

a libertine, but it is well known that he was a *gallant* in the most *liberal* signification of the term, and that his amours extended to all ranks. He had, therefore, until he had well nigh reached his thirtieth year, evaded the curb of matrimony—and it was not until the necessity of his marriage, for the welfare of his country, was urged upon him by his nobles, that he agreed to take the hand of young Margaret of England. And of her it might have been truly said, that his

“Peggy was a young thing,
Just entering in her teens,”

for she had hardly completed her fourteenth year. But she was a well-grown girl, one on whom was opening the dawn of loveliest womanhood—she was beautiful, and the gentleness of her temper exceeded her beauty. Young James was the most chivalrous prince of his age; he worshipped beauty, and he could not appear coldly before one of the sex. And having come to the determination, (although unwillingly) to give up his bachelorism, or, as he called it, liberty, he at length resolved to meet his bride as became one whose name was chronicled on the page of chivalry. He accordingly arrayed himself in a jacket of black velvet, edged with crimson, and the edgings bordered with a white fur. His doublet was of the finest satin, and of a violet colour; his spurs were of gold, his hose crimson, and precious stones bespangled his shirt collar: the reiterated shouts of the multitude announced the approach of the queen, and thus arrayed, the young king rode forth to greet her.

He entered the kirk, at the further end of which stood his fair bride between the Earls of Surrey and Northumberland. He started, he seemed to pause as his eyes fell upon her, but in a moment they were again lighted up with more than his wonted lustre. He had heard of her loveliness, but report had failed in doing justice to the picture. He approached to where she stood—he sank upon his knee—he raised her hand to his lips: the English nobility were struck with admiration at the delicate gallantry of the Scottish king.

I need not enter into the particulars of the ceremony. The youthful monarch conducted his yet more youthful bride and her attendants to his pavilion, while the heralds summoned the knights to the tournament, and prepared the other sports of the day. He took

his lute and performed before her, and he sang words of his own composition, which related to her—for like others of his family that had gone before, and that came after him, James had a spark of poetry in his soul.

“And dost thou understand this instrument, my own love?” said he, handing her the lute.

She blushed, and taking it into her hand, began to “discourse most eloquent music,” and James, filled with admiration, again sinking on his knee, and clasping his hands together, remained in this attitude before her, until the trumpets of the heralds announced that the knights were in readiness for the tournament.

Thousands were crowded around the circle in which the knights were to exhibit their skill and prowess. The royal party took their seats on the dais prepared for them. Several trials of skill, with sword, spear, and battle-axe, had taken place, and the spectators had awarded to the successful competitors their shouts of approbation, when the young king, who sat beside his young queen, surrounded by the Lords Surrey and Northumberland, and the nobles of his kindred, together with the ladies of high degree, said—

“Troth, my iords, and whatever ye may think, they play it but coldly. Excuse me, your Majesty, for a few minutes,” continued he, addressing his young bride; “I must put spirit into the spectacle.”

Thus saying, the young monarch left the side of his bride, and, for a time, the same breaking of swords, spears, and battle-axes continued, when the chief herald of the tournament announced the *Savage Knight*. He entered the lists on foot, a visor concealing his face, arrayed as an Indian chief. He was clothed in a skin fitting tightly to his body, which gave half of it the appearance of nudity. In his left hand he held a javelin, in his right hand he brandished a spear.

“Who is he?” was the murmur that rang through the crowd; but no one could tell, and the knights in the arena knew not. He walked onwards to the centre of the circle—raised his spear—he shook it in defiance towards every knight that stood around—and they were there from England as well as from Scotland. But they seemed to demur amongst themselves who should first measure their strength with him. Not that they either