

THE
HISTORY
OF
THE BLACK DOUGLAS.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF
THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN

"Hosts have been known at that dread sound to yield,
And Douglas dead, his name has won the field."

GLASGOW:
PUBLISHED BY FRANCIS ORR & SONS.

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IN the annals of Scotland, no name has been more celebrated for valour and enterprise than that of DOUGLAS. They themselves boast that their line is so ancient, that no person can point out the first man that originally elevated the family. "You may see us in the tree," they say, "you cannot discover us in the twig; you may see us in the stream, you cannot trace us to the fountain."

Historians however relate, that the family took its rise during the reign of one of the ancient kings of Scotland, and, at a time when the country was invaded by Donald Bain, Lord of the Western Isles. In a great battle with this powerful chieftain, the Scots were on the point of giving way, when a man of tall stature and noble aspect made his appearance, accompanied with his two sons. They boldly confronted the victorious enemy, and by words and example so encouraged those that fled, that the Scots took heart, and after a desperate struggle, Donald Bain was defeated and himself slain. After this unexpected victory, inquiry was made for the man who had performed this noble deed, when he was pointed out to the king as *Sholto dhu glasse*, which, in the Celtic tongue, means, "See yonder dark grey man."

THE BLACK DOUGLAS.

Sir JAMES DOUGLAS, commonly called the *Good Lord James*, was born about the year 1278, and was the son of William the Hardy, or *Long Leg*, one of the associates of Sir William Wallace in the struggle made by that hero against the encroachments of Edward the First. After many changes of fortune, he was at last made prisoner, and carried into England, accompanied by his son. He died in prison, and when his son James Douglas returned to Scotland, he found the castle of Douglas, and all his father's lands, in the possession of the English Lord Clifford, on whom they had been bestowed by Edward as the reward of his services against the Scots.

Destitute of money and friends, and filled with grief at the misfortunes of his country, he sought refuge with the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, his mother's brother. The old Prelate received him kindly, and promised to apply to Edward in his behalf.

King Edward had by this time made himself master of the greater part of the strong places in Scotland, and was then at Stirling. Thither went the good Archbishop, carrying the young Douglas along with him, whom he introduced to Edward as a youth of great promise, humbly entreating the king to take him under his protection, and reinstate him in his father's lands.

But no sooner did Edward learn who he was, than he reproached him with his father's rebellion; and, in great wrath, turning to the Archbishop, exclaimed, "I have no service for such a traitor's son, and have given his lands to a better man than him."

THE BLACK DOUGLAS.

This stern denial of justice to his relation was a severe disappointment to the Archbishop, but it only roused the spirit of the young Douglas: he resolved from that moment to devote his life (after the glorious example of his father,) to the salvation of his country; and returned to St. Andrew's, there to await patiently for better times.

Nor had he to wait long, for news soon reached him that the heroic Bruce had preferred his claim to the crown of Scotland, and had erected his standard in his native Annandale.

He, like the Douglas, had craved the friendship of the English King. But when he put him in mind of a promise to assist him, as nearest and lawful heir to the crown of Scotland, the crafty old King, who no doubt entertained views of taking the crown to himself, angrily replied, "What! have we nothing else to do but to conquer kingdoms for you!"

Among the first who joined the Bruce, was young Douglas, accompanied with a gallant retinue of followers, the expense of their equipment being secretly defrayed by the Archbishop of St. Andrew's. It may easily be imagined how welcome his presence would be to Bruce; for, independent of his high birth and hearty good-will to the cause, he was a young man of uncommon promise. His education had not been neglected, and to a mind well stored, was added a body of unusual strength and vigour. He is represented as being very tall, broad between the shoulders, and limbs well formed, with swarthy complexion and dark hair, by which he received the appella-

tion of the *Black Douglas*. He was also said to be modest and gentle in times of peace, but had a very different countenance in the day of battle.

The efforts of Bruce with his few adherents were for some time unsuccessful; and he himself, with his Queen and her ladies, and a few others, were obliged to take refuge among the Highland mountains.

Chased from one place to another, they were often in great danger, and reduced to great straits from the want of victuals. Young Douglas, it was remarked, was the most active in procuring supplies, from his great dexterity in hunting and fishing. King Robert at last succeeded in procuring a place of refuge for his Queen, and afterwards, with Lord Douglas and some other followers, determined to seek refuge in the Western Isles.

Leaving, therefore, their place of retreat, a cave on the banks of Loch Lomond, now known by the name of Rob Roy's cave, they crossed the lake of that name in a crazy boat, which was rowed by Douglas, whose activity and resources surmounted every difficulty.

Having reached the Western Isles in safety, they remained there for the winter. In the following spring, nothing daunted by their ill success, young Douglas, with a small body of men, made a descent upon the island of Arran, and took the castle by stratagem. King Robert followed with all the men he could muster; and while he wandered through the island in search of his friends, repeatedly blew his horn. When Sir James Douglas heard Bruce's horn, he knew the

sound well, and cried out that yonder was the king, for he knew his manner of blowing. They met soon after, to the great joy of all.

Bruce, who was now in view of his own country of Carrick, immediately began to form plans with Douglas how they might best renew their enterprises against the English. While Bruce opened a communication with the opposite coast of Carrick, Douglas resolved to go disguised to his own country, to raise his friends, and be revenged on Lord Clifford, on whom Edward had conferred the Douglas estates, and who had taken up his residence in the Castle of Douglas.

With this purpose he secretly sought the house of Thomas Dickson, an old and faithful servant of his father. Emaciated with hunger and toil, and clothed in the meanest apparel, Dickson did not recognise the son of his Lord; but no sooner was he made sensible that the heir of the house of Douglas stood before him, than, bursting into tears, he bewailed the downfall of his master's house. But grief was turned into joy, when made acquainted with the successes of Bruce, and the hope of again seeing his master's house rise from its ashes.

A scheme was soon laid for attacking Douglas Castle; and the old and tried retainers of Douglas were brought to the house of Dickson, one by one, for fear of discovery.

A holiday was approaching, called Palm Sunday. Upon this day it was common in Roman Catholic times, for the people to go to church in procession, with green boughs in their hands. In

this manner the garrison of the Castle marched to church. The solemn service of the day proceeded at first without interruption, but before being quite finished, a loud flourish of trumpets rung through the church, accompanied with loud cries of "A Douglas! A Douglas!" being the Douglas *slogan* or war-cry, and which was the signal agreed upon by the Scots.

The English seized their arms, and endeavoured to rush out of the church; but they were met by Thomas Dickson, and one or two more, who rushed upon them sword in hand. The signal, however, having been made too soon, Dickson was overpowered and slain before assistance could reach him. Douglas and his men now came up, and furious at finding his faithful adherent slain, he performed such deeds of valour, that the English were slaughtered around him in heaps, and the remainder made prisoners. Douglas next assailed the castle, but instead of meeting with resistance, he found the gates open, and that part of the garrison which was left at home, busied in cooking provisions for those who were at church: so he and his followers entered and sat down to the dinner prepared for their enemies.

But Sir James Douglas, who was no less prudent than valiant, soon perceived, that although he had now got possession of his own castle, yet the English were strong in the country, and it would be impossible with his limited numbers to keep it. He therefore resolved to destroy all the provisions which the English had stored up in the Castle, and render the place unavailing to them.

For this purpose, he caused all the barrels containing flour, meal, wheat, and malt, to be knocked in pieces, and their contents mixed on the floor; then he staved the great hogsheads of wine, and mixed the liquor with the stores; he afterwards had all the bullocks procured for slaughter knocked on the head, and their carcasses thrown into the mass. Last of all, he killed his prisoners, and flung the dead bodies among this disgusting heap, throwing salt over the whole. This his men called in derision of the English, the DOUGLAS LARDER. Then he flung dead horses into the well to destroy it; set fire to the castle; and afterwards marching away, took refuge with his followers in the hills and forests. "He loved better," he said, "to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak;" that is, he loved better to keep in the open field with his men, than to shut himself and them up in castles.

This was considered a very cruel deed even in that barbarous age; but the imprisonment and death of his father, the indignities heaped upon himself by Edward, with the death of his valiant and trusty servant Thomas Dickson, must plead some excuse for this cruel action.

When Clifford, the English Lord, heard what had happened, he came to Douglas Castle with a great body of men, and rebuilt all the defences which Sir James Douglas had destroyed, and put a good soldier, named Thirlwall, to command the garrison, and desired him to be on his guard, for he suspected that Lord Douglas would again attack him. He had reason for this suspicion, for

Douglas was resolved to destroy this garrison as he had done the former.

To accomplish this, he had recourse to stratagem. He stationed a part of his followers in ambush in a wood, and sent fourteen men disguised like countrymen, driving cattle past the gates. No sooner was this observed from the battlements, than Thirlwall came out with a great part of the garrison, to plunder the Scots drovers of their cattle. In the pursuit, he had just passed the place where Douglas was lying concealed, when all of a sudden the Scotsmen threw off their carrier's cloaks, and appearing in armour, cried the war-cry of Douglas, and attacked the garrison fiercely; and before Thirlwall could make any defence, he heard the same war-cry behind him; and to his astonishment saw the Douglas coming up with those Scots who had been lying in ambush. Thirlwall himself was killed by the hand of Douglas, fighting bravely, and only a few of his men found their way back to the castle.

When Lord James had thus slain two of the English governors of his castle, and was known to have made a vow that he would be revenged on any who should dare to take possession of his father's house, men became afraid, and the Castle became known, through both Scotland and England, by the name of *Castle Dangerous*.

To keep this castle, therefore, was considered so perilous, that a lady of great beauty and fortune in England, being asked in marriage by a number of young noblemen, declared her resolution not to marry any one but him who could defend

Castle Dangerous against the Scots for a year and a day. A gallant young knight, named Sir John Wilton, stepped forward, and said, for the love of that Lady, he would engage to keep Castle Dangerous for a year and a day, if the king would give him leave. This the king was very glad to do.

This gallant nobleman kept the castle very safely for some time; but in the end he had no better fortune than his predecessors, for Douglas, by a stratagem, induced him to venture out with a great part of his garrison, and set upon them in the midst of a wood, and slew them. Sir John Wilton himself was killed, and a letter from the lady is said to have been found in his pocket. Sir James Douglas deeply regretted the fate of this brave young man, and did not put to death any of the prisoners as he had formerly done, but sent them all in safety to the next English garrison.

The next exploit of Sir James Douglas was the taking of Roxburgh Castle, situated near where two fine rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot, join to each other. It was a very strong place, and being within a few miles of the English border, the English were extremely desirous of maintaining it, and equally so the Scots of gaining possession of it.

It was upon the night of what is called Shrovetide, a Roman Catholic holiday, and which was solemnized with much gaiety and feasting, that the attempt was made by Douglas.

About the close of the evening, while the wife of one of the English officers was sitting on the battlements with a child in her arms, and looking out on the fields below, she saw some objects, like

a herd of cattle, straggling near the foot of the walls, and approaching the ditch or moat of the castle. She pointed them out to the sentinel, and asked him what they were.—“Pooh, pooh,” said the soldier, “it is Farmer such a man’s cattle,” (naming a man whose farm lay near to the castle;) “the goodman is keeping a jolly Shrovetide, and has forgot to shut up his bullocks in their yard; but if the Douglas come across them before morning, he is likely to rue his negligence.”

Now, these creeping objects which they saw from the castle-wall, were no real cattle, but Douglas himself and his soldiers, who had put black cloaks above their armour, and were creeping about on hands and feet, in order, without being observed, to get so near the foot of the wall as to be able to set ladders to it. The poor woman, who knew nothing of this, sat quietly on the wall, and began to sing to her child,

“Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
The Black Douglas shall not get ye.

“You are not so sure of that,” said a voice close beside her. She felt at the same time a heavy hand, with an iron glove, laid on her shoulder, and when she looked round, she saw the very Black Douglas she had been singing about, standing close beside her, a tall, swarthy, strong man. At the same time another Scotsman was seen ascending up to the walls, near to the sentinel. The soldier gave the alarm, and rushed with his lance at the Scotsman, whose name was Simon

Ledehouse; but Simon parried the blow, and closing with the sentinel, struck him a deadly thrust with his dagger. The rest of the Scots followed up to assist Douglas and Ledehouse, and the castle was taken. Many of the soldiers were put to death, but Douglas protected the woman and the child.

Many brilliant actions of this nature were performed by Douglas, and the castles and strong places in Scotland were recovered one after another.

Roused by the successes of the Scots, the English monarch determined to make a mighty effort to crush for ever what he termed this rebellion of the Scots. With this view he levied an immense army, consisting, it is said, of not less than one hundred thousand men.

King Robert, however, heard of this mighty army without fear. His past successes had procured him soldiers, and he now found himself at the head of 30,000 brave men. With these he took post on the field of Bannockburn.

This army, indeed, in arms and equipment, was not equal to the English, but Bruce was at their head, one of the ablest generals of the time, and under him were his brother Edward, his nephew Sir Thomas Randolph, and The Douglas, leaders under whom the Scots had always been accustomed to conquer. Sir Thomas Randolph and Lord Douglas had acted together on many a well-fought field, and the strictest friendship existed betwixt these two great men.

At the Battle of Bannockburn, Douglas com-

manded the centre of the Scottish army, and Randolph was placed on the left wing, with strict orders to prevent succours from being thrown into the castle of Stirling. Just before the battle commenced, word was brought to King Robert that a body of English had passed on the road for Stirling. The king, exasperated at the negligence of Sir Thomas Randolph, rode up to him in great fury, exclaiming, "O, Randolph, a rose has fallen from your chaplet!"

Stung with this reproach, Randolph called upon his soldiers to follow him, exclaiming, "My wreath shall bloom, or I shall perish!"

As he advanced, the English, who were ten to one, wheeled round to attack him, and pressed hard on his little band. Douglas saw his jeopardy, and requested the king's permission to succour him. "You shall not move from your ground," cried the king; "let Randolph extricate himself as he best may,—I will not alter my order of battle, and lose the advantage of my position."

"In truth," replied Douglas, "I cannot stand by and see Randolph perish; and, therefore, with your leave, I must aid him."

The king unwillingly consented, and the brave Douglas flew to the assistance of his friend. While approaching, he perceived that Randolph, by his persevering courage, had defeated the enemy. "Halt," cried Douglas, "these brave men have repulsed the enemy, let us not diminish their glory by seeming to share it."

Soon after, the terrible battle of Bannockburn began and the exertions of Sir James Douglas

on that memorable day surpassed all his former deeds.

After the termination of the battle, and when it was known that Edward had made his escape from the field, Douglas collected about eighty horse, and hung upon his flight as far as Dunbar, fifty miles from the field of battle.

The battle of Bannockburn, so glorious to the Scots, put an end to the pretensions of the English King to the crown of Scotland. Instead of being able to send more armies into Scotland, England was, in its turn, invaded by the Scots; and Bruce sent his two great commanders, the Good Lord James Douglas, and Thomas Randolph, Earl of Murray, to lay waste the counties of Northumberland and Durham, and distress the English as much as they could.

Their soldiers were about twenty thousand men in number, all lightly armed, and mounted on horses that were but small in height, but excessively active. The men themselves carried no provisions, except a bag of oatmeal; and each had at his saddle a small plate of iron, called a girdle, on which, when they pleased, they could bake the oatmeal into cakes. They killed the cattle of the English, as they travelled through the country, roasted the flesh on wooden spits, or boiled it in the skins of the animals themselves, putting in a little water with the beef, to prevent the fire from burning the hide to pieces. This was rough cookery. They made their shoes, or rather sandals, in as coarse a way, cutting them out of the raw hides of the cattle, and fitting

them to their ancles, like what are now called short gaiters. As this sort of buskin had the hairy side of the hide outermost, the English called those who wore them *rough-footed Scots*, and sometimes, from the colour of the hide, *red-shanks*.

As the army needed to carry nothing with them, either for provisions or ammunition, the Scots moved with amazing speed, from mountain to mountain, and from glen to glen, pillaging and destroying the country wheresoever they came. In the meanwhile, the young King of England pursued them with a much larger army; but, as it was encumbered by the necessity of carrying provisions in great quantities, and by the slow motions of men in heavy armour, they could not come up with the Scots, although they saw every day the smoke of the houses and villages which they were burning.

At last the King of England grew so impatient, that he offered a large reward to any one who would show him where the Scottish army were.

At length, a gentleman named Rokeby, came into the camp, and claimed the reward which the King had offered, guiding the English army to the place where the Scots lay encamped.

But the English king was no nearer to the battle which he desired; for Douglas and Randolph, knowing the force and numbers of the English army, had taken up their camp on a steep hill, at the bottom of which ran a deep river, so that there was no possibility for the English to attack the Scots without crossing the water, and then

climbing up the hill in the very face of their enemy, a risk which was too great to be attempted.

Then the King sent a message of defiance to the Scottish generals, inviting them either to draw back their forces, and allow him freedom to cross the river, and time to place his army in order of battle on the other side, that they might fight fairly; or offering, if they liked it better, to permit them to cross over to his side without opposition, that they might join battle on a fair field. Randolph and Douglas did nothing but laugh at this message. They said, when they fought, it should be at their own pleasure, and not because the king of England chose to ask for a battle.

While the armies lay thus opposed to each other, Douglas resolved to give the young king of England a lesson in the art of war. At the dead of night, he left the Scottish camp with a small body of chosen horse, not above two hundred, well armed. He crossed the river in deep silence, and came to the English camp, which was but carelessly guarded. Seeing this, Douglas rode past the English sentinels as if he had been an officer of the English army, saying,—“Ha, Saint George! you keep bad watch here!”

Presently after, Douglas heard an English soldier, who lay stretched by the fire, say to his comrade,—“I cannot tell what is to happen us in this place; but, for my part, I have a great fear of the Black Douglas playing us some tricks.”

“You shall have cause to say so,” thought Douglas to himself.

When he had thus got into the midst of the

English camp without being discovered, he drew his sword, and cut asunder the ropes of a tent, calling out his usual war-cry,—“Douglas, Douglas! English thieves, you are all dead men!” His followers immediately began to cut down and overturn the tents, cutting and stabbing the English soldiers as they endeavoured to get to arms.

Douglas forced his way to the pavilion of the king himself, and very nearly carried that young prince prisoner out of the middle of his great army. Edward's chaplain, however, and many of his household, stood to arms bravely in his defence, while the young king escaped by creeping away beneath the canvass of his tent. The chaplain, and several of the king's officer's were slain; but the whole camp was now alarmed and in arms, so that Douglas was obliged to retreat, which he did by bursting through the English at the side of the camp opposite to that by which he had entered. Being separated from his men in the confusion, he was in great danger of being slain by an Englishman, who encountered him with a great club. He killed him, but with considerable difficulty; and then blowing his horn to collect his men, who soon gathered around him, he returned to the Scottish camp, having sustained very little loss.

Edward, much mortified at the insult which he had received, became still more desirous of chastising these audacious adversaries, and one of them at least was not unwilling to afford him an opportunity of revenge. This was Thomas Randolph, Earl of Murray. He asked Douglas when

he returned to the Scottish camp, What he had done?

“We have drawn some blood.”

“Ah,” said the Earl, “had we gone all together to the night attack, we would have discomfited them.”

“It might well have been so,” said Douglas, “but the risk would have been too great.”

“Then will we fight them in open battle,” said Randolph, “for if we remain here, we shall in time be famished for want of provisions.”

“Not so,” replied Douglas; “we will deal with the great army of the English as the fox did with the fisherman in the fable.”

“And how was that?” said the Earl of Murray.—Here the Douglas told him this story:—

“A fisherman,” he said “had made a hut by a river side, that he might follow his occupation of fishing. Now, one night he had gone out to look after his nets, leaving a small fire in his hut; and when he came back, behold there was a fox in the cabin, taking the liberty to eat one of the finest salmon he had taken. ‘Ho, Mr. Robber!’ said the fisherman, drawing his sword, and standing in the door-way to prevent the fox's escape; ‘you shall presently die the death.’ The poor fox looked for some hole to get out at, but saw none, whereupon he pulled down with his teeth a mantle, which was lying on the bed, and dragged it across the fire. The fisherman ran to snatch his mantle from the fire—the fox flew out at the door with the salmon;—and so will we escape the

great English army by subtlety, and without risking battle with so large an army."

Randolph agreed to act by Douglas's counsel, and the Scots army kindled great fires through their encampment, and made a noise and shouting, and blowing of horns, as if they meant to remain all night there, as before. But, in the mean time, Douglas had caused a road to be cut through two miles of a great morass which lay in their rear, and which it would otherwise have been impossible that the army could have crossed; and through this passage, which the English never suspected, Douglas and Randolph, and all their men, moved at the dead of night. They did not leave so much as an errand-boy behind, and so bent their march towards Scotland, leaving the English disappointed and affronted. Great was their wonder in the morning, when they saw the Scottish camp empty, and found no living men in it, but two or three English prisoners tied to trees, whom they had left with an insulting message to the King of England, saying, "If he were displeased with what they had done, he might come and revenge himself in Scotland."

After this expedition of these two brave commanders, a peace was concluded with the English, very honourable to the Scots. But the great King Robert Bruce did not long survive this joyful event. Finding that he could not recover, he assembled round his bedside the noblemen and counsellors in whom he most trusted.

He told them, that now being on his death-bed, he sorely repented all his misdeeds, more

especially of having slain the Red Comyn before the holy altar; and that, if he had lived, it was his intention, in expiation of this offence, to have gone to the Holy Land, and make war against the enemies of the Cross. But since he was about to die, he requested of his dearest friend, and bravest warrior, Good Lord James Douglas, that he should carry his heart to Jerusalem.

The Good Lord Douglas wept as he accepted this precious charge—the last token of his king's confidence and friendship.

The king soon afterwards died, at the age of fifty-four years. His heart was taken out from his body and embalmed;—that is, prepared with spices and perfumes, that it might remain long fresh and uncorrupted. The heart was then put into a silver case, by Lord Douglas, which he wore round his neck by a string of silk and gold; and he afterwards set forward for the Holy Land, accompanied by a gallant train of the bravest men in Scotland.

But Douglas never reached the end of his journey. On his road to Palestine he landed in Spain, while Osmyn, the Saracen King of Granada, was invading the realms of Alphonso, King of Castile.

King Alphonso received Douglas with great honour and distinction, and people came from all parts to see the great soldier, whose fame had filled every part of the Christian world.

Lord Douglas, thinking he would do good service to the Christian cause by assisting King Alphonso to drive back the Saracens of Grenada,

before proceeding on his voyage, went, accordingly, to a great battle against Osmyn, and had little difficulty in defeating the Saracens opposed to him. But, pursuing the chase too far, he was surrounded by the Moors, who seeing the Scots separated from each other, turned suddenly back, and with shouts of *Allah, illah, Allah!* their war-cry, surrounded such of the Scottish knights as had advanced too hastily.

Douglas, in the midst of the skirmish, saw William St. Clair of Roslin fighting desperately, surrounded by the Moors, who were hewing at him with their sabres, "Yonder brave knight will be slain," Douglas said, "unless he have present help."

With that he galloped to his rescue, but he was likewise instantly surrounded by many Moors. After performing prodigies of valour, and when the enemy pressed so thick around him as to leave him no chance of escaping, he took from his neck the Bruce's heart, and speaking to it, as he would have done to the king had he been alive, "Pass first in fight," he said, "as thou wert wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee or die!"

He then threw the king's heart among the enemy, and rushing forward to the place where it fell, was there slain. His body was found lying above the silver case, as if it had been his last object to defend the Bruce's heart.

The Good Lord James, as he was usually styled, was one of the best and wisest soldiers that ever drew a sword. He was said to have fought in seventy battles, being beaten in thirteen, and

victorious in fifty-seven. The Scottish historians describe him as one who was never dejected by bad fortune, or unduly elated by that which was good. Notwithstanding the many battles in which he had fought, his face had escaped without a wound. A brave Spanish knight, whose face was scarred by the marks of Moorish sabres, expressed wonder that Douglas's countenance should be unmarked with wounds. Douglas modestly replied, he thanked God, who had always enabled his hand to guard and protect his face.

Many of Douglas's followers were slain in the battle in which he himself fell, and those who remained alive returned to their country. They brought back the heart of Bruce and the bones of the Good Lord James, which they buried in the church of St. Bride, where Thomas Dickson and Douglas held so terrible a Palm Sunday. The Bruce's heart was buried below the high altar in Melrose Abbey.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN.

This famous battle, familiarly known to our boyhood by the name of the *Battle of Chevy Chase*, was fought on the 19th of August, 1388, betwixt the Earl of Douglas, with a chosen band of 5000 Scots, and Sir Ralph and Sir Henry Percy, otherwise called *Hotspur*, at the head of an equal or superior number of English.

Earl Douglas, grand-nephew to the Good Sir James, in a skirmish near Newcastle, encountered Sir Henry Percy, and, in the struggle which ensued, got possession of Hotspur's spear, at the end of which was attached a small

ornament of silk, embroidered with pearls. Douglas shook his trophy aloft, and declared that he would carry it into Scotland. "That," said Percy, "shalt thou never do; I will regain my lance ere thou canst reach the Border."

On their way home, the Scots encamped at Otterburn, about 20 miles from the frontier. In the middle of the night the alarm was given that Percy was upon them, and the moonlight showed his advance with very superior numbers.

The battle commenced with the greatest fury, and Douglas and Percy were repeatedly engaged hand to hand. But the Scots were out-numbered, and about to give way, when Douglas, shouting his war-cry of "Douglas! Douglas!" rushed into the thickest of the enemy, clearing his way with his battle-axe. He fell, at length, under three mortal wounds.

When the other Nobles came up, they found him in a dying state, protected by a stout priest, called William of North Berwick, armed with a long lance.

"How fares it, Cousin?" said Sinclair, the first Scottish knight who came up to the wounded leader.

"Indifferently," answered Douglas; "but blessed be God, my ancestors have died in fields of battle, not on down-beds. I sink fast; but let them still cry my war-cry, and conceal my death from my followers. There was a tradition in our family that a dead Douglas should win a field, and I trust it will this day be accomplished."

The Nobles did as he had enjoined; they concealed the Earl's body, and again rushed on to the battle, shouting "Douglas! Douglas!" louder than before. The English were weakened by the loss of the brave brothers Henry and Ralph Percy, both of whom were made prisoners, fighting most gallantly; and almost no man of note amongst the English escaped death or captivity.