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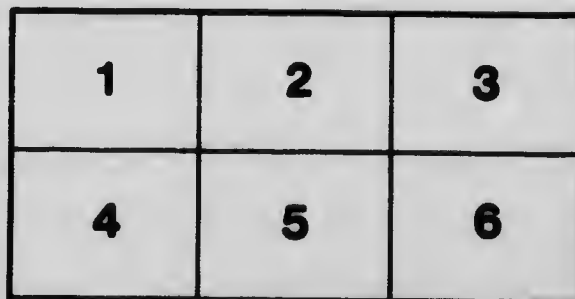
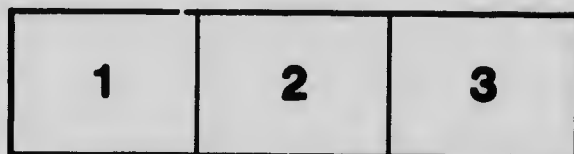
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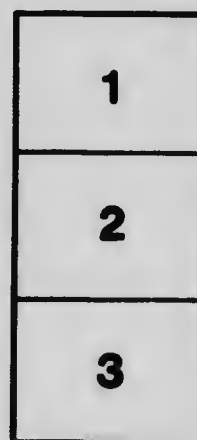
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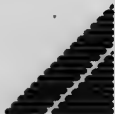
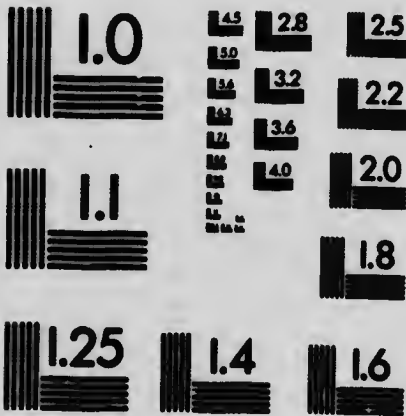
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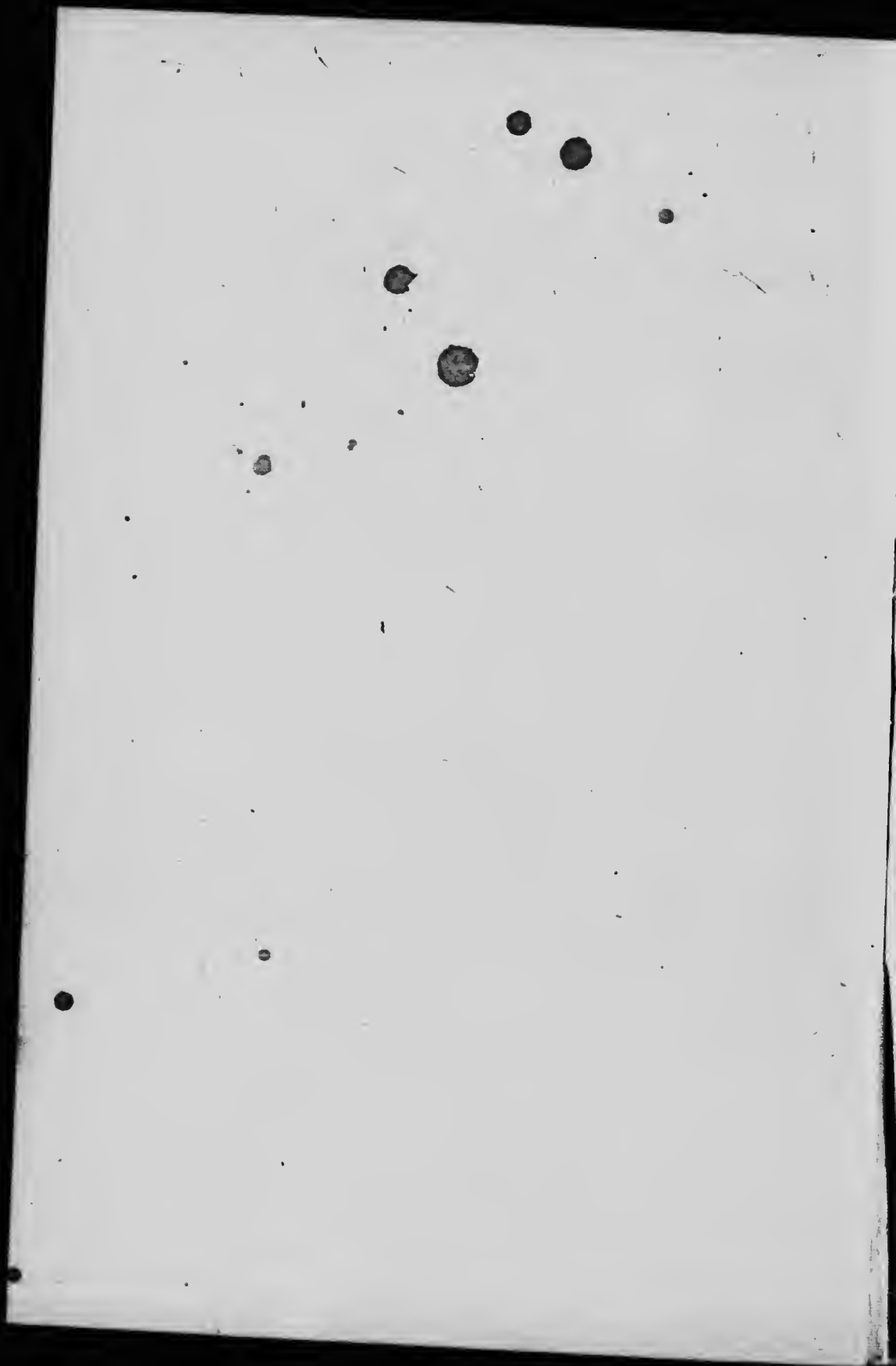
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MACMILLAN'S CANADIAN SCHOOL SERIES

FIELDS OF FAME

In England and Scotland

BY

J. E. WETHERELL, B. A.

Inspector of High Schools for Ontario



TORONTO: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
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PREFACE

"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." The Preacher in his enumeration proclaims "a time of war and a time of peace." The history of Great Britain during times of peace has almost monopolized the attention of all British historians. The times of war have received scant attention. The present writer, therefore, in these pages makes a humble attempt to excite interest in those epochs of English history which deal with fighting men and fields of battle. To the close observer of current events and current sentiments the undertaking cannot appear inopportune.

There will never come a time when men will cease to gaze more fixedly at the human and dramatic aspects of history than at the political, social, and economic aspects. Historians may propound noble theories of their art, and may pursue those theories to their logical issue; but the ordinary reader will continue to give his attention to the romantic and the dynamic chapters of our annals, and those are the chapters which have for their web and woof the deeds of warriors. War is, indeed, human nature strained to its utmost tension and tried by its sternest trial. War is, indeed, the very romance of his-

tory. Moreover, it is more than the claws and fangs of contest that attract attention. War has its virtues as well as its devildoms. Across the stage of the theatre of war march many sublime characters; all the actors are not villains. As the long procession passes, we applaud the intrepidity that sees no perils, the contempt for ease that welcomes discomfort and distress, the absolute surrender of private interests and emolument, the implicit obedience to command that orders to victory or death. Men will always admire the martial virtues, and happy is the state whose national life is built upon the enduring foundation of those virtues which the stress and the calamities of war often evoke.

It must be admitted that it is not the martial virtues alone which make the deeds of soldiers so absorbingly attractive. There is imbedded deep in the nature of most men a love of excitement, of struggles, of exhibitions of force and skill, of the pomp and pageantry of spectacular hosts. One need not go far to find illustrations of such propensities. The Salvation Army, that wonderful organization which sprang into sudden popularity under the magic wand of its great Founder, and which now girdles the whole world, owes much of its success to its adoption and close imitation of military methods and procedure. The uniforms, the colours, the drums, the hymns, the tramp of many feet, are delightful to these scions of old British stock; for through many generations of peaceful ancestry there has lain dormant, to be renewed in the service of the Cross, the thrilling and captivating allurements of marshalled lines of men,

moving under gay standards and pennons, to the accompaniment of martial melodies. The sad and solemn military pageantry which attends the funerals of sovereigns and potentates, and the gay and splendid processions which march through admiring and cheering crowds when a new king assumes his crown and becomes the chief Field Marshal of his country, both appeal to the same traits of human nature. Within the veins of most of us, however pacific our philosophy and our habits of life, linger traces of the fighting blood.

As the dramatic spectacles of war, and of the movements of marching men, are thrilling to the onlooker, so it is not strange that the narratives of wars and battles, which appeal powerfully to the imagination, have a stronger human interest than the records of the peaceful pursuits and achievements of statesmen or of the common people. History would be dull reading without the deeds of valour and the glory thereof. It will not, then, be thought an entirely whimsical design of the present writer if he attempts to present in collective form brief narratives of the chief battles of England and Scotland, with occasional references to his personal visits to these "Fields of Fame."

Readers of Lockhart's Scott will recall a remarkable passage in the "Autobiography" that introduces the "Life." "My principal object in these excursions," says Sir Walter, "was the pleasure of seeing the places which had been distinguished by remarkable historical events. The wandering over the field of Bannockburn was the source of more exquisite

pleasure than gazing upon the celebrated landscape from the battlements of Stirling Castle." It so happened that a visit to the Field of Bannockburn was the present writer's first taste of that "exquisite pleasure" which was to be experienced more than a score of times as he ranged over Scotland and England to satisfy his ever-increasing topographical and historical curiosity.

The massing together in one volume of the martial epochs of England and Scotland, and the deliberate and complete omission of the peaceful epochs, may serve to bring into strong relief an important historical fact that should never be forgotten: Up to times in which we live (whatever the future may have in store) men have always been driven

"To follow flying steps of Truth
Across the brazen bridge of war."

Even during the first decade of the century just begun it has been proven more than once that "principles are rained in blood." The patient readers of the present volume cannot fail to notice that nearly all the battles, or groups of battles, here described divide the history of England into well-marked epochs. Each battle, or group of engagements, is not only a test of supremacy, but it is also the close of an abandoned, if not discredited, past, and the dawn of an era of altered ideals.

The Government of the Dominion of Canada has just appointed a National Battlefields Commission to convert the battlefields of Quebec into a National Park. The scope of the work of this Commission, it

is believed, will be widened to include the whole task of preserving for the people of Canada the sites of historic interest throughout the Dominion. This Commission will undertake the restoration and beautifying of all the spots in Canada sacred to the struggles and heroism of the men who preserved Canada to the British Empire. It seems strange that no such commission has ever been appointed in Great Britain to perform a like service for the state. The memorial recently erected on Flodden Field is an indication, it is true, that public sentiment is not entirely indifferent to the fame and to the preservation of the fields of history. In the absence of any concerted action toward doing for all the battlefields of Great Britain what has been done for Culloden and for Flodden, the publication of this little volume will, it is hoped, serve a useful purpose by calling the attention of its readers to fields which were once famous, but which are now partially or utterly neglected.

Probably no two persons would agree as to what contests should be regarded as the most important among the battles — more than a hundred in number — which have been fought on the soil of Great Britain. The twenty-six battles described in the present volume have been selected not at random nor hastily. The number of fields might have been greatly extended so as to include Northallerton, Homildon Hill, Blore Heath, Mortimer's Cross, Hedgeley Moor, Hexham, Newbury (two battles), Bothwell Bridge, and many others. It is believed, however, that the present choice includes all the

most important engagements, and excludes none which merit special notice.

Students of British history need not be told how scanty are the details which most historians have vouchsafed to their readers in the description of battles. Mr. Green, indeed, devotes to the momentous battle of Marston Moor a meagre half-page, and to the bloody day of Flodden he has paid the paltry tribute of a half-sentence! It has, therefore, by the present writer been thought necessary, in the interests of clearness and vivid presentation, to recount at some length the causes and the progress of the wars here described in order to prepare the way for his own reflections and observations. Many of the historical details here gathered together are not accessible to the general reader, and the present volume is not intended for the specialist in history.

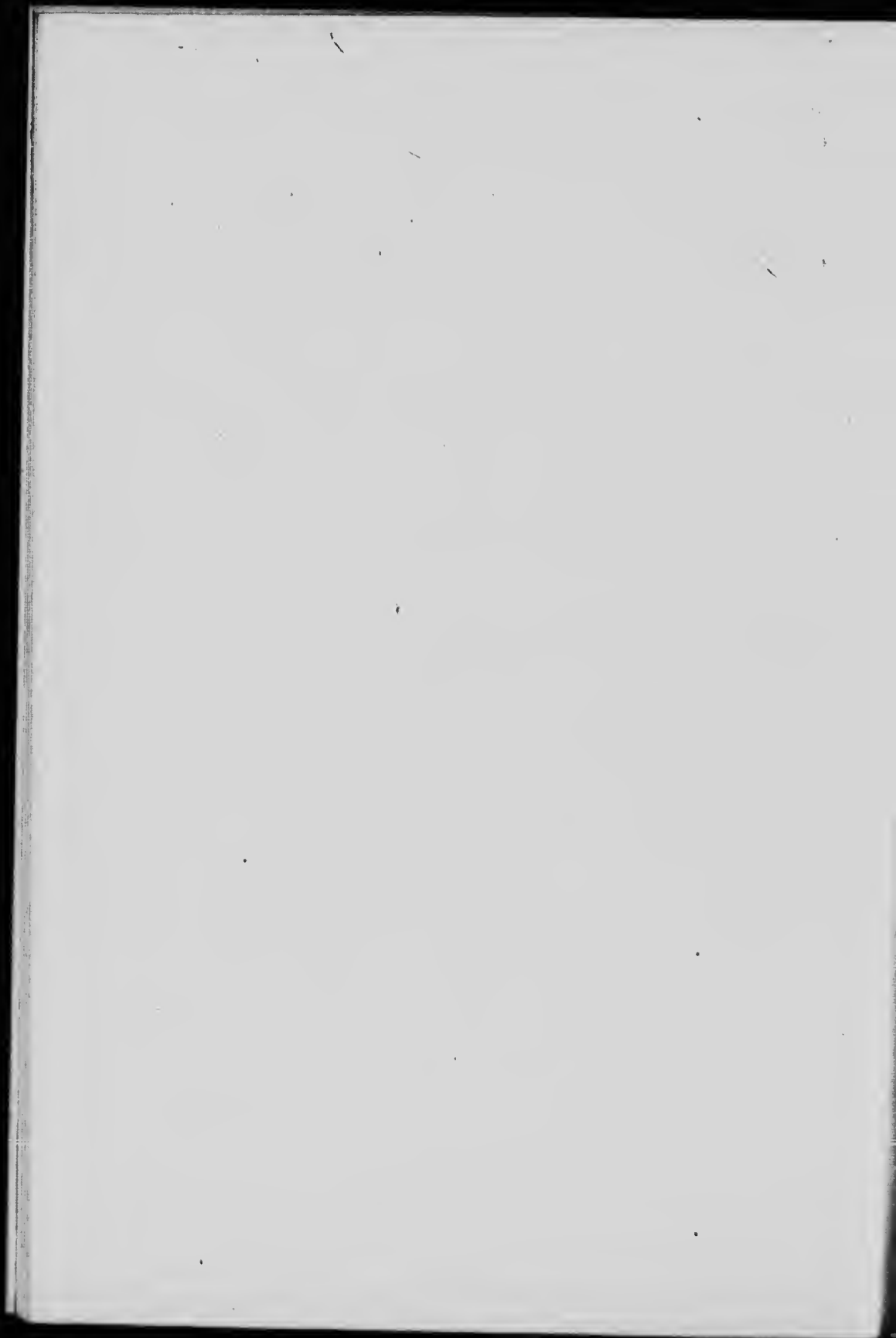
An endeavour has been made in these pages to note with accuracy the various changes in arms and armour which have followed one another from Hastings to Culloden. It is true, these changes have not been formally catalogued, but the attentive reader will not fail to notice that the equipment of the soldier has been everywhere regarded as an essential feature of the narrative. I here acknowledge my indebtedness to the valuable new work on "British and Foreign Arms and Armour," by C. H. Ashdown.

No excuses need be offered for drawing heavily, in these battlefield sketches, on the rich resources of English literature. Poets and novelists have ever found in the bloody contests of men an irresistible

fascination, but the philosophic and matter-of-fact historian has deliberately eschewed all allusions to poetry and romance. *Arma virumque cano* has been the frank declaration of epic poets in all ages. Our own Milton, reared in an age of war, is nowhere more impressive than in those sublime passages in which he describes the horrors of the war between Satan and the Celestial Host ("P. L.," Book VI), and later, by the lips of Michael, foretells to Adam the horrors of human wars ("P. L.," Book XI). Shakespeare and Scott and Burns and the whole brotherhood of bards have wandered at will in the domain of Mars. In this volume, accordingly, however unconventional may be the method, poetry is made, wherever possible, the handmaid of history. What is lost thereby in stern and sober accuracy is more than made up by obvious advantages.

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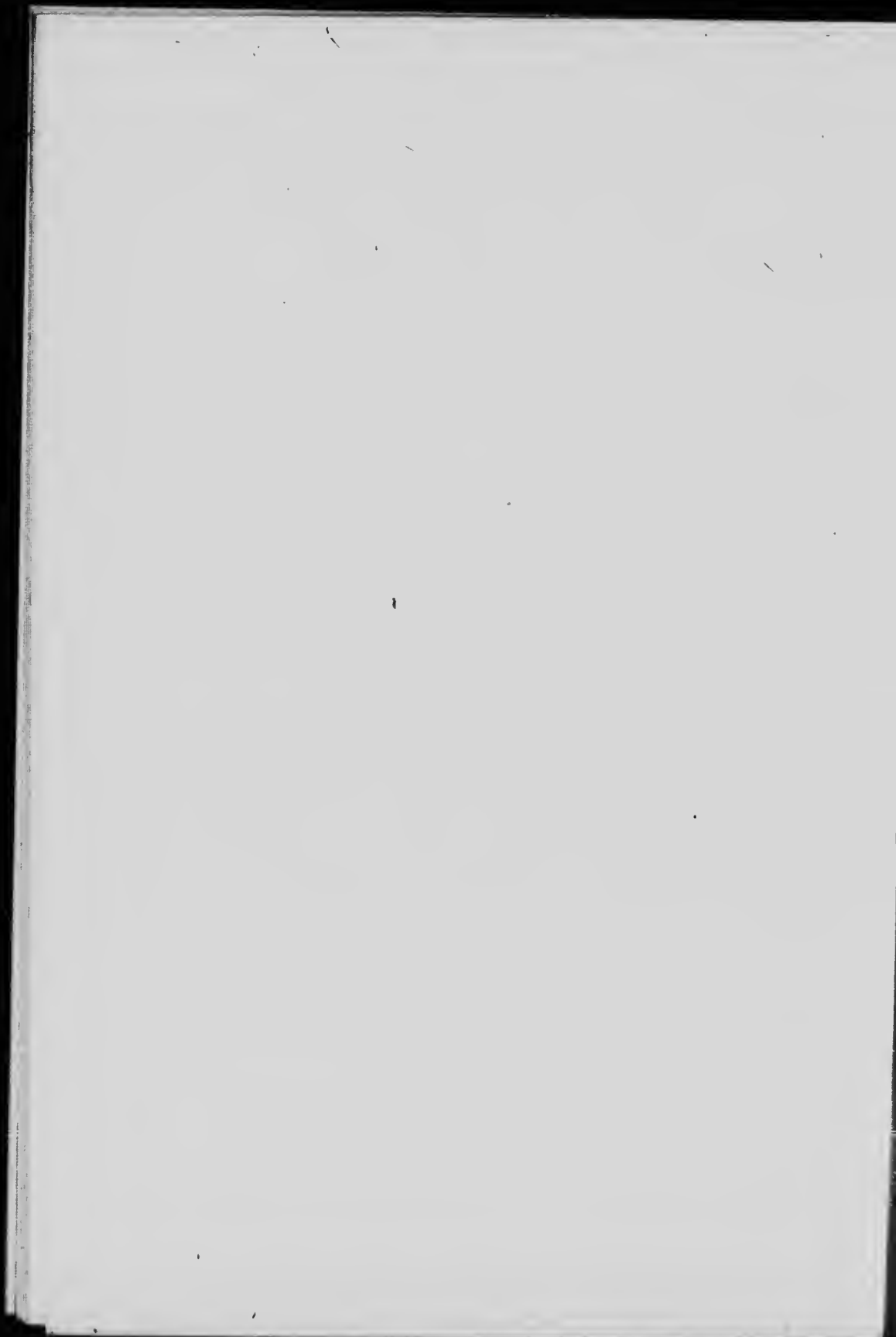
CONTENTS

PART I

CHAPTER	PAGE
I The Battle of Hastings	1
II The Baron's War—Lewes	17
III The Baron's War—Evesham	28
IV The War with Wallace—Stirling	39
V The War with Wallace—Falkirk	51
VI The Battle of Bannockburn	59
VII The Wars of the Roses—St. Albans (First Battle)	75
VIII The Wars of the Roses—Northampton	89
IX The Wars of the Roses—Wakefield Green	99
X The Wars of the Roses—St. Albans (Second Battle)	108
XI The Wars of the Roses—Towton	116
XII The Wars of the Roses—Barnet	129
XIII The Wars of the Roses—Tewkesbury	148
XIV The Wars of the Roses—Bosworth Field	159
Battlefield Miscellanea	177

PART II

I The Battle of Flodden	1
II The Great Civil War—Edgehill	15
III The Great Civil War—Marston Moor	32
IV The Great Civil War—Naseby	49
V The Great Civil War—Preston	64
VI The Great Civil War—Dunbar	73
VII The Great Civil War—Worcester	88
VIII Monmouth's Rebellion—Sedgemoor	99
IX The Battle of Killiecrankie	115
X The Jacobite Rebellions—Prestonpans	127
XI The Rebellion of '45—Falkirk	142
XII The Battle of Culloden	151
Battlefield Miscellanea	165



FIELDS OF FAME

CHAPTER I

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

THE tourist will find between John o'Groat's House and Land's End hundreds of places made famous during twenty centuries by historical events or incidents of greater or less renown, but the greatest renown of all attaches to the momentous combat of Senlac, which decided for ever the fate of England and the fate of the unborn millions of English blood. A fortnight's ramble amid the din and bustle of imperial London and a short visit to crowded and pleasure-loving Brighton are as good a preparation as one could have for viewing the quiet little town of Battle, which owes its existence and its name to the deadly contest of A.D. 1066. The railway journey from the old watering-place of Brighton to the newer watering-place of Hastings swerves first from the sea for about twenty miles and then brings you back to the English Channel at Pevensey, where the Conqueror landed on that fateful September day. From the coach window you discern the row of martello towers erected on the beach by Wellington a century ago to aid in guarding the south coast "from the guile and hurt of France." From Pevensey to Hastings, ten or twelve miles, the railway skirts the

sea along the route pursued by the Norman host as it pillaged and plundered and harried for a fortnight before the battle.

The Height of Senlac, now in the town of Battle, is situated seven miles inland from Hastings on the way towards London. That the great struggle took place there and not at Hastings was due not to the decision of William but to the shrewdness of Harold, who knew every hill and valley in his beloved Sussex. His selection of this spur of the Sussex Downs gave him a strong position and covered the road to the capital.

William, the natural son of Robert, Duke of Normandy, was nurtured on trials and difficulties almost from his cradle. He became, on the death of his father, nominal ruler over the Norman duchy at the age of seven. Before he had reached man's estate he was a brave and wise ruler, notwithstanding his small count of years. On the field of Val-es-Dunes he received his martial baptism, and quelled by a decisive action the rebel lords of western Normandy. A long series of deeds of personal prowess stretching over many troubled years stands to his credit in the annals of his duchy. Later his victories humbled even the proud king of France, and brought under his sway the powerful district of Maine, south of his own Normandy.

Normandy is the portion of the continent of Europe which is most nearly opposite the English coast. Even before the Conqueror had obtained firm control of his own duchy and long before he had subdued Maine, he had cast eyes northwards from his

capital of Rouen to the rich island across the Channel. He even visited his cousin, Edward of England, and cajoled him into a promise of the English crown in reversion. He married a wife who was directly descended from Alfred the Great, Matilda, daughter of the Count of Flanders. He strengthened his hold on the English succession by exacting from Harold, Earl of the West Saxons, during an enforced visit of the Englishman at the Norman court, an oath of intention to maintain the will of the Confessor. The characteristic Norman trick by which the solemn oath of Harold was compassed is familiar to every school-boy. Finally, Harold was engaged to be married to one of William's daughters. Everything that human foresight could effect for the future possession of England the clever and ambitious Norman duke had wrought by favour, by subtlety, or by menace.

And now let us turn to the other hero of the great contest. Harold was the second son of that Earl Godwin who had been the chief adviser of Canute, of Hardicanute, and then of Edward the Confessor. This Godwin had succeeded in driving from the English court the crowd of Norman counsellors who had followed the feeble Edward from Normandy to England and who had monopolized his attention and favours. On the death of Godwin his son Harold, who had inherited his father's ability, his courage, and his ambition, inherited also his vice-regal position and influence. For twelve years (1053-1065) he practically administered the affairs of England. In a campaign against Wales he displayed military talents of no mean order. A year or two before the

death of Edward, Harold, while cruising in the English Channel, was driven on to the coast of Normandy, was seized by one of William's vassals, and was carried to Bayeux. There he was constrained by William to take a solemn oath that he would do what he had neither the will nor the power to do, — that he would help William to mount the throne of England.

On Harold's return to his own country he became more influential than ever, and by negotiations, by the turns of fortune, and by the terror of his arms, he reduced all England under the sway of the aged king whom he faithfully served. His successes in war and in administration marked him out as the probable successor of the Confessor, notwithstanding the alleged compact between William and Edward and the oath which under duress he had sworn on the relics of saints. In January, 1066, the hour of destiny struck, and the Confessor died, declaring in the solemn hour of dissolution that only Harold was worthy to succeed him. Harold's accession to the throne was immediate, and he was acclaimed by the unanimous sanction of the Witenagemot and by the joyous assent of the whole nation.

When the news came to William of Harold's accession "to no man spake he and no man dared speak to him." He wasted no time in idle rage. The promise of the Confessor and the solemn oath of Harold had been set at naught, and the issue must now be settled on a field of blood. The duke sent an envoy to Rome and secured the support and the blessing of Pope Alexander II. He then called a great

council of his people, and after gaining them over to his project he issued a proclamation, inviting, with the promise of rich rewards of lands, money, and position, all who would serve under his banner. He gathered together a motley host from all the lands of western Europe, armed with spears, swords, and cross-bows. He built and equipped a great fleet of transport ships and collected trained seamen from a hundred ports. The chroniclers record the tale of the ships as 997.

When all was ready for the short voyage of fifty miles and the flotilla had set out, contrary winds struck the vessels and churned the sea into a caldron of destruction. Most of the ships came to land at St. Valery. The fears of the army were quelled by religious ceremonies. On the morning of September 27th the storm abated its violence, and the voyage to England was resumed amid the clamours of men and the braying of trumpets. On the morning of the 28th the foreign host reached the flat beach of Pevensey. When William leaped ashore he fell to the ground amid a dismal cry for the bad omen. As always, with this master of devices, he turned the ill omen to a token of conquest by grasping two handfuls of sand and shouting cheerily as he rose, "Thus do I seize the land of England."

Not for one complete year was Harold permitted to enjoy his regal honours. Never did king confront so difficult a situation. From three points of the compass at once storms lowered. A formidable array was collecting in Normandy. His banished brother, Tostig, flitted to and fro on the continent with venge-

ful purpose. Hardrada, King of Norway, was preparing to invade the coast of Yorkshire with his unconquered Vikings. Whether these three menaces to the peace of England were leagued in the schemes of men or conjoint in the mysterious decrees of fate, will never be perfectly determined. Tostig and Hardrada did eventually join forces, but modern historians are inclined to doubt the long accepted tradition of an understanding between these two invaders and the great Duke of Normandy. Certainly wind and weather, if not the stars in their courses, fought against Harold of England. All the summer of 1066 he guarded with alertness the southern coast against his brother as well as against the expected armada from Normandy. The autumn came, and still no invader had set foot on the island. His peasants of the fyrd at last dispersed to gather their harvest, and his fishing fleet sought scattered shelter from the September storms.

At this most critical juncture the hand that moves the pieces in the great game of national events began to operate. Tostig and Hardrada openly declared an alliance in the North, the Norwegian host having been carried to the shores of England by the very wind that locked the navy of William for a few fateful days in the ports of France. With a stout heart and a feeble hope that the season was too far advanced for a Norman inroad, Harold sped to the North, leaving his southern kingdom quite bare of defenders. As king of all England and as brother-in-law of the northern earls, Eadwine and Morkere, he was bound to face the northern invaders, whatever might happen

in the South during his absence. On his swift journey northwards with his house-carls and thegns the tidings reached him of the defeat of the earls and the imminent surrender of the city of York. All the faster he journeyed, and so extraordinarily rapid was his course that he completely surprised the foe at Stamford Bridge near York. Tostig and Hardrada were defeated and slain on September 25th, two days before William sailed from St. Valery for England. While Harold was still celebrating his triumph at a feast in York, there came riding out of the South a travel-stained messenger with evil news from Pevensey.

Harold's army was exhausted, many of his best officers and men had been slain, the surviving soldiers were clamouring for an immediate distribution of the booty, he himself had a wound which was causing him discomfort; but it was dangerous to delay for even one day. By quick marches he reached London about October 5th. Less than a week he spent there in needful preparations, and then he pursued the ancient track towards Sussex. On October 13th, from all quarters, from the Wash to the Exe, there flocked to his standard, at the rendezvous of "The Hoar Appletree" near Senlac, thousands of Saxon warriors.

On the morning of October 14th, 1066, the two armies faced each other, — armies as different in experience, in equipment, in mode of fighting, and in purpose, as could well be imagined. The majority of William's army had taken part in a dozen fights and were under perfect discipline. The majority of

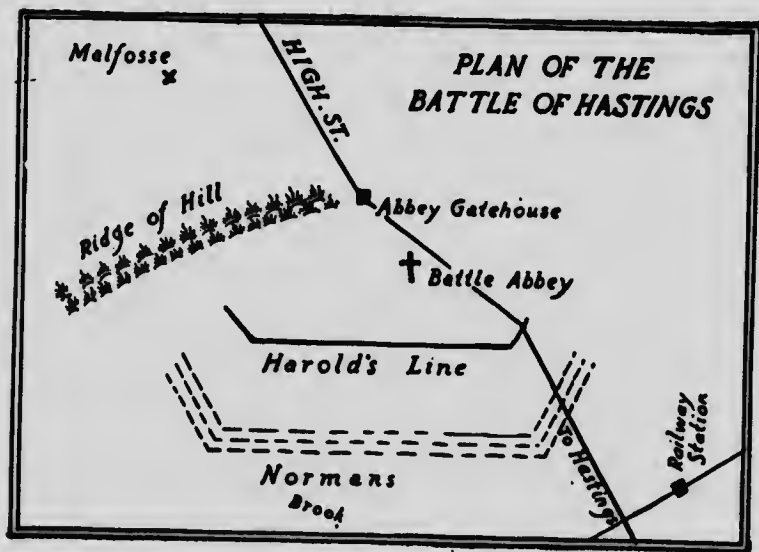
Harold's army were ill-armed peasants, although the men of Kent and London appear to have been a match for the veterans of France. The Norman host was composed of mailed knights in full armour, of infantry with lances and swords, and of bowmen, most of whom also bore swords. The Saxons fought entirely on foot. Their equipment was varied indeed. The peasants had no armour, and they fought with javelins, clubs, stones, forks, stakes, and every available missile and weapon. It is true that under Harold's banners fought a few thousands of well-protected and well-armed veterans, — warriors with terrible, two-handed battle-axes which clove through casque and mail, or with swords, and javelins and bills.

The two modes of fighting were deliberately opposite. Harold gave orders to maintain a solid wall of defence behind the stockade on the strong summit of Senlac. William's host was ever advancing and attacking. Harold and his brave men were fighting for home and fatherland, and they fought with the desperate and dogged courage which always accompanies such a contest. William was engaged in a war of conquest and he had before crossing the sea and on the morning of the battle taken care to proclaim the rich prizes of victory to his eager and adventurous followers.

The narrative of the principal events of the battle has been so often told by chronicler, by poet, and by historian, that all the details need not be recapitulated here. The dramatic incidents of those nine fearful hours of carnage have been recorded with marvellous particularity. A glance at a few of the best-

known phases and situations of the fight will here suffice.

Harold's position from dawn till his death at sunset was on the brow of the Hill of Senlac facing the Norman host which had come over Telham Hill out of the South. His post he strengthened by a quickly



made trench in the valley before him, and a rude stockade on the sloping hillside. He had two standards to defend, — the Golden Dragon of Wessex and his own royal standard with the figure of a fighting man in gold and jewels. Harold was surrounded by his house-carls, or household troops, and by the men of London. Near him stood his two brothers, Leofwin and Gurth.

The ridge of Senlac faces Hastings. It runs nearly east and west for more than half a mile, almost at a right angle with the London road. In the west the

ground slopes gently down, in the middle quite steeply, less steeply towards the east, where Battle now stands.

About nine o'clock on the morning of Saturday, October 14th, after some fruitless attempts to negotiate with Harold, William with 60,000 men pushed forwards over Telham and the intervening valley. His footmen opened the battle, preceded by the Norman minstrel, Taillefer, on a galloping war-horse. The minstrel with one hand tossed his sword high in the air and caught it with the other hand as it fell, while he sang "of Charlemagne and Roland and those who died at Roncesvalles." Taillefer's lance and sword did the first execution, but he paid the penalty by immediate death.

Behind the palisade of stakes and osiers the English warriors with their axes met assault after assault of the Norman footmen. The shout of the English, "Out! Out!" as they repelled attack after attack, was symbolic of their hostile attitude for many succeeding years as they prayed and struggled that England might be rid of the foreigners. The Norman horse was not more successful than the footmen in passing the stockade and seizing the Hill. For hours the furious struggle of the Normans was futile. Again and again they advanced, with their cry of "Ha Rou." Sometime in the afternoon William's left wing was crippled and broken in disorder. Amid the rising panic caused by a report that William was dead, arose a stentorian voice, "I am alive, and with the help of God we shall yet conquer." If before William had been enthusiastic, he was now in-

toxicated with the grim lust of battle. He spurred with his horsemen right up to the standard, and with his own mace he slew Gurth standing by the king. A few moments later fell Leofwin in the same fierce dash of the Norman troop. In that encounter William had two horses killed under him. The death of the two brothers did not hasten the hour of victory, but it is obvious that their destruction had an important bearing on the future career of William.

It now became plain to the greatest strategist of his age that frontal assaults were worse than idle, for although the stockade had been broken, the solid wall of Saxon shields remained intact. Artifice then accomplished what valour, persistence, and momentum had failed to effect. He ordered his left to feign flight, and the trick succeeded perfectly, because an hour before the same wing had been pursued for some distance in genuine flight. On this occasion the feigned flight was continued till Harold's right wing had entered the trap.

The duke now suddenly pushed for the western slope of Harold's position, wheeled on the summit towards the east, and seized the middle of the Hill. His victory was thus assured, but Harold's housecarls did not know the meaning of defeat. For three hours more they held out, and the setting sun still saw them in a dense mass clustered about the royal standard. Again the fertile brain of William devised a successful expedient. All his archers were brought to the central summit of the Hill and they were ordered to shoot high towards the east so that the incessant shower of iron-headed arrows

might fall from above on the heads and faces of the Saxons. One arrow "charged with destiny" entered Harold's right eye. The king in his agony drew the arrow out, broke it in two, and threw it away, but as he leaned forwards upon his shield it was evident that the end was near. A desperate contest was fought over his fallen body, and then the English



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THE DEATH OF HAROLD

From the Drawing by MacIise.

retreated with dogged sullenness to the North, making their last stand at dusk on Calbeck Hill.

The Norman duke pitched his tent where the English standard had waved all day, surrounded though he was by thousands of the slain. He had vowed on Telham Height at dawn that if he were successful that day, he would build an abbey where the English standard flew. That vow he fulfilled and "The Abbey of Bataille" soon rose on Senlac

Height, the high altar erected on the spot where Harold fell. On Christmas Day of that year, 1066, an English archbishop placed the English crown on the head of William the Conqueror in the new Abbey of Westminster.

The principal contemporary record of the Battle of Hastings is the chronicle written by William of Poitiers, the chaplain of the Conqueror. About a century after the event, in the reign of Henry II, an Anglo-Norman poet and courtier, Robert Wace, wrote a stirring and picturesque version of this old chronicle. Another record of the fight is the unique pictorial narrative of the Bayeux Tapestry, wrought by the needle of some unknown lady, traditionally reported to have been Matilda, the queen of the Conqueror. This precious roll of brownish linen cloth, still preserved in the library of Bayeux, France, is twenty inches wide and over two hundred feet long. It is embroidered in seven colours, bright and distinct, with fifty-eight episodes in the conquest of England, each having a Latin title. The details of costumes and arms are very remarkable. One scene depicted on this tapestry only a few years ago, attracted wide attention. It is that section of the ancient roll in which the spectators are gazing at a baleful comet. Readers of Tennyson's "Harold" will recall the opening lines of that drama: —

"Lo! there once more — this is the seventh night!
Yon grimly-glaring, treble-brandish'd scourge
Of England."

In that year, 1066, the earth was visited by that strange wanderer of the skies which now bears the

name of Halley, and which since the year of Senlac has viewed the deaths of Wolfe the Warrior and Edward the Peacemaker. In that age of gross superstition comets were believed to "blaze forth the death of princes," and the Bayeux Tapestry fixes in colours the terrified wonder of our remote ancestors.

The thousands who, in the summer months, throng the beautiful beach of Hastings, take little or no thought of the great event which makes the name historic. Great crowds and commonplace activities and the chatter of summer idlers make the imagination dull. When one buys a bit of pasteboard at the railway station and sees the startling designation "Hastings to Battle," he begins to wake up. He first smiles at the effrontery of commercialism that links these two names together on a railway ticket, and then he settles down for the short journey of seven miles, determined to drop for the nonce all thoughts of business and of promenading crowds and of splashing bathers, and to turn his reflections towards that distant day when the great duke, near the route of this railroad, pursued his march to meet his foe at Senlac.

My visit to Battle was of short duration, for one can see all that may be seen in the afternoon of a summer's day. In the heart of the little town is the ruined abbey, the centre of all interest. A short walk south down into the valley and up a long, steep slope brings you to Telham Height. Near Telham, about a mile from Battle, is an unfrequented eleva-

tion in the fields, from which the towers of the abbey can be seen. The valley between the two hills is well cultivated pasture and corn land dotted with trees and shrubbery. As you stand on Telham slopes and face towards Senlac, you can without difficulty call up the battling hosts of that far-off October day.



THE BATTLEFIELD OF HASTINGS BETWEEN TELHAM HILL AND
BATTLE ABBEY

Even the din and clamour can be heard by the listening ear,—the bray of horns, the shock of lances, the stroke of crashing maces, the clash of swords, the clangour of battle-axes, the whizzing of the deadly arrow; and, if you are particularly attentive, across the centuries will come the strident taunts and jibes of the savage combatants, and the Normans roaring "Ha! Rou!" and the Saxons answering "Out! Out!"

You do not leave Battle and the place "where might made right eight hundred years ago" till you have walked to the north of the town to Calbeck Hill (or Windmill Hill) in the borough of Mountjoy, where the Saxons in the coming darkness made their last stand. In that region is pointed out at the foot of a hill a hollow once called Malfosse, where, according to tradition, thousands of the Normans were slain on the night of the battle by the swords and bludgeons of the fugitives who fought as they retreated towards London.

CHAPTER II

THE BARONS' WAR - LEWES

"Simon of the Mountain Strong,
Flower of knightly chivalry,
Thou who death and deadly wrong
Barest, making England free."

— *Old Hymn.*

FROM the period of Senlac to that of the Barons' War we leap over an interval of two hundred years, centuries of slow progress in the assimilation of the two races and in the evolution of freedom and culture. At last in the fulness of time there arose a man able and courageous and powerful enough to attempt to hasten the sluggish advance along the road of national progress. Although to all outward appearance his efforts were finally unsuccessful, the close student of history sees in his career not blank futility but signal accomplishment. "A slow-developed strength awaits completion in a painful school," and yet in the history of England more than once the painful school has not brought the completion. The hour of completion was yet far remote in 1265. The New and the Old had to shock not once or twice but many times in disastrous feud ere England came into her blessed heritage of perfect liberty.

Simon de Montfort was the fourth and youngest

son of a rich and powerful French nobleman, that Simon de Montfort who headed the crusade against the Albigenses in southern Gaul and who cruelly exterminated the heretics without distinction of age or sex. Through his mother the elder De Montfort had inherited the earldom of Leicester and the high-stewardship of England, but he was subsequently deprived of his English titles and possessions. Not until the younger Simon was thirty-two years of age did Henry III of England restore to him the English estates of his father. A few years later, exercising his hereditary functions of Lord High Steward, he attended the king's marriage to Eleanor of Provence. His handsome face, manly bearing, and keen intelligence won him the love of the king's own sister, Eleanor, widow of the Earl of Pembroke; and henceforth an intimate bond allied him to the royal house.

This marriage of Simon's was exceedingly unpopular with the baronage of England and even with the common people. The earl assisted as godfather and high steward at the baptism of Prince Edward. Godfather and godson were to meet in stern conflict on a bloody field twenty-six years later. The enemies of De Montfort in England soon became so powerful at court as to cause his withdrawal to France in voluntary exile. Little is known of the middle life of De Montfort. One tradition places him at the age of forty in the Holy Land. From 1248 till 1254 he held the post of "seneschal" for Henry in Gascony, the southern remnant of the magnificent Angevin dominions of an earlier reign. His vigorous and effective sway in that region led to intrigues

against him at the English court and finally to his dismissal from his vice-royal post in favour of young Prince Edward. After a partial reconciliation with the king he returned to England and was employed on various public missions, for his eminent talents could not long rest under eclipse.

King Henry's tyranny and extortion had for many years been causing discontent and disaffection among his barons. He seemed to have forgotten the inglorious career and humiliation of his father, King John. His weakness and his unreason at last provoked an open remonstrance. The Great Charter of 1215 had become almost a dead letter, and the barons found it necessary to raise all the vital points anew. On two occasions the king was obliged solemnly to confirm the Great Charter; but his solemn vows were lightly broken. In 1258 the discontent at the king's misrule was heightened by a famine and by the disastrous defeat of Prince Edward in Wales. The barons leagued in defence of their rights and appeared in full armour before Henry in London to demand the appointment of a commission of twenty-four to reform the government of the realm.

A Parliament, afterwards called in derision "The Mad Parliament," met at Oxford to receive the report of this commission. By "The Provisions of Oxford" a permanent council of fifteen barons was appointed to advise the king in all matters of state. To this arrangement some resistance was offered by the foreign relatives and favourites of Henry in whose behalf he had oppressed the nation and the church, but the country was soon rid of this swarm of parasites. It is

interesting to note that the royal proclamation which notified all England of the terms of the new charter of liberty was published not only in Latin and in French but also in the English tongue, being thus the first state paper written in English since 1066.

Within four years King Henry, regardless of "The Provisions of Oxford," again by slow degrees arrogated to himself all his old prerogatives. De Montfort for a time withdrew in disgust to France. The death of Gloucester, the chief of the feudal party that supported Henry, brought Earl Simon back to England and renewed the agitation of the discontented baronage. De Montfort's return was welcomed by all classes, but when it became evident that he was to be a popular hero, acclaimed by the common people of country and town, many of the nobles went over to the king. Earl Simon had put his hand to the plough and he was not inclined to look back. Indeed, his "constancy" was the characteristic that distinguished him from nearly all the other great men of his age. An unsuccessful attempt to secure a satisfactory compromise with the king was followed by an appeal to arms. Earl Simon had reason to despair when baron after baron deserted his cause. "Though all men quit me," he declared, "I will remain with my four sons and fight for the good cause which I have sworn to defend."

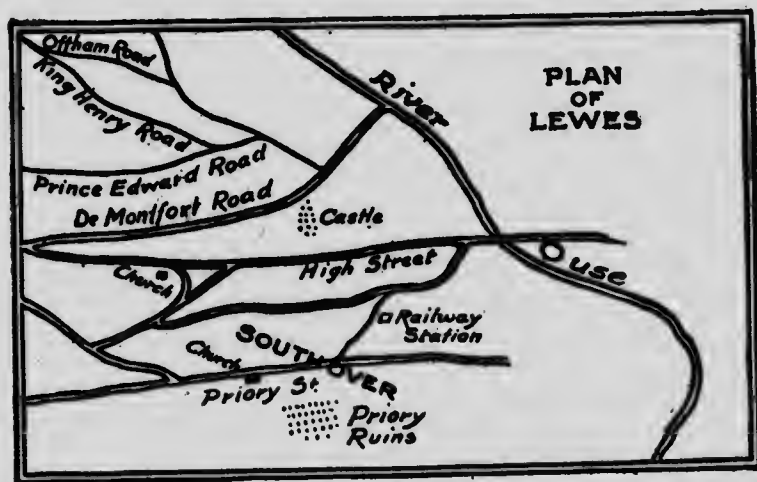
King Henry put himself at the head of all the forces that he could muster, and with Prince Edward and his own brother Richard, titular king of the Romans, he marched by Tunbridge and Rochester

towards the Cinque Ports to collect supplies and men. From Seaford, the most westerly "Member" of Hastings, one of the Cinque Ports, Henry marched to Lewes to unite his forces with those of John, the seventh Earl of Warenne, a descendant of William de Warenne and Gundrada, a daughter of the Conqueror. The king reached Southover on May 11th, 1264, and was sumptuously entertained at the great Priory of St. Pancras, while Prince Edward and his suite lodged at the castle on the hill to the north.

The barons, led by Earl Simon, were soon on the track of the king. Reaching Fletching Common, nine miles north of Lewes, they sent word to the king that they would cease their warlike operations if he would solemnly engage to carry out "The Provisions of Oxford." The bishops of London and Worcester, who were the messengers of the rebels, were received in the refectory of the priory by the king and his suite. No sooner had Henry heard the proposals made by the bishops than he scornfully rejected their overtures and sent them back with a hot reply to Fletching. The barons, although with inferior numbers, decided to try the issue out at once. De Montfort, who inherited from his father strict notions of piety, is said to have passed much of the night in prayer and in exhorting his soldiers to die if need be for their country's weal.

At break of day, Wednesday, May 14th, the patriot army moved south towards Lewes. A white cross was affixed to the breast and the back of every man (as was the case in the army of the barons on the day before Runnymede), partly to indicate that they were

on a crusade against evil, and partly to distinguish the soldiers of the two armies, which were in most respects accoutred alike. De Montfort's host moved southwards through a dense forest towards the Downs and mustered on the steep ground above Coombe Place, about two miles north-west of Lewes. The rebel leader again addressed his troops and then en-



gaged in devotions. He entrusted his right wing to his two sons, Hugh and Guido. On the left he posted the London volunteers. The van was led by the young Earl of Gloucester, who had deserted the cause espoused by his father. Earl Simon headed the reserve in the rear of the right centre.

The king himself led the centre of the royalists. Prince Edward commanded the right wing. Richard, King of the Romans, had charge of the left.

Prince Edward, with all the impetuous valour and dash of a youth of twenty-four, drove before him the

undisciplined Londoners on De Montfort's left. He pursued them towards the north for nearly four miles, slaying two or three thousand of them. Tired out with slaughter his weary troops were marched back to Lewes. On the way he learned from fugitives the dire results of his recklessness. He had committed the error which was repeated thirteen generations later at Edgehill and Naseby by his descendant, Rupert.

When Edward's onset was first observed De Montfort promptly seized his opportunity. As soon as the royalist right wing with the best troops of the king was speeding farther and farther from the main field of struggle, the rebel centre and right, supported by Earl Simon's reserve, began to push down easily towards Lewes the centre and left of the king. Henry had a horse killed under him and was severely wounded in the retreat towards the priory. Right to the Ouse the royalists were crowded, and many of them who had escaped arrow, sword, and lance, perished in the river or in the tidal mud. The victory of the earl's forces was complete early in the afternoon.

When at dusk Edward returned he found to his dismay that it was only too true that his father's troops had been utterly crushed. By a circuitous route he sought out the king in the priory at Southover. During the evening a great part of the town was burned down, and attacks were made on the castle, the church, and the priory. De Warenne escaped to Pevensey and reached an asylum in France. De Montfort seized as prisoners King Henry, Richard,

his brother, Prince Edward, and Prince Henry, Richard's son. By the *Mise* (or settlement) of Lewes, drawn up and signed next morning, Edward and Henry were left with the barons as hostages for the faithful performance of the treaty by their fathers. The prisoners on both sides were liberated. King Henry and his brother Richard, while nominally free, soon discovered that they were under restraint. Not till after the Battle of Evesham did the king again enjoy real freedom.

Like the first, the second battle in this series of sketches was fought in Sussex. The visitor to Lewes as he approaches the town by train from Hayward's Heath or from Hastings passes through the very hollow between the hills where the deadliest struggle occurred on that terrible May day of 1264.

Lewes is one of the quaintest and most interesting old towns in all England. It is in the very heart of the South Downs and every street slopes from the hills down to the level of the Ouse, which loops about the east end of the town. Within historic times an inlet of the sea reached thus far north, and in 1264 the low marshy ground near the Ouse outside the ancient walled town was submerged at high tide. Drainage and embankment have turned the lowland into beautiful pastures. The chalk cliffs and quarries gleam white above the valley through which the Ouse flows. But it is not these features of the old town that most concern us. The ruined buildings and the ancient hills have more attractions.

In the very centre of the town, high above the

principal roadway, High Street, stands all that is left of the castle which harboured Prince Edward the night before the battle. The entrance to the castle lies through the picturesque barbican erected in the fourteenth century. Many portions of the castle of the earlier lords of Lewes may still be seen. The castle circuit is now cut through by a street with houses on each side.

More interesting, perhaps, than the castle are the ruins of the Priory of St. Pancras in South-over, south of the castle and the town. You reach the priory by way of one or other of the long, steep lanes that lead down from High Street. In architectural merit the Priory must

have far surpassed the castle. To-day its ruins are so inconspicuous that you have difficulty in finding their locality and the route of access to them. When you are at last within the area of the sacred enclosure you will feel well repaid for your search.

Very little is left above ground to attest the former magnificence of this edifice, but the area walls and



THE BARBICAN GATEWAY, LEWES

the fragmentary ruins enable the imagination to recreate one of the most majestic monasteries in Britain. Sheep now nibble the rich grass where once arose towers and pinnacles and gables, cloisters and refectories and chapels, and all the architectural adjuncts of a great priory. The monastery was built by the



THE PRIORY RUINS, LEWES

first Lord of Lewes, William de Warenne, and his countess, Gundrada, daughter of William the Conqueror. In 1845, during the excavation for a cutting through the priory grounds for the railway from Lewes to Brighton, the remains of William and Gundrada were discovered in leaden cists, and a mortuary chapel was erected in connection with the south-over Church of St. John to preserve these strangely discovered relics. This ancient house of religion was

over four hundred feet long and massive in all its proportions. It was partially destroyed by order of Thomas Cromwell, maunder of monasteries, and at a later date fire completed the wanton destruction of man.

The visitor to Lewes should not leave the town till he has walked west past St. Anne's (formerly St. Mary's Westout), up High Street along the ridge of the Downs that enters the town, then beyond the prison and the race-course for at least a mile to the breeze-swept hills. From this point of prospect you get a fine view of the great amphitheatre in which old Lewes snugly lies. On your return to the town you follow the route of De Montfort's army in his pursuit of the royal forces. Every step of the way towards Lewes and through the town,¹ even to the Ouse at the extreme east, is downhill. Notwithstanding the statement of a great historian to the contrary,² it is plain that Earl Simon had the advantage of position all through the battle.

¹ I never saw a thoroughfare more beautifully winding and undulating than the main High Street of Lewes nearly two miles in length. The road follows the natural ridge from the Downs, and crawls sinuously for a dozen furlongs in a serpentine descent.

² Mr. Green, in speaking of the Battle of Lewes, says of Earl Simon: "His skill as a soldier reversed the advantages of the ground; marching at dawn he seized the heights eastward of the town, and moved down these slopes to the attack." The charge of Earl Simon was made from the heights west of the town. Indeed, three streets of the town in the extreme west — De Montfort Road, Prince Edward Road, and King Henry Road — bear testimony to the location of the fight.

CHAPTER III

THE BARONS' WAR — EVESHAM

"The people loved the proud French lord,
But the Prince, his godchild, whom
He had taught to war, was his conqueror
With a host that scarce gave room
For the last grand swing of a hero's sword
In Evesham's battle-gloom."

THE Battle of Lewes made Earl Simon master of England. In January of the following year he called together his famous Parliament, in which sat not only prelates and barons and knights, but also representatives of certain towns. While this was not a full Parliament like a modern House of Commons, it was a distinct innovation and reform to admit to the national councils not only knights of the shire, but also representatives from the boroughs. It is "the first occasion on which the rulers of England deliberately took the people into partnership with them."

The barons of England did not long brook the sovereignty of one of themselves. The young Earl of Gloucester, with many other jealous and dissatisfied nobles, seceded from the popular cause. Leicester's detention in custody, however free, of the king and Prince Edward, caused wide distrust. It seemed, however, to the earl, and rightly, as events proved, that to free either the king or the prince

would precipitate confusion and bloodshed. Indeed, the escape of the prince at an early date was at once followed by a renewal of the civil strife.

How Prince Edward escaped from his "free custody" has been variously told. The common account reports him as proposing to his attendant knights a trial of horses, and, when he found himself safely seated on the fleetest, riding off and escaping pursuit. He was soon at the head of a well-equipped royalist army with the majority of the nation at his back. To strengthen his new position he consented to sign the Treaty of Ludlow, thus formally accepting nearly the whole of De Montfort's programme. Edward's activity and shrewdness had now placed the earl in an invidious predicament, and his military skill soon accomplished the rest.

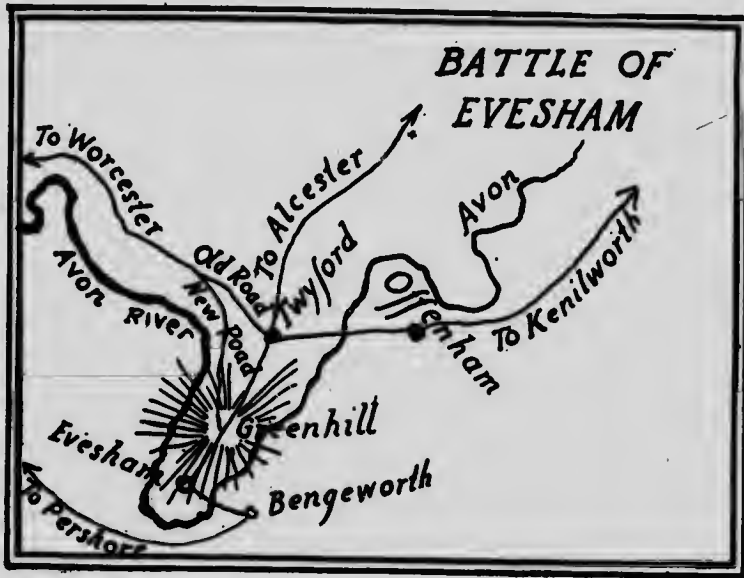
Edward and Gloucester, with a large army, succeeded in preventing the younger Simon at Kenilworth from joining forces with his father in the west. At the very time that the earl, with Welsh reinforcements, was with difficulty crossing the Severn below Worcester and moving towards his castle at Kenilworth to join his son, the younger Simon was surprised by Edward's swift onset upon him, and, after seeing his small force defeated and his baggage and standards carried off, he almost lost the great castle itself to his royal cousin.

Earl Simon's march from Worcester towards Kenilworth naturally followed a southern route, in order to avoid Prince Edward till the desired junction with his son had been effected. He reached Evesham on the evening of Monday, August 3rd, and was lodged

with his train in the great Abbey of St. Mary. The royal hostage, King Henry, who accompanied Earl Simon, is by some historians held responsible for the comfortable stay at the abbey that night and for the consequent undoing of the great earl. If the elder Simon had known what had happened on Sunday to the younger Simon at Kenilworth, if he had known that Edward all that Monday had been moving with a vast army back towards Worcester, if he had known that the prince, on receiving news of the latest turn of events, had wheeled to the left and was descending on Evesham, he would not that night have rested in so precarious a quarter as the Evesham Abbey. To understand the utter helplessness of the earl's army on the day of the battle one must know the exact situation of Evesham. The town stands on the north bank of the Avon, which here makes a southerly loop two miles deep and one mile wide, circling the town. The approaches to the town were two bridges over the Avon, one near the south-east corner, and one near Offenham, two miles north-east. When the earl marched from Pershore down under the loop, through Bengeworth, and over the old stone bridge into the town, he effectually sealed his doom.

Prince Edward's army reached Evesham early on Tuesday, August 4th, 1265. The main body, headed by the prince, came down into the loop on the right bank of the Avon, the prisoners and standards from Kenilworth for obvious reasons being placed in front. By this manœuvre the northern road was closed to the elder Simon in the south so that he could not get out,

and to the younger Simon at Alcester in the north so that he could not possibly now join hands with his beleaguered father. Another detachment of the prince's army (he had enough men for many detachments) came down on the left bank of the river and seized the Offenham bridge. Still another de-



tachment under Gloucester (or, as some say, under Mortimer), who had probably followed Earl Simon from Worcester, seized the Bengeworth end of the lower Evesham bridge. Escape for the patriot army was thus rendered impossible, especially as the royal army was immeasurably superior in numbers.

And now the great action began. At daybreak on Tuesday morning the earl's barber, Nicholas, ascended the main tower of the abbey, whence he descried an army with friendly standards approaching from the

north. When the earl himself reached the summit of the tower he was not long deceived. Behind the De Montfort standards in the van his keen eye saw moving over the hill another standard that he knew right well. He was completely entrapped. No scope was left for his skilled generalship in that bounded field of action. He exclaimed to his son Henry and those about him, "May the Lord have mercy on our souls, for our bodies are the foe's." Then began that wholesale slaughter which an old chronicle designates "The Murther of Evesham."

The only possible escape for the earl was through the enemy massed at the north near Greenhill. "Come, then," he said, "and let us die like men: we have fasted here this morning: we shall breakfast in heaven." A short interval was devoted to religious duties, and then with white crosses upon their shoulders they advanced in close order. The aged King Henry perforce accompanied the advance. Prince Edward held his troops in leash at his point of vantage till Earl Simon's force was half-way up the hill. When the royalist host began to descend against him Earl Simon in admiration exclaimed, "By the arm of St. James they come on in cunning fashion, but they learnt that not of themselves but of me."

No quarter was asked or given on that desperate day. The chief struggle raged in a hollow on the hillside near a spring still called Montfort's Well. The ill-armed Welsh infantry fled at the first attack, and were cut down in the neighbouring gardens and cornfields by the royalist detachment which

had crossed the lower bridge and followed them to the north. Earl Simon's horse was killed under him and he pushed through the opposing combatants on foot. When he learned that his eldest son had fallen, he cried, "Then, indeed, is it time for me to die." With both hands he laid about him, swinging his heavy sword, and cut his way almost to the crest of the hill. At last he was beaten down by the weight of numbers, and succumbed to his fate with the words "*Dieu merci*" upon his dying lips. The struggle in that early summer morning lasted for only two hours. Before eight o'clock the butchery was over. Only a few escaped, all wounded, to report the incidents of the grim tragedy.

One man in Simon's army was glad when the terrible combat ceased. He had passed two hours of the deepest misery which a human being can bear and live. He had been exposed by Simon in the first line of horsemen, and every moment he awaited death at the hands of one of Simon's foes. Indeed, at one time he was slightly wounded in the shoulder by a javelin. Near the end of the fight he was savagely attacked, but his beseeching cry, "I am Henry of Winchester, your King," saved his life and restored him to his victorious son.

Earl Simon's body was horribly mutilated by the ferocious victors. Only fragments of his corpse could be found by the monks of Evesham, but these they deposited with decent ceremony in front of the high altar of St. Mary's Abbey. To this altar flocked for many a year thousands of pilgrims, seeking miraculous cures or bent on idolizing him

whom for centuries, in songs and hymns and folklore, they celebrated as superhuman. No English hero has had a more signal apotheosis than "Sir Simon the Righteous."

De Montfort dead spoke more effectively than De Montfort living. During the seven remaining years of his father's life and during the whole of his own brilliant reign, Edward kept ever before him for his guidance the principles of government for which Earl Simon had struggled and died. In a very real sense, therefore, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, was the creator of that system of representative government which is the glory of free England and which all civilized and semi-civilized peoples of the earth borrowed from the "Mother of Parliaments."

My visit to Evesham¹ happened to fall in August. The elements were at peace, "so pure the sky, so quiet was the air." Very different were the conditions prevailing on the August day of the great battle, when, we are told, the storm-clouds lowered in inky blackness, the lightning played across the sky, and the thunder roared, as the great earl hewed his way up the bloody slopes of Greenhill.

¹ The pronunciation of "Evesham" which I everywhere heard was quite unexpected. The "V" and the "H" are eliminated, although they do stand, as some wag suggests, for "Victorious Henry" who won here a great victory without striking a blow himself. The name is pronounced "Esam," a form very far removed from the original "holm" or "holme" of "Eoves," the traditional swineherd whose sanctity brought him the vision that led to the erection of the abbey in the reign of King Ethelred.

To reach the scene of the battle you go north from the railway station to the Old Worcester Road, the ancient thoroughfare which leads from Worcester to London. To view the battlefield it is necessary to gain entrance to the Abbey Manor Estate. As soon as you have passed the lodge gates and entered the beautiful gardens you become aware that the "Manor" holds many treasures of the old "Abbey." At the edges of the gravelled walks lie fragments of stone of innumerable shapes and sizes, many of them bearing traces of exquisite carving. These are the remnants of the Old Abbey of Earl Simon's time. After the great monastery was demolished and there was not left one stone upon another which was not thrown down, these sculptured fragments lay for ages in different corners of the Abbey Estate. The grandfather of the present squire collected them, and employed them to adorn his gardens. Some of them are exceedingly grim decorations. I saw in promiscuous array, scattered over the grounds on the summit of this historic hill, grotesque gargoyles, broken arches, bases of pillars, empty stone coffins, and a hundred odds and ends of architecture, each of which, seven hundred years ago, had its appropriate place and use in the splendid Abbey of St. Mary.

An irregular avenue of trees conducts to the hillside of history. A half-dozen harvesters on that August afternoon were engaged in cutting corn where once embattled thousands fought and bled. At one edge of the cornfield was pointed out a spring of water, "Battlewell" or "Montfort's Well," once

crimson with human blood. As you stand on the side of Greenhill and face towards the south you see through the high trees¹ the tallest of the spires of Evesham. At the south end of the gardens, enshrouded in a circle of sentinel trees almost as high as itself, stands the battlefield obelisk, erected about half a century ago. It is a plain, square monolith, 35 feet high. On one of the four faces appears this inscription : —

ON THIS SPOT
IN THE REIGN OF HENRY III,
WAS FOUGHT AUGUST 4TH, 1265,
(the battle)
BETWEEN THE KING'S FORCES COMMANDED
BY HIS ELDEST SON
PRINCE EDWARD
AND THE BARONS UNDER
SIMON DE MONTFORT EARL OF LEICESTER
IN WHICH
THE PRINCE BY HIS SKILL & VALOUR
OBTAINED A COMPLETE VICTORY.

On the opposite side is a long quotation from old Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*, "Great Leicester here expired, etc."

At the south of the town, near the lofty Bell

¹ An anonymous writer speaks thus of the trees of Evesham : "The Vale of Evesham is conspicuous not only in England, but in Europe, for something always felt by those who travel there, but rarely noted, the architecture of its trees. Something in the soil or the air has made the trees here run tall and sombre, and no matter wherever you turn, colonnades of those trees bound and frame the fields."

Tower,¹ you enter a grassy slope called "The Cross Churchyard." Facing towards the west you have before you a beautiful cloister arch, the only relic of the great abbey standing above ground. Indeed, one reason for the survival of this particular arch is that it was the latest portion of the abbey to be erected, for it probably belongs to a period half a century later than De Montfort's time. It is now the gateway into a private enclosure which covers the site of the old cloisters. Under the grass and the daisies are hidden the foundations of "The Vanished Abbey," one of the mightiest of the mediæval monasteries. It, too, was wrecked, and torn stone from stone, and



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THE OBELISK AT EVESHAM

¹ The Bell Tower is one of the few specimens of a detached campanile remaining in England. It was built in the reign of Henry VIII, just before the destruction of the abbeys began.

carted off for baser purposes, in the days of the great despoiler of monasteries. In the Cross Churchyard, below the sod under your feet, lies the dust of the great Earl of Leicester, the spot unmarked by stone or tablet. The location of the high altar near which the earl was buried is sufficiently attested by the reconstructed plan of the abbey church and the conventual buildings recently made. After an interval of six and a half centuries a project for the erection of a suitable memorial on the historic site is now mooted. The cost of maintaining the Bell Tower has stayed the hands of the town authorities in their purpose to raise a monument over the neglected grave of Simon de Montfort.

How it came to be spared in the total demolition of the adjoining abbey no chronicler has told. The Bell Tower is the most conspicuous object in Evesham, and commands a magnificent view of the town and the country-side. From its height of 110 feet you can see below the winding Avon, and the busy town, and in the north the abundant foliage of Greenhill. From almost this identical point of view Earl Simon surveyed this region in August, 1265.

CHAPTER IV

THE WAR WITH WALLACE — STIRLING

"At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!" — BURNS.

A RAILWAY journey of an hour brings the traveller from Edinburgh to Stirling, the ancient fortress and military capital of Scotland. With the exception of Edinburgh this interesting town has been the scene of more and mightier historic events than any other place in Scotland. It is associated with all that is most glorious in the lives of William Wallace and Robert Bruce, with the strange & romantic careers of James V and his hapless daughter, Mary, Queen of Scots, with the preaching of Knox and the daring adventures of "Bonnie Prince Charlie." Further, even more than Edinburgh, it retains to our time the aspect and the atmosphere of antiquity.

Wherever you look or walk or drive you see and hear little that does not remind you of old heroes and the accumulated legends of a thousand years. Whichever direction you take from your inn you follow the route of attacking or retreating battalions of old days. On this hand you go to Bannockburn, and on that to Wallace's Monument and Stirling Field. If you strain up the flinty path which a hundred times has echoed "beneath the coursers' clattering feet" you

see before you the castle gates open flung, although to-day no quivering draw-bridge rocks and rings; you see the antique and massive towers "within whose circuit dread a Douglas by his sovereign bled." As you stand on the esplanade of the castle and look about you, your eye must see either a statue of Bruce



THE CASTLE OF STIRLING

sheathing his sword, or the Abbey Craig sacred to Wallace, or the imposing range of the storied Ochils. If you pass the bastions with their peering cannon, the gates of entry, the palace of Mary Stuart, and go on to the Douglas Garden and the rampart that skirts the steep precipice, a swarm of historical memories crowds upon you in bewildering profusion. Yonder is the Field of Bannockburn, which you see from Queen Mary's Lookout, and yonder the Links

of Forth, which you view from an elevation on the rampart where sat, seventy years ago (1842), as the inscription thereon testifies, the great Queen Victoria, then in the meridian of her splendid youth. As you leave the castle you let your fancy carry you back to the gallant days of James V when down this very slope

“Behind the king thronged peer and knight
And noble dame and damsel bright,
Whose fiery steeds ill brooked the stay
Of the steep street and crowded way.”

In the year 1290 a quarter of a century had passed since Prince Edward had gained the victory at Evesham, and eighteen years since he had ascended the throne of England. In that year, 1290, the throne of Scotland became vacant through the death of Margaret, the Maid of Norway, a child of eight, a granddaughter of Edward's sister, Margaret. No fewer than thirteen competitors for the crown appeared. The most prominent claimants were John Balliol and Robert Bruce (the elder), both of Norman descent. King Edward of England was selected as arbitrator of the claims of all. Before he would undertake the examination and determination of the rights of kingship, he exacted from the barons of Scotland an acknowledgment of his own claim as “Overlord,” a title which his grandfather's brother, Richard the Lion Heart, had surrendered to William the Lion for ten thousand merks in silver when the great crusader needed money to carry him against the Saracens. Edward, after a prolonged and elaborate investigation, decided in favour of Balliol (1292).

For four years John Balliol ruled a disturbed Scotland, and paid homage, often irksome, to his overlord in England. At last, provoked by the repeated and galling exactions of his feudal chief, Balliol withdrew his allegiance and defied Edward. We may be sure



THE CORONATION CHAIR

that the greatest soldier of that age was not averse to the task that this defection of Balliol forced upon him. At the head of a large army he marched north. He took Berwick, then the most important seaport in north Britain. He defeated the Scots with terrible slaughter at Dunbar. He carried one castle after another in swift

succession, — Roxburgh, Jedburgh, Edinburgh, Stirling. Nothing could resist his fierce and rapid movements. Balliol abjectly submitted, was soon deposed, and thereupon was sent as a prisoner to the Tower of London (1296).

Edward himself now wore the crown of Scotland, although he was never acknowledged by the Scots as their king. He garrisoned all the strong castles

with English troops. Warenne, Earl of Surrey, was appointed "Guardian of Scotland" and Sir Hugh Cressingham, "Treasurer." All the high offices were filled with Englishmen. The crown and the sceptre Edward took off to London, and also the famous "Stone of Destiny," on which the Scottish kings for ages had been crowned at Scone, and which ever since has rested under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey. The first conquest of Scotland was thus complete.

Scotland had not, indeed, been conquered, but only overrun and temporarily overawed. As soon as the Scottish nobles and people understood that Edward intended to be a real, not a nominal, king, symptoms of unrest appeared. When Edward's agents in Scotland began to rule oppressively, resistance became more vigorous. At last guerilla raids from the moors and hills irritated and perplexed the English garrisons and convoys. Nothing could prevent an open revolt if a leader appeared. At such conjunctures in the affairs of nations, there is wont to arise in some obscure corner of the oppressed realm, with grim resolve and nerves of iron, the son of genius who by deeds of daring for his fatherland wins imperishable renown.

Legends innumerable, many of them quite incredible, cluster about the name of the Scottish hero, William Wallace. Most of these legends find a place in the poetical romance, "The Wallace," written two centuries after Wallace's day by Blind Harry the Minstrel. Wallace was the second son of Sir Malcolm Wallace of Elderslie, near Paisley. His birth

date is usually given as 1270. Wallace's youth was not of a kind to rear a lover of peace. While he was yet a mere lad his father perished in an encounter with the English, and his mother fled for refuge to her own kindred. The event that drove him into open revolt against constituted authority occurred in the town of Lanark, about thirty miles from his birthplace, in 1297. He had married the beautiful orphan daughter of Hugh Braidfute of that town and had established his home there.

One Sunday Wallace and his friend, Sir John the Graham, with a few companions, appeared on the street handsomely clad in green, as was then the custom on holidays in the spring of the year among the gentry of the locality. A young Englishman, as they passed, jeered at their gay attire. Wallace and his companions bore the insolent taunts for a few minutes, but when a group of English gathered about them and laughed them to scorn, and when, finally, one of their tormentors struck the sheath of Wallace's sword, the hot blood of the young giant drove him wild, and with all his enormous strength he smote the Southron to the earth. A tumult arose and grew to a riot, during which Wallace and his party killed and wounded many Englishmen. Wallace escaped from the rear of his own home when arrest was threatened. The English sheriff was so exasperated at the escape of his quarry that he seized Wallace's wife, and in the end he slew her. When Wallace heard of the awful deed his agony and rage knew no bounds. His grief for his young wife was bitter exceedingly, but his anger against the foul murderer called out for imme-

diate satisfaction, and from that moment his resentment against the English oppressors of his country grew deeper and more desperate. That very night he collected thirty staunch followers, broke into the sheriff's lodgings, and slew him in his bed-chamber. The English soldiery turned out to quell the disturbance, but before dawn forty English lay dead on the streets, and the Septs were in control of Lanark town.

Wallace was now the avowed leader of a rebellion. His insurgent band rapidly increased and multiplied. For a long time he avoided an open conflict with the English, satisfied to harass them by frequent, desultory attacks. Independent bodies of men, all over the country, under his direction and in constant and close communication with him, carried on a predatory warfare disastrous to English prestige and power.

The story of the "Black Parliament of Ayr" is savage beyond belief. The English laid a trap for Wallace. A council was arranged in the town of Ayr to discuss terms of peace. Wallace and many of his chief supporters came in to attend the conference. To the barn where the council was to be held the Scottish leaders were admitted only one at a time. Inside the building were stationed English soldiers who seized each Scot as he entered and silently and rapidly drew him by a noose to the rafters. Wallace's own uncle, Sir Reginald Crawford, was among the first who perished thus. Wallace was the last in the line of those who awaited admission. Through some mysterious channel, an inkling of what was going on inside at last reached Wallace, and he fled. The English spent the night in revelry and carousal,

some in the barn where the murders had been committed and some in houses in the suburbs. At midnight Wallace with three hundred followers fastened on the outside the doors of all these wooden buildings, heaped up brush before them, and set them on fire. The few who escaped death by smoke and flame met their fate by the swords of the avenging Scots outside. Henceforth the feud became open war, and the issues were settled not by murders and raids but by pitched battles.

Wallace soon had beneath his banners several thousands of determined patriots. He swept over the country, seizing from the English castle after castle. Soon there remained north of the Tay in English hands only the fortress of Dundee. While he was engaged in the siege of Dundee intelligence came to Wallace that out of England was marching a great army, fifty thousand strong. He hastened westwards to meet the invaders, who were reported to be heading towards Stirling Castle, still in English hands. He reached that spur of the Ochils (east of Stirling) called "Abbey Craig" a few hours before the English army appeared on the other side of the winding Forth. At that early period the Forth was crossed by a single wooden bridge. By the use he made of this bridge Wallace soon showed that he had more of the qualities of a great leader than courage and strength and dash, — he had also consummate tactical ability.

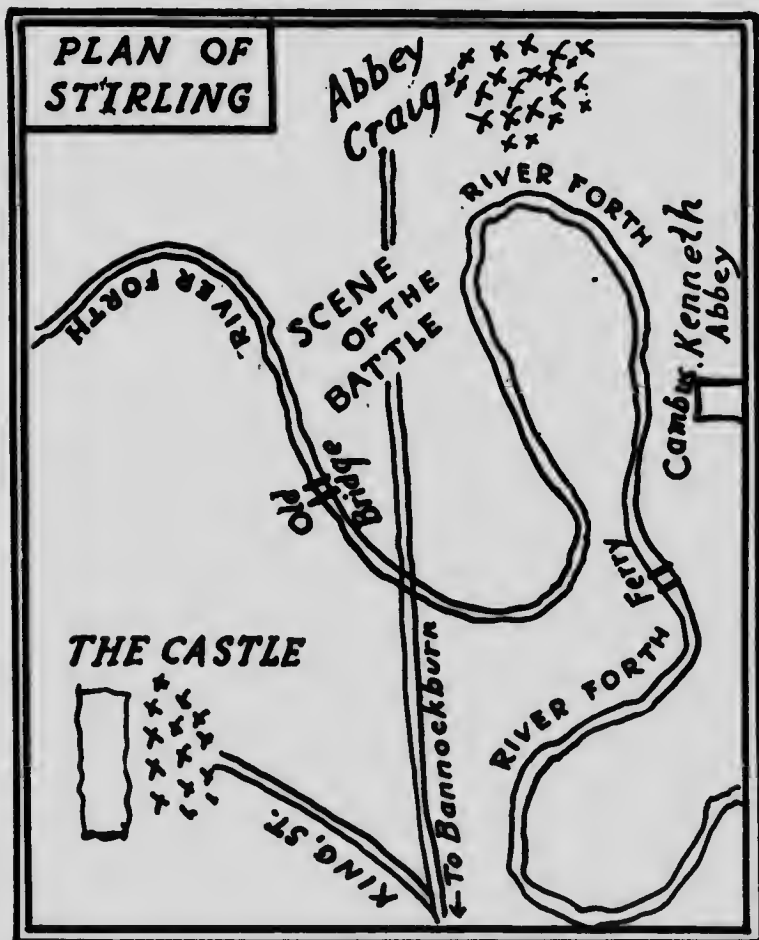
The English army was commanded by Warenne, Earl of Surrey, who was old and broken in health. The real command on the day of the fight rested in

the hands of Cressingham, the Treasurer of Scotland, who was hated throughout the whole land because for some years he had been Edward's unwise financial agent in wringing taxes from an impoverished nation. The composition of the English army has been variously estimated. Some authorities declare that half the English host consisted of steel-clad knights. It is more likely that the English cavalry constituted only a small fraction of the whole array, but certainly more than a thousand, — the paltry total of the English cavalry given by one writer. Wallace's army was probably much smaller than Surrey's, in all likelihood under twenty thousand. It was composed almost entirely of infantry armed with spears.

As the two armies had come into touch near the end of the day, the battle did not begin till morning. Either in the evening or early next morning the earl, seeing the strong position of the Scots, sent messengers to treat with Wallace. The reply of the Scottish leader is quoted with pride by all Scottish writers, "Return to those who sent you and say that we are not here to waste words but to maintain our rights and give freedom to Scotland. Let them advance and we will meet them beard to beard."

On the morrow, September 11th, 1297, Surrey hesitated to attack, as he could come at Wallace only by putting his troops across the narrow, old bridge, two abreast, — a tedious and highly dangerous operation. The rash and foolish Cressingham urged an immediate attack, at whatever risk. Over the fatal bridge the vast English army began to defile. For two or three hours, some say till noon, the narrow

column poured over. Wallace, concealed on the opposite slope of Abbey Craig, all the morning watched the long procession come. At last the trap was



sprung. Thousands of his spearmen crept around a sharp loop of the river, seized with a rush the head of the bridge, and cut the English who had crossed

clean off from their comrades over the river.¹ The action was so unexpected and so sudden that the English horse and foot, inextricably mingled, had no time to form. At this juncture down rushed Wallace from his post on the hill with irresistible impetuosity. Nearly every man who had crossed the river met death at the point of the Scottish spears or in the deep waters of the Forth, a river then far deeper than to-day. The odious Cressingham, as fate would have it, fell among the victims of his folly, and his savage conquerors flayed his corpse from head to foot. Those of the English who had not crossed the river set fire to the old bridge² and

¹ Jane Porter, in "The Scottish Chiefs," tells of an incident of the battle not mentioned by the historians and inconsistent with the usual narrative. It is one of those curious tales which are perpetuated by oral tradition through many generations and which are stamped with all the circumstantiality and vividness of authentic history. Just before the English began their advance on the bridge Wallace ordered the timbers which supported the bridge to be sawed through at the base, but not to be in the least displaced, so that the bridge might stand firm till the critical moment arrived. To these timbers were attached strong ropes, which were entrusted to the sturdiest of his Lanark men, concealed amid the sedge of the river. When the English army was half over the river and the bridge was thronged from end to end with archers, horsemen, and men-at-arms, with Cressingham shouting in proud triumph, a blast from a trumpet on the hillside gave Wallace's signal, and the supporting piers of the bridge were pulled from under it, the vast structure tottered, and "with a crash like thunder fell every loosened beam." Hundreds of the English were precipitated with the wreck into the seething waters of the Forth.

² The visitor to Stirling is much perplexed by the variety of locations assigned to the ancient bridge of the famous fight.

fled precipitately. In the pursuit they were scattered like the proverbial chaff before the whirlwind. Surrey himself, it is averred, did not dismount that night till he had completed the sixty miles that separated Stirling from Berwick.

Wallace next assailed the stronghold of Stirling upon its fortress height and carried it, perhaps with less difficulty than was experienced by any of its other numerous assailants in its long record of sieges. The other castles of Scotland offered no stubborn opposition. The victorious patriot even pushed his way into England and ravaged Northumberland and Cumberland. Scotland was now free and Wallace was proclaimed "*Custos regni Scotiæ*," which has been variously rendered as "Protector" or "Guardian" or "Governor" of the Kingdom of Scotland.

The older writers placed the bridge near Cambus Kenneth Abbey and called the battle "*Cambus Kenneth*." Later writers have abandoned this site and are divided in opinion between two other locations, (1) near the present Old Bridge of Stirling, and (2) about a quarter of a mile above the Old Bridge. The Old Bridge (still in a fair state of preservation) is one of the most ancient structures of the kind in Scotland, dating back to the beginning of the 15th century. Only foot passengers are now allowed to cross it.

CHAPTER V

THE WAR WITH WALLACE — FALKIRK

"See him, leonine defender of his country's dearest rights,
Standing out by far the noblest of the Scoto-Norman knights:
Just beyond the tawny sand-bank, near the furnace glare and
glow,
Held he commune, o'er the streamlet, with his mighty South-
ron foe." — ROBERT GILLESPIE.

EDWARD of England was in Flanders, fighting against the French, when the news reached him of Wallace's victory and raid into the South. At once he returned home and assembled a huge army of nearly 100,000 men, of whom 4,000 were light cavalry and 3,000 heavy cavalry (horse and man cased in steel). No more splendid army ever marched on British soil. Indeed, the Duke of Wellington had only 70,000 men at Waterloo, and 70,000 British soldiers to-day hold in check the countless millions of India.

As usual in these invasions of Scotland, Berwick, the border city, had to be reduced; but that was not the chief cause of delay to the English. Wallace, on account of the overwhelming force of the invaders, had adopted the tactics of the shrewd old Roman, Fabius Maximus. He would avoid a pitched battle; he would harass the enemy's flanks and cut off his foraging parties; he would strip the country of crops

and cattle and all means of sustenance ; he would wear the great host down by hunger and disease and discontent ; he would finally force a retreat — and then he would pursue and attack with irresistible vigour. His plan was well-nigh successful, for it was assisted by the winds of the North Sea. Not only did Edward find a deserted and devastated re-



EDWARD I

gion between the Borders and Edinburgh, but also his store-ships were detained by contrary winds and his lack of provisions threatened dire famine. Mutiny, too, broke out among his Welsh contingent, which composed about a third of his army. The situation became gloomier every day, but Edward's resources were not quite exhausted. He faced all these imminent perils with

his usual confidence. Cicero has said that an ideal commander should possess four qualifications, — experience, valour, reputation, and good fortune. The first three had served him in good stead on many a field; the fourth he claimed as a prerogative conferred by Heaven ; and when all else failed he felt sure of that.

The English army lay at Kirkliston, a few miles west of Edinburgh. In desperate straits Edward ordered his troops to fall back on the capital in the hope that his provision fleet might appear at Leith. At this very moment occurred one of those mysterious events which decide the fate of nations. Two

Scottish nobles (if we may believe tradition), jealous of the power and prospects of Wallace, the Earl of Dunbar and the Earl of Angus, came into the English camp at daybreak, just when the movement towards Edinburgh was beginning, and they gave Edward such information that he suddenly changed all his plans. Wallace lay concealed in the Forest of Falkirk, ten miles south-east of Stirling, and would attack the English in their quarters that very night. The Scottish chief had miscalculated and had abandoned his Fabian tactics a few days too soon. Edward was elated at the good news, for action was the very mainspring of his life. He exclaimed: "Thanks be to God who hath hitherto delivered me from every danger! They shall not need to follow me, for I shall instantly go and meet them." In an hour his great army was moving west, not east. That night he bivouacked on a moor near Linlithgow, every man sleeping in his armour with his tethered steed near at hand.

An incident occurred during that short July night which would have quelled the spirit of an ordinary commander, but which daunted not at all the indomitable will of Edward. Like the meanest of his soldiers, "Longshanks" lay upon the moor awaiting the morn or an attack in the darkness. His impatient charger beside him, while he lay unconscious, dashed a hoof upon his breast and broke two of his ribs. A report spread rapidly that the king had been killed, and the mischief of demoralization began to spread among the excited thousands. Edward at once, to restore discipline, mounted his horse, regardless of

what had happened. Seeing what a few hours of his leadership meant to his great army, he determined to proceed with the critical task that lay before him, although his injuries called for attention and rest. His buoyant temperament and resolute will conquered the pangs of physical distress. At dawn he marshalled his army for the greatest battle of his life and pushed on towards Falkirk, and he in his sixtieth year.

Wallace's army was so much smaller than Edward's and so inferior in arms and discipline that he was obliged, as at Stirling, to have recourse to unusual tactics. He chose a position near Falkirk which favoured his plans,—a gentle slope where a small stream ran through boggy ground and protected his front. His main force was composed of infantry armed with long spears. These spearmen were drawn up in four circular masses, called *schiltrons*, the front ranks kneeling with their spear-butts on the ground. This formation and plan of battle reminds one of Senlac, and is a precursor of Wellington's tactics at Waterloo. The gaps between the circles were occupied by archers from Selkirk and Ettrick, manifestly few in number and not very efficient. Of cavalry Wallace had only a thousand, and these worse than useless, as events proved.

When Edward drew near to Falkirk on the morning of July 22nd, 1298, he arranged his army in three divisions, each division as strong as the whole army of Wallace. It was found impossible to make a frontal advance against the Scots, and a wide circuit was made both to right and left of the morass. At

the first clash of arms the Scottish cavalry, led by the traitor lords, turned bridle and left the field. The Scottish archers between the *schiltrons*, though they were loyal and true, were soon disposed of by the 7,000 English knights. To dislodge from their eminence the glittering array of Scottish spears was Edward's next and only remaining problem. He was not so much of a novice in war as to hurl his knights against those circles of steady steel. He had brought with him a large force of bowmen of a new type, their weapons, the long-bow, drawn to the ear, and the deadly cloth-yard shaft. The day of Falkirk was the first great experiment made with bowmen equipped in this new and terrible fashion, and the effect was crushing. Edward's plan of action was quickly formed and executed. A volley of arrows was directed at a single point in the wall of spears till a gap was made; then the mail-clad horsemen rode into the enclosure and wrought havoc. Each of the circles in succession was broken thus. The victory was complete. Fifteen thousand Scots were left dead on the blood-stained hillside.

Wallace succeeded in saving a small remnant of his fleeing followers and in gaining the friendly shelter of Torwood Forest. He here practically disappeared from history. A price was set on his head and for years he was hunted hither and thither. Finally, he was betrayed to the English, carried to London, and beheaded. Legend declares that his head was fixed to a pole and displayed on London Bridge, and that his four limbs were exposed, as a warning to traitors, in Newcastle, Berwick, Perth,

and Aberdeen. Such was the ignominious end of a patriot's career. By Scotchmen his career has never been viewed as a failure, but rather as a glorious success; for they regard William Wallace as the saviour of his country, since his patriotic spirit and vigour

prepared the way for a real victory soon to be gained by another in the very region of his own heroic struggles.

Edward's brilliant victory at Falkirk was almost barren of results. After his recovery at Stirling from the effects of his accident at Linlithgow he was compelled, from lack of victuals, to withdraw to the South.

In a month he was

out of Scotland, the conquest of which had scarcely begun. Year after year, for six years, he entered Scotland, which was temporarily subdued in 1304. Edward, in 1307, owed his death at sixty-eight, nine years after Falkirk, to an illness brought on at Carlisle when he was on his way at the head of a great army to reduce again a rebellious Scotland.



WILLIAM WALLACE

From the statue by W. G. Stevenson.

The day of my visit to the old town of Falkirk almost coincided with the anniversary of the battle, and nature was in all the mature glory of July. The journey from Edinburgh takes you through Linlithgow and occupies less than an hour. From the railway station of Falkirk High you get a good view of the Carse (intervale) of Falkirk stretching down towards the north. Through the Cow Wynd,¹ about a mile in length, you come to the High Street of the Low Town. This street, and indeed the whole town, is beautiful in its irregularity.

From the library window of a private house in Falkirk, I had a view of the region of the old battle-field. My well-informed mentor, whose living voice and glowing face made his information more entertaining than that found in the least dreary of guide-books, instructed me thus, "From this window, quite as well as from any other place hereabouts, you can view the scene of Wallace's defeat. The last land-marks of the battle are now all cleared away; the very slope where Wallace posted his spearmen has been levelled by the growth of the town in the last fifty years."—"The low grassy land near the Camelon Iron Works yonder is still too boggy for building upon."—"The north of the town was till recently called 'The Garrison.'"—"You will find when you return along the Camelon Road and pass through Newmarket Street that you

¹ The name of the street by which you approach the town from the south—Cow Wynd—originated in the famous Falkirk Trysts (cattle markets), once the most frequented in Scotland.

are on Graham Street,¹ called after Sir John Graeme, who was the bosom friend of Wallace, and who was slain in the battle." — "There is a street running off the Graham Road which commemorates Wallace's encampment, Campfield Street." — "In the narrative of the battle you will read of Mungal Bog; it extends yonder from Bainsford to the rivulet that runs below the canal at the Camelon Iron Works; *mungal* means *bog of disaster*." — "That little rivulet [we had now left the house on a short jaunt to the north] was once a river and in remote times an arm of the sea, for Falkirk was once not only a Roman fort but also a Roman port. Carron Water² over there was the northern limit of the Roman Empire." — "Do you see those hills yonder twelve miles away over the Forth? The eyes of Roman soldiers gazed from Falkirk upon those ancient hills in the second or third century, if not in the days of Julius Cæsar." — "If you go west on the Camelon Road and then bend to the south, you will soon come to a private estate where you will see, if the gate is open to-day, a portion of the old Roman *vallum* and a section of a Roman *fossa*."

¹ Not only is the Graeme remembered in the name of Graham Road, but the northern district of the town, which boasts of a separate railway station, is still called Grahamston.

² Carronades, a kind of short cannon formerly in use, were first made here.

CHAPTER VI

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to Victory!

"Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power —
Chains and slavery!" — BURNS.

AT Burgh-upon-Sands near Carlisle, on his hostile way towards Scotland, died Edward I, "The Hammer of the Scots," styled by Goldwin Smith "the noblest of kings and of men." With his dying breath he implored his indolent and ignoble son to prosecute the Scottish war to a successful issue, and he begged that his bones might be carried before the English army on this and every subsequent expedition into that rebellious country. No sooner was the breath out of the old king's body than the new king began that career of incompetence which led to humiliation, to disgrace, and ultimately to a terrible death. The pious wishes of the great soldier were disregarded. After a half-hearted advance as far as Ayr, the pleasure-loving son of that mighty sire abandoned the campaign against Scotland, returned

to the comforts of London, and buried his father's body in Westminster Abbey.

The new leader of the Scots, whose energy and skill had provoked the last expedition of the warlike Edward into Scotland, and who was now left by the dastard Edward to consolidate his power and strengthen his position, was Robert Bruce. He was the grandson of that Robert Bruce who had been a rival of Balliol's for the crown. The Norman house of Bruce had long been established in Yorkshire, but by intermarriage with Scottish houses it now controlled the earldom of Carrick and the lordship of Annandale, both districts in the south-west of Scotland between Ayr and Dumfries. Young Bruce's father and grandfather had sided with the English in the struggle with Balliol and Wallace. He himself had learned in England all the arts of war, had been on intimate terms with the English court, and had apparently been a favourite with the English king. When he grew to manhood the wretched state of his country and his own undoubted claims to the throne of his country aroused his patriotic pride and his ambition. His only rival for the throne was John Comyn, called "The Red Comyn," the son of Balliol's sister.

With Comyn, Bruce endeavoured to form a league, in order that they might work jointly for the liberation of their fatherland from the English yoke. The conspiracy was divulged to the English king by Comyn himself. These two scions of the royal line met soon after in the church of the Grey Friars at Dumfries. An altercation ensued, and Bruce

drew his dagger and struck down his rival on the very steps of the altar. This deed of passion was the casting of the die. A number of Wallace's old followers came out of their retreats in the hills and joined the new leader. A small but determined army was soon at his back. He marched past Glasgow, on to Perth, and then in the old Abbey of Scone, in very shabby fashion it is true, he was crowned king of Scotland. The slaying of Comyn at Dumfries was now regarded by all but the powerful family of Comyn as a necessary, though terrible, incident in the struggle of their rightful king for his ancestral throne.

Bruce's first campaign ended in utter failure. He was forced to take refuge in the mountains. Many of his adherents in Scotland were put to death by the English or were carried into captivity. Bruce finally fled to a little island off the north coast of Ireland. We next find him on the island of Arran opposite the Ayrshire coast, his own homeland. The long series of Bruce's adventures which belong mainly to the next year or two cannot be narrated here. The storehouse of these legends is, of course, John Barbour's "Bruce." To this period we owe the well-known tale of "Bruce and the Spider." The seventh attempt of the spider to swing from one rafter to the other is at least symbolic of the success that at last favoured Bruce's



ROBERT BRUCE

enterprises after tedious years. To this period we owe also the marvellous story of Bruce's encounter with the Galloway men who attacked him as he travelled alone one moonlight night on a steep, hill-side path, and who, after leaving fifteen of their number piled before his bloody spear, drew back to their covert, and allowed him to take off his helmet and wipe the sweat of battle from his brow.

This period of legend belongs mainly to the two closing years of King Edward I. After Edward II's return to London Bruce had a comparatively clear field. His successes of the next six years may be passed over lightly. While Edward was quarrelling with his barons, the English troops were gradually being driven out of the towns and castles of Scotland. The impotent Edward made scarcely an effort to hold the land for the sovereignty of which his great father had fought and died. At length only the fortress of Stirling Castle remained in English hands. It was besieged by Bruce's brother Edward; and the English governor, Sir Philip Mowbray, had in despair promised to surrender the castle if it were not relieved by the Feast of St. John, June 24th, 1314. When the dispatch from Stirling reached London the nobles decided that Scotland must not be disgracefully lost without a contest, and they flocked to the standard of the feeble king, who at their instigation had issued a royal summons to meet him at Berwick on June 11th, 1314.

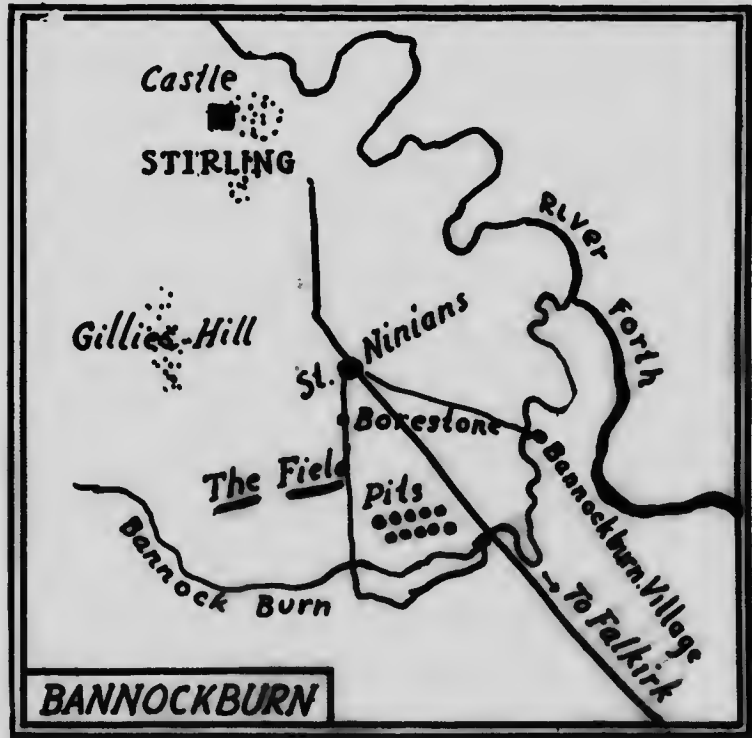
The English host was augmented by contingents from the continent, from Wales, and from Ireland.

This magnificent army was probably somewhat larger than that which overwhelmed Wallace at Falkirk. The victory at Falkirk, sixteen years before, had been won by bowmen, and now many thousands of archers with their six-foot bows and cloth-yard arrows advanced for another such victory, every bowman with his two dozen shafts that "carried four-and-twenty Scotsmen's lives at his belt." The number of English horsemen was 40,000, but most of these were mounted on horses which had never experienced the exciting agitations of a battle. A large fleet moved up the east coast and acted in concert with the army, creeping along from point to point even far up into the Forth.

We now turn to Bruce's array. He certainly had no more than 40,000 all told, but they were tried troops, and they were fighting for the freedom of their country. The Scottish army was composed almost entirely of footmen. Bruce had ample time to choose his ground and mature his plans, and if ever a general chose a better location for a struggle or devised shrewder expedients for baffling and embarrassing his foe, history has failed to record it. His principal problem was how to face 40,000 horsemen with his pitifully small muster of cavalry. There was only one way to do it, and he, if any man, knew that way. He must find a ground where the English cavalry would be useless.

With that thought in mind Bruce cast about him and discovered with elation that within sight of Stirling Castle Heaven had supplied the very battleground of his desire. About one and a half miles

south of Stirling he chose his position on an eminence facing south-east, from which direction must come the vast English army. At the foot of the slope ran a "burn" called the Bannock. On the south shore of the Bannock the ground was boggy and wooded and



impassable for horses. On his right, at the west, was a hill destined to bear a name from an incident of the battle. This position made his right and his front quite unassailable. To protect his left he employed a device which proved more destructive than he could have hoped. He dug ditches, or pits, at the bottom of the slope to the south-east of his position and

concealed them with green turf, so that no eye could detect the deadly traps. Some chroniclers say that under the overhanging turf sharp stakes stood ready to impale horse or rider. Others say, too, that the whole field near the river was strewn with caltrops, those terrible, four-pronged instruments of mischief which always, however knocked about, point one spike upwards. On the little hill to the right of the selected field he stationed his 15,000 camp-followers, concealed from view; and it will be seen that even these harmless "gillies" had an important part of a novel kind to play on the day of the engagement.

On Sunday, June 23rd, Edward's great army drew near to Stirling. Never were the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war" displayed more magnificently in Britain. On from Falkirk — name of good omen — streamed the mighty host, the vain king ostentatiously caracoling in the van. The sun of the summer solstice shone brightly on the glowing surcoats of the knights, brilliant with gorgeous colours, and on the splendid battalions, with their countless banners and pennons, with their glittering helmets and spears and axes. As Douglas and Keith, who were sent out to reconnoitre, reported to Bruce, the sight was the most beautiful and terrible imaginable; the whole country was covered with troops; the bravest and largest army in Christendom might well be alarmed to behold this host coming against them.¹

¹ "Beyond, the Southron host appears,
A boundless wilderness of spears," etc.

— *The Lord of the Isles.*

The first encounter between the two armies took place on the evening of the 23rd, for the relief of Stirling had to be achieved before the 24th, Midsummer Day. Edward sent Clifford with 800 horse by a wide circuit towards the Forth to try to slip past Bruce's left and to gain the beleaguered castle behind Bruce's position. Clifford had nearly passed the Scottish lines when Bruce descried him. "See, Randolph," he cried to his nephew, who had been ordered to block the way to the castle, "a rose has fallen from your chaplet: you have allowed the enemy to pass." Randolph hastened towards the Forth. When Clifford saw the 400 Scottish spearmen taking a short cut for the castle, he wheeled aside and surrounded them with his 800 horse. The spearmen stood in *schiltron* formation and Clifford could not break them. The Douglas, seeing his colleague beset so perilously, moved towards him with reinforcements. Clifford saw that he would soon be in desperate straits, and he retired with speed to the main army, which was now within touch of Bruce's lines.

There was that evening another encounter on which was staked more than the relief of a fortress. The fate of Robert Bruce was weighed in the golden scales of heaven for one distressful instant. Mounted on a small palfrey (he was saving his own fine charger for the hour of battle) he rode up and down among the ranks of the Scots. In his hand he held his steel battle-axe; on his head he wore a helmet topped with a royal crown of gold. A few English knights rode out in front of their lines to see what

the Scots were doing. Bruce then advanced alone on his palfrey to take a nearer view of the enemy. A vainglorious English knight, Henry de Bohun, said to himself, "Great glory will be mine!" He would end this contest by one sure stroke. He put spurs to his great war-horse and with lance in rest galloped furiously against the Scottish commander. "If it is to be a trial by single combat," Bruce may well have soliloquized, "my training at the English court in all the exercises of chivalry should aid me now." Both armies looked on with breathless interest. Bruce held his little pony warily and stirred not, measuring with keen eye the pace and purpose of his foe. Suddenly, by a mere twitch of his wrist, at the critical moment he turned his pony aside and managed to save himself from the point of the lance; and then as swiftly rising in his stirrup he clove the helmet and skull of his proud assailant with his trusty battle-axe. No wonder that the Scottish lords reproached him for thus rashly risking his life. "I have broken my good battle-axe," was his only reply.

Night drew on, the eve of St. John the Baptist, only three hours long at that time of the year in that latitude. Revelry was heard far into the night in the English camp, for that night of the year, Midsummer Eve, was a time of rejoicing among Englishmen, and they had no fear of the result of next day's struggle. The Scotch had passed that Sabbath day in fasting and religious duties, and they lay that night in arms upon the field. The memory of Falkirk, you may be sure, did not tend to relieve their soberness of mien on the eve of the tremendous conflict.

Early in the morning, Monday, June 24th, 1314, Bruce addressed his troops. The poet Burns has doubtless caught the spirit of that historic speech in his patriotic song, "Scots Wha Hae." The closing lines of the song were at least the burden of the address: —

"Liberty's in every blow! —
Let us do or die!"

As was their custom, on the edge of battle the Scots knelt down and prayed for victory and made their vows. The foolish Edward, seeing them, exclaimed, "Yon folk kneel to ask mercy." "Yes," declared a veteran of Edward I, "You say sooth now, but they ask it not of you; yon men will all win or die."

The authorities are widely at variance as to the order of the incidents of the battle. The earlier movements, as we might surmise in the case of a commander incapable of forming a plan of his own, included the employment of archers to break the Scottish masses, but no provision seems to have been made for protecting these archers by supporting cavalry. Bruce, remembering Falkirk, had fully expected such opening tactics and had made the necessary preparation. The bowmen were effective at Falkirk because there was no cavalry to break them. At Bannockburn the cloth-yard shafts flew for only a few minutes, for down on the bowmen charged five hundred Scottish horsemen who had been kept ready for that very purpose. The struggle thereafter was mainly between the English cavalry and the Scottish spearmen. Edward's horsemen were soon floundering and falling all over the lower field, an easy prey

for their foe. As the area for cavalry evolutions would have been too limited had there been no deadly pits, it can easily be imagined that these traps made shambles of the whole valley of the "burn." Other horsemen pressed in from the south and crowded upon the hampered squadrons that blocked the advance. The huddled cavalry was soon deprived of all mobility and, finally, of all means of extrication. As Xerxes in his sea-fight at Salamis found superiority in numbers an absolute disadvantage in a narrow strait where his ships were so crowded that they could not manœuvre and they even wrecked one another, so Edward on land at Bannockburn owed his defeat not so much to the device of the concealed pits, however embarrassing they were, as to his lack of foresight in pushing 40,000 horsemen into a circumscribed field which would have been overcrowded with 10,000. History repeats itself, but always in altered phases.

As it has been the fashion in describing the battle of Bannockburn to lay somewhat too much stress upon the value of the "pits," so surely there has been too great a tendency to glorify a singular incident that doubtless had some effect in producing the panic that accompanied the rout of the English. Nothing is more common in the narration of events than to attach to secondary causes which appeal strongly to the sense of the spectacular an importance out of all proportion to their effectiveness. On the right of his position, as has been said, Bruce had placed his camp-followers and servants. At the "psychological moment," with improvised banners of sheets and

blankets fixed on stakes and tent-poles, they formed into irregular lines and moved south-east with all the clamour which such a mob at such a time could raise. The effect on the English, whose nerves were already shaken, was not reassuring.

Bruce, at this juncture, is said to have shouted his war-cry and to have charged with his own division upon the entangled and bewildered enemy. A complete rout of the English ensued. Thirty thousand of the Southrons lay upon the field or choked the waters of the "burn." "A full great party," to quote from John Barbour,

"Fled to the water of Forth, and there
The maist part of them drownit were."

Edward, with five hundred horsemen, galloped sixty miles to Dunbar, pursued all the way by the fiery Douglas. The fugitives were just in time to secure refuge in the fortress, still held by an English ally. Next day, in a small fishing-skiff, the forlorn and disgraced monarch with a few attendants made his escape to England. Those of the English army who fled from Bannockburn to the south were either taken prisoners or pitilessly cut down by the lowland peasants long before they could reach the Borders. The vast plunder of the English camp was divided amongst the victors. One historian has estimated that if all the English chariots and baggage-wagons, laden with stores and booty, had been drawn up in a single line, the length of that line would have been one hundred and eighty miles. Traces of the spoils, snatched from the English transportation carriages and

wagons of all sizes and sorts and from the bloody field on the day of Bannockburn, and treasured throughout the Lowlands, might be seen for centuries in abbey and in kirk, in castle and in shieling, from Stirling to Carlisle, from Berwick to Ayr.

The Castle of Stirling surrendered on the day after the battle. Bruce at once obtained, in exchange for distinguished prisoners, the freedom of his queen and his daughter after eight years of imprisonment in England. The great victory of Bannockburn, the greatest in the military annals of his country, made Bruce supreme, and wrested Scotland from English control, although England did not, by treaty, acknowledge the independence of the northern realm for fourteen years.

He who would visit a battlefield aright should visit it alone or in a quiet company. The pathos of ancient days cannot be felt with an accompaniment of flippant comment, merry laughter, or raucous vociferation. These fields of dead warriors, scattered over the island of Great Britain, are more peaceful than God's acres, and many of them possess an appealing beauty of indescribable power. The contrast between the present quietude and the din of the fearful day of battle is complete and overmastering. To visit the scene of "old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago" with a crowd of noisy, unsympathetic tourists is worse than a farce, it is a crying sacrilege. When you visit Stirling, therefore, if you are wise, you will decline to make your way to "Bannock's bloody plain" in a crowded tram-car. It is

true that this is the only battlefield in Great Britain which you can for a penny visit by tram, but it is, to the serious student of history, a privilege to be shunned.

The first place of interest on the way south from Stirling is Randolph Field, where King Robert's nephew, Sir Thomas Randolph, drove back the dashing Clifford, heading for the castle. Next you come to St. Ninians, a quaint village now incorporated with Stirling. The antiquity of the hamlet is shown by its narrow streets and the old Jacobean church tower.¹ A little beyond St. Ninians the road turns sharply to the east towards Bannockburn village. You must avoid that road, notwithstanding the lure of the historic name, and take the narrow road uphill. There, at the summit of the hill, is the flagstaff near the Borestone. In this stone, tradition declares that King Robert fixed his standard on the day of the battle. Only fragments of the boulder may now be seen under an iron grating springing from a solid enclosure of masonry.

The prospect from the famous eminence is a chapter, and a most illuminating chapter, of history. As you stand by the Borestone you can survey many of the points of interest mentioned in the history of the battle. In the north-west lies the Gillies' Hill, from which at the end of the fight came rushing the camp-followers to share the fruits of victory. In the south you see the "Field." "Now all is calm, and fresh,

¹ This tower is all that remains of the old church, which was demolished by an accidental explosion during its temporary use as a powder-magazine in the Rebellion of 1745.

and still." On the plain, where once contending thousands were locked in a life-and-death struggle, a solitary labourer is seen cultivating a row of potatoes. In an adjoining field cows and sheep and horses graze the abundant pasture. The little Bannock flows gently in the hollow. The region of the "Pits" is at the base of the slope, near the road that comes up



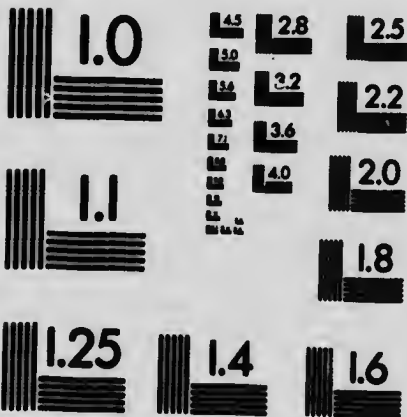
BANNOCKBURN

from Falkirk. A modern road now runs through and around the Field. As you move down the slope across the Bannock and through the edge of the tract of the former bog, drained and rendered arable about sixty years ago, you may pluck from the roadside and the hedges and from the banks of the picturesque "burn" wild roses and daisies and buttercups. On the day of my visit rain and sunshine alternated in



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swift succession, varying the tone and hues of the landscape every moment, producing a most bewildering impression.

The traveller is much surprised to find the Bannockburn so diminutive. John Barbour, in his epic poem, "The Bruce," published within seventy years of the battle, says :—

"And Bannockburn, betwixt the braes,
Of men, of horse, sae steekit was,
That, upon drownit horse and men,
Men might pass dry out-ower it then."

The "burn" would scarcely drown a horse or a man now. It appears to be the fate of many rivers to dwindle away. They do not all "run on for ever." Even the Rubicon, the crossing of which decided the future of the Roman world, is now shrunk to a mere trickle of water. Some day the traveller will search in vain for a trace of the Bannockburn, but ages after it has ceased to flow it will be remembered in story and in song as the brook by whose banks heroic Scots rescued themselves and their country from "oppression's woes and pains."

CHAPTER VII

THE WARS OF THE ROSES — ST. ALBANS (FIRST BATTLE)

"Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way."

— THOMAS GRAY, "The Bard."

THE Wars of the Roses were as inevitable as the thunder-storms of summer. The inception of the struggle, the tedious procession of events, and the final catastrophe, were not controlled by whim or hazard any more than is the apparently chaotic march of an electric tempest. The outbreak of these wars and every battle in the bloody series were the logical outcome of national and social conditions and of the strangely assorted combination of public characters whom fate brought together to govern England at the middle of the fifteenth century.

The greatest of modern historians declares that there are few periods in our annals from which we turn with such weariness and disgust as from the Wars of the Roses, with their savage battles, ruthless executions, and shameless treasons. Thus speaks the philosophic historian. The poet and the novelist, however, find in this epoch rich materials for their

Edward, The Black Prince.
 Lionel, Duke of Clarence.
 Richard II. Philippa (married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March).
 Roger Mortimer, Earl of March.
 Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March. Anne Mortimer (married Richard, Earl of Cambridge, son of Edmund Langley, Duke of York).
 Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York (married Cicely Neville) Slain at Wakefield, 1460.
 Edward, Earl of March (married Elizabeth Woodville), Afterwards EDWARD IV.
 Elizabeth, married HENRY VII, who was the son of Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, and Margaret Beaufort, grand-daughter of John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset.
 By Blanche of Lancaster
 John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.
 By Katharine Swynford
 John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset.
 Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, (second son) Slain at St. Albans, 1455.
 Richard, Earl of Cambridge.
 Richard III. Slain at Bosworth, 1485.
 George, Duke of Clarence.
 Richard, Duke of York.
 Edward V.
 Richard, Duke of York.

fascinating arts. The master of dramatists allowed his genius to revel in this period of our history as in no other; for he devoted to the career of Henry of Windsor a trilogy of plays; and in his "Richard III" his magic touch has surrounded the greatest villain who ever mounted the English throne with a glamour that makes that villainy heroic. The romantic vicissitudes of the rival Roses have captured the imagination of many writers of fiction, who find in history incidents and characters stranger than the inventive brain can conjure up. "The Last of the Barons" is a splendid glorification of "The Kingmaker," and "The Black Arrow" gives us fleeting glimpses of mediæval English life in a time of turmoil, lighted up, it is true, with the radiance of romance.

Perhaps the best way to approach the Wars of the Roses will be to present, in brief, to the reader a few of the prominent figures at the head of affairs on the eve of the protracted contest for supremacy. The very middle of the fifteenth century may be chosen as our point of departure. As nearly all the leaders of opinion and of parties were related more or less closely, and as these relationships had much to do with the grouping of public characters and with the ambitions and antagonisms which caused and perpetuated the war, a study of the genealogy of the royal line will be found advantageous, if not necessary, for a clear understanding of the situation.

In 1450 Henry VI was in the twenty-ninth year of his life and of his reign, for he was less than a year old when his great father died. His minority had been spent amid the factions of jealous and contending

nobles. His naturally weak character had had no chance to develop strength. He was pious and studious, and had a morbid dread of strife. He had been six years married to Margaret of Anjou, a queen for whom England had had to pay the unconscionable price of Anjou and Maine, "the keys of Normandy."



HENRY VI

Margaret of Anjou was, next to the Maid of Orleans, the most remarkable woman of her century. Even as a young girl she was distinguished by her beauty, her grace, her wit, her learning, and her energy. She was only fifteen at the time of her marriage to the English king. The alliance was exceedingly unpopular in England, because she came from the hated land of France, and because two of the conquered provinces of France had been surrendered by Henry and his Council on the occasion of the marriage. At the age of eighteen she found the executive power of England largely in her hands, her lord, the king, shrinking timidly from all cares of state. Her choice of advisers was unfortunate both for herself and for the country. Her unpopularity increased, and she was spoken of everywhere in reproach as "The Foreign Woman." The fierce and implacable savagery of her mature age showed no signs of existence during her earlier years in

England, and may easily be traced to the numerous and irritating trials of her chequered sovereignty.

In 1450 the most unpopular of Margaret's advisers, William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, the intermediary who was held responsible for the French marriage with its costly sacrifices, was impeached, banished, and, on his way to France, treacherously murdered. He was succeeded in the royal favour by the Duke of Somerset, a grandson of John of Gaunt. Somerset began his new career under a heavy cloud, for he had just returned from Normandy after a futile struggle to retain that province for England. His unpopularity was soon as great as that of Suffolk had been. The notorious Irish adventurer, Jack Cade, at the head of 20,000 men of Kent, marched to London and demanded the redress of all the commons' grievances. As the document of complaint was ably and artfully drawn up, and as it demanded the recall of the Duke of York, then in virtual banishment in Ireland, and as Cade professed to be John Mortimer, a cousin of the Duke of York, it has been surmised that the prime instigator of Jack Cade's rebellion was the Duke of York himself.

Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, was, on his mother's side, a descendant in the fifth generation of Edward III. According to the modern view of succession he had a better claim to the throne than had Henry VI, because he was descended through Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, from Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III, while Henry was descended from John of Gaunt, the fourth son. Further, his father, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, was

the grandson of Edward III through Edmund of Langley. Besides the claim of this double descent he enjoyed an additional advantage because of his marriage with Cicely Neville, the great-granddaughter of Edward III through another line.

When Parliament had placed the house of Lancaster on the throne, the claims of the elder branch of the royal line had been legally set aside, and they would probably never have been raised but for most unusual circumstances. York's claim to the crown was undoubtedly prior to that of Henry, but the fruits of the genius of Henry IV, the national pride in the brilliant victories of Henry V, and the long tenure of power already enjoyed by Henry VI, would in ordinary circumstances have held in check the ambition of York. The childlessness of Henry, his evident incapacity to rule, the odium attaching to the foreign queen, and the utter misgovernment of the realm, made Richard of York begin to cherish thoughts of his hereditary claims. The Cade insurrection was probably his device for determining how the commons would be disposed to accept those claims. If Cade were successful, he would "reap the harvest which that rascal sowed." Richard of York never himself reaped that harvest, but his sons, Edward and Richard, were destined to play conspicuous parts on the great stage of national events.

In 1450 Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, great-grandson of Edward III through Joan Beaufort, was fifty-one years of age. He was one of the most active and capable of the public men of the time. With him, however, we have little to do; with his

great son, for twenty years, we have much to do. Richard, the eldest son of the Earl of Salisbury, who figures in history as "The Kingmaker," was, in 1450, twenty-two years of age. He had married Anne Beauchamp, daughter of the Earl of Warwick, and by a totally unexpected succession of deaths he had himself, at the age of twenty-one, become the Earl of Warwick, premier earl of England. In the cleavage of parties soon to be made, Warwick and his father stood side by side, and it is scarcely necessary to say that Richard, Duke of York, brother-in-law of the elder and uncle of the younger, received their staunch support.

In the summer of 1450 the Duke of York, without the king's permission, came back from Ireland, where he had been enjoying an honourable exile as lord-lieutenant. He boldly announced himself as the leader of the party of reform, and expostulated with the king against the acts of Somerset. His audacity seized the attention and the favour of the people, sick of the feebleness of Henry, the ill-judged partialities of the haughty queen, and the burden of war-taxes that brought loss instead of glory. York, for a time, advanced cautiously and in accordance with the constitution, but it was increasingly plain that the growing animosity between the partisans of Somerset and his own supporters could end only in one way. For three years these two leaders measured and tried each other's strength with all the resources at their command, avoiding the arbitrament of the sword.

In 1453 two events occurred which in swift suc-

cession changed the whole face of affairs. The first threw power into the hands of York; the second dashed his hopes of becoming king. In August King Henry lapsed into insanity, and in October the queen gave birth to a son. York was made Protector of the Realm, and Somerset was committed to safe custody in the Tower of London. The infant prince, Edward, with the concurrence of York, Salisbury, and Warwick, was invested with the title of Prince of Wales.

King Henry, in December, 1454, after an affliction of sixteen months, recovered from his mental aberration. His first public act was to release Somerset and to dismiss York from office. York retired, first to his castle at Ludlow in Shropshire, and then to another of his strongholds, Sandal Castle in Yorkshire, to take measures for his future welfare. In May, 1455, a royal Council was summoned "to provide for the safety of the king's person against his enemies." York, Salisbury, and Warwick were not invited to this Council, and they knew the import of the omission. They determined to anticipate by force of arms Somerset's machinations. Soon, with 3,000 retainers, they were on the road towards London. They marched down the Ermine Street, the old Roman road from York to London. At Ware, twelve miles east of St. Albans (Ermine Street did not run through St. Albans), they prepared and sent to the king an apology for coming in arms, promising to convince him of their loyalty and of their enemies' malice. Somerset, accompanied by the king, was already on the march by the

Ermine Street to meet York's force, and when York's manifesto was received Somerset prevented it from reaching the king's hands.

The royalist army on nearing St. Albans turned aside and headed towards that ancient town. The banner of the king was planted in St. Peter's Street



By permission of Boots, Ltd., St. Albans.

ST. PETER'S STREET, ST. ALBANS

at the northern end of the town, and all the streets were barricaded against attack. The same day, a little later, York crept cautiously from the east, seeking the enemy. He drew up his 3,000 men to the east of the town in a field called "Keyfield." He sent a demand to the king "to deliver up such persons as might be accused." When the message was delivered to Henry he is alleged to have burst into an unwonted rage and for once in his irresolute life to have uttered

an imprecation. He swore that he would destroy every mother's son of the traitors, and that he would rather die than deliver up any lord in his army. We may be quite sure that this spark of fiery energy emanated from Somerset.

All peaceful methods of contention had now been exhausted, and York addressed his men and prepared for battle. He arranged his force in three divisions and launched them against the three barricades that closed the entrances to the town at the north, east, and south. The bells of the abbey and the churches rang the alarm, and the 2,000 royalists rushed to the defence of the barriers and beat off the assailants at every point. Warwick, who was the leader of the division repulsed from the southern entrance, saw that while the Lancastrians could block a street they could not defend the long line of gardens and houses at the south of the town. He and his followers instantly broke into these gardens, rushed through the rear doors of the houses, and appeared in the main street of the town "between the sign of the Chequers and the sign of the Key" where he was little expected. "A York! a York!" "A Warwick! a Warwick!" were the cries that greeted the surprised royalists, taken in the rear by the unexpected manœuvre.

Swords clashed with swords, bills sped their grisly way, and the deadly arrows flew. York then renewed his assault on the barriers. Panic seized the king's troops, and their defeat and rout were rapid and overwhelming. The principal Lancastrian leaders, Somerset, Clifford, and Northumberland, were slain. As to the number of royalists who lost their lives in

the first battle of the civil war, accounts are astonishingly divergent. Those historians who make the count in hundreds are probably nearer the truth than those who make it in thousands. The king himself was wounded in the neck by an arrow and was carried for shelter to the house of a tanner. There York waited upon him with manifestations of profound respect, and congratulated him on his deliverance from Somerset. The duke's men plundered the town, but the abbot of St. Albans saved the abbey and the monastery by sending out to the victors a rich supply of wine and victuals. Next day the army of York, accompanied by the wounded king, proceeded to London.

According to tradition the badges of the contending houses of York and Lancaster were first assumed during a wrangle between Warwick and Somerset in the Temple-gardens in London. Shakespeare makes York and Somerset the leading characters in the dispute. In the memorable altercation Somerset plucked a red rose and Warwick a white rose, and they called on every gentleman present to declare his allegiance by his choice of a pale or a crimson rose. This incident was the beginning of the awful struggle known in history as the Wars of the Roses. Rosettes of white and crimson ribbon, and among the common soldiers rosettes of paper, were worn for thirty years throughout the distracted land by the supporters of the rival claimants of the crown.

The visitor to England, bent on viewing the districts most renowned in history, cannot afford to

omit St. Albans, twenty-two miles north of London, in Hertfordshire, on the ancient Roman road called "Watling Street," still entire from London to this town. In the time of Cæsar it was "Verulamium," the capital of Cassivelaunus, chief of the Cassii. It is almost certain that the great Roman general visited Verulamium in 54 B.C. by way of Watling Street,



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ST. ALBANS ABBEY

or the earlier route that became Watling Street. In the time of the Emperor Claudius, A.D. 42, Verulamium was the military headquarters of the Romans in Britain. It was almost certainly the first Roman city built in Britain. Portions of the old wall of the city, twelve feet thick, still remain after the lapse of nearly twenty centuries. In A.D. 61 the "British warrior queen," Boadicea, took Verulamium and put to death there and elsewhere 70,000 Romans. In A.D. 303, during the persecution of the Christians

under Diocletian, the proto-martyr of Britain, Alban, met death on the slope of the hill now crowned by the splendid abbey.

In visiting a place of such antiquity and fame I chose as my hostelry the very ancient inn which traces its fortunes by actual record back to 1401, fifty years prior to the battles which stained with blood the stones of the adjoining streets. Parts of the original structure are incorporated with the present inn.

There is no difficulty in locating the scene of the first battle of St. Albans. If you stand in front of the town hall and look up Peter Street in a north-easterly direction towards St. Peter's Church, you see before you in this wide thoroughfare the scene of the conflict of May 22nd, 1455. Here stood the helpless king under his standard, here flew the storm of arrows, here the knights fought fiercely in a hand-to-hand encounter. About six hundred yards to the south-east, on the London side of Holywell Hill, was situated Keyfield, where the Duke of York encamped before the battle. At the corner of Victoria Street and Chequer Street stands to-day a humble shop, erected long ago on the very site of Castle Inn on the doorstep of which Somerset was slain. The reader will remember Shakespeare's well-known prophecy of the spirit regarding Somerset's fate: —

"Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand."¹

¹ "King Henry VI, Part II," Act I, Scene IV.

Somerset, for many years after the malign influence of this warning came upon him, lived as much as possible in lowly abodes, but that precaution did not foil destiny. When Richard struck him down on the steps of the Castle Inn, he shouted : —

“So lie thou there;
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle of Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.”¹

I close this brief review of the first Battle of St. Albans by quoting the lines uttered by Warwick to his confederates after the battle : —

“Now, by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle won by famous York
Shall be eternized in all age to come.”²

¹ “King Henry VI, Part II,” Act V, Scene II.

² *Ibid.*, Scene III.

CHAPTER VIII

THE WARS OF THE ROSES — NORTHAMPTON

IN June, 1455, as a result of the excitement and the wound received in May, Henry again became insane. For a second time York was appointed by Parliament to act as Protector. Queen Margaret retired with the imbecile king and the young Prince Edward to Hertford Castle, where she gathered about her a band of young nobles, whose fathers had been slain at St. Albans, and whom she incited to prepare for avenging their destruction.

In February, 1456, King Henry surprised Parliament by entering the House of Lords in his right mind and making a dignified address. York was obliged to resign his office of Protector and to retire with Salisbury and Warwick to the country. Margaret at once made young Somerset her chief adviser. For two years thereafter Margaret and her Council exercised the regal authority in the name of the king. During this period she made a royal progress with the king and the prince, keeping court for a time in the midlands at Coventry.

In 1458 England was threatened by both the Scots and the French. In order that the strength of the kingdom might be united, Henry tried to reconcile the rival parties. After two months of debate and

negotiations a truce was patched up. A solemn and magnificent procession made its way through the city to St. Paul's Cathedral, the king walking alone, York himself deferentially leading the queen, and all the nobles, lately enemies, now consorting, two and two, in pleasant and loyal fellowship.

The cessation of hostilities was very brief. Warwick, as governor of Calais, sent out vessels to plunder on the Channel. Some of his victims lodged complaints with the English government, and he was summoned to London to defend himself. A high dispute arose between him and the queen, and it is alleged that he accused her of having little regard for the glory of 'England'. A riot occurred in the city between the partisans of Warwick and of Margaret, and Warwick, surmising that the disorder had been deliberately planned to compass his downfall, and fearing arrest, escaped to Calais. York, Salisbury, and Warwick spent the following winter in making preparations for war.

In the following year, 1459, Margaret sent Lord Audley to intercept Salisbury, who was on his march into the South with 5,000 Yorkists to meet York on the borders of Wales. At Blore Heath in Staffordshire the Lancastrians were utterly routed and Salisbury was able to join forces with York. From the hour of this defeat of her plans, all Margaret's faculties were roused to the highest pitch of activity. She became, after the disaster of Blore Heath, an alert and capable military leader.

In the same year York met with a notable reverse. King Henry's popularity had been greatly increased

by the royal progresses through the land which Margaret had projected and directed. The young Prince of Wales, too, a promising lad of six, had been everywhere exhibited to admiring crowds, and King Henry's cause had been much strengthened by these dramatic appeals for popular favour. The king and the queen marched with their forces to the very gates of Ludlow, where York lay, and announced a royal pardon to all the insurgents who would return to their allegiance. Many of the Yorkist soldiers, headed by the marshal of York's army, deserted to the king; and the Yorkist leaders, regarding discretion as the better part of valour, avoided an engagement. York and his son, Edmund of Rutland, fled to Ireland. Salisbury, Warwick, and young Edward, Earl of March, sailed for Calais. The town and castle of Ludlow were then sacked by the Lancastrians.

During the following winter York raised a great force in Ireland, and Warwick, who commanded Calais and the naval power of England, prepared to land in Kent. These two leaders had been rendered more desperate by the bill of attainder which had been passed against them in the autumn by the Parliament of Coventry. Towards the end of June, Warwick, Salisbury, and the Earl of March crossed the Channel with 2,000 men. On landing they published a manifesto which stated their grievances and declared their purpose. They were joined by the Archbishop of Canterbury and his retainers. As they marched towards London, all Kent sprang to arms in their favour. In four days after landing they were in London with 25,000 followers. The

three earls entered the capital in state without opposition.

The party of the White Rose grew day by day as the Yorkist peers came flocking in with their retainers.. While Salisbury remained behind to hold London, Warwick and the Earl of March proceeded by the great north road past St. Albans towards Northampton, where, it was reported, the king was concentrating his troops. The queen was with the king, and tradition says that she issued a proclamation through the north that every man who helped to conquer the rebellious earls should have all the plunder he could seize in Kent, Essex, Middlesex, Surrey, and Sussex.

In the battle of Northampton the leaders of the Lancastrians were the Earl of Somerset and the Duke of Buckingham. The Earl of Shrewsbury and Lord Grey de Ruthyn held important commands. The Lancastrian army was much inferior in numbers to the Yorkist host. The camp of Henry was pitched outside the town of Northampton, south of the river Nene. He had time to entrench himself strongly with rampart and foss. On the earthworks were placed bombards, an early form of cannon which hurled stone projectiles. Both flanks rested upon the river.

Warwick, before the engagement, attempted thrice to gain a conference with the king, but thrice an audience was refused him. At two in the afternoon, July 10th, 1460, he drew up his men on the rising ground near the old Danish camp. William Neville, Lord Fauconbridge, Warwick's uncle, led the van-

guard on the left, Warwick himself led the centre, and Edward, Earl of March, in this his first battle, at the age of eighteen, commanded the right wing. Before the first charge, an order was issued that the common soldiers should be spared, but that no quarter should be given to lords and knights, who alone were responsible for the blood to be shed that day.

The first assault of the Yorkists was repelled at every point, for a heavy rain had filled the obstructing trenches with water, and it was found impossible to scale the hostile ramparts with a rush. Then occurred one of those incidents which became all too common as the long war progressed. In Henry's army, and in an important charge, was one of those nobles of lax allegiance who found it easy "to go to bed Lancaster and to get up York." Lord Grey de Ruthyn, soon after the first bombard was fired, assumed Warwick's badge of the Ragged Staff and beckoned to the Earl of March to approach. Leaning over the rampart his men pulled the Yorkists in and allowed them to sweep along the whole front and clear the way for Warwick's entrance.

The battle was over in an hour. In this engagement, also, the estimates of the casualties vary amazingly. One chronicler says, "Ten thousand tall Englishmen were slain, or drowned in attempting to repass the river Nene." It is more likely that only a few hundred fell. However, nearly all the Lancastrian leaders perished, including Buckingham and Shrewsbury. The king was quite helpless, as usual, and fell into the hands of the victors. Queen Margaret was posted on a spot where she had a view of

the field; and when she saw her men in disorder driven from the entrenchments, she thought only of her young son, and hastened to preserve him from his foes. She was joined in her flight by Somerset, and after many perils and hardships she reached Harlech Castle in North Wales. Warwick and March, with all marks of respect, led the captive king back to London to the palace at Westminster.

The town of Northampton is about sixty-five miles north-west of London. It is a very ancient borough, at least a thousand years old. The old Danish barrow near the town had its origin in the tenth century. A half-hour's railway journey from Rugby brings the traveller to the Castle Station. By way of Gold Street and Bridge Street is reached the London Road, which skirts the battlefield of 1460. The river Nene crosses the London Road almost at right angles. As you pass the bridge over the river and walk south, you have before you on the left the Abbey de la Pré in private grounds. Between this and the Bedford (or Houghton) Road lay Henry's encampment, or, to put it as the histories do, "the king pitched his camp in the meadows south of the Nene near the nunnery between Sandiford and Hardingstone."

On my way to Hardingstone in the late afternoon of an August Sunday I met a surprising number of couples and small groups of well-dressed townfolk returning home up the London Road. You may be sure that they had not been visiting the battlefield that afternoon. They had, however, as citizens of

Northampton have done for countless years, taken their Sunday stroll to a very famous place. I followed the London Road for a mile or more south of the town to the very source of the long stream of strollers. There I saw something more engaging than the ill-defined site of a mediæval battle. There, to this day, stands the famous Eleanor's Cross erected over six hundred years ago. The history of this remarkable memorial, which stands on the very edge of the battlefield, and which must have attracted the reverential attention of the thousands of Yorkists and Lancastrians on the day of the battle, deserves a passing notice.

In 1290, one hundred and seventy years before the battle of Northampton, died Eleanor, queen of Edward I. She was on her way north to join the king on the borders of Scotland when, near Lincoln, she was seized with a fever which soon proved fatal. Edward was summoned, but, although he travelled with the utmost speed, he came too late to see her alive. It will be remembered that Edward's attachment to Queen Eleanor had always been of the deepest and truest kind. She had even accompanied him to the Holy Land and nursed him there through a dangerous crisis after he had been poniarded by an assassin of the order of "The Old Man of the Mountain." The story of her sucking the poison from his wound shows at least what the people of England thought of the conjugal relations of the royal couple.

The death of his beloved consort caused Edward to abandon all thoughts of the expedition to Scotland. The funeral progress from Lincoln to Westminster

occupied thirteen days, and at the end of every stage solemn ceremonies were observed in the nearest church. At every one of these resting-places the royal mourner afterwards erected a cross in memory of Queen Eleanor.



By permission of J. Lees, Northampton.

ELEANOR'S CROSS, NORTHAMPTON

All these crosses but three were destroyed or mutilated in the time of the great religious upheaval. Only the Waltham Cross near London, the graceful cross at Geddington, and the Northampton Cross remain to our day. Of these the most perfect specimen is that at Northampton. It is hard to believe that the Queen's Cross at Northampton is over six hundred years old. The cross of the summit is gone, it is true, and the base of the monument has been renewed probably several times, but the exquisite Gothic designs on all the eight faces of the memorial and the well-preserved stone effigies in the unbroken niches are a marvel to behold! For over six hundred years, the cross has been exposed

there, on the main highway to London, to the buffetings of winds and storms and the worse dangers of the vandalism of man. It has outlasted most of the abbeys and monasteries of contemporary structure.

Since this cross was reared in that midland county of England at the end of the thirteenth century a score of English sovereigns have passed along this road on peaceful or warlike missions and have paused to view this memorial erected by their great ancestor. The armies of Warwick and King Henry fought within sight of this hallowed structure but touched it not with desecrating hands. The terrible *Malleus Monachorum* of the reign of Henry VIII, to whom shrines and crosses were things accursed, overlooked the favoured monument of Northampton. When the army of the Parliament under Essex held its first muster in Northampton and passed along this London Road on its office of destruction and death, the Cross of Eleanor remained inviolate. The waxlights in the Abbey of Westminster, endowed by Edward to burn for ever over the beautiful tomb of his beloved, were extinguished by the Reformation after burning day and night for three hundred years ; but the Cross of Northampton still stands in almost its pristine splendour to commemorate the beautiful, gracious, and affectionate Eleanor of Castile.

When you stand at Charing Cross in London gazing at the Nelson Column, pause for a moment to reflect that another besides the great admiral is honoured there, for there stood for centuries the most southerly of the long line of Eleanor's crosses ; and while London stands and the world's millions pour

down that artery of the great metropolis, the name of Charing Cross will repeat the doleful cry, "*chère reine*,"¹ of the bereaved king as he accompanied the dead body of his queen to its last resting-place in the Abbey of Westminster.

¹One antiquarian says that "Charing" is merely Char + ryng, the ring which the cars (*Char*, Fr.) went round while their masters were attending the royal levees at Westminster Palace.

CHAPTER IX

THE WARS OF THE ROSES — WAKEFIELD GREEN

AFTER the Battle of Northampton, Parliament was summoned for the redress of grievances, and the attainder issued in the previous year against the Yorkist lords was removed. York returned in September from Ireland, and marched into London in royal state at the head of 500 horsemen. He entered the House of Lords and laid his hand on the gold cloth of the throne amid the silence and frowns of the peers. Not meeting with the response which he had expected, he left the House and seized the royal apartments in the palace of Westminster as his hereditary right. Thence he sent to the peers a written demand for the crown, arguing that his claim was prior to that of any member of the line of Lancaster. The lords carried this document to the king, and his comment thereon was perhaps the most sensible speech he ever made, "My father was king; his father also was king; I have worn the crown forty years from my cradle; you have all sworn fealty to me as your sovereign, and your fathers have done the same to my fathers; how then can my right be disputed?" The peers withdrew, discussed the momentous question, and finally reached a conclusion which was accepted by the king and by York. Henry

was to remain king for life; York was to be Protector, Prince of Wales, and heir to the crown. This compromise was satisfactory also to Warwick, who had not favoured York's immediate elevation to the throne. The agreement was solemnly ratified at St. Paul's. In that agreement no mention whatever was made of Queen Margaret and her son, the young prince.

The disinheriting of her son roused the insulted queen to rancour and restless activity. She flitted from Wales to Scotland; thence she sped from castle to castle in the north of England, rousing the Lancastrian lords and consolidating her forces. Her passionate indignation, her marvellous energy, and her unconquerable will, stirred up the north to a man in her cause. She soon had an army of 20,000 under her banners. The muster place was York, strangely called to-day "The White Rose City," although for many troubled years it was the very centre and rallying-point of the Red Rose party.

The Duke of York had enjoyed the honours of his third protectorate for less than a month when he heard of Margaret's rising in the north. He hastened with Salisbury to his castle of Sandal, near the town of Wakefield, about thirty miles south-west of York. On Christmas Eve he reached his northern stronghold with 5,000 supporters. The natal day of the Prince of Peace meant not to the stern duke nor to the infuriated queen "peace and good-will to all mankind." In Sandal Castle the duke waited a few days for the reinforcements which he expected his son, Edward, Earl of March, to bring up from the borders

of Wales. He was not permitted by Margaret to pursue the course of wisdom which he had planned. She marched from York with her great force, accompanied by Somerset and Clifford, whose fathers had been slain at St. Albans. With 20,000 men at her command she determined to draw York from his castle before the arrival of his son. The odds were in her favour, four to one, and her victory in an im-



By permission of H. M. Wilson, Wakefield.

RUINS OF SANDAL CASTLE, WAKEFIELD

mediate engagement was assured. She sent word to Sandal Castle that it was unbecoming for the future king of England to coop himself up in a strong fortress for fear of a woman. Her taunts at length provoked the duke to issue forth, notwithstanding the various protests of Salisbury and other lords.

The manoeuvres in the Battle of Wakefield, December 30th, 1460, were of the simplest. Somerset commanded the queen's army and led the main body. He put one wing in charge of Clifford and the other

in charge of the Earl of Wiltshire, with instructions to lie in ambush until York was in their clutches. When the main battle had been joined, the two Lancastrian wings closed in on the entrapped enemy. Two thousand Yorkists soon lay dead on the Green of Wakefield. Scarcely any of the leaders escaped. The duke himself, who was furiously assailed, fell fighting. Edmund of Rutland, a boy of seventeen, Richard's second son, was killed by Clifford in the pursuit, as he fled over Wakefield Bridge. Tradition says that the boy fell on his knees and implored mercy; but the savage Clifford swore, "As thy father slew mine, so will I slay thee and all thy kin." Salisbury was taken prisoner and beheaded next day at Pontefract near by. The victorious queen, in the intoxication of success, stained her triumph by many insensate acts. Even if she is relieved from the odium attaching for all time to Clifford "The Butcher," she must be held responsible for the execution of Salisbury without a trial. Nor is this the worst of the story. When York's head after death was cut off by Clifford and carried to the queen, she exhibited malicious joy and laughed long and violently. She then, according to a barbarous custom of the times, gave orders that the head of York, surmounted by a paper crown, should be spiked over the Micklegate Bar of York City, "So York may overlook the town of York." The head of his son, Rutland, and that of Salisbury, Warwick's father, were also placed there,—a grim company to be avenged within three months almost within sight of Micklegate Bar on the bloody field of Towton.

Wakefield is a town of great antiquity, as is shown by its mention in the Domesday Book as Wachefield. Whoever would view the battlefield should approach it from York, as Queen Margaret did. A railway journey of an hour brings you to the heart of the modern prosperous and busy city. A walk to the south of a mile and a half beyond the bridge over the Calder brings you to the "Three Houses Inn," a favourite resort of northern highwaymen in the days of "Dick Turpin." Near the inn, to the west, may be seen all that is left of Sandal Castle. Huge mounds of broken masonry, and traces of the old moat, all adorned now by nature's kindly hand, are the sole relics of the famous mediæval stronghold. It survived the Wars of the Roses only to be dismantled and demolished by the order of Parliament after Cromwell's victory at Naseby.

From Sandal Castle you return to town by Many-gates Lane, which runs through the battlefield. About two furlongs from the castle ruins, you find the monument recently erected as a memorial of "Wakefield Green." On the side of the pillar which faces the lane is this inscription, "Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, fighting for the cause of the White Rose, fell on this spot in the Battle of Wakefield, December 30th, 1460." On another side of the pillar these words appear, "This stone is erected in 1897, by some who wish to preserve the traditional site." The student of history who stands here in this quiet, rural lane cannot fail to recall the stormy dialogue which Shakespeare penned one hundred

and fifty years after the battle. On this very spot York took his final stand : —

“ Here must I stay, and here my life must end.”

Hither comes Margaret after her lords have seized him (for the dramatist does not follow the historical narrative and make York die fighting). She addresses her prisoner with fierce sarcasm : —

“ What! was it you that would be England’s king?
Was it you that revell’d in our Parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?”

She then hands to him a napkin stained with the blood of his son, Rutland, and asks him to dry his cheeks with it. After the long, savage harangue of the gloating queen, York has his turn at invective : —

“ She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder’s tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!

“ Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O tiger’s heart wrapp’d in a woman’s hide!
How couldst thou drain the life blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman’s face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.”

This is not historical truth by any means, but it is better than the dry dust of all the annals which record the Wakefield butchery.

The field in which the memorial stone stands was, on the day of my visit, a field of hay stubble, cropped by a small flock of sheep. The field is the lowest part of the valley between Sandal Height and the hills of Wakefield, and much nearer to Sandal than to Wakefield. A thorn hedge skirts Manygates Lane throughout most of its length. A fine row of chestnut trees stands opposite the monument, their wide-spreading roots interlacing amid the clay of the slain. As you look towards Wakefield from the fifteenth century field of carnage, you are struck by the great contrast between the activities of man in feudal times and the multiform and changed activities of to-day. Yonder, a mile away, rise scores of tall chimneys over factories of many industries, for in Wakefield the variety of manufactured products is most extensive, and in several lines of production Wakefield has the largest output in the world.

As I passed over Wakefield Bridge at the southern edge of the town, my attention was attracted to a chapel on the bridge. This is the finest specimen in existence of a bridge chantry.¹ It is a beautiful Gothic structure, thirty feet by twenty-four. It was endowed by Edward IV in memory of his father, Richard, Duke of York, slain in the battle, and of his brother, Rutland, slain while crossing the bridge. The bridge was built in the fourteenth century, long before the battle. In the suppression of the chantries in the time of Henry VIII this little chapel escaped destruction. Services are still held regularly in the chantry.

¹ There are only two others in the kingdom.

From the summit of Lawe Hill, in the beautiful Wakefield Park, you get an excellent view, as in a map, of the old battlefield. Below and before you stretches a natural panorama of unusual beauty all the way to Sandal Castle, a mile and a half distant. Between your point of vantage and the ruined Sandal on the distant hill, contended the armies of the two



By permission of W. C. Machan, Wakefield.

WAKEFIELD CHANTRY

Roses on Wakefield Green, four hundred and fifty years ago, in an age of turbulence and semi-barbarism, when human life was held as cheap as water. An heroic figure was Richard, Duke of York, whose career ended behind that clump of trees by Manygates Lane. Had he patiently awaited the assistance of his son, Edward, instead of weakly yielding to Queen Margaret's provocations, he would within a month, probably, have been king of England as Richard III, and his son Gloucester would never have borne that,

or possibly any other, royal title. But "ifs" and "ans" and "an ifs" would have changed the course of English history at a thousand junctures. Margaret, not Richard, won, — and of Margaret's strange career these sketches have still much to record.

CHAPTER X

THE WARS OF THE ROSES — ST. ALBANS (SECOND BATTLE)

"Short tale to make, we at St. Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought."

— "Henry VI, Part III."

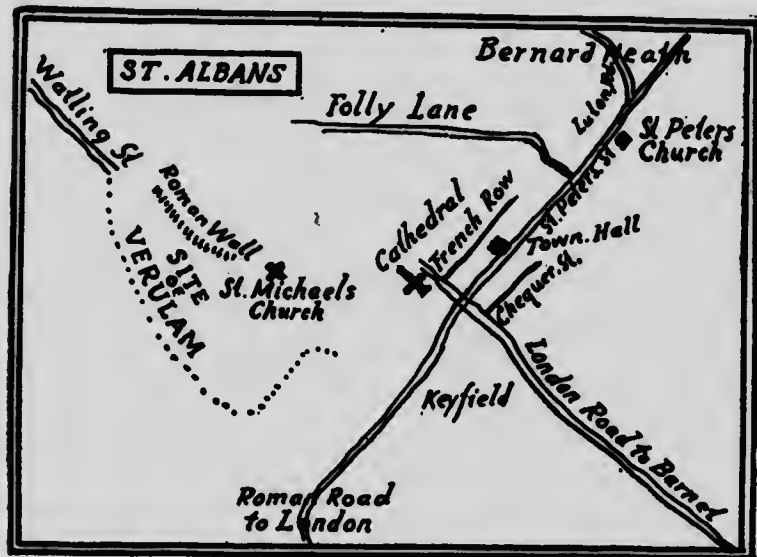
AFTER the Battle of Wakefield Green, Margaret was soon at the head of 40,000 men, as lawless a force as ever marched in England. As they moved south, they terrorized and pillaged as they went, and the rumours of their depredations roused London and the South against the coming horde of freebooters. Along the Ermine Street every town and castle and hamlet was looted utterly. Onwards rolled the semi-savage raiders by the same route as that over which had marched the Yorkist army six years before, and to the same destination, — the ancient city of St. Albans; for the lurid lightning of war often does strike twice in the same spot.

Margaret had killed the Duke of York, but in so doing she had created a nemesis, which was in the end to effect her downfall and the destruction of all her hopes. The Earl of March, far away on the Severn, received the news of the death of his father with an outburst of filial grief, soon succeeded by a sterner mood which boded ill for Margaret. York

was alive again in the person of his eldest son, with even greater talents for war, and with a resolution which carried him swiftly to the throne. With an army consisting mainly of Welsh borderers, he started for the east. His progress was blocked by the king's half-brother, Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, at Mortimer's Cross, near Hereford. Edward's qualities of a great commander, to be displayed on many a field, were first exhibited here, when he was only nineteen years old. He defeated the royalists with great slaughter. In retaliation for the dreadful deeds perpetrated at Wakefield, he killed, after the battle, his most distinguished prisoners, including Owen Tudor, the father of the Earl of Pembroke, and the ancestor of the Tudor line of sovereigns. Edward pushed on to London, his power increasing as he advanced. Before he reached his goal another battle had been fought.

On hearing of the disaster at Wakefield and the subsequent atrocities, Warwick, who had been keeping Christmas in the country, rode up to London at full speed and seized the helm of state in the interests of the young Duke of York, absent in the west. The citizens of London and the south-east, fearing the invading host from the north, rallied to the support of the earl. With 30,000 men Warwick was soon on his march to stem the Lancastrian tide of plunder and devastation. As he had heard that the enemy was scattered over a front of several miles in their eagerness to leave no booty untouched, he advanced up the London Road, deployed to the right, and on reaching St. Albans wheeled his long line towards

the left, his extended front reaching from Bernard's Heath at St. Albans almost to Nomansland, three miles to the north-east. Warwick's force was composed mainly of archers, who lay thick for miles in all the woods and hedges to the east and north of the town. We now hear first in England of hand-



gun-men, whom Warwick had brought over from Flanders. King Henry, a mere pawn in the game of war, was present for a third time as a spectator of a bloody engagement, and, as it turned out, for a third time he brought bad luck to those who conducted him to the deadly arena.

Margaret's whole army, or at least a considerable division of it, must have left the Ermine Street at Royston, where the old Roman road, Icknield Street (from Norfolk to Cornwall), crosses the North Road,

then proceeded down this road towards Dunstable, and then down Watling Street towards St. Albans. The Yorkists, in 1455, on leaving Ermine Street had reached St. Albans from the north-east, but it would appear that on this occasion, either from considerations of plunder or for tactical reasons, Margaret's army, or the greater portion of it, reached St. Albans from the north-west. This would account for the two attacks from the west soon to be mentioned and for the remarkable mistake of the scouts of Warwick who pricked in vain through the heaths and woods to the north-east of the town.

As Warwick's scouts had failed to report correctly the disposition and location of Margaret's forces, he, thinking she was still nine miles away, was quite unprepared when he was suddenly attacked by a detachment of the Red Rose advancing against his left from the west over another part of Bernard's Heath and into the town past St. Michael's Church. This preliminary skirmish took place in St. Peter's Street. Warwick's archers drove back this division of the Lancastrians without difficulty. In another part of the field disaster awaited the earl's troops. A turn-coat squire of Kent, named Lovelace, went over to the enemy, and let the Lancastrians through the attenuated line of the Yorkists to cause havoc in their rear. The king fell into the hands of his friends as he sat beneath an aged oak impassively awaiting the issue of the action.

When the rumour of treacherous desertions and of the capture of the king spread abroad, panic seized the Yorkist lines. The disorder was increased by a

movement of that division of the queen's forces which had retired after the first skirmish, and, having re-formed, had come on again. This body of men had crept by back lanes in the north-west of the town to the north end of St. Peter's Street and had then fallen unexpectedly upon the Yorkists already retreating in disorder from Bernard's Heath. Warwick's ill luck was threefold. He had made his line too long and thin; he had chosen incompetent scouts; and he had trusted an important command to traitorous hands. Three thousand of his army were slain, and the rest surged through the streets of St. Albans, pursued by the northern host. Warwick had little opportunity for generalship during the battle, but after his defeat he showed his mettle and his organizing capacity. At the southern margin of the town he rallied his forces as they came streaming down in disorder and fear. He was aided in the salvation of his broken power by the wild greed of Margaret's men. Spoils of victory, not the lives of the vanquished, were their supreme desire, and at once after their triumph they hurried in brutal rivalry to sate their lust for plunder. A night of terror, unequalled in the eventful annals of that city, followed for St. Albans. The houses of rich and poor alike were ravaged from roof to cellar, and the defenceless inhabitants were the victims of all kinds of lawless excesses.

Margaret was little better than her raging followers. After a joyful reunion with the king, she ordered two prisoners of note, who had been the custodians of King Henry and whom the king had

promised to protect, to be brought before her. She sent for the little Prince of Wales, eight years of age, and told him to choose what kind of death these knights should suffer. The young prince said, "Let them have their heads taken off." At the whim of the child, himself one day to be murdered after a battle, both prisoners lost their heads on the evening of this veritable carnival of blood. The day of this second Battle of St. Albans was Shrove Tuesday, February 17th, 1461.

In the afternoon of this day of slaughter, King Henry, on the field, bestowed knighthood on the prince, his son, and on thirty more of his adherents. The royal party and the northern lords then went to the abbey and returned thanks to the God of battles for their great victory. Only the distinguished presence of the king and queen in the beautiful abbey that night saved it from spoliation and fire.

In a former chapter some references were made to the aspects of the modern town of St. Albans, especially to the parts of the town where the first Battle of St. Albans was fought. Some supplementary observations touching the second battle here follow.

Bernard's Heath, north of the town, the scene of most of the fighting in the second battle, is reached by way of St. Peter's Street and the road to Luton. The Heath is not more than half a mile from the town hall. It retains much of its original wildness. On the bright day of my visit it was frequented by groups of children, with and without attendants,

holding holiday. A tiny pond afforded fishing for happy boys. The Heath was covered with tall grass, thistles, wild raspberries, and a great variety of sturdy weeds. Somewhat oddly I heard one loyal band of girls and boys, near the spot where Henry VI was rescued from his foes, singing lustily in honour of Edward VII, "God Save the King!" Without doubt the spirit of nationality is not decadent in England, for later in the day I saw in old Verulamium near the ruined wall a boy of fourteen drilling with much intelligence and skill a small company of younger lads armed with broomsticks and bisected fishing-rods. The great king for whom they sang and marched that day has passed, but the patriotic spirit of the youth of St. Albans will abide, even though they are not fully acquainted with all the details of those two historic days when the victory of the White Rose, and, in turn, the victory of the Red Rose, made their natal borough immortal in the history of England.

The visitor to St. Albans will without difficulty find French Row and Folly Lane mentioned in the records of the second battle. French Row, a mediæval thoroughfare near the Clock Tower, got its name from the French troops which occupied the town under the Dauphin of France, who, in 1216, after the signing of the Great Charter, came over to aid the barons of England in their struggle with King John. In this street Warwick posted the archers who repulsed the Lancastrian skirmishers in the early part of the fight. Folly Lane, the road by which these same Lancastrians later in

the day found their way in to attack Warwick at St. Peter's Church, runs from the Verulam Road in the north-west towards St. Peter's Street.

St. Albans Abbey—now the cathedral church—which has been mentioned at the close of the narrative of both battles, is said to be the oldest of the great English churches now surviving. It stands on higher ground than any other in England, and it boasts the longest Gothic nave in the world. It is a storehouse of examples of all the styles of architecture,—Norman, Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular. The tower, built in the reign of William I, is visible for many miles around. While viewing the interior of the abbey, the visitor should glance up to the ceiling of the tower, a hundred feet high, towards the red and white roses of Lancaster and York freely used in the decorative painting of the sixteenth century.

CHAPTER XI

THE WARS OF THE ROSES — TOWTON

"Witness Aire's unhappy water,
Where the ruthless Clifford fell;
And when Wharfe ran red with slaughter
On the day of Towton's Field,
Gathering in its guilty flood
The carnage and the ill-spilt blood
That forty thousand lives could yield.

* * * *

Cressy was to this but sport,
Poitiers but a pageant vain,
And the work of Agincourt
Only like a tournament." — SOUTHEY.

AFTER the second Battle of St. Albans, Warwick's army melted away to a small remnant of 5,000 men. With these he turned west to meet Edward, his cousin, who was rapidly approaching London. As soon as Warwick joined Edward they proceeded to the capital as fast as they could cover ground. Margaret had come as far south as Barnet; but, unable to concentrate her scattered marauders, she remained there eight days, giving Warwick and Edward the inestimable advantage which the interval of her inaction afforded. On the appearance of Edward the delight of the Londoners was unbounded. They had, every night for a week, gone to their beds in fear and risen with apprehension, and the lifting

of the terrible load drove them to excesses of demonstrative joy. The gay, accomplished, and handsome young duke rode in triumph into the city with ten thousand enthusiastic soldiers.

On the day following the arrival of the duke, during a review of the troops in the fields of Clerkenwell, some one in the crowd of citizen onlookers raised the cry, "Long live King Edward!" The shout was taken up spontaneously by the vast multitude, and the thrilling incident so impressed the Yorkist leaders that they determined to give the people at once the desire of their hearts. A great Council was hastily convoked to confirm the popular verdict. It was announced that Henry, by joining the queen's forces, had forfeited the crown, and that consequently Edward, Duke of York, was the rightful king of England. On March 4th, Edward rode with his retinue to Westminster Hall, mounted the throne, and addressed the acclaiming assemblage. Then the heralds at the corner of every street proclaimed him king as Edward IV.

When Margaret heard of these unexpected events, she withdrew from Barnet to St. Albans, thence by Watling Street and the Fosse Way to Lincoln, and up the Ermine Street towards York. On the route she picked up her scattered army which was engaged in harrying the country over a swath of fifty miles along the Great Road. When she reached York she sent urgent messages to all the northern lords to come in at once to the muster. Within a few days she had a motley army of 60,000 men.

On March 7th Warwick, with those veterans who

had stood by him on his retreat from St. Albans, set out towards York. On the way he gathered in thousands of his retainers, and also other Yorkists who now flocked to the standard of the Ragged Staff. Three days later the levies from the southern counties followed Warwick. On March 12th Edward himself, amid the tumultuous shouts of the happy Londoners, set out at full speed with the rear-guard and his personal following. At Leicester he came up to the rest of the army, all having taken Watling Street and the Fosse Way towards Lincoln. The Yorkists now numbered nearly 40,000 as they pushed north, a few days only behind the plundering horde of Margaret, through smoking villages, past ransacked homes, and within view of the thousands of miserable victims of the rapacious and cruel Lancastrians. From Lincoln towards York the retiring and the advancing army moved with equal pace. On March 26th the Yorkists passed the Don, and Edward's scouts were in touch with the enemy.

The first engagement, preliminary to the great battle, occurred on Friday, March 27th, at Ferrybridge on the river Aire, where the North Road crosses. Lord Fitzwalter with the vanguard had seized the bridge for Edward, but he was soon dispossessed by Clifford, "The Butcher," who came down like a whirlwind upon him when he was off his guard, routed and slew him. Next day, Lord Fauconbridge, Warwick's uncle, crossed the Aire at Castleford, three miles higher up, and attempted to catch Clifford in the rear. Clifford, with a smaller force, seeing that he could not hold his ground, evac-

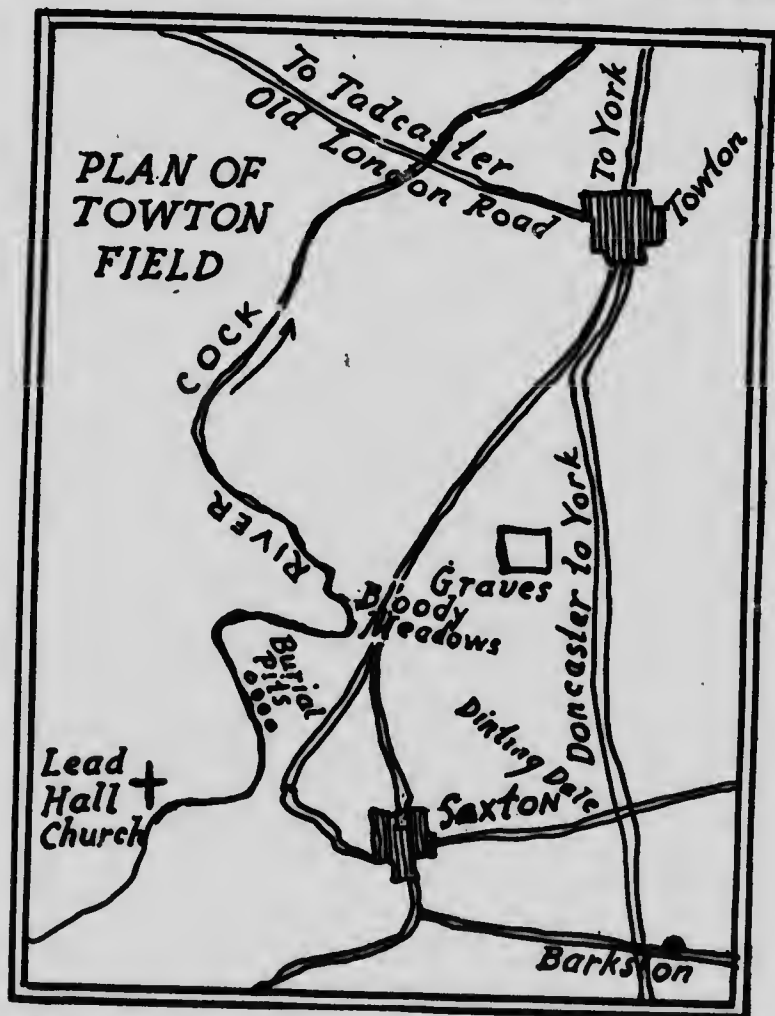
uated Ferrybridge and drew back to the north to join the main army. Fauconbridge was not the man to allow his quarry to escape. He pursued Clifford and brought his odious career to an end by cutting him down at Dintingdale, almost within sight of the Lancastrian camp.

The main army of the Lancastrians was encamped on Towton hillside, about ten miles south of York, between the rivers Aire and Wharfe. Queen Margaret, King Henry, and Prince Edward, for prudential reasons, had been left behind at York to await the issue of the struggle. Somerset commanded for the queen.

The Yorkists, in bad weather, moved slowly towards their foes up the Great Road, none too good at that time of the year. On Saturday, the 28th, they encamped on a ridge south of Saxton village, and awaited the arrival of their belated battalions, for eight or ten thousand men from the eastern counties, under Norfolk, were still far in the rear.

The great Battle of Towton was fought on Palm Sunday, March 29th, 1461. The two camps at dawn were separated by an interval of about two miles. The battlefield is a narrow plateau, over a hundred feet higher than the surrounding country, fringed on the east by the Great North Road and on the west by the river Cock. The area of the plateau must be somewhat less than two square miles; and, when it is considered that more than 100,000 men manœuvred and fought on a field of a thousand acres, under phenomenal weather conditions, the estimate of the chroniclers respecting the length of the fight and the number of the slain ceases to be puzzling.

The Lancastrians faced the south in front of Towton, their left on the highroad and their right on the bank of the Cock near the only bridge. Their nar-



row front of less than a mile (the width of the plateau) made many thousands of their great host utterly useless until the front lines of their comrades had

been mowed down and they were called into action. The Yorkists, facing the north, had their centre at Saxton village and their left on the river. Their right wing had not come up from Ferrybridge when the fight began, nor did it arrive till they were in desperate need of help. The position of the Lancastrians seemed to be unassailable in front and on both flanks. The situation of the Yorkists, with a much smaller army and without the strength and protection of a strong right flank, seemed precarious. Although outnumbered, two to one, Warwick and Edward were still smarting from the stroke of Wakefield Green, which had ruthlessly, only a few miles distant, destroyed their fathers. Their men, too, were in high fettle, for their brave leaders were experienced and popular, and their own eyes had viewed all along the Great North Road scenes of ruin and ravage which cried aloud for retribution.

At four in the morning of that wintry day, the clarions sounded and the Yorkists began their advance from Saxton, Warwick commanding the centre, Fauconbridge the left, and the king, with a reserve, slightly in the rear on the right, leaving room for Norfolk and his columns to move up the road when he arrived. The Yorkist front was necessarily stretched out to the east to equal the length of the Lancastrian front, and that necessity, as will be seen, made the smaller army as effective as the larger, and contributed, on the arrival of Norfolk at noon, to the turning of the scale of battle. A biting north wind at first faced the Yorkists as they struggled up the gentle ascent of the plateau. After proceeding

half a mile, they descried the position of the Lancastrians.

At this juncture, on the very edge of battle, the north wind, charged with snow, strangely veered and struck the Lancastrians fiercely. The two armies were enveloped in the storm, so that only their answering shouts told of their locations. Fauconbridge, by an intuition of genius, made the snowstorm an ally. He ordered his archers to advance and drop several flights of arrows upon the shouting foe, and then quickly to return to their former position. The wind helped to wing their deadly shafts, and the snow allowed the archers to retire unobserved. The Lancastrian bowmen were soon at it, and for half an hour they continued to waste their precious missiles, which fell far short of their intended mark. When Fauconbridge knew that the arrows of the enemy must be nearly exhausted, he bade his archers again advance, but he instructed them, unless too severely assailed, to hold their ground and empty their quivers before withdrawing. The Lancastrians, galled by the terrible and incessant volleys, were obliged to rush to close quarters; and thereafter the two armies were engaged hand-to-hand. The fight became desperate beyond the power of pen to describe. Edward had ordered that no quarter was to be given and that no prisoners were to be taken. Warwick, at a critical moment in the fight, had dismounted from his black steed, plunged his sword to the hilt in its body, sworn on the red blade that he would fight on foot along with his men to the bitter end and never leave the field but as a victor.

For seven hours, with pike, with sword, with battle-axe, fought the infuriated combatants, enveloped in a blinding snowstorm. For seven hours there was not a moment's respite, and the immaculate snow-crystals as soon as they fell continued to be trampled and crimsoned all over the field. Everywhere Warwick was in the press of the struggle. The bloody details of those strenuous hours were never recounted coherently, because no one, on account of the thick-falling snow, could see what was happening elsewhere. Each survivor could report only infinitesimal fragments of the sanguinary whole. Nowhere else on English soil, not even at Senlac, has there been such woeful slaughter. It is, in military experience, regarded as an awful fate for an army in the field if it is unfortunate enough to be "decimated"; but a far worse fate than "decimation" awaited the luckless fighters of Towton Field.

The end came at last when, as the snow ceased, Norfolk's thousands, the missing right wing of Edward, swept along the highroad and in behind the Lancastrian left wing, which had crowded down into the thick of the fight. These fresh Yorkist troops carried all before them. Somerset saw his awful dilemma, but he fought on. The Lancastrian lines were soon huddled together and pressing in hot haste for the bridge over the Cock. The spring floods had so swollen the little beck that it was not easily fordable, excepting in places now held by the Yorkists. The eastern bank of the stream was soon lined with panic-stricken fugitives; the stream itself was soon a red and seething flood of drowned

and drowning men. For three hours after the arrival of Norfolk the butchery continued. Many of the northerners fought savagely even in defeat; they knew that they were doomed, and that stern fact steeled them to give death-strokes to as many of their conquerors as possible.



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MICKLEGATE BAR, YORK

All those three hours a thin line of fleeing Lancastrians dribbled over the bridge on the Tadcaster Road. Finally the cry spread, "*Sauve qui peut!*" The last who crossed the river got over, not by the wooden bridge, but over a causeway of human bodies encased in heavy armour or in the lighter defence of steel salets and leathern jacks.

The slaughter of

the conquered continued all day along the Great Road, even to the gates of York. On the following day, when Edward and Warwick reached Micklegate Bar, they saw the bleached and withered heads of their fathers still, after three months' exposure, spiked

above the gate. They lowered them reverently for burial; and then they gave measure for measure. The heads of two of their chief victims were soon raised to the perch of dishonour, and even distant London Bridge soon received its quota of severed heads. King Henry, Queen Margaret, and young Prince Edward fled with their retinue through Boot-ham Bar for Scotland. Somerset escaped into exile.

After the Battle of Towton the heralds counted on the field, in the Cock, and on the Tadcaster Road, 28,000 corpses, of which 8,000 were of the Yorkists. That is, one-sixth of the Yorkist army was slain, and one-third of the Lancastrian.

The obstinate and decisive struggle on Towton Field placed the crown of England securely on Edward's head. He celebrated the feast of Easter at York, marched as far as Newcastle without opposition, and then returned to London. Sweeping bills of attainder were passed against his late foes, and their domains were forfeited and distributed among the Yorkists. Exactly three months after Towton, June 29th, the coronation of Edward IV was celebrated.

The battlefield of Towton is reached most expeditiously from York by way of Church Fenton, which is the railway station nearest the field. No tourists visit Towton, and I had to solicit the aid of a farmer to guide me to the scene of the fight. In his two-wheeled "trap" we rode west about three miles towards Saxton village, striking the North Road at Dintingdale, where Clifford fell. Our course then

took us northwards on the Doncaster and York Road towards the village of Towton.

Just south of Towton there is a fork of three prongs in the road, one the highway over which we had come, one the road to Tadcaster, which crosses the Cock Bridge, and one back to the south-south-west towards Saxton. We took the last road, which brought us right through the old battlefield. About half-way between Towton and Saxton, where the contest raged for ten bloody hours without ceasing, my companion, whose sixty years had made him familiar with the place, began to point towards features of interest on the field. At last he stopped before a gate, led his horse and passenger over a very uneven pasture field, downwards and still downwards over a gentle descent, until we reached a thread of water which one could jump over. "This is the Bloody Meadow," he remarked with nonchalance, "where so many were killed." "And where is the Cock River?" I asked. "Oh! that is the Cock Dyke there," he rejoined with a smile. "But I thought there was a river here in which hundreds were drowned." — "I don't know about that, but this is all the river there is; in the spring, when the floods come, there is more water." Indeed, nearly every year, the Cock in flood covers its banks for fifty yards in both directions.

After passing the Bloody Meadow we came to a bend in the Cock where my companion pointed out the site of the burial pits. To our left spread the beautiful Towton Dale where the front lines were at death-grips for ten agonizing hours: —

"Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast."¹

Here stood "the setter up and plucker down of kings" when with theatrical display he steadied his wavering followers by slaying his faithful charger: —

"I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.

* * * * *

"Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge."²

We returned to Church Fenton through the hamlet of Saxton, which, like Towton to the north, has grown but little during these five centuries. Shakespeare devotes four scenes of "King Henry VI" to the drama enacted on this famous plateau, but it is no more populous than before his pen "eternized" it, and it is not frequented by curious travellers from over the seven seas. "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife" the twin historic villages sleepily live their slow, long life. On that March day of the fifteenth century when Edward of York "waded through slaughter to a throne," Towton and Saxton saw and heard enough of strife to last them a thousand years. A giant ash at Barkston, within arrow-shot of Lord Clifford's grave, situated in the very centre of busy Yorkshire, stands up as sentinel over the quiet fields where "heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap" above Yorkists and Lancastrians.

Macaulay declares that if the England of early days could by some magical process be set before our

¹ "King Henry VI, Part III."

² *Ibid.*

eyes, we should not know one landscape in a hundred ; the country gentleman would not recognize his own fields. Of Towton this comment is scarcely true. This is the same plateau and these are the same two little villages that made up the rural scene when the rival Roses met. The main features of the landscape abide.

When a visitor watches the Yorkshire farmers in their Towton-Saxton fields going about their daily labour in their few acres of wheat, and barley, and oats ; of potatoes, and turnips, and field beets ; of luxuriant rhubarb destined for London's use ; he is at first disposed to wonder at their stolid indifference to all that history teaches about this interesting region ; but he is amazed, to the verge of incredulity, when his favourite historian asks him to believe that in a week after the battle "the peasant was driving his team and the esquire flying his hawks over the field of Towton as if no extraordinary event had interrupted the regular course of human life." To the end of time may Towton remain, as to-day, the quietest spot in England. On her day of blood, that horrible Palm Sunday of long ago, when she should have been celebrating by the strewing of the first green branches and the scattering of the earliest spring flowers the entry of the Prince of Peace into Jerusalem, she was witnessing the strangest excesses of nature and of man, for on one and the same wild day she was enveloped in the most fearful vernal snow-storm of which that English county has any record, and deluged with streams of human blood without parallel in the annals of the British Isles.

CHAPTER XII

THE WARS OF THE ROSES—BARNET

"For who lived king but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must."

—"King Henry VI, Part III," V, 2.

AFTER the Battle of Towton the young king, a boy of twenty, rewarded Warwick, to whom he owed his high station, by heaping honours upon him without stint. He made him again Captain of Calais and Grand Chamberlain of England. He also created him Constable of Dover and Warden of the Cinque Ports. John Neville, Warwick's brother, was made Lord Montague, and George Neville, another brother, was appointed Chancellor. The ascendancy of Warwick, now thirty-three years old, was supreme in the counsels of the young king. The history of England during the next ten years may be divided into four periods, marked by the nature of the relations between Warwick and Edward. As Edward grew older he became restive under Warwick's dominance, then rebellious, then openly hostile. Warwick

endured with long and steady tolerance the altering attitude of the king, but a time at last came when he could no longer brook indifference and insult. The story of the vicissitudes of Warwick's fortunes during this unsettled decade may try the patience of the reader, but no clear narrative of the shifting relations between the king and the earl can be attempted in a few brief paragraphs.



EDWARD IV

During this period Margaret was never idle. To her, defeat never brought despair. In 1462 she escaped with her son from Scotland to France. In the autumn she landed in Northumberland with 2,000 French soldiers. When she heard of the rapid approach of Warwick, she fled with her son and treasure to Scotland.

The rebellion dragged on all through 1463, and at last Margaret returned to her unfailing refuge in her own country. Somerset, her general at Towton, swore allegiance to Edward, and the Lancastrian cause seemed forlorn.

In 1464 Somerset was again in arms for Margaret in the north. At Hedgeley Moor, in April, Montague, Warwick's brother, defeated the Red Rose easily. At Hexham, in May, Montague gained a second victory over the northern rebels. In and after this battle all the Lancastrian lords, including Somerset,

lost their lives, and the civil war seemed to be finally over.

On May 1st, while his troops in the north were fighting his battles, Edward married secretly Lady Elizabeth (Woodville) Grey, the widow of Sir John Grey, a Lancastrian who had fallen in the second Battle of St. Albans. This marriage was the beginning of the declension of Warwick's influence with Edward. The all-powerful family of the Nevilles had to make way at court more and more for the upstart and prolific family of the Woodvilles.

The first friction between Warwick and the king grew out of these secret nuptials. Warwick had schemed to cement France and England by a royal marriage. He had selected Bona of Savoy, sister of the French queen, as the consort of his king. Edward, although he was already united to Elizabeth Woodville, did not oppose Warwick's plan, and even allowed him to correspond with King Louis about the alliance. Just as an English embassy was on the point of starting for France to conclude the contract, Edward surprised his Council and the nation by the publication of the news of his private marriage to Lady Grey five months before. King Louis and Warwick were deeply chagrined at the humiliating situation in which Edward had placed them. Warwick loyally acquiesced in the whims of the young king, and Edward, to placate the earl for the indignity which he had put upon him, appointed his brother George, the Chancellor, Archbishop of York.

In 1465 we get a glimpse of the former king. Henry had wandered through the south of Scotland and the north of England during these troubled years. From castle to castle of his Lancastrian followers he crept, till one of his entertainers in Lancashire betrayed him. Under guard he set out for London, and on the way he was treated shamefully. He was mounted on a wretched nag, his feet bound by leathern straps to the stirrups, and an insulting placard fastened to his back. Warwick, by the king's order, rode forth from London to meet his former sovereign, whom he brought to the Tower, after leading him three times round the pillory as if he were a common felon.

During the whole of 1466, Edward pursued a deliberately irritating policy towards Warwick. On every possible occasion he set his will against that of his adviser. The house of Neville had always looked closely and jealously to the extension of its influence and wealth by arranging the best marriage alliances practicable in England. The king, with obvious design, thwarted, henceforth, all such projected marriages as were likely to benefit the Nevilles. It was when he endeavoured to block the union of his brother, Clarence, and Warwick's elder daughter, Isabel, that he found he had reckoned without his host; for Clarence, notwithstanding the king's stern opposition, pursued the course which his affections dictated.

In 1467 Edward's treatment of Warwick became wantonly outrageous. He sent him on an important treaty-making mission to France merely to get him

out of the way and to humiliate him. When Warwick returned with the French ambassadors to conclude negotiations, both he and the accredited agents of Louis were treated by Edward with studied and prolonged neglect. At the very time that the earl was wincing under this insult, Edward, to add to his discomfiture, suddenly dismissed Archbishop Neville from the chancellorship. Warwick, at last, in high dudgeon, broke with the king, and began to consult for his own aggrandizement and glory.

During the next year, 1468, the estrangement waxed wider. Warwick sulked and brooded, and Edward enjoyed his dangerous freedom. Warwick's personal power and prestige at this time were greater than any other English subject had ever enjoyed. Hume tells us that not fewer than thirty thousand persons daily lived at his board in the different manors and castles which he possessed in England. He was now just forty, in the lusty strength of his mature manhood and at the zenith of his superb intellectual powers. It was not to be supposed that such a man, — rich, powerful, crafty, popular to the verge of idolatry, proud of his family's high descent, conscious that he had seated and sustained Edward on the English throne, — could tamely live out his life in the country without resentment and without intrigue. Whatever were the talents of Edward, and no one ever declared them mediocre, he was afflicted with a strange blindness when he, with malice aforethought, goaded Warwick to treason.

In the spring of 1469 Warwick had completed his plans. He took his wife and daughters to Calais,

of which he was still nominal governor. There at length he gave Isabel, his elder daughter, to Clarence, who also was jealous of the Woodvilles and all their ways. From Calais he directed an insurrection in the north of England. When Edward was moving into the north to quell this rebellion, Warwick and Clarence landed in Kent, and with several thousand men marched on London. Edward was now between the northern host of rebels and the rapidly increasing army of Warwick moving north from London along the Roman road. Demoralization set in among Edward's followers, for his personal qualities and habits at this stage of his life were not very admirable, and it looked as if Warwick had him in a trap. At Edgecote the northern rebels defeated one of Edward's detachments, and his cause appeared hopeless. He was soon a prisoner in the hands of Warwick and Clarence. We have now reached one of the strangest situations in English history. England had two kings for a time, and both were prisoners. Henry was in the Tower of London, and Edward at Middleham Castle, in Yorkshire, in the custody of Warwick.

Only for a month did Edward remain in Warwick's hands. Then, after making all sorts of fair promises, he was allowed to return to London and to resume his royal functions. Warwick required from the king a general pardon for all who had been connected in any way with the recent insurrection, and he exacted other terms necessary to safeguard and strengthen his own position. As the queen's father and brother had met their fate at Northampton after

the affair at Edgecote, the sway of the Woodvilles promised to cause Warwick less annoyance.

The pact between Edward and Warwick lasted only six months. It was violently and suddenly broken by Edward in March, 1470. Another insurrection had called Edward into Lincolnshire. After the rout of the enemy Edward beheaded all the leaders. In his dying confession, one of the rebels charged Warwick and Clarence with complicity in the rising, and when the earl and his son-in-law were peremptorily ordered by the king to appear instantly before him, they fled for their lives. History furnishes no evidence of Warwick's guilt on this occasion, and, indeed, the fact that he was caught so unprepared as to be obliged to flee from England is his sufficient vindication from the accusation of treachery which Edward was only too ready to level against him. Warwick, of course, made for Calais, but he was denied admission. He found then an ally in the king of France, Louis XI, who was delighted to befriend an enemy of Edward.

Warwick had now gone so far that there was no drawing back. When Louis proposed a reconciliation between the earl and Margaret it came as a shock to both, but adversity sometimes makes strange comradeships. Margaret, who had endured so many afflictions and insults springing from Warwick, was much slower than the earl to favour any *rapprochement*. Louis, the most selfish and subtle of mankind, pressed his artful scheme to a successful issue. Warwick on his bended knee implored and obtained Margaret's pardon. The alliance was sealed by the

engagement of Warwick's second daughter, Anne, to Margaret's son, Edward, Prince of Wales, a handsome youth of seventeen. The marriage was to be celebrated as soon as King Henry should be restored to the throne, which, as will be seen, meant a delay of only a few months.

The reconciliation of Margaret and Warwick was naturally not pleasing to Clarence. He was the heir-apparent to the throne, as King Edward had no sons. The league of Margaret with Warwick, and the expected marriage of Anne Neville, his wife's sister, to Edward, Prince of Wales, put at one stroke, two obstacles between him and the throne. King Edward had thus little difficulty in working on the susceptibilities of his brother. Clarence promised that, as soon as he and Warwick reached England, he would desert the earl and declare for Edward. These ever-changing complexities of attachment among the persons of this great national drama must be closely followed and kept in mind if one would understand the confusion and distrust that wrought havoc on the day of Barnet fight.

Warwick was now ready to kindle the fagots which he had carefully laid. He stirred up another insurrection in the north to draw Edward off from London. The king, with Gloucester and his most trusted barons, went out, as Warwick had expected, to meet the rebels. In September, 1470, Warwick landed at Dartmouth in Devon with Clarence, all the exiled Lancastrians, and an army of about 2,000 men, mostly archers loaned by Louis. In a few days he commanded 10,000 men, and as he moved north-east

his numbers grew till they reached the unexpected total of 50,000. Edward's prestige fell with a suddenness almost incomprehensible. One morning Montague, who had adhered to his royal master through all his varying fortunes, seceded to the earl. Edward heard in his own army the startling cry, "God save King Henry!" Edward and Gloucester took horse and fled to Lynn in Norfolk, whence they escaped to Holland.

The speedy movements of Warwick and the swiftness of Edward's fall had made it impossible for Clarence to change sides as he had contemplated. He even had the assurance to accompany Warwick on his triumphant entry into London in October.

The Kingmaker brought forth from the Tower King Henry, whom he himself had conducted thither with much indignity five years before; he arrayed him in regal splendour, and escorted him in state to St. Paul's, where thanksgivings were offered for his restoration. Queen Elizabeth fled for sanctuary to the precincts of Westminster, where was born in a few days a son to King Edward to unsettle all of Warwick's hopes in the possible elevation to the



THE EARL OF WARWICK

throne of any child of his daughters, Isabel and Anne.

Warwick was now master of England. He filled all the important posts with his relatives and trusted allies. Clarence, his treacherous son-in-law, he made lieutenant of Ireland, in perfect ignorance of Clarence's late intentions. Parliament was summoned to ratify meekly Warwick's appointments and to carry his measures without any real discussion. The crown was settled on Edward, Prince of Wales, and his issue. To carry out Warwick's long-cherished European policy, a treaty was concluded with France.

For only five months did Warwick enjoy his sovereignty. Edward spent the winter at the court of Burgundy in correspondence with England and in preparation for an expedition during the coming spring. The Duke of Burgundy had married Edward's sister, and, moreover, he was an enemy of Louis; therefore Edward was able to secure from him help in money and in troops for his perilous venture. With 1,500 English refugees and 300 German hand-gun-men the exiled king set out on March 11th to recover his crown. Next day he reached Cromer on the Norfolk coast, but he did not land when he heard that Oxford had a strong force close at hand. Not daunted by his first failure, he, with his usual audacity and dash, made for Yorkshire. He landed, after some misadventures, at Ravenspur (now submerged) near Spurn Head at the mouth of the Humber,—the very port where Henry of Bolingbroke had landed in 1399 to depose Richard II. It seemed impossible that Edward could succeed in this Lan-

castrian district, but he conceived and was willing to practise tortuous and wicked devices.

On his way towards York Edward declared that he was in arms solely to regain his lost dukedom and to depose from his high seat the turbulent Warwick. Everywhere his soldiers shouted, "Long live King Henry!" He found the gates of York closed against him, but his mendacity and his perjury prevailed over all obstacles. He swore before the high altar in York Minster that he abjured the crown utterly and for ever. He remained only a day in York and then pushed south past Tadcaster to Sandal Castle near Wakefield, where his father had spent his last night of life. Montague, Warwick's brother, was at Pontefract to block the Great North Road, but he appears to have been undecided in his allegiance, and he let Edward slip past him. When Edward had crossed the Trent his old supporters by thousands began to rise in his favour. His march then assumed the nature of a triumph, and he boldly threw his protestations and oaths to the winds and again styled himself King Edward.

Warwick had expected his brother Montague to hold the invader in check, but as Edward swept onwards towards London he himself was forced to hurry to the midlands for his own faithful retainers. He had been taken completely unawares and plunged in a sore dilemma by Edward's sudden movements. On March 28th he was at Coventry with 6,000 men, while Edward was at Leicester with 10,000. All now depended, for both leaders, on the timely arrival of aid. Clarence's force was the first to come

up. Warwick was expecting much from this strong division of 7,000 men; but Edward had reason to know that the coming force was his. The defection of Clarence, his "false, fleeting, perjured" ally, struck Warwick a deadly blow. He dare not accept battle against 17,000. Edward's opportunity had come, and he seized it promptly and made a dash for London, which he reached in five days, on Good Friday of 1471. In London his cause had always been popular, and he was received there with open arms.

Warwick was almost immediately reinforced by Oxford and by Montague, for the latter had at last determined to throw in his lot with his brother. He hastened after Edward, always distant from him about twenty miles. The rear-guard which Edward had posted on the Great Road tried to retard him, but without much success. On Saturday night his army encamped on a plateau north-east of the little town of Barnet. Edward, having strengthened and refreshed his troops, started north again from London on Saturday afternoon to fight it out with Warwick at once.

As Barnet (or Chipping Barnet) is only nine miles north of London, Edward came into touch with the enemy that evening. His vanguard drove Warwick's scouts through the streets of Barnet back to Hadley Common less than a mile away, where Warwick lay. Edward's troops in the darkness of the April night moved up the gentle ascent and ranged themselves in front of the hedges behind which the Lancastrians had bivouacked. We have no other record anywhere in history of two armies passing the night in such close proximity and in such peculiar circumstances. The

darkness and the separating screen of hedges had deceived Edward as to his position. Not only was he nearer to Warwick than he surmised, but he was not quite opposite to him. His right stretched far to the east of Warwick's left, and his left faced Warwick's centre. The earl, to keep his men alert and to disquiet, if not dislodge, the enemy, kept his bombards booming all night long. When Edward perceived that the range of Warwick's cannon carried the projectiles over the heads of his men, he despatched orders through his lines to preserve dead silence everywhere. In their armour the two hosts anxiously awaited the morning.

Easter Sunday, April 14th, 1471, dawned raw and dismal, and a heavy mist covered Barnet Heath (called in the fifteenth century Gladsmore Heath). The misunderstanding of both generals as to the relative position of the opposing lines was not to be made manifest till they came to close quarters. Warwick commanded his own left wing of trusty retainers; Montague and Oxford had charge of the right with men from the north and east; Somerset, brother of the Somerset of Towton, with his western bowmen and billmen, occupied the centre. On the Yorkist side, Gloucester, Edward's brother, at the age of eighteen, commanded the right; Hastings had the left flank; Edward kept close to Clarence in the centre. Each army numbered about 25,000.

The archers, as usual, opened the engagement, while the clumsy artillery belched and roared and did little harm. Soon the two lines came together and the inevitable result ensued. Each right wing

found no enemy opposite, and folded in on the left of the foe. Montague and Oxford pushed Hastings back over the Heath and through the streets of Barnet. Some of the Lancastrian fugitives carried to London a report of Edward's defeat and death. Edward in the fog was quite unaware of the disaster which had struck his left, and Warwick was just as ignorant of the true posture of the battle, for he had been outflanked by Gloucester and pressed back on his centre.

Now occurred one of those strange freaks of fortune which so often overrule all the prevision and schemes of man. Montague had wisely returned with his division to the field, but his colleague, Oxford, in the exhilaration of success, pursued Hastings' detachment for some miles. When he at length returned to the field, he lost his way, and, instead of striking Edward's rear a damaging blow, as he might have done, and thus turning the scale of battle at a critical conjuncture, it was his hideous destiny to defeat his own leader and ruin his own cause. He must have made a very wide detour over the Heath, for he came in again to the fray in the rear of Warwick's centre. But this was not the worst of the unfortunate contre-temps. The demon of chance and chaos here took charge of the whole action. Edward's gigantic stature and strength, his unconquerable spirit, and his consummate generalship, had told heavily against Somerset, and the centre of the Lancastrians was well-nigh broken at the very moment when Oxford loomed up through the fog. The device of Oxford was a radiant star

emblazoned on the front and back of his soldiers' coats. The device of Edward's troops was a sun with rays. On a clear day these were readily distinguishable even by purblind eyes. When Oxford with startling suddenness came in upon his friends through the fog, and they dimly discerned the radiant star, they mistook it for the cognizance of Edward, and fired a volley of arrows full in the face of the supporting column.

This was the beginning of the end. A military combination cannot subsist without trust. Trust among soldiers who have once been at each other's throats is as difficult as it is rare. Trust among such soldiers in a fog is a constant nightmare, which may at any moment, by the least touch of the unusual or the unexpected, lead to nameless horrors. In this mixed host of Lancastrians and former Yorkists, in an age when loyalty to a cause was rare, and treachery, even on the battlefield, was a common occurrence, confusion was soon rife. Warwick was a renegade, Montague was a doubtful ally, Clarence had just deserted to Edward, Oxford was now by a strange mischance driven by his own friends from the field. With a cry of "Treason!" which filled every breast with distrust and alarm, Oxford's men fled northwards for their lives. Montague was soon slain by his own allies, who had never fully trusted him. Somerset deserted the field with all his forces. Warwick was left fighting alone with his midland retainers. He drew back along the North Road towards St. Albans. At the edge of Wrotham Wood he was overpowered by Edward's victorious troops.

He was slain in his heavy armour, while plying on foot his great battle-axe. Five thousand Lancastrians fell in the fight which lasted about six hours.

The bodies of Warwick and Montague, stripped of their armour and covered with wounds, were carried to London and exposed for three days, head and breast, to the gaze of a curious public, "that no pretenses of their being alive might stir up any rebellion afterwards."

Here seems to be the place to enter a mild protest against the utterly misleading conception of history which denies to battles, and especially to the battles of this long War of the Roses, any important place in the great march of events which make up national life. The Battle of Barnet, with its death-blow to the power of the old baronial nobility of England, laid firmly the foundations of the semi-despotic monarchy of the Tudors and the arrogant pretensions of the ill-starred race of the Stuarts.

From London the Great Northern Railway takes the traveller to High Barnet (Chipping Barnet) in a few minutes. Beyond the northern suburbs of the great city the railway runs through a highly cultivated region of Middlesex. I could not but notice, on my way to the field which blasted the cause of the Red Rose, the quite unusual display of gorgeous rose gardens along the route to Barnet, and everywhere the red rose predominated. The gradient of the railway track for nearly all the nine miles is very steep, for the Barnet plateau is 400 feet above sea level, and the town of Barnet is nearly as high.

From the railway station one has to walk uphill to the town and then turn north-east towards Monken Hadley Church. The church was erected about the time of the discovery of America. Above the front door is the date of erection inscribed in characters which I could not decipher without the aid of a



THE OBELISK AT BARNET

clerical interpreter, who told me that these peculiar signs 1898 meant 1494, the 4's being bisected 8's. Although the church was built thirty-three years after the battle, it was built when some of the survivors of the battle were still parishioners here. Near the site of the present church stood the former sanctuary, in the shelter of which, according to legend, Friar Bungay was posted by Edward, when, by

his magical arts, on the bloody day of Barnet, he raised the fog which caused such boundless mischief. Just beyond the church is "Latimer's Oak," the last meagre remnants (religiously preserved) of a great tree under which Latimer, the reformer and martyr, preached once upon a time in the reign of Henry VIII, and in the branches of which fugitives from the Battle of Barnet took refuge.¹

The object of chief interest in the locality is, of course, the old obelisk on the Great North Road, commemorative of Warwick's dying struggle. Leaving Wrotham Park and Monken Hadley, I crossed Hadley Green to the North Road and soon reached the monolith. It stands right beside the road so as to attract the attention of the thousands who every year pass and repass on the London Road. On every summer day the road is thronged by pedestrians, cyclists, and travellers in all sorts of vehicles, but as a rule they give only a swift glance at this column, which means nothing to them, absorbed as they are in the business or the vanities of modern life. The main inscription on the obelisk faces the road:—

HERE WAS FOUGHT THE FAMOUS BATTLE
BETWEEN EDWARD IVTH
AND THE EARL OF WARWICK
APRIL 14TH
ANNO
1471
IN WHICH THE EARL
WAS DEFEATED AND SLAIN

¹ About a half mile farther on in Hadley Wood is an aged and gigantic elm, still spreading majestic branches, which has

On the north side is the record, "This was erected in 1740." On the west side is the quaint direction, "From St. Albans VIII miles $\frac{3}{4}$," — and on the south side, "To Hatfield VII miles $\frac{3}{4}$."

A bystander whom I accosted expressed doubts as to whether the obelisk had been reared in the proper place. As it is the oldest of the battlefield monuments in England, I am inclined to give our Georgian antiquaries some credit for taking pains. The accounts of the struggle found in the ancient chronicles bring Warwick pretty close to this spot at the desperate end of the day of disaster. Here, or within an arrow shot of this place, fell Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, in the forty-fourth year of his age, the greatest and the last of the old Norman chivalry, known for ever in our annals as "The Kingmaker."

in some unexplained way received the name of "Latimer's Elm."

CHAPTER XIII

THE WARS OF THE ROSES — TEWKESBURY

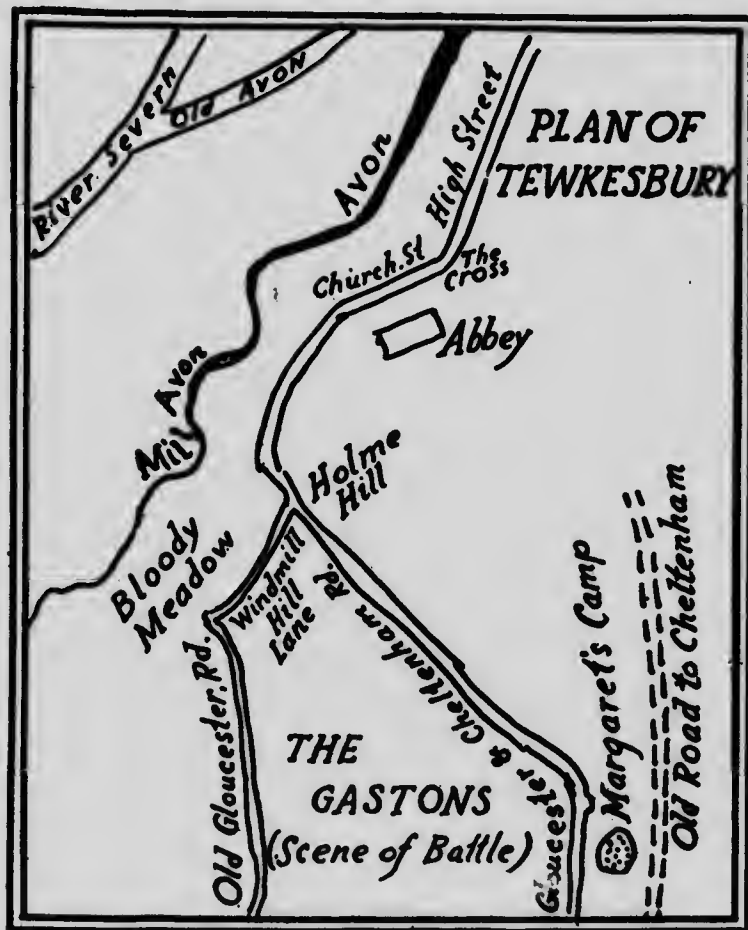
"They do hold their course towards Tewkesbury :
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight." — "King Henry VI, Part III."

FOR sixteen years the "Bellona of English history" had struggled against fate, and even yet the hope sprang strong within her that her turn of glory and mastery was at hand. All winter she had tried to cross the narrow Channel and join Warwick, but tempest after tempest had driven her back. At last she reached Weymouth in Dorset with her son and Anne, his wife, on the very day of the Barnet disaster. After some hours of despondency all the tiger in her nature rushed to her support. Somerset and Oxford, moreover, who had fared so ill at Barnet, came to comfort her and to stimulate her to further exertions. She was soon convinced that her shattered fortunes might yet be repaired. Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, was raising a force in Wales; the south-western counties of Cornwall, Devon, and Somerset could be depended upon; the north of England was still staunchly Lancastrian. Margaret named Exeter in Devon as the muster place. Young Prince Edward, eighteen years of age, was made nominal commander-in-chief of the Red Rose forces.

The Lancastrian plan of campaign contemplated a junction with Pembroke, a rapid march to Cheshire, and a dash into the friendly north-east. The first and most important part of this ambitious scheme was never to be accomplished. From Exeter, Margaret and her army moved to Wells, to Bath, to Bristol, to Gloucester. The first check came unexpectedly at Gloucester. Edward was always rapid in his military movements, and his excellent system of scouting never failed him. He knew why Margaret was hasting for the west, and he set out to anticipate her. He sent word to the governor of Gloucester to hold the gates of the city against her. From Gloucester she pushed on northwards close to the Severn, watching for a ford, as there was no bridge nearer than Worcester. Her forced march from Bristol covered forty-four miles in two days and a night, and brought her to Tewkesbury on the evening of May 3rd, her army utterly exhausted by the long journey over wretched roads. Edward also was heading for Tewkesbury by a better route through Cheltenham. He encamped on the night of the 3rd, three miles distant from Margaret.

The Battle of Tewkesbury was fought on Saturday, May 4th, 1471. The Duke of Somerset was the real commander of the Lancastrian army that day, the vanguard being his immediate charge. The Prince of Wales, nominal leader-in-chief, had the second division under the direction of Lord Wenlock. Courtenay, Earl of Devon, commanded the rear. The king's army, at least while on the march, was

drawn up in similar fashion, Gloucester commanding the van, the king and Clarence occupying the centre, Hastings and Grey, Earl of Dorset, the rear.



When the king reached the high ground overlooking Margaret's position, he sent forwards his artillery to open the battle. He also instructed 200 spearmen to reconnoitre the woods on his left front;

and this small handful of men was destined to perform an important service an hour later. It will be noticed that the disposition of both armies was not that most common in mediæval battles. The fight was not on a plain or heath, but between an entrenched host and one which was obliged to carry the entrenchments of the foe in the face of formidable obstacles. While no guarantee can be given of the accuracy of the account of the battle here presented, the particulars are based upon documents discovered within the last fifty years, rather than on the traditional narrative found in most histories.

When Gloucester saw the hopelessness of attempting to carry the enemies' works over a protecting front made almost impassable by ditches, hedges, and rough lanes, he practised a clever ruse. He drew off his troops as if completely baffled in his endeavour to pass the obstructions. Somerset, ever impetuous and injudicious, left his defences and followed Gloucester. The wily Yorkist continued to withdraw until he had the support of the centre; then he wheeled about and attacked Somerset furiously. At this juncture the 200 spearmen emerged from the wood and attacked Somerset on his flank. The Lancastrians, fearing they knew not what, took to flight, but only a few of them regained their entrenchments.

When Somerset with a small remnant returned to his original position, he found to his dismay that the second division had all the while been doing nothing. He rushed up to Wenlock, charged him with cowardice, and then reviled him as a traitor. There ensued

a bitter altercation which was brought to an end by Somerset's battle-axe cleaving in two Wenlock's skull. Whatever may have been the cause of Wenlock's inaction, his terrible death created a panic among the troops of his division. Edward was soon within the Lancastrian lines, slaying ruthlessly. The scene of



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THE BLOODY MEADOW, TEWKESBURY

the principal carnage was the valley called to this day "The Bloody Meadow," close to the town. Many of the Lancastrians fled into Tewkesbury, a large number seeking refuge in the abbey. Edward's soldiers were baulked when they tried to gain immediate admission to the abbey to hale forth their victims. The priests declined to surrender the fugitives who had fled thither, until a free pardon had been promised to them all. The required promise was given, to be perfidiously broken within three days.

All the Lancastrian leaders without exception lost their lives, either in the battle or on the scaffold at Tewkesbury Cross on the Monday following. That Duke of Somerset whose father had perished at St. Albans and whose brother had been executed after the rising at Hexham, who had himself deserted Warwick at Barnet, and had acted so insanely on the bloody and corpse-strewn field of Tewkesbury, expiated his rash folly at the Cross under the stroke of the executioner.

The young Prince of Wales was seized on the field and brought before Edward. He was permitted to speak for himself, and thus to prove that he had inherited not the feebleness of his father but the fiery courage of his mother. "How dare you presume to enter this realm with banners displayed against me?" cried the king. "I come," boldly answered the prince, "to recover my father's kingdom and my own heritage." Edward struck the brave youth with the back of his gauntlet, and his attendants, taking the royal cue, despatched the prince with their swords. The story which makes Clarence and Gloucester his assassins¹ is probably a fabrication.

¹ Shakespeare in "King Henry VI" makes all three brothers stab Prince Edward. In "King Richard III," the ghost of Prince Edward torments first Clarence and then Gloucester. Just before Clarence's death in the Tower he has a frightful dream full of dismal terrors:—

"Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he squeak'd out aloud,
'Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!'"

Gloucester, of course, is the villain among English princes of that and every age; but he has, Heaven knows, enough authentic crimes to answer for without being saddled with the foulest deed that stained the Yorkist victory.

After the death of her son, Queen Margaret's martial spirit was broken at last. She had fled for sanctuary to a small religious house near by, where, a few days later, she was made prisoner. Her arrest and the news of her son's death came at the same time. In a paroxysm of grief and rage she invoked, it is alleged, fearful maledictions on Edward and all his line. When this was reported to the king he almost forgot the chivalry of his race and declared that she must die. However, the boast that no Plantagenet ever shed the blood of a woman was Margaret's shield in this hour of peril. She was obliged to grace the triumph of the king in his progress to and through London. Her lord, King Henry VI, was found dead in the Tower next morning, the midnight murder being attributed by the people to the Duke of Gloucester, who was certainly present that night in the Tower.

Margaret remained a prisoner of Edward's for four years. She was then ransomed by her father, King René the Good, who for 50,000 crowns pawned to Louis his inheritance of Provence in order to free his miserable daughter from the cruel English. She bade a last farewell to England, the cause and the scene of all her woes, after thirty years of the direst vicissitudes and the grimmest experiences that have ever fallen to the lot of an English queen.

The town of Tewkesbury to-day realizes to the fullest extent its place in the annals of England. It has much of interest to exhibit to students of history, and it does its part with quiet dignity, flaunting nothing, but displaying with much discrimination to the gaze of the curious more features of antiqua-



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QUEEN MARGARET'S CAMP, TEWKESBURY

rian interest than any other borough of 5,000 people in England. The first spot to be visited, a full mile from the station, off the Gloucester Road, is "The Bloody Meadow," which is reached by "Wind Mill Lane." The meadow is enclosed by a low fence, and can be viewed well from the lane. A shallow watercourse, usually dry in the summer, runs through it. Pollard willows grow everywhere, most abundantly in the vicinity of the stream-bed. The tradition handed down through four centuries regarding the condition of this "Bloody Meadow" immediately

after the battle is too horrible to repeat. The "Meadow" is now a wooded vista of Arcadian peace.

To see "Margaret's Camp" you follow the Gloucester Road south past the first mile-stone. You pass over a stile on the left, and just before you on a slight elevation you see a circular mound, clearly outlined, where the royal tent was erected on the evening before the battle. The bones of the diggers who raised this mound in the dusk of that far-remote May evening, and their very spades and mattocks, centuries ago crumbled into formlessness, but the conformation of their hastily constructed circle of earth still abides in this pasture-field, almost levelled, it is true, by the abrasion of the rains and winds of four hundred and forty years. Over the undulations of the soft, green turf nibbling sheep now stray.

The battlefield of "The Gastons," the former designation of Tewkesbury fight, lies between "Margaret's Camp" and the "Bloody Meadow," and so the present highroad to Gloucester and Cheltenham runs right through the main arena of the struggle. At the time of the battle there were two separate roads to Gloucester and Cheltenham leading out of Tewkesbury, up one of which came Margaret's force, and up the other the troops of the king. "Margaret's Camp" lies between the two old roads and on the present modern road. We may safely surmise that it was near her camp that Margaret delivered her inspiring address before the battle: —

"Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms."¹

¹ "King Henry VI, Part III."

Tewkesbury (anciently Theokesberia, from Theoc, a Saxon monk of the seventh century) has another place of interest connected with the fall of the House of Lancaster. The Tewkesbury Abbey Church is one of the oldest and finest in England. It dates from the twelfth century. In the nave, far apart, are



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TEWKESBURY ABBEY

two mural monuments which local history says are commemorative of Lord Wenlock and his slayer, the Duke of Somerset, the two chief leaders of Margaret in her last battle. Altogether the most interesting object in the abbey is the reputed burial-place of Prince Edward. An ornamental brass in the middle of the floor right under the Norman Tower honours the Lancastrian Prince of Wales, whose remains are supposed to be buried somewhere in the abbey. It was his fate to die by whose hand no one knows. It

was the fate of his ashes to be buried exactly in what spot no one now knows. How he died and where he lies are of little consequence, since his place in English history and in English literature is fixed and signal. Few can visit the scene of his butchery and his burial, but all in all lands and in all ages can brood over his luckless mother's speech in the pages of Shakespeare : —

"O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it:
He was a man; this, in respect, a child:
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child."

CHAPTER XIV

WARS OF THE ROSES — BOSWORTH FIELD

"Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread :
The bristled boar in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade."

— GRAY.

EDWARD had proved the quality of his generalship by winning all his battles ; he was to have twelve years more of life to prove his statesmanship. As far as the government of England was concerned he apparently had nothing to fear. All his enemies were dead, and their wealth was at his disposal. He was now unchallenged master of the realm. It is true that he had two brothers who would hesitate at nothing if their own interests were in jeopardy, but he had them both well under control, and when one of them did show signs of insubordination he soon silenced him. No descendant of Henry IV now remained, and of the Beauforts the only representative was Henry, Earl of Richmond, a boy of fourteen, from whom no danger could immediately come. The bleeding country had had a surfeit of war, and was sick for peace and settled government.

Edward was now free to turn his eyes abroad. He

had a grudge against Louis XI, which must be settled. A subservient Parliament granted supplies, and when these were found insufficient he invented a new source of revenue. He called before him rich merchants and suggested that he would be grateful for a gift of money to aid him in his foreign venture for the recovery of the French provinces which his predecessor had lost. These gifts, many and large, came to be called "benevolences." Woe to the rich man who showed any disinclination to oblige the royal beggar. Edward's preparations for the invasion of France being completed, he sailed for Calais in June, 1475. He had expected assistance from Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, his brother-in-law, an enemy of Louis, and when this support was not forthcoming, he was glad to accept from Louis a huge bribe and to abandon his ambitious designs. A truce of seven years was arranged, and Edward was to receive from France an annual subsidy for life of 50,000 crowns. This was a sordid conclusion of the great military enterprise which with much ado he had undertaken; and, as might well be imagined, the treaty was not very acceptable to the English nation. The apparent failure of Edward's expedition against France was in reality a national blessing. The king became a patron of commercial enterprises. The very ships which had carried his soldiers and horses and ordnance to Calais were soon sailing distant waters, freighted outwards with the products of English industry and fetching home the wealth of many lands. The king of England was soon regarded as the wealthiest monarch in Europe, and commercial

prosperity began to make glad a nation recently torn and bleeding with civil strife.¹

The last five years of Edward's life (1478-1483) were not unbroken by painful episodes. "The world seemeth queasy" wrote Sir John Paston in one of his remarkable letters of this period. Clarence and Gloucester could never agree. Clarence was the husband of Warwick's elder daughter, Isabel, and he claimed the whole of the vast property of Warwick. Gloucester hunted up Anne, the younger daughter, the widow of the Prince of Wales, murdered at Tewkesbury, and he offered himself to her. She fled from him in disgust and lived for some time incognito as a cook-maid in London. Finally, she was discovered by one of Gloucester's underlings and compelled to marry the detested suitor. Gloucester was soon in possession of a big share of Warwick's estate. Clarence next made an enemy of Edward, who had never fully trusted him. He had already mortally offended the queen, whose father and brother had perished under his order. His wife Isabel died in 1476 (probably poisoned by an attendant), and he began to court the wealthiest heiress in Europe, Mary of Burgundy, whose father, Charles the Bold, had just fallen in battle. Edward opposed this union with all the

¹ To Edward's fame as a soldier and as a merchant adventurer history adds other laurels. The first English printer, William Caxton, at the age of fifty-two, set up his first press in Westminster in 1474 under the patronage of Edward himself, and the king and his court lent willing aid to the great discovery which was soon to shed its enlightening rays into every dark corner of the land.

vigour and power which he possessed. The king, the queen, and Gloucester were now all in league against Clarence, and his temper grew sour. Frequently in the most public manner he was so reckless as to denounce his brothers and the queen.

Edward could no longer tolerate Clarence's ungovernable spirit and tongue, and in 1478 he appeared in person before the bar of the Lords and accused his own brother of treason. No one dared oppose Edward's purpose, and Clarence was condemned to die. Within ten days a report spread through the city that Clarence had in his potations fallen into a butt of malnsey wine and been drowned. The public declared that Gloucester had had a hand in Clarence's death, but it must be admitted that at the time of his brother's death the suspected duke was far away in the marches of the North. A prophecy of unknown origin had been floating about for some years that the son of Edward would be killed by "G." As Clarence's name was George, Edward, who was not free from superstition, and who overlooked the possibility of Gloucester's treachery, breathed more freely when Clarence was no more. The last years of Edward were spent in self-indulgence, with the usual sequel of a broken constitution. A grievous disappointment in connection with the projected marriage of his daughter Elizabeth to the Dauphin of France is said to have hastened his death. His dissolute life is a sufficient explanation of his early demise, at the age of forty, in April, 1483. Immediately after death, such was the dreadful state of public and private faith, his body, naked from his waist up, was exposed on a board for ten hours, so

that the lords and the officials of London might see for a certainty that the king had received no violence.

Edward left two sons, Edward, aged twelve, and Richard, aged ten. "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child!" are the words of the preacher. found too true on many an occasion in English history, and now found pitifully and horribly true. Edward by will designated as guardian of the young king and protector of the kingdom, his brother Gloucester, who had already earned throughout England an invidious reputation. As all his evil deeds had been performed in the interests of his royal brother it does not seem to have occurred for a moment to Edward that Gloucester's cruel and ambitious character would swiftly degenerate on his accession to real power.



RICHARD III

Our conceptions of the character of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, we owe to the chroniclers and historians of the Tudor period and especially to Shakespeare's great play of "Richard III." Naturally these writers painted him in dark colours to please those in authority and to cater to that morbid popular sentiment which must either anathematize or idol-

ize. The same pens that gave Gloucester a crooked back (or a hunched back) gave him also an exceedingly crooked nature. We now know that he was no hunchback,—that indeed his only physical deformity was a slight elevation of one shoulder in conjunction with a particularly short neck, a peculiarity which did not interfere in the slightest with the full play of a remarkably supple body in the hunting field or on the field of battle. We may safely conjecture, therefore, that Richard's character was not quite so diabolical as some of the Tudor writers would have us believe. However, a brief recital of the fell deeds that stand opposite his name in the annals of England during the two awful years of his rule, will clearly show that even if his body was nearly normal his heart and soul were wickedly abnormal.

When Edward died, Richard was in command of an English army in the Scottish marches. He immediately, with six hundred knights, proceeded to York and celebrated in the minster there the obsequies of the dead monarch. He wrote a letter of condolence to the queen-mother and assured her of his zealous support of her son, his nephew. He called on all the nobility and gentry to follow him in taking the oath of allegiance to the boy king.

The young king, Edward V, was at Ludlow in Shropshire under the care of his cultured uncle, Earl Rivers, and his half-brother, Lord Grey. Elizabeth, the queen-mother, appeared to measure accurately the probable designs of Gloucester, for she asked that a strong body of soldiers should attend her son

on his way to London for his coronation. Hastings, the confidant of the late king, opposed this suggestion, and a guard of only two thousand cavalry was allowed. Rivers and Grey with Sir Thomas Vaughan started for London in charge of the young king, and they reached Stony Stratford, about ten miles south of Northampton, without incident.

Gloucester had reached Northampton with a strong force, and he was there joined by the Duke of Buckingham with 500 horse. By a startling coup he next day at Stony Stratford accused Rivers and Grey of prejudicing the young king against him. He summarily arrested them along with Vaughan, sent them to Pontefract Castle, and took charge of Edward and his cavalcade. When he reached London he found that Elizabeth had fled with her second son, Richard, to the sanctuary of Westminster, where she and her boy might be safe from what she feared. Gloucester, with every mark of deference, conducted the young king through the streets of London between long lines of bewildered citizens. Edward was then led to the Tower, at that time rather a fortified royal residence than a prison.

Gloucester's next step was to remove Richard, Duke of York, from the sanctuary to the Tower, a transfer which was accomplished only after a long course of negotiation and dissimulation. The young king in the Tower, argued Gloucester, needed the society of his brother. The tearful youth was torn from his distracted mother, who saw clearly whither affairs were tending.

The next move on the board was as daring as it

was infamous. Hastings, the chief member of the Council, who had thus far abetted Gloucester's every act, but who was too honourable and unflinching to be a party to the deeds next to be perpetrated, was accused of intriguing with Elizabeth's supporters. Before he had time to answer for himself Gloucester rapped hard on the Council table, and the chamber was instantly filled with armed ruffians, who hurried Hastings outside and cut off his head on a log of wood which happened to lie near. The execution of Hastings was at once followed by the slaughter of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, immured in Pontefract, the fatal castle where Richard II had been hacked to death.

Gloucester had now gone so far that no depth of infamy was too appalling for him. He put up a detestable creature of his to preach a sermon in which Edward IV's name was blackened, and Elizabeth Woodville was declared to be no legal wife of the late king, as he had contracted, it was alleged, a marriage with another woman before he married his queen. Even his own mother, still living, did not escape Gloucester's calumny. His purpose was plainly to expose to scorn and contempt the former queen and her two sons in the Tower, thus to clear his own path to the throne. In June, Parliament pronounced Gloucester the legal heir, and in July he was crowned king. For two years England was to be governed by a dictator who set at naught the Great Charter and extinguished utterly freedom of action and even freedom of speech.

Almost immediately the Duke of Buckingham,

descended from Edward III through his youngest son, Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, began to stir up civil war. At his castle in Wales, Morton, Bishop of Ely, plotted with him the restoration of Edward V. The plot had made much headway when the conspirators were thunderstruck by the horrid news from London that the two princes, Edward V and Richard of York, had been done to death in the Tower by Gloucester's orders. A shudder of horror ran through all classes in the kingdom at the ghastly news.

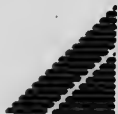
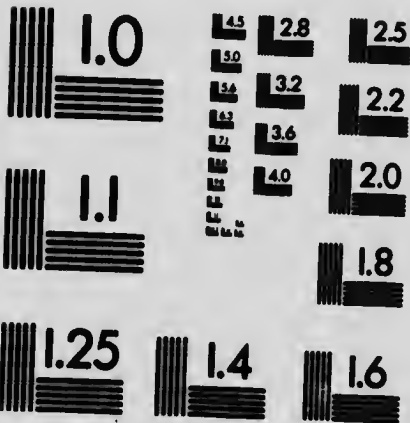
Buckingham and Morton were obliged to change their plans. Henry of Richmond, a descendant of John of Gaunt, was a fugitive in Brittany. He was now invited to England to seize the crown, to marry Elizabeth, sister of the murdered princes, and thus to unite the two rival houses of York and Lancaster. Richmond agreed to the proposition, and set sail from St. Malo with 5,000 men. Tempests prevented his reaching the English coast on the day appointed for the rising, and when at last he landed he learned that unexpected rains and floods had delayed the concentration of Buckingham's forces and that the whole project had failed. He put back to sea and postponed his adventure till a more opportune time. Buckingham was beheaded in the market-place of Salisbury. The other leaders of the revolt escaped to Flanders and Brittany.

The murder of the princes stirred the sentiment of England deeply. Accustomed to deeds of blood all their lives, to battles and executions, the people of England had grown callous and indifferent to the



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crimes of those in high estate. The butchery of children, however, touched a chord which vibrated with ominous and persistent significance. Every true Englishman shrugged his shoulders and frowned and prayed for a happier time.

Richard's turn to suffer was now at hand, for even the most vicious of mankind love their offspring. In 1484 Richard's only son died suddenly. Not only was it the death of an heir that he mourned, but he had just been planning a marriage between his son and the princess Elizabeth, in order to forestall the devices of the friends of Henry, Earl of Richmond. He almost went mad when the double blow struck him. In his desperation at the blighting of all his hopes of founding a line of kings, he determined to marry Elizabeth himself. Anne, his queen, was in delicate health, and her physician hinted that she might not survive the winter. As it happened, she did die in March, and popular rumour everywhere declared, probably with injustice, that the king had cleared away the obstacle to his desired marriage with his niece. Universal horror seized the nation, and Richard was shrewd enough to see that he must give up his notion of a union with the princess or jeopardize all else that he held dear. The situation had now assumed a clear-cut definiteness. Richard had made himself a monster of iniquity and held the throne by force and terror. Henry of Richmond, affianced to Elizabeth of York, awaited an opportunity to come safely to England, and nine-tenths of the nation yearned for his arrival.

From January to June, 1485, Richard watched the

coasts and guarded the main roads of England. He was unable to learn, by the aid of all his spies, where the hostile landing would be made. In June he posted himself at Nottingham as a central position from which he could move quickly wherever danger threatened. He had still two months to wait.

On August 7th Richmond landed at Milford Haven in Wales, with Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, and 8,000 men, including many Normans furnished by the king of France. His army grew as he advanced north-east. He crossed the Severn at Shrewsbury. His course took him through Tamworth and Atherstone to Redmore Heath.

Richard had advanced to Leicester, whence he issued orders for an immediate muster of all his forces. He was particularly anxious about Lord Stanley, hitherto a staunch supporter. Stanley had married Richmond's mother, and early in the summer he secured permission from the king to visit his estates in Cheshire and Lancashire, ostensibly to collect troops for the king. He held aloof from the muster at Leicester, and joined Richard only under compulsion on the eve of the battle. He had had a secret meeting with Richmond at Atherstone, and had promised, as soon as battle was joined, to go over to him with all his thousands.

On the morning of Tuesday, August 22nd, as the two armies faced each other on Redmore Heath, appearances favoured the king. He had 80,000 troops, while Richmond had barely 6,000. We now know that Richard had no chance whatever of success, even with this great preponderance of numbers. No other

commander ever entered a battle with such a proportion of disloyal or indifferent regiments. It is true that the Duke of Norfolk, "Jocky of Norfolk," was unshaken in his loyalty, and that he laid down his life in the battle for his wicked master. Each army at the beginning of the engagement appears to have faced the direction of its march of the previous day, — south-west, the king's army, and north-east, Richmond's.

The earl's small force appeared insignificant as the king's lines drew up opposite to him. The two Stanleys were posted on the wings of Richard's host, Lord Stanley on the left and Sir William Stanley, his brother, on the right. In view of their intentions, they managed to have the two wings extended far beyond Richmond's compact body so as to be able to flank the king's army as well as Richmond's. The latter made no attempt to stretch out his lines to check this movement, for he knew what it really signified. As soon as the archers began the fight the two Stanleys wheeled around and fell on Richard's flanks. The Duke of Northumberland aroused the king's fury by standing inactive. Only the king's van under Norfolk and his own well-trained cavalry remained faithful to him. No tactics were of any use with his army disintegrated. For two hours, however, with all the courage of his intrepid race, in full armour, on his white horse, he kept dashing with his cavalry against Henry's van with the purpose of reaching and slaying his adversary. He at last even killed with his own hand Henry's standard-bearer, and then aimed a desperate

blow at Henry himself. Within sight of Henry of Richmond, finally he was overpowered and slain.

According to Shakespeare, Richard's last words as he fought fiercely on foot after the loss of his charge were, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" Such was the death, at the early age of thirty-one, of the last of the Plantagenet kings, Richard III, usurper and murderer. His body, covered with mire and gore, was taken to Leicester and buried in the church of the Grey Friars. At the time of the Reformation the coffin of Richard was torn open, emptied of its contents, and used as a horse-trough, in such profound contempt was his memory held.



HENRY VII

After the battle a search was made for Richard's crown, which he had worn over his helmet in the early part of the fight. It was found under a hawthorn bush near the field and placed by Lord Stanley on Henry's head amid the shouts of the army, "Long live King Henry." The device of the Tudor monarchs became, from this incident, a crown in a bush of hawthorn fruited.

Thus ended, after thirty years of intermittent strife, the bloody Wars of the Roses. Half of the old aristocracy of England had perished, and 100,000 of the common people had been slaughtered. It must be remembered, nevertheless, that England, during the

sanguinary quarrel, had enjoyed long periods of peace and even of prosperity. Indeed, if we sum up by actual count the time during which armies were in the field, we find that for less than two years out of the thirty was the sword unsheathed.

My visit to the scene of the overthrow and death of Richard III happened in the Bosworth month, the month of August. Market Bosworth, which gave its name to the fifteenth century struggle, is two miles from the field. From Shenton, a short walk through three enclosures brings you to "King Richard's Well." The spring is covered with a pyramid of masonry erected in 1812 by Dr. Parr, vicar of Hatton. Through the opening in the side of the pyramid may be read a pompous Latin inscription. He who likes may translate: *Aqua ex hoc puteo hausta sitim sedavit Richardus Tertius Rex Angliæ cum Henrico comite de Richmondia acerrime atque infensissime prælians et vita pariter ac sceptro ante noctem cariturus XI. Kal. Sept. A.D. MCCCCLXXXV.*

"Redmore Plain," as it was once called from the colour of its soil, is about two miles long and one broad. For three hundred years after the battle it remained a desolate moor. Towards the close of the eighteenth century it began to be fenced in and tilled. Most of it now is in charge of a tenant farmer, whom I visited in his humble home. I had been warned to expect a cold reception from the octogenarian, but the frozen enthusiasm of the proprietor of this historic field was soon thawed into a genial flow of narrative and description, and into a

generous display of his old maps and diagrams. I venture to aver that no man in England could have given so much valuable information offhand regarding Henry and Richard and the manœuvres of the Stanleys and Northumberland as did this worn-out old farmer of Leicester that day with his deep,



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KING RICHARD'S WELL, BOSWORTH FIELD

quavering voice. His newest map, more than a century old, hung on the wall of his living-room. It noted the exact position on this farm of Richard's camp, eighteen acres, Richmond's camp, six acres, the camps of the Stanleys of four and three acres. Traces of these camps were to be seen when the ancient map was printed. I enquired about the age of the memorial over the well, and the aged farmer reported that when he was a young lad an old

man had told him that he had seen the memorial erected in his boyhood. Thus did oral tradition accurately verify the date of Dr. Parr's masonry (1812). I asked my venerable instructor if he knew on what part of the field Henry was crowned. He replied that the crown was found at some distance from the field and was placed on Henry's head at "Crownhill" near Stoke Golding.

I cannot leave Bosworth Field without adding a few reflections of a mixed character. Here, for a second time in our island-story, an invader from France won a victory over an English king and slew him on the field, and by an odd coincidence this second invader, when he landed on the shores of the kingdom which he would seize, had many Norman soldiers under his command, — "Norman vagabonds" the French historian Comines called them.

Another thought that comes to the student of history as he stands on the slope of the hill which faces the famous field is this: that the majority of the tourists who wander over England and Scotland have no idea of the relative importance of the places which they visit. For instance, they go in crowds, annually increasing, to places that owe their fame to the magic brain and skill of the poet. To illustrate: they crowd to a romantic roadway in Perthshire which is actually introduced to them by the coachman-guide through the medium of a curtailed clause from "The Lady of the Lake," "Where twines the path!"; or they throng by hundreds the highway to "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," over which Robert Burns's enchanted wand has been waved. But here on Bos-

worth Field all is silent and sequestered. The very guide-books are dumb. On this spot was fought a battle, with inconsiderable slaughter, it is true, which overthrew an iniquitous tyrant, which decided the fate of a sovereign and a dynasty, which has been celebrated by the greatest of dramatists in one of his most splendid masterpieces; and yet Bosworth Field is more neglected by the curious crowd than are scores of places which owe their doubtful glory to some brief mention in novel or in poem. Truly, fashions have sway in more realms than one.

Bosworth Field, in a particular respect, has by the imagination of Shakespeare been made unique in our annals. As you stand overlooking "King Richard's Well" and face north-east towards the camp of Richard, and then south-west towards the camp of Richmond, you will recall that terrible Third Scene of the Fifth Act of "Richard III" where the ghosts roam over this undulating meadow, flitting from Richard to Richmond, alternating their curses and blessings, — the ghost of Prince Edward (son of Henry VI), — the ghost of Henry VI himself, — the ghost of Clarence, — the comrade ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, — the ghost of Hastings, — the ghosts of the murdered princes, Edward and Richard, — the ghost of the unhappy Anne, — and, lastly, the ghost of Buckingham, the man who helped Richard to his crown. When you visit Bosworth Field, therefore, think not only of the victors and the vanquished, but also of that noble troop of shades which disturbed the doomed tyrant during his last night on earth and destined him to the swift nemesis of defeat, death, and perdition.

BATTLEFIELD MISCELLANEA

1. CHAPTER III. — From the Old Worcester Road, near the battlefield, you can descry the Malvern Hills to the west, and the Cotswold Hills to the south. A greater personal interest, however, attaches to a hill in the nearer distance towards the north-west, for on the southern slope of this hill can be seen the mansion of the banished "Duke of Orleans," and the extensive enclosure which holds in restraint his domesticated bears. At this English Manor House on the hillside, the Duc d'Orleans has long kept royal state and held his miniature court, surrounded by a retinue composed of representatives of the oldest families of the French noblesse. Since my visit to Evesham the palatial and beautiful Wood Norton has come into prominence as the temporary refuge of Manuel, the deposed king of Portugal. Within these stately walls, decorated in many places and in sundry ways by the lilies of France, there dwelt during 1910 not only "Philippe VIII of France," the pretender to an ancient throne, but also the recently exiled young king, his nephew. To them in their quiet retreat in October, 1910, came King George and Queen Mary of England on a brief ceremonial visit. No stranger company of kings ever met on earth than these three at Wood Norton,— the make-believe king, the banished king, and the real king of a vast and glorious empire.

2. CHAPTER III. — From the Old Worcester Road one catches glimpses of the meandering Avon, which in this region makes so many twists and loops that a boat's route to Tewkesbury is thirty miles, while the direct route of the crow is only thirteen miles.

3. CHAPTER III. — On part of the battlefield of Evesham, south of the Abbey Manor Estate, I passed a continuous mile of plum orchards, where scores of pickers were stripping the ripe fruit from the overburdened branches. The Evesham district is called to-day "The Garden of England." The fruit orchards and market-gardens of Evesham can trace their ancestry without a break to the famous gardens of Evesham Abbey, cultivated by the monks of St. Mary before the advent of the Conqueror.

4. CHAPTER IV. — As I stood in the July gloaming near one of the quaint recesses over the middle piers of the present Old Bridge of Stirling, reflecting on the bloody encounter of six centuries ago, a bright, well-dressed Scottish lad sauntered towards me. I interrogated him for ten minutes on the history of the bridge and on the events and the period of the battle. He had certainly been well instructed by his dominie, for he knew even the year and the month of the Scottish victory, and the details of the fight as handed down by tradition. He was a staunch advocate of the view that the battle was fought "richt here where we tread." I accept his view, for, as the lad's teacher had assured him, this is the only place that suits all the narratives. Earlier in the day, as I

mounted Queen Victoria's Lookout on the rampart of the castle, I had been inclined to adopt as the scene of the slaughter the pretty meadow (higher up the river than the Old Bridge) near a little farmhouse standing at the extremity of one of the graceful loops of the sluggish stream. The Old Bridge site, however, is the middle one of the three in question and the one nearest to that point on Abbey Craig where rises the Wallace Memorial, which commemorates the great struggle and indicates the spot where Wallace concealed his spearmen all that September morning, and whence he let loose his fierce avenging Scots for the victorious assault on the bewildered Southrons already scattering in flight near the head of the bridge that spanned the river at a point assuredly not far remote from the elevation of vantage on Abbey Craig.

5. CHAPTER V. — On Newmarket Street, Falkirk, I saw two memorials that tell of battles, for fighting is in the blood of the Falkirk brood. The statue of Wellington on this Scottish thoroughfare tells the tale of Waterloo; and the memorial to the boys of Falkirk who fell in South Africa is eloquent with deeds of valour and with records of death still so recent as to pale the cheeks and start the tears of the fathers and mothers of this ancient Scottish burgh which witnessed ages ago the triumph of Edward I and the overwhelming defeat of Sir William Wallace.

6. CHAPTER VI. — Exactly five hundred years after Bannockburn, Sir Walter Scott's genius paid glowing homage to Robert Bruce in the sixth canto

of "The Lord of the Isles." No more vivid and picturesque narrative of a battle can be found in English verse.

7. CHAPTER IX. — As I returned through Many-gates Lane on my way from Sandal Castle to the town of Wakefield and was wondering at the abundance of rooks and crows in the historic meadows, I saw by the wayside a large printed poster which arrested my notice. It contained a long list of the birds which cannot be trapped or killed at any time in the year, such as the lark, the nightingale, the chaffinch, the cuckoo, the linnet, the song thrush, the wren, the robin, all swallows, woodpeckers, warblers, ravens, and owls. Other birds, mostly game birds, are protected during the close season from February 28th till August 12th. At the time of the Battle of Wakefield it was the habit of Englishmen to revel in killing one another by the thousand. To-day you are fined or imprisoned if you kill a bird.

8. CHAPTER X. — St. Albans, the "City of the Red Roofs," has many interesting features besides those associated with the two battles, — such as "the oldest inhabited house in England" in Abbey Mill Lane, — the old Roman city in the west, which you can traverse and explore in a few hours, — St. Michael's Church, in the chancel of which is buried the great Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, — St. Peter's Churchyard, where lie buried hundreds of those slain in the two battles. Indeed, the architectural and archæological riches of St. Albans are abundant and absorbingly fascinating.

9. CHAPTER XI. — To reach the scene of Towton Battle you can go out from the ancient city of York, one of the three cities of England which preserve their massive stone walls. By good fortune my visit to York coincided with the great historical pageant of 1909, when for two weeks, every day, 3,000 citizens of York, as amateur actors, represented in brilliant living pictures the history of York for more than a thousand years from the first beginnings of Eburacum down to the Battle of Marston Moor. In the Fifth Episode, Scene IX, occurred the Towton incident, — an ideal introduction for my investigation of Towton battlefield on the very day following. The scene introduces Margaret, Henry, and Prince Edward. The feeble king, just arrived from the nminster a stone's throw away, exclaims : —

“I knelt at prayer — alas! I could not pray,
For I saw English daggers at English throats,
The English field reeking with English blood,
And English blood staining the English stream.”

Excited riders enter and dismount, and announce to the queen the overthrow of her army, blaming the elements for their defeat. She indignantly retorts : —

“Oh! I know the tale!
When soldiers fail, the wind blew the wrong way,
Or the sun dazzled them, or this, or that!”

Fugitive soldiers then pour in from Towton, the royal party flees, and Edward IV, Warwick, and the victorious Yorkists, appear.

10. CHAPTER XII. — The river Cock, on its way north through Saxton village, is dammed to run a small grist-mill. Immediately west of Saxton, opposite Dam Lane, across the stream, stands the ancient "Lead Hall Church," where services are held twice a year by the vicar of a neighbouring parish. The aged farmer who conducted me over the battlefield of Towton remarked that he had seen in this church, when he was a lad, bows, arrows, and pikes, relics of the great fight.

FIELDS OF FAME

CHAPTER I

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN

"News of battle ! news of battle !
Hark ! 'tis ringing down the street ;
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet." — **AYTOUN.**

IN the two-hundredth year after Bannockburn, James IV of Scotland, a descendant of Robert Bruce in the seventh generation, at the age of thirty-nine, went forth from Edinburgh to conquer England. His wife, Margaret, the sister of the English king, Henry VIII, protested against the expedition, inimical to her brother's kingdom and fame ; and she reproached James for taking an unfair advantage of her brother's absence in France. The wisest counsellors of the Scottish king supported Margaret with argument and with gloomy forecasts. Even superstition failed to shake his resolve, as from Dun-Edin's Cross the awful miraculous summons thundered forth the roll of chiefs

"Of Lowland, Highland, Border, Isle,
Fore-doomed to Flodden's carnage pile."

The causes of the war were numerous, but they ought not to have been regarded as exasperating to

the point of international rupture. The hereditary hatred of the Scots for their powerful and proud neighbours, a hatred constantly breaking out into border feuds, and always overpowering when aroused, was the dominant motive. The immediate pretexts of the Scottish king were rather trivial. Sir Andrew Barton, the admiral of Scotland, had been accused by the English of piratical practices, and off the Downs had been destroyed by Lord Howard, the English admiral, in 1512. Certain money and jewels, which had been left to Margaret, the queen of Scotland, by her royal father, Henry VII, had been withheld for four years by the English king, Henry VIII. The final and decisive cause of the declaration of war came out of France, the traditional enemy of England and ally of Scotland. Henry VIII, at the age of twenty-two, ardent and vainglorious, dreaming of a new conquest of France, had joined the Emperor Maximilian, and had left England in the care of Queen Catharine and the Earl of Surrey. During the absence of Henry from England, Anne, the queen of Louis XII, was employed to excite the chivalrous sentiments of the Scottish king, known throughout Europe as "the royal knight-errant." She sent him a letter, and a turquoise ring removed from her own delicate finger; she styled him her knight, and she begged him for her sake to take three steps on English ground. The tears of his wife, the advice of his sage counselors, the stern monitions of Pluto's messengers, were all now disregarded by James of the Iron Belt.

In August, 1513, with an army of nearly 100,000,

James crossed the Tweed near Coldstream. His first undertaking was the reduction of all the English castles in the locality. Norham Castle surrendered after five days' siege. Wark, Etall, and Ford castles, next opened their gates. Some historians allege that James was overcome by the blandishments of Lady Heron of Ford Castle, and foolishly loitered in her company for days while his army lacked provisions and suffered with the rain and the cold. However this may be, his great army, within a fortnight, had melted away to 30,000 men. This wholesale desertion produced the inevitable effect on the spirits of those who remained.

The Earl of Surrey, who had been commissioned by Henry to guard the kingdom during his absence on the continent, sent from his post at Pontefract urgent messages to all the nobles and gentlemen of the northern counties to assemble at Newcastle-on-Tyne by September 1st. After a rapid journey through York and Durham, Surrey reached Newcastle, where he held a council of war. At Alnwick he was joined by his gallant son, Lord Thomas Howard, with a picked body of 5,000 men despatched from France by Henry. From Alnwick the earl sent a herald to James to denounce his breach of the peace, and to challenge him to battle for Friday, September 9th.

James encamped on the Hill of Flodden, the eastern spur of the Cheviot Mountains. At his feet flowed the river Till, a tributary of the Tweed; and before him, as he faced the south, spread the extensive flat of Millfield Plain. On September 6th he received

from Surrey (who was at Wooler), a message charging him with having shifted his ground after accepting a challenge to fight, and daring him to come down into the Plain of Millfield, where the two hosts could contend on equal terms. The haughty monarch sent



FLODDEN HILL

back word that it did not become an earl to send such a message to a king.

Having attempted in vain to play upon James's chivalric weakness, Surrey proceeded to employ the strategy of a skilled commander. On September 8th he crossed the Till, and marched along its eastern bank towards the Tweed, keeping far enough away from Flodden to escape behind woods and heights the notice of the Scots. He spent the night in Bar-moor Wood. On the morning of the day of battle, September 9th, he separated his rear and van and

pushed northwards. The rear crossed the Till by a ford a little to the north-east of Branxton. His van continued the march to Twizel Bridge, north-east of Cornhill, recrossed the Till, and moved south towards Branxton, joining the rear columns which had already reached Branxton slope.

James does not appear to have had any system of effective scouting, for he was completely puzzled when he learned of the disposition of the enemy's forces, and knew that he was cut off from all communication with Scotland: —

“And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile?
What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead?

* * * * *

“O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight.”¹

James, when he saw Surrey moving south, decided to vacate Flodden Hill, and seize the lower height of Branxton, a mile nearer the Tweed, before Surrey should gain it. He fired his camp (huts, litter and refuse), in order that the smoke blown by the south wind might conceal his movements from the English. About four in the afternoon he reached Branxton slope, but almost before he had had time to draw up

¹ “Marmion,” Canto VI, 20.

his lines in suitable order the artillery of Surrey
began the action : —

“Their marshalled lines stretched east and west,
And fronted north and south,
And distant salutation passed
From the loud cannon mouth.”¹

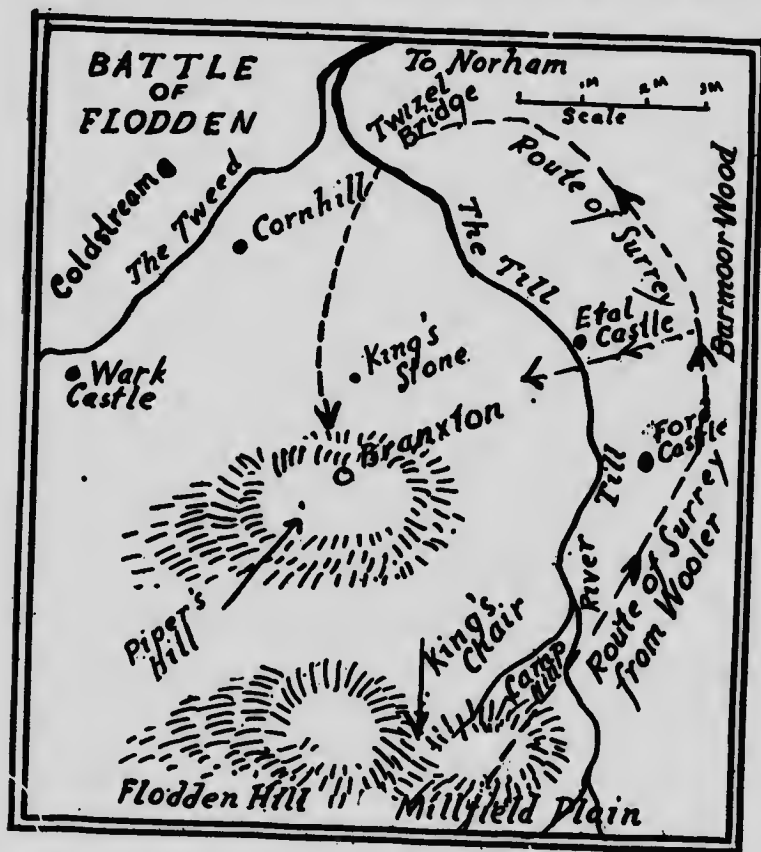


BRANXTON HILL

The guns of the English with their leaden balls did
terrible execution, whereas the cannon of the Scots
appear to have been less destructive, especially as
they were badly handled after the death, at the very
beginning of the cannonade, of the master gunner of
Scotland. The Scots thereupon moved down the
slope and came to close quarters.

¹ “Marmion,” Canto VI, 23.

All authorities agree as to the arrangement of the opposing troops and the main manœuvres of the battle. The Earl of Surrey, now seventy years old, commanded the centre of his army of 25,000, which



was stretched out over a mile in length. His two sons, Sir Edmund Howard, and Lord Thomas Howard, the admiral of England, led his right in two divisions. Lord Dacre commanded the reserve behind the centre. Sir Edward Stanley had Surrey's left wing. On the side of the Scots James was opposed to Surrey;

Huntly and Home had the left wing; Crawford and Montrose, the second division of the left; Lennox and Argyle, with the Highland clans, the right; Bothwell led the reserve force.

The left wing of the Scots with their long spears charged down Branxton Hill so impetuously that they broke Sir Edmund's lines and trampled his white banner in the dust. The admiral, and Lord Dacre with his cavalry, came to the rescue, and an utter rout of the English on that side of the field was averted. These three divisions of the English next defeated the regiment of Crawford and Montrose and slew those noble chiefs. On the right of the Scots, the Macleans, Mackenzies, Campbells, and Macleods faced the deadly cloth-yard shafts of the Lancashire and Cheshire bowmen. Desperate under the galling attack which they could not answer where they stood, they flung down their targets, and dashed on the enemy with their claymores:—

“Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied.”¹

Before they reached the solid array of the English lines they were a disorderly rabble, and fell an easy prey to Stanley's archers and pikemen. Argyle and Lennox perished in the encounter. The Scottish right and left were now disposed of, and James's centre had to bear a triple attack in front and on both flanks.

¹ “Marmion,” Canto VI, 27.

The fight became at last a deadly hand-to-hand struggle with swords, spears, and pikes, the English arrows ever performing their auxiliary service of death. At one time James and Bothwell had pressed Surrey's centre hard, but when both flanks of the Scottish centre were exposed, the great issue was practically settled. Towards the close of the fight the Scots formed into their national circle about the king, and fought with savage valour: —

"The English shafts in volleys hailed,
 In headlong charge their horse assailed:
 Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
 To break the Scottish circle deep,
 That fought around their king.
 But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
 Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
 Though billmen ply the ghastly blow,
 Unbroken was the ring;
 The stubborn spearmen still made good
 Their dark impenetrable wood,
 Each stepping where his comrade stood,
 The instant that he fell.

* * * * *

"Till utter darkness closed her wing
 O'er their thin host and wounded king."¹

The king's wounds were both made with arrows, but it was a brown bill that produced the death-gash just as the darkness fell. The Scots always maintained that the ring of steel which encircled the king was never broken, but rather by the deadly attrition of the fearfully persistent and irresistible attack of all weapons was gradually annihilated.

¹ "Marmion," Canto VI, 34.

The Scots lost about ten thousand men and the English about five thousand. The slaughter of the great men of Scotland was enormous. Never did any other nation in one engagement lose such a proportion of its men of rank and leading. Besides the king, there lay on the field on that September night, one archbishop, two bishops, two abbots, twelve earls, thirteen lords, five eldest sons of peers, fifty knights and chiefs. Scott declares that there was not one great family in Scotland but had a member slain at Flodden. Of the common people it is said that the border towns, notably Selkirk, Hawick, and Jedburgh, were almost stripped of their adult male population. The consternation caused in Edinburgh when the dread news arrived has been described by Aytoun in his spirited poem, "Edinburgh After Flodden."

The victory of the English at Flodden was the last great triumph of the long-bow. The brave Highlanders were mowed down on the Scottish right by Stanley's arrows. The steel ring about the king could not be broken, but the unerring shafts poured upon a weakened and ever more weakened circumference of spearmen till the thin defence at last was attenuated to isolated and useless remnants. When armed foes next faced each other on British soil one hundred and fifty years had passed and the ingenuity of man had invented new weapons of destruction.

After the Battle of Flodden the king's body was carried to Berwick and thence to London. His sword and dagger may still be seen in the Herald's

College, London. His Iron Belt, according to tradition worn all his life for penance because of his remorse at having been compelled to appear against his father in the Battle of Sauchie Burn, was never found on Flodden Field. Probably neither his romantic chivalry nor his superstitious folly so prevailed upon his judgment as to send him to a field of battle with such an unnecessary encumbrance as a ponderous iron belt.

The scene of Flodden Battle, where King James of Scotland took his "three steps" into England at the persuasive bidding of a foreign queen, can be reached most easily from the famous old border town of Berwick, distinguished for its well-preserved Elizabethan walls. A half-hour's railway ride of fifteen miles brings you to Cornhill, the railway station nearest the field.¹ You visit first the little village of Branxton, about three miles south of Cornhill, on the very edge of the bloody field. South-west of Branxton lie the historic plain and slope where the fierce contest raged from four in the afternoon till darkness stopped the slaughter. The whole field is now in a high state of cultivation, meadow and cornland. Between Branxton and Flodden Hill two points of interest are passed. Near the roadside is "Sibyl's Well," made famous in "Marmion."² Back from the road on the hill-

¹ On the way from Berwick to Cornhill, about three miles east of the latter, the railway passes over the Till near its confluence with the Tweed.

² "Marmion," Canto VI, 30.

side, a few hundred yards from Branxton, stands "Pipers' Hill," where, according to the chroniclers, King James fell. Weapons of war and bones of the slain were dug up here even during the last century. After four hundred years a striking memorial has been erected on "Pipers' Hill."¹

About a mile south of Branxton rises the low elevation of Flodden Hill, the king's strong position until he allowed Surrey to slip past him towards the Tweed. This storied Hill and the perfect roadway that skirts it are, in July weather, a picture of rural loveliness.

From Flodden Hill you turn back by another route towards Cornhill. On the return journey there is seen in the field an unhewn column, popularly known as the "King's Stone," and so designated in old maps of the district. People who live in the

¹ The Memorial on the Field of Flodden was erected only a few years ago. It takes the form of a Celtic cross and occupies a commanding site on Pipers' Hill, Branxton, the centre of the battle area.

The inscription on the base is:—

FLODDEN, 1413.

To the Brave of Both Nations

OLIM HOSTES — NUNC FRATRES

Erected 1910.

Sir George Douglas, Bart., the well-known Border historian and litterateur, on the occasion of the unveiling of the monument, closed his eloquent speech with these affecting words: "Now let this Cross thus stand and thus endure—an altar of the awful God of Battles; a token of remembrance wet with tears; an offering to the Manes of the slain! And let it speak to thoughtful minds in days to come, telling of ancient agony long since assuaged, of ancient feud for ever reconciled."

neighbourhood of the battlefield are wont to assign the king's death to this spot rather than to "Pipers' Hill." As the "King's Stone" is nearly a mile north-east of Branxton and over a mile from "Pipers' Hill" it will be seen that it is not quite safe to accept a memorial stone in its natural form and position merely because it happens to lie in the vicinity of a notable event or action. Surrey's left wing under Stanley, coming from the river Till, passed over and beyond that part of the field where the "King's Stone" still boldly usurps in popular regard an unmerited honour.¹

The visitor to Edinburgh should not fail to hunt up in the Vennel, a quiet alley off the Grassmarket, a most interesting memorial of the days of Flodden. When the startling news reached the Scottish capital that the king and his army had been destroyed, the fathers of the city called the burghers together and every man turned mason for a day, while an addition to the existing city walls was erected hastily as a barrier in that quarter where the English were expected within twenty-four hours. Surrey never came, but the wall was not demolished. A fragment of that improvised defence between Lauriston and the Grassmarket still tells of the terror of invasion which turned burghers into builders four centuries

¹ The prevailing misapprehension concerning the "King's Stone" has possibly been perpetuated by, if it did not originate in, Scott's notes on "Marmion," in which it is alleged to mark the spot where King James fell. It is now conjectured that the stone was a very ancient tribal gathering or trysting stone, transported from some distance, either mechanically or by glacial action.

ago. It requires neither mason nor antiquarian to determine that this stretch of wall was thrown up hurriedly by hands that were unused to the trowel; and it requires little imagination to call up the universal sadness of that city of mourning while the builders of this wall were at work:—

“Tradition, legend, tune and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield.

CHAPTER II

THE GREAT CIVIL WAR — EDGEHILL

WHEN, in 1625, Charles I became king of England and within six weeks of his accession married Henriette Marie, a girl of fifteen, sister of the French king, the fates brought together and placed in the seats of the mighty two personages whose natures and education drove them straight towards a tyrannical abuse of their great powers and towards disasters which neither their folly nor the submissiveness and loyalty of the English people ever dreamed of. Two centuries had passed since France had given to England a queen, and Henriette Marie now crossed the Channel to play a part as tragic as that of her unfortunate forerunner, Margaret of Anjou.

The obstinacy, the imperiousness, and the duplicity of Charles were ever abetted by his evil genius, his



CHARLES I

intrepid and petulant consort. To make matters worse the brilliant and vain George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who had virtually ruled England under the late king, now blinded the new king with foolish visions of vast achievements in England and abroad. It was soon apparent that the dictum of James I, his bigoted and short-sighted father, had swayed and fashioned the views and purposes of Charles: "It is presumption and high contempt in a subject to dispute what a king can do, or say that a king cannot do this or that." The student of history who now surveys the political condition of England in 1625 and who weighs the various forces that then controlled events, sees that the great conflagration of the Civil War was imminent from the very first year of Charles's reign, and was as inevitable as is a fire among dry faggots when a match is held in a mischievous hand. It is quite outside the plan of this book to recount the series of encroachments by which Charles I attempted throughout seventeen years to extend and strengthen the system of personal government. Only the salient features of his struggle with his people can find a place in this brief narrative. It was a long battle between royal prerogative and the power of Parliament, ending at last in a resort to arms. The king never for a moment despaired of final victory. The Commons, through all the devious machinations of the king and his blind advisers, kept in steady view the course of events, and, whenever the voice of Parliament was permitted to declare itself, endeavoured to render futile all the ingenious devices of the despot.

Charles, in rapid succession, dissolved his first and second Parliaments because they opposed his wishes. He then tried to collect money by a forced loan; and those who refused to pay, including Sir John Eliot, were imprisoned by the mere order of the king. In 1628 Charles's third Parliament presented to him the famous Petition of Right, the object of which was to make it impossible in the future for the king to exact loan, to imprison men without just cause, or to exercise martial law.

Buckingham was assassinated in 1628, and the king pursued for a time his arbitrary course alone. In 1629 the Commons, under the leadership of Eliot, engaged in another contest with the king on the redress of certain grievances before the granting of supplies. The king dissolved his third Parliament, and for eleven years the voice of the people of England remained dumb. Eliot, the first martyr for parliamentary supremacy, was imprisoned in the Tower, where he died in 1632.

During those eleven years of personal rule Charles used the old court of the Star Chamber as the instrument of his tyranny. Some of the punishments inflicted by this court were most barbarous. Men were set in the pillory, lost their ears or noses, had their cheeks branded, were heavily fined, or were thrown into prison for long terms, at the mere beck of the king.

Charles's principal advisers during this period of misrule were William Laud and Thomas Wentworth, men whose names soon grew odious throughout all England. Laud became Archbishop of Canterbury,

and through the court of High Commission imposed on the nation his narrow views with relentless and cruel vigour. Wentworth, as lord deputy of Ireland, made his motto "Thorough," and ruled there more absolutely than his royal master in England. After 1639, as Earl of Strafford, he became the chief adviser of Charles, and by a strange turn of events, his first important counsel in his new capacity rapidly brought about his own doom.

During these eleven years of misgovernment, Charles had recourse to many novel schemes in his efforts to secure money; but the most ingenious and tortuous of all was the levying of "ship-money." If he had been satisfied with the revenue derived from the maritime counties, all might have gone smoothly; but when the inland districts were taxed for the building of ships, and when eventually this so-called "ship-money" was employed even for other purposes, murmurs loud and deep arose in many quarters. John Hampden, a Buckinghamshire squire, voiced the widespread discontent, and flatly refused to pay "ship-money" unless ordered to do so by Parliament. The Exchequer Chamber declared against him by a narrow majority, but his defeat was not accepted by the English people as a final settlement of the momentous issue.

By the advice of Strafford, his Irish viceroy, Charles summoned a Parliament to provide means to deal with Scotland, which, after a long period of discontent, produced by ecclesiastical oppression, had at last risen in rebellion. The new Parliament, as might have been expected, pressed at once for redress

of the innumerable grievances of eleven distressful years. Hundreds of persecuted Englishmen, among whom were relatives and friends of the members of the new House of Commons, had been driven to seek homes in the wilds of New England, and to the new Parliament it seemed that the day of reckoning with the king and his blind guides had come at last. John Pym led the House directly to the business which Charles wished to avoid. The king promised to give up "ship-money" if the Commons would grant the necessary subsidies for reducing Scotland. After vain attempts to bring the Commons to his way of thinking, the despot dissolved the House, and thus gave it for all time the name of "The Short Parliament." He then essayed to carry on war with Scotland without regular taxes, but he soon found that the available "sinews of war" were weak and inefficient, and that the soldiers whom he pressed into service were without zeal and without discipline.

In 1640 met the ever-memorable "Long Parliament," destined to exist for thirteen chequered years. Pym again became the mouthpiece of the national discontent. No gentle measures would now satisfy a thoroughly aroused nation. For attempting to wage war without the consent of Parliament, and to use an Irish army for subjugating the Scots, and, without doubt, the English later, Strafford was impeached and sent to the Tower. A bill of attainder within a few weeks proceeded by a more direct route to the desired end. Strafford was beheaded, and the king received a signal warning not to trifle further with an exasperated nation. Acts were then passed

which abolished utterly the system of personal government with all the engines of personal control, — the Star Chamber, the High Commission, "ship-money," and all forms of illegal taxes and despotic administration. The king was even constrained to assent to a bill which made the dissolution of Parliament independent of his royal whims.

When Strafford's grip on Ireland was removed, disorder became rampant and plots and counter-plots waxed menacingly. At last, in October, 1641, the native Irish turned upon the English and Scotch colonists in savage fury and slew many thousands of them. The insurrection became a general massacre, and outrage and horror swept over Ulster. When it became known in England that the Irish rebels professed to be loyal to Charles and even styled themselves "The King's Army," faith in the king's honour was sadly shaken, and the absence of Charles in Scotland at this very time, accompanied by rumours of the levying of a Scottish army to coerce the Parliament of England, kindled distrust among many who had hitherto stood by their sovereign through all evil reports.

As the details of the brutalities in Ireland crossed St. George's Channel, and the suspicion of the purpose of the king's mission to Scotland deepened into a firm conviction, the Commons of England determined to guard the liberty of the nation by an unusual procedure. They had in vain wrested a Bill of Right from the reluctant and faithless king; they would now formally and publicly accuse him and make him pause on the eve of fresh outrages. The

"Grand Remonstrance," drawn up by Pym and Hampden, was a manifesto to the people of England. It included an indictment of all Charles's misdoings, and proposed means for avoiding the new perils now facing the country. The king's party in the Commons fought the "Remonstrance" vigorously and all but successfully, for many members of the Commons rallied to the king when danger began to threaten the stability of the throne. After a prolonged and bitter debate, the "Remonstrance" was carried by the narrow majority of eleven. The very closeness of the vote led to the king's treating the requests of the "Remonstrance" with disdain. The spirit of the country, however, was stirred anew by this trumpet blast of their militant leaders.

The king precipitated the open conflict with his people when, in January, 1642, he made an attempt to seize in the House of Commons the five members who were the most obnoxious to him. His pretext was a charge of treasonable correspondence with the Scots. The names of the five are indelibly written in history, — Pym, Hampden, Strode, Holles, Haselrig. As the five had been forewarned, when Charles came to the House with 500 armed followers he found that his prey had eluded him. The wrong-headed queen had urged Charles on to this act of temerity by peevishly crying out, "Would I were in France again to see a real king." He had left her at Whitehall with an embrace and a promise to return within an hour from the House of Commons master of his own kingdom. Within an hour he returned, baffled in the performance of an unlawful act, despised by

his high-spirited consort, and quite aware that his foiled attempt would strengthen the cause of the Commons. The cries of "Privilege! Privilege!" which burst upon him as he left the House, beaten and discredited, were repeated with variations next morning as he rode through the streets of London. Within a week he left Whitehall for Hampton Court, not imagining that he would never again enter that palace of the kings of England till a fatal day of the same month seven years later.

Events now marched fast. In February the queen set out for Holland to pawn or sell the crown jewels in order to procure funds for buying arms and gunpowder. The king proceeded to the north and made York his headquarters. To him flocked his courtiers, thirty-two peers, and sixty-five members of the Commons. Royalist forces were raised in the north by the Earl of Newcastle. The militia of England (no standing army existed) was known collectively as "the trained bands." The Houses had asked Charles to place the militia under officers chosen by Parliament. With an oath he had declined absolutely. Now Parliament broke through all precedents and appointed lord-lieutenants to command the militia under its own direction and control. Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, a soldier trained in foreign wars, was appointed captain-general of the forces of the Parliament. On August 22nd, 1642, a memorable day in the history of England, Charles set up the royal standard on the castle hill at Nottingham as a signal of war. The great contest had begun. By pike and sabre, by musket

and cannon, the stern issue between king and Parliament had to be decided. An epoch of blood and tears lay before the troubled nation.

All England was now divided into two hostile camps. London went with the Parliament, and so did the East and the South. The North and the West were mainly royalist. It is usual to say that if you draw a line from Plymouth to Flamborough Head, with some slight undulations, it will divide England as it was divided in 1642. It may be said with more certainty that a line drawn from the Solent to the Wash will cut off on the south-east a portion of England which remained throughout the war steadfastly favourable to the cause of the Parliament. This section included the wealthiest and most populous counties of England. Within these roughly indicated boundaries of the militant parties, divisions of sentiment and attachment were common, counties and cities and even families being split in twain, wrangling and fighting for king or for Parliament. No community in the distracted land was united; everywhere there was something of royalist feeling and something of anti-royalist.

The names by which the two great parties were called, Cavaliers and Roundheads, originated before the outbreak of the war. In the disturbances that were common in London during the "leave and licence" of Christmas-time, 1641, just before the attempt to seize the five members, these nicknames arose. The hair of the London apprentices was cut close about their ears, and the Cavaliers, during the nightly brawls, styled the Londoners "Roundheads." The

term of contempt stuck to the soldiers of the Parliament through the whole war, and the sobriquet of scorn became a shibboleth of pride and glory.

On September 9th a proclamation was issued by Parliament setting forth the causes of the war. Essex then went forth in great state with the trained bands towards the Midlands. His rendezvous was Northampton, where 15,000 adherents of the Parliament had already mustered. On September 22nd Essex moved to Worcester, as Charles had gone from Nottingham to Shrewsbury. Ignorant of Essex's position, Charles now resolved to march on London. He passed through Wolverhampton, Birmingham, and Kenilworth. When Essex heard of the king's course he followed him into Warwickshire. On Sunday morning, October 23rd, 1642, the banner of King Charles waved from the summit of Edgehill, and a part of the army of Essex encamped in the plain below. The first battle of the Civil War was thus fought in Warwickshire, about ten miles south-east of Stratford-on-Avon.

Charles's commander-in-chief was the Earl of Lindsey, a veteran of continental wars. The principal figure in the battle, however, was Prince Rupert, the nephew of Charles. He was the son of Charles's sister Elizabeth and the Elector Palatine. He was born at Prague in 1619, and was thus only twenty-three years old when he fought at Edgehill. From his fifteenth year he had been a soldier, and in battles and sieges innumerable on the continent he had displayed reckless courage and had become injured, while yet a boy, to the havoc and horrors of war.

He had just been released from a three years' imprisonment at Linz. He was present when the king's standard was unfurled at Nottingham, where he was proclaimed as general of the Royal Horse. We shall, during the war, see the fiery prince more than once. Eighteen years after Edgehill this daring cavalry officer, on the incorporation by Charles II of the Hudson's Bay Company, became the first governor of that great corporation, and in our own day he has given his name to the new city of Prince Rupert, now rapidly growing to a metropolis on the coast of the Pacific Ocean. But it was at Edgehill that his fame began.

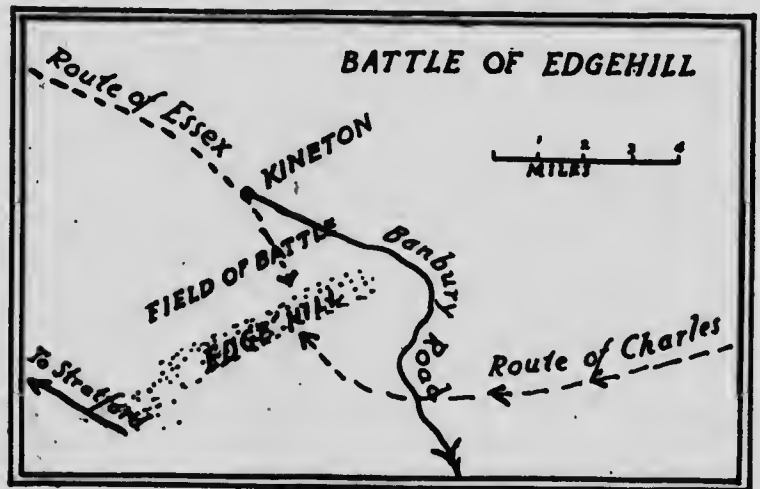


PRINCE RUPERT

More than one battle of the Civil War was lost to the royalists through the impetuous rashness of Rupert. The queen seems to have measured Rupert accurately, for in a letter from Holland she warns Charles that Rupert should act under advice: "He is very young and self-willed; he ought not to be trusted to take a single step out of his own head." On the eve of the Battle of Edgehill his folly began. He declined to take orders from Lindsey or from any one but the king; and Charles, himself irresolute, went into the engagement without any definite plan

or tactics, and without the advantage of undivided generalship, so necessary on a field of battle.

Rupert's troop of horse, well trained in German discipline, overwhelmed the left wing of Essex and pursued the fugitives nearly four miles to the village of Kington. After allowing his followers to loot the houses and the enemy's baggage in Kington for an



hour, he returned to Edgehill to find there his comrades hot pressed by the parliamentarians.

At first the spirits of Charles's host had been greatly encouraged by Rupert's successful dash and by the desertion to the royalist side of Sir Faithful Fortescue with his two troops of horse. Very soon, however, the fortunes of the battle shifted, and on Essex's right wing several unbroken cavalry troops pushed obliquely across the field towards the royal infantry and crushed some regiments. Sir Edmund Verney, the king's standard-bearer, was slain, and

Lindsey, the commander, was mortally wounded. The action was still in progress when night came down and terminated the contest.

It was clearly a drawn fight. Indeed, the Battle of Edgehill was a mere experiment in arms. Temerity and hesitancy alternated on each side, but each side had learned the weakness and the strength of its own and the enemy's forces and tactics. There was one man there who learned that day valuable lessons which he put into stern practice on many later fields. Of Oliver Cromwell much will be said in subsequent chapters. At Edgehill he commanded a single troop of horse on Essex's right wing, one of the few troops that remained unbroken on that day of confusion and vacillation.

The Battle of Edgehill, also called "Kineton Fight," lasted from about three in the afternoon till half-past five. In that brief struggle, 5,000 men, killed and wounded, were left upon the field. The king's army encamped for the night upon the hill. The parliamentary army remained on the field. Hampden's and several other Puritan regiments, about 4,000 men, came up too late for the fight. Next day both armies moved off, as there was no desire on either side to renew the struggle. The grim horrors of this preliminary trial of arms had quelled the martial ardour of all.

If Charles, with all his advantages of numbers, position, artillery, and trained officers, had not won his first battle, the auspices looked dark for future victories. On the king's side had fought noblemen of high spirit, used to fencing and accustomed to sabres

and firearms, to riding and dangerous sport. On the side of the Parliament was, to quote Cromwell, "a rabble of tapsters and serving-men" who had never seen a battle, commanded by the dull and incompetent Essex. The Cavaliers that day with any ordinary generalship might have crushed the Parlia-



BATTLEFIELD OF EDGEHILL

ment once for all and utterly. They let the opportunity slip, and they never again had so excellent a chance to defeat their foe.

The small village of Kineton is, as has been said, ten miles south-east from Stratford-on-Avon. Four miles south of Kineton is the scene of the battle. The best way to approach Edgehill from Kineton is to proceed across the fields and through

the gateways rather than by the public road; thus you traverse the very meadows where our ancestors fought. You direct your way towards the eastern ridge of Edgehill, then push westwards up the steep acclivity, and then move along the whole length of the ridge. Near the summit stands a long row of majestic beeches, a century old, each tree sixty feet high. To the left of the plateau, as you move west, is a stretch of highly cultivated soil of a most unusual hue, a rich reddish brown. In the very middle of the ridge is a stone structure, erected long after the battle as a memorial and a point of prospect. Here was pitched the royal standard on that day of blood, and from the top of the tower can be obtained such a view as is rare even in beautiful England, a glorious view over many counties.

Mounting to the summit of the tower, you see, as you saunter around the circular inclosure, the county of Warwick below, and in the near and far distance the counties of Northampton, Oxford, Gloucester, and the more remote hills of Worcester and distant Wales. This lovely, peaceful, rural scene, the broad Vale of the Red Horse, was once obscured by the smoke of battle and disturbed by the rattle ofarquebuses and the reverberation of cannon. Standing on the round tower, you face north and in imagination survey the military evolutions of long ago. The hill descends by a natural terrace, somewhat precipitous at this point, to the broad plain below. Yonder on the plain were drawn up the forces of Essex. His right flank stood on what is now called "Battle Farm." His centre was in front of the

Farm of Thistleton. His left flank was away there to the right near the Banbury Road. The king's centre was just below our present vantage height, for before the engagement opened the king's army at this point moved down the steep face of the hill to the open plain. His left flank was on the western ridge of the hill towards Stratford, where stands a solitary house called then and now "The Sun Rising." His right flank was on "Bullet Hill," the very angle of Edgehill, where Prince Rupert took his stand, before his rush to Kington, with his intrepid and swift horsemen.

A motley host was that of the Parliament on the day of Edgehill. All kinds of arms, armour, and colours were brought into service. The rustics had furbished up old iron skull caps and greaves, and had armed themselves with pikes sixteen feet long. Young farmers, with carbines and pistols, acted as dragoons. The gunpowder of those days was so poor and the muskets so clumsy and the mode of firing them from musket-rests with a slow-match so precarious, that that arm of the service, which was soon to become so deadly, was little depended on in the early battles of the war. The clothing of the soldiers of the Parliament was wondrous to behold. King Charles on the hill that Sunday morning, clad in his elegant black velvet mantle descending over his armour, must, as he looked on the many-coloured liveries of the rebels below, have smiled with haughty contempt. Companies in green, in purple, in blue, in red, dotted the landscape with gorgeous bravery. Every Puritan officer wore an orange scarf, the colour of Essex.

A little incident of Edgehill is worth narrating here, as it concerns three historic personages. William Harvey, who fourteen years before had published his great work on the circulation of the blood, was in attendance on the king at the Battle of Edgehill. While the battle was in progress the aged doctor (he was then sixty-four years old) withdrew under a hedge with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York (afterwards Charles II and James II). The princes were then in their innocent days, the elder twelve and the younger ten years of age. Harvey was reading from a book when "a bullet from a great gun" grazed the ground near at hand. Thereupon he and the king's sons removed their station to another and safer place. How the history of England would have been altered if one or the other of the princes had been mowed down by that disturbing ball of lead!

CHAPTER III

THE GREAT CIVIL WAR — MARSTON MOOR

THE man who steps forth after Edgehill as the greatest military genius of his age must now have for a time our sole attention. Hampden and Pym, by a strange fate, were both removed from the theatre of war and of life in the year after Edgehill. Hampden died of a wound received in an inglorious skirmish at Chalgrove Field. Pym, the wise and the good, after completing his last great work, the conclusion of a "Solemn League and Covenant with Scotland," laid down the heavy burden of his unselfish career and gained repose in Westminster Abbey just when the cause of the Parliament appeared to need his splendid guidance most of all. The two giants had fallen by the way, and the future of English liberty looked dark indeed. In the hour of greatest gloom there arose among a host of mediocre parliamentary leaders a plain, blunt farmer past middle age who was destined to play a conspicuous part in English public life, in Parliament, on the field of battle, and later in the highest post of all. A very brief sketch of the early days, the appearance, the character, of this remarkable man must precede the review of his military career, which began with such credit on the Plain of Edgehill.

Oliver Cromwell was born at Huntingdon, a little town about sixty miles north of London, on April 25th, 1599. He was by birth "a gentleman." His father was the second son of Sir Henry Cromwell and younger brother of Sir Oliver Cromwell; his mother was a sister of Sir Thomas Steward. His great-grandfather was Sir Richard Cromwell, a nephew of that Thomas Cromwell who achieved fame as "the mauler of monasteries," and who was brought to the block in the reign of Henry VIII. The Cromwells, then, had for a hundred years stood high among the untitled gentry of England, and many of them had been closely connected with the court.



OLIVER CROMWELL

Little is known of Oliver's boyhood, though many doubtful legends are current about his early days. He was educated in the grammar school of Huntingdon under a Puritan teacher. At the age of seventeen he went up to Cambridge, only fifteen miles distant, and was admitted to Sidney Sussex College on April 23rd, 1616, on the very day that Shakespeare died in Stratford. Carlyle speaks thus of the remarkable conjunction of events, "The first world-great thing that remains of English history, the literature of Shakespeare, was ending; the second world-great thing that remains of English his-

tory, the armed appeal of Puritanism to the invisible God of Heaven against many very visible devils, on earth and elsewhere, was, so to speak, beginning. They have their exits and their entrances. And one people, in its time, plays many parts."

Cromwell's career at college was short, not beyond one year at Cambridge. When he was eighteen his father died, and left him to manage the family estates at Huntingdon. At the age of twenty-one he married Elizabeth Bourchier, a daughter of a knight and wealthy merchant of London. There are no records of his life for the next seven years. In 1628 he was sent to Parliament as the representative of the borough of Huntingdon. His parliamentary experience, like his academic experience, was cut short within a year, for in 1629 Charles dissolved the House and ruled alone for eleven years. In 1631 Cromwell sold his Huntingdon farm and removed to a leased farm at St. Ives for five years. In 1636 he moved again to Ely to farm the lands left to him by his mother's brother, Sir Thomas Steward.

For twenty years — from 1620 to 1640 — Cromwell lived a quiet, rural life. During this period there were born to him nine children, five sons and four daughters. It would be an interesting pursuit to determine how the future Protector of England spent these formative years. One could never have guessed at any time during this period that this peaceable country gentleman, this affectionate father and husband, this charitable, tender, and deeply religious man, would soon be leading dragoons and armies hither and thither over the land.

The most striking characteristic of Cromwell at this time, and ever after, was his religious faith and zeal. "He believed in God, not on Sundays only, but all days, in all places, and in all cases." To understand how it was that Cromwell's whole nature was saturated with biblical principles and his everyday speech laden with biblical phrases, we must remember a most important fact. The publication of the authorized version of the English Bible belongs to the year 1611, when Cromwell was twelve years old. The issue of that book at that particular juncture in the religious history of England strangely affected the thought and feeling and speech of the English nation. The boy Cromwell, by nature melancholy and reflective, fell under the spell of the new revelation. Such a hold did the new Bible take on him and thousands of his compatriots that they spoke in Hebrew phrases and metaphors even when dealing with the ordinary concerns of life. It will not be surprising, then, if we find Cromwell in Parliament and on the battlefield giving expression to his emotions in the phraseology of psalm and prophecy. During his whole life he used no other English in speech or writing than the dialect of the Bible.

Regarding Cromwell's appearance, we are not left in doubt. The brush of the artist and the pen of the writer do not fail us. The famous sketch of Sir Philip Warwick must be quoted, "In the very beginning of the Parliament held in November, 1640, I came one morning into the House well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking (whom I knew not) very ordinarily apparelled; for it was a plain cloth

suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country-tailor; his linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar; his hat was without a hat-band; his stature was of good size, his sword stuck close to his side, his countenance swollen and reddish, his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervour." Sir Philip does not tell us of the steel-blue, penetrating eyes, the broad and prominent forehead with a wart over the right eye, the light brown hair falling in curls, the scant moustache, the tuft on the under lip, the square, solid chin, the thick, heavy, rubicund nose, the large, prominent, tightly pressed lips.

Cromwell, though not in any sense a parliamentary leader, began in the Long Parliament as member for Cambridge (he had been the member for Cambridge in the Short Parliament too) to take a vigorous and effective part in public affairs. He spoke vehemently on the occasion of the debate on the "Grand Remonstrance." As he left the House that night he declared to a fellow-member, "Had it been rejected I would to-morrow have sold all I possess and left England for ever."

The very subordinate part which Cromwell took in the Battle of Edgehill has been noticed. It was immediately after Edgehill that Cromwell had that well-known conversation with his cousin Hampden in which he spoke contemptuously of the troops of the Parliament and declared that such base and mean fellows would never be able to encounter gentlemen

of honour and courage and resolution. His advice made no great impression on Hampden, but he proceeded deliberately with his small resources and opportunities to raise in his own district soldiers after his heart's desire, — men who "had the fear of God before them and made some conscience of what they did." Day and night he drilled his little force, the nucleus of that body of dragoons which later proved invincible on many a stricken field. From his own county his enthusiasm reached out to the neighbouring counties, and soon was formed the famous Eastern Association, comprising the seven counties of Cambridge, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Hertford, Huntingdon, and Lincolnshire. During the rest of the war the Eastern Association was the sheet-anchor of the parliamentary cause.

"Colonel" Cromwell's preliminary fights, gained by his superbly trained troopers, were all in Lincolnshire. The first engagement was near Grantham, where the Cromwellians swept before them double their number of Cavaliers. In a letter written after the chase of the royalists, we find a characteristic expression which recurs again and again in Cromwell's numerous despatches, "*They were immediately routed and ran all away, and we had the execution of them two or three miles.*"

Ten weeks later a much more important and much more difficult affair took place at Gainsborough after Cromwell's troopers had marched by forced stages fifty-five miles. "We disputed it with our swords and pistols a pretty time," he says, and he ends again on the same note of exultation, "Our men had chase

and execution about five or six miles." That note clearly indicates the temper in which the war was henceforth to be prosecuted.

In October, 1643, about a year after Edgehill, Cromwell's term of life was nearly ended in the Winceby or Horncastle fight. In a charge at the head of his troops, singing psalms as they rushed, his horse was killed under him, and when he arose he was felled by a staggering blow. Dazed and stumbling, he seized a trooper's horse, and was soon able to rejoin the charge. The enemy were chased more vigorously than before, slaughtered in their tracks, or scattered to the four winds. For a third time Cromwell's troopers had proved their mettle and their training. A cavalry leader had arisen who would stay the fiery onsets of Rupert when the next clash of battle came.

We cannot here follow the varying fortunes of Charles during the interval between Edgehill and Marston Moor. On the whole, he had decidedly the upper hand. He made his headquarters at Oxford, and directed the operations of Hopton in Cornwall and of Newcastle in York. The arrival of the queen in the north with arms from Holland gave the royalists encouragement but no real advantage. Rupert was ever busy, and among his successes must be noted the storming of Bristol, then the second city of the kingdom, in July, 1643. The first battle of Newbury, fought between Essex and the king, was as indecisive as Edgehill.

The war now took on a new phase. The treaty of "The Solemn League and Covenant" between England

and Scotland, which imposed the Presbyterian system on England brought a Scottish army over the Borders for the campaign of 1644. Alexander Leslie, recently created Earl of Leven, crossed the Tweed in January.

To offset the Scottish alliance of the Parliament, Charles now turned his attention to Ireland. His negotiations with that distracted island, in the hope of securing an Irish army for his English war, proved disastrous to his own cause. The very rumours of his intentions drove over to the camp of the Parliament scores of his best officers and many of his peers. The Scots, too, were nerved to extraordinary efforts by the king's sinister dealings with Ireland.

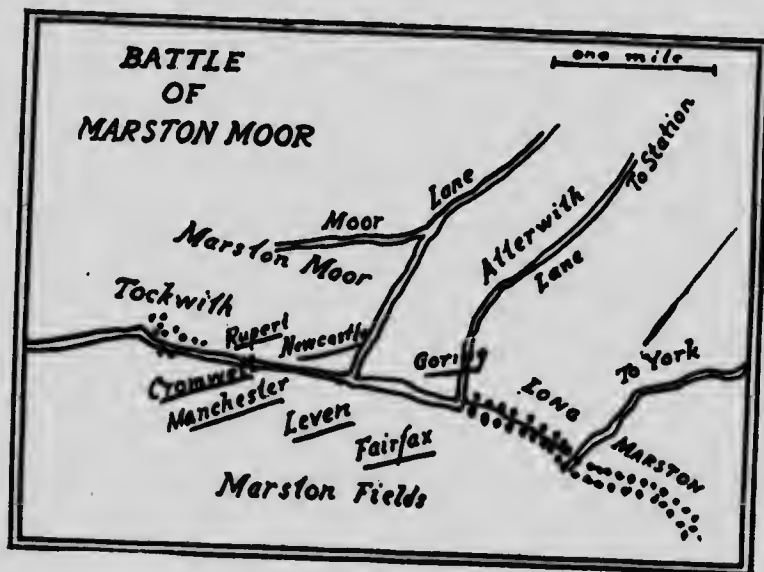
Early in 1644 the north of England became the scene of a momentous conflict. Of the five armies of the Parliament three were in the vicinity of York, where Newcastle, lately created marquis, was in winter-quarters. In April, Lord Fairfax and his son, Sir Thomas Fairfax, joined the Scots in besieging York. In May, Manchester with the army of the Eastern Association, including Cromwell's 3,000 troopers, joined the besiegers. The king at Oxford forwarded an urgent despatch to Rupert to relieve the Marquis of Newcastle. With 15,000 fierce warriors Rupert came speeding out of Lancashire to raise the siege of York. As he drew near, the besiegers made desperate attempts to take the city, but every attempt was foiled. His arrival forced the three armies of the Parliament to withdraw from the walls of York towards the west. Rupert evaded his foe, entered York from the north, and joined hands with Newcastle.

On the eve of the great battle divided counsels distracted both armies. Rupert's eagerness and a mandate in the king's letter to Rupert carried the day on the royalist side, although Newcastle was reluctant to face a foe so formidable. On the side of the Parliament the three armies found it impossible to act in concert, and even in Manchester's division Cromwell is said to have opposed his leader's plans. The parliamentary troops had begun to retreat southwards when the van of Rupert appeared and attacked their rear-guard. Sir Thomas Fairfax, who was just vacating Marston Moor, sent mounted messengers post haste to fetch back the parliamentary army to the moor. In a few hours the three armies of the Parliament had returned and had occupied the same positions as they had held in the morning.

The Battle of Marston Moor was fought on July 2nd, 1644. The hostile armies, 18,000 royalists, and 27,000 Roundheads, faced each other on the moor for many hours, and night drew on. The great struggle did not begin till nearly seven in the evening. Neither Rupert nor Newcastle expected any fighting till the next day. Rupert was eating his supper and Newcastle was in his coach solacing himself with a pipe, when the horsemen of the Eastern Association made their way across the ditch which separated the combatants, and the die of battle was cast. Who gave the signal for the engagement no one could afterwards tell, and indeed it is probable that no definite signal was given. The armies were separated over their whole length by a long ditch only, and the slightest movement in any part would be regarded

with alarm and cause a counter-movement. Some little disturbance, perhaps the accidental discharge of a gun, precipitated the fight. The action once begun could not be checked.

The disposition of the forces is pretty clearly defined. The royalists faced south, with Rupert and



his cavalry on the right wing. Newcastle occupied the centre. Goring's horse stood on the left wing towards York. Opposite Goring, on the Parliament side, were ranged the Yorkshire levies under the Fairfaxes. The Earl of Leven commanded the Scots opposite Newcastle. On the parliamentary left wing, which was destined to decide the fortunes of the day, Manchester's regiment of infantry was supported by the famous troopers of Cromwell and a cavalry division under David Leslie (not to be confounded

with Alexander Leslie, Earl of Leven, who commanded the centre).

At the east of the field Goring's cavalry made a successful onset upon the parliamentary right wing, and drove it in confusion many miles, as far as Tadcaster. Lord Fairfax, thinking that all was lost, galloped away even to Cawood Castle and retired for the night.¹ Sir Thomas Fairfax had pushed back towards York the troop of royalists whom he faced, but he was severely wounded and barely escaped with his life. Part of the royalist left wing returned to the field and attacked the Scottish centre on the rear. Several regiments of the Scots took to their heels, thinking that all was over. The Earl of Leven soon left the moor with many of his officers and did not halt till he had reached Leeds. The battle seemed irretrievably lost for the Parliament. The three chief generals of the Parliament had fled from the field, thinking that they had lost the day, for it seems certain that even Manchester was absent from the battle for a time. The genius of one man, however, was wresting victory from the very jaws of defeat.

While all was going the way of disaster on the right and in the centre of the parliamentary army, Lieutenant-general Cromwell, with his sturdy 8,000 psalm-singing troopers, was performing valiant deeds on the left, ably seconded by David Leslie and his Scottish dragoons. The redoubtable Rupert had at

¹ Mr. Firth maintains that Lord Fairfax, although carried off the field in the rout of the infantry, returned later to take part in the final victorious manoeuvres.

last met his match. It must not be supposed that Oliver's troops had an easy game of it. Indeed, the issue for a time was doubtful, for Oliver received a pistol wound in the neck at the first onset, and though he did not leave the field he was incapacitated for a short time. In this critical interval David Leslie with the second line fought bravely and successfully, withstanding all the stubborn assaults of Rupert's force. When Cromwell appeared again on the scene, he at once dashed with all the impetuosity which religious zeal and undaunted valour can engender, against the resolute and confident Rupert. He soon swept the Tockwith end of the field clear of his foe. His troopers kept close together in this victorious dash, knee to knee, sword in right hand, and when they had broken Rupert's lines, pistol and carbine completed the rout.

On towards York, Oliver's horsemen dashed after the hurrying fugitives. Only a mile or two of this, and then he brought back the bulk of his horse to the field to see where the next charge was needed. His genius saw on the instant the possibilities of the desperate situation. Goring's victorious cavalry was just returning from the chase of Fairfax's right wing. Fatigued and scattered, they were easily borne down by the exultant Puritans, who had just driven Rupert to York. Cromwell next turned his attention to Newcastle's brigades, attacking them in front and flank and rear. A few stubborn Scottish regiments still withstood in the centre the attacks of the infantry in front and the Royal Horse behind. When Cromwell began to hurl his squadrons against the royalist

centre, Newcastle saw that the day was lost to him after all. His "Whitecoats"¹ and the rest of the king's infantry did not, could not, retreat. They died almost to a man without budging from their ground. At the close of the bloody day, the men from North Yorkshire in their coats of undyed cloth were hemmed in on all sides by the Scots, the troopers of Oliver, and those of Manchester's force who had returned to the field. The darkness at last fell on the moor at ten o'clock, just when the last of the gallant "Whitecoats" were yielding up their lives in the hopeless fight. Under the white light of the July moon there lay that night on the moor 4,000 dead soldiers, of whom 3,000 had sacrificed their lives for the king. One man out of six of the royalists had perished. The battle was the bloodiest of the Civil War. It was fought, as it happened, within ten miles of Towton, the bloodiest battle of the Wars of the Roses.

Cromwell could wield a pen as well as a sword, and to him we owe graphic accounts of most of his victories. After this first great victory he wrote to a kinsman, "We never charged but we routed the

¹ The origin of the nickname is told in a letter from the Duchess of Newcastle to the duke in a life of the duke just published :

"My Lord being resolved to give them new liveries, and there not being red cloth enough to be had, took up so much of white as would serve to cloath them, desiring withal their patience until he got it dyed ; but they, impatient of stay, requested my Lord that he would be pleased to let them have it undyed, as it was, promising they themselves would dye it in the Enemies' Blood ; which request my Lord granted them, and from that time they were called 'Whitecoats.'"

enemy. The left wing, which I commanded, being our own horse, saving a few Scots in our rear, beat all the Prince's horse, and God made them stumble to our swords. We charged their regiments of foot with our horse and routed all we charged. I believe of 20,000 the Prince hath not 4,000 left. Give glory, all the glory, to God."

It was a crushing defeat for the king. The flower of the royalist army had perished, and Rupert's prestige was destroyed. York, Newcastle, and all the strongholds of the North, soon fell into the hands of the Parliament. The Marquis of Newcastle fled to the continent. Rupert marched away to Chester with the remnants of his fine army.

On the terrible day of Marston Moor a new word was added to the English language, or rather a new significance was given to an old word. When Rupert, the hero of many a cavalry rush on the continent and in England, failed to shake the impenetrable strength of the troopers of Oliver, he petulantly threw out at his enemy the nickname "Ironsides." This name soon passed to the victorious troopers themselves, and the designation became their boast and pride.

The immediate results of the battle of Marston Moor were not nearly so tremendous as the ultimate results. The consequences of that battle were more far-reaching than those of any other ever fought on British soil, with the single exception of Hastings. It pronounced the doom of absolutism in England, for it was the turning-point of the war. It decided the momentous issue of English freedom

and of parliamentary government. It made it possible for monarchies and republics in many lands and in all subsequent ages to live under forms of government copied in all substantial respects after the free constitution of England.

The modern aspects of the battlefield claim now brief attention. It was the siege of the city of York, the capital of the North, which brought on the battle of Marston Moor. A railway journey from York of six miles to the west brings the traveller to the Marston Moor station, where he finds that he has still before him a walk of three miles, through Ackerwith Lane, to the village of Long Marston. My visit to the historic moor happened in the same month of the year as that in which the battle was fought, and the day was thunderous and showery, as was that sanguinary day. The meteorological conditions gave a fillip to the imagination, and as I reached that part of the lane which Cromwell traversed on his return to the field after his hot pursuit of Rupert, I was obsessed by the phantoms of ancient battle-shouts. Down through the silent centuries came to me unbidden the cries of the two confident hosts as they joined battle. "For God and the King" was mingled in this Yorkshire lane and over this wide moor with the hoarse, stern response of the Roundheads, "God with us!"

At the end of the lane is Long Marston, an attenuated village which well deserves its appellation, as it stretches about a mile along its single, winding street. The modern road of Marston Lane runs

west from Long Marston to Tockwith, one and a half miles, skirting the north edge of Marston Fields, and passing right over the battlefield. The great moor still spreads out towards the north, much of it as in the days of old. The ditch mentioned in all narratives of the fight no longer can be traced, but its locality is fixed by antiquarians as running parallel with Marston Lane at the distance of a stone's throw to the north. Near Tockwith village is the site of the house where legend avers that Cromwell had his wound dressed. In the field there near the lane he fought it out with Rupert of the Rhine, and then in one short hour by swift, sure strokes he turned a seemingly dismal disaster for the Parliament into a complete and overwhelming victory.

In the summer gloaming of long ago the field of Marston was moor and cornland, as it is to-day. On that 2nd of July, 1644, the arable portion of the district was covered with rye, full grown but not ripe. Rye still rises every July over these fields, but other crops claim their share of the farmer's attention. Wheat and barley, potatoes and turnips, grow luxuriantly where Manchester, Leven, and Fairfax were overcome with fright, and deserted the cause. It is difficult to imagine that this sequestered Yorkshire moor, this scene of perfect silence and peace, was once, as Carlyle says, in his vigorous phrases, "the most enormous hurly-burly of fire and smoke and steel-flashing and death-tumult ever seen in these regions."

As I returned to Marston Moor station by Atter-

with Lane, my reflections continued to flow in a single current. The strange drama enacted here in the middle of the seventeenth century held my mind in thrall. No such singular combat was ever waged elsewhere. The flight of the four generals is the greatest freak of warfare ever chronicled. At the very moment that all three leaders of the Roundheads were fleeing madly south, thinking that their cause was lost, the fiery nephew of Charles, the chief leader of the royalists, was for dear life fleeing east. It was Oliver Cromwell's chance, and he seized it and pressed it, and thus began a career of military glory not surpassed in the long and illustrious annals of his country. The arbitrament of the sword that day decided, as has been already said, the dubious issue of English freedom, and to Cromwell and his 8,000 perfectly trained and God-fearing troopers we owe a debt of appreciation too seldom acknowledged even by the trivial tribute of a little interest in the marvellous story of Marston Moor.

CHAPTER IV

THE GREAT CIVIL WAR — NASEBY

IN the north of England the king had suffered a severe blow, but in the south and west his cause prospered much better. The army of Essex in Cornwall was, at the end of August, surrounded by Charles and forced to surrender, Essex himself escaping by boat to London. In October, Manchester failed to defeat Charles in the second Battle of Newbury. The royalists in Scotland under Montrose had gained two battles. The Civil War appeared to be no nearer a conclusion than before the great fight at Marston Moor.

When Cromwell saw that all his efforts in organizing the Eastern Association were being rendered ineffective, and that the fierce and glorious contest of Marston Moor had not measurably advanced the cause of the Parliament, he chafed exceedingly. With characteristic directness he aimed a blow at the cause of all the mischief. Manchester seemed unwilling to strike hard and to bring the war to a final issue. Cromwell in Parliament raised the question of the sluggish prosecution of the war. The nation, he declared, must be saved from its bleeding, nay, almost dying, condition. The war must be prosecuted with speed, vigour, and effectiveness. The

kingdom must not be allowed to become weary, and to hate the very name of Parliament. He laid a formal charge against his old commander, Manchester, of being always "indisposed and backward to engagements and the ending of the war by the sword."

Manchester tried to vindicate himself in the House of Lords, where he charged Cromwell with being factious and obstructive. Some of the Scottish leaders, who disliked Cromwell's religious opinions, joined with Manchester at this crisis and attacked Cromwell as an "incendiary." The Lower House stood firm by Cromwell's side. Suddenly, instead of pressing his charge against Manchester, Cromwell took a short cut towards the desired end. He caused to be introduced a proposal styled a "Self-denying Ordinance," which had for its object the exclusion from commands in the army of all members of both Houses. The Lords, under Manchester's lead, threw out the bill. The Commons then took another route to attain their purpose. They proceeded to reorganize the whole army, laying it down as the first principle of reorganization that all officers and even private soldiers were to be chosen with a single view to efficiency. The New Model Army was to be, in effect, a further development of the constitution of the Eastern Association. Sir Thomas Fairfax was named as general; the valiant Skippon as major-general; the post of lieutenant-general was, apparently by design, left unfilled.

The Lords saw what was now inevitable, and they passed with reluctance a revised form of the "Self-denying Ordinance" which the Commons submitted

to them. Essex, Manchester, Waller, at once sent in their resignations as generals of the Parliament. The Ordinance required all commanders to hand over their commands to Parliament within forty days. When the time came for Cromwell to follow the example of the other commanders, he was re-appointed for another forty days, till June 22nd, for his regiments had been on the verge of mutiny when ordered to the field without his trusty leadership. Before June 22nd the whole aspect of the war was completely changed.

The New Model Army was really a professional army under a single commander-in-chief. It was supported by Parliament rather than by local rates. The soldiers were paid regularly, and supplies were no longer left to the hazards of local uncertainty. The majority of the officers were Puritans, like Cromwell, and most of the soldiers were serious, if not religious. Even the pressed men, of whom there were many, were selected on account of their suitability. The New Model Army was composed of eleven regiments of horse, each of 600; twelve regiments of infantry, each of 1,200; 1,000 dragoons; — 22,000 men in all. A small train of artillery was attached to the service. With this new army in the field it behooved the king to take good heed. Before the parliamentary army was thoroughly organized, therefore, Charles pursued tactics which led to a decisive engagement.

Towards the end of May the king stormed and sacked Leicester. Fairfax surrounded Oxford, the royalist centre, and Cromwell was busy with a small

troop in the counties of the Eastern Association. On June 5th Fairfax was ordered by the "Committee of Both Kingdoms" to raise the siege of Oxford and march to meet the king in the Midlands. When Fairfax pushed north he sent an urgent request to the Parliament for the immediate assistance of Cromwell. The order was at once passed, and Cromwell, as lieutenant-general, set out in haste with six hundred troopers. When Cromwell arrived at Fairfax's quarters at six o'clock on the morning of June 13th, the cavalry gave a mighty shout of joy. There had been a rumour in camp for several days that "The Invincible" was coming, and when Oliver appeared there arose a stirring demonstration in his honour. He immediately began to marshal all the horse. Before Fairfax's arrangements were completed the enemy appeared in gallant order.

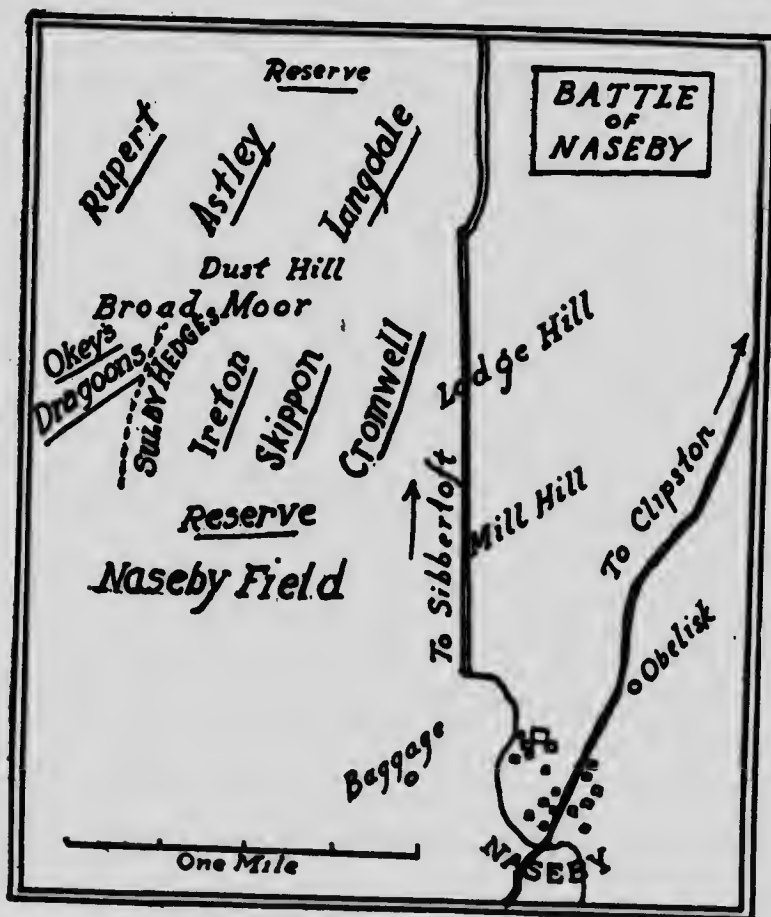
Charles was at Harborough, a town in Leicestershire twelve miles south of Leicester, when he heard of the approach of Fairfax. In high spirits and confident of defeating the New Model he marched south to Daventry. There he learned by scouts that Fairfax's army was much larger than his own. He at once fell back again on Harborough on the road to Leicester. The little town of Market Harborough had now entertained Charles twice; within a few days it was to view him for a third time at the head of his fleeing Cavaliers. When Charles learned at Harborough that the enemy was close on his heels, he determined to fight, even against the odds of numbers, and he turned south once more towards the field of Naseby.

The striking language of Oliver when he saw the king's host draw near is familiar to all readers of history, "I can say this of Naseby, that when I saw the enemy draw up and march in gallant order towards us, and we a company of poor, ignorant men, to seek how to order our battle — the general having commanded me to order all the horse — I could not, riding alone about my business, but smile out to God in praises, in assurance of victory, because God would by things that are not bring to naught things that are." Behind this remarkable declaration of faith lay a spirit indomitable, whatever might betide.

The Battle of Naseby was fought on Saturday, June 14th, 1645. At daylight, three in the morning, the army of the Parliament began to move north. At five o'clock came into view, over the crest of the northern hills, the royal array which elicited Cromwell's reflections just quoted. The first position of the parliamentary army was north-east of the hamlet of Naseby. When Fairfax saw the direction in which the king was moving, as if to flank him on the west, he turned his whole army to a new position a mile north-west of Naseby, where the battle was fought.

Fairfax drew up his forces, 13,000 strong, in a line facing the north. Cromwell and Ireton occupied his right and left wings with six regiments of horse each. Major-general Skippon commanded the infantry in the centre. A troop of Ireton's dragoons was placed behind Sulby Hedges in the west to harass the enemy when they advanced. The king's army occupied the hill to the north on the opposite

side of Broad Moor. Rupert was not to face Cromwell, as he had placed himself with his brother Maurice on Charles's right wing. Sir Marmaduke



Langdale had the horse on the left in front of Cromwell. Lord Astley had charge of the centre. The king himself commanded the reserves in the rear. The royal army was composed of 4,000 horse and perhaps 4,000 foot.

As in former conflicts, the battle opened, after the customary roar of artillery, with a fierce charge by Rupert. He dashed with his intrepid and seasoned horsemen past Sulby Hedges and Okey's concealed dragoons and uphill against Ireton. At the first rush Ireton was wounded in thigh and in face. Rupert pushed the charge home, drove the Roundhead horse in panic before him right to the hamlet of Naseby, a mile away. Fairfax's rear-guard in charge of the baggage held Rupert's attention for a time and delayed his return to the field. He was always too eager for trophies and his men were too greedy for booty.

Fairfax's centre was, meanwhile, faring badly, for Skippon had been struck down, and the left of the infantry was exposed by the flight of Ireton's horse. After the first discharge of their rude muskets, the Roundhead regiments in the centre fought it out with pikes and swords and their musket-butts. Back farther and farther Astley's infantry pushed Skippon's lines, even to the reserve forces lying to the south of the crest of Lodge Hill on Naseby Field.

The general features of this famous battle oddly resembled those of Marston Moor. The centre and one wing of the Roundheads were broken, and the day appeared to be lost for them. But the six regiments of Cromwell on the right saved the day. He dashed into the moor and met the onset of Sir Marmaduke with irresistible momentum. He chased the king's left wing right off the field. Leaving one regiment to hold the advantage gained, he swept back over Broad Moor in time to save the Round-

head centre, now in bad case, and to handle the returning troopers of Rupert and Maurice. The second charge of Cromwell's horse effectively decided the issue of the day. The royal centre was attacked in front, flank, and rear, and utterly destroyed. Then Cromwell and Fairfax did a most unusual thing. They re-formed their whole army in new lines, horse, foot, and artillery, and threatened the king's reserve, not yet brought into action, and Rupert's horsemen, now creeping back to Dust Hill.

Charles, never a coward, endeavoured to rally his shattered remnant, calling out as he rode around, "One charge more, gentlemen, and the day is ours." But the royalist war-cry of "Mary" was to be heard no more that day, for Rupert's horse could never be brought to make a second charge on the same day. The Puritans were again beginning to move over the moor in perfect battalions, shouting with all their earlier exultation, "God our strength!" Fairfax had lost his helmet, and rode unprotected, with outstretched arm and flashing eyes, at the head of his victorious army. Cromwell, who had had his morion cut from his head, led forwards his troopers, now drunk with the lust of battle. The royalists hesitated for a moment, and then the order, "March to the right hand," sped among Charles's horsemen, and all for life "rode upon the spur." The retreat of the royalists was soon quickened to a chase. Terrible as was the contest, the flight was more terrible. "We pursued them," reported Cromwell, "from three miles short of Harborough to nine beyond, even to the sight of Leicester, whither the king fled."

The battle of Naseby lasted three hours, from ten till one. Five thousand royalists were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. All the king's guns, his carriages and wagons, and his standards, were taken. Worst of all for him, his private cabinet, with much secret incriminating correspondence, fell into Fairfax's hands to be used on a later occasion to confound the faithless monarch. His defeat at Naseby was a crushing blow, but the revelations of his cabinet cost him his head. Proof was found there of his negotiations with France and Ireland to aid him in conquering rebellious England.

On the field of Naseby, Cromwell completed the great work which he began on Marston Moor. Charles's resistance to the Parliament was over forever; he never again commanded an army in person. The effectiveness of the New Model Army Cromwell's creation, was proven decisively. From the day of Naseby may be reckoned the preëminence of Oliver Cromwell in the affairs of England. The day of Naseby, too, may be regarded as the real birth of English liberty and the real death of absolute rule. Marston Moor was the precursor; Broad Moor was the fulfilment. Mr. Green's impressive estimate of Naseby Battle is worth repeating, "Modern England, the England among whose thoughts and sentiments we actually live, began, however dimly, with the triumph of Naseby."

If you would see the beauties of rural England in their typical aspects you should drive from Rugby to Naseby by the northern route through Clifton,

Catthorpe, Swinford, South Kilworth, and Wellford, returning by the southern and somewhat shorter route through Cold Ashby, West Haddon, Crick, and Hillmorton. The journey will carry you far away from the railways through long stretches of quiet country. The landscapes are attractive and varied. You will find no square fields; the areas are quite irregular everywhere. The roads are seldom straight; they wind and twist in arbitrary wilfulness. Sometimes they turn you almost face about before they deign to carry you forwards again. The hedges and spinneys are as informal as everything else, each having a marked individuality. One wonders whether "that independence Britons prize too high" is the outgrowth of such irregular scenes, or whether the wayward fancies of "the lords of human kind" have impressed themselves on these features of the landscape. These irregularities of rural England are a large part of the charm that enchains the attention and wins the affections of the traveller. When you have become accustomed to the endless shiftings and changes of the individual units that delight you, perhaps you are surprised for a furlong by a touch of uniformity in a beautiful double row of stately beeches that skirt the road,—trees that have flourished for a hundred years in the mellow atmosphere of this midland region. If your journey to Naseby is made in late August, an additional joy will be furnished by the exhilarating breeze which sweeps over the high plateau towards which you are making your way.

A journey of fifteen miles from Rugby into the

north-western corner of Northampton brings you to the famous hamlet. Naseby has a population of only eight hundred. It stands on a hilltop in the very centre of England. The source of Stratford's Avon is in the village itself. The host of the village inn declares with pride, "No water flows into this lordship." The most interesting features of the village are the ancient church with a modern spire; the Cromwell Library, containing biographies of Cromwell (over one hundred); and, east of the village, a monument which the historian Gardiner calls "a blockhead monument," because it is nearly a mile from the battlefield, and because of the foolish inscription thereon.¹ The mistake of location was due to the fact that this was in reality the first position of the Roundhead army before the more favourable site south of Broad Moor was selected.

To reach the scene of the battle you go north from

¹ The inscription which has merited the severe censure of the best historian of Naseby, himself a direct descendant of Cromwell, is worth reproducing:—

"To commemorate that great and decisive battle fought in this Field on the XIV day of June MDCXLV. Between the Royalist Army Commanded by His Majesty Charles the First, and the Parliament Forces, Headed by the Generals Fairfax and Cromwell, which terminated fatally for the Royal cause, led to the subversion of the throne, the altar, and the constitution, and for years plunged this nation into the horrors of anarchy and civil war. Leaving a useful lesson to British Kings never to exceed the bounds of their just prerogative and to British subjects never to swerve from the allegiance due to their legitimate monarch. This Pillar was erected by John and Mary Frances Fitzgerald, Lord and Lady of the Manor of Naseby."

the village, about a mile, along the Sibbertoft Road to Lodge Hill, the eminence on which Cromwell drew up the right wing of the parliamentary army at the beginning of the battle. From the elevation of Lodge Hill you get an unobstructed view of the historic valley and the ridge of hills in the distance, on which King Charles posted his ill-fated troops. Yonder to the north-west were stationed the cavalry of Rupert and Maurice on the spot now called "Rupert's Farm." The Broad Moor, on that distant June day, was glowing with broom and furze in their full, golden glory of blossom. To-day it is meadow and cornland. The rabbit burrows and the bogs so inconvenient to the horsemen have vanished, and the excellent modern Sibbertoft Road carries the traveller to the hill whence Langdale's horse rushed to their destruction. On Lodge Hill is placed, not a monument, but a plain, painted board to tell you that Cromwell stood here on the morning of that 14th of June. To the left there stood Skippon's infantry supported by Ireton's horse. The usual accounts of the battle give the reader a wrong notion as to the depth of the valley. Lodge Hill is perhaps half a mile from Dust Hill. The Broad Moor lies between. Lodge Hill is about fifty feet and Dust Hill about thirty feet above the bottom of the valley, so that the slope from the hills is not a steep one, not more at any point than four or five degrees. The downhill and uphill movements had, therefore, little, if anything, to do with the result.

We must be careful, in our estimate of Naseby, not to forget the courage and fire of the general, Sir

Thomas Fairfax. Cromwell on that day was forty-six years old, but his superior officer was only thirty-three. Fairfax was tall and dark, — called "Black Tom" by his soldiers, who idolized him. He bore on his face the traces of old wounds, one of them due to Marston Moor. Naturally a slow man, he was transformed on the field of battle to unwonted energy and resourcefulness. 'His gentle blood in dangerous hour never ran cold or slow.'

Of all the pictures of Naseby fight, the most dramatic and vivid is that of Macaulay. Before leaving your post on Lodge Hill to return to "the madding crowd," if by good fortune you have in your pocket the lines spoken by Obadiah Bind-their-Kings-in-Chains-and-their-Nobles-with-Links-of-Iron, sergeant in Ireton's regiment, read them aloud by this vale of silence before turning your face again towards the drab soberness of the workaday world : —

"It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance, and their cuirasses shine,
And the man of blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

"Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The General rode along us to form us for the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout,
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

"And hark! like the roar of billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line!
For God! for the cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

"The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoës of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall;

They are bursting on our flanks! Grasp your pikes! Close
your ranks!

For Rupert never comes, but to conquer or to fall.

"They are here — they rush on — we are broken — we are gone —
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name! and fight it to the
last!

"Stout Skippon hath a wound — the centre hath given ground:
Hark! hark! what means the trampling of horsemen on
our rear?

Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he! thank God! 'tis
he, boys;

Bear up another minute! Brave Oliver is here!

"Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dikes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes."

If I were an artist I should strive to add a masterpiece to the great historic paintings of the world. I should attempt to depict in colours a wondrous drama and a striking symbol. I should draw the fleeing Charles, speeding in precipitate haste with his Cavaliers along the Harborough Road towards Leicester. Mounted he would be on the snow-white charger which he rode that day and which has been immortalized by the pencil of Van Dyck. I should portray in stern pursuit the avenging Oliver and his Roundheads, never again to be despised. There on the broad canvas would be for ever fixed the moving lesson of haughty malignancy (that is the Cromwellian word) chased by fleet and determined retribu-

tion. Or, if you will, there would be prefigured the speedy downfall of the fugitive king from his tottering throne, and the as sudden elevation of the invincible pursuer to the highest pinnacle of power and influence. Never have the annals of England offered to the master of the brush a subject so inviting and so full of possibilities as the flight of the king from Naseby on that beautiful June day, under perfect skies, past green hedges, and blooming moors and meadows pied with daisies and yellow gorse, Cromwell and his troopers, although fatigued by desperate charges and sturdy sword-strokes, still urged forwards by the unwearied and exhilarated spirit of warriors successful beyond their wildest Puritan dreams.

CHAPTER V

THE GREAT CIVIL WAR — PRESTON

"Swift and resistless through the land he passed,
Like that bold Greek who did the East subdue,
And made to battles such heroic haste
As if on wings of victory he flew."

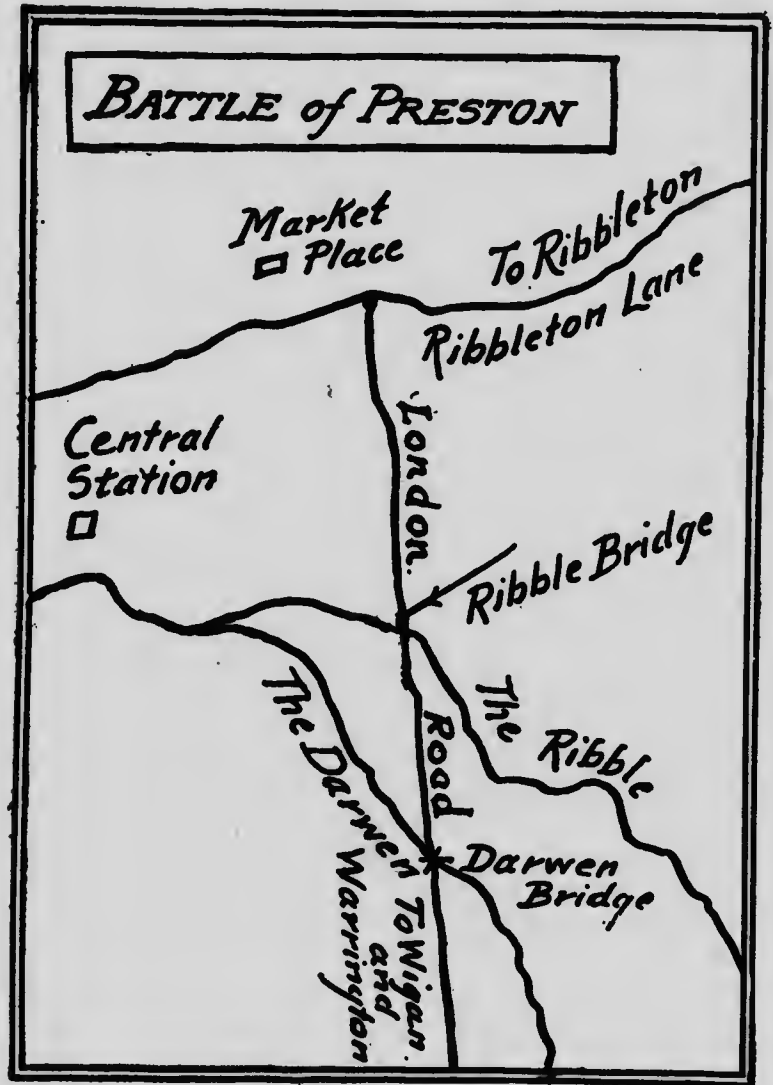
— DRYDEN.

AFTER Naseby no Self-Denying Ordinance interposed to check the military career of Cromwell. He was now acknowledged to be the first soldier of England ; and England had still much work for him to do. He and Fairfax took Bristol in September, 1645, after a fierce assault ; and Rupert, who had had charge of the defence, was now requested by Charles in a bitter letter "to seek his subsistence somewhere beyond seas." During the next three years, the affairs of England, political, ecclesiastical, social, were in the melting-pot. A struggle ensued, between the New Model Army and the Parliament, as to how England was to be governed. After the struggle took definite shape, Cromwell became the spokesman of the army, while the astute and faithless king negotiated with both and tried to make the cleavage between them greater. The increasing disunion among the enemies of Charles in England led his followers in Scotland to invade England in his behalf. Charles, practically a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle in the Isle of Wight, had in-

trigued with the Scots and entered into an "engagement" with the commissioners of Scotland in which he undertook to establish Presbyterianism in England and to suppress all heresy in return for his own restoration to power. The Duke of Hamilton was the leader of the Scottish party who had made the secret treaty with Charles, but a very large part of the Scottish nation, headed by the Marquis of Argyle, disapproved of the invasion of England. The "Engagers," as Hamilton's army was called, crossed the border on July 8th, 1648, and advanced by the western route through Carlisle and Kendal. The raw and undisciplined force of Scots crawled slowly southwards, reinforced after entering England by 3,000 royalists of the North under Sir Marmaduke Langdale. When Hamilton reached Preston in Lancashire he had 24,000 under his banners. He had never for a moment imagined that at Preston his course would be stayed, for he had failed to form a right estimate of the genius of Oliver.

On May 1st the Council of War had despatched Cromwell to South Wales, where the second Civil War had broken out. He left London with two regiments of horse and three of foot. Colonel Poyer, the governor of Pembroke Castle, had refused to hand over his charge to an officer appointed to succeed him. He shut himself up in the castle and was there besieged by Cromwell for six weeks. On July 11th the castle surrendered. Instantly Cromwell turned his face towards the north to stem the tide of the royalist invasion. His men were ill-clad, and many of them tramped barefoot from Wales to Leicester.

"Send me some shoes for my poor tired soldiers," wrote Oliver to the committee in London, and at



Leicester on August 1st, 3,000 of them were shod. Oliver's plan now matured. He would join Major

general Lambert, the parliamentary commander of the northern counties, and push against Hamilton by a lateral attack. On August 5th he reached Nottingham, and on the 12th he joined Lambert at Knaresborough, within ten miles of Marston Moor, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. With an army of 8,500 men, of whom 3,000 were cavalry, he turned south-west towards Preston. His army was composed almost wholly of veterans, "a fine, smart army, fit for action."

Cromwell's plans of attack were carried out with marvellous precision. He crossed the hills which separate Yorkshire from Lancashire, and advanced along the river Ribble, which enters the sea at Preston. Five days after joining Lambert he touched Hamilton's left flank on Ribblesdale Moor. He had won the battle before striking one blow, for Hamilton was caught in desperate straits. No inkling of Cromwell's movements had reached the Scots, nor did Hamilton dream that Cromwell was within a hundred miles of him. When Langdale, east of Preston, sent Hamilton word that Oliver Cromwell was upon him, the Scottish commander was dumbfounded and incredulous. His army, a long unprotected line, was straggling southwards in most leisurely fashion, van and rear forty miles apart; and, worst of all for him, Cromwell's fatal wedge cleft his elongated force squarely in the middle. The bulk of the Scottish horse was at Wigan, fifteen miles south, while twenty-five miles north lay Monro and Musgrave with 6,000 troops. A prolonged massacre of the royalists began on August 17th; it lasted for three days, over a chase of thirty miles of country.

It was the fate of Sir Marmaduke Langdale, Cromwell's old adversary at Naseby, to bear the brunt of the first day's fight. His English royalists, 3,000 foot and 600 horse, lay on Ribbleson Moor, two miles east of Preston, when the storm of battle broke. Early on Thursday, August 17th, Cromwell fell with irresistible vigour on Langdale's division and beat it backwards to Preston from hedge to hedge. After a stiff contest of three or four hours, the Roundhead forces drove the royalists into Preston Town and through the narrow streets, with push of pike and close firing, right down to Ribble Bridge on the London Road, and thence step by step forwards to Darwen Bridge, where the slaughter ceased for the day. As many of the Scottish foot as he could save, Hamilton had drawn out of Preston and south of the Ribble and the Darwen to effect a junction with the cavalry, which had been urgently recalled from Wigan.

Cromwell was now firmly established between the Duke of Hamilton and Scotland. He had sent Lambert with a sufficient force to block the advance of the belated division of the Scots, and, if possible, to push them back towards Scotland. On Friday, August 18th, Cromwell began his pursuit of the Scots. They had abandoned their train, including their ammunition, and had marched all night towards Wigan. While the Scottish infantry, wet, hungry, and weary, were trudging in the darkness to meet their cavalry, General Middleton, on a road nearly parallel, several miles away, was moving to relieve them. By maladroit scouting the two divisions failed to meet, and the succouring cavalry of Middleton, when they dis-

covered their error, retraced their steps towards Wigan behind the fleeing infantry. Oliver's troopers at dawn came upon them from the north and hurried their pace southwards, cutting many of them down in their tracks. "We lay that night," writes Oliver, "in the field, being very dirty and weary, and having marched twelve miles of such ground as I never rode in my life, the day being very wet." The Scots had another night march before them, for Hamilton pressed on to Warrington, in the hope of crossing the Mersey and breaking down the bridge. On Saturday, the 19th, Cromwell overtook the Scots three miles north of Warrington and "held them in dispute." That was the last forlorn stand of the royalists. On Saturday evening all the Scottish infantry were prisoners of war. Hamilton escaped with two or three thousand horse into Cheshire, where he capitulated to Lambert six days later. The second Civil War was finished.

Cromwell's report of the battle runs thus: "We have killed we know not what, but a very great number, having done execution upon them thirty miles together besides what we killed in the two great fights, the one at Preston, the other at Warrington. The enemy was 24,000 horse and foot, and our army 6,000 foot and 3,000 horse at the utmost. This is a glorious day. God help England to answer His mercies."

Students of the science of arms look upon Preston as the greatest military exploit of the whole war. This was the first battle of any magnitude in which Cromwell had had the chief command. He had amply fulfilled the promise of Marston Moor and

Naseby. He had by sheer valour and genius defeated an army three times as big as his own, cut it clean in two, pursued and annihilated both halves, by a series of swift, bewildering strokes, losing in these three perilous and fatiguing days only one officer and a few hundred men, slaying in all 2,000 of the enemy and capturing 9,000 prisoners. This was not war ! It was massacre and extermination, but it was the few who pursued and destroyed the many. It was experienced and matchless generalship competing with inexperience and crass incompetence.

The town of Preston is one of the oldest in England. Its first charter is said to have been granted by Henry I in 1100. It was for centuries an aristocratic borough occupied by some of the principal North Country families. During the struggles of the Stuarts to retain, and then to regain, the throne, Preston was strongly royalist. "Proud Preston," which had welcomed James I when he halted in the spacious market-place in 1617, — which had with dismay heard the cannon of Oliver, and experienced the stern onset of his troopers in 1648, — was intimately connected with the careers of the two pretenders. At the cross in the market-place the old pretender was proclaimed as James III in 1715 by the small army of luckless Jacobites, soon to be utterly crushed. In 1745, Prince Charles Edward, the young pretender, visited Preston and was proclaimed king in the same historic market-place.

The present town of Preston has very few features that remind one of the battle of 1648, or of the other numerous historical incidents associated with the place. This ancient home of nobility and war-like predilections has been transformed into a busy hive of the varied industries of peace. Swords long ago were beaten into spindles and pikes into shuttles. The city coat of arms has expanded the cryptic "P.P." to "*Princeps Pacis*,"¹ for the mills and looms of Preston turn out a greater variety of fabrics than any other place in England, 25,000 persons being employed in the cotton industry alone. The district east of the city is still styled Ribbleson Moor. You reach the moor through Ribbleson Lane, and the suburb of Ribbleson. Much of the former wild, moorland plateau remains moorland still. On your way to the south of the town over the London Road you tread on historic ground. If you cross the river Ribble by the Walton Bridge, and proceed for a mile to the Darwen River and bridge, you are following the route of the hot and bloody pursuit of Cromwell on that far-off August day. You will finally reach, within a stone's throw of the river Darwen,² the "Unicorn Inn," built on the site of the old inn which sheltered Cromwell on the night of the first day of Preston Battle.

On my way back from Darwen Bridge to the labour

¹ The popular expansion of these letters is "Proud Preston."

² "While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Duubar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath." — Milton.

and noise of the modern city, I saw, in the late afternoon, a procession along the London Road which furnished a strange contrast to the procession of fleeing Scots and pursuing Roundheads, who traversed this same thoroughfare in the days of Oliver, hot with passion, and red with blood. No military pomp or pageantry in this long line of workers wending their way home after a weary day in the great cotton mill near the gently-flowing Ribble. That warlike procession of 1648 was composed of men alone, speeding for safety or for vengeance. This peaceful and quiet train is composed almost entirely of women and girls, a thousand of whom have just been released from depressing drudgery to the welcome freshness of the first day of an English autumn. The pale faces of old and young, the fleeting animation that swept over their features on the first rush into freedom, the quickened steps as the air of God banished the air of the mill, the stooping figures of the women of fifty who fraternized freely with the faded girls of fifteen, the ubiquitous shawls and straw hats, — never can this impressive moving picture of the Preston cotton operatives, bound for their humble homes, pass from my recollection, or cease to rouse a touch of heart-ache for these hard-working mothers and sisters and daughters of "Proud Preston."

CHAPTER VI

THE GREAT CIVIL WAR — DUNBAR

WE still follow in the track of Oliver, for, in the main, that is the track of the great events in Britain during the next two years, and the next two years saw stirring and momentous events. After the Battle of Preston, Cromwell marched into Scotland and was received in Edinburgh with acclaim, as that city had not entirely sympathized with "The Engagers." After installing a satisfactory government in the Scottish capital, he returned to England at the end of October, reaching London on the very night after that revolutionary incident in Westminster Hall, styled "Pride's Purge." While Cromwell appears to have had no part in the design of the army that resulted in the exclusion of nearly 150 members who favoured a compromise with the king, still he declared that he would gladly help to maintain the new conditions which Colonel Pride's musketeers had produced.

When King Charles learned of Cromwell's victory at Preston he said that it was the worst news England had ever heard. To him it was indeed ill and portentous news. Early in January, 1649, the remnant of the Long Parliament, fifty or sixty members, voted that Charles had been guilty of high treason in

making war against the Parliament. A "High Court of Justice," composed of 135 members, was appointed to try the king. Of this number only about sixty had the disposition and the resolution to push the trial to its extremity. When the court met in the Painted Chamber the determined face of Cromwell was conspicuous among the judges of the king. The torn and faded banners wrested from the Cavaliers at Marston, Naseby, and Preston, floated over the royal head during the progress of the great trial. In vain "the Great Delinquent" protested against the atrocious illegality of the trial ; in vain he defied the authority of his judges ; there was no escape from the hour of doom. The memorable document which sentenced Charles to the axe runs thus : "Whereas Charles Stuart, King of England, is and standeth convicted, attainted, and condemned of High Treason and other high Crimes : and sentence upon Saturday last was pronounced against him by this Court, to be put to death by the severing of his head from his body ;

"These are therefore to will and require you to see the said sentence executed in the open street before Whitehall upon the morrow, being the thirtieth day of this instant month of January, etc., etc.

"Given under our hands and seals,

"JOHN BRADSHAW,

"THOS. GREY,

"OLIVER CROMWELL,"

(and fifty-six others).

On a bitterly cold morning, January 30th, 1649, Charles I, King of England, was obliged to walk

through St. James's Park to the place where the masked headsman awaited him. On the scaffold he protested that the people mistook the nature of government; and then without quailing he submitted to the stroke of the executioner. The deep groan that arose from the surrounding multitude as the severed head was raised before the gaze of all, was soon echoed and reëchoed throughout the startled courts of Europe.

Within a week after the king's death the mutilated House of Commons, now little more than a hundred members, declared the House of Lords "useless and dangerous." The need of an executive authority was supplied by the creation of a Council of State of forty-one persons. Of this Council, Bradshaw was chosen president and John Milton was appointed Latin secretary. On May 30th the commonwealth was proclaimed in the city of London. England was to be governed by the representatives of the people in Parliament, without king or House of Lords.

The first Charles had been removed, but the second Charles had yet to be dealt with. He had lived for some time at The Hague under the protection of the Prince of Orange, the husband of his sister, Mary. He was now harboured at the French court of St. Germain. At Edinburgh he had been proclaimed king immediately after his father's death. In Ireland a rising in his favour had been fomented by the Marquis of Ormond, who had drawn to his standards an odd aggregation of Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Roman Catholics. Charles was proclaimed king; Prince Rupert came to St. George's Channel with a

hostile fleet; only Dublin and Derry remained in the hands of the new commonwealth.

Plainly the safety of England required the quelling of the aspirations of the royalists in Ireland. Whenever, in those troublous times, there was fighting to do, England had need of Cromwell; and after much hesitation he accepted the difficult post of lord-lieutenant of Ireland and commander of the forces. It is not a part of the present writer's plan to sketch, however briefly, the campaign of Oliver in Ireland. The history of those terrible nine months is a grim record of vengeance and blood, staining the memory of the lord-lieutenant and making his name execrable in Ireland after the lapse of two and a half centuries, for the Irish peasant's fiercest curse in many corners of Erin is to this day, "The curse of Cromwell on you." The ghastly massacre at Tredah (now Drogheda), where every man of the garrison of three thousand was put to the sword, the frightful slaughter at Wexford immediately following, the ruthless treatment of the defenders of Kilkenny and Clonmel, were lessons writ in blood for Ireland's tearful learning. That chapter of Oliver's great career we pass over with a shudder and a sigh.

When the affairs of Charles began to look hopeless in Ireland, he was more ready to heed the invitations of Scotland. In that distracted country, Montrose, "the Great Marquis," had fought his last fight for his king, had utterly failed, and had paid the extreme penalty for opposing the party of the Covenant by losing his head at the Edinburgh Tolbooth. The Presbyterians themselves were as ready as Montrose

to espouse the cause of an exiled Stuart. In June, 1650, Charles landed in Scotland, but not until he had, with much reluctance, been constrained to sign the Scottish Covenant. All Scotland now rallied to the banners of a Scottish king — a ribald and dissipated king, it is true, but long prayers and longer sermons might haply improve the character and the habits of a youth of twenty.

The services of Cromwell were now required in the North. He was summoned by the Parliament from Ireland, where his trusted and capable son-in-law, Ireton, was left to complete the work of subjugation. Having arrived in London on May 31st, he was rapturously greeted by the acclamations of the people and was signally honoured by the Parliament. Fairfax declined to fight against Scotland and retired into private life. Cromwell was at once appointed commander-in-chief of all the existing and prospective forces of the commonwealth. Within three days he left London, declaring that he would accomplish the purpose of the Lord: "Sit thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool. . . . The Lord at thy right hand shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath." With 16,000 well-drilled men he reached Berwick on July 22nd. His swift advance struck terror through the northern counties and beyond the Scottish Border.

David Leslie, who had fought as a colleague of Cromwell at Marston Moor, after continental training in the army of Gustavus Adolphus, was appointed to the command of the Scottish troops. He well knew the hazards of facing the Ironsides on the open

field, and so he adopted the Fabian tactics of endeavouring to wear out the enemy by avoiding an engagement and cutting off his supplies. This plan he pursued persistently and successfully for nearly a month. He intrenched himself in an unassailable position between Leith and Edinburgh, and commanded the population of the Border districts to leave their villages and farms, and to carry all portable goods, and to drive all their flocks and herds, to Edinburgh. When Cromwell arrived before the strong lines of the Scots, he saw that it would be folly to make an attempt upon the enemy. He carried on tedious negotiations with Leslie for many days. Both sides piously believed that God was with them and that they were fighting His cause. There is no one so stubborn as the religious fanatic, and the two disputants came not a jot nearer together. It soon became evident that the sword must decide whom the Almighty favoured.

In the course of a month Cromwell's troops were reduced to intolerable straits. Leslie kept his ground despite all the manœuvring of the English to lure him out to fight. The equinox was approaching and the weather became stormy and wet. Provisions ran low. Sickness gripped a full tenth of Cromwell's men. In gloomy disappointment the great captain was foiled at last and was obliged to withdraw towards his ships stationed at Dunbar, about thirty miles east of Edinburgh. At once Leslie started in pursuit, hanging ever close on Cromwell's rear. On Saturday evening, when Leslie was about to fall upon Oliver's rear-bri-

gade, "the Lord by His Providence put a cloud over the Moon" (see Cromwell's "Report to the Speaker"). On Sunday, September 1st, Cromwell found himself completely hemmed in on the peninsula of Dunbar by 22,000 men, a force almost twice as large as his own weakened army. Leslie occupied



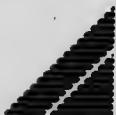
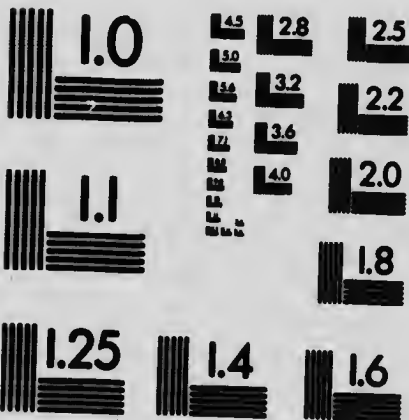
a very strong position on Doon Hill, one of the foothills of the Lammermuir range. He had cut off Cromwell's possible retreat towards Berwick by holding, with an effective guard, the narrow pass called by Cromwell, "Copperspath," his way of spelling the local pronunciation of Cockburnspath.

The Puritan general was now in the most trying dilemma of his life. You will note well the circumstances, and see what a miracle a resourceful and



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brave commander can work in twenty-four hours. He had only 11,000 troops ready for battle, "a poor, hungry, discouraged army." Before him lay the powerful, confident, and strongly intrenched enemy. Behind him lay the German Ocean, which he scanned eagerly for his expected transport ships. To the south, his only route to England, the strait ravine of Cockburnspath, "where ten men to hinder is better than forty to make their way," was already in Leslie's hands. It would seem that even the courage and genius of Oliver would not avail to extricate him from his formidable dangers. Barring mistakes on the part of Leslie, Cromwell was clearly doomed. But whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad.¹ Leslie, with all his experience and shrewdness, made the mistake for which Oliver was yearning.

On the afternoon of Monday, September 2nd, Cromwell with his field-glass swept Doon Hill, and he descried a sight that pleased him well. Leslie was in motion towards the plain and shore. Cromwell had caught the very beginning of the movement, and he exclaimed in exultation to Lambert, who was at his side, "The Lord hath delivered them into our hand." The Scots, as Cromwell afterwards described the movement, were "shogging their foot and train much to the right, causing their right wing of horse to edge down towards the sea." Oliver called his officers together and with them formed a plan of battle for the early hours of the morrow. He then enjoined them to watch and pray and — keep their powder dry.

That night of September 2nd-3rd, 1650, was wild

and stormy. We have to remember that the dates are those of the old style and that we are really in the season of the autumnal storms. Wind and rain and sleet and hail buffeted the tents of Oliver and caused immense discomfort to the unsheltered Scots, who, without tents, behind shocks of corn, awaited on the hillside the day of conflict. All through that dreary night the two hosts turned their eager and expectant faces towards the same God for victory. On the side of the Scots an assurance almost arrogant nerved the whole army, for had not Leslie declared to them that they would have the English, alive or dead, by seven the next morning? All their matches were blown out except two in each company. On Oliver's side was no despair, but incessant preparation, and earnest entreaty to the Arbiter of Battles. "Because of their numbers, because of their advantages, because of their confidence, because of our weakness, because of our strait, we were in the Mount, and in the Mount the Lord would be seen." With all their devotion and spiritual agonizing their powder was kept serviceable and their matches kept alight.

At four in the morning, the weather having cleared, the English began to move by the light of the moon. Their battle-cry, soon to be heard in the fierce strife amid the deafening roar of the cannonade, was "The Lord of Hosts." The Scotch word on that day of fate was that for which they fought, "The Covenant." The best-laid plans of generals hang fire at times, and Cromwell for more than an hour impatiently awaited the development

of his scheme of battle. It was nearly six o'clock before the two armies joined in conflict, and the Scots had had sufficient time to line up in a semblance of order.

While the artillery engaged the Scottish army on Doon Hill, Cromwell hurled a strong division of horse under Lambert against Leslie's right wing. The onset was only partially successful. The first English regiment of foot which went forwards was driven back. Then Cromwell pushed up his reserves, one regiment of horse and three of foot. His own regiment fell on the flank of the Scottish cavalry, while Lambert's troopers charged again clear through Leslie's right wing and through the Scottish infantry coming up to support their horse. Then Leslie's cavalry, broken and in a panic, frantically rushed among their own foot and created chaos indescribable. In a few minutes the Scottish infantry were penned in by the parliamentary horse and foot between Doon Hill and the ravine of the Brock Rivulet, and became a helpless mob. Within an hour from the first peal of the artillery, all was over but the chase. The Scottish horse fled in all directions, and the foot that escaped the net fled pell-mell north and south. The great army of the Scots was shivered into countless fragments. While over Abb's Head and the North Sea were bursting the first rays of the rising sun, Oliver is reported to have shouted over the field, "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered." Straightway, before starting on the cruel chase of eight miles, he gathered his army together and led in singing

the 117th Psalm. As Carlyle says, "they rolled it strong and great against the sky":—

"O give ye praise unto the Lord,
All nations that be;
Likewise ye people all accord
His name to magnify!

"For great to-us-ward ever are
His loving kindnesses;
His truth endures for evermore;
The Lord O do ye bless."

On the following day Oliver found time to write at least seven letters. One of these to Speaker Lenthal reported the battle graphically at great length, with full particulars of the striking incidents of the struggle and a summary of the results,—three thousand slain, ten thousand prisoners, all the enemy's guns, baggage, small arms, and colours, captured. And then the very amazing statement, "I do not believe we have lost twenty men." We may well exclaim, "God of Battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?"

Dunbar Peninsula and the Brock Rivulet, famous for ever as the scene of Cromwell's greatest peril and greatest victory, are reached by the traveller in an hour's railway ride from Edinburgh. You prepare, of course, for your jaunt to Dunbar by ascending to the summit of Calton Hill in Edinburgh and viewing the impregnable position of Leslie's army during that interesting and critical month of August. On reaching the old town of Dunbar you drive two

miles to the battlefield. You will go first to the Brocksburn at a point where the banks of the rivulet flatten down into a slope passable for a vehicle. In September, 1650, the burn was a brawling stream; to-day, in the month of July, as I saw it, so insignificant a streamlet is it that your driver will convey you over the bed of the stream to the edge of Brandsmill Farm, pointed out as the place where the earliest fighting occurred in the gray dawn of that remote September day. You will wish to visit next Ossie Dean, a beautiful glen under the brow of Doon Hill. On the agricultural slopes below Doon Hill relics of the battle — balls, swords, human bones — are even to the present day turned up by the ploughman.

The Battle of Dunbar was long kept in remembrance as Tyseday's Chase, i.e. Tuesday's Chase. It has also been called "Dunbar Drove" and "Dunbar Rout" and "Dunbar Race" on account of the precipitate flight and the tireless pursuit.

There is much confusion in the narratives of Dunbar as to the position of the English and the Scottish troops with reference to the Brocksburn at the time of the shifting incidents of the fight. The old story, found in nearly all the books, made the forced passage of the burn of Brock the crucial affair of the day. The new story allows Cromwell to cross the burn after a trifling skirmish, and to fight the battle during that memorable hour entirely on the Berwick side of the rivulet. Cromwell's account of the fight contains more theology than topography, but the modern view accords well with the general's commentaries. The fiercest fighting by the river

was where the London Road crosses the stream near Brocks mouth House.

The old description of Brocksburn as "a deep ditch forty feet in depth and about as many in width" is surely a gross exaggeration. The burn has cut a deep way for its passage by thousands of years of



BROCKSBURN, DUNBAR

erosion, but in 1650, swollen as it doubtless was by the September floods, it could not have been such a barrier as the old writers suggest, or Cromwell would have mentioned it in his long letter to the Commons.

The great disparity in the fatalities among the two hosts has always puzzled the chroniclers of the fight. An explanation has been offered by Mr. Firth, who maintains that the Scottish soldiers had no time to get

their matches alight. This defence of the Scots will hardly suffice. Oliver's intended surprise was not carried out successfully, and the Scots had nearly two hours to prepare before the battle was joined. Further, the Scots were in such discomfort on the exposed hillside between midnight and dawn, that they were certainly not caught napping. There is still left another plausible explanation of their harmless firing, — they may not have been warned by their officers, as were Cromwell's men, to guard their powder from the searching storm. The only explanation on record of the remarkable difference in the numbers of the slain — twenty or thirty to three thousand — is the declaration of the devout general himself, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Another question regarding Dunbar will never be settled: What brought David Leslie down from his safe quarters on Doon Hill? If he had stayed there twenty-four hours longer, Cromwell would have begun his embarkation for England and the Scots would have won a victory almost bloodless. The usual explanation of his action is that already given; namely, that his Committee of Estates and Kirk were overconfident, and impatient to crush their great enemy. Other theories are just as plausible and reasonable. The Hill of Doon would have become a Hill of Doom in a few days had Leslie kept his position there. It lacked water; it furnished no supplies except to mountain sheep, for the soldiers could not well eat wheat and barley in the grain. Unpleasant exposure to the equinoctial storms and the inclement breezes had been experienced by the northern army for two

or three nights already. Is it any wonder that they decided to come down and try the issue in the warm grip of battle?

There is no monument on the field of Dunbar in brass or marble to commemorate that great day, but as the sage of Ecclefechan, one of Scotland's greatest sons, declares, "Here without monument is the grave of a valiant thing which was done under the sun, — the footprint of a Hero not yet quite undistinguishable is here."

CHAPTER VII

THE GREAT CIVIL WAR — WORCESTER

"Peace was the prize of all his toil and care,
Which war had banished and did now restore."

— DRYDEN.

FOR another year, a year to the very day, we follow the fortunes of Oliver Cromwell. For him it was a year of trying vicissitudes. His iron constitution began to fail him, and for five months of the twelve he was physically incapacitated. In Edinburgh repeated attacks of intermittent fever broke his health and shortened his life.

After Dunbar, Charles retired to Perth, and Leslie withdrew to the great stronghold of Stirling. Cromwell sat down before Edinburgh Castle for three months, and, finally, in December he bombarded it into submission. On January 1st, 1651, Charles was crowned king of the Scots at Scone Kirk. In February an attempt was made on Stirling, but the undertaking had to be abandoned on account of terrible storms and of Cromwell's illness. Three successive relapses brought the general to such a precarious condition that the Parliament sent to him skilled physicians from London. Early in June he had so far recovered that he took the field and began his campaign with unexpected vigour. Leslie, now

joined by Charles, was still strongly intrenched at Stirling; but Cromwell had on his bed of physical weakness matured tactics which made the strong Castle of Stirling little better than a house of cards. With his ships he put Lambert over the Forth into Fife with 4,000 men. Leslie sent out from Stirling a detachment which Lambert annihilated. Then Cromwell took over the Forth 10,000 more men, whom he commanded in person. Straight for Perth he moved, and the ancient capital city of Scotland on August 2nd, after one day's siege, opened her gates. Now the great game of war has again well begun.

It is Charles's next move, and he is allowed little freedom of choice. To stay in Stirling means eventually starvation; to disband his forces means irretrievable ruin and disgrace; to move towards Edinburgh means another Dunbar Drove; to dash for England is a forlorn and desperate hope. Oliver knows what Charles will probably do, and he sits close in Perth till the race for England has begun. The way to the south has been left invitingly open, and why should Charles not take it? Perhaps the royalist veterans of England who fought for his father will flock to his banners, and he may perchance march to London in triumph. For the Border at Carlisle he hastens.

All had been foreseen and provided for by Oliver. He now left Monk, with 6,000 men, to hold Scotland. He sent word to Harrison at Newcastle to vex Charles's left flank. He despatched Lambert from Fife with 3,000 cavalry to cling to Charles's rear and annoy him continually. He sent riders to Fleetwood

in south-west England with orders to collect the militia and to move north up the Severn towards the invaders. He himself, with 10,000 men, took the eastern route by the way of Berwick through a country he now knew well.

There was no general rising in favour of the Scottish king. Fear of Oliver's Ironsides was strong and universal throughout England. Charles and his lieutenant-general, Leslie, progressed as far as Warrington, when Lambert and Harrison, who had joined forces and who had with their horse got ahead of the Scots, disputed the passage of the Mersey in order to delay the progress of the invaders. At this very point, three years before, Cromwell had crushed a Scottish army and Lambert later had taken prisoner the Scottish general. Charles reached the ancient walled city of Worcester on August 22nd, the very day of the year on which his father, nine years before, had raised the royal standard at Nottingham. Over the ramparts of Worcester Charles II now raised the same royal standard and called to him with solemn ceremony all male subjects of due age and loyal spirit.

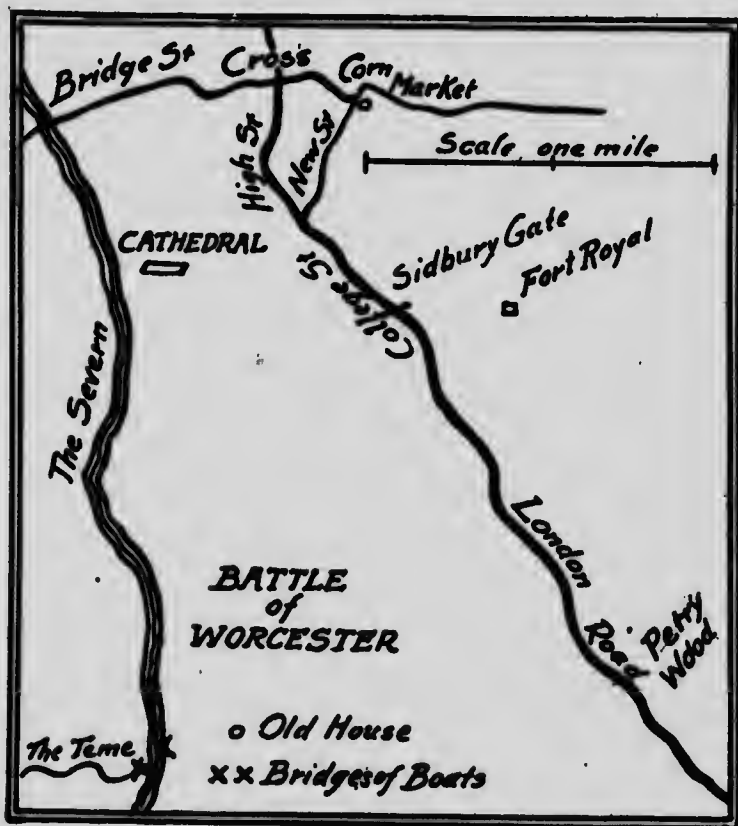
Meanwhile, Cromwell's plans of concentration were working with the precision of a clock. He came down through Yorkshire with his 10,000 men, largely infantry, gathering numerous recruits on the way. The county militias flocked to him with zeal as he marched through Nottingham, Coventry, Stratford, and Evesham, "flowing towards Worcester like the Ocean-tide." On August 28th, six days after the arrival of Charles, the general of the commonwealth

appeared on the south-east of Worcester with his formidable array. He had joined forces with Lambert and Harrison, who had guarded the London Road till he should arrive. He had come into touch with Fleetwood and the militia of the South. Not much hope now for the begirdled king and his 10,000 Scots. Oliver had completed successfully his masterly combination of 30,000 soldiers, and 50,000 more were rising in all corners of England to aid the great captain at his call.

Worcester was one of the strongest of England's walled towns. It lies on the eastern bank of the Severn. About one and a half miles south of Worcester the waters of the Severn are joined by the important tributary of the Teme. In the angle between the two rivers Charles posted his main force, while a second division of his army took up its quarters within the city walls to operate against any possible attack from the south or east. A bridge over the Severn on the west of the city above the cathedral gave a safe passage east or west to either division of Charles's army.

Cromwell gave his troops six days to recuperate, while his artillery was annoying the beleaguered town. Besides, his day of destiny, September 3rd, was drawing near, and there was enough of superstition in his character to make him willing to postpone the coming struggle till the right hour struck. On September 3rd he had arrived before Drogheda. On September 3rd he had crushed David Leslie, now awaiting him within Worcester walls. On September 3rd his star of success would again shine clear and

steady. He did not suspect that, within the scrolls of fate, that day, in a year not far distant, would be more signal still for him and assuredly for England.



It was necessary for Cromwell's success that his troops, like Charles's, should have free access to both banks of the river. How to accomplish this difficult end had been his care for some days. On the evening of September 2nd he sent Fleetwood with a strong force over the Upton Bridge, about ten miles down the river, with orders to proceed up the west bank

to the Teme near Worcester. It was afternoon of the 3rd before Fleetwood had completed the movement. He brought up the river with him all the boats he could collect and all the boatmen and carpenters of the river shores; for it was designed to build two bridges of boats, one across the Teme within sight of Worcester, and one just above the junction of the rivers. It was late in the day, about five o'clock, when the bridges were finished and all was ready for the onset.

Fleetwood opened the fight by an attack on the Scots north of the Teme and west of the Severn. When Cromwell saw his lieutenant-general hard-pressed he came to his aid with a mixed force of horse and foot. "The Lord General did lead the van in person, and was the first man that set foot in the enemy's ground." The soldiers of the Parliament drove back the Scots from hedge to hedge by musket-shot and push of pike, right to and over the Worcester Bridge.

The scene now shifts to the east side of the river. Charles had from the top of the high cathedral viewed with complacency the building of the two boat bridges, but when he saw Cromwell with several regiments cross to Fleetwood's aid and his own western division driven back and pouring into the west gate of the city, he came down from his lofty prospect and took command in person for the rest of the bloody day. In full strength the Scots poured out from the Sidbury Gate and attacked the reserve left by Cromwell to guard the south-western position. At first the attack was successful and the

Cavaliers captured some of the guns of the Roundheads. Cromwell had seen with his field-glass what was occurring, and he returned with speed to his former position near the London Road. The deadliest combat of the day now began. "Indeed it was a stiff business" and it lasted for three hours. Down the London Road, foot by foot, the Roundheads pressed their foes, even to Sidbury Gate. Finally, with an irresistible rush the gate was carried and a furious engagement began in the streets of the city. At the same time, Fort Royal, the stronghold near the city wall, was stormed, and the guns were soon turned on the retreating Scots. Everywhere, far into the night, through Worcester streets the stubborn royalists were driven and cut down. The fiery zealots of the Parliament slew without mercy. In the narrow thoroughfares alone 1,500 were slain. A sanguine stream ran in the gutters of the sacked city.

Worcester Battle was no Preston flight or Dunbar rout; it was fought with courageous tenacity by the Scots even after they had lost the day. Three thousand of them in all fell with their faces to the foe. When all hope was extinguished, a few of the horsemen fled far and wide. All the infantry were taken prisoners, — about seven thousand. Few of all the Scottish army ever saw Scotland again. Many of the prisoners were sent as slaves to Barbadoes. The loss of the army of the Parliament, according to Oliver's official report, was about 200!

The fate of Charles after the Worcester fight has been the theme of many a romantic tale. When the Scots were pushed back through the Sidbury Gate at

the end of the day the leader of the Cavaliers fell on his hands and knees and crept under a wagon of hay placed in the gateway to block the road. With the aid of one of his mounted officers he is said to have escaped safely to his quarters in the Cornmarket. Thence he soon was obliged to flee when the enemy began battering down the house-door. He escaped by a by-road through the north gate along with about sixty gentlemen and officers. The Parliament set a price upon his head. After many thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes he reached the southern coast on October 15th, and next day he was safe in France.

The Battle of Worcester was Cromwell's last fight. He styled it his "Crowning Mercy." All the enemies of the Parliament were thoroughly subdued. The embers of the rebellion in Ireland were dying out. Scotland submitted, however unwillingly, to the control of England, and sent, henceforth, thirty members to the English Parliament. No castle or city or shire of England was mad enough to dispute the authority of the Parliament in favour of the beaten and discredited Charles Stuart. A wholesome awe of Oliver Cromwell and his terrible Ironsides had at last brought peace to the British Isles, torn by war for nine dreadful years.

When the scene of battle is not an open field, but the streets of a city and the approaches thereto, the student of history does not expect to find, after an interval of several centuries, many ocular traces of the day of carnage. The modern city of Worcester retains but few vestiges of the great struggle which

terminated the Civil War. The ancient house (in the vicinity of the old Cornmarket) from the rear of which Charles made a precipitate and undignified exit¹ at the very moment that Oliver's soldiers had broken open the opposing front door, still stands.



By permission of the Great Western Railway Company.

THE RIVER SEVERN AND WORCESTER CATHEDRAL

The low passage leading into the backyard of this aged structure, from which the future king of England so ignominiously fled, is pointed out. Just outside the old house may be seen an authentic bit of the ancient city wall, almost entirely razed by Oliver after the battle.

Crossing the Severn by the fine modern bridge,

¹ This pretty tale is regarded by many as apocryphal, notwithstanding the unwavering confidence in the legend which the local authorities display.

built near the site of the bridge of 1651, you make your way south past the cathedral to the point, as nearly as can be determined, where Cromwell threw his bridge over the river Severn. "Within pistol-shot of our other bridge," wrote Cromwell, and the site of the other bridge over the Teme can be determined with accuracy.

On returning to the city, following the route by the river of Charles's retreating regiments, you walk through the Sidbury Gate to Perry Wood, about a mile south-east of the city. There Cromwell made his headquarters for some days before the battle. This position on Perry Wood Hill is an excellent one for an attacking host. For a full mile, on the approach to Sidbury Gate, the London Road is a declivity with only one marked undulation upwards. When Cromwell's troopers came down this slope in the last stern struggle, one can imagine the impetuosity of their charge. A railway now runs right through the scene of the battle.

If you visit the Guildhall on High Street you will there see some objects which may help to bring very near the fight of long ago. Worcester was always a royalist city and proud of its loyalty to the Stuarts. Her motto displayed over the Guildhall reads, "*Floreat semper fidelis civitas.*" There in the vestibule are treasured an old cannon of dark brass and nine suits of battered armour left by the Cavaliers after their defeat 260 years ago.

We now leave behind Worcester and the great Civil War, which ushered in the uncrowned king,— protector of the commonwealth, — which ushered in

a brief epoch of seven eventful years during which the name of Cromwell and the fame of England reverberated in glory around the world. This sketch of Cromwell, the general, may be fittingly concluded with a sentence from Macaulay, the first English historian to treat the career and exploits of Oliver Cromwell with justice and sympathy:—

“Such was his genius and resolution that he was able to overwhelm and crush everything that crossed his path, to make himself more absolute master of his country than any of her legitimate kings had done, and to make his country more dreaded and respected than she had been during many generations under the rule of her legitimate kings.”

CHAPTER VIII

MONMOUTH'S REBELLION — SEDGEMOOR

WHEN Charles II ascended the throne of England at the Restoration in 1660, it soon became widely known that he had a natural son, then eleven years of age. The boy had been born at Rotterdam in 1649, before Charles had tried conclusions with Cromwell at Dunbar and Worcester. This son of the king had been brought over to England and committed to the care of Lord Crofts, and he went by the name of James Crofts. He soon was lodged at Hampton Court and at Whitehall. The king's intimate attitude towards the boy led many to believe that little James Crofts was his legitimate son. When the youth was only sixteen, through the influence of his royal father, he was married to a wealthy heiress, Anne Scott, the daughter of the Earl of Buccleuch, and was created Duke of Monmouth.

This spoiled child of a licentious court was, in 1670, made captain-general of the king's forces. About the same time he was put forward as the Protestant heir-apparent in opposition to the Catholic Duke of York. The Earl of Shaftesbury,¹ lord chancellor of Charles II, was a staunch supporter of the "Prot-

¹ Shaftesbury was the "Achitophel" of Dryden's satiro "Absalom and Achitophel," as Monmouth was the "Absalom."

estant Duke." As the years passed the rivalry between Monmouth and James, Duke of York, became so keen and so troublesome to the pleasure-loving king that at last in 1679 he sent them both out of



THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH

the country for some time, Monmouth to Flanders, and James to Scotland, as lord high commissioner. In a few months Monmouth suddenly returned to London, amid the acclamations of the people. The king was very angry and deprived Monmouth of all his offices, and or-

dered him again abroad; but the pampered son obstinately and successfully opposed the king's command.

In August, 1680, Monmouth made a semi-royal progress through the west of England, and was everywhere received with joyful demonstrations. The middle and lower classes evidently regarded him as their future king. It is true, Charles had more than once publicly declared his son illegitimate, but the story of a mysterious black box containing proofs

of the king's marriage to Lucy Walters was generally accepted. In 1682 Monmouth made a second progress through the west and north-west of England to strengthen his hold on the affections of his supporters. At Stafford he was arrested and bound over to keep the peace, for both the king and his brother James were becoming alarmed.

Monmouth was an accomplice in the conspiracy of the "Rye House Plot," the object of which was the killing of Charles II and James, Duke of York, in June, 1683. When his arrest was imminent he fled from England, but he was pardoned by the king on giving a solemn promise that he would be a loyal subject to the Duke of York if the duke ever became king. The last two years of Charles's reign Monmouth spent mainly in Holland at the court of the Prince of Orange.

In 1685, the year of Charles's death, there were in Holland many political refugees, who had fled thither during recent years. The persecution of the Covenanters in Scotland and of the Whigs in England had obliged many to seek safety on the continent. The Earl of Argyle was the head of the Scottish exiles, and Monmouth was the chief of the English. These malcontents now united in urging Monmouth to make a trial for the English crown. Monmouth was not eager for so desperate a venture, but Lord Grey of Wark and Robert Ferguson, the "Judas" of Dryden's satire, perhaps the author of the "Rye House Plot," plied him day and night with visions of royal power and glory, until his compliant nature yielded to their persuasions.

England was not to be won without a fight, but Monmouth was not ignorant of war. In 1679, at Shaftesbury's instance, Charles had sent him into Scotland against the Covenanters, and he had there won the easy victory of Bothwell Bridge. He had already gained a reputation for personal courage at the siege of Maestricht in 1673 and at the Battle of St. Denis in 1678. His progresses through the west of England had left on his memory innumerable records of sympathetic crowds and eye-dazzling pageants. After much hesitation, therefore, he yielded to the temptations of Ferguson and Grey, and became, to his sorrow and ruin, a mere puppet in their clumsy hands. The Scottish and English exiles united in a confederate scheme. The Earl of Argyle, chief of the great tribe of Campbell, known throughout Scotland as "MacCallum More," was to land on the western coast of Scotland; and Monmouth, at about the same time, on the south coast of England.

It was May 30th, nearly a month after Argyle's departure, before Monmouth's expedition headed for England in a frigate and three tenders. He was accompanied by eighty officers and 150 men. Stormy weather and the royal cruisers in the Channel made the voyage dangerous and tedious, and it took twelve days to reach Lyme Regis on the Dorsetshire coast. He set up his standard, a blue flag, in the marketplace, and issued a proclamation, composed by the fanatical Ferguson, in which he denounced King James as a tyrant and usurper, and accused him of poisoning the late king. Within twenty-four hours, 1,500 men had rallied to his call. Four days later

Monmouth moved on to Axminster, where he encountered the Duke of Albemarle and 4,000 of the trained bands. When Albemarle saw signs of sedition among his own force, he declined an engagement and withdrew in disorder, which developed into a panic flight. Three days later Monmouth arrived at Taunton, a town which had withstood two sieges in the great Civil War, and which now became the focus of the rebellion. It was now a veritable hive of non-conformists, and the "hero of Protestant liberty" was received with frantic rejoicing. The town assumed gala attire, and every man donned a sprig of green, the badge of the popular cause. The damsels of the town embroidered banners for the army, and, in particular, a deputation of beautiful young girls presented the "Protestant Duke" with a flag on which the royal arms were emblazoned.

Although his force had now increased to 5,000 men, Monmouth waited at Taunton with much apprehension for some sign of support from the nobility and leading gentry of the neighbouring counties, or from the county militias. He was doomed to disappointment, for no member of the Whig aristocracy appeared. Parliament, too, stood staunchly loyal to the new king; ordered Monmouth's declaration to be publicly burned; passed against him a Bill of Attainder; and offered a reward of £5,000 for the head of the rebel. Under the pressure of Ferguson and Grey, the duke now assumed the title of king, and was proclaimed in the market-place of Taunton as James II. For the sake of distinction, he was everywhere popularly styled "King Mon.

mouth." He now set a price on the head of "James, Duke of York," declared the Parliament in London an illegal assembly, and forbade the people to pay taxes to the usurper.

From the day of his assumption of royalty, the gravity of the situation weighed heavily on Monmouth's spirits. Dejected and gloomy he advanced from Taunton to Bridgewater. At the high cross in the market-place there he was proclaimed king. His army rapidly grew to 6,000 men, but they were almost entirely without training, and without suitable equipment. The duke had brought over from the continent only a scanty supply of pikes and muskets. A motley rabble of undisciplined followers, — farmers, colliers, wool-workers, graziers, shopkeepers, apprentices, — armed mainly with rusty Cromwellian weapons, or with scythes, flails, bludgeons, and pitchforks, and riding, when mounted, on plough-horses, cart-horses, or untamed colts, could not inspire in the leader much hope of success. Lord Feversham, the general of King James, was drawing near, and Lieutenant Churchill¹ had already reached the environs of Bridgewater.

Monmouth had to act quickly if he would rouse the nobles and gentlemen of Somerset, Wiltshire, and Gloucester. He moved restlessly about to Glastonbury, to Wells, to Shepton Mallet, to Bristol, — Churchill harassing his rear incessantly. He next

¹ He had served under Monmouth in the French army in Flanders in 1672 and subsequently. He afterwards became the great Duke of Marlborough, the victor of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet.

advanced to Bath, and then turned south to Philip's Norton and Frome. At Frome there came to Monmouth the ill news that Argyle's expedition into Scotland had woefully failed, and that Feversham, having been joined by his expected artillery, was now on the march to crush him. The duke in a fit of dejection (or was it in an interval of calm reason?) proposed to abandon his attempt and to flee back to the continent; but he was restrained from such a course by Grey and Ferguson, "his evil angels." A retreat was ordered to Bridgewater.

On July 2nd the rebels again reached Bridgewater and began to intrench themselves. On the 5th, Feversham with an army of 4,000, of whom 2,500 were regular troops, pitched his tents four miles off on King's Sedgemoor. Lord Feversham was a foreigner, Louis Duras by name, whom the late king had brought over and advanced. He was notoriously incapable; and Monmouth discerned from the summit of Bridgewater church that his foe was scattered and the usual discipline relaxed. Reports, too, came in that Feversham's soldiers were engaged in revelry. It is true that Feversham was supported by John Churchill, but that remarkable soldier had not yet had an opportunity of exhibiting his martial genius. Preparations, therefore, were made by the rebel host to make a night attack on Feversham.

It was decided to avoid the main road from Bridgewater to Weston Zoyland, near which village lay the unsuspecting regiments of King James. A circuitous route to the east, involving a march of six miles over a very treacherous road, was agreed upon. In

profound silence, just before midnight, on Sunday, July 5th, the rebels set out. Although it was moonlight, and the northern streamers were gleaming bright, a heavy fog enveloped the wide moor. After an arduous march of two hours they drew near to Weston Zoyland and the royal encampment. The local scouts, who had been supposed to know the ground, had reported that there were two "rhines"¹ to cross, but for some unexplained reason they did not report the most formidable obstacle of the "Bussex Rhine," the one nearest to the village. After the two "rhines" known to the scouts had been safely passed by causeways, the great Bussex Rhine confronted and baffled them. In the confusion a pistol was fired by accident and the intended surprise was frustrated.

The royal camp was soon wide awake; the drums beat to arms; the foot-soldiers were soon in rank; and the cavalry mustered and advanced. A volley from the royal side of the separating dike threw into a panic the untrained horses of Grey's cavalry. Grey fled from the field with his useless troop and had no share in the subsequent action. Monmouth led up the infantry to the very edge of the "Rhine," and maintained his position for nearly an hour, inspiring his men by voice and example. Feversham and Churchill had by this time crossed the dike on either flank, and they came pressing in on Monmouth's raw

¹ The fields in the moor are drained by deep and wide trenches called "rhines," which serve for boundaries as well as for drainage. "Rhine" is a provincial word probably connected with A.S., *rinnan*, to flow.



MONMOUTH'S MARCH TO SEDGEMOOR

but brave recruits. When the rebel chief saw that defeat was inevitable, he mounted and rode off, leaving his undaunted followers to make the best of their terrible plight. Till long after daybreak they doggedly held their place by the bank of the muddy dike at the distance of five pike-lengths from their foe, and, after all their ammunition was gone, they laid low with their scythes and pikes and musket-stocks many of the horsemen who assaulted them. Feversham's cannon were now brought from the Bridgewater Road and mowed them down in a wide swath. The royal cavalry made a final charge, and the royal infantry poured over the ditch, no longer defended, and overwhelmed the remnant of the luckless rebels. A thousand followers of "King Monmouth" lay dead on King's Sedgemoor. The royal army had lost, at the hands of the rude soldiers whom they had despised, about 300 men.

Dreadful as was the Battle of Sedgemoor it was not so pitiably tragic as the bloody sequel. Those who fled from the field were ruthlessly cut down on their way to Bridgewater by their infuriated and half-intoxicated pursuers. Many of the prisoners were hanged and quartered on the day following the battle. More tragic still were the judicial murders of the autumn of 1685 when, on the "Bloody Circuit," the infamous Judge Jeffreys condemned to horrible deaths hundreds of the survivors of Sedgemoor, and also many of those who in any way had abetted the rebels. Even the maidens of Bridgewater and Taunton who had performed kindly offices for Monmouth, had to be ransomed by large sums from the maw of

the oppressors. After all was over the fiendish judge boasted that he had hanged more traitors than all his predecessors together since the Conquest.

Monmouth's fate is now to be noticed. From the field of his doom he fled north towards the Mendip Hills, and then south-east towards the New Forest. He was not to succeed in escaping to France, as his father had done thirty-four years before. After some days he was discovered in a ditch covered with fern, clad in the garb of a rustic, his pockets filled with raw peas, with which he was warding off starvation. It would be painful to dwell long on the last scenes of his eventful history, — his pusillanimous appeal to the inexorable king whom he had so foully wronged, — his subsequent unmanly abasement at the very feet of his sovereign, — his promise to renounce the religion of which he had made himself the champion, — his cold reception in the Tower of the heiress of Buccleuch, the mother of his six children, the wife whom for two years he had basely deserted for his mistress, Lady Wentworth. One gleam of lurid brightness relieves the dark story of the last days of Monmouth. "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." Nine days after his defeat (the stern king took no chances of delay) he died on Tower Hill with intrepid courage, amid circumstances of such horror, caused by the clumsy barbarity of the executioner, that the assembled people yelled execrations at the unnerved headsman, then dipped their kerchiefs in the warm blood of the handsome duke of thirty-six who had just been hacked to death.

The field of Sedgemoor, where was fought the last battle (worthy of that name) on the soil of England, is approached most easily from Bristol. A railway journey of about thirty miles takes you to the old town of Bridgewater, which saw Monmouth's army twice in that brief and decisive campaign which ruined his cause and wrought his destruction. The market-place of Bridgewater, in July, 1685, presented a busy scene. Conan Doyle, in his "Micalah Clarke," gives many vivid pictures of the Monmouth rebellion, but none so picturesque and stirring as his description of Bridgewater on the eve of the Battle of Sedgemoor: "The town was full of women, the wives, mothers, and sisters of our peasants, who had come in from far and near to see their loved ones once more. Fleet Street or Cheapside upon a busy day are not more crowded than were the narrow streets and lanes of the Somersetshire town. Jack-booted, buff-coated troopers, scarlet militiamen, brown, stern-faced Tauntonians, serge-clad pikemen, wild, ragged miners, smock-frocked yokels, reckless, weather-tanned seamen, gaunt cragsmen from the northern coast, — all pushed and jostled each other in a thick, many-coloured crowd."

The hamlet of Weston Zoyland lies four miles south-east of Bridgewater. The road to the village runs through a country which is now rich with apple orchards, green pastures, and cornland, but which was once under the sea. "Zoyland" has been variously interpreted as Zeeland (sealand) and Zealand (island), both suggesting a maritime origin

Weston Zoyland is on the very edge of the great peat-moor, long called "King's Sedgemoor." The old church, with its square, ivy-clad tower, is the most conspicuous object in the village. In its churchyard were buried many of the slain royalists.



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THE FIELD OF SEDGEMOOR

Into the asylum of this old church crowded 500 fugitives after the battle; but they were soon prisoners, and many of them the victims of royalist vengeance and torture and butchery. Near the historic church is pointed out "The Three Greyhounds," the inn in which Feversham gormandized and guzzled himself into somnolence the night before the battle, and where, after being aroused in the dead of night by the

turmoil on the moor, he leisurely adjusted his cravat and viewed his features in the mirror before mounting his charger and facing the enemy.

If you turn back from Weston Zoyland towards Bridgewater for a quarter of a mile, and then leave the high-road by way of a long lane to the right, you will reach Sedgemoor in the region of the "rhines" and the pollard willows. As Macaulay says in his notes on the battle, little can now be learned from visiting the field, as the face of the country has been greatly changed. The rebel dead were buried in a great sand heap, the site of which, called "The Grave-ground," has now completely sunk below the level of the moor, so that no undulation in the green grass, cropped by numerous cattle, betrays the last resting-place of Monmouth's misguided adherents.

The most striking feature of the moor is the rows of willows which skirt the "rhines." They are all pollarded to furnish slender osiers for baskets, which are famous over England. The "rhines" which web the great moor are artificial tributaries of the Parret, helping the main river and its subsidiary streams to drain the great, central plain. You cross these dikes by narrow planks which the pasturing cattle cannot pass. On the battlefield there can now be seen only the mere ghost of the old Bussex Rhine, that broad fosse of twenty feet wide which thwarted Monmouth's well-laid scheme of a midnight surprise. Only a slight depression in the soil and a verdure of richer green, tells the whereabouts of the ancient dike of history.

As you stand on the Field of Sedgemoor and

reflect on the perils of war, you thank the kind angels who preserved the lives of two remarkable men on that July morning of 1685. The two soldiers fought on opposite sides, — one a mere private of twenty-four in the ranks of Monmouth, the other a lieutenant of thirty-five supporting Feversham. If, while he cried the word "Soho" over the Bussex Rhine, a bullet or a cannon-ball had laid low a young recruit named Daniel Foe (afterwards DeFoe), or if in the frightful sequel Kirke's Lambs or Jeffrey's Juries had been able to work their malice upon him, the world would not, thirty years later, have greeted with unwonted enthusiasm the ever immortal tale of "Robinson Crusoe." If one of Monmouth's rustics or miners had cut down with his deadly pole-scythe Lieutenant Churchill, England would never have known the unparalleled genius of the greatest soldier of his generation, the victor of Blenheim, and the conqueror of the mighty Louis XIV.

We now return to Bridgewater by the Weston Zoyland Road, over which the fugitives fled in the dawn of that disastrous day. This country road has a sinister fame which will cling to it as long as live the literature and the annals of England. Along this road on the Sunday evening before the battle, hurried the loyal young maiden whose pitiable story is chronicled in the narrative of Macaulay. Along this road on the morning of the Monday following, a long line of gibbets rose, and on each ghastly gibbet was suspended a prisoner, or a quarter of a prisoner, by a rusty chain. Two hundred and

twenty-five years have softened to our imaginations the savage tale of Sedgemoor. As the patient labour of man has here converted a dismal swamp into a region of fertility and beauty, so has the solace of the centuries assuaged the bitterness of remembered anguish and brutality. Within the blue circle of these everlasting hills, the Polden, the Blackdown, and the Quantock, we now leave in its rural peace Weston Zoyland, beside the brink of a long-vanished rhine, where stand decapitated willows as monuments over the arena in which for the last time in a pitched battle Englishmen slew their brothers on English soil.

CHAPTER IX

THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE

“Lo! we bring with us the hero —
Lo! we bring the conquering Graeme,
Crowned as best beseems a victor
From the altar of his fame;
Fresh and bleeding from the battle
Whence his spirit took its flight,
Midst the crashing charge of squadrons,
And the thunder of the fight!”

— AYTOUN.

ON December 10th, 1688, three and a half years after the death of Monmouth, the king who had sent that deluded traitor to the block was walking in the Mall near Whitehall with two noble Scotsmen. One of these Scots was earnestly attempting to dissuade King James II from his projected plan of fleeing to France and abandoning his kingdom. That was the last walk of the king up and down the Mall, for next day he left Whitehall or ever. The loyal and courageous Scot, who was the major-general and second in command of the royal forces, and who entreated permission to march with his division of the army against the Prince of Orange, now advancing on London, was John Graham of Claverhouse, recently raised to the peerage as Viscount Dundee. He was a distant kinsman of James Graham, the great Marquis of

Montrose, who had died for Charles II in 1650. Eight days after James left London, on that day of excitement in the city when "every hat, every cane, was adorned with an orange riband," Dundee stood silent among the shouting crowd that greeted



VISCOUNT DUNDEE

William of Orange. To William he was well known, for as Captain Graham he had served under William on the continent, and, if we can believe the well-known legend, had on one occasion saved the life of the Prince of Orange when in deadly peril. This John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, is the hero of the present chapter, for at Killiecrankie he fell in the

cause of the last of the Stuart kings in a fight with the army of William III.

To understand clearly Dundee's relations with the parties and the clans in Scotland, it will be necessary to go back a few years. When Charles II endeavoured to force episcopacy on the people of Scotland, and the Covenanters flew to arms in defence of their religion, Graham of Claverhouse was employed by the king to quell the recusants. He commanded the cavalry under Monmouth at Bothwell Bridge, where the Covenanters were scattered. After the battle the dragoons of Claverhouse pursued and cut down 400 of the fugitives, and over 1,000 prisoners were

treated with revolting cruelty. Again and again during the next few years Claverhouse was sent into the south-west of Scotland to stamp out insurrection. Death and desolation always followed in his train. The peasants of the western districts of Scotland to this day load the memory of Claverhouse with reproaches, if not with maledictions.

After King James had fled to the continent and William had been welcomed in London, Dundee returned to Edinburgh and presented himself at the Convention of Estates, then assembled to receive a message from the Prince of Orange. When he found that a majority of the Convention was determined to offer to William the crown of Scotland, and when he learned further that the western Covenanters were in the city in great numbers and that they had vowed to kill their former persecutor, he withdrew from Edinburgh with fifty troopers to his own estate in Forfar. There he soon received a summons to return to Edinburgh under pain of high treason. An emissary from James in Ireland, with letters to Dundee, had been arrested, and the letters had been read and discussed in the Convention. Thus, Viscount Dundee was driven into outlawry, and afterwards, for self-protection, into open rebellion.

Hugh Mackay, a Highlander of noble descent, who had long served on the continent, was appointed by the Convention as general of the forces of the Prince of Orange. He was despatched immediately to seize Dundee and crush the threatened insurrection. He and Dundee played at hide-and-seek for several months among the hills and glens between Perth and Inver-

ness. Perth was taken and sacked by Dundee, who then retired to Lochaber to wait for the expected aid from James in Ireland and for the muster of the clans. Meanwhile, the fiery crosses of the foes of the Campbells were circulating from hamlet to hamlet, over heath and mountain. All the enemies of "false Argyle," who was now a favourite of the new king, feared the vengeance of MacCallum More.¹ A common fear and a common purpose united, under the command of Dundee, the Camerons, the Macdonalds, the Stuarts, the Macleans, and the Macnaghtons.

In July, 1689, General Mackay, who had returned to Edinburgh to report events, set out into the north to seize Blair Castle, the most important military post in Athol, as it was the key of the Northern Highlands. He was anticipated by Dundee, who had now mustered all the Jacobite clans, and had received a small auxiliary force from Ireland. The two armies, Celt and Saxon, were now within touch of each other and were equally disposed to join battle.

The armies of Dundee and Mackay were as different in their composition and character as any that ever met in Britain. Dundee had succeeded in collecting a heterogeneous mass of the bravest men in the world. Twenty-five hundred broadswords from various clans were ready to strike for the exiled king; and that king had sent from Ireland a first detachment of three hundred Ulster foot-soldiers. Mackay's army of 3,000 consisted mainly of regulars.

¹ Archibald Campbell, tenth earl and first duke of Argyle.

He had three Scottish regiments which had served in Holland, and a regiment of infantry from England. These, with two regiments of Lowland levies and two troops of horse, made up a force which any military expert would have regarded as sufficient to overthrow Dundee's rude Highlanders. By a strange freak of destiny the army of Celts that was moving south towards the Pass of Killiecrankie was led by a Saxon, and the army of Saxon Lowlanders and English that was moving north through the gorge was led by a scion of a noble Celtic house.

In Dundee's camp there had been some difference of opinion about the wisdom of an immediate fight. Unanimity had been gained by the wise and eloquent counsels of Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel, surnamed "The Black." This "Ulysses of the Highlands" was one of the most remarkable characters of his day. His intellectual gifts were as striking as his noble figure and his unusual physical prowess. When the chiefs of the clans had agreed on immediate fighting, Lochiel, fearing lest the life of their impetuous leader might be imperilled, begged him not to engage personally in the coming engagement. Dundee declared that he was ready and eager to hazard his person and his life in the cause of King James. "Let me prove," he cried, "my courage this day; and for the future I will avoid all personal risks."

About five miles south of Blair Castle the valley of the Garry contracts into a mountain torrent which roars and foams through a profound and rocky gorge. The only path through the ravine was narrow and

rough and, in places, precipitous. This old road ran almost parallel to the river and close to its eastern bank, gradually rising at the north of the great gully to the summit of the cliffs. On the morning of Saturday, July 27th, Mackay's army came toiling



KILLIECRANKIE PASS

through the pass, while the clans were still getting into motion. His men had to climb by twos and threes up the difficult ascent, and his 1,200 pack-horses slowly followed, in single file, to the table-land above, the rear-guard creeping behind. When Mackay's forces emerged from the ravine, they found themselves in a small area, clear of rocks and trees, flanked on the right by rising ground and on the left, far below, by the brawling Garry. They lay down on the

meadow to rest and refresh themselves after their strenuous uphill march.

Meanwhile, the army of Dundee had drawn near. He had moved from Blair Castle that morning, and was now arranging his troops amidst the broom and furze on the slopes to the north and east. On Lochiel's advice he kept the clans distinct from one another by wide intervals, partly to prevent turning operations on the part of the enemy, but mainly in order that the pride and fraternity of the individual clans might not be lost or impaired by a collective formation. Next the Garry on his right he posted the Macleans with the Irish foot to their left. The clans of the Macdonalds, with one exception, occupied the adjacent ground. Dundee with the cavalry, including his own forty tried troopers, was near the middle of the line. Lochiel and his Camerons stood next to the leader. The clan of Macdonald of Skye had the farthest left.

Mackay opened the battle with his artillery, and then with a brisk fire of musketry began to gall the Jacobites. The Highlanders grew impatient under the order to desist from advancing until all necessary dispositions should be satisfactorily made. At last, at seven in the evening, they were commanded to drop their plaids and throw away their foot-gear. Dundee then gave the word, and the whole line, shouting the slogan, moved down the declivity with impetuous leaps, firing as they advanced. When only a few yards separated them from their Lowland foes, they flung away their firelocks, drew their claymores, and made an irresistible

onset. Mackay's musketeers were not ready for this manœuvre. They fumbled with their bayonets,¹ which in that day were inserted into the muzzle and could not be fixed so expeditiously as now, and before they were ready for the shock all was over. Two minutes would have saved them, but the fiery Celts took full advantage of those two minutes. The victory of the Highlanders was instantaneous. Mackay's whole army, troopers and all, were swept from the field by the wild hurricane of broadswords. The English regiment, indeed, and a few companies of Lowlanders, remained unbroken in that first fierce rush; but they could not stand long without support. Pursued and pursuers soon choked the narrow gorge of Killiecrankie.

Neither the victors nor the vanquished knew for some time all that had happened in the terrific charge. The wielders of the claymores had won a glorious victory over the army of the king, but their great leader had perished. Neglecting the warning of Lochiel, Dundee had led the van of the attack, and when his dragoons advanced too slowly, he rose in his stirrups, turned round, and beckoned them to come on. As he lifted his arm, his breastplate rose and exposed him to the fatal bullet that brought him from his horse and finished his career.

Dundee's victory was barren of results. The cause of James in Scotland depended solely on the life of Dundee, and when Dundee was removed the

¹ The invention of the ring to go outside of the gun barrel is credited to General Mackay, whose defeat was due to clumsy bayonets.

clans departed for their hills and fastnesses. Within a month after their victory, the army of the Highlanders had completely dissolved.

The death of Dundee in the very moment of victory produced some curious results. Men cannot laugh and weep at the same time; but weeping and laughter often strangely alternate. The victorious Highlanders for hours after the battle set no bounds to their elation or their rapacity; but when they heard that their beloved leader had fallen, their emotions were turned into another channel. On the other hand, among the vanquished there was a corresponding alternation of feeling. There was a brief period of alarm among the troops of Mackay, in the Parliament at Edinburgh, and indeed in distant London. Mackay, who had led the English regiment and a remnant of the brave Lowlanders over the Garry, awaited with anxiety the pursuit of Dundee. He marched all night to save himself and his followers from capture. After two days he reached Stirling, and heard with pleased surprise of Dundee's fate. At Edinburgh the news of Mackay's defeat caused consternation, which was relieved a day later by the news of Dundee's death. London, too, had a day of mortification and fear, to be followed by excess of joy when the later news was proclaimed. Never has a victory on a battlefield brought such heartfelt satisfaction to the conquered as did that of Killiecrankie. "The vanquished triumphed and the victors mourned."

Laden with plunder, snatched from the field and from the narrow road by the Garry, where the beasts

of burden yielded boundless spoils to the glad conquerors, the clans returned to the Castle of Blair, bringing with them their dead commander. They buried him in the church of Blair of Athol with fitting obsequies. The dismal coronach resounded and the pipes wailed a last lament. *Optime Scotorum atque ultime, Grame, vale!*

The most desirable way to approach the field of Killiecrankie is by the modern road from Pitlochry, which runs near the brink of the lofty eastern bank of the Garry. Nowhere in Scotland can be found a more beautiful drive than this four-mile stretch of perfect roadway. It is a continuous avenue of birch, oak, and pine. Glimpses of the river Garry, far below, are caught at short intervals. Even at mid-day on this romantic road the dense, towering trees cast so deep a gloom by the edge of that dark defile that the imagination without difficulty pictures the situation of the lonely pass in 1689. "It was deemed the most perilous of all those dark ravines through which the marauders of the hills were wont to sally forth."¹ Just before reaching the battleground you will wish to leave the high-road and visit the "Queen's View," from which point of vantage Queen Victoria some seventy years ago surveyed the beauties of the pass and river. Countless artists have sketched the Pass of Killiecrankie from the "Queen's View," but neither brush nor lens can catch the subtle and ever shifting beauties of the glorious

¹ "Macaulay," Vol. III.

prospect down the mighty chasm which has been hollowed out during many ages by the rude and by the gentler forces of nature. This scene of sublime grandeur once viewed must remain fresh in the memory for ever. Neither the Highland railway nor



THE FIELD OF KILLIECRANKIE AND CLAVERHOUSE STONE

the Old Road, which both skirt the river to the left near the level of the water, can be discerned from the "Queen's View." The picture would be spoiled by the intrusion of either high-way. Indeed, your pleasure may be marred if, before leaving the height, you should happen to see an elongated cloud of sombre smoke from a passing railway train insinuating its fuliginous ugliness into the natural glories of the historic Pass.

About a furlong from the head of the pass lies the battlefield, — a restricted oblong of grassy heath. A rude stone on the field marks; if we can believe tradition, the spot where fell "Ian dhu nan Cath," "Dark John of the Rattles." From yon rising ground he came down on his huge, black charger, which the Covenanters declared was the gift of Beelzebub. On this heathy sward, in the hour of his triumph, he fell for his liege lord, the unworthy James Stuart.

Dundee's memory is variously regarded by his countrymen. To this day, if you name "Clavers" to a Scot from Ayr or Glasgow, he will probably shrug his shoulders and mutter "bloody assassin." In the annals of Scotland no man has had his character limned in such a variety of colours. No extremity of wickedness, no crime however diabolical, is too heinous to attach to the name of Claverhouse. On the contrary, this handsome soldier with the melancholy features is honoured with an apotheosis, glorious and eternal, by the majority of enthusiastic Scots. He is accomplished and gallant and wise and brave. He is, in short,

"Last of Scots and last of Freemen."

CHAPTER X

THE JACOBITE REBELLIONS — PRESTONPANS

ON the evening of Friday, June 8th, 1688, on the order of the king, James II, Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and six other Anglican bishops, were thrown into the Tower of London for opposing the wishes of their sovereign. On Sunday morning, June 10th, while Protestant England was in violent agitation over this despotic act, there was born in Whitehall a son and heir to James. So great was the general antipathy towards the king and the queen, that disturbing rumours were widely disseminated. It was generally alleged that the child was not the queen's, but a supposititious son, introduced to the palace through the machinations of the enemies of Protestantism. As the child grew up, the prejudices aroused on his entrance into the world deepened, and they became inveterate after the Revolution. When he became, at the age of twenty-seven, a claimant for the English throne, he was almost universally in England regarded as an impostor and was dubbed "The Pretender."

Although it is outside the scope of the present chapter to pursue the career of James Edward Stuart, the "Old Pretender," a little attention to the insurrection of 1715 is necessary as a prelude to

the sketch of the more serious rebellion in 1745, in which the "Young Pretender," Charles Edward Stuart, played the leading part. About a year after the death of Anne and the accession of George I, the friends of the "Old Pretender," the Chevalier de Saint George, began to bestir themselves.¹ In September, 1715, the Earl of Mar, at Braemar in Aberdeen, raised the standard of James III of England, and James VIII of Scotland. Immediately afterwards the news reached Scotland of the death of the very man on whom the Jacobites had most depended for the success of their daring enterprise; Louis XIV closed his eventful reign on September 1st, 1715, after ruling France for seventy-two years. When the news of the death of Louis arrived, Mar had established his headquarters at Perth with a following of 12,000, and there was no turning back. With or without the aid of France the rebellion must be prosecuted.

The principal incident of the Rebellion of 1715 was the indecisive engagement at Sheriffmuir, five miles north of Stirling, between the army of Mar and the much smaller force of Argyle,² who led in Scotland the supporters of the Hanoverian succession. Scarcely less important was the adventurous march from Perth into England of MacIntosh's little army of less than

¹ Readers of Thackeray's "Henry Esmond" need not be reminded of the undercurrent of conspiracy in favour of the Chevalier de St. George which runs through that charming novel.

² This is the second duke of Argyle, son of the first duke, mentioned in the last Chapter.

3,000. Their course took them through Leith, Musselburgh, Kelso, Hawick, Penrith, Lancaster, to Preston. In street skirmishes near the Ribble several hundred of the combatants perished, but the arrival at Preston of a strong body of English cavalry under Carpenter crushed the insurgents almost without a fight. Fifteen hundred of the rebels, of whom about a thousand were Scots, surrendered. Eight noblemen were found among the prisoners. These two episodes of the Rebellion, one at Sheriffmuir and the other at Preston, occurred at precisely the same time. The Chevalier himself did not arrive in Scotland till January, when with six followers he appeared in the rebel camp at Perth. At Scone, two miles out, he assumed royal state and began to issue proclamations; but his sovereignty was very brief. His personality and manner were unattractive, his followers soon grew discontented, and disintegration set in. A retreat was ordered from Perth to Dundee and thence to Montrose, where a French ship was boarded by James and the Earl of Mar, the remnant of the deserted rebel host escaping hastily towards the north and west. Thus ended the fiasco of the Rebellion of 1715. About forty Jacobites in England and Scotland died on the scaffold for their sedition, and others lost their estates and titles. The unfortunate Chevalier de Saint George was destined to spend fifty more tedious years of a barren and hopeless life in exile and wandering.

Three years after the Rebellion of 1715 the Chevalier married Maria Clementina Sobieski, the grand-

daughter of the great Polish patriot and king, John Sobieski. From this union was born at Rome on the last day of 1720 Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir Stuart. It was from his mother that the "Young



CHARLES EDWARD STUART

Pretender" inherited his fiery energy and many of those romantic and charming qualities which endeared him to all who came under the spell of his presence. It is true that she did not live happily with her staid and melancholy consort but the fault was mainly, it is surmised, on the side

of the disappointed descendant of a luckless line of kings. She died when Charles Edward was only fourteen, and his happy boyhood was ended.

For the next ten years the "Young Pretender's" head was filled with visions and dreams of conquest and glory, always including the consummation devoutly wished of gaining the English throne. His father, who had had bitter experience in the quest of a crown, gave him little encouragement, but there were in abundance restless intriguers from France, England, and Scotland, who plied him constantly with

adventurous projects. The first scheme devised a landing in Kent, in 1743, but the British fleet and the Channel storms made a sorry failure of this expedition. Two years later, mainly on his own initiative, Charles Edward set out from Nantes to make a second attempt. The recent defeat of the English at Fontenoy and the absence of George II and the troops of Britain on the continent gave him great hopes of success.

Charles Edward took with him no military support. Only seven companions accompanied him in that historic brig *La Doutelle*. The French man-of-war which served as an escort and carried his arms and ammunition, met with disaster and had to return to France. After a fortnight's voyage, the eight adventurers reached a bay in Inverness-shire, between Moidart and Arisaig. The seven who attended the "Young Pretender" on this apparently insane expedition are called "The Seven Men of Moidart." The best known of the seven was the Marquis of Tullibardine, who had been out in the '15. When the chieftains of the western clans heard that Charles Edward was among them they were astounded, and none too well pleased. They held back from an undertaking that promised only dismal failure and the vengeance of the House of Hanover. The fascinating manners and the impulsive candour of the young prince won over the powerful Cameron of Lochiel, and the whole of the Highlands soon rose. At Glenfinnan, near Fort William, on August 19th, he raised his standard. The aged Marquis of Tullibardine unfurled the banner. The accessions to the ranks of the prince were now immediate and impressive.

So stealthily had the prince planned and executed his undertaking that he had been in Scotland five days before it was known in France that he had left that country, and he had been in Scotland three weeks before the English government had any inkling of his movements. Sir John Cope, the incapable commander of the forces in Scotland, "an officer of the routine school," was soon in motion. He mustered at Stirling 3,000 men, including two regiments of dragoons under Gardiner and Hamilton. Leaving the dragoons behind, he started for Fort Augustus to meet and overwhelm the rebels. On reaching Dalwhinnie he held a council of war, for disconcerting news regarding the size of the prince's army admonished a halt. To get to Fort Augustus he must pass Corry Arrack, a wild mountain with numerous "traverses," styled "The Devil's Staircase." Cope's council decided that their safe course was towards Inverness and Fort George in the north, not towards Fort Augustus in the west. Stupidity could go no further, for Charles Edward and Lochiel could not, in their most sanguine mood, have hoped for a more favourable turn of events.

The prince had marched from Glenfinnan, pushed east rapidly between Fort William and Fort Augustus, and reached Corry Arrack the day after Cope's departure for Inverness. The Highlanders were wild with joy; the road was now wide open for the south. In three days they reached Blair Castle. In four days more they were in possession of Perth, where Charles wasted no time in foolish ceremonies at the ancient palace of Scone. At Perth, Charles

was joined by the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray, the latter a partisan of the Old Chevalier in 17 '5. In another ten days Charles had reached Stirling, where the garrison of King George greeted him with a cannon ball or two from the castle. His romantic imagination was stirred as he roamed in the evening over the field of Bannockburn, where his great ancestor, the Bruce, fourteen generations removed, had annihilated the forces of England. Next day the prince was within eight miles of Edinburgh. Gardiner's dragoons, who had been in touch with the Highlanders for several days, made no attempt to block their progress towards the capital, but stage by stage ever retired before them. The old Flodden walls of Edinburgh proved no effective barrier against the Jacobite army. Edinburgh Castle, strongly held by the king's garrison, was unable to prevent the entrance of the prince at the other side of the city, and soon in the hollow of the hills at the foot of Arthur's Seat, near the ancient palace of the Scottish kings, the army of the "Young Pretender," 2,000 strong, halted and encamped. A cannon ball from the castle on the hill was the only sign of opposition manifest anywhere.

As soon as General Cope became aware of his egregious blunder he marched rapidly to Aberdeen in order to take his troops thence by ship to Edinburgh. His messenger arrived in Edinburgh while Charles was still in Perth, and the required transports set sail for Aberdeen on September 10th. So successfully was the transportation of the troops effected that in five days Cope's army was disembarking at Dunbar.

Amid the music of bagpipes and the waving of white kerchiefs by Jacobite ladies, heralds, before the High Cross of Edinburgh, proclaimed James VIII king of Scotland and announced Prince Charles Edward as regent. In the King's Park, the hollow between Arthur's Seat and the rising ground on which is now built the southern section of Edinburgh, waving tartans and floating plumes presented a picturesque spectacle. The standard of Prince Charlie, blue and red on a white ground, bearing the embroidered motto "tandem triumphans," conspicuously challenged admiration and kindled hopes of victory and booty.

The muster-roll of the Jacobites soon mounted to 2,500. Not all of these were well armed. Perhaps a thousand were fully equipped with broadsword, target, and fusee, and a few hundreds with an addition of dirk and pistol; but the rest of the mountaineers were poorly accoutred, and most of them scantily armed, some with pole-axes, some with scythes attached to poles, some with only stakes and clubs. It was a motley host that now expected to alter the destiny of the British Isles by overturning a well-established dynasty.

Cope's army, including the dragoons, who had joined him at Dunbar, moved westwards towards Haddington on September 19th. At Haddington he left the high post-road and advanced by the low road near the sea. On reaching Prestonpans, Cope occupied a strong position already prepared. The high park walls of Colonel Gardiner's own estate protected his right, a morass skirted his left, be-

hind him was the sea, in front was a deep, wide ditch which drained another morass. A bare stubble-field, thus enclosed, was to be the scene of the engagement. Cope's army was almost exactly equal in point of numbers to that of the prince, 2,500. His dragoons, who should have been his strength and stay, proved to be his weakness and his destruction. They had in panic fear fled all the way from Stirling before the advancing torrent of the Celts, and then fleeing from the capital they had sought safety with Cope's infantry! Colonel Gardiner, indeed, on the day of battle proved to be a man of courage, but it was his hard fate to command a troop of demoralized poltroons.

On the morning of September 19th (Cope that day left Dunbar) the prince led out his forces to Dud-dingston, where they lay under arms for a day. On the morning of the 20th he resumed his march towards the east, exclaiming to his followers as he drew his sword, "Gentlemen, I have flung away the scabbard!" With fifty cavalry, one solitary old cannon taken along for luck, and his brave 2,500 Highlanders, he advanced to meet the regular levies of a proud and powerful nation. The clans "in fine fettle" marched through Musselburgh, over Carberry Heights, and on towards Prestonpans. As Cope, from prudential considerations, had taken the coast-road, Prince Charles with equal sagacity took the higher post-road in order to secure a possible advantage over the enemy when the two armies came together, for the Highland mode of fighting preferred the momentum of a downhill dash, as at

Killiecrankie. When the prince drew near Prestonpans he found Cope waiting for him in the great stubble-field, behind insuperable defences. The morass and the trench which divided the armies



quite baffled the tactics on which the prince had hoped to rely. The two hosts bivouacked within a half-mile of each other that night of September 20th-21st. Charles posted 500 Athol men in the churchyard of Tranent to prevent Cope from breaking through for Edinburgh in the night. The clans,

prince, and all, lay down in the darkness on couches of pea straw.

Some time before midnight a local land-owner named Anderson, whose father had been out in the '15, came to Lord George Murray and told him of a road across the marsh into the stubble-field. An examination was made and the path was found, wet and precarious, but not too difficult for the supple and active mountain-climbers. Charles was aroused and the discovery reported. A plan was soon discussed and approved in council. The 500 Athol men were recalled to the ranks. About three o'clock the whole Highland army in dead silence followed the guide along the narrow, boggy way to the firm ground opposite. A thick fog aided the venturous enterprise, and the clans had time to draw up in line for the rush, the post of honour on the right being given to the Macdonalds.

When the alarm was sounded General Cope saw that his left wing was threatened; and he hurriedly drew back that wing so that his whole line might face the quarter whence the attack was coming. He placed his infantry in the centre; Gardiner's dragoons occupied his right, and Hamilton his left. His artillery stood next the morass on the south of the field.

The progress of the fight can be best followed from the prince's side, as he was the aggressor. When all was ready, the clansmen, as was their wont, uttered a short prayer, and then with a wild yell advanced. It was another Killiecrankie, — plaids thrown down, — muskets fired once and tossed

aside,—a fierce charge with broadswords,—and then pursuit and slaughter. All was over in a quarter of an hour. The army of King George fired a few cannon shots, replied to the musket-fire of the clans by one, weak volley, and then — *sauve qui peut*. Not one English bayonet was stained with Highland blood. The soldiers of the government had shut themselves in tight within four close defences, and they now paid a heavy price for their folly. The cowardly dragoons did manage to escape even to Berwick, but the infantry were all killed or captured. The only man of Cope's army who won the laurels of a hero was Colonel Gardiner. Only eleven of his craven troop even approached the enemy; and when he fell these eleven deserted him. It is reported by an eye-witness that after he received his first wound he took charge for a few minutes of a company of infantry which had lost its captain. At any rate, he fell on the field, cut down first from his horse by the thrust of a scythe, and then despatched by a claymore or a Lochaber axe. He died close to his own park wall, and was buried in his own village church.

The victory of the clans was more complete than the most confident Jacobite could have hoped. Charles and the second line of his reserve were scarcely in action at all; the first line had proved sufficient. After the battle Charles showed his humanity by remaining on the field till noon, looking after the wounded Saxons as well as the Celts. He made no attempt, he knew the clansmen too well, to restrain the victors from their plundering pro-

pensities. All Cope's cannon, baggage, standards, and even his military chest, became the spoil of the conquerors. It must be admitted that, in their zeal for "spuilzie," the Highlanders tarnished the fame of their victory by stripping the dead and despoiling the wounded. Next day in triumph Charles, and those of his Highlanders who had not hastened to their homes to dispose of their spoil, entered Edinburgh with flags flying and the bagpipes playing old Cavalier tunes.



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COLONEL GARDINER'S MONUMENT AT
PRESTONPANS

The village of Prestonpans (long ago called simply Preston) is situated near the railway between Edinburgh and Dunbar. Within a stone's throw from the railway station (the railway runs right through the field) stands the fine monument in honour of Colonel Gardiner, the only real hero of the fight. It is fitting that the sole memorial of the battle should be erected here on the former estate of Colonel Gardiner. The

monument occupies a commanding position on a slight elevation near the northern extremity of a large, uncultivated plot in front of a commodious farm-house. A few of the epigraphs on the stone are here quoted : —

“A FAITHFUL MAN AND FEARED GOD ABOVE
MANY”

— Neh. vii, 2.

“This neighbourhood alike hallowed by his life and renowned by his death gratefully accepts the guardianship of his memory.”

— “*By Public Subscription*, 1853.”

“His valour, his high scorn of death,
To fame's proud meed no impulse ow'd :
His was a pure unsullied zeal
For Britain and for God.
He fell, he died : the exulting foe
Trod careless o'er his noble clay :
Yet not in vain our champion fought
In that disastrous fray.”

Four marble lions couchant guard this commemorative pillar, erected near the spot where fell the brave hero of Prestonpans.

A striking feature of the countryside, south-west from the station of Prestonpans, is the long ridge on which “The Pretender” posted his army on the eve of the battle. The present writer visited Prestonpans in mid-July and was not surprised to find the spacious tract between the station and this ridge a field of corn yellowing for the harvest. The main operations of the battle took place in a stubble-field on this very site. Since the bloody fray of '45 many

generations of Haddington farmers have gathered the ripe crops of two centuries from this historic enclosure, and have, in due time, resigned their earthly tasks to younger hands.

On October 7th, 1745, Charles wrote a short letter to James, his father, narrating the incidents of the fight, which he calls "The Battle of Gladsmuir," from a hamlet near the field. It is usual to name the battle from Prestonpans,¹ the village north of the field on the Firth of Forth. Prestonpans is situated a full mile from the railway station and is reached by a road, twenty feet broad, flanked on both sides by stone walls seven feet high. These walls are, no doubt, the regular successors of the walls of 1745, if, indeed, they are not, in great part, the identical stone barriers which defended and then imprisoned the infantry of Cope. Down this narrow lane fled hundreds of fugitives towards Prestonpans after their ignominious defeat; and many were here hacked to death in their vain struggle to scale the high walls.

¹ The place got its name from its salt-works, still existing. A salt-pan is primarily a basin in the ground from which salt is obtained by natural evaporation.

CHAPTER XI

THE REBELLION OF '45 — FALKIRK

AFTER the Battle of Prestonpans, Charles Edward spent about six weeks in Edinburgh, drilling his troops and holding court in the ancient Palace of Holyrood. The prince had determined to invade England, and his delay in the Scottish capital was caused by his desire to strengthen his own army and to arrange with France for joint action against the English king. The prestige of his victory daily augmented the number of his followers, till his army had increased to 6,000. He sent an envoy to France to announce his success and to urge on the French government the necessity of immediate help in troops and supplies.

As the weeks passed, it became more and more evident to the prince that he was losing valuable time, for King George had hurried back from Flanders, bringing with him a considerable portion of his well-trained army, which he had placed under the command of his younger son, the Duke of Cumberland. Late in October, Marshal Wade with a strong force was sent north to Newcastle. In the hope that a French army would land on the southern coast of England almost immediately, the Pretender decided to loiter no longer, but to push south, to rouse on the way the

English and Welsh Jacobites, and, if possible, to march on London.

On November 1st, 1745, Charles Edward started out from Edinburgh to conquer England, partly by force of arms but partly, he hoped, by the aid of the descendants of those who for three generations had espoused at great risks the Stuart cause. In order to deceive Wade, now at Newcastle with 10,000 men, he made a show of advancing by the eastern road to Berwick. At Dalkeith he divided the Highland army into two columns, one under Murray proceeding by Peebles and Moffat, the other under his own direction moving towards Berwick. At Kelso the prince suddenly turned west and joined Murray. On November 10th the whole Highland army invested Carlisle. When Wade knew what had happened, he marched towards the west, but learning on the way that Carlisle had surrendered to Charles Edward, and finding the roads almost impassable with snow, he returned to Newcastle.

On November 20th the march south from Carlisle began. Kendal, Lancaster, and Preston were passed. The Highlanders had a superstitious fear of Preston, for the Duke of Hamilton in 1648 had been defeated there, and MacIntosh had there met with disaster in the '15. This third Scottish invasion met with no opposition at Preston. Wigan was the next halting-place, and then Manchester. It began to appear that Jacobite England was contented with the Hanoverian rule. At Manchester, where the prince had been led to believe that the Jacobite interests were strong, only two hundred of the scum of the population

joined his ranks. The cause of the prince, it must be admitted, was not advanced in England by the strange appearance, the unknown language, and the singular dress of the Highlanders. At Macclesfield, Charles heard that Cumberland was in Stafford, but by another clever ruse, carried out by Murray, he caused Cumberland to follow a wrong scent. On December 4th the Highland army reached Derby. Six days more would bring them to London.

In Derby Charles called a council of war. To his surprise and horror he found that nearly the whole council advocated a retreat. No aid of importance had arrived from France, and three English armies were out to crush them, — one at Newcastle, one under Cumberland a day's march off, and one of 30,000 on Finchley Common under the king. Charles pleaded and expostulated with the chiefs, but they had become thoroughly sobered by the coldness of the English Jacobites, and they saw before them visions of doom inescapable.¹

The retreat of the Highland army to Scotland was conducted with great skill. Such a retreating host Oliver Cromwell and his Ironsides would have scattered to the four winds, but Cumberland and Wade,

¹ As a matter of fact, the people of London were more alarmed than was the council of the Pretender. On the day after Charles had reached Derby a run was made upon the Bank of England, which escaped bankruptcy only by paying all day in sixpences, sending their own agents by one door into the clamouring crowd to present notes for payment and admitting them by another door to return the sixpences for another immediate turnover. The day was long known in London as "Black Friday."

with their vast resources, were unable to intercept the swift-moving and cunning Scots. The retreat began on December 6th, and Carlisle was reached on the 19th, with the loss of only forty men, although the dragoons of Wade and Cumberland, 4,000 in number, pressed them closely towards the end of the march. On Christmas Day, Glasgow was reached. In fifty-six days the army of the Pretender had marched 580 miles and evaded the attempts of two well-appointed armies to stay their course.

When Charles had again reached Scottish soil, he was another man. Two months had taken the fire from his blood and the dreams from his fancy. On his way to Derby he had marched on foot at the head of the clans, steadily refusing the offer of a charger. He had been the life and cheer of the whole army. After the retreat was ordered he became dejected and sullen. He was seen no more on foot, nor were his stimulating presence and voice any more a cordial to the clans. The iron of disappointment had entered deep into his soul. At Derby he had exclaimed, "Rather than go back I would be twenty feet underground." He was obliged by inexorable necessity to turn about; and ever after the gleam of youthful ardour was missed from his eyes, and dead were his hopes of winning a throne. Struggle on he must, but it was, he knew well, a vain struggle.

On January 3rd, 1746, the Duke of Cumberland, after taking Carlisle, was recalled to London to guard the south coast from a threatened French invasion. A part of his army was placed in charge of General Hawley with orders to march to Edin-

burgh. On January 3rd, too, Charles Edward set out from Glasgow for Stirling, where he arrived on the 7th. At Stirling the prince was encouraged by the accession to his strength of 4,000 Highland and French reinforcements. Leaving a few hundred men to beleaguer Stirling, he mustered his army of 9,000 men on the renowned field of Bannockburn, and waited there for Hawley. When Hawley did not appear he at last determined to go down towards Falkirk to meet him.

General Hawley had been selected for the Scottish campaign on account of his severity towards deserters and prisoners. He was nicknamed "the chief-justice" because he had many of the forbidding characteristics of the brutal Judge Jeffreys. He always kept in his army a number of executioners to deal summarily with the victims of his official displeasure. Hawley had only haughty contempt for the "Highland rabble," which he constantly boasted he would soon scatter. His army consisted of about 8,000, including 1,300 cavalry, in part Ligonier's dragoons (formerly Gardiner's and Hamilton's discredited runaways). He left Edinburgh for Stirling on January 13th, and reached Falkirk on the 16th, where he was joined by Campbell's Highlanders, about a thousand.

On January 17th, 1746, Charles moved towards the Hill of Falkirk, which overlooked the English camp. Hawley was off his guard, — was, indeed, when Charles arrived, taking lunch with a high-born lady at some distance from the field. "Where is the General?" was the cry of the English officers when they saw

the Highland standards advancing. General Hawley came at last, and his formations were hurriedly made. He placed his infantry in two lines facing south-west, his dragoons on the left. On his extreme right, across a ravine, he posted three English infantry regiments. The clans of the Jacobites were drawn up as usual in two lines. The Macdonalds, protected from a flank attack of cavalry by a morass, held the right wing. The Camerons, supported by the Macphersons, the Frasers, and the Stuarts, occupied the left. Between these fought the MacIntoshes, the Mackenzies, and the Farquharsons.

Various accounts have been given of this confused action, but the main incidents are these. The battle began about four o'clock by Hawley's sending the dragoons under Ligonier to take possession of a hill between his position and the summit of the plateau occupied by Charles. His infantry moved towards the enemy behind the cavalry and at some distance from them. When the Highlanders had reached a satisfactory ground, they waited for the dragoons till within eighty yards; then they fired such a destructive volley that most of the horsemen turned about and fled. The few who charged home were cut down by the claymores of the Celts. The Highland right now rushed down the slope on the advancing English infantry. A violent storm of wind and rain from the south-west took the English full in the face and prevented their fusillade from being effective, while the plaids of the Highlanders protected them and their musket-locks from the storm. The fight in the main field was soon

over, the English foot withdrawing in disorder to the town. The three battalions of English infantry which extended beyond the Highland left saved Hawley from complete disaster. These troops opened a flank fire on the Highland left as it advanced and caused that division of the prince's army to halt and resist. This diversion and the increasing storm and darkness (the early January night was now coming on) gave Hawley time to withdraw. That night he reached Linlithgow, ten miles away, after a terrible march in most distressing circumstances. His artillery, camp, and stores were the spoil of the Highlanders. Six hundred dead he left on the field and almost as many wounded. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." That night Hawley wrote from Linlithgow to Cumberland, "My heart is broke."

As to the Highlanders,—they had lost only a hundred men; but their victory was a barren one, if not an actual disaster. According to custom, large numbers after the battle departed for their homes to dispose of their rich plunder. Altercations began among the chiefs about their share in the victory and also their share in the events that permitted the escape of Hawley. All unity of sentiment ceased and feuds increased daily. Desertions and quarrels soon left Charles with only a miserable remnant of his 8,000 men. After a futile attempt to take Stirling Castle it was decided by the chiefs of the clans that for safety a retreat to the north must be begun, for Cumberland was now moving forwards to raise the siege of the castle. When Charles

was informed of the decision of Murray and the six chiefs of clans he beat his head against the wall of his room and cried out, "Good God! Have I lived to see this?"

In Chapter VI, which deals with the earlier battle of Falkirk (1298), I have told of my visit to this old Scottish town. Falkirk is the Scottish St. Albans. Both are very ancient burghs and still preserve many of their antique features. Both stand on historic roads connecting the south with the north, and they have seen processions and cavalcades and marches innumerable during the long course of over a thousand years. Both have been struck — yea, smitten twice — by the fearful hurricane of war, and have their names embalmed in the imperishable pages of the military annals of our race.

A good view of the elevated ground on which the Jacobite victory was won may be had from the railway bridge at Falkirk High. If you face northwest, you will see over a mile away the region of the irregular plateau where the battle was fought. South Bantaskine was without doubt the scene of the engagement. The inequality of the ground partly explains the confusion that marked the battle. The hills of different heights rise and fall in such a way that it would be impossible from any part of the field to observe the operations on all other parts, even if no storm and darkness had added their bewildering embarrassment.

From the Camelon Road in the town itself runs a lane between high, stone walls. This alley bears the

odd appellation of "Maggie Wood's Loan,"¹ and is reported by tradition to be the road through which Hawley's troops poured down into Falkirk on that gloomy evening of January 17th, 1746, pursued by those of Charles's men who were not engaged in plundering the dead upon the field.

All the historians are strangely silent about the presence in Hawley's army of a young soldier destined to win renown for himself and for his country. The hero of Quebec, James Wolfe, whose nineteenth birthday was just past, did his duty that day as brigade-major in one of the English regiments. At the age of sixteen he had seen service under the king at Dettingen, and at seventeen his high courage and his genius for command had rewarded him with the humble post of captain. We shall meet him again in a few months at Culloden.

To the Battle of Falkirk we owe Collins's short ode written immediately after the battle in honour of the English dead. The first stanza has become as familiar as household words:—

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod."

¹ The word "loan" may be another form of the word "loaning," a meadow, met so frequently in Scott's novels.

CHAPTER XII

THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN

"Lochiel, Lochiel! Beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight."

— CAMPBELL.

ON February 1st, 1746, the Highland army marched north from Stirling towards Inverness in two divisions, one under the prince by way of Blair Athol, and Dalwhinnie, the other under Murray along the coast-road by Perth to Aberdeen and thence over the Spey to Elgin and Nairn. On the 16th, Charles, in advance of the army, reached Moy Hall ten miles from Inverness, where he was entertained by the Jacobite Lady MacIntosh, whose lord was with the English. Lord Loudoun, who held Inverness for the king, attempted to capture Charles at Moy, but the attacking column of 900 men was scared in the dark by a dozen Highlanders in ambush. The precipitate flight of Loudoun's band is ironically styled "The Rout of Moy." On February 18th Charles took possession of Inverness, and on the 20th Lord George Murray came in from the east with the other division.

In Inverness, Charles, from a military point of view, was in bad plight. On the north and west

were several clans hostile to his interests. On the south in Perth were the Argyles and 4,000 Hessians whom Cumberland had brought over from the continent. The Duke of Cumberland himself was wintering in Aberdeen. All the northern ports were blockaded by English men-of-war.

The interval between the arrival of Charles in Inverness and the opening of hostilities in the spring was employed by the mountaineers in various expeditions and adventures which had little bearing on the great issue at stake. Some of the clans retired to their own glens till they were needed. Charles himself was ill for some weeks, for he was quite unaccustomed to the rigours of the northern climate.

The Duke of Cumberland, son of George II and Queen Caroline, was a soldier from his boyhood. He had shared with his father the glory of Dettingen in 1748. It is true that he was defeated by Marshal Saxe, the greatest general of the age, at Fontenoy, in 1745, but it is generally admitted that if he had been properly supported by the allies of Britain, he would have gained the day. At the age of twenty-four he was selected as the one British general who could put an end to the surprising successes of his distant kinsman, the Young Pretender. While Charles was waiting in Inverness for the inevitable attack, Cumberland, in Aberdeen, was teaching his troops how best to meet the tactics of the Highlanders. If Prestonpans and Falkirk were not to be repeated, his soldiers must learn how to stand the shock of the Celtic rush. He invented a manœuvre which much disconcerted the Highlanders on Drumossie Moor.

Hitherto the clansmen had had a great advantage in the protection of their targets (shields) while they wielded the claymore. They were entirely unprepared for the device practised by the infantry of Cumberland. "Transfix with your bayonet," taught Cumberland, "not your immediate opponent, but the kilted soldier on your right."

The spring of 1746 was early in the Highlands. The snow was gone from the valleys and the moors by April 1st, and many of the clansmen were engaged in seeding their crofts when the order for the muster came. Indeed, the brave Macphersons spent one day too long in their agricultural pursuits, and heard of the disaster to the cause when six miles distant from the battlefield.

On April 8th Cumberland left Aberdeen. When he reached the Spey on the 12th he was surprised to meet no resistance there. On the 14th he came to Nairn. As the 15th was his birthday he decided not to engage till the morrow, and some licence was allowed to his troops on the festive day. His army was 9,000 strong: fifteen battalions of infantry, each of 500; Argyle Highlanders, 600; three regiments of dragoons, each of 300. He had eighteen effective guns. There appeared to be no possible escape for Charles this time.

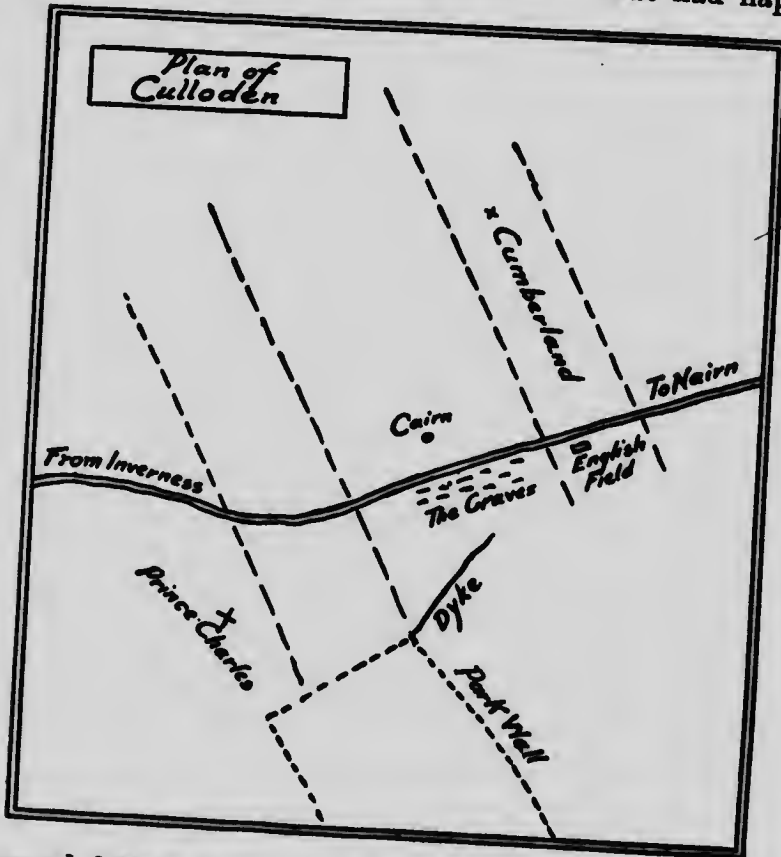
On the 15th the Highlanders expected the attack, and they drew up for battle, 7,000 strong, on Culloden Moor, or rather on that part of it called Drumossie Moor, six miles east of Inverness. Charles's commissariat was beginning to cause anxiety, and we are told that the rations of April 15th were

scanty indeed, many securing only a solitary bannock of oatmeal. While the government forces were well supplied by the transports which accompanied them up Moray Firth, — were indeed feasting and drinking to satiety in honour of their general, — the famished forces of the prince were scouring the country to stave off starvation.

When it became plain that Cumberland was not moving from Nairn, Charles began to entertain the notion of a night surprise, as at Gladsmuir. A council of war was held, and after full discussion the project of a night attack was agreed upon. It was naturally thought that the English army would be sleeping off the drunken revels inseparable from the birthday junketings. At eight in the evening, when darkness came on, the prince's army set out for Nairn, twelve miles distant. A devious route had to be followed, as Cumberland's mounted scouts watched the main road. So unexpectedly difficult was the march that the first blush of daylight appeared in the direction of Cumberland's encampment when they were still three miles from Nairn. There was no alternative but to return to Culloden as quickly as their tired limbs would carry them. At seven o'clock on the morning of the 16th, in a piteous predicament, Charles's army reached Culloden and all took up their former posts upon the moor. Some slept for hours in sheer exhaustion; others, starving, went off in quest of food, even to Inverness. At eleven the alarm was spread that Cumberland was drawing near.

The battle between the duke and the prince

could have had only one issue, notwithstanding the stout contentions of the adherents of the prince that he would have been victor if this or that had hap-



pened differently. The disparity in the numbers of the respective hosts was great, — 9,000 to 5,000, — for 2,000 of Charles's original army had melted away. The condition and the morale of the troops were as different as fortune and a marked contrast of management could make them. Cumberland's men were comparatively fresh after their morning march

of ten or twelve miles. Their physical condition was excellent, for their commissariat had been well administered, and their revelry, after all, had been tempered with discretion. They advanced with the confidence of tried and disciplined troops; they were supplied with the newest artillery; and they had for months made special preparation for facing the Highland tactics. Prince Charles's men, on the contrary, were fatigued beyond endurance after their long and futile double march in the night. They needed sleep and they were on the brink of starvation. They were dispirited both from physical feebleness and from a growing consciousness of impending doom. On the top of all these disabilities disunion and even insubordination broke forth in their ranks. The three Macdonald regiments, named after their chiefs, Clanranald, Glengarry, and Keppoch, were sullen and mutinous, because to them had been assigned a post on the left wing. The honour of the right had been theirs in every battle since Bannockburn, and their punctilio in the matter of precedence in this final struggle of Saxons and Celts hastened and aggravated the destruction of the clans.

The disposition of the forces of the two armies and the evolutions of the battle are well authenticated, for the last battle fought on British soil has received more attention and fuller treatment because of its final place in the long list of bloody struggles. Cumberland's troops were arranged in three lines, the last a reserve. Between the battalions stood the cannon. On the flanks were ranked the cavalry.

The Highland clans were drawn up in two lines. Lord George Murray, as at Prestonpans and Falkirk, was Charles's chief officer. He commanded the right wing, composed of his own Athol men, and the Camerons, and the Stewarts. The Macdonalds on the left hacked the heather with their swords while their brother Highlanders were rushing on the serried ranks of the English. The centre included, besides other clans, those of Appin, Fraser, MacIntosh, MacLaughlin, and Maclean. The prince's second line, or reserve, of about 2,000, was curiously composite, embracing Irish, French, Lowlanders, Gordons, Ogilvies, and his 250 horse.

The battle opened about one o'clock with a fire from the badly-handled and inferior Highland guns, twelve in number. Cumberland replied with a well-served and rapid cannonade. Deadly havoc was wrought among the Highlanders by the artillery of the duke, which for half an hour made red lanes in the prince's ranks. Charles at last was obliged to order a charge to silence the terror of the guns. The devoted clan of the MacIntoshes broke away first from the centre, followed at once by the Athol men, the Camerons, the Stewarts, the Frasers, and the Macleans. The weather, which had been bright all morning, with April fickleness turned suddenly foul, and blasts of rain, sleet, and snow beat in the faces of the charging Celts.

In the teeth of storm and bullet and grape-shot the clans advanced on the run, and, despite the extraordinary training of the English to meet such tactics, two regiments of the first line of Cumberland's left

were almost destroyed. On rushed the surviving clansmen in wild desperation towards the second line; but no man reached the English bayonets, so fierce and accurate was the musket fire, and so deadly the raking enfilade of Wolfe's regiment, which had, meanwhile, been brought from the second line to a position commanding the space over which the Highlanders had to move in their final dash. The Argyle Highlanders, in Cumberland's army, were now sent to break down the Park Wall on the Highland right, so that the English dragoons might have free play against the disorganized right flank of the enemy. At this crisis in the action some of the Macdonalds had a change of heart, and the brave Keppoch, in particular, half redeemed the dishonour of the Macdonalds' inaction by leading a small company to certain death in the very moment of defeat. Keppoch himself fell wounded, struggled to his feet, pushed on again a few steps, and was straightway shot dead.

The battle was lost to the Highlanders in less than an hour. The second line of Lowland and foreign troops could not retrieve the disaster which had befallen the first line. The rout became general, and the prince, twice a victor, was now a hunted fugitive.

One division of the defeated clans retired across the Nairn to the mountains; the other, in utter disorder, was mercilessly pursued by the cavalry to within a mile of Inverness. It was the old Cromwellian pursuit, for Cumberland's horsemen "had the execution" of the rebels for four or five miles. The casualties of the clans at Culloden were hideous.

Of the 2,000 in the front line who fought, 1,000 were killed. Those of Charles's army who escaped death on the field confronted even a worse fate. Many of the wounded were collected and shot. A shepherd's hut in the vicinity sheltered some fugitives for a time, but the building was fired and thirty-two charred corpses satisfied the vengeance of those who kindled the blaze. The captives in the town of Inverness were left for two days without food or water, and then were put on board ship and sent to London. In the hold among the ballast they were herded; and the grim tale is told that in one ship alone, forty out of a hundred and fifty were alive when the landing was effected eight months later. Nearly one hundred of the leading rebels were afterwards beheaded for high treason. So sullied by barbarities unspeakable was the victory of Cumberland at Culloden that to this day he is designated in Scotland by the hateful name of "The Butcher." No blacker page can be found in the annals of our race than Cumberland's treatment of the vanquished Highlanders.

The fate of Charles has been the theme of poets and novelists and biographers without number. It is unnecessary here to detail the story minutely. From the fatal moor he sped to the west coast in an endeavour to escape to France. He was tracked like a wild beast over the mainland and through the Hebrides by the myrmidons of the government, for a reward of £30,000 was set upon his head. His narrow escapes from capture were numerous and thrilling. The secret of his hiding-places must have been

known at various times to hundreds of persons, but not even the offer of the huge reward tempted the poorest and humblest of Prince Charlie's followers. The episode of his salvation in a desperate hour through the courage and resource of Flora Macdonald casts a gleam of romance over these months of suspense and peril. On September 20th, after five months of miserable apprehension and privation, he sailed from Scotland in a French vessel, accompanied (besides others) by the "gentle Lochiel." Charles lived after his flight from Scotland for forty-two years, but the melancholy tale has no place in this brief narrative.

The Battle of Culloden left a deep impress on the life of the Highlanders. For months the country was devastated in all directions. Mansions and huts were everywhere burned. The herds and the flocks were swept from all the valleys. More lasting retribution for rebellion awaited the rebels and their kinsmen. The wearing of kilts and tartans was proscribed by statute. The patriarchal clan system was destroyed for ever. Military roads were built to provide for the rapid march of troops, if ever the dragon of rebellion raised its pernicious head again.

The traveller reaches Culloden by the Highland railway from Perth, — one of the most interesting railway routes in the world. From the coach window a succession of romantic landscapes affords a continuous delight. Historic names, too, greet you at many a station, — Dunkeld, Pitlochry, Killiecrankie, Blair Athol, Culloden, Inverness. The railroad

follows, in the main, the old road by which the clans pushed north to escape from Cumberland in 1746.

The town of Inverness enjoys many distinctions, but one of the most precious to its citizens is its heritage of race and language. It is a Saxon colony among Celts. For a long time (we learn from Macaulay) it was "a solitary outpost of civilization in a region of barbarians." Nothing surprises the stranger more than to hear on every side English spoken in all its purity without a suggestion of the accent of the Gael. It is one of the curiosities of language that a mode can be perpetuated through long centuries, even if alien forces press and crowd upon it incessantly. It will be remembered that the town of Inverness was Hanoverian all through the Jacobite troubles, and only for three months in 1746 did the white cockade display itself during the short stay of the Pretender.

The Moor of Culloden may be reached from Culloden railway station near the field, but a short visit to Inverness before proceeding to the moor is much to be preferred. On Drumossie Moor you must not expect to see what Prince Charlie saw. The hills are there, and the grey sea within sight, and the river Nairn close at hand, but all else is completely changed. The bleak moor of 1746 is now, for the most part, covered with plantations. The road to and from the field is fringed in July with a profusion of varied blooms, yellow whin and broom, daisies, buttercups, and wild roses. The centre of interest on the moor is an open, oblong space over which the highway to Nairn runs. A large memorial cairn, erected by a

namesake of the Duncan Forbes of 1746, stands conspicuous on the north side of the road, with a rich background of pine, larch, spruce, and fir trees. Your



CAIRN ON DRUMOSSIE MOOR

landau passes right over the trenches where were buried the dead clansmen. The names of the clans, mostly those of the right wing, are carved on stones near the place where they fell. From west to east I copied these names : FRASER, MIXED CLANS, MACINTOSH (both sides of the road), MACGILLIVRAY, CAMERON, STEWART OF APPIN, MACLACHLAN, MACLEAN, MACGILLIVRAY (*Athol Highlanders*). Thick fell the clansmen on this part of the moor; after the battle their bodies here were piled three and four deep. Beyond this field of the dead with its imposing cairn and humble slabs you come to the English graves, unmarked by any loving

hands. The park wall and the dike which figured in the fight have long since disappeared. Outside of the field, on the Nairn Road, you come to a huge boulder, called the "Cumberland Stone." Every traveller is expected to mount this stone and curse the "Butcher Cumberland," as have thousands of Scots for one hundred and sixty-five years. Here tradition says the young duke viewed the progress of the fight, although military records place him two furlongs away.

This narrative of Culloden and this somewhat too bulky sheaf of battlefield sketches, must now close; and what more fitting conclusion could be found than a brief reference to the great soldier who was to carry the warrior's sword across the Atlantic after all swords had been happily and finally sheathed in Britain? It has been seen that James Wolfe commanded under Cumberland on Drumossie day and that to his regiment was committed a very important task, the execution of which at a critical moment of the fight hastened the victory of the English army. After the battle, if we may believe tradition, Wolfe was concerned in an incident of great significance and tremendous consequence. On the afternoon after the engagement, so runs the story, Cumberland and some of his staff were riding over the moor towards Inverness. They passed a young wounded Highlander of the Fraser clan, who scowled and writhed at the sight of the haughty duke. Thereupon Cumberland requested Wolfe, who rode by his side, to despatch the Highland scoundrel. Wolfe answered promptly, "My commission is at your

command ; I decline to be a butcher!" The duke then summoned a common soldier and compelled him to kill the wounded Fraser. Within ten years after Culloden, by the wise policy of Chatham, hundreds of brave Highlanders were induced to enlist in the British service and were sent to the continent of Europe and to America. By a strange dispensation of Heaven, Wolfe in 1759 found in his army before Quebec 1,400 Highlanders, of whom 800 were Frasers. Indeed, General Simon Fraser, a cousin of the wounded Fraser of Culloden, was the Highland officer who, with a perfect command of the French language acquired while an exile in France, deceived the sentry of Montcalm on the Heights and made it possible for Wolfe's whole force to reach the Plains of Abraham. On the greatest day in the history of Canada, by the side of Wolfe's grenadiers, in the fierce rush that followed the shattering volleys, leaped the brave Highlanders, sons and brothers of the warriors of 1746; and indeed many of them bore on their bodies scars from the swords and the bullets of distant Culloden. So the Field of Culloden in the northern shire of Scotland's Inverness was, in a very real sense, the training-ground and the inspiration of the great general and his intrepid Highlanders, who with a spirit and a dash irresistible captured Quebec, the citadel of the north, and started on its splendid national life the greatest of Britain's Dominions Beyond the Seas.

BATTLEFIELD MISCELLANEA

1. CHAPTER I. — No battle in the history of the world has more impressed the imagination of a great people than has the disaster of Flodden. Perhaps the earliest endeavour to consecrate the battle in song was made by Miss Jean Elliot of Minto about a hundred and fifty years ago. The dirge, "The Flowers of the Forest," has ever since been popular, and the musical setting of the lyric is infinitely sad. Another song (by Mrs. Cockburn), with the same refrain and with even more popular music, belongs to a period somewhat later. By far the most impressive feature of the funeral procession of the lamented King Edward VII was the playing by forty pipers of the Scots Guards of "The Flowers of the Forest," with the music of Mrs. Cockburn's song. The last stanza of the song runs thus : —

"Oh fickle fortune,
Why this cruel sporting?
Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me;
For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away."

The closing stanzas of the earlier poem are much more poignant : —

"Dool and wae for the order,
Sent our lads to the Border!

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

"We hear nae mair lilting
 At our yowe-milking,
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
 Sighing and moaning
 On ilka green loaning —
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away."

2. CHAPTER I. — The most distinguished visitor that ever came to Flodden Field was Sir Walter Scott. Long years before writing "Marmion" he inspected Flodden most thoroughly and made notes for future use. Some years after "Marmion" had appeared he brought his wife and children to Flodden Field to show them the chief features of interest. When he came to the inn of the little village the enterprising Boniface asked Sir Walter for a quotation from "Marmion" to place on his signboard. The poet opened the dog-eared copy of the "Tale of Flodden Field" which was produced by the shrewd proprietor, and his eye happened to catch the inscription over "Sybil's Well" in Canto VI: —

"Drink weary pilgrim drink and pray
 For the kind soul of Sibyl Gray
 Who built this cross and well."

Instantly he exclaimed, "My friend, what more would you have? Omit one letter from the first line and your motto is to hand: —

"'Drink weary pilgrim drink and PAY.'"

3. CHAPTER IV. — Before my visit to Naseby I saw in the Ms. Room of the British Museum the famous despatch written by Cromwell to Speaker Lenthall of the Commons immediately after the battle. I copied out the page exposed to view under the glass covering: —

“JUNE 14—1645—

“Wee after three howers fight very doubtful, att last routed his armie, killed and took about 5,000, very many officers, but of what quallitye we yet know not, we tooke about 200 carrages all hee had, and all his gunns. Sir, this is none other but the hand of God, and to him aloane belongs the glorie.”

4. CHAPTER VII. — The march of Cromwell from Perth to Worcester is perhaps the most interesting of all the marches ever made on British soil. The present writer, within a period of three months, visited the principal towns and cities which saw Cromwell's Ironsides during that eventful march, — the ancient city of Perth and the hamlet of Scone, two miles distant; Edinburgh, with its castle made by man and its two natural castles of Calton Hill and Arthur's Seat; Berwick, with its girdle of old walls; York, with its glorious minster; Stratford, the Mecca of world-travellers; Evesham, where Cromwell joined Lambert and Harrison and made his final arrangements to “bottle up” the Scottish army in Worcester. To have followed the footsteps of Cromwell on this triumphant march affords satisfaction, but,

"'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array,"

as the best-drilled and most perfectly disciplined army in Europe, forty thousand strong, pursued its irresistible way towards Worcester, with cannon, muskets, and pikes, with colours flying and buff coats gleaming in the summer's sun, led by a general who has only two or three peers in the military annals of all lands.

5. CHAPTER VIII. — During my visit to Sedgemoor, by a strange accident I stumbled on a citizen of Bridgewater whose wife's grandfather had over sixty years before conducted Macaulay over the battlefield. He took me to his library and laid before me an ordnance map of the district and discussed dubious points regarding the incidents of the fight. By the favour of his kindness and knowledge I was able to journey with some confidence towards Weston Zoyland and Sedgemoor.

6. CHAPTER VIII. — Within easy reach of Bridgewater lie many places of great interest. Four miles to the west is Brymore, the birthplace of John Pym. Four miles farther west, under the Quantock Hills, is Nether Stowey, where Coleridge wrote "The Ancient Mariner," and where one may see Alfoxden Manor, the residence of Wordsworth at the same period. Eight miles south is Athelney, close to the junction of the Tone and the Parret, the refuge of Alfred the Great in 878. Fifteen miles east is Glastonbury, with its splendid abbey ruins, and its legends of Joseph of Arimathea and King Arthur. Eleven miles south-west lies Taunton, the

county town of Somersetshire, the rendezvous of "King Monmouth" and the centre of the "Bloody Assizes."

7. CHAPTER X. — Near the railway-station at Prestonpans, opposite the quiet inclosure in which stands the fine monument in honour of Colonel Gardiner, is situated a field of a very different character. It is a field, not of the honoured dead, but of the industrious living. There I saw on a morning of mid-July a group of humble Scots toiling on their hands and knees in a turnip-field; and strange to me was the composition of the interesting group, for one man controlled and laboured with twenty women. In the battlefield over which the fiery Celts of old slaughtered and plundered, this score of peasant women and girls, clad in gay colours, engaged for many hours and for a few shillings in the lowly, if not humiliating, task of weeding turnips. A field of cabbage over the hedge awaited the early attention of their callous fingers. In the romantic days of Prince Charlie no such complexity of interests taxed the observation of the traveller in Prestonpans as screeching railway-engines, crowds of curious passengers gazing from coach-windows, lassies and matrons in raiment of blue and red, prone on the dusty earth in most ungraceful attitudes.

8. CHAPTER X. — The most famous of Scottish novels deals with the rising of '45. Its author, the great Sir Walter, born in Edinburgh, and familiar with every hill and valley and road and by-way within thirty miles of "Auld Reekie," wrote with the sympathy and enthusiasm of one thoroughly conver-

sant with the spirit, the manners, the ambitions, of the Jacobites, and with a knowledge of places and affairs marvellously complete and convincing. No historical novel will ever be written to surpass "Waverley" in its comprehensive grasp of a complex and ever shifting situation, in its superb portraiture of actual and fictitious personages, in its brilliant procession of picturesque and dramatic scenes, and in its abiding hold on the imagination of readers, young and old, in every English-speaking land.

9. CHAPTER XII. — The misfortunes that dogged the heels of "Butcher Cumberland" for the rest of his life may be read elsewhere by those who care to peruse the gloomy tale. In the British Museum I found a private letter of his written a few weeks after his victory at Culloden. The following references to the battle are eminently characteristic of the man: —

"Would to God the enemy had been worthy enough of our troops. Sure never were soldiers in such a temper. Silence and obedience the whole time, and all our manœuvres were performed without the least confusion. I must own that you have hit my weak side when you say that the Honour of our troops is restored."

10. CHAPTER XII. — Readers of Burns are familiar with the touching lyric, "The Lovely Lass of Inverness." One must not be too critical with the poet for making her speak the Ayrshire dialect, — which she never could do. Either English or Gaelic would not have suited the poet's audience: —

"The lovely lass of Inverness

Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;

For e'en and morn she cries, alas !

And aye the saut tear blin's her ee :

Drumossie Moor — Drumossie day, —

A waefu' day it was to me !

For there I lost my father dear,

My father dear, and brethren three."

