitly at first as players in one of the masques with which we have

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been celebrating the semi-jubilee of our pro-collegiate and civic endeavour ; and now, fitly again, between these bookish boards, as lovers of Old Edinburgh, and each therefore in his own way intimate with its initial, central, culminating feature, the rock-built Castle.

Edinburgh, though fruitful in young ability and aspiration and rich in educative resource and influence, has ever been one of the sternest mothers ; chary of claiming, even accepting, her children's aid, but sending them forth throughout the world to seek what fortune may send. Yet few can forget her charm, and many at one phase or another of life "return with a natural and salmon-like affection to the place of their rearing." And these feel more than before the simple pride and pleasure of their youth in her antique stones, since now their very dust is felt to lie deep with memories dear. Here then is an essential cause of this book, and the spirit of its drawings and its tales together. To set forth the old, heroic Heritage of the past, to recognize mingled with this the sombre Burden, is an ever-renewing task of the arts : the harper and saga-man of old, the minstrel and the ballad-singer, the romancer and historian, and now the etcher and writer of to-day are in one true and continuous succession. It may seem long since Sir Walter first adequately revealed Edinburgh and its region to Scotland and the world ; and since then, after the memorable generation he kindled again to Cavalier and to Puritan idealisms, we have had that long reaction into a coalition of the defects of both, from which we are again seeking escape. Till two generations ago and less the name of Scot has stood throughout the world with and for the noblest—witness, at simplest, the proverbial phrases of France—not only *Fier comme un Écossais*, or even *Hospitalier comme un Écossais*, but also, and this through history most truly of all, *Généreux comme un Écossais* : for who have ever held friendship and honour more high, and life more lightly ? But to-day, wherever English is spoken, have not the commonest associations of 'Scotch' come to be but with drink and with bawbees ? Nor are these undeserved ; these vile thirsts and obsessions in which we thus are acclaimed by our imitators to

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excel are at once the essence and the nemesis of the coalition aforesaid, that of old mysticisms decayed with ambitions degraded. And our city would not be that well-nigh perfect expression of Scottish and of general history and civilization as which we have claimed it did it not to-day stamp itself upon every eye by its long lines of public-houses and slums, by the perhaps yet more ominously towering 'first-class hotels' which confront them, and above all by a bank and an advertisement office upon the fullest level of magnificence, in fact the only two nobly situated buildings of our time upon which wealth has been poured out like water.

But now again the times are changing, and we with them. The generation which will be remembered in history as most identified with the material growth of towns, but these debased with dull prosperity and drugged into squalid sleep, is now lapsing from its ill-used power, and a new age of Cities is beginning. Is this not plain to the reader? Not yet plain in Edinburgh or in London it may be confessed, though indications are not lacking; yet here, where I am writing, it is plain to every citizen, and even manifesting itself before every child. For this old city of Ghent is *en fête*—a city to many seeming now merely provincial, and of course a long way outside Brussels, yet none the less the most historic and monumental of all the regional capitals of the longest civilized and most civilizing region of Northern Europe, this great delta of the Netherlands, of which the 'Great Powers' are still in too many ways but the lagging hinterlands or the outlying isles.

This main fête of Ghent is a world-exhibition, and that in many ways of the best; above all to be remembered beyond its material wonders, as of radiology, aviation and the rest, for having given the clearest expression in the world as yet of a conception long and slowly struggling toward utterance at many points in England and America alike, and not least in Edinburgh—and now soon to be familiar throughout the world as a new objective for thought, a new goal for policy—that of the Revival of Cities. For here in one palace, worthily metropolitan, are shown forth the civic services of Paris, after seeing which the purest of political fools will

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not so readily again sneer "Gas and Sewage." Then near this a noble 'Square Communal' is formed by the palaces of the four greatest cities of the land, Ghent, Antwerp, Brussels, Liège. The nearest doorway to this square is that of the most varied and many-sided of Civic and Town-Planning Exhibitions as yet brought together; and beside it has just met the 'First International Congress of Cities,' with representation from a hundred and more all the way from Aberdeen to Bucharest, at which the burgo-master and councillor and engineer have sat in unwonted converse with the historian, the idealist, and the artist. Almost as I write an hour-long tercentenary pageant has marched and ridden by, to the unveiling of a great monument to the city's worthies of yet earlier centuries, the brothers Van Eyck; and from this the young King has gone on to open the garden fêtes, and to encourage the new agricultural village.

And so on: the Revivance of Cities is in actual progress; and here, if any still doubt, we have a kilometre and more of plan-covered walls to confirm it; though of course how long our Rip Van Winkles may snore, or, if awakened, feel puzzled or determinedly incredulous, is a quite different matter.

Enough, however, of Ghent for the present; it is time to come home to Edinburgh, where with all its beauty the seasons are late and it is chilly in the morning.

Pending the approaching Revivance of Edinburgh, what better task than to be thus recording its central monument and heritage with Mr. Weirter, to be interpreting its broadest aspects with Dr. Schlapp, to be redesigning its pageant of memories, as Mr. Orr in his turn is doing? In such ways artists, writers, and readers have come together before now; and, when the time is but a little more ripe, we too may join hands in the coming Masque of Arousal.

PATRICK GEDDES

EXPOSITION COMPARÉE DES VILLES

(Cities and Town-Planning Exhibition)

GHENT: August 1913

CHAPTER I : *Once Upon a Time*

CHAPTER I : *Once Upon a Time*

FOR the few who have an eye for the beauty of townscapes, Edinburgh is still the loveliest thing in Scotland. The grey city of the North, mantled in her delicate mists, and lifting proudly her rude spears of rock, flings her fierce head against the sky, brooding always as men come and go in the busy streets and the narrow closes beneath. About her beaten stones cling many shadowy tales of laughter and of tears, of love and desire and hate; of mail-clad chivalry and lurking crime. Tier on tier it rises from the estuary of the river to its crowning pride—the gaunt rock on which stands its Castle. “The rude, rough fortress,” of which Burns sang :

gleams afar
Like some bold vet'ran, grey in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar ;
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

But now its rooms are drab and tenantless. The colour is gone from them—the flush of passionate life, the ring of song and merry-making, the murmur of soft voices, and the odour of wine and roses, are no more.

Of its infancy, far removed in the twilight of the

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ages, there is nothing more than conjecture. Before the Roman invasion the rock reared a vastly greater bulk amidst a wilderness of forest. The wandering tribesmen of early Caledonia fought hard for the majestic rampart as a site for their capital—now triumphant, now repulsed. Geologists state that the rock is believed to have been a molten mass which cooled in the throat of a volcano. Hugh Miller gives a vivid picture of the time when the waters once swept down in two channels, to right and left of the rock, leaving a long ridge down the eastern side which forms Castle Hill and the High Street.

But more modern geologists show that the rock is the plug of the old Edinburgh volcano—the mass of lava that cooled and solidified within the throat when there was no longer eruptive force sufficient to eject it.

This plug has been left standing aloft when the softer surrounding material was removed by the grinding action of the great ice-sheet that covered Scotland during the ice-age.

To the west, south, and north of the rock are hollows scoured out by the moving ice, and to the east is the long height on which the High Street is built, left as a ridge because protected by the hard volcanic rock.

Various theories are current concerning the remote history of this natural fortress at one time almost inaccessible. According to that genial and invaluable chronicler, Thomas Stow, the Castle was

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supposed to have been built by the designer of Bamburgh Castle. In his *Summarie of Englyshe Chronicles* he says :

“Ebranke, the sonne of Mempricius, was made ruler of Britayne; he had, as testifieth Policronica, Ganfride, and others, twenty-one wyves, of whom he received twenty sonnes and thirty daughters; whyche he sente into Italye, there to be maryed to the blood of the Trojans. In Albanye (now called Scotlande) he edified the castell of Alclude which is Dumbrityn (Dumbarton); he made the castell of Maydens, now called Edinbrough; he made also the castell of Banburgh in the 23rd yere of his reign. He buylded Yorke citie, wherein he made a temple to Diana, and set there an Arch-flame; and there was buried when he had reigned 49 yeres.”

The most ancient name of which we have a record is Castel-Mynyd Agned, signifying the fortress on the hill of Agnes; but it was known to the Ancient Britons as Castel Mynedh Agnedh, the maidens' or virgins' castle, since it was used by the Pictish kings and nobles as a place of safe keeping for their daughters. From the fifth century to the reign of Malcolm there seem to have been continuous struggles for the fortress between the Picts and the Saxons of Northumbria, each being alternately victorious. But in the seventh century, the Saxons, under the leadership of Edwin, the most powerful of the petty kings of Northumbria, decisively repulsed

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the Picts. The Castle was then rebuilt, according to tradition, with stones from a quarry at Craigmillar, and the name Edwinsburgh affixed itself to the settlement existing on the ridge. Thus both it and the Castle became known as Edinburgh, though the Celts moulded the name into a closer affinity with their language, and called it Dun Edin—the face of the hill.

This settlement formed a nucleus around which the town has gradually arisen. Tradition has it that Edwin succeeded in conquering Scotland as far north as the Forth, while his territory extended as far south as the Humber. His successor, Egfrid, was not so fortunate, for in a great battle with the Picts, under Brude, he was himself killed, and the remnants of his army, with terrific slaughter, were driven across the border, never to return again. This decisive battle, which was fought in 685, was the finish of the Saxon monarchy. Thereafter, the defeated Northumbrians were confined to their country south of the Tweed; and Dunedin became once more the stronghold and the capital of the Scots and Britons.

A hamlet of a sort had already begun to show itself, and the Church of St. Giles, a structure of primitive type, became a chaplainry of the ancient see of Lindisfarne. The church was built of wood because it was popularly believed that in the year 1000 the world would come to an end. Scotch caution, even in religious matters, showed itself thus early in this frugality in the use of less easily wrought

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material for the raising of an edifice whose permanence was by no means assured.

Caution in erecting expensive buildings as the year 1000 approached was not, however, confined to Scotland—the belief was universal throughout Europe, and it had a considerable effect on architecture.

At this point occurs a hiatus in the history of Edinburgh and its Castle. For a period of four hundred years, dating from the regaining of Dunedin by the British, nothing is known. It is not until the reign of Malcolm II is reached that the historian can catch up the threads of its story. Owing to the destruction of the national records by Edward I, and again by Cromwell, one has to attempt to fill the gaps from casual tradition, and by research in other quarters. According to Buchanan, Grime the usurper, in 996, waged a series of bloodthirsty sea-fights with the Danes who attempted to invade the country, and totally destroyed their galleys. After this effort he seems to have wearied of blood and toil, and to have changed from a hardy warrior to a self-indulgent man of peace. His Queen, it appears, took up her residence at the Castle, and Grime seems to have been well contented that she should do so.

He left her to her own devices, and pursued the pleasures of the chase among the woods of Polmood. Like many another hunter, he caught a finer game than he set out to seek. Fate laid a snare for him,

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and brought to his notice here, by a chance meeting, a beautiful maiden named Bertha of Badlieu. (The very name lends itself to a ballad of love and adventure and high endeavour.) He forgot his lady in the castle—"out of sight, out of mind." The charms of chasing the white bull seemed suddenly to pall; not so the life of the joyous greenwood. His men sought him, and sought in vain; he had found a new quarry, and a new zest for the chase.

In course of time a son was born to the hapless pair; and to the Queen, isolated in the Castle, came news of it. Whereat she was—and justly—moved to queenly fury, and vowed vengeance on the beautiful Bertha. Fate guided her hand. In due time Grime seems to have found that even the fair Bertha and the infant son were pleasures whose capacity to satisfy was not unlimited; or else the man within him urged him to action against his old enemies, who had recommenced their forays. In any case, it was—up and away and to war again! News of this came to the Queen, and a band of low fellows was at once dispatched to Badlieu.

Bertha and her infant son were slain. Into one grave they were thrown, and over their bodies the murderers heaped a cairn. Then, the thirst for vengeance being slaked, the Queen took to her bed and died—fortunately for her—before the return of her lord. He had inflicted a crushing blow on the Danes, and came, flushed with victory, to Bertha,

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carrying to his love the first story of the fight. He found only the cairn !

Sick with despair, he commanded that the grave be opened that he might gaze upon the remains of his loved ones. With them he seems to have buried his heart and his fortune ; for, after this unhappy love-venture, his story becomes a tragic and terrifying moral lesson. The way of the transgressor is hard, and Grime paid dearly for his false step. The subsequent narrative is not clear, and rests only on tradition, but it is fitting. It runs to the effect that his love-sickness lay so grievously upon him that he lost all interest in living, and plunged madly into war with Malcolm. At the crucial battle he was deserted by his army, and taken prisoner by Malcolm. His eyes were torn out ; prolonged tortures were inflicted on him ; and he died in the deepest misery in the eighth year of his reign.

Thereafter commences the authentic history of the Castle, with the story of Malcolm III, and Margaret, his beautiful and pious Queen.

CHAPTER II : *Queen Margaret*

CHAPTER II : *Queen Margaret*

THE first epoch of importance in the history of the Castle is reached with the advent of the Malcolms. The romantic story of Malcolm III and his wooing of Queen Margaret, is one of the bright episodes in Scottish history. Malcolm's father, Duncan, was slain by Macbeth, and Shakespeare in his *Tragedy of Macbeth*, with his customary licence, has made Margaret the mother of Malcolm instead of his wife. Macduff is made to say:

*The Queen that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived.*

She was a very beautiful woman, and her life in the Castle of Edinburgh was one long story of piety and kindness, of tending the poor in sickness, of feeding the hungry, and of aiding the oppressed. Legend credits her with feeding three hundred people daily at the Castle gates, waiting upon them on her bended knee, like a vassal of her household. Not only did she sacrifice her own rich robes and treasures for the benefit of the poor about her home, but on more than one occasion she drained the treasury to succour them in their need.

Her first meeting with Malcolm was the work of accident, and took place in the picturesque setting of an escape from vengeful pursuers, a storm at sea, and a shipwreck on a rocky coast. Margaret left England

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after the death of Harold about 1067 because of the Conquest by William of Normandy. After many minor adventures, she reached the Forth in safety, but was caught in a storm and wrecked on a part of the estuary known to this day as St. Margaret's Hope. (The exact landing place is perhaps a little vague, as in some chronicles it is referred to as "the landing place of the headland" at Rosyth.) It would seem clear, however, that after finding shelter in St. Margaret's Hope, she, with her brother the Atheling, her mother and sister, and the refugee English lords, gained the mainland, and were there nobly received by Malcolm Canmore, who had himself once received Saxon hospitality whilst in exile.

During the days that followed, Malcolm, with the ardour of his time and race, pursued Margaret and true love, and eventually gained his reward at Dunfermline, when she became his Consort and Queen of Scotland. With inspired wisdom, he placed in her hands the internal polity of his kingdom, and she, inspired in her turn, ministered to him in such ways as would most gratify him. His meals were served to him on dishes of gold and silver, but so illiterate was he that he was unable to read the dainty missals which his tender wife wrought and presented to him from time to time. He would show his appreciation of these loving tokens by pressing them solemnly to his bosom and kissing them reverently.

Five children blessed their union—three sons,



MONRO S. ORR

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Edward, Edgar, and David, and two daughters, the elder of whom, Matilda, lived to become the popular queen of Henry I of England. Until her death, which took place in a tower of the Castle, destroyed later in the great siege of 1573, Margaret lived with her children in a state of quiet happiness that was unusual in royal families of the period. Among the monuments remaining to her memory is the little oratory near the Mons Meg Battery, the predecessor of which on the same site she herself built as a private chapel during her residence at the Castle. Outwardly it possesses all the charm of simplicity, and is regarded as the oldest and the smallest Chapel Royal in Scotland. The mixed masonry work in the south wall will at once attract the attention of the archæologist since it illustrates the various periods of restoration. To the casual observer it suggests a patchwork device in stone. The measurements of the nave of this tiny house of prayer will give some idea of its general size; it measures within but 16 feet by 10 feet! A modern western entrance has been built up, and the ancient one re-opened at the north-west corner of the nave, giving on to the Mons Meg Battery.

The chancel, which is semicircular, is divided from the nave by a fine Norman arch, decorated with zigzag mouldings, with, on the exterior, a border of lozenge-shaped ornaments. The plain barrel roof of the nave has been restored in ashlar, and the old coved roof has been re-plastered, so that little is left of the

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original. The small round-headed windows which fill the chancel with a dusky light now carry stained glass. The eastern one commemorates a lady recently connected with the Castle. The other in the chancel represents St. Margaret, and the two on the south side of the nave represent Malcolm Canmore and their son, David I. The window in the east gable bears the sacred monogram, and this Latin inscription :—*H. Ædicula Beatæ Margaritæ Scotm. Reginae quæ ob. A.D. MXCIII patriæ ingrata negligentia lapsa auspiciis Victoriæ Margaritæ prognatæ restituta A.D. MDCCCLIII.* For some years the oratory was used as a powder magazine, but largely by the zealous efforts of Dr. Daniel Wilson and others, it was recovered from such base uses, and was, as the inscription shows, restored in 1853. The restoration extended practically to the entire building. The arch dividing the apse from the nave was happily preserved intact, and in some of its crevices one may still find vestiges of the colouring with which the chapel was illuminated in the fourteenth century. The original Norman stone font has been replaced by a replica, given by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and here all children of the soldiers' families who are born within the Castle walls are christened.

To this quaint little shrine Queen Margaret would daily resort, and she spent many silent hours in prayer for the safety of her family and the Scottish army

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during the siege of Alnwick Castle, then held by William Rufus. It was the news of the result of this expedition that brought about her death. She was already suffering from severe illness, brought on by exposure while pursuing her acts of devotion during a cruel winter, and when the story came that Malcolm and their eldest son had both fallen in battle, she died of grief two days later, on November 16, 1093, in her forty-seventh year.

Bishop Turgot, in his *Life of St. Margaret*, has left a touching picture of the deathbed scene. In her last moments she lifted her hands to heaven, saying in a faint but unquavering voice : “ Praise and blessing be to Thee, Almighty God, that Thou hast been pleased to make me endure so bitter anguish in the hour of my departure, thereby, as I trust, to purify me in some measure from the corruption of my sins ; and Thou, Lord Jesus Christ, who through the will of the Father, has enlivened the world by Thy death, oh, deliver me ! ” Uttering the last two words she peacefully closed her eyes and died. A few hours previous to her death she had been carried to mass in her little chapel, holding in her hands a crucifix of gold decorated with an ivory figure, enclosing a relic, a fragment of the true cross, which became known as ‘ the black rood of Scotland.’

On hearing of the death of his brother Malcolm on the battlefield, Donald Bane, who on the usurpation of Macbeth had taken refuge in the Isles,

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proclaimed himself King, and at the head of an army of wild Highlanders from the West, clad in their primitive dress of deerhide, marched on Edinburgh. His immediate object was to take the life of Edgar, the youthful heir to the throne, while the Court and family, then lodged within the Castle walls, were mourning their triple loss. Relying on the almost inaccessible rock to hold his prey, Donald Bane, "The Fair-headed," determined to secure the regular access facing the town on the east side. But fate was against him. Through a postern on the west side, down a steep declivity of the rock, the children escaped, and through it a few days later the body of Margaret was secretly conveyed and taken to Dunfermline Abbey. There is a legend to the effect that, during the escape, a miraculous mist arose from the sea which veiled the cortège from the view of the insurgents, and covered it for a distance of nine miles until it had crossed the Forth.

Margaret was canonized by Pope Innocent IV in 1251, and at the Reformation the Abbot removed her head in a jewelled casket, and fled with it to a Jesuit settlement at the Castle. Just before the birth of her son James, Queen Mary had the head of Queen Margaret brought to her at Edinburgh Castle, that she might receive benefit from the presence of the sacred relic. After her enforced flight, the relic remained for some time in safe custody in Scotland; it was afterward taken successively to Antwerp and



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to Douai, and in the French Revolution it disappeared. The bodies of Margaret and Malcolm are said to have reached the church of St. Lawrence in the Escorial, but apparently they are not now identifiable there.

Her son Edgar, who had fled to England to seek the protection of his uncle, Edgar Atheling, returned and recaptured the throne at the point of the sword. Fourteen years later he died at the Castle, and was succeeded by Alexander I. At this stage we find definite signs that Edinburgh was recognized as a Royal Borough and residence; and, indeed, many local features still existing trace their origin to the time of David I, heir to Alexander. He founded the abbey of Holyrood, on the site on which it stands to-day. Among the many gifts of the founder to his new monastery were the churches of the Castle and St. Cuthbert's, and one plot of land belonging to the latter is marked by "the fountain which rises near the king's garden on the road leading to St. Cuthbert's Church." The full story of the well and the garden, however, comes at a later stage in the history of the Castle.

King David, it will be remembered, is the central figure in the legend of The White Hart, which, Daniel Wilson says, probably had its origin in some real occurrence magnified by the superstition of a rude and illiterate age. It is recorded that on Rood Day, the 14th of September, in the harvest of 1128, King

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David, in the fourth year of his reign, was residing at the Castle which was surrounded by “ane gret forest, full of hartis, hyndis, toddis, and sic like manner of beistis.” After the celebration of mass on Rood Day, contrary to the dissuasions of a holy canon named Alkwine,¹ he yielded to the solicitations of some of his nobles and set forth to hunt. Whilst riding through “the vail that lyis to the eist fra the said Castell, quhare now lyis the Canongeite,” the noise of the bugles aroused the wild beasts of the forest and brought them from their dens. By some mischance the King was separated from his party, and his horse flung him heavily to the ground. As he arose, bruised and shaken, he found himself confronted with a huge white stag, wearing a fearsome set of horns. Immediately, it lowered its head to attack him. The delinquent King drew his short hunting sword and prepared to defend himself as best he might, when there appeared before him a silver cloud, out of which swam a cross of surpassing beauty. Stretching out his hand in mute astonishment, he seized the emblem, whereupon the stag fled away through the valley. After some minutes’ rest, during which he sought to recover his senses, he returned to the Castle, chastened and humiliated. But the avenging spirit had not yet finished with him. No sooner had he fallen asleep on a couch in his apartment than there appeared to him

¹ Alkwine was head of the Augustinian Monks then resident in Edinburgh Castle, and is often referred to as David’s Confessor. He was the first Abbot of Holyrood House.

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the patron saint of Scotland, St. Andrew, who instructed him that on the spot where his erring life had been spared, he should found a monastery for the canons of St. Augustine. Here, accordingly, he built the Abbey of Holyrood, where the miraculous cross was preserved.

Before the completion of the Abbey, the monks were accommodated in the Castle, and occupied a building which was originally a nunnery ; but it was deemed expedient to transfer the nuns elsewhere, for, as was truly stated, monks were "fitter to live among soldiers than the nuns."

David, who was one of the earliest monarchs to occupy the Castle as a permanent residence, was one of the finest of Scotland's royal line. Of an easy, democratic manner, he spent most of his leisure in the cultivation of his garden and in the study of horticulture. He was found dead in the priory of Hexham whilst on his knees at prayer, and in the year 1153 his grandson Malcolm succeeded to the throne.

CHAPTER III : *Dark Days*

CHAPTER III : *Dark Days*

HIS kindness won for King David the affections of his subjects. Aldred says : “ I have seen him quit his horse and dismiss his hunting equipage when even the humblest of his subjects desired an audience ; he sometimes employed his leisure hours in the culture of his garden, and in the philosophical amusement of budding and engrafting trees.” He was succeeded by his grandson Malcolm the Fourth, who reigned for twelve years, during which the Castle seems to have enjoyed a time of comparative peace. Malcolm had made Scone his capital, so that, although he frequently resided in the Castle, perhaps Edinburgh did not figure so much in the story of his life. In 1153 he appointed Galfrid de Melville, of Melville in Lothian, to be governor of the fortress. De Melville proved himself a very prudent ruler and was a great benefactor to the monks there in residence. When Malcolm died in 1165 the succession fell to William, his eldest brother, known as William the Lion, who resided at Haddington and continued doing so long after his coronation ; but many of his state documents are dated and inscribed “ *Apud monasterium Sanctae Crucis de Castello.*”

William disturbed the harmony which had prevailed between the two countries during his father's reign by invading England at the head of 80,000 men and ravished the northern counties, but he was captured

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near Alnwick—it is said treacherously—and treated in a barbarous fashion. His release, however, was speedily arranged by the surrender of the Castle of Edinburgh to the English King as a pledge for a ransom of £100,000. Fortunately for Scotland that which was lost in war was restored through a romantic incident; a marriage was arranged between William and Ermengarde de Beaumont, a cousin of Henry, and the Castle was given as a dowry to the new Queen. It had been held by an English garrison for nearly twelve years. The next important event in the history of the Castle took place when Alexander the Second, the son of William, convened his first Parliament within its walls on his accession in 1215; and a still further prominence was given to Edinburgh by a provincial synod being held in the city by Cardinal l'Aleran, the legate of Pope Gregory the Ninth. It is noteworthy that one of the eight monasteries of the mendicant order founded by Alexander in various parts of Scotland stood on the site of the present University building on South Bridge. More eventful times were in store for the Castle during the long reign of Alexander III, who succeeded his father in 1233. After his coronation he took up his residence in the old fortress, where a bard, or sennachie, recited to him a Gaelic poem containing a recital of the King's ancestors from the time of Fergus. This bard was probably Thomas the Rhymer, who was during this period at the height of his reputation.



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It is interesting to note that these minstrels not only sang to the harp verses composed by themselves, but they accompanied their songs with mimicry and action, which were much admired in those rude times and supplied the want of more refined entertainment. Alexander became betrothed to Margaret, the daughter of Henry III of England, and nine years later, in 1251, their marriage was celebrated at York.

The Queen, who was only fifteen, was greatly disappointed at the Castle as a residence, describing it as "a sad and solitary place, without verdure and by reason of its vicinity to the sea, unwholesome," and she complained that she was not permitted to make excursions through the kingdom, nor to choose her female attendants. The disappointment of the girl-Queen suggests that in those days the Castle was more of a stronghold than a residence, and had undergone some change from the days of Queen Margaret, the wife of Canmore, who lived within its walls in comparative comfort.

Although very young, Alexander presided at the assemblies for the transaction of public affairs, which were held, it is believed, in St. Margaret's Chamber—the room in which Queen Margaret died.

During Alexander the Third's reign the Castle, under its governor William of Kinghorn, was greatly repaired and its fortifications were considerably strengthened; not only the Regalia of Scotland but all the records were in its safe keeping.

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The English King Henry's ambition was to annex Scotland, an ambition viewed by a considerable portion of the Scottish community with a certain amount of satisfaction. The kingdom consequently became divided into two rival parties; one favoured the English King, and the other, which was bitterly against the proposal, held possession of Edinburgh and its Castle. However, unfortunately for the nationalists, whilst they were engaged in preparing for a Parliament to be held at Stirling, the Earl of March, Alan Dureward, and other leaders surprised and captured the Castle. The royal pair, who had been kept more or less in a state of captivity, were then liberated, and eventually we find them holding an interview with Henry at Wark Castle in Northumberland. The Castle continued to be the chief residence of Alexander during the remainder of his reign, and he held his courts and conducted judicial affairs within its walls up to the time of his tragic death on the shores of Fife in 1290.

And now Edinburgh Castle enters into the darkest chapters of its history, and we find many tales of bloody deeds and wars. Bruce, Baliol, and others claimed succession to the throne, and on the pretext that he would arbitrate in the dispute, the wily Plantagenet, Edward the First of England, advanced across the border and pushed on to Edinburgh, where he laid siege to the Castle.

Great damage was done to the buildings by the

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military "engines" of the English soldiers, and after fifteen days the Castle capitulated on the 11th of June 1291. Edward left a garrison of English soldiers with Sir Radulf Basset de Drayton as governor; he ransacked the entire fortress of its records and the other contents of its treasury, a list of which was drawn up and included the famous Black Rood of Scotland. Edward ordered some of the records to remain in the Castle under the care of Basset, but the more important ones were brought to England, and those that dealt with the old independence of Scotland were all destroyed and the remainder allowed to decay in the Tower of London.

On the 8th of July 1292 we find Edward once more at the Scottish capital, where, styling himself "Lord Paramount of Scotland," he received within St. Margaret's Chapel the enforced oath of fealty from Adam, Abbot of Holyrood; John, Abbot of Newbattle; Sir Brian le Jay, Preceptor of the Scottish Templars; the Prior of St. John of Jerusalem; and Christine, Prioress of Emanuel, in Stirlingshire.

After the Bruce's refusal to accept the crown, Edward decided in favour of John Baliol, and issued orders to the captains of all Scottish castles to deliver them up to John, King of Scotland.

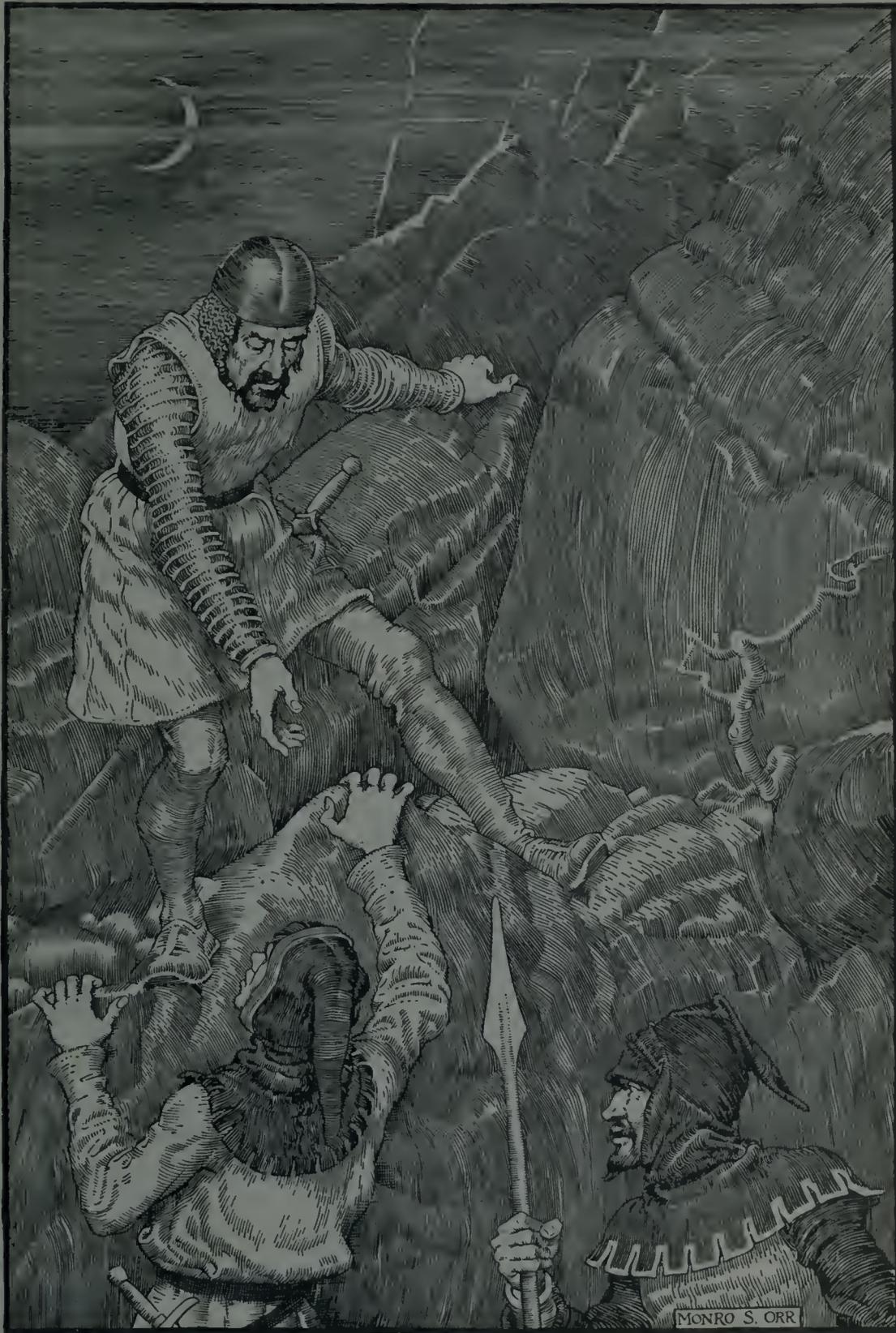
"Shame at last," says Grant, "filled the heart of Baliol; he took to the field and lost the battle of Dunbar," where he had gone to encounter Edward and his mixed army, and after the defeat Baliol took the

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road to Forfar, where the worthless Scot persuaded the Earl of Atholl that by the disaster at Dunbar all was so lost, that if he wished to save his life he must surrender himself to Edward. The brave Douglas tried to alter Baliol's resolution, but without effect.

Edward, reinforced by fifteen thousand Welsh and a horde of Scottish traitors, returned and besieged Edinburgh Castle, which surrendered after a fruitless defence on the 6th of June 1296, and with ruthless severity the English King put the whole garrison to the sword. He now made Walter de Huntercombe, a baron of Northumberland, the governor; but, the year following, Wallace the Hero of Scotland made a clean sweep of the invaders, drove them out of the country after his great victory at Stirling, and recaptured all the fortresses, Edinburgh Castle included.

But ere long the English returned, in 1298, with Edward at the head of an army a hundred thousand strong. The English monarch sent his envoy, Lord de Spencer, with a message to Wallace offering him the throne of Ireland if he would abandon the cause of Scotland. This offer Wallace proudly rejected, whereupon Lord de Spencer stepped forward and said: "Since Sir William Wallace rejects the grace of his liege lord Edward, King of England, offered to him this once, and never to be again repeated, thus saith the King, in his mercy, to the earls, barons, knights and commonalty of Scotland! To every one



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of them, chief and vassal, excepting the aforesaid rebel, he grants an amnesty to all their past treasons; provided that, within twenty-four hours after they hear the words of this proclamation, they acknowledge their disloyalty with repentance, and laying down their arms, swear fealty to their own lawful ruler, Edward, the lord of the whole island, from sea to sea."

"Away to your King," said Bothwell, "and tell him that Andrew Murray, and every honest Scot, is ready to live or die by the side of Sir William Wallace."

Too well do Scotsmen know how the great defender of Scotland was betrayed by Sir John Monteith, and how in chains he was shipped to the Tower of London, there to meet his death for the offence of having faithfully served his country.

Once again the Castle of Edinburgh was in the hands of the English, and 1300 saw "Johan de Kingsston, Connestable et Gardeyn du Chastel de Edenburgh," and he was succeeded four years later by Sir Piers de Lombard, a knight of Gascony. But Robert Bruce was now in arms and soon carried all before him. In 1311 he invaded England, and in the year following he recaptured every Scottish stronghold with the exception of the one at Edinburgh, the seizure of which he had entrusted to Sir Thomas Randolph of Strathdon, Earl of Moray, Bruce's nephew. The English soldiers, suspecting the fidelity of Sir Piers de Lombard, locked him up in a dungeon and under a new commander prepared for a desperate defence of

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the fortress, but by a clever stratagem it was restored once more to the Scottish King.

Among the soldiers of Sir Thomas Randolph was one William Frank (some accounts call him Francis) who volunteered to pilot a party up the steep crags by a secret and intricate pathway which he himself knew. Having in past times lived in the garrison, he had been accustomed to clamber down the rock during the night to escape military durance in order to visit his lady, and so became familiar with the way.

On a dark and stormy night (the 14th of March 1312) Randolph, under the guidance of Frank, led thirty brave men up the steep part of the Great Rock which overhangs Princes Street Gardens, below which is the ruin of the Well-house Tower. At midnight they scaled the walls, surprised the garrison, and after a fierce fight overpowered them.

St. Piers de Lombard (sometimes called Laland), the governor, who had been imprisoned by the suspicious garrison, now joined the Scots, but King Robert thinking that he had an English heart made him to be "hangit and drawn."

Grant says : "There are indications that some secret pathway known to the Scottish garrison existed, for during some operations in 1821 traces were found of steps cut in the rock about seventy feet above 'Wallace's Cradle'—a path supposed to have been completed by a moveable ladder."

Bruce, who was now completely triumphant, decided

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to dismantle the Castle to remove the temptation to its recapture by the English, and for twenty-four years it became a veritable ruin, only once being used, in 1335, by the remnant of the army of Guy Count of Namur, who had landed at Berwick with a considerable number of armed men to assist the English. Guy was met on the Borough-Muir within sight of the Castle by the Earl of Moray with a powerful army, and here a fierce and bloody battle ensued. During the fight a Scottish squire, Richard Shaw, was challenged to single combat by a knight in armour with a closed helmet in the train of the Count. After a brave encounter both fell, each transfixed by his opponent's lance. On the bodies afterward being stripped of their armour the chivalrous knight proved to be a woman.

Very few of the Count's army escaped, and those who did retreated to the Castle, now a bare ruin, where they killed their horses and piled them up to make a temporary rampart in a last attempt to defend themselves against the Scots. But hunger and thirst deprived them of energy, and on the following day they surrendered; their lives were spared by the Earl of Moray on the promise not to bear arms again in any Scottish war.

Edward III, not at all discouraged, again in 1336 pressed north, and again recaptured and rebuilt the Castle.

In 1341 the Castle was once more restored to the

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Scottish people by an ingenious stratagem planned by a William Bulloch, who had been entrusted with the custody of Cupar Castle for Baliol. "A man very brave and faithful to the Scots," says Buchanan.

Under his directions, Walter Curry of Dundee received into his ship two hundred Scottish warriors under the command of William Douglas and Sir Simon Fraser.

Anchoring in Leith Roads, Bulloch appeared himself at the gates of the Castle, and represented to the Governor that he was the master of an English craft just arrived with a cargo of wines and provisions, which he offered for sale. The bait took, and early on the following morning, attended by a dozen armed followers disguised as English sailors, the trader appeared before the gates.

On entering the Castle they contrived to upset their barrels and hampers so as to prevent the closing of the gates, whereupon the guards were immediately slain. At a signal given by the blast from a bugle-horn, Douglas and his men sprang from their hiding-place close by, raised their terrific war-cry, and rushed at the garrison, who were overpowered after a fierce conflict, and captured the Castle in the name of the young King David II, who had succeeded his father on his death. The following month David with his consort Johanna landed from France to find that Scotland was once again clear of the southern invaders.

A few years after the Scots became bent on a raid in



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England, but they were defeated at Durham, the young King was made captive and thrust into a dungeon in Nottingham Castle, where he spent the weary years of his captivity in engraving on a rock the story of our Saviour's Passion.

In the treaty for his ransom we find the merchants and burgesses of Edinburgh and the principal towns in Scotland holding themselves responsible for its fulfilment. A Parliament was held in the capital for the final adjustment of the terms, at which the Regent Robert (afterwards Robert II) presided.

There were seventeen burghs represented at the meeting—among them Edinburgh appears for the first time at the head—in addition to the clergy and nobles.

After returning from England, David took up his favourite residence within the Castle walls; he at once carried out extensive repairs and additions, enlarging the fortifications, and building an extensive tower which was erected on the east face of the rock, immediately to the north of the site of the half-moon battery. The outflanking walls of this tower have lately been disclosed by excavations carried out by H.M. Board of Works.

Here he died on February 22, 1371, in his forty-seventh year, and was buried before the High Altar in the Church of the Abbey of Holyrood.

This terminates the direct line of the Bruce, who had fought so hard for their right to the Throne and for the independence of their country.



CHAPTER IV : *The Black Dinner*

CHAPTER IV : *The Black Dinner*

EDINBURGH, which had the characteristics of a frontier town, was as yet a small burgh, even a village. The houses were mostly thatched with straw, and so could be easily repaired after having been burnt by the invaders from over the border. But the Castle, owing to its strength and the convenience of the Abbey, remained the chief residence of the kings, and there they held their parliaments and their courts of justice (and injustice sometimes). Another reason for the importance of the Castle was that the country round was fertile and provided ample food-stuffs for those within the fortress.

With the accession of Robert II, the first of the Stuarts, a new era began in the history of Edinburgh. Daniel Wilson says: "From this time may be dated its standing as the chief burgh of Scotland, though it did not assume the full benefits arising from such a position till the second James ascended the throne."

The relations of England and Scotland were more like an armistice in time of war than any approach to actual peace, so it was impossible for anything resembling national progress to be made.

In 1383 King Robert II held his Court in the Castle, and received there the ambassador of Charles VI of France, with whom he renewed the league entered into with his predecessor. So intimate was the intercourse maintained between the two nations that the manners of the people and the architecture of the

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buildings were each based on the French model. The next year we find the capital with its Castle again in the hands of the English. The Scots under the Earls of Douglas and March began the war with great success, but the Duke of Lancaster at the head of "an army almost innumerable," crossed the border and headed straight for the capital, which was spared from destruction owing to the hospitality the Duke enjoyed there when an exile from the English Court. This kindness the Scots paid no heed to, and they followed and attacked him on his retreat into England. In return, the following year he laid the town in ashes, and amongst others the first building of St. Giles' Church was entirely destroyed.

At the close of 1390 Robert III succeeded to the throne, and again we find the ambassadors of Charles VI at the Scottish Court, where they were treated with great hospitality. They witnessed in the Castle the signing and sealing of the treaty of mutual aid and defence against the English which had been arranged and drafted by his father. Not long after this ceremony, in 1400, Henry IV of England, renewed the old claim of Edward to the right of superiority over Scotland, and in letters to the Scottish King and his nobles demanded that homage should be paid to him at a meeting which he appointed to be held in the Castle.

Henry kept to his word, and we find him with a numerous army before the Castle previous to the day

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he had appointed. From the fortress the Duke of Rothsay despatched a messenger with a challenge to meet him where he pleased, with a hundred nobles on either side to settle the quarrel in that way. But “King Henry was in no humour to forego the advantages he already possessed at the head of a more numerous army than Scotland could raise ; and so contenting himself with a verbal equivocation in reply to this knightly challenge, he sat down with his numerous host before the Castle, till (with the usual consequences of the Scottish reception of such invaders) cold and rain and absolute dearth of provisions compelled him to raise the inglorious siege and hastily recross the border, without doing any notable injury either in his progress or retreat.”

Together with Holyrood, the Castle was the residence of the aged Robert, never a strong King, neither a bad one, and his once beautiful Queen Annabella Drummond. The Queen was one of the Drummonds of Stobhall, a family famed for the loveliness of feature and complexion of their women, and, as Holinshed states, she was married rather for her singular beauty “than for anie benefit that might grow to the Commonwealth from her alliance” ; nevertheless she had great domestic virtues and her prudence in counsel was commendable.

Upon the death of Robert in 1420, James succeeded to the throne. He, however, was a prisoner in Windsor Castle, where he had been confined for

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nineteen years, having been captured at sea when quite a boy by the English. Towards the sum demanded as a ransom for his release, Edinburgh contributed 50,000 merks, which shows that the town was gaining in prosperity.

James I was the royal poet and "belonged," says Washington Irving, "to one of the most brilliant eras of our literary history, and establishes the claims of his country to a participation in its primitive honours." In one of the stanzas of his long poem called *The Kingis Quhair* [or Book], which he wrote during his imprisonment at Windsor, James describes the circumstances of the attachment he formed to Lady Jane Beaufort, who subsequently became his Queen. The verse describing her rich attire may be considered as an accurate description of the female costume of that day :

*Off hir array the form gif I sall write,
Toward hir goldin haire and rich atyre
In fret-wise couchit was with perllis quhite
And grete balas lemyng as the fyre,
With mony ane emeraut and faire saphire ;
And on hir hede a chaplet fresch of hewe,
Off plumys partit rede, and quhite, and blewe.*

When James returned to Scotland to enter upon the cares of royalty he resided for some time in Perth. Owing to his politic plans for the pacification of the Highland clans it was necessary to have frequent

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assemblies of Parliament there; but in 1430 he came to reside at the Castle of Edinburgh, attended by his Queen Jane and the Court. The Lord of the Isles, who had been in rebellion against the resolute measures of the King, came privately to Edinburgh, and when James and the Queen were at divine service at Holyrood, he prostrated himself on his knees and holding the point of his sword in his own hand presented the hilt to the King, intimating that he put his life at his Majesty's mercy.

At the Queen's request his life was spared and he was imprisoned for only a short space of time in Tantallon Castle, to be released, by the leniency of James, with many other prisoners, on the occasion of the Queen giving birth to two sons in the royal Palace within the Castle walls. One of these infants, Alexander, died; the other, James, lived to ascend the throne. The Lord of the Isles is said to have been chosen by his Majesty to be sponsor for the royal infants at the christening.

James I exercised himself in making stringent laws, one of which required the magistrates of the royal burgh to have in readiness seven or eight ladders twenty feet in length, three or four saws, and six or more cleeks of iron "to draw down timber and ruiffes that are fired." Another law compelled visitors to live at the 'hostillaries' and not with their friends, so as to encourage the trade of the former. There were also laws in regard to dress that forbade any person

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who possessed not more than 200 merks of yearly rent to wear silks or fur, and commanded that wives and their daughters should dress according to their station with short curches on their heads with small hoods ; and as to their gowns, "that na woman weare mer-trickes nor letteis nor tailes unfit in length, nor furred under but on the Halie-daie." Also it was enjoined that no labourers were to wear anything on work-days but grey and white, and the curches of their wives to be of their own making and not to exceed in cost "of xl pennyes the elne."

On February 21, 1438, James I, the poet, statesman, and soldier, fell under the daggers of his rebellious subjects in the Blackfriars Monastery at Perth, in the presence of his Queen, in whose arms, indeed, he was left to die.

The news spread sorrow and indignation all over Scotland and within less than forty days those responsible for the horrible crime had been brought to the Castle of Edinburgh for trial in the great hall. The less important of the conspirators were at once handed over to the hangman, but the titled leaders were dealt with in quite a different way, being made to suffer tortures which had been specially devised to satisfy the revenge of the embittered Queen rather than the indignation of the people.

The Earl of Atholl was elevated on a pillar at the Cross, and in the gaze of the citizens was crowned with a red-hot chaplet. The next day he was dragged



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on a hurdle through the High Street, where he was at length beheaded. His head was exposed on a pole at the Cross, and his body quartered and sent to the four chief towns. Robert Graham also, one of the most active of the regicides, suffered in the same way.

The assassination of James I exposed the kingdom to the evils of a long minority. The administration of the late King had been highly resented by his nobles, and his death was viewed with secret satisfaction. It had been the aim of James to reduce within constitutional limits the ponderous pretensions of the nobility, who saw the property of the Crown which they had appropriated, torn from their grasp.

During the minority of the new King, who was only five years old at his accession, and the feeble government of a Regency, they undid all that the late monarch had accomplished, and vied with each other to humble the Crown and restore their own splendour, to which at that time there seems to have been no check.

The Queen, after avenging the death of her husband, hastened back to Edinburgh from the north with the young King and found shelter within the walls of the Castle. The governor, Sir William Crichton, was a friend of the late King, and as master of the household the Queen placed in him implicit trust, and feeling free from immediate danger she awaited the approaching meeting of the estates. Parliament assembled at

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the Castle on March 20, 1438, and adopted immediate measures for the coronation of the young King. He was conducted in procession from the Castle to the Abbey of Holyrood, and before a great concourse of nobility, clergy, and representatives of the burgh, and amid the great rejoicings of the people, he was crowned King James II of Scotland. During his minority his care was entrusted to the Queen-Mother (with an annual allowance of 4000 merks), while Crichton was appointed Chancellor of the Kingdom and had the general administration of affairs. It was not long before he usurped the office of the Queen-Mother as custodian of the King.

The appointment of Archibald, the fifth Earl of Douglas, as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, was a concession to the pride of the nobles and a guarantee for the protection of their privileges, as both Livingstone and Crichton had been elevated by James I from an inferior class.

The house of Douglas again flourished, and had risen to a height of power which rivalled even that of the Crown ; indeed, the Earl had attained the state of an independent monarch, meeting the measures of the Chancellor with haughty defiance which threatened the kingdom with civil war. Both Crichton and Livingstone viewed with suspicion and a certain amount of fear the increasing power of the Earl, who in turn looked on them with scorn as his inferiors.

The Queen to the great disappointment of herself and

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party found that her son, in the custody of the Chancellor, was beyond her control. Crichton refused to allow him to leave Edinburgh; but under the pretence of great friendship to Crichton and a longing desire to see her son, she gained full permission to visit the King and to take up her abode also in the Castle. At length, having lulled all suspicion, she made out that she wished to go on a pilgrimage to the White Kirk of Brechin, and bade farewell to the Chancellor overnight, commending her son to his care. She left the Castle at early dawn in 1439 with two chests, borne on horses, containing her wardrobe; but in one of them she had cleverly concealed the young King amongst her linen. Getting safely to Leith, she set sail thence for Stirling Castle, at that time commanded by the Regent Livingstone, who received her and the King with joy and unfurled the Royal standard. Livingstone took immediate steps to raise an army of the Queen's friends and his own followers, and laid siege to the Chancellor in his stronghold at Edinburgh, to compel him either to resign his office or to recognize the rights of the Queen-Mother as guardian. Driven to despair, Crichton resolved at last to endeavour to enlist the sympathy of Douglas, and sent a message to the Earl offering him his constant friendship in return for his assistance; but Douglas rejected the overture and declared that both Crichton and Livingstone were "a pair of mischievous traitors whom it became not the

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honourable state of noblemen to help," and finished by expressing his desire for their speedy destruction. The wily Chancellor, thus scornfully repulsed by Douglas, secured a two days' truce, and the rival statesmen met before the gates of the Castle, each being attended by a group of his own followers. Crichton urged a speedy reconciliation as a safeguard against their common enemy; terms were eventually made, and the Chancellor delivered the keys into the King's own hand, whereupon Livingstone entered the Castle in triumph.

A number of banquets followed, during which the rivals vied with each other in expressions of friendship. Jane, the Queen-Mother, though ostensibly restored, on the reconciliation of the statesmen, to her office as guardian of the King, found herself so jealously watched by Livingstone, that dreading the dangers of her defenceless position, she contracted a second marriage with Sir James Stewart, commonly called 'the Black Knight of Lorn,' a man of high rank and approved valour. To the ambitious designs of Livingstone, the marriage of the Queen was eminently favourable, as, by placing her under tutelage, she was thus disqualified, by the laws of Scotland, from taking any part in the administration. Her husband was the friend of the Douglasses; and the governor, alarmed at this accession of power to that great family, resolved to take advantage of the marriage to consolidate his own authority. His measures were speedily taken,

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and partook largely of his characteristic craft and cunning. Sir James Stewart, then residing at Stirling, was seized and thrown into prison, on pretence that he had conspired against the state; and scarcely had the Queen received intelligence of the fate of her husband, when, by orders of Livingstone, her own private apartments were entered, and herself hurried to confinement on a similar charge, after a brave and unsuccessful resistance by her servants. These arbitrary acts were immediately followed by a convention at Stirling—composed entirely of persons in the interests of the governor. Before this assembly the unhappy Queen was conducted, trembling for her own and her husband's safety; and there she surrendered, by solemn deed, the person of her son into the hands of Sir Alexander Livingstone, resigning at the same time the royal residence of Stirling Castle and the annual allowance made to her by Parliament as Queen-Mother. The deed of transference having been solemnly ratified, the Queen and her husband were set at liberty, while the young King was delivered to Livingstone, who forthwith retained him in a kind of honourable captivity. By the proceedings of the Stirling convention, the influence of Livingstone became paramount in the state; and Crichton, who had calculated on an equitable division of power, saw, with surprise and dismay, the functions of government monopolized by his rival. He determined, therefore, with all speed to restore the balance, and his measures

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were taken with great cunning, and were attended with complete success. Having consulted with his friends, and secured their co-operation, he rode on a dark night, with a hundred chosen men, to the Park of Stirling, where he placed his followers in small parties, to avoid suspicion and discovery. Fortunately for the success of his enterprise, Livingstone was at this time absent. At the break of day the King left the Castle, as was his custom, to enjoy the pastime of hunting, attended by a small body of horsemen, and found himself suddenly surrounded by groups of armed men, who hailed him with every demonstration of loyalty. At the same time Crichton advanced, and kneeling before him, protested his devotion to his person, condemned the ungenerous captivity to which the jealousy and ambition of Livingstone had consigned him, and offered the services of himself and his friends in securing to him immediate freedom from a state of undignified restriction. The young monarch, in spite of the opposition of his retinue, lent a willing ear to the solicitations of Crichton, hastened with him to Edinburgh, and made his entrance into that city, accompanied by an additional escort of 4000 men, before Livingstone had received any intelligence of his movements. The escape of the King and the treachery of Crichton filled Livingstone with mingled rage and fear. However, he curbed his temper and hastening to Edinburgh he sent a message to Crichton deploring their alienation, and expressed his willing-

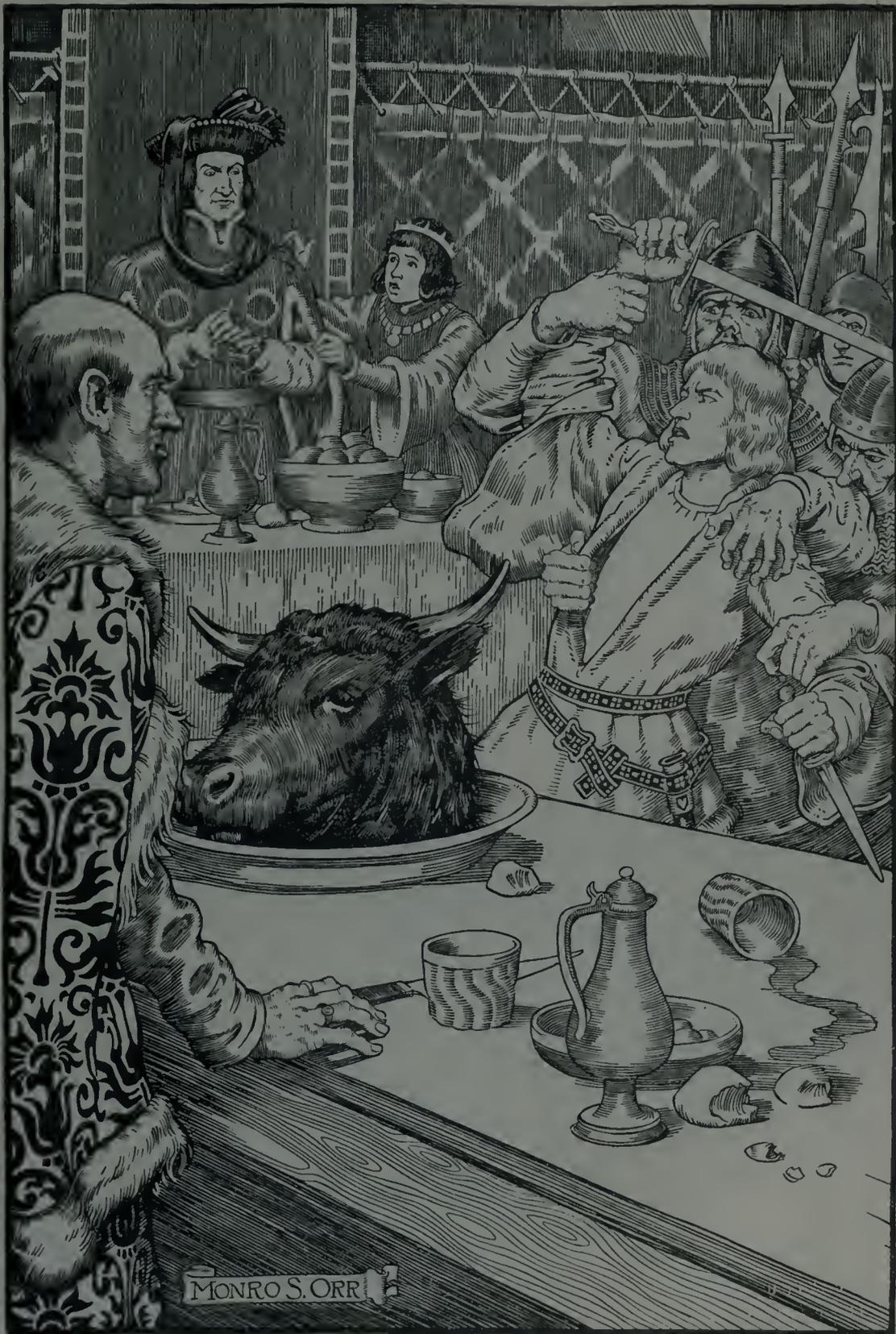
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ness to submit their disputes to the arbitration of mutual friends. They accordingly met, with the Bishops of Aberdeen and Moray, in the Church of St. Giles, and sealed their reconciliation by mutual concessions. The young King was restored to the custody of Livingstone, and Crichton resumed, with increased power, his office of Chancellor.

The reconciliation was thus quickly brought about principally owing to their common hatred of the Earl of Douglas, who, however, shortly after was seized with fever and died at Restalrig on June 26, 1439. His great possessions and titles descended to his son William, the sixth earl, a boy of seventeen years, whose arrogant pretensions soon caused national troubles. Besides openly defying the laws and maintaining a state dangerous to the Throne, it had been conjectured that Douglas had subjected himself even to a graver charge by impugning the title of James II to the Throne, and preferring the claim of his uncle Malise, Earl of Strathearn, who, as the descendant of Euphemia Ross, the second Queen of Robert II, was supposed by some to have a better right to the Crown than its present possessor. Douglas never rode out without a personal following of a thousand horse; he was believed to have held a court which in brilliance outshone the solemnity of Parliament; and he paid no heed to the commands of his sovereign to appear in the royal presence. His conduct afforded his enemies sufficient ground to give at least the appear-

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ance of justice to their subsequent proceedings, and as soon as their plans were matured they took immediate measures to secure his person. Crichton and Livingstone dispatched an invitation in their own names to William Douglas soliciting his presence at a banquet along with his retinue, so that the Earl might cultivate the friendship of the young King; they expressed their admiration for him and their regret at the misunderstanding which had separated them. Douglas easily fell into the snare. The Chancellor met him some twelve miles from the castle of Crichton, at which place he was royally entertained for the night, and next day the whole party rode to Edinburgh, where they were received with open arms. Before entering the town some of his followers, observing that there were too many private messages passing between the wily Crichton and Livingstone, reminded the Earl of the injunction of his father that he and his brother should never go together where there was a shadow of danger, and entreated him to send David home. The good counsel, however, was not followed, and relying on the honour of Crichton and Livingstone, the young nobles rode fearlessly to the Castle, where they were conducted to the apartments of the young monarch, who became speedily attached to them, and they remained a few days enjoying the hospitality of their royal host. At last the hour of tragedy struck; the banquet was prepared in the great hall which occupies the southern side of the quad-



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range known as Palace Square; the brothers were placed at the table beside the King, whilst in the meantime the portcullis at the Castle was lowered. At the close of the entertainment a sable bull's head, the symbol of death, was placed upon the table. The Douglasses, who knew at once what to expect, immediately drew their swords, but were dragged away by an armed band of Crichton's vassals, with loud cries of treason, to an antechamber, where they underwent a mock trial which was speedily terminated, despite the entreaties of the youthful monarch, with the sentence of death. They were hurried into the court of the Castle and cruelly beheaded. Three days afterward their friend and counsellor Malcolm Fleming of Cumbernauld shared the same fate. This tragic event appears to have taken place in 1441.

In 1753 some workmen who were digging for a foundation to erect a new storehouse found the gold handles and plates of a coffin supposed to have been the one in which the young Earl was buried.

Godscroft, the historian of the Douglasses, quotes the following rude rhyme:

*Edinburgh Castle, Towne and Tower.
God grant thou sinke for sinne;
An' that even for the black dinnour
Earle Douglas gat therein.*

The earldom of Douglas devolved upon his great-uncle James, Lord of Abercorn, surnamed the Gross,

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who quietly assumed the title and estates of his nephew without opposition; and the large unentailed property of the late Earl, comprehending Galloway, Wigton, Balveny, Ormond and Annandale, descended to his only sister Margaret, who from her great beauty was commonly called the Fair Maiden of Galloway. The new Earl of Douglas silently matured plans to restore the political influence of his house. James cherished a dislike to those who for years had made him their puppet, and he gained the friendship of Douglas and made him Lieutenant-General of the kingdom as well as a member of the Privy Council. Livingstone remained quietly at Stirling and on the plea of old age surrendered his office as governor into the hands of his eldest son; while Crichton fled from the Court and threw himself into the Castle of Edinburgh, where he proceeded to lay in provisions, and to strengthen the fortifications in the expectation of a siege. The proceedings of Douglas speedily justified the alarm of the Chancellor. Crichton was summoned in the name of the King to appear at Stirling and answer for his many acts of treason against the State; but the proud baron, undismayed by the danger to which he was exposed, and confident in the strength of the fortress, replied only by an incursion into the lands in Lothian belonging to Douglas and his adherent, Sir John Forrester of Corstorphine, which he wasted with fire and sword. In a Parliament subsequently convened at Stirling he was proclaimed a

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traitor, his estates confiscated, and his friends outlawed.

Kennedy, Bishop of St. Andrews, a prelate of great wisdom and integrity, whose high talents and incorruptible honesty fitted him to be raised to the post, was made Chancellor on the disgrace of Crichton.

Douglas now commenced the siege of Edinburgh Castle, which Crichton stood prepared to defend to the last extremity; after the lapse of nine weeks, however, the besiegers finding that they were making little progress in the reduction of the fortress, entered into negotiations for peace, and the stout old baron capitulated on terms in every way advantageous. His titles, honours, and possessions were restored to him, and at the solicitation of Douglas he was induced to join the administration. Of his less fortunate adherents, some just saved their lives by the forfeiture of their estates, and others, including three members of the Livingstone family, were tried, and lost their heads within the Castle walls.

The death of the Queen-Mother occurred in 1445. Her husband, Sir James Stewart, had calculated that his connexion with the royal family would improve his position; and on discovering his mistake, and finding himself the victim of suspicion and persecution, he became gradually alienated from his wife, and ultimately treated her with utter neglect. Compelled at last to flee from Scotland, he deprived her even of

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the slender protection which his presence afforded. Thus abandoned, and pursued by the relentless malice of her enemies, the health of the unhappy princess gave way, and she died in the Castle of Dunbar. It is not exactly known whether she chose the castle as a sanctuary or had been violently carried there by its possessor, Patrick Hepburn, a fierce freebooter ; but the latter idea is not at all unlikely, as Hepburn was a partisan of Douglas.

The King, who was now seventeen years old, began to take an important share in the administration of affairs of state, and his prudence excited the warmest hopes of his friends. In 1449, by an exchange of embassies, he found a suitable bride in the only daughter and heiress of Arnold, Duke of Gueldres. In the following year the engagement was formally concluded at Brussels in the presence of envoys from France. This enabled Crichton not only to renew the ancient league between France and Scotland, but to conclude a treaty of defence between Burgundy and Scotland.

By this time, 1450, the royal capital was assuming a position of importance, and owing to the exposed position of its southern side, it was deemed necessary to enclose this part of the city by a fortified wall to protect the wealth of the citizens from the constant inroads of the English. The wall was consequently built along the south declivity of the ridge on which the old High Street of the town stands, from the



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West Bow, which was the principal entrance to the city from the west. It crossed the ridge of the High Street at the Nether Bow, and terminated at the east end of the North Loch. Here was the city built on a hill, defended by an immense fortified wall, and guarded by its Castle perched on a great rock at its western extremity.

About the time when the wall was being built the Scottish Court was preparing for the reception of Mary de Gueldres, "a lady," says Drummond, "young, beautiful, and of a masculine constitution." It was decided at a meeting of Parliament that the royal nuptials should be conducted on a scale of grandeur suited to the occasion.

At length, on June 18, 1452, the vessels conveying the bride and her retinue of princes, prelates, and noblemen cast anchor in the Forth. She was met by a tremendous crowd of all classes, and, accompanied by a body-guard of three hundred horsemen, proceeded amidst great rejoicings to Holyrood Palace, where she was received by her future husband. Her beauty and charm of manner soon won the affection of the Scots, who spent a week in wild revelry and entertainment to celebrate the event. The wedding took place in the Abbey with great solemnity and was witnessed by a numerous gathering of princes, prelates and noblemen amid universal joy.

But the Earl of Douglas, jealous of the influence Crichton had already acquired with the Queen, pro-

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ceeded to revenge his private quarrel, and so violent were the disturbances that ensued that in the beginning of the following year a Parliament was assembled at the Castle to put an end to them.

On Shrove Tuesday, 1452, James invited Douglas to dine at Stirling Castle. After the feast James led his guest into an inner room, where there were only a few privy councillors, and urged him most earnestly to return to his allegiance, assuring him of his pardon and favour if he would do so. The Earl replied with a haughty refusal; whereupon James lost all control of his temper, drew his dagger and stabbed Douglas, exclaiming, "By Heaven, if *you* will not break the league *this* shall!" The councillors followed the royal example by stabbing the dying man with their knives and daggers, and the dead body was cast out into an open court and buried on the spot.

In the twenty-fourth year of his reign James was killed at the siege of Roxburgh Castle from the bursting of a cannon of Flemish manufacture, and Scotland was once more exposed to the confusions of a long minority.

CHAPTER V : *The Blackest Day*

CHAPTER V : *The Blackest Day for Scotland*

JAMES III was only seven years old when he succeeded his father in 1460, and no time was lost in arranging his coronation at Kelso Abbey, near to Roxburgh, whither his grief-stricken mother had hastened to make a chivalrous appeal to the troops besieging the castle. As usual there was a difficulty in arranging the regency. This nearly terminated in bloodshed, as the Queen's claim did not receive the support of the Barons, who refused to submit to the sway of a woman. The matter, however, was eventually settled by appointing the Bishop of St. Andrews as joint guardian, and investing the Earl of Angus with supreme military power as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, and the new reign commenced with great promise. But unfortunately the old Earl died not long after, which was a great loss to Scotland. The Queen-Mother, too, died suddenly, so that a great responsibility now rested on the Bishop, who continued to carry out the pacific policy for which he had constantly striven.

In due time James approached a marriageable age and an advantageous matrimonial alliance was formed with Margaret, daughter of the King of Denmark and Norway, who was known as "little Margaret, the maiden of Norway."

The alliance was further rendered acceptable to the nation in that the royal bridegroom "gatt with the

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King of Denmark's daughter, in tocher guid, the landis of Orkney and Zetland," and in the month of July 1469, the future Queen landed at Leith in the presence of an immense crowd and amid general rejoicings of the people.

According to Abercrombye, "the very sight of such a Queen could not but endear her to all ranks of people, who, to congratulate her happy arrival, and to create in her a good opinion of themselves and the country, entertained her and her princely train for many days with delicious and costly feasts."

But these festivities, at the Castle and elsewhere, gave place to events of a quite different character, and the young King did not foresee the troubles that awaited him. James evidently had no conception of his duties and responsibilities as monarch, sacrificing the interests of his kingdom to his tastes for the fine arts. He did not have the slightest interest in the stirring exercises of the chase or the tilting-yard, nor in his duties of the cabinet or council-room. He spent his time in the society of ignoble favourites who speedily acquired an influence in the realm to which they had no title by hereditary rank, and as little claim on the ground of personal merit. Cochrane, an architect; Rogers, a musician; Torphichen, a fencing master; Andrews, an astrologer; Hommil, a tailor; and Leonard, a smith, were the principal persons on whom he bestowed such an injudicious and dangerous preference.

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The nobility could not but feel the slight thus put upon them: alienated from their sovereign, they attached themselves to his brothers, the Duke of Albany and the Earl of Mar, who were distinguished by their skill in military exercises, their open-handed generosity, and the splendid array of friends and retainers with which they surrounded themselves. Hence arose jealousies and contentions between the young monarch and his brothers, which resulted in the Duke of Albany being imprisoned in the Castle on a charge of conspiracy, and his other brother, the Earl of Mar, being shut up in Craigmillar Castle, without the slightest evidence that they had entertained disloyal designs.

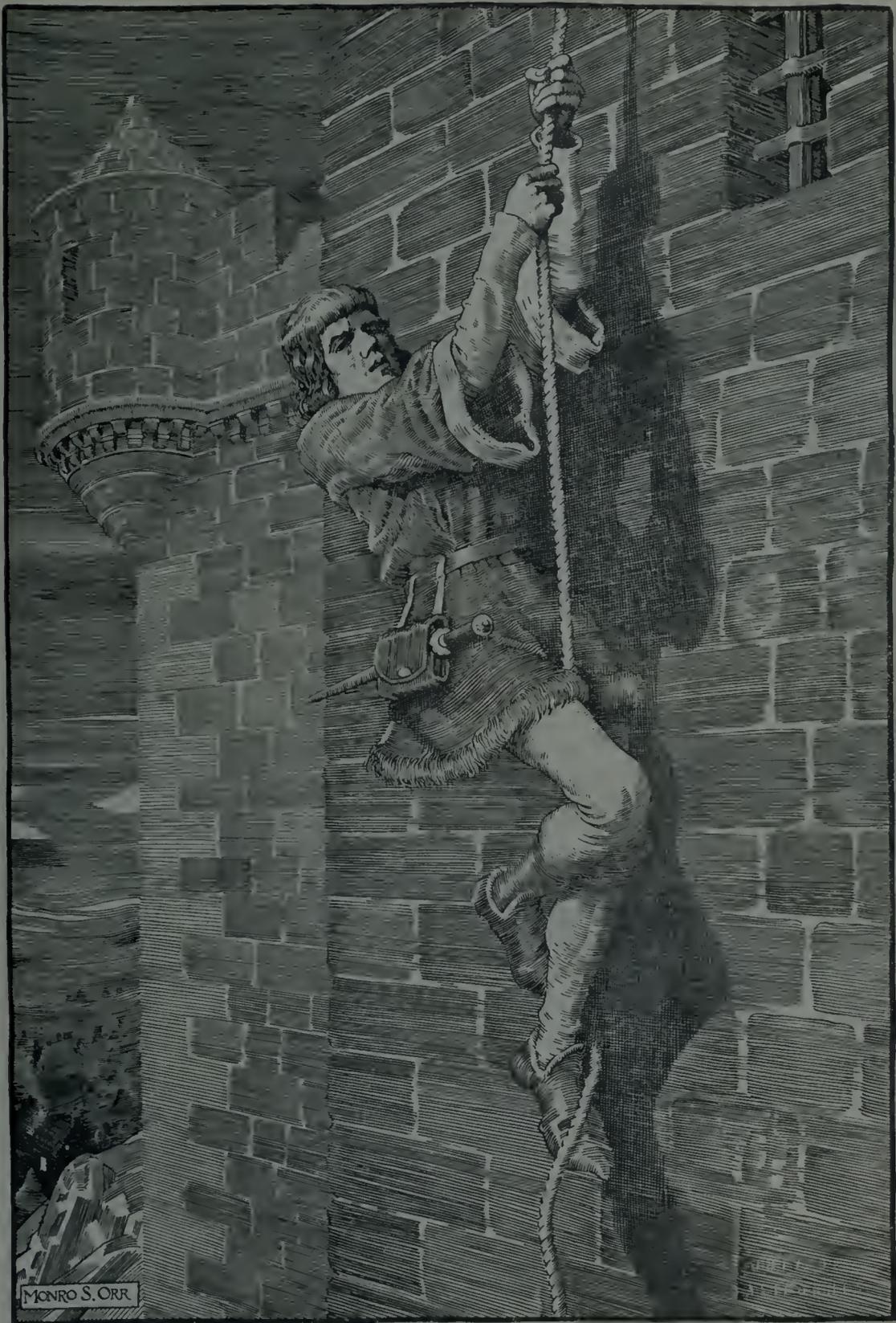
Albany effected his escape in 1478 by one of the most startling adventures recorded in the history of the Castle. The young Duke was on friendly terms with the court of Burgundy, and his friends there, learning of his imprisonment, sent by a trading vessel two casks of Malmsey, which were admitted to the Duke's chamber without examination. On their being opened Albany found a coil of rope and a paper of instructions enclosed in a cake of wax, explaining a plan of escape and informing him that his enemies had resolved to put him to death. Without hesitation the Duke invited the captain of the guard and his three soldiers to sup with him, and with the assistance of his chamber-chaud (attendant) he soon succeeded in reducing the party to a state of intoxica-

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tion, after which the men were easily overpowered and slain. With the assistance of his attendant the Duke threw the bodies encased in their armour on to the blazing fire which burnt in the great open fireplace of the chamber, and stealing out in the darkness the fugitives made their way to a part of the outer wall and prepared for their descent. The attendant claimed the first trial, and as the rope proved to be too short, he dropped to the ground and broke his leg. Albany at once rushed back to his sleeping apartment in the Tower, took the sheets from his bed, knotted them together to the end of the rope, and effected his escape in safety down the rock. Staying only to convey his disabled attendant to a friendly shelter, he hastened to the shore and was taken on board the waiting vessel that speedily conveyed him to France, where he was hospitably received by the court of Louis XI.

A different fate befell the Earl of Mar. There is some uncertainty surrounding the closing scene in his brief career, as he was not brought to a public trial. It has been said that he was taken to a house in the Canongate where, in a hot bath, he was bled to death ; but another story says that he died from fever after a process of bleeding prescribed by his physicians.

Whilst James with an army of fifty thousand men was on his way toward the border in 1481 to encounter Richard Duke of Gloucester, the angry Scottish barons felt that the time had come to assert their



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power. They were in a better position when in camp to cope successfully with the royal authority, and they seized the favourites and hung them without trial over the parapet of Lauder Bridge. Plans were discussed for the seizure of the King, but there was some hesitation, as the plot was certainly attended with considerable danger. While the mode of proceeding was being considered, Lord Gray quoted the fable of the mice and the cat, whereupon Angus, the head of the new house of Douglas, with characteristic boldness exclaimed "I shall bell the cat," an expression which gained for him the appellation of Archibald Bell-the-Cat.

The unhappy monarch was seized and carried back to Edinburgh, where he was kept a close prisoner within the Castle. The Castle once again was, as it were, a prison and palace combined. James was kept more or less a close prisoner in the custody of the Earls of Athol and Buchan; he was attended with all the honour due to him as a prince, but no one was allowed to speak to him except in the company of his custodian; his door was locked before the setting of the sun and opened long after sunrise. During his own close confinement James' own prisoner, James the ninth and last Earl of Douglas, lay close by in one of the dungeons. James III did not die in the Castle, but like most of the princes of his unfortunate royal house, perished by the dagger of his own rebellious nobles on June 8, 1488, after his retreat from the battle of Sauchieburn,

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close to Bannockburn, and was buried in the Abbey of Cambus Kenneth.

On the day after the battle the Earls of Angus and Argyle, with the Lords Hailes and Home and the Bishop of Glasgow, repaired to the Castle of Edinburgh and secured and took an inventory of the jewels, plate, and apparel which belonged to the late King. He left behind him a wonderful collection of gems and jewels in his famous black kist, believed to be the one in which the Regalia were kept, and which is still preserved in the Crown Room. In the "inventory" are mentioned five relics of Bruce, "King Robert's Serk" and four silver goblets, and other gold and silver plate.

With the advent of James the Fourth commences one of the brightest periods in Scottish national history. The Prince proceeded immediately to Scone—some historians say Edinburgh—where he was crowned with the usual ceremonies. The Government of the new monarch was then organized, and his confederates in the rebellion which had raised him to the throne were rewarded by their appointment to offices of influence and trust.

James was now in the seventeenth year of his age, and his love of gorgeous pageantry and show was pandered to by his councillors. He was constantly attended not only by his huntsmen and falconers, but by his jester, 'English John,' and his youthful mistress, Lady Margaret Drummond, daughter of Lord Drummond,

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to whom he seems to have been attached at an early period, and frequent notices appear in the Treasurer's book of the sums paid to "dansaris, gysaris, and players" who were employed to amuse the youthful lovers.

The Castle became famed throughout Europe for the scenes of knightly feats beneath its walls.

*And of his court through Europe sprang the fame
Of lusty lords and lovesome ladies ying,
Triumphand tourneys, justing and knightly game
With all pastime according to ane Ring—
He was the gloir of princely governing !*

On a green lawn close to the King's stables James arranged great tournaments, where his nobles and barons assembled by royal proclamation for jousting. Meeds of honour such as a gold-headed spear and similar favours were presented to the victor from the royal hand or from those of the fair beauties for which the Scottish Court was famed. Knights came from all countries to take part in the tourneys, "but few or none of thame passed away unmatched, and oftymes overthrowne."

One noteworthy meeting which the King and his train witnessed in great splendour from the walls of the Castle took place in 1503, when a Dutch knight, Sir John Cockbeuis, challenged a Sir Patrick Hamilton, said to have been the bravest knight in Scotland, to a great combat. The knights, clad in full armour,

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with their blazoned shields hung on their shoulders, appeared mounted on magnificent horses, and at the sound of the heralds' trumpets plunged at each other. Both lances were splintered, and the champions returned for another charge; but the Scottish knight's horse failed him and the encounter was continued on foot, the knights fighting with their great swords. After an hour, during which the contest continued with great spirit, the Dutchman was struck to the ground with a mighty blow from the two-handed sword of Hamilton, when the King threw down his bonnet over the Castle wall as a sign for the combat to cease, and amidst the sound of the trumpets the Scottish knight was proclaimed the victor.

The capital during this reign became the favourite residence of famous men of art and letters. The Provost of St. Giles, Gavin Douglas, who became ultimately the Bishop of Dunkeld, translated Virgil's *Æneid* into Scottish verse, and dedicated his poem to the "Maist gracious Prince our Souerain James the Feird, Supreme honour renoun of cheualrie." James took an immense interest in his armaments, testing them almost daily, keeping them in repair against the day of invasion. His master gunner Borthwick had orders for casting a set of brass cannon for the Castle which were christened 'The Sisters' on account of their beautiful design; the master gunner also cast within the Castle the bells which still hang in the belfry of St. Magnus Cathedral at Kirkwall in Orkney.

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Before the marriage of James the Court was the scene of a domestic tragedy. Lady Margaret Drummond, his mistress, had been poisoned along with her two sisters by the jealous Scottish nobles. It is said that James intended to marry her without consulting his Council, as he much loved the fair Margaret; but as they were connected by blood a dispensation was required from Rome. The dispensation arrived from the Pope too late; the ill-fated lady had already been cruelly poisoned.

By this deed all impediments to the completion of his marriage with the Princess Margaret of England were removed, and on July 16, 1503, Margaret, who had attained the mature age of fourteen years, made her public entrance into Edinburgh amidst national rejoicings. The King met his fair bride on her near approach to the city, and dismounting from his horse, he fondly kissed her as she reclined in her litter. He then mounted on her palfrey, and taking up Margaret behind him they rode to the city and were met at the gate by Grey Friars bearing sacred relics which were handed to the royal pair to kiss.

Within the gates the church bells pealed and the houses were gaily decorated, the windows being hung with tapestry. Next day the King and his bride were married with great pomp by the Archbishop of Glasgow, "amid the sound of trumpets and the acclamation of the noble company." At the dinner which followed in the Banqueting Hall of the Castle the Queen

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was served at the first course with “a wyld borres hed gylt within a fayr platter.” The people showed their rejoicing by bonfires, while dancing and feasting and the sports of the age were continued for many days, “and that done every man went his way.”

We must pass from these great rejoicings to follow the history of the Castle, wherein we find James preparing for his departure, against all warnings and good counsels of his Queen, to the lamented field of Flodden. He had the seven great cannon out of the Castle called ‘The Sisters,’ along with the necessary powder and shot.

The Queen had given birth to two sons, both of whom had died, and a third son and heir had been born at Linlithgow ; but neither this event nor the entreaties of the Queen—who prayed for him to remain in Scotland—could turn James from his fatal purpose. At the head of his great army, the flower of Scottish chivalry, the gallant monarch marched across the border to the bloody field of Flodden. The great disaster of September 9, 1513, which deprived Scotland not only of her King, but also of so many Scottish fathers, sons and brothers, that innumerable homes throughout the border districts were left without a man, made Edinburgh a city of wailing. It was “the blackest day for Scotland that she ever knew before,” and the wailing of her people has been echoed down the centuries.

Professor Aytoun, in his *Edinburgh after Flodden*,



Louis Weir Jr.

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expresses the sorrow which the people felt on the death of their beloved King.

*Woe, and Woe, and lamentation, what a piteous
cry was there,*

*Widows, maidens, mothers, children, shrieking,
sobbing in despair.*

*Through the streets the death-word rushes,
spreading terror, sweeping on,*

*“Jesus Christ, our King has fallen—oh great
God, King James has gone.*

*Oh the blackest day for Scotland that she ever
knew before*

*Oh our King, the good, the noble, shall we never
see him more?*

*Woe to us and woe to Scotland, oh our sons, our
sons, and men,*

*Surely some have 'scaped the Southron, surely some
will come again?”*

*Till the oak that fell last winter shall uprear
its withered stem,*

*Wives and mothers of Dunedin you may look in
vain for them.*

The body of James was found by Lord Dacre amongst the thickest of the slain: “his neck was opened in the middle with a wide wound; his left hand, almost cut off in two places, did scarce hang to his arm, and the archers had shot him in many places of his body.” Thus perished, in his forty-

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second year, one of the most popular monarchs that ever resided in the Castle of Edinburgh.

Luckily for Scotland Henry VIII was too much engaged with the French to reap the fruits of his victory at Flodden. However, Edinburgh prepared itself for eventualities. The magistrates issued a proclamation to the effect that all men must be in readiness to assemble at the "jowing" of the town bell, wearing what accoutrements they possessed, and carrying their weapons to defend the town. This is the origin of the famous "auld toun Guard." The proclamation likewise warned women not to be seen in the streets, clamouring and crying, but rather to go to the kirk and offer up prayers. Twenty-four men were appointed as the town guard, and five hundred pounds Scots was ordered to be levied for the purchase of artillery and also to fortify the town.

The old wall erected in the reign of James II. had already proved to be too confined for the rising capital, and now with the fear of invasion the aristocratic suburb of the Cowgate, which was beyond the wall, became keenly alive to its exposed position. No time was lost in supplying the needful defences; every person available assisted in the work, farmers lent their labourers and horses to the national work, and in a very short space of time this southern part of the city was surrounded by the new wall, called Flodden Wall, with its battlements and towers. Considerable portions of this wall still remain in good

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preservation; at the vennel one may see a battlement portion, also adjoining the museum at College Street, and again at the Pleasance there is a small stretch.

As the greater part of the nobles had perished with their sovereign, the National Council was principally composed of clergy. The infant King, then only eighteen months old, was crowned at Scone. The Castle of Stirling was selected as his residence, and the Queen-Mother was appointed Regent of the kingdom and guardian of her son, in accordance with the will of the late King.

The Archbishop of Glasgow and the Earls of Huntly and Angus were selected to be the councillors of Margaret, and the government of Stirling Castle was entrusted to Lord Borthwick. The appointment of a female to hold the reins of government was contrary to the customary law of Scotland, and was far from popular among the Scottish nobles; moreover, the near connection of the Queen-Mother with the English monarch excited a suspicion that she might be unduly swayed by his influence. A secret message was despatched to France inviting the Duke of Albany, who after the youthful monarch was next heir to the throne, to repair to Scotland and assume the office of Regent.

For some time after the death of the King, the Queen-Mother seems to have discharged the duties of her office to the satisfaction of the nobles and the people, but the defects in her character soon became

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apparent. On April 30, 1514, about eight months after Flodden, she gave birth to a son, who was named Alexander, and created Duke of Ross. Scarcely had the Queen recovered from her confinement, however, when, to the surprise and regret of all her friends, she hastily married the young Earl of Angus, without any previous consultation with her Council. This had the effect of lowering her reputation in the eyes of the nation.

Angus was the grandson and successor of the celebrated Archibald Bell-the-Cat, and was therefore at the head of the powerful house of Douglas.

By the terms of the royal will the marriage at once put an end to Margaret's regency, and the Council lost no time in deposing her from the office.

On May 18 the Duke of Albany arrived from France to take over the regency, landing at Dumbarton with a squadron of eight ships, and was eagerly welcomed by a large concourse of the nobles and gentry of the western counties. The citizens testified their joy on his arrival at Edinburgh by acting "sundry farces and gude plays," and the Queen came from the Castle to the gate at Holyrood to meet him and do him all possible honour. At a meeting of Parliament held in July 1515 he was solemnly installed in the office of Regent till the young King should reach the age of eighteen. The royal children still remained in the keeping of their mother, and it became an object of great importance to withdraw them from this dangerous

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situation. The new Regent accordingly summoned a Parliament, which met at Edinburgh and nominated eight lords, out of which four were to be chosen by lot, and from these the Queen-Mother was to select three to have charge of the King and his brother. This arrangement having been agreed to, the four peers proceeded from the Parliament house to the Castle, for the purpose of carrying into effect the commands of Parliament. Attended by a great concourse of people, who crowded to witness the imposing scene, they approached the gates of the fortress, which were thrown open, and Margaret the Queen-Mother was seen standing under the archway of the Portcullis Gate with the little King nestling by her side with his hand held fast in hers, whilst in the background a lady stood holding in her arms the infant Duke of Ross. As soon as the cheers with which the people greeted this royal tableau had subsided, the Queen with great dignity and a loud clear voice demanded the reason of the delegates coming; they replied that they came in the name of Parliament to receive from her the King and his brother, whereupon Margaret commanded the warder to drop the portcullis. The great massive iron trellis instantly descended, and, according to Dr. Taylor, she thus addressed the delegates through the grille: "This Castle is part of my enfeoffment, and of it, by my late husband the King, was I made governor, nor to any mortal shall I yield the important trust. But I respect the Parliament

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and nation, and request six days to consider the mandate, for most important is my charge and my counsellors now, alas, are few !” As the last words fell from her lips she burst into tears.

The Queen, however, found it impossible to hold the Castle against the forces of Parliament, and suddenly moved with her children to Stirling, her usual place of residence, where her adherents were numerous. She then sent to the Regent an offer to maintain the Princes out of her own dowry, provided they were left under her charge.

Indignant at this evasion of the orders of Parliament, Albany determined to compel obedience, and ordered Lords Ruthven and Borthwick to blockade the Castle of Stirling. A proclamation was now issued, threatening the penalties of treason against all those who should continue to hold out the Castle of Stirling against the Regent and Parliament ; and Albany, at the head of seven thousand men and accompanied by almost all the peers, marched against that fortress. The Queen’s resistance was hopeless, and advancing to meet the Regent she delivered the keys of the Castle to the young King, who, by her directions, placed them in the hands of Albany.

The Regent left a guard of seven hundred soldiers, and committed the two Princes to the custody of the Earl Marischal ; whilst the Queen returned to Edinburgh, where she took up her residence in the Castle. Margaret finding herself, as she alleged, in a kind of



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captivity at Edinburgh, and her revenues retained by the Regent, determined to retire to Blacater, in close proximity to England while at the same time it was within the Scottish frontier, so she could not be said to have forfeited her rights by leaving the country. This imprudent step completely alienated the nobles and clergy from the cause of the Queen, and induced them to give their full support to the government of the Regent.

Albany tried in vain to avoid hostilities, and offered Margaret complete restoration of all her rights and revenues if she would return to Edinburgh Castle. The imprudent Queen-Mother refused the liberal terms, and Albany immediately advanced to the Border at the head of an army of forty thousand men, and razed the tower of Blacater to the ground. In the meantime the Queen fled to England along with Angus and Home, after finding it impossible to offer any effectual resistance. The Regent was still anxious to reclaim the Queen from the impolitic course which she was pursuing, and addressed a letter to her imploring her to listen to reason, but without success.

Eight days after her flight into England she gave birth to a daughter, the Lady Margaret Douglas, who eventually became the mother of Darnley and grandmother of James VI; and a few days after she received the news of the death of her younger son, Alexander, at Stirling, an event which the Queen and

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her faction did not hesitate to ascribe either to neglect or poison.

Albany now resolved to visit France in order to obtain assistance from the French court to enable him to resist the intrigues of England, and to maintain the independence of the Kingdom. His absence was arranged to extend only to four months, and on June 7, 1517, he sailed from Dumbarton. Before leaving, the young King was brought from Stirling and placed in the Castle of Edinburgh under the care of the Earl Marischal and Lords Erskine, Borthwick, and Ruthven. It was also settled that the Queen-Mother should be allowed to return to Scotland, and to resume possession of her dowry and all her effects, upon condition that she should abstain from all attempts to overthrow the authority of the Regent. As soon as she heard of Albany's departure she commenced her journey northward, and on her arrival in Edinburgh she was not permitted at first to visit her son; but the young monarch was removed to Craigmillar Castle on there being an apprehension that the plague had made its appearance in the capital, and there his mother was occasionally allowed to visit him.

Margaret's propensity to engage in intrigues seems to have been incurable, and a suspicion arose that she was meditating a plan to carry off the young King to England, whereupon his guardians at once restored him to his original residence in the Castle of Edinburgh.

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Angus having failed in his attempt to obtain the regency, quarrelled with his wife and retired from the Court. He secluded himself in the Douglas country with his mistress, the daughter of Stuart of Traquair, to whom he is said to have been betrothed previous to his marriage with the Queen.

Margaret broke into a violent rage at this new insult, and expressed her determination to sue for a divorce; but through a friar named Chatsworth, sent by Henry from England, a temporary reconciliation took place between her and Angus.

Meanwhile the ambition of Angus continued to annoy the Government and to disturb the peace of the nation, and the Regent on his return from France summoned a Parliament to meet at Edinburgh on December 26, 1522, and cited Angus and his principal followers to appear and answer to the charges to be brought against them. But, conscious of their guilt, they were compelled to fly to the borders, where they opened a negotiation with Henry through the Bishop of Dunkeld, a nephew of Angus. They brought charges against Albany of having murdered the young Duke of Ross at Stirling; they alleged that the Regent had designs upon the Crown, that Margaret intended to set aside her son to marry Albany and raise him to the throne, to accomplish which they had attempted to induce Angus to consent to a divorce; also that the life of the young King was in danger.

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The Queen-Mother was speedily made acquainted with the charges which had been brought against her, and she immediately dispatched an envoy to her brother, flatly contradicting them. But Henry had no desire for peace, and openly accused his sister of living in shameful adultery with the Regent. Angus, who had remained inactive on the borders, became desirous of removing to some other country to mature his plans and await a favourable opportunity for their execution. He prevailed on his wife to intercede with Albany for this end, and he was permitted to return to Edinburgh, from which he passed immediately into France—the Regent consenting, on his voluntary exile, to remit the sentence for treason which had previously been pronounced. Albany convened a Parliament at Edinburgh, and a formal declaration of war against England was agreed upon ; and the young King, now in his eleventh year, was removed to Stirling and placed under the sole charge of Lord Erskine. Albany was, however, anxious for peace with honour, which was speedily arranged with Henry, who professed to be anxious only that his nephew should be placed under proper guardians, while he insisted no longer on the departure of Albany from Scotland. Albany consenting to a two months' truce disbanded his army and returned to Edinburgh.

The Queen-Mother now began a correspondence with the English nobles, to whom she revealed the

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whole policy of the Regent. Albany was now placed in a terribly complicated position. He was anxious to remain at peace, but Henry brought the negotiations for the continuance of a truce to an abrupt termination; and as many of the nobles were in the pay of England, Albany found it difficult to find anyone to whom he could give his confidence, or whom he could entrust with the carrying out of his designs. Harassed and disheartened by the difficulties of his situation, the Regent resolved once more to repair to France, for the purpose of holding a conference with Francis I on the best method of overcoming the English faction. Meanwhile the Queen-Mother was busily engaged in carrying on her intrigues to advance her own interests at the expense of the welfare of the country, and a plot was hatched between her and the English court to put an end to the regency of Albany by allowing the young King to assume the reins of government, with the expectation that the management of affairs would fall into her own hands. Her schemes, however, were disconcerted by the unexpected return of Albany, who determined to make a final effort to maintain the independence of the kingdom. He mustered an army of forty thousand men on the Borough Muir, within sight of Edinburgh Castle, and began his march on England, which was slow owing to the state of the roads, along which the heavy artillery was dragged with great labour. But Albany soon found himself in difficulties, for his army and its

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leaders broke out into insubordination and they openly refused to proceed farther on reaching Melrose. Disgusted and mortified by these proceedings, and finding that the nobles were faithless, Albany requested permission to retire to France under the pretext of making further arrangements with Francis ; his request was complied with, and in July 1524 he left Scotland never to return.

Margaret now succeeded in persuading the Earl of Arran, whose royal descent and large possessions made him a formidable rival, to unite his interests to hers ; and on July 25 she suddenly left Stirling with her son, and entering the capital, showed him to the townspeople as their legitimate sovereign, now about to administer in his own name the affairs of his disordered kingdom. James had not yet reached his thirteenth year, but his educational accomplishments were much in advance of his age.

Accordingly he was welcomed to Edinburgh with great enthusiasm ; through admiring and cheering crowds he passed with his mother and a procession of nobility to his ancestral Palace of Holyrood, and there was declared of age, announced his assumption of the government, and received the homage of the peers and prelates.

The Queen's rapid and independent action enraged her brother and gave reason for distrust, which was greatly strengthened by her refusal to sanction the proposed return of her husband Angus. She had

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now become enamoured with Henry Stewart, the second son of Lord Evandale. This awakened general dissatisfaction, and several of the barons withdrew from her Court in consequence; and even Arran, her principal supporter, began to consult his own interests in preference to her cause. Henry's chaplain, Dr. Magnus, was directed to repair without delay to her Court, and to endeavour to effect her reconciliation with her husband; but her former attachment to him had been replaced by so strong an aversion, that no argument could induce her to consent to his recall. Her opposition, however, did not prevent the return of Angus to Scotland; in the beginning of November, after a two years' exile, he crossed the border and took up his residence at Coldingham Priory. He wrote to Margaret entreating her to grant him a personal conference, professing his readiness to make amends for any offences which he had committed. No notice was taken of this communication, not even in the Parliament which met in the middle of the month.

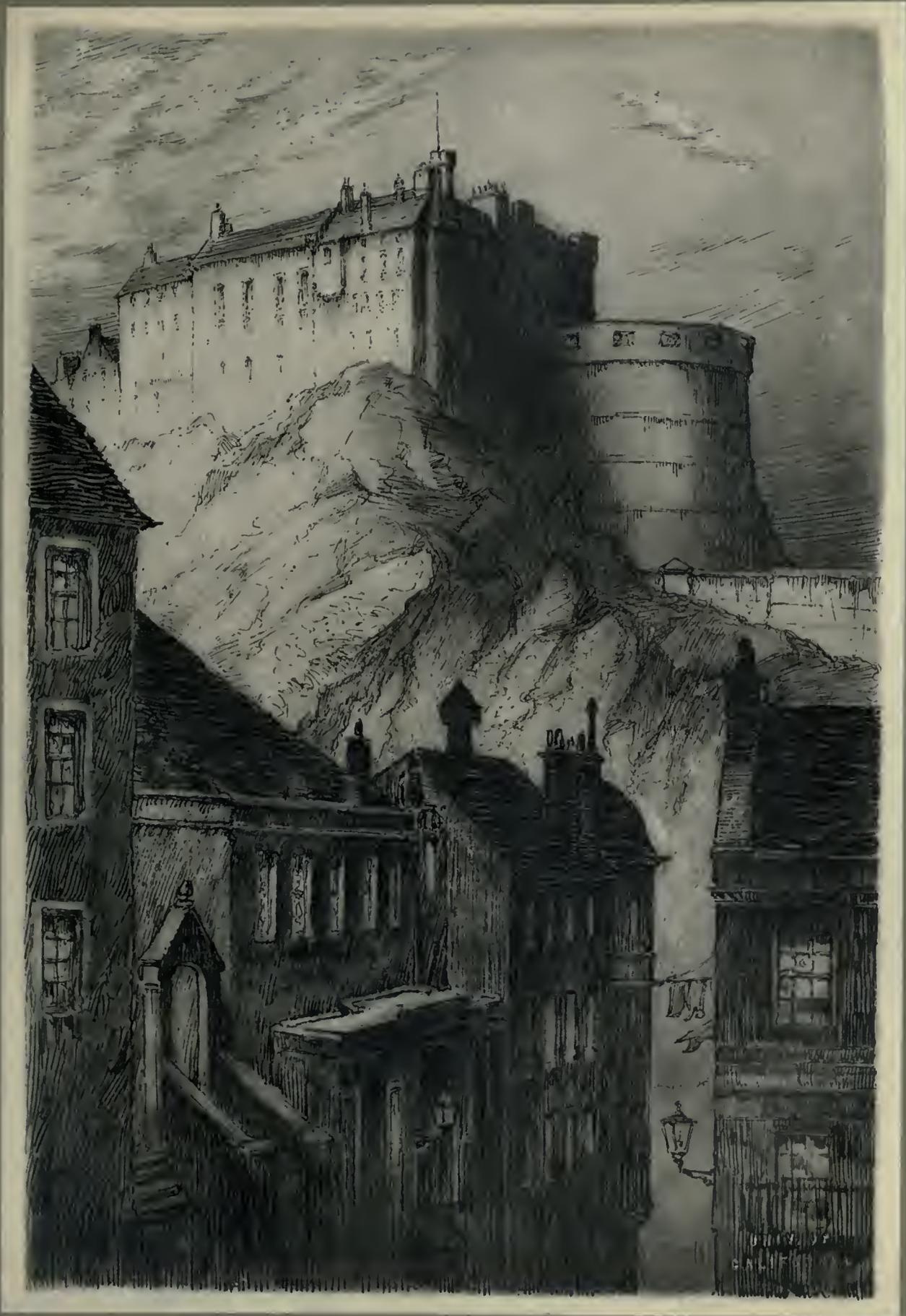
Early on the morning of November 23, 1525, several hours before sunrise, the citizens of Edinburgh were roused from their slumbers by the sound of war in their streets. The Earls of Angus and Lennox had scaled the walls, opened the gates, and penetrated to the Cross at the head of four or five hundred men. They announced that they only sought to have the King's person removed from the custody of those who

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were compassing the injury of the state. The guns of the Castle were directed against them, and the Queen, who was at Holyrood, collected a force of five hundred men and prepared to drive them out of the city at the point of the sword, when Dr. Magnus and others hastened to the palace to entreat her to stop the cannonade from the Castle, as it was doing much injury to the citizens. They found her in a fury of temper; she there and then ordered the prelate home to his lodging, suspecting him to be a party to the outrage, and issued a proclamation demanding the immediate departure of Angus and his adherents. This had the desired effect, they withdrew in the direction of Dalkeith, and in the dawn of the winter's morn the Queen had passed up the High Street with her son, by torchlight, to the Castle, and shut herself in the fortress to devise measures for her security.

The Queen's retreat into the Castle separated her to a great extent from the nobles who had still continued to attend her councils. She now sent the Bishop of Dunkeld and the Abbot of Cambuskenneth on an embassy to her brother to remonstrate with him on account of her husband's return, but this had little promise of any satisfactory result.

The beginning of the year 1525 saw the influence of the Queen-Mother declining more and more. Angus, backed by an influential party, demanded the removal of the King from the control of his mother, and the



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appointment of a new Council of Regency by the Parliament. Margaret could not venture beyond the walls of the Castle; the possession of the fortress and her hold on the young King were the only elements of strength that remained to her, but her spirit was not yet broken and she still maintained a high tone of independence.

As a last resource she determined to try an appeal to arms, and entreated the barons who still lingered around her to take the field on her behalf. To this, however, they would not consent unless the young King accompanied them—a condition, of course, to which Margaret dared not agree, fearing to lose the custody of her son. Accordingly she was at last compelled to yield. Under the auspices of Dr. Magnus negotiations were opened, and it was mutually agreed that James should be removed to the palace at Holyrood and placed under the guardianship of a Council elected by Parliament and presided over by the Queen; it was also stipulated that Angus should renounce his marital rights over her person and property.

It was with great repugnance that the Queen subscribed this contract, for she now saw that this was a virtual surrender of all for which she had so long struggled. Her influence was now at an end, and the disgraceful secret marriage in the following year with her paramour Henry Stewart completed the ruin of her power. James' early education had been entrusted to the care

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of Sir David Lyndsay, who instructed him in the knowledge of all liberal and manly accomplishments. Sir David was appointed gentleman usher to the royal infant on the day of his birth, and was for many years his constant companion and playmate. Sir David Lyndsay recalls to his sovereign's recollection the amusements with which he had entertained his infancy in the two following verses :

*When thou wast young I bore thee in my arm
Full tenderly till thou begouth to gang ;
And in thy bed oft happèd thee full warm,
With lute in hand, syne sweetly to thee sang ;
Sometimes in dancing fierclie I flang,
And sometimes playèd farces on the floor,
And sometimes on mine office did take care.
And sometimes like ane fiend transfigurate,
And sometimes like the grisly ghost of Guy ;
In divers forms oft-times disfigurate,
And sometimes dissuaged full pleasantly ;
So since thy birth I have continually
Been occupied, and aye to thy pleasure.*

Under the pretence of providing for the security of the King's person, the Queen surrounded him with a guard of two hundred men-at-arms, who were for the most part younger sons of noblemen. The long-pending decree of divorce between Margaret and Angus was pronounced by the Chancellor, in his Consistorial Court of St. Andrews in 1525, and in the same year

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a similar decision was delivered by the Pope, upon which Margaret publicly acknowledged Henry Stewart as her husband. The Lords of the Council, incensed at this presumption on the part of Stewart who had not asked consent of the King, committed him to prison for a short time. In the month of April 1525 the King completed his fourteenth year, when by the law of Scotland his minority terminated and he was permitted the full exercise of his authority.

James now proceeded to act with great promptitude and vigour against those who had so long held him in bondage. He issued a proclamation forbidding Angus or any of his adherents to approach within six miles of his Court, under pain of penalties for treason.

In 1536 James journeyed to France and there married Magdalene, the beautiful daughter of Francis. Magdalene is said to have fallen in love with the Scottish monarch at first sight; she was extremely delicate, and her physicians assured him "that she was not strong enough to travel to a colder climate than her own, and that if she did her days would not be long." The youthful lovers, however, turned a deaf ear to the advice, and their nuptials were solemnized with great splendour on January 1, 1537, in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. After a stormy passage they arrived at Leith on May 19, and were received with rejoicings by a great crowd, who came to welcome their sovereign home and to see their new Queen. As soon as they

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landed Magdalene knelt down and kissed the ground and returned thanks to God for a safe journey and prayed for the happiness of her new country, an incident which seems to have endeared her to the affections of the Scottish people. Alas! within the short period of six weeks she died, to the inexpressible grief of her husband and the whole nation, before she had completed her seventeenth year. She was buried with great pomp in the royal vault in the Abbey of Holyrood, near James II, and her epitaph was composed in Latin verse by the celebrated George Buchanan. This was the first recorded instance of mourning dresses being worn by the Scots.

James was not long a widower; within a few months after the death of his youthful Queen, he opened negotiations with Mary, a princess of the house of Guise; arrangements were speedily concluded and in June 1538 Mary landed at Balcornie in Fife and the marriage was celebrated at St. Andrews.

Edinburgh and its Castle now became the scene of tragic occurrences that disturbed the peace of mind of the young monarch for a time. In June 1536 the Master of Forbes, who had married a sister of the Earl of Angus, was accused of a design to assassinate the King, and he and his father, Lord Forbes, were imprisoned upon these charges, but their trial did not take place till fourteen months after. The father was acquitted, but the son was found guilty, condemned, and executed on the same day. The young noble

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was beheaded and quartered outside the gates, his remains being hung on the principal portals of the city.

The next victim was Lady Glammiss, a blood relation of the hated Douglasses, who with her husband, her son, then only sixteen years of age, a priest, and a barber named John Lyon, was accused of conspiring to bring about the King's death by poison. The unfortunate woman was found guilty and was condemned to be burned at the stake on the Castle Hill. The sentence was carried out in sight of her husband and in the presence of a crowd of spectators, who were deeply moved by her noble birth, her great beauty, and the courage with which she endured her cruel punishment.

Her son was also found guilty, but his life was spared out of compassion for his youth, and he was condemned to imprisonment for life, but was released on the death of James. The husband, in attempting to escape from the Castle, was dashed to pieces on the rocks. Alexander Mackay, who had sold the poison knowing for what purpose it was bought, had both his ears cut off and was banished from all parts of Scotland except the county of Aberdeen.

On May 22, 1540, the Queen gave birth to a prince who was named after his father; in the month of April 1541 another son was born, who died almost immediately, and nearly at the same moment his elder brother, the heir to the throne, died at St. Andrews.

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Pitscottie says that "the death of the two Princes caused great lamentations to be made in Scotland, but especially by the Queen their mother. The Queen comforted the King, saying they were young enough, and God would raise them more succession." The Princes were buried on the same day in the royal vault at Holyrood.

Shortly after the death of the Princes the Queen-Dowager closed her turbulent life at Methven Castle at the age of fifty-two, and was buried in the tomb of James I in the church of the Carthusians at Perth. James felt keenly the death of his two children, who were taken from him with such suddenness, and sought consolation in interesting himself in useful enterprises such as the improvement in the breed of horses in his own country. French and Flemish armourers were brought over to increase the efficiency of his military resources, and craftsmen skilled in ornament were attracted from the Continent by the promise of his patronage. But James, in his endeavours to improve the conditions of his country, had not the support of his nobility, who were hostile to him. This was made apparent when James had collected his army at the Burgh Muir of Edinburgh preparatory to taking the field against his uncle, Henry of England, in 1542. They got the length of Fala, on the edge of the Lammermuir Hills, when the nobles persisted in their refusal to proceed farther. Some historians say that the barons manifested a disposition to renew

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the tragic scenes of Lauder Bridge by hanging the confidential advisers of the King, but that a difference of opinion among the leaders regarding the selection of their victims prevented them from carrying out their designs. James, after being defeated by the English at Solway Moss, flew into a furious passion on hearing the news, which was brought to him at Lochmaben, where he had remained. His mind already overstrained by anxiety and disappointments, he sunk under the blow and fell into a state of melancholy. He returned next day to Edinburgh, and afterward proceeded to Falkland Palace in Fife, where he shut himself up, brooding over his disgrace, and refused to see anyone. A slow fever preyed upon him, and being without food for many days he gradually died, on December 13, 1542, at the age of thirty-one.

The Queen was at Linlithgow Palace, where she had given birth to a daughter who became her father's successor, and so we approach an eventful period of history in which the old Castle once more figures prominently, and the house of Stuart forfeited the throne.

CHAPTER VI : *The Power of the
Douglas*

CHAPTER VI : *The Power of the Douglas*

JAMES hearing the news on his death-bed that his Queen had given birth to a Princess at Linlithgow Palace, exclaimed: "It cam wi' a lass, and it will gang wi' a lass." The infant was seven days old when her father died, and one can but pity the little Queen thus commencing her life amidst well-nigh hopeless turbulence and disorder.

Despite the great difficulties of the situation, the Queen-Mother, who took up her residence in the Castle with the royal babe, handled the reins of the regency with skill and judgment. Although herself an ardent Catholic, by her liberal concessions she was able at once to secure the full approbation of the Protestant party.

Henry the Eighth in the hour of his death, embittered with disappointment by the refusal of Scotland to fulfil a treaty of marriage with the infant Queen and young Edward, urged the councillors of the little Prince to lose no time in waging war with Scotland. In the beginning of September 1544 the Earl of Hertford landed at Wardie at the head of an immense army, and the Fiery Cross was instantly sent through Scotland summoning all men spiritual or temporal between the ages of sixty and sixteen to repair to the city of Edinburgh.

The English earl demanded, as the condition of

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peace, the hand of the little Queen for Edward, subject to the stipulation that she should remain within Scotland until she was of a fit age for marriage. This, however, the Scottish nobles peremptorily refused. Lord Huntly made the Earl an offer to decide the quarrel by single combat, but this challenge was declined, and the Earl immediately advanced toward Edinburgh, where the English set fire to the town, but were met with defeat when attempting to take the Castle, which had been thoroughly repaired by the Earl of Arran. For four days the English thundered with their cannon before the fortress, not only suffering heavy loss from the defenders, but the Scots under Lord Stanehouse made a sortie from the Castle and recaptured some of the guns lost at Flodden. The English then retired, leaving behind them the smouldering, blackened ruins of Edinburgh and seven miles of country round the city.

Three years later there was still another invasion; the Scots and English fought a decisive battle at Pinkie on September 10, 1547, and the Scots were defeated—a day known long after as ‘Black Saturday.’ So far from bringing about a union of the two countries, this had unfortunately the opposite result and strengthened the old ties with France, toward which the Queen-Regent turned her eyes for a marriage between the young Queen and the Dauphin. It was suggested that Mary should be sent across the channel

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to be educated, and also for security against the many dangers which threatened in her native country, and this proposal received the full sanction of the Scottish Parliament.

The death of Edward VI of England, which took place in 1553, removed the possibility of further troubles on account of an English matrimonial alliance. The little Queen Mary was scarcely six years old when, in the height of winter, she crossed the Channel in 1548. The voyage was made in a sailing-boat not much larger than a fishing-smack, and as she sailed down the Clyde from Dumbarton she just escaped the English fleet, which had already reached the Forth on its mission to intercept her.

Mary of Guise continued her difficult task of ruling Scotland amidst all the difficulties created by the quarrelsome nobles on the one hand, and the reformers on the other. She managed to steer more or less a neutral course between the parties until her death, which, after a long illness, took place on June 10, 1560, in an apartment of the royal lodging, close to the present half-moon battery. She had summoned to her death-bed a number of her opponents with whom she spoke in terms of kindness, urged them to be loyal and true to the young Queen, and asked touchingly the forgiveness of any past disputes in which she might have been in error. The rites of burial were refused her, being a Catholic, and the body lay in the Castle

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encased in lead for about four months, when it was conveyed to Rheims, where it was received by her sister, who was prioress of a convent.

Mary Stuart was now ruler of Scotland, but in her absence the Protestant faith was established by Act of Parliament, and on the news being intimated to her she refused to recognize the procedure. She had married Francis II, who died in the same year as her mother, and she was now induced to return to her native kingdom, after thirteen years' absence, to ascend a throne and undertake the government of a people who were hostile to her religion, which to her was everything. Thus commenced a reign in which we shall find much to pity, whether we deplore her actions or blame others for their wily self-seeking. Destiny had brought her forth into a world where she was involved, young and inexperienced, in all the turmoil of a reformation, in the intrigues of plotting traitors who persuaded her with flatteries and unwise counsels; and in the end, on a preposterous charge of conspiring to seize the English Crown, she was to be dastardly put to death by the English Queen.

There was every chance that if this unfortunate monarch, with her refinement of education, her kindly disposition, and her great personal charm, had lived in more peaceful and happier times she would have left behind her a successful record.

Queen Mary arrived at Leith in August 1561, and was indebted for her safe passage partly to a favour-

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able wind and partly to a dense fog, under cover of which she was able to avoid the English fleet. She landed in circumstances which did not divert her from the melancholy consequent upon her departure from her beloved France, for the day was dull and gloomy. Knox says that “in the memory of man, that day of the year, was never seen a more dolorous face of the heaven, than was at her arrival, which two days after did so continue ; for besides the surface wet, and corruption of the air, the mist was so thick and so dark, that scarce might any man espy another the length of two pair of buttis—the sun was not seen to shine two days before nor two days after.”

Her arrival was at least ten days earlier than had been anticipated, and few preparations had been made for the reception ; but all classes hastened to express their joy and to demonstrate their loyalty, “At the sound of the cannons which the galleys shot, the multitude being advertised, happy was he and she that first might have the presence of the Queen.” Accustomed to the splendour of the French court, Mary was greatly affected by the miserable arrangements which had been made for her conveyance to the palace. As there were no carriages in Scotland she was obliged to proceed on a shaggy pony, the royal stud having been captured by the English. Her eyes filled with tears as she observed to her attendants : “These are not like the appointments to which I have been accustomed ; but it behoves me to arm myself with

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patience." But her reception, though rude, was sincere and cordial; her youth and beauty at once engaged the affections of a warm-hearted, generous people, and her feelings of vexation gave way to livelier emotions.

A few days later, Mary made her state progress through Edinburgh to the Castle with great pomp, as is chronicled in the *Diurnal of Occurrents*. "Nothing was neglected which could express the duty and affection of the citizens towards their sovereign. Her Highness," continues the ancient record, "departed from Holyrood with her train, and rode by the long street on the north side of the burgh, till she came to the foot of the Castle Hill, where a gate [more than likely a triumphal arch] had been erected for her to pass under, accompanied by the most part of the nobles of Scotland. She then rode up the bank to the Castle, where she sat down to the State banquet at noon. On her return after the function, the artillery boomed a royal salute from the batteries, and descending the Castle Hill she was met by sixteen of the most honourable men of the town, clad in velvet gowns and bonnets, who carried aloft a canopy of fine velvet lined with red taffeta, fringed with gold and silk, under which the Queen rode back to Holyrood."

The next important event in the life of the Queen, which however did not concern Edinburgh Castle, was the marriage to her cousin, Lord Darnley, on July 29, 1565, at Stirling Castle, an alliance which

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unfortunately was to terminate so unhappily. We next find her at the Castle after the return from Haddington, whither she had fled with her friendly nobles to escape the hand of the assassin at Holyrood, and where, in the midst of her anxieties and griefs, she had sought the security of the ancient fortress for the safe delivery of the expected heir to the Crown.

Here she received a messenger who was sent by the King and Queen-Mother of France with a congratulatory message on her escape from the recent peril. In the train of the French ambassador came Joseph Rizzio, whom Mary appointed her secretary, an office left vacant by the murder of his brother David at Holyrood. This was an imprudent step, but was perhaps to be excused on account of the difficulty in finding one amongst her courtiers in whom she could truly confide.

Her resentment toward Darnley, who had played her false in many things and, beyond all, in conniving at the murder of Rizzio, considerably abated as the time of her confinement drew near; she also pacified her nobles, who had long been at deadly feud with one another, and prevailed upon them to meet amicably at a banquet which she gave in the old Banqueting Hall to celebrate their reconciliation. But poor Mary seems to have been suffering from the apprehension of another attempt upon her life, and in consequence made out her will, of which one copy was sent to France, a second was given into the keeping of her

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Privy Council, and a third she kept herself. The day before the birth of her son she wrote a letter to Elizabeth in her own handwriting announcing the event, but leaving a blank to be filled in either with "son" or "daughter," as it might please God to grant unto her. The birth of James VI took place on Wednesday, June 19, 1566. It was a happy birth for the whole island, but proved unfortunate for the Queen. The welcome tidings were announced by the firing of the Castle guns from the batteries in close proximity to the royal apartments. The same afternoon Darnley paid a visit to the Queen, and expressed a desire to see the young Prince. "My lord," said Mary, "God has given you and me a son whose paternity is of none but you," whereupon Darnley coloured as he stooped and kissed the child. Mary, taking the child in her arms, went on, "My lord, here I protest to God as I shall answer to Him at the great day of judgment, this is our son and no other man's son; he is indeed so much your son that I only fear I will be the worse for him hereafter"; then turning to Sir William Stanley, Darnley's principal attendant, added, "This is the son who I hope will first unite the two kingdoms of Scotland and England." "Why, Madam," said Sir William, "shall he succeed before your Majesty and his father?" "Alas!" replied Mary, "his father has broken to me." Upon these words Darnley, who had stood near, said, "Sweet Madam, is this your promise that you made, to forget and forgive all?" "I have



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forgiven all," answered Mary, "but will never forget. What if Faudenside's [he was one of the murderers] pistol had shot? What would have become of him and me both, and what estate would you have been in? God only knows, but we may suspect." "Madam," replied Darnley, "these things are all past." "Then," said the Queen, "let them go."

There were great rejoicings throughout Scotland on the birth of the heir to the Crown. The General Assembly of the Church at the same time met and arranged to send Spotswood, the Superintendent of Lothian, to congratulate the Queen, and to request her to permit her son to be baptized and brought up in the Protestant faith. Mary received the representatives very graciously, but was silent and only smiled at the expression of his brethren's desire. The child was brought into the room to be shown to the divine, who took it in his arms and fell upon his knees and uttered a prayer on its behalf; at its conclusion he playfully asked the babe to say "Amen," and some little cooing murmur, it is said, escaped the lips of the infant. Mary was very pleased, and "ever after called the superintendent her 'Amen.' The young Prince did the same when he was old enough to understand the story, and whilst he lived did respect and reverence him as his spiritual father." The bedchamber in which tradition says the interesting and important event took place is the small inner room of two in the south-east corner of the ground floor

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of the royal palace, but there is much evidence that runs counter to this tradition. The upper part of the panelling and the ceiling are as old as the time of James V. On the panels of the ceiling are the letters I.R. and M.R. surmounted by a crown, and on the wall at the end opposite the window are the royal arms of Scotland and the inscription :

*Lord JESU CHRYSY, that Crounit was with thornse
Preserve the Birth, quhais Badgie¹ heir is borne,
And send Hir Sonee² successione to Reigne still
Lang in this Realme, if that it be Thy will,
Als Grant, O LORD, quhat ever of Hir proseed,
Be to Thy Glorie, Honer and Prais, sobied.*

There are records of the tapestries with which the room was hung, and these show the taste which Queen Mary displayed in all her residences. The tapestries, which were of gilded leather, portrayed the *Judgment of Paris* and *The Triumph of Virtue*; but there were others of various devices on green velvet, cloth-of-gold, and brocaded taffeta, and four recording the hunting of the unicorn. The chairs—of which one was rescued from a sale of canteen furniture and still remains—had high backs and were carved with the crown and cipher. The date of the birth, ‘19 JVNII. 1566,’ is painted on the panelling of the north and south walls of the room. An old but untrustworthy story has it that the young Prince was

¹ Body.

² Soon.

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lowered secretly from the window in a basket to the Queen's adherents, to be taken away and baptized in their faith.

Below Queen Mary's room there are vaulted dungeons which are said till lately to have retained the staple of an iron chain to which many a prisoner was secured in olden times ; but no date or even history of these massive foundations can be authenticated, though they certainly belong to a very remote period. There are other dungeons below the Banqueting Hall, in two tiers, lighted through small loopholes secured by iron bars, where the French prisoners were secured during the Peninsular War ; forty slept in one vault and, until recently, one could still see the wooden framework from which they slung their hammocks.

A curious and somewhat remarkable discovery was made in a wall on the west front of the royal rooms in the year 1830. The wall on being struck was found to be hollow ; to satisfy curiosity it was opened, when a cavity was found to exist and in it a small wooden box containing the remains of an infant. The box was of great antiquity and much decayed ; the remains of the child were wrapped in a thickly woven cloth resembling leather, besides a richly embroidered silk covering with two initials worked upon it, one of which clearly was marked 'I.' Most of the remains were restored to the curious little cavity, and the wall was built up again. Daniel Wilson in his *Memorials of Edinburgh* says : "It were vain now to attempt a

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solution of this mysterious discovery, though it may furnish the novelist with material on which to found a thrilling romance.”

To come back to the story of Mary and her associations with the Castle: the birth of a Prince had little effect on the debauched life of Darnley, who continued his licentious ways to the great grief of his Queen. In the meantime the infant James had been christened at Stirling Castle with unusual magnificence. Elizabeth, who had consented to stand godmother to her young heir, appointed the Countess of Argyle as her representative and dispatched the Earl of Bedford, her ambassador, with a font of gold, valued at upward of one thousand pounds, to be used at the ceremony. In her instructions to Bedford, she desired him to express jocularly her fear that as the font had been made as soon as she heard of the Prince's birth, he might now have outgrown it. “If you find it so,” said she, “you may observe that our good sister has only to keep it for the next child, provided it be christened before it outgrow the font.”

It may be mentioned, to show the abominable character of Darnley, that to give offence to his consort he absented himself from the baptism of his son, although living in the Castle at the time, thus proclaiming to all assembled the Queen's domestic unhappiness. Darnley was stricken down with small-pox and when convalescent was taken to Kirk-o-Fields, a house which was within view of the Castle

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windows, and now is the site of the University. Early one February morning the house was blown up, and Lord Henry Darnley and his page were found dead in the garden. It is believed that they were first murdered and the house then blown up by Bothwell and his fellow conspirators whilst Mary was at a masque ball at Holyrood.

Darnley's body was taken to Holyrood and buried in the Chapel. The Queen had her little room at the Castle hung with black, and remained in privacy until after the funeral. Elizabeth sent a letter of condolence by her cousin Killegrew, and on his reception he found "the Queen's Majesty in a dark chamber, so that he could not see her face, but by her words she seemed very doleful."

Mary's unhappy marriage to Bothwell, of whom Kirkcaldy of Grange says she had become "shamefully enamoured"—for Bothwell was nothing more or less than a freebooter—was the crowning error of the unfortunate Queen's reign, and took place on May 15, 1567, at four o'clock in the morning. On the very evening of the wedding Bothwell behaved toward her with coldness and indifference, and she was heard to ask for a knife to stab herself, "or else," said she, "I shall drown myself."

The confederate nobles having themselves signed the bond not only sanctioning the Queen's marriage with Bothwell but declaring it to be for the interests of Scotland, found it impossible suddenly and at once to

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disclaim their own act. Nevertheless Morton, Argyle, Lethington, and Huntly now protested against the marriage and the conduct of Bothwell, and we find the confederates now resolved on taking the decided step of attempting to seize the persons of Mary and her husband. Apprised of their schemes and unprepared for resistance, Mary had recourse to flight, and Bothwell fled with her to the Castle of Borthwick, about ten miles from Edinburgh, and thence to Dunbar Castle. From here they went to meet the nobles who were confederated against Bothwell. The meeting took place at Carberry, and when Bothwell perceived that his case was hopeless, and that his followers were deserting him, he mounted his horse and fled with a few attendants back to Dunbar, and quitted the kingdom for ever. Mary placed herself in the hands of the confederates, led by Kirkcaldy of Grange, to whom she offered her hand, which he kissed, and taking hold of her horse's bridle he conducted her to the camp of his associates, where she was received with grim respect by the leaders and outspoken insult by the soldiers. At seven o'clock on the same evening of this eventful day the unhappy Queen made her re-entrance into Edinburgh, riding between Earl Morton and the Earl of Atholl, and in the most deplorable condition, her hair dishevelled, her dress soiled with travel, her face disfigured with dust and tears, and so fatigued that she could hardly sit on her saddle, having been brought by a route which compelled her to

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gaze upon the ruin of Kirk-o-Field House, the scene of Darnley's murder, which must have been most harrowing. The crowd greeted her with yells and jeers; and at the Lord Provost's house, she rested for the night. Next morning after a council at Holyrood she was taken to Lochleven Castle, where she was kept in close confinement until her romantic escape. Mary had already signed the necessary papers abdicating the Crown in favour of her infant son, who was proclaimed at the Cross of Edinburgh on July 27, 1567, and preparations were now made for the immediate coronation of the young Prince at Stirling Castle.

The Coronation procession of the infant King moved from the sister castle to the High Church, known later as the West Kirk. The Earl of Athol bore the crown, the Earl of Morton the sceptre, and the Earl of Glencairn the sword. The infant, only fourteen months old, was carried in the arms of the Earl of Mar. The ceremony lasted from two till five in the afternoon; John Knox preached the sermon; the Bishop of Orkney performed the anointing; the crown was held over the little King's head by the Earl of Mar; and the infant hands were made to touch the sword and sceptre. At the conclusion of what must have been to the poor child a very tedious ceremony, the newly crowned King was carried back to the old fortress by the Earl of Mar amid great rejoicing. At night bonfires were lighted all over the country.

A month later the Earl of Murray was proclaimed

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Regent with great solemnity. He ruled the country with a strong hand and to some extent restored peace amongst its people, but his Regency did not last long, for he was cruelly assassinated at Linlithgow on January 23, 1570, by the Duke of Hamilton, whilst on his way to Edinburgh from Stirling. He was succeeded in the Regency by the Earl of Lennox, later by Mar, and then by the Earl of Morton.

Meantime the Castle was held by Sir William Kirkcaldy of Grange, who was still a staunch supporter of Queen Mary; during this unsettled period he seized the opportunity of strengthening his position, and laid in stores which he had seized at Leith, besides training soldiers.

Queen Elizabeth, bent on subduing Mary's supporters, sent two skilful engineers to examine the defences of Edinburgh Castle—their last stronghold—and they reported that with a sufficient battering-train the place might be taken in twenty days. Elizabeth resolved that the attempt should be made; Sir William Drury, the Marshal of Berwick, was chosen to conduct the enterprise, and his force, consisting of five hundred hagbutters¹ and a hundred and forty pikemen, disembarked at Leith with a considerable train of artillery. The English were joined by the Regent's troops, seven hundred strong, and so they marched to Edinburgh to commence preparations for the great siege. First, however, a summons to surrender in

¹ Soldiers armed with the hagbut or harquebus.

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the name of the Regent and the English general was sent to Kirkcaldy; but although the supply of water and provisions was nearly exhausted he refused to submit, and declared that he would hold the Castle until he was buried beneath its ruins.

Trenches were dug, artillery was placed on advantageous ground commanding the walls, and on May 17, 1573, the guns of the besiegers opened fire, concentrating on the principal bastion—the great tower built by King David. The shrieks and cries of the women in the fortress could be heard distinctly in the English lines, and after a furious cannonade of six days the south wall of the great tower gave way and fell with its mass of men and guns, with a crash like thunder, over the rock below, choking with its ruins the passage to the outer gate. Next day the eastern part of the tower, the portcullis tower, and another bastion called Wallace's Tower, shared the same fate. The garrison now was in a state of desperation; their ammunition was exhausted, their water-supply was rendered impossible by being choked with debris, and the greater part of the garrison were lying *hors de combat* from want of food. The only water-supply left was from St. Margaret's Well, which however had already been poisoned by the Regent's troops, and only about forty men were left to man the guns. Still Kirkcaldy did not lose heart, and it was not until the besiegers prepared for a general assault that the brave soldier, seeing that further resistance was useless, appeared on

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the ruins of the ramparts with a white wand in his hand and obtained an armistice of two days. He then gave up his sword to Drury on receiving his assurance that it was to the Queen of England and not to the Regent of Scotland that he surrendered; but he was treacherously delivered into the hands of his enemy the Regent Morton, and despite the strenuous efforts of his friends, who offered to purchase his pardon by becoming servants to the house of Morton in a perpetual "bond of man-rent," and also to pay to the Regent the sum of two thousand pounds and an annuity of three thousand marks, but to this offer the Regent turned a deaf ear. On August 3, Sir William Kirkcaldy and his brother, and two others who were accused of coining base money within the Castle, were taken to the Cross of Edinburgh and there hanged and afterward decapitated, their heads being fixed on the Castle walls. The brave Kirkcaldy died full of penitence for his sins and professing unshaken attachment to the cause of Mary Stuart.

John Knox on his deathbed sent the following message to Kirkcaldy: "Say from me, that unless he forsake that wicked course wherein he is entered, neither shall that rock on which he confideth defend him, nor the carnal wisdom of that man whom he counteth a demigod (Lethington) make him help, but shamefully shall he be pulled out of that nest, and his carcass hung before the sun. The soul of that man is dear unto me, and, if it be possible, I would fain have him to be

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saved." These words of Knox, although they produced but little impression upon Kirkcaldy at the time, were afterwards remembered by him when he was compelled to surrender his stronghold; and it is recorded that at the time of his execution he acknowledged that Knox had spoken with something of prophetic truth, and also that he had derived some consolation from his good wishes and prayers.

On the wall of the Castle close to the inner portcullis gate there is a memorial tablet to the brave soldier who so nobly held the fortress in a last futile effort to re-establish the Queen on the Throne. The fall of the Castle and the death of Kirkcaldy of Grange was a death-blow to the unfortunate Queen's party in Scotland.

CHAPTER VII : *The Coronation of
Charles the First*

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REGENT MORTON committed the keeping of the Castle to his brother George Douglas of Parkhead, one of Rizzio's assassins, who lost no time in putting the fortress and royal palace into complete repair, adding the famous half-moon battery which now forms so characteristic a feature in the sky-line of Edinburgh. The battlements previous to the siege presented a series of towers armed by forty pieces of cannon, connected with curtain walls ; but they were demolished by the assailants, who used in their assaults "hundred-pounders" loaded by a crane.

Over the gateway of the restored portcullis tower the Regent placed the royal arms surmounted by hearts and mullets, the cognizance of his own family ; these still remain in the entablature. The Scottish lion was removed during the Commonwealth, but has recently been replaced. Morton's government became so objectionable that the nobles implored the King, then only twelve years old, to consider the possibility of inducing the Regent to resign. They represented to him, in a lengthy oration, the miserable condition to which the country was reduced by the extortion and misgovernment of the Regent, and his insolent and haughty bearing to the nobility. This intrigue must have come to the ears of Morton, for we find a letter

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sent by him to the King, in which he requests to be relieved from the cares of office. A Convention met in 1578 and the Regent's letter was laid before them, when they unanimously resolved that his resignation should be accepted, and that the King should take the government into his own hands. The joy of the people of all ranks on hearing the news of his resignation, which was proclaimed by heralds at the Cross, was excessive, and the deafening acclamations by which it was testified convinced Morton that he had utterly forfeited the affections of his countrymen. The King commanded Morton to deliver up the Castle of Edinburgh, which he still continued to hold; but he showed some unwillingness to surrender a fortress the possession of which might have helped in his ambitious designs. His brother, the captain, was in the meantime actively engaged in storing the place with provisions, which looked as if Morton really contemplated defending it.

The inhabitants of the town suspecting his purpose, rose in arms and intercepted a convoy of stores on their way to the Castle; whereupon George Douglas of Parkhead came out with a party of soldiers, who, discharging their pieces among the people, killed many of them and wounded others. The population, enraged and alarmed, so strictly watched all the avenues of the Castle that ingress and egress became impossible. Under those circumstances, Morton, without any show of resistance, surrendered the fortress to

Louis XV 1757



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Lords Ruthven and Lindsay, who took possession of the royal apartments and the Crown jewels ; while the keys of the gates were delivered to Seton of Touch and Cunningham of Drumwhassel.

The influence of Morton with the young King was now gone, and the hatred of him by the nobles culminated at the end of the year 1580 in his arrest. His trial commenced five months later, on June 1, 1581, for the murder of Darnley, for which crime he had put others to death. On the following day, amidst the great rejoicings of an antagonistic crowd, he was executed by a guillotine called the "Maiden," which he had himself invented. Calderwood relates that when Morton was being taken as prisoner to the Castle, "a woman whose husband he had put to death cursed him aloud on her knees at the Butter Tron." His head was stuck on a spike at the Tolbooth, and his body buried at the Burghmuir, the burial-place for the worst type of criminal.

During the reign of James VI the King's visits to the Castle were few, and few noteworthy incidents occurred there. Under the guidance of his tutor, George Buchanan, he resided at Stirling and Holyrood in a homely way until his accession to the English throne. The Castle, however, is mentioned in the record of James' State entry into Edinburgh with his bride Queen Anne of Denmark. The procession approaching from the palace came in sight of the old fortress,

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which gave her “thence a great volley of shot, with their banners and ancient displays upon the walls.”

On June 19, 1616, his fifty-third birthday, James feasted the Scottish and English nobles in the Banqueting Hall, and thereafter went to Holyrood to witness a grand display of fireworks.

State prisoners continued to be committed to the dungeons in the rocky foundations of the old fortress, from which few if any escaped with their lives.

George Kerr, however, through the clemency of the King, was an exception. On a charge of Popery he had been confined in those death holes for some time when he was permitted to make his escape. An apparent attempt was made to recapture him, but this was purposely rendered ineffective by sending out pursuers in one direction while he was conveyed away in another. This artifice was so palpable that on the following Sunday it was publicly exposed from the pulpit and condemned as a “mockery.”

James' association with the Castle was not entirely to end at his accession to the Throne of England, upon the death of Elizabeth; on April 5, 1603, accompanied by a splendid retinue of noblemen, barons, and gentlemen, he set out from the land of his birth on his journey south amid the tears of the citizens, who, though they sincerely rejoiced at his exaltation, which they fondly hoped would conduce to the peace of the country, could not witness his departure with-

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out regret. Fourteen years later he paid the only visit between his leave-taking and his death, and in preparation for it much work was done in the restoration and repair of the Castle building.

James had an interesting personality, and his quaint figure was missed from the walks of the Castle; he looked very stout from the peculiar fashion of his doublet, which was quilted, so as to be stiletto-proof; he walked clumsily, owing to the weakness of his legs, which never seemed to have strength enough to support his body. He kept his heavy eyes continually rolling, and his tongue when he spoke seemed to be too large for his mouth; his utterance was in consequence thick and indistinct. "Dirty in his habits, he never washed his hands but simply wiped the points of his fingers with a wet napkin. He always fiddled about with his fingers, and as he walked he was often leaning on other men's shoulders." So if this picture be correct, James certainly did not inherit any of the elegance ascribed to his mother.

After the birth of James and the dramatic departure of his ill-fated mother the Castle had for a short time little concern in Scottish annals; but with the succession of James' only surviving son Charles, who succeeded to the Throne in his twenty-fifth year, the historic landmark of Edinburgh once more comes into prominence. Charles had completed ten years of his reign before he made a visit to the birthplace of his father, although he had long felt the desire to revisit

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the land of his nativity and the kingdom of his ancestors. On May 16, 1633, Charles I entered his Scottish capital, and this was made the occasion of his coronation. Charles is said to have expressed his desire that the Regalia of Scotland should be taken from the Castle and sent up to London for the purpose of being used at his coronation there; but this was esteemed contrary to the independent rights of his Scottish kingdom, and so the King found it necessary to visit Scotland in person.

Charles rode at the head of a splendid retinue which included the officers of the royal household, who formed a bodyguard, and five hundred English noblemen, gentlemen, and ecclesiastics, including the intolerant Laud, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, whose presence was to regulate the forms of devotion of the Scottish Church.

According to old custom, Charles made his public entry into the capital by the west port. He was met outside by Drummond, the poet of Hawthornden, who welcomed him in a long congratulatory address abounding in fulsome adulation which is believed to have done no honour to his poetical genius. The pageantry exceeded in magnificence anything that had ever been seen in Scotland; the reception which the new King met with from all ranks of his northern subjects evinced a depth and fervour of loyalty which it had been well for him and for the country if he had wisely laboured to conserve. Charles rode on

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horseback, attended by sixteen coaches and the Horse Guards, until at length he reached

*That noble, stately dome
Where Scotia's Kings of other years
Famed heroes, had their royal home*

which thundered from its batteries a salute of fifty-two guns.

Charles remained in the royal lodging attended by his nobles, and the morrow being Sunday he attended the Chapel Royal, where a sermon was preached by the Bishop of Dunblane. The Earl of Mar gave a great banquet in the old hall of the palace in honour of the occasion, and this was attended by all the foremost noblemen of Scotland and England. Next day Charles was enthroned under a velvet canopy in the same hall, attended by the Duke of Lennox, who at that time was Lord High Chamberlain of Scotland.

Then the peers in stately procession, wearing their robes of dark crimson velvet and chains of office, entered, each preceded by his page in full court dress bearing on a velvet cushion his lord's coronet. After an address by the Chancellor, Viscount Dupplin, Charles was conducted to the square in front of the palace, wherein were waiting his English footguards and others who were about to take part in the State procession to the Abbey.

Edinburgh had perhaps never witnessed such a scene

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of magnificence and costly grandeur; the extravagance of many of the Scottish nobility on this occasion meant embarrassment and even ruin to some, but the Scots had determined at all cost to efface the impression of poverty with which they had been taunted by their English fellow-subjects.

The procession moved through the Castle square, past the half-moon battery, and down through the inner portcullis gate to the upper reaches of Castle Hill, where every window was crowded with excited faces. Flags and banners floated in the breeze from the housetops, and the windows were decorated with flowers and tapestry. "First," says Spalding, "came mounted on a roan horse, having a saddle of rich velvet sweeping the ground and massive with pascements of gold, Alexander Clark, the provost, at the head of the bailies and council to meet the King, while the long perspective of the crowded street was lined by a brave company of soldiers, all clad in white satin doublets, black velvet breeches and silk stockings, with hats, feathers, scarfs, and bands. These gallants had dainty muskets, pikes, and gilded partisans."

The procession moved slowly from the Castle gate, preceded by six trumpeters in gold lace and scarlet. Then came the lords in their robes of scarlet, ermined and laced, riding with long foot-mantles; the bishops in their white rochets and lawn sleeves looped with gold; the York and Norroy English kings-at-arms

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with their heralds, pursuivants, and trumpeters in tabards blazing with gold and embroidery; Sir James Balfour, the Scottish Lion King, preceding the spurs, sword, sceptre, and crown, borne by earls.

Then rode the Lord High Constable, with his baton, supported by the Great Chamberlain and Earl Marshal, preceding Charles, who was arrayed in a robe of purple velvet once worn by James IV, and had a foot-cloth embroidered with silver and pearls. His long train was borne by the young lords Lorne, Annan, Dalkeith, and Kinfauns.

Then came the Gentlemen Pensioners, marching with partisans uplifted; then the Yeomen of the Guard, clad in doublets of russet velvet, with the royal arms in raised embroidered work of silver and gold on the back and breast of each coat—each company commanded by an earl. The gentlemen of the Scottish Horse Guards were all armed *à la cuirassier*, and carried swords, petronels, and musketoons. The gorgeous procession moved down the High Street and Canongate, in the centre of which was a railed-in pathway, each side of which was thronged with thousands of the citizens, and came at length to Holyrood, where in the presence of the august assembly and with great solemnity the crown was placed on the head of Charles by Spotswood, Archbishop of St. Andrews. The Bishop of Moray, newly appointed Lord Almoner, exercised his new function by scattering among the spectators within

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the chapel handfuls of silver medals in commemoration of the event.

On July 18 the newly crowned Scottish King left his northern capital to return to London. His visit to Edinburgh and residence in the Castle, with the wealth of pageantry and public rejoicings, did not leave behind it the loyalty which one would imagine must follow such events; this, however, is easily explained by the fact that Laud attempted to impose upon the Scottish people Episcopacy. This afterward resulted in civil war, in which the Castle played an important part.

The national Covenant was drawn up to protest against the interference with the national religion by innovations which were regarded as the harbingers of Popery. The Covenanting Committees drew up a notice which was rapidly circulated throughout the kingdom, calling on the whole body of the supplicants to repair with all expedition to Edinburgh to arrange measures for their common safety and to make an appeal to the King. Charles paid no heed to the demands of the Covenanters, but sent a commissioner, the Marquis of Hamilton, as his representative with instructions to endeavour to bring about a pacification without really withdrawing the innovations complained of.

On his arrival at the gates of the city Hamilton found the Castle invested with armed men, and refused to enter the town as long as the fortress was in a state

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of blockade. Although entreated to take up his residence in the royal palace he, after a long meeting and the eventual posting of a proclamation, returned across the border with the result of his mission to Charles, so that he could inform him more fully of the state of the country. Both sides had now buckled on the sword, but neither was willing to take the offensive, especially the Covenanters whose ideals led them rather to act on the defensive. Meantime many Scottish merchants and travellers were arrested in England and Ireland and were kept as prisoners until they disclaimed the Covenant. In 1639 a general attack was planned by the principal Scottish leaders to secure among other strongholds the Castle of Edinburgh. General Alexander Leslie with a picked battalion of one thousand "musketeers" suddenly appeared before the gates of the Castle, which was then badly provided for and feebly garrisoned. There was a short parley, but the governor obstinately refused to surrender; whereupon a petard was applied to the outer gate, which was immediately blown open.

A vigorous assault was then made on the inner gate with hammers and axes, but the strength of the metal trellis-work was too much for the assailants, who thereupon rushed forward their scaling-ladders, and mounting sword in hand found themselves in less than half an hour in possession of the most important stronghold of the kingdom without the loss of a single man or

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even of a drop of blood. The governor was permitted to retire and carry the news to the King, while the brave general that night gave the Covenanting lords a banquet in the hall of the Castle and hoisted their blue standard with the motto, "For an oppressed Kirk and a broken Covenant," on the mast of the tower above the royal palace. This ancient banner is still preserved in the Edinburgh antiquarian museum. Lord Traquair's residence at Dalkeith was next surprised and captured; here were found secreted the crown, sword, and sceptre, which were at once carried safely back to their proper home in Edinburgh Castle. On King Charles' birthday, November 19, 1640, an unaccountable accident happened. A portion of the curtain wall, one of the oldest pieces of masonry of the Castle, collapsed and fell with a crash over the rock. The Covenanters after a convention with the King disbanded their army, and the Castle was restored to the Royalists, who placed in it a garrison under Sir Patrick Ruthven. The new governor took possession on February 25, 1640, marching through the High Street to the beat of drums. In consequence of the magistrates' refusal to supply the incoming garrison with provisions, the soldiers commenced firing on the town and destroyed a considerable amount of property, besides occasioning loss of life; and on Parliament demanding the discontinuance of hostilities or the surrender of the Castle, the governor treated the demand with contempt.

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Leslie, therefore, was once more ordered to besiege the fortress, and he erected batteries on the Castle Hill, in Greyfriars Churchyard, and at the West Kirk. The ordnance did little damage, however, owing to the lightness of the guns, and little progress was made in the work of destruction.

Ruthven made a stern defence: his guns threatened the whole city; even the spire of St. Giles' was in danger of being battered to pieces under the ruthless fire of the Royalists. At last the Covenanters sprang a mine and blew up a part of the wall of the Spur Battery, making a breach, whereupon a grand assault was made; but the Scots were beaten back with considerable loss by the heavy fire of the musketeers. Weddal, one of the leaders, who led the attack, was horribly wounded, having both thighs shot through, and out of the numbers that made the assault only thirty-three escaped with their lives.

The breach in the wall was speedily closed by the soldiers of Ruthven; and the Covenanters, disheartened by their failure, resolved to turn the siege into a blockade and depend on the gradual approach of starvation to reduce the garrison to surrender.

By coincidence the explosion of a gunpowder magazine under the Castle of Dunclas alarmed the inhabitants of the surrounding country to such an extent that beacons were immediately lighted, and soon these warning signals were ablaze on every point of vantage for miles around.

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The beleaguered garrison had been daily expecting relief by the arrival of the English fleet, and mistaking the beacon-fires for an announcement of this happy event, they held a great feast with the remainder of their provisions. The unfortunate mistake was soon discovered. To hold out without provisions was an impossibility, and so the gallant defenders had to surrender. Honourable conditions were allowed them for their bravery, and Ruthven marched out at the head of a remnant of his garrison with but one drum beating, after a blockade of three months, and took ship for England in a King's vessel. Once more the important fortress commanding the capital was in the hands of the patriots.

During the remaining years of the unfortunate King Charles I he only once visited Edinburgh Castle, when he prayed for the release of the Duke of Montrose, who with his friends Napier, Stirling, and Stewart of Blackshall were all lying imprisoned in its dungeons. When Charles assembled his first Parliament in the Castle he addressed the members with earnestness and simplicity of words and thought, which strongly contrasted with the oratorical harangues of his father. "It cannot," says Hume, "be alleged against Charles that he preceded the Parliament in the war of words. He courted their affections; and even in his manner of reception, amidst the dignity of the regal office, studiously showed his exterior respect by the marked solemnity of their first meeting. As yet uncrowned,

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on the day on which he first addressed his Parliament he wore his crown, and veiled it at the opening, and on the close of his speech ; a circumstance to which the Parliament had not been accustomed. Another ceremony gave still greater solemnity to the meeting ; the King would not enter into business till they had united in prayer. He commanded the doors to be closed, and a Bishop to perform the office. The suddenness of this unexpected command disconcerted the Catholic lords, of whom the less rigid knelt, and the moderate stood ; there was one startled Papist who did nothing but cross himself.”

In 1648 the Marquis of Argyll, the dictator of Scotland, invited Oliver Cromwell to Edinburgh and entertained him at a great banquet in the hall of the Castle, where they discussed the necessity of taking away the life of Charles, for which act Argyll afterwards lost his own head. After the coronation of Charles II at Scone in 1651 Parliament ordered the Castle to be put in a proper state of defence, news having reached Edinburgh of the approach of Cromwell at the head of a formidable army. Colonel Walter Dundas was in command, and at once laid in stores for a long siege. These included 1000 bolls of meal and malt and 1000 tons of coal, with threescore of cannon and the famous Mons Meg, besides 80,000 small arms and a plentiful supply of ammunition.

“In a rare old tract of 1650,” says Grant, “the

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appearance is recorded of a horrible apparition, which created great alarm in the fortress. On a dark and gloomy night the sentinel, under the shadow of the gloomy half-moon, was alarmed by the beating of a drum upon the esplanade and the tread of marching feet, on which he fired his musket. Colonel Dundas hurried forth, but could see nothing on the bleak expanse, the site of the now demolished Spur. The sentinel was truncheoned and another put in his place, to whom the same thing happened, and he, too, fired his musket, affirming that he heard the tread of soldiers marching to the tuck of drums. To Dundas nothing was visible, nothing audible but the moan of an autumn wind. He took a musket and the post of the sentinel. Anon he heard the old Scots march beaten by an invisible drummer; who came close up to the gate:—then came other sounds—the tramp of many feet and clank of accoutrements; still nothing was visible, till the whole impalpable array seemed to halt close by Dundas, who was bewildered with consternation. Again the drum was heard beating the English march, and then the French march, when the alarm ended; but the next drums that were beaten there were those of Oliver Cromwell.”

CHAPTER VIII : *Cromwell and
the Ministers*

CHAPTER VIII : *Cromwell and the Ministers*

CROMWELL made his raid on Edinburgh and invested the Castle in 1650, two years after he had been the guest of the Marquis of Argyll, who had entertained him in the Banqueting Hall of the fortress. Charles II watched from the ramparts of the Castle the manoeuvres of the troops of the Protector in their endeavours to reach the city, on the occasion when they were beaten at St. Leonards, then a village on the outskirts of Edinburgh. The disastrous result of the defeat at Dunbar a few days later, however, turned the tables, and Edinburgh had to surrender to the Ironsides, with the exception of the fortress, in which most of the clergy had taken refuge. The prisoners who were taken at the battle of Dunbar suffered cruelty unknown to a Christian country. Dr. Taylor says, "It was most dishonourable to Cromwell and the Parliament." They were transported to the English settlements in America, and there sold for slaves. On their journey to England they were treated with the greatest barbarity, as will be seen from a letter of Haselrig (one of Cromwell's commandants) to the Council of State (*Parliamentary Hist.*, vol. xix.).

"When they came to Morpeth, the prisoners being put into a large walled garden, they ate up raw cabbages, leaves, and roots, so many, as the very seed and labour at 4*d* per day was valued at £9, which cabbage

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(they having fasted, as they themselves said, near eight days) poisoned their bodies; for as they were coming from thence to Newcastle, some died by the wayside. When they came to Newcastle, I put them into the greatest church in the town; and the next morning when I sent them to Durham, about 140 were sick and not able to march; three died that night, and some fell down in their march from Newcastle to Durham, and died. I having sent my lieutenant-colonel and my major with a strong guard both of horse and foot, they being there told into the great cathedral church, were counted to no more than 3000, although Colonel Fenwick wrote to me that there were about 3500. But I believe they were not told at Berwick, and as to most of those that were lost, it was in Scotland; for I heard that the officers who marched with them to Berwick, were necessitated to kill about thirty, fearing the loss of them all, for they fell down in great numbers, and said they were not able to march, and they brought them far in the night, so that doubtless many ran away. Notwithstanding all this many of them died, and few of any other disease than the flux [dysentery]; some were killed by themselves, for they were exceeding cruel one towards another. If any man were perceived to have any money, it was two to one lest he was killed before morning and robbed; and if any had good cloaths, he that wanted, if he was able, would strangle the other and put on his cloaths.

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“You cannot but think strange of this long preamble, and wonder what the matter will be. In short, it is this: out of the 3000 prisoners that my officers told into the cathedral church at Durham, only 600 are in health, and who are in all probability Highlanders, they being hardier than the rest; but we have no means to distinguish them.”

Cromwell offered the ministers who were shut up in the Castle liberty to preach in the city churches; but this offer they declined, and a lengthy correspondence took place between them and the pious Protector respecting the violation of the Covenant and the abuse of unlicensed persons interfering with the work of the ministry, for not only lay preachers but even soldiers held forth to great congregations from the vacant pulpits.

*For the Honourable the Governor of the Castle of
Edinburgh*

EDINBURGH, *September 9, 1650*

SIR,

I received command from my lord general to desire you to let the ministers of Edinburgh, now in the Castle with you, know that they have free liberty granted them, if they please to take the pains, to preach in their several churches; and that my lord hath given special command both to officers and soldiers, that they shall not in the least be molested.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

EDWARD WHALLEY

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To Commissary General Whalley

EDINBURGH CASTLE, *September 9, 1650*

SIR,

I have communicated the desire of your letter to such of the ministers of Edinburgh as are with me, who have desired me to return this for answer.

That though they are ready to be spent in their Master's service, and to refuse no suffering so they may fulfil their ministry with joy, yet, perceiving the persecution to be personal by the practice of your party upon the ministers of Christ in England and Ireland, and in the kingdom of Scotland since your unjust invasion thereof; and finding nothing expressed in yours whereupon to build any security for their persons while they are there, and for their return hither; they are resolved to reserve themselves for better times, and to wait upon Him who hath hidden His face for a while from the sons of Jacob.

This is all I have to say, but that

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

W. DUNDAS

*For the Honourable the Governor of the Castle of
Edinburgh, these*

EDINBURGH, *September 9, 1650*

SIR,

The kindness offered to the ministers with you was done with ingenuity, thinking it might have met with the like; but I am satisfied to tell those with you, that, if their Master's service (as they call it) were chiefly in their eye, imagination of suffering would not

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have caused such a return ; much less would the practice of our party, as they are pleased to say, upon the ministers of Christ in England have been an argument of personal persecution. The ministers of England are supported, and have liberty to preach the Gospel, though not to rail, nor, under the pretence thereof, to overtop the civil power, or debase it as they please. No man hath been troubled in Ireland for preaching the Gospel ; nor hath any minister been molested in Scotland since the coming of the army hither. The speaking of truth becomes the ministers of Christ.

When ministers pretend to a Glorious Reformation, and lay the foundation thereof in getting to themselves worldly power ; and can make worldly mixtures to accomplish the same, such as their late agreement with their King ; and hope by him to carry on their design, they may know that the Sion promised will not be built by such untempered mortar.

As for the unjust invasion they mention, time was when an army of Scotland came into England, not called by the supreme authority. We have said in our papers with what hearts and upon what accounts we come ; and the Lord has heard us, though you would not, upon as solemn an appeal as any experience can parallel.

And although they seem to comfort themselves with being sons of Jacob, from whom (they say) God hath hid His face for a time, yet it is no wonder when the Lord hath lifted up His hand so eminently against a family as He hath done so against this, and men will not see His hand—it is no wonder if the Lord will hide His face from such, putting them to shame both for it and their hatred of His people, as it is this day. When they purely trust to the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God, which is powerful to bring down strongholds and every imagination that exalts itself—which

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alone is able to square and fit the stones for the New Jerusalem—then, and not before, and by that means and no other, shall Jerusalem, the city of the Lord, which is to be the praise of the whole earth, be built; the Sion of the Holy One of Israel.

I have nothing to say, but that

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Cromwell,
Commander-in-Chief of the English Army*

EDINBURGH CASTLE, *September 9, 1650*

MY LORD,

Yours I have communicated to those with me whom it concerned, who desire me to return this answer : That their ingenuity in prosecuting the ends of the Covenant, according to their vocation and place, and in adhering to their first principles, is well known ; and one of their greatest regrets is that they have not been met with the like. That when ministers of the Gospel have been imprisoned, deprived of their benefices, sequestrated, forced to flee from their dwellings and bitterly threatened for their faithful declaring the will of God against the godless and wicked proceedings of men, it cannot be accounted an imaginary fear of suffering in such as are resolved to follow the like freedom and faithfulness in discharge of their Master's message. That it savours not of ingenuity to promise liberty of preaching the Gospel, and to limit the preachers thereof, that they must not speak against the sins and enormities of civil powers ; since their commission carrieth them to speak the Word of the

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Lord unto, and to reprove the sins of persons of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest. That to impose the name of 'railing' upon such faithful freedom, was the old practice of malignants against the ministers of the Gospel, who laid open to the people the wickedness of their ways, lest men should be ensnared thereby. That their consciences bear them record, and all their hearers do know, that they meddle not with civil affairs farther than to hold forth the rule of the Word, by which the straightness and crookedness of men's actions are made evident. But they are sorry they have such cause to regret that men of mere civil place and employment should usurp the calling and employment of the ministry to the scandal of the Reformed Kirks, and particularly in Scotland contrary to the government and discipline therein established—to the maintenance whereof you are bound by Solemn League and Covenant.

Thus far they have thought fit to vindicate their return to the offer in Colonel Whalley's letter. The other part of yours which concerns the public as well as them, they conceive hath all been answered sufficiently in the public papers of the State and Kirk. Only to that of the success upon your 'solemn appeal,' they say again what was said to it before, That they have not so learned Christ as to hang the equity of their cause upon events, but desire to have their hearts established in the love of the truth in all the tribulations that befall them.

I do only add that

I am, my lord,

Your most humble servant,

W. DUNDAS

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For the Governor of the Edinburgh Castle, these

EDINBURGH, *September 12, 1650*

SIR,

Because I am at reasonable good leisure, I cannot let such gross mistakes and unconsequential reasonings pass without some notice taken of them. And first, their ingenuity in relation to the Covenant for which they commend themselves doth no more justify their want of ingenuity in answer to Colonel Whalley's Christian offer, concerning which my letter charged them with guiltiness and deficiency, than their bearing witness to themselves of their adhering to their first principles, and ingenuity in persecuting the ends of the Covenant, justifies them so to have done merely because they say so. They must give more leave henceforwards, for Christ will have it so—nill they, will they—and they must have patience to have the truth of their doctrines and sayings tried by the sure touchstone of the Word of God.

But if these gentlemen do assume to themselves to be the infallible expositors of the Covenant, as they do too much to their auditories to be the infallible expositors of the Scriptures also, counting a different sense and judgment from theirs—breach of Covenant and heresy—no marvel they judge of others so authoritatively and severely. But we have not so learned Christ. We look at ministers as helpers of, not lords over, God's people. I appeal to their consciences, whether any person trying their doctrines and dissenting shall not incur the censure of sectary? And what is this but to deny Christians their liberty, and assume the Infallible Chair? What doth he whom we would not be likened unto [the Pope] do more than this? . . .

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But it will be found that these reprovers do not only make themselves the judges and determiners of sin, that so they may reprove ; but they also took liberty to stir up the people to blood and arms, and would have brought a war upon England, as hath been upon Scotland, had not God prevented it. And if such severity as hath been expressed toward them be worthy of the name of ‘personal persecution,’ let all uninterested men judge ; and whether the calling of the practice ‘railing’ be to be paralleled with the malignants’ imputation upon the ministers, for speaking against the Popish innovations in the Prelates’ times, and the other tyrannical and wicked practices then on foot, let your own consciences remind you. . . .

You say, you have just cause to regret that men of civil employments should usurp the calling and employment of the ministry, to the scandal of the Reformed Kirks. Are you troubled that Christ is preached ? Is preaching so exclusively your function ? Doth it scandalise the Reformed Kirks, and Scotland in particular ? Away with the Covenant if this be so ! I thought the Covenant and these professors of it could have been willing that any should speak good of the name of Christ ; if not, it is no covenant of God’s approving ; nor are these kirks you mention insomuch the spouse of Christ. Where do you find in the Scripture a ground to warrant such an assertion, that preaching is exclusively your function ? . . .

And if you will call our speakings together since we came into Scotland, to provoke one another to love and good works, to faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and repentance from dead works ; and charity and love towards you to pray and mourn for you, and for your better returns to ‘our love of you,’ and your incredulity of our professions of love to you, of the truth of which we have made our solemn and humble appeals to the Lord

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our God, which He hath heard and borne witness to ; if you will call things scandalous to the Kirk, and against the Covenant, because done by men of civil callings, we rejoyce in them, notwithstanding what you say. . . .

The Lord pity you. Surely we, for our part, fear ; because it hath been a merciful and gracious deliverance to us. I beseech you in the bowels of Christ, search after the mind of the Lord in it towards you, and we shall help you by our prayers, that you may find it out ; for yet (if we know our hearts at all) our bowels do, in Christ Jesus, yearn after the godly in Scotland. We know there are stumbling-blocks which hinder you : personal prejudices you have taken up against us and our ways, wherein we cannot but think some occasion has been given, and for which we mourn ; the apprehension you have that we have hindered the Glorious Reformation you think you were upon ; I am persuaded these and such like bind you up from an understanding and yielding to the mind of God in this great day of His power and visitation. And, if I be rightly informed, the late blow you received is attributed to profane counsels and conduct, and mixtures in your army, and such like. The natural man will not find out the course. Look up to the Lord, that He may tell it you ; which that He would do, shall be the fervent prayer of

Your loving friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL

Finding negotiations useless, and his attempts at reducing the Castle by a blockade of three months being futile, besides an endeavour to capture it by mining,

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the Lord-General prepared batteries, which it is said he mounted on the tombstones of Greyfriars churchyard. The old fortress was, however, well provisioned for a siege, and Augustine, a German soldier of fortune, at the head of a hundred and twenty horse bravely broke through the lines of the Protector's army, killing eighty men and taking several prisoners, and further strengthened the defending garrison with a reinforcement of thirty-six men.

Cromwell, however, continued the siege with the utmost vigour, working a mine on the side of the rock next the Castle road, traces of which can still, it is thought, be seen. This was wrought by coal-miners, who worked under terror of the enemies' muskets.

But the governor, Walter Dundas, a traitor, and his officers, who belonged to the party of Protestors, from the beginning had shown no real fight, and after some interchange of letters, which occupied a few days, Dundas surrendered the Castle on condition that the garrison should march out with the honours of war, and that all public records should be safely conveyed to Stirling. Accordingly the garrison at midday marched out with colours flying, and the Castle was then occupied by the English.

Cromwell in his report to Parliament said that the fall of this fortress was a very great and seasonable mercy; there were sixty-seven guns of various sizes in the Castle, a greater amount of brass ordnance than all the rest of Scotland contained. "I need say

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little," he adds, "of the strength of this place, which, if it had not come in as it did, would have cost very much blood to have attained: and did tie up your army to that inconvenience that little or nothing could have been attained while this was in design, or little fruit had of anything brought into our power by your army hitherto without it."

The records of the kingdom, which were removed to Stirling after the surrender, fell a second time into the hands of the enemy, and were sent by Monk to the Tower of London. A number were restored by Cromwell in 1657; the rest—contained in eighty-five hogsheads—were lost on their return journey by sea to Scotland.

When Dundas was ordered to appear before the Scottish Parliament to explain his capitulation of the Castle, he was called "a base, cowardly, traitorous villain" by Sir James Balfour. Cromwell on entering Edinburgh's stronghold, amongst other measures ordered the destruction of the royal arms over the gate, and the wonder is that there remain so many traces of the Stuart monarchs in the Castle to-day.

A few disturbances, principally through the English soldiers behaving in a bombastic manner, much resented by the Scottish people, took place subsequently in Edinburgh. One incident is especially recorded by Patrick Gordon. One of Cromwell's officers, emerging from the Castle, cried aloud boastfully whilst mounting his steed: "With my own

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hands I killed the Scot to whom this horse and these pistols belonged ; who dare say I wronged him ? ” “ I dare, and thus avenge him, ” exclaimed an angry Scot at this insolence, as he drew his sword and slew the boaster. The next moment he had mounted the now riderless horse and was on his way to the nearest port, whence he vanished into the country.

The rule of Cromwell, although galling to the pride of the Scottish people, gave Scotland and its war-worn Castle ten years of comparative repose and prosperity, when the death of the great General and Protector on September 3, 1658, terminated the peace that had benefited the city. The Royalists, who now seized the favourable opportunity for bringing about the restoration of the King, had been watching their opportunity from the shores of France. Strangely enough Edinburgh and the Scottish people went wild with enthusiasm at the idea of once more having a monarchy. At the Cross his Majesty's health was drunk by hundreds of citizens ; the Cross itself was decorated with flowers, and the guns at the Castle thundered forth salutes in honour of Charles II ; even Mons Meg was loaded and fired by the commanding officer.

Soon after the death of Cromwell General Monk was suspected by the English councils of infidelity. They dispatched a messenger with an order to Colonel Newman, the governor of Edinburgh Castle, to remove him from the command of the

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forces in Scotland. The messenger met an old friend at the Canongate, who happened to be a servant to Monk, who accosted him with cordiality. "How comes it," he asked, "that you go in this direction, and not as usual to the General at Dalkeith?" "Because my dispatches are for the Castle." The servant of Monk suspected something was wrong, and proposed they should have a bottle together. The messenger drank freely; the servant stole the dispatch, Monk received it, and at once commenced his march southward, with the Army of Scotland, to accomplish the Restoration.

There is an interesting story in connexion with the firing of the salute from the Castle guns. An old adherent of Cromwell's campaign refused to obey the command, saying, "May the devil blaw me into the air gif I lowse a cannon this day—if I do some man shall repent it," whereupon he was made by force to discharge a cannon, which burst with terrible results, "shuites his bellie from him, and blew him quyte over the Castle wall, in the sichte of mony pepill."

At the commencement of the year 1661 a garrison was enlisted in Scotland for the occupation of the fortress with the Earl of Middleton as governor, and now the first Marquis of Argyll was brought from the Tower of London and cast into a dungeon under the very hall in which he had entertained Cromwell and discussed the execution of Charles I. He had



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undergone his trial and had been condemned to death for being a traitor.

He begged time in which he might pray to the King for forgiveness—"I placed the Crown on his head, and this is my reward," he said—but this was refused, and so his wife planned an escape. He was lying in his dungeon pretending to be ill and his wife came to pay him one of her last visits; it had been arranged that he was to change his dress for hers, but at the last moment his courage failed him, whereupon the Marchioness broke down and wept, saying, "The Lord will requite it." "I pity my enemies," he replied quietly, and a day or two after he was beheaded by the Maiden.

A great plot for the capture of the Castle by the Jacobites was discussed with Kerr of Kersland, a Cameronian, who was believed to be a staunch supporter of the party, but was in reality a Government spy. The possession of the Castle was desirable not only as a stronghold and arsenal, but also as the depository of the "Equivalent" that was to be paid to Scotland by the terms of the Treaty of Union. The money had just been put under the protection of a small garrison, and the idea was to appropriate it to the Pretender's exchequer. A few conspirators were on a certain day to mix with the citizens who daily crowded the esplanade, and one of the band was to seek admission to the Castle on the pretext of visiting an officer. On the lowering of the draw-

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bridge he was to shoot the sentry at the gate, and this was to be a signal not only to his companions in the crowd, but also to a hundred men concealed in a house at the head of the High Street, who were to rush forth and seize the Castle. The traitor Kerr hastened to London to inform the Duke of Queensberry, the chief of the Government; and lest his journey south should be suspected by his Jacobite friends, he returned to Edinburgh with all speed and aided the Government in defeating the designs for the plot, which was never carried out.

In 1681 the new Marquis of Argyll was committed a third time to the Castle for refusing to take the oath required by the Test Act as Commissioner of the Scottish Treasury, and on December 12, being found guilty of "treason and leasing telling," he was sentenced to death.

Precautions were taken to prevent rioting; the guards of the Castle were strengthened, and extra patrols were mounted in the city. Argyll, like his father, had decided on a plan of escape with the assistance of his daughter-in-law, the Lady Sophia Lindsay, of Balcarres. The story goes that she with her page paid a visit to the State prison with the object of bidding him a last farewell. Exchanging his own costume for that of her attendant, he sallied forth from his cell bearing her train aloft from the dirty paving slabs, which were wet with the slush of a previous snowstorm. He successfully managed to

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evade his guards until the couple reached the outer gate, when he was challenged by the sentry on guard, which made him forget his duty of train-bearer, whereby the silken robes of the Lady Lindsay were allowed to drop in the mud; with wonderful presence of mind his companion lifted her bedraggled train and threw it across the face of her seeming attendant with the exclamation, "Thou careless loon!" The sentry, highly amused at the punishment, and at the dirty face of Argyll, allowed them to pass. Lady Lindsay entered her coach, the Earl got on behind as flunkey, and they rapidly drove away out of sight of the Castle, and the Earl was able to make good his escape to Holland. As for Lady Lindsay, she was arrested when the authorities discovered what had transpired, and was confined in the Tolbooth.

Four years later, the Earl returned to Scotland to take part in an insurrection against King James; but the rebel force was hopelessly routed, and he had to fly in the disguise of a bearded peasant. Near Paisley, however, his identity was discovered; he was bound hand and foot and conducted back to Edinburgh, where, preceded by the headsman, he was taken in procession through the streets to his old quarters at the Castle. He passed his last hours calmly, sleeping and dining without showing signs that he feared his coming execution. When one of the Privy Council called he found Argyll gently asleep despite his heavy manacles.

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Argyll was led from the famous prison at the Castle on June 30, 1685, and was taken to the Market Cross, where he was confronted with the instrument of death, and, going up to it, he touched it with his lips, saying, "It is the sweetest *maiden* I have ever kissed."

A clergyman in the crowd which awaited the execution called out, "My lord dies a Protestant?" "Yes," replied the Earl, "and not only a Protestant, but with a heart hatred of Popery, Prelacy, and all superstition." The brave nobleman then placed his head under the knife, which had done duty at the execution of his father, and died with great courage, whilst his Countess and her family were kept prisoners in the Castle.

During the Jacobite insurrection of 1715 a desperate attempt was made for the capture of

*The steep, the iron-belted rock,
Where trusted lie the monarchy's last gems,
The sceptre, sword, and crown that graced the brows
Since Fergus, father of a hundred kings.*

Lord Drummond, son of the Duke of Perth, was at the head of the plotters; but the carrying out of the deed was entrusted to a Highland laird named Drummond of Balhaldie, and a body of Highlanders from Lord Drummond's estate, who were to make the attempt on September 8.

They were joined by some Jacobites in Edinburgh,

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composed principally of students and young lawyers, assisted by a serjeant and some privates in the Castle garrison, who had been secured by a young ensign named Arthur.

The assailants were to attack that part of the Castle which rises from the steep rock on the south-west, near St. Cuthbert's Church, close to the postern gate. The soldier who was to be on guard duty at the time had agreed to drop from the rampart a rope, to which a scaling ladder was to be fastened by the conspirators; it was to be drawn up by the sentry and the ladder fixed to the Castle wall for the ascent of his accomplices. After the capture of the governor and his garrison three shots were to be fired from the Castle guns as a signal for the lighting of beacons throughout Fife and the northern counties, so as to convey the news to the Earl of Mar, who was then to hasten forward with his army and take possession of Edinburgh. The Jacobites did not fear the deputy-governor, Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart, for any prevention of their plot, for he was, according to general belief, of doubtful loyalty.

Ensign Arthur had told his brother, a 'doctor' in Edinburgh, of the plot under a pledge of secrecy, but the doctor's evident unrest excited the curiosity of his wife, who induced him to reveal the secret a few hours before the event was to take place. She, unfortunately for the Jacobites, was an adherent of the house of Hanover, and at once sent an anonymous

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letter to the Lord Justice Clerk, Sir Adam Cockburn, who quickly forwarded the intelligence to the deputy-governor of the Castle, just in time to be received before the gates were closed for the night. Stuart, however, either disbelieved the information or was secretly favourable toward the plot, for he took no precaution further than to double his guards, after which he retired for the night. Meantime the conspirators had been spending the evening drinking in a neighbouring tavern, and were nearly an hour beyond the time appointed for setting out on their enterprise. Meeting in St. Cuthbert's churchyard with a part of their scaling ladder, they waited quietly in the darkness for a confederate with the remainder, but he did not put in an appearance. Angry and impatient, they scrambled up the rock to the foot of the wall and directed the sentry to pull up the rope to which they had fastened the portion of the scaling ladder; he did so, but, as they expected, it proved far too short. At this critical moment the relieving guard approached the spot under which the conspirators stood. The confederate sentry immediately threw down the ladder and called out to the conspirators that their plot was foiled, firing his musket with intent to hide his own treason. The Jacobites fled for their lives under cover of darkness along the banks of the north loch, but the City Guard, who were patrolling the outside of the Castle walls by order of the Lord Justice Clerk, arrested three of the



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men, including a Captain McLean, an old Jacobite officer, who was crippled by a serious fall whilst descending the rock.

Stuart, the deputy-governor of the Castle, was deprived of his office on suspicion of his implication in the plot, and the serjeant of the guard, who had betrayed his trust, was hanged on the Castle wall; the other conspirators seem to have escaped punishment.

Up to the time when James VII was made to forfeit all claim to the Crown the committal of victims to the dungeons and prisons of the Castle was a daily occurrence, and they were treated with more or less severity. Amongst the worst cases, perhaps, was the treatment of Mr. William Spence, 'servitour' to the lately executed Earl of Argyll. After undergoing the torture of the 'boot,' Spence was placed under the charge of Sir Thomas Dalzell, an old Colonel of the Scots Greys, by whom he was forced to wear a hair-shirt, being thus kept from sleeping for five nights. This torture was given him in the hope that he would reveal the secret of certain ciphers which were found amongst his master's papers. This failing, the thumbscrew was applied again and again, without effect. Then he was thrust back to the dungeons, where, however, he eventually deciphered the messages, one result of which was that William Carstairs, Principal of the University and Moderator of the General Assembly, was arrested and tortured in the Castle.

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With the news that William of Orange had landed in England, times were to change in the history of the venerable palace, prison, and fortress, and we shall find it gradually approaching an era of peace.

CHAPTER IX : *Bonnie Prince
Charlie*

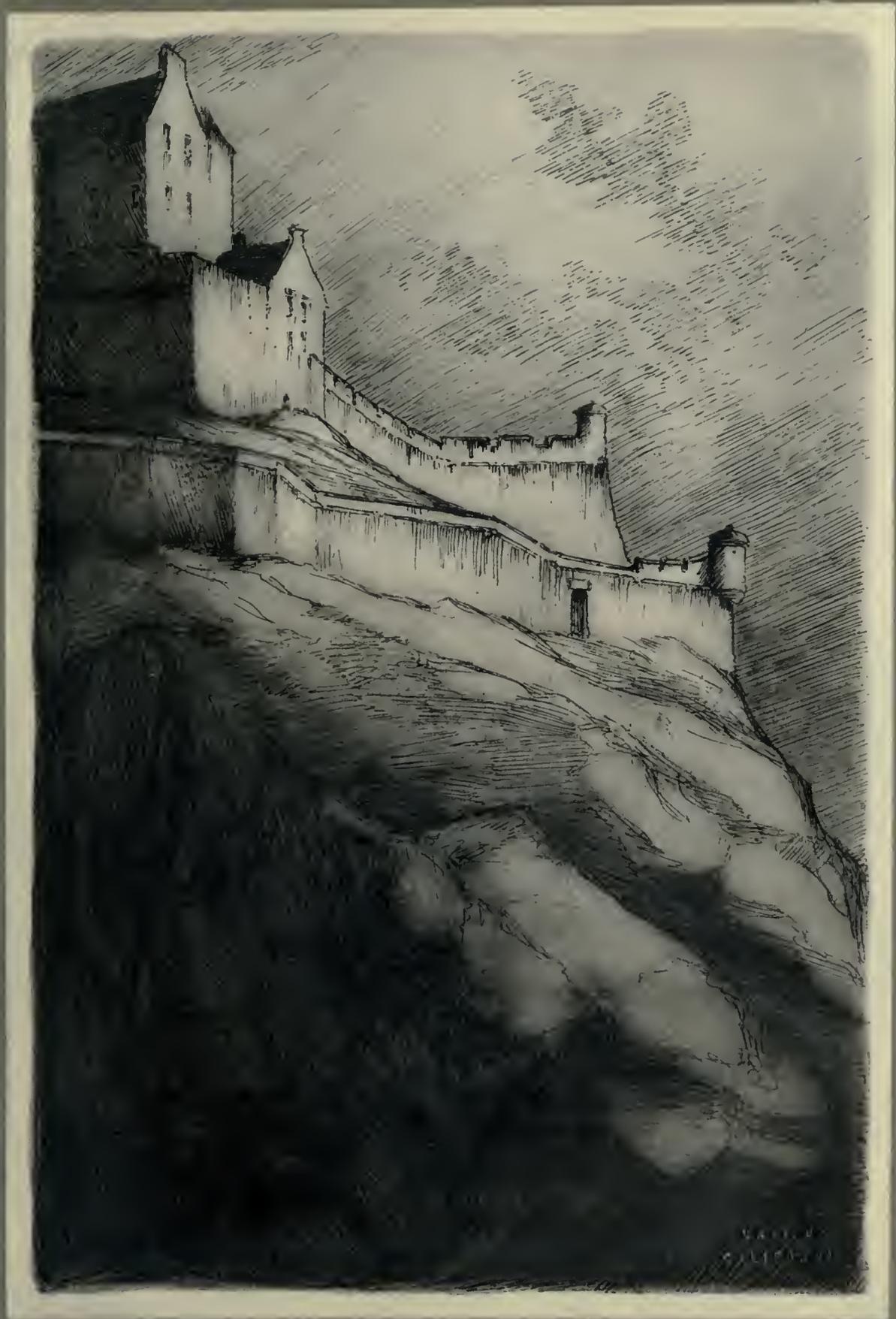
CHAPTER IX : *Bonnie Prince*

Charlie

THE news of the landing of William in 1688 withdrew from James VII the loyalty of the Scottish Presbyterians and magistrates of the capital, who now, with the wildest enthusiasm, welcomed the invader. William and his Queen, Mary, were proclaimed the rulers of Scotland by a few representatives of an illegally constituted Convention of the Estates, who set forth that King James had forfeited all claim to the Throne. This was to open a new chapter in the history of the Castle. The Duke of Gordon, who had been entrusted with the care of the fortress, finding the ancient city in the hands of a drunken mob which had ransacked the wine-cellars of Cavalier families, at once drew up the drawbridge. He soon discovered that the garrison was divided in its political opinions, and fearing that a mutiny was imminent he held a consultation with his officers, with the result that forty-four of his soldiers were deprived of the King's uniform and dismissed from the service, their places being taken by double the number of Highlanders loyal to the Stuarts. The Duke, being a Roman Catholic, was suspected by the new *régime* and requested by the Privy Council to surrender his command in favour of a Protestant officer; but this he refused to do, saying, "I am bound only to obey

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King James VII." Meantime, John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, had pushed north, and now reached Edinburgh with a remnant of Life Guards and Scots Greys who had refused to join the Scottish army in its revolt against James; and their presence gave great encouragement to the Royalists. Many bands of foot-soldiers from the surrounding country joined the revolutionary party, and they were reinforced by some six thousand Cameronians, who marched into the city bearing standards on which was displayed an open Bible surmounted by the words, "For Reformation according to the Word of God." This great military display demoralized a section of the garrison, and the Duke of Gordon found himself in difficulties in dealing with them. "Bonnie Dundee" and other Royalists fled from the city with his band of troopers on hearing that William of Orange and his party had planned his assassination. The Duke of Gordon, from the ramparts of the Castle, followed their flight through his telescope as they galloped round the old church of the Holy Trinity and amongst the fields on the north side of the Castle rock. Gordon had fixed a red flag on the ancient postern as a sign that he wished to have a conference with the departing Viscount; on seeing this Dundee rode down the Kirk Brae, and, dismounting from his horse, scrambled up the rugged rock to the famous postern, now marked by a memorial tablet, where he entreated the beleaguered



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Duke of Gordon to come with him and raise the Highland clans for King James. To this suggestion Gordon would not listen, preferring rather to hold the Castle at all costs. As Dundee was about to retire the Duke asked him, "Whither go you?" "Wherever the shade of Montrose may direct me," was the pensive and poetic reply, and Dundee clambered down the rocks to rejoin his troopers after bidding farewell to the Duke, whom he was never to meet again.

The Earl of Lothian and Marquis of Tweeddale now appeared at the gate of the Castle and, in the name of the Estates, demanded its surrender within the space of twenty-four hours; they also tried to induce the garrison to join the revolutionaries by the bribe of twelve months' pay for each soldier. "My Lords," said Gordon, "without the express orders of my royal master, King James VII, I cannot surrender the Castle," whereupon the Duke was publicly proclaimed a traitor and outlaw, to which he scornfully replied, throwing the men some guinea pieces to drink the King's health, "I would advise you not to proclaim men traitors who wear the King's coat till they have turned it."

The Earl of Leven was ordered to blockade the Castle with his Cameronians and three hundred Highlanders, under the command of the Marquis of Argyll. It is interesting to note that from these warriors two famous Scottish regiments were raised in the short space of twenty-four hours. One was called the 25th or "Edinburgh Regiment," known to-day as the

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25th King's Own Scottish Borderers, which bears on its colours the triple castle with the city motto, *Nisi Dominus frustra*; and the other the 26th Cameronians, or, as they are more familiarly known, "The Cameronians" (Scottish Rifles).

The siege was pressed with all fury, and the defenders of the Castle were further reduced by the discharge of some eighty of the rank and file whose loyalty to James could not be depended upon. There were now only some eighty or ninety men left, including officers and volunteers. Barricades were thrown up behind the gates, and the gallant Gordon prepared for a stubborn defence, although he had written to James in Ireland that he could not hold out longer than six months without relief. The little garrison had to work twenty-two guns, and their ammunition, it appears, only amounted to thirty barrels of gunpowder.

The whole rock was now surrounded by the besieging army, to which had been added three battalions of the highly trained Scots Brigade under General Hugh Mackay of Scoury, with a brigade of artillery, who brought with them a great quantity of woolpacks, which they used to form breastworks. Mackay planted batteries in various parts of Edinburgh commanding the Castle. From High Riggs he raked the royal palace and the Half-Moon Battery with his eighteen-pounders, from a site on which now stands the Register House he replied to the guns from the

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King's Bastion, and from a point to the west of Heriot's Hospital his mortars blazed with deadly precision. A breach was made in the western wall, but the precipitous rock at this point made an assault impracticable. Mackay's bombs exploded with continuous fury within the walls of the fortress, and by April it hardly seemed possible for the Royalists to hold out much longer. The roofs of nearly every building had been torn off, the water-supply was at a low ebb; but, as if sent by Providence, snow fell to a considerable depth, and was immediately stored to quench the thirst of those who stood so loyally to their guns.

The Duke of Gordon now gave up all hope of relief from the King he was so bravely fighting for. In the uniform of an officer of James VII, and wearing the Order of the Thistle, he held a parley with Major Somerville, who represented the Earl of Leven. It was not found possible, however, to arrange satisfactory terms, and so the bombardment recommenced with greater fury. A continuous cannonade was kept up on both sides for twenty-four hours, at a great cost of life to the Jacobite soldiers. The handful of defenders had subsisted for ten days on dry bread and salt herrings, eaten raw, the only food now remaining. Their ammunition was coming to an end, and it had become a physical impossibility to hold out longer. Accordingly, on June 13 Gordon lowered the King's colour that he had so bravely kept

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flying on the tower of the Royal Palace for six months, and the gallant little band surrendered their stronghold on condition that the Royalist soldiers should enjoy their full liberty, and that Colonel Winram, a persecutor of the Covenanters, should have security for his life along with his estates.

The Duke assembled the remnant of his followers, called the roll, and handed to each a small sum of money, after which the men marched through the gates, a bedraggled, half-starved, ragged group numbering fifty all told. They suffered shamefully at the hands of the mob, having to fight their way to the city gates before making good their escape. The Duke was arrested, but soon after was given his freedom on promising not to lift arms against William of Orange. This was the last occasion on which Edinburgh Castle was held by the Jacobites.

During the siege the buildings had suffered severely; in fact, scarcely any had escaped the fire of Mackay's guns and mortars. The work of restoration was, therefore, a serious matter, but it was now taken in hand under the supervision of John Drury, chief of the Scottish Engineers. The work when completed left the Castle ramparts practically as we see them to-day.

A curious story is told in a note to Law's *Memo-rials* of an apparition which is supposed to have been seen at this time. The Earl of Balcarres was lying as a prisoner in the Castle, when from his bed he

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became aware of the presence of the apparent figure of Claverhouse. After looking sorrowfully at the Earl, the spectre strode slowly from the chamber without a word. Lord Balcarres, in great surprise, not suspecting that what he saw was an apparition, called out repeatedly to his friend to stop, but received no answer, and subsequently learned that at the very moment when the shadow stood before him Dundee had breathed his last near the field of Killiecrankie.

The next and perhaps not the least interesting episode in the story of the Castle took place in 1745, with the advent of the romantic "Young Pretender," Prince Charles Edward Stuart, "Bonnie Prince Charlie," in his endeavour to regain the Crown that was so hopelessly lost to the Stuarts when William of Orange came over.

Prince Charlie, after his first arrival in the Highlands, had marched south with his following of clansmen, who now flocked round him in great numbers, and finally reached Edinburgh, where he proceeded to the old Palace of Holyrood.

When about to enter the historic royal dwelling a cannon-ball fired from the Castle struck James the Fifth's Tower, not a very pleasant reception for the young Prince, who, however, entered the outer gate without betraying alarm. James Hepburn of Keith, a staunch Jacobite who had taken part in the rebellion of 1715, came forward from the crowd, bent his knee

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in token of homage, then, drawing his sword and raising it aloft, he marshalled the way before Charles upstairs. Meanwhile, the citizens of Edinburgh were in a state of great excitement and perturbation. The Castle, situated on its inaccessible rock, and held by a sufficient garrison, was quite secure ; but the city was protected on the south and east only by the old wall, hastily erected after the battle of Flodden, by the Nor' Loch on the north side, and by some slight fortifications. The wall was from ten to twenty feet in height and was embattled, but the parapet was too narrow for mounting cannon, and was in various places overlooked by lines of lofty houses, only a few feet distant, so that it afforded little protection to the city. The Lord Provost, Archibald Stewart, a well-known Jacobite, was afterward brought to trial for neglect of duty in this emergency. He certainly was not hearty in taking or countenancing measures for the defence of the capital, and his reluctance to assist in the preparations which were made to resist the attacks of the Highlanders is said to have been due to his desire to thwart his burgh rivals, who, under the leadership of ex-Provost Drummond, were zealous in their efforts to defend the town, rather than to the lack of means at the disposal of the authorities, utterly inadequate for that purpose as these were. The only trustworthy force in the city, in addition to two regiments of dragoons, consisted of the veteran soldiers of the Town Guard, about one hundred and twenty in



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number. There was, indeed, a numerous body of militia, called Trained Bands, divided into sixteen companies, and numbering upward of a thousand men, but they were entirely undisciplined, and not a few of the men were known to be friendly to the Jacobite cause.

Toward the end of August 1745 the more zealous citizens had proposed to raise a regiment of a thousand men for the defence of the town, the cost to be met by voluntary subscription ; and the professors of the University and the clergy, who were warmly attached to the Government, made liberal offers of money for that purpose. But the royal permission was not obtained till September 9, and up to the time of Prince Charlie's arrival in the vicinity of the capital only two hundred men had been embodied, and these were for the most part persons of dissolute character who were tempted to enlist merely by the promise of pay. In addition to this force, which was designated the Edinburgh Regiment, about four hundred of the inhabitants formed themselves into a separate band or association, and were supplied with arms from the Castle. They were divided into six companies, officers were appointed to command them, and they were regularly drilled twice a day. Several old pieces of cannon were placed on the walls, chiefly obtained from the shipping at Leith, and the various gates of the city were strongly barricaded. Many of the volunteers were doubtless gallant young men, students

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from the University and so forth, but by far the greater part were citizens of ages unfit for arms, and without previous habit and experience. They had, therefore, no great stomach, even from the first, for the dangers of an encounter with stalwart Highland warriors, and on the near approach of the insurgent army their show of zeal and valour very speedily disappeared.

When intelligence was received that the van of the rebel army had reached the village of Kirkliston, a few miles to the west of the city, it was proposed that the two regiments of dragoons, supported by the Town Guard, the Edinburgh Regiment, and the volunteers, should march out and give battle to the enemy. This proposal was agreed to by the Provost, who placed ninety of the Town Guard at the disposal of General Guest, and about two hundred and fifty of the volunteers pledged themselves to march out with the dragoons. The appointed signal for their assembling was the ringing of the fire-bell, and its ominous sound was heard on the forenoon of the Sabbath, the 15th, during divine service; but, "instead of rousing the hearts of the volunteers like the sound of a trumpet, it rather reminded them of a passing knell." The churches were immediately emptied, and the inhabitants in a state of great excitement poured out into the High Street, where they found the volunteers drawn up in the Lawn Market, preparatory to marching against the Highlanders. Immediately after,

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Hamilton's Dragoons, who had been summoned from Leith, rode up the street on their way to Corstorphine, and were welcomed with loud huzzas. At sight of the volunteers they in turn shouted and clashed their swords against each other. The volunteers now prepared to march, but their mothers, wives, and other female relatives and friends, clinging to them, implored them with tears and cries not to risk their lives in an encounter with savage Highland men. At the word of command, however, they began to march up the Lawn Market, led by their captain, ex-Provost Drummond; but the scene they had just witnessed had not tended to animate their drooping courage: some lagged behind, some stood still in the street, some stepped aside into closes or courts, and some bolted into houses whose doors stood temptingly open. In descending the famous West Bow they disappeared by scores into doorways or down wynds, until their commander, halting at the West Port and looking behind him, found to his surprise and mortification that nearly the whole of his valiant followers had disappeared and that only a few of his personal friends remained.

Throughout the whole of Monday the capital was in a state of great agitation. Early in the day a message from the Prince was delivered to the citizens by a person named Alves, requiring them to submit, and threatening severe measures if they ventured to resist. The next day the dragoons got into touch with

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Charles' vanguard at Coltbridge, but fled at once, whereupon crowds of the inhabitants collected in the streets and clamoured loudly for the surrender of the city. At four o'clock in the afternoon the Provost called a meeting of the magistrates to consider what should be done. The officers of the Crown were invited to attend and give their advice, but it was found that they had prudently withdrawn from the city. A large number of unauthorized persons crowded into the chamber where the Provost and magistrates were assembled, so that it was found necessary to adjourn to the New Church aisle, where the question "Defend or not defend the town?" was put. The meeting was exceedingly noisy and tumultuous, and whilst the excitement was at its height, the great majority clamorous for surrender, a letter was handed in from the Prince demanding that the city should be given up, and promising that the property of the citizens should be protected and their rights and liberties preserved. The perusal of this letter finally decided the meeting in favour of a capitulation, and deputies were immediately appointed to wait on the Prince with instructions to solicit time for deliberation. Meanwhile, the volunteers were drawn up in the streets in readiness to obey any orders that might be given them, when a gentleman, whose person was not recognized, rode up the West Bow on a grey horse, and, passing rapidly along the front of their line, cried out that he had just seen the Highlanders and that

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they were sixteen thousand strong. This announcement completed the dismay of the disheartened volunteers, who immediately marched to the Castle and delivered up their arms to General Guest, the governor. The other bodies of militia that had received arms from the Castle magazine speedily followed their example, so that, although the Trained Bands still continued to man the walls, all hope of resistance was now virtually laid aside. Early the next morning Cameron of Lochiel succeeded in gaining entrance to the city through the Netherbow, and by dawn his men were in possession of all the city gates.

At the battle of Prestonpans, on September 20, Charles was successful in routing Cope's cavalry, who fled for refuge to the Castle of Edinburgh. The account runs: "When all arrangements had been completed, Charles addressed his men in these words: 'Follow me, gentlemen, and by the blessing of God I will this day make you a free and happy people.'" He had expressed a wish to lead the charge, but in compliance with the urgent request of the chiefs he consented to take a position between the two lines, in the midst of a small guard. The morning had now fully dawned, and the beams of the rising sun were beginning to illuminate the waters and estuary on their right; but the mist was still rolling in huge masses over the morass on the left and the cornfields in front, so as to hide the armies

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from each other. Everything being now in readiness, the order to advance was given. A brief and solemn pause ensued, during which the clansmen took off their bonnets, raised their faces to heaven, and uttered a short prayer; then, pulling their bonnets over their brows and throwing aside their plaids, they began their charge. They advanced in silence, at first slowly, but as they proceeded they quickened their pace, and moved with such rapidity that they had to halt once or twice to recover their broken ranks before closing with the enemy. At this moment the mist rose like a curtain and showed the royal troops, and the dark masses of the clans rushing on to the attack. With a tremendous yell the Highlanders threw themselves with irresistible impetuosity upon the glittering ranks of their enemy. The first squadron of dragoons was ordered to attack them; but on receiving an irregular fire from the Highlanders' fuses they were seized with a disgraceful panic, and, wheeling about, rode over the artillery guard and galloped from the field.

The second squadron, under Colonel Gardiner, was then led forward to the attack by the gallant veteran himself, who encouraged his men to be firm; but they had not advanced many paces when they too wavered, halted, and then followed the first squadron in their flight.

Hamilton's Dragoons behaved even worse than Gardiner's, for no sooner did they perceive the flight

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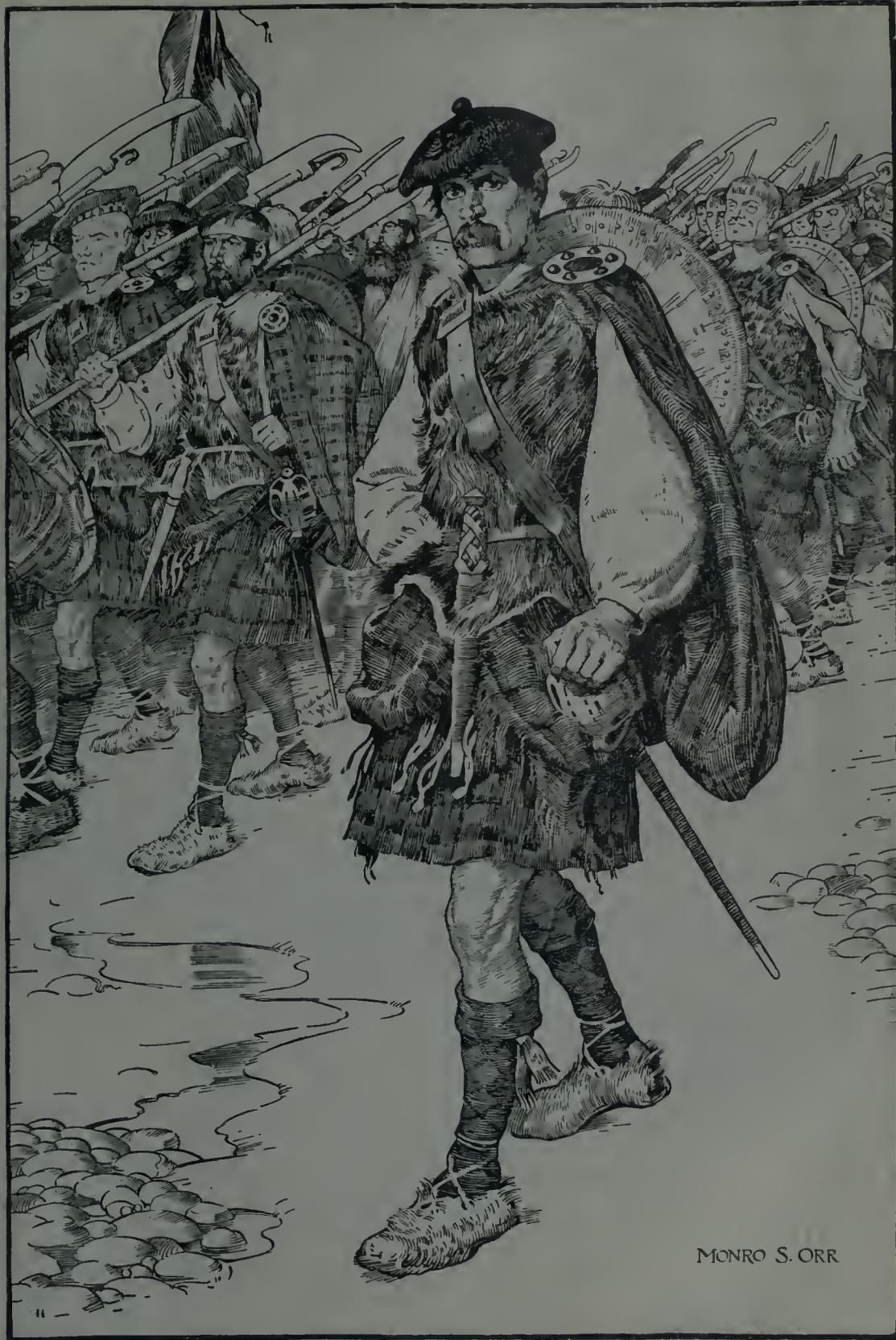
of their comrades than they turned and galloped off the field in confusion without striking a blow. A desperate effort was made by Cope and other officers to rally the dragoons, and by dint of threats and entreaties and by presenting pistols at the men's heads they succeeded in turning about four hundred into a field, whence they endeavoured to lead them back to the charge. But the terror of the soldiers was too deep-rooted; the accidental firing of a pistol renewed their panic, and they went off at full gallop to Edinburgh, and through the High Street, gaining the Castle with great confusion and uproar. General Preston, however, who was again in command of the fortress, having taken it over from General Guest, who, it is said, regarded the place as indefensible and had recommended its surrender, ordered them to be gone or he would open his guns upon them for cowards and deserters. Terrified by this threat, the runaways turned their horses down the Castle Wynd and pursued their flight to Stirling.

The Highlanders entered Edinburgh a few hours after the battle, playing their pipes and displaying in triumph the colours they had taken from the dragoons. Next day the main body marched through the principal streets of the capital, exhibiting their prisoners and spoil, amid the joyous acclamations of the multitude, while the pibrochs played the Jacobite tune, "The King shall enjoy his own again." The Highlanders in their excitement fired their pieces in the air,

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and one of them being loaded with ball, a bullet grazed the forehead of Miss Nairne, a young Jacobite lady who was waving her handkerchief from a balcony overlooking the Castle Hill. "Thank God," exclaimed the fair enthusiast, as soon as she was able to speak, "the accident has happened to me, whose principles are known. Had it befallen a Whig, they would have said it was done on purpose."

The great contrast in the methods of Charles and Cromwell in housing prisoners is to be found in a letter which the Prince sent to his father the night after the battle: "I am in great difficulties how I shall dispose of my wounded prisoners. If I make a hospital of the church it will be looked upon as a great profanation. Come what will, I am resolved not to let the poor wounded men lie in the streets, and if I do no better, I will make a hospital of the palace, and leave it to them." The wounded that were brought to Edinburgh were placed in the Royal Infirmary. One of the Whig officers broke his parole and escaped into the Castle and the rest were sent to Perth. On their recovery the wounded were all released on taking oath not to serve against the Prince for twelve months, an engagement which it is believed many of them violated. The number of prisoners was between sixteen and seventeen hundred. The Highlanders did not realize the value of their booty. One of them who had got a watch which had belonged to an English officer sold it for a trifle, observing that he was



MONRO S. ORR

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“glad to be rid of the creature, for she had lived no time after he had caught her”—the watch had really stopped for want of winding up. Another exchanged a horse for a pistol, and several were seen carrying large military saddles upon their backs, which they took back with other spoils to their homes. Charles on his entry into Edinburgh wore a short tartan coat, with a star of the national order of St. Andrew, a blue velvet bonnet with a white satin cockade, a blue sash over his shoulder, small clothes of red velvet, and a pair of military boots. His appearance was greeted with loud acclamations by the country people, who crowded around him whenever he went abroad, and eagerly sought to kiss his hand and touch his clothes. Charles, having succeeded in winning the hearts of the citizens to some extent by his personal charm, now blockaded the Castle, because his Highland Guards stationed at the Weigh House were being annoyed by the fire from its batteries. The governor immediately dispatched a letter to the Lord Provost protesting against the blockade, and intimated that if it were not removed he would fire on the Highland Guards. This threat caused great consternation amongst the citizens, who would have suffered great loss in the event of a bombardment. Prince Charlie returned an answer to the governor in which he expressed his surprise at such a threat, and assured the people that if any injury should be inflicted on the city he would indemnify them for

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their losses. It is said that the Prince intimated to General Preston that the house of his elder brother at Valleyfield, on the shores of Fife, would be destroyed if he ventured to fire on the city, and that the stout veteran received the threat with scorn, declaring that if Valleyfield were injured the English vessels of war would, in revenge, burn down Wemyss Castle, the property of the Earl of Wemyss, whose eldest son, Lord Elcho, was in the Jacobite camp. Eventually hostilities were suspended until the return of an order from London, with a proviso that the Castle was not in the meantime to be attacked by the forces of the Pretender.

But owing to some misunderstanding, on the following day the Highlanders fired on some people who were carrying provisions to the Castle, in consequence of which the governor considered himself justified in returning the fire. Prince Charlie now decided to retaliate by blockading the fortress, and all communications were cut off between the citizens and the garrison under the heaviest penalties; the garrison, however, in revenge fired at all the Highlanders they could see.

On October 4 the city was exposed to a heavy fire from the Castle batteries, which was kept up throughout the day until dusk. Under cover of darkness the garrison then made a sally for the purpose of demolishing some houses near the gates that had been deserted during the day. A deep trench was

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dug across the Castle hill, wherein were placed several pieces of ordnance which commanded the Lawn Market and High Street. Their fire unfortunately killed and wounded a number of peaceful citizens as well as the Jacobites. Next day the bombardment recommenced with great fury, causing panic among the inhabitants, who hurried out of the city in much confusion, carrying their children and valuable effects, besides assisting their aged relatives to places of safety beyond the Flodden Wall. A strong appeal was made to the Prince to remove the blockade, and out of pity for the citizens he yielded. The garrison then ceased its bombardment of the town, and provisions were allowed to pass freely into the fortress.

In commemoration of the event a ball was given at the palace, which had long been deserted, by the royal Stuarts, and was attended by all the Jacobite ladies, who were charmed by the manners of the youthful aspirant to the Throne.

The citizens suffered greatly from bands of robbers, who took advantage of the period when the courts of law were suspended and the authority of the magistrates had not yet been restored. Wearing white cockades and the Highland dress, they demanded money and property from the people. The chief was "Daddie" Ratcliff, a notorious villain, who plays an important part as one of the characters in Sir Walter Scott's novel *The Heart of Midlothian*.¹

¹ There is, however, some reason to doubt whether Ratcliff was connected with these ruffians.

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Charles, although he dealt with these miscreants severely and made every effort to restore the stolen property, was to some extent to blame, for the offences were mostly perpetrated by those who had been liberated from the public jails, which had been thrown open by the Jacobites. The Prince decided to quit Edinburgh and move his army across the border. He had already issued a proclamation on October 3 which ran: "I have, I confess, the greatest reason to adore the goodness of Almighty God, Who has in so remarkable a manner protected me and my small army through the many dangers to which we were at first exposed, and Who has led me in the way to victory, and to the capital of this ancient kingdom, amidst the acclamations of the King my father's subjects." Some difficulty was found in raising for him a regiment from the surrounding country, as the people were not keen on adventure with some doubt of success. "For my part," said a canny Scot, "I'm clear for being on the same side as the hangman. I'll stay till I see what side *he's* to take and then I'll decide."

But for all this the Prince was receiving almost daily reinforcements from the North, where the strength of the Jacobite cause lay. On the evening of October 31 Prince Charlie had completed the preparations for his departure, and he left Edinburgh never to return. He advanced into England as far as Derby, but found insufficient support and retreated northward, until at Culloden, on April 16, 1746, his troops were defeated

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and scattered, and he himself became a fugitive in the western Highlands. The faithful Highlanders never once wavered in their loyalty in the five months or more of his wanderings. He was chased like "the red deer driven along its native heights," ofttime ragged and torn, exposed to hunger and thirst, but in spite of the great price put on his head by the Government the fidelity of the clansmen never for a moment failed. The clever help rendered to him by Flora Macdonald at a time of supreme danger is too well known to need more than mention.

Finally he was guided to his faithful adherents Cluny Macpherson and Cameron of Lochiel, who were in hiding in a romantic retreat called the Cage, which had been constructed by Cluny at the base of a craggy, precipitous rock overlooking Loch Ericht. This habitation was capable of accommodating six people, and was concealed by a thicket, and being supported by a large fir springing from amidst the rocks it somewhat resembled a great bird-cage. In this last hiding-place Prince Charlie waited patiently for an opportunity of escape, and at last two French vessels arrived at the point where fourteen months before he had secured a landing. Two days after the news reached him, Charles, journeying secretly at night, embarked on board *L'Heureux*, accompanied by Lochiel, Colonel Roy Stuart, and about a hundred other friends, who were also glad to seek safety on a foreign shore. Concealed by a fog, the two vessels

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passed safely through the middle of the English fleet, and arrived eventually near Morlaix, on the coast of Brittany.

A romantic story is told concerning the Prince when in hiding. It is said that a Jacobite officer named Mackenzie, having fallen into the hands of the soldiers, was shot by them, and when dying exclaimed: "You have slain your Prince!" with the view of aiding Charles' escape.

Some of the most beautiful of Scotland's plaintive songs commemorate the heroism and trials of 'Bonnie Prince Charlie,' when roaming a lonely "stranger o'er hills that were by right his ain." In one the Jacobite mother declares that had she ten sons she "would give them all to Charlie." In another the maiden protests that if she were a man, like her brothers, she "would follow him too," and many others breathe a longing for the return of the Stuarts in such lines as, "Come o'er the stream, Charlie," and "The Stuarts shall enjoy their ain again."

CHAPTER X : *The Story of the
Regalia*

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ON December 14, 1714, the Castle was deprived of the ecclesiastical right of sanctuary, which had existed from the time of David in 1128, when he established his first order of monks within its walls.

By a decree of the Court of Session debtors were no longer allowed to seek its shelter, and thus the privilege they had enjoyed for centuries came to an end.

After the 'Young Pretender's' hopeless attempt to bring General Preston and his garrison to their knees and to recover the Crown of Bruce, the story of the Castle becomes less mixed with romance and tragedy as the times become more peaceful.

Having successfully suppressed the Jacobite rebellion, the Government turned its attention to the punishment of the supporters who had fallen into its hands, and so we find the dungeons and State prisons of the Castle occupied by a continual stream of unfortunate adherents to the Jacobite cause. Notable amongst these was, perhaps, an English gentleman named Henry Payne, who was cruelly tortured by instruction of the righteous King William through his Solicitor-General saying: "There is no doubt that he knows as much as would hang a thousand; but except you put him to torture he will shame you

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all. Pray you put him in such hands as will have no pity on him." After shameful torture the unfortunate man was flung into one of the dungeons in solitary confinement, where he spent a miserable ten years, despite appeals for mercy and a fair trial to the 'pious King William.' But he was not the only Jacobite who suffered extreme severity. The Duchess of Perth and her daughters were treated with disgusting brutality in one of those horrible vaults for no other reason than that the Duke had fought and was slain at the head of his men at Culloden. These poor ladies were refused a female attendant and put into the humiliating position of being under the constant supervision of the guard. Lady Ogilvie was also imprisoned in the Castle because of her sympathy with 'Prince Charlie,' but she was fortunate enough to make her escape disguised as a laundry-maid. About the same time a namesake of Lady Ogilvie's lost his life in endeavouring to escape down the rocks on the south side, and his son, an officer who had fought with the Prince at Carlisle, was hanged and mutilated with horrible barbarity on Kennington Common.

The last person who was tried and executed for the rebellion was the famous Lord Lovat. He had cunningly kept in the background, and had not only abstained from any overt act, but had even affected zeal for the royal cause. He would most probably have escaped punishment had not Lord Murray of

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Broughton, secretary to Charles, consulted his own safety by becoming King's evidence. The letters of Lovat to Charles, produced by Murray at the trial, and the convincing evidence of his own clansmen, fully established his guilt, and he was condemned after a trial which lasted ten days. When his sentence was pronounced he said: "Farewell, my lords. We shall not all meet again in the same place—I am sure of that." During the short interval between his conviction and the execution he showed at first great anxiety to secure a pardon, but this being impossible he displayed the utmost insensibility to his position; he conversed in the most cheerful manner with his friends, and spoke of his approaching execution almost with levity. He met his fate with great composure, and though in the eightieth year of his age, and so infirm that he sought the assistance of two persons in mounting the steps of the scaffold, his spirits never flagged. Turning to the great crowd, he said with a sneer: "God save us! why should there be such a bustle about taking off an old grey head from a man who cannot get up three steps without two assistants?" Having spent a little time in devotions, he repeated the line of Horace, *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, and, laying his head upon the block, received the fatal blow with great courage, leaving, as Scott remarks, "a strong example of the truth of the observation, that it is easier to die well than to live well."

Following the Jacobites of the rebellion, the only

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prisoners incarcerated in the dungeons of the Castle were captives of the French wars, for whom the fortress continued to be used as a prison almost up to the days of Waterloo. One event of importance remains to be chronicled—the dramatic finding of the Regalia after they had lain hidden for a hundred and ten years.

After the battle of Dunbar, 1650, the Scottish Regalia were taken for safety from the Castle of Edinburgh, and after the coronation of Charles II at Scone they were deposited in Dunnottar Castle, on the coast of Kincardineshire, with the idea that Charles II should send a boat and convey them to France. The Order of the Parliament is in the following words: “[June 6, 1651.] Instrumentis taken be the Erle Mareschal upoun the production of the honouris, with his dessyre represented to the Parliament, that the same might be putt in sum pairt of securitie; his Majesty and Parliament ordanes the said Erle Mareschal to cause transport the saidis honouris to the hous of Dunnottar, thair to be keepit by him till furthur ordouris.”

For the protection of the castle of Dunnottar a garrison was placed there on July 8, 1651, under the immediate command of George Ogilvy of Barras, an experienced soldier, who held a commission from the Earl Mareschal to be Lieutenant-Governor of the castle. Some royal artillery was furnished at the same time. It became, however, too obvious, from the daily



Louis W. ...

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successes of the English, that sooner or later Dunnottar Castle, which was now besieged, must be surrendered. Ogilvy was pressed by the Committee of Estates to deliver up the Regalia in order that they might be sent to some distant castle in the Highlands. The Lieutenant-Governor did not conceive these instructions to be so worded as to authorize his compliance, or to relieve him of the responsibility which this important charge imposed on him ; he therefore refused compliance, and applied to the Earl of Loudoun, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, for instructions in so pressing an emergency. The reply of the Chancellor was in these terms : “ I conceive that the trust committed to you, and the safe custody of the things under your charge did require that victual, a competent number of honest and stout sojers, and all other necessaries, should have been provided and put in the castle before you had been in any hazard ; and if you be in good condition, or that you can timely supply yourself with necessaries, and that the place be tenable against all attempts of the enemy, I doubt not but you will hold out. But if you want provisions, sojers, and ammunition, and cannot hold out at the assaults of the enemy, which is feared and thought you cannot doe if you be hardlye persued, I know no better expedient than that the Honours of the Crowne be speedilye and saifflye transported to some remote and strong castle or hold in the Highlands, and I wish you had delivered them

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to the Lord Balcarras as was desired by the Committee of Estates; nor doe I know any better way for the preservation of these thingis, and your exoneration; and it will be an irreparable loss and shame if these thingis shall be taken by the enemie, and verie dishonourable for yourself. So having given you the best advice I can at present, I trust you will, with all care and faithfulness, be answerable according to the trust committed to you.”

The urgent necessities of the moment brought forth a woman whose ingenuity was the means of saving the precious treasures. This person was the wife of the Rev. James Granger, the minister of Kinneff Church, some five miles from Dunnottar. She received permission from the English general to pay a visit to the governor's lady. The secret of smuggling out the Regalia was successfully kept to herself and the governor's wife, and the governor himself was not allowed to know what was done, that he might be able to declare with truth his ignorance of the whereabouts of the treasure.

Mrs. Granger took the Crown in her lap. The English general helped her on to the horse which she had left below, the castle rock being too steep to approach on the saddle, and her servant followed on foot carrying the Sword and Sceptre concealed in bundles of lint which she pretended were to be spun into thread. Passing through the English lines without the slightest suspicion, she eventually arrived

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at Kinneff, and placed the valuables in the charge of her husband, who handed to the governor's wife this authentic statement as to the secret place in which they were deposited: "March 31st, 1652: I, Mr. James Granger, minister at Kinneff, grant me to have in my custody the Honours of the Kingdom, viz., The Crown, Sceptre and Sword. For the Crown and Sceptre, I raised the pavement stone just before the pulpit, in the night tyme, and digged under it ane hole, and put them in there, and filled up the hole, and laid down the stone just as it was before, and removed the mould that remained, that none would have discerned the stone to have been raised at all; the Sword again, at the west end of the church, amongst some common seits that stand there, I digged down in the ground betwixt the two foremost of these seits and laid it down within the case of it and covered it up, as that removing the superfluous mould it could not be discerned by anybody; and if it should please God to call me by death before they be called for, your ladyship will find them in that place."

When Dunnottar Castle fell, the conquerors reckoned on possession of the Regalia, and in their great disappointment they treated the governor and his wife with much cruelty; even, tradition says, the minister fell under suspicion. But the Earl Mareschal's youngest son, Sir John Keith, who had gone abroad, spread the report that he had secretly taken the Regalia to Charles in Paris. This story, which was

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believed, prevented search being made in Scotland. The minister's wife had her reward after the Restoration, by an Act of Parliament dated January 11, 1661, in which it is stated: "For as much as the Estates of Parliament doe understand that Christian Fletcher, spouse to Mr. James Granger, minister of Kinneff, was most active in conveying the royal honours, his Majesties Crown, Sword, and Sceptre, out of the castle of Dunnottar, immediately before it was rendered to the English usurpers, and that be the care of the same they were hid and preserved; therefore the King's Majestie, with the advice of the Estates in Parliament, doe appoint two thousand merks Scots to be forthwith paid unto her be his Majestie's thresauer, out of the readiest of his Majestie's rents, as a testimony of their sense of her service." Sir John Keith, who had really done nothing, received an annual salary of £400; Mr. Granger and the maid seem to have received nothing.

The Regalia continued to be exposed at the sittings of the Scottish Parliament down to the Union, when the people of Scotland and others were up in arms against the Act. The exasperation of the populace was increased by a report that Scotland's Crown, Sceptre, and Sword, her only emblems of independence, were to be removed to London, for the Government thought "the royal emblems would be no safe spectacle for the public sight."

The Earl Mareschal was called upon to surrender the

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custody of the Regalia to the Commissioners of the Treasury, but he declined to do this in person and ordered one of the Junior Clerks of Session to deliver the Crown, Sceptre, and Sword of State to the Commissioners. They were therefore, on March 26, 1707, placed in the great black kist of the Stuarts, together with a memorandum from the Earl Mareschal minutely describing the various articles of the Regalia, and protesting that they should not be moved from the Castle without due intimation to him. The Crown Room in which the Regalia were thus deposited is a strong vaulted apartment, its chimney and window well secured by iron stanchels, and the entrance protected by two doors, one of oak and one formed of iron bars, both fastened with bolts, bars, and locks of great strength. Strange to say, the keys of this room and of the chest have never been discovered.

It was believed by some that the Regalia had been secretly removed to the Tower of London, and in 1817 his Royal Highness the Prince Regent—afterwards George IV—issued a warrant to the officers of State and other persons in public trust, permitting them to open the Crown Room and to force the famous kist. The Commissioners who assembled on February 4, 1818, in the governor's house were the Lord President, the Lord Justice Clerk, the Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court, Major-General John Hope, the Solicitor-General, Sir Walter Scott, and others.

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“It was with feelings of no common anxiety,” says Sir Walter Scott, “that the Commissioners, having read their warrant, proceeded to the crown-room, and, having found all there in the state in which it had been left in 1707, commanded the King’s smith (Neish by name), who was in attendance, to force open the great chest, the keys of which had been sought for in vain. The general impression that the Regalia had been removed weighed heavily on the hearts of all while the labour proceeded. The chest seemed to return a hollow and empty sound to the strokes of the hammer, and even those whose expectations had been most sanguine felt at the moment the probability of bitter disappointment, and could not but be sensible that, should the result of the search confirm those forebodings, it would only serve to show that a national affront, an injury, had been sustained, for which it might be difficult, or rather impossible, to obtain redress. The joy was therefore extreme when, the ponderous lid of the chest having been forced open, at the expense of some time and labour, the Regalia were discovered at the bottom, covered with linen cloths, exactly as they had been left in 1707. The reliques were passed from hand to hand, and greeted with affectionate reverence, and so restored to public view after the slumber of more than a hundred years. The discovery was instantly communicated to the public by the display of the Royal Standard, and was greeted by great shouts

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of the soldiers in the garrison, and the vast multitude assembled on the Castle Hill; indeed, the rejoicing was so general and sincere as plainly to show that, however altered in other respects, the people of Scotland had lost nothing of that national enthusiasm which formerly had displayed itself in grief for the loss of those emblematic honours and now was expressed in joy for their recovery."

The Regalia now lie arranged on a white marble table, together with the Crown jewels, inside a strong iron cage in a bomb-proof apartment, its chimney and windows well secured by bars, and the entrance protected by two strong doors.

The Crown is generally believed to include in its materials the circlet of the famous Bruce, according to Sir Walter Scott, whose deep interest in the Regalia helped on the cause of their restoration, and who also, it is said, encouraged the blacksmith in his mighty effort to open the chest.

The Scots are known to have employed a Crown as the appropriate badge of sovereignty at a very early period. After the tragic death of the usurper Macbeth in 1056, when Malcolm Canmore gained the Throne, the new monarch was crowned in the Abbey of Scone, on St. Mark's Day, 1057, and among the privileges granted to Macduff, Thane of Fife, and his descendants, in recognition of his services, was that of personally conducting the King of Scotland to the royal throne on the day of his coronation—a

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ceremony which, of course, implied the use of a crown. It is well known that the Scottish Crown which was used in these ancient ceremonies fell into the hands of Edward I when, in the year 1296, he dethroned John Baliol, and took with him to England every emblem of Scottish independence. The invader who carried off the celebrated stone called Jacob's Pillow was not likely to leave behind the Crown of Scotland, not only more portable, but much more valuable. The following passage would imply that the regal ornaments were stripped from the very person of John Baliol, at the time when he surrendered his kingdom to Edward I after the disastrous battle of Dunbar. This disgraceful ceremony took place in the castle of Montrose, or, according to other authorities, in that of Brechin.

*This John the Baliol on purpose,
He took and brought him till Muntros,
And in the castle of that town,
That then was famous in renown,
This John the Baliol despoiled he
Of all his robes of royalty ;
The Pelure they took off his tabart,
(Toom-tabart he was called afterwart)
And all other inseygnys
That fell to Kings on onywise.
Baith Sceptre, Sword, Crown, and Ring
Fra this John that he made King,*

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*Halyly fra him he took thare,
And made him of the kynryk bare.*

Wintoun's "Cronykill."

The royal insignia of Scotland having thus passed into the hands of Edward, it followed that when Robert the Bruce asserted the independence of the country in the year 1306 the ancient Crown of Scotland was not used at his coronation. Accordingly, there was a circlet or ring of gold hastily prepared for the occasion, which, after Bruce's defeat at Methven, also fell into the hands of the English monarch. This fact is established by a pardon afterward issued by Edward I, upon the intercession, as he states, "of his beloved Queen Margarate, to Galfredus de Coigniers, who is stated to have concealed a certain coronel of gold, with which Robert the Bruce, enemy and rebel of the King, had caused himself to be crowned in our kingdom of Scotland, which guilty concealment, nevertheless, the King pardons to the said Galfredus de Coigniers, by a deed executed at Carlisle, March 20, 1307."

Thus the present Crown might have been made at a later period. It cannot, however, bear an earlier date than Bruce's establishment in the sovereignty of Scotland after the victory of Bannockburn, in 1314. "The question remains," says Scott, "whether it ought to be assigned to a later reign than that of the Scottish deliverer, and several reasons incline

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us to decide in the negative. It is not likely that Robert the Bruce, highly valuing the independence which his own valour had procured for Scotland, would suffer her long to remain without the emblem of royalty proper to a free State, especially without a crown, which, in all countries of Europe, was regarded as the most inalienable mark of regal dignity. His successful wars in England and the confiscation of the estates of the faction of the Baliols at home, as it rendered it easy for the victorious monarch to repair Melrose and other churches which had suffered during the civil war, put it also in his power, with more convenience than most of his successors, to expend a considerable sum in replacing the regal ornaments of the kingdom. It may indeed occur as a question why, in the course of Bruce's triumphant negotiations with England, he did not demand restitution of the ancient regalia carried off by Edward in 1306, as we know that by the treaty of Northampton he stipulated for the restoration of the stone called Jacob's Pillow, used at the Coronation, and the various documents which had relation to the independence of the kingdom of Scotland. We are left in considerable uncertainty on this subject, as there is no copy in existence of the treaty of Northampton. Nevertheless, as none of the historians who mention its import makes any special allusion to the ancient Crown of Scotland as falling under the stipulated restitution, it may be conjectured that it was no longer in existence, having been probably destroyed for the



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sake of the precious materials of which it was formed. But could we even show evidence that the ancient badge of royalty was among these articles, the restoration whereof was stipulated by the treaty of Northampton, it would not greatly alter the state of the argument, as those conditions were never complied with, and the Crown consequently, with Jacob's Pillow and other articles pillaged by Edward, must have still remained in England. The style of the present Crown, particularly of the setting of the stones, is said to correspond with the state of the jeweller's art in the early part of the fourteenth century, and to strengthen the belief we have ventured to express that the present diadem was framed by the command of Robert the Bruce as a symbol of his own sovereignty, and of the independence which his prudence and valour had secured to his country. According to this hypothesis the present Crown was worn by David II, son of Robert the Bruce, whose coronation took place in 1329 with unusual solemnity, for by direction of a papal bull he received the royal unction from the hands of the Archbishop of Saint Andrews, and this had been no part of the ceremonial upon preceding occasions. This addition to the solemnity of the proceedings did not, however, prevent the brief usurpation of Edward Baliol, who was crowned at Scone in 1332.

“How the Regalia were protected during the stormy times which followed does not appear. Probably as

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memorials dear to popular feeling they were respected by both parties. At any rate, it seems almost certain that the Crown was not again destroyed or mutilated. Notwithstanding the foreign and domestic wars with which Scotland was harassed, there occurs no instance of the Regalia of the kingdom having been in possession of an enemy or usurper; and it may therefore be conjectured that the present Crown remained the same and unaltered since the days of Bruce, until the example of other sovereign princes in foreign countries induced James V to close it at the top with arches.

“Diadems, or open crowns, like that of Scotland in its original state, were generally assumed by inferior and feudatory princes, and differed so little in appearance from the coronets of the nobility that most of the monarchs of Europe, desirous of giving the regal badge a form of marked and pre-eminent distinction, began, at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, to use crowns arched over, or closed at the top, like those which were formerly called imperial. From this custom arose the saying that a prince wished to ‘close his crown,’ when he was supposed to aim at shaking off his dependence on a liege lord or superior. Charles VIII of France adopted a close or imperial crown in 1495, and Henry VII of England in 1495. The Kings of Scotland were not so long in assuming the same mark of dignity. Both James III and James IV appear on their coins with close crown, although the arches were

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not actually added to the ancient open diadem until James V, as appears from the characters inscribed on the arches.”

The form of the Crown is remarkably elegant. The lower part consists of two circles, the undermost much broader than that which rises over it; both are composed of the purest gold, and the uppermost is surmounted or relieved by a range of *fleurs-de-lis*, interchanged with *crosses fleurées*, and alternating with the *fleurs-de-lis* and the crosses are knobs or pinnacles of gold, each topped with a pearl. At the base of each *fleur-de-lis* is set a diamond, and at the base of each cross a blue enamel suggesting a sapphire. On a broad band between the two circles are twenty-two stones, carbuncles, topazes, amethysts, jacinths, and rock crystals; alternating with these stones are five large pearls. These two circles and the band between them thus ornamented seem to have formed the original diadem or Crown of Scotland until the reign of James V, who added two imperial arches rising from the circle and crossing each other, and closing at the top in a globe of gold enamelled blue, which again is surmounted by a large cross *pâtée*, ornamented with black enamel and pearls, and bearing the characters J. R. V. These arches are attached to the original Crown by tacks of gold, and there is some inferiority in the quality of the metal. The bonnet or tiara worn under the Crown was anciently of purple, but is now of crimson velvet,

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turned up with ermine, a change adopted in the year 1685. The tiara is adorned with four superb pearls set in gold, and fastened in the velvet which appears between the arches. The Crown measures nearly eight inches in diameter, twenty-seven inches in circumference, and about six inches and a half in height from the bottom of the lower circle to the top of the cross.

The Sceptre was presented to James IV by Pope Alexander VI, and was remade by James V. It is a slight and well-proportioned rod of silver gilt, thirty-four inches in length, of hexagon form; the lines are broken by three fluted rings, surmounted by a capital of chased dolphins supporting three figures representing the Virgin Mary, St. Andrew, and St. James, which again support a large crystal ball. Such crystal balls have long been invested with superstitious associations, and are still known among the Highlanders as 'stones of power.' The whole design is topped by an Oriental pearl.

The Sword of State was presented to James IV by Pope Julius II in 1507. It has a scabbard of crimson velvet covered with filigree work. The belt of the Sword was restored to the Regalia only in May 1893, by the Rev. Samuel Ogilvy Baker, descendant of Ogilvy of Barras. When the Sword was removed along with the Sceptre and Crown from Dunnottar Castle the belt was left behind, and became the property of the Ogilvys of Barras. It bears the

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emblems and insignia of Pope Julius II, designed in the same style as the ornamentation of the scabbard. Besides these 'Honours of Scotland,' there are also the jewels that were bequeathed to King George IV by Henry Benedict, Cardinal of York, the last of the Stuarts, and deposited in the presence of officers of State in 1830. They are four in number, as follows: The Badge of the Order of the Garter (the St. George), and the Collar, in gold richly enamelled and set with diamonds; a Ring, mounted with a ruby surrounded with diamonds, sometimes, but erroneously, said to have been the coronation ring of Charles I; the Jewel of St. Andrew, which is not only a very beautiful jewel, but one of exceptional interest. It was worn by Prince Charlie in the '45,' and belonged to his father, the Chevalier St. George. It was the badge by which the Prince was to be recognized by his adherents on landing in Scotland. This information has not previously been made public, although long known in Jacobite circles. On the Badge of the Thistle, the fourth of the jewels, there is a secret opening, in which is placed a fine miniature of Clementina Maria Sobieski, the mother of Prince Charlie; the image of St. Andrew on the other side is cut on an onyx set round with diamonds.

These treasures are displayed with the 'Honours,' which are the only ancient regal emblems in Britain, for those of England were destroyed by the Great Protector. The Crown has shone on the head of

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Bruce, has been placed over the head of each King James, and has adorned the auburn hair of the beautiful Queen Mary; and to preserve that of which it is the symbol many thousands of Scotland's brave sons have laid down their lives on the field of battle.

The kist in which the Regalia were found is worthy of attention. It is a huge chest of oak, strengthened and held together by iron bands. Its dimensions show that it was brought into the Crown Room in panels, and the screws and nuts that hold it together can be seen inside it. The old hasps that were broken in 1818 still remain, and it now bears also three large padlocks.

The iron-grated door of the room is of an entirely characteristic Scottish type. The ingenious method by which the bars are interlaced will well repay investigation, for it is perhaps the strongest form of gate known.

CHAPTER XI : *Mons Meg and other
Relics*

CHAPTER XI : *Mons Meg and other Relics*

AMONG the famous prisoners that were incarcerated in the dungeons of the Castle was James Mhor Macgregor of Bohaldie, the eldest son of Rob Roy, the famous chief of the Macgregors. James had lost his estate for having held a major's commission under the Old Pretender. Robin Oig Macgregor, his younger brother, having conceived the idea that he would make his fortune by carrying off an heiress—no uncommon thing in the Highlands—procured James's assistance, with a band of Macgregors, armed with target, pistol, and claymore, who came suddenly from the wilds of Arroquhar. Surrounding the house of Edinbellie, in Stirlingshire, the abode of a wealthy widow of only nineteen, they seized her, and, muffling her in a plaid, bore her to the heather-clad hills where Rowardennan looks down upon the Gareloch and Glenfruin. There she was married to Robin, who kept her for three months in defiance of several parties of troops sent to recover her.

From his general character James Mhor was considered to be a chief instigator of this outrage; thus the vengeance of the Crown was directed against him rather than Robin, who received some leniency on account of his youth. He was arrested, tried, and found guilty by the Lords of Justiciary, but in consequence of some doubt, or because of some informality, sentence

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of death was delayed until November 1752. As it was believed that an attempt to rescue him might be made by the Highlanders serving in the city as caddies, chairmen, and city guards—for Macgregor's bravery at Prestonpans, seven years before, had made him popular with the clansmen—he was removed by a warrant from the Lord Justice Clerk, addressed to General Churchill, from the Tolbooth to the Castle, there to be kept in close confinement till his fatal day arrived. But it came to pass that on November 16 one of his daughters, a tall and very handsome girl, disguised herself as a lame old cobbler and obtained admittance to the prisoner, bearing a pair of newly soled shoes. The guards in the adjacent corridors heard James Macgregor scolding the supposed cobbler with considerable asperity for some time for the indifferent manner in which his work had been executed. Meanwhile they were exchanging costumes, and at length James came limping forth grumbling and swearing. An old and tattered greatcoat enveloped him; he had donned a leather apron, a pair of old shoes, and ribbed stockings. A red nightcap was drawn to his ears, and a broad hat slouched over his eyes. He quitted the Castle undetected, and succeeded in leaving the city. His flight was soon discovered. The city gates were shut, the fortress searched, and every man who had been on duty was made prisoner. A court-martial, consisting of thirteen officers, sat for five days in the old barracks, and its proceedings

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ended in two officers being cashiered, the serjeant who kept the key of Macgregor's room being reduced to the ranks, and the flogging of a warder. Macgregor escaped to France, where he died about the time of the French Revolution in extreme old age. Robin Oig Macgregor was, however, executed in the Grassmarket in 1754 for the abduction.

On the Bomb Battery, or King's Bastion, directly in front of St. Margaret's Chapel, stands the giant piece of ordnance known as Mons Meg, a relic of the fifteenth century, with its great muzzle commanding the fine panorama of the New Town. In one respect it is similar in construction to some of our modern weapons ; that is, the metal is welded together in strong coils. It measures thirteen feet in length and twenty inches in diameter within the bore, and weighs upward of five tons. It is supposed to be the most ancient piece of cannon in Europe with the exception of one at Lisbon. Grant says that not a vestige of proof can be shown for the popular belief that this gun was forged at Mons ; indeed, unvarying tradition, supported by very strong corroborative evidence, asserts that it was formed by Scottish artisans, by order of James II, when he besieged the rebellious Douglases in the castle of Thrieve, in Galloway, in 1455. He posted his artillery at the Three Thorns of the Carlinwark,¹ which still survives, but the fire proved ineffective, so a smith named M'Kim and his

¹ That is, 'Witch-mound.' The name is possibly a relic of Druidical days.

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sons offered to construct a more efficient piece of ordnance. Toward this the inhabitants of the vicinity contributed each a gaud, or iron bar. Tradition, Grant goes on to say, never varied, and indicated a mound near the Three Thorns as the place of the forging. When the road was made at that spot this mound was discovered to be a mass of cinders and the iron *débris* of a great forge. Another story has it that the King granted to 'Brawny Kim,' the smith in question, the lands of Mollance—the contraction of Mollance to 'Monce' and his wife's name 'Meg' suggests the origin of the name 'Mons Meg.'

To this day the place where Mons Meg was mounted is called Knock-cannon. Only two of the great cannon-balls were fired from it before the surrender of Thrieve, and both have been found. The first, according to the *New Statistical Account*, was toward the end of the seventeenth century picked out of the castle well and delivered to Gordon of Greenlaw. In 1841 the tenant of Thrieve discovered the second when removing a rubbish heap. The balls piled on either side of the gun in the Castle are believed to be exactly similar to those found at Thrieve, and are cut out of Galloway granite from a quarry on Binnan Hill, near the Carlin-wark. The gun has had several variations in its name. It has been termed 'Mounts Meg,' 'Munch Meg,' and 'the great iron murderer, Muckle Meg.' Near the breech may be seen a large rent, which was made in 1632, when a salute was being fired in honour

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of the Duke of York, afterwards James VII. In 1489 it was employed at the siege of Dumbarton, and at some time when James IV invaded England it is supposed he took the gigantic weapon with him on a new stock made at St. Leonard's Craig; and the accounts at the time mention the amounts paid to those who brought "hame Monse and the other artailzerie frae Dalkeith." Many are the stories of her achievements. A shot from her, fired from the castle of Dunnottar a mile and a half distant, is said to have dismasted an English vessel as she was about to enter the harbour of Stonehaven, but as Mons Meg was never at Dunnottar this story cannot be true. During the Civil War in 1571 one of her bullets fell by mistake through the roof of a house in Edinburgh, for which the tenant had compensation; and whilst the gun was being dragged from Blackfriars Yard to the Castle two men died of their exertions.

An extract from the chamberlain's roll is both amusing and interesting: "To certain pynours for their labour in the mounting of Mons out of her lair to be shot, and for finding and carrying of her bullets after she was shot, from Wardie Muir, to the Castle, 10d.; to the minstrels who played before Mons down the street [on occasion of her visit to Holyrood], 14s.; for 8 ells of cloth to cover Mons, 9s. 4d."

In 1758 the gun was removed by mistake among a number of unserviceable pieces to the Tower of London, where it was shown till 1829. When George IV

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visited Edinburgh in 1822 Sir Walter Scott pointed out to him the spot of Meg's former location on the King's Bastion of the old fortress, and with all his powerful eloquence pleaded that she might be restored to her position again. The King gave his word that it should be so, but it was not till seven years after that national jealousy and similar obstacles could permit the fulfilment of the royal promise.

The leviathan was landed at Leith, whence it was escorted back to its old lair on the Castle by three troops of cavalry and the 73rd Perthshire Regiment, with a band of pipers to head the procession.

Standing alongside this ancient armament on the King's Bastion, one's eyes roam over the buildings in which the historical incidents that have been narrated took place, and looking round one cannot fail to see how the ancient Castle formed a nucleus for the great city which clusters round its base. In spite of all the sieges which this venerable stronghold has weathered, the devastations to which it has been subjected by successive conquerors, and, above all, the total change in its defences consequent on the alterations introduced by modern warfare, it can still boast of buildings dating further back than any other in the ancient capital. Some portion of the battlements and fortifications belong to a period before the siege of 1573, when that brave soldier and adherent of Queen Mary Stuart, Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange, surrendered after it had been reduced to a heap of ruins. In a



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report furnished to the Board of Ordnance, from documents preserved in that department, it appears that in 1574 (only one year after the siege) the governor, George Douglas, of Parkhead, repaired the walls and built the Half-Moon Battery on the site of David's great tower. A small tower, with crow-stepped gables, built to the east of the draw-well, and forming the highest point of the fore-wall just north of the Half-Moon Battery, is, Daniel Wilson says, without doubt a building erected long before Cromwell's time, and to all appearance coeval with the battery, but it is quite obvious that this little tower is older than even Wilson thought. Considerable portions of the western fortifications of the parapet wall, the port-holes in the Half-Moon Battery, and the ornamental coping and embrasures of the north and east batteries are of much later date.

The approach to the Castle has undergone various alterations from time to time. The Esplanade as one sees it to-day was formed with the earth removed from the site of the Royal Exchange, which was commenced in 1753. Previous to this date the old roadway to the Castle from the 'treves' on Castle Hill descended abruptly into the hollow which the Esplanade now covers and ascended by 'Nova Scotia' to the Spur, which was a triangular defence outside and below the steep ascent to the old gateway.

An interesting bird's-eye view taken in 1573 and printed in the *Bannatyne Miscellany* represents the

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Castle as rising abruptly on the east side; this also appears in all the earlier maps of Edinburgh. The entrance to the fortress appears to have been by a long flight of steps, and a similar approach is often shown immediately within the drawbridge. There seems to have been an ancient and highly ornamental gateway near the guard-room, decorated with pilasters, with deeply carved mouldings over the arch, and surmounted with a curious oblong piece of sculpture in high relief showing Mons Meg, with other ordnance and ancient weapons. This old gateway unfortunately had to be removed at the beginning of the present century, as it was too narrow to admit modern carriages and wagons. The present gateway was erected on its site, and the old carved panels have been placed in the walls.

The inner gateway to the west of the one just referred to is an ancient piece of architecture. Upon the walls of the deeply arched vault, leading into the Argyll Battery, one can find openings for the two portcullises, also traces of the hinges of several successive gates that once closed this important opening. The building immediately over the long vaulted archway is the Constable Tower or State Prison, which has figured so much in the story of the Castle. This was the gloomy prison in which both the Marquis and the Earl of Argyll were confined previous to their execution, and from which the latter had so romantic an escape, only to be once more dragged back to await

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the fatal day. Here it was, too, that the brave adherents to the House of Stuart suffered the penalty of the law. Inside one will notice the groove round the vaulted roof where once a portcullis was lowered to divide the gloomy apartment, with its immensely thick walls and grated windows overlooking a magnificent panorama of the surrounding country. The last State prisoners lodged here were Watt and Downie, who were accused of high treason in 1794. Watt was condemned to death, and it was intended that he should be executed on the Castle Hill—the place of execution for traitors—but it was thought this might be looked upon as indicating fear on the part of the Government, so he was taken to the Lawnmarket and dispatched there in the presence of a great crowd.

The State Prison was restored by the late Mr. William Nelson, the well-known publisher. The panel above the lower end of the archway now containing the Scottish Lion Rampant was recarved after remaining disfigured from the time of the Commonwealth, when Cromwell ordered its destruction; the two hounds on either side are the arms of the Gordons, and these were spared; above the royal arms may still be seen the hearts and mullets of the Douglasses. On the left, high up on the wall, is the memorial tablet to the brave Kirkaldy of Grange, who, as already related, held the Castle in the interest of Mary Stuart.

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Another object of interest is the Governor's house, which was probably built in the reign of Queen Anne, and close by is the Armoury. To the west of these buildings is the Postern, very near the site of the ancient and historical one where, as is recorded on a memorial tablet over the gateway, 'Bonnie Dundee' held his conference with the Duke of Gordon when on his way to raise the Highland clans for King James, while the Convention was assembled in the Parliament House and was arranging to settle the Crown upon William and Mary. It was through here, too, that the body of the pious Queen Margaret was smuggled whilst Donald Bane and his band of wild western Highlanders were battering at the gates on the east side in the hope of capturing young Edgar, the second son of Malcolm.

On the highest and almost inaccessible part of the rock overlooking the Old Town, where the smoky chimneys of the Grassmarket lie two hundred or more feet below, is the ancient royal palace, forming the south and east sides of a quadrangle known as the Grand Parade, or Crown Square. The chief portion of the southern side of the square consists of a large ancient building called *Magne Camere*, or Great Hall, erected, according to the Exchequer Rolls, in 1434. A similar hall, however, some suppose had existed on the spot at a much earlier date. This was the great ceremonial chamber of the royal palace in which Parliaments assembled and banquets were held. It was

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here that James II of Scotland was proclaimed King, and the treacherous Crichton and Livingstone entertained the two Douglases at the fatal 'Black Dinner.' Here also Queen Mary entertained her riotous nobles with the idea of reconciling them, and James VI feasted the nobility of both countries. Here the unfortunate Charles held his coronation banquet, and in 1648 the Marquis of Argyll, in the same hall, entertained Cromwell and discussed the necessity of taking away the King's life. These are but a few of the notable events that took place within the walls of this ancient hall, which was connected with the royal palace by a narrow staircase at the east end.

When, after the Union in 1707, the Castle ceased to be used as a royal residence the Hall fell into disrepair. Subsequently it was divided into floors and partitioned off into rooms for the accommodation of the soldiers. It was also used for many years as the military hospital, and the writer remembers the time when convalescents used the square as a recreation ground. Some years later the authorities, under the pressure of antiquarians, took steps to ascertain the original condition of the building.

By some good fortune, in 1883, Colonel Gore Booth, of the Royal Engineers, discovered a staircase communicating with the hall from the dungeons underneath. This aroused curiosity, and Lord Napier and Ettrick, with Colonel Gore Booth, examined the upper floors and the original roof above the ceiling,

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and found the rafters and cross-pieces, which stand in their original position, in good preservation. On the upper floor the carved timbers of the ancient roof were apparent, descending through the modern ceiling and resting probably on their proper supports below the level of the floor. Only one of these supports, however, was visible in the staircase, and it consisted of a stone corbel sculptured with a fine female head, and adorned on the sides with thistles boldly wrought. Mr. William Nelson, who had already restored the State Prison, undertook the restoration of the Banqueting Hall. The architect, in his examination of the fabric, after the flooring and partitions had been removed, discovered that the Hall had been re-roofed about sixty years after the date of its erection. He found that the main timbers of the roof were supported by stone corbels embedded in the modern flooring. These corbels remain as they were found. Two of them bear heads which represent James IV and his Queen Margaret. The others are carved with cherubs, and *fleurs-de-lis* shields bearing the royal Scottish arms surmounted by a crown, lion head, and emblems of plenty. There are shields on three of the corbels bearing the initials J. R. (*Jacobus Rex*) under an arabic figure four in its old form, which resembles a St. Andrew's cross with a bar along the top. The corbels are carved with the design of the thistle and rose on either side, emblematic of the Scottish King and his Tudor Queen; on the faces of two are cut

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the same decoration. One has the monogram I.H.S., and in the centre a cross said to represent King James's connexion with the Church as a canon of the Cathedral of Glasgow. The great timber roof of the Hall is just as it was centuries ago. The timbers terminate at the foot with carved shields, on which are emblazoned the armorial bearings of the governors and constables of the old fortress from 1107 to 1805.

The beautiful windows lighting the north and south sides were restored, and bear colour designs of the arms of Scottish sovereigns from the time of Malcolm Canmore, 1057, to James VI. On a small window in the west gable appear the royal arms of Scotland. Opposite to this is the original 'luggie' or eyelet of the private stair leading to the royal palace already referred to. The 'luggie' has been covered with a wrought-iron grille. Through it a listener on the stair could see and hear what was taking place in the Hall. The old fireplace was discovered amongst a heap of modern masonry, but it was in such a state of dilapidation that it had to be reconstructed, and now makes a fine if rather large centre-piece at the east gable. It is of massive design, decorated with carved shafts supporting a richly carved and moulded lintel and stone canopy. The projecting angles have corbels beautifully carved with classical figures representing 'The Chase,' 'Music,' 'Feasting,' and 'Law.' These corbels support emblematical figures

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suggested by Dunbar's poem of *The Thrissill and the Rois*, written in honour of the marriage of James IV to Princess Margaret, and represent 'May,' 'Flora,' 'Aurora,' and 'Venus.'

*And as the blisfull sounne of cherarchy
The fowlis song throw confort of the licht ;
The birdis did with oppin vocis cry,
O luvaris fo, away thow dully nycht,
And welcum Day that confortis every wicht ;
Haill May, haill Flora, haill Aurora schene,
Haill Princes Nature, haill Venus luvis
quene.*

The walls are covered in their lower parts with carved oak panelling, like that employed on the gallery and screen, and above are hung in artistic groups the arms and armour which were brought from the old Armoury and also from the Tower of London. These old weapons, which date from the sixteenth century comprise such pieces as blunderbusses, Highland targets and pikes of various designs from the field of Culloden, Lochaber axes, Highland flint-lock pistols, and fine suits of steel armour.

From the timbers of the roof are suspended the colours which belonged to the old Scottish regiments, and they form an interesting part of the exhibition, for some of the regiments are now extinct, and these relics are all that is left of them. They include the colours of

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the old Midlothian Regiment of 1775, the Inverness Local Militia, 3rd Regiment, 1775, the Galloway Light Infantry (embroidered in silk in the centre of which is the Lion Rampant of Scotland, surrounded by a three-quarter Union wreath and crown, with the motto, *Senes Callatus Callovidiæ sub hoc signo vinces*), the Ayrshire Riflemen, the Linlithgowshire Local Regiment, the 9th Battalion Royal Veterans, the Dumbartonshire, the Fifeshire, the Roxburgh and 4th Lanark Highlanders, the Haddingtonshire and 4th Lanarkshire, the 2nd East Royal Perthshire, the 2nd and 3rd Edinburgh Local Militia, the Kincardineshire, Forfarshire, 5th Aberdeenshire, and the Royal Perth and Edinburgh Highlanders. Most of these colours, some of which are the King's as well as the regimental, are of the period of George III.

At the east end, in front of the great fireplace, stands the modern gun-carriage which not only bore the remains of Queen Victoria from Osborne to Cowes, but also did similar duty in the funeral procession of King Edward VII. From the windows the view can hardly be surpassed. Immediately below are the old houses of the Grassmarket and the West Port, rapidly disappearing, beyond which rise the new buildings of Edinburgh's Art School. Slightly farther to the east rise the fine towers of George Heriot's Hospital, a lasting monument to the jeweller to James VI who left his fortune for the benefit of the orphans of burgesses and freemen, and in the distance is Blackford

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Hill, whence Sir Walter Scott pictured Marmion's
view of Edinburgh :

*Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,
For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.
When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendour red;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town!*

On the south-east is the ancient castle of Craigmillar, where the Stuarts so many times sojourned, and on the west the towers of Merchiston Castle, where lived Sir Archibald Napier, Master of the Mint to James VI. Between these two landmarks is the great expanse of the Burgh Muir, where the gallant armies met preparatory to their long march to meet the English

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invaders, and James III and IV from these same windows watched their standard of the Scottish Lion, 'the Ruddy Lion,' unfurled and pitched in the famous 'Bore Stane.'

To the east and south-east of the quadrangle we have the royal palace wherein have dwelt kings and queens in all their splendour as far back, perhaps, as Malcolm 'Greathead,' and there built in the wall is still the mystery which no one seeks to decipher—and could not if he wished. Near the top of the main building is a sculptured stone shield, which has suffered more, perhaps, from the disciples of Cromwell than from the weather, with the Lion Rampant surmounted by a crown, and over the doorway a stone tablet with the cipher of Mary and Darnley carved in high relief on a scroll with the '1566' which commemorates the birth of the Prince whose fortune was to unite England and Scotland under one Crown. Within is the room in which he was born, once beautifully panelled, but abused in later years by being turned into a canteen for the soldiers, who loafed in the very chairs that the unfortunate Queen sat in. The antechamber is hung with portraits and old engravings, one of which is of Mary Stuart when Dauphiness of France, a copy by Sir John Watson Gordon from the original in Dunrobin Castle by Farino, the Italian painter. It is supposed to have been painted shortly after her marriage with Francis, when only sixteen. Another portrait is of James VI,

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a copy from one painted by Jacobus Jansen which is in the possession of the Hays of Dunse Castle; the picture here was presented by the Right Hon. Lady Monson. There is another portrait of Queen Mary which has been copied from the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and a print by Lizars from the painting by Sheriff representing the Queen's escape from Loch Leven. This recalls the fact that Queen Mary once planted a thorn tree on the island; it was cut down in 1847, after casting its shadows on the castle for nearly three hundred years. A piece of this tree has been presented by Sir Graham Montgomery, and it now lies in the little room.

Besides the great Banqueting Hall there was another much smaller one in the fortress, for among items of the High Treasurer's accounts we find, in 1516, "For flooring the Lord's Hall in David's Tower, 10s."

Some parts of the palace are supposed to have been designed by Sir James Hamilton of Finnart, who was architect to James V. A semi-octagonal tower of some height gives access to the strongly vaulted bomb-proof room, once totally dark, in which the Regalia were so long kept in obscurity. The room is now well lighted, and the beautiful Crown of Scotland and the insignia of royal office are exhibited to the visitor in a great grille. The window in the wall facing the square was enlarged in 1848, and the ceiling panelled in oak with shields in bold relief. Two barriers

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close the room, one a grated door of gigantic strength like a portcullis.

In this same building Queen Mary's mother, the Catholic Mary of Guise, died in 1560, and, having been refused funeral rites by the Protestant clergy, the body, it will be remembered, was here allowed to lie for some considerable time before it was removed to France.

Down in the depths are the double tier of vaulted dungeons, secured by great iron gates and heavy chains. It was in one of these that Kirkcaldy of Grange buried his brother David Melville; also it was here that the poor French prisoners, forty of whom slept in each chamber, were kept captive in the dim light which came from the small loophole, which was then strongly guarded by three ranges of iron bars. The north side of the quadrangle consists of barrack-rooms, erected about the middle of the eighteenth century, and occupying the site of an ancient church. The block was built from the materials of the old building, which was of unknown antiquity. This is described by Maitland as a very long and large ancient church, which, from its spacious dimensions, was evidently not only built for the use of the garrison, but for the service of the neighbouring inhabitants before St. Giles' Church was erected for their accommodation. The great font and many beautifully carved stones were found built into the walls of the barrack-rooms during some alterations. It was supposed to have been built after

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the death of the pious Margaret, and dedicated to St. Mary. It is mentioned by King David I in his Holyrood charter as "the church of the capital of Edinburgh," and is once more mentioned as such in the charter of Alexander III and in several papal bulls, and the "parochie kirk within the said Castell" is distinctly referred to by the Presbytery of Edinburgh in 1595. In 1753 it was divided into three floors and used as a store for tents, cannon, and other munitions of war.

Near the old Postern is the site of the old butts, connected to the garrison buildings by a winding stair. The rock at this part is defended by the western wall, Butes or Butts Battery, and a turret named the Queen's Post, which some people think stands near the site of St. Margaret's Tower.

From the ancient postern gate there is an ascent by steps behind the banquette of the bastions to Mylne's Mount, named after the master gunner, where there is a cradle for a bale-fire, which could be seen from Fife and Stirling. The fortifications are built in an irregular way, with occasional strong stone turrets, and embrasures which are in readiness for mounting sixty pieces of ordnance. "The Old Castle Company" was a corps of Scottish soldiers raised in January 1661, and formed a permanent part of the garrison until 1818, when they were incorporated in one of the thirteen veteran battalions embodied in that year, along with the ancient guard of Mary of Guise which garrisoned the castle of Stirling.

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The Castle has a claim on the Canongate churchyard as a burial-place for its soldiers, as it is within the parish of Holyrood, but repeatedly during the sieges and blockades the dead have been buried within the walls. In 1745 nineteen soldiers and three women, it is believed, were laid to rest on the summit of the rock, near to St. Margaret's Chapel. The chapel, by the way, originally built by the pious Queen during her residence in the Castle, was for some time entirely lost sight of as an oratory, having been converted into a powder magazine; but happily in 1853 the old relic was once more restored to its more sacred uses. It is not only the most ancient chapel in the country, but the smallest.

CHAPTER XII : *The Castle Hill*

CHAPTER XII : *The Castle Hill*

THE Castle Hill, on which the Esplanade and parade-ground are formed, was the scene of many horrible executions of unfortunate persons found guilty, in the ignorant intolerance of the times, of witchcraft and heresy. On one occasion no fewer than five suffered together the agony of being burnt at the stake. They were: Thomas Forret, Vicar of Dollar; John Keillor and John Beveridge, both Black Friars; a priest of the name of Duncan Simpson; and Robert Forrester, a gentleman. It will be remembered that King James V journeyed from Linlithgow to witness this revolting spectacle, an act that could hardly have been expected from a monarch who had done so much for social reform.

Punishments for witchcraft were frequent. Great numbers of wretched, ignorant creatures of both sexes and of various conditions were accused of this imaginary crime and put to death with the most horrible tortures.

Sorcery was treated as a criminal offence as far back as the reign of James III, when his brother, the Earl of Mar, along with twelve women and three or four others who were supposed to be accomplices, was burnt to death for consulting with witches upon a plan to shorten the life of the King. It is not until the reign of Queen Mary that a proper trial for the crime appears on the records of the Justiciary Court. In

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Mary's ninth Parliament we find an Act passed declaring that witches or consulters with witches should be punished with death, which Act became operative immediately. Persons of high rank maliciously accused others in society of this imaginary practice. The Countess of Atholl, Lady Buccleuch, and the wife of the Chancellor, among others, were openly charged with dealing in charms and protecting witches. Even John Knox, the great reformer, did not escape the accusation of having attempted to raise "some sanctes in the kirkyard of St. Andrew's," and it was said that whilst in the midst of his incantations he raised 'old Nick' himself, with a great pair of horns on his head, a sight so terrible that Knox's secretary died from fright.

A terrible fate befell Dame Euphemia Macalzean, Lord Cliftonhall's daughter. She seems to have been a lady of powerful intellect and licentious passions, and was not only accused of many acts of sorcery of a common kind, but was also charged with complicity in the making of a waxen figure of the King, and with conspiring to raise a storm to drown the Queen on her homeward voyage from Denmark. A great number of poisonings and attempts at poisoning were also included in her indictment, but the jury acquitted her in respect of several of these alleged crimes. She was found guilty, however, of destroying by witchcraft her husband's nephew, Douglas of Pumfraston, and of attempting to destroy her father-in-law, as well



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as of participating in the practices against the King's life. The unfortunate lady was an adherent of the Romish faith and a friend of the turbulent Earl of Bothwell, who also was alleged to have been implicated in the matter of the waxen figure and in other similar devices against the King. Her punishment was the severest the court could pronounce. She was condemned to be "bound to a stake, and burnt in assis, quick [alive] to the death," and all her estates and property were forfeited to the Crown. She endured her horrible fate with the greatest firmness on the Castle Hill, June 25, 1591.

These trials produced a deep and permanent impression on the credulous and superstitious mind of the 'British Solomon,' and they appear to have led to the composition of his noted work, the *Dæmonologie*.

Numerous other trials for witchcraft took place during the reign of James. The unhappy victims of ignorance and credulity were usually charged with removing or laying diseases on men or cattle, with destroying crops, sinking ships and drowning mariners, holding meetings with the devil, raising and dismembering dead bodies for the purpose of obtaining charms, and other offences of a similar kind. After the death of James the epidemic seems to have abated somewhat in virulence, for from 1623 to 1640 there are only eight trials for witchcraft entered on the records of the Justiciary Court, and, strange to say, in one case

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the alleged criminal was acquitted. Counsel for the accused, too, ventured to impeach the credibility of confessions made by alleged witches on the ground that "all lawyers agree that they are not really transported, but only in their fancies while asleep, in which they sometimes dream they see others" at their orgies. During the Civil War and the Commonwealth, however, the crime of witchcraft seems to have been greatly on the increase, although the judges appointed by Cromwell discountenanced proceedings against reputed witches. Between 1640 and the Restoration no fewer than thirty trials appear on the records, while an immensely larger number of accused persons were handed over to commissions, composed of 'understanding gentlemen' and ministers, appointed by the Privy Council to examine and try those accused of witchcraft in their respective localities. No fewer than fourteen of these commissions were appointed in one day in 1661, and many hundreds of persons, principally aged females, were put to death about this period for the imaginary crime. The calendar became even more bloody for some time after the Restoration, when the restrictions imposed by the Republican justiciaries were removed, and during the year 1661 twenty persons were condemned for witchcraft. In 1662 occurred the famous case of the Auldearn Witches, whose confessions are unrivalled in interest. Dr. Taylor says that one of these beldames, named Isabel Gowdie, who must have been crazed, gave a

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most minute and quite unique account of the proceedings of the 'covin' (company) of witches to which she belonged. She was examined at four different times, between April 13 and May 27, 1662, before a tribunal composed of the sheriff of the county, the parish minister, seven country gentlemen, and two townsmen; and though her conceptions are almost inconceivably absurd and monstrous, her narrative is quite consistent throughout. She was devoted, she said, to the service of the devil in the kirk of Auldearn, where she renounced her Christian baptism and was baptized by the devil in his own name with blood which he sucked from her shoulder and sprinkled on her head. The witch covin to which she belonged consisted of the usual number of thirteen females, one of whom, called the Maiden of the Covin, was always placed close beside Satan, and was treated with particular attention, as he had a preference for young women, which greatly provoked the spite of the old hags. Each of the covin had a nickname, as 'Pickle,' 'Nearest-the-wind,' 'Through-the-cornyard,' 'Able-and-stout,' 'Over-the-dike-with-it,' &c., and each had an attendant spirit, distinguished by some such name as 'Red Reiver,' 'Roaring Lion,' 'Thief of Hell,' and so forth. These imps were clothed some in saddum, some in grass-green, some in sea-green, some in yellow, some in black. Satan himself had several spirits to wait on him. He is described as "a very mickle, black, rough man." Sometimes he had boots and

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sometimes shoes on his feet, but still his feet appeared forked and cloven. A great meeting of the covin took place quarterly, when a feast was held. The devil took the head of the table, and all the covin sat around. One of the witches said grace as follows:

*We eat this meat in the Devil's name,
With sorrows and sighs [sighs] and mickle shame.
We shall destroy house and hald,
Both sheep and nolt intil the fauld.
Little good shall come to the fore
Of all the rest of the little store.*

When the meal was ended the company looked steadfastly at their president and said, "We thank thee, our Lord, for this."

The witches, it appears, sometimes took considerable liberties with their master's character, and called him 'Black John' and the like, and he would say, "I ken weel eneuch what ye are saying of me," and then he would beat and buffet them very sore. They were beaten, too, if they were absent from meetings or neglected any of their master's injunctions. He found, however, the wizards much more easily intimidated than his adherents of the other sex. "Alexander Elder," says Isabel Gowdie, "was soft and could never defend himself in the least, but would greet and cry when Satan would be scourging him. But Margaret Wilson would defend herself fiercely, and cast up her

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hands to keep the strokes off her ; and Bessie Wilson would speak crusty, and be belling again to him stoutly. He would be beating and scourging us all up and down with cords and other sharp scourges, like naked ghaists ; and we would still be crying ‘Pity, Pity ; Mercy, Mercy ; Our Lord.’ But he would have neither pity nor mercy.”

When the married witches went out to their nocturnal conventions they left behind them in bed a besom or three-legged stool, which would assume their similitude till their return and prevent their husbands from missing them. When they wished to ride, a corn straw between their legs served as a horse, and on their crying “Horse and haddock, in the devil’s name !” or pronouncing thrice the following charm :

*Horse and haddock, horse and go,
Horse and pellat, ho, ho, ho !*

they were borne through the air to their destination, even as straws would fly upon a highway. If any seeing these straws in motion did not sanctify themselves the witches might shoot them dead. On one such nocturnal excursion the party feasted in Darnaway Castle, the seat of the Earl of Moray. On another occasion they went to the Downy Hills ; a hill opened, and all went into a well-lighted room, where they were entertained by the Queen of the Fairies.

The covin frequently assumed the shapes of crows,

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hares, cats, and other animals, by the use of some such charm as the following:

*I shall go intill a hare,
With sorrow, sich, and mickle care.
And I shall go in the Devil's name,
Aye, till I come hame again.*

Isabel herself had an adventure while in the shape of a hare, she said. She was going one morning about daybreak to Auldearn in that disguise, but had the misfortune to meet Peter Papley of Killhill's servant going to work, having his hounds with him. The dogs immediately gave chase. "I," says Isabel, "ran very long, but was forced, being weary at last, to take to mine own house. The door being left open, I ran in behind a chest, and the hounds followed in; but they went to the other side of the chest and I was forced to run forth again, and ran into another house, and there took leisure to say:

*'Hare, hare, God send thee care.
I am in a hare's likeness now,
But I shall be a woman even now.
Hare, hare, God send thee care.'*

And so I returned to mine own shape again." The dogs, she added, "will sometimes get bits of us, but will not get us killed. When we return to our own shape, we will have the bits and rives and scarts on our bodies."

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One common mode of detecting witches was that of running pins into their bodies, on pretence of discovering the devil's mark, which was alleged to be set on a spot insensible of pain. The persons who acted as 'prickers' of witches were allowed to torture those suspected of witchcraft at their pleasure, as if they were following a lawful and useful occupation. At length this brutal practice drew down the reprobation of the Privy Council, and the prickers were punished as common cheats.

Tortures of a much severer kind were often employed to extort from the reputed witches an acknowledgment of their guilt. Sometimes they were hung up by the thumbs, till, nature being exhausted, they were fain to confess whatever was laid to their charge. At other times they were subjected to cold and hunger till their lives became a burden. In many cases the thumbikins and other similar instruments of torture were employed to extort a confession.

A dreadful execution for sorcery was that of Lady Jane Douglas, a young and very beautiful woman. This lady, according to a writer in *Miscellanea Scotica*, was the most renowned beauty in Britain at that time. "She was of ordinary stature, but her mien was majestic; her eyes full, her face oval, her complexion delicate and extremely fair; heaven designed that her mind should want none of those perfections possible to a mortal creature; her modesty was admirable, her courage above what could

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be expected from her sex, her judgment solid, and her carriage winning and affable to her inferiors." She was accused by a disappointed lover, William Lyon, of sorcery, and was committed to the prison in David's Tower along with her second husband, Archibald Campbell, her little son, Lord Glamis, and an old priest. The unfortunate lady was first subjected to dreadful torture on the rack ; then she was led through the Castle gates on to the Hill, where she was chained to a stake round which had been piled tar-barrels and faggots, and within full view of her son and husband was burnt to death. Amongst others who suffered the same fate was Bessie Dunlop, in 1570, who practised as a 'wise woman' in the cure of some diseases, for which she 'was worried' at the stake. Thirty years after Isabel Young was treated in the same barbarous fashion for the crime of "laying sickness on various persons." In 1608 a wizard was convicted of healing by sorcery, and suffered like the rest at the stake on Castle Hill. "He learned frae the Devil, his master, in Binnie Craigs and Corstorphine, where he met with him and consulted with him divers tymes, whiles in the likeness of a man, whiles in the likeness of an horse." He also, it was alleged, had attempted to destroy the crops of a farmer of the name of David Liberton by placing a piece of enchanted flesh under the door of his mill, and had, in addition, been guilty of making an image in wax and thereafter melting it in the fire, which process was a method of taking David's life.

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But besides these revolting memories there are other associations not quite so dreadful that make the old approach to the fortress interesting. Grant tells us that on the north side of the Hill there was an ancient church, some remnant of which was visible in Maitland's time in 1753. It is supposed to have been dedicated to St. Andrew, the patron of Scotland, and is referred to in a deed of gift of twenty merkes yearly, Scottish money, to the Trinity altar therein, by Alexander Curor, Vicar of Livingstone, December 20, 1488. In June 1754, when some workmen were levelling this portion of the Castle Hill, they discovered a subterranean chamber, fourteen feet square, wherein lay a crowned image of the Virgin, hewn of very white stone, two brass altar candlesticks, some trinkets, and a few ancient Scottish and French coins. Remains of burnt matter and two large cannon-balls were also found there. This edifice was supposed to have been demolished during one of the sieges suffered by the Castle after the invention of artillery. In December 1849, when the Castle Hill was being excavated for a new reservoir, several finely carved stones were found among what were understood to be the foundations of this chapel or of Christ Church. The latter building was commenced in 1637, and had actually proceeded so far that Gordon of Rothiemay shows it in his map with a high pointed spire. It was abandoned, however, and its materials used in the erection of the present church at the

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Tron. This was also the site of the ancient water-house.

On the Castle Hill lay the great and famous Blew Stone, and it was eventually buried there. A curious set of doggerel lines appears in *Archæologia Scotica* on this landmark, which possibly took the form of a great boulder.

*Our old Blew Stone, that's dead and gone,
His marrow may not be ;
Large, twenty feet in length he was,
His bulk none e'er did ken ;
Dour and dief, and run with grief,
When he preservèd men.
Behind his back a batterie was,
Contrived with packs of woo.
Let's now think on, since he is gone,
We're in the Castle's view.*

The 'packs of woo' are the woolpacks that were used as cover for the troops of William when besieging the Castle. On the north side of the Esplanade is the quaint little house (the Goose Pie) of Allan Ramsay, the famous author of the *Gentle Shepherd*, who in 1725 opened a circulating library of fiction for the benefit of the citizens of Edinburgh. The magistrates looked on this fiction with some distrust, fearful that it would contaminate the youth of the city, and made an attempt to prevent Ramsay from pursuing the business, but without success. It was

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Allan Ramsay who built one of the first theatres in Edinburgh, which stood in Carrubber's Close. A little higher up, and facing on the Castle Hill, is the fine block built by Professor Geddes as a students' settlement. Here also the Professor himself resides, and his house is the resort of many men of letters and art in Edinburgh. Close by is the Outlook Tower, containing a fine collection of old Edinburgh prints, besides a *camera obscura*.

There are many old houses on the Hill that bring back memories of the days when the aristocracy of the city lived in state within the shadow of the Castle's battlements. In the wall of one directly facing the Esplanade we find the cannon-ball which a fanciful but impossible tradition says was fired from the Castle guns during the blockade of the '45.' Close by stood the mansion of the Dukes of Gordon; nothing but the old lintel over the modern doorway remains, carved with the Gordon arms. The United Free Assembly Hall stands on the site of the residence of Mary of Guise, and almost next door lived the famous Dr. Alexander Webster. Hard by stood the house of the great Duke of Argyll, for many years rented by a tailor at £12 per annum. On the north side the famous Laird of Cockpen had his town residence, and near it was the mansion of the Earl of Leven, who succeeded the Duke of Gordon as governor of the Castle in 1689. He did no credit to his family by his behaviour, for, according to the *Miscellanea*

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Scotica, “if her Majesty Queen Anne had been rightly informed of his care of the Castle, where there were not ten barrels of gunpowder when the Pretender was on the coast of Scotland, and of his discourteous behaviour to ladies—particularly how he horsewhipped the Lady Mortonhall—she would not have made him a general for life.”

The Butter Tron, or weigh-house, which was held by the Highlanders during the blockade of the Castle by Prince Charlie, stood at the bottom of the Hill, near the Lawnmarket. It was the scene of a quarrel between Major Somerville and a Captain Crawford, which is related in detail in *The Memories of the Somervilles*. It appears that when Major Somerville commanded the garrison of the Covenanters in the Castle, Captain Crawford, who was not in command of any of the troops lying there, demanded admission to the fortress from the sentry on duty; whereupon the sentry inquired his name, that he might take it to his commanding officer before admitting him. At this the Captain lost his temper and replied, “Your major is neither a soldier nor a gentleman, and if he were without this gate, and at a distance from his guards, I would tell him that he was a pitiful scullion to boot.” Turning on his heel, he tramped down the Castle Hill in a rage, but was overtaken by the Major, who had by this time received his message. “Sir,” said the Major, “you must permit me to accompany you a little way, and then you shall know more of my mind.” The

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Captain replied, "I will wait on you where you please." When they reached the foot of the Hill the Major, drawing his sword, said, "Now I am without the Castle gates and at a distance from my guards, draw, and make good your threat." Crawford evidently thought better of it, and, taking off his hat, begged his senior officer's pardon, whereupon Major Somerville, after thrusting his sword back into its scabbard, remarked, "You have neither the discretion of a gentleman nor the courage of a soldier. Begone, for a coward and fool fit only for Bedlam," and retraced his way to the Castle. In revenge for the accusation of cowardice, Crawford later made an attack upon Somerville, and for this he was sentenced to imprisonment for a year.

CHAPTER XIII : *From the
Castle Walls*

CHAPTER XIII : *From the Castle Walls*

AFTER the stories of fearsome deeds on the Hill we will dip into the valley for final details in the long chapter of thrilling incidents connected with the old Castle. And thus we leave that prehistoric ridge whose back stretches from the fortress to Holyrood, where the ancient Britons built their huts and so founded the future capital of the north. Like the wine in the parable, it has burst its old boundary, and the new town has swirled around the rock which was destined to be the pivot of its being. In the valley to the north of the towering mass stands one of the remaining fragments of the old Flodden wall, a monument of bygone days, and adjacent are the last fragments of the Well-house Tower and Queen Margaret's herb-garden. The old look-out, "lurking in the double shade of rock and trees," guarded a pathway which wound its way under the rock to the old church of St. Cuthbert. Not many years ago a stairway cut in the solid rock was discovered leading under the tower, and a skull and many bones were unearthed from the accumulation of soil and rubbish, along with coins of the periods of Edward I and Edward III. Splinters of bombs were also found, probably fired from the mortars on the site of the Register House, and embedded in the wall was a shot from a 48-pounder. The tower guarded

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the well that supplied the garrison with water, which was drawn up to a platform, some seventy feet above, commonly known as Wallace's Cradle.

One of the earliest gifts by the saintly King David to his new monastery was the plot of land where rose the spring near the King's garden on the road to St. Cuthbert's Church, which has been converted into a drinking fountain by the officers of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Before the Nor' Loch came into existence the valley was the garden that Malcolm had cultivated for David, "while deep pools and wide morasses, tangled wood and wild animals, made the rude diverging pathways to the east and westward extremely dangerous for long afterward," though lights were burned at the Hermitage of St. Anthony on the Craig and the spire of St. John of Corstorphine to guide the unfortunate wight who was foolhardy enough to travel after nightfall. From the valley once infested with those wild animals the great rock, black and gaunt, towers majestically above the watermark of still more ancient times, "amidst the fairest city of the earth," a vast monument of prehistoric days, "telling with scattered walls and scars a rugged tale of great old wars."

From its battlements kings and queens and princes have feasted their eyes on the amazing landscape before them, where the Fife hills, like far clouds that skirt the blue horizon, reflect the history and romance



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of its mediæval days. Away to the west, as far as the eye can reach, rises the sister castle of the royal burgh of Stirling. Under its shade the great Bruce cleaved the head of the English knight whilst wearing the very golden chaplet, the basis of the Scottish Crown, which now lies with the rest of the ancient Regalia in the Crown Room of the royal palace. There also Mary Stuart made the unfortunate marriage vow to her cousin Darnley, and there afterward her infant James was christened from the golden bowl sent as a gift from Queen Bess. Beyond Stirling, Ben Lomond raises his head like a great cone above the carselands where the Forth winds its way to the sea amid the battlefields of the War of Independence. The great steel girders of the Forth Bridge connect the flat lands of the Lothians to the kingdom of Fife, resting midway on the rock of Inchgarvie, once held by Roy of Aldivalloch with a company of Royalist musketeers, until turned out by General Lambert.

Rising behind the great steel cobweb is the smoke from the Scottish naval base built round the old castle of Rosyth, where Margaret, with her brother, the Atheling, her mother, sister, and the refugee Anglican lords, stepped ashore, after finding shelter in St. Margaret's Hope, to be received by Malcolm, her future husband. Some five centuries later Mary Stuart rested here on her journey through Fife. Cromwell's mother is reputed to have been one of the

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Stuarts of Rosyth, as Carlyle tells us that the genealogists have indubitably proved that Oliver was "the fractional part of half a cousin" of the Royal Martyr. Within a few miles, at Inverkeithing, Annabella Drummond, the Queen of Robert III, received the news of the death of her two sons, David, Duke of Rothesay, who was foully done to death at Falkland; and James I, the Poet King, who fell under the assassins' daggers in the Blackfriars' monastery at Perth. Tradition pictures her as a forsaken Queen, sitting at her palace window gazing across the Firth to where the Castle of Edinburgh, like the Prophet's coffin, seems to hang mid earth and sky.

The dark woods of Donibristle, the family burial-ground of the Earls of Moray, form a fitting background to the light stonework of the house. This mansion, honeycombed with underground passages, was the scene of the tragic death of the "bonnie Earl of Moray." Lord Huntly started from Edinburgh late on a February evening in 1592, and, crossing at Queensferry with his company, set fire to the house of Donibristle. Dunbar, the tutor to the Earl of Moray, out of devotion to the Earl, "wissing not quhither to come but to be slaine or to be burned quicke," volunteered to emerge first out of the gate: "The peopell will chaarge on me, thinking me to be your lordshipe; sae, it being murke under nicht, ye sall come out after me and look if that ye can fend for yourself." Dunbar was slain immediately he appeared, and Moray

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escaped by a subterranean passage leading to the shore; but by bad luck "the said lord's cnapscull tippet quherone ves a silk stringe had taken fyre, vich betrayed him to his enemies in ye darknesse of ye nicht," and he was set upon and killed among the rocks. The corpse was brought to 'St. Giles' Kirke' two days later with a banner, still kept at the house, whereon was painted the naked body and its wounds, with the device, "God avenge my cause."

The island lying a little way out from the shore is Inchcolm, St. Colm's Inch. In 1123 Alexander I, caught in a storm while crossing to Inverkeithing, gained the island with difficulty and found shelter with its hermit, wherefore in gratitude for his deliverance he founded an Augustinian priory. This priory was afterward endowed by Mortimer, Lord of Aberdour, whose body the monks dropped overboard in the channel that still bears his name. As Mr. John Geddie puts it, "they kept his lands, but would have none of his bones."

Aberdour is a little watering-place nestling in the hills at which Mons Meg points her long muzzle. It was in its castle that the Regent Morton sought retreat after he had been driven from Edinburgh. Farther along the coast is Burntisland, which was captured by Cromwell along with its ships and store of artillery; and the old castle of Rossend, once a residence of Mary Stuart, whose bedroom still remains. The skull of St. Margaret, adorned with jewels and

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still bearing "the flowing auburn hair," was concealed in one of its vaulted rooms before being restored to the Castle of Edinburgh—whence it was sent to Spain, or, as others assert, to the Jesuit College at Douai, to disappear during the Revolution.

King Alexander III met his death on the Fifeshire coast near Kinghorn in 1286. The story goes that having dined merrily at the palace at Edinburgh Castle—notwithstanding that it was Lent, according to the old calendar—he crossed over to the 'Kingdom' to join his young Queen, whom he had married only the previous summer. It was a stormy night, for it was late in the year, and being exceptionally dark his men and he lost one another. As he rode by the shore alone, his horse's hoofs sank in the sand, the animal stumbled and threw him, and "he bade farewell to his Kingdom." So ended the last of our Celtic Kings.

Inchkeith was the island to which James IV sent two infants, boy and girl, to be brought up under the care of a dumb woman, as an experiment to discover "the original language." "Some sayes," remarks Pitscottie cautiously, "they spake guid Hebrew; but I know not by author's rehearse."

Mary of Guise landed her French troops at Dysart, where they were opposed by the Lords of the Congregation, whose men "laye in their claites, their boits never off for three weeks, skirmishing almost every daye, yea sum dayes even from morn till

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nicht"; and a few miles distant is the famous Wemyss, where Mary Stuart first met her young cousin Darnley. We are told that the Queen was light of heart, hunting, hawking, and in the evening dancing, when Darnley, a proper young man and tall, came riding thither out of England. The 'lang lad,' who, as Melville tells us, was "even and brent up, weill instructed in his youth in all honest and comely exercises," took his Sovereign's eye when she met him in the presence chamber—now reduced to the steward's room—opening from the old court. There were great feastings at Wemyss, then in the hands of Mary's half-brother, Moray; and the Caleb Balderstones of the lords and lairds of Fife who entertained the royal train on their progress long remembered their visits. The 'lang lad' carried all his good qualities on the outside, and the marriage hastily arranged was repented all too soon.

Tradition says that Mary could wield a golf-club as well as fly a hawk. Her father, James V, paid a visit to Wemyss Castle, and so did Charles II as an exiled prince, and away at the 'East Neuk,' as far as the eye can see, the Duke of York found solace in the company of his Fife lairds before fate called him south to be the last of the Stuart Kings.

Thus the story of the Kings and Queens of Scotland who acted their part in the history of the great Castle of Edinburgh is reflected along the shores of the Kingdom of Fife from the earliest times. And,

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meditating upon the pageant of history which we have endeavoured to recall, the grey towers of the old fortress seem to plead with us to treasure its weather-beaten and war-worn stones as a national monument of the spirit of Scotland, which would not “lie at the proud feet of a conqueror.”



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